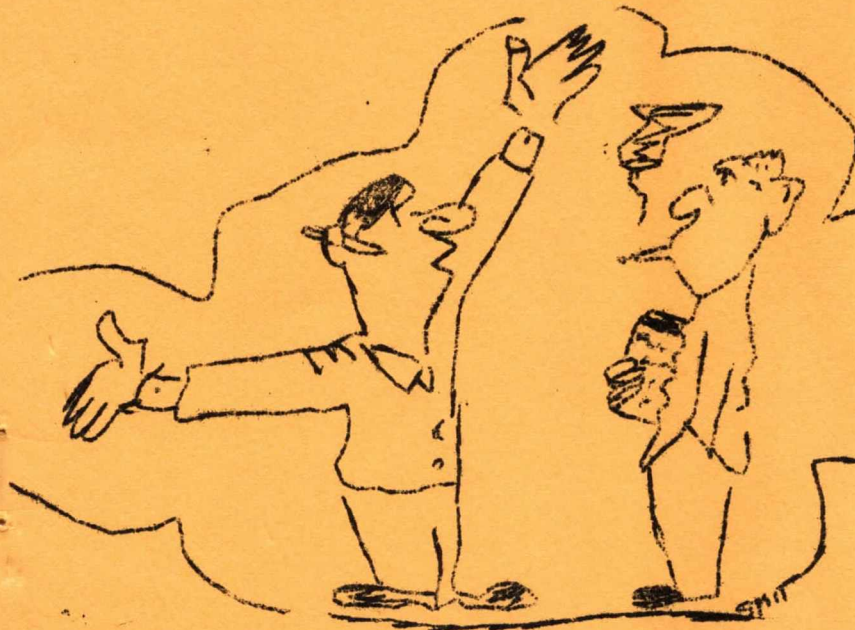
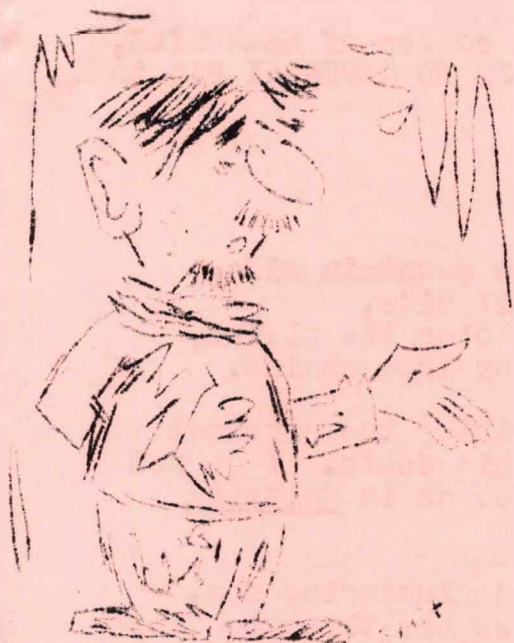


Bob, this is intended  
as cartoonless caption  
no. 1. What can you  
do with it?

"Stop! Stop! You  
mad oversexed fool!"



"What else does he  
expect with a caption  
like that?"



THE WILD COLONIAL BOY, the fanzine for expatriate dogmen, (Ralph! Ralph! Waldo! Waldo! Emirson Jack Dupree! Put 'em together and what have you got? Bibbidy, bobbidy.....Dee??) is published for the Spectator Amateur Press Society by John M. Foyster, address unknown, but try 4 Edward St., Chadstone SE 10, Victoria, Australia, unless you know any better. This issue, the second, is published for the January 1963 SAPS Mailing. If you're not a SAP then I s'pose there are lots of different reasons I could dream up for your surprise gift. You know how to get the next issue if you want it.

\*\*\*\*\*

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p.22	To Run The Rim...A Bertram Chandler..
other	Assorted...Foyster (MC's p.34)

.....

Seeing that there are some outside contributions I decided to make the reader's task a little easier by including an index, but don't get too serious about it, and don't take notice of most of the page-numbering (outside this page, of course). Here's why. In February 1961 I published a thick thing called EMANATION. About September 1961 I had thought enough about a second issue to have conned some material and actually had got most of it onto stencil. Except for the illustrations. So.... I handed the stencils over to Chris Dennie, together with the necessary illoes and..... Well, Chris had done quite a lot of stencil-cutting before (and good stencil-cutting it was too), but this time there just didn't seem to be that interest that is so essential, and besides, he was rather busy. Long about Sept. 1962 I began to get a little concerned about the matter and eventually, November 1962, retrieved the stencils. I'm putting the illoes on stencil myself (ecch) but the material scheduled for EMANATION 2 will now appear (fanfare). The two items listed above form the first of a series of extracts from the unpublished mock-up, and THAT is why you should ignore most of the page-numbering, and THAT is why some of you are getting this.

A mere MEANWHILE ago I tried to break into SAPS with TWCB 1, but the mails conspired to thwart my evil desires. I think all is now corrected. Somewhere in that issue I said I'd explain this title.

There was a Wild Colonial Boy, Jack Donahoe was his name,  
Brought up by honest parents, he was born in Castlemaine,  
He was his father's only son, his mother's pride and joy,  
And dearly, dearly did they love their Wild Colonial Boy.



HORRORS! Stop everything. Quickly get out your copies of MEANWHILE, take a Biro in your right hand and correct QUE JE NE REVERRAI PAS to QUE JE NE REVERRAI PLUS. Phew!

.....

Back to work:

Chorus: Then come along my hearties, who roam the mountain wide,  
Together we will plunder, together we will ride,  
We'll ride o'er the mountains and gallop o'er the plains,  
Before we'll die in slavery, bound down by iron chains.

This is followed by many and varied verses describing the physical prowess of John Donahoe, but finally we come to his death. I do not know whether the three troopers are the same three as in Waltzing Matilda, but it seems possible.

'Surrender now Jack Donahoe, you outlawed plundering son,  
Surrender in the Queen's name, Sir, for we are three to one!'  
Jack drew two pistols from his side, and glared upon Fitzroy;  
'I'll fight but not surrender!' cried the Wild Colonial Boy.

He fired a shot at Kelly which brought him to the ground,  
He fired point-blank at Davis, too, who fell dead at the sound,  
But a bullet pierced his brave young heart from the pistol/  
of Fitzroy;  
And that was how they captured him, the Wild Colonial Boy.

Here I have taken the best versions of the Donahoe ballads, inserted "Donahoe" where any of the many variants appeared and improved the metre as necessary. Most of the versions used, as well as the information below, are from John Meredith's THE WILD COLONIAL BOY.

John Donahoe was born around 1808 and 'emigrated' to Australia in late 1824, probably as a result of a political offence. In December 1827 Donahoe, with two accomplices committed his first hold-up and received the first of a few death sentences. Out on R mand, the three carried out another holdup and this time there was no messing around with remands. Donahoe, not one to play around when his life was at stake, was strangely missing when the prisoners arrived at the gaol. His companions were hanged a month later. One of them was named SMITH. After this Donahoe took up with a variety of renegades, winding up with two partners, Walmsley and Webber (sometimes known as WEBER). There was never a great deal of violence associated with Donahoe's "work" and he doesn't appear to have filled anyone. By August 1830 things were getting a little warm for the three of them, and we read of a holdup, on the 19th when Webber, a heavy drinker, spent most of the time pouring rum down his throat. During the chiding by Walmsley  
continued page 25.

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page four

# ENOUGH, WORLD TIME AND

- Martin James

## 1. Introduction

The planet was born a member of a small, but undoubtedly pleasant, solar system. It had been both green and fertile, with ample seas, and at night it had had its own moon; its neighbours shone into existence at dusk and were later joined by the stars - although at the rim of its galaxy, it saw them as plentiful and bright.

But now - ah! now - it had no sun, no neighbours, no moon, and most definitely no seas; the once lush fields were gone, and they had taken the hills and mountains with them. The pattern of stars had vanished - indeed, the stars themselves for the most part were memories. Had there been someone, something alive, to remember past glories, the present would be drab indeed. Every-where, except here, nothing but an unbroken black plain; its granular surface indistinguishable from the almost ebon sky. A few stars, many so small as to be unseen, sporadically blink down and shed their scant photons as tears. Only at this point are the ground pebbles of any size: over to the right abortive hills rear majestically, but their tops are shorn - cleanly, as with a scythe - three feet above their bases. These pitiful, microscopic monoliths extend for some hundreds of feet and merge imperceptibly with the dark beyond.

This is the Earth, and the time, a mere gasp of two thousand years hence.

Three days ago a metal sphere, about fourteen feet in diameter, appeared suddenly, and life returned after two millenia. From the airless void creation was born: in one temporal discontinuity a complex of metal, flesh, power and mind puffed into being. For a while there was no movement and the dead stillness of the planet moved cautiously back - then light ( a thousandfold more brilliant than the feeble tinsel above ) burst forth in a single roaming beam. A fainter glimmer appeared in the sphere's side, widened, and revealed the interior of the machine from which an incongruous, space-suited figure climbed out, and moved away, intent upon exploration. It is only now returning. There - over there - completely lost and alone in a sea without reference points. There: a small brown dot, aimlessly wandering, seemingly seeking, groping, hoping for a few moments of life. It staggers, falls, rises and moves on, mindlessly shifting, impelled by instinct. It

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With his hand flung out, he hit the machine: fingers stabbed into buttons, and missed. Air leaked out murmuring to his ears, coating the faceplate with cold, cold rime, blinding. He wiped it away, gasped, held his breath and pressed again.

The airlock opened, light belched, and he was in and looking for more buttons to work, to close the lock, admit air and the interior of the machine. Before it was safe he had his helmet off, blue, mouth open, inhaling desperately: but he fainted ( before the inner lock slid open ) against it, and so spilled ungainly into the machine proper - not dead but alive.

## 2. Genesis

"Well," d'Avila said, "It's really quite simple: you want to travel through time from now to when, eh? So obviously this must take only a few seconds, minutes or hours of your time - not more than a day or two at most - so that to us, who are trapped in Now forever, you shift to low gear. Good. A thousand years to us are but minutes to you. But if you move through time then you'll be in every Now that I ( and others ) pass through since you must have gone through every time point in your journey. Your metabolic processes will slow to zero almost ( a blink will be a hundred years long ) and you'll be completely at our mercy. A fire, a war, any accident that we can see and escape, could be fatal to you. Helpless, defenceless, unknowing.

"Now, there's another catch. This variable time-sense, this freezing, is what happens if you move close to light-speed. The faster you go - through space - the more you slow up. Only, of course, if there's an acceleration somewhere. Suppose you whip to, say, uh, the other end of the galaxy in bingo seconds flat - a hundredth of a second to give you an impossible example - in your time. Mmmm, well, here on Earth thousands of years flit by - you're an anachronism - but you've travelled in time. Can't go back, though.

"I said you couldn't do it, it's patently impossible, because the faster you go, the heavier you become: you'll need an infinite amount of power and not even Science can produce this.

"Problem: travel in time is dangerous because you're a stuffed chicken, exposed to whims of man and Nature; travel in time is equivalent to moving through space with light velocity, and this is out, out. But since "the human spirit wants to storm the firmament and scale the heavens to, er, to discover the spirit by which the stars ( ? ) are driven in revolutions" ( Meister Eckhart and apologies ) it wants to have time travel. How?

"Answer: shift axes to an imaginary space where the square root of minus one is real, every spatial dimension is imaginary.

emanation

lucky page seven'



Here you can move with light speed to World's End because the faster you go the lighter you become ( end up as point seven your original mass ) and the faster your time sense becomes ( luckily only one point four times ).

"Now, here's the gimmick - every imaginary point you pass is connected, God knows how, I don't, but theory says so, every imaginary point is connected to a real point - in our space. Wonderful! A few seconds of No-space ( must give it a name ), a round trip in it, and you've made the impossible journey in our space. Time travel. Flick back to here and now and it's the future.

"The triumph of Science."

"Just as simple as that, eh?" Priestly winked, "How do I get back?"

"Oh, nothing to it. Just take the negative sign of the square root in the relativistic relation between moving-space-time and rest-space-time."

Priestly gave a bark of laughter.

"No, no, dear boy, trust me; trust my equations - they cannot lie for mathematics is the slave and master of Science, our new religion; and God is truth. Or so the physicists et al. tell us. It can be done, you can return - no danger. All safe."

"OK, OK, Tinus. But," half-angrily and still goodnatureedly, "why do you always sneer at," Priestly waved his hand, "at this?" indicating books, electronic equipment, instruments, everything around them. "We live better, more fully, easier than anyone before us, thanks to labs like this and men who use them and Technology."

"Let's leave it, eh?" d'Avila spread his hands, "we don't agree and never will. You see, you have five senses and all knowledge," a reciprocal gesture of scanning the room, "comes from them. I have five senses, but there's knowledge apart from them. This - around us - is spectacular and frightening and beautiful, but it's transitory. Here now, where tomorrow? I sneer because people, you, accept it as final, as absolute as things can be in your relativistic life and world. I sneer because I want the Absolute behind everything, because I haven't found it."

"You don't believe all that crap about illusion and Maya and," Priestly rolled his eyes upward, hands prayerful, "renunciation of the senses? Christ! You've got a body, you feel, you live, love and die, There's nothing 'behind' - nothing!" Priestly stood up, the light in his eyes blazing, possessed. "Nothing! Anything you think is thought - unreal - your Absolute is the ... God! The Nothing!"

"No, no," d'Avila was saying tiredly, "no, Newton, no. I don't

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believe that crap. Not in the least. And you're wrong - you don't understand, you cling to words which you use with your own meaning, not that of the speaker's. Anyhow, belief implies disbelief."

Priestly grimaced. "Ahhh! Words are words, they mean one thing only, they're communications between me and - certainly not you - and others."

He stood near d'Avila, glowering down. "Why are you a scientist, eh? Tell me that - or are you so **hycocritical**?"

"No, not at all. I'm a scientist because Science is real and works and is." D'Avila smiled upward. "I do believe in the reality of this world."

They stared at each other. Calm and angry. Irreconcilable.

### 3. Interlude

Priestly woke to a vast weariness and for a while there was nothing but a swirl of half-thoughts, feels and impressions. Then images, tantalising in their briefness and vaguely titillating, emerged and strengthened and thrust into his consciousness. Slowly through this fantastic dancing miasma his body became known; and with the return of sensual experience there came a vast exultation, as of a test concluded. His lips were chapped and his tongue swollen, his limbs aching, his feet blistered and his lungs weak: yet still he was alive.

He rested, his head and shoulders within the machine's cabin, revelling in his pain and the concomitant of life; rested and waited for strength to seep back. Rested without thinking - indeed, refusing to think - of the alien land without, of the death of the heavens and of the living earth.

After a time he painfully raised himself upright, clutching for support the grooves of the inner lock, and stood unsteady sighting the cabin, wondering what next he had to do. His eyes roved across the dense packed walls and then remembering, skipped back to one small set of shelves. Releasing his hold he tottered into the light and sagged against the bulkhead: reached out into the food, fumbled, and with three tubes clutched tightly collapsed back into the chair.

He wrenched the top off one stuck the opening against his lips and squeezed the contents down without taking breath. Gasping, and delirious with the taste of the brew just swallowed, he greedily repeated the process: and yet again. The pervading tiredness became too insistently intense then, and he abandoned further thoughts of food, closed his eyes and slumped against the control board. And slept.

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The cabin hummed with mechanical perfection, a soothing lullaby providing the only sound apart from the random click of some instrument. Most of the devices ( nuclear and electromagnetic radiation detectors ) were silent and unmoving: the scanner showed velvet jet outside pierced by sparse points in the sky.

As Priestly slept a star vanished from the screen, and the Universe died by that much more. It ached for quiescence.

#### 4. Persuasion

The night before he left, Melisande said, in bed, "Don't go, Newton. Please. Don't go."

"I must," Priestly said and blew into her hair. "I must. Don't you see? This is my chance, perhaps the only one I'll ever have, of doing something, something that no-one else has done. Or may ever do. I'll be breaking ground, placing my feet where no man has ever trod before. I must."

Melisande slid her hand beneath his pyjama top and up along his spine and back until it rested, with the palm across the shoulder-blade, the thumb in the hollow, warm hollow, of his armpit. "Don't laugh - I know, you wouldn't - but don't laugh. A woman is supposed, traditionally, to have some sense, or feeling, denied to men, and this is called intuition. Well, mine says, 'Danger!' and 'Death!' and, oh, all sorts of bad evil things. Newton, please, if you love me, don't go."

"Mel," he said, "Oh, Mel. That's what every woman has said to every man who has left for unknown places. But what can go wrong? What? The machine's been tested - animals ( mice and chimps and guinea pigs ) have gone forward and back, to past and future without injury - every provision has been made for my safety - plenty of food, air, all self-contained and ..."

Impatiently she waved in the dark her free hand. "I know all that. You're the most protected and danger-free traveller of all time." Melisande giggled sharply. "No joke intended. I know all that, but this, this feeling ( it can't be described in any other way ) says that in spite of precaution there's trouble ahead. It's only vague, but I think - no! I know - that if you come back you'll be changed. Because I know there's something ahead which is horrible, and ( because I know ) I beg you, really beg you, stay here with me. With me."

For a while Priestly didn't move, and through his gently moving back, and chest pressed tightly to her, she felt a tenseness, a struggle deep within him to explain, to say that any unknown evil before him was only more of a challenge. She knew this, and that he'd have to speak to justify his longing. She knew he could

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Then he opened some cans of food, and with his fingers, ( wiped beforehand ) scooped out a jellied mess of proteins, minerals and vitamins. What little taste it had was sickly - rancid and decayed as Limburger - what feel it had was grey and slimy. He followed it up with a tube of dessert - some sort of scientifically souped-up milk. Full of natural goodness, of course.

After this he wrote awhile in the log, a few short sentences, properly academic, describing past days; put on his armoured shoes; took a torch and went outside.

For a time the agony of loneliness of the land, and the terrifying sickness of being lost echoed around him; slowly they receded, memories dying away - and with sharp remembrance went the pain, unhurriedly.

Priestly glared with distaste at the inkiness around him, visibility reduced to a small bright patch of light on the ground, reflections on the grit and pebbles, and, faintly, on the rocks and his pressure-suit. He didn't look up because he remembered Earth's night as it had been, and as he'd loved.

He switched the hand torch on and let it search the darkness. Familiar night with no change, exactly as it had been some days ago and with the strange, flat-topped boulders jutting away on his right. He moved the beam. It showed the end of the untopped rocks, and ahead of him stones fading to pebbles, grit and dust; and on the left, the same, with only one small stone there ( two feet tall ) and further to the left more stones and pebbles.

He moved around the machine, leftwards, flicking the beam as he went, revealing only grey and black desolation - lifeless.

And then the light gleamed smoothly off one, no two, metallic surfaces. A small cylindrical object, which must have been the one he stumbled over, and oddly familiar, and only touched briefly by the torch; and a large, spherical mound of black, dull brilliant alloy on which the light remained while he stared.

Slowly Priestly walked towards it. And as he came nearer one thought pressed up and became more insistent and more likely. When he touched the sphere - fourteen feet in diameter, a thin round line in front of him, and two buttons, recessed next to this outlined circle in the gleaming surface - he said: "But this is my machine."

He hesitated and then pressed the buttons. Machinery which had lain idle for two thousand years moaned into movement, and the outer lock slid wide; but no light appeared. "Well, what have I to lose? What?" Priestly climbed two stairs and then inside. He had a moment of doubt when he pressed the controls, for though the outer lock shut as it should and the light turned on belatedly, the inner

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lock remained tight. He was hoping he was not trapped when, with an uncoiled squeal, it began to move.

He stood, unbelieving, and gazed upon his machine. He knew it was twenty feet away, but here it was again - real, tangible, and older, much older. The interior was tidy and unoccupied, and, in fact, gave the impression of expectant waiting. On the control-board was a hand torch, resting on some buttons as if flung there casually; on the panelling, beneath the instruments, to the left of the chair, was a brown smoky smear. Perhaps some component had fused? In any case he had no spares, they were all needed for accidents or emergencies which might befall his ( the other, new ) machine.

He did not enter, but stayed in the lock, immobile. How? he was thinking, what to do? this was not his job. If the twinning of the machines had anything to do with the emptiness outside then d'Avila would know better than he. To touch anything might mean the puzzle would remain forever unsolved, and the Earth forever dying, dead.

He pressed the buttons again, and so came outside.

One thing remained. Before he returned there was still the metal enigma nearby, unknown and dumbly seeking investigation. His hand twitched, sending the beam out, reaching out, searching until it found the cylinder again. From here it was difficult to tell just what it could be - shadows were knife-edged, violent and intense, the light glittered and struck off angles, reducing the metal mould to a cubistic indefiniteness.

At one end the reflected light took on a softer quality, and it seemed to him, as he walked languidly toward it, that it was some sort of plastic or glass. At the other end it forked and became two long cigars, jointed at their middles. It was, he thought now, it was almost like - "My God!" - it was, it was, a pressure suit.

He ran the last few yards, and trembling shone the torch down, down onto the helmet.

Behind the plastic his own face, serene and composed, but ghastly blue and half decayed, stared back.

Priestly screamed and flung the torch down, whirled and ran. It struck the faceplate and bounced off, scattering circles and ellipses of light at random. Then hit the ground, rolled twice, and stopped.

In its light Priestly lay dead and hideous, relaxed; in its light Priestly was running, sobbing, towards his machine. Toward the past and life.

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## 6. Departure

Melisande, on that morning when Priestly was leaving, had clung close and held him tightly, saying nothing; yet against his cheek he felt her tears - warm and fluid as her body. Perhaps for two minutes they had pressed together and then she said; "Go now, Newton. And please, please, come back. No, no, don't say anything - just go."

D'Avila's goodbye, on the other hand, though as emotional in content, was less so in display. He saw Priestly into the space-suit ( "one never knows what conditions might prevail in two thousand years time" ), slapped him on the back, and said quietly, "Bon voyage."

Priestly moved away and began to walk to the machine and its gaping lock. From here he could see into the cabin, small and cramped. "Of course," d'Avila had said, "Both locks cannot be opened simultaneously if there's no air outside. And if you try to emerge from No-space and into a mountain, well, the machine automatically shifts to a vacant spot. Naturally, if the spatial shift is too great, then there will be a temporal dislocation. If you tried to come out in a busy thoroughfare, for instance, a wait of a few hours may find it empty enough to support the machine. Or there may be a spaceport there, you know, things like that."

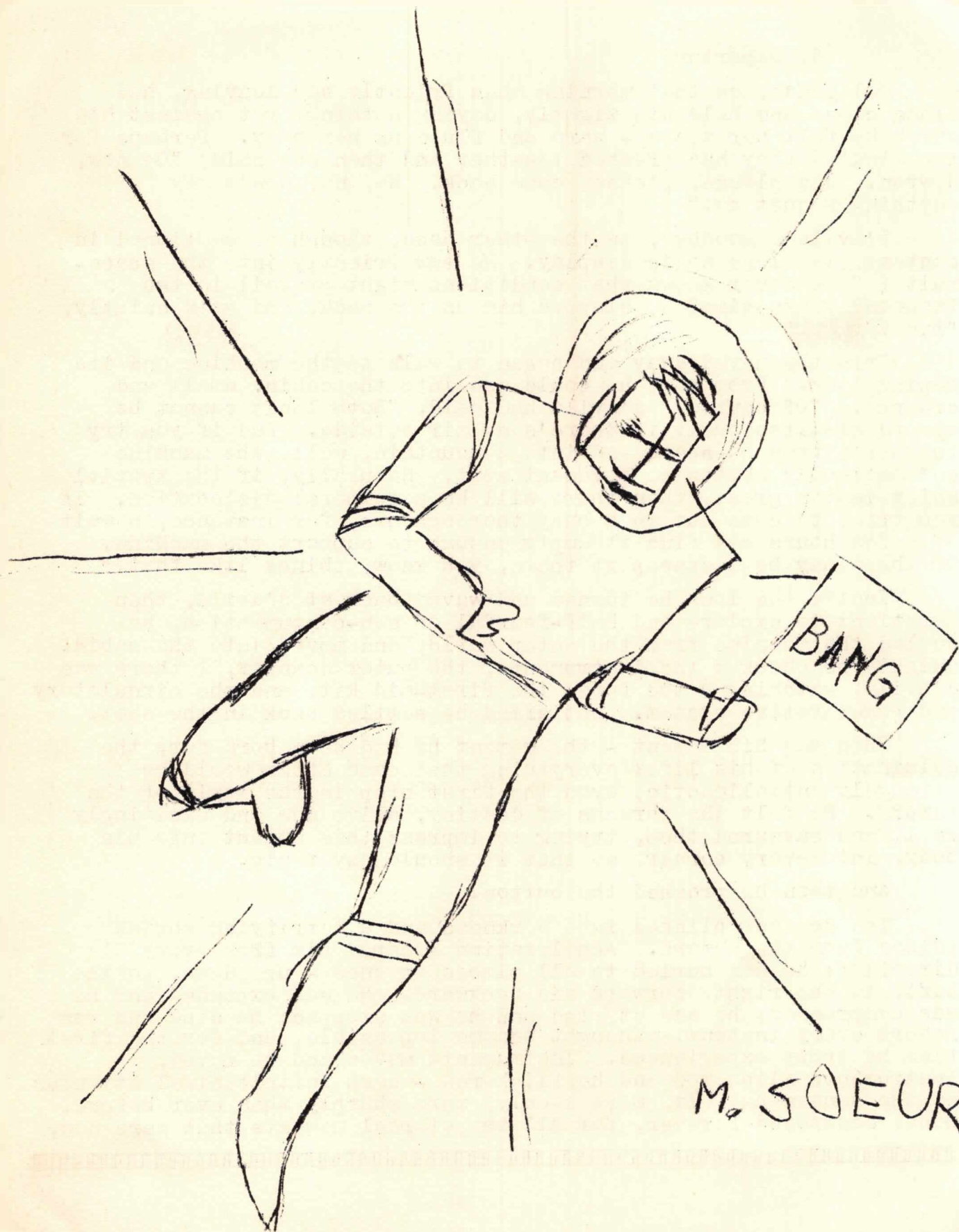
Inside the lock he turned and waved back at d'Avila, then impatient to explore and half-fearful of non-consummation, he sealed the machine from the outer world, and moved into the cabin. Quickly he checked the instruments, the outer scanner, ( there was d'Avila, watching ) the food, the first-aid kit, and the circulatory and regenerative system. Satisfied he settled back in the seat.

This was his moment - the moment he had been born for, the culmination of his life: everything that came after would be strangely anticlimactic, even the first step in the world of the future. He felt the threads of destiny, alive now and excitingly real, and savoured them, trying to impress this moment into his body, into every corner, so that it should never die.

And then he pressed the button.

[illegible]





M. SOEUR







grass. Out onto the fresh, the living, green grass. As d'Avila approached he heard Priestly whisper, over and over again, prayerfully, "Thank God ... thank God ... thank God...."

## 8. Causation

Everything had been prepared, extra food loaded, all instruments checked, air supply functioning, and the machine was ready. D'Avila was coming this time; after all, as Priestly had pointed out, who knew more about time-travel? who could be better qualified to unravel the knot ahead? The plan was to skip forward, slowly, decade by decade, in an attempt to discover the catastrophic cause, to determine whether it was irrevocable or not, to attempt to change the future. "Perhaps it can't be done, the future may be as immutable as the past; but we can try. We must."

The machine stood in the courtyard, warm in the afternoon sun, gently reflecting and friendly. Priestly and Melisande were together, walking under the cloisters that ran three sides confining the miniature piazza, gazing with eyes of wonder at the life around. Looking at the sky, blue, deep, and clear, and at the small clouds, high and feathery-light, and at the grass and the bushes, and the one tree there. And everywhere there was life - myriads of creatures scuttering beneath the blades of cool, soft grass, humming on the light leaves, hopping, whirring clumsily on diaphanous wings, and secluded in the shadows waiting: caught in the eternal circle of life and death, hunter and hunted. And from time to time a bird would appear, twitter, and pick at the ground, then startled by the cat chirp away.

"It can't go, Mel, it mustn't go."

"No," she said.

"Goodbye Mel, it's time now."

"Come back, come back, come back."

He left Melisande in the shade, and walked to the machine, went inside and stood, a while, looking around and remembering: then he went to the lock and called for d'Avila. Melisande was still there, and she'd be there when they came back, waiting. He waved to her.

"Wait for me," d'Avila called, "wait." He came running and puffing from the house, awkward in the space-suit but desperately attempting grace. "Here, if you can't wait then help me..." he held in his hands two torches, "... can't go without these ... checked and found the batteries ... replacing ..." wheezing and red-faced he was close now, "Catch!" and he threw one torch to Priestly.

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"No!" Priestly screamed. In that one moment he saw the puzzle shake and resolve itself, fitting joint by joint, paradox solved and the circle closed. "No!"

He dived for the spinning torch glittering many-faceted in the sunshine, but he missed. It struck his outflung glove, glanced off and onto the edge of the inner lock with a chiming metallic click, and then fell into the cabin and on the board. It struck the controls lengthwise and there was a bright violet glare and a noise of a minor explosion as, overloaded, control components fused. The machine lurched and bucked, hurling Priestly out onto the ground, and then was quiet.

An instant, a bare instant, passed and he was off the ground and on his feet and twisting to get inside again. But the inner lock was closed and the outer one was murmuring shut.

"D'Avila! d'Avila! Help me! Stop it!" There was no answer. When he turned around from the machine, his fingers still pressing the airlock controls, there was no d'Avila.

And Melisande was gone. And the grass just around the machine, and the courtyard and the house. Gone.

As he watched, in the distance, the hills blinked out, the mountains were levelled, the ground smoothed and the atmosphere expunged. Beside the suit, inside the helmet he cried, tears for love and Melisande and Earth; he wept for the past and for the future; for those who were dying and those who were dead and those who must die; his tears were for those who never knew, who now would never know, that death was not to be feared, nor dying; his tears were for the Universe.

Now, everywhere he could see, there was monotony - already dead, already grey, bleak, cold, only needing the darkness for ultimate consummation. The horizon razor-edged was fading into the emptiness of the sky, the blue of the air flowing away.

Where? where? was it going? All thrown into unknown places beyond the ends of the universe, past the bounds of time and space? Flung forever suspended in an imaginary world? Alive? He'd never know, could never know, could not even hope.

Suddenly the sun was gone and darkness crowded round him: but still there were the stars. For how long? how long? He knew the sphere of force was becoming larger, expanding monstrously and growing without end. How large was the sky? What were its confines?

For a long, long time he grieved the loss of all that lived and ever was: he poured out the woe of the Earth, lachrymose: he wept until he could weep no more. Spent, tired and buffeted by the silent expanse of desolation he stood unbowed. And as he stood, slowly, gradually he felt the revival of faith, of love and beauty.

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Dead or gone, as all things were, yet still they were ever there: for once existing they existed always. He stood and felt the cosmos, dead, vanished but not empty, enfold him, soothing and reassuring. He saw the wonder and the awe and the glory that once had been, and knew that, though the atoms and forces comprising it were gone, it still existed. And knew himself part of it, indivisible.

Calm now, his tears long spent, he lay down and composed himself.

Now all he could do was wait: wait for two thousand years, slowly corrupting, waiting for the circle to renew itself, through eternity and for always.

He put his arms behind his head and relaxed. His eyes closed and he slipped gently back, seeking for the end of sensations, groping for release and the loss of ego.

Before he died the stars began to wink out.

- Martin James.....

Martin James was born in England in 1948, and with his parents emigrated to Australia in 1951. At present he has commenced a Theology course at Melbourne University. He hopes to major in Theosophy and Comparative Religion. This, his first story, was especially written for Emanation. (In self-defence I must point out that this biography was written by James, not me. JohnFoyster.)

THE  
COSMIC  
MIND  
of  
FRED  
HURTER  
JR.

"I"

Oh I am all,  
And all am I;  
The earth, the sea,  
The distant sky.  
  
I am the Observer;  
All things relate  
To me.  
Without my presence;  
All things would cease  
To be.

For I am all  
And all is me;  
The earth, the sky,  
The mighty sea.

reprinted  
from  
CENSORED  
Oct. 1941



# TO RUN THE RIM

- Bertram Chandler

No, I'm not writing the bloody thing yet a third time. Twice was ample. (The first, shorter version appeared in Astounding Science Fiction, the second, novel length version, retitled The Rim of Space, has been published by Avalon.) But, having been asked to write an article on the Rim Worlds, this title is as good as any.

Once upon a time I could really have spread myself. Once upon a time I was the official chronicler of the Rim Worlds and, I suppose, something of a cartographer as well. (And what's the astronomical equivalent of hydrographer?) But that was before I lost my Rim World citizenship, when my state of mind was such that I just naturally gravitated to the bleak, cold edge of the Galaxy and, masochistically, derived a perverse pleasure from living there.

The first Rim World story was Edge of Night, written in January, 1958. It sold to Venture - and Venture promptly folded. (The story, retitled The Man Who Couldn't Stop, finally put in an appearance in F&SF.) When I wrote it I didn't realise what I had started - but the idea of the Rim, the last frontier, stuck in my mind, as did the names of the planets, Lorn, Faraway, Ultimo and Thule. Wet Paint followed - it was published in one of the Ziff-Davis magazines - but it wasn't a proper Rim World story, being more concerned with the wet paint gimmick than with the Rim mythology. It was with To Run The Rim that I really emigrated to the Rim Worlds. I suppose it was because it was, like so much of my stuff, really a disguised sea story. And Rim Runners, too, bear a certain resemblance to my present employers. Just as their ships are officered by refugees from the Interstellar Transport Commission, Trans-Galactic Clippers, the Waverley Royal Mail and so on, so are the vessels of the Union Steam Ship Company officered by refugees from Shaw Savill, Port Line, Royal Mail and even Cunard White Star. Come to that - some of the Union Company's services are as near Rim Running as dammit. The Strahan trade, for example - with Strahan at one end and Yarraville at the other...



Then came The Outsiders, a follow-up to To Run The Rim and also published in ASF. The Key followed and was purchased by Ziff-Davis. And there was Chance Encounter, published both by New Worlds and Satellite. And there was Ringhost - still unpublished utilised later. And To Hell For A Pastime, which appeared in Fantastic Universe.



Then, for a while, I got away from the Rim and worked on a series of long novelettes, the IF stories, in which I played around with the ideas of an interstellar drive, utilising the propulsive force of light, and alternative time tracks. Somehow these stories never caught on. Several editors have nibbled at them and then, eventually, turned them down. And there was a run of "Lost Colony" stories, said lost colonies having been founded by the crews and passengers of gaussjammers, the Ehrenhaft Drive ships, that got themselves mislaid in Space. (The Mannschenn Drive ships, of course, get themselves mislaid in Time...) There were a few stories about the Beacon Keepers, the men and women who tend the Carlotti Beacons, the time-twisting radio-direction-finding and communications device that has simplified the navigation of the timejammers and put the unreliable, temperamental telepaths, with their dogs' brains in aspic, out of a job.

They never sold. And there were a few more stories, combining odd interstellar drives with alternative time tracks, that appeared both in New Worlds and the Ziff-Davis magazines.

But I couldn't keep away from the Rim. In December, 1959, I wrote When The Dream Dies. The first version was a 17,500 word novelette. I sent it off to my Agent in New York and heard nothing further about it for a while. I wrote a novel, Voyage, which my wife said was "too highbrow for the smut market, too pornographic

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for the highbrow market and too lacking in action for the thriller market". (I fear that she was right.) And then, for lack of anything better to do, I turned to on a novel length expansion of To Run The Rim. New incidents were invented and other material was borrowed from Rim World stories, such as Ringhost, and from a few of the Lost Colony yarns. And, of course, the mild pornography expunged by John Campbell was re-inserted, and a bit extra thrown in. The magnum opus finished, it was posted to New York.

Then, once again, I was out of inspiration, but the novel-writing bug had bitten me. Having heard nothing further about When The Dream Dies I decided to expand that to novel length. The expansion was going nicely when I heard from my Agent, who enclosed a photostat of a letter from Cele Golsmith, Ziff-Davis's editor. She liked the story, but... Her main complaint was that it was soap opera rather than space opera. The expansion was brought to a hasty conclusion and the result sent to New York. Miss Goldsmith liked it. (It was still soap opera, but in the expansion I had made the characters a little more credible.)

Suddenly things seemed to be moving quite fast on the literary front. Avalon wanted To Run The Rim still further expanded and this was done, by way of borrowing rather than inventing. And the last of all the Rim World stories - Bring Back Yesterday - was written. And When The Dream Dies suffered its final expansion.

Probably by this time most of you will have read Bring Back Yesterday and will be wondering why I classed it as a Rim World story. In the original version it was. The protagonist finished up on the Rim, a drunken Second Mate of one of Rim Runners' more decrepit interstellar rustbuckets. But Ace Books didn't like the ending - which, at the time, I thought was the only possible one. But dollars are dollars and the majority of wordsmiths are prostitutes at heart, and so... Anyhow, I've decided now that I prefer the revised ending.

Even so, it was the last of the Rim Runner stories, although the Ace version of When The Dream Dies has yet to appear. The Galactic Rim was real enough to me when I lived there; it was a state of mind that lasted rather too long for the comfort of myself and those around me. Yet I was lucky to be able to make capital of it and, even now, feel a certain nostalgia for Lorn, Faraway, Ultimo and Thule and the queer outlandish planets of the Eastern Circuit.

... Bertram Chandler.

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What a wonderful bird the frog are,  
when it sit, it almost stand, when it jump, it almost fly -  
what a wonderful bird the frog are. anon.

and Donahoe which followe', Donahoe includes the interesting, "I would rather meet my death by a fall than on the gallows". On September 1 whilst holding off a party of police, Donahoe was shot through temple and heck by a trooper named Muggleston. Webber was later captured and hanged, but Walmsley played it cool by turning Queen's evidence, and lived out his days in some friendly neighbourhood hulks.

.....

LOOPHOLES: I thought, in my friendly unassuming way, that I might serve the cause by pointing out a few of these which seem to occur in the Rules of SAPS as they appear in SPECTATOR 61. Let's go from the start. Rule 1. "Membership: Limited to 36 members". We all know what a member is, don't we? I counted up the members in SAPS, and find that there are actually 29 members on the roster, which means that some of us have been done out of a place, fellow Wlers and ex-Wlers. That my interpretation of the position is correct is affirmed by the second section of Rule 1.

Just what is a "quarto page" and just what are the limits on "priorly distributed material"?

I further suggest that Rule 4 be amended to read "WAITING LIST: When no openings in the membership exist, a doctor should immediately be called."

Since I don't understand any of the rest I don't think I'd better make any suggestions in those fields.



"Will the young  
choirboy who  
scribbled  
'YNGVI IS A  
LOUSE!' on the  
East Wall report  
to my chambers..

I don't want to make like a paranoid, but there's a phenomenon which many of you will have noticed, and have probably feared to speak out. But now there emerges a fan who is unafraid, who will face up to the syndicate with the light of truth sparkling in his clear blue eyes. Me. Note these names. Ballard Bergeron Berman Berry Breen Busby Bob Lichtman Bruce Felz Bob Smith Burnett Toskey (not to mention Wlers). And these addresses. Boudinot, Berkeley, Redondo Beach, Burlington, Brunswick, Box, Berkeley (for a total of three) and Box again. Doesn't that strike you other fans as a little ... sinister? Or perhaps I should refer to you as "we ordinary fans" I think some of them are property. Of course, my only hope is that the OE is one of the ordinary fans who just 'happens' (ha ha) to have a B associated with his name. If this isn't the case then this page will be removed and I'll be liquidated. Each one of them will deny that HE is an alien, but don't you believe them. I'm glad to have got this off my chest, anyway. Out here, surrounded by Baxter, Baldwin, Barrett, Bennie, Binns, and of course Bob Smith and Bert Weaver, I was beginning to think I'd go mad keeping up the facade.



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I received the opposite the day after running off page 3, and anyone who's read this far will probably want a rest which<sup>is</sup> carefully provided by the ever-thoughtful editor. I didn't exactly

publish the Barrett Chronos to fill up space, but rather because if it didn't make it here, then there'd be a gap of at least 3 months before it even had a chance of appearing. Believing that knowledge never hurt anyone, a little material is reprinted below.

(illustrations omitted) BOYS, GIRLS, MEN, WOMEN!

The World Is On FIRE

Serve The LORD and You Can Have These PRIZES!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page ... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U=Make-It kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, leather kits, sewing kits, scout equipment, model airplanes, and many others ... all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. Crime, sin, graft, wars are the greatest they have ever been. Our leaders say a reawakening of Christianity is needed to save us. You can do your share by spreading the gospel into every home in your community. Merely show your friends and neighbours inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c ... sell on sight. Secure big, cash commissions or exciting prizes for selling few as ONE SET of 24 Mottos. Big Prize catalogue sent FREE! Serve the LORD and earn prizes you want.

(and if you didn't see this on the back page of MAD 12, then there we are.)

Under the headline BAN-BOMB SLOGANS AT WREATH-LAYING, and datelined PERTH, Sunday, the following appeared in the Melbourne AGE -

A group of 17 ban-the-bomb demonstrators almost disrupted the Remembrance Day ceremony in King's Park today.

As the notes of the Reveille, ending the two minutes silence, died away and the wreath-laying ceremony began, members of the campaign for nuclear disarmament quietly unfurled their banners and slogans.

These contained words such as Lest We Forget, Protect the Living from Nuclear War, and Do the Work These Men Began, Work for Peace.

They stood silently about 50 yards behind the crowd gathered at the State war memorial, until seen by members of the Returned Servicemen's League.

Several ex-servicemen then ran over to the group, tore their banners down and pushed the demonstrators away, shouting abuse at them.

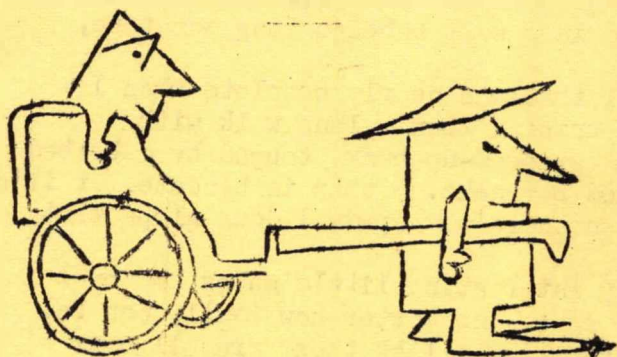
Both men and women then joined in calling the demonstrators cowards, Communists and a disgrace to Australia.

The group consisted mainly of young men and women. They did not retaliate in any way, except to point out their aims.

The superintendent of King's Park ordered the group to break up and to put away their slogans.

Finally, in the interests of freedom of expression, a list of recent titles in the Novel, Chariot and Merit series: FORCED NYMPHO, SADISTIC WENCH, NYMPHO KICK, FORCED, MONSTROUS PASSION, OVERPASSIONATE, WENCH!, TABU DESIRES, TORRID TEASER, HUNGRY THIGHS, NAKED MODEL, BODY BAIT, SUMMER TRAMP, HOUSE OF PERVERSION, MASS ORGY, HOUSE OF PLEASURE, SHOCKING SHE-ANIMAL, PERVERTED NYMPH, TORRID WENCHES, ORGY CLUB, VICTIMS OF LUST, ANIMAL BROAD, CARNAL ORGY, HOT BED, THE RAPERS, HOT JAZZ, FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE GOLDEN HUSSY, BRUTAL ECSTASY, BAYOU BABE, WILLING WOMEN, CARNAL PSYCHO, SHOCKING NYMPH, BED CRAZY, THE SEDUCERS and SWAMP LUST - all banned in this country.

# THE BARRETT CHRONICLES PT. I



## WHY, IT'S GOOD OLD RELIABLE NATHAN - ROAD, THAT IS.

I don't know if it happens to other people like this, but I have a way of somehow getting trapped by a main thoroughfare; usually the main drag of a big city. In Hong Kong, it was Nathan Road. The main road of the business district of Kowloon, it starts at Salisbury Road near the docks where the tourist vessels park, and then meanders up the Kowloon peninsula for a few miles.

I lived in Kowloon during my stay in Hong Kong and whenever I wanted to go shopping, I would invariably start

out by wandering along Nathan Road, looking into shop windows and even, sometimes, going into shops and making enquiries. This last practice can be dangerous because, to the mind of the average shopkeeper, there can be no such thing as a casual enquiry. For every person entering the store, he trots out the same somewhat frayed verbal routine. "That radio" (or whatever it is you're enquiring about) "is 130 dollars, sir, but for you, we can make a special price.....". There are shops that proudly state on a card displayed in their windows "All Goods One Price". Unfortunately, this does not mean what, at first glance, one might take it to mean. It's merely the Chinese way of saying "No Bargaining".

I'll think I'll take you on a sort of ramble up one side of Nathan Road and down the other, and tell you about a few of the features of it that have stuck in my memory. If I seem to wander away from my subject at times, it'll be because thinking about the place has keyed in other memories. Stick with me though, and I can fairly safely guarantee to bring you back to our starting point at the end of this walk. Should I make some dreadful geographical slip like dumping the Ritz Theatre down where the Astor is, or something, I'm sure that Art Wilson or some other confirmed HongKongophile will leap in with corrections. If Nathan Road as it is does not match up with Nathan Road as I describe it, then all I can say is it's tough luck for the people of Kowloon. We start our walk from the East Wing of the Peninsula Hotel which sits on the corner of Nathan and Salisbury.

We pass the Peninsula Court, cross over Peking Road and then we come upon Swindon's Book Shop. That this place is faanishly significant is undoubted. Art Wilson used to buy STARTLING and THRILLING WONDER STORIES here, and was thus launched on his fannish career. (For further details, see SCATALOG No. 1). In the same block of buildings is the Star Hotel where Art and his wife lived some years ago when, after all that nasty business that took place there, they, along with most Europeans, were forced to get the Hell out of China. I used to do quite a bit of vertical reading in Swindon's. I bought a copy of ASTOUNDING there too, soon after I arrived, all unaware that I was treading in the footsteps of Art.

On a bit further and we come to Harilela's Emporium, the "largest mail order house" according to a picture postcard pasted inside one of the tourist guides that I have. Lots of the business of tailoring and the retailing of textiles is carried on in Hong Kong by Indians, and I rather got the impression that there isn't much love lost between the Indians and the Chinese. I remember Flora telling me "Chinese people don't like working for them very much. They are all very rich and insist on paying you by cheque, even if it's only a couple of hundred dollars a month you're getting".



I must admit that I preferred to shop at the Chinese-owned shops in preference to those owned by Indians. This could be because the Indians were generally much better at the English language than the Chinese, and the outflow of sales pitch from them, usually delivered in a soft unhesitating monotone, was a terrible thing to listen to.

Some empty spaces now, and then a hotel that was nearly complete when I left, and is by now no doubt loaded with tourists. Then a long walk with nothing on our left but a concrete wall and grassed-up bank, topped by a barbed wire fence that seals off the Army's Winfield Barracks. Nathan is bisected at it's highest point by Austine Road here, and then there's a gradual down slope that levels out as we go further.

Along about here, there are some pretty interesting little shops and by little, I mean exactly that. Any sheltered space, no matter how small, can be, and is, used for the operation of a business. Places like these are all over Hong Kong and consist of some showcases or magazine racks wedged in beside, or under, a staircase, which leads from the street to the upper floors of the building. The shops we're looking at here contain and display trinkets, watches, souvenirs, small bits of carved ivory and several intriguing devices for making one's sex life more interesting. They sell 35mm colour slides too. The usual views of Hong Kong, and some other more biologically-inclined pieces of camera art which range from the freely displayed or "art" type things to the under-the-counter or "feelthy". The prices of these slides are jolly low by Australian standards, but you can buy them for half the price over at Wanchai.

There are parts of Nathan Road where the shops stop being prosperous and new-looking and instead become rather seedy and uninteresting. We've come upon one of these sections now. Most of the stores here seem to be either tailor shops or shoe stores. There is the odd bright spot on these stretches though, like the drug store just here which has displayed in its window a cardboard cut-out showing a muscular man in striped underpants flexing his biceps above the cryptic sign "HUSBAND PILLS". There are some vacant sections too and on these are usually erected bill-boards which advertise the Chinese movies showing at the local cinemas. They are interesting for the fact that the posters are not pasted but painted on; in great detail too, with the faces of the main characters accurately represented. And here's the Fee Lee Music Company where, for \$1.30, I bought a bamboo flute on which I can play a swingin' rendition of PAGAN LOVE SONG.

Here's the Waterloo Road and on its corner is a rather dingy building which houses Ray's Bar. The sign outside informs us that within can be obtained "Genuine Drinks, Excellet Food, Lovely Music and Draught Beer". Before I left Hong Kong, I gave into temptation and went inside. It was a Saturday afternoon and I was out shopping. Later on that afternoon, I left a satchel containing my house keys, my best pocket knife - that was the one with bottle opener on that was so handy for taking to parties - some socks I had just bought and twelve dollars, on a bus that was going to the Star Ferry. I never did get it back. I didn't expect to when, on checking the local papers, I found that they don't run a Lost and Found column. Anyhow, I went into this bar because I was hungry and I thought I'd like to try some "Excellet food". The place was pretty well what I'd expected it to be like. Rather stark and painted in somewhat garish colours. There were the usual booth-type tables and a juke-box to provide "lovely music". Fortunately the box was silent for most of the time that I was there. Business isn't very brisk at that time of day. I ordered curried beef and rice from the forty-ish dame who was in charge of the place. For my "genuine drink", I had a large glass of Tiger Ale which is pretty good beer. While I was drinking, the hostess came over and sat down beside me and talked. I asked if the bar was hers but she said that it wasn't and she just worked there for her cousin. She

didn't make much money from it though and worked hard at another place during the day as well. "Hong Kong is a very dear place to stay," It was a statement that I heard quite a lot during my stay there. She asked me what I did and I told her that I was a school teacher. She said that she thought I was. Then she tried to sell me on the idea of coming back later on in the evening, when apparently the atmosphere becomes more convivial. "This is a very cheap place. Much cheaper than other places in Kowloon. You come here and have a drink. You like to have a girl to talk to then there are lots of nice girls here. We don't charge very much for a drink. You get yourself a drink and buy one for a girl it costs you only \$3.70. Other places you pay \$6 or maybe \$7." I conceded that their prices were reasonable but unfortunately I had another engagement that night. "Maybe you like girl to sit and talk to now. I can ring one up for you. She lives very close. She usually comes in about now." I was saying, thanks, but no thanks, when one of the staff arrived in the person of a shapely but somewhat tough looking female. I assumed this to be the 2 o'clock shift and I was right. I couldn't afford company though, and so I said goodbye to Ray's cousin and left.

As we continued on our way the shops start to look a bit more wealthy in their appearance. Here's the one that I always thought of as The Goul Shop. In its windows are displayed photos of human viscera and plastic replicas in glaring brighter than life colours of all the sorts of internal organs. Skeletons, too, can be found here. All looking as good as the real thing but made from plastic. Eccch!

Now we're getting to where the cinemas are on this side of the road. I finally caught up with The Wild One along here - a film that had been banned in New Zealand. And at the Broadway I saw the Dick Matheson scripted The House Of Usher, the dream sequence of which just about scared me into hiding under my seat. Hong Kong cinemas don't usually show much in the way of supporting programmes. Perhaps a newsreel and half a dozen commercials and that's it. A new screening starts every two hours and so one doesn't get a hell of a lot for one's money. This non showing of supporting programmes can be quite a drag. When I went to see Two Way Stretch in Hong Kong I had hopes that The Running Jumping And Standing Still film would be on with it but, alas, 'twas not so and I had to wait until I returned to Australia before I could see that remarkable effort. Walking on a bit further we pass a night club which, during my Hong Kong sojourn, had a billboard outside advertising its latest attraction, a blond singer, with the words, "The U.S.A. Nucleus Weapon - Saunter Alexander." A little bit further on Nathan Road reaches Boundary Street and stops there so we'll cross over here and start walking back the way we came.

We walk past more shoe shops and clothing stores and then we come to Argyle Street which houses the Gala Theatre. It's all mally ultra modern and is owned by two enterprising brothers named Shaw. Devoted readers of Time magazine will remember a story that was printed about them around two years ago with the heading, "What makes Run Run, Run?" This is the only cinema in which I've encountered seats that allow you to adjust the pitch of the back rest. I saw The Subterraneans here and took another look at Fantasia. The Disney film had subtitles most of the way through it and I asked Flora to translate them for me because I couldn't figure out what the hell they were for. During "The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies" in the Nutcracker Suite you'd get a subtitle that translated out something like this: "It is spring and all the little flowers are dancing happily across the lakes." Egad!



There seems to be less of interest on this side of the street until we get back to past Waterloo Road again. The buildings are kind of old and the tailor shops rather dismal. Sometimes though one comes upon a sign advertising some sort of exotic service like this one that is a favourite of mine: "Fuji Features Beatify Clinic." And, oh yes. Along here too there is an apartment that is considered to be haunted. Flora told me about it one afternoon when we were on our way to school after visiting a tea house. She didn't know if there was any history of crime connected with the place but according to local legend, at a Mah Jong game one night, an extra player sort of appeared and started taking part without being invited. Everybody present sort of thought he must be a friend of one of the others and so never remarked to the others about him. He must have kept pretty quiet, I guess. I think too, that his interests must have been very strongly inclined towards gambling for at another time, during a Mah Jong game, a pair of hands materialised at the table where play was taking place. The owner of the building chooses to keep the flat on that floor untenanted but it's not likely that anyone would want to live there anyhow. I'm not The Bureau of Psychic Investigation so I didn't immediately get off the bus and start investigating the authenticity of the thing but I believe the story if only for the reason that it's a jolly good story and worth believing. What it seems to lack is a reason for a ghost being there. There probably is one though and it's just that nobody knows anything about it.

Here we'll pause and look in the window of The Sanda Shoe Co. At The Sanda Shoe Co. I got the quickest service that I've ever received from any shoe store anywhere. They had some madly exaggerated Italian styled brown shoes in the window which I decided were just what I wanted. I went in and said to the salesman, "I'd like a pair of those shoes," and then sat down and waited. He didn't ask what size I wanted; he just went away and brought back a pair for me to try on. They fitted perfectly. I was out of the place with my new shoes in only about five minutes after entering. I was very impressed.

More clothing stores and quite a few electrical stores. Then we come to another cinema. This one's called The Lee Astor and I saw a film called Messalina, Imperial Venus. It was one of those old Roman things made by an Italian Company and it should have had Martine Carol in it but it didn't. It had some good looking talent in it but it was pretty tedious mostly and wouldn't be worth remembering if it wasn't for the extraordinary way it reminded me of a party at Mark King's place in Wellington. At the end of the film there is a real blood bath bit where the King's soldiers come in and put to the sword the Empress and all her supporters. There are corpses, bodies, and gallons of Technicolour blood all over the place, and I suddenly found myself thinking, "Why that's just like that party at Mark's where Brian Bell got beaten up" - Of course Mark's party wasn't really exactly like that. Brian Bell was really the only victim. It was the usual swingin' sort of scene. There were the sounds of a Sonny Rollins record coming from the Klischorn, thousands of people, miles of booze, and Brian Bell was airing his opinion of Modigliani. Later when I heard what he had said - alas unprintable in a family fanzine - I thought it quite appropriate but somebody - a guy built like a concrete wall and with just as much intelligence - came over to where Brian was sitting and proceeded to put his fist through Brian's face with a cry of, "You're not going to say things like that in front of my wife." A supporter of the assailant came over and sort of dragged Brian out of the place while some dame screamed out: "Leave him alone. He's an intellectual." The two situations mightn't seem a heck of a similar but the movie reminded me so much of the incident at Mark's that I record it here.

The next cinema we come to is The Ritz notable, to me, for the fact that during the intermission they flash on to the screen a sign saying, "Patrons are requested to check that no articles are left before leaving."

In Jordan Road, just around the corner from Nathan Road, is the Ruby Shoe Company. I'd been chasing all over Hong Kong to find a pair of sandals for Jill but somehow I'd missed this place and so, when on one Saturday night at about 11:45 as I was on my way home from a movie, I happened to glance to my left as I crossed Jordan Road and saw this place, I thought I'd wander over and do some window shopping. Displayed in the window was exactly the sandal that I'd been looking for. There was somebody working inside so I went in and bought a pair. I mention this to illustrate the point that, business hours, in Hong Kong, are just what you make them.

Austin Road is the next main drag to cross Nathan as we wend our way back. I walked along Austin quite a bit too. I lived along there for a while and it was in Austin Road that I was offered my first piece of flesh. I was on my way to the movies actually and had just about reached Nathan when this rather sinister Chinese gentleman sidled up to me and said, "Hey, you like nice girl?" In my polite New Zealand way - New Zealanders are always polite - I said, "No thanks, I'm off to the movies actually." Now there seems to be some peculiar feature in the physical makeup of lots of Chinese males that makes it impossible, or at least very difficult, for them to hear negatives. This one didn't seem to hear me when I said, "No," and followed me across Nathan Road to the bus stop, saying, in a hoarse "whisper" that must have been audible down at the Star Ferry pier, things like, "this is a very nice girl for you. Only eight dollars". Later on in the evening - I don't think it was a very good movie - I got to thinking about it and thought, "Gee that was a pretty good offer, valuewise, really". Looking back on it though, I have come to the conclusion that the gentleman probably had got, for some reason, the idea that I was American and was quoting a price in U.S. dollars. That would have brought the price up closer to that which is normally charged for such things.

Going back down Nathan Road again and now here is The Princess Theatre where I saw SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL which I liked more than the play, and a Sunday Morning programme of 3 STOOGES Comedies which I didn't dig and U P A cartoons including THE UNICORN IN THE GARDEN which I did. Across the street from this cinema is The Princess Garden Night Club. One night at about 11:30 I had a mad desire for a bottle of 7 UP and as the refrigerator in the joint where I stayed didn't have any I went out to look for some. I wandered around into Carnarvon Road and eventually found a grocery store still open and so, with my thirst quenched, I walked along Kimberley Road and then back down Nathan to my hotel. I was just approaching the entrance to The Princess Garden Night Club when bodies began to explode from it and then an odd sort of brawl started to develop. Somebody was being chucked out but it took me quite a while to sort out who it was. A coatless rather wild-looking guy started to kick one of the waiters who had somehow been knocked over. Somebody else - I never did figure out if he had a personal reason for getting involved in the fight or if he was just a bystander getting into the act - came over and gave the coatless one a bash in the face and then ran off up the street. This diversion gave the grounded waiter time to get up and run for safety. Other people started to spill forth from the club and they proceeded to get themselves involved in the affray, if not physically, then verbally. It was the weirdest bit of action of its kind I'd ever seen. The



combat was joined on a kind of hit-and-run basis and although there were only about ten people actually involved fistically it spread right across the road. A crowd had gathered to watch and make comments. A watching Indian said to a friend standing by his side, "Typical Chinese. A few drinks and they think they can fight the world." His friend nodded in agreement. More people came out of the club; presumably friends or enemies of the main participants. Another small scuffle started. A sikh wearing a turban came out of the club and started blowing furiously on a police whistle. It was about ten minutes before any police put in an appearance but when they did come they came in their thousands. After asking questions of the main actors in the drama they selected some people to ride in the Black Maria - which is grey in Hong Kong - but apparently those not selected felt they had been slighted and so another argument developed. It ended up with the patrol wagon being loaded with all the people it could hold and then moving off in convoy with a lot of other police vehicles in the direction of the police station. As the wagon pulled away from the curb I noticed that another fight had started inside it.

Now we're getting to the end of our walk. Here's a tailor's that has in its window the best damned dinner jacket I've ever seen. Some camera and radio shops now and then a couple of brand-new 18-storey hotel blocks. A car park and then we're back to Salisbury Road right opposite where we started from.

This was written with Nathan Road by day uppermost in my mind. Nathan Road by night is a different thing again. The feeling of it changes and the profusion of neon signs, of extraordinary and impressive design in lots of cases, makes it all come to a fantastic and entirely different life. The shops are open but most of the people walking around seem to be looking rather than buying. There are crowds waiting to get into the cinemas and crowds leaving them. At night entertainment is the most important part of commerce. Its centre is in the area past Waterloo Road. Near to Salisbury Road it's much quieter so let's just stop here for a while and watch the people. The girls who work the bars in this area sometimes come out for walks around here when they feel the need for fresh air or when they haven't much to do. Gee, dig those two good-looking chicks coming down the street towards us. Hey! they're smiling at us. I think they're coming over to speak.

- Mervyn Barrett

#### A SLIGHT ADDENDUM

A word or two about what you just (I hope) read. It was written over a year ago at the request of John Baxter as the first part of what was to be a series about my Hong Kong sojourn for publication in BUNYIP. Baxter stencilled most of it (the "Barrett Chronicles" title is his - just so you'll know who to blame) but due to some deficiency in his reproductive organs he was never again able to give birth to a BUNYIP and so this thing of mine lay gathering dust until it was rescued on behalf of John Foyster who needed something to fill some space. Whether any more should ever appear depends largely on Foyster. Every effort has been made to avoid chronological order and so if it reads as though a lot of stuff has been missed out then that's the way it should be. Friends who have been to Hong Kong since this was written say that one or two of the things that I mentioned in this are no longer there - I'm sure most of it still applies, though..... Mervyn.

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# A LETTERCOL

## FOR TWO FARTHING S

I'm too crafty to publish any letters of comment on the first issue of this fanzine. But I was also crafty enough to realize that if I sent a couple of copies of MEANWHILE to the Sydney boys I might just get a little something. I did. It wasn't very hard to work out just what alphabetical order was this time. Perhaps it will be harder a little later on.

JOHN BAXTER

Thanks for MEANWHILE. I can't find it in my heart to be sad that this wasn't an enormous issue of WILD COLONIAL BOY filled with contributions "by almost every fan in Australia". ...

You may have a point with this business about giants in literature, but it doesn't stand up very well with the sort of spotty development you've given it. To my mind, the facts indicate not that heroes degenerated from Gods to men, but rather that Gods began to take on human attributes as the old religions changed. The original Gods were elemental nature deities, completely powerful, omnipotent. Anything written in their day would necessarily be influenced by them, so all literature of Greek and Roman times - early Greek and Roman, anyway - is heavily religious, and therefore Giant-oriented. As the growing sophistication of the human race cut the gods down to a more manageable size, human literature naturally took on a less formal attitude to them, and when finally Christianity introduced a God that was human too, not just occasionally human or partly human as were the Roman and Greek gods, the decline was complete. God was man - to write about the most common man was to write about God too. Anyway, this is how I see it, though on consideration I might easily change a lot of my views. We'll see.

As I said earlier, you could have done this piece a lot better. Your examples, for instance rely far too much on modern sources. You're talking in terms of centuries; remember - your thesis needs bolstering in the period of transition around the end of the elemental gods era and again where you skip from Dickens to Joyce (!!!). And I don't think you know a great deal about poetry, especially of the (your word) "academic" style, otherwise you wouldn't have claimed that there were no poets before the radical moderns who dealt with giants, Gods etc. Try Eliot - there is a great deal of semi-mysticism in his work, and FOUR QUARTETS is full of "Nature is all-powerful" sentiments.\* As I said, I may be wrong, but I'd like to discuss it. Certainly ~~this~~ RETURN OF THE GIANTS is the best serious work you've ever written. (The only one too, perhaps?). It deserves expansion and perhaps reprinting somewhere. Who knows, I might even swipe it and use it as the next edition of the Whrn column. "

\* Insert after "sentiments", "And, getting back a bit, aren't Arnold and Sandburg heroic in spirit?"

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Anyone who wants to comment on this matter is advised to read the original article, which is available from me, in plain white envelope (mebbe). I may as well mention a few points here, however, even though the above discussion is

page thirty-three



still in progress, as it may help to clear the air. First, whether the Gods declined or not is most definitely a matter of opinion. Second, I rely on modern sources because I am trying to establish that a change has taken place in modern times, and this must therefore be emphasised if any period is to be so treated. Third, since I am trying to prove that a change has taken place, John's first paragraph is essentially outside the scope of the argument, even though the points he raises are interesting and well worth discussing. Fourth, "academic" is not "my" word. Fifth, I am unable to find in the article I wrote any suggestion that there were "no poets before the radical moderns etc.". I may be open to correction on some of these points, of course. Go ahead and swipe it, pal. And now, the "Grand old man of Aussifandom

BOB SMITH

To be quite frank that cover leaves me cold. "HOW WELL I REMEMBER THOSE MYRIAD GLADROUS SKULLS ROASTING IN THE RELENTLESS PUCKAPUNYAL SUNSHINE"... a somewhat magnificent line, although what the hell prompted it I'll never know!

"Return of the Giants" proves that, when he wants to, Foyster is capable of turning out readable, stimulating material, instead of the usual confusing, chopped-up stuff. 'Tis a pity that you didn't extend the article; thesis or whatever it was because somewhere along the line you lost me! Not surprising really, because I am an ignorant slob. For instance, I have never read ULYSSES, so I couldn't give an opinion of whether it was the first "step up" again, as you put it. However, for some queer, niggling reason which I haven't managed to pin down, I doubt if it was. Robbe-Grillet I know purely because of his motion picture work, which no doubt will cause Foyster to roar "Oaf!" ((ed. note - Oaf!)). The film LUCRETIA BORGIA may have been a reasonably accurate picture of aristocracy, by the Borgias, etc., but I suspect most of it was obscured for the audience by the over-abundance of bare female flesh that dominated the film. (I originally saw this film in Japan and not one bit had been cut or censored ... delightful). Citing such examples as LUCRETIA BORGIA, EL CID, WARLORD OF CRETE, etc., as you do, makes me curious to know just where - in your opinion - KING OF KINGS belongs...?

I am inclined to frown on your dismissal of STALAG 17 as just "a war film", because there were some wonderful comedy sequences in that film that lifted it above the run-of-the-mill war movie. Your reaction to ADVISE AND CONSENT seems to have been very similar to my own. I found it quite humorous, and if it was supposed to be a reasonably accurate picture of the Washington political scene, also bloody pathetic. Charles Laughton, as the Senator from South Carolina, says that he finds the ideas and views of Henry Fonda "alien", and that is how the whole film impressed me - alien. Frankly, I just couldn't get used to the "first-name" basis that almost every seemed to be on, and I question the sanity of the Senator from Utah who commits suicide on tracking down his old boy-friend... amazing. And all those Secret Service men trooping into the Senate ... the grimness of it all almost caused me to cough on my ice-cream. The programme was padded out with the most amazing bunch of shorts it's ever been my misfortune to sit through, and naturally, ADVISE AND CONSENT being the film it is, Columbia included a CinemaScope short on

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MC's in verse,  
are only worse,  
Than rows and rows,  
of MC prose.

May I reiterate (yes, Bob, in front of all these people) that mine is the only legitimate use of the spelling "coments"? And you know what you are when you're illegitimate, don't you, little boy?

SUI! 2 -Smith This, this THING is a tissue of lies, a corruption of falsehood.  
First, I have it on good authority that, in fact, during the journey described on page one, Smith was quoting just as much as Baxter was! Second there are the horrible distortions which appear on page two, which are so inaccurate that only the close examination of THE SMALLCON SMUDGE could possibly correct any misconceptions which will have arisen. And Finally, and most certainly the worst of all these lies, Smith has the audacity to state at the bottom "Sui! is printed for me by the kind and generous John M. Baxter...", when in fact the fanzine in question was printed by the kind and generous John M. Baxter with the assistance of the honest and truthful John M. Foyster!!! Are there no depths to which this man will not sink?????

SON ON SING ALONG WITH BULLWINKL - Henstell(?) Enjoyed some of this, but the terrifying thing was that I could only recognize a few of the cover-people: - the Kennedys, Nehru, DeGaulle and I'm out. Back soon?

DINKY BIRD 4 - Berman I dug your story, but couldn't follow the plot. Not that I didn't know what was happening, but there didn't seem to be any reason why it should be happening. Much enjoyed.

[illegible]

COCONINO - Hannifen Nice to find out the TRUTH about A TRIP THROUGH HELL.

Not that I've heard anything false about it, just that I've heard virtually nothing about it. So now I know. Lanctot's art was pleasant in spots this time.

MORCON - Hannifen The program in LA, the parties in SF.

GENESIS BY WEBER - Schultz Now I got some of the puns, Dick, but "it's only a small yalk,"?, and several others. But I couldn't follow the story line at all. Fortunately I know how it ends. I think you should have received 6 pp. credit. But howcome YOUR fanzine is printed on RUTH BERMAN'S paper?

SPECIAL CONVENTION ZINE - Berman Not so legallength. I hope that isn't the case.

OUTSIDERS. 49 - Ballard I think you're right about the city-dwellers. I know when we had that scare a few weeks ago, one of the first things I did was work out the quickest way to the nearest grocery store. But I live, or rather lived at the time, on top of a hill, ten miles from the city, and in direct line-of-sight of the city centre, so perhaps I wouldn't have had to worry. Fortunately, as from next January, I'll be living in Drouin, 50 miles from Melbourne, and in the centre of a rich dairying area. I'll have to change all my post-atomic plans. I number all pages, including blanks (generally only the inside cover) but that is what you do too.

POT POURRI 25 - Berry Once again I just can't get ar und to reading your articles, John. I don't know why it is; I always read your stuff in Cry BEFORE the rest of the 'zine. Perhaps it's the change in company. One of the difficulties in writing MC's from overseas, and undoubtedly you've noticed it; undoubtedly this is why there are so rarely MC's in POT POURRI; is the time-shortage. If no comment springs to mind, then the 'zine must be glossed over, and if you can't bring yourself to read the 'zine immediately then most frequently it never gets read. In this instance I received the Mailing on Monday, and the 'zine has to be mailed by next Monday at the latest. But I do know that when I get around to reading this issue I'll like it (this from a quick glance at the titles). Oh, yes, keep up the historical articles.

WATLING STREET 14 - Lichtman One of the dreaded fanzines, for me, as it usually means that halfway through a comment I'm going to stop and start rereading some long, but interesting, passage. On my schedule that's fatal. Once again your Geography lesson was very readable, and I envy you your trips to the City Lights Bookshop. I certainly would like to visit this, and perhaps the Tides in Sausalito, on the West Coast and 8th Street and naturally Gotham in the East. Out here it is exceedingly hard to get the bohemian type literature, ancient or modern, and a trip through 5 or more shops may be necessary to get a moderate cover, though this is by no means representative. I know it is pretty futile, but if any of you who frequent such places should come across copies of TIGER'S EYE or TRANSITION 48 (not the original just now thank you) then I'd be grateful to the point of folding money. Birth Press is not one of the groups I have sampled - can you

[illegible]



expand or expound? I far prefer the "Tentative Description", of the two you mention, but probably not for poetic reasons... For some reason many of the people out here are hooked on "DOG", in which I cannot see much. (HOOG) Larry McCombs is right up to a point, but in fact IQ is considered to be the ratio of your score to the average score of persons of your age, or to the average score of persons of 16 if you are 16 or over. The age 16 is a mean, and just as many dull people continue to grow mentally after this age (except where a physical disorder prevents this, which is often the case). IQ scores, when treated properly, do have a great deal of meaning. The offspring of abnormally intelligent or unintelligent parents tend to group themselves about the mean of the parent's and the average (100). So if we consider ourselves intelligent then we must realize that usually our parents are usually even more intelligent. At the other end of the scale is a minor cause of juvenile delinquency. If the parent is considerably less intelligent than average then the child, though below average for the population, is frequently more intelligent than his parents. No respect for authority, that's what it is. (Ted White's comments) Harry Warner's mention of his habit of changing his conversation in the company of Hagerstown reminds me of a horrible thing in store for me at this Drouin place. The RSL (read American Legion) is very strong in this little old town. Perhaps one of you two-tongued damn-yankees can give me a few hints on how to fake your way.... Did Liebscher now? You amaze me.

POR POURRI 24 - Berry In re your comments on LES SPINGE, John, allowing for a certain number of exceptions, death is essentially death, and one way is much the same as another. Note that I am anti-A-bomb, though. That FREE RADICAL has one of the most misleading titles I've ever come across. You almost tempt me to stop this mad commenting and go back and read POT POURRI 25.

RESIN 11 - Metcalf A rather slim issue, and even worse, you talk only about SF and Fantasy...

STUPEFYING STORIES 57 - Eney A crazy cover, but you take the image of Jittoku in vein. I have always been amused by the alternative. I didn't read this very closely, you understand, but it doesn't seem to be out of the ordinary, as history - perhaps some history buffs will come out and say it is extraordinary. I cannot see what this has to do with Coventry, except in the most superficial way. Zamora, Nemedra and Aquilonia....hmm.

PLEASURE UNITS 2 - Eklund Even though the Russians are secretive about space flights beforehand, you can rely on some pretty fair stuff later. The issues of SOVIET UNION following a space flight invariably are chock-a-block with photos and paintings. The latest had some medical information - first time, I think. I shall test your ideas on fan and other parodies with that story in TWCB ONE. It had a fair share of, in your words, in-group references, but they were not fan-type references. I don't like the typer you've used in both PLEASURE UNITS and BRAMBLE. On my joining the army - I was willing to join once; I'm not so sure now. Damned if I'm going to test my theories at the expense of possibly finding them to be wrong. "great unwashed pacifists" - an interesting idea, but one which requires more investigation than





MEST 11 - Johnstone Have you any spares of that REST OF MEST that was postmailed a wee while ago? No Comment.

COLLECTOR 31 - DeVore The C's and the second L came out best on my copy.  
I wonder if Bob Smith will be elated at paying three dollars fifty for the Proceedings - I wonder VERY much.

STRONG THEATRE ADVERT - Hannifen Who runs the Strong Theatre?

THE PINK PLATYPUS 1 - Armistead What a wonderful title! It would have suited a lefty Australian like me to a tee. Ah - Ha, said he reading the comments on Mensa. I thought there was a slight difference in the scales. When I compare some of the comments of these 160+ IQ boys and compared them with the 140+ IQ people I knew, it was never very hard to work out whose comments seemed more perceptive. Thank you, Tom, and let's have someone give the accurate comparison. I stand 5' 11", weigh 165 and am 29" around the waist, and I'm carrying a fair bit of condition at that. I always thought fans were inclined to corpulence. But let's have some statistics from the female members. An excellent start.

ARKHAM SAMPLER - Meskys I shall try to get TAPE=TALK played, but dunno what chance I've got. I feel kinda proud that it takes <sup>8</sup> 10 WWW's to make only one me..... In re your note on AFROGIWOOD, there were actually 4 more pages originally stapled there, but I got a bit queasy and sent them off to Smith. He said "out", so out they went. This is in case you didn't read the wee explanation in TWCB ONE. Even allowing for the lenient attitude of the OE this time, I don't think those pages would have gotten through. SFTimes is a bad word out here, My 1961 subscription has not yet started, but quite frankly, now that I've seen a couple of recent issues, I don't want it to start. Speaking of the famous lines bit, as H. Warner does, can anyone tell me where I'll find "By a knight of ghosts and shadows ..... methinks it is no journey" apart from "Tom A'Bedlam's Song". I know it introduces some poem or novel, but can't put my finger on it.

MISTILY MEANDERING 2 - Patten Didn't read "The Piebald Hippogriff", but can hardly enthuse about "Landscape with Sphinxes". Slight, to semi-quote you. It was a good thing that you included your conrep, as this department was otherwise a complete bust as far as SAPS was concerned this mailing, if we forget about WARHOON. I get most of your rhymes - Pelz, hells; Carr, bar; perhaps even Foyster, roister; but Breen, clean - never. You might be sued even. Just watch it. Let's see those complete MC's.

PSILO 6 - Ellern Did the Birchers prevent you from commenting on Lenny Kaye's article?

IGNATZ 32 - Rapp (f.) This was a .. different.. sort of issue, and although interesting, the lack of MC's was most distressing. Now you people don't want to alienate your allies, do you?

SPACEWARP 75 - Rapp (m.) This multiplying bookshelves (or books) has been giving me a fine time over the last couple of weeks

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as I've been packing my stuff preparatory to moving (though not quite so far as you are moving).

RETRO 26 - Busby I personally can't understand the grotching at OO covers. Perhaps a veteran could explain to us new bugs why we should hate covers on OOs. "Ahwuengau" was a bit far out for me, but did you notice Breen's variant? When I asked about the fifteenth anniversary jazz, I had a bit of evidence to suggest that it was actually a little while ago, and I'm still not sure. Somehow I've managed to get a copy of Coswal's FAPASNIX for March 1947 and in it he mentions "sending copies of my SAPzine to you", but this is by no means conclusive. What say the Elders of the Lodge? Thicker next time?

THE ZED 801 - Anderson (K.) only noted this time.

SON OF SAPROLLER 27 - Harness Bob Smith mentioned a wee while ago that he was really wrapped in the small-size issues, but I don't think he meant the smaller the better. This is a little larger, but still not large enough. By the time you read this I will have moved approximately 40 miles nearer to the USA, but will strengthen my claim as the world's southernmost active fan. Gosh. On-the-ball masquerade description read with interest.

YEZIDEE 1 - Girard , I do, dah, dah, dah, dah, dah. That bit about books and collecting thereof reminds me of the activities of a guy out here who had too much space on his bookshelves (!) and had to get something to fill the spaces. He's in the bookbinding trade, so he wanted something that looked nice and representative. Eventually after much searching he found a set of encyclopedias which he was able to get for only one shilling a volume, and which were beautifully bound, all 15 of them. The drawback is that he doesn't know a word of French. How do you feel after reading all this junk? "chestall-and"? You didn't have much competition conrepwise, but I think yours would have held its own against most.

SAPTERRANEAN 7 - Breen That remark about Robert Graves being the possible author of "the Age of the Digest" seems quite accurate to me. I've just been reading his opinions of anthologies... Interesting to know if there are any fans who are strongly against the idea of an anthology being used to represent SF to the outside world. I've read so many reviews that include "this would be an ideal way to introduce SF to your friends", and variations. My, this is the liberal SAPS mailing! I felt sure that you would have disagreed with Hulan's first point on the grounds that it is applicable to any and all, not just to "Russians". There was a wild scene in TOTO, PEPPINO AND THE SWEET LIFE, when a party in a night club became almost completely enveloped in a cloud of heroin! "a courtin' go" was a little sophisticated for my simple tastes. Naturally I was not 100% serious when talking about Aussifans, but on the other hand the figure you give does bear some investigation. I can just imagine the names on the INSIDE ml. Hyperactive fans like Gregor, Crozier, Baldwin, Jefferson, all red-hot guys slaving over dupers night after night - a terrifying picture. Remember that if you took a sub to inside in '56 it would probably still be live wouldn't it? No, in fact there are only a handful of fan-type fans in Australia, and anyone reading this issue will come across the



names

names of every last one of them. We send the "Australian SF Newsletter" out to about 60 people spread over all Australia, mainly to sell our ancient SF, and get very few responses. A recent "faanish" issue seems to have been better received, but no letters were forthcoming. Nor do I really buy 6 copies of ANALOG; I don't even buy one. I know what MEST means, Scribe knows what MEST means, and later on it looks as though you've found out. Anyone NOT know? I only wish you could devote as much energy to FANAC as you do to SAPT and your articles.....

SPELEOBEM 17 - PELZ Damn, I've mislaid the questionnaire, which I object to.

But I've capitalized your name, and I think I've worked out which book it was that you thought Al Lewis had cribbed from. RECOLLECTIONS OF THE JERSEY PRISON SHIP, in the American Experience series, right?

SPECTATOR 61 - OE One vote FOR covers. Sure hope WARHOON shows up in time for a comment.....

Well, WARHOON hasn't shown, but the objectionable questionnaire has. I don't suppose I can validly object very strongly, since I don't have particularly precise knowledge in the matter, but there's one thing that troubles me. As I remember, a few years ago there was a FAPAN or ex-FAPAN, John Quagliano (don't take that as being 100% accurate) whose fanzines were, for some reason unknown to me, seized by the FBI. Fanac warned fans to expect a visit. What came of that I don't know. But it does seem to be inviting trouble, this card-file on fandom. To have a card-system which will sort out for, say, HUAC, seems to be making things just a little too easy for witch-hunters. Membership of the same organization as a Communist has been unrewarding for many in the past, and question 13 is particularly loaded, coming only after Flag and Mother. Maybe I'm going off the deep end, but as I suggested at the beginning of this, I don't have a great deal of precise knowledge - I have read enough to make me aware of what could happen. I realize that all the information given is freely available if anyone really wants to know, but having in the person's handwriting is different from a word-of-mouth opinion. So I won't be returning the questionnaire and I have my doubts about directories of fandom in general.

One of the questions is of interest, however, as it duplicates, in intent, a theory which Doug Nicholson of Sydney had held for some time, i.e. that all fans have some physical or mental disability. This was the result of a lengthy investigation of Sydney fandom, and Doug found very few fans who fell outside both of these categories. A similar phenomenon is evident amongst most Melbourne fans. And how is it where YOU are?

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Credits, if such be the word, for this issue are as follows:

ART Cover, 3 - Smith, 16 - Soeur, 23 - RIP, 25 - Smith, 27 - Philby.

Stencils 27, 28, 29, 30 were cut by the generous and kindly John M. Baxter, but I done all the other typose meself. Illustrations hacked by my own fair hand. Collation to the work of one C. Parker. This makes 100+ pages for me this year and that's enough.