

PEREGRINATIONS IN

BLUE I.

Egoboo

MAY 1958

Peregrinations in blue

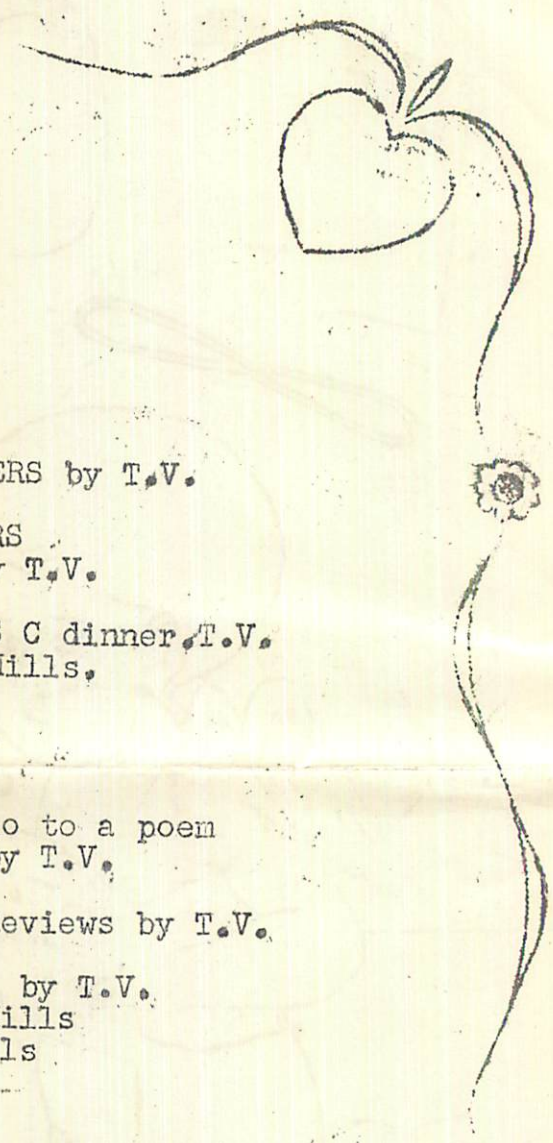
No 1

LOGO BIRD



J. H. EV.

CONTENTS

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- I. EGOBOO, by T.V.
II. CONTENTS
1. PERPETRATORIAL by T.V.
3. THOSE GOOD OLD TWS COVERS by T.V.
4. RELATIVITY FOR BEGINNERS
a sercon article by T.V.
7. Report from the W T C S C dinner, T.V.
illoes by Lynette Mills.
8. SCRATCH AS SCRATCH CAN,
doodles by T.V.
9. WORLDS, the original illo to a poem
by Margaret Duce.-by T.V.
10. Ha, Ha, I CAN SEE YOU! -Reviews by T.V.
13. THE BOOBYTRAPPED TRAM by T.V.
illoes by Lynette Mills
16. PARADISE by Lynette Mills
17. IDYLLE 3000 by T.V.
18. GENIUS OR MANIAC by Colin Mills
19. DOODLYN by Lynette Mills
20. NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP ramblings by T.V.
21. APOTHEOSIS.....by T.V.

Dont pay too much attention
to the page numbers, I got
somewhat messed up back there

Perpetrated and pubbed by
Toni Vondruska, POBox 3161
Wellington,
at 133½, Onslow Rd,
Khandallah, Wellington
N. Z.

Perpetratorial

or TV or not TV



During the time this silly thing was in preparation I have written at least a dozen editorials for it as each became obsolete. There was a lengthy discussion No. 1. of amateur rocket techniques, which became a pain in the neck to read after I used a mixture of icing sugar and potassium perchlorate in a steel tube under the -erroneous- impression, that the two openings will provide sufficiently large vents for the escape of the hot gasses. Unfortunately I did not have sufficient $KClO_3$ to completely fill the tube, and consequently, as the mixture was spread along the bottom of the tube, the burning surface proved too large, and the whole thing went WHOOF!

These lines are the first ones to be written on a new Remington Letter-riter portable I bought only a few hours ago. Which just goes to prove me a fan of extremes, as the whole of EGOBOO is duped on an ancient Roneo 10, rescued from a pawnshop at the staggering sum of £ 2/-/-/. The creature is practically disintegration incorporated, has to be hand-fed, (a sure sign of senility) and altogether is a source of unending frustrations, vexations and irritations. If anybody is interested, it has been very picturesquely described by BEM Burn in the latest KIWIFAN 9-no, sorry, 8, in the lettercol.

Just received BRILLIG 11., or rather Lynette did. On receipt, accompanied by cries of "Typical Brillig stapling!" etc., it promptly fell to bits. Net was very pleased, as she had not answered Lars' letters for some time, (a chronic disease among fans, I understand) and had some doubts about being on (in?) his good books.

LEMMY
TENDING SHEEP



WHICH reminds me: Sincere thanx and wailing apologies to Margaret Duce, who sent me a few shyish lines a long, long time ago, and therefore has not been answered yet. Please, Margaret don't think I'm trying to keep you quiet with a few lines here, I'll write just as soon as I have a little bit of time to spare. At the moment, besides -at last- doing something about

the long-advertised EGOBOO, I've quite literally thrown down my clippers, bag and uniform and quit my job-busdriving. After having discarded several boring occupations,

SHAZAMMM!!!

A polemic view:

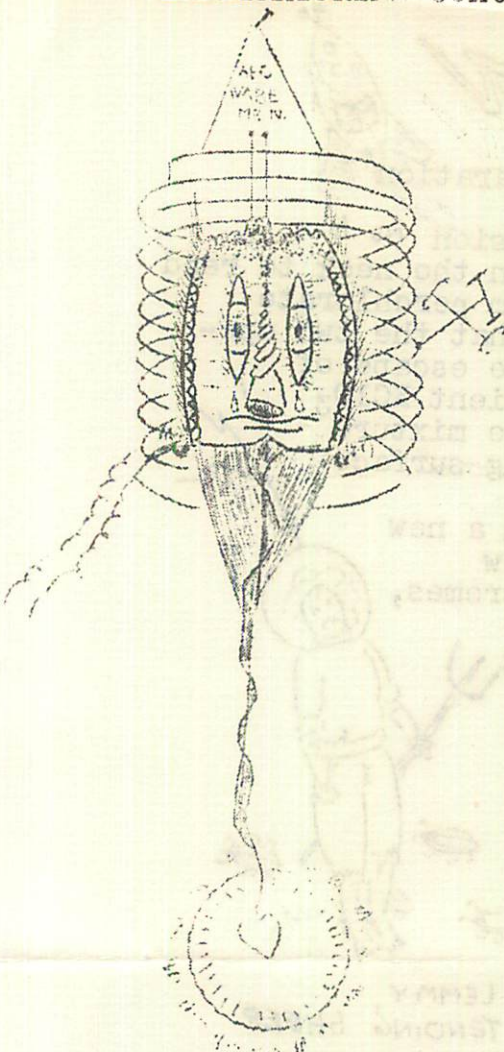
As long as I live, I shall never,

ever, ever, ever, again use a Gestetner (dirty word)

Stencil!

Long live Pegasus!!!

shut. Your mouth



not too rewarding, for all their variety, (I have been laborant in a german hospital, defence council in a youth court, assistant chairman of a Childrens' Village Council, chef in several leading hotels (not that it takes much to be a chef in New Zealand), labourer in the Forest Service, vagrant, displaced person, refugee, diet cook, fitter, student, fish salesman, subversive, tram conductor, railway guide, et al., and am now in the process of embarking on a road full of hardships (that in a quavering voice), in short, I'm going into business producing various continental foodstuffs, thus far unobtainable in N.Z.

So, as you can see, I really have my hands full, even though Lynette is helping as much as she can.

Since cutting the stencil for page 1. I have discovered that due to current import restrictions Pegasus stencils have, so to speak, become extinct, as various large firms buy up all existing stock. Thus and hence, (whatever that means), although it pains me in the Gut-ZZZZ, I am forced to retract the wow- er- vow, but having cut several Gestetners in the meantime, I find that it is, after all, not all that bad.

The illustrating doodles on these two pages are from a (rejected) page done for the ill-fated APOTHEOSIS (R.I.P.), submitted to paraFAN- alia, where Bruce, before rejecting them, entitled them: Recreative processes of a negative thinker. They appear here none the worse for wear, under the caption: Rejective progresses of a positive stinker. (BEM).

Although EGOBOO is virtually a oneshot, or what practically amounts to a sample booklet, (illos for any interested fanzine, on the style pubbed here, done free, even the stencil, all I want in return is a copy of the 'zine in which it appears, plus any further issue containing favourable comment. I do not anticipate any unfavourable criticism (see the head of the little angel on the front cover? - That's me!), but should it come, it will be conscientiously filed - in the wastepaper basket. (This is a warning to Graham Stone.) Don't crowd, now!)

I don't really think I have enough room here to pour my overflowing, sensitive fannish ~~bladder~~ mind out to you-all, so you'll probably find another page somewhere or other inside the 'zine, as an independent continuation of this. Hope you'll enjoy the 'zine as much as I am enjoying putting it together.

T.V.



THOSE GOOD OLD

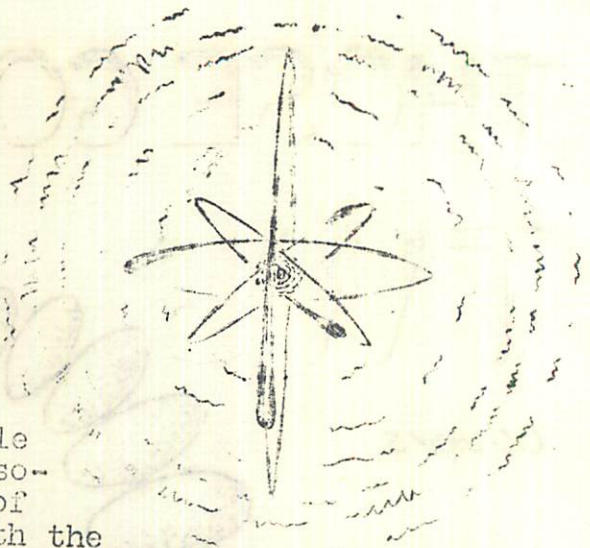
TWOS

Covers



RELATIVITY

for the beginner



Our senses reveal to us only a little islet in the infinite ocean of the absolute universe. We reach a realisation of this ocean only indirectly. Together with the broadening of the horizons of our knowledge grows also the depth and exactness of our understanding of things and events.

It is quite natural that during this process with every step forward our science uninterruptedly reveals new things, new in their very existence and new with their specific laws, which can fall into place in the known order of things like a piece of jigsaw-puzzle, or force us to change and fit all the remaining pieces in their interpretation to suit the shape of the newly discovered one.

Only prisoners of formal logic could be convinced that Nature is bound to eternally repeat itself in one and the same form. From the viewpoint of a dialectically reasoning entity, (whether human or otherwise) nothing is unchangeably eternal, nothing exists in unalterable, fixed form. Quantitative broadening of our horizons effects a growth of qualitative variation and complexity of observed phenomena and their laws.

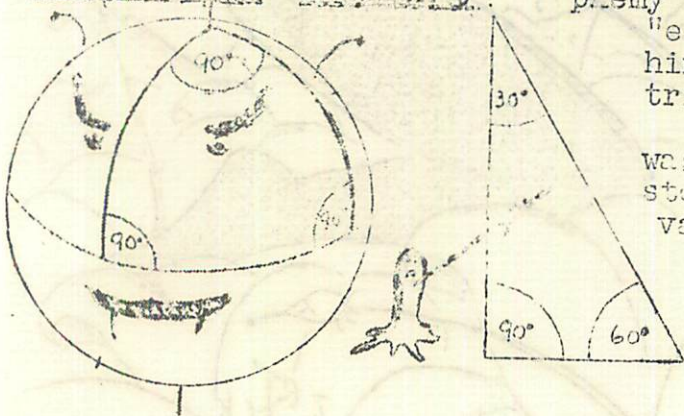
Even if the following example is well known, perhaps it won't be a mistake to include a historical anecdote, which is a beautiful illustration of the existing interpretations:

As is known to every schoolboy, the sum of all interior angles in any triangle equals 180° . Even this truth, as all the axioms of Euclidean geometry, appears as a solid, empirically provable law, true in all cases and valid for all time. But is it really so? This problem was the reason for an embittered feud between Kant and Gauss more than one and half century ago.

For Kant, one of the famous philosophers of the 18th century, and a representative of idealistic philosophy, it was an unheard-of blasphemy even to think of doubting such

"eternal truths", which, according to him stood above any experiment or trial.

Gauss, the "king of mathematicians", was of a different opinion. He understood well that the above "truth" is valid only within certain borders, established in the very fundamentals of Euclidean geometry. This Euclidean or ordinary geometry concerns only an extension of a straight line at



RELATIVITY contd.

right angles to its direction, i.e. a perfectly level surface, as opposed to a similar extension of a curved line; and an extension of this level surface at right angles to both of its coordinates, i.e. "straight", or normal, space.

Therefore, a triangle constructed on the curved surface of a globe cannot conform to the Euclidean "truth", and we can expect certain, even though minor, deviations from the expected 180° for the sum of its interior angles.

And Gauss actually dared to commit the heresy of trying to empirically prove the limits inherent in Euclidean calculations by measuring the extent of this deviation for the sum of the interior angles of a triangle constructed between three German cities.

To us, in this example, it does not matter, that for lack of sufficiently sensitive instruments no noticeable deviation was measured. Gauss' experiment is logically reasoned, though, and is an excellent example of a really open, scientific mind. Thank to his pioneer work in this field, there were other, -null E, or non Euclidean geometries worked out later, which became a tremendous step forward on the way to knowledge.

Every theory and theorem, however broadly valid, has its relative value and limits. Until contemporary science reaches these limits, everything works out fine, the trouble is, that science in the sense of "search for knowledge" is inherently dynamic and is bound to reach, sooner or later, any such limits. Then comes the moment of parting with the apparent absoluteness of the law involved, and generally also with the metaphysical outlook prevalent at the time, which is liable to have its foundations in this law.

But: If there is a piece of truth in the old law, then it is definitely contained in its new, wider form as a special case, valid within the old boundaries. This necessary condition, known in contemporary physics as the correspondence principle, points out one very characteristic quality of the process of recognition:

We do not grasp a truth at once, as a whole, but as a line of gradual, multiple, ever more exact approximations.

In that case, nothing hinders us to admit the possibility of a different physical universe No. II., which, in comparison with our No. I. universe, is built on more universal laws, (no WAWism intended) in such a way, that under certain circumstances these laws can be reduced to the laws of our old, known universe No. I.

And we do not only admit the possibility of such a world, we even dare to invite our readers to follow us to such a world and become closer acquainted with its peculiarities. And we trust that the trained imagination of hardened SF fan will not find it a strain.

As soon as our train crosses into U No. II., we notice that everything looks different to what we were used to in our everyday experience in the old world. Things outside our carriage change shape, as the train slows down to a stop. The slower the train moves, the longer and still longer objects near the track appear. And not only that! After we have arrived and left

RELATIVITY, contd.

our carriage, we notice with growing amazement, that with growing acceleration the train is subject to a corresponding foreshortening of its length.

As we could have expected, the natives not only do not seem to regard this phenomenon as anything out of the ordinary, but giving us sidelong glances grin to each other with irritating, descriptive grimaces that label us as fraki.

We have not yet recovered from our surprise, (which we try to hide so as not to appear too cubical to these sub-zero felines,) when we realize that that is not all we shall have to put up with on our journey, by far.

It appears that in this peculiar world even time itself is under the influence of the velocity of motion:—the faster we move, the slower objective time passes. The effect is similar to the spatial distortion, but inverse, so that while objects become shorter with acceleration, time flows slower. To a passenger on our train the station clock appears to slow down, to an observer on the station the passengers' watch loses time.

The inhabitants of this world are of course used to all these effects, and regard them as natural, formulating laws to suit them. Most probably, they would suffer a bit of a shock if they learned of a world in which time moves absolutely (literally) evenly, and where material objects always have the same length, notwithstanding (?) the motion of the system from which they are measured. To them it would be just such an absurdity, as their world is to us.

Now our readers will probably remind us, that we are letting our imagination run away with us: "Isn't it about time", they'll say, "to declare, as in all similar tales, that it was all only a dream?"

But the author does not intend to give up his ground so easily. "Could our world", he asks, "not really be such as the universe No. II.?"

Now we come back to Kant and Gauss. While the world of usual speeds, within limits, is for all practical purposes measurable with the old-fashioned methods, when we come to higher velocities, e.g. Mach 500.000, i.e. $\frac{1}{2}c$ or 150.000 km per sec. (app.) matters will assume all the characteristics of Universe No. II. and the nearer we approach the speed of light, the more pronounced these discrepancies become.

A length moving in the direction of its axis will appear to an observer in a motionless system foreshortened in the

ratio:
$$\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}} : 1$$
 where
v = velocity in relation to observer,
c = speed of light.

As far as time is concerned, the formula is more complicated:
$$\tau = \frac{\tau'}{\sqrt{1 - \frac{v^2}{c^2}}}$$
 where

τ = duration of a certain event in a motionless system, measured from a moving system, (or vice versa), and

RELATIVITY, contd.

= time of the same action measured from the motionless system, (or the moving system).

As the divisor is smaller than 1, the time is longer than that measured in the motionless system.

Naturally, all these terms, "moving" and "motionless" are relative, and are used purely as a matter of convenience. There being no absolute fixed point of reference in the universe, we must assume, for the purpose of computation, that

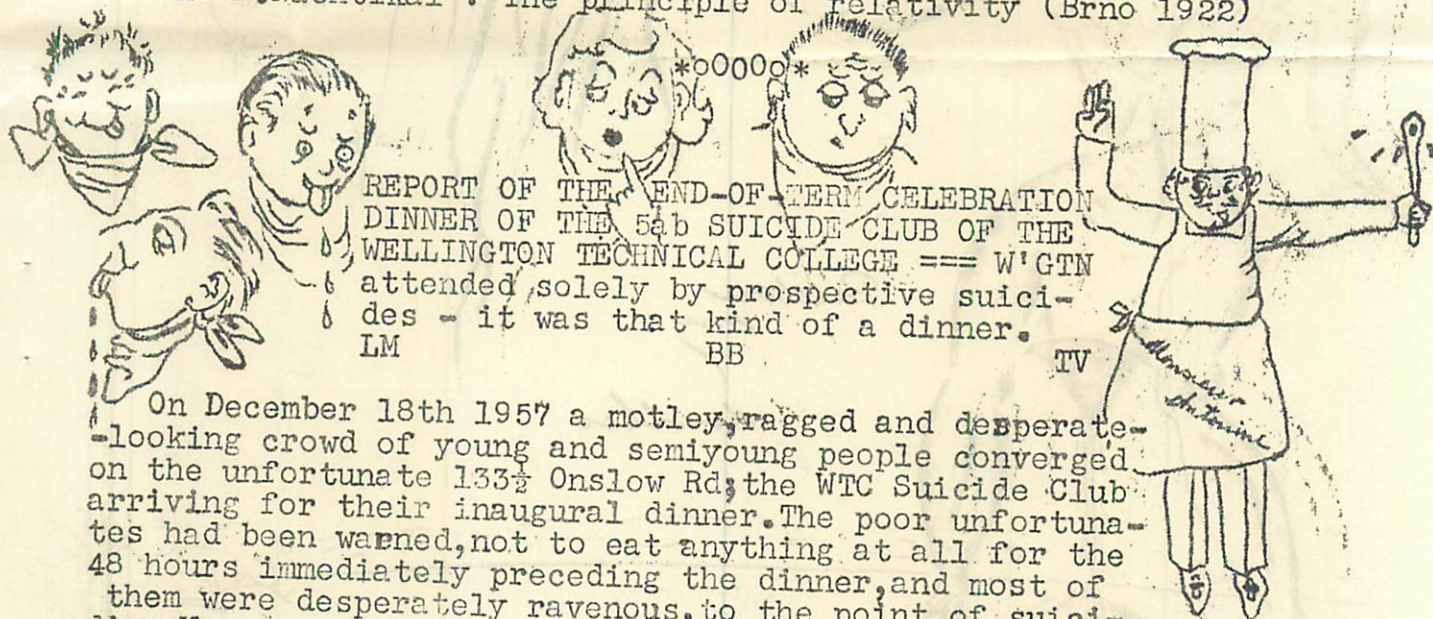
- a.) to an observer on Earth an outward bound spaceship is a moving system, and Earth is motionless,
- b.) to the passengers and crew of the vessel this is motionless, and Earth is a closed system, rapidly moving away.

Of course, these laws are valid also in our everyday measurements, but as the expression "square root of one minus v square by c square" is so small, we do not notice it. But if you think about it a little, and make a few calculations, (use the metric system, where $c = 300,000$ km/sec (approx) - it's much easier than working in miles), you will see for yourself, why we can never, but NEVER, in normal space-time reach velocities even a fraction higher than c .

References:

A. POLIKAROV : Einstein's Theory (Prague 1950)

PhD F. Nachtikal : The principle of relativity (Brno 1922)



On December 18th 1957 a motley, ragged and desperate-looking crowd of young and semiyoung people converged on the unfortunate 133 $\frac{1}{2}$ Onslow Rd; the WTC Suicide Club arriving for their inaugural dinner. The poor unfortunates had been warned, not to eat anything at all for the 48 hours immediately preceding the dinner, and most of them were desperately ravenous, to the point of suiciding. You can, perhaps, imagine the effect, when their stomachs had been suddenly filled with almost £25/-/- worth "sponge" of the following:

Hors d'Oeuvre: Smorgasbord, caviar, pate de foie gras, (truffee)
Potage: Russian eggs, Zakuski, Dill pickles.
Appetiser: Consomme Monte Carlo.
Entree: Grapefruit carame cocktail (iced)
Supremes de poularde aux creme paprika,
Riz Indochinoise.

Contd. on p.18.

scratch

as

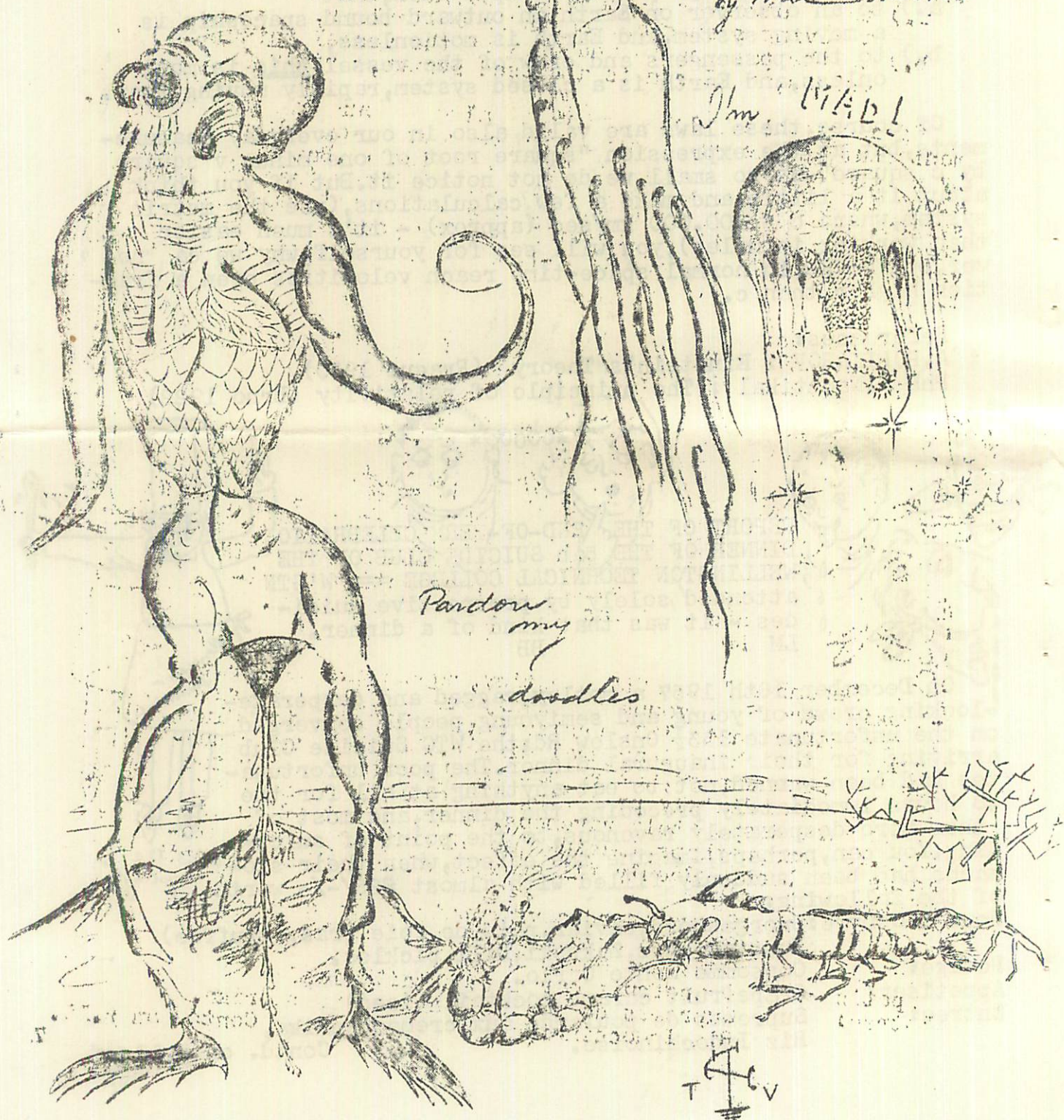
scratch

can

by Am. Duster

I'm WAD!

Pardon
my
doodles



T
H
V

WORLDS.



I'll have to apologize for the above reproduction of the original illo for Margaret Duce's poem "WORLDS". Since cutting the stencil I've discovered that The Thing won't evenly duplicate shading made on a backing sheet-among other things.

This apology extends to any further illos that are hashed up e.g., I rather doubt that the Bem-Fem TWS imitation cover will turn out O.K. Until I am able to afford a new electric duper, I'm afraid there's little I shall be able to do about it.

T.(aerial)V.

HA-HA, I CAN SEE YOU!

being a review & lettercol of sorts.

Any and all recent zines submitted for reviewing gratefully accepted. The address is:

Tony V O N D R U S K A , J.P.O.Box 3161, W'gton, N.Z.

At the moment I have only two recent fanzines to review, Lynette's BRILLIG and KIWIFAN 8. As the Kiwifan reposes at the alternative address, in Oriental Bay, I'll have to start with BRILLIG 11.

The silk screening on both back and front covers is very effective, must have been an awful lot of work, though. The actual name on the front cover could have been a little more carefully carried out, as it is, it rather marring the first impression. "Echo" was a little too drawn out, otherwise interesting. What on earth is a "schwartz" voice?

The Mercatorial introduction to "Who saw Courtney" is annoyingly incomplete. I HATE serials. It leaves one all worked up, and then says coldly "To be contd." Rather reminds me of a girl I knew in Germany..... but that's irrelevant.

TIJUANA..... W O W ! - no other comment needed. Where can I get hold of PAIN ??? But Larsie dear, aren't you counting too much on that sweet postmaster general of yours not reading the small print? Or are you still mad at him since the last time, and just out to spite him? Geis' slinging off at the prevalent security "TOP SECRET", and red tape systems is very amusingly punchy.

I liked BALLOON TALK about best of the whole ish, except TIJUANA, of course, but if you've read "TWO HOURS", you'll know why I liked that. Artist's Life is a little too disjointed for me, I'm afraid. The JAZZ SCENE quite frankly bores me to death. The only thing relieving this expanse of dull chattering are the illos. The one on p.19 fascinates me, for the same reasons as TIJUANA. Couldn't you get just a wee bit more detail into these things, Lars? Lynette is of course her usual amusingly macabre self, although she complains that Lars, in cutting her drawings gets too much of his own style into them. Pages 22 to 24 again hold not much interest for me, beyond the beautifully tangled heading illo. The Geisterings are just a little too esoteric for me, so I won't even attempt to say anything about them (which proves me a liar.). RE=ECHO makes me a bit mad, with its dogmatic refusal to print anything related to SF. Does that mean that you've "passed the stage in which SF interested you"? But aside from such Parisns the contents of this ish indicate that although "BRILLIG is changing" it still retains a high standard, and interesting contents. Just don't get too serious and grown-up on us, Larsie-boy, will ya? (Does that get me on your mailing list?)

Having just arrived back from the city,

I now have before me

KIWIFAN 8, which creates a tremendous first impression with its unsurpassable cover. Fair dinkum, and no fooling, I've never before come across such a superbly carried out cover on any fanzine, NZ or overseas one. I was told that it was done with an ordinary du-

HA, HA, -I CAN SEE YOU!, contd.

per, but I just don't believe it; the only way I can imagine doing it is either print or wax-silkscreening. Anyway, it's terrific. Mike Hinge's imminent departure will be a great loss to NZ fandom. (Besides, I still owe him a "SPACEWARP" he lent me in 1952!) Good luck, Mike, and don't forget *sob* the loins that *sob* bore you, in your *SOB* far travails. (Must be male ones, I can't imagine any female loins boring ME!)

Rather sub-standard lettering in headings, etc., throughout. For crissake, Bruce, if you KNOW you can't do lettering, why'n'chou get yourself a couple of stencils, great balls of fire, MAN ?!!!! (sorry, nettie!) The only thing that excuses you is the rush you've been in - NFU, fanac, parties, BHEER, lidies, etc.

That THING on p.1. is pure, unadulterated slander, and you're lucky, Rog, that you at the same time pubbed parts of my letter I've sworn you in to keep secret. In consequence, when I got out of the hospital I was in no fit state to call you for a reckoning. I DO NOT raid iceboxes, neither do I drink bheer, except under extreme provocation, like last night, when BEM and LANK dragged me out of bed at an unearthly hour of the night, just because they happened to be in town, and "happened" to feel like a quiet drink. As a parting gesture, BEM gave my poor li'l electric heater a terrific kick, blew out all the powerfuses in the house, (for which kindness my landlord declared himself tickled to death,) and departed haughtily, assuring me, that he'll be happy to do the same for me anytime.....

The EGOBOO index is - as you see - all up the shute, and I'm NOT a horrible character, ask nette! Local news interesting, needs more scope, though. BEM his usual amusing self.

Sorry to hear about WAW not being able to go to SOLACON, we were all looking forward to another "HARP STATESIDE", but maybe some other time, huh, GHOD, huh, can we, huh?

If the TOFF idea is taken up, - and I'm all for it - my vote for the NZ rep goes to BEM Burn, as a WAW-equivalent in Kiwifandom. PLUG. PLUG. PLUGGGGG. (let them Yanks have their heaters kicked all

=====

OK where's that gold plated cookie huh because I just bash awa sec over the place, for a change). What about it, Len, somebody has to start it off!

"A Hinge for the Gate" sounds like a typical Horroxiade. The doddering column is rather funny, but I think that we, unintentionally, rather outdid the mock-Sputnik episode. After all, we had police emergency cars screaming up all the way from Wgton in disregard of all traffic regulations to keep suicidal civilians from approaching a sabotaged, dynamited power station.

Just came back from fixing up a bunch of Poirés belle Helene, so on to RE-VOUS, the caption being an example bastardized attempts at punning in two langwidges. I categorically refuse to review reviews, so I'll just skip them. There.

The Amerifan scene is quite interesting, especially from a neofanne. Don't worry about having strange ideas, Barb, you're in good company, and besides we are ALL quite mad (PLUG) here. Welcome to fandom, and keep it up, you're horrid. (A compliment, indeed!)

HA, HA, I CAN SEE YOU! - still contd.

Now: At my front door is a most enthralling column indeed. By that I DON'T mean, that I have a most enthralling column at my front door, because the only things like y to be found at my front door are bill collectors and Lynette, and while the former are far from enthralling, Lynette is by no means columnar in appearance, she's more like...now...er...uh...

ell, you know, don't you? Just look at the cover of FOCUS 6. (PLUG) - Harvey Stapleton's letter rather amazed me. Since when is there any human habitation between Wellington and Auckland? (Not that Auckland is a human habitation, you understand!) But places with bookshps (whatever THEY are), and selling SF....No, that's too much!

Peter Davies is crazy, period.

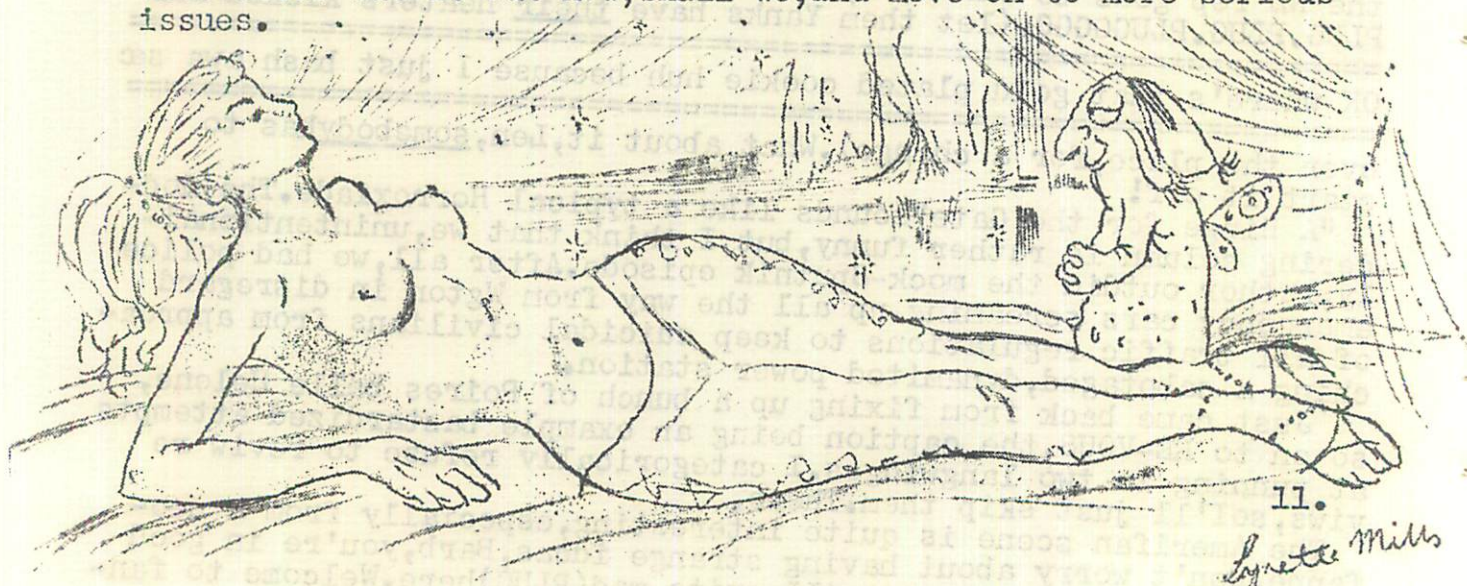
I rather like the nice compliments Bruce pays to my duper. actually, it's not all that good, but if you have a hammer and a spanner handy, you're liable to end up with an almost illegible 'zine. That's not to be wondered at, though, as the THING is an ex-Salvation Army machine, and some of the Spirit must have rubbed off onto it during its centuries of faithful service. It definitely has a personality of its own. Just yesterday I duped page 1. on it, and as soon as I turned the handle twice, the retaining nuts on the drum fell off, with a loud, protesting clatter. I didn't understand why, until I reread the things I have said about it on that page.

I LIKE PETER SKEBERDIS!!!!!!

Mervyn exaggerates, of course. I'm not REALLY a sex maniac, it only sometimes seems like it.

My own letter was so abridged and full of typos, I couldn't tell what I had been writing about. That is quite an usual occurrence with me, but it's neither here nor there. Especially not there.

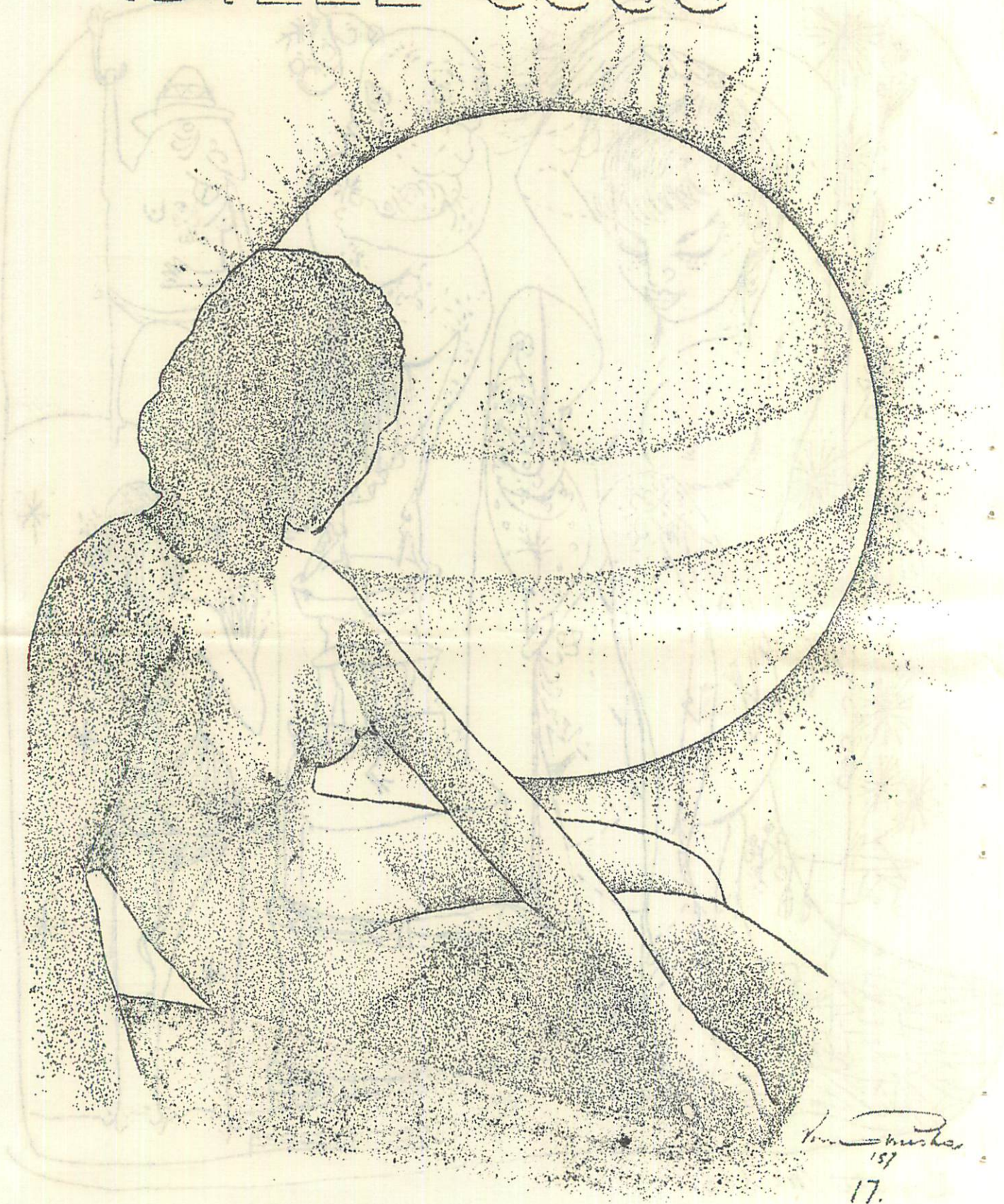
Now Bem Blows. He usually does. Anyway, having dug my way thru a maze of apologies, I note with pleasure, that Egoboo should be pubbed within the next few months. It's a great encouragement, and I need it, as I am beginning to think that it won't be. I really believe that this is the longest fanzine review ever pubbed. Better cut it out now, shall we, and move on to more serious issues.



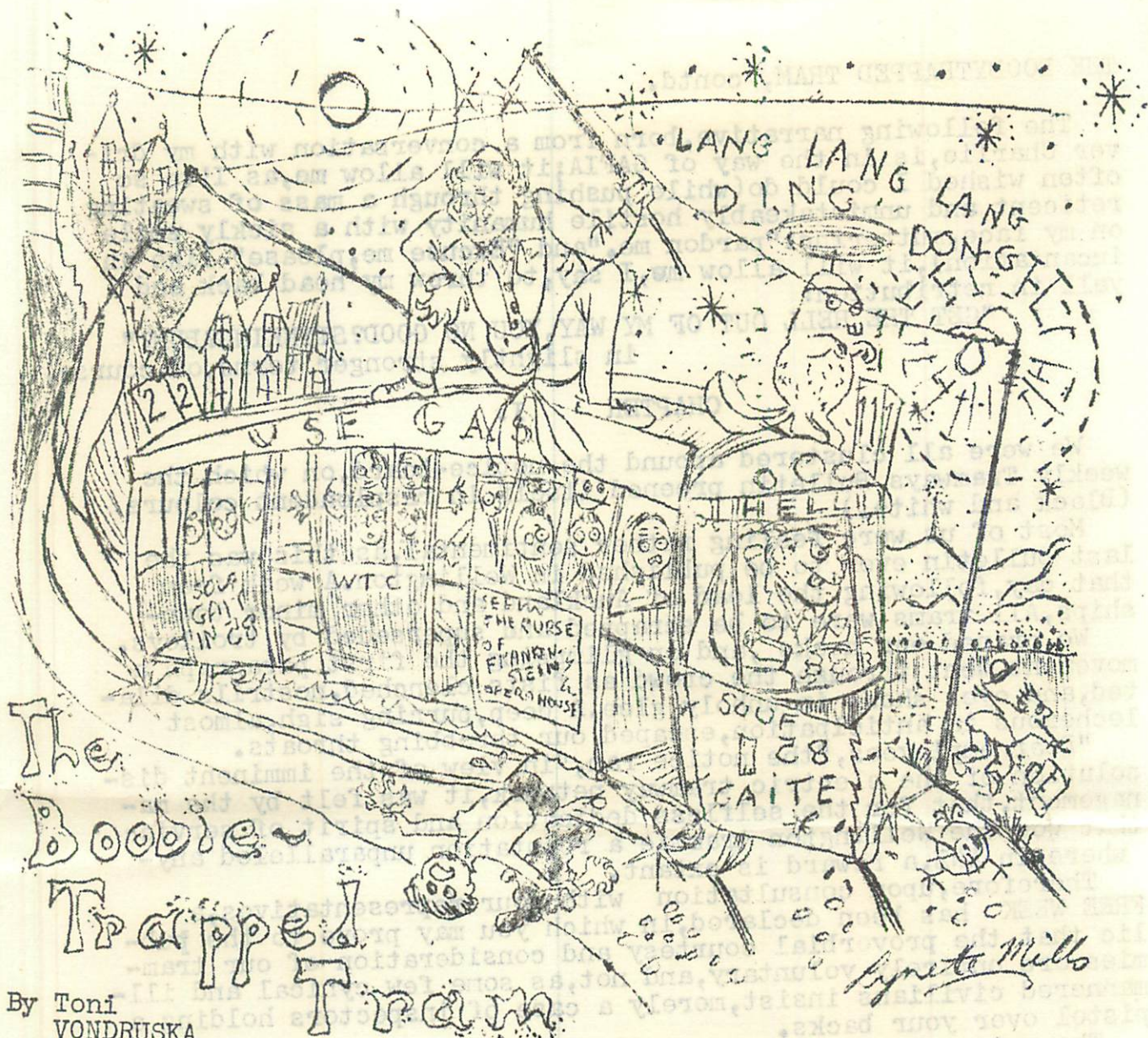


Lynette Mills.

IDYLLE 3000



Van Dusen
187



By Toni
VONDRUSKA

Illustrated by Lynette MILLS.

INTRODUCTION.

Most fen, who have read paraFANalia 2 will have realised, that some events in that ill-famed cartoon of mine were not just imaginary. For example, I DID go to see a picture at the Rivoli theatre in Newtown, forgetting to get out of my bus. (I am, or was until recently, a busdriver for the Wellington City Corporation & Tramways.) The damage had been valued at approx. 3000 NZ£'s (or 9000 dollars). So, naturally, the transport superintendent did not appreciate the humour of the situation, and busted me (no reference to Lynette) to a tram-conductor for an indefinite period.

This little background is necessary, as is the reader's realisation of the exquisite hatred towards the general public in general, and towards his immediate passengers in particular, that courses through a trammie's veins.

THE BOOBYTRAPPED TRAM, contd.

The following narrative, born from a conversation with my driver Charlie, is in the way of GAFIA; it will allow me, as I've so often wished I could do (while pushing through a mass of sweating reticent and unmistakably hostile humanity with a sickly smile on my face, muttering: "pardon me," and "Excuse me, please" like an incantation), it will allow me, I say, to throw my head back and yell in retribution:

"GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY, YOU NO GOOD? STINKING? BUM?"
in slightly stronger terms, of course.

CHAPTER I.

We were all clustered around the notice-board, on which the weekly Tramways Bulletin preened itself in resplendent colours. (Black and white.)

Most of us were feeling rather sentimental, as this was the last Bulletin ever to be published in Wellington. A week from that day, following the lead of Auckland and other minor townships, all trams were to be scrapped and superseded by trolleys.

We craned our necks, and on glimpsing the first paragraph a movement went through the crowd as fists clenched, nostrils dilated, and eyes shone in unholy glee. A deep, purring sigh, almost lecherous in anticipation, escaped our throbbing throats.

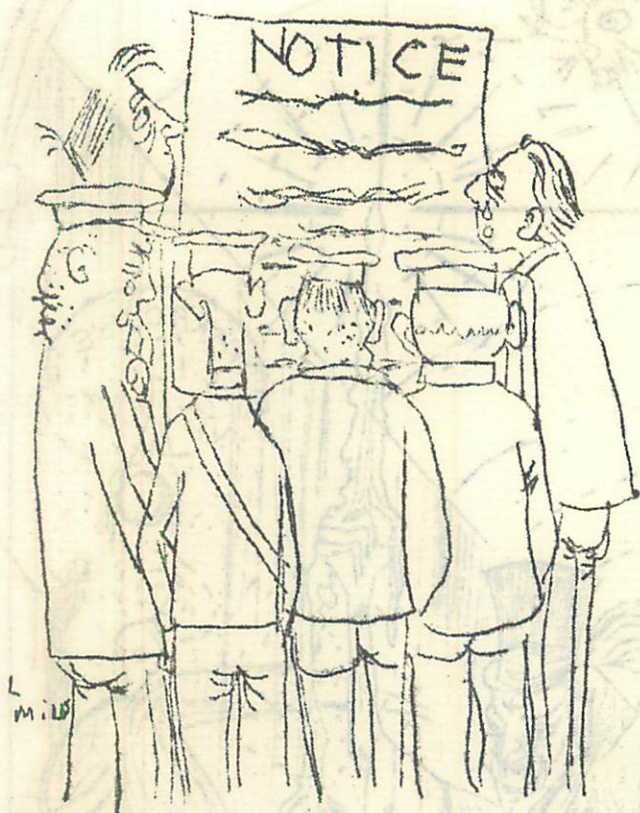
"Dear employees," the notice ran, "in view of the imminent dissolution of the electric tramway network, it was felt by the management, that for the selfless dedication and spirit of service that won the Wellington trammie a reputation unparalleled anywhere in ANZ, a reward is extant.

Therefore, upon consultation with your representatives, a FREE WEEK has been declared, in which you may prove to the public that the proverbial courtesy and consideration of our trammies are entirely voluntary, and not, as some few cynical and ill-mannered civilians insist, merely a case of inspectors holding a pistol over your backs.

The main rules for the following week are:

- 1./With the cooperation of the government Traffic Dept, and traffic and civilian police, all ordinary rules of the road code, where they affect the Tramways, are cancelled forthwith,
- 2./our employees will not be held responsible for any damage to the public or a person, or their property, whether caused by the negligence of our employees or agents, or otherwise howsoever.
- 3./Our conductors are to charge whatever fees they may deem suitable, and are not bound to return such fares in whole or in part to the aforesaid Traffic dept. of the Corporation of the City of Wellington.
- 4./the drivers and conductors are to be in sole charge of their respective vehicles, aboard which their word shall be the law, and are not to be deemed responsible for any damage caused to these or any other vehicles.
- 5./Our inspectors shall be on the road for the sole purpose of seeing, that the above rules are strictly enforced, and within these rules are subject to all and any such requests or orders as the abovementioned drivers or conductors may give.

The Tramway repair shops are open and at the disposal of all



our drivers and conductors for decorating their trams for the following week, and the triumphant last drive of our trusty vehicles to their Last Terminus.

Good by, and thank you all.

superintendent.

CHAPTER II.

Nobody slept that night. The vast expanse of Kilbirnie Sheds resounded to the clang of tools wielded by resourceful hands. And what if a few hammerblows went astray, and wrecked once indispensable equipment!

By the time Charlie and I were finished, our tram, an old, open car with the slightly incogruous motto:

"SOUTHGATE IN '58 !!!!"

painted in vivid red letters on its side, was no doubt one of the most formidable looking vehicles ever to be

I don't think Czechs should be allowed into the country; seducing young innocent girls like mihi!

SEEN on the streets of Wellington. While Charlie, (a non-fan, but with a mind slightly unbalanced by the copies of "HYPHEN" and "paraFANalia" I have forced him to read) laboured over the more crude, mechanical gadgets, like the double bladed knives fixed to the wheels, after the fashion of the war-vehicles of the Persian kings, (of course, HE insisted that he got the idea from a picture of Cleopatra's charriot,) and a razorsharp ram on the front of the tram, I concentrated on more subtle improvements.

A lead from the pole was attached to the handrails over a transformer and a knife switch connected to the driver's controls. The red tail-light was switched with the headlight, and fixed just above the ram. I then went and collected some mice from a pet-shop, where the owner cowered in a corner at the sight of my uniform, and categorically refused payment. We put the mice into their little box and together erected a lifesize statue of Roscoe on the roof. A few additional touches, and we were ready for the road.

Continued at request.





Lynette Mills

W.T.C.S.C.DINNER REPORT, contd.

Roti: Jamb du porc, bouquetiere, au jus,

Legumes: Gnocchi Bohemienne,
Carottes Vichy,
Choux Alsattienne,
Pommes de terre saute
Petites pois au Beurre,
Haricots vertes a la creme
Choux fleur au gratin,
Asperges Parisienne,
Pommes du paradis,

Entremets: Chateau de Prague,
Gateau Religieuse,
Gateau Mt. Blanc,
Charlotte Russe aux fraises.

Cafe Noir

Capuchin

Cafe au lait



THIS IS NOT GEORGE CHARTERS

I'll have to admit, that it took me two whole days to cook what the rabble polished off in as many hours. But at least I had some satisfaction, when, after the dinner, I entered the dining room, (still in my whites) and found over a dozen seminert forms huddling on the floor, holding their tummies and groaning.

The guest of dishonour was BEM Burn, who insisted on bringing a film-projector from the National Film Unit (No relation to the Neanderthal Film Unit of paraFANalia 2.) and showing us films on the dangers of sneezing, and how to "Look left, look right, look left again.....CROSS!"

After an hour or so of such educational tit-bits, interspersed by frequent breakdowns of the apparatus, when Bruce spun like a whirling dervish, festooned with yards upon yards of tangled film, and the box under the diningroom table emitted weird squawking and snarling noises, the party was broken up by inconsiderate parents, who up to that time had been continuously washing dishes. Sic erat gloria mundi.

.....and I am never, ever, ever, ever going to review FANFARON!!!!

GENIUS OR MANIAC ?

the below are imaginative doodles by COLIN MILLS,

Lynette's 8 year old brother.....



NOW I LAY ME DOWN

THE RAMBLING COLUMN
T V

TO SLEEP...

As there were quite a few things left unsaid in the Perpetratorial, (I like to talk!) I left myself three whole pages on the end to jabber away at my heart's content. Now I am glad I did, as Bruce, after I did him some small favour or other, (see the Kiwifan review) relented, and lent me a whole pile of his carefully hoarded RETRI-BUTIONS, VERITAS and other Goonish productions.

I had been pestering him for months now, as he seems to be the only one getting them regularly around here, and from what little I have seen of the fanatic of the Wheels of IF, they are highly desirable fannish reading matter.

As a matter of fact, things like "The Enchanted Duplicator", "Harp Stateside", "Hyphen", "Ret", etc., etc., should be compulsory reading for any potential or prospective faned. The only way most of these works of art - and that is what they are - can be reviewed only by massed blocks of superlatives, and that could become rather boring to the reader after a while.

Anyway, if I can get hold of a recent RET of HYPHEN, I shall try to give it a really detailed review, not just such a sketchy few lines as I gave to KIWIFAN in this. (HINT? HINT? HINT? HINT? HINT?)

Come, we must stop, Toni, come....we.....must.....
(Famous last words.)

After I spent approximately 6 hours dot-shading the drawing on page 17, (Idylle 3000) I have changed my mind about doing this type of illos free for all and sundry. Amerifen are requested to add an old copy (UNABRIDGED!) of PLAYBOY, or an art calendar to their order, others an equivalent in the coin of their realm, i.e. a similar publication, or even something better (I can't imagine what, but everybody likes pleasant surprises, don't they?) The ordinary line drawings are still for free, unless somebody becomes unreasonable and asks for them wholesale. (I like myself, I do!)

.....And he invented a new instrument for digital titillation....

If you've enjoyed Lynette's drawings in the EGOBOO and paraFANalia pages, you will want to make sure to get a copy of

S L I N K

Lynette's very own 'zine, to appear shortly. Write her a letter or a card, or send her YOUR 'zine to get on her mailing list.

PLEASE?



NOW I LAY HER DOWN TO SLEEP, contd.

About The Boobytrapped Tram:
I don't quite know whether I like it or not. Now that I have left the Tramways, I don't seem to feel such an excruciating revulsion at the merest idea of a passenger, and some of the things in the B. Tram are pretty gruesome. Well, I cut it short, because I thought that some of you may like Lynette's drawings so well, that you'll even put up with a story like that. Unfortunately it seems to be too esoteric; one has to be a conductor to appreciate it.

Well, let me know, if you'd like to see the end of it.

To begin manufacturing the foodstuffs I intend to sell, I'll have to have a house or large flat in one of the more quiet suburbs of Wellington. Lynette is going to be my private secretary, so she'll have plenty of time for fanac. Also, the place should be suitable for future meetings of the WSFC, or what's left of it, Parties, snogging and similar fannish activities.

So, if anybody has any intentions of writing to me, please do so to: AVONEX Continental food products C.P.O. Box 3161, Wellington, N.Z., and not to my old address in Oriental Bay.

EGOB00, irregular fanzine for head-filling. Have you a swollen head? Yes?

Why not try our swollen head releasers? We guarantee complete release of all bursting effects. Refund of all fanac since start of course will be made if you're not satisfied.

Applications and Czechs should be made out to EGOB00, Ltd., Wellington.
(Advt. by BEM Burn)



You're just the sort of a man I've always wanted to rape me...
(Anonymous)

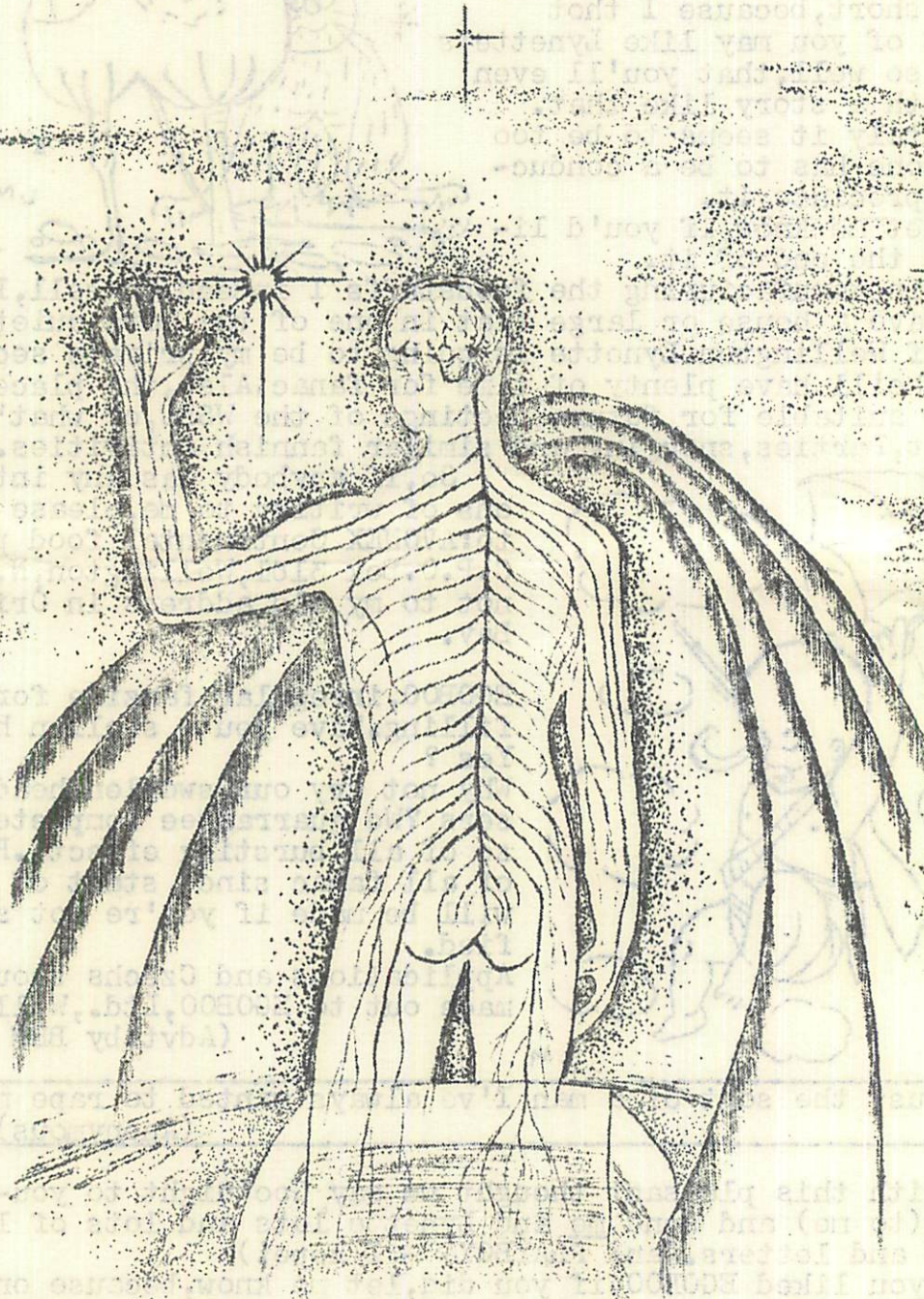
...and with this pleasant thought we say Goo'night to you-all, be ghodd(to me) and send me and Lynette lots and lots of little fanzines and letters. (and PLAYBOYS - I hope!)

Hope you liked EGOB00, if you did, let me know, because on your favourable or un- comment depends whether any further issues of PEREGRINATIONS IN BLUE will appear.

Lots of kisses to all the little femmes, and B00 to Lars Bourne,
('cause Lynette likes you.)

T.V.

Apotheosis



Drawn originally for APOTHEOSIS, when this folded, submitted to and rejected by, both FOCUS and PARAFANALIA.

