

# the gryphon

june 1965

number seventeen

THE GRYPHON is published irregularly by John Foyster, PO Box 57 Drouin, Victoria, Australia. THE GRYPHON is co-edited by Carla Harding and John Foyster. Mervyn Barrett and Lee Harding are Staff Photographers, and believe it or not, they're going into action any moment now. Mike Baldwin is Sydney Spy<sub>1</sub>, but he's not been doing much lately: Roz Hardy is Sydney Spy<sub>2</sub> - I guess it's a bad month for spies. Dick Jenssen continues at large, though by the time the next issue rolls around he may well have returned to the bosom of his (adopted) motherland. R. Coulson has not been boosting much, of late, but continues as Chief Booster. Ian Dixon, John Bangsund and Bob Smith complete the round-up of loyal supporters.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE GRYPHON is available for trade or comment.

Heading by McLelland and Bangsund: illustrations by J. Bangsund, W.K. McLelland and Wm. Rotsler.

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if

My co-editor, Mrs. Harding, will not be doing much co-editing this issue. It's all a matter of attitudes. I can sit down and start typing a fanzine with no material in hand, knowing perfectly well that I can stop when I get to the bottom of the page. It doesn't worry me in the slightest.

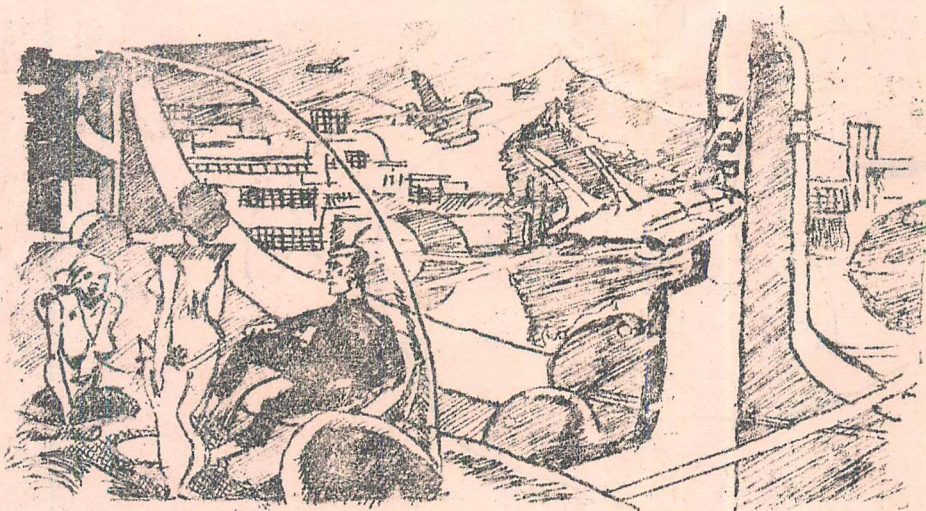


THE PAST UNEARTHED

would be rather a scramble to obtain material for this issue I adopted my customary position and, sprawled out on the floor, began searching through my files of old material. As it happened, all that fell out was the contents of Chris Bennie's fanzine. I can't remember what its title was going to be (perhaps you remember, Bob), but I do know what the contents were to consist of. I wouldn't dare print them now, mainly because I checked with the writers, and they made it plain that my life would not be worth a plugged nickel (or an unplugged one - the distinction is one I have been unable to grasp) if I did so. I certainly would wouldn't have printed my own contribution.

There was an article by Mervyn Barrett on the history of the Wellington Science Fiction Circle. Curiously relevant illos, by Rotsler and someone anonymous, appear on this and the succeeding page.





Bob Smith also had a story - something to do with Brigitte Bardot - which (Only Now Can It Be Told) I was to illustrate. Perhaps you had something to do with this magazine never appearing, Bob.

But all this was a long, long time ago. Four years ago, in fact. Since the Chris Bennie's interest in fandom has waned to the extent that a Sapzine cover he started for me three years ago has not yet been completed. John Baxter has turned pro. Bob Smith has been to Sydney and back. Mervyn Barrett and I - have grown older; gracefully, of course.

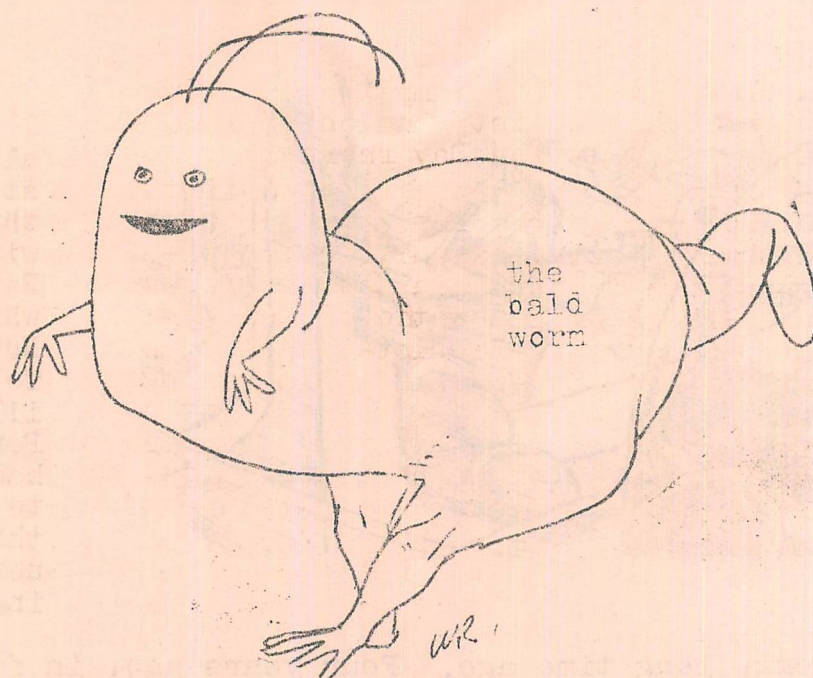
\*\*\*\*\*

## MISTER DIOGENES', FLORIST

A philosopher sells flowers  
At Prince's Bridge Station -  
A man in a grey dustcoat, has  
Face ordinary like the faces  
Of those who hurry through these portals.  
Above him, among the bowers  
And garlands, hangs a declaration  
Which puts us mortals  
Briefly and eternally in our places:  
"Wreaths at shortest notice."

J BANGSUND





The Anti-Social International Party was formed in 1964 as a reaction to the increasingly obviously fascist character of nearly all political parties.

The absolute antithesis of fascism is nothing more than a libertarian limbo and is thus inappropriate to a political organization, which cannot claim to rest just on self-help. Instead the Party has adopted an inversion of National Socialism (the epitome of fascist organizations) and taken an Anti-Social International stand. The Party believes that nationalism and socialism are "the biggest frauds in the world today", and that it is nothing less than realistic to characterise politics, even humanity, as internationally anti-social.

The two main problems besetting all political parties are (i) leadership and (ii) propaganda and expansion. Obviously a strict application of utopian anarchist principles would supply no answer. The Party has adopted the following non-fascist alternatives:

(i) The problem of leadership has been solved by the policy of self-promotion. In most parties promotion is only achieved by self-subjugation: here a member may appoint himself to any voot (from "I vote, I voot, I have vooten") he likes, if it is unoccupied - he may not usurp another's voot, but may invent a new one.

(ii) Membership fees are determined by, and accrue to, recruiting officers. Any member can voot himself a recruiting officer. Membership thus increases geometrically progressively.

The Party is already organised on an international basis, having branches in Britain and on the Continent.



An intensive publicity campaign was begun last July in the city of Sydney with the distribution of 100,000 copies of a pamphlet called "Foundation Day Tharunka", containing an article by Director Baldwin. The article, "God in the Marijuana Patch", has provoked attacks on the Party by Archbishop Gough.

Like all peaceloving organizations, the Party maintains an Army to protect its leaders against the assaults of rival peace groups. The ASIP is even now the object of an international Communist-Arab-Democratic-Zionist-Catholic conspiracy.

Q: What evidence have you of this conspiracy?

A: Lots.

The Party motto of "Libertinism, Insanity and Depravity" is explained more fully in an unpublished manifesto:

"1. No one would admit to being a libertine, and look at the mess the world's in.

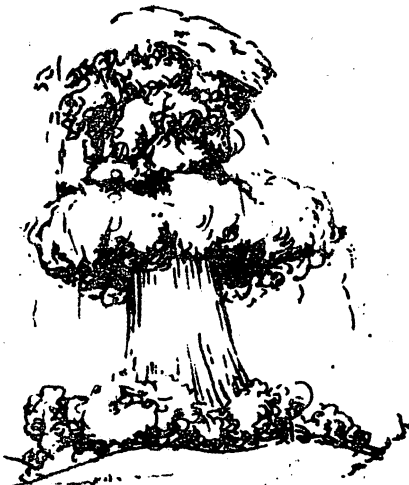
"2. No one would admit to being insane, and look at the mess the world's in.

"3. No one would admit to being depraved, and look at the mess the world's in."

Party principles are seen in action in the Army, which always, when confronted by an enemy, retreats immediately. It claims historical precedent for the success of this strategy.

The White Australia Policy is opposed on the grounds that it is ridiculous: "Australia isn't white now - it's all brown and kind of scungy grey." Director Baldwin denies his stand on this question has any connection with his shareholdings in a firm which plans to start a rickshaw service in Sydney, to meet our chronic rickshaw deficiency.

When it comes to power in 1978, the Party will implement a programme of social reform. All citizens will be compelled to do exactly what they want to do, so long as this does not interfere with anyone else. Those interfering with others will be eaten.





## A MAJOR PLOT REVEALED



It may have occurred to you that there is rather a lot of artwork in the present issue, especially if one reflects on the immediately previous issue. That's because this is an Art Festival issue of The Gryphon. I had never investigated the matter thoroughly before, but it seems that one can get away with very little material if one has sufficient artwork. I guess, though, that the reasons for publishing Art Festival issues of fanzines are two in number: not enough Written Material, and too much Art. This issue of The Gryphon combines these, perhaps uniquely.

Somehow I have managed to have a huge backlog of arty-type stuff. Mervyn Barrett kindly deluged me with material, and Keith McLelland has been sending me a few illos every month, none of which have been used. But I estimate that if I use every available spot in this issue, I should just about be ready to use the things Keith drew for me 6 months ago.

### LETTERS AND THINGS

\*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\*

On this occasion letters and editorial comment may be a little mixed up, so to make things clear all non-Foyster material will be equipped with high-powered asterisks which, leaping from the page with the regularity of SAPS mailings, will warn the reader of the boring material nearby. He may then turn ahead to the next section of wonderful writing by yhos.

doug nicholson speaks at last!!!

\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\*

\* The amount of available dull and uninformed comment on  
\* practically anything considerably exceeds the demand. I don't  
\* see 'zine editors who fill a few pages by making people wrack  
\* their brains for something to say to get a free copy as doing  
\* anyone any service.

\* Actually you seem to be getting some better comment than  
\* this method deserves. The magazine itself I find pleasingly  
\* literate as well as interesting, and such exceptions as  
\* contributions from my good friend Baldwin who can neither read,  
\* write, spell nor punctuate make up in "difference" - that  
\* strange creative process he has in place of thinking - what they  
\* lack in schooling. The freedom, or comparative freedom, from  
\* "fannishness" is particularly welcome.

\*\*\*\*\*

I must disagree with you on the matter of uninformed comment. It seems quite apparent to me, from the success of the mass media, that the demand for uninformed comment is almost infinite and that



despite continual effort the supply has not yet reached this amount. Restricting the problem to those people who can discern that comment may be either informed or uninformed, and who are able to distinguish between these may be pleasant, but hardly realistic. I regard the printing of letters of comment as a social obligation to please the sender, and to display to the outsider the relative ignorance of the correspondent. Letters occasionally provide a springboard for editorial sermonising, as here, which might otherwise be difficult to excuse.

I agree with you whole-heartedly on the matter of M. Baldwin, and also on the matter of "fannishness". Fan cliches are as bad as any others, and the studiedly 'fannish' should be classed with the studiedly hip; as sturdy stomachs, capable of regurgitating anything, without prior reference to the CNS.

John bangsund: in praise of self-praise

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

\* Received Gryphon 16. Enjoyed S'ai Hoo immensely - I wrote  
\* it very quickly and, if I remember correctly, gave it to you  
\* the same day, so I'd forgotten all the little puns in it. It's  
\* a fine feeling to read something like that, chuckle like mad,  
\* then think "hell! - I wrote that!"

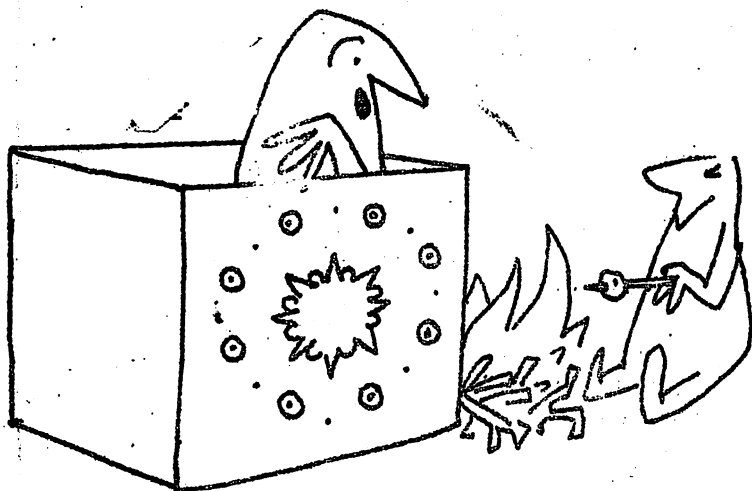
\* Thanks to Peter Singleton's letter I've now worked out the  
\* mystery of "A Sigh'll Hint Naught". (I think) You published  
\* it because you and Lee thought it was about Carla and Erik-to-  
\* be. Right? When I wrote it, I had no such thing in mind: it  
\* was simply a lengthy pun on "Silent Night", written down in a  
\* few idle moments. Now sir, we know what really happened!

\*\*\*\*\*

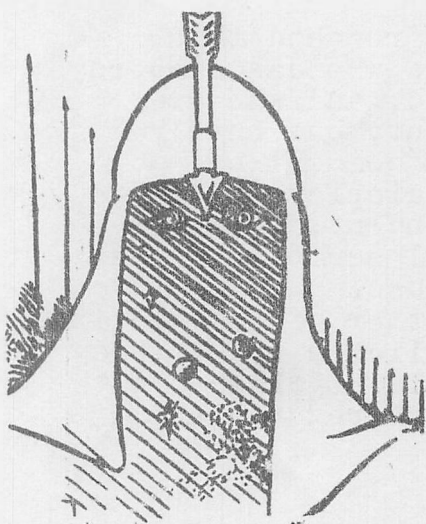
\* John Baxter was  
\* directing my sub-  
\* conscious by long-  
\* distance telepathy!  
\* (If he is unaware of  
\* having done this, I  
\* can only assume that  
\* Erik was directing  
\* John's subconscious by  
\* pre-natal long-distance  
\* telepathy.....)

\* I think my use of  
\* the contraction "ll"  
\* can be defended, but  
\* I'll not quarrel with  
\* Mr. Singleton, since  
\* he's written such a  
\* nice letter to Lee  
\* about my efforts in  
\* Canto one.\*

\* I liked Mervyn







\* Barrett's article, "Bird Emits"\*\*, very  
 \* much - though I admit to almost total  
 \* ignorance of the techniques and person-  
 \* alities of jazz. (I'm not agin jazz,  
 \* you understand: I have some Charlie  
 \* Parker, Chico Hamilton, Gerry Mulligan  
 \* and Benny Goodman on tape.\*\*\*).

\* Ron Clarke liked that "Australian  
 \* Fairy-tale". I didn't. But I'm not  
 \* wrapped in "King's Cross Whisper",  
 \* either. Sir, as I getting old? - or  
 \* have I read too much PRIVATE EYE and  
 \* VILLAGE VOICE to appreciate our local  
 \* puny inept satire?

\*\*\*\*\*

\* A little known Australian flyer,  
 containing six pages of worthwhile  
 material surrounded by thirty-odd pages  
 of filler.

\*\*Bird Emits! Bird Emits, indeed! I'll have you know, sirrah,  
 that the title was, plainly, BIRD'S TIME.

\*\*\*An interesting combo.

John Baxter and John Bangsund both ask me to make it clear,  
 though not in a joint letter, that they are very different persons,  
 especially to you, Alan Dodd. I admit that if I were asked to  
 indicate a few ways in which they could easily be distinguished  
 I would have to ask for further time, and maybe, would you mind  
 repeating the question? I thought of dedicating this issue to  
 JMB, but let's not get too obscure!

Don't try to kid about on the matter of Erik Harding. We  
 know all about that, if not altogether too much.

I didn't like An Australian Fairytale, either, but showed  
 fantastic editorial judgement by printing it. I don't intend  
 repeating the experiment. I think you are getting old, but I am  
 not at all sure that it is anything to do with reading PRIVATE  
 EYE or the VILLAGE VOICE.

ron clarke, in red and black, confusedly, editor of the mentor  
 \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*

\* THE GRYPHON No. 16 ... nice cover but the name is lost on  
 \* me since I'm not a jazz fan. I don't know why you give those  
 \* quotes from the FSS circular unless you want the world to know  
 \* what is going on in Aussie Fandon. Concerning Mr. Futurian:  
 \* either he is a new member or he can't read. If he reads this  
 \* I suggest he digs up FSS circular no. 30. He will find that  
 \* Kevin Dillon is the FSS Secretary. There just ain't no  
 \* President, mate. I think he'll find that there are no Associate  
 \* "members any more: the heading on the no. 30 circular calls them  
 \* all "enbers. From what I can make out the qualifications for a



\* a full member are that you agree to take an active part in the  
\* FSS, you pay higher fees and then somehow you get voted in, I  
\* I think.

\* The article about Charles Christopher Parker (quoting you)  
\* is interesting, even to me. The story was pretty good too, though  
\* though some of the meanings were lost on me. I find that the  
\* letters are always something, if only to give us Southerners an  
\* idea of the Northern mentality. Vague, isn't it. I agree with  
\* Harry Warner Jr., in most of his points, though I don't see  
\* why he is so confused about who does what. To me, at least, it  
\* it's clear as rose-coloured glasses. I wonder what those  
\* overseas will think of Kevin's letter?

\*\*\*\*\*

John baxter on the fss

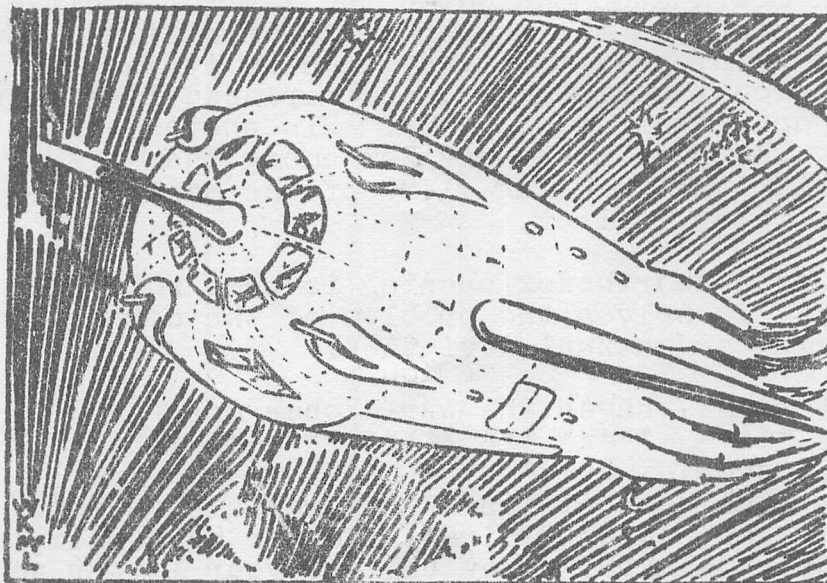
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\* I don't know that anything can be said about the extracts  
\* from Stone's fanzine more amusing than the extracts themselves.  
\* By the way, insofar as the only fanzines Godden is likely to  
\* have seen are mine and yours, I gather that we are the  
\* narcissists that are being put down in his remark. Ah! Fame!

\* Your attack on Stone was one of the nicest pieces of  
\* assassination I've read. Don't I recall you saying that you  
\* had no interest in what Stone did or how he ran the FSS? Or  
\* was that somebody else named Foyster?

\*\*\*\*\*

That was me, all right, but you know what they say about a



boyd raeburn laughs at australian fandom

A simple line drawing of a person wearing a shirt and trousers. To the left of the figure is a vertical column of asterisks. The drawing is minimalist, using only black outlines on a white background.

\*\*\*\*\*

john bangsund: the prodigal letter

Heigh-ho there, John. Suck air and grab clusters!  
cerning GRYPHON 15: apart from the usual few unavoidable  
typos, production is excellent, even if my copy is lacking one  
page. I think Lee has communicated the zestful excitement of  
his rash involvement in the making of the two films. He has  
also destroyed painlessly the myth (or such it was in my mind)  
of his "professional assignment", and replaced it with a much  
more credible and interesting story. His photos, in the main,  
are terrific. The real bobby-dazzler among them - and I'm  
inclined to think the crowning glory of the magazine - is the  
cover photo of Peter Ustinov.

dick jenssen, at large, saves the world once more

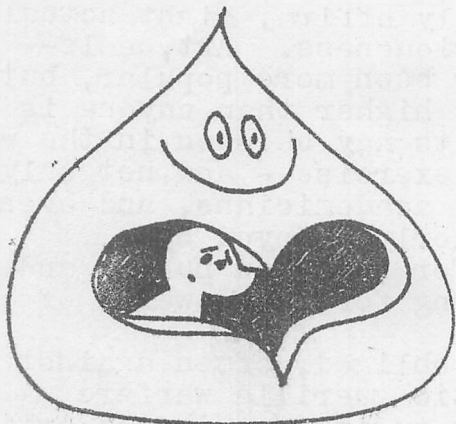
\* Dear Mr. Jenssen.

- 10 -



\* date. The Australian postal department has asked us to express  
\* their regrets at the delay.

Sincerely your,  
John F. Whitmore,  
Postmaster



The excuse offered is pretty, pretty thin - like 'entrapped in another article and thus overlooked'. Like hell. It seems far more likely that the Australian postal authorities steamed open your missive, micro-filmed it, and then sent it off again. Our dossiers grow by a few more megainches.

I've just read DEMIAN, and have been very affected by it. Whilst it's not nearly as good as MAGISTER LUDI, and is very much more immature

(which is very condescending of me, but it is) it still is a pretty solid experience. The story itself is rather silly, certainly so from a rational, scientific viewpoint, but then science itself is pretty silly..... The novel throws up so many tangential statements - that is, little opinions, observations, remarks which send one's mind spinning away into trains of thought that Hesse could not have intended (like this letter, for instance) - that I spent days reading the thing,, rather than the hour or two its length would indicate. (160 pp). Why is it a 'good' book? As I say the story is trite, episodic, nothing appears to happen, the characters are so much larger than life (Demian's Mother, for example, is the original Earth-Mother), reality is distorted (Demian and the narrator both carry the mark of Cain, visibly, on their brows.... or the 'glow of the pure spirit' as the mark of Cain (see SIDDHARTHA)) but only in an allegorical sense, and so on and so on..... I thought it was 'good' because it brought back memories I thought I had forgotten ... in fact, which I had forgotten: how I felt at school (the constant panicky fear), how I viewed my contemporaries, etc.... because it so closely paralleled some trains of my thought even if, to be condescending again, it didn't go as far as I would have liked (Magister Ludi for that) ... because it made me think, introspect, extraspect.....

Why don't you print this in GRYPHON?

EXTRACT FROM: THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS, JUNE 17, 1965, page 8,  
HILTON KRAMER'S REVIEW OF The Bride and the Bachelors

\* The number of objects now claiming attention in the name of  
\* art is past calculating, and the size of the public more or less  
\* disposed to glimpse these objects, if not actually to acclaim  
\* them, increases at a velocity rivaling that of the population

\* explosion itself. Yet the suspicion persists that this dizzying  
\* state of affairs, far from certifying the cultural health which  
\* all the yea-saying agencies of government, the foundations, museums,  
\* and other interested institutions gleefully affirm, might actually  
\* reflect a general decline in artistic seriousness. Art, self-  
\* consciously considered as such, has never been more popular, but  
\* the price of this popularity is certainly higher than anyone is  
\* willing to admit. One of its worst results may be seen in the way  
\* a dumb, factitious celebrity has come to exercise - and not only  
\* for the public, but for critics, museums, academicians, and even  
\* many artists - the kind of authority formerly enjoyed by  
\* disinterested artistic accomplishment. For this new public and its  
\* captive artists, fame itself is the driving force and works of art  
\* only its incidental expression.

\* Where the great modern artists were obliged, often against  
\* their will, to carry on a kind of aesthetic guerilla warfare  
\* against the tastes of the public, today's audience-oriented artist  
\* has placed himself in a position where only acts of violence  
\* committed against his own artistic resources can achieve the goal  
\* that has preempted all others: to win not necessarily the approval  
\* but the sustained interest of a public for whom the spectacle of  
\* such deliberate self-abuse has become virtually synonymous with  
\* creative vitality. An art so irredeemably mortgaged to its own  
\* destruction is barred, of course, from trafficking in the kind of  
\* values which in the past have conferred significance, great or  
\* small, on the objective work of art. In place of such values it  
\* substitutes the artist's myth - or, to be precise, his publicity.  
\* This carefully constructed fabric of gossip, ideas, pseudo-ideas,  
\* and tendentious verbiage of every sort, makes its appearance  
\* initially perhaps to "explain" the inner logic of the work of art,  
\* but, being exempt from the destruction wrought upon the work itself,  
\* ends by triumphantly displacing it. The artist's legend, carefully  
\* filtered through the intricate mechanism of commerce and  
\* communications, is what remains most vivid to the public eye. His  
\* works, though still necessary for sustaining the legend (at least  
\* in its early stages), becomes mere occasions for renewing  
\* acquaintance with it.

\* DICK JENSSSEN: YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! Never have I seen this so well  
\* put before. He goes to the top of the class.

\*\*\*\*\*

The distinction between an artist's myth and his publicity is  
well made - consider Salvador Dali.

The early part of this letter will help explain to You, Tom  
Seidman, why Jenssen was unable to contact you. The missing letter  
was the one in which I gave him your address.

Roy Swellfoot's comic-strip in CANTO 1 contained a part of a  
poem by John Bangsund. The whole thing is printed on the page opposite.



## HUNGRY POET'S FRIDAY NIGHT

---

Never the lotus closes, never the wild fowl wake,  
But this feller comes into the fish-shop  
For some chips and a helping of flake.

The thunder rumbles o'er the hills -  
O storied urn! cold ear of death! -  
The sign reads Open At All Hours For Grills  
And flickers, fluorescent, but short of breath.

The pennies clatter inside in the till  
As he leans his bike on the window-will.  
On their slabs lie fillets in morbid display -  
Each fish has its fry-day, as each dog its day...

A blowfly on the counter falls....  
Nick whisks it off with Mother's shawls....  
About the ceiling now it crawls....  
The steam and grime creep up the walls....

Then like a thunderclap he bawls  
De'il Take Your Greasy Greek Fish-Shop!!

And out into the night he hies  
To where a lone unkempt voice cries  
Oh Who Will Buy My Hairy Green Pies...?

John Bangsund

.....

## SCIENCE FICTION GETS A MENTION

I trust regular readers of THE GRYPHON will excuse the intrusion of this material into their normal diet. Dick Jenssen has sent the June 1965 issue of BOOKS which contains a letter of Judith Merrill's. Letter plus Jenssen comment follows.

.....

\* SIR:

\* The readers of your comprehensive story on  
\* science fiction in BOOKS<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> May may be interested  
\* in what I, as a long-time science fiction  
\* anthologist, consider the best SF novels I've  
\* read:

\* MORE THAN HUMAN by Theodore Sturgeon\*  
\* CAT'S CRADLE by Kurt Vonnegut (?)  
\* CHILDHOOD'S END by Arthur C. Clarke. (No.)  
\* A SANCICLE FOR LIEBOWITZ(sic) by Walter  
\* Miller. (yes.)  
\* THE WANDERER and GATHER DARKNESS by Fritz  
\* Leiber.\*  
\* STARMAKER and ODD JOHN by Olaf Stapledon. (yes)  
\* FAHRENHEIT 451 by Ray Bradbury.\*  
\* BEYOND THIS HORIZON and STRANGER IN A STRANGE  
\* LAND by Robert Heinlein.\*\*\*\*\* (etc. 1  
\* THE CHILD BUYER by John Hersey. (?)  
\* BRAVE NEW WORLD by Aldous Huxley. (no.)

\*\*\*\*\* \* = UGH!

\* As usual Miss Merrill is off her rocker! Surely SF is flexible  
\* enough to include MAGISTER LUDI? And how about LIMBO 90, FURY,  
\* LAST AND FIRST MEN, VORAGE TO ARCTURUS (again SF only by theme:  
\* actually a minor metaphysical masterpiece) and Burrough's NOVA  
\* EXPRESS?

\*\*\*\*\*

I must express my disagreement on the matter of MORE THAN HUMAN!

peter singleton in pink and purple and green

\*\*\*\*\*

\* The article in THE GRYPHON 15 isn't one I find easy to comment  
\* on because I'm not exactly familiar with the subject of free-lance  
\* photography in connection with on-location film production  
\* companies. Mind you, I do possess a 35mm still camera but my  
\* shutterbug enthusiasm has been confined to taking colour slides of  
\* carefully posed relations and the monumental buildings back in my  
\* home town of Burnley. In addition to taking delightful shots of  
\* the lads at the cotton mill where I used to work prior to entering  
\* hospital, that is! They donned a collection of dustbin lids in  
\* lieu of more conventional forms of headwear in addition to





\* straddling brooms like aspiring witches and doing an almost infinite  
\* variety of things with bales of cotton and similar esoteric products.  
\* As I warned you, not much to do with the subject of Lee's frankly  
\* fascinating article, but this is as near as I can get to it as far  
\* as personal experiences are concerned.

\* Peter Ustinov is one of my favourite actors and has been ever  
\* since I viewed QUO VADIS? a good few years ago. So I'm pleased  
\* with the subject of the cover photo, quite apart from my admiration  
\* for the technical quality. It isn't so long since I saw Ustinov  
\* because we are treated to a full length film show every Thursday  
\* afternoon and several months ago the management presented us with  
\* a delightful film in which Mr. Ustinov turned into a huge dog for  
\* a major portion of the action. This fate was poetic justice fully  
\* realized because at the start the 'human being' barked at people  
\* like a rabid canine. When he returned to human form towards the  
\* end he was a reformed character analogous to Mr. Scrooge. I haven't  
\* provided you with the title of this movie: I can't remember it.

\* It has been my pleasure to receive a copy of OZ 14 very  
\* recently because this publication pampers my bizarre sense of humour,  
\* I recall with interest your report of the court proceedings. I'm a  
\* regular reader of PRIVATE EYE, a British product bearing a close  
\* similarity to OZ in format and general presentation. Not really  
\* surprising since they both peddle satire. I'm willing to exchange  
\* back issue of PRIVATE EYE for back issues of OZ. I'm also willing  
\* to throw in a 7" 33 rpm record produced by PRIVATE EYE to anyone  
\* willing to exchange. Would you be good enough to convey this urgent

\*\*\*\*\* message within the pages of your august  
\* fanzine? The first OZ reader to contact  
\* me in this respect will be awarded the  
\* record.

\* Lee's article outshines everything I've  
\* read during the past several years in the  
\* fanzine field and this covers a few  
\* thousand publications.

\*\*\*\*\*

There, Harding, raw egoboo slapping  
itself onto your very own eyeballs. PRIVATE  
EYE was on general sale here for a few months  
about two years ago. Then this general  
distribution ceased and we collectors had to  
search. Finally the thing got banned, only  
a few weeks ago. Naturally One firm  
immediately put a large number of copies on  
sale. OZ is really a pretty low-class  
publication (even though I've published  
stuff which was bounced from there) and the  
current issue (19) is very feeble. No doubt  
some eager bod will get him(her)self a  
bargain out of this.

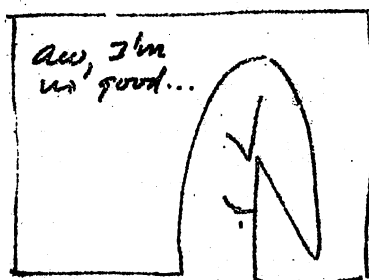


boyd raeburn on band books and other things

\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

\* When I received GRYPHON 15 my heart sank a little. It has  
\* been my experience that very often a fanzine into which a lot of  
\* trouble and expense has gone, and which is beautifully produced, is  
\* quite dull. One imagines the editor eagerly awaiting comments in  
\* response to all his work, but what can one say? One can hardly  
\* write "Got your dull ol' fanzine. Yawn!". On the other hand, if one  
\* ignores it, and too many others do the same, the editor is getting  
\* no comment back at all. All his hard work is going into a silent  
\* void.

\* So I was happy to find that THE GRYPHON 15 was not only  
\* beautiful to look upon, but very interesting to read, and well  
\* worth all the work and money put into it.

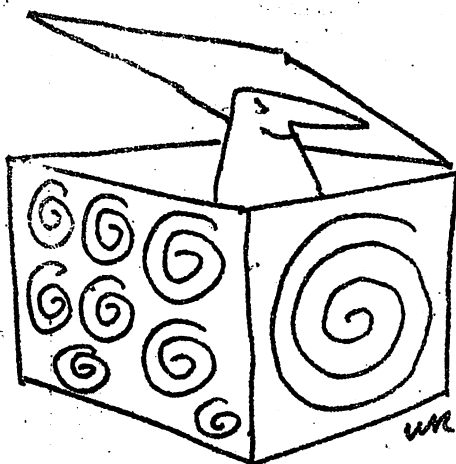


\* A non-fan friend of mine,  
\* a sort of semi-pro photographer was over today. I showed him the  
\* 'zine, and he too found it very interesting. I particularly  
\* enjoyed Lee's material on Ustinov. I've been a Ustinov fan for  
\* quite some time, not so much as an actor but as a conversationalist  
\* and story-teller. (He pops up from time to time on TV shows such  
\* as the Jack Paar show.) A couple of more years ago the CBC ran a  
\* one hour film, made in England, called something like "An after-  
\* dinner conversation with Peter Ustinov" where Ustinov sat around  
\* with a few people, ostensibly 'after dinner' and for an hour told  
\* stories and anecdotes. His accents were marvellous.\*\$\*

\* Recently, when passing a typical "family" bookshop (as  
\* opposed to one catering to 'specialist clientele') and noticing the  
\* copies of Henry Miller's TROPICS, SEXUS and NEXUS, Lawrence Durrell,  
\* CANDY, FANNY HILL, HUNDRED DOLLAR MISUNDERSTANDING, PERFUMED  
\* GARDEN, KAMA SUTRA, etc., I thought how different from the  
\* Australian scene it was, and the censorship troubles so often  
\* described in Australian fanzines. I then thought you might be  
\* interested in the censorship situation in Canada.

\*\$\* I suppose he said something in Canadian: that tickled your fancy.

\* Imports: The customs tariff includes a section prohibition on the  
 \* importation of obscene, pornographic etc. material into Canada.  
 \* This used to be enforced, the Minister in charge of customs, or  
 \* his department, deciding whether or not a publication were obscene.  
 \* However a few years ago they quietly ceased to enforce this  
 \* provision, though it is still on the books. If any customs officer  
 \* should stop a book and send it on to Ottawa for a decision it is  
 \* automatically released with the notation that it is not obscene.  
 \* Thus any book at all may be imported into Canada.



\*\*\*\*\* The mails: A year or so back, a man  
 \* was prosecuted by the post office for  
 \* sending "obscene" materials through  
 \* the mails. The judge ruled that  
 \* "pornography is a legitimate hobby for  
 \* Canadians" and he couldn't see any  
 \* harm in consenting adults sending each  
 \* other pornography through the mails.  
 \* The post office declared it was going  
 \* to appeal the decision, but I heard  
 \* nothing more of it.  
 \* Sales in bookstores: It is illegal  
 \* to sell obscene or pornographic  
 \* publications. (I am speaking loosely  
 \* here, without going into how the law  
 \* defines obscenity) To enforce the  
 \* law, the police have to lay a charge  
 \* against a specific bookseller with  
 \* respect to a specific book. A while

\*\*\*\*\* ago the police laid a charge against  
 \* a branch of a chain of bookstores for selling FANNY HILL. The  
 \* magistrate declared FANNY HILL obscene. The case was appealed,  
 \* and won on appeal by the bookstore. Shortly thereafter, another  
 \* store was charged with selling obscene magazines. The case came  
 \* up before the same magistrate. He said "If FANNY HILL is not  
 \* obscene, nothing is obscene" and dismissed the charge. Currently,  
 \* as far as I'm aware, no book is banned in Canada, although some  
 \* hard-core pornography magazines got it the other day.  
 \* In Ontario we have something called "The Attorney-General's  
 \* Advisory Committee on Obscene Literature". This committee has no  
 \* legal power, it is merely an "advisory" committee. It consists  
 \* of a lawyer, some university types, and so on. It acts mostly as  
 \* something for censorship-minded individuals to complain to about  
 \* publications they think are obscene, and to shut them up. It  
 \* mostly considers that the publications submitted to it are not  
 \* obscene. It acts as advisor to book and magazine distributors  
 \* (who complain that they don't have time to check everything they  
 \* handle) advising from time to time that if they distribute a  
 \* certain magazine they may find the police prosecuting them... I  
 \* guess you have no conception of the type of magazines and pocket-



\* books I'm talking about. There's some pretty unbelievable stuff  
\* published on this continent.

\*\*\*\*\*We have a similar advisory body in Victoria - the police force.  
They advise booksellers that if they sell a particular book they will  
be prosecuted. This saves court-costs and actually having to prove  
that a book is obscene. We think of it as stand-over tactics.  
Either Aussie bookstores are too gutless to stand up for themselves,  
or they can't afford a 'bad name'.

john baxter: mervyn barrett and all that jazz

\*\*\*\* \* \* \* \* \*

\* Barrett's piece on Parker was very interesting, though perhaps  
\* more interesting to the non-jazz fan than to the enthusiast. As far  
\* as the writing goes it is easily of professional standard; above t t  
\* that standard, in fact, if you use as a yardstick the maanderings  
\* of people like Hentoff, who obviously know less than Mervyn does  
\* about Parker, jazz, and almost everything else. The only place  
\* where I might take issue with Mervyn is where he asserts that  
\* "there are few jazz musicians playing today in whom one can't hear  
\* the sound of someone from an earlier generation or school". This  
\* is only half true, I think. Every artist begins as a sort of carbon  
\* copy of his idol. In this way, what Merv says is true. But the  
\* better artists always abandon

\* this influence as soon as they  
\* begin to develop and it soon  
\* becomes impossible to detect  
\* any notable influence. Surely  
\* Miles Davis is a prime example  
\* of this. Except on an  
\* occasional fast echo-of-bop  
\* track like DR JEKYLL on the  
\* MILESTONES set, Davis has  
\* completely abandoned the tone,  
\* approach and attitude of  
\* Gillespie. Monk's left-  
\* handed espousal of Bud Powell's  
\* style has also disappeared, as  
\* has Gil Evans' admiration of  
\* Claude Thornhill. The only way  
\* that one can apply Merv's  
\* assertion is in a very general  
\* sense. No one denies that  
\* Parker, for instance, had a  
\* very far-reaching influence on  
\* the technical aspect of jazz  
\* performance. His purely  
\* mechanical introductions, the  
\* methods he used to invert well-  
\* known tunes, his fragmentation



\* of the melody, his flourishes of sixteenth notes, etc. - all these are  
\* part of jazz now. But his essential character, his tone, approach  
\* and style have disappeared in all but the most derivative of  
\* musicians.

\* Dillon's letter reads like pure Joyce. It almost makes you  
\* wonder about FINNEGAN'S WAKE.

MORE REPRINTS: THE AUSTRALIAN June 26 1965

### STUDENT OWNS UP

A 21-year-old dental student admitted to the police today that he set off an 80 lb. charge of ammonium nitrate which last Wednesday gave Adelaide its biggest mystery explosion for years.

He told the police he put the explosive in a plastic bag, placed it on a tree stump at Skye, a new eastern foothills suburb, and set it off with an electric detonator.

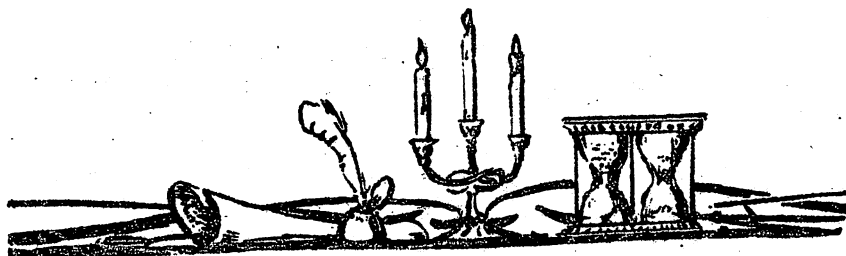
No charges have been laid but a report will be submitted to the deputy chief of the CIB, Inspector M Eaton.

Two of the student's friends last night said that he did not go out with girls, but blew things up instead.

### BITS & PIECES ==== Sydney Spy Reports

\*\*\*\* \* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*\*\* \*\*\*2 \*\*\*\*\*

\* On Sunday night I saw RUGGLES OF RED GAP - the butler film to  
\* end all butler films - with Charles Laughton as the butler. He is  
\* won from the Earl in a poker game by two backwoods Americans (rich  
\* of course) on a world tour, and they finally return with him to  
\* Red Gap. Ruggles is there taken as a guest, Colonel Ruggles, rather  
\* than the brash backwoodsman's valet. The backwoodsman is played by  
\* Charles Ruggles and his wife (socially climbing, but nevertheless a  
\* sympathetic character) by Mary Boland - as you've guessed this film  
\* is 1935 vintage. To you film may not be a great art form, but it  
\* certainly is one of the best entertainment media, as this film  
\* demonstrates. There is a marvellous scene in a sidewalk cafe in  
\* Paris when two American friends meet each other, both on world  
\* trips with their culture absorbent (like blotting paper) wives -



\* there is much yippeeing and other American expressions while Ruggles  
 \* looks on amazed but finally - after many drinks - he utters a quiet  
 \* yippee himself. There is one jarring note in it when Ruggles  
 \* recites the Gettysburg Address, beautifully, as only Charles  
 \* Laughton could, but it is wrong in its placing. Perhaps Laughton  
 \* liked the speech, although the whole film is very pro America - the  
 \* land of the free, etc..  
 \*\*\*\*\*

the barrett chronicles  
 \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\* \*\*\*\*\*

part four  
 \*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*  
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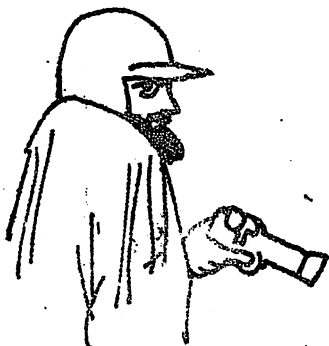
### THREE MILLION CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF A SCENARIO.

Make a picture in your mind of a city. Make it a picture of a large, important, crowded city; a city of European architecture and Asian populace; a city of Western order and Eastern philosophy; a city in which free trade in the world's currencies and consumer goods has brought wealth or power or both to some members of the community and where illegal trade in gold and narcotics has bestowed the same benefits upon others; a city of contrasts - one man sleeping in a doorway and the next in a mansion; a city of people whose urge for survival, now, almost totally excludes long-term planning. If you have allowed your imagination free reign then your picture will be very much like that of what must be one of the most exciting cities in the world - Hong Kong. Now add to your picture a young, average, unremarkable New Zealand male and then observe the effect that this place has upon him. What will he do? Well, if his name is Mervyn Barrett what he will do is go to the movies.

The cinemas in Hong Kong are, for the most part, what we would call 'continuous' in New Zealand. They open their doors at 11 am. and keep going until the last screening which finished at around 11 pm. The programs are rather short, generally about two hours in length, and consist of a short, a trailer or two and then the main feature. Prices run from about 90 cents for the cheapest seats at one of the lesser cinemas to about \$5.00 for a good seat at one of Mr. Shaw's ultra-







swank theatres.

The turnover of films in Hong Kong is really fast. A run of a couple of weeks for an "A" film would be regarded as good business and three or four weeks would be thought an exceptional season. Some of the reasons for this fast turnover: the standard of living of the majority of the population doesn't encourage spending for entertainment, the size of the cinemas coupled with six or so screenings a day, seven days a week, and the language barrier - English comes in a poor third to Cantonese and Mandarin.

To help attract the business of the non-English-speaking Chinese the larger cinemas project subtitles with their movies, either onto the main screen or onto a smaller subsidiary screen placed below the main one. I remember, when watching PORGY AND BESS, noticing the way the punctuation marks (non-Chinese) appeared at the beginning of a line of characters and thinking to myself "That's a good idea - people will know what sort of sentence is coming up before they read it." Then I remembered that I was one of the few people there who read from left to right.

In order to make doubly sure that no one fails to understand what's happening on the screen the theatre management have printed small handbills which contain ads. for forthcoming films and a synopsis of the movie currently screening. They are written in both English and Chinese. Flora told me they are needed because some of the Chinese have difficulty keeping track of the movie and reading the subtitles at the same time. I never did figure out why there is also an English rundown of the plot. Maybe it is considered that the English-speaking people in the audience might have some parallel problem. Not much time or money is spent on the production of these handbills; generally the story line has been abstracted from some press book and is presented with a reasonable degree of accuracy - God and the linotype operator willing. Sometimes, though, these things read as though they'd been written by some Chinese student of English who'd sat through the movie nine times in an effort to get it all sorted out. The results can sometimes be more entertaining than the movie itself. The following is a faithful transcription of the synopsis of MURDER INCORPORATED.

#### "MURDER INC." THE STORY

Two professional killers ABE RELES and THE BUG go to meet LEPKE for they had murdered the owner of Catskill resort in Brooklyn.

RELES summons JOEY COLLIN and tells him that a debt he owes him will be paid if he will bring him to the slated victim.

JOEY reluctantly promises and in the hotel RELES cohorts kill the man with an ice pick.

Joey pretty wife, EADIE a dancer in a night club is disturbed by her husbands irritability. Once when RELES visits their apartments, EADIE orders him out. RELES is questioned by Detective TOBIN but is easily sprung by LASLO.

Later, RELES is ordered by MENDY WEISS to murder the stevedore who troubled ALBERT ANASTASIA, crime lord of the waterfront. RELES then dupes JOEY to desert the body in Bronx.

EADIE sobbingly tells JOEY that she was brutally raped by RELES. Fearful of their lives JOEY refuses to take revenge. EADIE is angry and gets her husband out.

LEPKE ducks out when he spots JOE ROSEN, a formidable witness, is assassinated by MENDY. RELES is approached by ANASTASIA and is told to give himself up to take the heat off the Syndicate. ANASTASIA assures him that he can't get more than two years in prison.

Assistant D.A. BURTON TURKUS and TOBIN round up all the petty hoods in Brownsville. From prison LEPKE orders MENDY to kill all the possible witnesses JOEY, EADIE, RELES, and THE BUG.

To help JOEY EADIE visits TURKUS and tells him all. On EADIE's tip RELES is snared but the other henchmen are killed before they can be caught.

After a danger, JOEY visits RELES and vows he'll make him fry for what he did to EADIE. A fight ensues.

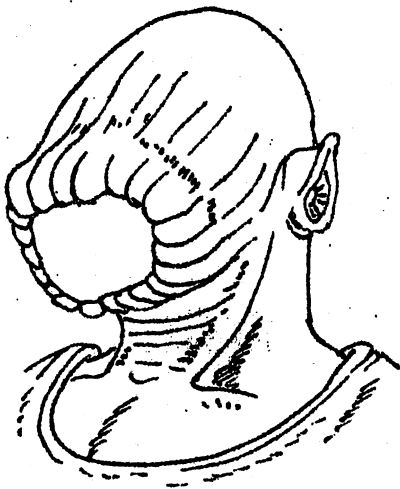
For protection, JOEY moved to Coney Island. EADIE begs JOEY to testify but he refuses. EADIE then leaves the Hotel and as she walks along the boardwalk, she is stalked by a man who wants to strangle her.

When an unidentified man enters RELES' room, RELES found lying dead outside the Hotel. Finally in a court trial, JOEY figures LEPKE, MENDY and LOUIS, sending them to the chair. The TERRORING grip of "MURDER INC." is broken.

The first movie I saw in Hong Kong was THE TIME MACHINE. I was expecting Art Wilson to arrive any day so that we could get the Hong Con under way and I'd picked this as being an ideal Convention movie. Alas, Art never made it and it was a solo excursion I made through the streets of Wanchai looking for the Oriental Theatre. ("That in Fe La Ming street" said my helpful hotel keeper, and sure enough that's where I found it, right where he said, in Fleming St....)

Flora and I went to the movies together quite a lot. She didn't like horror movies or S.F. so we usually settled for comedies when there was one worth seeing. Two of those we saw together were THE CHAPLIN REVUE and LI'L ABNER. (I've a small snob thing going on LI'L ABNER, having seen it in three countries - Hong Kong, the Philippines and Australia.) She dug both of these a lot and I often





think that I was perhaps a bit too concerned about choosing the films we saw together.

We sometimes sat and watched Chinese movies on TV at a little cafe where we'd go for coffee after school in the evenings. She would explain, when necessary, what was happening. The classic Chinese dramas had a percussion instrument for each main character, the heavy usually being introduced by a deep-voiced gong or drum and the comic relief coming on-stage to the sound of some fast bongo-like accompaniment which suggested the sort of scurrying movement he would invariably use. The dialogue was, of course, spoken and sung in Chinese, but the plots were always kind of obvious and not too hard to follow. Not so

with the contemporary Chinese drama I saw. The plots of those were always so complicated as to defy a simple Western attempt to explain them. Comedy, though, was on a rather less sophisticated basis.

Flora knew who all the actors and actresses were and could give interesting little sidelights on their careers. A particular actress invariably took the part of a man or the part of a woman who imitates a man. If it were a period thing then she'd be a warrior or something right from the start, and if it was a modern setting then she'd usually start out wearing a dress but pretty soon the plot line would be adjusted so that it was imperative that she wear male drag. There was even an actor who was an officially-sanctioned drug addict and was allowed to buy supplies of the stuff for himself as a reward for some vague service he'd once performed for the Crown.

We were walking together through an arcade one afternoon not talking about anything in particular when Flora suddenly said, "Look! there goes the Chinese Ava Gardner." Disappearing around a corner was a small, expensively-dressed Chinese girl who to my eyes didn't bear much resemblance to her American namesake but looked just as terrific in her own little way. I saw her next about a week later as she was emerging from a restaurant in Kowloon accompanied by a couple of well-tailored young men. They got involved with a similarly-dressed group just on the way into the same restaurant and there were wide grins and handshakes all round among the men in that rather overdone, hearty, cinema-influenced way that some Chinese have. I stood and watched them for a moment thinking how phony they all looked and pondering on the artificial environment that stardom placed people in -

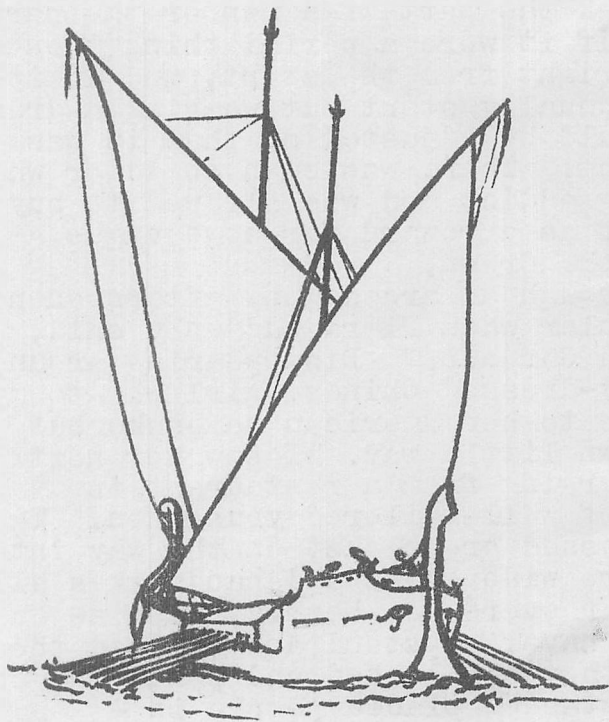


surrounded as they become by phonies and hangers-on looking for glory to reflect. But, as I continued on down Kimberley Rd. I thought further to myself: "I should have their problems".

I came home from school one night to find that a large house opposite my hotel had been co-opted for use as a set on which the Chinese Ava Gardner was acting her little heart out. Lights had been set up to illuminate the scene and the action being filmed had her alighting from a car in the company of a sleek male companion and then, after he'd walked her the few steps to the front door and whispered something obviously caddish in her ear, slapping the lecherous boulder's face and running tearfully into the house. Several takes were needed to get this just right. No sound equipment was used, which was just as well in view of the jeers of the assembled onlookers standing around on the footpaths and perched on fences and lamp-posts. Eventually someone called out the Chinese equivalent of "Print it" and the lights were turned off and packed away and the actors climbed into dark limousines and sped off into the night. I was glad it was all over for the sake of the Chinese Ava Gardner, whom I had come to feel a certain amount of affection and sympathy for; it must have been quite an ordeal for her. A rather melancholy sequel to my few sightings of this girl emerged recently, and

brought me to realise that the Chinese cinema public is probably just as fickle as its Western counterpart. There was a photo, in a special issue of LIFE devoted to the cinema, of Run Run Shaw and one of his brightest new stars: a pretty Asian girl who had become known throughout the Orient as "the Chinese Doris Day".

My only other encounter with the backstage part of film-making was at Repulse Bay one afternoon where I'd gone to swim. A unit of the Yung Hwa Motion Pictures Studio was parked there and was shooting some film. The segments I saw acted out seemed to suggest that the plot concerned a simple-minded, rather oafish, but nevertheless financially-loaded youth who lets himself



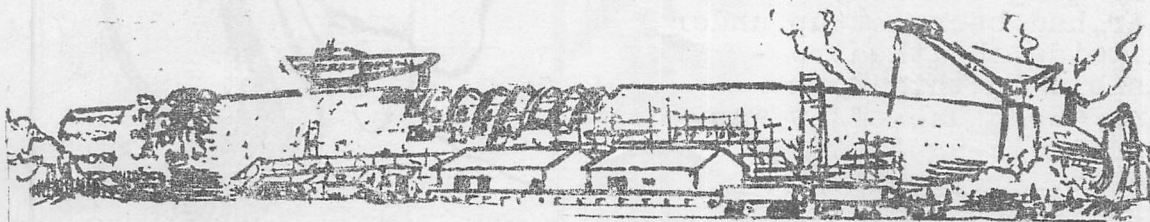
be pushed around by good-looking dames. The sequences filmed showed the arrival in the carpark of a convertible, its imbecile driver and two very well stacked female passengers. The car stops, the driver leaps out and fauningly opens the door for the two girls. They alight and remove the robes they are wearing to cover their bathing costumes and then, after imperiously dumping these outer garments in the arms of this bewildered, gilded youth they head for the water. (Move in for close-up of youth holding the two robes and wearing a dopey 'I've been got at' expression.) This had to be shot several times before the director was satisfied. The action then moved over to the beach. While the two girls disport themselves playfully in the water about two yards from the shore-line the camera follows our non-hero as he staggers down to the beach carrying a beach umbrella, a portable ice-box, rugs, and a couple of dozen other non-essential pieces of the paraphernalia that has become essential for modern beach-going. He is sweating.

The production crew consisted of about ten people. There was a director, his assistant, the cameraman, a few bods manning reflectors, a couple of boys whose duty it was to hold umbrellas to shade the more important members of the company, and an aging, rather shy-looking gentleman who may have been the producer, or even the angel for the drama. He was particularly concerned with the welfare of the female stars, and shaded them with his umbrella and gave them reassuring pats on the shoulder.

I stood around eating icecream and thinking "This could be my big chance to break into movies. Maybe they'll suddenly discover that the script calls for a European male with the thespic ability of a wet doughnut and the physique of Mickey Mouse. Then they'll look around and see me and BINGO!".

On the bus back to Victoria I brooded. When obvious star material goes unnoticed is it any wonder that the cinema industry in is such a mess?

Apart from the movies the only other entertainment that I had to pay for in Hong Kong was a Jazz Concert. This was given by the Hong Kong Jazz Club as their contribution to the Hong Kong Arts Festival. It was held on a Saturday afternoon - the only practicable time for such a gathering because of the job



commitments of the performers - and although the attendance was not all that might have been hoped for because of the powerful counter-attraction of the Macau Grand Prix, this did not stop any of the musicians from playing as for a full hall - they swung. They received no remuneration for their efforts: they played for the sake of playing Jazz to a listening audience. The groups were drawn from the resident musicians of Hong Kong - European, Chinese and Philippino - and from an English Army band stationed there. The musicianship of the performers varied from good to amazing, as in the case of a Chinese clarinet player whose technique was such that he gave the impression that no matter how difficult or fast the passage played, he had all the time in the world to select each note, consider how it was to be played and then play it, just as if it was intended to stand on its own, with nothing to follow. I nearly fell off my chair in admiration.

The venue for this concert was a theatre that had been built on the caseway of the Star Ferry terminal in Victoria as a temporary structure to house the theatrical and musical presentations of the Arts Festival. It was rectangular in shape with the stage set on the middle of one of the longer walls and the seats tiered up on three sides from it. The walls were uprights around which were woven slats of wood. 'Twas a very airy sort of structure and just right for the climate, and the presentations it housed. There were NO SMOKING signs on the wall and the compere drew the attention of the audience to them then said "but if you want to smoke it'll be OK. I've checked with the Fire Dept. Attendant and he thinks it'll be all right as long as you are careful to put out your cigarettes when you're through with them". Taking into account the fact that the place was only about one third full this seemed a very reasonable attitude and in some way peculiarly Hong Kongish.

A bar had been set up under canvas outside the theatre - very sensible on this warm afternoon. Good use of it was made by a middle-aged, bespectacled, grey-suited Chinese gentleman seated near me who would take advantage of the







intervals between sets and dash back to the bar to buy some long, gin-based concoction which he would bring into the theatre with him. He sat there, a fixed grin on his face, grinningly intent on being "with it" and moving only to take another swallow of his drink or to clap wildly and extravagantly at the end of each number. With each set his clapping went further out of control and three-quarters of the way through the concert, after seven groups had played and six long drinks been consumed, he disappeared in the direction of the bar and was never seen again.

It was during this concert that I encountered my first and, so far only, Fortean occurrence. My attention had wandered from the stage to the ceiling of the theatre and while I was just idly staring up at it, at a point about a foot below it there appeared a tiny cluster of sparks and ash which fell to the stage. It was as if a

cigarette had been flicked at the ceiling and bounced off, creating a small shower of sparks. But no cigarette preceded the fall. I looked around the audience and saw several people looking as perplexed as I must have been. Maybe I should have stopped the concert and taken statements from those present, but a chap doesn't like to make a fuss, y'know.

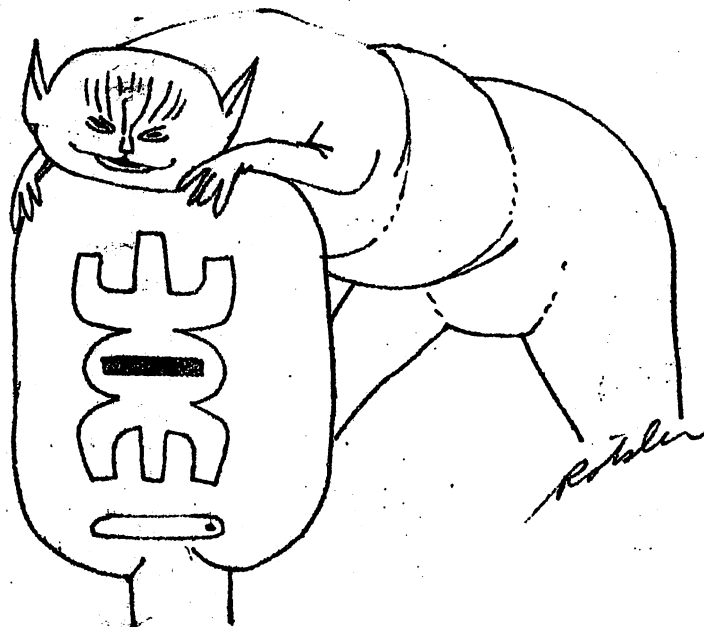
After the concert I had a date with Flora and so I stood waiting for her at the Star Ferry Terminal and looking out across Victoria Harbour. From out of the sun, hanging just above the hills of Kowloon, ten or twelve dots emerged and rapidly became a flight of helicopters. They passed low overhead looking magnificent and wondrous. I'd always had a real thing about helicopters although I'd never seen more than one aloft at any one time. In New Zealand at that time helicopters were still oddities - things that nobody missed the opportunity of seeing in flight if they could help it. Somebody would yell out "Look, there's a helicopter!", and everybody would rush out of doors to see it.

MERVYN BARRETT

JUNE 1965

(The Editor, who has been publishing this series since 1962, hopes to present the two remaining segments before the end of 1965. I think Mr. Barrett is hoping the same thing.)

still  
more  
letters  
from  
Harry  
Warner,  
Bill  
Rotsler,  
Bob  
Smith,  
and  
Peter  
Singleton:  
though  
not  
necessarily  
in  
that  
order.



harry warner  
\*\*\*\*\*

\* Maybe someone has published a fanzine with better photographic  
\* illustrations than this anniversary GRYPHON. Maybe GRYPHON won't  
\* get many Hugo votes this year. Maybe I'll get married tomorrow.  
\* But whatever the eternal verities and laws of probability may say,  
\* I am positive that future fanzines using photographs will be  
\* compared with this issue for all time to come in much the same way  
\* as all sercon fanzines are compared with the one that had that  
\* quality in a non-derogative sense, FANTASY COMMENTATOR, and as all  
\* good examples of fan writing are mentally tagged with the notation  
\* that this is almost good enough to have been written by Willis.  
\* Of course, the fact that so much of the issue was about  
\* photography, in addition to containing fine examples of the art,  
\* helped make it even more memorable for me. In a way, this is an  
\* indirect proof of something that has bothered me for a long time:  
\* you'll notice that Lee's discussions of photography were with  
\* another photographer and that this first long article in recent  
\* fanzine history is by a photographer. It bears out my theory that  
\* almost everything that is written and said intelligently about  
\* photographers and photography these days is done by photographers  
\* themselves. It helps to make the remarks authoritative but it isn't  
\* good for the art of photography from other standpoints.  
\* Photographers tend to take their own work too seriously, and it  
\* would be better if more of the material about photographs came from  
\* non-cameramen. (Remember, part of my weekly salary is the result  
\* of my own photographs, and if I were a full-time photographer I  
\* would probably deny my current opinion that photo-journalism,

\* photography as a social force, and the other concepts are as vital  
\* in the world today as the photographers believe. I'm enough of a  
\* photographer to believe that photography is very important as a  
\* moulder of public opinion; not in other ways as it is generally  
\* practised.)

\* The only fault that I can find with the issue is the failure to  
\* come right out and say how the reproduction was achieved. I see no  
\* evidence that the photo pages were reproduced by any intervening  
\* mechanical process, yet I find it impossible to believe that Lee  
\* could have made 600 prints from his negatives with such salon-quality  
\* results; surely at least one of the prints would betray the fact that  
\* he'd used the developer a little too long or heat had buckled a  
\* negative in the enlarger during the ordeal.

\* I had just a small taste of glory a couple of weeks ago in the  
\* sense that Lee experienced. President and Mrs. Johnson appeared  
\* unexpectedly at a local church and attended Sunday morning services  
\* there. None of the press photographers assigned to the president  
\* came along and for an hour I was the only person with a professional-  
\* quality camera around the president. I got good pictures and  
\* several were published nationally but I was quite overwhelmed by the  
\* thought that if there should be assassination, sudden fatal illness,  
\* or other catastrophe during that hour I had the responsibility of  
\* preserving a record of it for future generations.

\* As you may know, I've been struggling with the same basic  
\* problem that Lee faced for a long time; that of plodding along in  
\* this groove or rut, compared with breaking off for some less secure  
\* but more interesting kind of life. The car hasn't caught fire and  
\* I haven't met that woman, but a few things like broken hips have come  
\* up to cause me to put off a final decision. All the more reason why  
\* the conclusion of the article rounded it off in impressive fashion  
\* for me; the final page or two usually make up the weakest part of  
\* any extended fanzine article.

\* The November issue was most instructive for its added information  
\* on the unfortunate censorship position that Australia has gotten into.  
\* It is an uncomfortable feeling to know that the United States is so  
\* like Australia in many respects and to imagine the two nations  
\* becoming alike in this zeal for purity of thought at any cost. It  
\* wouldn't take much over here, I imagine: a president who was harm-  
\* less in his other goals, a crusade by a suddenly popular television  
\* entertainer, or some kid gang that did real damage and blamed its  
\* activities on borderline pornographic literature. I was happy to  
\* find someone quoting Mencken elsewhere in this issue. Undoubtedly  
\* fans will some day discover him and will begin to drop interlineations  
\* by him and articles about him into every other issue of every other  
\* fanzine, much in the manner of don marquis outbursts a few years  
\* back. I've always thought that only in Maryland could any man be  
\* impelled to such cosmic outbursts of rage over the stupidity of man,

\* Mervyn Barrett's article was memorable both for its content and  
\* its significance. The latter quality is important because fans have



\* been generally reti-  
 \* cent about their  
 \* emotional histories,  
 \* while telling all  
 \* about other aspects of  
 \* themselves. This is  
 \* rather hard to under-  
 \* stand: if I ever felt  
 \* impelled to publish  
 \* true confessions about  
 \* myself, I think I  
 \* would far rather present  
 \* to the eyes of my peers  
 \* an account of a violent  
 \* passion than possibly  
 \* damaging narratives  
 \* of drug addiction or a  
 \* shiplifting episode.  
 \* I laughed and cried  
 \* over the tape tran-  
 \* scription in the Dec.-  
 \* Jan. issue. These  
 \* pages might be an  
 \* ideal choice for use  
 \* as a chapter of a  
 \* history of fandom.  
 \* They provide a complete  
 \* description and compre-  
 \* hensive atmospheric  
 \* impression of every  
 \* fan group that has ever  
 \* existed and all the  
 \* arguments that fans have  
 \* fallen into over the  
 \* decades. There was a  
 \* slight residue of guilt  
 \* left when I was finished  
 \* reading it, because it  
 \* really wasn't fair of me

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* to react in this manner to statements by one fan who is recently  
 \* deceased. But maybe Vol is now in some higher plane wher he can find  
 \* even more amusement at his earthly problems than I've obtained.  
 \* The notes on modern art remind me of the turmoil in Hagerstown.  
 \* The local art museum sponsors an annual art show for people residing  
 \* in this general area. This year the judges gave the first award to  
 \* a pair of twisted, interlocked automobile bumpers. There hasn't  
 \* been as much dissension in this city since Lincoln took away the  
 \* prosperous people's slaves. There are two main schools of thought:  
 \* one that the sculptor found the bumpers in that shape on wrecked





\* cars and simply used a welding device to make  
\* them stay that way permanently, while the other  
\* gives him credit for doing the twisting of the  
\* bumpers himself.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Lee Harding has indicated that he will tell all concerning the production of those photos, and if he doesn't get around to it, then I will present my own biased views later on in this issue. This will indicate how well-planned the current issue is. The longer it takes to produce, the more material stacks up. Bob Smith it was, I think, who quoted Mencken. Mencken is quite popular with the Australian fans of whom I have enquired. I do not share their enthusiasm, but this is probably my snobbishness. SJ Perelman is another who is very popular out here. But, as I said a long time ago in SATURA 1, most fans have no time for outside reading, until a vogue starts. Then they spend their time reading the vogue works.

Australian fans are not so overburdened with activity. You may have known of the discussion in SAPS raised some time ago by Lichtman, I think, concerning the possibility of actually talking with one's fellow fan. This problem does not occur in Australia (John Baxter is a possible exception) because Aussiefans have other interests. I cannot really imagine three people less alike than Mervyn Barrett, Bob Smith and myself, yet we don't ever seem to be lost for words. I felt the same way as yourself about Mervyn's article; I told him then that I thought it was the best thing he'd ever written, and others have expressed the same view to me. Fans, of course, would reveal their lack of cool if they talked of such matters. (One might archly suggest that few fans have a past, and prefer to keep quiet about the present) I only just thought twice about publishing the tape transcription at such an, inopportune, time. But I never knew Vol. The Janssen-Foyster stand on Art appears earlier in this issue.

bill rotsler

\*\*\*\* \*

\* Harding's comments, observations and criticisms were excellent.  
\* Having been on the set of many movies, having known many actors  
\* (one ex-actor is my partner in GREENTREE and another rising lad,  
\* soon to be a regular in a TV series called THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE  
\* ARMY is my roommate) and actresses, and having been in the industrial  
\* film and commercial business for several years I must say that  
\* Harding was most perceptive and correct.  
\* I know none of the people he wrote about, but one, the late  
\* Sandford Roth. The nearest I've ever come to Ava Gardner was that  
\* she coughed on my chest in the middle of a crowded lobby at a  
\* ballet years ago. But Harding got the feeling of a location very

\* well.

\* I first met Sandy Roth in 1952, shortly after he said T'hell  
\* with a business career and had gone off to photograph the Great  
\* Artists of the world. He showed me many of the photos that were  
\* later to make him famous. I saw him from time to time for awhile;  
\* then we lost contact for a year or so. The next time I saw him was  
\* at one of Hollywood's famous outside newsstands, a long magazine  
\* rack against a wall running a hundred feet or so down from Hollywood  
\* Blvd on a side street. He had Suzy Parker with him and a picture  
\* of her was later printed in a movie mag with me, in full beard &  
\* looking serious, in the BG.

\* However, from Lee's description of him being scooted & shouted  
\* out of the way, out of camera range, I find him very unprofessional.  
\* I have shot several films (that is, I've shot stills on several  
\* films, in addition to all the hours of industrial films Greentree  
\* Productions has done) and this sort of behaviour I think bad.  
\* However, I have not shot a Big Hollywood Production. I did stills  
\* on 7 halfhour videotaped shows and a non-union war movie done in  
\* the desert. In the first I was also set designer; in the latter I  
\* was actor/armorer/set designer/set builder/truck & half-track driver  
\* and other things.

\* Most of the films I have shot stills on are naked lady movies.  
\* I did one in Nevada, and six or eight here in California. I try to  
\* get all my shots done during rehearsal, but there are few & little  
\* rehearsals because of the minuscule bidgets on these things.  
\* Fortunately there are great areas of the films that are MOS (without  
\* sync - sound) and I can shoot during the filming itself. But as to  
\* getting in the way of the camera or director ....! If I can't get  
\* the shot I want I sometimes have them hold the lights and do a  
\* little re-arranging of either the models (usually from two to six) or  
\* move myself into a position that I could not previously arrange.  
\* Since the stills are very necessary for both the lobby displays and  
\* the publicity (available, for nudies, only in the men's magazines)  
\* they let me have my way. Especially when they know me to be quick.

\* But the feeling in these films is a long way from that of  
\* capturing character, etc., in the way Harding has. A long way.  
\* In my films I am looking for beauty & sex; in his he is trying to  
\* find interests other than sensuality. He does his best, I think,  
\* with the production side. He still doesn't wait for "the moment".  
\* The photo of Miss Kerr is proof of this. It's an awkward one (I  
\* don't mean technically - he's quite proficient there) because of  
\* the awareness of the subject that she is being shot. Just before  
\* or after she had relaxed about it.

\*\*\*\*\*Harding didn't get around to writing the story of his photo  
production, so that will have to wait until next time, along with a  
few letters. Ta muchly to the many bods who are trading - if you ever  
miss any issues just scream and I'll attend to the matter. I think  
October would be a nice time for the next issue.

## QUOTE FOR JUNE-JULY

How to stop a tank

by Cyril Connolly.

Most of you who have had no experience of stopping tanks will have had some of shooting elephants. A tank is simply an armoured elephant. In every group of tanks there is a leading tank, whose signals are obeyed by the others; if the leading tank is trapped, the others will come quietly. The best elephant trap was a large pit over which branches were laid. For a tank trap it is only necessary to remove the paving stones outside your house (borrow a wheelbarrow from the man next door) and dig a pit some forty feet wide by twenty deep. place a sheet of wire netting over the road, cover it with cardboard or brown paper, and a top dressing of asphalt. Your trap is made. If you are lucky enough to live near a blast furnace, borrow some sheets of eleven-inch steel, solder them with a blower's lamp, and lean them up supported by a prop over the water-hole; when the tank comes down to drink, pull the prop away, or, if you are very close, insert a knitting-needle into the tank's most vulnerable spot, the back-ratchet. But remember, nothing will really stop a tank except another tank going in the opposite direction, and these should be left to the competent military authority.

Breakfast with Gerard Manley Hopkins

by Anthony Brode

"Delicious heart-of-the-corn, fresh-from-the-oven flakes are sparkled and spangled with sugar for a can't-be-resisted flavor."  
- Legend on a packet of breakfast cereal.

Serious over my cereals I broke one breakfast my fast

With something-to-read-searching retinas retained by print on a packet;  
Sprung rhythm sprang, and I found (the mind fact-mining at last)  
An influence Father-Hopkins-fathered on the copy-writing racket.

Parenthesis-proud, bracket-hold, happiest with hyphens

The writers stagger intoxicated by terms, adjective-unsteadied -  
Describing in graceless phrases fizzling like soda syphons  
All things crisp, crunchy, malted, tangy, sugared and shredded.

Far too, yes, too early we are urged to be purged, to savor

Salt, malt and phosphates in English twisted and torn,  
As, sparkled and spangled with sugar for a can't-be-resisted flavor,  
Come fresh-from-the-oven flakes direct from the heart of the corn.





THE GRYPHON  
June-July 1965  
Number 17

from  
John Foyster  
PO Box 57  
Drouin  
Victoria  
Australia.

"Mah whole herd  
of pedigree slugs  
is jest dying of  
thirst, and if  
you all don't  
get that barbed  
wire out of mah  
way, I'm a-coming  
shooting through."  
"I made this bare  
crater of  
Archimedes bloom  
with chlorella  
algae as high as  
a elephant's eye,  
mister, and I ain't  
letting no two-  
tining claim-  
jumper ride ne off'n it."

THE LEADING SCIENCE FICTION JOURNAL

Melbourne Science Fiction  
Convention, April 1966.  
Pay Now, Suffer Later.

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