AND LONGON DESCRIPTION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

A FOUTRA FOR THE WORLD, AND WORLDLINGS BASE! I SPEAK OF AFRICA AND GOLDEN JOYS.

But not necessarily in that order. And this is the very first issue of



edited, printed and published by John Bangsund PO Box 357 Kingston ACT 2604 Australia as a small contribulation to the first mailingering of The Amateur Publishing Association of Southern Africa: August 1973 It will also be seen, perhaps read, and doubtless inwardly digested by members of the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association.

<u>AMBIBLEMANDERAMINEMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMENTALISMEN</u>

Brian Lombard, Official Editor of AFRICAPA, has kindly invited me to join this brand-sparkling-shiny-new organization, and I have much pleasure in accepting his invitation. Such a venture as this can do nothing but foster international misunderstanding and goodwill. Speaking of goodwill - no, hang on: I would like to send a special cheerio to Nick Shears. Tex Cooper, Ethel Briggs, General Amin and all my other good friends in Africa. (Ethel, as you know, lives in Waukegan, Illinois, but at present is taking a short holiday in Bol, that pretty little resort town on the northern shore of Lake Chad. Probably doing a spot of water-skiing right now, if I know Ethel.) But I was speaking of goodwill.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth; come, cousin Silence; and then to bed.

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air. Spread, Davy; spread, Davy; well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John: by the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper: a good varlet.

Ah, they don't write science fiction like that any more, folks. Good old Will: Later in that scene friend Pistol enters and delivers the lines quoted at the top of this page - and as you well know, those 'golden joys' didn't eventuate, because young Harry had by this time become all snooty and la-di-da and gafiated from Falstaff-fandom. But Pistol, although he said he was or would, didn't actually get around to speaking of Africa. This is a bit mischievous of Master William, I feel. I would really like to know what Pistol had to say about Africa, but there's no chance now.

So you blokes in AFRICAPA will have to speak of Africa. That's my reason for joining you. Don't let me down, will you. In return I will be speaking to you of Australia, amongst other curiosities. I don't know how often I will be publishing REVOLTING TALES OF SEX AND SUPER-SCIENCE, but I will be sending you SCYTHROP, when that semi-mythical journal lurches into print again, and before then, the last two or three issues of PHILOSOPHICAL GAS. (Sorry they aren't A4 format, Brian, but that's the way the spearmint crumbles, as Shakespeare put it.) And I will conclude on this note: B#