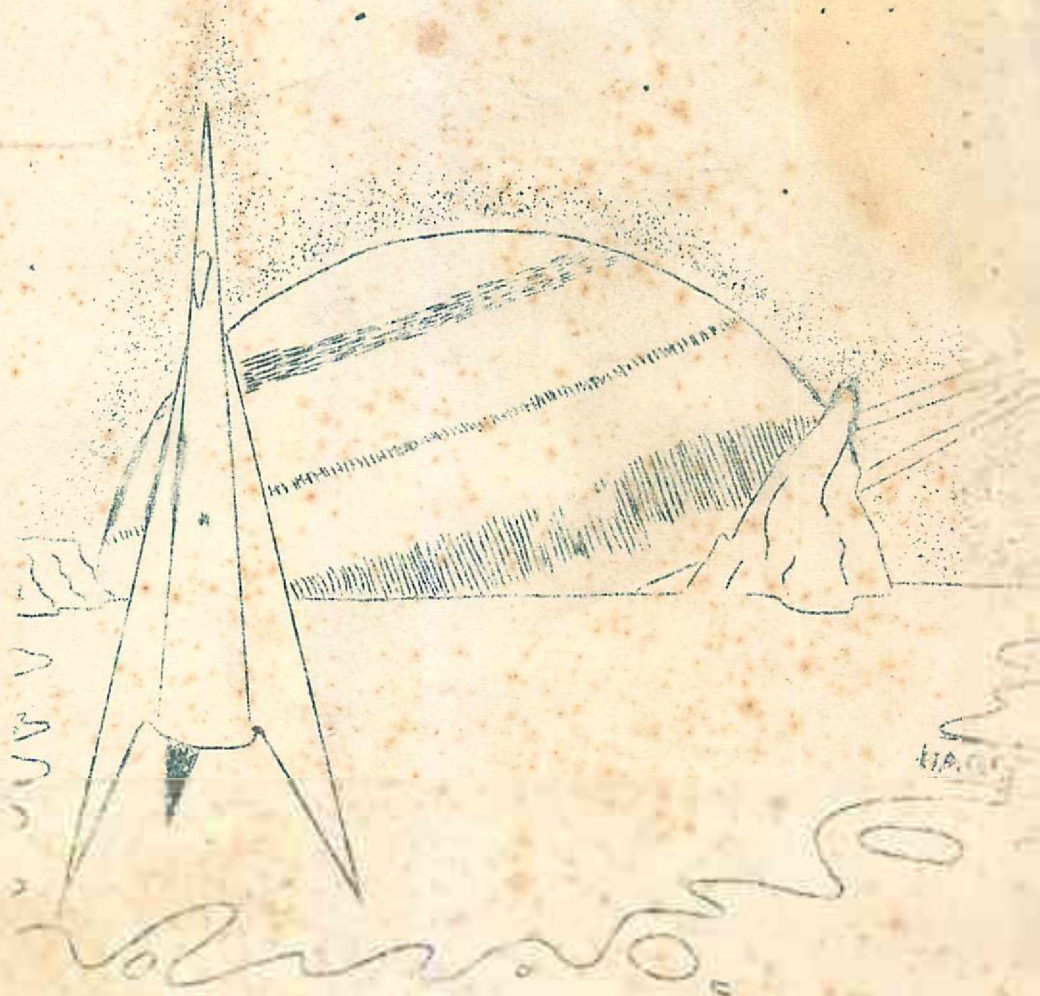


ESPRESSO

NO: \*  
FIVE



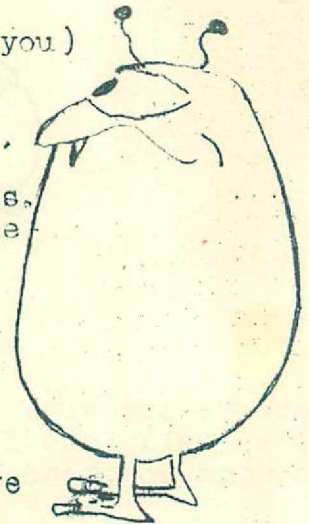


This is LES SPINCE No.5. and (God help you)  
 it is a CRINGEBINDER PUBLICATION....from  
 K M P Cheslin, 18, New Farm Road, Stourbridge,  
 Worcestershire, England.....LeOO, Trades, Material,  
 (Yus, especially material) and subs...subs are  
 1/- per...but I much prefer one of the alterates.

Chief Assiatant this issue was Dave J Hale  
 ...he did most of the stencils and cut all  
 the illos....come to think of it, if he hadn't  
 nagged me into it there may well have been no  
 Spings 5 for weeks and weeks yet (fanac y'know).

Dick Schultz, (our non-apearing art-editor)  
 is....not apearing in this issue...due to  
 various things...like he just pubced SATHANAS  
 and mebbe has yet to recover...sides, Dick & Dave  
 allow me to introduce Craig Cochran...another  
 un-present editor...our Indian Agent, Destert Survival,  
 Cacti, and refuse disposal expert....as I said, he's not  
 here either....strange 'in it, ay?

LES SPINCE...the wild, abandoned fanzine...Ron Bennett sez.



### R-E C I P E

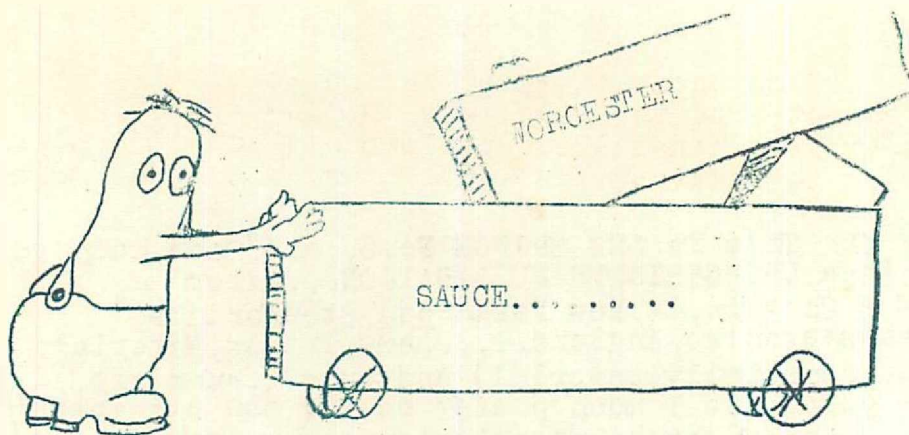
Cover.....Harry Douthwaite.  
 Editorial.....ken cheslin... (why, thats me)....p.2, 3, 4.  
 A Letter From Geomet.....p.5, 6, 7, & 8.....George Metzger  
 Its Snow Good.....p.9, 10 & 11.....Mike Deckinger  
 Sundry Things.....p.12.....Kmpc.  
 Hale & Fatewall.....p.13, 14, 15, & 16.....Dave J Hale  
 Big Illo.....p.17.....John Curtis  
 Apathy is not Neutral.....p.18, & 19.....Jhim Linwood  
 I Wuz There With 4D Jones.....20, 21, 22, & 23.....Alan Dodd  
 Fanalitic Eye.....p.24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, & 30.....Jhim Linwood  
 Tribulation.....p.31.....Us.  
 Bacover.....Curtis.

### Art Creditis,...

Harry Douthwaite..Tcover, George Metzger.p.5, 6, 8 (top), & 24.  
 David Bashford.9, 11, 18 & 19. John Curtis.p.14, 17, 20, 21, 23 &  
 27, 28, & bacover. Jeeves.p.25, & 2...Trina.p.26. Toni.p.29. & 31.

And may the Lord Have Mercy on us says Dave.





a sort of editorial.

Well Hello,  
and all that.

here we are with another Spinge, Christmass is way behind us and we're well into 1961, with the BSFA Sponsored LXIcon rapidly looming up ahead of us...ah, how time flies, er, flys. (weeel).

1961, 1961...how curious that sounds...I'm reminded, when I murmur (or mutter, or think, etc.,) it of the number of S/F stories that have been set in or around this year, I don't mean stories that have been written in the last five years or so, I mean those stories from 'way back, when all the pros (and fans) adored Science in their S/F, and everyone, well, nearly everyone, was writing about the world of the future, to them; -1961.

And when I think of it I try to compare the fiction to the reality, and of course, as there were so many predictions, a few of them came true...and again, the fact is at least as surprising as most of the fiction was...for an instance, just one, the "world wide Zeppelin service" of fiction is outdone by the modern jet airliner...

Stranger than fiction, well, lets say, Stranger than a lot of our fiction...thats 1961.

As surprising as much of the fiction....this is the year when Russia slung 6+ TONS of satellite into orbit, the year the British Commonwealth, after much, (to my mind) foolish dithering finally got around to launching its own satellite programme, the year a Catholic became President of the United States, (lets hope he doesn't revive the Inquisition) (poor joke, sorry)... the year the states hope to put a human into orbit...

This is also the year, or one of them, when hundreds, mabbe thousands, of poor perishing Gongolese died, and will die, of starvation, in spite of several coutries having so much surplus grain that it has to be burnt.

And the year, also, when man could take the damn, stupid step out into the galaxy by gaining a foot on our moon, and the year a handful of people could consign the whole damn lot of us to hell-and-gone, just by pushing a button.

Ah, well, I guess fandom is as aware of all this as KMP Cheslin, would-be world citizen, so I'll get rid of him and revert to Ken the Cheslin, fan at large.

(this is an editorial?)

Like, HELP... I know you shaver are usually a pretty lazy lot but if one or two of you do decide to write I'd like some information... please.

Can any of you tell me of a fmz or a fanzine column called PIPEDREAM ?. To tell the truth I'm not at all sure that such a title exists, or has existed, but I've come across the name somewhere and now it'll keep buzzing around my head until I find out something about it..

(this looks more and more like an agony column)

and then, Mary Ann Shelly, inventor, or wot-not of Frankenstein and his monster... Frankenstein's Monster is a bit long to keep typing out all the time, not that I make a habit of typing "Frankenstein's Monster" you understand, but in the interests of those who do... type out "Frankenstein's Monster" all day, or something, I'd like to know if, er, the aforesaid Monster ever got hisself a name.

I mean, a proper name. Its easy enough to shorten it by just using the initials, FM, but I fear that then poor old "Frankenstein's Monster" will be getting confused with an American promag of the same initials, which of course would never do.

(a certain pro turned fan has a promag of the same initials, does anyone know if this particular monster ....)

(you've gone and mixed things up again... Ghod, I know, aint it hell eh?, aint it).

ho, hum. Can anyone recommend any good books about North American Indians?... factual books preferred, but a decent fiction is quite acceptable too.... I'd prefer histories, the Indians own myths and legends or accounts of prehistoric North America.

Also, while I have FANCY 11, and am trying to get the GPO to let me send for THE IMMORTAL STORM, theres many a book, work, in a similar vein that I'd like to get hold of, like "THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR" and "THE NEOFANS GUIDE". If anyone can tell me what to get, and how and where to get it, I'd be most grateful..

There is, as you've probably noticed, a fanzine review col., elsewhere in Spinge, but one particular fmz that I got Jhum didn't get apparantly, and that is SATHANAS, no.

the first fanzine from Dick, (RIP) Schull, 19720, Detroit 34, Michigan, USA.

(um...me being named (ta Dick) as British agent, subs trades, LsOC....subs 1/- per.

This, for a first effort, is Great.... (if it had been a 2nd, 3rd etc issue it would still rate high. And it contains material by Lichtman, Deckinger, Jeeves (astronomy for the under-5s) and, my favourite, one of Berrys' Coon stories, this one is called "The Sitting Duck"...I recommend this as a very decent zine of the Retribution/Bastion (nee! Triode) school. I WASHED MY DUPER IN FAIRY SNOW.....its so kind to the fans....

Aye, tis true...the old ink pad had gotten itself well gummed up, and I didn't know what sort of stuff to buy to clean it with....so I detached the drum and soaked it, and scrubbed it in warm soapy water for hours and hours.....I got all green and wet and made an awful mess in the kitchen...but I did get it fairly clean eventually.

Yup, the old duper seems to be working pretty well of late, I think its 'cause I cleaned it so good...Dave thinks its because everytime the duper starts acting up we threaten to send it to Auntie Ella.....not that Ella needs another duper, Dave says she has 3 captive Dupers as it is. Goshwow, imagine that, three dupers...

For no good reason...did anyone see Kingsley Amis on the TV sometime during the 3rd week of Feb;?....

Sigh...woe is me. I did so intend to write a nice, long, interesting editorial this time.

As it is this will be just the usual crazy thing. Ah, that reminds me, talking of crazy things, Dave and I had a visit from Jhim Linwood a few weeks ago, and about a week after that a Bearded Rispin came along for a weekend...we managed to get rid of them after just a couple of days....but they'll be back, with reinforcements soon. To celebrate the collateing of Spinge 5 they say...a job which Dave is doing right now, (we are waiting for this editorial and a contents page)...very cunning method our Dave has...he takes a bundle of a hundred odd pages and marches up and down the stairs, around and around the house, plonking pages everywhere...heaven help me if my relatives come home early, the whole house looks as if its been caught up in a "deposit your litter here" drive.

And, I've found out that the story that "Yngvi is a louse" occurs in is "The Incomplete Enchanter", (de Camp & Fletcher Pratt). Which won't be news to most of you I suppose, but, heck, I didn't know so some of the other neos won't know either.

Well, must get on with the collateing and type out the contents page...for nowmfarewell,

yours,

ixiconventionall, ('tis the season).

Ken the Cheslin.

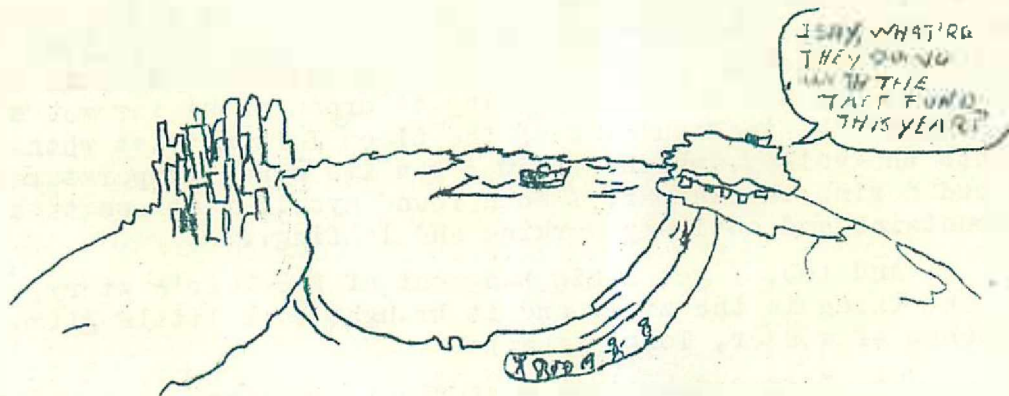


Following what little editorial policy we have Ken's decided to put this letter of George Metzger's into an article. As for illos, who has tried to stencil George's illos will appreciate the mess going to make of them. Sorry George...dave  
And so to begin with a form of address.....

**KEN**

with the day nearly put to rest, with sibling rivalries taking a breather, with rauctious folk record on to drown out the dronning Westerns from the sleeples tv, with conscience in hand (ik, whatta mess) I'm finally going to up and write out a letter. I guess I pretty much have to: the envelope's already addressed.

I'm afraid getting around to commenting on Les Spinge is not so easy. On reading what few fanzines I do nowadays I realize I've lost track of a lot in a little over a year...there's whole groups of promising newfen that have come up in my gafiations. Why I don't even have the faintest idea who Tikki Hall is. However I deduce that she is feminine (very). Back in '58 and for a time afterwards I dug all inner aspects of fandom and the edge of my mind was keen to catch all ramifications. But since then I've been waylaid by minor things like working...working in remote places, that is..( Like Coyote Gap--try'n find that on a map! ) and spending money, and wenching and watching the hiways flow under my feet, and getting back into college....and...



...oh..and dragging on and getting away from the subject...and the subject originally was Les Spinge. The fourth issue just got stuffed into the mailbox this afternoon, and I pretty promptly read it and liked it and felt it deserved a note and so grabbed an envelope and knocked off your address on it..uh...about the... ..in case you don't know I kind of have a fetish about doodling over them...I dunno if this one is fantasy 'r what, and tho poorly composed, it does brighten up many a postman's day..



...meanwhile, bak at the orgy, may I begin by saying I like the RIPPING illos and the sense of humour that Shultz has. Rorl Faulkner's piece was fair writing and tho not greatly revealing, did help my cutiosity out a bit. However, it did do me a bit of remenicizing...I've had my share of a "little hideaway" away from the "tempo of civilisation"..this was up at this Coyote Gap abomity. It was relaxing after a day of hard work to fall back to the house trailer and heat up a mass of pork chops and off foo young and macaroni, and then get in some long neglected reading and typewriter pounding and a few oils ..but after a time this serenity began to pall. For one thingeverything was 99 percent red dust. You found it in your food and your drink in your armpits, and as the U.S. Forestry did not provide us with the best of living quarters (well, I had a 30something ft housetrailer

all to myself for a time, but the other crew had a drafty rocky floored shack) keeping the dust out was next to impossible...and too, after a while the loneliness of it all began to get to you...I remember how one guy, a member of the fire crew (which never worked) who after aroundtwo or more months there got to the point when whenever he watched tv and saw a girl doing a commercial, he would start to bang his head against the wall next to his cot. And one night he got the chance of coming down to civilisation: five of us struck off in a car for the nearest town and went to a drive-in movie. The movie was bad. But what I noticed were the reactions of my companions to the sight of girls. The damn place was FULL of this teenage stuff running around from car to car. The kid had practically to be restrained by force to stay in the car, and fairly foamed at the mouth. And yet, there was not one goodlooking girl in that whole lot. Sheest, I never saw so many ugly looking pigs in me life before. But for him it was something to dream about for weeks to come. But despite the inadequacies of the place I found that whenever I came down into the valley, which at times ran its usual temperature of near a hundred during the summer, I soon found myself restless to be back up in the mountains and actively working and loafing...

And too, I got a big bang out of Doc Weir's story, easily the best thing in the zine, and it brought back little glimmers of the old sense of wonder, long jaded.

Me, I find Schultz's historical excerpts interesting, as I usually seem to do with all history. If you want to print more go ahead as far as I'm concerned...

And good fanzine reviews, reflecting, it seems, this new "generation" of fen springing up..hell. It wasn't long ago that people didn't think fandom was attracting any new fans, Tsk. (Vert sounded like something I would have been able to clutter up a couple of pages of dreary writing on, for while I don't know a damned thing about ~~ANY~~ young men I've been exposed to conglomerations of mold-form people with an oh-but-you-must-dig-me-I'm-a-beatnik attitude; people with whom I've always felt that I had to act out a part to fit in, rather than be me. But I've managed to avoid many of them for a long time, and it doesn't reduce their numbers, running around claiming to be beats(Kerouac orie)...



...despite that his heyday was back in the 40's and early 50's. God. Strangely I note that in Kerouac's latest "book" he refers to himself and his friends as "beatniks", tho it is supposed to be ~~him~~ to put down the use of the phrase among "real Beats". Very confusing. and enough to drive me to reading sercon fanzines again.( again ? )

A fair but too short letter column and well here is Wend morning and I've been dynamiting my way thru the clutter in my pad and came across a copy of Les Spinge 3, and inserted into it were some sheets of doodles, which I recall were the start of a LoC on 3, so I'll slip 'n in along with this tho they arn't much. I'll dripplle out a few more illos on 'm t hide the blank spaces and then let you worry about them.

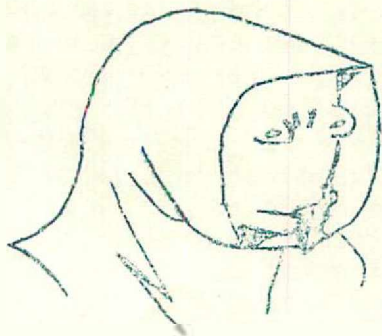
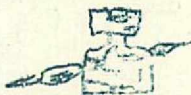
Right off I suppose the thing that caught my attention about 3 was the ft. and bk. covers which were real swinging and fannish as all hell and you already know that, judging by the letters in 4. In fact, 3 was a better issue than 4, and here I am reading it all over again instead of writing all this...he..he, the SADO history sure has its moments... Nat. Soc for the Abolition of Life is good. Or how about for the Abolition of Civilisation? Naw, not so good, I remember (look out, here I go again) a few years ago when I was running around the Mother Lode country with these two chicks in this car and we had a sign stuck up on the front window reading morbidly: let's castrate Castro for fun and profit. Fortunately we didn't meet many other people. And on several other occasions we've done about the same..on a sudden trip to Oregon we had a car decorated with signs and such in shoe polish (black on a yellow car) like TROOP 40 RACING TEAM (we actually won the drag that night this side of the border, doing 80 over an unfamiliar road in some pretty thick fog) and TO ENIL WITH CALIFORNIA which cost us two near rumbles, but we outran them (in one case they had a faster car, but it was so full of kids they couldn't get off good, and anyway we ran off to a buddy's place and he strutted around his yard with a rifle and we never had any trouble)...on another trip just a few months ago we ran back to Oregon (to see Lars Bourne, who was a fan once upon a time) and we painted up the car which was a Ford station wagon with wood panel doors. We had all kind of junk on it, but the important piece was a calendar girl type..on one side we had a front view with a thin bikini, and on the other side in the opposite panel we had the back view. On a multi-laned freeway we'd have people practically driving in circles all around us so they could see a good look...and also we were wearing sweatshirts the backs of which'd been decorated up in the best of hotroddingdom's traditions (the mine had berkeleyFandom symbolization) and this shook up the people in the restaurants and so on...and on a trip to far far Southern Calif we had another car all decorated up (even to the top of the roof ( for truckers )) and we caught a lot of college kids going home for the holidays and they dug it. But the ones who interested us a car full of girls, had a mill that easily beat out ours and so we merely cruized along and let the peasants gawk, till finally some gungie college boys pulled alongside of us, and the extent of our conversation was that they wanted to do it too, so our driver passed 'em in shoe polish while we were whipping along at some excessive speed. But we never saw them again. And in all of this we never had troubles with the police.

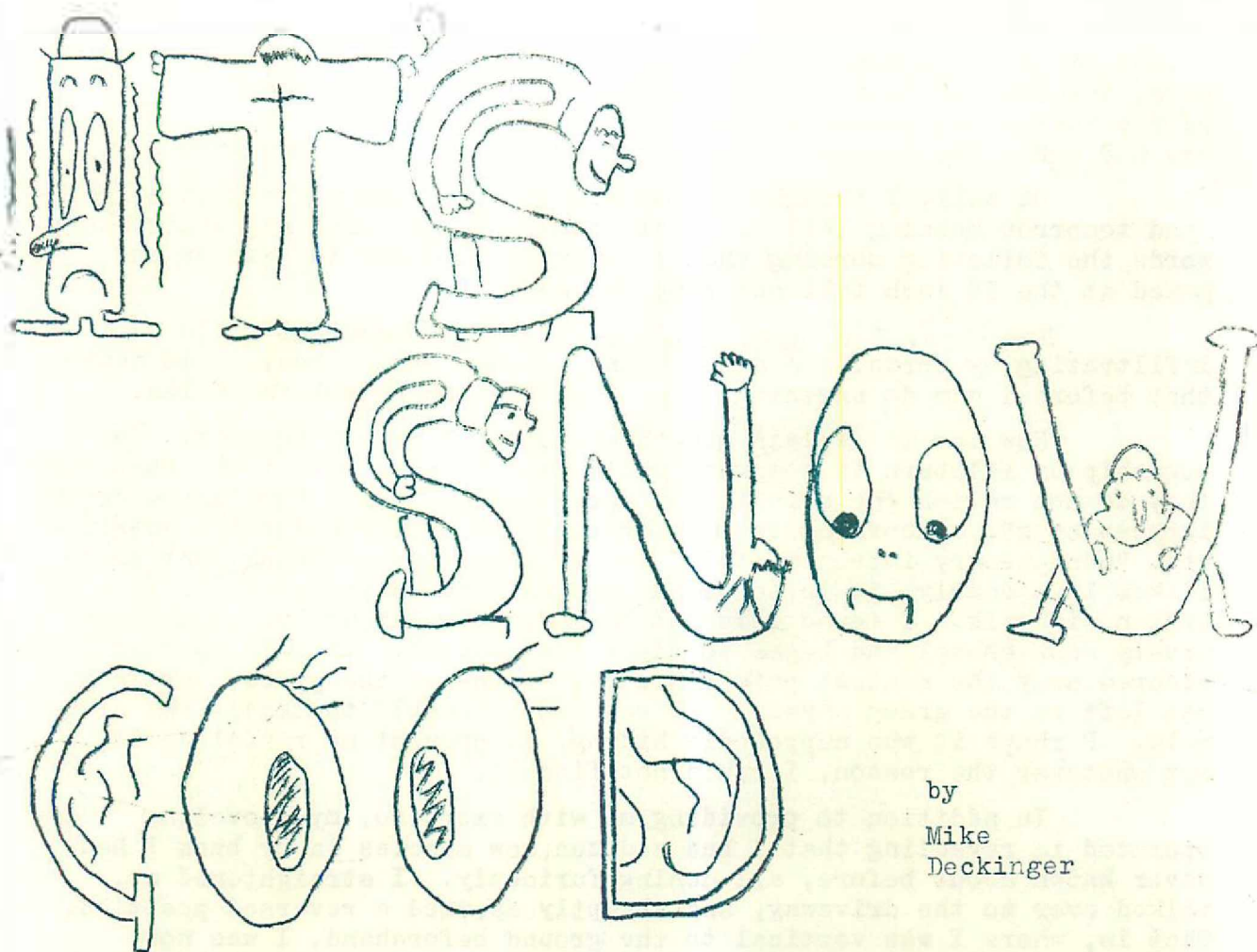
In fact some of the guys I roaded it with once took a whole procession of cars to a big nat. drag race up in N. California and came back with their cars decorated up with huge stars on the doors, with the word FUZZ written across them, imitative of police cars. And too, they had some pretty obscene things on them. But the police, tho they did take a good close look at the menagerie, did nothing. Meanwhile a small tv station went out with a live camera and picked them up on remote, and pretty soon they even got a mention in the inkydinky newspaper. But what the mention mentioned I dare not hazard a guess....



Whoops...the mail has just come, plus an urgent bit that requires attention, kind of, and so if you don't mind I'll close this off. I might say and will say that you've got a good thing in Les Spinge and it has possibilities and all that and excuse me for wandering all over this fool letter...I've been cooped up in sanjosie too damned long and I'm feeling lost so I'm open to all sorts of dark moods, etc, till better times.....

your's  
George METZGER





by  
Mike  
Deckinger

Precipitation in any form has a displeasing effect on me. I have no great love for stormy, rain swept days, and even less of an affection for snowy days, which is what I have been experiencing the past week. Thankx to the thoughtful intervention of a mid-west semi-blizzard the New Jersey area was recently deluged under something like 20 inches of snow in some areas. This would have not been so bad had it not frozen the following night and developed into treacorous and perilous patches of ice.

And there's more to it too. The snow had started on a Sunday afternoon. Naturally I had the good fortune of being caught in it coming home from a show and I was looking foward with great anticipation to a nice hot shower. When I got home I quickly removed my clothes, dashed into the shower, and turned on the hot faucets. For a few seconds there were a few uneven trickles and then a veritable flood of the liquid lanced out of the side faucets and sprayed me with the intensity of a hurricane. I smiled gratefully for a moment, but the smile soon began to change as I realized that this was not hot-water at all. It was cold water. Ice cold water. I let out a yelp of astonishment, sounding something like "glub glub glub", and immediately darted for the comfort of a towel. A fast investigation proved that if anyone was at fault, I was, for forgetting providence at such a time. It seemed that the hot water heater in the cellar had sprung a leak and was discharging all the water from the pipes to the cellar floor. This meant that all hot water had to be shut off.

I decided the most sensible thing to do would be to...



...out and get a plumber, before the snow got too deep. I got in the Olds, inserted the key and pressed the accelerator. The result was a sickly wail which ground out into nothing. It seemed that our battery had taken the coward's way out and died a quick and thorough death.

Oh well, I thought optimistically, the snow can't last all night and tomorrow morning I'll walk into town. I was still repeating those words the following morning when I stuck my head out the window and gazed at the 18 inch fall covering the ground.

How nice, I thought pleasantly with a dagger of malice infiltrating my words, and at such an opportune time too. This means that before I can do anything else, I'll have to shovel the walks.

Now let me explain something before I go any further. The township of Millburn is not what you'd call stingy, but at the same time they do not relish the spending of large sums of money for "unnecessary improvements". According to them cracked and broken sidewalks constitutes "unnecessary improvements". And if there is one thing that snowflakes love dearly, it is to become packed between the crevices of a broken sidewalk. I found this out the hard way naturally. I took my trusty snow shovel and began to clear away a path. In half an hour I had cleared away the neatest path I had ever seen--on the grass. Or what was left of the grass anyway. I was simply unable to locate the sidewalk. Perhaps it was supposedly hiding, to prevent me revealing it, but whatever the reason, I could not find it.

In addition to providing me with exercise, my shoveling operated in revealing that I had a dozen new muscles in my back I had never known about before, all aching furiously. I straightened up, walked over to the driveway, and abruptly assumed a reversed position. That is, where I was vertical to the ground beforehand, I was now horizontal, and very horizontal I might add, to a path of ice. I got quietly to my feet, gritted my teeth (sputting out a mouthful of snow in the process) and prepared to resume operation. This time I would do it the crafty way, I decided.

There's an unused bag of rock salt in the cellar. I took it out and opened it, and then, feeling much like a farmer tossing out seed to a hungry flock, I began to walk along, distributing the salt evenly over the ground. I threw it on the grass, I threw it on the ice, I even tossed a handful at a tree--no sense playing favourites now.

I then returned to my snow shovel and flexing it like a pickaxe, began to smash down at the ice. This had slightly better results. I tore away large chunks of ice, along with slightly smaller chunks of sidewalk and lawn. When I was half way through it looked as if the area had been under air raid attack.

Now came the hard part. I had to remove the ice and snow, yet at the same time retain the lawn in much the same way it had been before the cataclysm. Carefully I shoveled up all the ice and snow into a pile, raised it, and suddenly hesitated....

Where the hell was I supposed to put it?

I couldn't toss it back on the lawn because that would create more slippery spots. I couldn't toss it on the sidewalk because that would create more slippery spots. I couldn't hold it upraised and

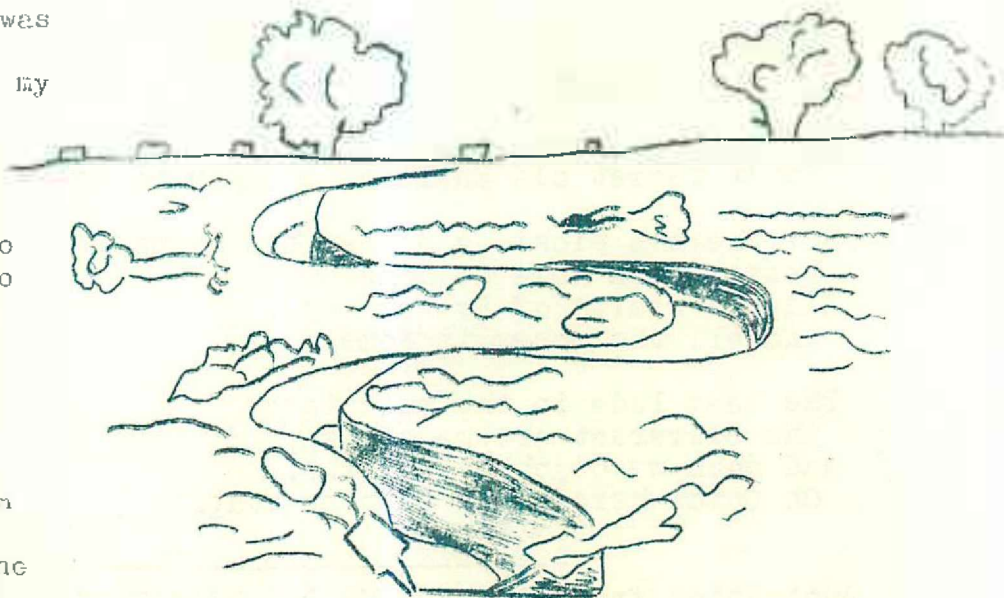
...because my back was beginning to ache. Therefore, I decided I would resort to the only sensible and sane method that would ensure the removal of the obnoxious colloid intruders from the heavens--I tossed the piles of snow and ice into the neighbour's yard. I picked up another pile and did the same. Each time I did so I felt better. This meant that I had the initiative to disentangle myself from bad situations, and it also meant I'd be able to clear away things in a short while.

The driveway was the hardest part to clear. It resisted my every effort, even having the gall to transform a kettle of boiling water I poured onto it, into a sheet of ice in no time flat. I finally triumphed over its stupid persistence however by sheer logic. I took a siphon, siphoned a pot of gasoline from a car (a neighbour's naturally), poured the liquid over the ice, and ignited it. In no time I had a nice steady blaze going. The ice could

not burn naturally, but the gasoline did and the heat and fumes were sufficient to loosen all the hard packed residue beneath. I smiled triumphantly as I watched the last bit of resistance go up in the flames. On a sudden impulse, plus the fact that I was hungry too, I dashed into the house, tore open a package of marshmallows, and with a long forked stick, began to toast them. When the fire finally burned down I loosened the ice and shoveled it away. In an hour and a half the driveway was spotless. No trace of the white invaders remained, they had been annihilated by the skill and cleverness of man. Nature had lost out.

That night I went to bed comforted by the fact that I had vanquished a formidable, determined, yet vulnerable foe.

The fifteen inch fall that had occurred during the night greeted me in the morning.



Mike Tekling

mso; found in a bottle, on the beach at Weymouth.

The Pentonville Escapement Song, r,  
Hinds, Keys and Boom, awaysy.

(to be sung to the tune of the Eton Boating Song).

Over the wall together, carry your ball and chain,  
Over the moor and away boys, we'll never be back again.

Thru' the chilly mist, lads, Onward to the sea,  
They copped pore Alfie Hinds lads,  
But the rozzers won't catch me.

And when we board the sloop lads, and when we put to sea  
Don't regret old England, be happy to be free,

For there's pickings across the channel  
better than here at home  
All the wealth of France boys,  
and all the money in Rome.

The best lads in the buissiness,  
the cleverest crooks afloat,  
And when we beach at Calis....  
Oh Gord! here's the Customs boat.

-----  
Quoteation from "LIFE UNDER THE PHARAOHS" by Leonard Cottrell

"One of the precepts of the great sage 'Eney was:...."  
and.

"~~and~~ and warnings against her wiles are given in the  
Wisdom Books, the reputed sayings of such wise men as Imhotep,  
'Eney and Ptah-hotetp:...."

which just goes to show that First Fandom is a  
lot older than is generally thought, and for that matter  
so is Eney.....

-----  
LIFE UNDER THE PHARAOHS, THE LOST PHARAOHS, THE BULL OF KIMOS  
and LOST CITIES are all Pan books. I have them all but I've  
only got around to reading "LIFE, and LOST" which I can heartily  
recommend...they're not too scholarly, that is, dry and  
too "popular"...they're worth readin.  
kmpc,



# Pale and Farewell !!

Being an apology for a column-cum-account of the happenings of late in the village and out. Written in a little hurry, so forewarned gentle reader....read on.....

It came suddenly, the saturday afternoon of New Years Eve. There was a great banging on the woodwormed door, and over the threshold staggered a dishreveled fan wearing a travel worn but amivabile expression. It spoke " I'm Jhim Linwood! ", I collapsed in true theatrical tradition. Later when we got acquainted by listening to seductive tapes, I found Jhim to be an amiable person who appeared to enjoy life and people, we got along. After signing his name on the wall he followed me down the hall to the manshun of one Ken Cheslin, who was surprised to the extent of prostrating hissself on the floor crying " Master...Ghod..", and who proved himself a good man by opening a bottle of sherry! A little chat later Ken raving about a party threw us out into the cold, with the help of his mother and bribery.

Following a liberal helping of tea the legend of Pablo was taped, and flushed with success we staggered out to the nearest pub. This decrepit place was an unfortunate one because no sooner had we begun to discuss communism they threw us out! ( maybe it was the guns sticking out of our pockets? ). Still many pubs later, I beat Jhim at darts, and overcome by victory walked a mile or so to another pub and Lager. Took a short cut home, wishing the local teds a Moretritious ( and a happy new year ), at last got home in time to toast in the new year with the vodka we'd been carrying in a pocket all the time!

We DID get to bed eventually, after perusing the mysteries of a Windmill programme and my photos, about twoish.

I woke Jhim up in the morning with an apple ( he didn't eat the grub tho' ), and showed him the means of our humble abode and then consigned him to my mothers cooking. Or ratherly we debauched down the hill again to KenC's and listened to folk music as folk music has never been played before, till we all came out for Brun.



frustrated by a game of false chess they decided to re-  
make their fortune, turning  
into a R&R singer... Dave "Reason  
and the Executioners". All the  
pubs were closed, so three weary  
fellows raided the News Theatre and  
were cheered by cartoons. After  
dinner at Lyons where we confused  
the locals by using the double  
doors as airlocks, we had an  
unsuccessful battle with a juke-  
box culminating in a strategic  
retreat to the New Street St.  
refreshment room. They must  
have put summat in the teas,  
a little kid gave me three  
Toff-O-Lux for me and me "mates".  
Someone who Jhin thought was  
Harrison wasn't, so he sellotaped  
the spoons to the table in  
disgust. Eventually we pushed  
Jhin ~~about~~ onto a bus, and within  
seconds Jhin Linwood was beyond  
our Ken.

## EPISODE THE SECOND

**\*\*Nutts in Notts\*\***

The following Friday on the  
invite of Linwood I went up to the  
city of Sin to see  
him. The bus  
journey was terribly  
dull, even to the  
nice looking girl on  
the opposite seat. She

looked friendly... then ordered  
a half fair! Speeding past the

dark and mysterious Gooniversity, home of the indiscriminate Boob Parkin-  
son, it pulled up at Mt. Street. I sipped tea and an apology for cakes  
till a duffle coated figure glided dramatically up from the shadows. Yes...  
we went to the Bell and sampled its fine bitter, this giving vigour for  
the ride to the steamy outpost of Netherfield. We kept the hobbits away  
by sticking stamps on CND literature! Tea and jazz later, we walked  
around the dark streets to find some ~~sin~~ local colour, met two girls, one  
with a spoon seemed to know Linwood, the other just stared. Got back  
pretty early and wrote a "letter" to Al Rispiu telling of the proposed  
expedition to Beeston and Maid Marion in the disguise of Jackie Bratton.

Telepathy and thought projection till ghed knows what hour !

Next morning we played with Jhim's rockets, then visited a book shop. Nobody had seen Jackie before, so I persuaded Jhim to come along with me, he agreed to come, but wanted coffee first. It was a very nice coffee bar really, except for the fact that they played classical records! That place was fled, we refuged in the genywine oldest pub in England...YE TRIP TO JERUSALEM...and sampled more bitter. One of the pubs gimmicks was a horn on the wall with a brass ring on cord from the ceiling. The idea was to swing the ring over the horn...no easy feat...even to NuttFen. The Sheriff wasn't at home to see us in the castle, but some nice modern art was, and some "Wells-Fargo" Stage-coaches.

Eventually we got to the Bratton residence. Mrs Bratton came to the door and assuming we were from the CND she let us in! Soon Jackie came in, a pleasant looking blonde about 16. She appeared to be struck by us anyway, overwhelmed rather, and let us stroke the cat (remember where the cat was then Jhim?). Jackie mixed G&S, Lonnie Donnigan and the guitar, so we left.

Saw MAN IN THE MOON, there I saw the only bit of sin I was ever to see in Notthm...so the admission money was worth it! Back to No.10 and a letter to Jackie. It was peculiar, Linwood lay in bed all night muttering "Jackie...Jackie!", anyone would think he'd formed an attachment for her.

Sunday we visited the Bell and met a chap who thought Hitler had made the world a better place.....we soon left. Just before I left we photographed the historic visit at an automatic machine on the station. So with crys of "Halo and Farewell" ringing in my ears the bus carried me safely away from Notthm and Jhim Linwood. My eyes returned to the study of the young girl reading the News of the World in the seat in front of me. Back in B'ham I was running along the tunnel under the station and fell over a step. Ended up holding the ankle of a woman in front...still...she didn't mind, so who bothers.

Here followed a month of sanity...the stencils were cut in part and Tony's got visited regularly on "ednesdays. A surprise visitor was our old friend Peter Davies, who has realised the error of his ways, and is paying pennance to Roscoe.

On the 4th Feb. Alan Rispin came! He'd written asking me to meet him in Brun. I went there, but he didn't. Spent a few very pleasant hours looking in the Gestetner shop window. Had some dinner, bought a rocket, and came home. Behind the door was a learing idiot wearing a beard...he'd come a different way. To quote my mother.... "I heard a knock on the door, looked thru the window...and died!"

Al made hisself unpopular by dumping old fuz with me, but was suitably impressed with the dinosaur bone I've got. This time Ken was prepared and we all walked to the Talbot, then the Bell where they fed me Benedictine mixed with Lager. Home to Kens where talked and shorried till we climbed the hill to home and fish and chips.



On Sunday morning  
Ken carted his taper up  
and with mine we made some  
hilarious tapes.

After dinner we tried  
to phone Paul Andrews, but  
only got his father after  
waiting half an hour for

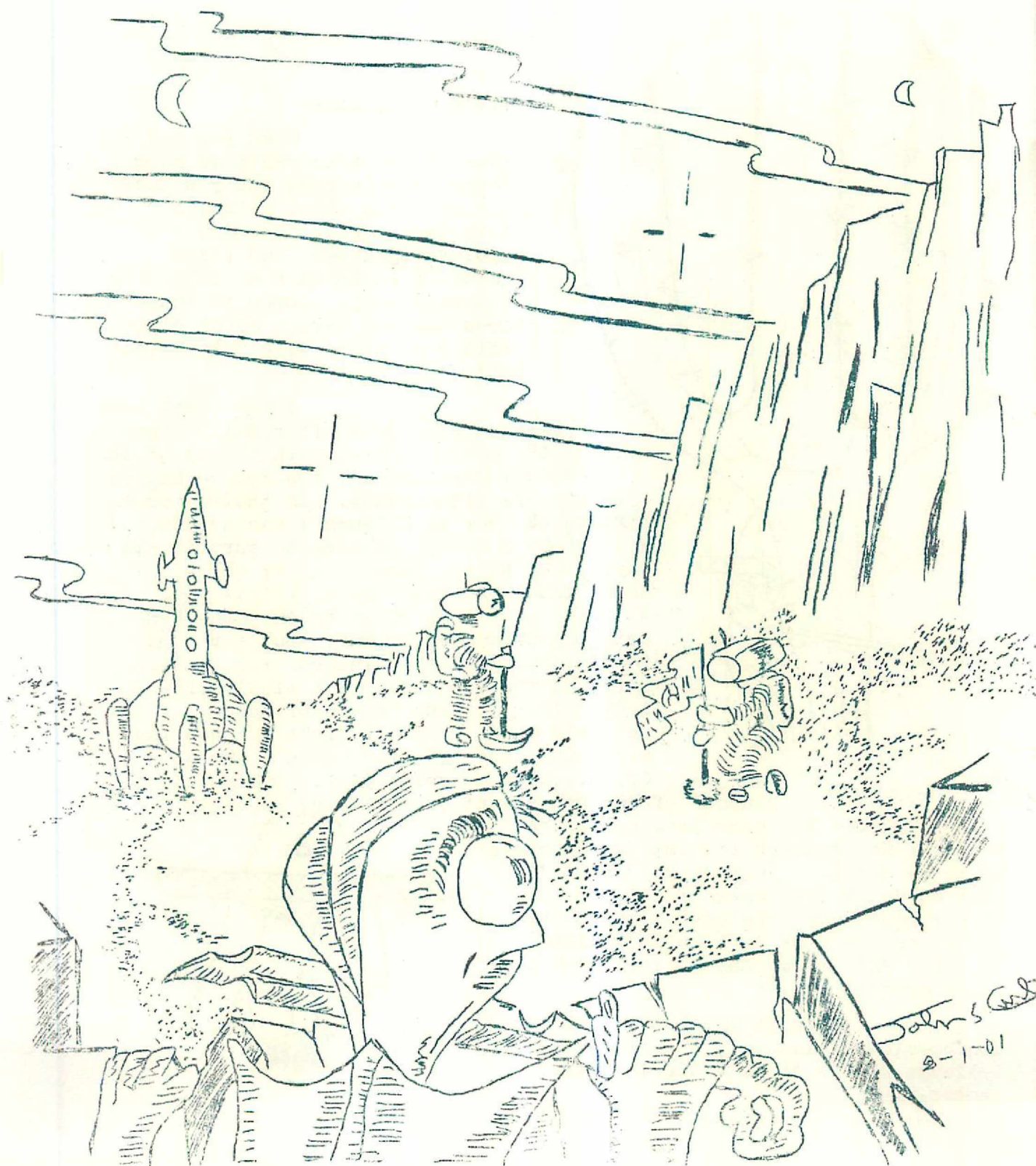
directory enquiries to get  
the number.

Eventually we got to Tony's,  
where Daphne thought Risp  
was Jhim Linwood. Tony,  
incoherent with flu, told  
us about his early morning  
shooting exploits. Soon  
Al had to go, Ken and  
myself escorted him for a  
way, then he tried to get  
a lift. The last we saw  
of him was a thumb waving  
over the top of a hill on  
the way to Wolverhampton.

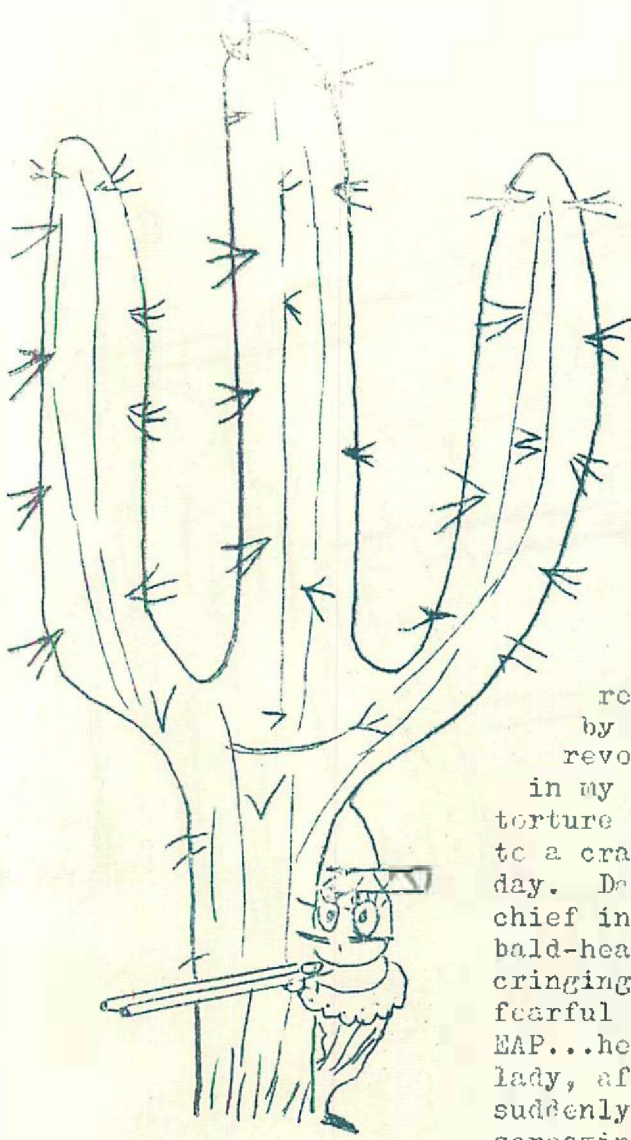
We returned to Tony's for tea, and  
played GALACTIC TRADER for a time.

Soon we deliver this fmz to an  
unsuspecting world. We may be  
visited again very soon by  
persons undecided...

May PABLO & ROSCOE be merciful....







... THEY IS NOT NEUTRAL ...  
 SUPPORT THE OCTOBER REVOLUTION  
 REMEMBER THE ALAMO ????????

Fellow Conspirator;

Take you for the offer of an officership in your planned revolution, but you must meet my terms also. Like, I claim free choice of women to populate my harem, and first choice of books when we take over Fantast Medway. Agree to these terms and you have a first class officer complete with Cubal-rebel hat!

I have just been released from jail after being found by the secret police with a copy of the revolutionary-journal Les Spings hidden in my copy of the times. In their secret torture chamber in Kilburn I was handcuffed to a crank handle, and made to turn it all day. Damn subtle these police; the 2 chief interogators, one a ginalt-eyed, bald-headed fiend, known to the other 10 cringing prisoners as EMF. But far more fearful was the other interogator, called EAP...he was disguised as a kindly old-lady, after gaining ones confidence suddenly shone a bright light in ones face screaming over and over again " Sub to Orion....Sub to Orion !! ". Orion once a

journal of the benevolent Paul Enever, recently

deported to Australia, now in the hands of the dreaded fascist dictatorship known as SFCoL. Comrade R. Bennett's last words at the hands of a SFCoL firing squad were reported to be " The SFCoL makes Batista's boys look like the Dead End Kids. Anyone for Brag.... arrrrggggghhh????!! "

It is known that before one can be allowed into a place in Oxford Colledge one as to be a SFCoL party-member.





Comrade Christ M... 20 years had ... money to get into Cambridge ( ... surprising considering he's only 15!!) was press ganged into the party for this very reason... J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis are also being intimidated.

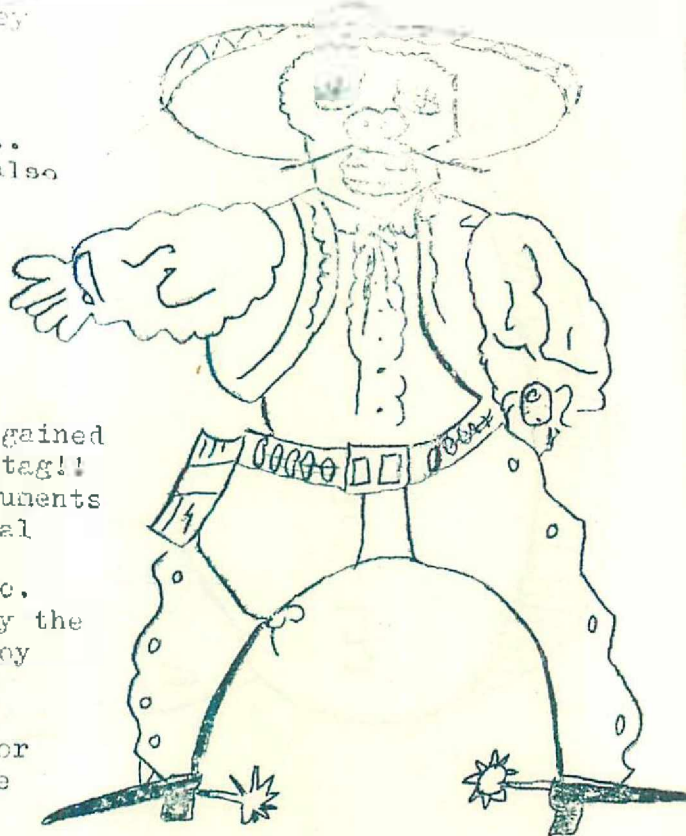
Our Man in Manchester, Comrade Fred X, has been active lately...disguised as an Ian Fleming book he traveled to London in the baggage of the deposed boss of the BSFA (also a SFCOL front), Eric the Bent, and gained entry to the SFCOL HQ....The Panstag!! After acquiring certain secret documents from the briefcase of the fanatical-half-crazed-propaganda-minister-Herr Groves he attempted to escape. Unfortunately he was recognised by the Minister of War, ex Chelsea playboy General Lockejaw, who opened fire with his gun fiendishly disguised as a cigarette-lighter. Luckily for Comrade Fred X, our fan within the SFCOL had replaced Lockejaw's weapon with a cigarette-lighter disguised as a gun, but this caused Comrade Fred X's board to burst into flames, and amid the SMOKE and confusion made his escape. Meanwhile the Panstag was burnt to the ground...and then began the fandom-wide persecution of we revolutionaries. I personally awarded Comrade Fred X our highest award...a book of meal tickets ( financed by the Fable Foundation )...Comrade Fred X will be HUNGRY no longer.

So join me in my plan to overthrow the Despotic SECOL, and we can establish in this fair land of ours...a despotic revolutionary government!

I remain yours PANatically

Conrade Von Linwood

\*\*\*\*Seek Hole\*\*\*\*





I was listening the other week to a unique semi-spiritual number whose opening lines seemed to stick in my mind for a long time. They went:

" Oh, ah was born ten thousand years ago,  
There 'aint nuthin' in this world that ah don't know  
Ah was there with Solomon and Paul....."

And so the singer goes on to tell of how he was there with Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden and how he was with Abraham, with Caesar and his legions and with Moses and indeed everyone else of any note from the past, an idea which in itself suggests that he either had a pretty long lifespan or he had some means of travelling around in time. And some means of traveling round in time is what the main subject of this piece is to be.

The most unusual time traveller concerned is named 4D Jones and 4D Jones is a cowboy. But not an ordinary cowboy and not one that carries guns but a hoop. And whenever he gets into a jam, if he can find it, he just steps through that hoop and into another illustrated adventure in another time, another planet or another dimension. Maddocks his creator has made him a minor legend combining as he does the most up to date references and settings with the olden style settings. The most unusual character in science fiction moves into another fantastic adventure.



FEARLESS  
FRED!!



4D or Fourth Dimensional Jones is in Rome with his ancient Briton partner, captured and both being driven into the gladiator's training quarters above the doorway of which is carved the symbolic notice.....

"ENTRANCE OF THE GLADIATORS". The chief trainer looks 4D up and down with practiced eye and then curses in fluent ancient Roman, "Great balls of fire-at last some new recruits to train for the Arena---the last batch died of fright." I shall protest to the British consulate sez the Ancient Briton that 4D has chanced to travel with.

"Choose ysar weapons my lucky lads", says the trainer, "I'll send you some gladiators to give you a couple of rounds." And when they both refuse, "Perhaps?" says the trainer, "you would care to spar with Fearless Fred."

As Fred is sitting in his cage, licking his lips and growling through a thick mane of hair 4D and the Ancient Brit decide the gladiators must be the lesser of the evils. The scene changes to the palace.

"Boredom clouds my noble nut", roars the Emperor, "I crave a real good laugh. Anyone died lately?" "Anyway, what's on at the Arena this week?" His advisor remarks, "I do hear we have two Druid savages from primitive England o' noble Emp mate."

But the so called savages are having a little trouble with their swords which keep falling to pieces when they strike someone and soon they have demolished half the entire supply of swords for the arena. Inferior steel again.

"Stand by your swords, you lazy leuts," snarls the chief trainer "You are both booked to fight in the Arena tomorrow in the presence of our Emperor --- Syd Nero."



Maddocks changes the scene. It is the front of a ramshackle old building held up by marble pillars and across the front is the THE COLOSSEUM. A banner stretches across the front of the building-- "Special Attraction- for one day only- THE DRUIDS -all seats bookable."



How 4D gets out of this jam is not with the aid of his travelling hoop which is back in England but with the aid of an exceedingly funny race of people who live on top of the sky and are called the "Trolleys". These resemble for all the world tiny train conductors complete with peaked caps but with no legs, but a series of different pairs of wheels which they keep changing on their leg stumps. It isn't that they are anything like cripples but owing to their shape have found it advantageous to use wheels as a method of propulsion. These they change around at will, bicycle wheels for the road, flanged wheels for when they want to travel on the rails and so on.

At frequent intervals, living on top of the world as they do, they are wont to open a trapdoor in the sky and drop balloons through with exasperated notes such as, STOP THE H-BOMB TESTS MATE ! And when these have no effect, parachute through the sky and invade the first building in London they come across. Which in this case happens to be the waxworks at Madame Tussauds - and never actually having seen earthmen before they can't tell the difference between the wax dummies. In the middle of the wax Tortures one Trolley is heard to remark, "What manner of men are these mate ?" as he carries out Adolph Hitler from the prison cage.

But since Maddocks is English himself, it is only natural that his best creations should be in England itself, and what is more natural for him to project 4D Jones into Ancient Britain, Land of Druids, cave men, and Roman Legions. Here Maddocks brings to life an actual city situated a few miles from where I live. It is now a very much thriving little city but it was around under various Latin names almost since the beginning of time, taking its name as it does from an earlier Saint that was martyred nearby. One can't help wondering though what the current Mayor of St. Albans must have thought to see himself or predecessor portrayed as a cave-man in full illustration.

The time is Ancient Brit and the place a few miles from where I now live and the scene shows St. Albans Town Hall composed of blocks of stone piled upon each other and a mass conglomeration of stone pillars and shapes. There is no door but two tiny windows at the top with two ladders leading up. One is marked " IN ", and the other not innaturally - " OUT ". Two ancient Britons in blue paint are drinking, having no doubt one for the woad when a messenger arrives, scuttles up the ladder " IN ", and demands to see the mayor urgently. The Mayor is busy at his stone desk engraved " The Mayor - Gawd bless 'im ", chipping at the stone slabs and cursing the lack of typewriters, throwing blocks of stone on the floor with muttered curses, " Bills, nothing but bills ", when the word arrives that the Romans have landed.

4D Jones is appointed war minister ( no one else wants the job! ) and determines to use Indian tactics of how he fought the redskins on the Romans who now enter " all bitter and twisted " as Maddocks puts it uttering friendly Roman greetings of " Friends, Romans, Countrymen - cut off their ears ", while spearman in the back mutter, "...we come to bury you - not to praise you ".

AM I SUPPOSED TO WAIT  
2000 YEARS FOR SOME  
IDIOT TO INVENT THE DAMM  
THINGS !!!



A fortress is built under 4D's instructions. A fortress of very strange shape, one of the great mysteries of all time. " When Indians attack us cowhands, we form our wagons into a circle. The new fortress is therefore in the shape of a circle composed of a series of arches. The arches consist of two stone pillars with a stone slab as a lintel on the top.

" Now lads, " he says to the Ancient Brit helpers, " I want a group of large stone slabs to make doors for the arches. " " Doors ? Well-- if you insist ". And so they were made.

" Tell me mate, " says one Ancient Briton, looking at the finished doors of stone ready to be placed between the arches, " How do you propose to hang those doors?"

" We'll make some hinges, " answers 4D Jones.

But this is unfortunately impossible as one Ancient Brit does remark.

For as you and I both know. Stone arches you can make.  
Stone doors you can make.

BUT WHOEVER HEARD OF A STONEHINGE?

.....chipped by ALAN DODD

# the fanalytic eye

by Jhim Linwood



\*HABAKKUK\* Chapter One, Verse Five. LoC  
or Trade from Bill Donaho, 1441-8th St.  
Berkeley IO, California.

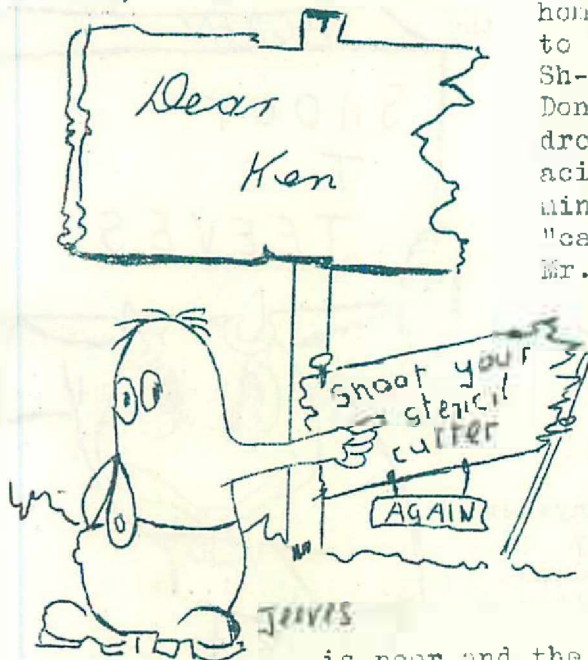
When it comes to the next fanzine poll I'll be very surprised if HAB doesn't leave all other fmz at the post...with APF dormant these last 6 months there's little or no competition. No.5 is the biggest to date...120 pages this time, 40 more than No.4, and 46 pages are devoted to readers letters. Most of the material and readers comments were determined by Art Castillo's revealing article on beatniks in No.2, and the most significant piece in this ish is Art's "Theory and Practice of Doublethink". Most of it gives the impression of Camus or Satre with chunks of Limbo '90 flung in, but with a savagry of its own. Art deals with the things that make the square society what it is, including the curious piece of information; that man is at his most creative when he is sitting on the privy (where do you think I'm typing this?). The most irritating thing about the piece is that when Art has a firm grip on his analytic knife and about to stab at the solution, he discards it and begins on some other train of thought.

Bill's column "Meanderings" seems to exude more life and personality than any other fan-column, in this one he gives with Dan Currans sex-life, the BoyCon, and gives further evidence of the increasing fascism of the U.S. of A. (Although he does put it that way.



Ray Nelson reminisces on being a war-baby, Dick Ellington explodes some fallacies regarding N.Y.'s teenage gangs, Ted White (Pro of Rogue Fame) raves over bassist Charlie Mingus, plus dissent from all over by Rich Brown, Jerry DeMuth, Eunice Readon, Procter Scott, Les Nirenberg, and Britt Schweitzer. Rostler contributes a brilliant portfolio, which I attempted to explain to a couple of pick-ups at Manchester's Left-wing coffee bar (Rispin brought his copy along), I gave up...how can one "explain" Rostler?

The letter-hacks seem to be at their best within HAB's covers, we have Joy Sanderson defending squares, Marion Bradley defending homosexuals, George Metzger defending the right to imitate Kerouac, Ken Hedberg defending Yak Sh-t, and Art Castillo defending Art Castillo. Don Ford informs us that he would gladly have dropped the cyanide pellets into the sulphuric acid at Chessman's execution, and that the minorities, who've always come up with some "cause", picked on him as a symbol...to quote Mr. Ford, "Communists, Catholics, and various quacks..." (Pacifists, Quakers, Negroes, and Jews, Don?). This letter epitomises everything Habakkuk is against!



\*THE BUG EYE\* 6, LoC or Trade from Helmut Klemm, I6, Uhlandstrasse, Uffort/Eick, (22a)Krs. Moers. West Germany.

This is the best thing to come out of Germany since the Benford's Void, Although it's no Orion or Cry. The repro

is poor and the third rate paper, which most continental fanz are duped on, doesn't help much. Another gripe is the immature girly illic by Forrest, which is strictly Sirius material. This ish is printed in both English and German, with articles from both sides of the North Sea. Alan Dodd crops up with a review of Wonder Stories Nov'32, Thea Grade proves herself a German Ina Shorrock with an account of her ability to make cock-tails, Ken Cheslin writes on walking as a way of life, plus Alan Burns and Deckinger. An interesting discussion on Serconess and Trufannishness is held between Cheslin and Klemm...Ken has a opinion to myself; that fandom when functioning properly should cater for both camps, with the majority of fan falling between the 2 stools.

The rest of Bug-Eye is in German, with an English translation, this is done by splitting the pages into 2 columns, German is a fascinating language...if you don't understand it...I particularly liked: "Philip Jose Farmer hat einige stories mit sexigen Inhalt geschrieben".

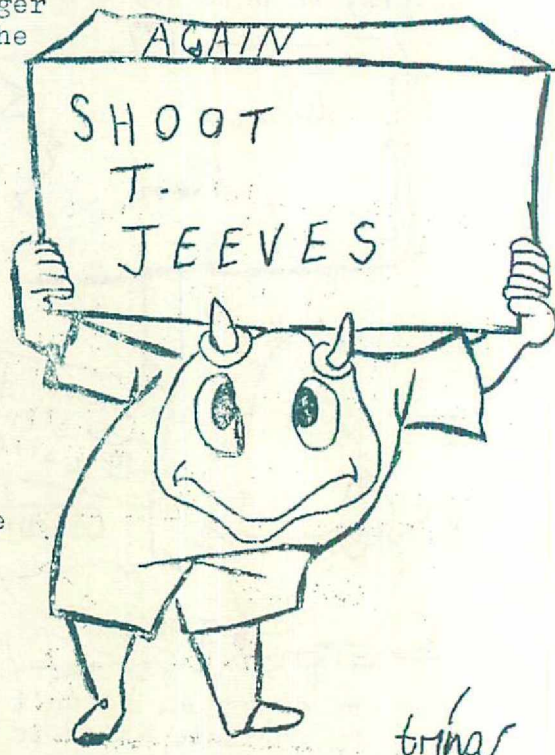
Bug-Eye seems to lose personality by having a multitude of editors and art editors...take a lesson from Ken Cheslin, Ella Parker, and others whose fanz came to life when their co-ed's left.

\*ELDRITCH-DREAMQUEST\* I/- per copy or 5/- for 5 (?) from Pete Mansfield,  
14, Whiteford Rd., Slough, Bucks.

This is the old Dreamquest under a new flag, and it appears to be widening its scope from ERB fandom to general sciencefiction. The bulk is taken up by a survey of Tolkien..( a must for all hobbits! )..by Doc Weir. I've never gotten round to reading the trilogy myself yet, despite the enthusiasm of Ken Cheslin and Bob Parkinson, which brushes off so effectively when I'm in their presence...having not read Tolkien in Anglo fandom is begining to have the same sting as being a communist and not read Capital! Mike Moorcock as a Conan styled story, which ends not unlike the traditional ending to the Lone Ranger series. The repro is excellent, and brings out the best in Cawthorn, whose cover Mike has also circulated as a calendar. Ummmm, must write about Nottm. mythology sometime, if you know of any obscure folklore or are skilled at drawing blond sword-waving giants let Mike know...it might even lead to a free sub!

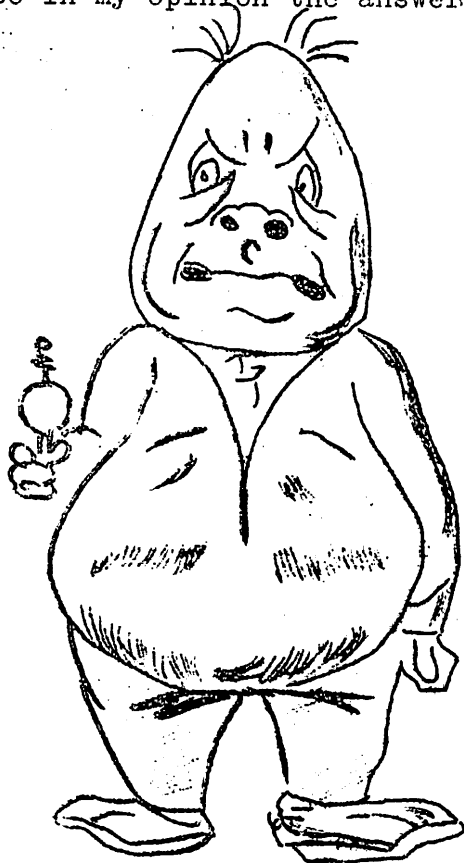
\*ORION\* 26. I/- a copy from Ella Parker's Circulation Agent Ted Forsyth, II, Ferndale Rd., London S.W.4.

"Once more Orion rears its ugly head..." that's the message I got from Joe Patrizio's effective cover; Ella points out that this was the first time Joe had been anywhere near a stencil...the kind boggles! The only gripe I've got with this O is that it's so damn perfect!...no illegible pages...secure stapling.. easy on the eyes-repro...Atom at his best; nothing to hang a barbed gripe on anywhere! Ella's editorial; Specs, is the longest thing she's written to date, and covers the period June-December in the Parker Penitentiary. There are 2 bloodbank items this time; Jimmie Groves on insects and Fred Hunter (he hunts Freds?) on an international incident at Lerwick; both are good. And Young writes up his recent adventures in London, particularly interesting were his remarks on the Baker St. Planetarium...he was dissappointed and sickened by the whole goshwow presentation. Being the only planetarium in the UK we cannot make comparisions, but if the "End of the World" presentation, shown in "Rebel without a Cause" is typical of US PT's I agree with Andy. Art Thompson tells us how to draw curly monsters...why curly Art?...I prefer my Ben's bald.....



other stuff by Warner, Birchby, Bulmer, Faulkner & Berry (another Sergeant yarn) round off the ish. the LROC are published in a separate letter-supplement.

Jimmy Groves makes some comments on Len Moffatt's Parent Problem bit last ish, in reply Ella wants to know how I overcame parental control when I entered fandom at the age of 14. Well, it was easy until my first convention...they merely showed mild approval when I showed them my name in print. After returning home  $\frac{1}{2}$  dead from the Bruncon I was really for it, and my departure from sf to novels by Algren, Mailer and Henry Miller didn't help any. The cold war didn't last long for I had visits from Brian Jordan, Ivor Wayne, and Al Rispin in that order, and my folks realized what sensible, nice, good-mannered folk fen are.. (that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said about those 3 layabouts!) So in my opinion the answer to the parent problem is; let your folks meet yr fellow fen...but don't go asking me for a room!



\*UL I\* Norm Metcalf's OMPazine from Box I262, Tyndale AFB, Florida, USA.

This contains the first PittCon rep I read; Convention and Travel Report by Ruth Berman. In it she rechristens Bontcliffe "Bilbo", and mentions the time he invited her up to his room for an audition...she refused; don't you know, Ruth, that Eric is a MAD productions talent-scout?

\*ETWAS 2\* Write and ask Peggy Rae McKnight, Box 306, Six Acres, Lansdale Penna. USA.

Peggy Rae McKnight is a 16 year-old femmefan of fannish extraction (standing for TAFF next time, Peg?), who appears to be studying languages, but this doesn't stop her from pubbing a fairly good fnz.

I drooled over the cover of Bjo's "So what if Dave Hale is self portrait in her full unicorn fancy your stencil cutter??" dress which won the grand prize at the PittCon. John Pesta contributes a piece of fiction which reads like a Galaxy reject. Harry Warner writes on Aussie fandom, and concludes it by saying that Pandom can exist without prozines as down-under fandom have proved. The best bit in the mag is Joe Sanders survey of the various types of fanartists styles, but apparently Joe's never heard of Atom, Cawthorn or Bjo. In "Conservation" Milt Roth makes mince meat of the Dean-Spacedrive...being a Campbell follower myself I'll pass this over, I'm biased. Bob Lichtman writes about a party he attended; you must try LaSFaS sometime, Rob!, and Bob Lanbeck closes the mag by telling eds how to edit their letter columns.

Etwas I like mainly because it is devoid of the goshwow and clever pretentiousness that prevades young-fan 'zines.....



... (just cos you're no longer a teenager, Linwood, is no excuse for knocking YF's...you were one once ).

**\*INNUENDO II\*\*** from Terry Carr, 1818, Grove St, Berkely 9, Calif. USA.

Sob, this is the last ish of INN..it will be replaced by **\*\*Dark Star\*\***, a fapazine, which will be the combined effort of Terry and Miri. This ish is something of an anti-climax to No 10, which was fabulous, but great enuf to make one realize INN's death is a very sad thing indeed.

Terry's editorial, Inn a Mist, concludes with some of the finest reported conversation (between Terry and Danny Surran) I've ever read ...Terry's sense of humour seems to have no parallel anywhere else in fandom, I particulaly remember from an earlier Inn..."Ron Ellick's earlier literary efforts were the equivalent of throwing a bheercan out of a Window". There are two articles on Laney by Burbee and Alva Rogers, it's hard to decide which is the best, but after reading both I feel like Laney was a close friend. Ellick writes 5 pages on Fanac, a fine newszine, which is second only to Skyrack. Carl Brandon does an imitation Lovecraft faan-story..the fannish On the Road has been discontinued by demand ( I rather liked it), but the completed version will eventually appear in one volume. Bill Donahu describes done Hallowe'en parties he's attended jeez, this guy sure gets around. Harry Warner remembers Fancy I, Bjo and Ray Nelson do a folio of Xmas and squirrel jokes (whoever heard of squirrels standing for TAFF anyway ?). The letter-hacks are out in force in the letter-col "Invective"...for-instancince there's Archie Mercer with two of the most diabolical puns ever perpetrated (Damn you Mercer'), also Andy Main coming to the conclusion that Anglo-fandom is 10 years behind US-fandom!

Innuendo is dead; long live Innuendo!

**\*PSI-PHI 7\*** trade or LoC, ( 10 25¢ for further ishs) from Bob Lechtman, 6137, S.Croft Ave, Los Angeles 56, Calif. USA. British Agent; Ethel Lindsay.

This is a smaller ish than usual; only 18 pages. Bob is the sole perpenetrator as his co-ed Arv Underman has gone gafia



to read Oedipus Rex and some other 900 page novel. Best thing herein is a satire by Bill Meyers and Ken Seagle on the whole silly business of filming Lord of the Rings, Bill also holds a serious enquiry into the proposed movie, and concludes by saying; "LOTR should be filmed but wait until it can be done right". Short pieces by Etoile Greenleaf and Rog Ebert close the ish.

**\*I PALANTIR I\*** Non members 25p or 5 for £1 from Ted Johnstone, Bag End, 1503, Rollin St. S. Pasadena. Calif. (1/9 ish or 5 for 7/- from Ken Cheslin).

I Palantir is the official organ of the Fellowship of the Rings...I humbly admit I haven't read it yet, and I'm sick of people telling me I must...that being one of the reasons I haven't read it!



LET'S HAVE  
SOMETHING  
EXOTIC.....

THE WAITRESS ??

Hobbit Hole; Ted's editorial tends to give the impression of a crack-pot organization, which it certainly isn't...I hope Tolkien whose been sent a copy, doesn't get that impression. George Heap and Doc Weir contribute 2 bits that only make sense to hobbits, and Dick Eney (4 TAFF) writes a very good comparison of Dickin's Sam Weller and Tolkien's Sam. At the back are details of the Fellowship Art Award for artwork based on the trilogy...just realised that what I was going to say is out of date as the award was made at the PittCon!

**\*SMOKE 5\*** LoC, contrib, or I/- from George Locke, 3 Company RAMC, Connought Hosp. Bramshott, Hindhead, Surrey.

This ish kicks off with Geo. making some controversial comments on fan-fiction and fan written sf. I've often wondered what would happen if a young neo wrote a first class pro-quality story and submitted it to a

fanz-ed..would the ed feel obliged to pass it on to a pro-ed, or make a scoop by printing it himself? Following the editorial is a piece of faan-fiction by George Spencer which is an example of everything Geo. was bitching about! Sid Birchby writes on the wartime fnz FIDO, and reveals that he started hitch-hiking fandom. The reprint dept this time goes wayyyy back to 1896 with John Davidson's "Eagles Shadows" which reads like something out of the old Strand Magazine. John Berry writes on a mundane party he attended, and Don Geldhart writes a Narglark influenced space-ship comedy. The best thing in the mag is THE SCENT OF THINGS TO COME by "the Hunchback of Nostrildamus", which is a piece of crystal-gazing into the forth-coming fannish year.

I particulaly liked "MARCH; Airlift sports on Berkely and Great Britain as Transatlantic Mail services refuse to handle the colossal 1154-page HABAKKUK 6". Ella Parker has a place on Hyde Park which failed to interest me...Ella can write more interesting stuff than this. Reasonable fmz reviews by Christi Winter, and 10 pages of LoC's close the ish.

\*\*\*\*ALSO RANS\*\*\*\*

PARSECTION 2, published every 45 days (?) by Goe Willick, 306, Broadway, Madison, Indiana, USA. 8 for \$1. Mainly LoC'S on No.1. Abounds with excellent artwork.

KOBOLD I I st Annish. Brian Jordan, 86, Piccadilly Rd, Burnley, Lancs. The lowdown on life in a large English University ( Makes a change from "Harrisson High").

THE DIRECTORY OF 1960 FANDOM I/6 from RonB at 7, Southway, Arthurs Ave, Harrogate, Yorks. 494 fans listed in this commendable work.

VIPER I Bill Donaho ( adress elsewhere ). The OMPazine that passes for a subzine. Highly reccomended, tho it's realy a cadet edition of HABAKKUK.

SCRIBBLE 3....6d from Colin Freeman, Ward 3, Scotton Banks Hosp. Ripley Rd., Knaresborough, Yorks. The zany fmz for followers of Winston S. Ginsberg (Whoooo?).

All blame goes to Dave Hale, whose confessed to pubbing Meretritious ( and a happy new year Ø. Mere words are inadequate.....

MARSOLO Art Hayes c/o R.R.3. Bancroft, Ontario, Canada. Pleasant type chatty OMPazine.

3 & 4 AMBLE. One of OMPA's best fmz from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, Nth Hykeham, Lincoln. How dare you take my name in vain Mercer ?

SCOTTISHE Ethel Lindsey, Courage House, 6, Langley Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey. Reccomended for Willis on his early fannish days

JETSTREAM the most regular oneshot in fandom pubbed by the NuttFen (whooooooooooooo?). 6d from Bob Parkinson, Cripps Hall, University Park, Nottm.

Thats all folks Jhim Linwood

EWAY 4 TAFA  
kmpo

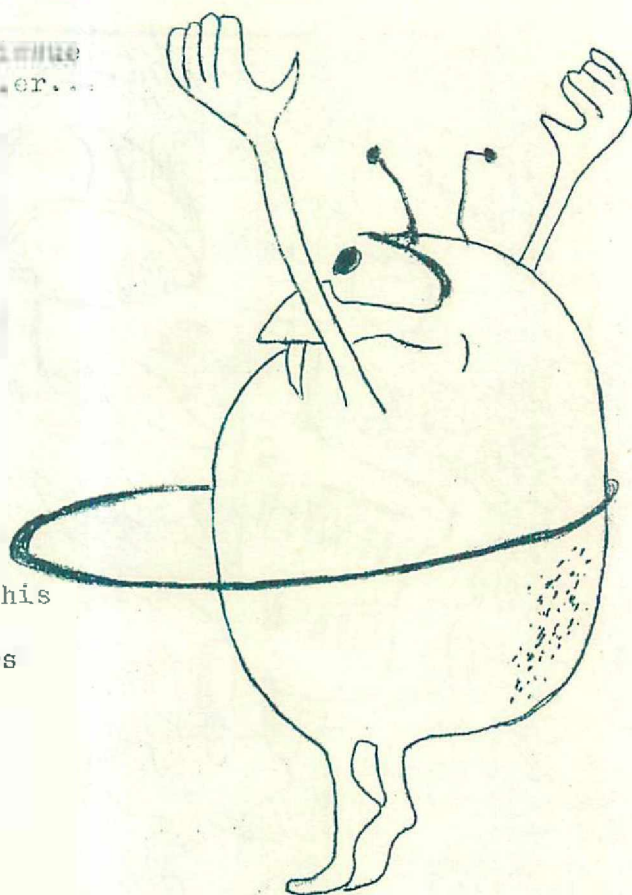


And now, gentle reader a few words of

# tribulation

You are getting this wonderfull ~~issue~~  
of Les Spinge because...because...er...

- \* \* Sample
- \* \* Simple you
- \* \* You Subbed
- \* \* Contribution
- \* \* We hate you
- \* \* You owe us a letter
- \* \* Trade
- \* \* Pablo said "Yes"
- \* \* Ina Shorroch slept here
- \* \* You're a pipe smoker
- \* \* You're a letter-hack
- \* \* You're Sherlock Holmes
- \* \* You're Aton
- \* \* You're Art Thompson, and this  
is a bribe
- \* \* Easier than writing letters
- \* \* There are Pharaohs at the  
bottom of our garden
- \* \* Hell...who needs a reason?



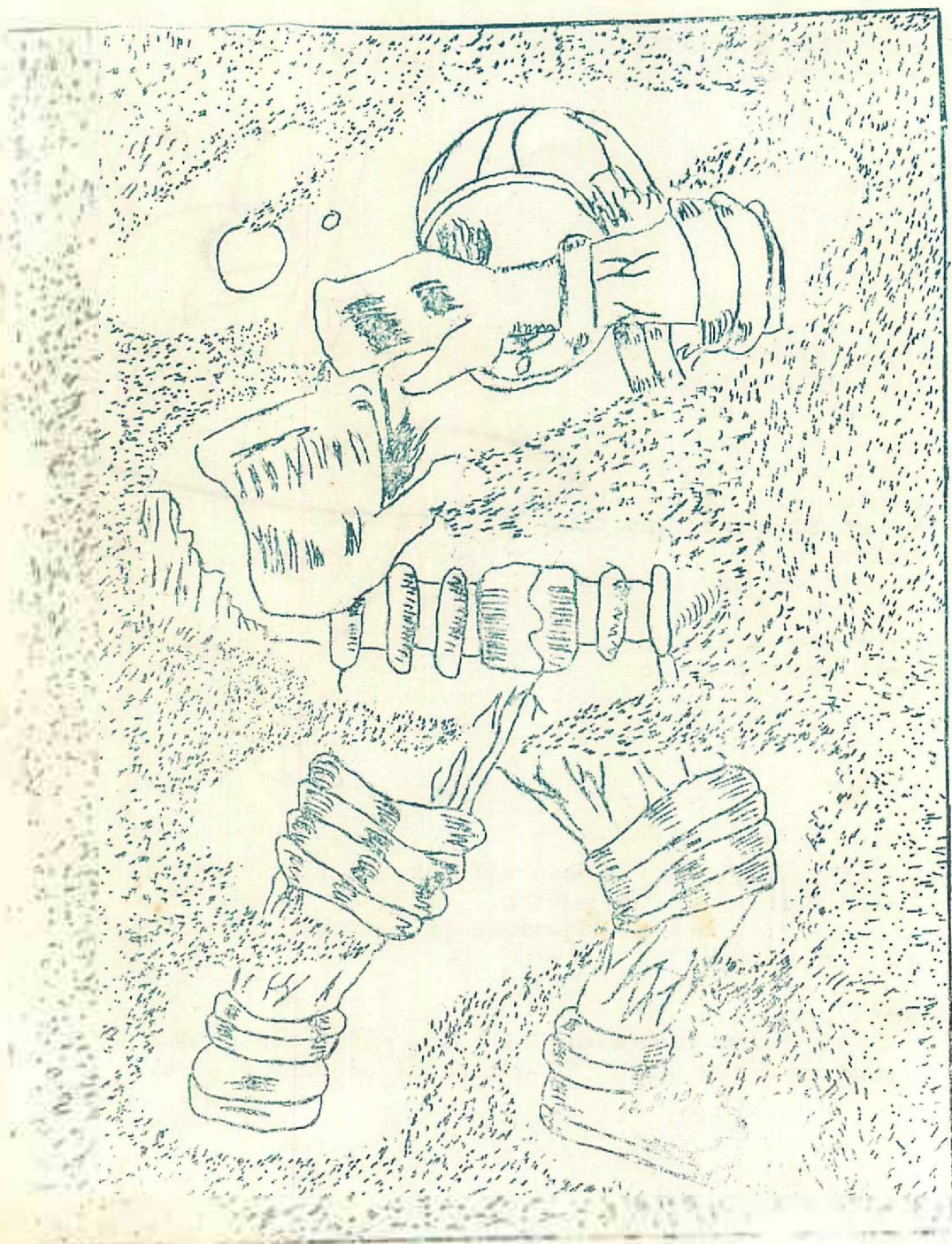
Les Spinge 6 will, Pablo and Roscoe willing, be forced on an  
unwilling world within two months. Help us to make it  
the usual supreme standard. Send lots of letters, articles,  
artwork, and even money.

\*\*\*\*WANTED\*\*\*\*.....

Any issues of CRIPANAC, and early copies of  
CAMBER. Blood or money paid. To editorial address please.

yet

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