

LES SAINES



Handwritten text in a stylized, cursive script, possibly a signature or a name, written in reddish-brown ink. The text is written in a fluid, flowing style, with large, rounded letters and a prominent flourish at the end. The ink is slightly faded and the paper shows some signs of age and wear.

LES SPINGE 22 is dated July 1970 and is being postmailed to the 58th OMPA mailing. Editor and publisher, Darroll Pardoe, whose address is 15 Selkirk Court, Whitley Road, London N17 6RF, England. Spinge appears about once a year, and was founded by Ken Cheslin in 1959.

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LES SPINGE

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WORTHINGTON TOWER. An editorial.

During my two years in the US I spent a lot of time at the Ohio Railway Museum, an institution situated in Worthington on the northern side of Columbus. The Columbus, Delaware & Marion R.R. was one of those interurban electric railways, a cross between a tram and a proper railway, that were so prominent a feature of America, and especially the American Mid-West, during the early part of the century. At one time, it is said, one could travel from New York to Chicago entirely by streetcars and interurban railways. It would have been a feat of endurance, of course, but it was possible. The CD&M was a part of this great network of electric railways, and ran northward from Columbus on the city streetcar tracks through Worthington and then north in the open country via Delaware and Marion to Bucyrus, where it linked up with another of the Ohio interurban companies - I forget which one at the moment. In 1924 the CD&M opened a by-pass line around the eastern side of Worthington to avoid the High Street (Rte. 23) which under the influence of Henry Ford was becoming congested - and the tracks did run down the middle of the street; bad enough for the city streetcars which used them, but very frustrating for a 40-mile long interurban. So the CD&M opened its new line on reserved right-of-way to avoid this bottleneck. It was very successful in its aims; the CD&M cars still used the city tracks for some distance out of the downtown terminal, but from East North Broadway northwards they were away from the road on their own land. Unfortunately, the depression and motor traffic hit the CD&M, like so many other companies, and the whole system closed down in 1930. Thus, the Worthington bypass line had a life of only six years. In 1949 a group of

Columbus rail enthusiasts decided to set up a railway museum in the area to preserve some of the atmosphere of the rapidly vanishing railroad scene, especially the streetcar and interurban aspects. They wanted a fully operational museum, not just a static one, and settled on the site in Worthington where the CD&M bypass line had run. Most of the old right-of-way was still intact, and their funds enabled them to purchase about 2 miles of the land, though initially the money only ran to about 0.3 miles of actual track, which was laid down on the western end of the site, including a level crossing over Proprietors Road. The museum was a success, and became one of the recognized family Sunday outings for the local inhabitants. To date, track has been laid on all but the eastern 0.5 miles of the land available, and a bridge over Rte. 161 built to replace the old CD&M one demolished in 1930. The right-of-way is still intact as far as Morse Road, a further 2 miles, and it is conceivable that in the future the ORM may lay track on it, though this would require a crossing of Lincoln Avenue on the level, and this road is important enough that such a crossing would require flashing lights for road traffic protection.

When I got to Columbus, I joined up. Eventually I passed my exams and was allowed to drive the equipment. I usually was to be found on number 154, an interurban car built by Brill in 1915 for the North Shore line at Chicago, where it ran until the line closed down in 1963. It was then

acquired by the ORM. It used to do 90 mph on the CNS&W, but the ORM trackage isn't long enough for such speeds, although I have had the car up to about 55-60 once or twice. Sometimes I ran number 450, a PCC car which came from the Illinois Terminal RR out of Saint Louis, and was bought by the ORM in 1958. Driving a PCC car is just like I imagine driving a bus to be. They were built for street use, and are quite blatantly adapted for that. (I did note while in San Francisco, in a moment snatched from looking at the much more remarkable cable cars, that the remaining SF streetcar system still has a lot of PCC cars running. Of course the Bay area also has BART, but that's for the future...). Other times, when I wasn't acting as motorman, I would be conductor, or go out on to the lineside and spend an afternoon as switchtender, when we had more than one car operating and they had to be crossed in the middle of the route. This last was rather fun; I used to enjoy standing by the track, throwing the switch lever over and waving my flags (red, yellow or green, as appropriate). I also did a few spells as station agent, selling tickets for rides on the ORM at 50¢ a time. This was a fascinating job for a student of human nature.

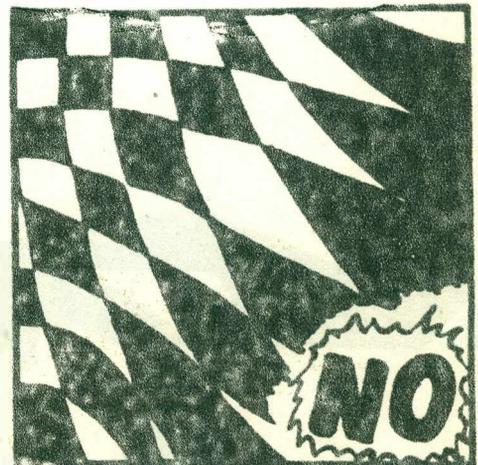
But for the present, that's enough about the Ohio Railway Museum. I'll carry on in the next issue, probably. A lot of things have happened to me since the last issue of LES SPINGE came out last year. I've returned from the US to UK, and now work for a scientific publishing company in London. I've got married to someone who I love more than I would ever have thought a year ago that I could love anyone (and a sf fan into the bargain). Marriage has turned out so much better than I really knew it could be. We now live in a flat in N.17 (Tottenham) for which privilege I've pledged my life for the next 25 years to the Guardian Building Society. London does have the advantage that we make it to the Globe every month. So here I am, married and settled down in a place of my (or rather our) own. A year ago, I'd never have thought it - but this is how I want it, and I'm enjoying my changed circumstances very much. It's nice to be loved.

For the foreseeable future, I'm afraid that SPINGE will only come out about once a year, as has been its schedule for the last three years. What with SEAGULL, and PABLO, to publish also, frequent Spingees would be too much of a burden. SPINGE is still alive, though. I'm not going to give him up. This issue of LS is being sent through OMPA, though I haven't decided whether this is going to be a permanent thing or just for this once. I believe one previous issue has been an OMPA-zine (Number 9, one of Dave Hale's issues) so there is a certain precedent. I do PABLO for OMPA, too, so there's no need to put LS through if I feel I don't want to, since PABLO will make my presence felt. But as I say, I haven't yet decided what to do for the best.

I'm treasurer of OMPA now, incidentally, and Ro is president. Ken Cheslin remains a very worthy AE. I don't think there's much danger of my absconding to Tristan da Cunha with the OMPA funds though: so far I haven't seen any OMPA funds, and I assume there be any till the end of the year when the members pay their dues.

See you.

Darroll
Pardoe.



SANTOS

CONCEALMENT

I have often been tempted
To be real,
Oh yes!
Real like barbed wire and napalm.

Sometimes I am tempted
To hurl off my cardboard facade
And reveal my hunchback intellect
Locked in a healthy body to the world.

Yet when I pause in the act...
Like a revelation of Divine thoughts
I recall the cold wind
And smog, and smoke
That so frequently stains our clothes
And then I falter to ask my wisdom
In standing naked in a hostile world.

Oh, I have often been tempted
To be real
Aye! Real like slum houses, rape and sin,
Sometimes I am tempted even to peer
From behind my inscrutable mask
At nasty reality.
But alas, a devout coward I always agree
That concealment is much the best thing for me.

... Pableu Wicca



HIEROGLYPHICS. Tempus fugit, oh fen, tempus fugit. The last time your eyetracks wandered over the words of Mushling I'd just moved to Stevenage, and here I am, over two years later, preparing to pack up, fold my tent and steal away in the night... where we go depends upon Churl's degree. I may be able to add a 'stop duper' to this issue, but if not anyone asking will be notified immediately we know! Funny, isn't

THE ROMANS BUILT ROADS STRAIGHT SO THE BRITONS COULD NOT HIDE ROUND CORNERS: Child quoted in 'Woman', 11th July 1969...

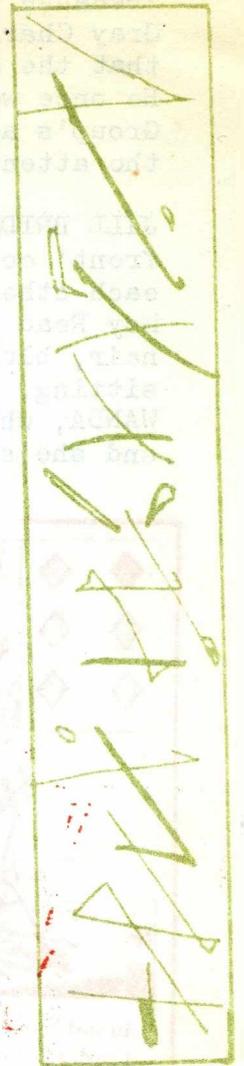
it, how fen as a body move around a lot? Whether it's because they're actually footloose and fancy free, or their business takes them around the country or if it's just that old bailiff at the door, I really don't know. Hertsfandom are no exception - we must be the most mobile bunch of fen in the country. Since last writing, just after my move to Stevenage, Churl has lived in Nunhead, and just come home from a year in Highgate. Brian Hampton seems to have a different address every time I see him: on average once every three or four weeks - and Gray moved to Herts. a while back. He moved to Saint Albans; I kept telling him that Saint Albans had been pillaged already by Boudicca and her hordes, but when he came to Herts. he worked for Handley-Page, whose recent rather sensational collapse left him jobless. So he moved away to Surrey, to become the first Hertxfan in Exile. The Bridges became, a few weeks ago, a 'sort of' second HFIE, as Keith took a job in Winchester/Southampton. Jill and the kids are with him part of the week. Churl and I will probably be the next to leave the area.

You notice I say 'and kids'. There is now a fourth Bridges (during her pregnancy Jill occasionally appealed for funds to 'save the fourth Bridge'... this particular one is Jamie, born in February this year. Jill was in the local rag later as being on a computer course with a three week old bairn at home...

So, the Mid-Herts. SF Fan Group, officially registered in W.G.C., is a little quiet at the moment. We had a good year, culminated by taking part in an exhibition at W.G.C., ('Hertsfen made exhibitions of themselves') of which more, perhaps, next time. In a way, as Churl points out, the scattering of Hertsfen has made it easier for us to leave the area... even then, it will be a real wrench to do so. As a guide for future reference, here's a brief guide to Hertsfandom; alphabetically, we have:

GRAY BOAK (ex-president). Gray originally transferred from the Bristol Group and after some peregrinations round the countryside ended up in Saint Albans. Hence his fmz-title TRANSPLANT (to Herts. Groan...). He now has a chain of (at last count) three fmz, under the 'umbrella' of Jetstream Publications. Auburn-haired (did you know it's a fact that Geordies have more redheads per head of population than the rest of the country? And of course, Gray is a Geordie, like me).

KEITH ('Festerhead') BRIDGES. A largish chap with black (would you believe dark brown?) hair. Very good driver (used to rally) though uninitiated passengers are somewhat prone to panic when they first taste



SANTOS

his driving. He produced the first Herts. group fmz (HORSEPISTOL: 'because it's a one-shot!) on Gray's duper. (It used to belong to Gray Charnock who did PHILE; we haven't yet got used to it, or is it that the duper disapproves of the current matter being produced on it?) He once went to a con dyed purple. Keith's attic is devoted to the Group's activities, and was boarded over by the concerted efforts of the attendees of a 'bottle and board' party.

JILL BRIDGES (nee Mason). Readers will probably recall her 'back to front' conrep in LES SPINCE a few issues ago. She and I resemble each other slightly, and keep getting mistaken for sisters. (Strangely Moy Read and I have been mistaken for sisters too...). Has long brown hair, blue eyes. Churl says we tie our legs in similar knots when sitting, but we both agree that it's just a comfy way of sitting! WANDA, who is probably the most glamorous young femmefan (almost two, and she's been to three cons already!) we have at the moment.



ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN. Another redhead, although born in London. He and Keith have been friends for years, and it was $\frac{1}{2}R$ who introduced Keith to fandom. He has plans to produce a further Herts. fmz - IDIOCY COUCHANT, named after his caravan at Welwyn. Often to be seen racing round on a bike, with dufflebag over shoulder. Arthur has a pet tabby called Oliver, and had a rat Lysistrata or Lizzie for short. He used to have another rat named Ermintrude, but she died. Has a villainous laugh, sports a moustache, and is altogether Sir Jasper-like.

BRIAN HAMPTON too is a Bristol emigre and works for a rival aircraft firm. He often appears with very old (and always working) cameras; the last meeting featured him taking a group photo in the garden, with a tripod-type camera, after an episode of wrestling with glass plates and bits of black paper in the Bridges' gas meter cupboard, under the stairs. He used to have a Bond, but after a crash

with $\frac{1}{2}R$ and Gray as passengers (Gray stayed in hospital for a day or so, and has never forgiven $\frac{1}{2}R$ for giving Gray's second name as his first. Gray thus, as he puts it, 'woke up someone else'.) it had to be scrapped.

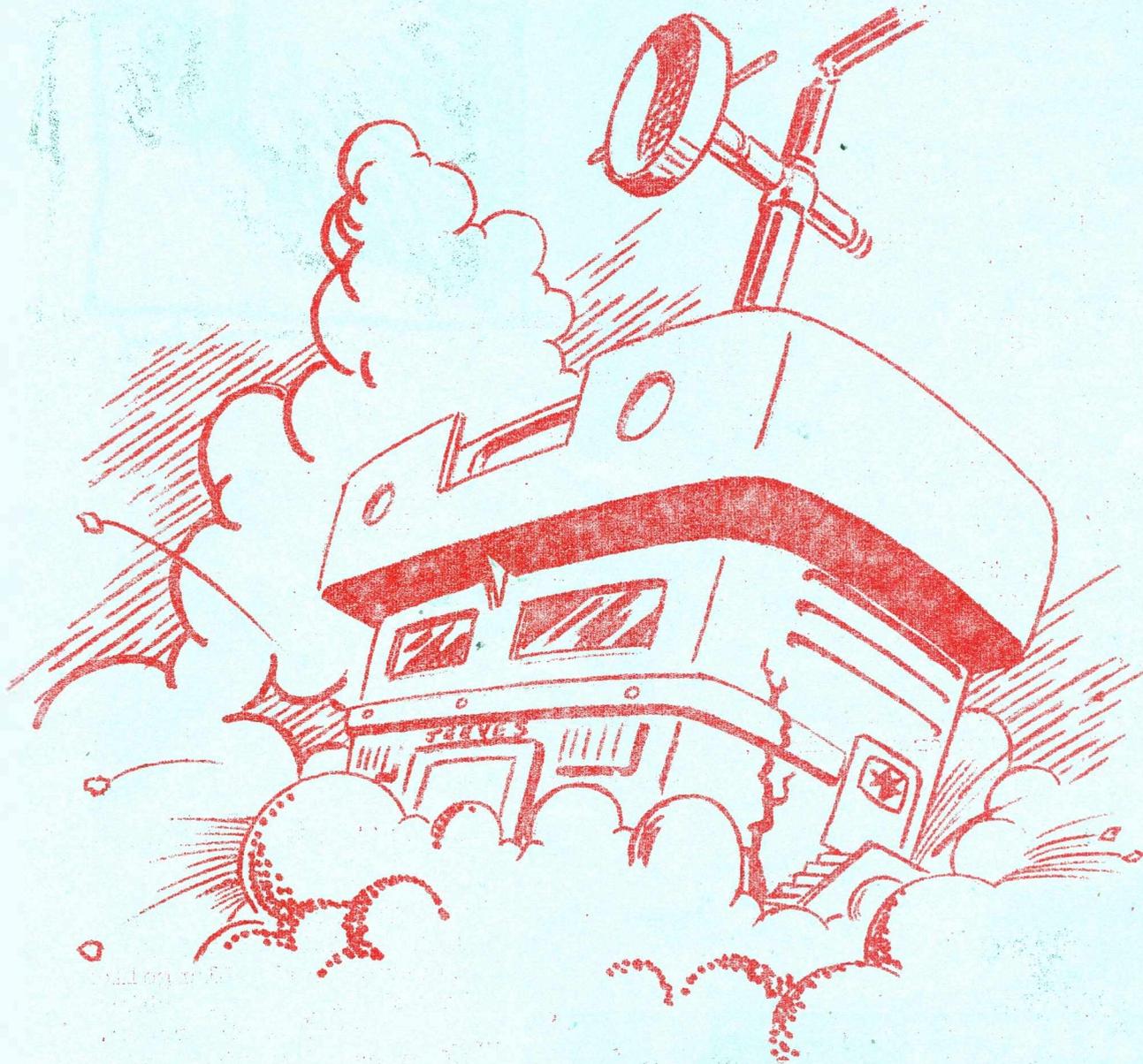
Churl and I need no introduction. We also have a couple of fen who have only recently appeared: Dave James, who is married, and usually sports a white cable-nit sweater, but has not yet made an appearance at a meeting, and a second fan who usually appears in voluminous watertight clothes (having a motorbike) but who is leaving us for the south soon.

Honorary members: as yet we have but one, Gardner 'Lozy' Dozois, the founder of Saint Hugo Veebelflitzer fandom (Herts group make up the rest of the members) and embryo-author. He left the USAF and lived in Germany, but has now gone back to the USA. Coincidentally our only associate member is another American, Pat Henderson, a schoolteacher in a Bedfordshire US air base. She lives in a beautifully kept-up old mansion divided into flats. Associate members of the Group are those who do not live in Herts. (Fen living in Essex or Beds. can become associate members: when it was suggested that since members would come

from Herts. Beds. and Essex, a frivolous fan suggested that we call ourselves 'The Honeymooners' (Think about it). The suggestion was not taken up!.

... Mary Reed

He's about as subtle as an elephant in a birdcage ----- (CL)



TASK: A SHORT STORY

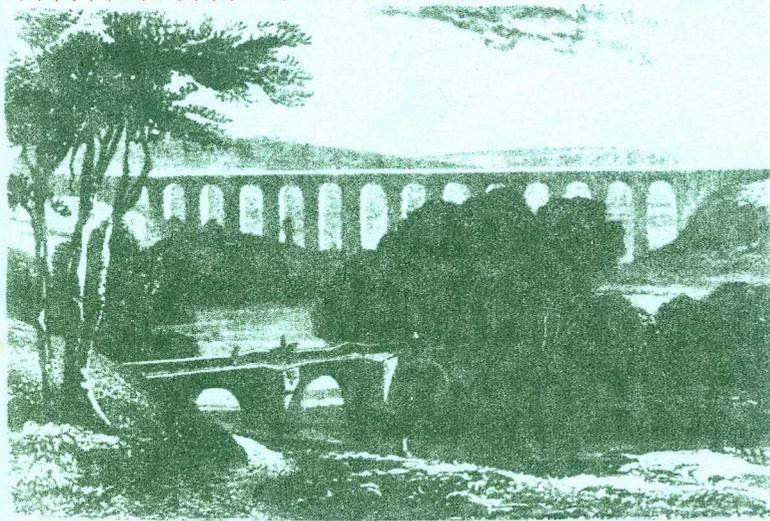
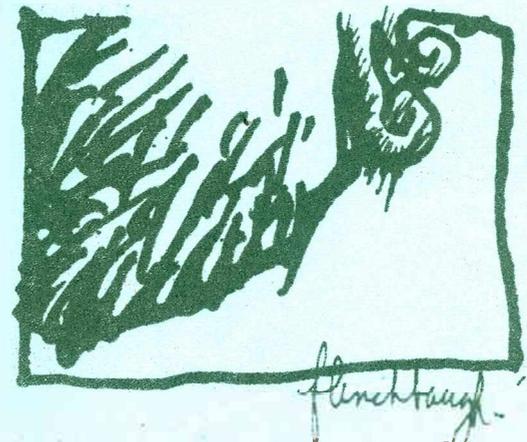
Enzo Paulucci was bound to come to a bad end: his momma said so every time she cuffed him welcome home from school. Poppa agreed, as he always did with Momma, and always pocketed most of the money Enzo made on his paper round, just to prevent him from getting into bad ways, though only Murphy the publican seemed to benefit by it. So it needn't have surprised brother Pascal as much as he later said it did, when Enzo helped himself to 10/- out of his carelessly slung jacket. His sisters, standing in a row of five with grubby dresses and lumpy selves dumb with wonder, admired his audacity later, when Poppa, sweating like a bull, belted the hide off his backside.

For a guilty hour or so Enzo lived. The 10/- wouldn't go far, he knew. Comics? Candy? Maybe a visit to the movies? Hah, they'd not let him in, not the scruffy wop kid. As he debated, he was attracted by a flash of colour where a sign whirled lazily over Cantor's country-smelling shop. He wandered over and gazed around, Cantor watching him suspiciously - an old enemy there. I suppose it was something like bravado which caused Enzo to march into the shop, beard the beard and breath of the old foe, and retire with conscious dignity in the possession of four rather black and squishy bananas. He was not a very tidy boy; he was no different from his peers, and elders. As he finished a yellow peril, he dropped the skin behind him, not even with unconcern. Well, he got properly tanned when he got home.

A funny thing, though. Jack Evans, a well-known local hood, went a little too far that day. The drunk he was rolling woke up at an inconvenient time and yelled. Jack had to slip the knife in, which terrified him into running.

He slipped and broke his neck on the corner of Roosevelt and Tanney, on a banana skin. Dangerous things.

*
*
*... Ken Cheslin
*



The illustration on the left depicts Pontcysyllte aqueduct on the Llangollen branch of the Shropshire Union canal near Trevor. An impressive piece of engineering, whether seen from the canal-side or from the valley below. Well worth a visit, as is the nearby Chirk aqueduct which is smaller and also overshadowed by the railway viaduct alongside it.

DEAR WORLD

Dear World,

as you can see I am bombarding you with a mixture of Dylan
Donovan Ackles and Feliciano and that's only one thing as
I am currently emotionally and sexually frustrated and
worrying and wanting Deirdre so you probably knew and Roy
Kettle is hounding me but attack is the best form of
defence so I'm told and if I see any more black stockings
I will have a breakdown I have given up my secret diary
and I'm desperately trying to look like Peter Fonda but I
can't ride motor bikes very well and what am I going to do
now?

What am I going to do now?

What going now?

going

going

Gone.

(...John Hall)



THE QUESTION

Black corridors of mind, I travelled: In hope of meeting Him,
But all I met was an old, old man: Sitting in a shadow.

I asked him the question, I needed: To know the answer.
But he simply shook his grey white head: And said; 'Ask me not.'

I travelled further; I had to know: The answer somehow.
I saw a boy so young, so dirty: Dying. I knew he did not know.

Around a corner, slimy walls, toads
croaked
In the stones. I saw
Myself. I questioned her, but thrice
She denied any knowledge.

The corridor ended suddenly and I fell
Between stars and galaxies,
Universes. I asked the stars the
question,
They answered me gladly.

I asked my question as I passed them;
Bright points of light.
My question: 'Who made me?'
The answer: 'You already know.'

... Rosemary Pardoe



QRY OF THE WILD CHILDS

ANN GIRLING (Birmingham)

Um- 'The Lonely Chopstick'.
It's quite true, isn't it;
one chopstick IS pretty use-

less. I do agree that 'zines should have something to say apart from epic phrases like 'your handbag's bleeding'. Things like that are all right in moderation, but they do seem a bit overdone in certain cases. Worcester Sauce - those games do sound fun; oh what it must be to have an Inventive Brain. My sister and I invented a 'questing game' once, with knights and horses and so on. It involved dashing around a board doing as many brave deeds as possible and collecting rewards and prisoners, or of course penalties for failures. It was rather good actually and great fun, but we lost it ages ago - pity. It was the only really inventive thing I've ever done. @@@ Didn't you say the Biblical picture on the back was from Revelations?

(++ yes. It depicts the opening of the Sixth Seal in Rev. 6 (the Rain of Stars). OMPAns will find it explained in one issue of PABLO, others will have to go to their bibles. ++)

ARCHIE MERCER (Bristol)

Johnny Berry has a point about his unrequited chopstick. Then he goes on to prove that the

'golden age' British fmz were - whatever it is he manages to prove, I'm not sure. He does it with considerable panache, though, whatever it may be. Where, the casual reader may wonder, are the Potters and the Ashworths and their ilk today, anyway? Very occasionally on the grapevine one hears the odd whisper that one or another of them still shares the planet with us. But no more than that. They came, they published, they vanished. @@@ Is Bartsch a sort of Kochel of the art world?

(++ Bartsch published a catalogue of Durer illustrations, and as you suggest he is as Kochel is to Mozart, sort of. A number of his identifications are in question. ++)

ART H. YES (S. Porcupine, Ontario)

The way Rob
Holdstock

presented his views in his letter left me somewhat confused as to his intentions. Medical advances, genetically, are such that there seems to be a potential for predicting whether a person may become a criminal or not when he grows up. However, it seems to me that this prediction would not necessarily be factual, but would indicate a potentially criminal person. When it comes to potentiality, I doubt that there would be very many of us who wouldn't qualify for some sort of restriction. It is not whether a man is a potential criminal that matters, but whether he would put into practice this potential for crime, and I doubt that that would be indicated by current genetic advances. After all, it is only those who do put such practices into fact that are known, and studies of the genetic pattern would not necessarily remove or point the way to removal of the criminal factors.

MARY REED (Stevenage)

Your catcover
looks familiar.
Wasn't it an

inner illo to Spinge once? Durer's B/C; doom and despair all round - perhaps they've run out of blog. Or Broom; or Guinness, even. @@@ Santos' conrep was good - didn't he do a similar one for Bristol? But to do it justice, it would have had to be a full pager, wouldn't you say? @@@ John D. Berry's 'Lonely Chopstick'; what an evocative title. I bet you get some interesting, nay incredible ideas for using single chopsticks! One could use it for a 'dibber' for planting seeds, for example, or a spare knitting needle. Or a conversation piece - just think of all the times people would say 'Why do you have a single chopstick there?' Why, it's almost as good as my old favourite 'Do you sit facing the taps in the bath, or away from them?' @@@ By an incredible coincidence, both the Buxton and Oxford cons had tourneys. Last year's was, I gather, smaller than this, though still - respectable size. I expect you heard of the young fan who got knocked out during the tourney. I understand his head wound needed eight stitches. However, he returned, head swathed in bandages, and was duly awarded consolation prize of a bag of gold.

(++ I sit facing the taps. That way the part of the bath side against the small of my back is the right shape. On the opposite side, where the taps are, the side is almost vertical, and would be uncomfortable. I believe in using a bath the way it was designed (cries from the back of the audience - 'for keeping coals in!') ++)

ANDREW PHILLIPS (Daly City, Cal.)

The letter
from Rob
Holdstock

was interesting, if somewhat incoherent. I think most arguments over what constitutes appropriate punishment could be ended if some agreement



SANTOS

as to the purpose such punishment should serve could be reached. Obviously it's not just to prevent further criminal acts, but what it actually is I can't say. If we can get some agreement on this we might be in a better position to discuss the subject's final aspects.



KENNETH SCHER (Far Rockaway, N.Y.)

I don't know a thing about games of the type Ken mentions; I assume that he worked with model figures. If the attacker has more men, why doesn't he use some of them as archers or catapultists and send in a high angle fire from beyond the walls? If the defending archers are all in the courtyards they will not be able to reply to this fire, and enough arrows or catapult missiles coming down would force the defending archers to keep their heads down, allowing at least some of the attackers to gain entrance, and one heavy man-at-arms among the lightly armed and armoured archers could probably wreak slaughter, or cause such confusion that enough attackers got in to take the castle. Or, catapult missiles of burning straw and pitch, the sort of thing that makes a lot of malodorous smoke, hurled in by the attackers, would sufficiently blind the defenders to allow the attackers' men-at-arms in, thus leading to the same result. As a matter of fact, if the defending archers are all massed in the courtyard one well placed rock flung over the walls would wipe them all out.

(++ castle courtyards weren't all that small necessarily. And a lot of them were double castles anyway, like Kidwelly for example. The aim would have to be well estimated too, or the rock would sail over and either land on the other side, perhaps among some others of the attacking party, or crash into the side of the keep, or something of similar type. The fiery missiles sound better - Greek fire perhaps? Which was after all only a mediaeval equivalent of napalm. ++)

ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN (Welwyn, Herts.)

Could Ken or somebody work out the Fandom Game? The

player would start out as a neo and end up as a BNF, via, for instance, club fandom, joining BSFA, (or NZF), contributing, editing, Con-committee, BSFA committee, TAFF, etc? Might be good, and a change from Mah-Jongg. @@@ The front cover is reminiscent of Frankenstein's Bride from the film of the same name. (The first one).

(++ The fandom game would be all right, I think, though the route to BNFdom you outline sounds ghastly. Why would anyone want to be a BNF anyway? ++ Myself, I'll stick to Galactic Trader ++)

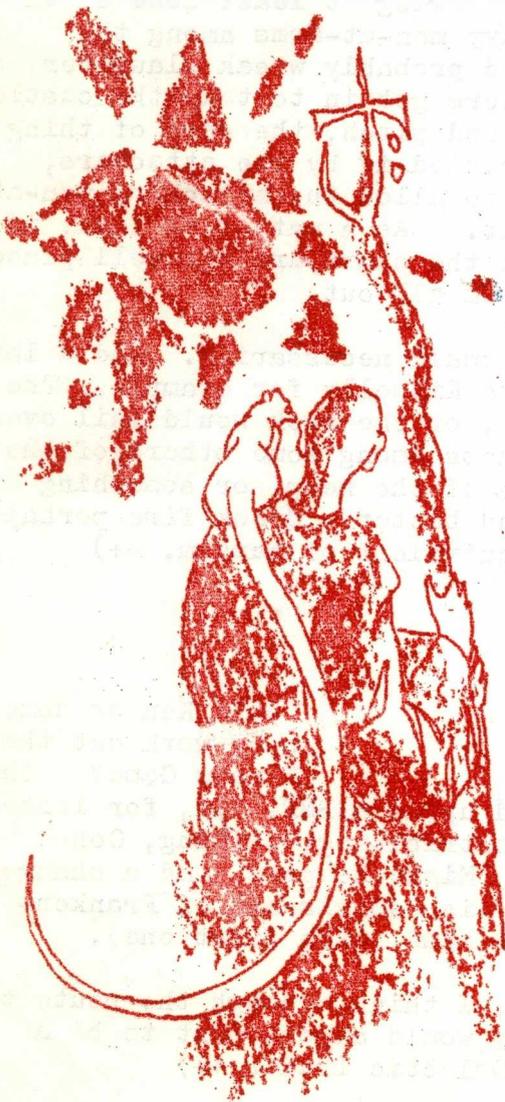
WAHF Brian Williams, Ned Brooks, Jerry Kaufman, Ken Cheslin, and others. Thanks for writing, everybody.

TELEPATHIST

This knowledge of mine
Surpassing all
As I notice the thoughts passing by
In an endless stream.
The nightmare of another's mind
The hate of life
Of agony, the perpetual scream
Of love
Of death
Of joy, of sorrow, of resentment
And each individual's hate for one another.

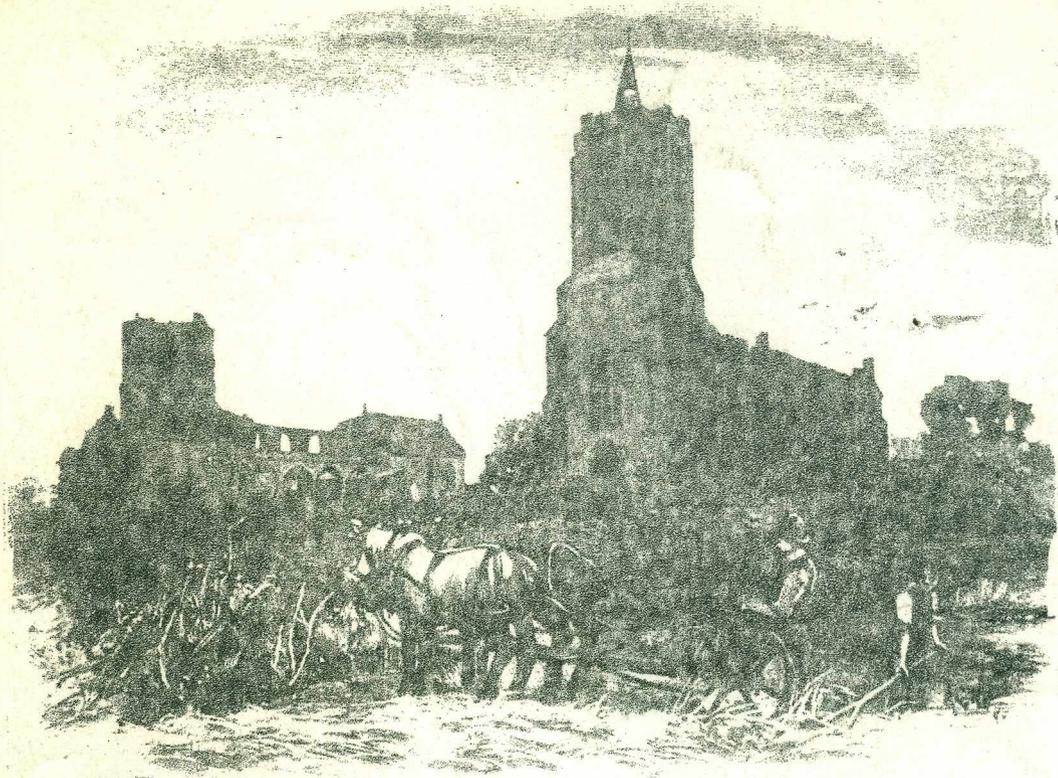
... JFGrant

+++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++ +++



The back cover picture didn't come out as well as I'd hoped. They must have had the contrast turned right up on the gestefax machine. It depicts the two churches at Swaffham Prior in Cambridgeshire, Saint Mary's on the left and Saint Cyriac's on the right. The engraving was made some time in the C19. In the 18th century Saint Mary's was struck by lightning, and fell into disuse. Judging by this engraving the roof was removed. Saint Cyriac's was rebuilt 1809 to serve as the parish church. Now, the position is reversed; Saint Mary's has been patched up and put in good repair, while Saint Cyriac's is in decay, though the tower is kept in order. This is good, for the view of the churches as one rounds the bend on the B.1102 into the village is a very pleasing surprise. Saint Mary's church has one very important feature; its tower (damaged but not destroyed by the lightning). This is square at the bottom, then turns octagonal and then sixteen-sided further up. The base and lower part of the octagonal portion is of the C12. This is long before the date of the Ely Octagon. Could Alan of Walsingham have found inspiration at Swaffham Prior? There are others, of course, such as Junieges (C11), but the Swaffham Prior octagonal tower is the closest to hand. Once the Ely Octagon had been built, of course, everyone got in on the thing (St Cyriac's for instance, which also has an octagonal tower, of the C14 or 15). ++





SPINGE 22