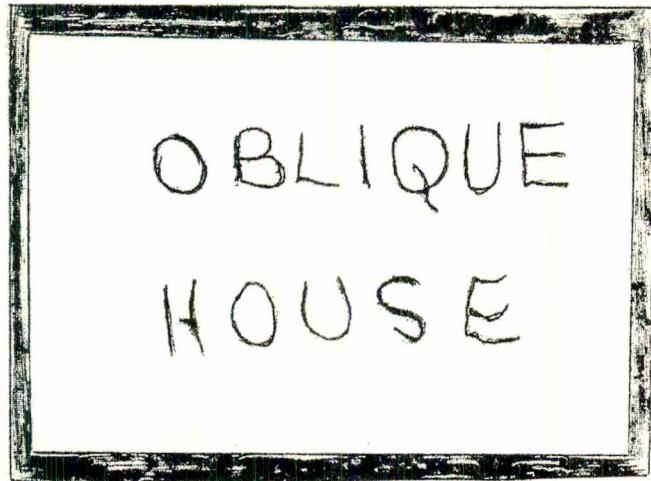
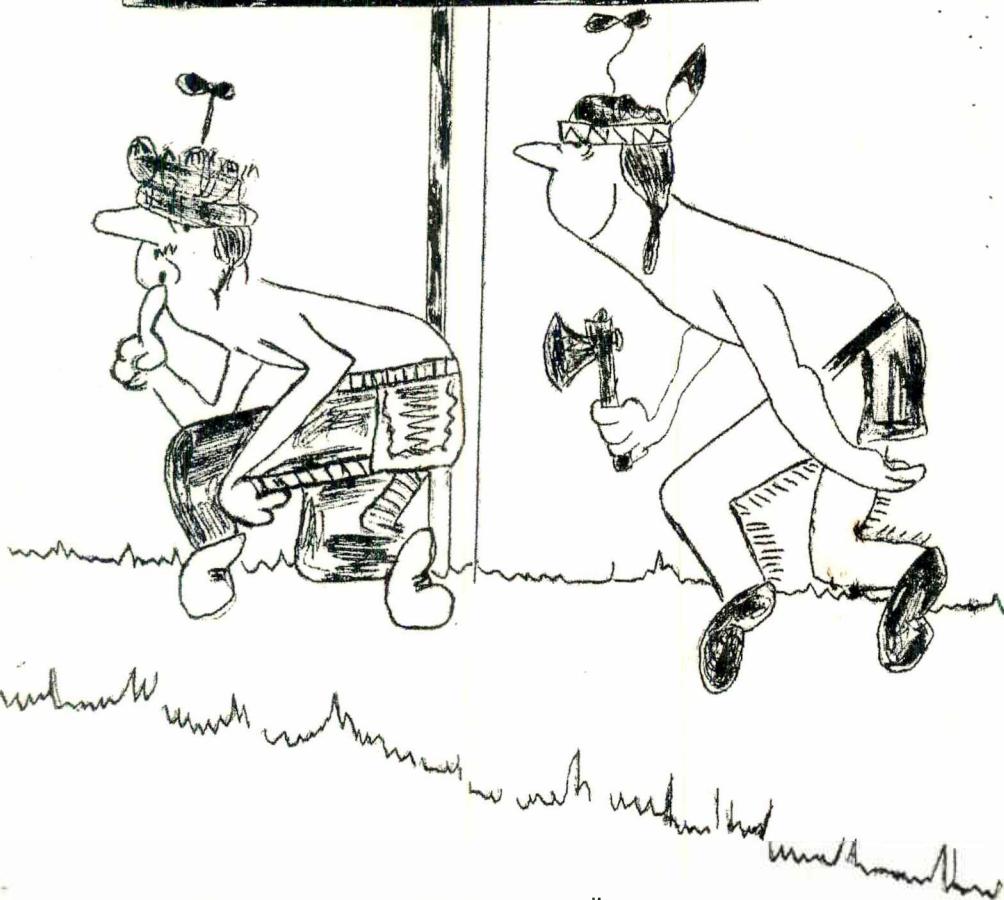


Duf



LessP.iNcE

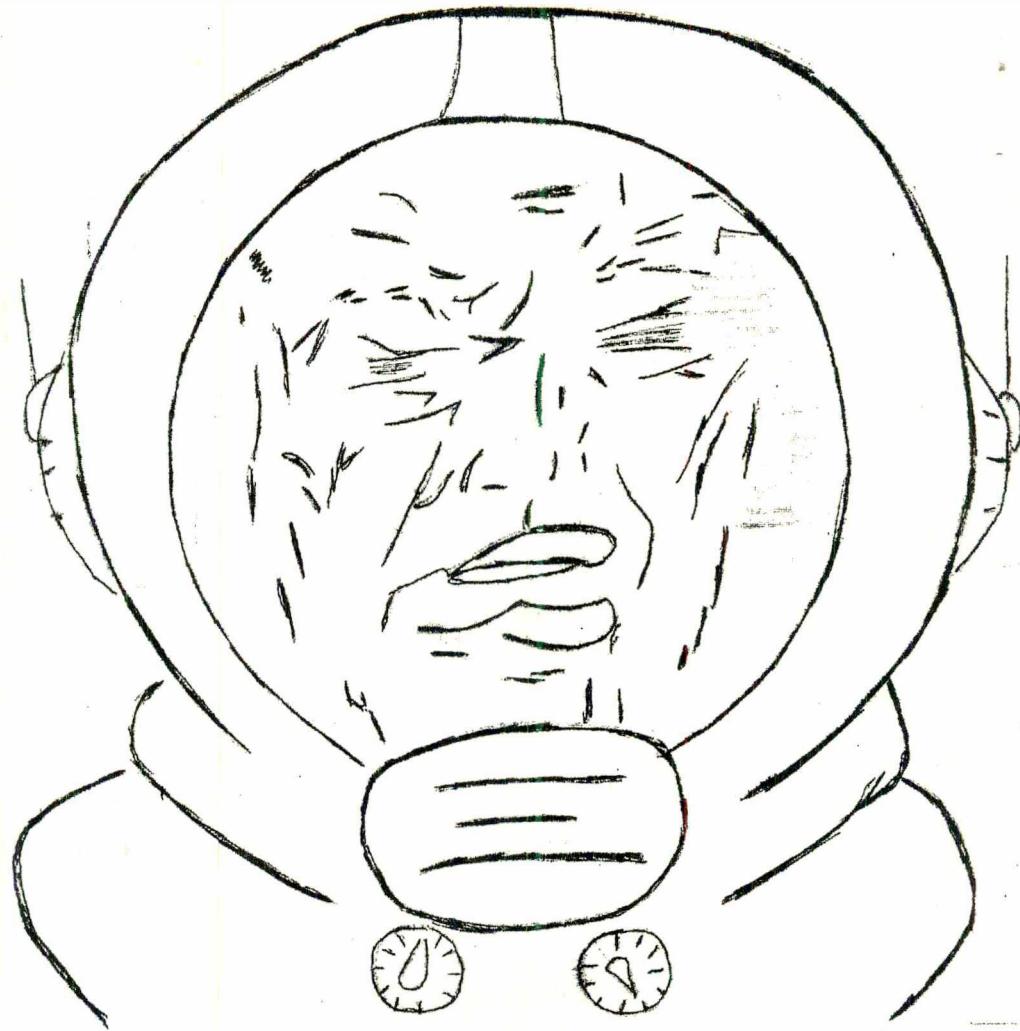


"On the WAWpath again"

sept



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ILLUSTRATION CREDITS

Harry Douthewaite	front and back covers and pages..2,4,I2, I4,I5,I6.
John Curtis	I,6.
Bob Parkinson	8

DETAILS Les Spinge 7, edited and published by Dave Hale. From: I2, Belmont Rd., Wellescote, Stourbridge, Worcs., ENGLAND% And is available for LoC, Trade etc. Subs are not wanted, but if theres nn other method, will be accepted.
 All illes were stencelled by me, so there. All thanks to Ken Cheslin for dupering this and helping collate. He cut his own bit. CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED.

Sit down



All publishing fen must have, at one time or another, pondered on the limitations of duplication techniques. Anglofen almost exclusively use mimeo methods as typified by Gestetner, while US types can use spirit duplication. Among the other available (and this includes cost) processes there are silk screening, photo-offset, printing, xerography, and last of all lino cuts.

Lino cutting hardly qualifies as a process due to the exstreme slowness and not little skill needed to get good impressions.

Now there is a solution. An automatic do-it-yourself lino duper...electricaly operated and foolproof, which can be constructed from simple everyday things.

Obviously the first requisite is lino. A fine hard lino is available off the floors of most offices, but failing this it could be bought. British fen can get the next piece of equipment from the kitchen, while Amerifен will have to go to an antique shop or scrapyard. Towhit, an old mangle, with wooden rollers and large metal crank for turning. The lino will be nailed to the bottom roller and the top one lowered so that it is just in contact with the lino. The paper can be fed thru', getting a good impression. Inking can be a problem, but is solved with a little ingenuity. Place a large paint roller in contact with the lino and have this just dipping into a tray of duper ink. This way an even film of ink will be transferred from tray to lino to paper. Even with this the system is slow the paper has to be hand fed and the operator will be sweating after a few minutes of cranking, and a few hours on a cover will see him a quivering wreck. Here the perfectionist can have a field day. Connect a domestic electric drill or the like by a system of reduction pulleys to the ~~hand~~ duper crank and make a paper feed by means of a sloping ironing board. The slope adjusted so that I sheet comes down for every revolution of the drums. When set in motion it should be a fearsome sight but when the novelty has worn off it can be forgotten. Except to show to visiting fen or trying to sell patents to Gestetner. The inventive genius could claim to have the only "mangle produced fanzine" in the world. Ron Bennett could call the fmz "mangled" as well as wild-abandoned.

This new process is limited in its use, eg. it couldn't be used for print, but would be ideal for covers and block titles. The details were worked out by Ken and myself and are reproduced here just to show how technology is making inroads into fandom. We've actualy been doing quite a lot of trials on lino cuts and may try them out in future spinges of mine or Ken's OMPAzines. If any other fen have tried aesoteric methods we'd be pleased to trade failures.

People are gullible, and when they want to believe in something, even more so. It seems to be part of the British character to complain about the government and taxation. Whilst most people accept the inevitability of a small part of this, the smaller the better, there is still the state of continual complaint which goes to make a democracy workable. All this makes us susceptible to any kind of government officials, especially surveyors. In the more remote parts of our islands these kinds of feelings increase in direct relation to the isolation. Take Barra in the Outer Hebrides, off the Scottish coast.

One morning the smell of rotting seaweed drove us from the school-room that passed as a lab down to the largest village on the island, Castlebay, half a mile down the road. We us we happened to have a pile of jury-rigged surveying apparatus, like a spirit level on a pole, tapes and prismatic compasses. Nothing much was said as we set up shop outside the post office, just up the road from the pier. Then we began to "survey" the area, shouting such cartographic terms as "photosynthesis" and "you're middle lamella's down a bit!". This brought them out. The old men mumbled about putting the taxes up again, and the mothers rushed their children out of sight. This, of course, was hilarious in the extreme to us, but was soon brought to a stop. A real survey team from the water board turned up and began searching for pipes...such is life. We had to sling away up to the other end of the island to investigate a bog..the ultimate disgrace!

The trouble with the island was that it was just too civilised. We'd been told that it would be barren and deserted, but there were upwards of 2500 folk living and breeding on the place. The journey from Oban on the Scottish coast was like a Mediterranean cruise, glorious weather and warm patches of deck to lie on. At the end we had to unload a ton and a half of stores, and that's where the trouble started. Two others and myself tried to lift a large tent of over two cwt. down the gangplank when me, like a fool, in trying to avoid tripping over a metal tube that the boat had protruding from the deck tripped over a piece of wire that the sailors had conveniently placed just for that purpose. Crash!...over I went..the sailors laughed..the passengers laughed..me I was unconscious! Great joke..me lying in a pool of blood and every laughing their eyes out at me. At last someone realised what had happened, a piece of metal conveniently jutting up from the deck had struck my chin, concussing me, and knocking a dirty great hole in me. I finally got patched after the scissors had chopped a patch out of my beard, where the plaster wouldn't stick. That put me off hard work for the evening, when everyone else had to strain putting up heavy tents, there was me unpacking apparatus and eating the stores!

X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X-X

Now onto SPINCE. This first issue by me is a little rushed, because of Jhim's reviews getting dated quickly and apologies all round. Thanks to Ken for all the help . The next issue will be out around Xmas or just before and will have if possible a Christmas flavour. While I don't want to rival the Shaggy Xmas Art Folio, it would be nice to get some illos with a seasonal flavour.

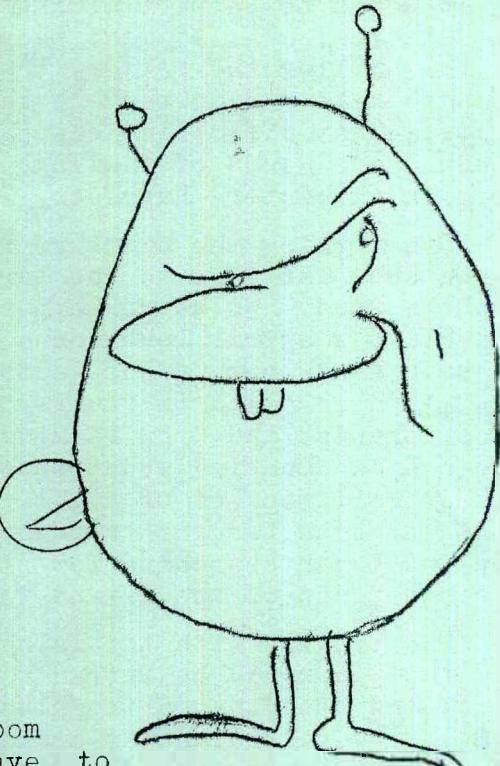
LES SPINCE-THE XMAS FANZINE YOU CAN GET ALL YEAR ROUND--- Ron Bennett. -----

As for the letter-col..well. As above a little rushed, and there've only been three letters. In the nextish there will be a sizeable letter-col depending on your response. Alan Rispin, Jhim Linwood, Chris Miller and myself have formed a WO4W letter thing, called CTT (Cult Type Thing) and we may produce a symposium on hitching fandom called "On the road to Spinge", or are thinking on the lines of a round robin, if only one of us would get started!

Hale and Farewell
Dave

E n s u i t

by Bob Lichtman



The fan stirred in his quiet room at the sound of the doorbell. He would have to put aside the copy of F&SF he was reverently eyetracking. He would have to enter momentarily into the Real World. He was still living at home, and it was expected of him.

"Good evening...how've you been?...hey, look what I have here!... I brought along the movie projector and a pile of films I took recently." It was one of the guests for the evening. His wife burbled over the films droolishly, praising her husband's remarkable talent, she said, with the camera.

The fan said hello, went through all the usual pleasantries and motions then groaned inwardly at the thought of home movies. Still, they were guests of his parents, old friends, and he had to be civil about it. The projector was set up, the fan watching intently as the first film was threaded through the simplified camera. The lights were turned off, the film began running, and the projector whirred and hummed like some medieval torture device in its last throes.

"Ah, now," began the guest, "here we are in Las Vegas....see, there's the Golden Nugget (we lost around 20 dollars there in a few hours; I'm such a lousy gambler) and next to it is the Casino where I got drunk and the wife had to take me to the hotel to sleep it off. Here's some shots of the birthday party we threw for some friends of ours...see, there's a Japanese movie star, who just happened to be there...look at her...isn't she a riot? Look...oh, er, that's the end of the reel..."

The fan breathed a sigh of relief, then silently went over and switched on the lights. The guest went about rewinding the reel and putting on another. The fan looked over to the table on which the yet unshown reels were waiting their turn for a run through the camera. There were five reels yet to go. He reflected on the fact. Five reels.

Each running about five minutes. Twenty-five more minutes of this unbearable tripe. The film was ready to run; the fan turned off the lights again.

"Here's the reel with the footage I took at the bowling alley where they shoot 'Jackpot Bowling' at. That's a TV show, you know. Look, there's Milton Berle and Jan Murray! And there's one of the bowling champions warming up. I wasn't supposed to take pictures there, a guard told me, but I said I had some film left to use up so he let me. Wasn't that nice of him...? Oh, now here's some shots of the airport that we took when we went out to send our friends off when they went to Hawaii. Isn't that a marvelous shot of them waving goodbye to us from the stairs going up to the door? I never thought the lights would be right for that, but it turned out just fine. That's the end of this reel.

The fan turned on the lights in silence and observed once more the procedure of rewinding and threading. Now there were only four more reels to go. Twenty minutes of dull film, plus several minutes between each for rewinding and rethreading. The guest's wife was talking about how her husband had improved so in his filming technique. "Of course," she said, "he's just starting to get good at it, but aren't these simply marvelous for first attempts?" The fan's mother nodded yes, just as the lights went off for the next film,

"This is one of the reels I took when we were filming part of the episode for 'Route 66'--that's a TV programme--at the gas station across the street from our apartment. I shot two reels of film there. But one of them didn't turn out too well, because I had to do it on the indoor film instead of outdoor film. The indoor film is sort of dark when it prints, though I don't know why. Here's some of the rehearsal they were going through for the shooting scene. They went through it for a whole lot of times for some reason. It looked alright the first time, but the director just wasn't satisfied. And here's...oh, the film runs out here. I had to go and change over to indoor film here. Watch and see if that reel isn't darker. Shame too, because all the best action is on that one."

And the fan saw it was darker, too. In fact, through the near pitch darkness the fan could barely make out the details of the action. At last the other reels were shown. The guest began taking apart his equipment and packing it up. The fan went over, semi-interested in the projector. It looked deceptively simple to operate and he wanted to find out details about cost.

He got them, by the ream. Then the guest, figuring perhaps he had a live one, went into a discussion on how he wanted to get a professional type editor for his film, "just like they use in the studios." The fan wondered, in a fleeting thought, if Horace Gold would be interested. The guest said, "Yes, if I had an editor, I could really do some good film work. You realize of course, that the stuff I showed this evening had a lot of footage on it that could have been cut?"

The fan shook his head in the affirmative.

"Well," said the guest, putting the last bit of equipment back into the carrying case, "if I get one of those editors I was telling you about, I can boil these films down and have the best stuff left."

The fan spoke at last: "Gee, there'd be hardly anything left, wouldn't there?"

---Bob Lichtman.

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by

Mike Deckinger

consist of a minimum of work and a maximum of pleasure and reminiscence.

Now I don't want to discourage anyone too harshly, I don't want to shatter any childhood dreams or dispell utopian thoughts which a preson has dwelt on all his life.

However, in this case disillusionment is necessary.

Let me assure everyone with the faintest inklings of curiosity, that the days prior to the actual address change are not as tension free, as they may think. There is a lot of work to be done preparing to move, an awefull lot of work. There is frustration, rage, indecision, anger, and perhaps a smudge or two of pleasure after all, when all the necessary arrangements and alterations have been made.

First of all, whenever anyone contemplates moving around here there are a thousand and one things such as forms and permits that must be filled out and approved. These permits can be secured from the city hall, and all require some sort of fee or compensation for the poor, overworked man who sits behind a desk and neatly hands the permit to the man who requests it.



The forms must be approved too. There is a little room at the city hall, where a little man sits behind a little desk and spends all his time rubber-stamping seals of approval on the permits. If you do not go through with this procedure you are liable to be struck down by lightening from heaven or washed away in a flood.

Next comes the buisness of engaging a mover (assuming that the new house has allready been purchased--as ours was). With us it took three weeks to reach a decision about whom we would entrust with the task of transporting all the assorted furniture and other odds and ends. One man assured us that he never broke anything worth more than £40, which of course was a very comforting thought. Another mover, after a careful appraisal of the objects to be moved, stated that the whole procedure would last from two to three days, and that we wouldn't count on getting any sleep during that period, since we'd be helping in the truck. Of all the ones we contacted, my favourite is still the character who actually tried to discourage my father from moving in the first place!

"You won't like the neighborhood," he told us solemnly, "you just won't like it at all".

"Why not," my father demanded.

He shooed his head sadly, gazed down at his shoes, and made it seem as if he would burst into tears at any moment. "The neighbors..." he managed to get out through compressed lips.

"What about them?" I cut in.

"There very bad."

"Are they?"

"Oh, indeed they are," he added with renewed vigour, brightening up at the prospect that perhaps we would stay here after all. "I have a sister living there and she says the kids there are absolute monsters .."

"That's no change for me," I interjected, " I already have two like that at home."

"You're making a big mistake," he said sadly, moving his head to a pitiful incline again, "you'll regret it, like everyone else who moved there does."

"This is ridiculous," my father scoffed, " and if we don't move there what can we do?"

"Now I'm glad you brought that up," the man was alert, and at our service again, "my brother owns a house in Asbury Park, and he's been trying to unload it for the last three years, and if you'll...."

The movers we finally settled on were the most efficent, and also seemed to be the most optimistic about our chances of enjoyment after we moved. We were fortunate to be purchasing a house that was unoccupied, which gave us the opportunity to transport furniture little by little, rather than concentrate everything all at once, except for the larger pieces.

After we had the plumber in to give the house a cursory check we discovered that perhaps we weren't as fortunate as we had thought.

"The pipes leak," he proclaimed gleefully, "there are at least a dozen holes in them. They'll have to be all repaired before you can possibly think of moving in here."

So we had the pipes repaired. And the boiler. And the electrical fixtures. And the stove. And just about everything but the tonsils of a shrill next-door neighbour who was cautioned that we like silence where we live and warned to keep his distance.

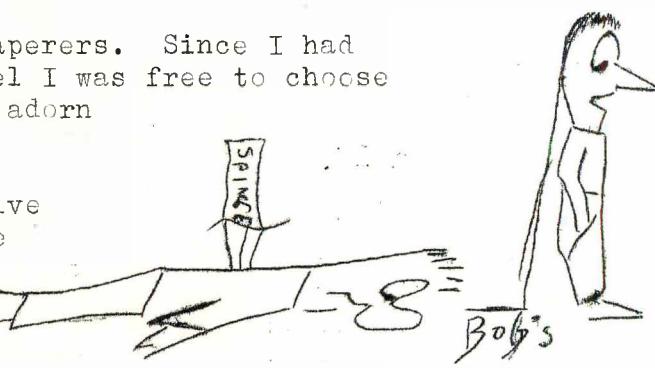
The carpenters came in every day for several weeks. They puttered around on the floor, nailing up loose fixtures, repairing damaged areas. They left nails and screws strewn along the floor. The chief carpenter misplaced two hammers which haven't been recovered at this writing. One of his underlings went so far as to practically electrocute himself when he began messing with a light socket which he knew nothing about.

Next came the painters and paperers. Since I had been given my only room on a lower level I was free to choose what type of wallpaper I could have to adorn my room.

"How about something attractive like this yellow with the pink and blue roses," the paperer helpfully suggested.

I gagged and turned away.

"I want a solid colour," I stated, "a dark gloomy solid colour".



"You were saying about no feuds in fandom recently?"

"Nonsense," the paperer objected, proving my fears that the other kinds were more expensive, "you need something gay and bright and cheerful. Something to wake you with a happy glow in the mornings, to enliven the confines of your small room. I have some lovely samples here."

I gagged again, only less subtly. I think he was beginning to get the hint, and a lucky thing too. I couldn't keep up this type of "hinting" much longer.

"Well," he said reluctantly, "I can show you some solid, darker shades, but I don't think you'll be half as satisfied with them as you'd be with...."

"I'll be the judge of that," I informed him succinctly, which is how I wound up with the present paper adorning my walls, a shade so hideous and outré that I dare not reveal its approximate colour, for fear of the effect it may have on the readers' minds.

Next came the rugman. The guy we hired had a revolutionary idea. He told my mother and father about it.

"Why not have wall to wall carpeting in the two bathrooms," he suggested, "it's much more comfortable than cold tile."

"And we might as well have a maid around to flush the toilet each time it's required," I added dryly.

"But I think it's a good idea," the rugman, who was a little man and begining to get red in the face, insisted, "I've done it for other new homes and the occupants seemed to like it".

"Yes, but how does the maid feel about it?" I asked slowly.

"About what?" he returned.

"About flushing the...."

"That's not what I'm talking about," he exploded, exasperation riding his voice, "I'm merely suggesting that you carpet the floor of the..."

"Well, I suppose it would be better on the maid," I interrupted.

"Who cares about the maid, I'm not talking about any maid." He annoyedly turned away from me and faced my father, "now I'm sure you see the advantage of carpeting the bathroom floor."

"Oh I do, I do," my father admitted, watching the little man beam, "but I have one question?"

"What?"

"When you supply the maid, as I presume you must, do you also supply her with a pair of gloves, or are they optional?"

The carpeter groaned. "I have a headache."

"But you don't have our order for carpeting on the bathroom floor'," my father finished triumphantly. I grinned anf felt proud. And all along I had assumed that I was the only one in our family who was nasty to others.

As I sit and type this, the moving men are downstairs straining to lug into their van a heavy cabinet crammed with clothes and other odds and ends. Then, if and when they accomplish this task, they are going to bring it to the house. What intrigues me most about this arrangement is that they have no idea where the cabinet goes. For all I know it may wind up in the cellar beside the battered short wave radio affixed to the wall. I am a self appointed supervisor when it comes to arranging furniture and I maintain this post as long as my parents aren't around. It provides me with a sense of mastery to determine the exact location for these heavy pieces of furniture.

Infront of our new house we have a large metal lamp-post with a swinging lanter. My father thought of this because he wanted something that could be used as a marker. And I suggested simply a gallows with the proper object hanging by a sturdy rope, and holding a candle in each hand. But this idea was vetoed.

But there are other things I can do.

Just this morning I advised the painters to give the interior of the house a double coating of yellow polka-dot paint (it must be yellow I specified).

I'm almost afraid to look.

.....Mike Deckinger

THE CODE OF THE WOOSTERS,

or,

A CHIPPER OF THE OLD MENTAL BLOCH.

I read somewhere the other week, (in YANDRO I think, in a letter from Harry Warner (I think)...) something about messages being enclosed in fanzines.

The writer was saying words to the effect that he was a little annoyed to get a fanzine some time ago on which he had to pay excess postage....the excess postage because the fanzine sender had written a message on the zine, (or cover) which converted the package at once into First class mail....which the PO saw, and made him pay the extra for.

He said, if I remember right, something to the effect that the PO lets various ticks and marks go past, but a whole message was a bit much,, the message should have been send via the proper mails.

Actually I've been thinking about all this, and I believe I see a way of sending quite complex messages, with fanzines, in a way that the PO cannot detect, detect that they ARE messages that is.

Its quite simple, we just work out a symbol code.

Actually its very simple, the basic "alphabet" need only be of a few symbols...these could convey as long a message as is desired, depending on the phrase generally agreed to be indicated by the symbol.

And the basic symbols could easilly be simple things like a circle, a square, a triangle, a diamond a star, an arrow...and various variations....a code book, about the size of Bennetts Fan Directory if wanted, of a size limited only by the number of agreed phrases to symbols.

as an instance of what I mean, (tho' they are only suggestions) let me draw the 6 basic symbols, together with the messages that could concievably be related to them....(there must be a limited number of messages one fan would send to another...these can be covered merely by combining or putting in sequence the various symbols)...



A square, could be. YES.. with a cross + in it it then becomes NO.



A circle...could be...PERHAPS...with a cross it becomes PERHAPS, MORE INFORMATION PLEASE.



A triange....DID YOU GET MY LETTER...with a cross WHERE IS THE LETTER YOU PROMISED ME?



An Arrow...FOR AGES with an arrowbar SOON



A diamond...WILL YOU with a cross I WILL



A star could mean, TRADE...with rays, CONTRIBUTE, with a superimposed arrow...LOC.

Crossed arrows....ACKNOWLEDGE PLEASE.



and so on until you have used up all the symbols and all their combinations...which would be some time....even then you would still have the choice of using the symbols in pairs, side by side, or in threes, (?) or fours, fives, sixes.....

Come to that, maybe the FAN CODE BOOK would be published every year or so...and subbed to....just like Rons' FAN Directory, with items changed every year according to the majority, (or at least a large number of them) suggesting alterations in the messages or symbols making for greater expression.

Actually there is no need at all to invent these symbols even....all you have to do is to use a letter of the alphabet to represent a message....that's 26 messages right away, and a line underneath....that's 52...or a line on top, that's 78, or horizontally through it...104, to the right, 130, to the left, 156, and so on, to hundreds of messages....without using more than ONE letter or ONE distinguishing bar....just think of the combinations of 2 letters, and bar(s), and 3 letters, and bar(s)...and so on, and so on.

Why, you could even write a LOC merely by sending a postcard with a few symbols scrawled on it, ((a letter col written in the same code...taking up a WHOLE HALF PAGE!!!!))) like, you have this book see, with 2000 pages, each page divided up into sections marked a,b,c,etc., which are variations of LOC for various types of material So, you write.

Dear Shaggy,

345 c, 67 a, Willis 666 b, 876 a.

thanks,

Joe Fan.

and you have a nice LOC all finished, (a wonderful time saver) for in 345 c. you have selected 1, annishes, (praise), 2, with special mention of cover, (the "c")....then, 67 a. moderate enthusiasm over the contents, (the "a" is for nice paper) but 666b, is, WAW is superb of course in this fine ("b") serious historical item...876 b...must sign off now, ("a") huge pile of letters to answer.....

and so on....you see the possibilities?.

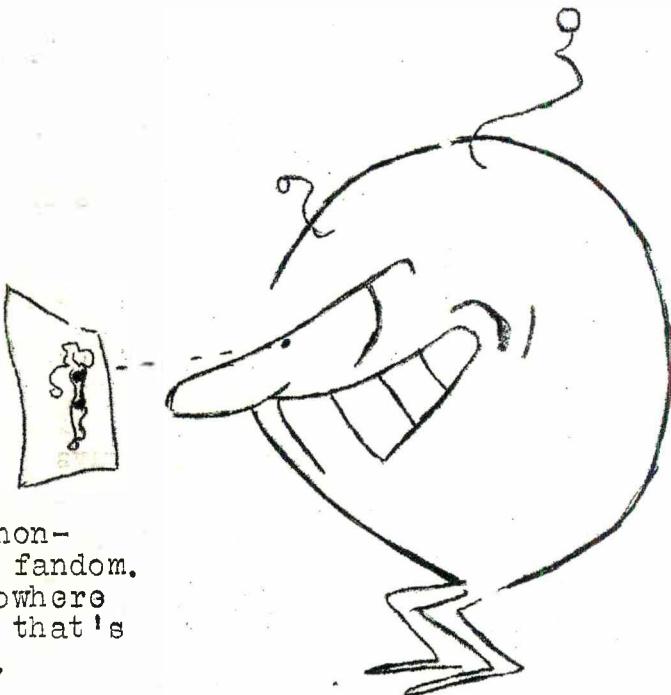
And of course, it needn't end, there, as I said before, the letter col would be code written...and then perhaps the rest of the mag...and with a little wangling a CODE PORTFOLIO of art work and covers would be used to replace those things...and the TAFF platforms would be delivered in code....and he could deliver his speeches in code by speaking the numbers... (and S/F in code) why, we might even all wind up speaking it ourselves!...

ken, Confusion, cheslin

the Fanalytic Eye

VAHANA I, 25c for 1 copy or five for a dollar from Les Nir-enberg, 1217, Weston Rd., Toronto, Canada. Britagent; Joe Patrizio, II, Ferndale Rd., London SW 4.

Vahana is designed to be a showcase of fannish talent for the non-fan, but it's a winner in or out of fandom. Everything about it is fresh, and nowhere is there any of the in-group humour that's ruining so many good fmz these days.



Les's editorial "Yak" makes for controversy, and he does just that by making some sane comments on the Eichmann-Trial. His gentile friends, he says, seem to think that the "Elders of Zion" are in touch with him about the outcome of the trial, and that they are dissapointed when he doesn't ¹ vise some diabolical penalty for Eichmann. Eichmann is on trial for mass murder....there is very little doubt that he is guilty; every shread of evidence portrays him carrying out with relish and enthusiasm the extermination of six-million people whose only "crime" was that of being Jewish. Eichmann argues that he was a mere-cog in the nazi machine...he knows nothing of mechanics or he would realise that a cog refusing to turn can temporarily foul up the works. He also protests that he was never a racialist. How can a nazi, who is not a racialist, be a Nazi? Eichmann is guilty as charged, but what of his accusers, isn't the whole trial a reversal of the hatred Eichmann used against the Jews? The latest suggestion from a responsible section of the Israeli-governmⁿt is to sen Eichmann aloft in a rocket so that his execution will be remembered for centuries how quick and mercifull the gas chambers seem compared to this!

Throughout time vengeance and justice have gone hand in hand, in this case it is obvious, but a trial in Israel is far better than one in West Germany where the whole legal system is riddled with ex-Nazis. And what right has an internation court got to try the psychopathic-genocidist, when world governments are planning genocide on a scale Eichmann in his wildest dreams never considered! How pointless executing Eichmann seems..if set free he is hardly likely to commit six million more murders, neither will his death deter potential Eichmanns. There is only one way to punish Adolf Eichmann, and to make others like him think again...to forgive him.

Ray Nelson contributes a long essay on the Theory of Humour, in which he says "If you always have the ability to laugh at death, you can laugh at anything". I've always classed Hitchcock as one of my favourite humourists! Harry Warner in Study War Some More writes on the citizens of his native Hagerstown recreating the glory that was the American Civil War...how ironic that in staging the seige of Harper's Ferry the "negroes" were whites with their faces blackened! Articles decrying Madison Avenue seem to be in vogue in social conscience fmz...Roger Ebert is here with a piece called The Admen; the greatest danger of all motivational persuasion is that it takes the power of free choice out of the hands of the individual, and puts it into the hands of the advertiser.

The zine is adorned with a few press-photos reproduced with Les' own Captions added, my favourite is the front cover showing Yuri Gagarin saying "I was heading over to Gorki Park for a little touch football with the boys when these three guys jumped out of the bushes and grabbed me and..."

Other contributors include Terry Carr, Sid Birchby, Art Rapp, and artwork by Prosser and Atom....highly recommended.

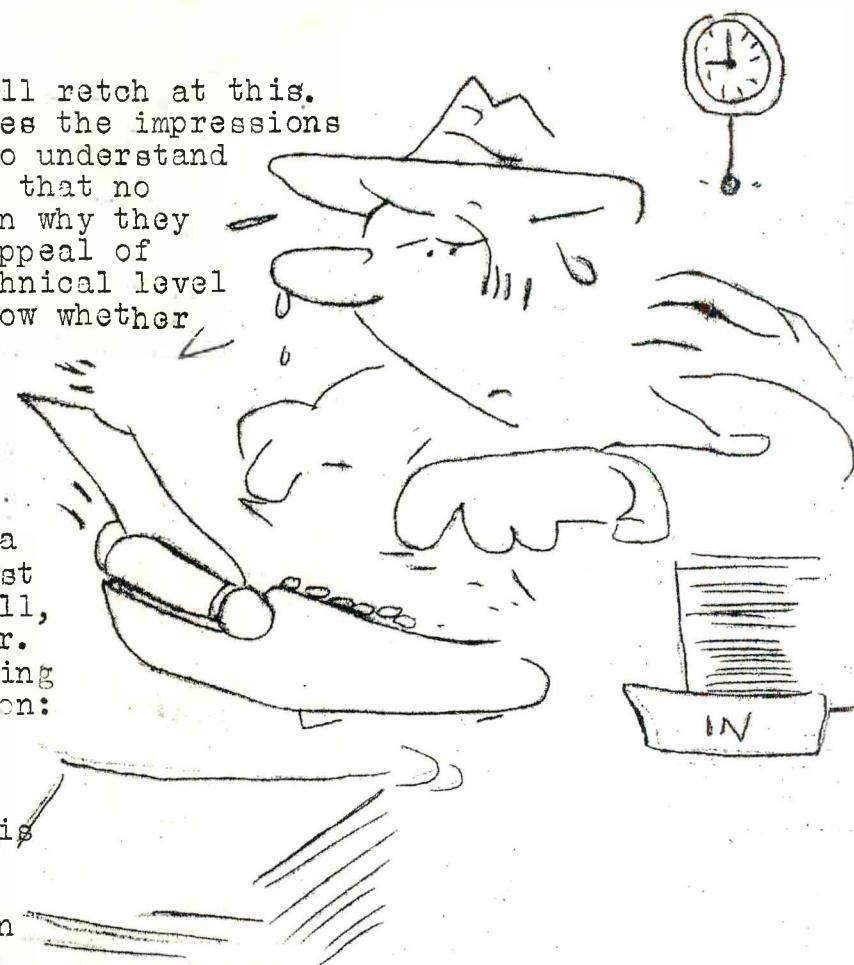
OBELISK I Write and ask Lenny Kaye, 418, Hobart Rd., Sutton Terrace, New Brunswick, New Jersey, USA.

A zine highly reminiscent of Spinge's humble beginings comes from 14 year old neofan Lenny Kaye. An excellent Prosser cover hides an untidy collection of letters from BNF's, shortnicks, and the inevitable reviews of crud films by (guess who?) Alan Dodd. Best thing herein is John Berry's account of a day in the life of an avarage fan, but this is not up to his usual standard. Lenny obviously has the talent and the enthusiasm tp produce a worthwhile fmz...all he wants now is good material

HABAKKUK 6 LoC Trade or 50c from Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St, Berkely 10, Calif. Britagent; Me....3 /6 a copy.

Bill produced this comparitively short ish of HAB (100pp) in his two week vacation, and fandom's No 1 fanzine (Fanac readers can't be wrong) is well up to it's usual standard. Poul Anderson's art and Communication is reprinted from Smorg asbord..this is too much like a Campbell Editorial for my taste, trying as it does to tie up man's creative abilities with the laws of cybernetics.

HAB's beatnik clientel will retch at this. Bill in Is Jazz Necessary gives the impressions of a non jazz fan on trying to understand the genre. Bill seems bugged that no fan can give him a good reason why they like jazz... I feel that the appeal of modern jazz is not on the technical level (I'm no musician... I never know whether an artist is doing something difficult or not), but on the emotional plane. Most big band jazz I associate with certain experiences... Woody Herman's Summer Sequence for instance with hitchhiking on a hot summer day... all music must be associated, to be successfull, with something by the listener. Like the last HAB the best thing herein is written by Ray Nelson: How to be a Beatnik, a very humorous essay on the art of disengagement. When I read the bit "The beat world is actually quite small. If you meet a beatnik anywhere in the world it is almost certain you have friends in common"... I thought "How like fandom"... then comes, "You may be surprised to find that you have even slept with the same woman"... Yuk!



Kris Neville in War is Bunk suggests that "defense" is a moral equivalent for war, and sees little possibility of WW3 occurring... I hope someone will write an article showing that Kris Neville's ideas are bunk! In The Old Gin Stream is Eunice Readon giving a brief outline of the Spanish Civil War. It seems that all that remains now of the SCW is the tardy line of Communist propoganda, and one rather poor film (For Whom the Bell Tolls), and what is probably the most despotic dictatorship in the world today. I know a few of the 3000 Britons who went to Spain to join the International Brigade, and who saw in Franco everything that was wrong with the world in 1936. Many were communists, or on the verge of joining the Party... in Spain they learned that the political spectrum is a mobius strip with Fascism over the half twist from Communism... few courted Communism again. Most veterans remember and praise the temporary anarchist system in Catalonia, and the Catalonian part of the brigade in which a private could ask a commanding officer for a fag and have a whole packet offered him!

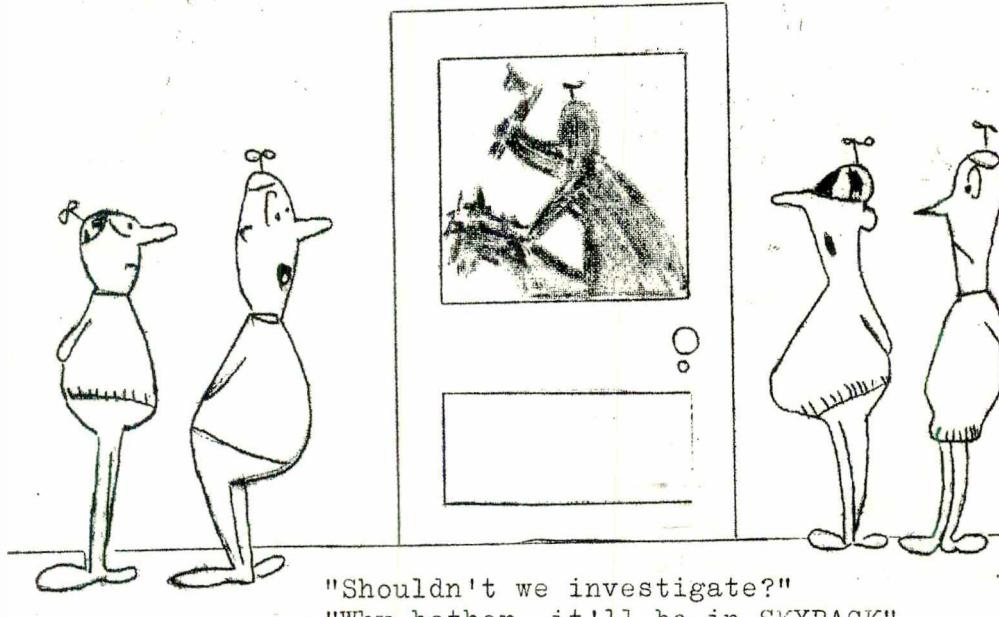
Another brilliant art folio by Rostler and fmz-reviews by Terry Carr round off the first half of the mag. HAB's letter hacks are well up to their usual standard in forum... Fred Hunter tries to outdo Don Ford's letter in the last HAB. He suggests that;

- I: Hang all murderers.
- 2: Hang males who assault girls under 18.

- 3) Castrate males who assault females over 18.
 - 4) Treat with severity abberations from the sexual norm.
 - 5) Hang all insane murderers.
- Is there a Freudian in the house?

THE BUG EYE 8 Trade, contrib, LoC, or review from Hel Klemm, 16 Uhland St. Utfort/Eick(for TAFF), 22a Krs. Moers, West Germany.

There is nothing in here that I care to rave over, which is a pity,



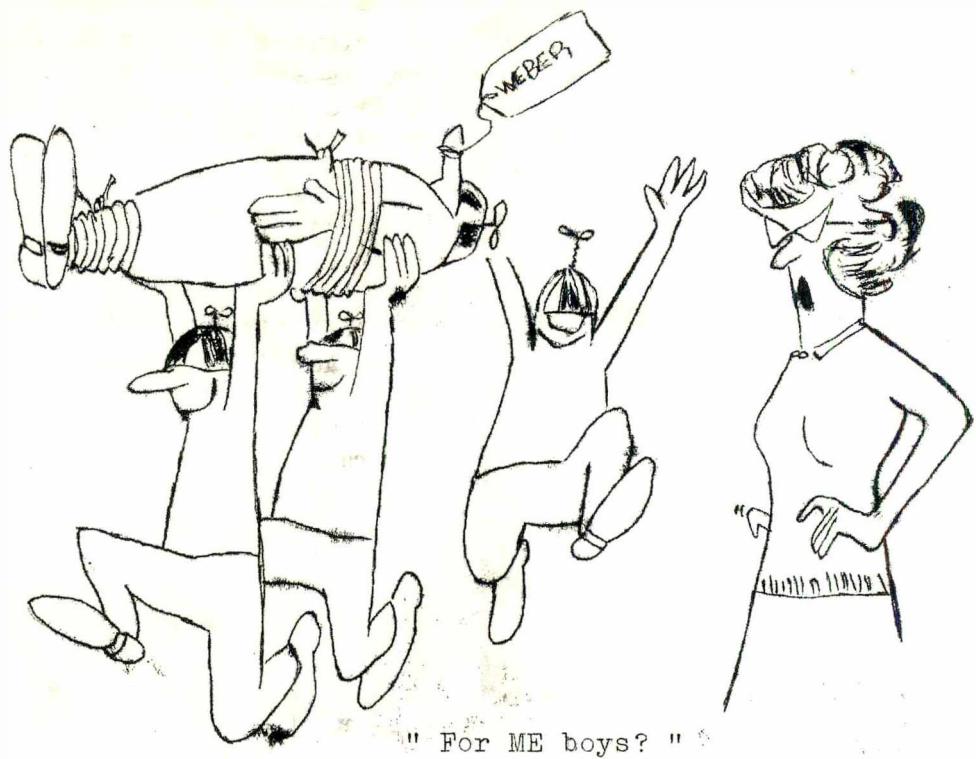
because Hel seems a likeable fan. There is a good editorial (on Eichmann), a below par Berry, usual output from Deckinger, Miller and Burns, and two or three versions of the same Con. The art work is spasmodic...there is a puzzling cover by Schultz which I have titled; "The Young Lions meet the Amazing Colossal Woman! ".

VIPER 3 25c from Bill Donaho (see Habakkuk review) or 2/- from me.

Another goodish...Bill starts off with "Among us VIP's" rambling about Spring, picnics, and comic book fandom. Next there's a Fan Aptitude Test given by Terry Carr, with questions like; which would you rather do...Read a Wandsborough fanzine, or run for TAFF against Bob Tucker? (This is my favourite). Alva Rogers continues his excellent history of ASF, in part two he covers the years 1938-41, which he calls "The Dawn of the Golden Age". The ish finishes up with a lettercol, which avoids the controversy of the one in Viper's sister mag.

THE ATOM ANTHOLOGY 7/- from Ted Forsyth, 11 Ferndale Rd, London S.W.4.

This fabulous gosh-wow thing comes from the Parker Fanzine Factory and is well worth the year or so's work that went into it. You can be sure that your favourite ATOM illo is reprinted here, you may even find yourself among the Fan-Bems...and may even be as embarrassed as I was. The Anthology is handsomely bound, and the pages are finest quality paper...so can withstand a good deal of thumbing.



RETRIBUTION I7 I/6 from John Berry, 31 Campbell Park Ave, Belfast 4.

This is the New Look Ret. Intended to brighten its pages using the best fan artists...Atom, Cawthorne, Eddie, Rostler...are featured in this. John has an excellent piece of fan-fiction; "The Snag", held over from APE, which tells the full story of the fanzine-satellite. In a Nebula reprint entitled "Starship Snoopers" Walt Willis explodes the myth about tall handsome spacemen. Gagarin, Grissom and Titov have proved you wrong Walt! Bob Shaw on a budding SF writer and another Berry Yarn close this ish.

FANFARONADE 2 & 3 15c, Trade or LoC. Jeff Wanshel, 6, Beverly Place, Larchmont, N.Y. USA.

Fanfaronade has reached the point where it can be judged without taking its editors tender age into account. Ted White's mimeo work helps, but nevertheless Jeff's editorial skill puts many of his elders to shame. No.2 features Gerber on publishing a first ish, a poem by MZBradley, and a ballad by Peltz. Jeff does some honest reviewing of fmz...I wish I had the courage to be as honest as Jeff.

No. 3 has Willis on Berry, a LunaCon report, and Warner on Fafia. The cover by Bhab Stewart is a wow.

ETWAS 3 Write and ask Peggy Rae McKnight, 6 Acres, Box 306, Lansdale, P.A. USA.

ETWAS gives me the impression that it is SPINGE influenced, but that's being down-right insulting! Peg's editorial shows she can write interesting stuff, and unlike other young femmefans doesn't try to be clever. Gerber is in evidence with an hilarious party-report, or rather a report of a hilarious party. Oswald Train on collecting, A.M.Phil finds a member of a lost race, and Harry Warner on Fan-duplicates. One interliniation I like; "During World War 3 we will all be cremated equal".

WHY IS A FAN? Nancy and Earl Kemp, 2019 Nth. Wipple St. Chicago, 47. USA. Neither love nor money will get you this...join OMPA and be among the privileged few.

No fewer than 74 fans have contributed to this 64 pager...all attempting to explain why they are fans. There are all sorts of excuses; liking SF? liking publishing, liking fans, fandom as a place in which to have one's sex life was introduced to Ella Parker, married into fandom, the egoboo, or just like getting letters.

My explanation is a little simpler...we're all escapists, and if you can't face up to that, you're not a realist!

VECTOR I2 BSFA Journal. Editor Jim Groves, 29, Lathom Rd., East Ham.

The BSFA's journal maintains its usual high standard, but the only item of interest to this writer is a reprint of Bob Tucker's classic "Faan Mail" from A-Bas. Jim in his editorial mentions the H.G.Wells Society run by John Hammond, 39, Rugby Rd., West Bridgeford, Nottm. I'd like to mention that this is more socialist inclined than SF directed...John is one of Britain's leading pacifists...I'd also like to add that I owe my position as Nottm. CND committee member to John resigning!

BASTION 2 I/6 or Trade, Contrib, LoC to Eric Bentcliffe, 47, Alldis St. Great Moor, Stockport, Ches.

I'm hopping mad with Eric because I've had to wait a year between ishs, but as Bastion 2 is even better than No. I all is forgiven. The editorial "Hour of the 13th. Greep" deals entirely with the LXICON. This LXICON rep I've read which can be called a traditional conrep, why are conreps loosing their popularity? The LXICON itself certainly deserves more than two good write ups why let the Observer and The Guardian scoop the field? Harrison is back! This time, with the ever faithful Faversham and Hurstmonceaux, OBE, his eternal conflict with Neuman takes him to America, where he assumes the role of private eye. This gives John Owen the opportunity to do a satire on Raymond Chandler; "I took the bottle out of my desk draw and poured myself a slug. It tasted lousy. There was a roach crawling across the threadbare carpet and I watched it casually, as if I wasn't interested. The phone rang, and I picked it up, still keeping one eye on the roach." Needless to say by the end of the story, Harrison has once again saved the British Empire from Neumann's sinister advances. The late Doc Weir has a seri-con piece entitled "From Yellowed Pages", dealing with really prehistoric SF. Most early SF he writes was meant as a political satire, Jack London's "The Iron Heel" for instance. But Doc never mentions the best novel of this kind; Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here", which it very nearly did!

Also there is Avram Davidson on the future of SF and John Owen again with the LiG diary "~~Bane~~ Drums Along the Mersey". In "As I See It" Eddie gives some artistic impressions of Starship Troopers...these are worth the I/6 Eric is asking for Bastion alone. Starship Troopers seems to be getting more controversy collecting around it than it deserves, ranging from Art Castillo calling Heinlein a fascist to Poul Anderson saying that ST condemns total-war as one of most immoral concepts ever invented. Certainly the training methods in ST would have been envied by Hitler, but a point most of the novels critics seemed to have overlooked is that by Fascist standards the hero is coloured. Despite the extreme circumstances Heinlein's "veteran-army" is detestable, and would soon crumble under a revolution...the revolutionaries have the greatest of all weapons at their disposal....not to enlist!

BANE 4 LoC, Contrib, or Trade to Vic Ryan, 2160, Sylvan Rd. Springfield. Ill.

Nothing outstanding in this ish, which is uniformly dull. Vic plugs Bob Tucker for GoH at the 20th. WorldCon, Tucker rambling (it's nice to see Bob in a youngfan's 'zine), Giovanni Scognmello on Prehistoric SF, Buck Coulson reviewing, and a Bane EgoBoo poll, which is overlong...Vic will be lucky if a dozen are returned.

BEING A SUBSTITUTE LETTER-COL. TEMPORARALY ENTITLED:

THE CRY OF THE WILD GHUS

ARCHIE MERCER: 434/4 Newark Rd. North Hykeham, LINCOLN, Eng.

Dear Walt, (Copy to Ken Cheslin),

That was really a superb idea of yours, pretending that HYPHEN 31 (or possibly 29 . I agree it IS hard at times to remember whether one is counting forwards or backwards) was really LES SPINNE 6 only pretending to be HYPHEN, and even having it posted in Stourbridge to support the verisimilitude. It's one of the best HYPHEN issues I ever remember, tho of course inevitably not quite up to the usual LES SPINNE standard. But that is only to be expected, and in the mean time it was a magnificent attempt. Keep this up, and HYPHEN will soon become a Top Fanzine - at least in Northern Ireland.

Not to mention Southern, Eastern and Western Ireland.

Your artwork tends to be both good (not always superb, but getting on thataway) and well-cut. As far your lay-out - the casual wair can be overdone, it would have been a better idea to keep the filler items for the end of the articles, not sandwich them in the middle so that two or three pages later you suddenly find that the article two or three pages back didn't end after all, but is being continued right there. Certainly gives the thing atmosphere though.

HARRY DOUTHEWAITE 21 Stratton Rd., Whalley Range, Manchester 16.

Thanks for Spinge. The cover really had me fooled. I was racking my brains trying to think who would send me a Hyphen. Zen I turned the page, and behold Spinge 6 with a RIPollo. Twas a dastardly ploy for which you will suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. Nay, I will never relent.----So you're folding you're fanac (sob). Does this mean you won't be corresponding much too? Tis a sad shame.----Best item in thish was "The Fans Answer", twas really funny and went perfectly with the little bem in the illo. Geo Metzgers illos were too seriously drawn to be really funny somehow. Atoms illos were his usual brilliant self. Nothing can be said about Atom that hasn't been said already. At the moment I'm trying to produce more weird illos. I've a leaning towards the macabre and I want to develop it. I'm starting a series of illos from the Lovecraft stories. First one is from "Return of Hastur" by Derleth. I recently read a review of Clark Ashton Smith's "The Abominations of Yondo" in Amra, and it inspired me to travel the weird path in fantasy art.

YNGVI IS A MOUSE...Pablo

JURGEN MANN Frankfurt/Main, Hallgarterstr. 71.

Thanks for LES SPINNE 6 and your WHATSIT. It's bad that you cannot find enough time for LS. I'll always remember it's fan-fiction, though perhaps your friend Dave will be able to produce more of the same? I agree with you about being sericon. Eymann makes on intelect, but this isn't serious for fans. To write one of my letters in readable english is pretty hard. I'm too lazy to learn english properly. For what? German is hard enough to write properly.

XX.XXX.XXXXXXX

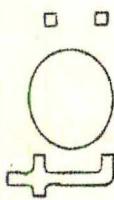
Thanks Harry, Archie, and Jurgen. All that remains to be done is the ccontents page. Reminds me. On the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament outer circle march they had a guest speaker..one John Brunner..who yo all know as an sf writer.





Spinge 7

R & J COULSON
ROUTE 3
WASBASH
INDIANA
U.S.A.

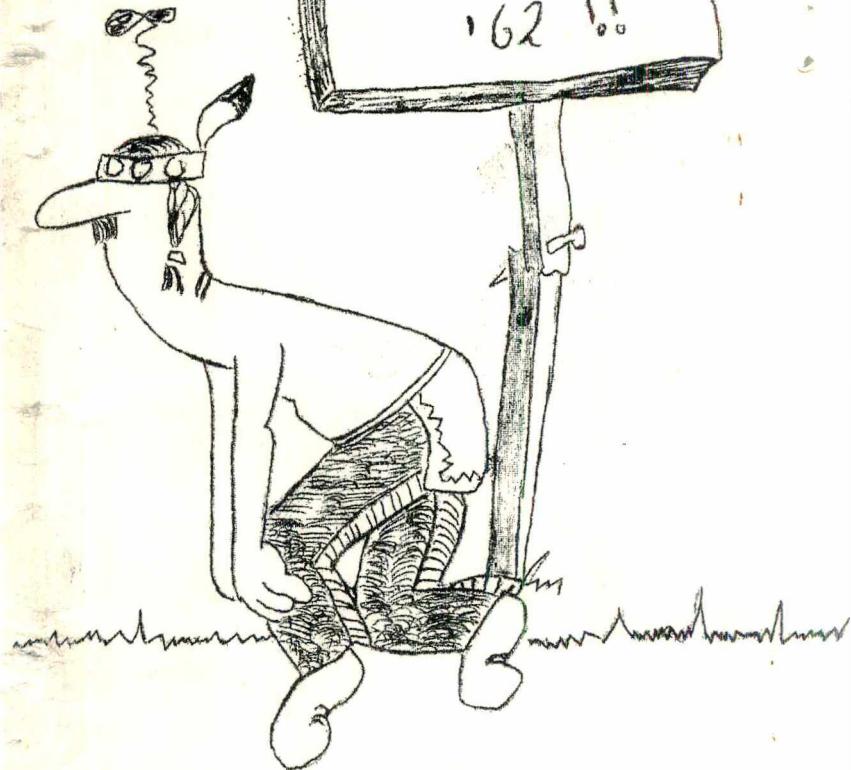
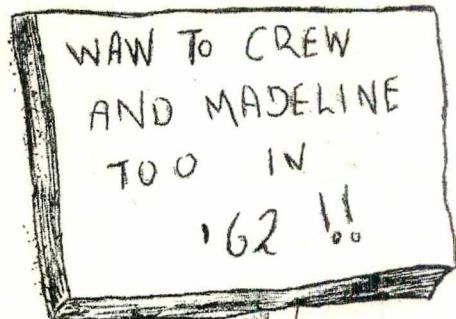


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This is LES SPINGE 7

from: David J. Hale
12, Belmont Rd.,
Wollescote,
Stourbridge,
Worcs.,
ENGLAND

H E L P !
i am a prisoner in a
fanzone factory.
.kmpc.



NOW MICE ARE WATCHING TV

HEATH JOHNSON SAYS THERE'S
A MOUSE IN HIS HOUSE THAT
CREEPS OUT ON A DESK TOP
EVERY NIGHT TO WATCH TV
FOR AS LONG AS 30 MINUTES
AT A TIME.

JOHNSON DOESN'T PLAN TO TRY
TO TRAP THE MOUSE. HE HAS
NOTHING AGAINST IT EXCEPT
ITS TASTE FOR TV SPECTAC-
ULARS.