

as my watch, which had a much more intimate intercourse with pawnbrokers, and in consequence acquired many Jewish habits; for instance, it would not go on Saturday..."

The only time (god, I'm still on the same subject) I ever strayed from the true Disciple path - before leaving it for good, that is - was when I became rather involved with the Society of Friends, while I was in college. It seemed to me at that stage that the Quakers went much closer in practice to the kind of "New Testament Christianity" we were always talking about than we did. Before going into college I investigated most of the religions available, and got some surprises. The most beautiful church service I attended in those days, for example, was a Christian Science meeting. The oddest meeting was one I attended at a Unitarian church, where the minister preached a sermon on the non-existence of God. From these and subsequent experiences I have learnt to be pretty careful about religious labels. Visitors from America who attend church here must often be astounded at the differences between what they are used to and what they encounter under the same label in this country.

Here endeth the mailing comment.

BLIND STARLING 6: Paul, I haven't much to say to you, but I roared laughing at your bit about The Wig, and I'd like you to know that. If this is a fair sample of your writing, you can't be too many degrees away from Thurber standard. ::: I had something in the mail from Hong Kong the other day, advertising wigs from \$11 to \$24. Maybe you don't have as much trouble with the \$600 kind?

TARGET:FAPA Yessir, we have a reactionary government in this country which is returned to office almost invariably by invoking one of those fictional organizations dedicated to worldwide evil. Your own elected rulers don't do too badly with the same technique. ::: Rather ironic or something, Dick, that you are my nearest FAPA neighbour, and probably furthest in outlook. ::: Just a little surprised by your reference to a "suggestion... shabby even by (Harry Warner's) standards". I always rather thought of him as a Clean Old Man. I don't recall reading his comments on My Lai, but if he was suggesting that My Lai was just a dirty publicity stunt to take people's minds off the really nasty stuff that goes on in that sad country, I guess that would be pretty shabby. Sort of letting the side down a bit, isn't it. ::: You could easily be forgiven for feeling that I'm coming on a bit strongly anti-Eney in this mailing, Dick. I'm anti what you represent and propagate, sure, but I have no feeling of being anti-you.

SNICKERSNEE: Why, Bob, is everyone moving closer to Australia? It's Ballarat all over again. No room! No room! Get back, I say! ::: I know the feeling: Where do you live, Mr B? Canberra. Canberra??!

2nd July: Up at the crack of 10.30 this morning, sitting hunched over the radiator with my orange juice, reading NATIONALISM IN JAPANESE RELIGION, not feeling at all like reading what I'd written last night (and still haven't), when two friends from Melbourne turned up. Knowing my Melbourne habits, they were looking forward to pulling me out of bed and shocking the daylights out of me. Sad to disappoint them. They've gone now, it's after noon, beautiful sunny day out there but cold as... as Canberra in July, and my thoughts have turned to food. (If that were true literally, I'd never starve, but there'd be a lot of half-baked provender.)

... Baked beans on toast: yuk, what a way to live. Ou sont les roast beef et spuds dantan? ... Just saw a beautiful deep purple Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire go past. An omen. I think it means eat up yer baked beans, live clean, stick to yer job, and one day you'll have a deep purple Armstrong-Siddeley, me boy.

Somewhere, before this page runs out, I should mention that my stuff in the last mailing cost me about \$20 to post. I have almost as much to send again this mailing, and I'm wondering whether to be sensible and send the bulk of the stuff seemail, which means you won't see it until November, or blow my dough again. If Scythrop 26 and Philosophical Gas 12 are in this mailing, you'll know I'm still on the baked beans kick for a while yet.

HORRIBLE OLD ROY TACKETT: Long Live Mongrel Power! "Where races are mixed, there is the source of great cultures." (Horrible Old Fred Nietzsche) I'm thinking of setting up a new group myself, actually. I think it's all these homosexuals and heterosexuals who are causing most of the world's problems, so I'd like to see all the onanists get together (metaphorically, of course) and start up a Personal Abuse Liberation Movement. PALM: the very name reeks of symbolism: peace through self-relief. Of course if it took on in a big way there wouldn't be any more mongrels, so there's a dilemma right off. Seriously, a bunch of Anglican theological students some years back designed a new kind of house, incorporating what they called a masturborium - and submitted detailed plans and notes on the concept to Synod. The clergy were not amused.

John D. Berry: Thanks for that blast of egoboo in Amazing. Damned if I know how I'll live up to it, though. ::: I don't know offhand whether I would have met more than 43 fans. I mean you see them, and know who they are, but haven't actually met them - all the others. And here you've met 43 FAPAns! For the record, I've met one ex-member, John Foyster, and Leigh Edmonds (who I guess will be a member either this mailing or pretty soon). Nice to know that I know two people you haven't met anyway.

Dick, Harry & everyone: Sorry, but until I get rich Bundalohn Quarterly will be one sheet, and what's on it is all there is. ::: Pax vobiscum. JB