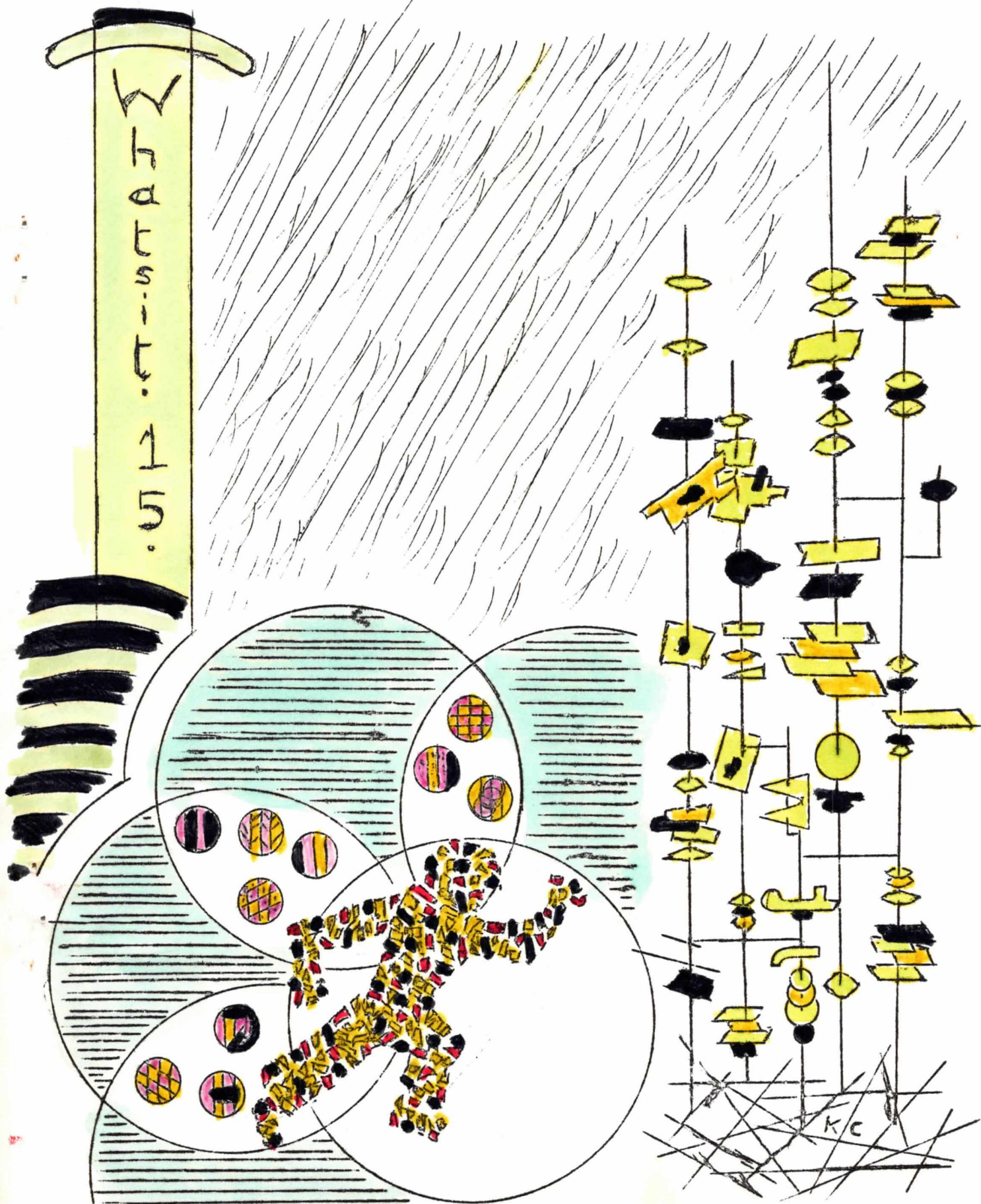


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Feb
Lined

Don't think

Twice (song
title)



Today I got a fanzine. Ah. It's hard for me to put into words the vast range of connotation that go echoing through my mind when I say those few, simple, words.

For one thing there is the flash of wry nostalgia that I am able to make that statement, with the muted .. "don't get hardly any now" in a sort of reflective but not really worried way. I wish I could feel a little worried; about not getting fanzines, or anything. I guess my time of hectic neeness has gone for good. I recall my first years around (hardly in) fandom in much the same way as I look at the antics of some young child first discovering .. well, anything. The old excitement was, I guess, much connected with my discovery that there were people around who were, somewhat, like me. But the old thrill of discovery seems to have dropped a little. This applies equally to things mundane though, I think I've matured, or grown tired of life, or become apathetic in recent years. One of the most disheartening things that has come with this maturation, or what ever it is, is the feeling that I'll never live long enough to become the mature, well-balanced person I'd like to see...it's like coming to the top of a mountain only to see that there are others, higher, beyond it. The feeling of adventure gives place to a sort of half-resigned, not-quite determination to stumble on. More of a sort of stubbornness than a...well, feeling of going somewhere with a purpose. Sometimes I feel like the guy who always arrives at the party just as the last of the booze has gone, and the guests are getting ready to shove off.

(the zine that has set me off is QUIP 8 from Arnie Katz). It fills me with a sort of wistfullness. There, but for a million little things which make me me, go I. Often I wish I wasn't me, but some other guy, full of get-up-and-go, confident and competent, extroverted. Sigh, sigh. Sometimes I feel very resentful that I'm only me. QUIP 8 is not, of course, the only straw in the pile I've gathered, but it is the immediate cause of my sitting down now, at this particular point in time, and typing this. The zine is something I'd have greatly liked to have published myself, maybe it epitomises all the "if onls". I've never been very proud of any zine I've published, least of all have I ever been proud or even very content with any of the rubbish I've written. (not modesty, honestly, I really have no high opinion of anything I've done...which makes the kind things some few people have said a source of heartfelt gratitude.)...



2

Ethel Lindsay, bless her tartan...er...bed socks...being one of those very kind people. Anyhooo.

I intended to write something anyway. I joined OMPA again some months ago with some sort of vague resolution to try to get into some sort of contact with fandom again. Or, maybe, not so much with fandom as an abstract as with people. For me fandom is probably the easiest way to do this, even then I can't do it very well. Maybe I should take the lead offered by Pete Weston and Rog Peyton and join the Young Conservatives. Though that, from what very little I know of them, doesn't appeal to me greatly. I am, as some will know, at present residing in Doncaster, Yorkshire; apart from flying visits to Stourbridge, because I'm at a Teacher Training college there. Of the various courses open to me teaching seems to offer the most satisfaction. The pay isn't great, tho' the long holidays recommend it, but mostly I guess the appeal in teaching, for me, is that the job offers me an opportunity to expand myself. It gives me a feeling of doing something valuable; which most other jobs, it seems to me, just can't offer. Whether I'll make it through the remaining 18 months is open to speculation, I doubt my competence to do the job as I think it should be done. Hmmm, I was going to write about that too, perhaps I'd best keep to some sort of plan with what I'm writing.

MY EXCURSIONS INTO ART and music are here, right at the top of my list of things to talk about. I'm doing History and English at college, but I'm rather

interested in other things too..like last year my years-old ambitions in the direction of music led me to purchase a guitar, also that I could in some humble way 'do something' musical. I've had a yen for Folk Music that dates back a good many years, round about the time when Bill Campbell was turgidifying the air waves over here with his so-called Country and Western music....but, back to the art side.

One of the pastimes I engaged in practically straight from coming to college was to hang around the art room and see the art people at work. I've often wanted to have a go at doing something in three-d. Clay or stone. But I can't say that I've had much success there. The clay I do is pretty primitive...the most anyone has said has been "hmm...unusual.." or even "you certainly aren't afraid to try new departures". well, that's a result of not having the foggiest idea about how to handle materials...I've had to invent

techniques..mostly unsuccessfully. Clay, well, my pots are sloppy, heavy and shapeless, and I've never had the gall to try to get one fired. I can't put the blame on the physical difficulties I have in handling the stuff. Stone I rather liked..but have really only had one go at doing anything in this line.. as a matter of fact this was my latest venture, just a few weeks ago in July I found an odd bit of stone that no-one wanted and knocked it around a bit. But I got discouraged and the term ended..and so on.



near Bt?
you joke?

3

My first ventures were in the realm of painting. I bought some oils, and some plastic-based paints, a palet knife and a couple of brushes. I also went and bought some hardboard and cut it up into four pieces...and painted. Welllll. I painted and painted. I painted on damn thing after another, tried to do some straight scenes, but mostly, figuring that my lack of skill wouldn't be so darn obvious, I did impressionistic stuff. A couple I showed to the 3d and the Art tutor one day. They were very kind, but I got discouraged anyway. I actually did keep on with the painting lark, but one by one I lit the fire with my four bits of painty hardboard. I have messed around since, may do so again. I did a few sketch-like water colours for a party I had..and of a chinese junk drew some friendly comment, and recently I've been painting on sheets of polystyrene..the ceiling tile material. The technique I used here was to paint areas of the surface, then to melt lines into the polystyrene with a hot poker...rather interesting. I've also been trying to get a 3d stained glass effect with polystyrene and chocolate box papers. Er.. ordinary plastic coloured sheets, such as I've seen used, are flat. The plastic paper that boxes of chocolate contain are divided up into sections each containing a chocolate...if you hold this up to the light from the back the effect is very satisfactorially 3d. This idea was an indirect result of going to Coventry Cathedral, and seeing in particular the glass in the Chapel of Rest. I've been trying to make shapes out of polystyrene and then fitting these choc-box plastic forms into them..like windows. This is still in the vaguely experimental stages. I have a go now and again, especially if I get a bit of encouragement..or want to do something out of sheer fed-up-ness, I seek oblivion in Art! (he says dramatically).

It was in such a mood of 'heck, lets experiment' that I did illos in my recent OMPazines...it was more for a feeling of interest, trying to see what I could do, that I did illos on most pages of..er..well, WHATSIT 11 I think... although partly it was a desire to break up the print a bit. The last cover, 14, was decidedly experimental, I used plastic based paints and printed the paper by means of cut-outs of polystyrene...hmm, and a potato-cut or two. I then played around with a few covers until I decided that a better impression (no pun intended) might be gained if I outlined the shapes. So. This last cover, for 15 was more or less deliberately planned. The arrangement of rods and shapes at the right was inspired by a drawing in an art-and-craft book of some 3d work which could be done in school. ((I noticed just before the end of term that the art people at college had made similar shapes with balsa wood...telepathy?)).. the figure in the middle ...the demolished man, or the illustrated man, is the outcome of a figure I doodled in my lecture-note book..er..during one lecture. The surrounds are there because I thought a 'Nautilus' "20,000 miles under the sea" type, or control room effect was needed...reminds me to some extent of the control room in "Forbidden Planet" too... the column was just to tidy up the title area, and the 'sky' I 'rained in' because it was suggested to me by a certain young lady and an art bloke at college that it needed to be filled in to balance the illo.

The very latest art-work I've done was done yesterday....when I got a felt pen and drew a face on a kite for my nephew... Ah. how the mighty are fallen.

This year, and last year to a lesser extent, we have been doing what the college optimistically calls a "basic art" course. Well. We had a go in the 3d room, the size of the class seriously disconcerted Mr Batty. (very clever chap, an authority on masons marks, a good bloke). We did various things here, like making animals in clay, making a clay mold and taking a plaster cast of the result. (this I brought home with me. My relatives are torn between puzzlement and helpless laughter, sigh. with the laughter winning.). we also tried various printing techniques andn soberly dropped paint-soaked string onto sheet of paper

4 making interesting patterns...oh, and other things which sound trivial when set to paper but which were interesting and fun to do at the time..and which I hope will be useful in school.

We were supposedn to have Mr. Goldman the Art man after Mr Batty, but for some reason we went on to Fabrieks. This was great. There are all sorts of things one can do with fabric; as the actress said to the bishop, amongst these are the making of tapestry-like things by glueing material onto a background. The material can be practically anything, wool, cloth, fur, wood shavings, glitter, anything. Some of the work is wonderful. As A matter of fact I was down at a place called Clumber Clumber Park the other week and in the church there they have the days of creation made up in just such a way on the walls of the nave. The fabric students have done some good stuff at college, and I've seen some great stuff done by children in school.

Another thing we did is called 'tie and dye'. this is basically pretty simple and depends for its effect upon the fact that dye soaks better into loose material than into constricted material. We got some cloth and knotted it, tied some over a stick with string, tied pebbles in it, and so on. If you then dye it, and leave it to dry, when you take the string off there are white areas. Reminds me of the technique used in that blotting-type chemical test. Various colours can be used, if you vary the position of the string tied round. Another, related, technique we used was to impregnate the cloth in selected areas with candle grease. (other things will work, but I've forgotten the two substances she mentioned). The grease was heated in a pot the applied with a brush.... as there were too few brushes available Cheslin, on the spot, invented grease-painting with lighted candles....fortunately with no dire consequences. The idea was adopted by other brushless students, much to my gratification. Now when you dye cloth the areas containing candle grease will not dye, so you get a pattern. The grease is removed by ironing between absorbent paper. By this method also you can use several dyes, if you only remember to grease the areas you want to stay un-dyed. I did about ten of these, more than anyone else in our group..I got carried away a little I guess.

✓ The last thing we did was to make heads for hand-puppets, andn also to make simple clothes for them. I made an Olaf. This was very well recieved, the lady in charge being rather amused at the use of the dog-hair clippings, (her dog!) that I made his beard out of. This is another thing I can use in school. In September we go out of several weeks practice in schools, so I need aall the ideas and help I can get.

One of the things I've done in school is to teach the kids a few songs. Now officially these periods I took were called Music Lessons, (and even English lessons), but in fact they consisted of me trying to get the kids to learn a song or two that they could sing for sheer enjoyment. My reasons for teaching the songs were many and varied and were really designed to foster an attitude rather than to teach specific songs. There seems to be an attitude amongst teachers, strongly intrenched, which says 'they come to school to learn, not to enjoy themselves'. Which makes out that learning something and enjoying oneself are two entirely different things. The falsity of this generalisation will be, unless I'm much mistaken, quite obvious to s/f fans, and to people who generally tend to be less than narrow minded. It seems very evident to me that if one enjoys doing something one takes pains to do it well, and to learn as much more about it as possible; so as to enjoy the thing even mre. (sorry if I'm putting things in a confusing way). I chose to do folk songs because I wanted to build up an attitude that singing was fun, and not something just to be learn't to avoid the wrath of authority. I figure that once the divorce between schooll and

the outside world is annulled then we can do away with this splitting of the personality; which we've all experienced; between school and the 'real' world.

Now by singing folk songs I figure that I can get an edge into the 'real life' of the kids, because proper folk songs ((not the mushy school song book rubbish)) are part of the 'grown-up' world, and the kids don't feel they're being patronised. An added factor was that the kids could understand what they were singing about. If one wants the kids to be able to understand and appreciate capital M music then one has to start somewhere, preferably from the known. I doubt if any of the kids I've had, or will teach, comes from a home where the standard of music is higher than whatever the TV or radio pop people give out. If you want to do something about this then you can't just belt ahead screaming 'appreciate THIS, you clods!!!' while playing Mozart and beating them over the head with a big stick. ((well, you could. But I doubt that many would come to love Music that way)). I reckon that the kids should have a wide background of various types of song and music which they already like, before one - over years maybe - works them around to listening to and appreciating what is called good music.

I used the songs also instead of poetry. Poetry has a poor image with most kids, it being regarded, most commonly, as sissy. It has also been taught as an exercise instead of for the content of the poem. That is to say that there has been too much trying to take poems to pieces and rubbing kids noses in it when pointing out particularly attention worthy bits. The pleasure of poetry, over the years, has often been destroyed. I thought that I'd like to creep up on the kids by getting them to learn the words of folk songs, stressing unobtrusively that they were songs, and helping them to tumble to it that songs were in many ways like many poems.... and maybe go on from there to singable poems, and so on. Actually I didn't have enough time to do what I wanted, but I made a start.

A third thing I did was to get some songs which related to another part of the curriculum. As I was doing a project on mines and miners, (artwork, English and song) I got three mining songs. (the district is near mining areas). The only three songs I could use in the time were more or less protest songs. This I thought was a little unbalanced, but few folk people write songs on the joys of being a miner.....anyway, if I use the idea again I'll get a greater store of songs, or maybe do an historical approach in which I can tie in working-conditions past and present, etc.,

I also had a reserve of sea and fishing songs...and a few which might be called 'geographical' songs, which include references to - in a song called Kookaburra - things like gum trees, Kookaburras and so on, Australia like. Next time I might do some group work and get 4 or 5 groups to learn different songs, then have a sort of a folk concert, or song fest. Might be interesting, especially if I can get one or two other classes in to listen as captive audience.



6

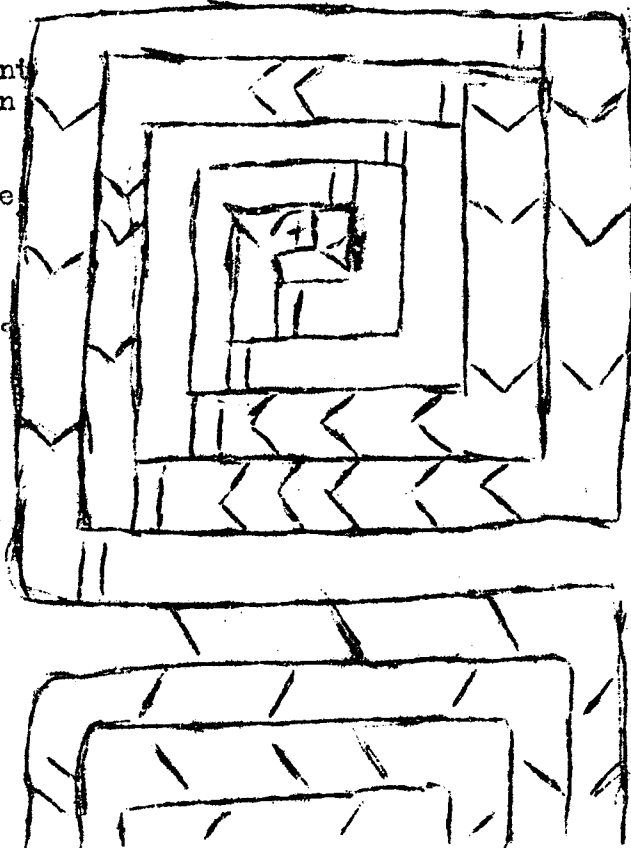
Last year I was secretary, this year chairman, of the college folk club, which is practically non-existent at present. So far we have run four folk nights, all outside of college, in pubs, because the college hasn't got, and refuses to get, a bar. (this is, so help me, a mature students college). One was a flop...oh yes, that was the one we held in another college, sans bar. The other three ranged from roaring successes to one quite satisfactory evening. We may revive them again when this next school practice is out of the way.

In the last week of term, the evening of the penultimate day, the Music Society had organised a thing which they called a Folk & Poetry Evening, and the Folk Club was invited to do something... I will draw a veil over the efforts of the Music Society, their idea of folk songs is school-folk-song-book type...and the delivery was, to be kind, pedestrian. The poetry reading was high in quality of poems chosen...but the delivery was pretty awful, and the choice; considering that $\frac{1}{3}$ of the audience consisted of children was...er...unfortunate, unwise?. They apparently hadn't figured on the audience containing so many kids...but I can't see how they came to that conclusion, knowing the make-up of the college student body to be 95% married people. After the break they came in with more suitable poems, and to some extent slightly better singing.

But, my friends, the event of the evening was undoubtedly the Folk Clubs spot. It got more enthusiastic applause than even the announcement of the tea break!?. And, the Folk Club was represented by none other than the writer of these lines, and two other blokes, Peter Fern (Geography & Music) and John Miller (Art & English).

We had had one - rehearsal - a few days before the event, when we had chosen about ten songs to do, expecting of course to do only half but figuring that it would be well to have a reserve. On the night, from the back of the audience (where we had arrived after a fortifying pint or two in The Roman Ridge pub), we could see that, as we figured, the audience was quite mundane and contained a fair number of kids. Now we knew the Music Society of old, and figured that they would sit at the front and just sing and play at the audience, as usual, and the audience would just be required to applaud at appropriate moments. Our plan was simple, based on the philosophy that if something is self-made there is more enjoyment in it, we wanted to have the audience join in the songs, just like a pukka folk audience. Forseeing the difficulties we would have if we chose unfamiliar songs we decided from the first only to include songs which either the audience would know, or which we figured had choruses which they could pick up very quickly. We also decided to play for laughs. (in this we succeeded, inadvertently, better than we had hoped....partly because the audience had been bored to tears being all serious and constructive listening to the poetry)

Peter and John, then and much more fervently afterwards, declared themselves sick with stage fright, it being our very first time singing before an audience. (I hope not the last..it was fun). Myself, well I've got better things to worry about than performing in front of a captive audience, after all they could do nothing except clap conventionally if they didn't like us.



We came on, as I've said, just after the poetry people had finished a long spiel, and immediately following a sober, sad, rather sweet folk song by a woman named Joan Wilcox.

As we approached the centre of the stage I dropped the song books and most of the makers fell out. Peter whips in quick and quips, "I suppose you've realised that we're the light relief", to which the audience responded with a veritable gale of laughter. We then set to bullying the audience, telling them that they'd sat quiet long enough and that it was now their turn to do some singing. We started off with a song

which we introduced by saying.. "This song is particularly appropriate to begin with in view of the large number of students in the audience...its called "To the Begging I Will GO" (loud appreciative laughter, applause). Well, we ran through the first verse of the song and then paused. Shaking our heads sadly we loudly commented on the weakness of the audience to their merriment, and reiterated the chorus line, 'to the begging I will go'. We then set off once more, waving the audience on at the appropriate times..they responded gratifyingly...you could feel that they were enjoying themselves. When Peter (we took verse and verse for the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses) sang his line about 'manys the reet and willing lass I've bedded in the straw' Mr Norris (English-Drama tutor) in the front row fell off his deat laughing, the audience roarded out 'to the begging I will go' and I've heard it said that our revered principal blushed...Peter says he's sure thats why she cut him dead the next day in college. Anyway..flushed with success, the audience cheering away and feeling very jolly and pleased with themselves, we pushed on to the next song... which, I think, was "The Keeper" (the keeper did a-hunting go, and under his coat he carried a bow, all for to snhot at the merrie little doe.... etc, know it?).

We ran through the first verse with Peter (and guitar) taking the lines and John and I doing the responses, then we went through with the audience doing the responses, this went well too. (Lots of on-the-spot merriment; little things like me saying.. "Ah, I did this on last school practice. And the kids were only four". Peter, "What, only four years old! W Ken. "No, only four months learning it!" ... and so on).(ah, we rolled 'em in thevaisles).

We did next a sort of sea chanty, "Hullabaloo Belay". This was enjoyed too, though the audiwnce had trouble at first with the chorus. A bloke who was in the second row told me afterwards that the volume of sound we three poured out, in this one especially, nearly deafened him. We did this verse and verse about, plugging the last line...er;;;

"Me father slowly pined away,
Hullabaloo belay
Hullabaloo bala beley,
Because me mother came back next day
Hullabaloo belay".

got lots of laughs and so on from those last lines.

Then we did "Blow the man down", the tune of which I wasn't sure of, and the words of wjish I didn't know.



We had intended that Peter and John would do this on their own, but in the excitement of the moment I got lumbered with a verse...stumped over the tune I peered at the song book and loudly, in an incredulous tone of voice, in a cultivated accent, read the verse; Peter and John jumping in with the chorus right away so that the audience thought, (heh, heh, heh) that it was all part of the act.

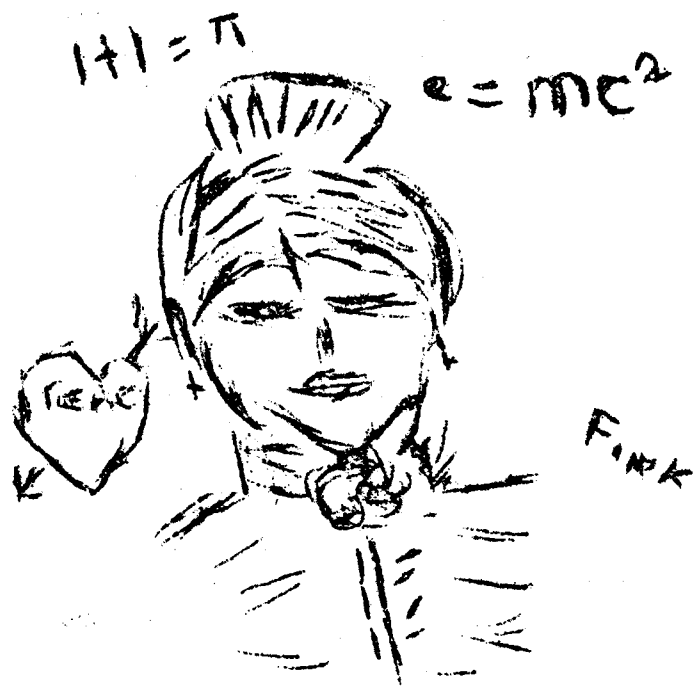
We finished with, "What Shall We Do With A Drunken Sailor". Peter started by singing "Ohhh....." I joined in "Ohnnhhhh...." Then John followed with "Ohhhhh...." and we all leaped to the middle of the stage for ".....hhhh....What shall we do...." etc., that went well and the audience got a chance to have a last sing.. as I said we got more, longer, enthusiastic applause than anything else. Most chuffing.

We were approached by lots of people afterwards, and the next day. The kids liked us very much, the headmaster of the school where Peter is going for school practice came up to congratulate him and said words to the effect that if he can do that of practice he's well away. One bloke actually came up to me and asked us what clubs we worked(!) how long had we been together, and had we gone to the lastfolk do, at the Roman Ridge, (which we had organised).

help stamp out rubber ducks. help stamp out rubber ducks. help stamp out rubber ducks

GRUMBLING is traditional in the forces and, I guess, in practically any place where large numbers of people work together, particularly if there is a "They" that can be grumbled about. Hmmm...a thought occurs to me, it may be a precondition for grumbling that the things grumbled about are insoluble, either by reason of great difficulties or because the grumble concerns something which is actually inevitable...like taxes?. Well, I'll sheer off from there pretty damn fast; I hadn't realised what a field I was scratching the surface of.

Anyway, as might be expected, there are plenty of grumbles around college. There are grumbles about the lack of a social life, grumbles about the apathy of students, grumbles about the fantastic prices the food costs, grumbles about there being no bar and inadequate relaxation rooms, grumbles about some of the staff because of the way they treat mature students..like infants. And on and on. (no, damn it, now I've started I might as well continue with a few more). There are grumbles because of the ill-planned way the college buildings are designed...there's a heap of grumbling stemming from just that one cause..like the admin/gym/dining block is separated from the education/lecture block and in rainy weather the only way from one to the other is via an open (though roofed) way, placed so that the prevailing wind, (a thing unknown to architects apparantly) can conveniently drive rain right through your clothes. There is a way round...but they put the library up in that particular section...and forbid entry...ah, thats life....Ah, and some of the students, taking certain courses, music, biology, geography notably, have a fine old (justified) grumble because of the hours they are expected to put in.



well, you may say, you go to college to work...true. But most of our people have spouses and families to look after and find it hard to cope with college work as well as run a home.

But surely one of the main grumbles concerns the conflict between the theoretical aims of the course and the actual course; and between the Education tutors directives and the things the Subject tutors tell you are most important.

Briefly the West Riding (it seems) and the Education tutors are most concerned that by the time we leave college we are able to teach.

The, (some) Subject tutors on the other hand make it plain that what they regard as most important is the standard attained in their pet subject, and never mind what the Education people say.

What we have, in effect, is a conflict between the old, supposedly obsolete, Subject Oriented people, and the newer Child Centred people.

In spite of the progress since the 1944 Education Act, and in direct negation to modern educational theory, and against the latest, the Plowden, report, we are still in the hands of the "pump 'em full of information and devil take the hindmost, you are there to tell, they are there to learn" school. (takes deep breath).

The West Riding is accounted one of the, if not the, most progressive L.E.As, (Local Education Authorities) in this country. The teachers of the future have their initial attitudes, perhaps their permanent attitudes, to teaching shaped in the training colleges. Reactionary tutors make reactionary students....

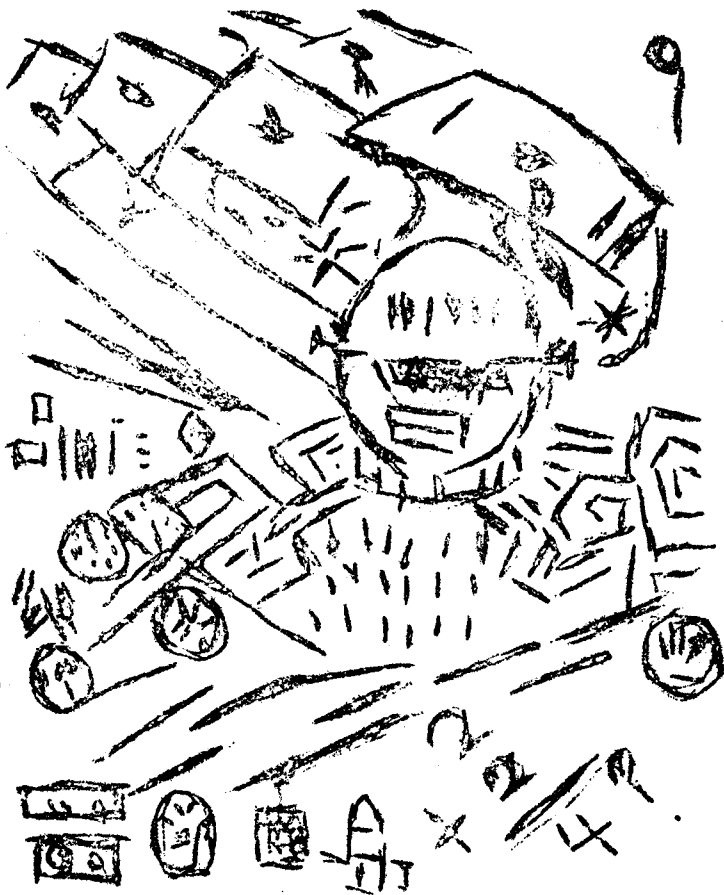
The struggle is at all levels. The universities; getting more set in their ways as the years roll by, it seems to me; contain few if any ex-teacher. They have plenty of lecturers though, plenty of "it was good enough for Newton so its good enough for me's". Subject dominated universities still tend, because the training colleges are each and every one controlled by a university in its area to a large extent, to look kindly on subject oriented tutors. For this reason we have to take a couple of subjects "for our own development".

Now this is fine by me. I'm happy doing History, and have learnt a lot doing English. But learning your subject just as a subject, as some departments demand, IS NO RUDDY HELP AT ALL IN PUTTING IT OVER IN SCHOOL.

And this is the major bone of contention, the greatest source of grumbling in the college. We want to know how to teach. Even if our heads are stuffed to bursting with information, its no use unless we can teach some of it to the kids. And we can't teach it to the kids, effectively, in the same way as the subject oriented tutors teach it to us; because kids are kids, and have no incentive to learn like we adult, supposedly mature, students have.

The subject tutors say we must learn the subject, and pay little regard to the problems of passing our learning on.

On the other hand the Education tutors say that they are not there to teach us to teach...but to help us to teach ourselves to teach.(confusing isn't it?).



There used to be, apparantly, tutors who specialised in Methodology. That is they taught you various techniques you could use in school. But, the Education people say, they were discarded because no-one can teach teaching. This we figure is fair enough. But. Over half of the people in college can't use a slide projector, over half can't use (over half eac time) a cine projector, pr a tape recorder, or an epidiascope, or a duplicator--of any kind. And all these, if not 100% essential, are very valuable skills to have in a modern school....in view of the philosophy of giving the child as wide a range of experience as possible things like films and tapes are very important. They substitute for the avowed ideal of actually witnessing the event or process or whatever it is.

I'm making a slight detour now. A persistant rumour has it that when, just a couple of years ago, the teacher training course was extended from two to three years the colleges were running round in little circles trying to find something for the students to do in the extra year. Add to this the pervasive dissatisfaction because - it is felt - so much time is wastes at college, in non-lecture periods waiting for lectures; coming in in the morning and finding things cancelled..oh, and so on. Theoretically if you have no lecture you are supposed to fill the time in with useful studying. For a variety of reasons this just doesn't work out in practice, even though you do try to do so. ((My own pet grumble concerns the inadequacy of the library)).

Talking things over with people in college the general opinion seems to be that the extra year on the course is there almost entirely as a sop to those who wish teaching to look more professional to outsiders. (they would prefer a degree....and it may come yet) Most people agree that the place where one learns most about teaching is actually in the schools. But just as you are getting to know the kids and beginning to make headway, the teaching practice is over. You're yanked back into college and by the time next teaching practice comes along you have to "break-in" a whole new school.

Taking into account all this, and the teacher shortage, various solutions have been dreamed up. I deliberately choose to say "dreamed up" because we all know, as sure as god made little apples, we haven't a hope of doing anything to change thing. (maybe as teachers...maybe as tutors..but not as students certainly).

My favourite solution is a variation of the old, much discredited ((rightly)) training on the job method.

This would run something like this. First of all the course would be a two year course. It would start with a 2 or 3 month grounding in college, then you would be sent out as an assistant teacher to some school, being paid a





salary about two thirds that of the qualified teachers. There you would work, maybe attending college one day a week, for the rest of the two years. There would be no long holidays during this time; they would be used instead to bring up your own educational standards and to give you a grounding in educational theory, sociology, psychology and the like. With the time ~~it~~ waste, plus the chance to immediately try out what you get from the college, I figure that you'd get a far better training than we do now...ah! at less cost too, and it would help to beat the teacher shortage.

Of course this or any other drastic change is impossible. The people who could change it don't want to.

The wonder of it all is that we get people like this Sir Alec Clegg in the West Riding...and I'm sure he is only where he is because he has kept the old reactionaries scared of him, and some decent tutors, and some students who will actually survive the college mill and go out to be good teachers, (in my definition of good teachers) and will actually be able to do some good for a lot of kids. Yes, maybe that's it, perhaps one should look at what is actually done despite the odds. The odds are always with us. (that's a bit unfair and emotional...I'm sorry). But sometimes it feels pretty depressing...like the fellow in the story who had to pick up a dozen bushels of wheat out of the grass overnight. ((Ah, but when will we find an army of helpful ants?... the kids perhaps?. They'll be voters some day...heaven help them....and us.)).

At the moment I'm in summer vacation. Shortly after we go back we go out on school practice. Oh well. While I'm here I've got a bit of work to do...an essay on a Hardy novel...(Thomas Hardy..not the Hardy Boys..mutinous dogs..mutter,mutter). Also still trying to find another 50 suitable poems for a poetry file..its damn hard to find suitable poems..there are an amazing number of milk curdling poems for children..wish wasy, twee, unrealistic;heck, very few good ones. Also got to do an environmental study thig...too much to go into a description of that right now...oh, and I'm supposed to be working off my long study (other colleges call them theses). and I'm trying to bone up for my English exam...the subsidiary course you take only lasts two years...but you have to pass it. We had an Education exam about a month ago, I got about average marks.

Well I'm grateful to Arnie Katz (98 Patton Blvd, New Hyde Park, NY 11040) for sending me this QUIP8. (hmm, I wonder. Could it be that I really owe this to the good offices of that Good Man Greg Benford?). If it hadn't been for this zine...(greatly liked,greatly recommended) I would probably not have been written yet...and probably not in this form. Many thanks. ((the only promising British SF zine I've seen (new one I mean) was one I got at the Buxcon...BANDINAGE)).

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short for
microfilmed zines

Darroll advertised for back issues of Spinge some time ago, for his files. I don't suppose he had any luck. Be that as it may, I need back issues of certain zines too, heaven knows what happened to my file copies, but I'm short of a lot. I need...

OMPazines. WHATSIT 7

ENVOY 1 2 5 7 9 and 11. These are probably the issues
Dick Schultz did.

SINGE, 2 3 4 9 10 12 13. ,,,, not singe S P I N G E !

in exchange I offer the following. (page for page as near as possible)

WHATSIT 10. one copy. Cawthorne cover. 4pp mailing comments.
3pp anti-Platt platform and 10pp of reprinted
illos, Cawthorn, Atom, McCabe, Jeeves, Mik, Douthwaite.

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BRUMBLE 2 ditto. 5pp, as 3.

2Azone 1. 2 copies. School mag put out by me. 2 copies. mild interest. 17pp

2Azone 2 1 copy, ditto by me.. Mik cover(reprint) 15pp. quite interesting

BRUMCON'65 booklet. souvenir value. Mik cover, photo of Harry Harrison for the
the back cover. Brian Aldiss write up of H.H. 2pp. 45pp in all
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Ellingsworth (Panalitic Eye), Beryl Mercer, A combined Cawthorn, Jeeves and
Marjory Smith article on cutting illos, Peter White, John Berry, Steve Leon
Paul, Charles Platt (yeech) George O. Smith, Terry Jeeves, an article,
Alan Burns, a CRY OF THE WILD GHUS letter col, 28pp long, Ian Peters, and
a WORCESTER SAUCE by K. Cheslin. ONE COPY ONLY.



-----next time perhaps.....

This is WHATSIT 15 from.....Ken Cheslin.
40 Askern Road.
Bentley, Doncaster,
Yorks.,
and is for some OMPA mailing or other.....

This I will run off as soon as possible and send to Beryl, what has become of the last mailing I wouldn't like to guess.... which is why there are no mailing comments.

by a feat of imagination this might be called a CRINGEBINDER PUBLICATION.
Stourbridge Fandon Shall Rise Again!.....perhaps.
