





LES SPINGE RIDES AGAIN

Worcester Sauce (Editorial)	2
The Thespian Caper (John Berry)	4
The Party That Never Was (Geoff Winterman)	9
From a Northern Field (Pete Weston)	10
The Return of Sherlock Holmes (Ken the Cheslin)	15
The Last Round-Up	17

COVER and illo on page 13 by SANTOS (Martin Pitt)

THIS IS LES SPINGE 15, dated August 1966 and edited and published by Darroll Pardoe, 38 Perrins Lane, Stourbridge, Worcs., England. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of his contributors. For availability see editorial.

Copyright 1966 by Darroll Pardoe

WORCESTER SAUCE ++++++

+++++ EDITORIAL

Greetings fellow fans, 'Slainte' to you all, and yes, SPINGE is back. It's been more than eighteen months now since the last issue appeared, and so some of you may have begun to think that it had gone for good, especially as fan activity in Stourbridge has been at a very low level of late. However, as you can see from the evidence before you, a revival is under way. Recently (and there are one or two who are going to say 'at last') I have decided to try my hand at fanzine publishing for the first time, and what more natural than that I should begin by reviving good old SPINGE. As the only surviving active member of Stourbridge Fandom it is at least appropriate.

And so LES SPINGE returns from the dead, with a new and inexperienced editor. Reproduction is on the same Gestetner 320 that has traditionally been used to produce SPINGES almost from the beginning, and so I have felt justified in retaining the Cringe-binder imprint, which I have done deliberately, as a link with the past. For the same reason this editorial is titled 'Worcester Sauce', as of old. SPINGE will I hope stay largely 'fannish' in make-up, though I am by no means excluding the occasional Serious and Constructive item. I hope that some of the old zest will remain. The contents of this issue were for the most part not intended to see light in SPINGE; some were destined for DRUMBLE, or for the now (presumably) defunct Birmingham SF Group Newsletter, so this SPINGE is rather a mixture. The supply of material for future issues of LS is very meagre at present, and here I am relying on you, my readers, to help out. Contributions are hereby invited, and also lots of letters-of-comment, please. These (and trades of course, if anyone is willing to trade with a periodical as irregular in schedule as SPINGE) will be the best ways of getting future issues, but money will only be accepted at my discretion, as I do not intend to encourage subscribers. However, if any subscriptions remain outstanding from the previous incarnation, let me know, and I will honour them. Unfortunately, Ken has destroyed the old mailing list, and I have virtually no idea who the subscribers were, or indeed who received the last few issues by other means; hence, the present issue is being sent out more or less at random.

I apologize to my readership and to the artist concerned for the absence of interior illustrations in this issue; I have decided that I am not sufficiently competent to transfer the illos to stencil myself, and will leave that task to the artist. This has created a problem in that SANTOS is somewhere in Eastern Europe at

present, and is totally inaccessible. Next time around, there will be more artwork. The two illustrations this issue were Gaste-faxed, and to have more than two done would have been prohibitively expensive. Pity.

John Berry on page 8 quotes from 'Julius Caesar', misquotes rather, and for those of you too lazy to look it up for yourselves, here is the original version:

"I could well be moved, if I were as you
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the northern star
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks
They are all fire and every one doth shine
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he
Let me a little show it, even in this
That I was constant Cimber should be banished
And constant do remain to keep him so."

(Julius Caesar, III.1, 56-73)

That's all from me for the present. If you want the next issue, I suggest you communicate in some way, and I'll be back, next time around.

Darroll

I disappeared so fast you could see where I'd been, outlined in vacuum.
- Terry Pratchett

THE THESPIAN CAPER
An Irish Fandom Story
BY JOHN BERRY

It was not surprising that the short paragraph in the 'Bangor and Ballygoblin Weekly Gazette' caught my eyes. Most people would have missed it, but due to my penetrating scrutiny of newspapers in the Research Library, in search of newspaper clippings about space travel, I visually tripped over it:

STRANGE GOINGS-ON IN BANGOR

"Local police are baffled by a series of petty thefts in Bangor, Co. Down. So far seventeen dustbin lids are missing, and a local ironmonger reports that a large box outside his store, holding a score of aluminium saucepans, has also disappeared. It is also unofficially reported that sixteen garden rakes are missing from the shop of a local horticulturalist."

It is also not surprising that such a mundane item of local gossip quickly slipped from my mind. But the mind is a funny thing. You think you've forgotten something really insignificant, but the memory cells have it tabulated for future reference....

You've all heard of George Charters, Irish Fandom's oldest fan, a likeable sage, completely unselfish, except if he loses his temper, when he's liable to slosh you with his pension book. Probably you've never heard of his fiancée, the Honourable Penelope Murphy. It was a well-kept secret for some years, until Bennett announced the scoop in SKYRACK 154. George was always reticent about his personal life, and as far as I knew, no-one in Irish Fandom had ever met her.

It was a considerable shock, then, when George brought her to my house, MON DEBRIS, one night.

"John, er, allow me to present Penelope," he croaked, collapsing on the settee, his eyes clouded beneath crag-like wrinkles

I bowed and kissed her proffered hand.

"Awfully charmed," she said. Talk about sophistication, she

reminded me of a Russian woman spy as beloved by novelists - smoke curled from a Balkan Sobrani scented cigarette held seductively in a long ebony holder - her dress was skin-tight, and talk about a figure.

I wiped a bead of sweat off the end of my nose as she sat next to George and crossed her legs. I caught a glimpse of frilly lingerie, as did George. A gnarled hand twitched meditatively.

"Say something, darling," she said, looking at me, the delicate sheen of skilfully applied mascara accentuating blue eyes, pools of passion without a doubt.

"Er, when's the wedding?" I said. Maybe it was unethical to ask such a personal question, but I was thinking of George, he was obviously undergoing severe physical and mental stress.

Her eyes widened. She turned to George.

"You were right, dearest," she said, kissing his ear lobe. I could see the sweat glistening on George's forehead. "You were really right, he's got a gorgeous voice."

Was she talking about me?

"The point is," drooled George, "do you think he's what we want? I mean, will he be suitable?"

"Oh, without a doubt, Sugar," she said, her voice a dull throb, like Tallulah Bankhead with laryngitis. She put her hand under George's elbow, and helped him up from the settee.

"We must go now, Mr. Berry," she said formally. "It's past George's bedtime, you know. But please come to George's house in Bangor tomorrow night."

She helped George out of the room, down the pathway and into his car. She sat in the driver's seat, and just as she put the car into gear, George shouted, "And bring a dustbin lid."

Walt Willis telephoned me at the office next day. He asked if I had been invited to George's home that night. I said 'yes', and Willis said he'd pick me up on the Upper Newtownards Road. There was a sort of uncontrollable sob in his voice.

I felt terribly conspicuous, standing on this very busy thoroughfare with a burnished dustbin lid held in my right hand like a shield. Many were the curious eyes glancing at me, and I was very glad when Willis's Bentley scraped along the kerb and shuddered to a halt. I ignored the smell of burning rubber, and obeyed Willis's order to throw the lid in the boot. I did so, and heard a terrific 'clang' as it hit an assortment of saucepans.

Except for the presence of the Honourable Penelope Murphy, it was really an extraordinary meeting of Irish Fandom, and I do mean extraordinary. Willis and myself were the last to arrive, and a fantastic

scene met our pulsing optics.

Bob Shaw stood in the centre of the room. A dustbin lid was held in his right hand, protectively across the right side of his manly chest. In his left hand he held a rampant garden rake as if it was white hot. One of Sadie's tartan skirts was round his waist, and a cardboard bodice circled his chest. It bore the stencilled legend '24 LARGE PACKETS OF DAZ'. Penelope was fitting a laurel crown amidst the ostentatious curls covering his head.

"Good evening, Walt and John" enthused George. "Glad you could make it. We're in a hurry."

"W-what's going on?" gasped Walt and I in unison.

"Didn't George tell you?" asked Penelope, leaving a blushing BoSh, and crossing to us, "we've entered the Bangor Dramatic Society Annual Competition..."

"...and we're putting on the death scene from Julius Caesar," panted George.

"...and please hurry," gasped Penelope, "we have to perform tomorrow night."

"Sure, that gives us no time for rehearsal," panted James White. He was trying to get a shine on a dustbin lid which, from its appearance, once adorned a dustbin belonging to a Sanitary Inspector's yard - a dirty Sanitary Inspector's yard.

The Hon. Penelope Murphy paused, and took such a deep breath I thought, I hoped, her brassiere would bust..

"George assured me that IF was a cultured group," she said, her lips curling, "and that it was quite within their scope to put on the Death Scene within a limited time."

George turned to us, arms outstretched. It was a pathetic picture. The poor soul had obviously vaunted our prowess to Penelope, had given us copious egoboo, had emphasised the abundant literary activities of which most of us participated. His eyes, what we could see of them, were full of tears, pleading for us not to let him down.

Willis spoke, his voice strangely resonant in the silence and tension of the room.

"Of course we can do it," he snapped. "Now just tell us our parts, and let's sort out our costumes."

I shivered in the wings of the theatre. The only thing I knew about Julius Caesar was that he'd died in 1066, AND I WAS JULIUS CAESAR. I felt an idiot in my cardboard costume and sandals, but the laurel crown was the killer, in the rush I'd picked up Bob Shaw's, and he has a big head. It kept falling round my neck.

Willis, as Mark Anthony, stood beside me, looking really noble in his outfit. Being an important official in the government, he'd pulled strings and obtained the loan of a complete Roman Soldier outfit from Belfast Museum.

Bob Shaw was Brutus, Penelope and Sadie coiling his curls round their fingers and letting them snap back into place.

James White was Casca, he obviously wished he was back home in the attic, pounding his typer.

George was acting Cassius. A shocking bit of casting really, I can't believe that Shakespeare depicted Cassius as a venerable chappie crawling about on his hands and knees. The sooner he married Penelope, the better... .

And then - climax - the curtains parted, and Penelope, in tight-fitting evening dress, addressed the audience.

She explained that she was the patron of the famous CLASSIC PLAYERS, it was to be understood that there had been a minimum of rehearsals, but to such a talented group it was merely a challenge. She bowed proudly to spasmodic applause, someone banged a gong, and as far as I was concerned, more potent still, a well-placed boot planted me firmly on the spot Penelope had just vacated... .

At first, I could remember my lines.

"The Ides of March are come," I panted.

Cassius (George Charters) staggered on the stage, followed by Bob Shaw (Brutus) whom, from the off-balanced way he cartwheeled on stage, suggested that the person who had booted me was still hyper-active.

Penelope was prompting like mad, frowning at the audience who, although supposed to be watching a tragedy, were in a highly excited mood. The Adjudicator was led off, foaming at the mouth. I carried on as best I could:

"Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his Senate must undress?"

I dimly heard Metellus (Sadie Shaw - a rather unique bit of casting, I thought) giving me the cue for what I knew was about ten lines long, and I'd only read it once. I was, in fact, a prompter's nightmare, and in the end Penelope, in an assumed bass voice that made me ponder over her need for an operation, took over for me, and I mimed as best I could, one sentence behind.

Then I heard Cassius ad-libbing like mad:

"Poddon, Caesar; Caesar poddon
As low as to thy foot doss Cassiuth fall
To beg enfranchisement for a pubic climber."

This, I knew, was the lead to Caesar's famous speech before the

fatal stabbing. I'd read this twice, so I had a bash at it:

"I could well be moved, if I were as you
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
But I am constant as the Northern Lights
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no yellow in the armament.
The skies are painted with outnumbered specks
They are all right, and every moth does shine
But there's but one in all must hold his peace
So in the world - 'tis furbished well with jam
Yet in the rumba I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his wick
Shaking of motion - and that he am I.
Let me show it, even in this
That I was plastered, timber should be varnished
And Constance McKenzie do keep him so."

The stabbing of the noble Caesar (me) seemed rather realistic. Brutus and Cassius were hitting me like mad, more, I thought, than the action demanded. The audience were shouting encouragement, and one or two of them, carried away by the spirit of the thing, commenced to climb on to the stage, faces strangely contorted, waving their fists angrily. A little set-to Willis had with an elderly woman with a rolled umbrella brought spontaneous applause from the audience, who, considering the brave way Willis was standing over my prostrate body, defending me from the brolly blows, seemed to be encouraging the woman.

"Ah, chew," I cried with my last breath.

"No, et tu," hissed Penelope.

"Gesundheit," roared Willis.

This seemed to be the last straw. En masse, the audience invaded the stage. It was a case of every fan for himself. The situation was so desperate that Charters even managed to stand up, and supporting himself on his shield, valiantly fenced with a vanguard of ancient Shakesperian scholars who were utilising any weapons available, handbags, walking sticks, ear trumpets and umbrellas.

Gradually, we were forced back to the dressing rooms, where we later made most undignified escapes via the LADIES toilet window.

We don't talk about it much. Willis is now reading Hank Jensen, and was wittily heard to say that he'd 'bard' Madeleine from reading Shakespeare any more.

The Honourable Penelope Murphy broke off the engagement with George, who is left with his memories.

Must look her up, sometime.

 * THE PARTY THAT NEVER WAS *
 * BY GEOFF WINTERMAN *

"The Party that Never Was" - is our impression of the weekend, though we enjoyed ourselves. After numerous delays in 'Brum' we did not depart until late morning, and with heavy traffic on the A.38 through Gloucester we did not reach Barrow Sands until 4.00 p.m. By the way, the beach was way the other side of Weston. We drove along the beach until we reached an Xmas tree growing out of the sands next to a coffin-shaped hole. Turning into the dunes we soon came to a sullen group of humans whispering in small huddled groups. Hostile and suspicious eyes gazed at us as we got out of the van. Just as I was about to retreat and try to make a break for it, Tony Walsh recognized me and the tension broke. There was a ritual exchange of beach balls.

Tony then introduced us to all present and apologetically explained that due to circumstances beyond his control the party got itself under way on Friday night, and by tea-time on Saturday it had run itself into the ground. In fact they were all off back to Bristol. Helen and I were cheesed, and insisted that we would stay and have our own party; it soon became clear that others had similar ideas. Archie and Beryl stayed on as well as Geoff (I think) Webb and a blonde bombshell he was hitched to. Also two other fellows returned after leaving with the rest: Tony, an air-force type, and a student from Bristol University.

We pitched tents, and Archie produced a couple of large bottles of Tony Walsh's home-brewed wine and we had a private binge out into the night, or in the back of my van when the hourly shower passed over. Helen enjoyed it, and took a liking to Archie and Beryl, as well as to Geoff Webb and his 'wife',.

We left for Bristol on Sunday morning and went for a Chinese. Then off to 'Roschill' to study the strange phenomenon of the flat with three windows on the outside but only two on the inside looking out. Various theories were put forward to explain this ranging from Tony's wine to parallel universes, etc.

(++ the above is part of a letter from Geoff to Pete Weston, and was originally intended to be published in the Birmingham S.F. Group Newsletter, though not perhaps as it stands. With the demise of the Newsletter it gravitated to SPINGE, and I thought it would be of interest to a wider public than just the BSFG, so, here it is. The SKYRACK report says 'Gerry Webb', maybe you did get it wrong, Geoff? The date of the event, incidentally, was 18/19 June. - dp)

FROM A NORTHERN FIELD.....

.....An Interminable Column by PETE WESTON

The other day I was kidding Rog Peyton about that fanzine of his that he's been going to turn out any day now for the past two and a half years. Rog was stung into the retort that a good 'zine needed careful planning, and anyway, he'd like to co-edit a magazine with me.

This struck a responsive chord in my egoboo-seeking mind, especially since I haven't worked on any good Projects lately. However, I had been planning to turn out an issue of BRUMBLE, the all-purpose Birmingham fanzine, just for the hell of it, and this seemed a good opportunity to get out of some of the work involved.

"We will co-edit an issue of BRUMBLE, Roger Peyton," I said, "and we will show Ken Cheslin and Mike Higgs and Charlie Winstone how to turn out a good issue."

"But Pete," said Rog, "BRUMBLE has suffered enough already."

"Never mind that," I said, already filled with visions of the glory to be had from this new Project. "Just think though, if we put out an issue or two of this BRUMBLE, small and fannish and dead tatty..."

"I'll get some hob-nailed boots," said Rog, "and we can tramp on the pages as we duplicate them, to try and make them look grubby."

"and we'll print all the pages on different coloured paper, and cut all the illos on to stencil by hand...but mighod, I'd be mad if it went and won a Hugo, after all the trouble I take with ~~BRUMBLE~~..."

"Pete Weston," said Rog, "you are starting to get drunk with Big Ideas again."

Some fans of my acquaintance have a most peculiar attitude to Conventions. They go along to a Con, and seem to have the idea that everything is going to be arranged for their benefit, that a Con can be 'good' without their making any effort. They have the attitude of spectators, who will take part in the festivities only if they deem it worth their while. When a large proportion of attendees are of this persuasion, as was the case at Birmingham last year, they all wait for some one else to do something. And of course nothing does happen, and the Con is a disappointment.

Now this seems a wrong attitude to me, and I think that the only way you can enjoy a Con to the full is to participate yourself. Go parade around the hall in a crazy fancy-dress, or throw a beer party, get mixed up in some of those way-out programme events that nobody ever sees. If you can get congenial surroundings and some company,

you may find yourself speaking to people you've never spoken to before, and you're quite likely to establish almost a rapport with them.

Are you reading this, Dave Busby, Ivor Latto, Chris Priest?

Of course, there are people you simply can't communicate with, sometimes fans you've known for years. In the Bad Days of the 'New Wave' a year or so back, some fans failed to get through to each other on first attempt, and instead of persevering, declared the cry of 'feud'.

Even here, in the Centre of the Universe, there are people I've been acquainted with for ages, and yet we've never broken through the barriers between us. One good man I've never got through to is Ken Cheslin.

Ken's a good enough sort, a bit gaffiated these days due to pressures from mundania, yet I always get the impression that he doesn't care whether I exist or not; that he'll put up with me, but will not open up to any extent. My conversations with Ken usually bog down in 'yes' and 'no' responses, and Ken has yet, after two and a half years, to address me, personally, with a new topic of conversation. Whenever Rog and I go along to see him, it is customary for Ken to address Rog directly, and me only by implication.

He's a decent enough sort, is Ken, and I know he doesn't bear me any ill will. We just aren't close. This was always the case with Ken, even at his most fannish. When he met new fans, Ken would steadfastly ignore them, so much that many of them resented this - but it was purely through a form of shyness that Ken acted so diffidently. His attitude to me, and perhaps to Charlie Winstone, is purely an extension of this diffidence, never swept away like the cobweb it is.

I'm not discouraged, I'm not yelling 'feud'. I'm still persevering. I hope you're reading this, Ken.

As loyal readers will be aware, I spend much of my time outside fandom at the Birmingham Small Arms Company, BSA for short, since it now has absolutely nothing to do with small arms whatsoever. And I've been thinking, and I've come to the conclusion that BSA is really a little fandom all of its own, which the greater microcosm has prepared me to enter. I mean, BSA has its own conventions (the boozy shows and exhibitions), its own in-group gossip, its own boozy parties, its own fabulous fannish personalities. I can quote many of the latter: J.W.Harrison, Service Manager, noted for his habit of offering Jaffa Oranges to all and sundry on no provocation (he gets crates of the things from a customer in Tel-Aviv). There is fabulous Alfie Toye, 72-year old thrice-retired Personnel man, noted for spreading confusion (I was one of the three people he assigned to one spare bed at a hotel recently); dynamic man-of-the-world Brian Hackett, who resigned his job to become a portrait painter in Majorca--

and so I could go on without difficulty, without exaggeration, telling tales of my comrades.

Recently we held a dinner at BSA, a grand affair just like a mini-con, except for better food and free beer and fags. It was a very splendid affair, with a Guest of Honour from somewhere Very Mighty in industry, and was a glorious opportunity for the Chairman and his cronies to give speeches, make Witty Remarks, and generally enjoy the sound of their own voices, just like Ted Tubb. The day of the dinner dawned, and we all found that arrangements had been made for a day-long programme designed to show our guests that BSA was a swinging modern firm. I was plucked from my labours on Group News, our monthly fanzine, and assigned to wander round in my best suit. We had lunch, and afterwards, at a loose end, I drifted into this Con Hall, where a sort of quiz-show was taking place. It was like the Challenger competitions on the radio, two teams of four people, each with buzzers; first to a buzz after a question got the chance to answer.

A team member was missing, and I volunteered to have a go. I mean, this was a general knowledge quiz, and for a trufan like myself, with Broad Mental Horizons (and I've been reading SF for years) it was a walkover. Our team rose in the heats, up into the semifinal, and came the glorious final when play stopped and guests arrived. Just beneath my spot sat our Chairman, his Guest of H., and lots of Big Name Fans, including my boss. Off we went, and at first the opposing team were away ahead. Then slowly the gap closed. We drew ahead, and I buzzed at the question "what does the word 'intestate' mean?" Hurriedly I said "sober" (look it up) and the audience dissolved in laughter. But we won, and come the dinner, we were to be presented with an award. We had a fabulous meal, free fags, booze, cigars, pretty waitresses, and lots of speeches. I noted to my shame that the Chairman made a speech in which he mentioned our quiz, and played on my use of 'intestate'. I realised with a sinking feeling that whatever I did in BSA in future, it would be greeted with "aren't you the chap who said 'intestate' meant 'sober'?" I was called on to the platform, given a huge silver cup, and staggered away to fill it with beer. It wasn't a Hugo, but the nearest BSA fandom could come to that honour.

Yes, that's a book I've often not read - Martin Pitt





+++++

THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

+++++

by Ken Cheslin

+++++

"I have been perusing your literary efforts with some interest, Watson" said Holmes from the depths of his armchair, "and the thing that strikes one at once is your strange inability to observe and draw conclusions from minute data." He blew out a cloud of smoke and poked an accusing pipe stem towards me..."surely by now you are thoroughly familiar with my methods?"

"You are too modest, Holmes" I replied in some heat. "Without a doubt my showing on your various cases is not distinguished by unusually high powers of observation, detection, or especial suppleness of mind... but I must point out to you, my dear Holmes, that neither am I more deficient in these powers than the vast majority of my contemporaries, while you on the other hand undoubtedly possess all these powers to an unusually high degree. Therefore my poor showing is not evidence of my stupidity, but rather of your quite extraordinary perception."

Holmes sat smoking quietly for a while, then went on, "Passing on for a moment, allowing your argument, what have you to say of the extraordinary case of your Jezail bullet? Those wanderings about your person have drawn many comments from your readership; indeed, some have even gone so far as to suggest that the bullet is possessed of a private means of locomotion, it seems to inhabit so many portions of your anatomy at different times."

"Well might you ask," said I, "for there is only one bullet, and it has been these many years lodged in my side, and I assure you it has little tendency to wander."

"And these tales?" asked Holmes, "and the different accounts of its position, as recorded in your own writings?"

"Simply answered," I cried, "one half of them are nothing but misinterpretations of my remarks, and the other half are merely printers' errors, although I admit that one or two of my remarks might be misleading, in as much as I have attributed a limp or an aching arm to the bullet, without also mentioning that its position is such that it sometimes presses upon the nerves leading to these limbs, so that without actually being located there it does cause distress in those regions."

"Well answered," cried Holmes, picking up another, full, pipe and lighting it. "But surely the most bizarre tale I have come across concerning yourself was that contained in a book which purported to prove that you were no man, but a member of the so-called Gentle Sex." He eyed the bullet-pocked wall whereon he was wont to practise with his pistol. "I remember that the author was not too particular with my character in his quest to prove your sex." He brightened, "But come now, Watson, however came it about that you were mistaken for a woman?"

I twirled the end of my moustache gently. "Actually," I said, "it is a simple enough tale, and not without its droll moments, and, I regret to say, its sad ones too. The first occurrence which sparked off this controversy over my sex happened when I was too young to have much control over my surroundings. You see, it was the custom in the parish where I was born to enter the birth of a male child on the right hand side of the parish register, and a female child's birth was recorded on the left." Holmes looked up. "And," I sighed, "due to the deafness of the then vicar my name was misinterpreted and entered along with those of the girls." I smiled a wry smile of reminiscence, "It became a standing joke in the neighbourhood, and even followed me into Medical School. One of the reasons I joined the army, you know, was to escape the laughter of my fellows. Now I am getting on in years I can look back with composure on the events leading up to my enlistment, but of course at the time I was very young and terribly upset."

"And the sad moments, old friend, if you will confide in me?"

"Ah," I looked at him, "you remember my first wife? The notice of her death was circulated in THE TIMES, and perhaps you remember she had a Music doctorate? The mistake was a simple enough one, my wife being mistaken for myself."

At the end of a pleasant evening I returned home, or so Holmes thought. In reality I reported to my superior in the Experimental Reconstruction Building. "Holmes," I said, "or rather the reconstructed Holmes, is completely unsuspecting of his true nature; at last we have succeeded. Now perhaps we can begin to reconstruct real people."

Holmes was active, too. Using his concealed television he reported. "Watson, or to be precise, the reconstructed Watson, is a success. Completely unsuspecting. Perhaps now we can start to reconstruct real persons."

In the Reconstruction Building one technician reported to another. "The Holmes/Watson personalities seem to have integrated well." And wondered at the sudden flare of ... amusement? ... in his partner's eyes.

(++ my apologies to Ken for the length of time this piece has been in my hands before publication - dp)

THE LAST ROUND-UP

Why you are receiving this SPINGE:

- * * You are a Contributor
- * * You are a Good Man
- * * You are Ken Cheslin
- * * Please Respond in some way
- * * SALDO, R.I.P.
- * * BSFG, R.I.P.
- * * Pablo said 'yes'
- * * You are the Fanzine Foundation
- * * You are the British Museum
- * * You are on the Provisional Mailing List
- * * Yngvi is a Louse
- * * O, Ichabod, thy glory is departed thee
- * * Who needs a reason?

this is LES SPINGE 15, a Cringebinder Publication

YOU'RE BOUND TO CRINGE
IF YOU GET LES SPINGE

- Ken Cheslin says.

