



THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER

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spine with black binding-tape, supplied, if memory serves me, by the Victorian Railways Institute Library (where I was Head Librarian until the theft was discovered). I had drawn cover after cover for the magazine, some of them agonizingly intricate, but all that remained of my work were the words "canto one" - in lower case of course, because we wanted people to understand that we were right with it, typographically. (We stole the idea from New Worlds, actually.) Lee, whose middle name is Granger, had dug up from somewhere a quite pleasant photograph of an astronaut playing a cello, and this, together with my lettering and a very intricate baroque border, which he had dug up from somewhere else, made up the cover illustration.

Canto One contained forty pages, not counting the covers. You had to count the pages to know this because Lee, who is really a very accomodating chap who likes to please everyone, had numbered some pages and not numbered others.

For the contents page I had executed another very intricate piece of artwork - a border containing, among other things, a treble stave and the opening bars of the Autumn movement from Vivaldi's "The Four Seasons". All that survived was a short segment of six bars, the origin of which I defy the most erudite musicologist to identify. Instead of my work there appeared on the contents page yet another grangerized illustration, and there were about a dozen more scattered through the magazine.

Lee wrote three pages of editorial and one of technical credits. Bob Smith wrote lovingly about Japan in "Mukashi, Mukashi", John Foyster had an utterly incomprehensibb short story and a disturbingly comprehensible poem, Don Symons had a poem which I think I'll reprint in this issue - and all the rest of the magazine was written or drawn by yours truly. Under my best-known pseudonym I wrote "Sir William and I in Adelaide", a rather crummy report on the Adelaide Festival (at which Sir W Walton was GofH), and "The Beheading of Basil Pott", a short story which has subsequently been bounded from all the best sf magazines and reprinted (slightly revised) in Leigh Edmonds's Rataplan. As Roy Swellfoot I contributed a four page comic strip, and as R McGedden some doggerel that apparently read well at the time but now makes me feel pleased that we had the foresight to run under a pen-name. Of the illustrations, apart from the Harding cut-outs, three were by Bill Rotsler (courtesy of John Foyster, I imagine) and the remaining eleven by me.

I think Lee had three or four letters of comment, possibly more. I remember one from Peter Singleton and another from Harry Warner Jr, who correctly identified the Wagner quotation in one of my drawings. (Since I had only put the Wagner quote into the drawing to elicit a comment from Harry, this was only just. If I'd known of James Blish's predilection for Richard Strauss at that time I would have put in a Strauss quote for him.)

In his editorial Lee promised to tell us in the next issue about his rediscovery of Tchaikovsky. We're still waiting.

During 1965 work continued on the second issue. Don Symons wrote a fascinating autobiographical piece which read like a James Bond escapade. I wrote another story - "The Translation of Saint Priapus" - and a brace of articles, including one on the Thomas Hardy Society of Japan and another in the form of an interview with a rather unusual hi-fi fanatic. I did more illustrations, including







prison and is a felony. Like murder. Murder is a felony. Can you imagine equating pot smoking with murder, rape and kidnapping? Recently a bill proposing a life sentence for possession was defeated by the governor of New York State because he felt it was too harsh. Apparently twenty-five years is enough. But Alaska has reduced the penalty for possession from a felony to a misdemeanor and placed marijuana under the Food and Drug Administration where it belongs, rather than under the Federal Narcotic Bureau where it definitely does not. You can be fined as much as \$25 or so, maybe even get thirty days in the jug, in Alaska.

This points up something else. The laws in our country are different from state to state, and different from one part of a state to another. This is not only asinine, it's very dangerous at times. Be careful what you're doing while driving across a state line, because they're watching you closely. My plan, for what it's worth, is to abolish state lines, eliminate states completely, codify the laws and divide the country by time zones. Hire a modern Hammurabi (probably misspelt that), you know the man, the one who codified Babylonian law.

Nixon's number two man, Spiro T Agnew? Well, besides suffering from hoof-in-mouth disease, he has no command of the English language. One of his statements, reprinted in an incredible campaign book entitled THE LIFE AND CONVICTIONS OF SPIRO T AGNEW, makes a flat statement against all hippies. Now "hippie", like "freedom" or "god", is a functional word that may be pressed into service to give apparent meaning to a meaningless statement. For example, "God meant the hippies to be free" is an impossible statement. It is meaningless. If there is a God, and there may be, in what way would he want a non-existent group to be free? Free of gravity? They'd float away. Free of restraint? They'd shit all over themselves. Free of law? Free of what? Freedom is a word used to express varying degrees of less bondage. If you are very free you are less bound by the things that bind others. (In Zorba's words, the string you're tied to is longer than other people's.) If you live in a free country, I suppose that means you don't pay for it. My taxes show that America isn't a free country. Hippies (I'm making too much of one paragraph, but bear with me) are a group of dirty, unwashed, rebellious kids who fornicate constantly under the influence of drugs and avoid work. That's what Spiro T Agnew thinks. But I wear my hair long, smoke pot, am partial to sex, and am (fairly successfully) cultivating a moustache. People tell my wife they think I'm a clean hippie. But I'm not. Nobody is a hippie, because hippies don't exist. Jews exist, and Japanese, but hippies don't. Still, I have the feeling that if the chips were down Agnew would get me and brand my forehead with a big scarlet H. I may leave for England tomorrow.

John asks, Why England? Two basic reasons. I speak English far better than I do any other language, and England makes a fine base from which I can travel to the rest of Europe. Two more. I have friends in England, and I am something of an Anglophile. That makes four reasons. That's plenty. Things cost less in England than they do here. That's five. Enough?

But I'd like to see Australia, too. Australia is the sort of country that, every time it comes up in conversation, I say "There's a country I'd like to visit. Maybe even live there. So perhaps one of these days we'll be facing across a good table with a good glass of brew and some good conversation between us, which would be good. Good good good.

And basically I fear for the future.



So... maybe you remember the story about Alice B Toklas and Gertrude Stein. You know Gertie, who said "A rose is a rose is a rose" and claimed there was nothing wrong with emphasizing the obvious. Well, Gertrude was on her death-bed, and Alice tried to get her to unlock the secret of the universe before she left. "Tell me," said Alice, "the answer. What is the answer? What is the answer?" And Gertrude turned slowly and painfully towards her and said, "What is the question?" and died.

And I know a good exit line when I see one.

oo

JB: James Blish agrees with you about England, Bob. (See letter column.) If you don't recognize the quote from ZORBA THE GREEK, it's because I thought it fitted and shoved it in there. I'm full of little tricks like that. And of course you haven't fooled us, you know; we're a wakeup that you're only being nasty about Tricky Dicky because good ol' George Wallace (the choice of science fiction editors everywhere) lost. From what I've seen and heard of Spiral T Ragwort, all I can say about him is - may the good Lord preserve Dick Nixon!

oo

#### P A L I N D O M E

"New presbyter is but old priest writ large." (Milton)

Nonconformists all conform to a nonconformist norm.  
Tabernacled pastors yell, "Hedonism leads to Hell;  
Gin to sex and sex to ruin; sherry is the soul's undoin'."

No dissenter may dissent against Dissent's establishment,  
Whose interpretative law saves idle rich from idle poor.  
Lay suburban moral preachers claim preferment as our teachers.

Independency depends on certain sacerdotal trends  
To forge infallible correctives out of Calvin's clear directives.  
Older European manners agitate these moral planners.

Protestants must not protest against the protestant behest;  
Where religion's democratic compliance must be automatic.  
Congregations read the law, and having read it, close the door.

#### R D SYMONS

Reprinted from Canto One (whatever that is).

[illegible]

1. Some of the evil of my tale may have been inherent in our circumstances. For years we lived anyhow with one another in the naked desert...
2. Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress.
3. How wonderful is Death, / Death and his brother Sleep!
4. "The abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey-chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnise the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdom.
5. "My uncle's shown his good intentions / By falling desperately ill..." \*
6. A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine...
7. The agon, then. It begins. Today there is a gale blowing up from the Levant.
8. On a spring afternoon of the year 19--, when our continent lay under such threatening weather for whole months, Gustav Aschenbach, or von Aschenbach as his name read officially after his fiftieth birthday, had left his apartment on the Prinzregentenstrasse in Munich and had gone for a long walk. \*
9. Christmas Eve, 1955, Benny Profane, wearing black levis, suede jacket, sneakers and big cowboy hat, happened to pass through Norfolk, Virginia.
10. Unemployed at last!
11. I believe this is the first English country house you have stayed at, Miss Worsley?
12. I went down yesterday to the Piraeus with Glaucon, son of Ariston. \*
13. Young RM, my Mormon guard, has brought me a supply of paper at last.
14. If the reader will excuse me, I will say nothing of my antecedents, nor of the circumstances which led me to leave my native country; the narrative would be tedious to him and painful to myself.
15. And the shark he has his teeth and / There they are for all to see. \*
16. Len Colter sat in the shade under the wall of the horse barn, eating pone and sweet butter and contemplating a sin.
17. Nothing to be done.



18. Let us go then, you and I, / When the evening is spread out against the sky / Like a patient etherised upon a table...
19. The city inside the picture frame in Biond Smith's office was standing on edge.
20. Halc knew they moant to murder him before he had been in Brighton three hours.
21. Britain, formerly known as Albion, is an island in the ocean, facing between north and west, and lying at a considerable distance from the coasts of Germany, Gaul and Spain, which together form the greater part of Europe. \*
22. Once again - I walk on, once again, down these corridors, through these halls, these galleries, in this structure - from another century... \*
23. This was a Golden Age, a time of high adventure, rich living and hard dying... but nobody thought so.
24. Observation of spontaneous social activity, most productively carried out in certain kinds of psychotherapy groups, reveals that from time to time people show noticeable changes in posture, viewpoint, voice, vocabulary, and other aspects of behaviour.
25. The driver of the wagon swaying through forest and swamp of the Ohio wilderness was a ragged girl of fourteen. Her mother they had buried near the Monongahela...
26. I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked...
27. I have resolved on an enterprise which has no precedent, and which, once complete, will have no imitator. \*
28. There is a hollow, holey cylinder running from hilt to point in my machete.
29. Maël, a scion of a royal family of Cambria, was sent in his ninth year to the Abbey of Yvern so that he might there study both sacred and profane learning. \*
30. In 1913, when Anthony Patch was twenty-five, two years were already gone since irony, the Holy Ghost of this later day, had, theoretically at least, descended upon him.
31. 'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock, / And the owls have awakened the crowing cock; / Tu-whit! - Tu-who!
32. Dragged unarmed (and squawling) not from the head but (to indicate his likeness to us, his mortality) the womb of jovial Maria Manilov, who laughed from habit (or was it some personal irony?) even as she expired in the having of him: Avram Yakovich Manilov.

. . . . .

They're pretty tough, aren't they? And I have a confession to make: one of them is very obscure. I'd say that if you get three or four right, you're not doing badly. Ten is excellent, fifteen amazing, twenty incredible. And if you score thirty-two correct, you've obviously hypnotized me. A clue: none of them were written by Shakespeare, Hardy, Heinlein or John Foyster.

In re the Velikovsky article: There are no hydrocarbon clouds around Venus. The Velikovsky crowd picked it up through some garbled news story and won't let go of it.

Velikovsky's chief supporters are sociologists and other non-scientists.

I see that your correspondent Mr Toomey is much distressed by the behaviour of some of his fellow primates, notably the Chicago Police Department. What he says is true enough, albeit the cops had a good deal of provocation.

In August was the jackal born;  
The rains fell in September.  
"Now such a fearful flood as this,"  
Quoth he, "I can't remember."

As for Mr Symons and the Velikovskiy Affair: About a decade ago, when it first came up, Dr de Grazia or one of his colleagues asked my opinion. I replied that they would be better advised, instead of trying to psychoanalyse in absentia the scientists who opposed Velikovskiy, in order to uncover the obscure Freudian complexes that compelled them to do so, to learn a little astronomy, physics and celestial mechanics. Then perhaps they could understand that these scientists - whatever their individual shortcomings - were essentially calling Velikovskiy's theories nonsense because they were nonsense, and not for psychiatric reasons. This advice still holds good.

Bob Toomey's letter struck some chords. I share many of his feelings, and in fact felt somewhat the way he feels now before he was born. By 1945 I was sufficiently

incensed to speak before a group of draft-card burners (this is not a new hobby in the US), along with Bayard Rustin and Dwight Macdonald; I had no card to burn myself, having lost it in the mud of maneuvers in North Carolina the preceding year (my last in the army) but my sympathies were sufficiently evident to get my picture taken by the FBI agents in the audience, and my speech was quoted in the NY Daily News and a few other places. Of course, the whole thing was for naught.

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Well, short of becoming full time officers of the War Resisters League or some such group, we did what we had the time and money to do. Shine, perishing republic. And, a couple of years short of 50, I have lived and/or worked in 28 states (not counting any I just passed through or over); and though there are whole areas of the country that I don't know (the Southwest; the Oregon-Washington area), I think I have seen a good sample of what (and who) it has to offer. Enough, Lord Christ, enough! We too are moving to England, this April. Perhaps we'll meet there, Bob. In the meantime, add me to your list of those who tell you that you are doing the right thing.

(Why England? We like it there. It offers financial advantages for a freelance writer most of whose money comes from the States. We have friends there.)

Kpl Mil FERON Michel 68/09752

Lum Smaldeel

Blok M Kamer 9

Technische School

Kazerne Kolonel Vlieger Renson

Saffraenberg (Sint Truiden)

Belgium

(JB: No, that's not Michel's letter, only his address.)

APA-A, hm? So the apa-bug is now down under too? Do you accept foreign members? A stf/comics apa would interest me very much, even if I would have to airmail masters to an Aussie printer. (And I'm now serving in our Air Force, which is not always the best place for fanac.)

The letter from Bob Toomey was interesting. I usually don't worry about what's happening here and there, even in Belgium. Per-

haps it's not the right thing. You may call it egotism or escapism or any other name, but I don't care. If I did care, it wouldn't change the damned thing at all, even if I went into the streets to shout "Peace! Peace!" (I went, when I was young.) The only way to change something in the world would be to change people, and you can't change people. So many great guys have tried, without succeeding: Buddha, Christ, etc. For me, happiness is freedom, complete freedom, and not "freedom to be the right man in the right place and that means the place where your organized collectivity put you". Sort of plaincloth hippy, you see. So I don't care at all for all those organized movements for peace, freedom, etc. Usually they are not much better than the thing they fight against. But, I found Bob's letter very very interesting. You don't read such things in the newspapers. Sad, very sad, even if you and me and Bob Toomey can't do the littlest thing about it. That's the world, as it's always been and always will be. But enough of this - fandom is a way of escape. (And I don't write English well enough to be sure I'm getting over what I really mean to say.)

The article about Velikovsky was also interesting. Too bad you need actual scientific knowledge in the matter to judge the affair fairly. Only a specialized historian could do that. But as a mathematician I'm not sure whether to believe the writer or not about this. In any case I would not entirely trust someone who has studied medicine and psychology when he speaks about history and/or planetary physics. But of course mathematicians never trust anyone except other mathematicians.

I enjoyed the mailing comments, but won't comment on them except to say I'm happy to meet another hater of nationalism. We need more guys like you, in a world where you can't even have an island with two hundred inhabitants without it having its own government, or at least its own liberation army.

If I'm not wrong, you have seen The Prisoner. Lucky you! Who is Number One?

SETH JOHNSON  
345 Yale Avenue  
Hillside  
New Jersey 07205  
USoFA

I witnessed the same television show that Bob Toomey wrote about and it was truly horrible. But the thing is this: you can't escape change simply by running away from it. The only way out is to go all out in trying to make changes for the better right where you are. This rising tide of violence is the result of years of oppression of the Negro

people and the second or third class citizenship of foreign-born Americans, etc, which has been more or less a tradition in this country for years. But all history seems to be of violence being wreaked on one ethnic minority by another. And there doesn't seem to be much prospect of any change short of a world government and the brotherhood of all mankind. This is something which has to evolve with the consent of those involved, and not to be accomplished by ramming it down anyone's throat. But one thing is for sure. You can't escape by running away. You have to stay and do something about it.

I'm sorry but you lost me there somewhere in PROBE ON REPORTABILITY A. Maybe you could spell it out in simpler words sometime?

Mailing comments might be more interesting if one had read the things you're commenting on. Seems to me that these comments are only of interest to the faneds concerned, and I wonder how much overseas postage you would save by eliminating them from copies going to non-members of APA-A.

In future I do hope your covers and art will show the whole femme. How fom4 you fhoe4 Qngkor Wat for a backdrop?

(JB: I didn't intend to butt in until all the letters were finished, but I must remark the fantastic effect my wife has had on Seth's typing. My PROBE piece was a "jolly parody" (Brian Aldiss's only comment on it) on REPORT ON PROBABILITY A, in which I attempted to say things about the book which I felt I couldn't say in a straight review. My long Byron quote (which some have thought irrelevant, but it isn't) was my way of asking Mr Aldiss, "Sir, where are you at?" Now, Seth, you tell me what "fom4 you fhoe4 Qngkor Wat" means!)

URSULA K LeGUIN  
somewhere  
in England

Yes, it's cold in Soggie Englande. We're living in North London, Islington, which is a very grimy, shabby district, acres of dirty brick and chimneypots, great mixture of races and social classes. It's very endearing, mainly, I think, because the people are extraordinarily nice. No side. I gather that Respectability is rather an English vice as Status is an American one - but neither is much cultivated by our neighbours; and we have met with a lot of plain kindness, which is a lovely thing. I am also deeply admiring of the perseverance of the English in complaining about their weather. Four thousand years they've been living here, and they still think it's really a tropical isle, only something's wrong with it this week. Actually it's very like Oregon - except that at this time of the year the daylight seems to last about twenty minutes. How strange to think of you in mid-summer!

My last book came out in October: A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, Parnassus Press, 2422 Ashby Avenue, Berkeley, California - a small firm, and they did a super job on the design and illustrations. It won't catch the sf reviews as it's classed as "children's". Actually I think it's for teen-age on up, like Tolkien; if you like fantasy you like it all from about 13 on, I guess. But in order to sell one's writing one gets fitted into a market... My next Ace should be out early in the year - THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. It's very slow getting off the ground and rather peculiar, but I think it's the best sf book I've done.



PETER SINGLETON  
Block 4  
Broadmoor Hospital  
Crowthorne  
Berkshire RG11 7EG  
England

REPORT ON PROBABILITY A: I well remember this croggling novel by Brian Aldiss, which I first read as a New Worlds serial and again later in the Faber edition. I borrowed the hardcover edition from the Berkshire County Library mobile unit, which obligingly pays us a visit at regular fortnightly intervals. Sf is always well represented, surprisingly. Your parody of the Aldiss style is really superb and every bit as enjoyable as the novel. The book was indeed fascinating for reasons which I find very difficult to define; perhaps I was mullied gently into an hypnotic stupor by the almost endless repetition of tedious and word-consuming details without benefit of a clearly-defined plot development as a distraction.

I was slightly confused by your unorthodox page numbering (5 6 7 8 7 8 9), but having extra copies of some pages is certainly preferable to missing pages altogether, so I'm not complaining.

The cover montage is very good and I tentatively interpret the legend "any man who hates children and animals can't be all bad" as follows: Children can grow up to be destructive animals on a large scale in a general sense by being involved with wars, hence the desolation surrounding the quote. Is this anywhere near the interpretation you intended?

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BOB TOOMEY  
54 Leighton Gardens  
Kensal Rise  
London NW10 England

(JB: Bob's letter is a personal one so I won't quote it here, but I thought you might be interested to see his new address.)

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COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTS ON THE COMMENTS ON...

Dr Asimov and Mr LSD Camp: Thanks for your remarks on the Velikovsky business. I can't help feeling that you may have missed the point of Don Symons's article, but he's big enough to fight his own battles so I'll say no more. Dr Asimov, I would like to ask you why sociology is not a science. ::: Mr S de C says "people have always behaved this way", and he is echoed by Mr - sorry, Corporal - Feron and Mr Johnson. I don't think Bob Toomey would argue with this, but surely this is no reason for not trying to do something about it? I hold no brief for the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth (and neither, most of the time, do the churches which profess to follow him), but surely he and most of the great ethical teachers have believed that men are capable of living in harmony? But not without striving for it: "if way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst". In HEADLONG HALL, Peacock has three characters who argue at length whether mankind is getting better, deteriorating or remaining always the same. Great fun. But today that story would need a fourth character to say, "The hell with your philosophizing - Man must get better to avoid destroying himself". ::: Yes, I remember Kipling. He wrote a lot of jingoistic stuff about the "Lord of our far-flung battle line" and so on; but he also wrote, "We are not ruled by murderers, but only - by their friends". ::: Mirror, mirror on the wall, who is Number One? ::: Like many things, Michel, fandom can be a way of escape or a way of commitment; it depends on what you do with it. ::: Seth, I would save nothing on postage by leaving the mailing comments out, and I do try to make them interesting to others as well as the faneds concerned. Mind you, I'm no Bergeron. ::: If your copy of NMH2 is missing pp7/8, apply to Mr Singleton. Your interpretation, Peter, is very interesting, and I wish I'd thought of it. I just like pretty patterns. ::: Mrs LeGuin & Mr Blish - thank you for your letters.

OFFICIAL ORGAN - APA-A SECOND MAILING: Do you realize that there are five Johns in this outfit - six if you count P John Stevens? I know that sf is an odd genre, but this is ridiculous. :: Re constitutional amendments &c: I'm wondering if it might not be a good idea to lay down a maximum limit for overseas membership, before we get more applications than we can accommodate. What happens if Leigh gets fifteen enquiries? - suddenly our membership is complete and there is no room for other Australians. I think we should make two provisions: one for a maximum 33.3% overseas membership, the other for extension of total membership if desired.

BUM 2 (Gary Mason): Rude, I call it. ::: Frankly, Gary (or garishly, Frank), having met you I know you are a nice intelligent kinda bloke, so don't take this personally; but I never (or hardly ever) cease wondering why so many fans of Star Trek, comics, Burroughs, crud sf, sword & sorcery et cetera ad nauseum, turn out to be university students - or worse, graduates. (And in a couple of cases, lecturers or professors!) My god! - if I ever get to university, fandom won't hear a peep out of me until I'm finished. The result, in your case, of this wasting time on comic books is that you can't work out who Number One is, and that you prefer Star Trek to The Prisoner. Ah well, chacun a son gout. (Supply your own accents, mes amis.)(And stop kissing those cows!)

THE MARSHIAN CHRONICLES 2 (Bruce Gillespie): "And those who can't teach, teach teachers." Shaw, I believe, deserves more credit for your proverb than any Victorian Inspector; in MAXIMS FOR REVOLUTIONISTS he wrote, "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." Who added the third sentence, I don't know. ::: I note that Blishen's ROARING BOYS is set for Matriculation English Expression this year. Maybe enrolments for teachers' colleges will drop catastrophically this year, if it's as off-putting as it sounds. Blishen himself, I imagine, has chucked teaching - unless he edits all those juveniles for British publishers in his spare time. ::: It's odd that right in the middle of your discussion of the worth of teaching grammar you should commit two errors in spelling: at least I don't think you'll find "analyze" or "noone" in any reputable English dictionary. (And later on you follow John Foyster rather than OED in spelling "millennial" with only one n.) Not that it matters in the least. Tonight (20th January) I just feel like nit-picking. ::: The reason why I can do all those things you can't do, Bruce, is that I have done an extensive course at the University of Ard-Knox. And a bloody lot of good it's done me. You could walk into any of the decent jobs I've applied for over the last three years, because you have a degree. I can't even get a job as a two-bit bottom-grade Public Servant, because I haven't passed my Leaving Certificate. It's not much consolation to know that I can type a neat stencil or invent a neat pun.

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(Overseas readers like Seth Johnson may be unaware of the Customs Department's starring role in literary censorship in this country, and probably do not know that Ron Clarke works for that Department. But the game's up, Ron, the secrets revealed. In this morning's Australian is an article on how Customs go about censoring books. I would quote from it, but it's just too depressing. Maybe Gary Mason will copy it out in one of his fanzines, so that people overseas can weep with us.)

And, Ron, your remarks about editing and censoring are pretty puerile. It's no good quoting the Penguin Dictionary (which I'm surprised you possess, by the way, being one of the few dictionaries which define "fuck" - but don't tell your boss! - he may not have noticed). I could quote Oxford back at you and prove that editing means publishing, but this is all beside the point. The point is that most people who read books or watch films in this country don't need to be guarded against anything by your heavy-handed Government censors; and to these people "censorship" means not being able to read the books anyone can read overseas; it means having to put up with emasculated films; it means seeing one issue of that gaudy fanzine Playboy in three. Oh boy, what a country to live in: we can't read CANDY, we can't see ULYSSES, we almost couldn't read CAMP CONCENTRATION; but we have our values, yessir - as Australian Of The Year we (they) chose a bewildered aboriginal boxer. Good luck to Lionel Rose, I say; but tell me, Ron, who would dare to censor an act of calculated international cynicism like that? and which is more likely to corrupt us - looking at colour photographs of human females, or pretending to the world that we are incapable of racial prejudice?

I can hear people saying "Cut out all this political crap and talk about good old science fiction!" Okay. I guess Chip Delany wouldn't want to emigrate to Australia anyway.

HOLD HIGH THE GREAT RED BANNER OF MAO TSE-TUNG'S THOUGHT AND ACTIVELY PARTICIPATE IN THE GREAT SOCIALIST CULTURAL REVOLUTION 1 (John Foyster): No, Seth, not a statement on the international situation, just the title of JMF's apazine. Yes, I think he should use something traditional and fannish like CROG! or GOSHOW! but this J Foyster is one devious fellow and he knows that a two-line title is two lines less he has to type elsewhere. ::: All mailing comments, John. You know what apas are about, don't you! (About two hours work when you don't feel up to anything constructive.) ::: I can't recall offhand the argument in Warhoon, but I imagine Dick felt the same way as I do: why waste time and effort producing a fanzine for 14 ignorant bums when you can produce it for 200 ignorant bums? As for distributing it before the mailing deadline, I admit freely that copies were posted overseas before 10th December; also, out of the kindness of my heart, I gave copies to four people in Melbourne. If this means I lose all me little red and gold bonus stars, well, that's life I guess.

RED TAPE ESCAPE 0 (Gary Woodman): I have news for you, O Man of the Wood; I am not trying to escape from the rush rush rush slave slave slave make-a-buck make-a-buck make-a-buck world that we live in: I am trying to get back into it!

"WHY BOTHER?" 1 (John Brosnan): Welcome to the jungle, John, and top marks for the most interesting contribution to this mailing. When you (here we go again) get to my advanced age and have a wife, a cat, two mortgages and a red Volkswagen to support, you probably won't get quite so much pleasure out of "job-hopping" - but by that time you should be making a fortune out of writing, so I shouldn't worry too much.

BONZER 2 (John Ryan): They used to call me the "class performer" at school, too. In my modest, unassuming way I always seemed to be doing spectacular things that upset teachers. For example, I seem to recall often asking innocent questions which my dirty-minded fellows found vastly amusing, and I somehow got the reputation of being awfully clever and having a mind like a sewer. Maybe it's true in some respects now, but it wasn't (arghh!) fifteen to twenty years ago when I dreamt my way through Northcote High School. My two loves in those days were motor cars and church, in that order. I knew, and could draw, every make and model of car that ever existed. These days I can't tell an Isotta-Fraschini from a Poboida, and when I draw cars they tend to turn out Alvises, but that's because they stopped making cars about 1954, when I left school, and because I have since owned an Alvis and can't get it out of my mind. That Alvis, a 1952 3-litre sedan, gave me more trouble than any other car I have owned (except the Morris 10), but it was gorgeous. Even when it wasn't going, which was most of the time, I could sit and watch it for hours, and often did. Our postman at Northclump became a friend for life when he saw me sitting in the gutter looking at it one day and asked, "Is that your Bentley?" On the other hand, the first time I ever questioned Lee Harding's values was the day I drove my newly-acquired beast up to The Basin and parked under the plum tree, and Harding came out and exclaimed in the most incredulous, cynical and deflating tone I have ever heard from his lips, "Not an Alvis!!" I can hear him now, the way his lip curled up, the rising inflection on "Al", the sneering "vis" through clenched teeth, the utter damnation in those three words. (Next time I see him I think I'll snarl at his VW. He won't know what hit him.) Lee's trouble is that he is unable to appreciate a car, a good car, as something more than a means of transport (just as John Foyster seems unable to appreciate a book as something more than a means of conveying thoughts from one mind to another).

Where was I? Commenting on BONZER? Well, that's where I started, and in a way I've been telling you that I agree with you, John, rather than Gary Mason, when it comes to autobiographical material. This is the kind of material I love reading in fanzines, and the kind I like writing best. Sorry it's straight onto stencil like this (all of NMH is, except the articles and letters) but if I stopped to write it out first and revise it and so on, I wouldn't do it.

A CLIP ON THE EAR (Bangsund & Foyster): A cruel hoax!

APATHY 2 (Peter Darling): Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Engineering, age 22, absorbing interest in trivia. (Latin "trivium": tres = three, via = way; "placo where three roads meet"; hence trivia = that which can be picked up on the most frequented part of the common highway.) Jeez, I dunno why youse educated blokes wanta be in the same apa as dumb old Leigh Edmonds and me. Maybe Leigh ain't so dumb, neither - he's a Public Servant, and ya gotta be educated to be one of them. Don't mind me, Peter - I enjoyed APATHY 2; it's just that today I missed out on a job I wanted, so today I hate everyone with qualifications, in fact everyone with a job.

THE MECHANISM 2 (Leigh Edmonds): You comment on the Harbinger this time, Buster, or I don't even mention you next issue. And stop calling me inferior or I'll make you get your own PO Box number, so there.

TEE VEE 1 (Jack Butler): Welcome to you, too, Jack. I enjoyed your reminiscences and hope there'll be more. I wish you or John or Gary or John or Paul would explain why you read and collect comics. It beats me, really.



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EMPLOYED AT LAST!

A flash from our newsroom: Early  
this morning (22.1.69) the well-known  
University of Melbourne succeeded in  
attracting to its staff that leading  
adult male clerk, John Bangsund.  
Various finance companies received  
the news with wild glee, and glamorous  
femme-fan Diane Bangsund has withdrawn  
her divorce action.

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