

# MARRAUDER

# 8



Ken Cheslin, 10 Coney Green, Stourbridge,  
West Mid DY8 1LA - Pieces of Eight August 1990

# SIGNALS.

MARAUDER 8  
August 1990  
Ken Cheslin  
10 Coney Green  
Stourbridge  
West Mid PY814A  
Merry leading England.

I'm not sure that I'll have time to do anything towards the Round Robin this time.

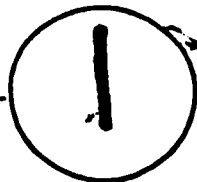
I have another week at Birds Meadow, and then the Home and Hospital

Tuition Service moves to a new location, a place called Saltwells. This means that we're frantically packing all our bits and pieces this next week, and then the week after, if all goes well, we will spend the last week before the summer hols unpacking...its already hell on wheels, and I don't expect things to get less hectic.

It's money you see. The local authority is hard up, blame Atilla the Hun, and they have to sell anything they can to try to keep going, tho its rather like the, er Red?White? Queens race, cuz they are running like crazy just to stay almost where they are.

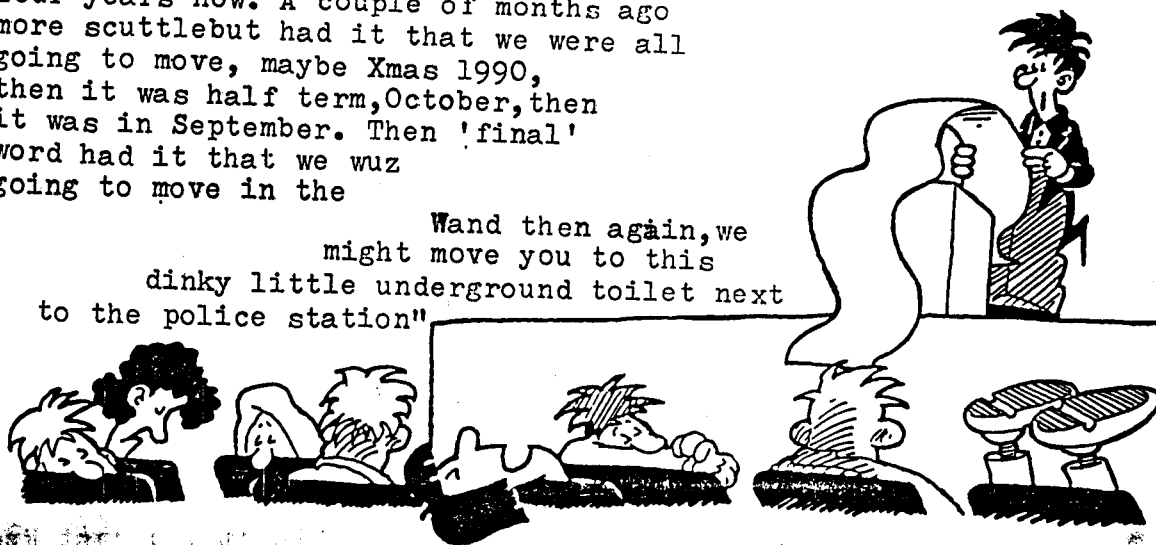
What is going to happen next year or the year after, when there's nothing left to sell, they are doing their best to avoid thinking about. If the school population rises again, and who knows but that it very well might, this will mean more school places will be needed. Off the top of my head this means that land will have to be bought for new schools, with prices higher than ever; or "temporary" classrooms will be built on unsold sites, or classes will be bigger; or all three. Classes are growing now, have been for some years. With Local Management of Schools classes have got to be larger anyhow. Crazy situation, great shortages of teachers but teachers being laid off cuz there's no money. This does not, you will be relieved to know, affect our beloved leader and her ilk, in any case they send their kids to private schools. Personally I think the provision of poor education is suicide nationally cuz we can't operate our technology without a supply of educated folk, and the private schools can't fill the demand. Maybe the govt figures on importing technicians from Europe, tho how they hope to do that when the traffic, the 'brain drain' is overwhelmingly the other way, pay and conditions here comparing unfavourably with most "western" nations.

Anyhow, wee'm moving. Rumour, upon rumour, upon counter rumour is sweeping thru the Authority..er, and Birds Meadow. I find it difficult to believe that 'they' could organise a booze up in a brewery.



The Multicultural people have been the subject of rumours of a move for, oh, four years now. A couple of months ago more scuttlebut had it that we were all going to move, maybe Xmas 1990, then it was half term, October, then it was in September. Then 'final' word had it that we wuz going to move in the

Wand then again, we might move you to this dinky little underground toilet next to the police station"



last week of term. Well, we, the HMTS have got a move order, a notice came thru assigning some firm to move us July 16th..but there is some sort of cock up there. (old stagers of the H&HTS who moved to Birds Meadow 4 or 5 years ago relate that THAT move was full of cock ups). The move order specifies moving one classroom. Well, for a start, it aint a classroom that we've got, its a resource centre, which means that it won't be a question of kids furniture, the teacher's desk, a cupboard and a few odds and ends. It will be a ruddy great load of material and shelves and cupboards and cabinets, and ....god knows. Then agian, we haven't got "one classroom", for a year we have had two rooms, and they say nothing about the contents of the bossess office.

The other two services we share the site with are going to be worse off than us (according to latest grape vine) for while we are expeking to move our office and two classrooms into one classroom, the Multicultural are rumoured to be moveing their three into one, and the Learning Support are supposedly moving their seven into one. There are a lot of long faces, I can tell you, and arm waving, and exclaiming, and hair tearing, etc., Mind you, the hottest news is that the LEA wont move the Multicultural until september, when they will have a mobjle put up at Saltwells. And they have sold off part of the Saltwells grounds too, for housing, maybe old folks accomodation, its not clear yet, on the car park.

Anyway, thats why I might miss a mailing next time (If I get time to do this it will be 'this time' too.).

Not many folk want to move anyway, considering that, apart from the reduced accomodation, Saltwells is a less handy place to work from. At least there will be a caretaker on the site. Our site has no caretaker on site and we have been broken into a couple of times this year. Probably kids judging by the things pinched. Mind you Saltwell is a more juicy target for burglars, it houses more and more expensive equipment than Birds Meadow. Well, it should all have been sorted out, as far as the H&HTs is concerned, by the time we get back from summer hols. IF everything goes according to the latest plans. I'm keeping my fingers crossed about that.

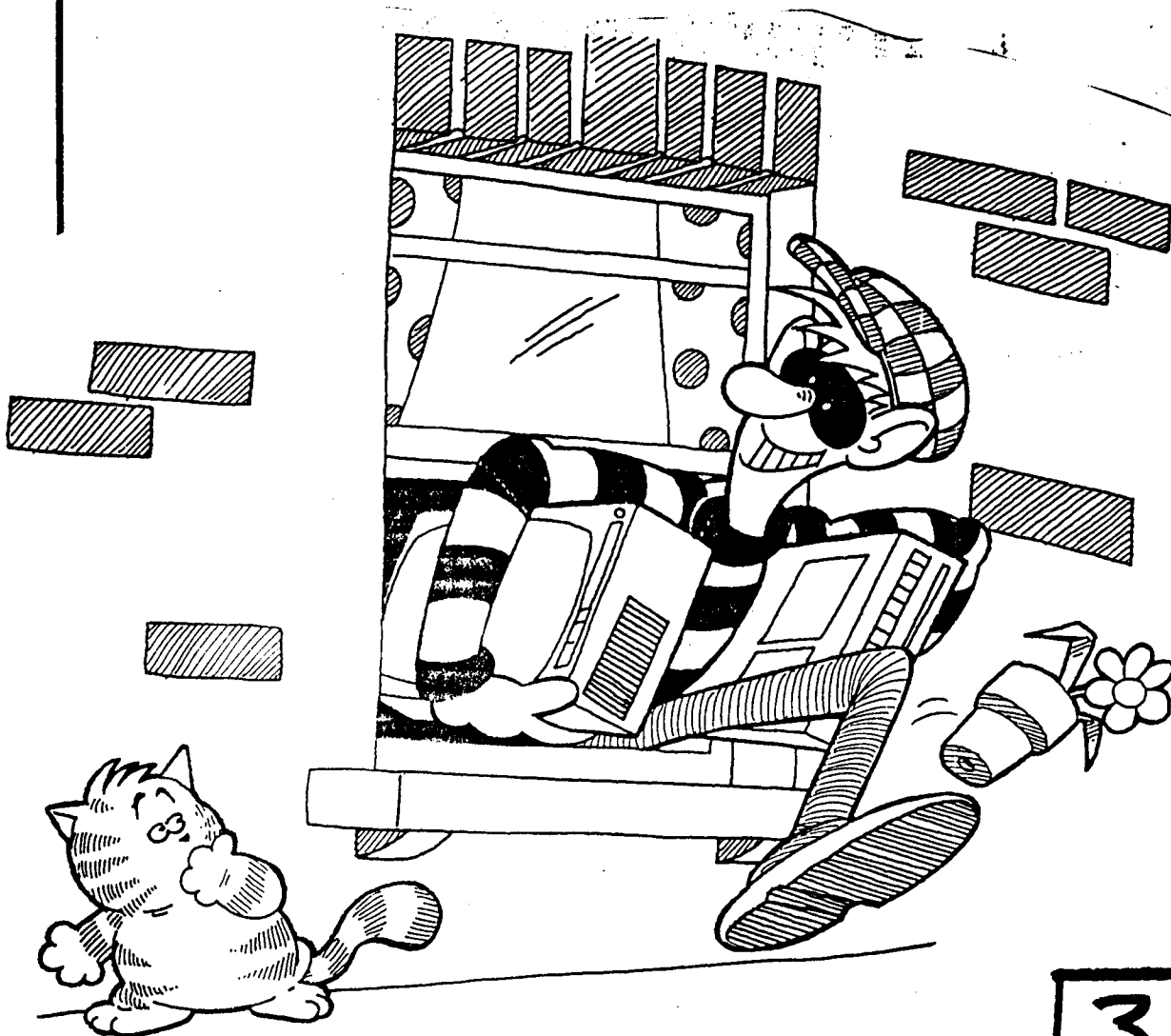
(the cartoon at the bottom of this page and the next should be for the H&HT's bit, but I cut down a bit of the H&HT's thinking I'd need the room.)  
RIGHT get the comments done next, then see what time I have left)

I was right chuffed at the overall feel of this mailing.

Furbelows Ian Bambro. ho,ho, 'Minor Works'. Your story made me jealous,(and the other/s in the mailing) they are so much better than mine. But it is grand to see some people actually getting going and 'supporting' the APA in this way, it adds to the camaraderie. It doesn't matter that there are different stories stemming from the first one, it adds interest, and gives folks more of a choice about where to follow on.

Bugger 'gross typos' and the rest, what we want is quantity!!!  
(er, well, within reason)

Strength Thru Chaos, a take off of Kraft durch Freud? not to my knowlege, tho there is always the unconscious. At the time that was invented Tom Lehrer (sp?) was going strong, I really liked his style, still got an old 78 somewher with some of his best songs on it. I also invented, inspired by (I think it was his) a phrase of his, the exact words of which, wouldn't you just know it, I have forgotten, "Dynamic Apathy" and "Positive Inactivity".





which means, of course, really trying hard to think up things to be apathetic about, then positively concentrating on doing nothing about them, (them being the Pressing Problems of Our Time, and suchlike).

Jean is keen on the Gateshead Garden Festival, tho doubt that we will ever get to it. If we had the money (hoo,har,ha,ha,hahahahaaaa) we would like a bigger garden, though planned to make it easy to handle.

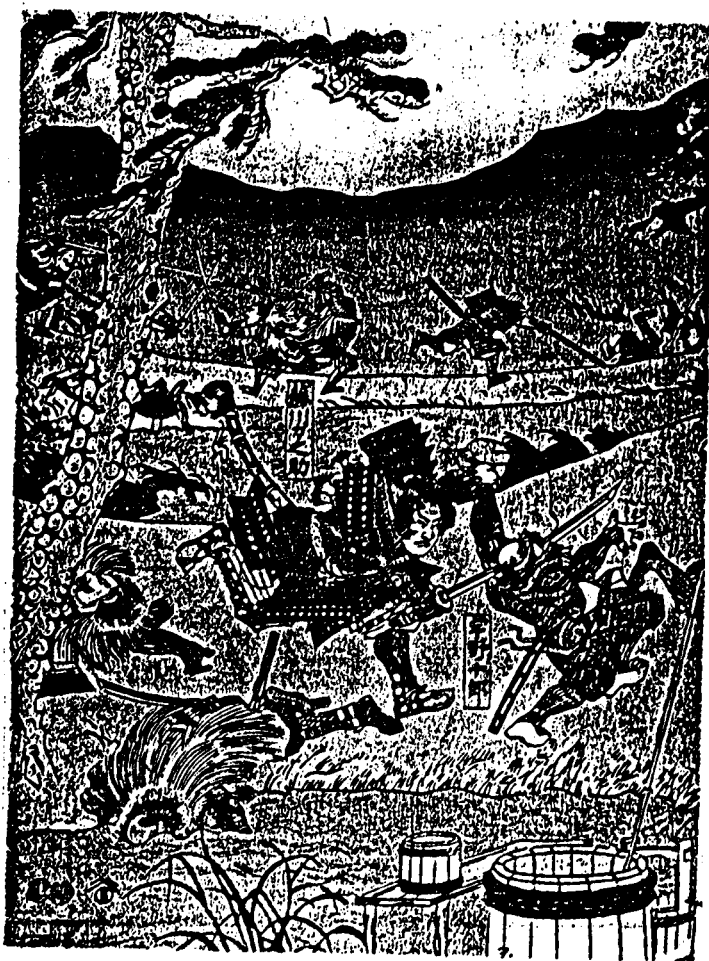
I pinched the MARAUDER cover from some wrapping paper..it was so..cute..I couldn't resist it. Egad,Ian old son, you didn't really think I could draw that good?!

Thatcher bring law into disrepute....very true.

ONCE MORE....this must be ~~the~~ <sup>?</sup> I like the role playing games, not done any for years, and if it 'costs a fortune' I'm not likely to..but it is interesting.

Bryoney, poisonous and climbs up hedges. But I like the name. Hanna, my sincere sympathy. It does help some people to bear things life throws at them, being religious. Tho for my part I have to say that its not something which makes sense to me, religion. Not in the personal sense, tho I can appreciate others need for the comfort religion can give. We don't get sudden shocks like Hanna in H&HTs, we get lingering cases, leukemia and tumors and such. I would not like to have to say which is the most distressing. With children I have a feeling that the sense of unrealised potential, the cutting short of the most 'ordinary' life, makes a death more traumatic. At least there is some feeling of "well, he had a good run for his money" when someone elderly dies. Very sad.

DARLTONG....was interesting, particularly the Unnatural Selection.  
 I've got a peculiar book I'm reading now, the Heartstone  
 something or other, which  
 has an Asian girl dancer  
 lots about Pakki bashing  
 and such like, and a  
 cast of talking mice..  
 in fact all the mice  
 talk, and rats, and  
 crows...but haven't  
 read enough to decide  
 if I like it yet. The  
 style is strange.



Japanese Agents soliciting  
 loes to AGOO.

PratesOP Dave Wood.  
 which was quite  
 interesting and  
 entertaining. (my wife  
 had a hernia op years  
 ago, after a fall, my  
 condolences and best  
 wishes).

I don't remember dreams  
 very well. My wife does,  
 and very interesting  
 they are too. I keep  
 saying she should write  
 them down and make a mint  
 of money publishing a  
 book. I used to have a  
 nightmare when I was a  
 kid. it involved floating  
 down the many stairs of  
 our old house in Stour-  
 bridge, in a sort of  
 lotus position. Other  
 nightmares..hmm..can  
 only recall one, about  
 being on a stagecoach  
 going along this road,  
 which was a ridge of

rock with hell-like fires on either side.

STRUTHIAN PERSPECTIVE. (so what was the other?) also interesting.  
 Bannockburn. hmm. will try to remember to look up something about it  
 in the library. my knowledge about the battle is confined to the  
 name and result.

I think you have a good point about national (regional) identity.  
 Trouble is it gets perverted into anti-every one else.  
 Ta for remark on Olaf illos. Damned if I can recall what I said  
 about yr illos in March, but whatever it was it was an honest  
 opinion. I don't believe in flattery, tho I might tactfully fail  
 to comment on something, illos or writing, that I don't like.

DESPERATE TIMES...I must be getting soft in my old age, I liked this  
 too..tho comment, ah well. now Snowdon is somewhere I've  
 never been, tho have driven over most of middle Wales years ago.  
 I wonder if its reachable in a day trip.....with enough time  
 to see anything?

DESPERATE again...been to York Minster years ago (dammit, it seems I did everything 'years ago' and remember almost nothing. ditto Lincoln and Worcester. St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol was beautiful..if we go out for a day and come across a church, an interestingly old church, we try to get in and have a look round.

There's one down by Arley Ferry where we discovered bits of 'personal' history, like the knight who married this local lady, them got killed in a joust (before the Black Prince) before he could consumate it..and the widow married again and lived to a ripe old age sueing for her first husbands estates.

Jenny Glover. It would be an excellent idea to send Mark Manning some photos...(I sent him an old school one and one of he at H&HTs, having nothing else.) maybe even a group of POE members?. Our camera hasn't worked for years..

Pitfalls of Perfection...I had intended to say "don't be put off by other folks trying to make you work to a certain standard, do the best you can", and "insisting that all should come up to a standard attainable by a few leaves no room for folk learning how to (write) or folk who can't reach perfection, but who want to engage in their hobby". The hobbyist I regard as the pool from which perfection might arise, or the bottom (and middle) stones without which the pinnacle of a pyramid could not exist. I wrote 3 or 4 versions of that, maybe I should not have cut it so much. I started out thinking of the kids I've known who have been discourage by other kids, and adults, and TV, doing things better. They get so that they see no value in their doing things for themselves, for their own interest and satisfaction, (I am aware that other kids/people might actually be motivated to do things 'better' by seeing examples of expert/professional work. But I was interested in the sort of "tell a kid/person he can't do it and, of course, he'll fulfil your expectations of failure"). and the story was an interesting carry on from the first. APAs, interesting.

K4 Ving disposing of books, difficult. hmm, you could flog them to visitors, that would solve the transport..assuming that visitors want them, have money, and shelf space..

Damsels, pinched from a couple of art text books at H&HTs. if I could have found more I'd have included them. Ah, Lest Darkness Fall, a classic. I have a copy somewhere. (I need a bigger house).

The Future History of Fandom sounds fascinating..but as you say, imply, fandom is not such a small cohesive group now. Tho it might be possible in an apa.

I'd be interested if you found anything out about GoeMet. LOVED the Hyphen cover.

anyhow, ( I keep saying Anyhow, I wonder if it would make a fanzine title) all mcs for now. now, can I find time to do owt else?



Ken.



I like kites. When I first began to like kites I cannot remember, nay, not even when fully utilising the mighty Cheslin intellect, which gave the world such staggering concepts as potatoe print colour covers for OMPA-zines, iron on patches for holes in socks, the interstellar ram jet.....

But, I must have been fairly keen by the early sixties, at the very latest, cuz that was when Ink and Coe had their day. There was this bloke, Jack Raybould, one of the original SADO group, and me both keen on kites, ~~and~~ one year we aquired, from Cornall I think, these two fish, Carp. Made of very light paper and in the form, as it were, of a windsock. (Jacks kite was called KATE, a posh form of kite) The fish were over a yard long, brightly printed, with the mouth held open by a circle of wire, which allowed the wind to enter, pass down the inside, and come out of the hole at the rear end. We wuz thrilled. The fish wouldn't fly by themselves..I think the Chinese string them up to poles to blow in a breeze. But we tied their strings fifty feet or so below our kites and when the kites were up the fish streamed out in the wind very satisfactorilly... I cant remember why but we thought of the fish as appendages of the kites..and we named them suitably...Jack refered to his assemblage as "Kate & Co.," (or Coe), while mine was..ah...something or other "inc", or Ink..

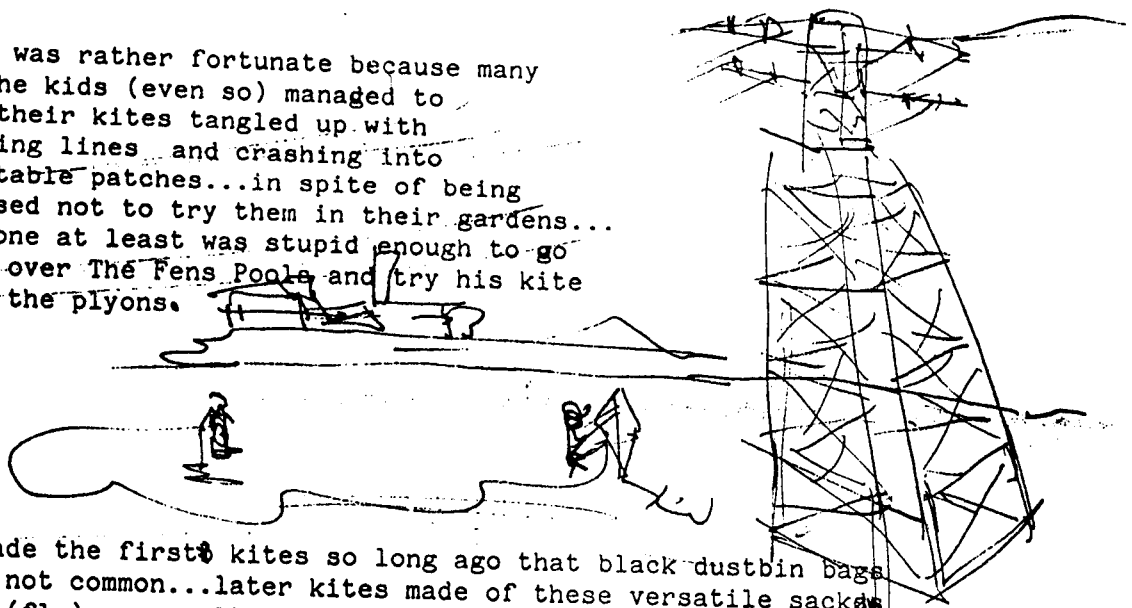
My nephew Terence was a brave little lad, 20, 30 years ago. I used to get him to help me fly my kites, often over the "waste" ground at New Farm Road. I remember him now, about 4 or 5 maybe, with very blond hair, blue eyes, a sort of white blouse or shirt, brown velvet or cord shorts, held up by straps (braces) of the same material, short white socks, and brown shoes which had a single strap over and fastened with a button. He has too small then to launch the kite, it was a foot taller than him, so I got him to stand on the string while I ran off downwind and tried to get the kite up. Sometimes this worked and sometimes this didn't. It depended on the strength of the wind. If the ~~wind~~ wind was not very fierce I could launch the kite and then run and get the ~~string~~ string off Terry. If the wind was moderate to strong when the kite went up, as often as not, the string would be jerked from under Terences feet and he would fall over. He was a game little lad tho, and only cried now and again...I did at one time when the wind was particularly strong think of tieing the string round T's tummy...but a sudden vision of the lad flying away over the fields, and what his mum, (my sister Audrey) might say about it disuaded me.

Years later I made kites with the kids at school, and with one on Home Tuition, (at least one) The school kites were made for some reason in two years out of three in a time of snow. I know that cuz two of the photos show the kids out in the playground standing on snow and holding their kites. As one might expect, because ~~education~~ education has always been short of resources even before this bloody shower made things worse, the main trouble was in finding the materials..this has a significance because the difficulty meant that some of the materials used to make the kites were not really very satisfactory..it depended on what I could scrounge and what the kids could bring in...this turned out to be sheets of plastic which were really too heavy for a flyable kite..tho some kids didn't actually want to fly them...

Handwritten scribbles and symbols at the bottom of the page, including a large arrow pointing to the right.



THIS was rather fortunate because many of the kids (even so) managed to get their kites tangled up with washing lines and crashing into vegetable patches...in spite of being advised not to try them in their gardens... and one at least was stupid enough to go ~~xxx~~ over The Fens Pools and try his kite near the plyons.



We made the first kites so long ago that black dustbin bags were not common...later kites made of these versatile sacks flew (fly) very well. The kites, to add some interest, were painted with household gloss paints, mostly faces. Of transparent plastic kites a line or two later.

Paper kites, for which I had for years a deep skepticism, came into my ken a couple of years ago while I was on Home Tuition. One of the pupils said that its school had made them so, though doubtful, we set to...and I found that the result was surprisingly strong.

Cloth kites are a peculiar breed as far as I'm concerned, tho at one time they were the only alternative to paper. I guess it is possible to put size or something on the cloth but the three cloth kites I had were just coloured cotton...and incidentally the only "shop" made kites I have ever owned..tho where I got them from I don't know. What I do know ~~xxx~~ is that ~~there~~ one day in the summer of, oh, 1968 or 69, which ~~is~~ forever identified ~~some~~ by ~~reason~~ of these cloth kites

Near to the teacher training college, and my flat in Doncaster, there was, and presumably still is, a place called Cusworth Hall. This was a sort of country house of the Georgian period, not extraordinary large, set in its own largish grounds and used as a museum. Of the museum I remember not a sausage. But I do recall the long grassy slope where Jean and I flew the kites...possibly because I remembered Ink and Coe I thought of getting no.1. Kite up a hundred feet, and then tying on kite no.2. then when that was up a hundred feet tying on kite.no.3. (I've) seen other folk do similar things since, but at that time the idea was new and startling, thrilling even. From the way folk gaped and sort of walked into each other cuz their eyes were on the kites I deduced that some of the visitors to Cusworth were also, distracted.

I've done the same since, and even made "Inks" to fly, but the first time, at Cusworth, was the best.

I return now to transparent plastic kites, (and then on to other things) cuz the time seems ripe. We have this photo in our possession which shows a (smartly dressed and smiling) Jean standing on a sort of a heath with one arm up rather as if she was swearing an oath. This has caused much puzzlement but there is a simple explanation to this pose, and it lies at the top left hand corner of the photo...where, if you look very carefully, you can see this cross hanging in the sky..it's not a cross of course, ~~kis~~ the sticks of a plastic, transparent, kite.....

Jean has put up with my occasional bursts into kite flying, at first with considerable patience, now..well...with a definite lack of enthusiasm. I first noticed this adverse reaction the time I danced up and down on the hexagonal kite. This damn construction..for which I followed the instruction most carefully, absolutely refused to fly properly, insisting on nose diving and sliding sideways and bolting for the turf as soon as launched. Frustrated beyond reason I finally threw the thing to the ground and jumped all over it, cursing loudly, and feelingly....this incident much increased Jeans anti-kiteism.



STRING, as Spike Milligan says, IS A VERY IMPORTANT THING, adding, ROPE IS THICKER, BUT STRING IS QUICKER.

I have this ball or reel of string. It is now about 18 inches long and 10 inches in diameter. When I first got it the reel was twice as thick. That was back in the early seventies when kite making at school. Two girls, twins, not very clever but willing, brought it in. I haven't seen them for 20 years, or thereabouts, but I do think of them every time I tie up a rubbish bag with their string, or sweet peas or other climbers, or fly a kite, or tie up boxes when we move house,

The string has been so useful its hard to imagine life without it...but I don't have to worry about that, I fully expect to pop my clogs well before we come to the end of it.

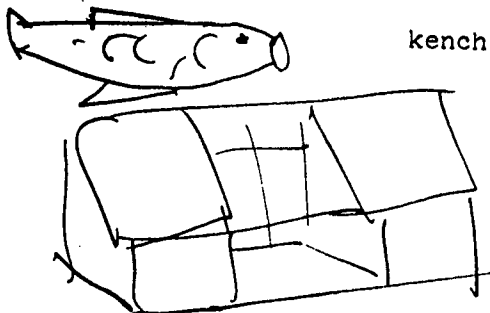
The hexagon kite episode was all Jean's fault really, though she never admits to faults....it was her gift of a book on how to make all these wonderful and varied kites which caused me to try making the hexagonal one. (I don't care for stunt kites, those two string things).

My greatest project was the flying lizard (I can't spell petrodactyl or pteradon)...upon which I worked with loving care for many an hour. I took Jean and the boys, who were infants at the time, up onto some moors in merry Yorkshire, (as we were visiting Jean's parents, otherwise it might have been Enville Common or Kinver Edge). As I recall the lads sat in the back and wouldn't come out, possibly because of the piece of dirty grey sheep.. Jean wouldn't budge out of the car either....having gone all peculiar about kites since the hexagon incident. Well, this damn flying lizard had a wing span of ten ~~feet~~ feet or so, and was maybe eight feet from nose to tail. It was strong enough, and light enough, to fly...but I just couldn't get it into the air by myself..even tying the string to the car and trying to launch it didn't work..I was so cross....well, I hardly like to think about it..in the end I left the remains up on the moors...maybe someone found them and puzzled over them..maybe its still there.

The last kite I made was last year or the year before, for daughter Heather. This was a relatively unambitious thing about three feet tall..it flew very well though, over the field at the end of our street...and amazed a few folk walking their dogs, and idling kids. But Heather is very rough with things, careless, and after I'd repaired the kite a few times I got fed up with her...so she dumped it in the shed and buried it under various tools and things, by the simple process of clumsily bumping into them, a fate from which it never really recovered.

But every spring when the wind begins to blow thru the catkins I get this restless feeling and start wondering if maybe I haven't got a couple of bamboo canes lying about somewhere.

What I would really like to do in the kite line, but something I'll never afford, is to learn how to hang glide. Now that is something which really appeals to me.



Here we have Paul Darby, Dave Reeves, and me. At the STUFFED WHIPPET folk club which we ran at The Pear Tree in Gornal. Paul was a teacher at our school who got out of teaching before I did. He was at this job agency see and he asked "got any jobs here?" which pulled the jobber up short, double-take like, and then, "well, as a matter of fact...". So Paul went to work for them and last I heard he had mover upwards into another agency. "They don't like to take teachers on as clients" he once confided in me, "hard to find them jobs". He still had lots of fanzines and Sing Outs of mine when I lost contact with him. Paul was THE folk singer of the group.

Dave Reeves, I think was unemployed at the time. Later I saw

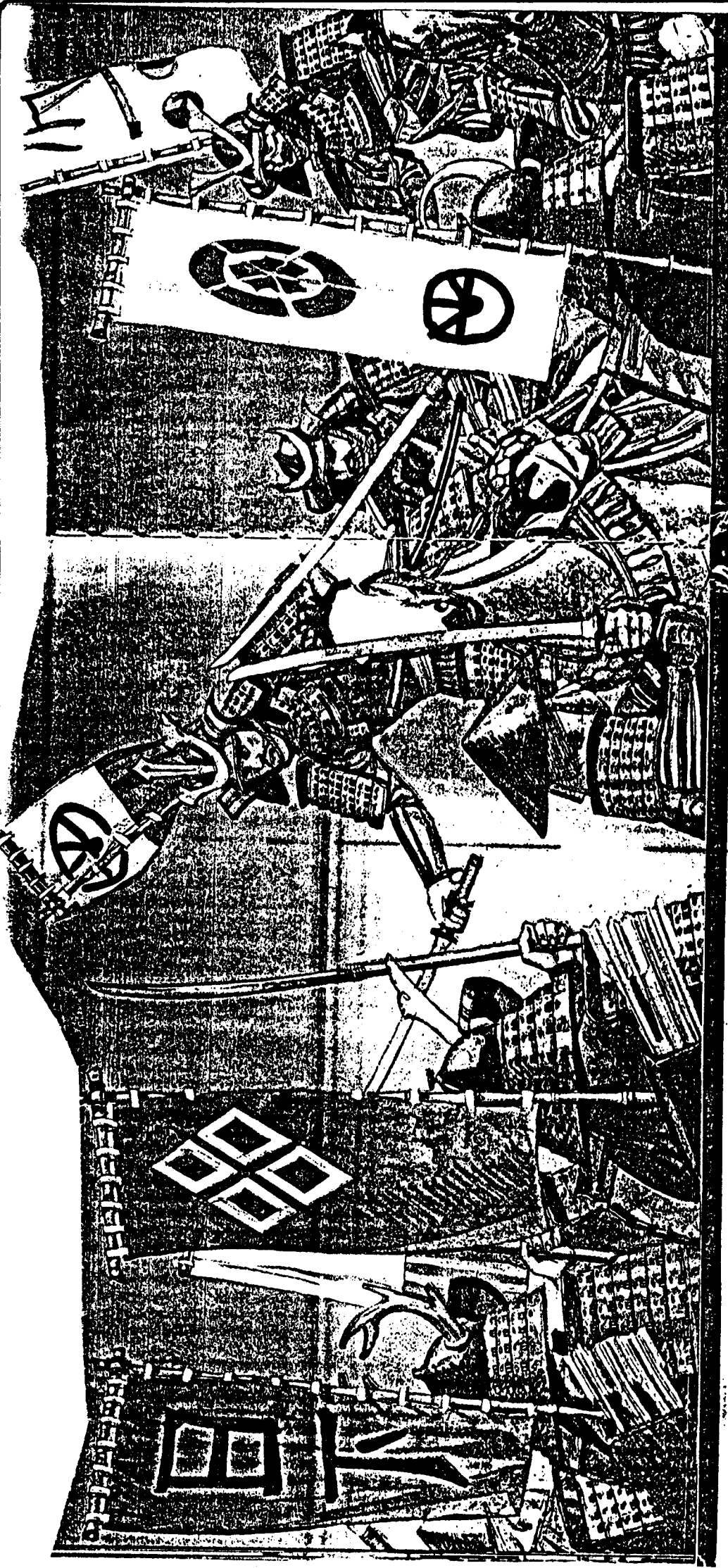


his name around quite a lot, he was a poet. Last I heard of him he was helping to run a community magazine, local authority funded, in Brierley Hill. Don't know if its still going, with money being so tight.

We folded the SF after a few months. On our best night we got a couple of hundred into the room at the Pear Tree. I forget the exact circumstances of the demise, I think the landlord wanted the room for Country & Westerns. I did the tee-shirts, the dozens of posters and "stained glass windows" (one, of Rose the Stuffed Whippet I 'sold' for a kiss..ah, them was the days) and sang very loud in the chorusses. This pic appeared in the BLACK COUNTRY BUGLE along with a write up, the nearest to fame we ever got.

*Handwritten signature: D. Ken G.*

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# କଟକର ମେଳଣ

August  
1990