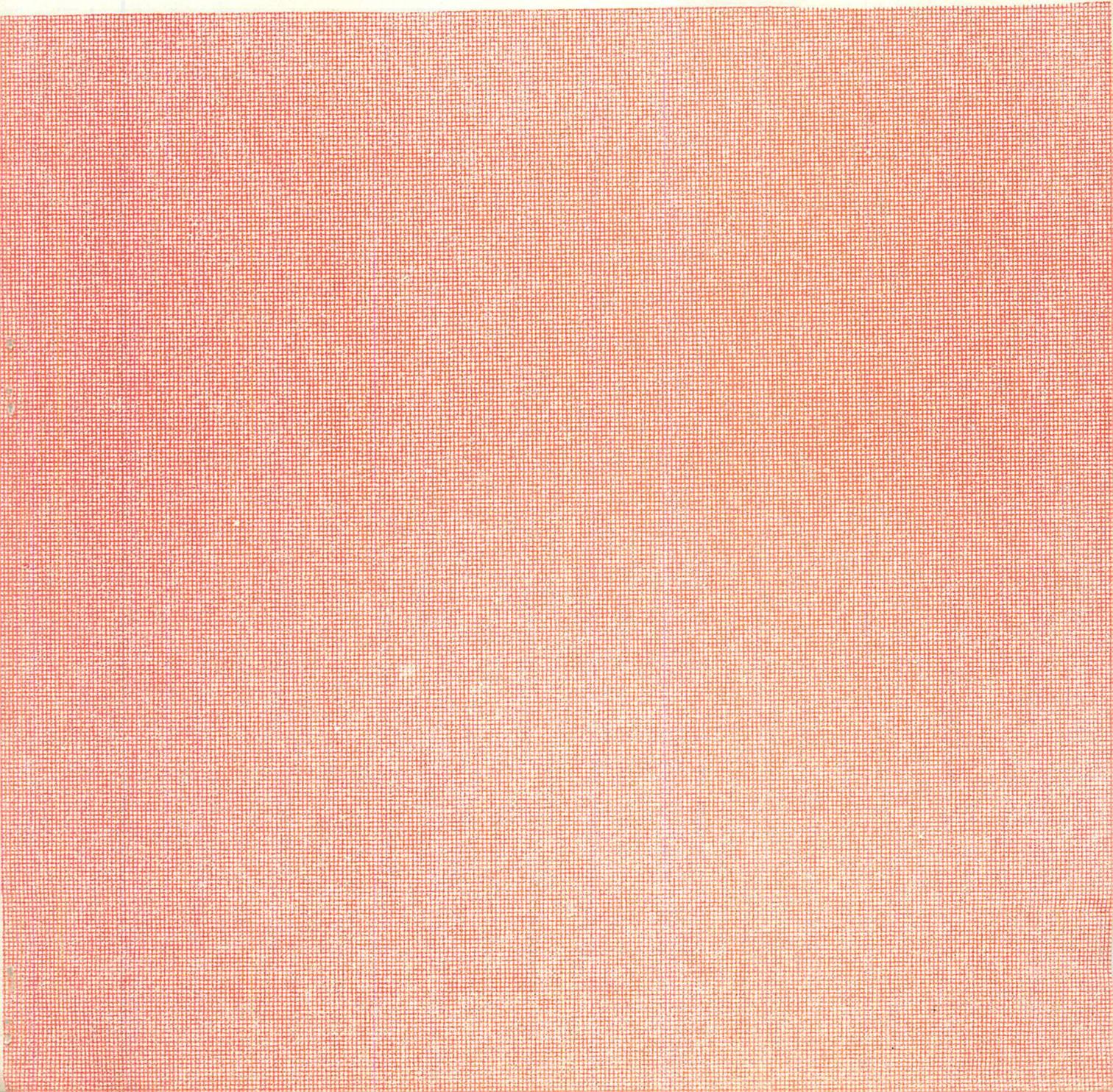


# SPINGE 19





LES

SPINGE

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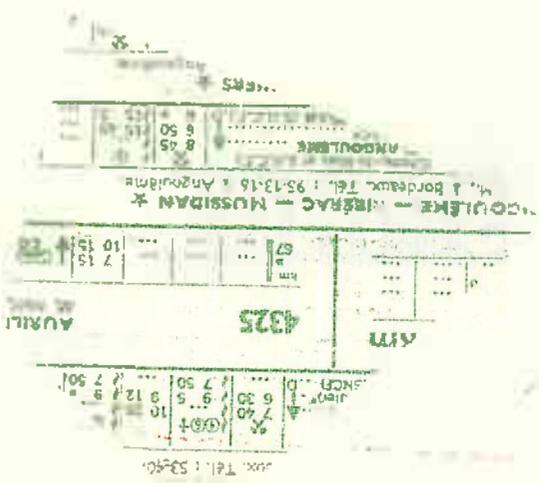
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ARTWORK by      Jeeves (11,15,30)      Santos (10,13)  
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                    Flinchbaugh (12,14,24,29)

LES SPINGE 19, dated September 1967.

A CRINGEBINDER PUBLICATION (number N.S.7)

This issue is dedicated to the memory of Doc Weir



LES SPINGE is an amateur magazine published mainly for the benefit of science fiction fandom, by Darroll Pardoe. Science fiction fandom it says there, but the main item of what little editorial policy there is is that science fiction is but rarely mentioned in these pages. I couldn't hope to compete in that field with the acknowledged leaders (fill in their names for yourself).

LES SPINGE is published at very irregular intervals, although two issues a year is at least

something to aim for: you might even get more, or on the other hand you might not. To get your copy, you have to write a letter of comment or trade, or both, if you're really crazy. Contributors get free issues both of the issue they contributed to and of the following one. Certain folk are permanently on the mailing list through whimsy or because they are good friends of mine. New readers get one sample issue free, after that they have to do one of the things listed above. I don't accept money: SPINGE is meant for those folk sufficiently interested to do something active.

However, (with apologies to Dean Grennell) off-Terran readers may as a special concession remit five flortiks per copy or equivalent in local medium to Moritamb Ulk, 25797 Grand Canal Parkway, Plosstofrimble 57, Tannisflig, Mars (Sol IV), should allow four earth months for delivery, and must themselves bear all interplanetary dues and inspection fees.

This LES SPINGE is the nineteenth, issued in September 1967. This is the ninth year of publication. SPINGE is the official journal of Stourbridge Fandom, now scattered widely away from its place of origin.

Opinions expressed by contributors are their own, and do not of necessity coincide with, or for that matter differ from, those of the publisher. All letters received are liable to publication in whole or (more likely) part, unless plainly marked DNP. They are liable to severe editing, and I mean severe.

LES SPINGE is printed on Flo, a model 320 Gestetner of temperamental personality, and is distributed at enormous fees by the General Post Office.

My address until further notice is: 38 PERRINS LANE, STOURBRIDGE, WORCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND, and as and when I get settled in the US I will let you all know what my new address will be.

I had intended in this editorial to tell British fandom just what I thought was wrong with it, and in fact I had such an editorial all written out ready to type on to stencil. However, I do not think that I will use it. Whether I pontificate in my editorials over the faults in British fandom or not, nobody will take the slightest notice of me. So there's no point, really, in my saying anything.

In a way this issue of SPINGE exemplifies the lack in British fandom. The amount of reasonable material available to the faneditor at present is minuscule; there just isn't enough to go round. I would, if it had been available, have utilized three times as much material as is here present. True, I have plenty of artwork on hand, but three of the five artists appearing in this issue are American. No, the lot of the editor in the UK is not at present a happy one. But what to do? The problem appears insoluble, so long as British fandom remains in its present introverted, involuted state.

With this issue out Spinge will enter on a period of suspension. I could say that it was due to the lack of material I have mentioned above, but that wouldn't really be true. I have after all successfully put out a small fanzine at infrequent intervals - which is better than nothing. No, I have other, more personal reasons for suspending LS. I will revive it (and I do not really want to suspend it) as soon as one of a number of clearly defined circumstances comes about. This may be very soon, in which case you won't notice any difference from the previous...er...schedule? On the other hand, it may be a year or two. Still, if OMPA revives I shall be doing a 'zine for that, so I'm not going to give up publishing completely. I hope. I hope locers and traders will continue to send me things. There will be another SPINGE one day. I hope it will be soon.



slainte!

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF HITS ++++++  
A nostalgic look at some ten years of pop music +  
by ROE WOOD ++++++

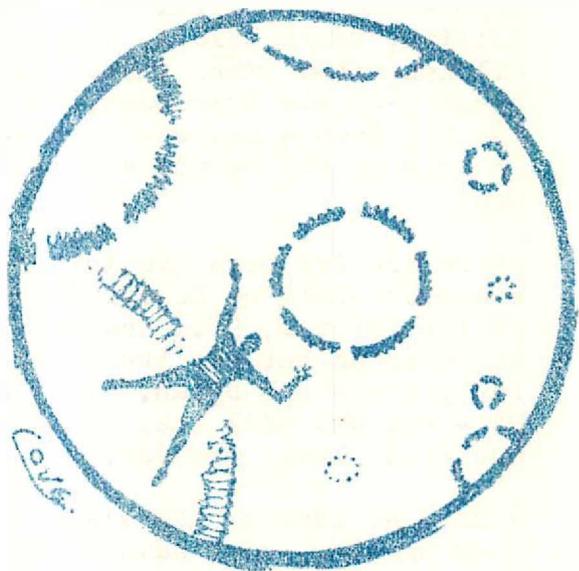
Frequently these days I listen to the cries of my contemporaries: "See old thingey's top this week" or "Have you heard so-and-so's new disc?" But for me, the magic of 'pop' lies not in the over-exposed babes of tin-pan-alley, but the 'classical' hits of the past, which create quite a nostalgia for me - those hits of the era 1956-1963.

A look at the trade press papers over the last few years of tin-pan-alley, RECORD MIRROR, DISC, MELODY MAKER, NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS, has echoed the fall of the pop world. All its magic has gone. Comparing an issue of 1958 with one of today we see any amount of difference. Part of the loss of the magic of pop, as I call it, is the pop pirate stations which grossly overexpose records, forcing them to die a premature death. But then, the records themselves are now far less the unique entities they used to be, far more the mass produced churned-out pulp, result of the policy of present-day disc companies - "Got to release 30 discs this week." When you consider that there are some two hundred records issued weekly by over 75 different record-labels today, as opposed to about 35 a week by a dozen or so ten years ago - obviously you are going to suffer non-entities. This is not to say I don't like any present-day records, there are still the occasional good discs, but they are in a sad minority. Therefore, I remember with nostalgia the oldies.

I think many people will agree that they can identify particular pleasant memories of incidents in the past with a record that was popular at the time. But time passes so quickly, and nothing marks the passing of time clearer in these days of triviality than the chart epitaphs of the back numbers of pop papers. How many people can remember Doris Day's 'Secret Love'? Well, that topped the British pop chart in June 1954 - some 13 years ago! Remember Bobby Darin's 'Dream Lover'? That was no. 2 in our chart of July 1st 1959 - eight years ago. Of course everybody remembers Elvis Presley's 'Heartbreak Hotel' - well, if you are under twelve you're excused - it was doing well in our charts during September 1956. It often seems a pity to me that pop music, like classical music, cannot last for ever in our memories. But by its nature, it must be inevitable. The average 'life-span' of a present-day pop record is something like seven weeks. Ten years ago it was more like twelve weeks. By dint of swift exposure, they are known immediately, and people tire of them all the more quickly now. Granted, Radio Luxembourg and the pirates together give us about one hour's air time a week to the oldies, but I believe a lot of people would welcome a regular weekly programme devoted to an hour or two of the records of the past five or six years. Even the

presentation of the pop charts in those days had some magic to it; but not now. The intimate Saturday nights on the light were sacred to 'Pick of the Pops' lovers in 1959-60. But who worries which of the 13 radio stations they tune to for the latest discs these days? They have as little individuality as the discs themselves. More recently, we were thrilling to the sounds of Rubber Ball - Bobby Vee; Are you lonesome tonight - Elvis; but wait, did I say recently? Why, these were hits of January 1961; and a lot of seven shillings' have passed over the counters since then!

Indeed, how many pop-artists have come and gone since those days? Whatever became of such stars as Johnny and the Hurricanes, Bobby Vee, Troy Shondell, Dion, Eden Kane, Neil Sedaka, U.S. Bonds, Helen Shapiro, Clarence Frogman Henry, Craig Douglas, The Marcels, Floyd Cramer, Temperance Seven, Brian Hyland, Jimmy Jones, Connie Francis, Josh McGrac...well, I could go on for hours just mentioning their names. But how many of you remember these great discs of the last few years: Only the lonely (1960) - Good Timin' (1960) - Tell Laura I love her (1960) - Teenager in love (1959) - Such a night (1954) - Oh, Carol! (1958) - Voice in the wilderness (1960) - Softly, Softly (1955) - Wayward Wind (1956) - Que sera sera (1957) - Halfway to Paradise and Johnny remember me (both 1961) - and more recently - Dominique, Louie Louie, Da doo ron ron (all 1963) - Walk on by, My Guy, House of the Rising Sun, Move over, darling, (all 1964) - Cast your fate to the wind, Keep Searching, You lost that loving feeling, So now (all early 1965). But as I said before, I feel the best era for pop was 1958 to 1962. After that the decline began - until today pop music has little to offer from week to week.



However, it is interesting to note upon some of the regulars of the charts in those days - few of them appear regularly nowadays - names like Brenda Lee, Brian Hyland (remember Ginny Come Lately?), Tommy

Roe (remember SHEILA?), Duane Eddy, Johnny Kidd, Johnny Burnette, The Brook Brothers, The Viscounts, Anthony Newley, Everley Brothers, The Shadows, Emile Ford, Johnny Tillotson, Adam Faith, The Ventures, Kenny Ball, Acker Bilk, Marty Wilde, Billy Fury, Burl Ives, Chubby Checker, Neil Sedaka, Sandy Nelson, John D. Loudermilk, Russ Conway, Karl Denver, Matt Monro, Bernard Cribbins, Leroy Van Dyke, Frankie Vaughan, Del Shannon, The Springfields, James Darren, Dorothy Provine, Danny Williams and Pat Boone.

Are there so many artists these days whose records regularly appear in the charts in Great Britain? Perhaps those of the Seekers, the Stones, the (omnipresent) Beatles, Elvis and Cliff (perhaps the only artists to have survived more than a decade), the Shadows (on a less omnipresent scale), Jim Reeves, the Beach Boys, and indeed Frank Sinatra. But there are so many more artists on the pop scene these days - Tom Jones, Val Doonican, the Kinks, Manfreds, Supremes, Who, Hollies, Frank Ifield, Animals, Hermits, Troggs, and about half a million more! Then there's the Monkees, an instant pop group, created by the Americans, for the world, and totally manipulated by the USA into a national money-spinner. But are we paying for the Monkees or the sounds and effects of half a dozen nameless session men?

There are far more gimmicky records these days too; some recent examples would be Leader of the Pack, Snoopy v Red Baron, Strawberry Fields Forever, 98.6 and many more. As far as I'm concerned there has emerged but one truly original entity and artist over the last few years - Bob Dylan. Many will either agree or disagree, that's OK - but who will they choose instead? I'm open to any other opinions and will gladly comment.

I have no idea of the views of the readers on this subject on which I am writing, so I have of necessity made it fairly short, although I could have filled many dozen more pages exploring in depth that which I have barely skinned over for the present. If the response to this article should show that enough people are indeed interested in a detailed history of the pop music scene over the past ten years or so, I would be willing to write another article or even a series on this.

Let me see; at the time I write this article it is about a third of the way through 1967, and every radio channel is thrusting out the day's 'hits' from the 'Fabulous 40' 'Fantastic 50' 'Hot 60' 'Top 20' or whatever the particular station deems it necessary to call it. Our current charts consist of such GROOVY numbers as Peek-a-Boo, Release Me, I'm a Believer, I was Kaiser Bill's Batman, Mellow Yellow, Edelweiss, Penny Lane, Snoopy v the Red Baron.... I prefer to remember that exactly five years ago we were thrilling to the sounds of Can't Help Falling in Love (Elvis), Wonderful Land (Shadows), The Young Ones (Cliff), Let's Twist Again (Chubby Checker), Kenny Ball's March of the Siamese Children and Midnight in Moscow, Stranger on the Shore

(Acker Bilk), Tell Me What He Said (Helen Shapiro), Wimoweh (Karl Denver), Forget Me Not (Eden Kane - remember his 'Well, I ask you?'), Crying in the Rain (Everly Bros), The Wanderer (Dion), and Leroy Van Dyke's 'Walk On By'. Ah, there's no doubt about it in my mind; those were the days - nostalgia is a wonderful thing - and Memories are made of Hits.

-----  
COPYRIGHT 1967 for Robert A. Wood  
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(++ Ah, it brings back memories of my own misspent youth... Bill Haley and his Comets, and Rock and Roll, and dancing on cinema seats and all. Hu seo thrag gewat, genap under nitheln, swa he no waere.)

\*\*\*\*\*

#### DEPT. OF SELECTED REVIEWS.

I'd like to quote here two reviews that SPINGE has recently received; one good and one bad. The former doesn't actually say much, but it sounds so superb in French. The latter, incidentally, comes from what I can only describe as a turgid crudzine (it even has the traditional see-through ditto reproduction).

LES SPINGE n° 18: ...fiction, articles généraux, le tout sur papier multicolore et fort bien illustre.

(Michel Feron in MIZAR-2)

LES SPINGE ...the only issue I've seen had not one single piece on sf, not even a couple of book reviews. What they do print was not worth reading. Don't bother.

(David Chute in WARP-2)

(++ Obviously he's not a faan. And who are they? There's only the one of me, here)

\*\*\*\*\*

EPITAPH

by Jim Grant

-----  
Fair morning upon Babylon

No cloud upon the sky,

The people of the city fought...

They knew that they must die.

Not only the clashing of swords,

But the passing of glory too,

For what is the victory of defeat...?

When even your women shall try

To make that victory sweet.

Shall a poet make false words...?

For an impression of the truth,

That belongs buried deep in the bloodied earth

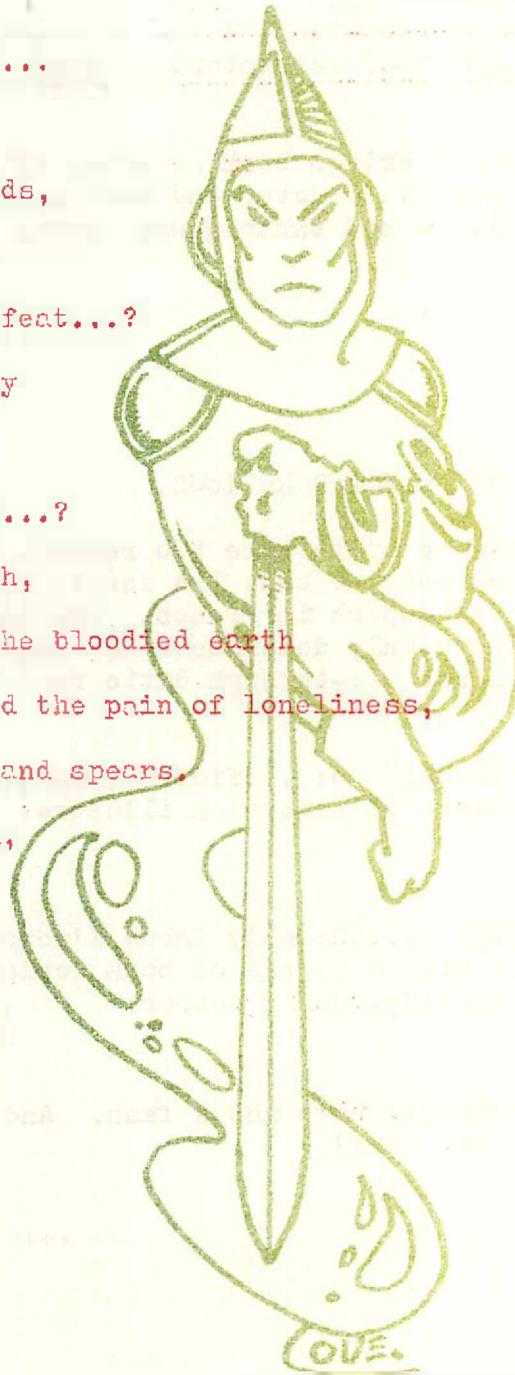
Along with tears and grief and the pain of loneliness,

And rusted armour and swords and spears.

Then all shall cry in anguish,

Except the victors -

They shall shed no tears.



## .....AND A DOLLAR IN MY HAND

M  
A  
R  
D  
R  
E  
E  
D

Unlike Dylan's 'darling young one' I've not yet been out in front of a dozen dead oceans, nor have I travelled ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard (although I CAN claim - when the sun came out after a heavy fall of snow, and I looked out on to a deserted street - something very like a highway of diamonds with nobody on it). Nevertheless since entering fandom I've travelled many more miles than during any equivalent length of time hitherto, and while I've not yet completed my 'alphabet of places visited with ~~all~~ fannish intent', I'm now well on my way to so doing.

I've been jolted along a farm-path in Alvechurch, and watched Ramblin' Jake Griggs - clinging to the back bumper - give a despairing shriek and fall off, and on the train to Birmingham my companion was proposed to (and she accepted) by an Irishman neither of us had seen before, or have seen since. I've only been in a car stopped for speeding once, and that was on the way back from Chipping Norton, where I've also inspected the mills at midnight.

The most beautiful sunrise I have ever seen was as the train home went through Durham (in whose castle I once frightened myself badly by seeing a ghost in a draught that stirred a tapestry). I've had Notorious Streets pointed out to me in Edinburgh, my eardrums almost shattered in Farnborough, and paddled in an icy, grey sea (and met an Undermanager) at Great Yarmouth. I've had anti-tetanus injections at Hitchin, and seen palm trees growing in the open air at Inverewe, in Northern Scotland.

Nothing noteworthy happened in Jarrow, though I've been through many a time (the children of the North are taught much about the Venerable Bede of Jarrow). My companion has been nearly killed by bounding on to a non-existent platform at Kingham, and I've had perfectly valid reasons for wandering the streets of London in bare feet, carrying a red plastic bucket. I've been asked if my ticket was genuine at Halvern, and been thrown out of a bookshop (and seen The Man) at Newcastle. I've missed a train at Oxford (the draughtiest station on the BR network) and had my longest wait - approximately two and a half hours - for the next one.

I've been threatened with arrest in Piccadilly Circus, and found to my horror that the train didn't stop at Reading. I must be one of the few fans to have arrived at Stevenage station by air, thus being the cause for gratifying someone's wish to pull that tempting Communication Cord!

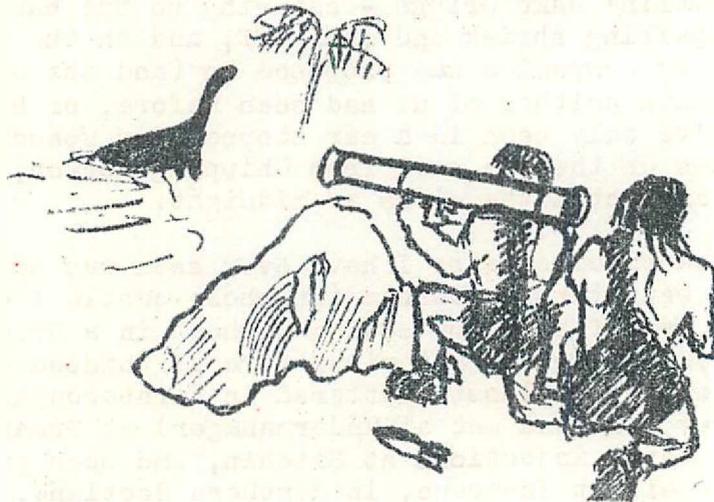
Illya McGuinness's budgie has assaulted me at Tooting, and we've

seen Hornsey (immortalized in the TX legends) going home in Witney.

'Fandom is sharing' (CKA). And while Quidhampton, Upminster, Veryan, Yarrow and Zunnor are still to be visited, because this travelling is connected with fandom, and thus shared, I do not think the 'darling young one''s seven forests will be sad.

And as for X...? Well, since it traditionally 'marks the spot' perhaps I've already been there, perhaps it's yet to be discovered by me, and the dollar in my hand.

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++ Aynuk was on his way to work at the local colliery one day when he met his friend Ali coming the other way towards him. The following dialogue then ensued:

Aynuk: Where am yo goin' this mornin', Ali?

Ali: Goin' ter work, yer fule, where dun yo think I'm goin'?

Aynuk: But yo'm gocin' the wrong rode, yo'm walking wum.

Ali: Oh ar, so I am. I turned me back to the wind ter light me pipe an' I forgot to turn back round again.

As I sit here, paper balanced precariously on one knee, a pile of text-books strewn on the kitchen table, a mucky would-be oil painting on the floor, drinking cold tea, chewing cold toast spread with lumpy marmalade, I review the events of the past hour and a half, and am sobered.

I have finally succeeded in lighting the kitchen fire - but with such a struggle that I fear that I may not pull through the next time. Bearing this in mind I have thought to leave some record for posterity, just in case.

I woke up at some early hour, as usual, and spent the time dozing and cogitating ( a good word, that, cogitate; I picked it up from the natives, with whom it is very popular) - anyway, I cogitated.

I've got this essay to write, you see - all about, well, the title is 'There was no Neolithic revolution, the Neolithic was merely a continuation of the Paleolithic era: discuss' - hmmm (actually this cold toast and lumpy marmalade tastes quite nice) - anyway, this essay is a cause of much frustration to me - I did four pages of typing on quarto for it and handed it in, only to have it bounced back at me. It lacked, I was told, an adequate format, the spelling was horrible, and the bibliography too short (I quoted 5 books). So; I figure that there was some justification for this, though I would have liked to know from the first what exactly was wanted. Full of good resolutions, I go off to the library - to find more books for the bibliography. Alas, the only book any good was one I'd used before. So I desperately sought through the geography section, hoping to find something related - no luck. Then to

the geology, the social sciences, and so on. In the end I just grabbed three books that had impressive looking titles, but were of no real value - and I'm hoping, with three of my own, to make up a bibliography of ten or eleven.

(I know I'm digressing from the fire incident - sorry.)

It may be, (it may be) that the reason I couldn't find any books in the library of any relevance was because they have been stolen. Since the college started six years ago 1800 books have vanished - 300 since this January - and as many of them are £5 books or so, the average being about £2 overall; this works out at about £4000. Quite a lot of money. We had a big purge the other day; an amnesty was declared. The various lecturers were told to remonstrate with us: they did. Our Educational Sociology lecturer came in. "I notice

that the most useful books go first and fastest. History, Geography, RE, and so on... but (he glares around) not enough sociology books are being stolen." - a good chap. He has the type of humour I like.

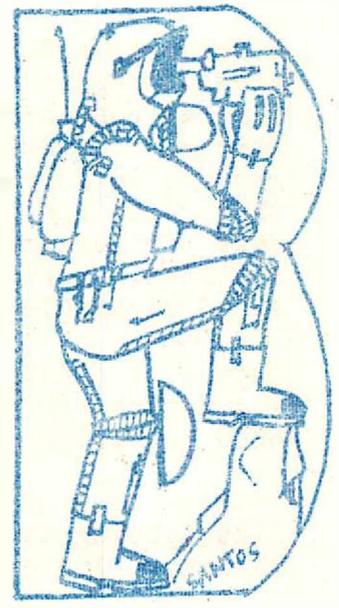


We are actually doing a film now, based on the library thefts. We are divided into groups for what are called 'combined studies' (which is a thing too complicated to describe just now) and before Easter our group (average of 7) got the idea (via me) of making a melodrama; you know, villain ties heroine to the railroad tracks etc.

Every time we got round to talking about the idea of making a film our tutor butted in with a "Yes, I can see your group is interested in people" - this is now a catch phrase (also "play with your possibilities" which is now the subject of a disrespectful song). Anyhow, after wasting a hell of a lot of time we were suddenly combined with another group and were told that our groups (being interested in people) were going to make a film. Well, well.

This sagged when, after weeks of 'playing with possibilities' we came more and more to the conclusion that we would never make a film.

Then, at the end of last week, we were told we would have a camera this week; then we were told we might not get a chance to film; then we were told to go ahead with a script. So. We had all along intended to do a film of the Chaplin type or a melodrama - something related to the Exhibition we'd had earlier in the term, something to illustrate life in the past hundred years. That's what we were supposed to do.



Actually, we sat around nattering at the beginning of this week, bored to tears, apathetically discussing what we could do. So I suggested we do a film about the theft of books from the library - call it 'The Great Book Raid' and really ham it up. Things sort of exploded; in a half hour we had a couple of dozen ideas. Then we thought 'ah, but will they let us do it?' A grim faced squad of us marched off to beard a tutor, who to our surprise fell in with the idea. Both our tutors now (seemingly) were enthusiastic.

Yesterday, Friday, we were (suddenly) told we would have a camera, and we had two miles of film. So we scrambled about in the library till five o'clock, shooting scenes such as the straight snatch under a coat; we had a trombone case filled, plus a book put in the mouth of the thing; various shots representing the library in normal use; a shot of an organized chain of book snatchers passing books along from hand to hand; a couple run off with a trolley load; and a crawl on hands and knees around the floor, sneaking out books.

Now we are waiting for the film to be processed. We'll see these first shots after that. We have lots and lots more ideas; we haven't even started on the second part of the script, the disposal of the stolen goods.

Oh yes, a topical incident occurred in Sheffield about Thursday; some bloke was caught stealing library books and his home was searched. The police found another ELEVEN THOUSAND.

You know - the fire hardly seems worth writing about, now...

But. This fire in the kitchen is the bane of my life - it's fight, fight, fight, all the time. Mind you, it may be that if I had some firwood things would be better. As it is, I've used up large quantities of paper on it, and tried to light it four or five times

before I went outside into the garden to see what I could find.

I found a garden pile. 'Aha,' I thought, 'fuel!' And so it was, after a fashion - one disadvantage I discovered right away. Someone had poured paint and creosote over the twigs - and it was still sticky. Nevertheless, I persevered. I took the twigs down the garden, in a trailing bunch, and prepared to break them into a size that would fit into the fireplace. It was then I discovered the next difficulties. The second was that some of the twigs were rose cuttings, armed with wicked thorns; three was that the damn things would certainly bend, but were very reluctant to break.

Anyway, I finally used up my draw-sheet of brown paper for fuel, and put the twigs on top. It was then I discovered drawback four; once the twigs caught they burnt too fast to light the coal.

Looking down at the silent heap of coal that was the remains of firelighting attempt number five, I experienced a sense of frustration. 'Oh deary me' quoth I as I beat my head on the hearth.

For attempt number six, I had to hunt desperately around the flat for paper (all my crudsheets had gone, and all my copies of 'Teacher'); I looked with measured ire at my copy of the Plowden Report summary - my fingers twitched.

In the end I found a carrier bag. This was full of corks that I had painfully collected for a school project. I emptied the corks into a box (which I'll have to sort out later) and bare the carrier bag off in triumph.

I put a great stack of twigs on the carrier, and lit it. Great! great! But it burnt up so fast. Last week, I had burnt an oil painting I had done on a sheet of hardboard. I speculated now about burning one of the remaining three. But instead I rushed out and got some more twigs, and kept piling them on until the coal caught.

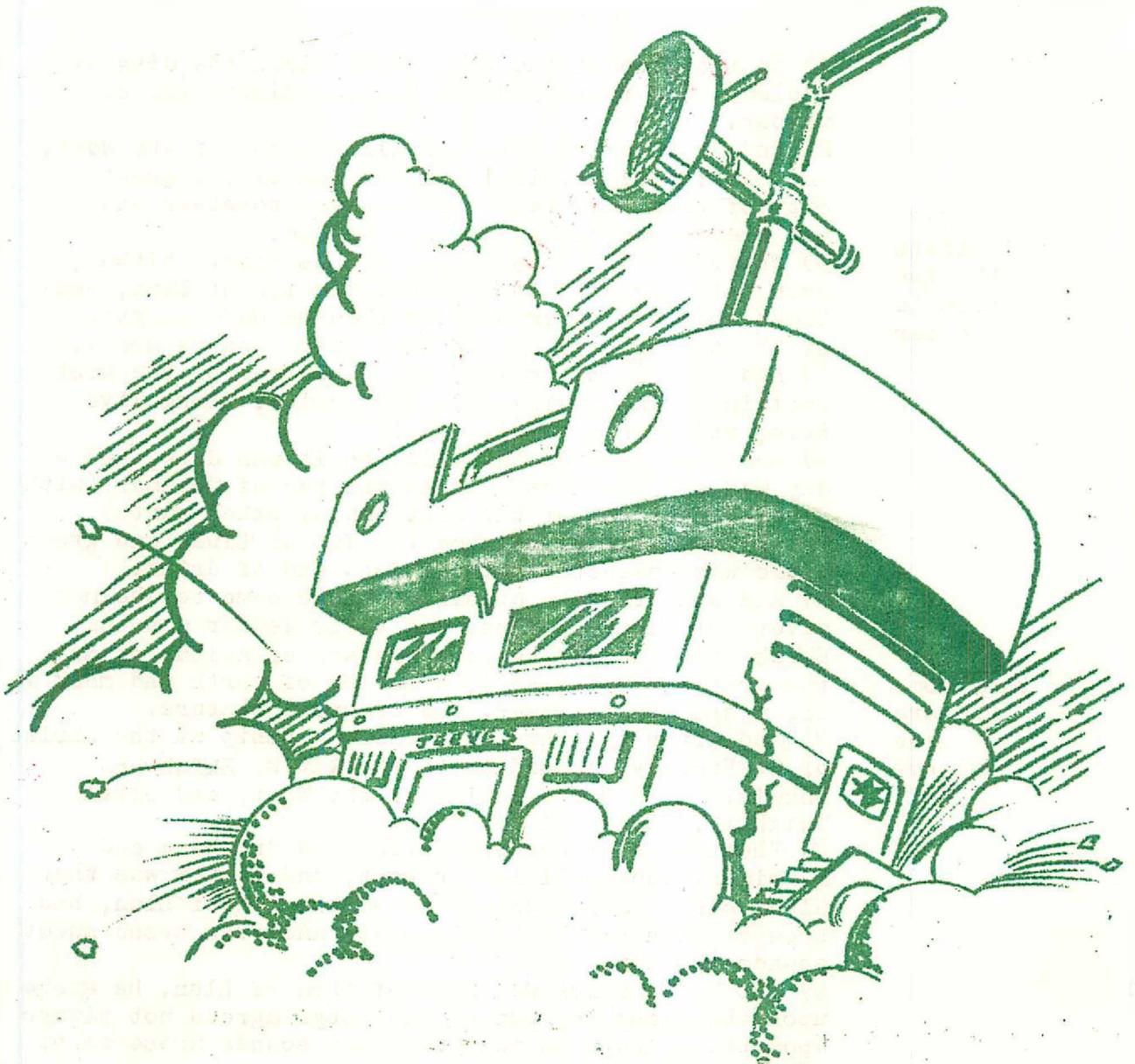


Maybe you can get some idea of what it was like if I tell you that at the same time as I was trying to light the fire I was also engaged in boiling a kettle, putting tea in the pot, and so on, with looking after the toast, turning it or taking it off, and dashing back and forth between them all. To the fire, a smell of burning toast - to the sink to wash some of the muck off my hands - turn the toast - back to put twigs on the fire - muck up hands again - the kettle screams - the toast starts to burn again - I grab for the soap - the oil painting I'm using to

draw the fire up falls down in a cloud of ashes and muck - etc.,  
etc.

I wish I'd been a boy scout.

+++++





THE REPRINT DEPARTMENT

I have been naughty this time, and reprinted without permission. But Doc is dead now, and I have no notion how to go about getting in contact with Andy Main; I apologize in advance for sinning in this way, but I do feel the piece is worth resurrection. Here then, freshly translated by Dokwa the Scribe, are the DIDN'T SEE SCROLLS, which first appeared in BHISMILLAR-4 of June 1960.

CHAPTER ONE

ErJo  
inviteth  
the fen  
of Llun to  
Chelmer

they come  
and are  
made  
welcome

- 1) In the land of the West there lieth the City of Chelmer, and therein dwelt ErJo, a mighty fan of valour.
- 2) And ErJo called unto him all the fen of the West, and said: "Lo! A thing! For the fen of the great city of Llun have banded themselves together and got themselves organized as a Circle.
- 3) Wherefore I say unto you, let us invite hither, even unto our city of Chelmer, the fen of Llun, and those that are of valour let them be made Knights of St Fantony, and let us eat, drink and be merry."
- 4) And the fen of Chelmer and other fen of the West acclaimed him, crying with loud voice: "Long live ErJo, and mighty be his name!"
- 5) And even as ErJo had said, so it was done, and a day was appointed upon which the fen of Chelmer (with divers other fen of the West and of other parts) should assemble to welcome the fen of Llun; and great store was collected both of food and of drink.
- 6) And upon the day appointed there came to Chelmer divers of those of Llun, and their leader was one EkTub (but whether he were the son of Ahitub or no, the writer knoweth not), a scribe of worth and mark in Sf, a speaker of power, and of great stature.
- 7) And after they had paid their worship at the shrine of St Fantony, according to the Rites, EkTub and BobRik, which was a seafan of the West, did battle knightly, while all cried them on.
- 8) Thereafter, there was eating and drinking and merriment among all fen present; and musick was there also, since Satyr, which was of the fen of Llun, had brought with him his Instrument, and discoursed sweet sounds thereon.
- 9) But Mildlo which was also of them of Llun, he snote upon the Piang Ho; but he and Satyr agreed not always upon the melody, so that by times sounds arose as of BEMIS at strife!

CHAPTER TWO

1) Then when all had well eaten and drunk, and were thus in mood to bear with him (which would not otherwise have been) there arose one DokWa (and he was a learned scribe) and said:

DokWa  
proposeth  
that Llun  
shall run  
the Con  
for BSFA

2) "Lo! Is it not the custom of the assembled fen of all this land, even of BSFA, to hold yearly a Con? And hath not EkTub told us that the fen of Llun do now cry for opportunity to show us what they can do now that they are organized?"

3) Let then the Circle of the fen of Llun organize the Con for BSFA, so that all fen shall wonder thereat and shall acclaim the wisdom, skill and hospitality of Llun for evermore."

4) And some of those present found the matter good, and others not so; but, being well acquainted, and knowing one anothers' minds, they might well have swiftly agreed thereupon.

5) But there was present among them one PeWest (and he was of those that sent pictures through the land by the power of the lightning) and PeWest loved one thing above all, which was his own voice.

PeWest  
offereth  
objection

6) Wherefore PeWest discoursed without cease upon all things which he knew; and if perchance there was a matter which he knew not, so did he discourse upon it the more.

7) And to all things that were said by EkTub and by DokWa and by many others did PeWest offer objection and argument till it came to pass that EkTub and KenBul (which is a scribe of fame, having much good Sf to his name) requested sternly that he should cease.

and is  
squashed

8) The which he did, though nowise willingly.

9) And EkTub arose, and said: "Hearken all fen, and note well that which I do now proclaim! We of Llun will gladly arrange this Con, and it shall be such that none shall have yet seen the like. But it shall be ours alone, and none shall bid nor yet forbid us in aught that we shall do.

EkTub  
consenteth  
thereto

10) And if ye assent thereto, then of this let us hear naught further, for indeed we be upwardly fed therewith even unto the rearmost molars!"

11) And it was so agreed, and thereafter they made merry far into the night; and the next day they explored the pleasant land that surroundeth the city of Chelmer, and in the evening they returned, every fan to his home, well content.

CHAPTER THREE

1) But in the city of Llun, matters went not well, for there were in that city certain fen who Wanted Their Own Way, and would ensure the same by any means that they might.

2) For to One they said This, and to a Second they said That, and to a Third they said The Other, feigning all the while that it was the truth, whereby counsels were ever divided in such wise that these few, though they were but few, might do what they would. }

Dissention  
ariseth  
in the  
Circle of  
Llun

3) And when the fen of Llun became organized as a Circle these met together and shook their heads and slanted their eyes, saying: "Shall this thing be? For if all the Circle of the fen of Llun agree our part therein shall be but small, and our honour thereby much abated."

4) And so they sought out divers that were but new fen and of small experience, and did secretly advise them, saying: "Wouldst become known among the fen of Llun? Behold, if any speak recommending such a course, stand thou up boldly and oppose them, saying thus and thus; so shall thy name become great in the land."

5) Whereby the Circle of the fen of Llun was brought to nothing, for there was such dissention that nothing of purpose might be done by reason of continually divided counsels.

6) And then arose these workers in the dark, saying: "Lo! The officers of the Circle of the fen of Llun are of no worth, for they Get Nothing Done. Elect us, therefore, to office, and thou shalt surely behold a Difference.

Whereby  
it is  
disbanded

7) But the older fen of the Circle of Llun, that had long experience, turned from them with loathing, saying: "Did we not organize the Circle of Llun even that we might be rid of the continual pestering of These Few? Nay, if such are to be elected to Office, we will have nought to do with the Circle! Fare ye well!" And they went their ways.

#### CHAPTER FOUR

1) But then divers of the Circle of Llun, that were also of BSFA said: "But what shall then become of the BSFA Con, for the assembly that hath been undertaken to arrange it is disbanded? Lo! Let us take counsel together and do what we may!"

Divers fen  
of good  
will  
work for  
the Con

2) And these were the names of those that sought to uphold the Con: Sandra which was scribe to BSFA (for DokWa their former scribe lay snitten with a grievous sickness); ElPar, widely known, for that she spoke with vehemence; HikHo, already named; and divers others of Llun; and also Bah Bee, formerly of Llun, but now of Chelner, since she had wedded an Husband.

3) Helpers arose from other parts also; forenost Ah Chee, a fan of great weight and valour, Guardian of the Treasures of BSFA; and ErBent of the North-West also, and NorShork and Ina his spouse, while TerJee of the North-East took part also, but not for long, for that he

Courted a Wife.

4) And these arose and said: "Is there not the Assembly of TAFF, that existeth to make known to one another those fen that dwell upon opposite sides of the Duck Pond? Lo! Let the assembled fen of TAFF choose speedily one from the further side of the Duck Pond, even from the fen of Youess, that we may entertain him here, and rejoice his heart as it is fitting.

And  
invite  
guests of  
note

5) And the fen of TAFF took counsel and elected one Don Ford, which was a great fen (and he was great of stature also) that he should cross the Duck Pond and bring back word to Youess how things went upon the hither side thereof.

6) And another guest also did they invite, whom they delighted to honour, which was Kah Nell, for whom all had reverence, for that he had laboured thirteen years that Sf might become known among the people, whereby the numbers of the fen had been most notably increased. And at first he did refuse their invitation, but after relented, at which all rejoiced much.

CHAPTER FIVE

1) And now the day of the Con drew near, and it was to last two days, whereby those that came from far would be required to abide at the least three nights in Llun.

2) Wherefore Sandra and those others named had hired them an hostelry, at which those from afar might abide, and at which the welcomings, the speeches, the songs, the dances, the eatings and the drinkings might take place with convenience to all, and with harm to none.

The agreed  
hostelry  
looketh  
sourly  
on fen and  
refuseth  
lodging  
at the  
eleventh  
hour

3) And upon the third day before the Con, ElPar, who had taken upon her the task of arranging lodging and herberage for all those who came from afar, came to the hostelry with a list of yet more names of fen who would come.

4) But the Owner of the Hostelry looked sourly upon her, and said, "Lo! We have made enquiry concerning fen. Winebibbers and roisterers be they, riotous and of low condition, such as no Respectable Hostelry may abide! Get Ye Hence, for we will none of such as ye. Nay, should ye remain here, we will even call the Officers of Justice of the City, that they may drag ye hence!

5) And ElPar lifted up her voice, and said What She Thought, whereby the ire of the Owner of the Hostelry was notably increased, for that it was Not Flattering. And ElPar shook off the dust of that hostelry from her feet, and when she had got her without its walls she also spat, that she might cleanse her withinsides of its atmosphere, and she sought Sandra with speed, and told her all that had befallen.

6) Therefore Sandra and ElPar scoured all the City of Llun for many hours, till they were sadly footsore,

Sandra  
and ElPar  
search  
the city  
by night  
and find  
another

for though hostelries in that city are many, it was the season of the Passover, at which time many thousands visit the city from all lands.

7) But at a late hour they found them another hostelry, and the Master thereof said: "We know not fen, of what condition they be, for we have heard neither good nor bad concerning them. None the less, so to do as the owner of thy former meeting place has done, it is to make the very name of all hostelry-keepers to stink. Wherefore, since we have space enough, come ye hither an ye will, and we will gladly make ye such cheer as we may."

8) And they went forth, much lightened in their minds, and ElPar laboured far into the night, sending forth messages to all the fen that the place of assembly of the Con was changed.

9) But there was still uneasiness in many, for that the latter hostelry was of far greater size and repute than the former, and also its charges were somewhat greater.

10) But one TedFors, a fan of worth, stood up and said: "Be of cheer! The charges for the Con Hall I will pay myself, whereby our profits shall be the greater, and if haply some fen shall find themselves short, there shall be cash at hand to help them."

#### CONCLUSION

And at the  
Con were  
there many  
Happenings  
of Note

But of the 1960 Con of the BSFA, and how it was successfully held: of how Kah Nell spoke concerning Sf: of how JoyCla failed notably to catch the Chairman's eye: of how three TAFF candidates were grievously examined: of how Don Ford showed pictures of the land of Youess and its fen such as were never before seen, so that all fen wondered aloud: of how PcWest again spoke long and loudly, so that most fen fled from him: and of how RonBen would have made his name auctioning matters of price, but had not the art - Lo! are not all these things written in the Chronicles of the BSFA named VECTOR? And now to all those named above, who laboured heavily and long that the Con might take place, and also to those many helpers who are not here named, but who none the less did the many and distracting small jobs, be Honour, Glory and Heartfelt Thanks. And that they may get that gratitude which they have so greatly deserved, this small tribute is here offered,

by

DokWa the Scribe.

=====

# CRY OF THE

## .. Wild Ghus ..

ED COX  
Arleta

Pete Weston's column was very interesting. It gives the reader some insight as to 'who' Pete Weston is...

all too little of this in fannish writings. Now there is a lot revealed to me of things that go in in Britain, ways things are done, not much different from here, for that matter. Pete's action on behalf of his political party and so on (which is something a lot of people should but don't do, including me). But I've got to confess that though I looked for clues and turned to the back of the fanzine for the list of abbreviations and glossary, I can't quite figure out what exactly is 'BSA' What probably blocks me is that over here it stands for Boy Scouts of America, and I'm sure that isn't it!

Okay. I haven't helped my political party over here (except to vote each time) but strip shows and such I've seen. I haven't seen much in the way of fights but one night, many years ago, while surrounding beer in a joint down on Western Avenue, in LA, a guy got sort of obstreperous and ended up waving a revolver around... behind the bar. The bar-keep disarmed him and emptied the shells into the sink. This irked said drunk somewhat, who immediately called the police because the bar-keep wouldn't give him his gun back...

"Worcester Sauce" was rather philosophical this time. Even though it was white on black. This, by the way, shows a definite masochistic bent on your part, or something. Reminds me of the time when Walter Goslet (Coswal in those days, when he was active) ran the carbon part of his (Wolbur) spirit duplicator so that the zine, about four pages, came out all dark purple with light print. It was barely readable. But the rub comes years later when I look back into that old SAPS mailing and find adjacent pages rather purpled from migration or something. I put in buffer sheets of plain paper. Years later I find it has gone through them and continued to screw up the lovely digital-computer type cover of Art Rapp's SPACEWARP. Irked me no end... well, when I think of it it irks me. Right now I'm irked. (Most of the time, of course, I'm Ed Cox, but right now...)

All of this somehow doesn't comment on Ken's thoughts which were inspiring, or inspiration for further such thought. On my part.

I've often felt the same introspective surge of thought as to the relation of me to my known universe or the universe that I know to me. There've been times when the very simplicity of doing nothing but sitting out in the grass in the backyard has isolated me from the peripheral factors of life that is me... the sun beats down on me with a warmth that burns out any thought of the unread fanzines in the den, the grass under me that really ought to be cut... the sky is blue and a breeze musically clinkles the Japanese wind-chimes we hung in the peach-tree... the dog lies in the shade of the tree, tongue hanging out, panting rapidly, waiting for my first move that will indicate playtime...

The grass, the warm earth under me, I am a tiny bump on the whirling surface of the planet as it travels unguessable distances through space, the traffic noise on nearby Van Nuys Boulevard fades to an alien murmur and I don't care that the SAPS deadline approaches. My son plays in the wading pool, pouring water out of a white plastic bottle, his whole universe wrapped suddenly in that one, all-important act, his skin sun-browned one with the peach-pit (halved by the dog's powerful jaws) lying in the lush grass.

The closeness of the contracted universe right down to me and the grass and the ant making its way along the brick border along the garage...excluding all those other things in the quiet Saturday afternoon... all such is enhanced, charged with a profound emotion should I instead sit in the living room or the den and listen...really listen, not just hear while doing something else... to the eternal life-pulse of humankind - the music.

Me, I'm old fig. And modern jazz. And Bach, Brahms, Vaughan Williams, Vivaldi, and all those cats. One can mould one's emotions with the music one loves. Be happy, be sad, but exultant (old Ludwig's fifth that doesn't come in a bottle will do it every time...either one of them!) ... be savage, nostalgic, and joyous, and bad. You want it, they wrote it. Music is probably the most emotional thing written. Words of prose or poetry or what all other forms, no matter how well spoken, emoted, acted, do not plumb the profundity that music can find. Not for me, that is. I've found that when I'm writing I can play appropriate music. When I want to be sonorous the organ music of Bach is wonderful and the joyousness of the Baroque eras... or the lush subjectivity of Debussy and summery ol' Delius - what a spectrum available to one and all who would explore and know it! I feel that I'm very fortunate to know and like such a chunk of it.

But I feel that somehow I've strayed far from whatever it was I was going to say in reply, and agreement, to what Ken was saying in WS. Needless to say that I found it good.

(++ I find that I experience music most closely when I'm actually playing it myself. After months of toil over a particular item I can get to the stage where I don't consciously have to think about how to play it: I can just let the subconscious take over and lose myself in the experience of being, in a very real sense, one with the music. It's great. ++ BSA, by the way, is the Birmingham Small Arms Company, who are Pete's employers...++)

ROB WOOD  
London W.

articles read as if he's just swallowed the Encyclopaedia Britanica, Pears' and Chambers' at one sitting. It is only his chatty humorous journalistic talent that saves him, fortunately, each time. I hope Mike, who is a good friend, will not take that amiss.

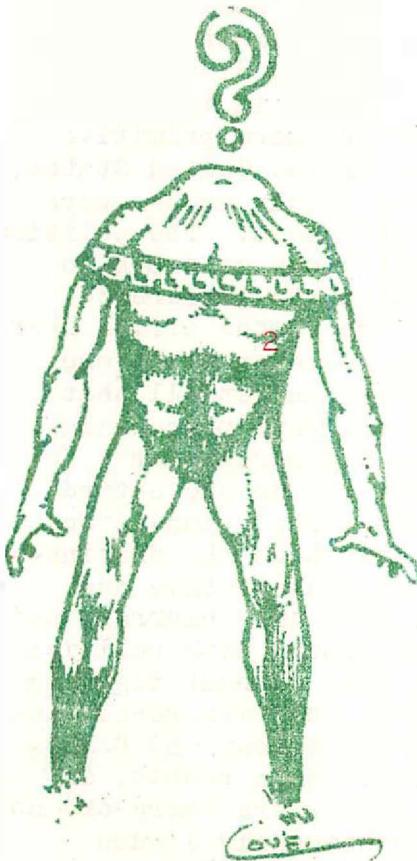
'Radiation' - once again Jim Grant has the germs of a good poem, but develops it insufficiently, giving only a superficial poetic effect.

ARCHIE MERCER  
Bristol

The only thing I don't understand about the "mechanical dating" projects that Rob Wood discusses is why a computer is deemed necessary to their operation. I can't see anything there beyond the scope of an antique steam-operated punched-card apparatus to deal with adequately.

As regards this 'loving care when duplicating' business - but I do, when I'm running off text. Text after all is what I'm in fanzine fandom for. Artwork's job is to keep out of the way. When it begins to get uppity, away with it! A point does occur to me here, however. Normally, the text of fanzines is commented upon by the readers using the same medium as that with which they're dealing - namely, text. And normally, only readers capable of producing textual comment do so. Artwork on the other hand is also expected to be commented upon by textual means. To be perfectly fair, then, surely artwork should only be commented upon visually, by those capable of commenting visually.

(++ and music only musically? ++)



BARBARA MACE  
Leeds

Quinton branch of the Young Cons sounds very interesting; I would very much like to see the other ten sexes Pete knows. Seriously, though, people who live in the slums - at least, in the slums of Bradford I know, have far too much trouble keeping free from the filth and disease there to give a damn about some distant political change which will not change their lot one whit.

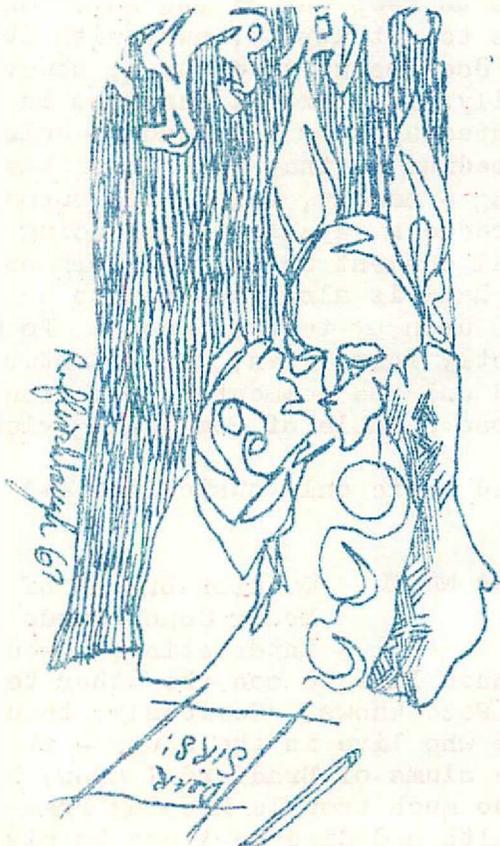
Those people are on the losing end whatever happens.

(++ my cue for Humble Apology. Pete's text should have had a comma in it, thus: 'a dozen or so, mixed sexes,4+)

HARRY WARNER  
Hagerstown

I was happy, seeing your lament over the quiet in British fandom. For a time I had thought that maybe I might be the subject of a conspiracy of some kind, because of the way letters and fanzines suddenly stopped coming from the British Isles. If it weren't for an occasional Spinge and the productions of Ethel Lindsay, and George Charters, I'd feel that maybe Columbus never really discovered the continent of Europe and you people never successfully revolted against us mother countrymen and I'd dreamed up a lot of crazy notions about fandom spreading all over the world. I miss badly the special kind of humour, the superior literacy, and the exceptional ability to create fannish mythology that characterized British Isles fanzines during the late 1950s and early 1960s.

Pete Weston surprised me with those revelations on election canvassing. I would have thought that a small nation in a geographical sense, with a stable population in the residential sense, would cause everyone to know almost everyone else within walking distance. Besides, back here in the hills where things are more primitive than in most of the United States, we still have fairly modern ways of doing such things. The political workers don't knock on doors to inquire about party preference. Instead they go to the office where the election register books are kept, and they can get all that information via data processing machines for any particular neighbourhood or for the entire city or county, for a small fee. Of course, over here the distinctions between conservative and progressive are badly blurred, and you can mess around with politics your entire life without figuring out just where the difference lies between the Republican and Democratic parties. As a result, in areas like this where there are no strong and emotionally loaded political machines, a substantial



part of the voters will cast ballots for the individuals rather than on a party basis.

Mike Ashley continues to be remarkably interesting with these articles on where various things come from. But I wish he'd explained more about the ways in which scientists track down the radish or rutabaga to a specific nation. Does some lucky archaeologist occasionally discover a fossilized onion, and place it in a machine which utilizes the known half-life decay rate of the onion scent to prove that it sprouted two centuries before the previously known pioneer onion? Are there hoaxes and subterfuges employed, like the Piltdown Man, to give some small country its moment of glory in claiming the grapefruit for its very own? And where does Darwin fit into the picture? Did the watermelon develop to its size and complicated internal organs solely for the purpose of becoming the subject of fandom's most famous joke, or did it do something better than any other melon to fit it most perfectly to its environment?

The Santos pages were splendid. They caught much of the atmosphere of any large fan gathering, the fatigue and intentness which are the principal attributes of most participants, imbuing with universals scenes that undoubtedly were inspired by actual incidents I don't know about. Right here, I think, may be another clue to the lack of extended comment on most fanzine art. Most of it is impossible to relate to one's personal experience, and is capable of being criticized only from the aesthetic standpoint. It's something like a situation in which fans were forbidden to put down comments on articles and fiction and columns that related to anything except stylistic qualities and beautiful choice of words.



(++ the above is taken from two LoCs, on LS17 and 18 ++)

WEALSONHEARDFROM: Mary Reed (Banbury); John Muir (Manchester); Doug Lovenstein (Athens, Ohio); Brian Hill (Letham); Brenda Piper (London, E.); Poj Hough (Queenborough); Richard Labonte (somewhere in continental Europe); Per Insulander (Hagerston, Sweden); Terry Jeeves (Sheffield); Robert Legg (Stevenage); Bryn Fortey (Newport); Jean Nuggoch (London, N.W.); Rob Holdstock (Gillingham); Dick Flinchbaugh (Seneca) and possibly one or two more whose letters I have mislaid. Thank you, one and all, for writing. I read and enjoy all your letters, even if I don't publish them.



known. I recommend Wynn Manners' poem ('Invitation') in no. 11 - the poetry is generally of good standard all round.

GRIMWAD-4 (Harry Bell, 28 South Hill Road, Bensham, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham, UK). A PaDsZine, but better than most, with good illos by Harry himself, and careful attention to layout. Sensible words in the editorial on the state of British fandom (or at least fanzines), and a rather precious (or so it now seems) convention report by ys trly. Harry could make this into a good fanzine before long; his main trouble seems to be the usual one of British fan-editors at present - lack of suitable material.

RELATIVITY-1 (Bryn Fortey, 90 Caerleon Road, Newport, Mon, UK. & Jon Williams, 95 Balmoral Road, Newport, Mon, UK) PaDsZine. These two people are relative newcomers on the fan scene, and this first issue hasn't really got the 'zine far off the ground. It reads like any other PaDsZine, though good for a first issue. I'm glad we have got rid (I hope) of the old idea that first issues should be mainly turgid crud printed on blotting paper, as was common at one time.

WARLOCK-2 (Adrian Cook, 'St Lucia', West Looe Hill, West Looe, Cornwall, UK). Yet another PaDsZine with all that implies. The best item here was the story (?) by Ramblin' Jake Griggs, worthy almost of the goon show, and in any event quite fascinatingly amusing. Let's hope for more humour from this source in the future.

THE VILLAGE IDIOT-4 (Paul Shingleton Jr, 874 South Walnut Street, St Albans, W.V., 25177, USA) Good artwork by various people. My copy bore obvious traces of having been pawed through by some postal official, then re-stapled. Curious. I liked the strip cartoon 'The Raider', real Avengers-type stuff. Repro of the issue is neat, apparently some form of litho, but the contents of the 'zine are amorphous - it lacks a definite image, somehow.

COSIGN-10,11,12 (Larry Smith, 216 East Tibet Road, Columbus, Ohio, 43202, USA). If all goes well I shall be meeting these Columbus fans in person in a month or so; they seem a lively lot and I think I'm fortunate in going somewhere with a thriving fangroup. COSIGN has improved enormously in the last six months or so, and has now gone over to mimeo, with the result that it now looks like my image of the typical American fanzine - fairly thick, 11x8 $\frac{1}{2}$ , green paper and black ink.

BADINAGE-2 (Graham Book, c/o 9 Cotswold Road, Bedminster, Bristol 5, UK) The Bristol Group 'zine. Coming along nicely but a lot of room for improvement. Archie Mercer has stirred up the expected hornet's nest by criticizing Dylan, always guaranteed to arouse strong protest. Some interesting points do emerge, though.

SCOTTISHE-44 (Ethel Lindsay, Courage House, 6 Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, UK) Fascinating as usual, and one of the few places one now sees Atomillos, so well worth getting. The letter column is perhaps the most interesting part of all, though I was mildly amused by Chris Priest's getting bogged down in classifying New Waves and New New Waves; as he says though, to us pre-1965 fans they'm all ghoddamn neos. But British Fandom is so small it doesn't matter in the slightest. We are all, after all, fans.

HAVERINGS-28 Ethel's other zine, devoted to reviews of the fan-zines she receives, and a must for every trufan.

THE SCARR-120 (George Charters, 3 Lancaster Avenue, Bangor, NI, UK) More required reading for the trufan; George is the last bastion of Irish fandom and Irish fanhumour, and holds up the tradition very well. I look forward to getting THE SCARR: it invariably means an enjoyable evening's reading.

Heavens, there are still a huge pile of the things. I'm afraid I'll just have to list the rest, for tonight is Globe night, and I want to finish the stencilling today, so that I can print LS this weekend. If I don't then heaven knows when I'll get it done. I apologize.

THE LONDON NEWSLETTER-1,2 (Jean Muggoch, 15 Balcombe House, Taunton Place, London NW1, UK)

NYARLATHOPEP-5 (Don Solon, 3933 North Janssen, Chicago, Illinois, 60613, USA)

SKYRACK-94 (yes, SKYRACK!) (Ron Bennett, 52 Fairways Drive, Forest Lane, Harrogate, Yorks., UK)

KALLIKANZAROS-1 (John Ayotte, 1121 Pauline Ave, COLUMBUS, Ohio 43224, USA)

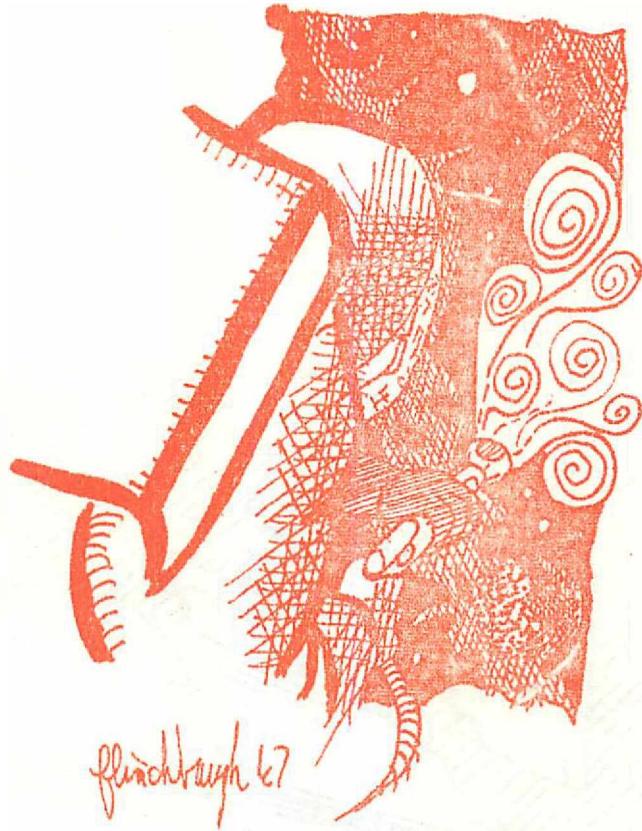
HECKMECK-14 (Mario Kwiat, 4400 Munster, Stettiner Strasse 38, Germany)

MIZAR-2 (Michel Feron, 7 Grand-Place, Hannut, Belgium)

WARP-2 (David Chute, Box 101A, RFD 3, Auburn, Maine 04210, USA)

ECCO-2 (Randy Williams, Box 581, Liberty, N.C. 27298, USA)

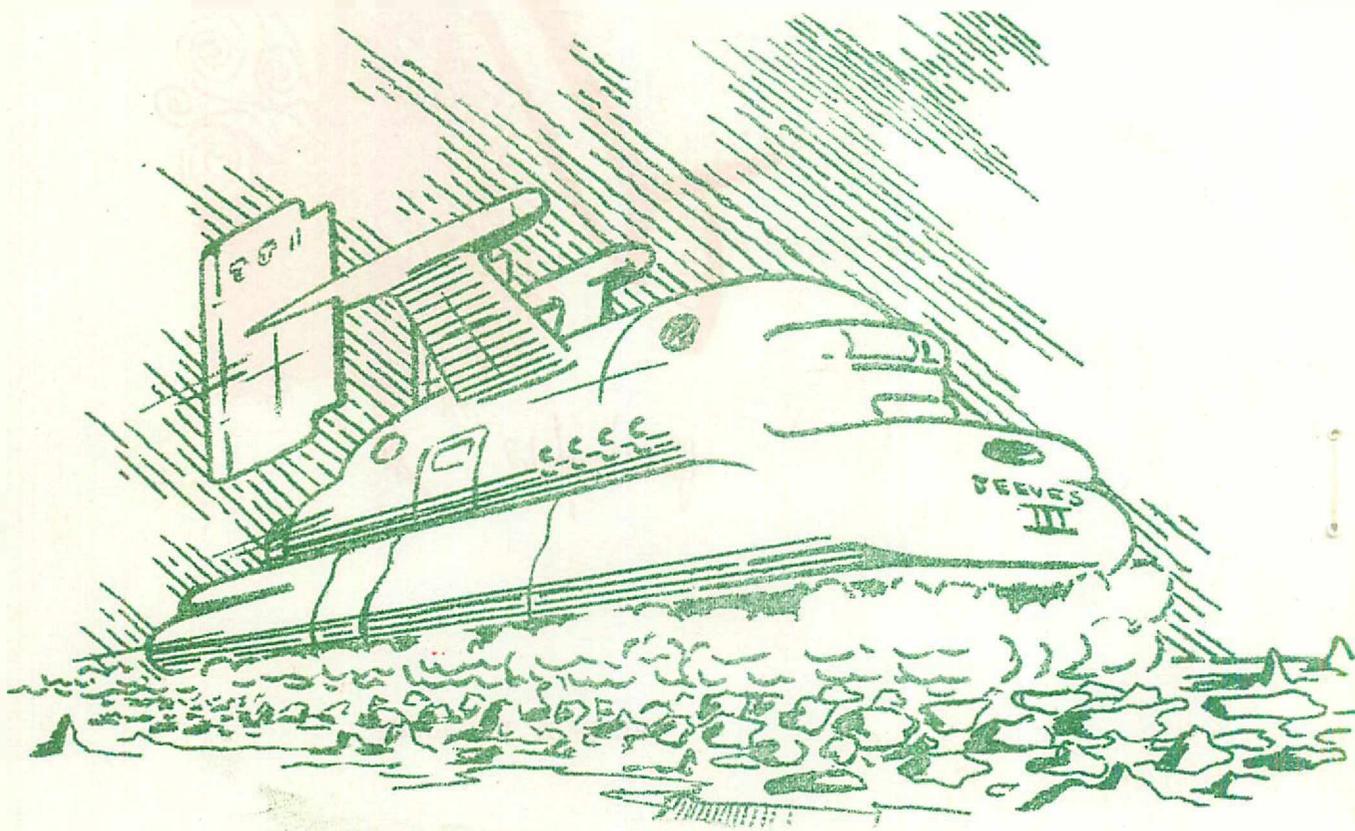
AUSLANDER-3,4 (Ed Cox, 14524 Filmore, Arleta, California 91331, USA)



#### THE LAST ROUND-UP

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- \* \* this is a sample. Please reply
- \* \* you are the British Museum
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- \* \* special reason:



Through circumstances beyond my control, it was not possible to have the illustration on page 11 electro-stencilled in time to be included in the issue. I apologize to Terry Jeeves and my readers for this. The illo in question will be printed on gummed paper and distributed as soon as possible.

My London address is now invalid; all correspondence should for the present be sent to:

38 Perrins Lane, Stourbridge, Worcs., England

but will not reach me for about three weeks from posting.