



NUMBER 13

November 1964

THE GRYPHON is published monthly by John Foyster, PO Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. Lee Harding and Mervyn Barrett are Staff Photographers (on leave). Mike Baldwin is International Spy. Dick Jenssen is At Large. Illustrations are by the old firm, whomever that might be. R. Coulson is Chief Booster. The photo-printing department has jacked up, but I shall be trying a little persuasion. Last time round Lee Harding and John Bangsund annoyed me whilst I was duplicating. Watch for CANTO. And Aussifandom LIVES!! \*\*THE GRYPHON is available for trade or comment. SO LONG CHOLLIE distributed with this issue.

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THE  
BOLD  
WORM

a column by mike baldwin

After leaving Hong Kong and arriving in England I sort of looked around, took in all the sights, and after two weeks I became a bit depressed.

London reminds me of Melbourne; sort of sprawling and with

generally overcast and drizzling skies (except that London does not have anything like the general level of wowser moralism that permeates Melbourne, Victoria, ever Australia). So catching a train at Victoria Station I took off (metaphorically speaking) in the direction of Europe and Paris, my first stop.

Paris - My Gawd, what a swindle! I found it wasn't half what it is cracked up to be. Incredibly expensive. So after walking around a bit, climbing the Eiffel Tower like a dutiful tourist, etc. - I headed for Italy and Turin. I had the address of a bloke I had once met many years before, and was always anxious to meet Australians. He was pleased to see me; asked about the footy and the races - things he missed in Italy. He told me that the place to go was Venice, so I went there. Terrific place - one of the few towns left in Europe for people - the rest are incredibly noisy and have been taken over by automobiles. The Venice Biennale of Modern Art was in progress. Incredible nonsense of things that moved, ticked, clicked, flashed, and generally behaved peculiarly. If I had organised my itinerary a bit better I could have gone on to Trieste, where a sci-fi film festival was in progress, but I didn't know about it until I arrived back in London and read of it in a film magazine.

Back to London after about ten days I received your letter of addresses, and on the Friday before I left I made a point of looking them up - more of that later. Come Monday I left for New York. The three and a half days there were practically wasted as I seemed to spend most time in queues to see the Empire State of the World's Fair or something like that. So on Friday I left New York and arrived on Sunday in Sydney - missed out on Saturday. For me it never was.

Back to Shadforth St in the cold grey dawn of Sunday and - My Gawd! All the windows broken! The front verandah missing! It had been chopped up for firewood with most of the furniture. On what was left of my bed was a beatnic bum - dead drunk - who had just spewed over the shreds of what remained of the bed sheets. I got rid of him and set about cleaning up. Since then two farewell parties for a bloke and his girlfriend who have left for England.

The gas meter started to pack up. You'd give it a kick and the gas would come on. Then it would go off again. So you kick it again. Finally even the most hefty kicks would not make it work. So, for two weeks, no gas. And now, tonight, a real cartoon situation. A water pipe in the bathroom had sprung a leak and water was swirling everywhere. I've just turned off the water. I have a choice; drown, or die of thirst. Can't afford





to fix it up.

Oh, also, when I arrived back in Sydney, I found that a story of mine that John Baxter had once published in his fanzine (QUANTUM), called GOD IN THE MARIJUANA PATCH, had been re-published in THARUNKA - the magazine of the Students of the University of NSW. The renowned Archbishop of Sydney, Dr. Gough, said it was the most blasphemous thing he had ever read. I am reliably informed that the Vice Squad is looking for me in connection with that story. Well, I'm not looking for them.

Oh yes, thanks for the issues of SATURA that I missed. The front illustration on THE GRYPHON reminds me of a small stonestatue that once appeared in my toilet, stayed a couple of days and then - well, it disappeared anyway. Your pictorial photographs are excellent - they seem to remind me of some people I vaguely met somewhere.

About the act of Mr. Stone - one really can't get annoyed about such a thing; for him we can have only pity. In the words of one of the now popular colloquial phrases "he must be some kind of nut". Speaking of nuts, too, the magistrate who sentenced the OZ editors is really one of the best kind. He is rapidly becoming the terror of the push here in Sydney. A onetime casual resident of Shadforth St. had the misfortune last year, whilst in a state of intoxication, to attempt to sell to a hefty policeman a couple of pep pills. He was duly punished



and the policeman asked him where he lived. He said Shadforth St. So they took him out there and investigated the place. It was late Friday night, and I was watching the late movie on Telly, which was a beauty about a mad scientist who had escaped from Devil's Island and was busily shrinking people down to about six inches for his revenge, and, engrossed in this nonsense I suddenly saw two anamorphic masses looming over the television clutching torches and shining them right in my face. They then proceeded to fully investigate Shadforth St. and took the miscreant away with them. Well, the next morning this unfortunate bloke was paraded before the court and in evidence the detective said, "He lived in a sort of Doss House at Shadforth St. It is the filthiest place I have ever seen". The Magistrate was singularly impressed, and happened to be none other than the now-famous Mr. Locke, who gave him a month for vagrancy and six months for selling pills. A little crown sergeant had to whisper in Mr. Locke's ear that the maximum for the offence was three months, and that is what he got.

Because of this fellow, who had the title of 'Peter the peddler' hung on him during the court proceedings (Shades of Tom Lehrer!), I am indebted for these notes on the early career of Mr. Locke, S.M. It would appear that even the police were the early victims of Mr. Locke's Zealousness. When a new summer uniform was issued to the cops a couple of years ago, sans coat, Mr. Locke would not allow them to testify in court, even though the temperature was 100°, until they put on a coat. This nonsense went on for a while 'til he was informed that uniforms of the Queen are legal in law courts even if they don't have coats! About then he decided to allow them to enter court. Another famous case was three young Beatnik Boys who were arrested on vagrancy charges. Apparently one of them had just thrown in his job that week and had his rent paid up for three weeks and technically speaking was not a vagrant, but under the odd cuffs and blandishments from the cops "plead guilty and you'll get off lightly", and mainly because they had beards and long hair, Mr. Locke passed sentence of three months for vagrancy, despite the pleas from a minister of religion, and made snide remarks about their appearance. I read that on appeal these sentences have been lifted. But you can see what a repressed nut case this Magistrate is. And such is the glorious state of our free christian democratic country where sentence is (i) if you look odd - three months (ii) for daring to think - six months! It's a wonder they don't shoot the subversive nonconformists!

I have just seen a rather good film about Adolph Hitler called THE BLACK FOX. It makes the point that at the end of the Third Reich all Hitler's henchmen pleaded not guilty, for



they were just obeying orders and fighting for their country and it would seem that in our glorious democracy that is what everybody is supposed to do. Seig Heil! Hail to the Fuehrers Bolte and Menzies. Well, I, being the foundation member of the Anti Social international party say I'm running. I deny it.

I don't exist.

Keep up the good work in the green dragon of Gryphon or whatever, I Deny It.

It must be some other Baldwin.

Why, there are six M. Baldwins in the telephone book in Sydney alone.

Oh, I am told there is a 4th year medical student at Sydney University with the unfortunate name of Micheal Baldwin. He has been called before the University authorities and asked to confess that he is the Micheal Baldwin who wrote the blasphemous obscene story GOD IN THE MARIJUANA PATCH. But he stoutly denies it, and I feel the poor fellow is guilty even if he did not write it. Only John Baxter can save him, by telling all of what happened in his magazine back there 5 years ago. But this will incriminate Baxter anyway. Oh, power - absolute power corrupts absolutely. Heh, heh. I fear I am spreading - consult the October OZ and on page three you'll see my name has been taken in vain. Perhaps I am becoming like the old Astounding story 'Sammy Hall' by Mack Reynolds, I think.

Mike Baldwin

Ex-director ASIP, now superseded by HENRY PHLOGISTON (I make people burn) new ASIP director.

PS: Pardon the erratic nature of the last page of this mss. It was written in a pub last night where I was informed by a Mr. K, Buckly, secretary of the Civil Liberties council, that the Authorities were preparing a blasphemy case. Presumably against GOD IN THE MARIJUANA PATCH. As it was reprinted from Quantum, will John Baxter be drawn into it? Will I be the first fan to get a jail sentence for writing? Have the thought police struck again? Watch for the next exciting episode!!

- Baldwin

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LETTERS:::::::::::::::::::::

Yes, it's one of those incredibly well-organized issues again, this time with comments going back as far as issue eight. Since these letters arrived, some of them have been lost and found more than once. Perhaps I looked too hard.

COMMENT ON SATURAS 8 & 9

PETER SINGLETON WARD TWO WHITTINGHAM HOSPITAL PRESTON LANCS UK

This being my first taste of SATURA, I was dismayed at the 'Part VI' bit at the top of page two, but I battled on bravely. This is the first time I've ever known anyone to admit being a "receptacle", especially in print; even if only for some moldy old film or other. The exact nature of the film seems to be more than a trifle obscure but I can't help thinking that previous issues of your august fanzine might, by some freakish quirk of fate, provide a reasonable supply of illumination on this point. Looks as though I've been let in on the tail end of a lengthy discussion and I regret having missed out on the start of it all. What I can see of it looks fascinating - maybe I'll get my bearings when I've a few more issues of SATURA under my belt.

Words themselves are but mere symbols which represent a concept far vaster than the sterile, precise definition one can find in any dictionary and a sentence conveys impressions and shades of meaning entirely undefinable in other terms - and the impressions are, for the most part, subjective and this easily leads to ambiguity. Defining one's terminology isn't the same as defining one's terms when they are applied to circumstances involving the use of additional terminology which affects the nature of the original defined frame of reference. In other words, all definitions are provisional because to define something it has to be isolated from extraneous data and isolated (i.e. unapplied) data undergoes a subtle modification when contrasted with data beyond the restrictions of the original definitions. Therefore definitions of terminology are valid in theory but have no practical value, unless one is prepared to extrapolate. But basically all terms are ambiguous because language is a very ambiguous method of communication - certain aspects of meaning cannot be conveyed by words alone but by association and familiarity. -Which is another (and a damn sight obscurer) way of saying what you have said on page three (last paragraph), I think! ((Yes, Dick Jenssen, YOU, matey - jmf))

In spite of the unfamiliar references, this long natter of yours makes very absorbing reading, but I decline to comment on



this subject any further - I'm no authority on the subject of semantics and I don't want to make an ass of myself, if I haven't already done so.

Oops! Just realised I'm commenting on number 9 before number 8. Oh well, it's the faanish thing to do, I suppose.

Enjoyed the racy account of "Mike Baldwin"'s trip to Hong Kong, but I'm not sure if this is an honest-to-Ghu factual report, or an opium dream, or a weird combination of both. Or maybe that ole' debbil propaganda is rearing its ugly head again. One never can be sure about these Foreign Reports from obscure, out-of-the-way urinals.

Bob Smith's comment "...people who worry about the toilet when they visit the cinema should stay with the TV" reminds me that I have never needed to use a cinema toilet because I always used to anticipate any calls of nature by using a public convenience on my way to a cinema when I was roaming around unshackled in the Great Outdoors. I never budged for anything except perhaps during the interval to get an orange drink or a chocolate ice cream, and even then I was too timid to venture farther than the end of the row, though I might be dying of thirst. Crowds are one of my pet phobias.

Over to SATURA 8: I go for fan histories in a big way and this concise resumé of the early development of Australian fandom provides me with background info previously unheard of. I remember ETHERLINE clearly enough, anyway. At first the title ULTRA rang a loud bell until I realised I was confusing it with ULTRASCIENCIA, a Mexican prozine. Certain aspects of the history are glossed over too much, but I don't expect you to cram everything into a mere eight pages. See how considerate and infinitely understanding I am?

BANNED IN BOSTON was a trifle shocking in places, but I've read worse things, such as a few fleeting glimpses of a smuggled-in French-printed edition of TROPIC OF CANCER when I was a small, dewy-eyed, innocent youth of fifteen. This was my first intimation as to the much-maligned Facts of Love, and this experience made me extremely ill for a few days. Of course, I wouldn't turn a hair, (and I wouldn't get too excited) if I read that same book again. But I'm no longer interested in such vicarious thrills, so there wouldn't be much point in going to the trouble of obtaining a copy. Ghod! Sexual apathy at 25! Maybe I'm getting old before my time, in spite of my youthful appearance (I only look about 18). Peter Pan, the boy who never grew up - this seems to be valid only on the surface as far as I'm concerned - a youthful shield covering up an old, degenerating



core. No flowers by request.

Lee Harding's photography is superb. I do hope he produces additional images of similar high quality for future issues of SATURA.

If you did write BANNED IN BOSTON you should contact Bob Bloch - it should provide him with a plot for his next novel and/or film .... Just imagine it - BLOOD LUST by Bob Bloch and John Foyster! Think of the glorious fame that could be yours!

\*\*\*\*\*Yeechh!

BJO TRIMBLE

Barrett's moving piece on Judy Garland showed a considerably different viewpoint than the Australian news releases did; I'm glad someone else loves her for what she can give. Even though she seems and acts half-drunk on TV appearances, I just wait for the songs. She still sings with every fibre of her soul. Her daughter sounds very much like her, by the way, and is a growing young actress/singer.

The photo is a fine one; what process was used for repro? Two distinguished looking gentlemen (don't tell me where to hyphenate a word!) too. But the art is what attracted my eye; who owns that? Looks like a nice collection.

Betty Kujawa reminds me of a Negro comedian who is planning to start a 'Rent-a-Negro' business, to accomodate those who would like to display a Negro at their parties to show how tolerant they are, but who don't know any Negroes personally.

Lee Harding (is he the handsome one with the lovely beard?) shares my love for Beauty and the Beast. At first (I've seen it 5 times)((piddling amateur..jmf)) I was terribly disappointed that the wonderful great beast turned into that 'cute' prince, and perhaps that was just a feminine sort of thing on my part. At any rate, since I collect children's fantasy for the stories and/or the illos, I was given the Hilary Knight illustrated version of Beauty and the Beast, which has an epilogue by Cocteau. I wish I'd read this years ago before I first saw the movie. He says, "Many people who saw the movie I made of this story would have preferred it if the gentle beast had not turned into Prince Charming; like Beauty, they were disappointed by his transformation. I had decided to remain faithful to the original story but, nonetheless, when the Prince asks Beauty if she is happy, I made her close her eyes and answer: 'I shall have to get used to it'.



"For ordinary beauty could not easily take the place of the terrible beauty that had won her heart. The whole meaning of the story lies in this little sentence, and in the secret disappointment which the audience shares with Beauty."

The emphasis is Cocteau's. A beautiful understanding of the story (which I loved above all long before I saw the movie) and a fantastic control of the film. Being an ordinary clot, I did not see that Cocteau fully understood what he was doing; it seemed on the surface just the usual Happy Ending sort of thing. Knight's illos are fantastic and quite unusual; not Cocteau's Beast or anyone else', but a novel interpretation. I'm not sure I like this Beast, but I have to admit that he is different. And Beauty's gowns are worth the whole book. This is an Italian printed slick paper book of about 12 x 14 inches, published by Macmillan and costing about \$3 or \$4. It is for children really. So I'm still a child!

You are very right, anent comments to Vic Ryan on TOFF, that any ballotbox-stuffing would certainly be suspect over here in the US, where certain regular fanzines exert a good deal of influence over their readers, and where write-ups and campaigns can be waged to reach hundreds of fans. I don't think that any amount of campaigning, balloting, etc., can possibly overwhelm the US vote, from any other country. Certainly Australia (or Japan) does not have that many fans, much less active voting power. (I dislike the term 'Jap'; how do you people feel about the designation 'Aussie'?). Actually, overseas fans from any country can have as much say as they want, but just by percentages we still overwhelm the reat of fandom.

\*\*\*\*\*Lee Harding used an ordinary photographic process on the pic in SATURA 10 (sepia-toned, of course). This process was rather long, and tended to crinkle the paper, so the sepia work was cut out. The 'art collection' belongs to the Melbourne SF Club, and most of what you saw was interiors from early issues of NEW WORLDS. There is also some black-and-white stuff by club members, and at that time I think there were also a couple of Margaret Duce's watercolours. I am, I fear, no judge of male beauty, but Lee Harding does have a beard.// There are not, by any chance, other books in that series - I'instance, a WIZARD OF OZ. I've seen a whole series of those, but don't recall a BEAUTY AND THE BEAST. And they were a little bigger than 12 x 14. So far as I am aware, Aussie is an OK term out here. We even describe ourselves thusly. But try to avoid referring to me (though you've not done so yet) as an Australian writer ( or poet, or painter etc.). This is about as cruel



an insult as I can imagine. How 'bout that fer an answer, Yankee?

JOHN BAXTER

It doesn't surprise me that SATURA was lightly commented on. For my part, the failure to comment was rooted in the objection I have to most fanzines - there wasn't anything to talk about. A 'zine like WARHOON gives you things to disagree with or at least to comment on, but SATURA, which basically is nothing but letters, does not. Of course your publication of that agonising satire didn't help any. Why, for God's sake? Not because I wanted it - surely not because you wanted it - and definitely not because the readers wanted it. The only explanation that suggests itslef is that it was involuntary, like a monstrous editorial fart.

\*\*\*\*\*Where have you gone to, my pretty maid?

COMMENTS ON SATURA 11 AND THE GRYPHON 12

RON CLARKE

SATURA 11, your column: since I'm not experienced enough in newzines I won't give my opinion of them. However I did notice something. In both SF REVIEW and SF TIMES neither mentions the 'similarity' between Ballard's story/s in F&SF and NEW WORLDS. If you had read them you would know what I'm talking about. It seems that 'reviewers' skip through the prozine stories. ((But Ron, these fellows are but bumbling amateurs, doing the job just for the love of it. We cannot really expect them to do a competent piece of work. Just shut up and pay yer money, kid.))

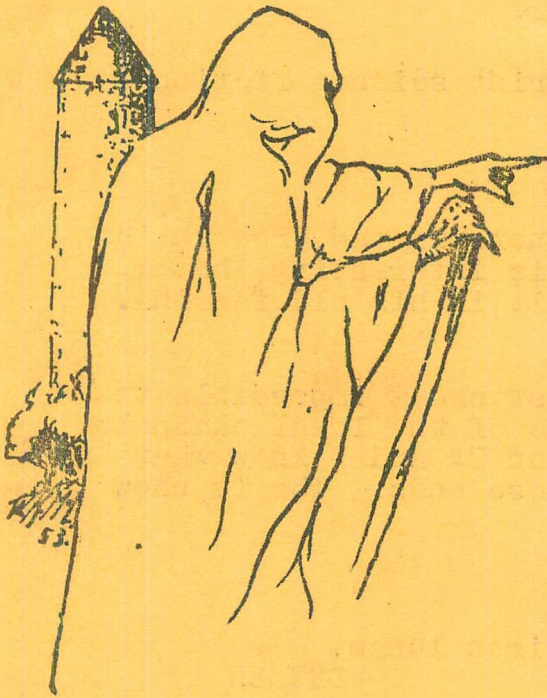
Keith McLelland's illustrations are the best I've seen in a fanzine and are, I think, on a par with the professionals. Dick Jenssen's diary was interesting - if I ever cultivate an interest in Art I'll know what to look for (and at).

I can't say I liked the illo on p 17 - a bit messy. NEW LAPS OF HELL was interesting. I liked Dodd's letter; and what did Bob Smith say about characters who worry about toilets...?

These 'feuds' appear to me much the same as a domestic political referendum just as a country is being invaded, when they can't decide if city water should be pumped straight to the city or to tanks.

Arguments are all right, but these things can go too far. No wonder the SF readership fell in the late '50s if this kind of





one and only copy I received (as a sample and come-on) quite a few months ago; my reactions being fairly similar to your own, as laid out in the editorial, I promptly slung it in with all the other bits and pieces of fannish flotsam that clutter up my chambers and forgot about it. SFR's only value is that it indirectly brings forth memories of our own beloved ETHERLINE and the value most of us obtained from that publication. It's pleasing to find you and Harding mentioning E in an ...um ... favourable light.

I have no objections to fanzines about science fiction or devoted to bibliographic material, if presented in readable and palatable form, and I think you are unkind to condemn all but Don Tuck's efforts in this field. Mind you, I'm grateful that our microcosm isn't over-loaded with this type of

amateur publication.....

Again, I don't think that this 'Robert W. Franson' is really a 'huckster', as Lee seems to think. The American science fiction enthusiast or fan is a strange creature, and probably Mr. Franson is quite sincere about his publication, firmly believing that this is just what the field needs. If SFR hasn't changed since the issue I saw then I'm somewhat surprised that Stone is selling it out here (as Lee also remarks), because although one may seldom agree with the man in print he would normally tear something like SFR to shreds. I can imagine the hatchet job Stone would have done on SFR in his old SF News! ("A lot of hard work goes into a fannag. Without care, common sense and taste it is work wasted. We expect better next time." That's our Graham reviewing a new fanzine from Melbourne in 1953 - remember, Lee?)

Dick's 'New York Diary' was very readable and fascinating. Also most revealing, and no doubt any New Yorkers who read SAT will either agree or violently put you in the picture. And surely we do have 'that sort of character' in Australia?

The murky depths of Australian fandom finally coughed up YAWNDR0, eh! Of course I have known about this frivolous sling-off ever since Chris and John got together and gave birth to this



thing which I hear about went on.

PS, Yes, it is disgusting the way fans print science fiction in science fiction fanzines.

RON CLARKE CAN'T TAKE A HINT

It seems that I missed seeing the knots in the tree in the photo in SATURA. "THE HARDING MEMOIRS" is interesting, but I seem to remember reading something like it in his old fanzine. ((sshhhh)).

Beautiful illo on page 15 - it's just about impossible to beat McLelland in this kind of work. One of the local channels had Peter, Paul and Mary's Stadium show on TV and I know what JMB meant when he hinted they were at loose ends. The TV show came over pretty well, all told.

QUOTES

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues  
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs.

DRYDEN

And you all know security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy.  
W.S.

As to no SF stories in fanzines, where does the emerging amateur writer get criticism of his words, and so be able to better his work?

\*\*\*\*\*The only good critic is a dead critic.

At last, Mr. Shakespeare gets his name into one of my fanzines.

JOVIAL, HUMBLE, LOVABLE OLE' BOB SMITH

Re Satura 11

I don't quite get the point of that cover 'illustration', and the heading, or whatever it was, appeared rather patchy. The whole thing smacked muchly of the good old days, when most of those countries were 'empahs', and had strange ideas about 'freedom'.

I didn't get very far down page two before I found myself muttering "what the devil is SF Review", and then I recalled the  
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wally weber is a forger  
\*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*



creation. Then, as two fannish and sharp-eyed youths, I don't think they actually expected this to appear; I didn't either. It figures though; John Baxter doesn't want it published, so you naturally (in your kind way) do the opposite. Ah, back in 1961, when we were all so bloody fannish ... and that illo heading Dodd's letter that you have unearthed is even older! That was supposed to be for the famous first issue of Thru the Porthole, which, as the whole fannish microcosm knows, never made it. Wonder what Buck's reaction will be....?

Ron Clarke: S'funny, but many of these sf stories with an 'imperial' background usually have the 'hero' waking up to the fact that something's rotten in the state of Denmark, and in some cases it takes the simple-minded chap a heck of a long time - GUNNER CADE was an example of this. As Damon Knight has pointed out in IN SEARCH OF WONDER, however, Asimov's 'empire' in the FOUNDATION series isn't good science fiction; it still makes good reading though.

Norm: I gave up reading NEW WORLDS regularly possibly three years ago; copies would just accumulate until I got around to 'em but they were read, half a dozen at one bash. I think the magazine held its own, considering the US opposition over the years, and the fact that one fine story in its sister publication, SCIENCE FANTASY, would bring forth much more comment and praise in the later years. It did begin to drift away from that 'fresh' British atmosphere into what appeared to resemble a veteran writer's workshop, became almost at times 'intellectual' (the 'new' NEW WORLDS appears to be outdoing the old, in this respect, I think), and - as you mention - the reader found more bewilderment and 'writing for writing's sake' than enjoyment. It was one of my favourite mags.....

Surely a word in a poem, 'young, clean, untouched, etc.' is still only a form of limited communication, as with Bob Lichtman's small groups, a couple, etc. This will confuse those 'masses' even more, I feel, as most poetry does (or am I underestimating 'em?). I would like, if I may, to quote a pungent extract from H L Mencken's enormous Supplement 1 to his The American Language. It probably has nothing to do with the original meanings of words, still....

'Semantics is the new name for semasiology, the study of the meaning of words. Its masterpiece is the discovery, announced with a great fanfare, that a given word often means different things to different people, and that words worked to death by ignoramuses, e.g. democracy, commonly take on emotional overtones that quite obliterate their historical meanings. All this, of course, was known to the Greeks, but it seems new and thrilling



to the sort of person to whom it seems new and thrilling...etc.'

Probably crusty old Henry Louis wasn't telling us staunch science fiction fans anything we didn't already know about 'Semantics', but the quote seemed appropriate....

\*\*\*\*\*I expect that there is some sort of correlation between the kind of government regarded as 'rotten' in a piece of fiction and the kind of government under which the author lives.....

CRUSTY OLD BOB SMITH WRITES AGAIN

Re THE GRYPHON 12

Lovely, this first issue of the new GRYPHON, full of sob-worthy gobs of fannish - local, that is - nostalgia in the shape of that repulsive photograph taken at Mervyn's old pad and Lee's reminiscent raving. I really lap it up, of course, and feel quite pleased that Lee was prompted to write this because I made some mention of the lack of science-fictional material in SATURA. I insist that Lee keep it up.

I remember Harry Warner asking me about Marshall McLennan almost three years ago. The matter had come up because I'd mentioned in a letter that I'd been to see "Wog" Hockley and Les Oates, and Wog had expressed surprise that Harry was still around and publishing! Was going to try and find out from Wog but other things came up and from Les I heard that Wog had other things to keep him busy, so I didn't bother pursuing it further. I remember all this prompted me to visit the Sydney Library and look over those old early Australian fanzines, to read through the Hockley and McLennan publications. There wasn't really much of a selection there, and most of 'em were serconnish type news things. If Harry's old SPACEWAYS influenced pre-war Australian fan publications it wasn't very evident in the stuff I went through, mostly dated from around the 1939-42 period. Of course, most people did have other things on their minds about then.....

The phallic microphone in that photograph indicates the reason for that gathering; we were, if I recall, making a tape to Alan Dadd, and I think it was closer to three years ago. (I am thinking of overseas fans' reactions when they open this copy of your fanzine: will probably confirm their beliefs about most Aussies being boozers. Yeah, I know you weren't drinking that filthy stuff....)

You know, after an insipid diet of BRE science fiction for years it is quite a shock to the system to pick up the US copies



of ASTOUNDING SF, for example, and see what we have been missing. This first happened to me in the tiny military resort of Balcombe in 1952, and I think my whole idea of SF reading altered that day. Of course, in less than a year I would be in Japan, and have my fill of 'em all, but ... how many of us actually realised what we missed in the thin BRES..? So I can appreciate Lee's "sense of wonder" when he discovered them, the old letter-columns in TWS and STARTLING, etc.

And then, in 1953, a matter of weeks before I left for Japan, I read my first fanzine! Well, perhaps certain people might be tempted to argue with me about whether dear old ETHERLINE could be called a fanzine, but that was it. This was around April-May 1953, so it might have even been the first issue (goshwow!) on E. I remember somebody - probably Ian Crozier and Binns - cornering me in McGills', selling me that issue and talking me into a sub for future ishs. With the impending trip to Nippon on my mind, I promptly forgot about E (not about SF, I might add) until almost eighteen months later when I found Harry Brook in Japan, and soon E began to arrive, and then I found out that Don Latimer was 'bound to please'. UMBRA was the 'freshest fanzine ever'. And something called PEON published by Chas Lee Riddle in Connecticut might be worth sending money for .... life would never be the same again; neither would I.

I remember visiting "Val's" coffee lounge sometime in '53; not for an SF club meeting (not because I'm a queer either....) but to see a rather good jazz group that happened to be there, I think. I must agree with Lee that some strange assortments of humanity could be found plying their various wares in the place.

Is it possible, do you think, that Lee might tell us why that fabled and mysterious fanzine of his, tomorrow, never made it, in future installments of his personal fan history...?

Service! I ask for someone to write on the PP&M concert and stap me if it doesn't appear in the next issue! Definitely appreciated, although John didn't quite convey the atmosphere of the concert that, watching on my idiot box, I received. Possibly because there was more .. um .. freedom with the TV cameras concentrating on the group; I got some wonderful shots of Mary, in her typically hunched-forward stance, fair hair twitched back now and then, eyes intent on one of the boys, he watching her, and they appeared to be singing at each other, drawing the dynamic feeling from each other; for a moment there perhaps the audience was forgotten, I dunno. And do you know, I find myself from time to time humming and (attempting) singing that 'folk-song' about a dawg named Blue.....



\*\*\*\*\*It is only fair to state, in re that letter and the following, that John has written to me saying that he is well aware that his report was one-sided and cruel.

LEE HARDING

It is only with some effort that I manage to tear myself away from a morass of nostalgia and another ten thousand words of The Harding Memoirs, and take a quick look at SATURA just to see what sort of magazine I'm writing for these days. And lo! a title change. THE GRYPHON. Seeing as you've been printing some excellent article in the last few issues I'm inclined to think that SATURA/ THE GRYPHON is about the best fanzine to come out of Australia in that last decade or so. For one thing, there's never been fan writing like this: Dick Jenssen's NEW YORK bit was striking, and somewhat removed from his earlier 'clever' letters in exile. At least I didn't detect any of the calculated obfuscation that marred his earlier efforts - or perhaps I'm a dimwit and this was his most calculated of all, but I'd hate like hell to think that that was so. An excellent article - and surely he's not going off to pasture? No more letters? Pity. Despite his predilection for the oneupsmanship ploy, Dick's writings have been about the most literate ever to appear in a local fanmag. Self-consciously literate perhaps, but beneath that glimpses of an interesting mind at work. Merv Barrett's article on Judy Garland was a fine piece of work - nothing he has ever done previously prepared me for anything quite like this. But on the other hand, I feel that you have done John Baxter a disservice by publishing his Peter, Paul and Mary 'report'. This is Luce journalism, a Writer being clever at the expense of his subject. As a piece of reportage it is as shallow and as showy as one expects from TIME or LIFE, and an irritating example of what one can expect from a writer who has obviously paid a great deal of attention to the performers' press but very little else. I don't think that John knows a great deal about folk music or is very sympathetic to the form, otherwise his article would have been couched in different terms - this was hardly written from the heart. And as for the appeal of 'mellerdrummer', well do I recall John acting quite cut-up over the Joan Baez recording of 'Mary Hamilton' - but that was two years ago, when he was younger and not quite so sophisticated as he would now have us believe. I have little sympathy for a writer who struggles to be smart at all costs, just because he happens to be a Writer. Something more is needed. Dick calls it 'heart'. I guess I'll settle for the same. As a piece of journalism this hardly measures up to Mervyn's piece - but as a slice of autobiography it's interesting enough, although I hope in future John will turn his talent to more sympathetic subjects.

\*\*\*\*\*OK John Bhoy, we got them in. They bit but heavy. Now you can tromp all over Messrs. Smith and Harding.



[illegible]

On the strength on my sound,,reliable manner and my ability to speak English without a Chinese accent I had landed a job as an English teacher at the Chong Hing College, teaching from 7 to 9pm five nights a week. At HK\$200.00 per months I was, with the exception of the headmaster Kwan Lok Yo, the highest-paid member of the staff. This is not a large amount but it helped to ease my financial panic to some extent, and after a month of idleness which had found me sleeping more but enjoying it less, it was good to have some sort of routine of responsibility.

With the wisdom that hindsight gives I can look back over my short career as a teacher and shudder at the memory of the piles of errors I made and the situations I handled wrongly but at the time I was unhampered by any idea of my pedagogical shortcomings and just pressed blithely on suffused by a warm



glow of ignorance which I mistook for educational fervour. The headmaster never objected to anything I did and I seemed to get along well enough with most of my pupils, but whether or not these things can be considered as any sort of yardstick of my teaching ability is something I can't say.

I could speak no Chinese, and so English grammar was taught by the Chinese staff of the school. My job was to set and mark compositions, give dictation and read to my classes from graded reading books that, starting at the lowest level with stories or descriptions of things written in basic English, proceeded to more difficult exercises by adding new words and using slightly more involved sentence structure, and then I had to explain the meaning of these new words and help students to master the correct pronunciation. Because of a shyness which seemed to possess most of them - in their dealings with me at any rate - I found it difficult to get them to ask questions aloud in front of their classmates so I had to move around and give as much help to them individually as I could. The classes were small, but even with this advantage I was never able to give as much help to each one as I would have liked.

After my first night's work I stopped off at the Red Lion to have a beer to celebrate my new status. Suzy was there so I told her all about my job and showed her the books that I was to teach from. She'd learned to speak English quite well through conversation incidental to the pursuit of her profession and had somehow learned to read it to a degree by remembering how a word looked. Sometimes her memory failed her, and she'd substitute a word that had no similarity in meaning or sound to the one on the page.

I happened to be teaching during the time of the US 1960 Presidential elections, and Kwan had the final results duplicated and distributed to all classes with the idea of getting the teachers to explain something about what was happening in the US and about elections generally. I don't know how the other teachers fared, but my effort was something of a fiasco. The job of explaining the idea of elected representatives who make the laws that govern us was kind of hard to get across through a language barrier to people who have no hand at all in the selection of their lawmakers. Hong Kong is a Crown Colony. Its laws are made in England and the people of the Colony live by them, for the most part, quite happily. There is a group - completely non-Chinese as far as I could see - called the Constitutional Society or some such thing who have been agitating for some time for some form of self-government. The impression I got from all their manifestos and utterances in the press was of a group of prestige-seeking layabouts who, if they had their



way would make sure that in any election they would be the elected people but would be incapable of solving any of Hong Kong's problems and would only louse up what is a terrifically practical and efficiently-working controlling organization. I'm sure that very few of the three million or so Chinese who are the real population of the place are interested in disturbing a system which maintains order so well and yet lets people get on with the job of living with a minimum of interference.

It was about a week after I started this job that I met Flora. She had just joined the staff and Mr. Kwan introduced her to the teachers assembled in the staff-room during recess.

"This is Miss Chang - Mr. Barrett."

I was very impressed by what I saw, and after classes had finished for the night and I was leaving the building I came upon her in one of the corridors trying to find her way out of the place - the front door had been locked early for some reason. I gallantly said "just through here" and we were out of the school and walking together. I still like to think that her uncertainty as to the correct exit was a ruse to engage me in conversation.

She lived in North Point which was towards the other end of the island through the city, and we walked as far as the Star Ferry terminal together, which would be about a third of the distance. We passed shops closing for the night and the open air market on the waterfront where the stalls are blankets spread upon the ground and illumination is supplied by pressure kerosine lamps and everything is sold at extra special prices.

"It is not wise to buy anything there", said Flora, "these things are not very good quality."

The air was warm and soft and still and perfect for walking through. We walked along Connaught Rd. on the waterfront and she told me some of her story. She had been given her English name, "Flora was the queen of the flowers", at a missionary school, "near Pekin". At the age of twelve she had left China after the





Communists had taken over completely and had come to Hong Kong. She lived alone and her only relatives were some distant kin in the New Territories. She was a teacher by profession and taught every day 8.30 am 'til 1.30 pm at the Yan Pak School in North Point. (In the afternoon the school building was taken over by a different staff and operated under the name of the Busy Bee's school.) She did other teaching stints as well, including private tuition in order to bring herself more bread. Writing about Flora in any really objective way is very difficult for me. She meant so much to me then and in some ways she still affects me. Thinking about her keys in the sights and the sounds and the smells of Hong Kong and sometimes I can almost feel her touch and hear the sound of her voice.

In spite of the sympathy and closeness of our relationship, the difference in our backgrounds, attitudes, beliefs and convictions sometimes made it impossible for her to understand what I meant about some matter, and I'd go over and over the same point and around and around it and succeed only in tying myself into a frustrated knot. I think sometimes that these frustrations caused by a failure to communicate are still with me - the things unsaid or not made clear, the actions not carried out, the feelings not expressed.

Along with the genuine affection we held for each other there were also selfish motives for the continuance of our relationship; I needed a girl there more than anywhere anytime else. Sometimes just being in Hong Kong was enough and the wonder of the place would take hold of me and I'd just dig every minute of it, but there'd be other times and.....

Because I needed some one so much I was weak in my attitude towards Flora; I felt I couldn't afford to do anything that might drive her away from me. The times she lied to me and I knew she was lying I made no remark. If we had a disagreement it was I who made the reconciliatory phone call. Later on in time and space I was able to think about my actions of then and through reasoning determine the way that I should have behaved, but it somehow seems with me that the logic and principles that I should have had to lean on in a situation are only formulated after the need for them has passed. I may never encounter a similar situation. I never, though, ever told Flora that I loved her, and though I don't know why, this one thing at the time seemed very important to me.

Flora was educated and intelligent and yet she let her life be ordered by what I considered to be ridiculous and hypocritical moral and social conventions. A fact that I was never fully to come to terms with then was that it was her world and



she had to live the rest of her life subject to its rules and conventions, ridiculous or not. I could change my world by just hopping on a 'plane or ship and just going, but she had no such freedom of choice; for her there was only Hong Kong. The immigration quotas of most countries seem to preclude Chinese and so about the only way a Chinese person can get to live in one of the Western countries is by marrying a citizen of that country. I'm sure that Flora's interest in me was, to some extent, coloured by this possibility. Given the necessary money she could travel to other places - but only as a visitor; she would always have to return. A lot of the people I talked with seemed to live with this awareness of the shadow of Red China and the fear that one day the Communist Government will decide that Hong Kong's usefulness is not enough to justify the existence on its border of an imperialist power, and then that will be the end of the way of life that over a million people have fled to.

From the Tiger Balm gardens you could see the hillside settlements where in shacks made of tarred paper and boxwood lived thousands of refugees from across the border. "How could living under the Communist Government be worse than that?" I asked Kwan Lok Yo. "Here they are with their families," he replied. "In China they would be separated and forced to live in communes."

There would be other reasons too - particularly for those without family ties to consider - but the dominant one always seemed to be the need for survival as a family unit. Each individual has his own personal struggle for life, but immortality exists for the family as a unit.

It was my birthday, and Flora had given me a present of a self-timing device for my camera. We ate a meal together at "The Kayser", a 'Russian' restaurant in Kowloon, and then went on to school together. During the recess between periods Kwan said to me, "Can you stay back for a while tonight? I want to talk to you about some of the work."

Without thinking too much about the request I said I could, but on my way back to the classroom Flora came over to me and asked, "Has Mr. Kwan spoken to you about anything, tonight?"

"He's asked me to stay back for a little while this evening. He said he wants to discuss something about the work with me."

"He is going to talk about me," said Flora, "I have been asked to leave."

"But why?"



"A man who used to be a friend of mine was here this afternoon. He is jealous of anyone I become friendly with. He told Kwan a lot of lies about me and I have been told I must leave."

It was as she said. After the last class Kwan and I sat together side by side in the front desk of one of the empty classrooms. "I have asked Miss Chang to leave," he said. "Has she said anything to you about it?"


"She told me at recess. She'd mentioned nothing about it before."

"This afternoon" said Mr. Kwan "a man called on me and he was very angry and he threatened me. He said he knew that Miss Chang was going out with some man from this school and he thought it was me. He threatened to throw acid in my face unless I stopped seeing her. I told him to get out or I would call the police and have him arrested. Has Flora ever spoken to you about him?"

"She once mentioned something about a man who was bothering her a bit. She didn't want to have anything to do with him, though. I guess it's the same person."

"I can not afford to have any trouble like this at the school," Kwan said. "I am trying to build it up. If the pupils were to go home and tell their parents that there had been some trouble here they would not be allowed to come back. All our pupils or their parents pay for their tuition. We cannot afford to offend any of them. This man said that Flora had been his mistress. Do you think this is true?"

"No, I think he is lying." I meant it too. At this stage of our relationship I believed everything Flora told me about herself even though I was sometimes aware of a few little inconsistencies in the things she said. Whatever she told me I would accept without being interested in probing too deeply.



In my memory as though from a point several feet above and behind, I can see Kwan and I seated at that desk talking in earnest quiet voices with the lesson of an hour ago still on the blackboard. A breeze blows through the open windows the occasional and muffled sound of a tram passing along De Voux Rd.

Kwan asked me if I was going to marry Flora, and I told him I wasn't and hadn't



even considered it.

"Do men in your country go out with many women before they marry?" he asked.

When I told him it was quite usual he paused for a few moments before speaking again as though what I had told him required much careful thought and then he said, "Here it is very different. It is important for a Chinese man that the woman he marries should be a virgin. If a girl is not a virgin it is very hard for her to get a husband. She is not wanted."

We compared the different attitudes of our two societies to such things as sexual freedom, and we each expressed amazement over the social code of the other. But Hong Kong is not Old China, and reality and social desirability in the matter of morals are not necessarily the same thing. These moral codes exist, however, and must not be flouted in any obvious fashion. The Chinese seem to be born with an innate and natural tendency to a sophisticated doublethink which somehow helps them to survive. In ordinary day to day commerce I didn't encounter this, but on those occasions that I did the mental gymnastics of it left me a little dizzy. I asked Flora once why a girl friend of hers that she talked about didn't have a boy friend.

"She is afraid of becoming pregnant" said Flora.

Kwan and I talked for about an hour and then left the now-deserted building. It was later than I'd ever travelled along that part of town before, and most of the day's activities had ceased. I was in a rather subdued and un-birthday mood now. I thought about the things Kwan and I had spoken of and about Flora and myself. Even the sight of my two favourite homeward trip views - an alley that enters De Voux Rd at just the right angle and an "hotel" with the permanent female residents standing around outside the front door - seen from the vantage point of the first-class deck of the tram I rode did nothing to break my detached introspective mood.

Across the harbour and back in my hotel room with a bottle of San Miguel I'd bought in the lobby I stared at my birthday present from Flora, and the card that came with it: "Happy Birthday Dear Mervyn."

MERVYN BARRETT

November 1964.



# AUSTRALIAN

## FAN

### HISTORY

#### PART 6

#### HARDING MEMS. PT.2.

## I STILL REMEMBER AFPA!

Bill Veney arrived in Queensland late in 1952 and wasted no time in contacting the local fans and 'organizing' them into a loose body of monthly meeters. A few names to remember: local journalist Frank Bryning, author of several 'space' stories in local slicks and soon to cover himself with glory by submitting a steady string of acceptances to FANTASTIC UNIVERSE and, later, NEW WORLDS; John Gregor, the Tases.... After a few months had gone by Bill launched his fanzine UGH!, a quarto-sized effort averaging four to six pages and issued at intervals of approx. two months. The general tone was parodistic, and Bill's warmly ingratiating style contrastly stringly with the sercon bibliophiles of Sydney, and it was obvious from the beginning that his intention was to 'have-at' his old rivals in a most modest and amusing fashion. UGH! continued as a thorn in the side of Stone and company for some time. Material was generally slanted towards fan politics and mostly written by Veney. A little later on Harry Brook was roped in as 'assistant' editor, and together they forged a strong alliance and formed a bulwark against the FSS dictatorship.

While we wrestled with the problems of the first issue of PERHAPS, Graham Stone in Sydney was already setting up SCIENCE FICTION NEWS, his entry into the you-too-can-publish-like-SFTIMES-stakes. It would be a four-paged lithographed newsheet along the lines of the Taurasi 'zine of that time, and would tentatively be distributed through the ASFS mailings and later on through the personal efforts of Mr. Stone himself.

But perhaps you are more interested in the contents of OUR first issue? Well, it looked roughly like this: a scraper-board cover by Dick Jenssen (already deposited with the lithographers). It was originally intended to illustrate a serial by Dick that somehow never got beyond the planning stage - we overcame that slip by labelling the cover as illustrating 'First Contact' and left it at that. I had to hand the articles by Rog Dard and Ken Slater which both came out as autobiographies of a sort, Bill Veney contributed an article on the early Australian SF writers (THE FORERUNNERS), and Bob Silverberg in New York had been kind enough to send an air-letter with all sorts of portentous things about the coming 'world-fandom' typed thereon, and the indefatigable Jenssen had written what I thought was an impressive short story - but there was still a lot of space to fill up.



It was about this time that Bert Campbell began running fanzine reviews in AUTHENTIC, and I was emboldened enough to write him a begging letter in the hope that he would turn around and write a little something for our first issue (nothing like having a PRO name on the masthead!). Sure enough, two weeks later came a letter from Bert, and the first installment of what was to be a regular column for our fanzine. This made us all rather drunk with power so, the line-up completed, I began stencilling.

I had just received a copy of Silverberg's SPACESHIP duplicated on a nice, shiny, semi-slick paper, and I was so impressed with this radical departure from the customary American blotting paper stock that I scoured around paper houses until I found something similar. It cost more than twice as much as the regular Roneo paper, but the way I figured it would be the least of our expenses. There was only one catch: our duplicator ink was somehow incompatible with this particular paper. DISASTER!! I have seen copies of that first issue of PEHAPS with the ink on those pages still wet THREE YEARS after publication.

And we were stuck with 4 reams of the damned stuff. Couldn't bring ourselves to just throw it away - so we slip-sheeted as best we could, but all to no avail. That goddamn ink just wouldn't dry!

First mistake - but there were many more to follow. As the pages were reeled off our expectations sank lower and lower. Was THIS to be the much-touted International Magazine of Science Fiction and Fantasy? But the worst was yet to come: our regular paper was a good quarter of an inch SMALLER than the slick stock - ah, how well we learned to stick to ONE brand of paper and no other. Nobody seems to agree on a standard quarto size over here - do you fellas in the States have the same trouble?

With only a few pages to go, the Rex-Rotary finally gave up the unequal battle and collapsed into sullen ruin. And it refused to badge. Crestfallen, we packed up our stuff and slunk out of McGill's and left the busted machine behind us to be fixed at The Firm's expense.

After a hurried consultation we decided to ask Bob McCubbin for a helping hand. We knew that Bob had an old flat-bed duplicator which he used to run off the occasional MSFG 'newsletter', and we rang him up and said that we were wondering.....?

So one night I took over a couple of reams of paper, some stencils, and Dick Jenssen to Bob's place in Hawthorn, and there we stood and watched Bob wield that mighty roller for a couple of hours.



With somewhat limited success. For one thing, we discovered that a flat-bed delivers roughly fifty to sixty copies before the stencil starts to crease and go to pieces - and we had been running off an optimistic hundred and twenty copies of PERHAPS. Still, we had to be thankful for small things.

A few weeks later and the Rex-Rotary had concluded its convalescence. I re-typed the butchered stencils and we ran off the remainder of the first issue ... and then sat about waiting for the covers.

And what of the finished product? Frankly, it looked awful. Years later, and many, many, MANY fanzines later, I was inclined to think more kindly of that first disastrous issue (after all, there is EMANATION to compare....). But at the time I was dismally disappointed. Nothing had turned out the way I'd hoped - and the blame was on me and my ignorance of the stencilling process. I suppose I was wallowing in the traditional first-issue blues. After I had done what little I could to hand trim the pages into a semblance of unity, I mailed out copies with a heavy heart. I sent a few dozen copies to Dave Cohen in Sydney to hand out to the locals. Nominal charge was 1/- a copy with the proviso of 'no-charge' if the buyer felt it was unwarranted. A few of the more tolerant fans tossed in a bob, but most opted out. I also sent a bundle to my Stateside contact, a young man named Charles Anderson of Phoenix, Arizona, and apart from commenting in a rather embarrassed manner that 'the locals aren't much interested in foreign fanzines', I heard nothing further, and, under the dismal circumstances, was rather pleased that I didn't. I figured that it was better to let the first PERHAPS die a quiet death and concentrate on a better and less messy PERHAPS 2.

But I had other plans as well. As was the custom in those dry Australian years, I devoted some space in PERHAPS 1 to 'news' from overseas. Under the heading ETHER-LINE I printed what little gossip was to hand at 'press-time', knowing full well that this would be well out of date by the time the issue appeared. Anyway, I had talked this over with Mervyn and Dick, and we had decided to go ahead with a sort of Victorian Newsletter to compete with the Sydney 'fanzines', and we had hopes of issuing it on a firm fortnightly schedule.

And, just prior to finishing off PERHAPS 1, in a moment of tension, another ball started rolling. That was when I received a frantic phonecall from Dick informing me that Race Mathews had decided to go all-out with his own project and would have it lithoed in the microscopic FANSCIENT size and all sorts of great and incredible things. I was momentarily stricken. To be overtaken at this stage of the game.....



I had to do some quick thinking.

"Dick" I said "we've got to combine."

By joining forces with the rival I might well manage to secure some of the promised thunder, so the following evening we both went over to Race's home and placed our proposition.

Rather surprisingly, Race thought that the idea was a good one, and agreed in principle to our plans, namely, a pooling of cash and material for PERHAPS and his own BACCHANALIA (nee XANADU), the whole to be lumped under the general name of Amateur Fantasy Publications of Australia. I just had time to find space at the end of Bob Silverberg's page to type in that 'THIS IS A PUBLICATION OF THE AMATEUR FANTASY PUBLICATIONS OF AUSTRALIA, WITH WHICH IS AFFILIATED BACCHANALIA, THE FANTASY FANZINE', and was able to sit back and relax again. In the meantime Race made impressive growling noises and continued preparing HIS first issue. At the same time I was determined to have a photo-lithed PERHAPS 2. The question was: HOW?

A thirty-page octavo fanzine would cost in the vicinity of £60-80.

Where on earth would we get money like that?

BUT we had promised Race support for his first venture, alternating with PERHAPS. Oh, we were wild and impassioned in those days, my friends, our heads in the clouds, and most unrealistic.

Gradually the letters of comment brundled in on the wake of PERHAPS 1. Surprisingly, they were for the most part generous and affirmative. The Sydney fans were staunch in their 'no official comment', although it wasn't difficult to ascertain that the general reaction was that our product was 'juvenile and childish' in the extreme. Rog Dard was most conciliatory, and Don Tuck, in Tasmania, enthusiastic. I guess most of them figured, "well, what the hell, it IS a first issue and it IS a radical departure from the usual Aussie fanmag, so...."

Better to give us the benefit of the doubt. I don't mind admitting that it helped ... a little. I still regret that our brainchild had aborted, but I was thankful that a few people thought that the effort was worthwhile.

And about this time the first issue of Stone's SCIENCE FICTION NEWS appeared. We were impressed, but doubted his ability to keep such an expensive product going. The layout was faultless and the



photographs well taken and distributed. In all, a remarkable if predictable Australian fanzine.

Editor Stone found space to say some clever and very tasteless things about PERHAPS and, indeed, began what was to be a personal vendetta against those childish and immature Melbourne fans who dared publish fanzines in violation of the Approved Manner.

I never, at any time during my tenure in fandom, exchanged a letter with Graham or felt inclined to. I thought that most of his vitriolic reviews were tasteless and prompted more by a fear of healthy and successful competition, rather than by the genuine pursuit of good journalism. And I suppose that I was marked from the very beginning by my association with Dard and Cohen, but.... I managed to keep myself out of the fan politics for as long as I published, for I could see little sense in this tea-cup wrangling and city jealousies.

Because Race seemed to be undergoing an unduly long period of gestation over BACCHANALIA, it was decided that PERHAPS2 could have first crack at the photo-lith business. Most of the material was already in: an excellent eye-witness account of an army A-Bomb test supplied by Hal Shapiro, via Rog Dard, an article by Dard on censorship and itself an extension of his piece in PERHAPS 1, some poems from Orma McCormick, contributed again by Dard, the second of Bert Campbell's columns, and a story or two by Dick Jenssen, depending on the amount of space available.

On one thing we were determined, that the layout and artwork in this issue would be genuinely presentable and unmarred by the inexperienced styl1 wielding of the first issue. We already had a fine scraperboard cover by David Rose, a compatriot of Jenssen's and, in this case only, NOT a pseudonym of the redoubtable Bem, and a general layout in readiness. We had all of us chosen to forget the fiasco of the previous issue and go all out for a redemption. There was also the matter of the 'newsletter', for which I was already collating material with hopes of an early issue. It would be semi-foolscap in size, and average eight to twelve pages per issue and sell to the local fans for sixpence.



But as for the problem of finance..

It worked out something like this: if each of us contributed £10



£10 towards the costs then we would easily manage the £60 necessary to produce a thirty-page issue of PERHAPS 2. This was agreed upon by Dick, Mervyn, Race and myself. Informing Rog Dard of our plans was but the work of a moment, and I was astonished to receive a tenner in the next mail as Rog's contribution towards the costs. Somewhat taken aback, I realised that it was about time for an 'official' recognition of Rog's material assistance towards the publication of PERHAPS - after all, he HAD supplied most of the material for the first two issues, and I felt that our acceptance of his generous financial support made him a full member of AFPA. And so it did, and for some time thereafter Rog remained a remote and silent partner to all of the hectic ups and downs of the AFPA organization.

He also sent me something else: the address of the newest Melbourne member of Operation Fantast, one Ian J. Crozier, of 6 Bramerton Road, Caulfield.

- Lee Harding

(to be continued)

What giant menace is it that overshadows AFPA? Will our hero remain alive long enough to write the next episode? Stay tuned, friends, stay tuned.

\*\*\*\*\*

jf

In times past, many fan organizations have been much boosted by individuals. I tend immediately to think of such as the ISFCC (by Greg Benford) and the NFFF (by non-neffers in general). Perhaps I may assist in this worthy cause with a few words about the Australian Science Fiction Association.

What, you may say, striking yourself heavily upon the left breast, do (expletive) Australians want with an (expletive) Science Fiction Association? I must confess that I was similarly staggered myself. But fortunately it was all explained for me in a small pamphlet which I received in a relatively insidious fashion some weeks ago.

"It is needed to bring together scattered groups and individuals into a single community". This is just what is needed. It is well known that fans as far apart as Sydney and Melbourne (600 miles) have absolutely no contact with each other.



"It is needed to provide a definite voice for Australian scientifictionists abroad". A most pressing need, as it is well known that Australian are most reticent in their dealings with overseas fans. /fans

"It can give us a chance to ... have an organization of adequate strength". Well, surely this must be so. If we are going to have an organization with all these important things to do then it had better be strong. I believe 100% in this need.

"Science fiction needs public relations; propaganda for the movement and defence against attacks." Hell yes, this is vital. Just this week someone tried to blow up the FSS and planted a bomb in the Communist Party HQ instead. I mean, if people are ever going to accept the idea of men travelling in rockets, or maybe even going to the moon, then we scientifictionists are going to have to propagandize like crazy, which is probably what they'll call us. But we know we're right.

"More practically, there is a need for a center for information and ideas to bring SF readers closer". (emphasis on barbarism mine). Once again this is essential. Ideally, of course, there should be some kind of letter column in one of the professional magazines, but until this is obtained some sort of centre is certainly needed. As the writer (Mr. G. Stone) further explains, "there is still no bibliography of the field", and maybe this centre could do something about it.

I was most deeply moved by this stirring missive, and straightway went to the secretary of the largest fangroup in Australia, the Melbourne SF Group.

"What do you think of this fabulous new plan of G. Stone's?" I said. "Huh?" he said. Apparently Mr. Stone didn't think it was worth approaching such a scattered group. A couple of weeks later he must have changed his mind, however, for Mr. Binns received the above and a following pamphlet, in which Mr. Stone made a thoroughly Astounding statement: - "Unlike previous organizations in Australia, the ASFA will aim for a not completely passive membership." Wowee!

One might ask why there is no statement from the secretary of the FSS explaining why this upstart organization has been advertised through the OO of an organization it is to supplant. Perhaps the retiring Mr. Dillon is resigned to his fate.

STATUS SEEKERS CHECK HERE!!!

OK..... OK for a bit yet..... You've had it, matey.....  
Contrib please..... Art please..... Letter please.....

X



## QUOTES FOR NOVEMBER

### WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I splashed some colours from a tumbler  
and smeared the drab world with emotion.  
I charted on a dish of jelly  
the jutting cheekbones of the ocean.  
Upon the scales of a tin fish  
I read the calls of lips yet mute.  
And you,  
could you have played a nocturne  
with just a drainpipe for a flute?

### TASTES MAY DIFFER

The horse  
saw the camel  
and laughed herself hoarse.  
"Such  
a tremendous  
freak of a horse!"  
The camel rejoined:  
"You - a horse?  
not nearly!  
You're an underdeveloped camel,  
merely."  
And only God,  
omniscient indeed,  
knew they were mammals  
of different breed

### THE ATTITUDE TO GIRLS

That evening decided -  
Why not be lovers factually?  
It's dark, so we shan't be seen.  
I leaned right over her actually  
and actually,  
as I leaned,  
said to her,  
like a good father:  
"Passion's steep as a precipice -  
please, I beg you,  
stand back farther.  
Farther still,  
I beg you, please."

V.V.MAYAKOVSKY



PRINTED MATTER ONLY

THE GRYPHON

from

John Foyster

P) Box 57

Drouin

Victoria

Australia.

BUY AUSTRALIAN = AND YOU'RE  
SURE TO WANT YOUR MONEY BACK

VOLE 1: SOEKARNO - PLAY IT SAFE

DEAR SIR, I AM AN AUSTRALIAN  
PAINTER AND I

R. Schultze  
19159 Helen  
Detroit 34  
Michigan  
USA.

