

"From inferior  
grade dried bats  
blood you were expecting

RIP

3



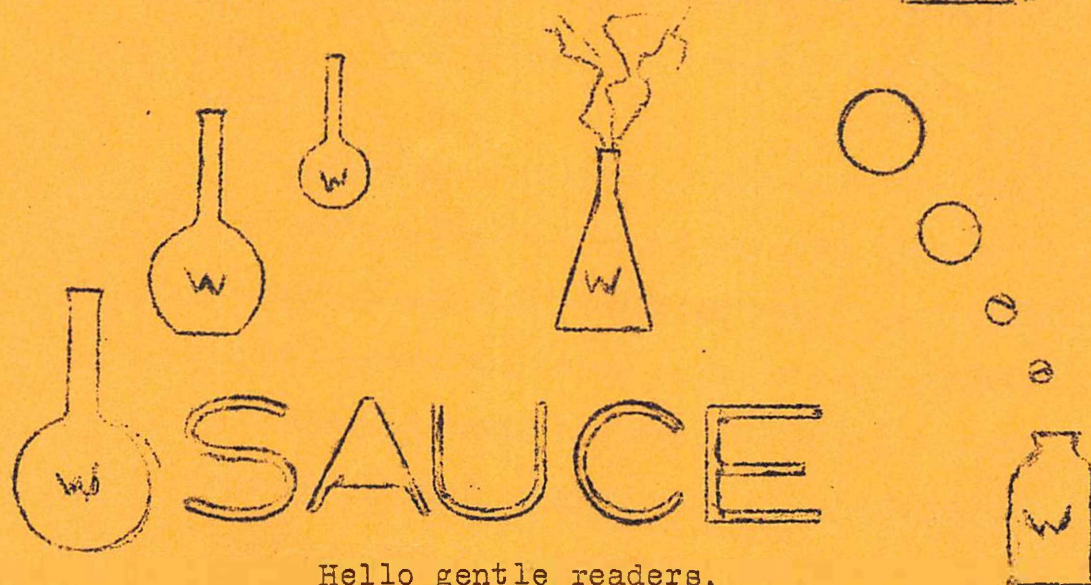
# recipe



One page two you'll find the editorial,  
followed, on page-four by a little piece by  
Mike Deckinger entitled "The APA Mailing  
Feud", then on page seven part two of the  
SADO History carries you thru' to page  
eighteen where "The Purple Clod" by George  
Locke marks the beggunung of the end, the  
actual end being on page fortythree.  
There a few illos this time, those marked  
Harry are the ones I swiped from Harry  
Douthwaits letters to me, the one by Jhim  
is taken from an envelope drawing he sent  
thisaway some time ago, the rest are all mine,  
the fairly decent ones I traced from my nieces  
painting book, the others, the worst ones, I did  
freehand, and on my tod.

so now press on, All Spinge  
awaits you.....(cpugh).

# WORCESTER



Hello gentle readers,

and all you other lot. (note the  
"PLANET TYPE" editorialisation).

This is only Spinge 3 yet technically it is also the first anniversary, well to a month, I haven't gone out of my way to mark the occasion in any great or special way, thinking as I do that if I survive to publish a Spinge no. 10 that'll be plenty of time to celebrate.

In this issue you'll note that there is not a letter col; I guess there were two reasons for this, firstly I went way over my intended page count by printing George Locke's item, and secondly while I did get a fair number of letters there were only about 5 or 6 which were really worth printing. Don't get me wrong, I'm pleased and grateful for ALL the letters that came, but as the eds among you will know (for certain, other will have a good idea too) there are LOCs and LOCs,

And while a letter listing the likes and dislikes of a reader are valuable inasmuch as they show that someone at least reads the fanzine, and helps the ed to get the "feel" of the people he sends the

zine to, the majority of them do not just make good reading to anyone other than the particular ed they're sent to.

Now I don't mind wether a letter pans or praises, the thing that determines wether or no that letter shall see the light of day in Spinge is it's interest, apeal, to a wider audience than one, me. It must contain, either in the comments on the zine or as sidelights, something that the wider field, the other readers, will take an interest in.

Some people, most people probably, either just can't witee letters of comment, well, everybody isn't a Willis, (logical that). and I'll still send you a zine for a LOC even tho' it's not published.

People who either don't have the time or just can't write a LOC, well I'll always accept the filthy lucure.

All this of course does not apply to those of you, and they are legion, who have been, or will be, kind enough to send me their zine as a swap, it doesn't apply either to certain people whom I hope to into doing something and are getting this merely because Iv'e seen their names a lot in fanzines, to these I'll probably keep on sending Spinge until I run out of paper or until they've got so many issues that they have to do something or get swamped.

-----  
The last editorial I did, for no 2 was pretty crumby, not that anyone mentioned it that I recall, I can only say that I hope this, tho' rather mercenary, editorial is a little improvement.

And for those eagle eyes among you who noted that my address was not inside the last issue I have noted your remarks (breaks down, sobe all over Hyphen 24), and on page of this issue you will notice that I have done so this time.

I guess thats about all,  
so untill no. 4 I'll say

F A R E W E L L !,

yours,

keN cheslin.



# the APA mailing tued

by Mike Decinger.

"Well Boggs" Tucker asked softly, "what do you think? Have they done it? Has SAPS got us beat?"

Redd Boggs rested his foot on a stack of FAPA mailings loosely piled up on the floor, numbers 185-186. He brushed three ink-stained QUANDRIES off a chair and sank tiredly into its confines.

"I don't know," he admitted, "I just don't know. I thought my 88 page RETROGRADE would end it. It boosted the page count up to 1,250, you know. They shouldn't have been able to retaliate" he beat his fist on the table, rustling a stack of Rostler drawings, "they just shouldn't have been able to counter. I figured Rapp would try to get another 106 page zine, I even figured on a monster SPELEOBEM from Pelz--he must have been at the Gestetner for two months just cranking it out. But how so many others did it I don't understand!"

"Unity is a bad thing," Tucker commented sagely. "If Bloch was only still among us..."

"Stop that," Boggs suddenly burst out, "I don't want to hear any more about that. Bloch is in Hollywood writing for the films now. He doesn't care about fandom any more, he just doesn't care. He's abandoned FAPA, that's all. Did you see his latest film, "STARLET IN SCARLET"?". In the uncensored version there's a scene of a bathroom stall with the letters FAPA written all over the walls. That's how much he cares about us."

page.....four.

"OK,ok," Tucker quietened him down with a wave of his hand, "but what of the others? I can count on Harry Warner Jr., having a 235 page HORIZONS in the next mailing for sure. That should boost up the page count considerably."

"Two hundred & thirty five pages? Whats he going to fill 235 pages with? Not mailing comments I hope?"

"No, of course not. Haven't you heard, it will be a special reprint zine. He's reprinting a lot of old articles he's written. Should be quite a collectors item too."

Boggs brightened up a little. "I guess that will help."

Tucker got up, ignoring the last comment, and began to pace about the room. He was obviously deep in thought, for the propeller of his beanie was spinning madly round. In fact, he was so engrossed in thought that he unconsciously brushed along a GEMZINE without recoiling.

"Look Redd," he said turning back, "this is our last chance, isn't it. Our next FAPA mailing must exceed SAPS, right?"

"You know it must. In the past two years 7 out of 8 SAPS mailings have been larger than FAPA mailings. Fandom is in revolt, we can't maintain the high position that FAPA has held for so long, any longer unless we can muster up enough total pages to exceed the next SAPS mailing. If we don't, well if we don't then FAPA will quietly dissolved. We've got to come through, we've got to beat SAPS."

"In what way?" Tucker asked.

"Sure in any way, in any ethical way that is. We can't go over and tie up the OE the day he has to send out the mailings so that none of the members receive it, or delay any packages en route. The only way to conquer them is through a call to activity to each member. We have more than they do, if we have more members why can't we get up more pages?. It just isn't right."

"Why not?"

"Why not???. Ye Gods, FAPA is the unifying body of trufandom. Without it fandom would fall apart, become another NST. FAPA is the last reserve for fans of standin'."

Boggs picked up a loose copy of the FANTASY AMATUER and held it high in the air, "FAPA must be preserved", he cried.

"OK,ok,simmer down," Tucker said, "I just wanted to see if you had the right spirit and felt the same way about it as I did. Say, I have a thought," his eyes lit up, "maybe we could spring some hoax on fandom, revealing the true existance of some BNF. Remember what a communion was caused in '73 when CanFan revealed that Boyd Reaburn was a pen-name for Lee Nirenberg?"

"OK, what hoax do we reveal?"

"Hmmmmmmm, wish I knew. I guess fandom just doesn't have as many hoaxes as it should. Oh well, there are other possibilities."

"Well if there are I don't know about them. Say, maybe we could make up something about Bloch."

Tucker shook his head. "No go. If we did that Bloch would make us a character in one of his films, and we'd be laughed out of fandom. You know what Berry did when he found out he was a deranged sex fiend in "MURDER FOR MISTRESS".

Boggs shuddered.

Suddenly the 'phone rang. The two men froze, then at last Tucker slowly extended his arm and lifted the receiver. "Hello", he said cautiously. Boggs strained closer but could hear nothing of the conversation. Tucker's face turned white. Slowly he replaced the 'phone and stared blankly off into space.....

"It was Moskowitz," he said after a laboured moment. "He got the info from Hickman. All things included the next FAPA mailing, as well as the 48 page FANAC, it comes to 2,152 pages.....The next SAPS mailing will be 2,204 pages," his shoulders shook and it seemed as if tears came into his eyes. "They've done it--beaten us by 52 pages. This is the end of fandom. Open the bottle of Blog reserved for occasions like this, I'm going to finish it in one swallow."

Boggs was ashen. "Only a miracle can save us now,"

Tucker nodded. "Only a miracle, but I don't believe in miracles, and the only God I believe in is Elmer Perdue so we're lost. Fandom is done for--we might as well join N3F and."

There was a knock at the door, interrupting him.

"It's my turn now," Boggs said softly, and went over to the door. Tucker leaned back and began to idly leaf through a copy of CRY OF THE SENSELESS. In a moment Boggs was back, carrying a heavy package and beaming broadly. "What is it?" Tucker demanded, looking up. "We're saved," Boggs cried jubilantly.

"We're saved. It's from Bloch in Hollywood. He says he's heard of our plight and wants to help us. He says he doesn't have the opportunity to put out an APazine, but in lieu of that he's sending us 75 copies of the script for his next film, A VIRGIN ON VENUS, and each copy is 84 pages long. We've beaten them, we've managed to do it". Tears ran down his face but he didn't notice so acute was his joy, which had bordered on depression just a moment before. Tucker hurriedly got up and rifled through the heavy parcel. It was as the note had said--there were enough copies. As a former FAPA member, under the new ruling, Bloch was entitled to have zines in the mailing. FAPA was saved, Fandom was saved. "Future generations should know the mighty force that gave us our Victory", quoth Boggs. "Yes" said Tucker seriously.

"They should be told that it was all due to our Bloch-Aid".  
finis.



# S.A.D.O. HISTORY.

## 10 part 2

As you may or may not remember the last SADO History ended with an account of the KingCon, the BSFA sponsored 1960 convention held at the Kingsley Hotel in London.

At the Kingcon we met many old friends and some new ones too, among the latter was one John McGovern, a Scot, who we discovered was doing his square bashing just a few miles up the road from Stourbridge. When we eventually got back to the village we invited John down to see us, he came but twice before he got posted.

### WWC.

About this time too I had had a couple of letters in reply to the SADO advert in New Worlds, (VIVA TED CARNELL), and one of them was from a bloke named Harry Parsons (since immortalised(?) by having a story in NW 97, er... "Funnel"..)

Well then this chap was/is a member of the Wolverhampton Writers Club and he invited me to one of their meetings, this meeting, says he, should be interesting because we have a S/F author coming to speak.

So I meet him in Dudley and he ferries me to the Clubroom in W'hampton, they hire a room over a cafe once a month, and introduces me to the members.

The membership of the club is officially 45, but this night's attendance of 20 was the biggest they'd had since the first meeting. The members write everything from Enid Blyton stuff to mainstream novels, they write for the mainstream prozines or publish themselves, or thru' a normal publisher.



One or two of the members, like Harry Parsons, are now taking an interest in S/F as a new field of endeavour, I wouldn't like to say whether this is a good thing or not.

The chairman opened the meeting and called upon the members to report their "successes". Meaning sales. Whereupon a handful of those present stood up and after giving details of the "success" they were heartily clapped by their fellow members and thus received much egoboo.

The supply of successful members being clapped to the full the chairman then officially introduced a Mr. Walter Hughes. Mr Hughes writes under the name of "Huge Walters" and is a local man, amongst the books he has had published are "The Domes of Pico", "Blast Off Woomera" and "Blast Off o3oo", all juveniles. Mr Hughes knows very little of S/F apart from the books he's written, tho' when I asked him if he'd heard of S/F fandom he said words to the effect that he understood that it did exist and that they held yearly gatherings, that I'm afraid was Mr Hughes sum total knowledge of us, or the field of S/F.

Still he spoke interestingly enough on his hobby, rocketry & astronautics, and how this led him to write his first book. He described his trials hawking the mss., round London, his finding an agent, the acceptance of his book and the revision he had to do on it. All this time he had not said a word to his family and took delight in presenting them with the finished work when the publisher sent him his complimentary copies.

Walter Hughes having finished one of the members, it might have been Harry Parsons, eggs the chairman on and I got asked to go out front and say something about adult S/F. So under the beady stare of 40 eyes I stammered out the best I could details on Lucian, Bishop Cooke, de Burgerac Vern, Wells and Hugo Gernsback, I also tried to tell them somewhat about the method of presentation, the differing styles ie; Space Opera, Psi based tales, etc., and tried to put into words that old sense of wonder and the questing spirit of S/F. Then too I spoke a little on what I knew of fandom and its origins and modern form.

At length I was saved by the arrival of a couple of gallons of coffee and later on, when the members indulged in a sort of question time with W Hughes and I as the targets I found I could do better than I did with that awful long spell. Most of the members seemed to be fairly open minded and tho' the start was a bit tricky they seemed to get quite interested and lost what little patronising attitude they started with.

The meeting closed about 10pm as the cafe below was closing for the night, on the way back to the village I conversed with one of the more silent members and I rather think that because I had only an audience of one I was able to give him a better impression of S/F than I'd been able to give his fellows.

### The Ascent of Kinver.

a sort of interlude.

Mike came home on a 48 or like that and we decided that the weather was good enough. to go and visit one of the local beauty spots, namely Kinver Edge.

Kinver Edge is a 3mile long upthrust of sandstone about 5 miles out from the village and when we arrived there we discovered that about half the population of the Black Country had arrived before us. Nothing daunted we decided to scale the Edge, at this point it was about 1 in 2 and 250ft high. So off we scramble and about halfway up I'm completely exhausted, Michael tho', being fresh from square bashing and disgustingly fit is nearly at the top so Peter and I press on. At last I stagger over the edge, Peter close on my heels, and sink to the ground, but what's this!, Mike is up and away with Peter in tow making fast time across the ridge, I moan softly and stagger on after them, bleating plaintively much after the fashion of a poor lost lamb. But their hearts were hard and they would not pause until we had gone a mile or more.

After a short rest we carried on until we came to the end of the ridge and there descended to the wooded valley that runs alongside the EDGE. Here we stopped for a quiet smoke before we made our way back to the main road and the bus for the village. Life in the country may be health all-right but I found it a mite tiring too.

### Rispins Country.

On Thursday July 21st I had a letter from Alan Rispin in which he informed me his relatives would not be at home the following week end and inviting me to go up to see him. On the spur of the moment I decided to take him up on the invitation and despatched a warning letter that same hour.

Comes the Saturday morning and I go via W'hampton to Manchester where I'm met by evil cles Linwood and Brian Jorden (Alan being still at work). We inspected many bookstores and passed disparaging remarks outside a sort of Billy Graham type revival meeting, the thing, judging from the richness of the clothing was more in the nature of a social occasion than



a religious one.

We made our way to Higher Irlam and Alans abode where Al tells us that the visit to Liverpool is off.

Somewhat subdued we decide to get in a supply of bheer from the local pub and make the best of it.

On the way back from our bheer expedition Alan Brian and Dave (Hall) go off in search of a pub which is reputed to sell a better type beer while Jhim, another Dave and I wait for them at a T junction. Scarcely had they gone from sight than Jhim determines to amaze the local inhabitants by doing a Yogi like act on the grass verge. He put the bottles of beer in a circle on the grass and sat down crosslegged in the middle of them, assuming as he did so an expression which he fondly imagined was both profound and highly mysterious. However, apart from one old lady who stumbled past muttering something like "Risps mates I'll be bound",

there was a derth of Irlamites at that particular hour and Jhim at length got up and while the other Dave went looking for Alan & Co., Jhim and I went back to the house.

Some hours later there were six of us gathered in the Rispin Schloss(?), drinks close at hand while in a corner Jhim was choking manfully on a borrowed pipe.

We sat around there and disscussed many things, from Anarcy v Democracy, Ethics v Morals and at length we ended up disscussing Ghosties and things that go "bump" in the night.

---

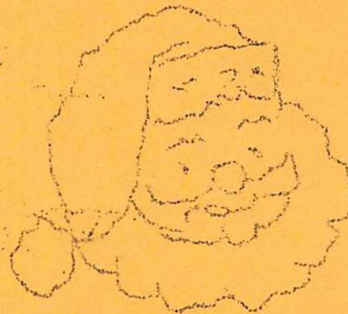
Intellectual Fandom is Not Dead ! ! ! .....Yet.

---

Early next afternoon we got up and after breakfast we sat around for an hour or so befor we saw Brian Jordan off, Jhim & Alan then escorted me thru' the under reconstruction Station and there we sobbed our last farewells. Jhim departed back to Nottingham and Alan back to his lair in Irlam.

page.....ten

S. CLAUSS



WANTED  
FOR QUESTIONING

## New Recruits

Besides the letter from Harry Parsons which I mentioned earlier I'd had a couple more enquiries, one of them from a grammar school lad called David J Hale.

After some correspondence it was arranged that I should meet him in Stourbridge and then conduct him to Tonys house. He seemed to like SADO for the next tuesday he not only came himself but also brought along a schoolmate called Darrell Pardoe who was also a S/F reader.



We sat and talked for a time and then we got out the "Galactic Trader"

strip. This amusing little game is a SADO adaption of a game called ASTRON, our game is much more complicated and cut throat than the original, the idea being to make a run starting and ending at earth, to various planets to traps. The fuel system and the over abundance of hazards make this more difficult than you would imagine.

We also played SADO version of "Flotilla", we use a heavily escorted convoy opposed to two submarines. The subs can see the convoy but the convoy has to "sweep" to detect the sub.

Later that same night Peter turned up, we don't see so much of him now he's working so hard in Brum, and right away flogged the two new lads a dozen surplus fanzines.

We broke up pretty early that night as the new types had to get home. That was the last time I saw any of SADO until I got back from London.

## London, Roehampton.

Around the third of July I'd been up to Brum to collect my iron hand, plus a couple of appliances, and on the 7th of August I travelled down to London to attend Roehampton Arm Training School. I'll admit that the idea of being in London, with free board and lodging had a little to do with my eagerness to go to the school....

The Authorities, (lovely word that, Authorities) had sent me a map along with the instructions on how to get to this Queen Mary's Hospital and I, looking at the map, thought that the distance from the station was so little that I could easily walk it. It was not until I'd walked about 3 miles that I let the horrible truth dawn on me. Egad the map was way, way off scale.



I got a lift for the last half mile or so to the Hospital and at 2-30pm I was signed in.

Now I had intended to go and visit Ella Parker that evening but the Matron soon put an end to that. According to the regulations a patient once admitted is not allowed out the same day.

-----  
On monday however, after promising to be back in the ward and in bed by 10pm, I made my way across London to no. 151. A difficult feat this first time although I later used to use the underground with scarcely a thought, it really is very simple once you get the idea of it.

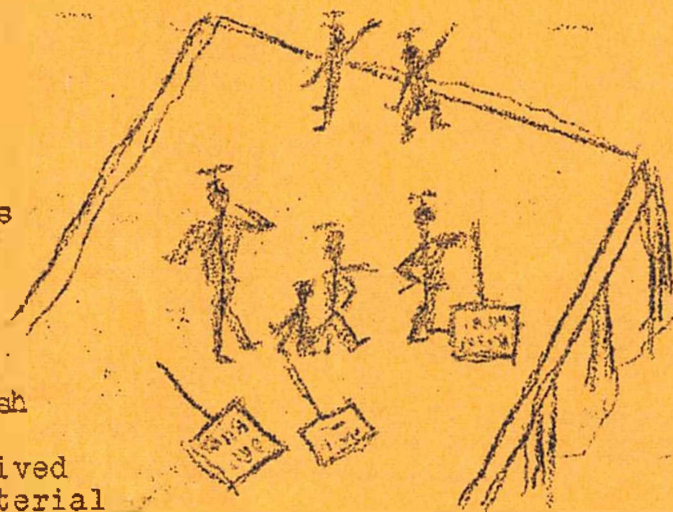
Hmm. where was I, ah yes. I arrived at Parkers Penitentiary and rang the bell, Ella came down to see who was there and after we had exchanged insults she put her cat-'o-nine-tails away and led me up to the flat. Ron Bennett was out this particular evening so Ella and I talked for a while and she showed me a heap of droolsome Atomillos until I had to leave.

-----  
The following Wednesday I again escaped the Hospital and went to Ellas where I was plied with Coffee until Ron came back from work. We admired his new camera case for a while and I gazed at his primitive beard with neosh awe. A little later on

Ted Forsythe and Atom arrived loaded down with SFCOL material and OMPazines. While I thumbed thru' these a lively discussion took place arranging a suitable method of greeting Bruce Burn when he arrived at Southampton.

I had hope to see Ken MacIntyre's contribution on "Laugh Line" that evening but I had to go back to the Hospital befor it came on. I hear that the best rendering of his laugh line was "there are Phaeros at the bottom of my Garden

-----  
I also intended to go to Ellas on the friaday for the weekend. but the hospital wouldn't let me go. At last I did manage to get a pass (a pass yet!) and went on Saturday morning.



Ron was going off to visit Sandy Sandfield and as Ella was busy ~~with the housework~~ doing the housework I accepted the invitation to accompany him.

We somehow got to SS residence and numbed by the sight of Bennetts Budding Beard Sandy admitted us. While I reclined in a comfortable rocking type chair Ron and Sandy fetched a portable four-men-can-carry-it gramophone down the stairs. I was then treated to a couple of hours of traditional jazz, and derived considerable amusement from the expressions on these jazz addicts faces which ranged from "the cat who swallowed the canary" look to the famed "real gone" glaze. I think the afternoon was well spent, in spite of my lack of knowlege on jazz I enjoyed listening to it.

Came the time to leave and Ron takes a photo of Sandy & me standing by the front door (it didn't come out) and we then take our leave.

That evening some few people arrived at Ellas, I remember Atom instigating an investigation to decide wether or no Ken Potters hair was curly, and if so why.

Some descision was reached I know, in spite of Potters lamentable lack of scientific zeal when he refused to allow a post mortem ("you find out everything at a post mortem"), I believe Mike Evans, new lad, tossed a coin to decide the issue. By half past midnight everyone had left and Ron & I crept up the stairs to kip.

-----  
The sunday morning sun shone halfheartedly thru' the open window and illuminated Ron B's whiskery face. I stifled a scream and then got up to find Ted Forsythe had allready arrived and was rarin' to go....to Regents Park Zoo.

Ron rolls out of bed and we arrive at last at the Zoo, I saw again the Sociable Vulture and Guy, the Gorrilla, the Bennetti and Thompson deer also caused some comment, as did the frisky young tortoise, he was belting along doing all of 2 miles a century.

I rather think the hippos made the deepest impression tho'. Due to the fact that they habitually excrete into their pool the "water" has the texture of a particularly thick pea soup, it has the same colour too tho' perhaps a more distinctive flavour....at every little stirring of the "water" one is made supremely concious of the, er, the richness of the experience.

After leaving the elephants, hippos and girraffs behind we browsed our way to the seals enclosure via the 'roo pens and thence to admire the big cats.

As I wanted to go back to Ellas befor I had to report back at the hospital I left Ted & Ron by the rhino pen and returned to the Penitentiary.



On the following thursday I went to the Parker Place again, this time to dump as much of my luggage as possible so that when I got discharged the weekend I wouldn't have so much to carry. I was, as you may have guessed from the above statement, to be a guest of Ella Parker's... for a week.

Nobody else but Ella was in this time so after nattering about jazz and the Powers case for an hour or so I returned once more to Queen Mary's.

To my surprise I was discharged from the Hospital at 2pm on Friday. While waiting for a bus to Hammersmith I got a lift from an ancient man in an equally ancient car right to Regents Park. We got plenty of stares as we rattled thru' the city in this steaming, battered old car, but damn it, the car worked.

I met Ella halfway to Queens Park Station and after putting my case in the flat I accompanied her into the city again. I waited a while as she visited the agency and then helped her carry home the shopping.

Ted, Jimmy G, and Mike Evans came round during the evening and I'm ashamed to say that both Ron and Mike gave me a right thrashing at chess. I had revenge of sorts later when the visitors left. We played bragg, Ella, Ron and I, they both lost.....

We three, Ella, Ron, me, had for the last week or so been regular viewers of the Hiram Holliday programme we found out that many of our visitors were H.I. fans too, so much so that we were getting into the habit of talking about Hiram Holliday Fandom, a great pity they took his show off the air.

Something must have happened Saturday, damned if I can remember tho'... I think we all had an early night in preparation for the outing on Sunday.

On The Beach, with SFCOL & Others...

those present were... Atom, Olive & Heather, Ken & Irene Potter, Ted Forsythe, Jimmy Groves, George Locke, Ethel Lindsay, Don Geldart, Ella P, Ron B, and me, Ken C.

Ella Parker went paddling.....and the tide went out.....

At an early hour on the Sunday, the 20th of August, Atom arrived to collect Ella, Ron and me in a 12 seater Bedford van which SFCOL had hired for the day.

We were the first passengers to be collected so we drove around picking up various of the other attendees until the Faithful Fannish Bedford was stuffed full of fen.

page.....fourteen.

All the passengers being accounted for we set off seaward.

A true account of the trip could only have been made by using both a taper and a cinecamera. How, for instance, do you describe the utter crogglification of a mundane motorist when subjected to viewing the insane antics of a Bedford load of fen, his mystification and wonder as he edges closer and reads Atoms carefully displayed notice "ANNUAL OUTING OF THE ESCAPED PRISONERS SOCIETY" or his cry of anguish as he covers his eyes and swerves off the cliff hugging road?.

It was even more hellish on the return trip for when we had "hooked" a motorist with the "Escaped Prisoners" notice we whipped the board round and showed "NATIONAL SOCIETY for the ABOLITION OF LIFE annual outing". Ar, I tell ee, t'was real devilish.

We were speculating too on how easy it would be for George Alfred Hinds (57 variaties) to escape in this manner because although we showed the sign to 2 or 3 cops all we got was tolerant grins....

Pausing but once to stretch our legs and to patronise a sort of mobile cafe, we came at length to our destination, Middleton-on-Sea.

A nice little village, tho' lacking in peasantry as it seems the village consists mainly of dwelling places of the "idle rich". In these circumstances it was not surprising to find the beach and sea front devoid of "amusements"...a good thing I think, unfortunately it was also lacking in "conveniences" and it was quite a trek to the village proper.

The tide was on the turn when we arrived so we all sit down to eat while waiting for the beach to apeare. After a while we all go wandering around the greensward, Jimmy Groves as happy as the proverbial sandboy collecting specimens of rock and stone along the tide mark, and owing to the fact that Ron had forgotten the cards we played cricket with Jimmys home made equipment and I think Heathers ball.

Jimmy surprised everyone by making one of the highest scores of the day, Ted Forsythe did well too but the hero of the day was Goerge Locke who personally caught out Bennetts entire team, one catch in particular being a really magnificent effort worthy to go down in beach cricket history.

Ah, such a lot happened, not particularly noteworthy in itself but everything adding up to a most enjoyable day. Ah, the melons, the songs, the happy wanderings, the picnic meals, the pun-gent conversations....

At length it came time to leave and we all trailled back to the Bedford, the Faithful Fannish Bedford, and sardined ourselves within.



The return journey was much the same as the journey out, with songs and wisecracks; and yells of glee as another victim of the "Escaped Prisoners" notice was chalked up.

We stopped for hot bangers and cold beer at a pub called "The Duke" before Atom returned the various passengers more or less to their original picking up points. After returning the Bedford to its master he then gave Ella, Ron & me a lift to Waterloo, discussing on the way the arrangements for the then forthcoming Bruce Burn visit. From Waterloo to Queens Park seemed but a little journey and very soon after that the whole Parker household was wrapped in slumber.

On Tuesday morning I went downstairs to get a parcel of Bennetts from the postman, (it turned out to be a haggis, the poor thing was accidentally cremated later on when Ella was cooking it and lost count of the time). Anyway, as I said, I go to get this parcel, and I have to walk out of the doorway because the postman has given up waiting for a reply, (a very impatient type) and walked away. I had scarcely called out to him when I realised that the door was swinging closed behind me. In spite of my frantic lunge I was too late, I was locked out. I accepted the parcel and hopefully searched my pockets, no, no key, not even any money, it wasn't too warm either that day and I had come down in my shirtsleeve, ((er, plus one or two other items of clothing whose description is not relevant)) Well I went round to Ellas neighbour and attempted to scale the wall at the back, in vain, I spent the next 2 or 3 hours sitting in a barrow boys car, holding Bennetts haggis, and feeling rather foolish.

I got back in again about 5pm when Ellas fellow tenant came home. Irene Potter came along that night, Ron and I had already planned to go to the flicks. Not a bad picture and it cheered me up a little when we got back when Ella said that that nights HIRAM HOLLIDAY adventure hadn't been up to standard, Ella said words to the effect that she'd felt awful embarrassed because after she'd told Irene how good the H H show was it turned out so badly.

Ella Parker is not, repeat, is not!, Father Christmas... RonB

Wednesday, waited for B.R.E. to deliver Ellas. duper paper, two false alarms and then Andy Young arrived. I fed him tea and biscuits as per Ellas commands.... B R S bloke arrived, said he'd come to COLLECT Parkers paper. Andy went off about 2- / 30 to check his travelling arrangements.

Andy comes back, goes out again to send telegrams to people along his route, then back again, made my head spin. When Ron turned up, turned green at the sight of Andys face fungus, and then they both indulged in an orgy, a photographic orgy. Then it's decided that it would be a good idea to sneak up to the station and snap Ella unawares as she steps from the train, but she proved too cunning for us and took us from the rear as we watched the front end of the train. She did get photographed though, once by the side of the tube train and again in the flat while she was standing under an Atomillo.

Later on Jimmy G, Ted Asythe and Mike Evans came along and, when we had paid our ritualistic visit to Freds room to view HIRAM HOLLIDY, we sat talking. Mostly the conversation centred around S/F and Astronomy, with Andy sitting huddled behind his beard and at every other question feebly offering the excuse that it wasn't in his speciality and that we should ask a Cosmologist or like that. And Ron told me Andy Knew All About Stars!... The hour grew late and the visitors departed, leaving Ella, Ron, Andy and me. Ron thinks this is a splendid opportunity to teach Andy how to play bragg, resulting in Ella losing, Ron losing, me winning a very little and Andy winning an astronomical sum.

I saw Andy again just once more, on thursday befor I went out. Fred, Ellas non-fen brother, had bequethed a free ticket for this Olympia Boys & Girls exhibition, it seemed a shame to waste it. First of all though I went to Earls Court, hoping to see Dave Hale there. I waited untill 1-15pm and then went off to Olympia. All things considered it was quite a good turn out. A fair number of interesting stalls and displays, though. I spent much of my time looking at the youngsters paintings. These were on show on the balcony above the main show, some of the work was very good, I don't think that there was an entrant over 16 years old, (er, now I think of it this isn't so surprising, it was a boys and girls show)

A good deal of time I spent by a book stall, but no ordinary books these. I drooled over a beautiful book about 26" by 20" full of magnificent, full colour reproductions of some of the better known Egyptian Tomb Paintings, terrific.

A not quite so interesting book, to me, was the one depicting the Kremlin Art Treasures. All illos were in full colour and while a few of them were of the modern Kremlin buildings complete with Russian guards the majority of the pictures were of the aforesaid Art Treasures. The sheer opulence of the Russian State Jewels is absolutely crogglesome.



The paintings and the other art repros were wonderful too, but they could not compare with the breathtaking display of jewels, these were so many and so rich in appearance that they seemed positively vulgar.

My feelings of seeing these were similar to those I had the first time I had a look at the stars through a decent pair of binoculars, awe inspiring, too much to take in at a glance, or a ruddy good stare either.

That evening George Locke came in, carrying a couple of placards which were intended to be carried by the Bruce Burn welcoming crew. He stayed a while and he and Ron taught me a new card game, Hearts they called it, which George did well at, and Ron did poorly.

On Friday Elias' paper arrived at last. I took the opportunity to pack up all my surplus gear, Ompazines, books and suchlike, and took them to the PO. Too heavy. Had to repack them all in two parcels and post them the next day.

Saturday. We, that is, six of us, were going down to Southampton to greet Bruce Burn ((I suppose you have guessed by now that Bruce Burn was on his way to England?)) right. Plans got changed all sudden like when Ron rang up the shipping line and found that Bruce's conveyance had missed it's convoy at Suez and would be a day late.

Ron, Chris Miller and I rush off to Waterloo to warn the other travellers of the lack of Burn, on the way waiting for Ella to get her opinion/advice because of the party that was planned for the Saturday evening. Ella having been consulted we get to Waterloo and catch the others in-time, sit around for a while so that a couple of the lads can get hamburgers and George cash his ticket, then we all troop back to Ella's. I missed a train on the way back, never mind, at the next station Ron and the others got out of their train and jumped into the carriage with me as my train pulled in.

It was decided that it would be impossible to contact everyone in time to call the Bruce Burn Welcome Party off. So we decide to have the party without him. My suggestion to have a party to celebrate the non-arrival of Ike and Krush was ruled out of order on the grounds that they were not fans.

To keep the record straight, because I want to, and because I have the list on the table here and it seems a pity not to make use of it ((Pause for breath)) I will here list those present at the B B Nonarrival Party.

There was, Ted Asythe, Jhim Linwood, Jimmy G, Ethel L, Archie M, Ella, Atom, the Potters, Don Geldart (who always sits so quiet that you tend to forget he's around) Chris Miller.....

.....Ron Bennett and me....one, Tom Porter also  
looked in for a few minutes.....

It was a quiet party as Ella parties go. Poor  
Irene Potter wasn't feeling too good and was escorted home  
about 11pm. The party rolled on until the early hours when  
Ron, Archie, Jhim, 4sythe and Geldart took a taxi to Waterloo  
and thence to Southampton, intending to be on the dockside to  
greet Bruce Burn as he stepped ashore... (See SKYRACK for the  
details of this...er, no. 23 ) We who were left behind soon  
turned in hoping to get a little kip before the dawn.

I wish I had waited to see B B now, as it was  
I was worried about how things were going in the village, no  
need to really, but I always do worry for naught. So I  
left Ellas and caught the Brum bound train at 1-10.

---

Back in the village life continues much as usual,  
Tony now has a second hand car, quite a decent one too, We  
pass our Tuesday evenings up at his place talking and  
playing the various games of which Tony has a fair collection.  
Things are a little quiet now of course, comparatively speaking,  
Mike being in the army and Peter working so hard, still we  
survive.

---

and this will be the end of the History for  
this issue. To fill the stencil here is a little thing that  
was written, the first line by Ron, the rest by Atom, while I  
was at Ellas, it goes like this....

"It all started when Ken said to me" "Bennett,  
why don't we hold a sort of fannish orgy... we could wind it  
up by doing something really spectacular". "I agreed, I tho't  
it'd be great, of course mentally I reckoned on Ken running  
it all. Then I could slide off and get a bragg game going  
among the mugs, probably make my expenses for the whole thing....

It wasn't till the orgy was half way through ....  
that I found out that the 'really spectacular wind up' was  
a ritualistic disemboweling of me.....

---

and that just about winds up this  
SADO HISTORY. part 3. until L S no. 4. then, farewell.

yours, ken cheslin.

2nd assistant under scribe.

page.....seventeen $\frac{1}{2}$ .

# THE PURPLE CLOD

BY GEORGE LOCKE.

---

Reluctantly he regained consciousness, to find the edge of a fallen table pressing on his chest. With an effort he managed to wriggle out from underneath and rose unsteadily to his feet. His head began to pound, but doggedly he remained erect. All around him was a scene of terrible desolation, tables and chairs were scattered about, some broken, all damaged....as though while he slept Armageddon had struck. Broken glass was everywhere and from the cracks in the floor rose the stinking vapours of alcohol.

Bob Lichman grunted. "Thus, the London Circle Symposium," he said with an English Accent, obviously derived from Orion. He staggered towards the flight of steps leading out of the basement only to find it almost impassible with rubble----beer bottles, corks, glasses, the slightly damaged remnants of cold potatoes. A couple of tomato seeds had come to life amid the slime of a spilled punch, Bob grinned, sourly, the hangover pounding monotonously. "At least, this particular jungle won't have any coffee plants".

Then it hit him, "Where is everybody?", The Cheltenham Circle, Bennett, Mercer, the Dietz's, the London mob?.... I, I...remember...there was a stormy London Circle, Committee meeting, a most disgusting exhibition, thank God it was none of business. I'm surprised that there wasn't a murder Committeed....perhaps there was." he looked round uncomfortably, the basement looked like a battlefield. "Nonsense Bob", he went on, optimistically. "You're worrying too much....."

page.....eighteen.



.....they just got tired of alcohol and cold potatoes, said, 'Armageddon outta here' and went off in search of coffee and rolls, they'll be back soon", but somehow it didn't sound very convincing.

Bob began to fight his way up the stairs; he could only make slow progress. Halfway up he found a little alcove and there dangling from its rest was a telephone. Eagerly he grabbed it, thought for a moment and then dialed a number. Before he had finished he realised that the phone was dead.

Panic unconquerable assailed him. He clawed madly at the bottles, the plates, and the cold harsh metal of a record player, an abandoned machine he recognised as belonging to Archie Mercer, a cold hand stole round the place his heart used to be before he started to edit fanzines, he subsided sobbing, "The bastards, they've deserted me, left me because I'm different... because I'm Purple".....

His brain seemed to burst in a ball of darkness and he fell, and fell, and fell, and was asleep again.

---

When he awoke the darkness was tempered with a little grey light, seeping from somewhere above, and he could feel a faint breeze fanning his cheek. Then the way to the surface was not blocked!, encouraged, Bob rose to his feet and began systematically making his way to the upper air and to freedom. Already the sweet smell of a Sunday morning in Mayfair was in his nostrils, and in his imagination were the bustling voices of happy fans, drinking coffee, munching rolls and cracking puns in the glorious sunshine. Forgotten now was the murky basement, the savage gall of the LC committee meeting, and the alcohol sodden air.

Laughing now, anticipating the exhilaration to come, Bob flung the debris aside and at length burst into the empty hall of the main restaurant at ground level. Bounding over chairs and tables he flung the glass doors wide open and inhaled vast quantities of the good air.

South Audley Street stretched away to the North, a steady wind was blowing up the street, carrying with it dead leaves and scraps of paper. A large black car which looked vaguely familiar was parked close by--strangely the door was flung right open as though the occupant had left in a hurry.

Uneasily he came to realise that there was not a soul on the streets.

"It's early yet. Who but a fan is around at this time on a Sunday morning?" A small cloud passed across the sun, he shivered uncomfortably, shadows swept rapidly up the street.

Somewhere the wind found a crevice, and whined painfully. Leaves scuttled in little whirls, and a piece of paper, with what looked like type-script on it was blown against his foot and trapped. He caught sight of the handwritten title, SKYRACK, and bent down to pick it up. His jaw line became grim as he read.....

"LONDON CIRCLE BLOWS UP! VAST QUANTITIES OF POISON RELEASED AFFECTING THE WHOLE WORLD IN HOURS. SOFA EXPERTS SAY THERE IS NO HOPE. ALL LIFE, ALL FANDOM, IS DOOMED!.

WE MUST FLEE. FLEE TO THE COUNTRY, BECOME B..... PROVINCIALS. AWAY FROM THE CITY..."

..... the bottom of the sheet was ragged and torn, as tho' an expiring grasp had ripped it while trying to add "and Cecil" to the signature.

The thought of the noble Bennett striving to maintain the fannish tradition even while fandom was breathing it's last saved him from going insane at that moment. "I'm alive", he said finally, "And where one survived there may be others.....I must find them."

The car with the open door caught his eye again. It was an enormous, tinny vehicle of some fifteen years vintage and not from a good year. He remembered who it had belonged to, one E C Tubb, a non-fan. He grunted and kicked a detached hub-cap into the gutter. Down the road he found a Jaguar XK 140. The ignition key had been left in it's place and when he had slipped behind the wheel he found a loaded revolver in the dashboard pocket. He eased her into first gear and the great car moved forwards, and he hoped, fanwards.

But before he had gone half a mile he ran into a pileup of cars blocking Picadilly, backing out he was stopped in Park Lane and Oxford Street too. He had to abandon the car and continue on foot. For hours he tramped, from Mayfair to Picadilly, to Trafalgar Square to Farringdon Road, and out East, on a clear road he travelled by car to Plumstead, but no Carnell. South of the river. The Bulmers had gone, so had Inchmery, and the Dietz's were nowhere to be found. Up north to Kilburn he struggled, no Parker. Nothing moved, save for an occasional dog and the wheeling flocks of pigeons.

Eventually he found himself near the one-time Mecca of London Fandom, the Globe. Just inside the door, rooting among a pile of bones and torn rotting flesh he discovered a beadle, an ugly looking thing with a raucous bark. To Bob's ears it sounded very like the phrase 'Songs From Space'.

Bob Lichtman looked at the miserable creature, part of his mind urging him to bring up his food. In the end he shot the poor brute, it was the only thing to do. He wandered off then and with the dusk bedded himself down in a hotel in the Victoria area.

---

For several days he continued to search for signs of fandom, at the same time developing his new home. He took over a couple of floors and, raiding the furniture shops, book shops and the larger stationers, quickly accumulated enough gear to make the LASFS fans and the Seattlites green with envy. He had three of the latest models of ditto machines, and the masters he helped himself to were capable of producing more than 400 copies. He also ventured to obtain a small Gestetner, which he tried many times to use, but never did he gain any satisfaction from it. Once he was tempted to hurl the thing out of the window. The mimeo, and mimeography, was a part of fandom to which he could never aspire. He looked at his purple-stained "hekto hands". Never would they be "mimeo black". At this time he began a sort of diary, an "end of fandom" history, typing it directly on to the master in the afternoon and running it off in the evenings. Every fifty pages he stapled together, slipped into envelopes and addressed. When addressed he took them to the homes of the addressees and shoved them through the appropriate letter boxes. At each he waited a few minutes, and when no rushing footsteps came to collect the zine (which he made sure fell with the distinctive thud of PLOY), he knew that that fan was dead.....and he crossed the name off the mailing list. Very soon there were no names left on the list, but he continued to produce the diary.

Time passed, one month, two.....and the city remained silent.

Three times he had made a complete circuit of England by car--the roads in the country were relatively clear, so long as he avoided market towns. The only trunk road that was jammed, ironically enough, was the M 1. Nowhere did he find another living human or fan.

One day, soon after returning from his third trip, he was walking down Victoria Street when he felt he was being watched. "Nonsense", he muttered, "it's my imagination. London's dead" But try as he would he couldn't shake off the feeling of an hidden watcher. He searched the dark alleys and cul-de-sacs carefully, but found nothing.



"Imagination" he reproved himself, as he went to bed that night, but for the first time in months he dreamed that there were others.

The days went by and the feeling grew stronger. Once again he tried to operate his mimeo, but without success. Turning the crank, his mind went back to wondering....he knew there was somebody lurking there, but never could he find a trace of him....or, her?. He had noticed too what looked like black-ink marks on one or two of the walls of the hotel, where someone might have been cringing, he was sure that they hadn't been there a few weeks ago.....

Something jerked his head towards the mimeo, he felt as if he were choking, his hand stopped turning the handle and he disengaged his tie from the interior of the thing. With careful deliberation he picked the machine up and walked over to the window. He quite calmly thrust it through and watched contentedly as it fell four stories, and land with a sickening jangle-thunk at the feet of a girl...

A Faan!

"Wait there! I'm alive! I'm alive!" he shouted and raced down the stairs. He dashed out of the entrance, glad words of welcome on his lips....to find the girl gone. He searched around frantically and found her cowering in abject terror in a doorway. She was very young, still clinging to those years--the teens--left behind barely months ago. She blinked at him through distinctive spectacles which seemed somehow familiar..... "Hello" he smiled, "Hello", she returned hesitantly, in a faint Scots accent. "I'm Bob Lichtman", he extended his hand. She looked at, frowning slightly, "Ella Parker," she said, slowly. "ORION".

For a long while they just looked at each other. Gradually, as she drank in the sight of a sensitive faannish face, her demeanour relaxed. At length Bob said, "How did you escape The Death?". She looked up, "At the beginning of the war....", she stopped, and burying her face in her hands she ~~leaned~~ against the wall and sobbed. Too young for the brutalities of truncated fanaticism. Presently she recovered somewhat and dried her eyes on a tiny handkerchief which would have had a tough time drying a dessicated grain of sand. "At the beginning.... I ran away from the centre of the battle and hid myself at home. I curled up in the cupboard under my duplicator and managed to escape it", she burst into tears again.

Bob said, gently, "It's cold here. Come up to my flat".

She looked doubtful. "It's a very faannish place. I built it up after The Death. I have three dupers, and now there are the two of us we can put out our fanzines again. Maybe we'll even form an APA. Very select--invitation by survival only.

She smiled. "My, you must have a fabulous place--when you can afford to throw away any machine which goes wrong.

"Machine? That thing? Trash!, I don't know why I ever wasted any time with it, wait until you see the real gear...", He paused, suddenly conscious of his purple hands, and the finely moulded swallow-blackened ones of his companion.

"Follow me", he said, feeling embarrassed.

She was impressed, he could see, but only at first, As she leafed through the piles of completed diaries.

"What d'you think of it?" the writer in Bob leaping to the surface with the question all writers have asked since the beginning of time. "Very interesting", she said. "And the repro---isn't it marvellous?. "It is quite good", she said.

"And the color effects - I'm not much of an artist, but I'm rather proud of this one". "It appears to have come out quite well", she said. "It beats me why you Anglofans always stick to the same old black mimeo....Purple is a much nicer color". She said nothing, her eyes rivetted at his hands.

He felt himself blushing. Dammit, the old prejudices were here - in a country where he thought it never existed. Probably because there weren't any others like him in England. His visit would make him the first. But was she prejudiced?, Really?. It was the first time she'd ever visited a ditto-fan's place, and the transition of ideas involved - along with the recent all too

noticeable shock of The Death - had upset her for a moment. "Here, I'll make a cuppa tea. Charge around as you like. This place is yours as well as mine".

He disappeared into the kitchen. Ella meandered round the room, carefully avoiding the littered crud sheets and discarded mastered. When Bob returned he found her sitting in a corner staring gloomily into space. He handed her a cup. She raised it to face height and blew daintily.

"Have you a saucer please?".



Ghul, he'd been living for so long without domestic assistance that he'd forgotten the things existed...and this girl...finely cultured...He blushed, returned to the kitchen and hunted around, tipping the used dishes on the floor, till he found pne. Eventually he found one, turfed the cigarette ends out and rejoined Ella. "Here you are", he said, almost in triumph, "Sorry it's a bit grubby". a little sadly.

She sniffed. "How", she said coldly, "do you expect me to drink from an ash tray?". He fumbled with it, glaring, and started to wipe it clean with a bit of purple smeared cloth.

"Why the hell had he ever taken up smoking?, this wouldn't have happened otherwise". "Oh, don't worry about it", said Ella, "I'll use the cup". Then, a moment later, "You've drunk from it!" It wasn't a question or a statement, it was an accusation. He noticed some purple smears on the side of the cup. Bob controlled himself, biting back words which threatened to burst forth in a flood of ire. "I get it. I'm not good enough for you. No ditto-grapher is good enough for you. I am what I am, and if you don't like it you can get out right now".

"No, no, I didn't mean anything like that. I...".  
"Get Out!".

The next few days were filled with retrospective misery for Bob. Try as he would to get that opinionated female out of his mind, he just couldn't. After all, color aside, she was a faan - and a darned good publisher too. Everyday he hoped to hear the thud of an ORION through his letterbox - if she was bringing the zine out, and doing what he had been with his diary. .... And one day it came. He hurtled down stairs hoping to catch her, but when he arrived she had vanished. The fanzine was sitting in the middle of the floor looking at him. It was, he noticed, a dittoed effort...He took it upstairs. So, she was prepared to meet him halfway. Well that was something. He opened it out and began to read it through - what he could, that is. It was appallingly badly done, the work of a rank neo. Before he had gone half-way he had a letter of comment worked out in his mind. Encouraging criticism, gentle praise, the occasional pun. As he progressed though he began to change the wording a little. It was becoming increasingly apparant that she was making fun of him, and had chosen his own medium in which to make the acid stronger. Everywhere were nasty remarks, "jokes" which were aimed at him rather than for him. .... He hacked out a furious letter, and using the address given on the zines contents page, located her residence, a mere quarter of a mile away. But as he neared the comfortable block of flats she'd chosen as her domicile he swallowed the pill of his bitterness and shoved the missive in his pocket.



She answered the bell, "You got the ORION?".  
"It was a smashing issue. One of the best yet, wish I had a back-log of material like that. But all my stuff is back state-side". "Which zine was yours?, TWIG?". "No, PSI-PHI".  
"It was a very good fanzine. Come on upstairs and I'll give you something decent to eat, you must be starving"...

For a couple of weeks everything seemed to be alright; their past differences never came up. Part of the time Bob lived at Ella's place, helping to fix up some electric mimeo equipment, and part of the time--a large part--Ella was tidying up after Bob had completed some strenuous fanac. Once though the old feeling proved themselves not entirely gaffiated.

Bob was typing out a master when he suddenly decided he couldn't approve of a fan sitting on a sofa, just watching. "Here, come and have a go at this", he said. She came over. "What, me type out one of those things?. I wouldn't touch a ditto-master with a barge pole". Bob grabbed her arm and sat her down in his chair. "Go on, it's in a good cause. You want to be able to read it don't you?. There won't be any spelling mistakes that way.". "Don't touch me!, your hands are.... Don't touch me", she screamed. Bob couldn't have been hurt more if he'd been voted fugghead of the year in a Fanac poll. The barrier was still there - after all this time?. He remembered the letter of comment he'd written on the first post-Death ORION, now lying crumpled among all the rest of the junk in his jacket. "About ORION", he said. "I never wrote did I?. At least you didn't get the letter. I'm awfully sorry - I should have given it to you weeks ago. I apologise". and with that he threw the crumpled remains on the floor and stalked out of the room and out of the block of flats.

Down on the embankment he stood and watched the tide coming in on a dead, empty river. He remembered the time when there were barges moving up and down, remembered the cargoes they used to carry, remembered the tale of the time Great Britain was nearly ruined by a group of fans. Remembered a description of a busy, bustling river, now there were only seagulls wheeling around him, hoping to be fed. He smiled. Suddenly he wanted to feed the gulls more than anything in the world, to forget, for a time being, fandom. To immerse himself in a mundane activity. "Wait a tick I'll rustle up something". He found some wrapped bread in a bakery which was still fairly fresh and broke it up and began throwing it among the birds. He luxuriated in the sensation brought on by their incessant cryings and their graceful flight.

After a while he noticed that their numbers were becoming less; they were winging their way, one by one, downstream towards Lambeth Bridge. There was a small boat there, slowly moving towards him. It was a dilapidated vessel, hardly bigger than a rowboat but it seemed to be powered by a large black object at its rear - some sort of outboard motor. There was no sign of anybody in it, but it was undeniably being steered, for it saw him and changed course towards a flight of nearby steps.

As it came closer he could see a man slumped on a seat, one hand holding a crank which operated the contraption. As it eased against the steps, wavelets lapping against its hull, the man rose unsteadily to his feet. "Good morning", he said, in a decidedly non-Irish accent.

Bob helped him ashore. He looked very tired and it was obvious that he needed a long rest, and very probably medical treatment. "My home's not very far away", said Bob kindly, "Well have to get you to bed right away". "In a moment, first you must help me with The Boat", "Leave it here, there are plenty of other boats around, pick yourself a new one when you've recovered a bit". The man drew himself up. "There is only one Courtney's Boat", he slumped a little. "It brought me here, all the way from Belfast. It saved my life on many occasions.... You see, I found out who sawed it, and the Mighty R O S C O E himself was grateful and endowed it with His powers".

Bob examined the legendary craft closely. It was larger than he had first thought, about twenty feet long and eight or nine in the beam. In the centre were signs of an enormous saw-mark which had been repaired with gigantic staples forged in the fires of Vulcan and driven into the sturdy oak with the hammer of Thor. The oars, shipped aboard, were as black as pitch, and craven with the names of many old and never to be forgotten heroes of fandom. Nary a woman to be seen though. Walt Willis, for it was he, seemed to read his mind: "Heroina are a drug on the market", he commented.

Heading the list was the name of the noblest fan of them all...The engine at the rear was nothing more than an ancient mimeograph, forged in those same fires of Vulcan, whose twin rollers dipped into the water. When the crank was turned water was drawn in like paper at one end and shot out at a high velocity from the other, acting like a jet engine. Around it glimmered strange and powerful lights, significant of forces long dreaded by all the fuggheads of the world.

Walt grasped one side of The Boat with his good hand, motioned Bob to lift the other, and said, "We must take it to a place of holy faanishness, and there bury it. It has done it's work well". "We may need it to take us to the Easter Conventdon"... "There will be no Convention", reminded Walt solemnly. Bob nodded. "Then we must take it to the White Horse, the most hallowed spot in London Faandom"... "Would that I were Godiva", murmured Walt, looking extremely ill at that moment. Bob guessed why, but accomadatingly said, "All violence is ende & Godiva?". Walt grinned. "Then we'd have a white herse." "Chod, Iv'a a - pain...evens?" He lifted his end, The Boat was surprisingly light. As Walt had said, the Ghods were grateful. But even the feather lightness of Courtney's Boat was too much for the poor, weary, editor of HYPHEN, and he collapsed. At that moment Bob noticed Ella standing a short distance away, she had obviously become curious to see a different faanish face after all these months, and he called out to her, "Help me with him, it's Walt and he's sick".

Walt smiled up at them. "Leave me Bob", he said "You must bury The Boat". "It's OK Bob", said Ella then, "you go ahead and I'll look after Walt". So Bob Lichtman hefted The Boat onto his shoulders and strode away down Fetter Lane. Arrived he looked around for a suitable site, but before he had made any decision he felt an invisible force leading him towards the road outside the White Horse. As he approached the real, empty world of The Death began to fade and in it's place he gradually became aware of a new one. A bold, rugged world, where lightning was turned to fannish use by the flick of a helicopter beanie, and iron was the plasticine of Foo-Foo and Ghu, from which they made images of each other to stick staples into. Above it all he could feel a calm benevolent presence that prevaded everything and he knew he was in the presdence of He of the strong white teeth. Himself.

With a mighty shovel which he obtained somehow, he never could remember how, he dug a great hole in the road, and after reverently placing The Boat in it he filled it in. But that wasn't the end of his task. There was still a fitting monument to be constructed.



With the power of his hands, in this wonderful, magical world, and blocks of the finest marble, he built a mighty fountain, bubbling with the crystal-clear Spirit of Fandom, which is to all fan what they deem it to be. A delicately carved replica of Courtney's Boat lay in the centre of the pool, and the noble words: "Blessed are they who Forebear to use Cliches." was inscribed above it.

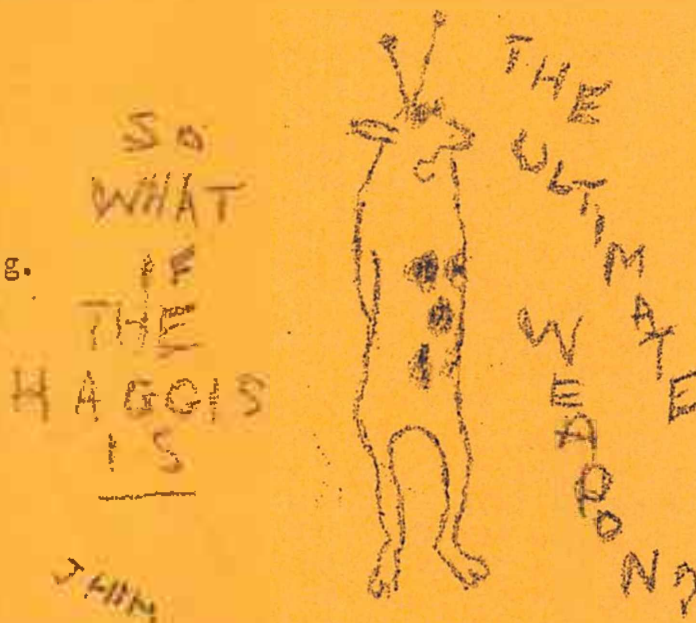
He finished, and stood for a while with bowed head. Then feeling himself gently dismissed he made his way back to Ellas. The old, old world where fan was fan, and Ghod was Ghod faded slowly away, the fountain now standing in memorium outside the White Horse, drawing it's spirit from deep within the hallowed old Pub itself. The Song of the Valkyries still echoing in his mind he ran with an easy pace well suited to his lanky figure. Worrying slightly about Walt, he thought, "Ella must have taken him to her place. Guess maybe he'd have a chance of surviving there."

He had a darned good chance, Bob saw, as he entered. Walt was sitting up in bed reading through a stencil, with Ella sitting beside him taking down puns as he uttered them. "And not a single typo", he was saying. "But if you left a little less margin you'd be able to get more on a page, making it look better proportioned as well". "Of course you're right Walt... Hello Bob..."

Honestly, I thought Mercer was bad enough, but some of the ones he comes out with... Ugh!

We're thinking of bringing out another anthology of puns and things like that first FILLER."

She appeared to have forgotten about The Boat and what he had done. "And Walt's fine, surprisingly fit considering what he's been through. He spent a couple of hours giving an absolutely fascinating account of how he survived The Death and afterwards discovered The Boat. He tracked down the fiend who destroyed it and from him learned the True History of it, dating way back to the first day of fandom..."



Bob thought, "People of her colour regard such little things as building a monument quite normal for the underdogs.."

She went on.. "A wonderful history. It should be written up someday. But not just now, we're beginning work on this one-shot right away, Walt's been too inactive in fandom lately. I must get him on his feet, this one-shot will do that, it's going to be terrific." Bob ruminated, "Guess I won't be included in this project. Natural though. What would two mimeo fans want with a dittographer messing things up and staining everything purple?.." he spoke aloud. "I must leave you two alone to get on with it then", and he left.

Walt looked after the departing fan. "Has he got a chip on his shoulder or something," he asked. "All the time I've known him he has, it's his colour. He's always flying off the handle about it. But at heart he's a true-fan". Walt mused, and said, "Hmm, he must be, otherwise he would never have been able to carry The Boat.".

-----

They saw nothing of each other again until one evening when Bob was walking through Battersea Park. It was getting dark, the last bird had long since gone to roost, in the distance he heard voices. Curious, in spite of his determination never to see them again, he crept through the bushes towards them. Behind a row of privet bushes Ella and Walt had rigged up a little cinema screen, and Walt was working the projector. Bob crouched there looking at it for several seconds before he realised that it was a film of the London Symposium - a record of fandoms last and greatest battle, through which he had slept dead to everything. God how long ago it seemed, and so near at hand too. He knew he would never rest until he saw that film all the way through, and though he had a sneaking suspicion that he was acting as inconsistently as the most idiotic fan who ever lived he nevertheless stepped out into the clearing and revealed himself.

"Where did you dig that film up?", he asked, almost pleaded.

"Bob!, What on earth have you been doing with yourself lately? We were worried about you, you never answered the door when we came calling on you, though we made enough noise God knows."

Bob remembered the knocking sure enough, and remembered too his efforts to make no sound while they were within earshot. He was glad it was dark; they wouldn't be able to see him blushing. Walt said; "Hi, long time no see.... The film I dug up among the ruins of the basement and developed it myself. After seeing this all I can say is I'm glad I wasn't there."

"Yeah," he said, looking hungrily at the projector, "it was pretty much of a shambles." "Only goes to prove that fandom is no different to the rest of the world" rejoined Ella. He did so want to see that film, damned if he'd beg though. "How did the one-shot come out" he enquired. "Not so bad, not so bad at all. We extended it and included some longer material, here, I've got a copy with me you can have". Walt handed Bob a 30 page mimeoed zine, "We decided to feature you in it. Bit of a satire y'know, on pointless feuding and such like. After all that's what caused the blow-up. Ella's quite a writer; she did most of it." <sup>MARY</sup> Bob rippled the pages.

He caught his name on page two, read more closely.

Ella, watching him, said:

"You like that bit?"

One of the best I thought."

Bob read aloud; "...and Bob Lichtman of the purple hands, scarcely worth feeding to the pigeons, opened his big mouth as he is often wont to do. A fan often in want.... ((Hah, Willis, one up on you at last))...."

Magnificent writing,"

Walt breathed admiringly.

Bob carried on; "...and the noble mimeos, true-fans

all, '...All about a fued you say", this last directed at Walt.

Walt nodded, pleased. "A fake fued?" Bob prodded... "Yep."

Bob put the mag; down gently. "We survived Fan War 1", he said quietly. "Consider Fan War 2 started as of now." with that he turned on his heel and faded rapidly into the undergrowth.



SHUCKS, I AIN'T  
SANTY CLAWS

There was a big gun-shop in Battersea. Bob selected his weopans with care, a heavy rifle capable of holding twelve rounds of ammunition and a couple of revolvers. Filling his pockets with spare cartridges and sticking the pistols in his belt he picked up the rifle and went looking for Willis, it was against him that his rage was directed for he just couldn't believe that Ella would stoop as low as Willis had pretended she had. He scouted Battersea Park but the screen and projector was gone, and there was no indication as to which way Willis had gone. Fled, Bob thought to himself.

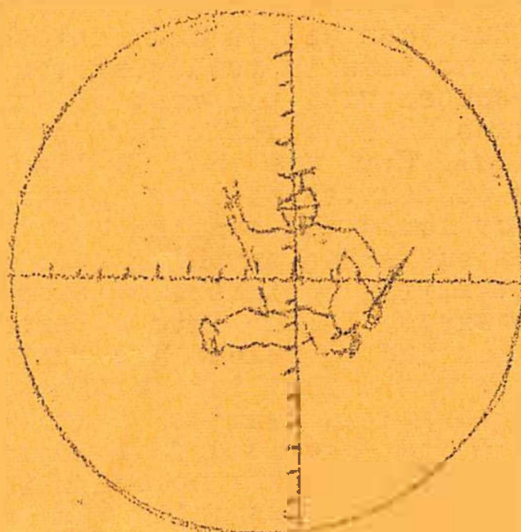


He made his way to Ellas place, as being the most likely hideout, though he doubted that Willis would actually hide in her flat. He would be more subtle than that. Her flat was in the centre of a well built-up area with many places ideal for a man to wait in ambush. He deliberately circuited the area and approached from the opposite direction he normally would, taking care not to silhouette himself against the horizon. There was a full moon in the sky by this time and it was almost as bright as day.

From ahead, a sudden flash of fire, and a second later the crash of a rifle became the background to an unpleasant smack, as a bullet flattened itself on the wall scarcely two feet above his head.

Bob dived into the shadows, found a narrow lane and ran as silently down it as he could. That shot had come from high up a building on the far side of a little square, and being nowhere near Ellas, had caught him by surprise. He reckoned that if he could encircle the square without being seen he could gain the cover of a low wall from which he could keep watch on the building until Willis showed himself. He achieved this without.

Drawing any more shots and, rifle at the ready, began his vigil. It was a long wait, several times he thought he saw something, but he held his fire to make certain. Each time it was a false alarm, a cat, or a sheet of paper fluttering in a sudden breeze, or a restless shadow. He found his head beginning to nod forward. When he dozed off he couldn't say, but the next thing he knew the morning sun was shining in his eyes, and a few birds were singing. There was no sign of Willis. He studied the building carefully for a few minutes, finally deciding that he'd left hours ago. It was quite possible he had moved his position after he had fired that first shot, knowing that he, Bob, was too busy looking for cover to notice a discreet retreat. Cautiously, he continued towards Ellas flat. Nothing happened. The flat seemed deserted. Then, a hundred yards up the street, he saw a man walking slowly across the road. He raised his rifle, slowly squeezed the trigger.



"No, Bob, No!, there's been too much killing already." Ella, shouting from a window. Bob completed his action and felt a satisfying shock lose itself against his shoulder. Willis stopped dead, then frantically took to his heels, rounding a corner and disappearing from sight. Bob followed, ejecting the spent cartridge as he ran, keeping close to the wall. At the corner he stopped, edged the barrell forward and was rewarded by the sound of two shots and then a scampering of running feet. Bob swiftly rounded the corner, saw Willis's back receding. He seemed to be having trouble with his gun. Triumphantlly Bob knelt on one knee and loosed of three rounds in quick succession, Willis dived onto his face, alive still. He wriggled behind a lamppost, still struggling with his rifle. Bob fired again; the bullet screamed as it ricochettted off the steel.

But then Willis had overcome the trouble with his rifle and lost no time in returning the fire; the street echoed and re-echoed with the song of Fan War 2. Eventually the dozen rounds in Bobs rifle were spent and he was forced to pause and reload. That was what Willis had been waiting for, he took the oportunity of running for cover...

For hours the running battle continued, but without either of them suffering anything more serious than a few scratches from flying splinters of stone. Gradually they were moving eastwards. In the late afternoon, just after a brisk chase as Willis had to reload his gun, Bob found himself suddenly alone. There was a familiar feeling in the air, and, as he stared around him he realised that he was standing quite near to the White Hozes, and Courtney's Boat. As he looked at the wonderful monument he had built he felt the hatred drawn from him by the forces still playing around that holy place, it was almost a shrine. Contritely he slowly approached it, hardly noticing when he dropped his rifle.

"I'm a fuggheaded idiot," he said, meaningfully, and, impulsivly he jerked his revolvers from his belt he flung them from him, and from his bulging pockets he emptied his store of ammunition.

The sparkling Spirit of Fandom seemed to ripple in pleased little waves, and he dipped his hands into it, and sprinkled some of it's wonderfully cool life on his face. Raising his arms towards the setting sun, he called out. "I'm here Willis. Let us end all this foolish fighting".

Silence....

"There is no need for fear. I won't fight. See, I am weopanless".

Silence.

Then, in the distance it seemed, he heard the pattering of feet. Closer they came. Yet closer. "Bob", a girls voice, Elias.

"Away from here, You must hide". She parted to a halt.  
"Where are your weapons?. You won't stand a chance here. Willis will kill you, don't you understand; He'll kill you".

Bob pointed to his discarded arms. "This war should never have begun, if it wasn't for this fugghead standing here now it wouldn't have".

"If you hide I may be able to calm him down".

"No. Besides it's too late, here he comes now", he pointed. Walt slowly, carefull, suspiciously was advancing down the middle of the strast, rifle at the ready.

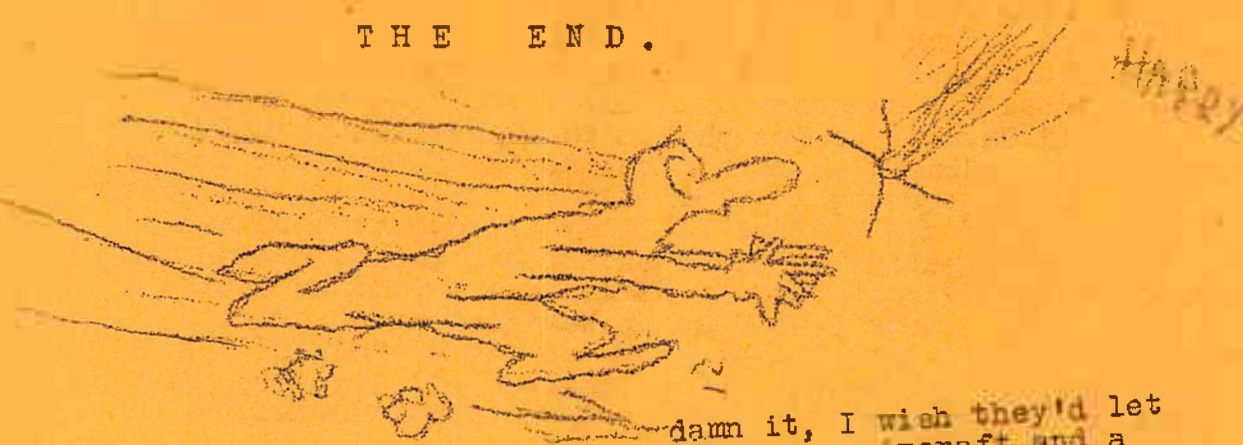
"Quick, into this building". He looked at her, smiled.

"No. Running is no use". Ella smiled, and took his hand - his purple-stained hand - in hers.

Walt noticed the movement. He jerked his rifle to his shoulder, his finger instinctively beg ining to tighten round the trigger. A moment passed, then another. Bob moved towards the fountain, Ella following him. Suddenly, on an impulse, he places both hands in the Spirit of Fandom. He saw the potent fluid eating away the purple ink-stains, wash them clean of his body. Ella saw this, and she moved up beside him and followed suit. Black mingled with purple and was washed away. Walt's finger eased off the trigger; the barrel wavered, drooped, until he dropped it all together. He came up to them. Bob smiled, "Come wash yourself".

And Walt too bathed his hands in the alcohol, the Spirit of Fandom, and they were as one. Fan War 2 had finished, and, arm in arm, one each side of Ella they walked confidently through the empty streets of London, into the setting sun.

T H E   E N D .



damn it, I wish they'd let  
me have an aircraft and a  
net like the other guys...



A SHORT EXTRACT FROM A LETTER I RECIEVED FROM

DICK SCHULTZ.

ON TWO RUSSIAN SOLIERS FOR WHOM HE HAS ADMIRATION.

First off, I must take you back to the summer of 1812. Or rather the early spring. Spring came early that year, and the superstitious peasants of northern Poland and the Duchy of Prussia said that that rent a fierce and early winter. But military minds have never befor bothered with the sayings of peasants, and military minds in that spring were worrying about another thing.

Napoleon's blockade of England wasn't succeeding half as well as he hoped, and he rightly blamed a large part of this on Russias and Swedens refusal to stop trading with Britain. Besides, Napoleon coveted the expanses and wealth of Russia, and was determined to get them some way or other.

And so, that year, the canals and rivers were full of craft bearing goods and supplies east, for the greatest campaign in all of history. A million men were traversing the roads of Europe, turning them into clouds of dust, since there hadn't been much rain that year. In the early days of his wars Napoleon had concentrated on speed and quality in his troops. He believed then, as now, that God was on the side of the biggest battalions, but before this date he had always made sure that he could concentrate his forces in detail, while the enemy had spread theirs out. His enemies had almost always before outnumbered him, tho' he had kept them divided. This time he intended to have the biggest battalions before. he even started his campaign. And so, on the road to Poznan, the Household Cavalry of Westphalia rode past the marching Grenadiers of Baden, while the 16 regiments of Prussian troops filed through Konigsberg on their way to Tilsit and the north. Viceroy Eugene of the Kingdom of Italy proudly watched his snappy regiments parade in their encampment in the Mausaurina lakes, while to the north Murats Neapolitians pitched their tents across the river from Russian Kovno. Tons of grain poured in daily to feed the cavalry legions of Poland( the Duchy of Warsaw) and France. A million men, all told, prepared to concentrate into three columns, their objectives, Moscow, St. Petersburg and Kiev.

McDonald, the renegade Scotsman who so ably defeated the Russians at Thorn by the simple process of forcing the enemy to remain in the field until superior forces arrived, was to command the force heading for St. Petersburg. And the smallest force was to attempt to take ~~Vilna~~, or failing that, head north to Smolensk.

On the other side of the Niemen the Russians weren't unaware of what was going on. It would have taken someone of pure imbecility to not to be able to figure out why Napoleon was drawing up men from all over Europe and dumping them in eastern Prussia and the northern flank of the Duchy of Warsaw. The trouble in Czar Alexander's camp started when Count Kozlov frankly told Alex that to attempt to fight it out with Napoleon would be pure suicide. No ifs and buts to this man. He simply walked up to Alex when he was having a discussion of policy in his tent outside Kovno. And told him in front of his whole staff that any plans to defend Vilna fortress and defeat Boney in the forests of the Vilna valley would be sure to result in the encirclement of the fortress and the subsequent destruction of Russia's hope: the entire Russian Army. This after his whole staff had gotten through telling him what a superb position they occupied at Vilna and how any Russian could handle four frogs, etc., The gist of the matter was, the other nobles, the young bloods of the General Staff (if such a loose conglomeration of generals could be so called) wanted to see the battles fought out here, on the frontier, where Russia would lose only a few paltry acres before driving Napoleon back across the Niemen. They visualised Napoleon attacking along a front separated by the Villya river into two parts. The Russians would wait until the French were close before falling upon one wing of the Army, mauling it, and then falling back to the fortresses to repeat the process when the French got reorganised and attacked once more, each time dealing Boney crippling blows with their magnificent Russian light infantry.

Kozlov simply stated that not even Nappy would be silly enough to split his forces between a hard-to-ford river, but would simply fan out on the south side of the river, drive the Russians into the fortress, and then cross the river to the east where innumerable fords abounded, thence to encircle and trap the entire Army.

Alex could have laughed at this old man with his sots nose and turned back to his younger generals, those more his own age, and who had beaten the Swedes in 1808, and the Turks in this very spring. But instead Alex turned to the very man who had had the gall to scoff at his love life,

....,and his manners, and asked him what he should do. Alexander, the Czar of all the Russias, was a real, red blooded M A N, in my books. Alex wound up giving practically full command of the field forces of all of Russia into Kozlov's hands, and he was to regret it not one single time. I doubt that Kozlov ever entertained that he would wind up dictating to the Czar, but when he found that Alex listened to what he was saying, and was acting accordingly, Kozlov became a humble man before his Czar, and was never heard to utter an unkind word about any of the Royal Family from that day until the day he died, when he said, "God Bless 'ALEXANDER'".

---

Jest one damn fang after another.....Brides of Drac.

---

Kozlov had had much experience in the gentle art of warfare, since the first day he had donned Catherine's uniform. He had helped the Prussians put down the unruly Poles in '94, had fought the Turks all up and down the Danube in the 1809 to 1812 campaigns, though the younger sprouts always seemed to bring home the victories, while all Kozlov brought back to his Czar was a record of many retreats and the province of Bessarabia, granted to Russia since the Turks were unable to dislodge Kozlov from Bulgaria no matter how many times he retreated. Kozlov had fumed in the Ministry while the fire blooded, by the simple trick of outnumbering the Swedes easily 20 to 1 in every battle, handily defeated the Swedish Army and forced the release of all Finland.

But this was a different battle brewing up. Napoleon was raising an army that would far outnumber Russia's, and would use it to beat the Russian army to pulp if they dared to stand and fight. His own estates lay around Moscow, and would most certainly be taken if Napoleon got that far, but he didn't care about that. He only saw Russia, nay, all Europe; on the edge of an abyss. An abyss from which Napoleon dominating Europe would surely rule the whole world. And he could not restrain himself, but had to honestly give his opinions of what sort of madness his fellow generals were literally dreaming up. And he did. And because he had to say what he did the world saw the eventual end of Napoleon. Not dying while in the Ruler's Seat of the Empire of the World, but on a small rock in the South Atlantic.

---

Fangs ain't like what they used to be..... Count Drac.

---



That man had Guts.

Eventually Napoleon got together some million troops, and with these moved across the Nieman in the dawn of June 24th, 1812. With this force at his disposal, Napoleon fanned out and prepared to engulf and surround the numerically inferior army of Czar Alexander. But his troops reached Vilna and occupied the fortress without having to use the thousands of batteries of cannon that would have made mince-meat out of any counter-attacking Russian Army. The Army of Russia had fled in an orderly manner to the East, taking with it all the food it could carry and leaving only burning villages and smoking grain fields. The 'burnt earth' policy was in effect.

Napoleon was peeved as he rode into the fortress of Vilna. His ego demanded a victory as surely as his Army demanded food, and women, and housing, in that order, loot being even more important than those. He needed to meet the Russians in open combat to prove to himself that he was better than these bearded Russians.

To the North, McDonald crossed over the Nieman at Tilsit, at the very banks from which Napoleon and Alexander had been poled out to the raft in the centre of the river in 1807. And had granted Napoleon the right to conduct Europe as he saw fit. A treaty forced on Russia by the simple fact that its armies had been nearly annihilated at Eylau and Friedland.

---

We thought, for a while, that Andy Main might be Santa Clause..

---

McDonald was a canny man. He knew he didn't have enough troops to force a route across the Duna, so he intended to capture Riga before the Russians were prepared and then drive on to Pskov and St. Petersburg from there. And he almost succeeded. But Kozlov had suggested that the forces in the north be concentrated at Riga and Dunaberg. Thus, when McDonald's cavalry screen showed up before Riga in the late hours of June 29th, the city was in a condition to meet the French. McDonald tried to get across the Duna at the mouth of the river, some three times in the next three nights, but each time they were stopped before they could even land. McDonald then reluctantly tried to force the Russians out of Riga, since he did not dare leave the Russians at his rear in an attempt to cross the river higher up. Trenches were quickly dug around the suburbs and the slow business of Siege began, complete with raid and counter raid and bombardment. McDonald had easily double the artillery of the Russians at this point, but little good it did him, since the Russians blissfully sat

in their cellars and trenches while the French blasted the suburbs and the city to kingdom come. Eventually the twin foes of guerilla activity throughout all of Lithuania and Latvija (no typo, thats the right way to spell it) and the fierce Russian winter forced McDonald to withdraw from his ring around Riga, foray across the river, upstream somewhat, and then retreat back to his base in Tilsit, having to pull guerillas out of his hide every step of the way. Even despite the wholesale desertion of whole regiments of his Prussian forces to the Russians on his way back, McDonald came out of the campaign in much better shape than Napoleon himself.

---

and of course we know for sure that Atom isn't Santa Claus...

---

But before we get back to the two main protagonists let's stop momentarily with the miniscule southern force, under, I believe, Messenna. They struck out for the east from Brest, got as far as Slonim and the Pinsk area, (And it's swamps) and then pulled back to Brest, glad to be out of some of the most unprepossessing terrain in the world. Not without losses either, most of which came from being in the middle of a huge marsh when the first snows fell. Their boots rotted out from the ice caked water after the first hundred miles back to Slonim. It must have been hell. But so few came back from that southern force that we know almost nothing about the expedition.

---

What do you mean, like Santa Claus, one of the Ghods of Fandom?.

---

Nappy meanwhile was heading east, to engage the Russian Army. It was hardly noticeable at first, but Napoleons army gradually melted away into garrisons and bases and depots in the wake of his advance. The further from Kvonno he got, the more the peasants raided his supply trains, and the larger the forces he had to leave to protect his rear bases and supplies. While before him Kozlov kept his forces intact, and did not rush to the aid of any other force crying for help. The commander of Smolensk fortress was given orders to hold out and live off the huge supplies inside the fortress, destroying the rest when he surrendered, if he had to do so.

And Kozlov moved off towards Moscow, ever the carrot in front of the labouring donkey. Every regiment still with him that he started out with, ready and poised to strike back when Kozlov decided the time was ripe. Vitebsk fell, and Nappy rolled on to Smolensk. He first issued a surrender order to the commander, then arranged his troops in front of Smolensk, ready to deal Kozlov a crushing blow when he lunged to save it.

He then opened one of the greatest single mass bombardments ever seen by man up to that time. After two days of this sort of treatment the commander set fire to the great stores inside the city (and a little bit of the town too, accidentally though.) and surrendered to Napoleon. Kozlov never showed up.

He had more important things on his mind. Alexander was being forced by the nobles to make a fight to save Moscow. And he had to settle that sort of nonsense quickly. He must have known, as soon as he stepped into the room with Alexander, that matters had changed at court, for it is recorded that he merely asked his Czar's pleasure, and was told about the decision to defend Moscow. He kept a straight face, most likely, when in front of the Czar, but he blew his top when he got amongst his fellow officers, calling them imbeciles and idiots. He rightly blamed a good part of the pressure that made the Czar take command of the army again, on them, but he should also have blamed the thousand and one nobles at the court who were in no hurry to see Napoleons legions occupying their lovely villas and dachas in Moscow and it's suburbs.

---

and she carries this cat-'o-nine-tails, the one with the staples

---

Now Moscow, in case you don't know it, is in a sort of low bowl surrounded by a ring of hill on most sides, and in that way by forests too. So, to adequately defend Moscow, the battle to decide it's fate had to be fought out on the hills around it. And Borodino was selected by Kozlov, and Alex again let Kozlov help him, when Kozlov had calmed down. This old man never combed his hair, but he knew a good position when he saw it. He had selected it some time ago, if he should decide to fight Napoleon before Moscow. And he knew that Napoleon would run to the fight if he, Kozlov, were to stand in one place. And so he prepared his forces, and dug them in as well as he could, and waited.

Borodino stands on the rim of the hills around Moscow, and as such the area to the west of Borodino rises to the town and hills. To cross over to the Russian side Napoleon would have to move across the floor of the valley then charge up the hills against the implaced Russian infantry and artillery. It was a very good position. But Kozlov was still outnumbered and had no desire to fight it out on this line. Sooooo.. in all the bustle of preparing the positions, Kozlov prepared the roads behind him for the burden of carrying an army in flight. He was later to thank his lucky stars that he had prepared these roads, and egress points for his forces.



As Kozlov had propheisied, Napoleon came arunning, scarcely daring to believe that Kozlov had finally dared to stop and fight. But he didn't outnumber the Russians by three or four to one this time. He had left many thousands of troops behind him to guard his rear ~~from~~ the ever increasing attacks of the peasants and the cossak cavalry that Kozlov had left to harry his flanks. The scorched earth policy was paying dividends now. True, the ground was just barely singed in spots, but the policy kept Napoleon from relying on the countryside to feed his troops. If he sent a small force afield to hunt for forage, they either never came back, or an officers head would be tossed at a column as they passed through a forest. Snipers learned to identify the officers. Large groups moved too slowly to catch up with the fleeing Russian peasants and the food and livestock they took with them. And the cavalry was too busy protecting the front of the army to spend itself chasing hither and yon, searching for food here, snipers there, cossaks somewhere else again. In short, Nappy could not execute the grand enflanking movement he would have liked to. There would be no Cannae at Borodino. Only a frontal assault, where Napoleons greater numbers and willingness to pay the piper for each foot of ground would win the day.

---

in that case, (triumphantly), who the heck is Father Christmass

---

You've probably seen the Hollywood version of 'War and Peace', and saw the battlefield of Borodino as portrayed therein. While the hills weren't quite that steep and there were half a million men and more locked in battle to the paltry few thousand on the screen, it was remarkably accurate. The way the troops marched up to the Russians guns was a little far fetched tho'. Can you imagine any regiment marching through a vally, small stream, and a forest, and coming out in the straight lines shown there?. Of course not.

But once before the positions, down in the valley, the French generally called recall and assembly, and reformed their lines, attempting generally to attack in as straight a line as possible. All this time, while the French marched into the valley and reformed, the French guns were plastering the Russian positions with an artillery barrage of the like that had only been heralded at Smolensk. Of course the Russians tried to shake up the French by shooting into the valley whenever they could see a face, but generally it was a rather one sided duel, of the type that Fredrick the Great loved.

Then the French charged into the inferno.

And thirty thousand of them never left the battlefield, and the hospitals all the way back to Konigsberg were overflowing with sick and maimed from that one battle. The Russians lost nearly as many, most of their dead coming from when the French cavalry over-ran the field and killed many of the Russians in their redoubts and trenches.

Napoleon counted it as a victory because he occupied the battlefield. But actually, despite the razing of much of the works by the cavalry (many of which were cut off and perished in their turn) the whole battle was a draw.

Kozlov prevailed on Alex that this battle proved that Kozlov didn't have the forces to charge into those dreadful ranks of massed French cannon, and Napoleon would eventually pierce the positions at whatever the cost, and maybe might wipe out the entire Army once the line was breached, even if the disaster did not turn out quite so bad as this they would surely lose a goodly portion of the Army when such an event took place. Alex acceded to reason and allowed Kozlov to retreat, and to abandon Moscow. Kozlov got back command of the Russian Armies.

Napoleon entered Moscow, expecting not the burghers of the city, who surrendered the city without a shot, but a delegation from Alexander asking for his terms of surrender. Napoleon, luckily for him, didn't hold his breath waiting for such a surrender delegation to arrive.

Napoleon must have felt shaky in Moscows Kremlin, knowing that Kozlov was waiting up on the hills back of Moscow. Waiting for a wrong move. And then the fires started.

I myself think the fires were started on Kozlov's orders, and that he had prepared great stores of inflammable liquid for just such a use. Evidently the Molotov cocktail antedated Molotov.

Things looked black for Napoleon. He had never let his generals; Murat, Ney, and the rest, think for themselves, and now he found that he had to make a decision for himself that only he could make. McDonald was halted at Riga and was not about to breach the Riga defences. The southern force was slogging through the marshes of White Russia, and could never get to his aid at this late date. And then there was Kozlov waiting out there in the woods. The suburbs were being constantly raided. The city was burning down about his ears, tho' the fires would have to go totally unchecked for a month to even start to reduce the number of residences that the French army could spend the winter in. Food was another matter. His lines stretched from Moscow to

the river Niemen. Garrisoned by stations at every village it still wasn't enough to supply him with the goods of war or even survival. And Kozlov sat out there, with more men at his disposal now than he had had when Napoleon crossed the Niemen with a million soldiers by his side.

Kozlov waited for Napoleon to come up with the decision that he must, for Kozlov could see himself waiting Napoleon out for the whole winter. For when spring came, Boney's troops would be half starved. Those that starvation the guerrillas, his cavalymen and the fires didn't finish off first. Europe would be in revolt after such a long period without the personal guidance of Boney's own hand. Sweden had already betrayed him, and Ferdinand of Austria was preparing to go to war against France again with the coming of spring. And if Napoleon wasn't there to guide France she would surely lose.

Wellington had captured Valencia, in Spain, and Naples was in an uneasy neutrality. Time was on Kozlov's side, if Napoleon chose to wait out the winter in Moscow's cosy beds. But if Nappy could make it back to Prussia before the winter started.....!. Napoleon, as you know, didn't quite make it.

First he was forced from taking a southerly route by the whole of Kozlov's army at Maycyaroslavets. (which was by the way the closest Hitler ever got to Moscow)

Not willing to pay for Borodino at this stage Napoleon retraced his route back to Borodino again. And had to skirt the battlefield for the smell of the still unburied 60,000 corpses still laying about there. Not even the wolves had been able to handle those many bodies. When an American group visited the field during WWII they could still find skulls and weapons merely by brushing aside the undergrowth.

Then the snows fell.

The disasters at the Dniester, the Vop, the Beresinia I need not outline for you, save to say that it was the same at each crossing of those swollen, ice choked rivers. There weren't enough bridges, if there were any at all, and they died like flies on every step of the way. It was a disaster but rarely equalled in the history of modern warfare. And Kozlov burrowed in for the kill all the way. He hung on to Napoleons rear right the way to the Prussian border, and kept Nappy from ever retreating in an orderly manner. He cut out whole regiments during that retreat and destroyed them to the last man. He destroyed the flower of the French Army, of French dominated Europe, and he paved the way for the entrance of the Russian armies as surely as if he'd paved



the way literally with bricks himself. Too bad he took sick and was removed from command. Russia won, he lived to see that, and he lived to see Napoleon defeated a second time, and passed on knowing he had fulfilled his purpose.

Much of this you probably knew already, but maybe not in the light of viewing Kozlov working against great odds, and sticking to his purposes because he could see that they were right.

True, Alexander was directly responsible for putting Kozlov into a position where he could implement his wishes, but it took Kozlov to say nay to the Czar and win a war by doing so. Now do you see why I admire that wine besotted, stubborn, brilliant old man?.

end of part one.

---

This being the end of Les Spinge 5  
I'll take the opportunity presented by this half stencil  
to write that this was a CRINGEBINDER PRODUCTION.

and as such, letters of comment, trades, material(?)  
and even subs should be sent to me at,

Ken Cheslin, 18, New Farm Road,  
Stourbridge, Worcestershire, England,

if you happen to be an amerifan or canadifan then  
you may (excited giggles) send money ( 15 cents per ish)  
to one,

Don Durward, 6033, Garth Avenue, Los Angeles 56,  
California 90044 er, U S A.

tho' of course everything else( barring bombs) should  
still be sent direct to me.

---

as quite a number of people seem  
to be doing it here be a few words on the policy of this,  
er, this publication... I haven't got one. I print what I like  
farewell till no. 4.  
yourd ken cheslin, sado.

page.....fortythree.

# a sort of notice

to youngfen.

A little over a year ago, Whitsun 1959, Jhim Linwood, Brian Jorden & Alan Rispin held a sort of minicon. At that time these three constituted 3/4 of the BSFA active A-members. The odd 1/4 being Ivor Mayne.

A great bull session ensued the upshot of which was a decision to dig out and correspond with any fen of 25 years old and under. At the same time a letter was sent to Peter Hamilton requesting publicity in NEBULA in the hopes of finding more youngfen.

Pete was more than helpful saying words to the effect that the contact group was a good idea and would be good for fandom if it attracted new blood. He also said that he'd print the letter and was talking too of letting them have free advertising space in Neb.. Alas NEBULA folded before anything came of it.

Brian Jorden moved to Sheffield and had to cut down on fanac because of his university work. Doc Weir, (BSFA secretary at the time) was very helpful but his unfortunate illness soon put a stop to that. While his successor, Sandra Hall was in office Jhim heard nothing, and references to the scheme vanished from VECTOR.

Meanwhile they struggled on, writing to other youngfen throughout fandom, even sent out a sort of poll amongst the same.

With the '60 con and the BSFA elections they tried again, Ella Parker and Jimmy Groves saw to it that the scheme was revived and within a couple of weeks 4 new lads answered them. At the Whitsun minicon at Kettering Ella suggested that they obtain a plug in as many fanzines as possible tho' the snag was that would only be seen by youngfen all ready known to them, maybe the forthcoming ad., in Ken Slaters catalogue will help. An advert in New Worlds was also suggested, but one problem still hasn't been solved, what to call the group of youngfen.

page.....fortyfour.

also discussed was Jordan's idea of a youngfan APA. And again they thought maybe a sort of official organ, or a combozine might be better, this too hasn't yet been sorted out.

The original scheme of Brian, Alan & Jhim was a contact bureau, welcoming new BSFA A-members and has been worked along these lines for a year now. Due to the gratifying response Alan & Jhim are seriously thinking of reorganising the policy for the group. What is needed, Jhim says, is an organisation to encompass the many young readers of S/F who cannot afford to entre into fanac (the average schoolboy gets only 5/- a week pocket money) and readers who are ignorant of fandom. Both Alan and Jhim are "repulsed by the thought of anything organised with committees, fees, and such, so far we've managed with our semi-anarchistic setup and feel we can continue this way. Fees are both pointless and dishonest, apart from the fact that both Alan and myself are both minors, and are therefore prevented by law from forming a fee-paying club".

They say that the group will be devoted for some time to the contacting of Youngfens, and putting them in contact with nearby fans, (if any), As time rolls on they hope to get the combozine out too.

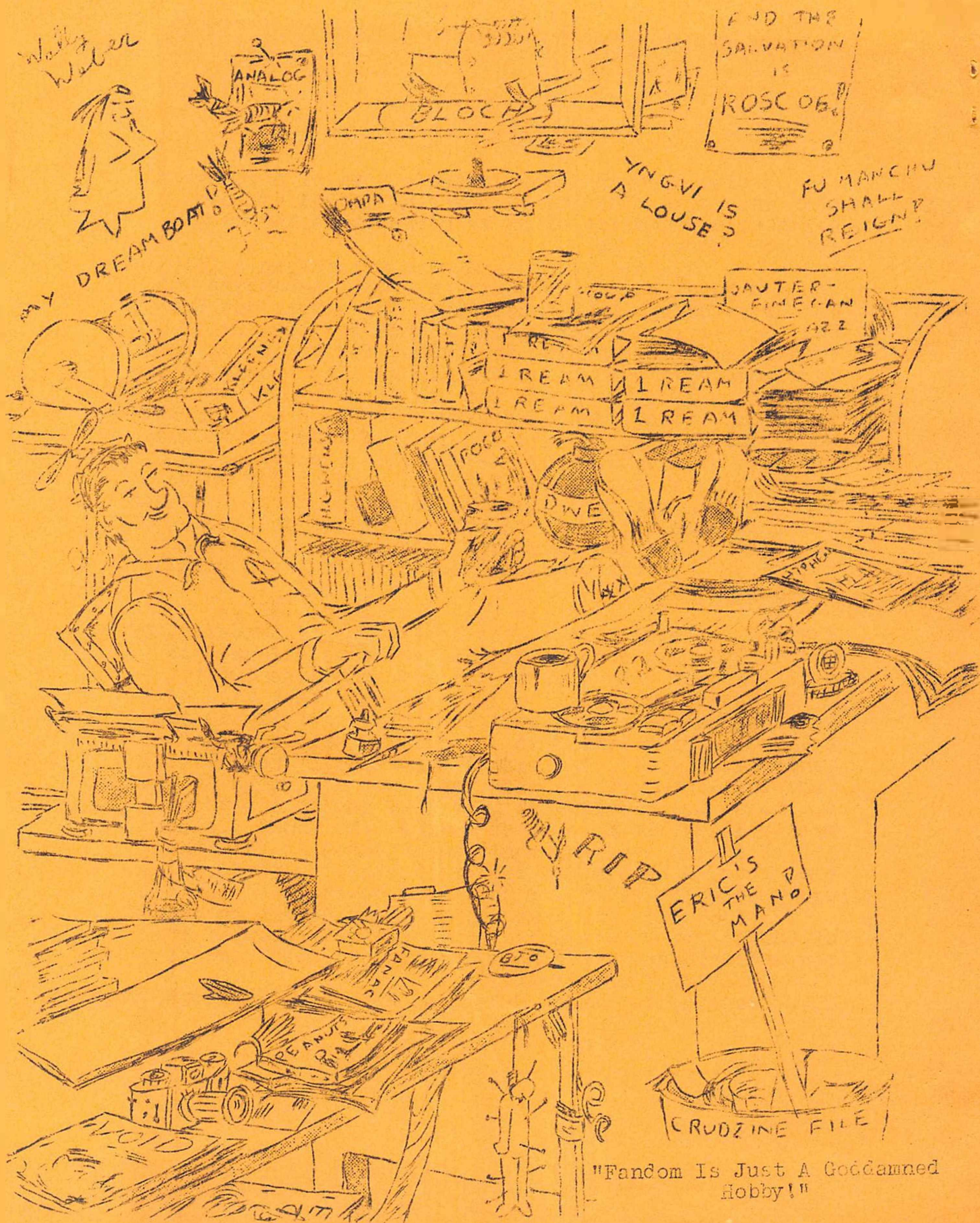
Quotes "Somebody will undoubtedly say that this sort of thing has been done well enough by individuals, and not by organisations. More cynical fen will say "who wants new blood?". Individual fans usually have little time for discovering newfen, those who do manage it give the newcommer the initial push into fandom and then mostly leave him to sink or swim as the Gods decide. And of course everyfan can't be expected to find the time between letter hacking and publishing to search every possible alley for the would-be-fan."

Thus ends the part article, part advert on behalf of the as yet un-named Youngfans contact group, if you are under 25, and not a hoax, and wish to know more of this then I advise you to write to.  
Jhim Linwood, 10, Meadow Cottages, Nethersfield, Notts., England.

f i n.

page.....fortyfive





Wally Water

ANALOG

BLOCH

AND THE  
SALVATION  
IS  
ROSCOE

YINGVI IS  
A LOUSE?

FU MANCHU  
SHALL  
REIGN?

MY DREAM BOAT

JANTER-  
FINECAN

I REAM I REAM  
I REAM I REAM

DWE

RIP

ERIC IS  
THE MAND

CRUDZINE FILE

"Fandom Is Just A Goddamned  
Hobby!"