

LES SPINGE

RIDES
AGAIN!



jim

LES

PUBLICATION INFORMATION

This is LES SPINCE 8, published and copyright by me for MARCH 1962, and is obtainable for the usual, tho trades, LoC, material and artwork are preferable.

Courtesy Ken Cheslin, a damn good bloke, all stencils types by me, tho most of the illos were cut by the artists (thank Roscoe for that). Drytype stencils, which are called indestructable, but I could tell the makers a thing or two, and duper paper I got in a new year sale. Colour change...well...we all have our secrets.

SITDOWN

By the grace of ghod, and provided the bombs don't get us, you are now reading LES SPINGE 8, the number is mentioned here because it's probably the only place in the issue where it is mentioned. Bombs lead me to a vague notion of survival, in a strictly personal sense.

My connections with the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament have brought home to me very forcibly the consequences of a nuclear attack on this country. And in the event of such an attack what would the chances of my survival be? Am I equipped to survive? Or do I even deserve to survive?

There are about 18 Thor bases and 17 SAC airfields in England, and this is the highest concentration anywhere in the world. An american general has advised this countries government to "stop being a target", because that is just what we are, with little or no sting in out tail, to support the theory of deterrence.

Here in Stourbridge we are 10 miles from the second largest city in England, Birmingham, and a lovely target, a veritable complex of coal, steel, and industry, as well as a succulent mass of people. And the most warning of a surprise attack would be 4 minutes, this only if the information was released at once and you happened to be by a radio or tv.

Four minutes might give you enough time to dash into the cellar with some food and water, make whatever

peace you wished, then have the house fall on top of you. Obviously the only answer lies in very careful preparation.

Firstly: where is the safest place in Britain? The answer in the Welsh mountains, right out in the middle, away from everywhere, even the prevailing winds are on your side. The problem of building a retreat would be considerable, but with money everything would be easy. A self-contained environment chamber good for say 10 years for one. The only problem would be power, and a water turbine should be ok, failing that a small nuclear reactor....remember you have money. Then when you emerged you'd be met by savage semi-homo sapiens, who took your vault to be a temple, and regarded you as a god. Which might create problems, but could be fun as well.

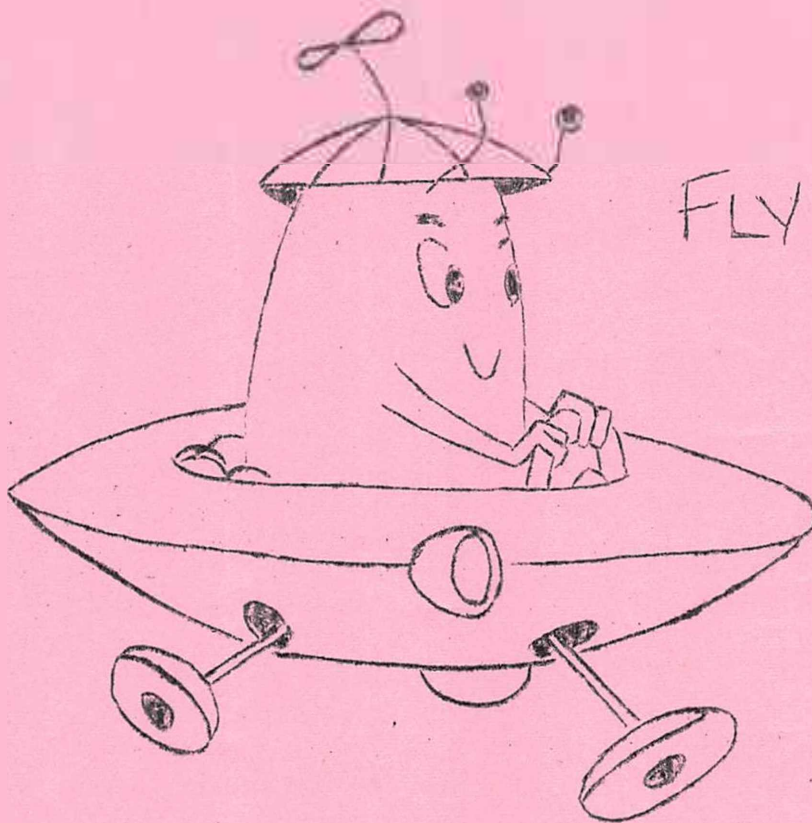
For longer stays a suspended animation technique would be useful, and after you've tunneled thru rock, built air and food apparatus, found a nuclear reactor, this shouldn't be much of a problem to someone with innitiative.

Or would a nice safe beer can tower be better?

Dave



SENSITIVE
FANVISH
FACE



FLY - BY - NIGHT

by
John Berry

I had occasion very recently to have to fly to Birmingham, in England (in late September 1961), to attend the funeral of my father. The journey, of course, was distressing to me, even though I had been away from my paternal and maternal attachments for many years. My father would have been the last one to have wanted me to be unhappy and disconsolate, although this was inevitable. But the flight to and from Birmingham via Manchester did afford me the opportunity to make a few observations about the demeanour of the British air traveller, and I'd like to write about what I saw.

Nutts Corner is the British European Airways aerodrome serving Belfast and Northern Ireland. It is in Co. Antrim, about 14 miles north of Belfast.

Our plane to Manchester was due to leave at 8 pm and we sat in the passengers lounge, toes opening and closing with anticipation.

"B.E.A. announces that their flight to Manchester will be delayed for one and a half hours."

But we all shrugged our shoulders in our typical British way, as if to demonstrate that our broad shoulders could carry such a setback with pride and dignity. We looked at each other, as if wishing for some strong personality to come forth and suggest assassinating the announcer, or at least setting fire to the aerodrome. Some of the passengers had obviously suffered before, as was evinced by nervous twitches and drumming fingers - and the thought of 90 minutes sitting gazing at each other suddenly became too horrible to contemplate.

Suddenly, in a flash of inspiration, it occurred to me that it would be prudent to purchase a book from the stall in the other room, in order to make the time pass more quickly.

I have never before chanced upon such a superb example of mass realization...one second we were sitting in the lounge, frustrated, the next second 70 fellow travellers were trying their utmost to impress me into the carpet immediately in front of the bookstall.

When they'd all gone, I gripped the empty bottom shelf and gradually pulled myself upright. Gone were all the sexy books, with those wonderful coloured front covers depicting semi-naked girls taking deep breathes. Gone were all those wonderful adventure books, with covers showing aeroplanes coming down in flames, and cowboys coughing blood into the sand. Gone indeed were the fascinating spy books with front covers showing trench-coated figures making surreptitious assignments at dark street corners. I surveyed what was left - "Rose Growing in the Antipodes" by Fred Perkins, - "The Ethics of Sanitary Engineering", by Percy Crinkle, and "Seven Hundred and fifty different ways of serving Haricot Beans", by two authors whose names escape me for the moment.

I crawled back to the passengers lounge, to see all the nice comfortable chairs occupied by the air travellers avidly reading, seemingly uncaring about the wait they had.

I stood up, and pondered. I slowly turned a circle, like a radar scanner with rusty ball-bearings. Then - in some subtle way, a delicate odour titillated my nostrils - what was it? - brewing coffee beans - mmm - I swivelled round until the odour was strongest - and there was the refreshment counter, and a beautiful Irish girl looking seductively towards us. Sweat broke out on my palms - lovely hot strong coffee - oh, how sweet, how overpowering was that delectable smell -

I sniffed again - what the hell??? - ah yes, some kind lady was screwing the top of a bottle of smelling salts into my left nostril.

"I'd get you some coffee, you poor man," she said, "but there's none left.."

I looked at my fellow passengers. They were still reading, but were all sipping coffee too. I got up on my knees, drew my arms upwards, gripped the top of the serving counter and pulled agonisingly upwards. I rested my chin on the edge of the counter, and tried to focus my eyes on the girl.

"Another brew in twenty minutes", she smiled...

Time passed inexorably onwards, like it usually does. And then a subtle idea spawned itself in my mind - ohh, dead cunning I was.

If I waited at the far door, when the announcer asked the passengers for flight 9337 to follow the red light to the departure door, I would be first in the queue and would therefore be able to have first choice of seats in the Viscount.

I stood there almost an hour, but it was worth it. When the Viscount was finally ready to depart, and the announcer gave the instructions I anticipated, there I was - bang in front, all the screaming women and children could do nought about it.

Berry had finally triumphed.

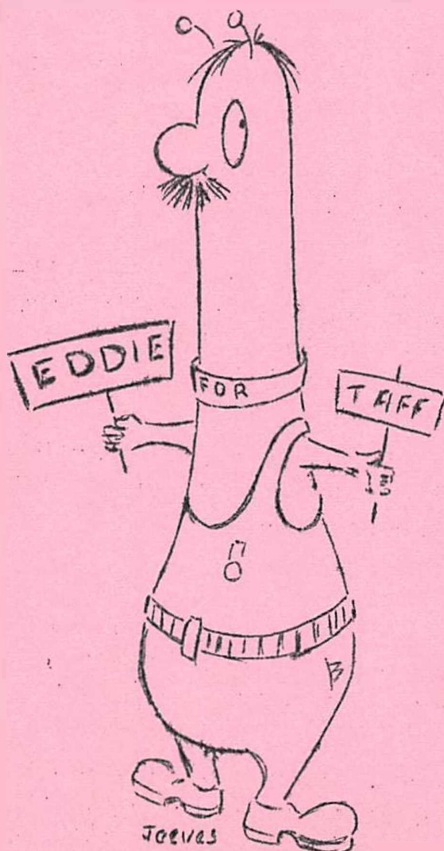
The very attractive air hostess led the way across the concrete to the Viscount. It was dark, very dark, and quite a strong wind blasted across the flat airfield. I pulled up the collars of my trenchcoat, and then I noted that one or two of my fellow passengers were attempting to get ahead of me and so get to the bottom of the steps leading up to the Viscount cabin first. I lengthened my stride, passing the air hostess in my exuberance. Even then one passenger overtook me. My length of stride increased, and then I broke into a gentle trot, then a lope - a sprint, and when we were about 50 yards from the plane, I was going flat out...followed by a pursuing entourage. I used to be an athlete, a long distance runner, and I'm glad to report that I did get to the steps first. Wet, out of breath, and exhausted - BUT I GOT TO THE STEPS FIRST.

An employer of B.E.A. stood with arms outstretched, waiting for the hostess to turn up, which she did about five minutes later.

After she'd regained her composure, she walked up a couple of steps and surveyed us by the light streaming from the cabin windows of the plane.

"Will passengers with children, and those wishing to travel in family groups please come to the front of the queue."

When I found myself alone at the bottom of the steps, it occurred to me that if I'd brought my son along, and he'd been able to keep up with me, I'd have gotten a nice seat near a window. As it was the hostess helped me up the steps, and I looked down the long cabin and saw happy faces beaming in my direction, and eager fingers already buckling the safety belts.



There was one vacant seat, at the end of the Viscount, three seats away from the window. Not that I'd see much of it being dark, but it is a wonderful sensation to see lights below, like precious stones on black velvet....I mean there is something to look at. There is nothing more frustrating than air travel when you cannot get near a window, and just have to sit looking straight ahead at the back of the seat in front of you, waiting for your destination...mentally pleading for the thump of the undercarriage on the runway. Flying to me, still retains the thrill of my first flip some fifty flights ago. Every flight feels to me like the first. I see in flying much more than a mundane means of getting from one place to another as quickly as possible. I regard flying with as much Sense of Wonder as the Wright Brothers did back in good ole Kittyhawk, or wherever it was. It's a sensation, and to properly appreciate it, (if you've got a mind like mine) you've got to be tactically placed in order to be afforded the maximum of pleasure, and you've GOT to be next to a window. The sense of wonder is inclined to get less when all you can see is the top of the scurf ridden head above the back of a seat.

Sometimes you can see the air hostesses legs, but if they see you looking at them too often they don't come past, or, if they have to, break into a trot. To sum up, if I'm next to a window, I'm happy, and if I'm badly seated, I feel glum.....

And so, on this night flight to Manchester, I was glum.....

The flight to Manchester was scheduled to take under an hour, and in this respect it affords some little interest to watch the activities of the various passengers, which seem to come under distinct categories.

a) The Buisness Man Type.

The individual starts off with a profound advantage, because he had his plane fare paid for him; therefore the air of superiority which he invariably has is founded on a mercenary foundation. He gives the impression that the countries "Balance of Payment" is rough, but it would be worse without him. The black "Anthony Eden" tiffen is placed reverently on the rack above his head and the small brief case containing the fate of the Nation, is securely gripped between his knees whilst he works out facts and figures, which, to judge from the intensity of his concentration, could cause another Wall Street Crash if he made a slight miscalculation. But in my opinion, the very act of trying to show his importance and business acumen whilst on an hours flight indicates that he is suffering from an inferiority complex, and is therefore trying to assert himself - or that his business is so mucked about and disorganised that he has to struggle to work things out whilst the rest of us relax - and in the latter instance there is nothing to be proud of.

b) The Experienced Air Traveller Type.

Now I must confess to being an experienced air traveller, but I sencerely hope I don't belong to the category I want to describe.

This type nauseates me.

They saunter to their seats with their noses scraping the cabin ceiling.

They buckle their seat belts on with as much enthusiasm as a prostitute adjusting a chastity belt, and when the air hostess makes her preliminary speech, exhorting the travellers to read the little book which tells you how to fit on your life jacket, they sniff, allowing a sneer to titilate the corners of their mouths.

Nowadays, air-travel is as commonplace as hopping onto a trolley-bus the the snob appeal of travelling tourist class on BEA retains, to the experienced air traveller, an aura of respectability and prestige - a state of mind that only a psychiatrist can adjust.

c) The Well-Known Air Traveller Type.

It is bound to happen that sooner or later, if you travel by air, you may find yourself next to a film star, or an international footballer - someone whose face and name are familiar to everyone.

I've flown to Birmingham three times this year, which has necessitated twelve separte flights, and on one of these I sat next to a well-known man whose name I shall refrain from mentioning because I don't want the editors

of this august fanzine to face a law suit for libel. Sufficient to say that the man has appeared on BBC TV very often, and he also fills in his spare time as a football commentator.

On the short hours flight from Manchester to Belfast, he got up on an average of once every eight minutes to go to the toilet, which is at the front of the plane - this subtle move ensuring that when he returned to his seat everyone would see him. He may have been suffering from a severe complaint, but from the frenzied way he looked from side to side each time he resumed his seat after his journey to the front of the Viscount, forced me to no other conclusion than that he wanted everyone to see him and recognise him, and console themselves with the thought that now their day was complete. They had seen HIM.

c) The Want-Attention Type.

The air-hostesses of BEA are beautiful, attractive in figure and appearance, and ultra-polite. I have always found this to be so, without exception. Yet, on every air trip there always seems to be one passenger whose finger is permanently flirting with the button which has the power of bringing the air-hostess on the scene at the double!

On a trans-Atlantic flight there may be no recourse but to ring for attention once or twice, but except for the air-sick traveller, there is no normal reason why one passenger should have the monopoly of the air-hostess on a flight with less than an hours duration!

The "Want-Attention" type is usually a middle-aged woman in tweeds, and wearing an excessive amount of jewelry. She has too much lipstick applied, and speaks with an affected accent, usually with liberal sprinklings of "my dear".

Even the generous smiles of BEA hostesses can be frozen into snarls at being treated like kitchen maids were in the Victorian Era. I mean, three glasses of water, two aspirins, a cushion, and the Captains name and address, each delivered seperately

at the button command in one hour is purely and simply making a mockery of the exceptional kindness and enthusiasm of these girls.

e) The Nervous Air-Traveller Type.

I am genuinely sorry for anyone who is nervous of travelling by aeroplane. There is probably some deep rooted phobia behind it all. But, nevertheless, the demeanour of this type is a bit of a wow to the keen observer. It is a mechanical fact that excessive



rigidity of structure lends itself unhappily to sudden movement. Take parachuting, for example, If you flex your muscles and arms and legs on landing, you'll probably disintegrate into separate pieces on hitting Terra Firma. But relax, let the arms legs dangle together with the firmness of a rag doll, and everything will be ok. Even the mighty Empire State Building sways an inch or so in a gale. So there is no reason why the outer engine nacelle and the ends of the wings of a Viscount shouldn't flap up and down a bit when flying at 14,000 feet - its designed that way.

But I'll never forget the look on the face of a category e) type when sitting next to me, she peered out of the oval window and saw the wings flap; a circumstance somewhat more dramatic because of a sudden slight disturbance of the Viscount's flight. I'll never forget that high pitched scream. I couldn't help it, though. In her terror, the matronly woman flung her arms round my neck in abject terror, and her hatpin neatly bisected my left hand nostril! ...

There are many other different types I'd like to specify, most particularly the "Honeymoon Types", which always afford me much entertainment - but I've used up enough of this fanzine with my ramblings.

What affords me much speculation, however, is not what category I'm in - but what category my fellow passengers apply to me!!!

John Berry 1961



BROAD MENTAL HORIZONS

A LETTER

from

ALAN DODD

Dear Dave,

The first thing about LES SPINCE No.7 that strikes me is Jhim Linwood's FANALYTIC EYE which strikes me as the biggest load of old balls I've ever read in a fanzine for a long time. Jhim evidently appears to be one of the "I Like Eichmann" brigade - How pointless executing Eichmann seems? How really pointless indeed - the chief transporter of death for the concentration camps is to go free? Never...Never. Any such decision would be construed by the many living nazis as a sign of weakness, and a sign that the nazis had in fact won after all. No, Eichmann should die, and his manner of death should be so hideous as to make any future Eichmann think - just think a little before he committs such a crime. It may not prevent him, but it may make him think - and when he thinks - "Look what they did to Eichmann"- and this thought might be the difference between life and death for another six million people next time. It was the Jews this time, next time it could be the English, the American, the russian, any other group of any kind. Eichmann should die by the methods he condemed so many to death by - he should be sealed in a railway carriage and shunted backwards and fowards between the 160 miles between Warsaw and Auschwitz along the very lines of transport he knew so well, along the timetables of death he practiced so often. Shunted until he dies of starvation or suffocation as did so many other helpless victims of his work. The only alternative that seems suitable is death in a gas-chamber using Cyclon B Gas - in a transparent gas chamber that it may be filmed and televised to the rest of the world. A jew would put him in the chamber and a jew would drop in the gas as did his executioners. But alas, the British left a legacy of hanging criminals with Israel and that method is the only one that will be used. One can only hope that the jewish hangman arranges the knot to slip round the back of his neck so that he strangles slowly - it will only be a fraction of the suffering he caused.

Vengeance is mine saith the Lord - unfortunately the Lord is too damned slow, and too damned merciful. The only thing a butcher understands is butchery, the merciless can expect to recieve no mercy themselves when the time comes - why should they? Eichmann's record stands by itself - forgive him? Would those in the concentration camps who died in so many agonies wish him to be forgiven? Like Hell! What is to be done to Eichmann is for them - for those who cannot do it themselves, but to let Eichmann free would be a mockery of the suffering of everyone who died in a concentration-camp.

There is a standing prison sentence in Israel for ANY member of the SS - six years - this alone is too merciful, Israel should have its own camps and every nazi concentration-camp officer should be brought back there from whatever country they have hidden in. From South America they should drag back the SS Medical Officer of Auschwitz Dr. Josef Mengele, they should bring back SS Doktor Horst Schumann - and both these he handed over to Jewish surgeons to experiment with them as they did in their camps. Heinrich Muller, the chief of the Gestapo is still around in South America, Martin Bohrmann, Deputy Fuehrer, Josef Panwitz, Chief of Gestapo Prague is still there - in Germany half the medical men are ex-concentration camp doctors -

William Neumann of Buchenwald, Dr. Eloise Rothenberger from the women's concentration-camp at Ravensbruck - they should all be dragged back to a camp in Israel for trial and execution by whatever methods they used on others. It's no good leaving justice to the Nazi riddled government judges now in existence - they only have one sentence - three years. Three years for any Gestapo chief, SS officer, camp doctor - the sentence is nominal - it is only used so that afterwards the criminal can say he has been tried for the crime and paid for it - paid for it - do you realise Richard Kolb, Commandant of Sachsenhausen recieved only three years for flogging one man to death? So much for German justice.

I think Linwood is totally, criminally wrong in wanting to extend mercy to the merciless. Would they have done the same? I think not.

I for one wish that Israel would alter their system of trials from a long trial and a quick death to a quick trial and a long death. And a slow one at that. But time is a great healer, and it clouds ones memories - we need a nazi tried every week from now on to remind those who have forgotten and those who never knew.

As you can gather Linwoods muddled thinking has infuriated me no end and I disagree with everything he's said. Most definately.

(dated 12th. Nov 1961)

Alan Dodd

A REPLY-

from

JHIM LINWOOD

Dear Dave,

Anyone who knows me will tell you of my repugnance towards Nazism, and anything that smacks of it. Anyone who read what I wrote with an open mind can see that I did not condone or even defend Eichmann's insane crimes there is no possible defence for deliberate acts of genocide. Nor did I suggest letting him go free...let him do a little good for the Jews to eliminate an infinitesimal ammount of the suffering he has caused them by working in a Kibbutz or on their desert-reclamation project.

In as cruel and sadistic a letter as he could possibly write Alan Dodd has shown Eichmann to be a merciless butcher, and screama for his blood.... KILL KILL KILL. Isn't six million murders enough? I become depressed by the hatred and cruelty of this world, and when one of the deposed tools of this hatred is hung up with the "Hurry up..Go ahead Hate Him tag"... "You could be like this".... "develop your guilt complex" HATE HATE HATE. But not one word of protest about the present day Eichmanns; Salazar, Vervoerd, and Franco, they are not detered by Eichmann's fate. If we brood over the butchery of the past, but do not learn from it, the Eichmanns of this world will not only outlive us, but bury us also!

What happens when Alan Dodd's proposed Concentration-camp runs out of Nazis; the next logical step is all Germans who allowed the Totalitarianism of Hitler in their country, and after they have been butchered, any German. But war is not a one sided act against humanity. The responsibility

for plunging the masses into a war they did not want lies not only with Germany. Certainly, torture and execute Adolf E chmann....he made the unforgiveable mistake of choosing the losing side, but for the brilliant, brave and clean-cut Americans who perfected the A-Bomb, and incinerated thousands of civilians at Hiroshima and Nagasaki...we give them medals!

The attitudes taken by Alan Dodd as an "anti-nazi" are the equivalent to me, as an "anti-bomb" saying; "Lets give the Japs A-Bombs so they can bomb Ney York and Washington in revenge".

If Eichmann's death could bring back his six-million victims then I would gladly be his executioner, but it will not. I do not want him released, he must be made to work for the Jews. Any cry for torture and slow death goes back to the nazi-beasts, and is inhuman. Alan Dodd says that Eichmann should be shown as much mercy as he gave his victims...if justice is no kinder, more merciful, more intelligent, and more human than this insane maniac (Eichmann), then I am ashamed to call myself civilised.

Murder is man's greatest act of cruelty, and is at its most cold blooded when performed by the state in the name of you and me. Eichmann once state executioner now prepares to meet his end by the same brand of justice. Alan Dodd says that if Eichmann is executed it may deter other maniacs...do you think that this will end all misery in the world?...the world has been one big concentration-camp since the begining of time, and the killing and hatred goes on, why not call a stop to it by showing mercy to the condemned.

If you hang Eichmann you are using the same methods and mentalities as he used and praised. When we can learn to overcome hatred and killing only then will there be no more Eichmanns. Mercy is the kindest attribute of Man.

Jhim Linwood

The Bridge of Sighs

Just for the record,
I wish I were dead.
Expected a DISCORD -
Got SKOAN instead.

Pick it up gingerly,
Toss it with care
Into the rubbish bin -
They all end up there.

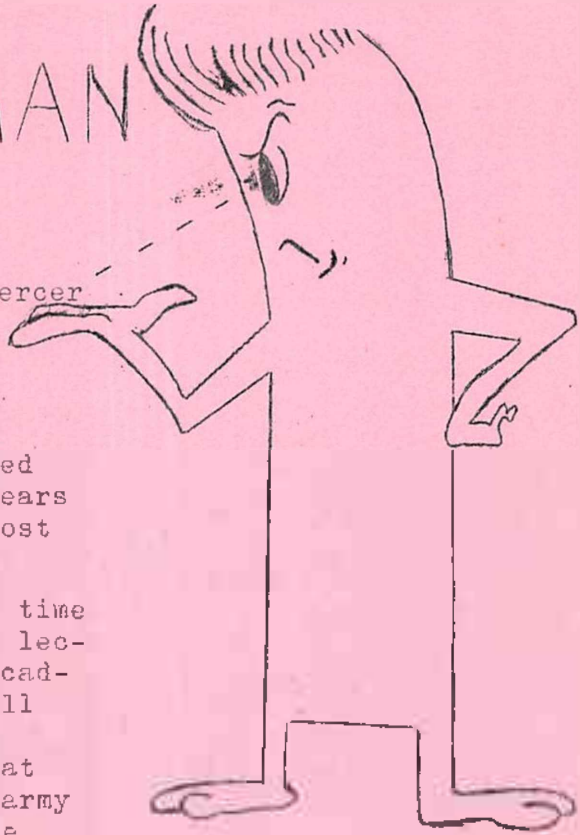
I treat such 'zines scornfully,
Look on them mournfully,
Sometimes quite biliously.
Each postman's whistle means
More bloody 'crudzines
Than came here formerly.

But soon, without doubt,
Revenge! Exhultation!
Next week I will send out
My own publication.

John M. Baxter

I WAS A ONEMAN PLAGUE

by Archie Mercer



This occurred in the late summer of 1945. VJ Day (which I thus missed) happened in the middle of it. And though sixteen years later its comic side is now uppermost, I most certainly didn't enjoy it then.

I was stationed at Brussels at the time working in a luxury flat and billeted in a lecture room at the nearby Belgian military Academy. And this particular morning I felt all woozy and dizzy and altogether thoroughly unfit. There was nothing wrong with me that a good sleep wouldn't have cured, but the army doesn't work like that. In fact one of the most sadistic things about the army in those days (I wouldn't know if it's still the same) was that one wasn't allowed to lie-in even on one's day off.

So I stayed in bed while my fifty or so room-mates got out of the way, wincing at all the loud talk, the heavy boots and the like, and shuddering whenever the sweeping brush hit my bedpost. At last they all trooped off to work, and I reluctantly - not to mention labouriously - got up, shaved in cold water (we had hot water in the offices, but cold water in the billets), and then staggered over to the M.I. Room to report sick.

The unit M.O. was an elderly character who had been known to attach himself surreptitiously to the rear of the queue waiting to see himself, and stay there till somebody recognised him. I forget if he did that on this occasion or not, but anyhow it isn't strictly relevant. At length I was admitted to the presence with my tale of woe. The M.O. took a look at me, told me to get my shirt out of the way so that he could give me the once-over with his stethoscope - and promptly went off on another tack when he saw the rash on my chest.

At least, he said it was a rash. And apparently some others saw it later too. I never saw it myself, but then one isn't precisely built for the close scrutiny of one's own chest without a mirror or something. Anyway, he said it was hospital for me right away. And that was that.

Coming back from my billet with my small-kit ready for travelling, I felt better already - probably due as much to the fresh air as to anything. But it was Too Late Now. So I climbed into the cab of the waiting truck, and was shortly set down at one of the several military hospitals that were located in the Brussels area at that time.

The next few hours are among the most utterly miserable that I have ever spent, anywhere. They put me to bed in a ward. Then they changed their collective mind and hustled me into a bed in one of the little rooms at the far end, all by myself. Doctors, nurses and orderlies paraded in singly and by the battalion, went into huddles over me, stuck things into me, and abandoned me again to solitude and my imagination. I seemed to be caught in the toils of something that I didn't understand - Something, furthermore, didn't understand me, either. I tried to cry to relieve my feelings, but at that age (twenty) I had long lost the facility, and wasn't very successful. So I just lay there trembling, in the uttermost depths of depression, imagining all sorts of impossible things and momentarily expecting the worst to happen.

The climax came when they took a sample of my spinal fluid. Shortly after that, an orderly came with one of those stretcher-trolley things, and I was placed thereupon with bedding and possessions and wheeled out of the ward.

Out into the open air I rolled, and over to the isolation block. Then up in a lift to the first floor, and into a private room where I was put to bed again. It was a pleasant little room as hospital wards go, with its own washbasin and a toilet in one corner cunningly disguised as a built-in wardrobe. And there I was left. The worst, as a matter of fact, was now over. The rest of my sojourn was by the way of anti-climax.

For the next week, I was kept in bed in strict isolation. I had pajamas to wear - specifically, women's pajamas, which though not (as you doubtless know) ideally adapted for male wear, were at least more dignified than a nightshirt. Apparently somebody with a bit of initiative had had the happy thought that stocks of pajamas surplus to ATS requirements were better off on male hospital patients than on ordnance depot shelves. The doctors came and took a peep at me every so often, though as all signs of my alleged rash were admitted to have dissappeared after the first couple of days, this didn't get them very far, and they were no end perplexed about it, too. Some mates from the office turned up visiting, but were not allowed in the room, and had to stand and shout through the glass panel and round the door. They brought some fruit, subscribed for as was the custom by the whole department, which looked decorative standing in a bowl on the table right enough, but most of which I wasn't allowed to eat on the grounds that as they didn't know what was wrong with me, they didn't know whether fruit would be good for it or not. (I'm pretty sure I was fed on something, so it all seems particulaly pointless besides being a waste of food). Apart from these visits, and those of the overworked nurses and orderlies who took my temperature and cleaned the room out, and once a day or so the WVS welfare woman, I had the week entirely to myself. I had to get up at some unearthly hospital-type hour every morning - five or four-thirty or something equally preposterous - to wash and shave, and has the heat and the crickets combined to keep me awake at night, I wasn't at all keen on the idea. But on the other hand, I was able to get plenty of sleep during the day, and did.

After the first week, the state of my health being apparently first class and all signs of the rash having long since vanished, I was allowed to get up properly. It was then that I made my first and only acquaintance with hospital "blues", the light blue uniform in which walking patients in military hospitals are traditionally clad. The ones I was dealt out were absurdly small. I went down to the QM stores to get them changed.



Nonesense, - I was told - they were a perfect fit, and in any case hospital blues were all the same size anyway. Eventually I managed to persuade the bloke to give me a rather bigger outfit, which he did with a very bad grace why they couldn't try to match for size at the outset instead of arguing about it I'll never understand.

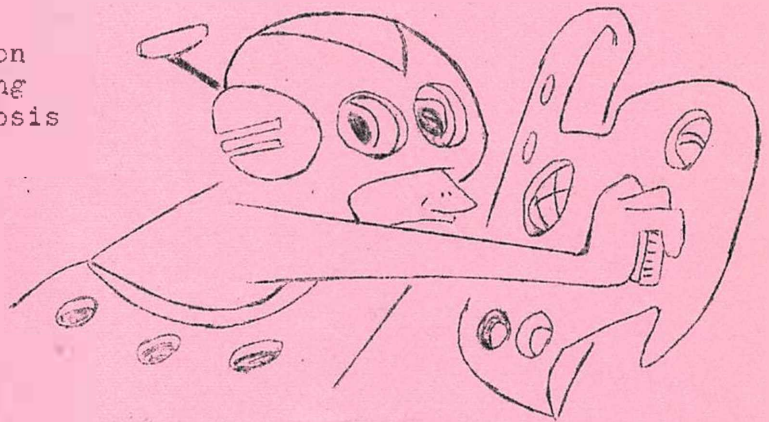
Blue-clad, I was given the run of the corridor for what it was worth - which wasn't much. There were only two or three more patients, each in his little room like unto mine own, and I wasn't actually allowed in the rooms of course. So I used to prowl around conducting awkward little conversations through open doorways with mates who all seemed utterly boring, or non-English speaking, or noth. I was also allowed to go on the flat roof to take the sun and read. I even got a pass to go down-town once.

I'd like to take this opportunity to put it on record that in my considered opinion, hospital blues - so long as they fit - are as comfortable a type of clothing as I have ever worn. Also, despite their easy cut, the addition of accesories such as nat, web belt and gaiters transform them into an extremely smart uniform in their own right.

At the end of the second week, the doctor came again and asked me how I felt. Fine, I replied - never felt better. I'd not mentioned that I'd have felt even better still if I'd been able to sleep my fill in the mornings instead of being rudely awakened and then dozing off all day. But apart from this, I did feel fine. In that case, said the doctor - for "doctor" strictly one should read "M.O." throughout of course - I seemed to be fit enough to be discharged. Could I be interested in a convalexcent depot, or would I rather go straight back to my unit?

The procedure at that time was that anybody admitted to hospital was automatically struck of the strength of the unit he came from. But if the stay proved relatively short, and the unit was still in the vicinity and wanted him, he was customarily sent straight back rather than having to go through with the rigmarole of posting him to a reinforcement unit. It wasn't at all a bad mob I was with on the whole, so I jumped eagerly at the chance to get back while they still had a claim on me. So back I duly went, my confinement over,

It eventually went down on my records that I'd been suffering from German measles. This diagnosis however seems to be due mainly to German measles happening to be the only one of the "usuals" that I hadn't had as a child. Certainly, all concerned freely admitted that they'd never come across a case of German - or anybody else's measles like it before.



--- Archie Mercer

Mentioned last time was a WO4W thing, termed with a Rispidiem CTT(CULT TYPE THING). And because there is a space on this stencil, and because Al couldn't find inspiration to write anything for me, I'll plagiarise a letter for a while.

Tonight on arriving home from work at 7.30 I found the place in Darkness and LOCKED. So I left the provisions I bought and the homework and the Ella record I'd got from a lad at work and went for a walk. I walked slowly down to the canal at the traffic lights, and in a mellow mood I was then....about me there was this great district, where anything happens, and the mystical canal beside me, and the stars above and the lemon lighted trees...POW I felt good. I turned right and walked down the side of the canal, past the bridge, and eventually came to the stretch where all the long ships are moored. And there was an open doorway with light streaming out of the depths of the barge. This was the Canaletto Gallery. So, with nothing better to do I wandered in. There were only two people in there, a middle aged bloke and a shabby looking middle aged woman. Soon I was joined in the long room by a student looking gal, about 15/6, who gazed about like me, then eventually left, while the two others were talking.....

I talked with the old bloke there for a while, and as his neuroticism was begining to come to the surface the gal who'd had a look round before came back and asked him about how easy it was to get a boat on the canals. He told her it was impossible now, so she was all sad, and tried to persuade him to rent her the gallery for 2 quid a week....So, soon, we all left, and I took her about the area. to see the houses and like that. She floor-kipped about the Georgian buildings, and so I eventually arrived back at 36 with her, and so I fed me waif off the streets. Bruce and I talked with her for a while, but soon she was off back to the place where she was staying tonight...floor-kipping, she has been for the past few months, because she doesn't like sharing places and also she doesn't like sharing beds...so I took her round to a nearby board and there wasn't any single rooms at all, so she shrugged a little and went off on the Underground...I guess she'll make out.

A good kid she was, but old too soon...

Alan Rispin

(Dated 11th October 1961)

MISC. & ODDMENTS DEPT.

Bringing you the products of the fertile
minds of Stourbridge and Wollescote. This time we have a little
fannish ditty to a tune no one seems to have heard, but which
Ken and myself know as the "LORRY DRIVER'S TUNE(SONG)".

Oh, many a fanzine I've published abroad,
Many a femme fan acclaims me her lord,
Many a story until I am bored,
All in the name of Trufandom!

I've hand cranked a duper from London to Leeds,
Scrabbled for Hyphens while down on my knees.
Sent tapes to other fen far overseas:
All in the name of Trufandom!

Neos in hundreds glory my deeds,
Fight for the honour of filling my needs,
And everyone of them this thing concedes
It's all in the name of Trufandom!

I've travelled to miniCons, Cheltenham and worse,
Nitching in lorries and even a hearse.
At parties with pro-writers I do converse
To farther the cause of Trufandom!

In our mundane lives we aim at perfection,
Giving our friends the magic prescription,
Being a dose of scientifiction,
For this is the aim of Trufandom!

All over the world they tell of a mar
Bearing the name of Harrison,
For the sake of the Empire he'll give all he can,
For he believes in Trufandom!

I've signed on with GMPA, and PAPA knew me,
I lived long in SAPS before I got free,
I've fried in the sun, and soaked in the sea
All in the name of Trufandom!

With a Gestetner wrapped up in a mac,
10 tubes of ink in a small pack.
I've walked to the Con, all the way back
All in the search for Trufandom!.

You may tell of your feuding and fighting so bold,
But there's many and many a saga untold,
Of good fen who struggled to stay in the fold
Caused by a faith in Trufandom!

BEMS I HAVE KNOWN

I had intended this to be a sort of acknowledgement for all the fmz I get specifically by trade, they deserve a mention, and never get a chance otherwise. But....as it is I was foiled, and this may not be a very complete list. Nonetheless may the flood continue lads (and those few fair damsels). I enjoy

all your zines, and I only hope that my poultry offering will give you an infinitesimal ammount as much pleasure as yours have given me.

ABANICO (Bill Bowers). You have good reason to think that 50% is a fair response. On SPINGE 7 at least 14% went to wrong addresses thru' no fault of mine. And of the rest a considerable quantity of reputable fen (by this fen who you'd think would respond) didn't even bother to say "Go flog your trash elsewhere".

AMBLE (Archie Mercer). OMPA. I'll be able to elaborate further when I get into OMPA, but I like the style, and anyone who signs the wall could not be criticised!

BANE (Vic Ryan). It was worth the wait Vic....mumble..mumble..yes!

THE BUG EYE (Hel Klemm). Here's the top of the top on my typer, A german Adler, which breaks down far to often, the keys stick as well! * " / & ' () + $\frac{1}{4}$. That must be the first time I've ever used the ~~bug eye~~....aah....joy!

CRY (Box 92..etc) Dear Box 92....thanks for this one trade copy..only hope this gets me another. (Hint)

DIE WIS (Dick Shultz). Yes, I know the name is spelt wrong, but I've a system where I don't make mistakes anymore. For every time I use the CorFlu I put a $\frac{1}{2}$ d. in a little box on the bureau, ostensibly to buy a new bottle. But at this rate there'll be enough for the Con as well.

DISCORD (Redd Boggs). This speaks for itself. Way back (5 years) I used to write to a girl in your state. She stopped as soon as I got to writing fannish type letters. And you may well think "So what?".

DYNATRON (Roy Tackett). A wonderful Japanese girl writes to me, and thinks that I'm "well ordered about everything", which is a charming, even if erroneous thought.

ERG (Terry Jeeves). Me and my trying to get a TAPP platform written. Eric advised me to write to John Owen, John Owen advised me to write John Berry. Which after you is an infernal triangle, with two Berry in one zine, and this is a monopoly.

ETWAS (Peggy McKnight). Several here, but why not pub less often with a more substantial zine. This might even save you postage.

FANAC (Walter Breen). Your address changes are a godsend. The only trouble is that I get issues months late, and by that time a good portion have gone and moved again. Thanks for so much for so little.

FANTASMAGORIQUE (S. Neilsen). The cover makes me think "Southern Cross", but if that means more to you than it does to me fine.

HAVERINGS (Ethel Lindsay). Ghod, reduced to commenting on comments.

NEOLITHIC (Ruth Berman). That thing on I9 was a cover? I can understand and change from maths, mine is bad, and it should be better. At present I take Biology, Chemistry, and Physics, all mundane, then I hope onto an Honours Psychology Degree course at one of our academic institutions. You should have seen the interviewers face at UC London recently when I tried to convince him I was a publishing giant!

ORION (Ella Parker). If you can serialise your trip in Orion, then do a limited printing in complete form, from the original stencils, it would suit the folk who prefer complete reports.

THE PANIC BUTTON (Nirenberg). It splashed thru the letter box into a puddle of water, which has had the effect of making the pages stick together, not conducive to good reading. Print it on polythene next time, or don't send it in the monsoon season.

PESKY' (Ed Mesky's). I wondered why you were printing on one side of the paper. Then it appeared that you wern't, but what I could decipher was entertaining.

PLACK (Don Anderson). I saw an advert for this Little Sandy Review in SING OUT, and was toying with the idea of getting a copy, anything you can do to help?

PHLOTSAM (Phyllis Economou). Thanks. Honest..nothing..but nitty..nutty nufun to comment about this.

ROVER (Arthur Hayes). The listing of birthdays in the accompanying thing was useful as I try to keep records, but like this being a record of all trade fmz, they rarely work. Congratulations for other acknowledgement as well.

SATHANAS (RIP Schultz). See! Twas a real pity about those Geomet illos, but nobody but a machine could stencil them properly...so get yourself oiled up Dick mate.

SCOTTISHE (Ethel Lindsay). Yea. TNT makes a good clap or tartan thunder. And on taking Mescaline, Dr. Green of UC told me that it induces schizophrenia, which may be permanent.

SCRIBBLE (Colin Freeman). I'd love to have printed some of the stuff you did Colin.

SON OF THE FANALYTIC EYE SQUINTS SIDEWAYS AT OMPA (whild Jhim Linwood).

The CULT indeed, and a lot of activity we've had lately as well. What with Chris sitting listening to jazz records all night. Al, a full time job moving from flat to flat in various parts of N.W.6, and you knocking around at Stonehenge every weekend with a Druid preistess (soory Mari)...and me...well....er...working. Still, it has gained me an extra inch or two of letters, and given me a good idea of how you three think, besides a hell of a lot of fun into the bargain. yours DVE.

SPELEOBEM (Bruce Peltz). It only came the other day and I've not had time to do more than glance at it. Ha. I should have tried to get a TAPP platform off you as well, or are you by any chance, busy, a Taff administrator, putting out a one-shot, or a regular spinge contributor?

UL (Norm Metcalf). Why this crosses my mind I've no idea. But why don't more fen have private transportation? Or am I just imagining this, the thought just struck. Hell.

YANDHO (R & J Coulson). Ken and myself'll send you a tape just as soon as I can persuade the slob to climb the hill up to my house. Its a very small hill, but when you're on a bike like me, or worn out by fanac like Ken it gets bigger and grows on you. If you think that Afghanistani folk music is the last word just you wait mate.heheh.

Juanita might call me a MESSIAH fan, I make a pilgrimage to the Town Hall at Birmingham every christmas and here it, sort of anniversary celebration. Maybe a memory of sad things past, the first time I went I met a girl and got chucked. Hell again.

A KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF SF FANDOM (via Don Franson).

What there was of it was very good, thanks for the copy. Its a pity that like FANCY II you couldn't expand, but for its purpose good.

And to the end of February 1962. What comments have allowed me to express any feeling have done so, but there only an apology for the real letters I'd like to write.



(I repeat that the opinions expressed in this fmz are responsibility of the contributors, and not me....DJH).

~~THE FANALYTIC EYE~~

~~by Jim Linwood~~

A KEY TO THE TERMINOLOGY OF S-F FANDOM,
Pubbed by Don Franson for the N3F.20c to
Ron Ellik, 1825, Greenfield Ave, LA 25.

This is a digest size, quarto, 20pp, dictionary of fannish jargon. It is in fact a condensation of Eney's FancyII, and one of the best things done for the neo-fan since Bob Tucker's Neo-Fans Guide.

Just compare these two similar entries from the Franson & Eney directories. Firstly Don's:

Fugghead:- Stupid person, maker of asinine comments.

Now Eney's expanded definition:-

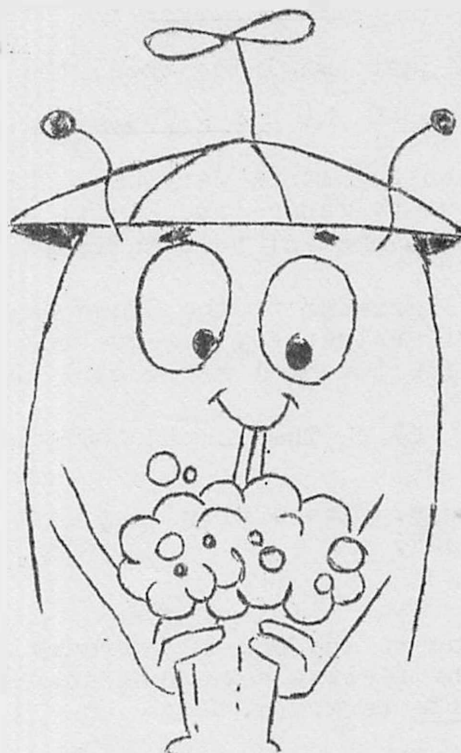
Fugghead:- (Laney). A close relative of the LMJ. Art Rapp once defined the term as "someone who would disagree with Laney". A fugghead is more correctly one who speaks before he thinks, if indeed he thinks at all, a maker of assine statements, silly assertions, and fraudulent claims. "A fugghead is a stupid oaf with a babbling tongue", defines Tucker concisely. First part of the word is bowlderised; a little thought will suffice to translate it.

I hope the BSFA officials see the worth of this little effort, and reprint it for its membership, or produce a similar dictionary. I'm passing my copy onto a neofan.

VECTOR 14. off. org. of BSFA. Edited by Jim Groves, 29 Lathom Rd., East Ham, London E.6.

Another well produced, interesting, and controversial sercon-wise ish, which if it were twice as large would be worth the 5/- we pay for it. Aside from the editorial and secretaries report Bob Parkinson writes on Hal Clement...the stencil cutter ruins this by underlining the numerous titles given. In "That Certain Feeling" (Only one can play) neo fan Kingsley Amis, gives his reflections on being one year in fandom. He says he's met "harmless eccentrics who believed in faster-than-light-travel, Time travel, and Universal Translating machines, but fails to mention the thing he emphatically maintained didn't exist...telepathy.

In the book review by John Phillifent, he cuts Atlas Shrugged down to size and discusses the fallacy of Objectivism..watch this guy...he's an intelligent and perceptive critic. In the reprint section Willis writes about anti-fans being subversive elements...from Ron Smiths Inside SF. In



the letter col Don Smith unearths the old cliché "Heinlein's underlying philosophy"...sure it stinks as is obvious to any fan who has read his revolting experiment in sadism; Gulf. Most intelligent fans take Heinlein as he comes, and enjoy his style as much as that of his Hollywood counterpart John Wayne...both however are sheer ham. (I'm talking of Heinlein's present output, which is vastly inferior to the masterpieces he was turning out during the 40's):

THE PANIC BUTTON. (Incorporating QUE PASADO and VAHANA), 25c from Les Nirenburg, 1217 Western Rd., Toronto 15, Ontario, Canada. 1/9 from Joe Patrizio - Flat 5, 11 Grosvenor Rd., Watford, Herts.

Despite the amalgamation of all the other Nirenburg zines this is basically VAHANA 2, with the same formula as before. VAHANA is a vehicle for fans who want to say something serious without waiting for their pet subject to crop up in the HABAKUK letter col, but realising that this can be as dull as hell, Les has worked in a number of humorous articles....but surely social comment is at its most poignant when in a humorous vein?

The main feature article is a fascinating, yet disturbingly starry-eyed account by Larry McCombs of his experiences with the Moral Re-armament movement. As an atheistic-liberal I can't share Larry's up-beat conclusions the MRA is a good thing. The MRA is a result of extremist elements to convert the West's negative anti-communist ideology into something positive. Founded by that pathetic little fat man, Frank Buchman, who thanked God for giving Germany Hitler, and financed by big business-men the MRA attempts to be a "moral equivalent" of Communism. As Larry describes its workings it is highly reminiscent of Communist Youth organisations, this is borne out by the number of ex-communists who have made an easy transition to MRA. At the end of the article is a piece of name dropping; statesmen like Kishi Adenauer who support MRA...this reads like a who's who of despots and bad politicians. Phooey, I'm in favour of Moral Disarmament.

Jerry Demuth writes on recent films by Swedish director Ingmar Bergman, but is too short to say anything worthwhile. Colin Freeman regrets that ~~great~~ Britain is a 2nd rate power...nice to see Colin blossoming out with well written stuff like this. In "What is a Jew", Norm Clarke delivers a clever satire on anti-semitism, in the guise of giving helpful information on Jew-spotting and baiting. Ray Nelson is at his best with Darwin Revisited; a series of cartoons with Darwinian captions like Elimination of the unfit, for a crowd of identical morons marching over a solitary poet. Scotty Tapscott writes on Motivational Research with reference to Damon Knight's TURNCOAT...later expanded into the shattering novel HELL'S PAVEMENT. Les Gerber relates the parable of the beat who sought refuge in the revolving doors of a department store, and started a craze which paralyzed a third of Manhattan's shops. The fmz is padded with various anti-poems...

Blow my Snorkel by "Lawrence Ferlinginsberg"

Blow my Snorkel,
dip my wick
Pull my cork'll
pat my hip

Gregory Jack and Al
scratching out poetic pap
that amounts to crap
but at least its dirty.

Les continues his habit of giving captions to news photos, a few too aesoteric for Angiofen. Les's using metal plates for the next ish giving solid black headings...best of luck.

G2 6,25c for 3, 50c for 6 or buck a year from Joe and Roberta Gibson, 5380 Sobrante Ave, El Sobrante, Calif. Official Organ of the "Keep Cheats, Frauds, Thieves, Whores and Moochers out of Fandom Witch-Hunt".

Once upon a time there was a guy called Joe who could the days when Heinlein was a liberal. This guy got fed up with fen writing about politics, dabbling with drugs, complaining about postal censorship, and never mentioning SF. This resentment wasn't a bigoted predudice; "These neurotics" he wrote, "are untrustworthy, trashy types. They'll cheat. Some are thieves"

All fans are neurotic to some degree, as are all covilised people, it is reasonable to assume that Joe Gibson is slightly neurotic, probably more than most as the above quotes seem to indicate. Neurotics try to cling fanatically to one subject...like SF. This is a fine and wondrous thing, sure, but some fen who insist that it is everything are missing one hell of a lot. The young-fan who becomes intoxicated by his first does of Kerouac and makes the fannish scene like Dean Moriarty is far less obnoxious than the pious idiots who begin each sentence with "The answer lies in what Heinlein said in...."

The zine is dominated by a good letter-col, which offsets Joe's shallow, and grammatically incomprehensible comments on sf and fandom.

G 2 7....as above....

Joe, it appears, has had a change of heart for all the references to the witch hunt of previous ishs have been purged from the pages of this one, and it is greatly improved because of this. Joe writes a superb piece on his friendship with a disc-jockey and SF reader Al Jazzho Collins. A letter-col and cookery-hints from Robbie close the ish.

FANAC 8I-2, 4 for 50c from Walter Breen, 2402 Grove St, Berkeley 4, Calif, or 6 for 4/- from Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark rd., Nth. Hykeham, Lincs. (worried about eviction, Archie?)

These are the first of the new management fanacs I've seen since the days of Ellik. In comparison there is a great improvement, due to the wider coverage with a whole bevy of spies from A to Z with their ears to the fannish rails. Skyrack cringes in comparison; Ron's chief fault being news items based on assumption; eg. John Brunner taking part in the Trafalgar sit down merely on the strength that he advocated unilateral disarmament.

In 82 there's a wonderful example of being nasty in a good cause. In this instance the White/Moskowitz near law-suit. The Moskowitz's, who are gaining the reputation of the greatest suers in fandom, arn't doing themselves or fandom one bit of good by resorting to legal action...but all that has been said before. I should think that by putting her name and qualifications to a medicaly innacurate and biased article is breaking some code of professional etiquette.

Reccomended...I'm renewing my Sub.

Jhim Linwood

(also reviewed was Etwas 5, sorry Peggy Rae, but there's just not enough space, without buying some more stencils or duper paper).

And so as the shades of night is fallin fast, and the lone fan rushes the last stencil to the white hot duper..we say farewell to Les Spinge 8, the fanzine for the mentally bewildered for another period of sanity and quiet.....see you anglofan types at Harrpgate...spinge will be watching you. Dave