

W MORPH
TWENTY NINE

FORGOTTEN WORLD



BROADWAY
NEW YORK

When I arrived at New York, it was small compared with what it is now, but there were a great many people there then.

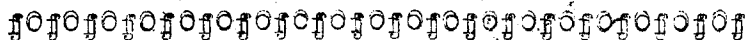
New York was first settled by Dutchmen - people who came from Holland in Europe. These Dutchmen were keen business men, with an eye to discern the great advantages of the site for the foundation of a mercantile city. It possesses a harbour sufficiently commodious to meet any possible demands of trade. The city lies between two broad rivers. One of these rivers, the Hudson, gives ready access to the ocean, while the other, the East River, is navigable (that is vessels can sail upon it) one hundred and fifty miles into the interior. New York, then, you will remember, is situated on an island which bears the same name: it possesses a large number of magnificent buildings, many being built entirely of white marble; the City Hall is prominent among these. It has many charitable institutions, and some very fine churches and chapels and colleges. The hotels are very large handsome buildings. Broadway is the name of one of the principal streets; it is eighty feet wide and upwards of three miles long. The harbour of New York is a large bay, 25 miles round, having several small islands near the city, on each of which forts are erected.

WHERE THE WINGED FANCY DWELLETH

I may as well as my two bits' worth on the subject of "Last Year at Marienbad". I note it here because I've just read the book too.

I see the film as a fantasy: whose medium is poetry - but not simple rhyme, but in free verse. The film therefore shouldn't be judged as a realistic story progressing from A to B, it must be viewed as a poetic vision on a theme. This theme is simple: the memories and mental fantasies of two people who are in some way involved. The scenes are sometimes "present", sometimes possible pasts or perhaps potential futures: an acquaintance with the sf concept of branches of time comes in here. The translation of these scenes into visual images is beautifully rendered and the eye is treated to a sumptuous feast in chiaroscuro, ornament, perspective and other cinematographic novelties. Aurally the ear is given unusual material: the strange atonic organ music which invests so many sequences adds to a vague unease or uncertainty, paralleling the uncertainty of the protagonists, to which the frequent mismatching of the sound with the vision adds. Why, even the title is ambivalent: sometimes appearing as "in" sometimes "at Marienbad". And of course it may not have been last year at all, or even Marienbad... As entertainment it gave me a faint pre-echo of the sort of thing I imagined the tourists of the future were discussing in O'Donnell's Vintage Season, if you know what I mean.

One other book read recently I'd just like to mention - for this reason: one never knows what lurks behind some dull or obscure title. Curzon's "Visits to the Monasteries of the Levant" (1840) wouldn't have offered me any inducement to open its pages, except that a number of dealers advertise for it. I dug out my copy and leafing it through saw the rest of the title might have read "... in search of ancient manuscripts". The writer with excellent foresight, travelling through the Egyptian deserts, Palestine, & Macedonia & Albania (all part of Turkish Empire then) visited the remote monasteries, asking to see their libraries. Mostly they were unused & untouched for centuries, & many extraordinarily valuable mss. fell into his hands often just for the asking. Byzantine, Coptic &c. gorgeously illuminated, ancient bindings in silver & carvings. He described the excitement of the chase, as he opens books not used for perhaps 1000 years, And his disappointment when sometimes the books have been so little cared for that they crumbled like biscuits in his hands, or the monks had used them for hassocks.



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JOHN D. ROLES, 26 PINE GROVE, WATERLOO, LIVERPOOL 22.

sure I remember reading somewhere (not in the book itself?) that he'd changed his views on this form of education.

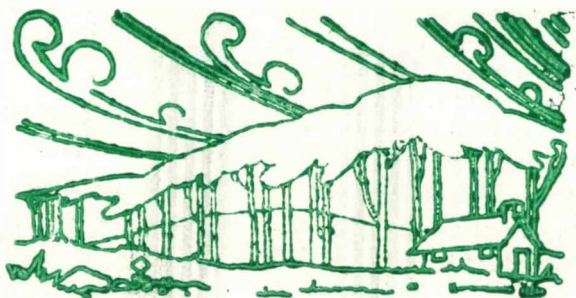
PHENOTYPE (Ency) Would you care to expand your brief mention under Vagary, of toxins and biotoxins. For instance what's a biotoxin to start with - a Germ? Apart from a decorative demonstration of your range of tints, what does your cover intend to show? Actually it reminds me vividly of a illustration in a "medical" book I looked at recently.

I would like to see " Ah Sweet Idiocy" in OMPA" (Fancy asking)

QUARTERINGS (Fitch) The story by Larry McCombs is good writing: an on a theme we cannot help responding to. It is an idealization, a wish fulfilment type tale, a golden dream: all that. And because it was, one could see exactly what was coming. But this didn't spoil the pleasure it gave. Don't know of any British town laid out on the block plan; are there any US cities not so? And I can't think of any road numbering more than about 800. Oh, I expect there are. I just can't visualise a road continuous and long enough to contain 40,000 houses. Go ahead on the NAPA & ISPA articles, could be interesting. Let me tell you that I joined (Ken Slater too at the same time) a British Amateur Press Association once (1954-ish) but found they were pre-occupied with the mechanics of printing. There was no page quota, and few issued anything at all. The 'mags' which did get mailed were fiddling little things 3"x3" of 4 or 8pp of no interest, but full of information of type-face, paper substance etc. Our old friend Graham Stone of Australia is more or less of this ilk. Oddly enough it was in this circle that I first came across Helen Wesson, who did actually write. Dick Ency knows her I think. I do a bit of business with the Wrightwood Floral Co. of Texas (I think) Do you know them? I thought crotens were what you found floating in your soup in fancy expensive restaurants.

FOCUS (Kearney) And yet another new title - and yet another to come.

I'm not surprised at 45/- for Miller. Even in England the small-edition "high-brow" book is more expensive than the mass-produced popular novel. Don't forget that English books are about the cheapest (still) in the free world. (I say "free" because Russian books are the cheapest in the world - they know a good thing or two) Finigan's Wake (about 45/-?) is dearer than Forever Amber because fewer are printed, not necessarily because it is high-brow. It is interesting to speculate on your (& others' fascination with War films & novels of violence &c, with your anti-bomb obsessions. Please don't make Focus (or whatever its next metamorphosis is) a sort of literary Reader's Digest of reprints. Trist (Tryst?) Liked it but fathomed it not - until I realised that there was more on pp.7 & 8.



stuff Sam Youd a major figure in the literary world?!?! Does he mean John Wyndham? He's the nearest we've got. For the rest he's so wright about fan writing. Bobbie Gray frinstance could turn ou any amount of catchy popular articles. (Magazines like Everybody's was would have lapped them up! I bet Bruce Burn could be selling fiction if he tried. I bet the thot's never ocured to them. Some of our fan humorists are undoubtedly the equal of many who see print in book after book, (I'm thinking of those who have One Idea and flog it to death e.g. Searle. Much as I like him, I think he's a one idea man.) Re Pop Tunes, that 19th.C comment was well put. How often one finds oneself "humming without musical emotion, whistling for lack of thought, hating it even while one hums it." But surely in our 20th.C. our mental freedom is that much less, with the aural assault from so many more sources. My feelings s about pops are a a bit ambivalent. On a cerebral level I think they are mostly pure manure ground out mechanically (i.e. scientifically assembling the notes in such a way as to make them as relentlessly unforgettable at first hearing as possible), and commercially pushed, so that if they are by some chance slightly forgetable, the regular listener to these programmes where they are heard gets no chance to forget. On the other hand, emotionally, I feel the primal beat, & the natural strains in some of these numbers. By "natural strain" I mean a certain turn of melody which is a natural expression of voice in song. For example: (a poor one) the first phrase of "Tell me a Story" is the echo of a childish taunt. In "Diana" the upward and natural progress of the melody is a natural, and hard to resist. Songs built around natural musical progressions have also a head start. By this I mean tunes a la Three Blind Mice (simple 1-note progression), In The Mood, and Living Doll, open chords. These are natural forms and are so more assimilable, than songs with irregular intervals like Deep Purple, Stardust, & Bali Hai. I don't think I've madw what I'm trying to say very clear, but what I intend is that, al though pops almost always irk me, sometimes due to an intrinsic quality in it, it strikes a responsive note in me and it may even compel respect for its power to do this. If Harry Warner was impressed by the Cave scene in Mysterious Island, he must have missed Journey to the Centre of the Earth, surely. All this capped by a realy homey con.rep. What a lot of re-unions. You mentioned many names I thot had left fandom: Lee Jacobs, James Kepner, Mary Beth... Some first issue.

HUNGRY (Rispin) Boarding house life in London & the frequent changing thereof, tho unsettling must be quite exciting in a way, meeting all these quaint characters. Everything seems to be taken so casually.

"Ze ... bundles" was killing.

ENVOY 9 (Cheslin) Please excuse my not reading "Hans" it read so much like "All Quiet on the Western Front" I just couldn't face it. Pity it was nearly the whole ish! I've been looking for Envoy 5 everywhere.

When did it appear?

HE.X (W ells) (Why the point in the title?) Your run-down on USA university education is useful - I wouldn't have known just where to go for just this information. I'd like to add that in England (& probably elsewhere) place of degree after initials means a good deal. MA(Oxon) is better than MA(Liverpool), while ARIBA(Liverpool) is a good deal better than ARIBA(Cambridge). I read ASNeill's book about 1938. I'm

your girl friend's name?) may I just mention that the verb "to have" goes I have, you have, he has - not "as".
SCOTTISHE (Lindsay) My but WAV was 'short thi ish, still wonderful value for the money nonetheless. I've written a screed of stuff on Ian Peters, done on another paper, but I'm damned if I can find it now. And at this time (November 27th) I haven't time to start again. If I find it I'll append it somewhere.

P ROSE OF KILIMANJARO (Locke) This Atom cover was a dead spit of what Jimmy Ratigan used to do. Soaring sounds a wonderful hobby, but I get chicken over heights. Do you know the strip "Tim Tyler's Exploits"? It's appearing in the Liverpool Echo nightly, perhaps it's in other papers too. Well about a week ago he started a new adventure, with gliding as the background. Fred Brown was just getting interesting when he stopped. Couldn't you twist his arm any further? Hadn't heard of Pearson's Weekly. Fred's advice is a bit hard to follow sometimes. Frinstance a 6d. gamble at a market stall is surely better than standing there read-chunks of it, and in the end putting it back (incurring Black Locks) Next time, around you may be charged 1/-. It happens.

UL (Metcalf) I'll admit right away that I haven't a clue why I said "Hitler was a pawn" Forget it! Gosh, you're certainly well read on Polar Exploration - and Anc.Hist, too if it comes to that. Dave Newman: "I don't suppose foraminute that he still has those OMPA-zines he went off with. At the same time he also took away Liverpool SF Society's Minute Books - a very sad loss. Last we heard of him, 2 - 3 years ago, he was managing a radio shop in Bournemouth, he'd had an accident, he'd had a nervous breakdown. No more.

AMBLE (Mercer) Interesting to note it took 10-12 hours to dupe these 16pp. i.e. $\frac{1}{4}$ hr. p.p. average. Unless you do a great number of extra copies this seems a lot. On my flat-bed I do an average of 3 pages p.hr (62 copies). Conscriptio a la Mercer, agree with you all the way, except that I think hard military discipline is part of the experience needed. It's not nice, but it does smooth down the rough edges, & subdues wild Ones, who are uncontrollable unless you've got behind you the system, the immovable impartial discipline of Army.

MAINIAC (Main) All those accents, diacritical marks &c AND NO $\$$ sign! You mean you can read sub-titles, translate the dialogue and follow the action. I'm not all that slow, but it takes me all my time to read the sub-titles and see what's going on, even then missing something now and again.

BIXEL (Rogers) Now here's a zinc. Here IS a zinc. Where do I start? Tendril Towers (to start at the front) isn't ugly in my opinion. Of course I can only judge it from a maroon(?) & white sketch. It may be painted lemon for all I know, but the style although unattached to any traditional architectural 'order' is simple but not stark, decorated without being ornate. I like it. Next: One would think you'd been editing fanzines for years, to achieve this. I will believe you when you say it's your first but with surprise. Cleve says: "we are about due for another break through into something new & exciting like we had in early 40s," but I wish I could see indications. I see no signs. In 1938/9 one could feel the difference in the new ASF & the other new SF mags appearing. Harry Warner (Junior? I thot he was a orfling)'s column is full of commentable

Cornish speaker died about 80 years ago. The language is now extinct. Which is a Pity - I think. I was surprised to learn recently, that in Wales there are 20,000 whose only language is Welsh. Radio, communications & the depopulation of rural areas have seen the end of many rural traditions, folk-ways &c. Folk songs and dances, dying at the turn of the century, were rescued from oblivion by Cecil Sharp, et al. We should be the poorer for not having available our past even if we fail to make use of it. Or do you subscribe to the Henry Ford dictum?

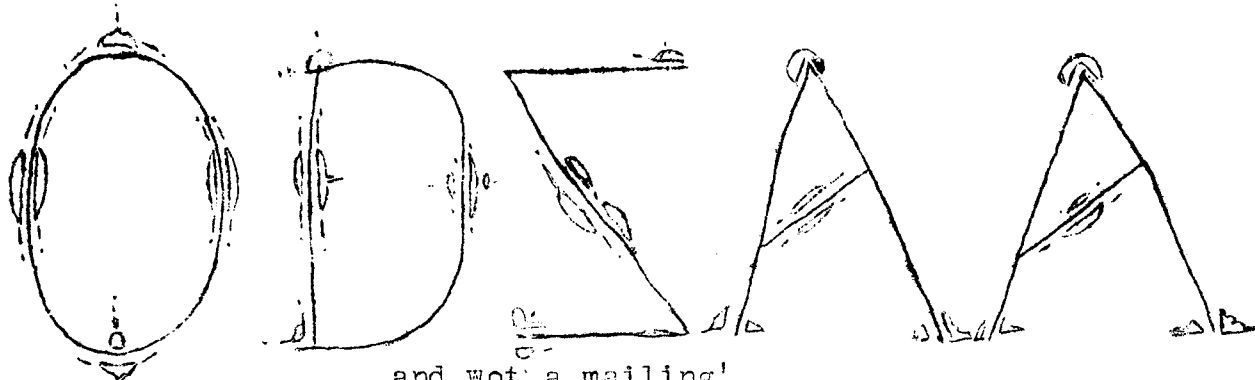
SHADOWFAX (Round) More meat (or blood?) next time?

OUTPOST (Hunter) Thoroughly enjoyed your wages of Fear type experiences, and AMC's naval anecdote. More like this ish and you'll be giving us inferiority compliances.(?) Is there a physical type of Shetlander? I should think it would be pretty pure, with not very much population flux. Liverpool anthropologically is an awful mishmash of Irish & Welsh Celt, and Norse. So black hair and old ivory skins are rare. The norm is pale dirty putty faces, with short retrousse noses, and

BIG DEAL (Hale) Your friend's argument for the existence of god are superficial as far as I can see. Take his (1) "Everything is caused by something, therefore god must be the prime cause." This is supposing the act of creation of course, but what created this "god"? ("god" is really too much a word with varying interpretations and emotional overtones to be used for rational argument). If you say god was not created, but is eternal, why cannot this eternal condition be applied to the reality of the universe & forget the unknown. A Prime Cause is of course not needed in a condition of eternality. (2)a. "Human beings can't conceive anything not previously experienced" b. "There must be a god to be able to conceive one." This is very poor logic, or sophistry, rather. The ancient conceived v. many ideas of how the universe was constructed of which they had no positive experience. Fantasy is conceiving the unexperience. And so on. How he has the face to send out the 2nd statement beats me. (3) Is just untrue. Many races, cultures have no god, no religion. I haven't got the names of these at my finger-tips to reel off, so You may call me here, if you like, but I bet I can find them. These arguments - both sides - must be very old. They must have been well thrashed out in the last 2 millenia, but they are still & always will be unsettled because one side will not accept the other's reasoning. In answer to your query: the book-list was kindly duped by Norman Sherrock on his electric Gestdner, hence the perfection. It was also typed on his typer (I needed elite). I wanted 250 cops. which on a flat-bed is not my idea of fun;

ERG (Jeeves) Funny that this mlg should carry Burns's & Burgesses accounts to almost same places. Tho' Alan's was much-shorter it was in many ways more to the point. Old Bones are delicious. Long time no see Ken McIntyre illo. He's welcome. Did most of the Cross-word, but bogged down on about 6 clues. But don't make it any easier, after all must have a target to aim for! And I can't expect you to compose one for the lowest common denominator.

JETSTREAM (Linwood). That's a pretty natty tint you use, whose is it? It was a job to build a picture of that long conveyor belt - what about a diagram. Skating lightly over your spelling (how do you spell



and wot' a mailing!

GO TO HEL (Burgess) I was quite enjoying this pleasant commencement to the bundle when I realised that instead of being a travelogue of a fantastic holiday to these out-of-the-way places, it was only the time-table for one. You give us the routes, arrivals & departures meticulously, Brian, but how disappointing to have so little more. And after setting it up as a sort of target, you said almost nothing about Hel itself. But I'd certainly like you to have another bash - what about Constantinople?

ALCES-AMLET (Anderson) Norman Sherrock's family contains also a Janet a Linda and an Alan. Like your outlook & look forward to more.

DOLPHIN (Busby) I like your smooth flowing style of writing, do you compose on stencil, or revise? I thought Dennis Wheatley's name was a household word, especially on fans' lips. He's written a number of pretty pacy Black Magic novels, large number of thrillers/spy stories and some historicals. Oh yes, and one sf flop. Not having heard of Harrison Ainsworth I can better understand, for his vast output of historical novels (c.1830-65) will probably go the way of Walter Scott. Several of them are still read and are available in the cheap classics series: Lancashire Witches (I think his most popular), Old St. Pauls (the Gt. Plague, 1666), Jack Sheppard (a hangman), &c. More of "Home Movies" please.

ENVOY 89 (Cheslin) Not vintage Cheslin, I'm afraid.

SALLYPORT 3 (Cheslin) These hand-painted covers are a welcome bright relief to the eye, but what a time it must take, or do you have an army of assistants? Why do you run the place? It makes it so difficult for sieve-heads like me to identify (or Identify).

CHICKEN-WAGON (Dommon) Your Soul Searching and Painful Honesty re. the Monsa Tests struck a harmonic chord here. I'm like that. I'm working on a set pub. by Penguin at the moment; not cheated yet! The tale of the Little Boy of 8 & 11 & the Giant was a dilly bit of wotsit - how can you do things like that! Oh! glor! and Guk!

VIPER (Donaho) What's 4F (briefly)? An old atlas I have (1890) gives Samoa as "U.S." Wohoppen? "Astounding Stories" how that logo brings back memories. This series is specially useful to us British fans because after the Lonsman-serial, we had no more serials in the BRE until after the war, maybe even until it went digest, late 50s. (Ours was pulp size 'til then). Contrary to your prophecy that the Scot culture and brogue will vanish, I think a positive attempt to preserve these should be made. Nationalism, is all very amusing sometimes (Home rule for the Isle of Man!), but it is only self conscious nationalistic groups who are saving certain aspects of their cultures from dying. Par example: Cornish is not now spoken as a natural-born tongue. The last natural

says I went out and met "Molly, Mary etc." I hope they were nice, but they have quite vanished from my memory. I do remember, though, that on guard duty, it was a frequent occurrence for the 12-2 a.m. shift to be joined at the gate by one or two of the girls of the town who had not been "fixed up" that night, and were making a last try before giving up for the night. As may be imagined this was the tag end of the trade, and was not particularly wholesome, even for free!

It seems that the M.P.s were being very alert, as I note that I was stopped several times, once when I was in Indian clothes, and this caused quite a bit of questioning. Twice I was stopped without a pass, but apparently despite all the risks I took, sleeping out at nights in various places (several times actually on the roadside, where I could hear the M.P.s roaring by in their jeeps), I managed to steer clear of serious trouble.

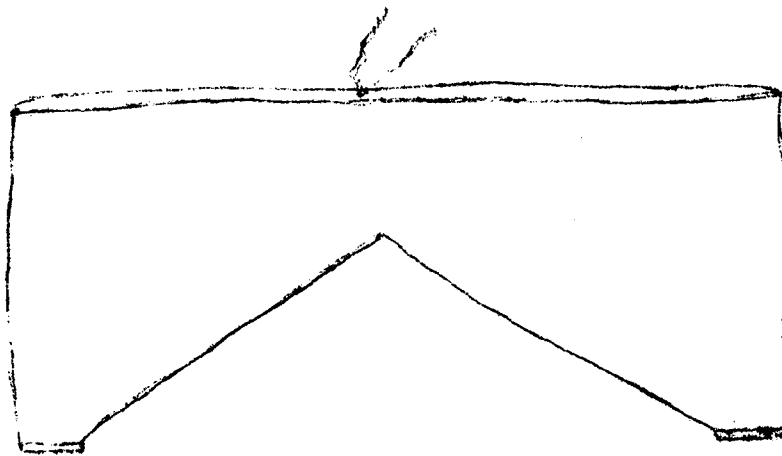
The SDS work lasted all of three weeks when came what might be called the Supreme Moment in my army career, and in fact, the happiest days in my life. I and another chap, George Cunningham, were chosen for TDS duties (Train Despatch Service), between Singapore and Kuala Lumpur. The set-up was simple: the train for Singapore left Kuala Lumpur at 8 in the evening and arrived in Singapore about 12 hours later. Our job was to guard, pick up and drop mail bags at a few

intermediate stations during the night, and deliver those for Singapore. We were able to sleep most of the night, as a board outside the carriage window showed the waiting Despatch men where we were and roused us momentarily to sign, deliver and receive our sacks. Private compartments were always reserved for us, and we were given supplies for the night. A Smith & Wesson was also issue us - but no ammo! On arriving at our destination we had breakfast, slept a few hours if necessary, & the rest of the day was ours; and that night & the following day. The following night again we caught the 8 pm train in the other direction, following the same routine - two days off, then back again. Absolutely no duties beyond this. A wonderful state of affairs, which as far as I was concerned could continue indefinitely. I helped towards this by deferring my release for a year.

So there I was with a country at my feet. I felt more like a civilian than I had done for years. This was eating of the lotos, and I wanted it to go on and on



PATHAN
TRIBESMAN OF THE
NORTH-WEST FRONTIER



I found the costume most cool and comfortable. Attired thus, I went to town frequently, on the camp liberty wagon. I must have caused a few raised eye-brows in those days: whether I would do the same now with so little care I doubt. Anyway I'm glad I did.

On 3rd. January, 1947, I started another new "job" - as passenger in a Signals Despatch Jeep. I was to watch the vehicle while the driver did his errands. This was more in my line! I felt I could stick this sort of work indefinitely, but it was not to be. Only a few days later on, I and fourteen others were posted to Kuala Lumpur, Malaya Command Signals Regiment. This was the first time I had been posted right out of the 19th Air Formation Signals; before, my postings had always only been on detachment or on loan. But now, this was a big break, and was good-bye to all and any of my old mates that were left after two years of being shuffled around - although there were precious few of them now. But apart from this, I had grown used to being an AFS-wallah, and had even a certain pride in my "flash". In addition to this there were the occasional small "perks" to be had in being sort of half Air Force: for instance we could take our kit (when worn as boots) into Air Force stores and get RAF kit in exchange. Air Force boots were more civilized looking. The RAF also issued us with sheets. And so on... Unreasonable as it may seem in the Army, one does grow some roots, and pulling them up is more or less upsetting.

My new camp in Kuala Lumpur was also under canvas, and I was occupied in doing nothing very hard for the first week until I was given a proper job. This was shift work in the SDS (Signals Despatch Service) Office, and consisted of sorting inter-service mail and parcels for despatch to various units up and down the country: simple and taxing neither mind nor body.

My memory quite fails me in many respects in trying to recall the faces and places of this period. My diary records quite specifically whom I met and when. Gujarat Singh, a close friend of mine (of no fixed abode or occupation, he was typical of my friends then!) introduced me to a girl Mariam of Panjabi father and Malay mother. I can't remember for the life of me who or what she was. Another entry

an ear-splitting crash, but their aim was for something much more subtle.

I lazed and lazed on the beach during the day, and at night visited the night haunts - the Lucky World (I think it was, there are so many of these "Worlds" in the Straits, Happy World, New World, Great World etc.) Amusement Park. Here it was an entertainment in itself to watch the people strolling by. There is a strong Dutch element in Malaya and many other Europeans are to be found there, as representatives of European and English firms, and owners and employees of rubber, pineapple and other plantations, tin mines etc. The Chinese were in the majority of course, as always, and then there was the sprinkling of real Malays, many Indian Tamils (black and almost Negroid from the south of India), Javanese and others from the Polynesian Islands. A colourful sight to see under the bright lights of the Park, all leisure-bent.

It was a most enjoyable and relaxing holiday and too short. I was back in Elin Camp Singapore on 2nd. November and spent the rest of the year (as far as I remember) clerking in the Company Office, typing Company Orders and doing my first duplicating. The close supervision of the Officers was very irksome particularly immediately after the leave. Dissatisfaction was rife, and there was so much grumbling, that it received the attention of the local press, and one day there came a reporter from the Morning Tribune, who interviewed a number of men. This caused a bit of a stir, and more when shortly after a photo of a parade appeared on the front page, and three-quarters of a page inside (tabloid size), (19th. Dec. 1946). There was no obvious result of all this, as despite the depressing administration and the "bull", it was pretty much a storm in a teacup, and things went on in much the same way.

When I arrived back from leave, Michael Scott was nowhere to be found, and I had no news of him, until a few weeks later, when I found him in camp on pass from a hospital, a few weeks later. He had had an attack of yellow jaundice (from too much Chinese wine & chop suey?). He had had a bad time of it, and was looking quite pecky when I saw him. But by the end of the year he was as fit as ever, and we took up life where we had left off.

It was about this time, that I decided to get an Indian outfit. I had always admired those baggy white trousers called "salwar" which the Mussalmans of the North-West wear; the further N.W. into Afghanistan you go the baggier they get. I asked my friend, the regimental dharzi (tailor) to make me a pair, and a kamiz, the long, loose shirt that is worn with it. The baginess and more or less graceful folds are created by the size of the waist, which is drawn in on a tape as in pajamas. Mine have a waist of 115" with 15" bottoms. But there is a good deal of variation in fashion and locale in these measurements. In Afghanistan, waists are sometimes 150" or so, with perhaps 20" or 22" bottoms. The general pattern is something like this:

Return of

Adventures

of a

ROLLS' ROLLINGS

PART
21

HOSTEL

SINGAPORE OCTOBER 1946

I 18th. October I took a fortnight's leave - my first for two years. The last I'd had was in October 1944 - embarkation leave, and that had been cut short. I hadn't really bothered very much about leave, as I had been quite enjoying myself where I was, but I thought it was time for a break and I applied. My first enquiries were about the possibilities of taking leave right there in Singapore, staying at a hotel, or some private place away from military surroundings, but it seemed this was frowned upon - no knowing what sort of hotel the man might be desirous of staying at! Only two alternatives were available to us. There was a leave centre high up in the mountains in Central Malaya called the Cameron Highlands, where the climate was supposed to be so temperate as to be like "home", and where blankets and fires were needed, and mosquito nets were not. This didn't suit me - I liked my tropics hot. The other leave centre was in Penang: so there was in fact no choice.

Returning to Penang was like an old loved friend again. Why this was so is difficult to say, as I made no great friends there. I was more solitary there probably, than at any other time in the East, but the sheer ineffable atmosphere of the island just pervaded my bones and and let ^{my} sink into it with a happy sigh.

It was an interlude of freedom and delight. The hostel (Red Field - Salvation Army?) was right on the beach, there were soft beds, film shows, wireless(!), and what I made most use of - bicycles for hire. I took one out nearly every day, and once went right round the island. That road was a tough grind uphill for about 8-10 miles, to the summit, but from there on there was a glorious 20 odd miles of free wheeling down and round, and through the countryside in an exhilarating rush through jungles of palms, camphor-wood trees, bananas, and ravenala madagascariensis (travellers' palm to you) and little wayside temples and shrines, Hindu and Chinese, and numerous sleepy villages. I visited a famous Chinese Temple and was shown round by one of the saffron-robed monks. He demonstrated a huge brass gong, about 4 feet across and 2 feet deep, by giving it a little dab with a tiny padded hammer. He stood back listening with an abstracted look to the effect of a far off hum it produced. I thought how typically Chinese this was - the enormous gong was no doubt capable of producing