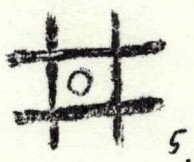
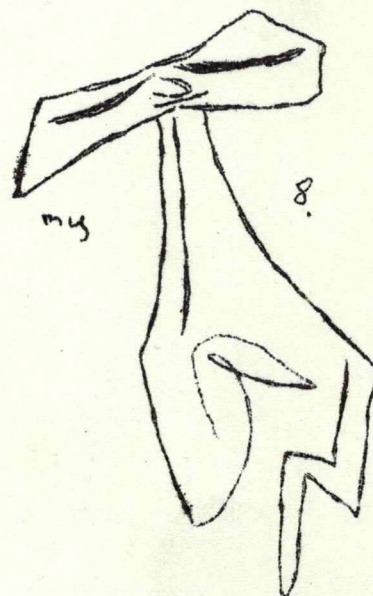
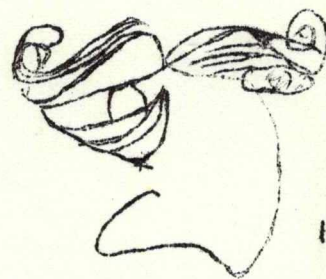
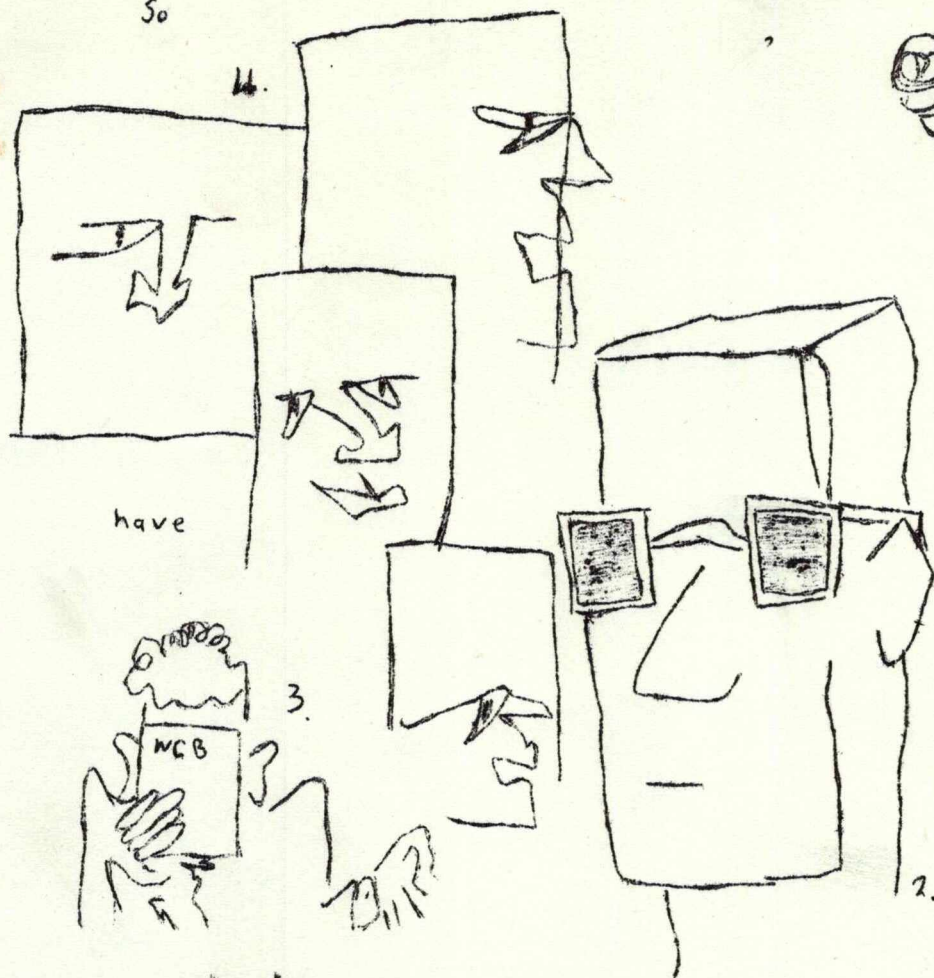


Wild cover by Philby, Smit & F.

So



stolen



the wild colonial boy 5 saps 66 january 1964



daughter

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY is published quarterly for the SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY by John Foyster, P.O. Box 57, Drouin, Victoria, Australia. This issue, the fifth, is published for the January 1964 SAPS Mailing. It is also slightly distributed outside SAPS. For a long time now I've been meaning to mention the stencil-angeling qualities of CARLA HARDING but I guess late is better than never. This issue is dedicated to those Brave Aussifans who have Ventured Overseas. God Save North America.

I'm not going to have a listing of the contents this time. Not after the last occasion when I managed to get all the pages numbered wrongly. I must introduce my new writer, 703, who still has a long way to go to reach OCT, but on the other hand he feels that the death-rate above him is high, and the pay is good.

I don't know what is on the cover this time. I have made certain arrangements, but operating at this range I don't know what happens in my absence. Anyway, if there is a tallish sort of guy leering at you and leaning on a sign and carrying a book, then he is me. Or I. No, emphatically me. On the other hand, if there is not a picture of that nature, then it isn't me. Then again, if there are two photos, then the good-looking one is Mervyn Barrett, unless it is someone else. But I intend that it be Mervyn Barrett, even though I have little to do with his paternity. Inshort, nebbe there's a photocover. I'm sorry that there were no other objects available, but I'll try harder next time. O, if there is a photocover, then Mervyn Barrett is Staff Photographer and Lee Harding is Photoprinter, or somesuch. Which would you rather be, Lee?

COVER STORY

Presuming there is one. Mervyn Barrett had just returned from Sydney, which means it was a fair while ago, but I saw him on the Saturday following his return, when he said all sorts of interesting things, like, 'I loaned your Lenny Bruce record to Ron Polson'. He also gave me two bottles of Pepsi, which he, all alone, had brought back to me from Sydney stowed in his GOOD HEALTH FOREVER carrying bag. But the next day was when he rang me up to arrange our photography session. 'How about coming now,' he said. Well, it was a pretty good idea, so I agreed to go with him that afternoon. 'How's the Pepsi going,' he asked in his kindly way. I muttered a few things. Then came the bitter warning. 'You've got to watch that stuff,' said Mervyn, 'When I was in Sydney I saw lots of young guys who just couldn't handle it.' 'I can take it or leave it, Mervyn,' I said. 'Yeah,' he said, 'but you haven't seen those rows of blokes, old and young, lined up outside shops at 8.30 in the morning, waiting for their Pepsi.' 'You sure are a kidder, Mervyn,' I said. We made some arrangements then about when exactly we'd meet, or I'd arrive at his place. 'But just how soon will you leave home?' he asked. 'Pretty soon Mervyn,' I replied; 'just as soon as I finish this bottle of soft drink.'

Well, we took some photos, and as I recall I walked around with a mushroom in my lapel. I think I also asked Mervyn when I was getting the Lenny Bruce record back. Mervyn explained that Ron would bring it down when he brought the Pepsi and did the TV bit. It seemed pretty reasonable to me. 'By the way,' he said, 'I loaned Ron your MJQ record too.' What can one say? What can one say about a fellow who has borrowed two of your records, lives in Sydney, and has sung the 'si bon, si bon' bits behind Eartha Kitt on a TV show? I sat, or stood there, stunned. 'You bastard, Mervyn Barrett,' I said.

Is there anyone's style I haven't offended?

DEADEND KID

That is the last time I wore that suit, by the way. As I was getting on the train and saying farewells to Mervyn and Jill I looked down, and, lo, crotchless trousers. So I guess that photo is sort of historic. (continued page 17)

Borne aloft by Quantas Boeing 707 wings and jets, replete with a somewhat Bourgeois meal (although given some pseudostyle by French naming), I've decided this is the time to tell you of MARIENBAD.

It is one of the films of all time. I saw it twice in two days, and any movie which can sandbag me into a stupor both times must be incroyable. V. excellent. Of course everyone has misunderstood it: not that it is difficult to follow - it isn't at all - but because having seen the obvious fact that it is a film about persuasion, they do not pursue the matter any further. The script, the montage (Eisensteinian sense), the lighting, et cetera, are all so ambiguous that almost any story or explanation re who is persuading whom (or even if two people are involved) is possible. To me, however, it seems as if the most likely (or logical, if such a term applies) exegesis is that the heroine is nuts - really nuts. The film is Resnais' updating of the old Caligari theme: but to allow other interpretations he doesn't tack a neat 'ending' to the 'plot'. The only other explanation of the action of the film is that the girl is being persuaded by some ardent lover, and that all the scenes are her thoughts during the conversation which lasts perhaps 5 minutes. Many, many clues point this way: actions chronologically separated are seen as continuous, reality and nonreality (or surreality) are juxtaposed, the man voices the girl's thoughts, the action last year (at Marienbad or Frederiksbad or Baden-Salsa) all takes place at Marienbad, reality is forced to conform with the man's story now, the girl's visualisation of it now ... and so on. It's far too complex to deal with in a note so I'll write of it later in more detail, perhaps. (I can't help thinking, though, that the ideas and philosophies expressed in it are somewhat too flimsy for the stupendous style. See an American 'slickie' after Marienbad and you'll see just how pedestrian the US film technique is.)

I'll be in San Francisco 6:40 Sunday 13 - say, that's 20 minutes before I leave! If I get through customs soon enough, and after I've checked in at the International ((indecipherable)) (minimum \$9.00 per evening) I'll see LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

.....

No, I'm still struck by the awesomeness of 100% red-flooded Yankee money and the 0% BDX books (pbs) it can buy. No I don't mind excerpts of this, or any other letter being pubbed in WCB - provided, of course, you suitably amend the execrable prose, punctuation, and, perhaps, the spelling.

About depravity, I discovered a couple of pornographic bookshops in the more sleazy districts of Chicago. (If you're interested, an address (for catalogue purposes) is). I, all unsuspecting, came across this store in my questing peregrinations; ha, I said, ha! a purveyor of the literary word, and entered. Wap! Titles jumped at me, smothered me, engulfed and ingested me. DESADE's JUSTINE, THE PERFUMED GARDEN, PLEASURES OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER, HOLLYWOOD HOMO, AUTO-EROTICISM, LUST, SEXOLOGY, VIRGINS FOR HIRE, LESBOS FOR LONNIE, and on and on and on. Bought JUSTINE and \$100 MISUNDERSTANDING. Drew the line at PERVERT! (which apparently covered everything from necrophilia to masturbation) and HOLLYWOOD HOMO. May get them next Saturday. Do you want anything? Don't bother with JUSTINE - \$5.00 and I think it is expurgated. All the violence is there, but the sexual

involvements are strangely missing. A copy of SEXOLOGY for you?

Now on to films. LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Must not be missed. It's undoubtedly the best epic made - and I say this with fond memories of QUO VADIS, SPARTACUS and SIEGFRIED. The desert is beautiful, terrible, lonely, and Fred Young captures it all, transforms it to the screen, and shows us how Lawrence could love it, hate it, be metamorphosed, and shattered by it. Jarre's music is excellent: strong, haunting, innocuous by turns. The actors are uniformly excellent, and apart from O'Toole's performance (that's Peter O'Toole, not Miles) which really carries the film, although the desert is the true hero, the best come from Claude Rains as Mr. Dryden the oleaginous, charming bastard, and Jose Ferrer as the Turkish Bey. Now that is a bit of acting: Ferrer is the lascivious, lonely, queer commander who has young men brought to him nightly to satisfy his lust (and, he hopes, perhaps his love). A disguised Lawrence is taken to him. The repressed sexuality of the following scene is something to see. From anxiety through homosexuality to sadism and masochism. And none of it sensational. All legitimately connected to Lawrence, to the unfolding and moulding of his personality. Don't miss.

Managed to see CLEOPATRA in Chicago. My bad luck. It's terrible, worse even than 90% of the Italian epics. Liz is the full atomic (90% fallout) girl, Dickie is as stiff as his name, and Sexy Remy appears to be at last impotent. If one puts aside the plot, the story, the characters, and merely concentrates solely upon the scenery, then it's not too bad. The sets are lavish, and, surprisingly, tasteful. Obviously no expense was spared. The colour is always pleasing, and Manciewicz (or the 2nd unit directors) have managed to get some occasionally beautiful compositions. I don't think these pleasures, however, compensated for the \$2.30 I paid. Music is only so-so. I doubt if it will get into Australia completely unscathed, though. Liz presses Remy's hand to her bosom at one stage, and then down her hips and The procession is also rather fun. You remember the Playboy photos some time back of that girl dancing, with an invisible G-string on, and two microscopic ornaments over breasts? You know those stills from the film? Well, she's in it all right. Close up. In Todd-AO. Well, if you do see CLEO, but I don't think you should, tell me if you think it's been cut. Listen for words like 'whore', which occur frequently - usually applied to Liz.

Re censorship - I caught the uncut version of DR NO. Now one sees Quarrel's flick-knife opening, sees Bond shoot Prof. Dent in the back, and is treated to more of Bond's beating up by No's men. Strangely, these additions made the film less violent. In Australia I noticed these cuts (indeed, one would have to be either blind or a nitwit, not to have done so) and my imagination attempted to fill in the gaps. I daresay my imagination is more fertile than others', for I could dream up far, far out happenings, which were so very much more exotic than the actuality. This is something the censor just doesn't appreciate.

In brief: X(The Man With The X-Ray Eyes). Don't think this one, either, will make the Lyceum unscathed - if it comes in at all. Before the credits appear (hence easily cut without trace) is a closeup of a bloody, disembodied eye, followed after a considerable pause, by boiling purple liquid in a beaker. The fumes clear away, and the eye is seen inside the beaker, bobbing merrily, connected to the bottom of the beaker by a torn, mutilated muscle. Then, the credits - some of them, anyway. Finally comes the story. Ray Milland has drops to sensitise the eye to non-visible frequencies. Experiments on himself. Has to keep using drops continually. Drugs affect mind via optic nerves. Accidentally kills man. Takes drops. Sideshow man (MENTALLO, reads mind) in circus. Takes drops. Becomes a healer (diagnoses ills by merely looking). Takes drops. (I forgot: goes to party, sees through girls' clothes.* Takes drops.

*So do we. And through men's. All nude.

Sees girl's defective heart - he's a doctor - realises confrere's diagnosis wrong. Takes drops. We see heart pulsing. Forcibly takes over operation by gashing confrere's hand with scalpel. Operates. Blood. Takes drops.) Diagnoses ills by looking. We see organs, liver, intestines, wetly pulsing. Takes drops. By now eyes are filmed over. Takes drops. Goes to Las Vegas. Really nutty now, breaks bank. Takes drops. Seeing well past X-rays and into meson frequencies, and, at the other end, radio frequencies. Radiation from space blinding. Takes drops. Eyes now black except pupils and iris which are ghostly silver-golden. Takes drops. Flees Las Vegas. Earth and people transparent. Pursued by helicopter. Car plunges over a cliff. Helicopter lands. He staggers into revivalist meeting. Eyes now black all over. Mutters about the dark of space and the blinding light, and the eye looking down. Revivalist minister shrieks, "Sinner! if thine eye offend thee pluck it out." He does. Both of them. We see closeup of eyeless grinning face. The end. Credits. Will Australia see this? Uncut?

THE BIRDS. By now in Melbourne no doubt. Pretty damn awful, wasn't it? In spite of Sarris, Movie and the Cahiers crowd. Did you get all three shots of Farmer Fawcett's plucked-out-eyes face? Long, medium and close shots?

THE CARETAKERS: Diane McBain was billed as a star. As she only appeared for some 5 minutes I suspect the show had been slashed by about 10-20 minutes for its Madison showing (100 minutes). The continuity was awful, and I couldn't make up my mind as to whether this was deliberate or not. Was the director trying to show us the fractured, schizophrenic world of the inmate of the Institution, or was the production badly set up? Joan Crawford appears in every scene with a shadow falling across her forehead. Was this to soften the face and negate the ravishes of time, or was this a subtle (sledgehammer light) method of letting the audience know that this caretaker has a shadowed mind? The continuity works quite well in some scenes (the lack of continuity, that is) and is helped greatly by the cutting, which makes me suspect that the discontinuities were deliberate. I'm sure Movie would have us think so, for I feel this is their kind of film. The music, by Elmer Bernstein, is excellent.

The trip over was pretty tiring: I find it always impossible to sleep in 'planes and the Boeing 707's complicate things greatly by having seats designed for Toulouse-Lautrec. My knees, crushed against the seat in front, kept on becoming numb, and towards the end of the flight were turning green. Grabbed a couple of hours sleep in San Francisco - shortened somewhat since I dashed off to see LAWRENCE OF ARABIA that evening - and then onto another 'plane, and another night sans the arms of Morphia. Collapsed into Madison the next Dawn and was whisked away by some members of the Department to where I was temporarily staying. Freshened up - shave, shower, shampoo, ~~and~~ and then to the U. of W. There I met all the staff members, most of the graduate students, and some other, unidentified, walking objects. Naturally I promptly forgot all the names hurled at me, which led to some embarrassing moments on the following days. Managed to get to bed at about ten that night.

F***** uncivilised bastards here start work at the crack of Dawn, and copulate the way through her to evening. I'm up at 7.00(!), at the Uni by 8.20 or so, and leave about 5.30. My God! Imagine that - I'm working. One can get used to anything I suppose; I hope. But I'd better become acclimatised soon or else I'll be missing those first few hours of work each day.

Madison is very beautiful. Like all places I visit, my presence seems to cause unseasonable weather, and Madison is no exception. This time last year it was snowing, but now it's still 50° - 60° during the day: the temperature hovered 'round the 70° F. mark for my first two weeks.

Autumn was in full bloom on my arrival, and although the trees now are somewhat denuded, they still retain the memories and outward dress of the startling range of colours, they had two weeks ago. The leaves ranged from light and disturbing yellow to warm, deep, rich russets. All hues and shades crowded together, jostled each other for the chance to display themselves before Time robbed them of this opportunity for exhibition. Below, the grass was moist and brilliantly green. The houses are in the "impressive pseudo-colonial" style: gabled roofs, neat open lawns, trim, cleanly-painted wood and ironwork. Set among the wide, lavishly-treed streets, they reek of complacent, picturesque suburbia. Peyton Place, alive, alive-o.

My apartment is two blocks from the Capitol, the centre of the city, but even so it is quiet, peaceful, free from traffic noises and smog. (In fact squirrels abound in the trees and along the footpath outside). The flat is small, but adequate: a living room (which becomes a bedroom when the bed, a double one (!!), folds out of a wall cupboard), a kitchen-cum-dining room, a bathroom, and (euphemistically) a dressing-room. Total floorspace is about 360 square feet. There's maid-service, and clean towels and sheets, daily save Sunday. TV is provided. All for \$120 a month. I think it's a fair bargain.

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Ed. Note. At this point it gets a little complicated, and anyone wanting to follow the comments on films is advised to read, NOW, the section titled FILM COMMENTS. (p.12)

.....

(Cooking notes and sick jokes omitted)

Migod! this was going to be a short letter, so I shall have to curb my flow of flatulent prose. I guess I'm just bloated with it, and a pen merely serves the function of instant Ex-lax. Well, back to the Kennedy Killing.

Now here was I, sitting quietly in my small office (tiny, really, with no windows, which is, to say the least, claustrophobic), preparing a set of lecture notes for the Meteorology 1a class (100 disinterested, moronic - no, that's not fair, just ill-conditioned, apathetic, adolescents) when suddenly: the radio blares. People rush to the corridor, a jabber of voices, and then rising above the cacophony, a chorus of "shhh..."s.

Christ!, I thought, only one thing that this can be - head for the Fallout shelter, 703 bwah! But no! it's safe although, judging from the expressions of those around me, it probably was just as bad. Strange - it really hit them: the Kennedy Kult was mighty strong. Can you imagine people being stunned and shocked if Ming the Merciless copped a bullet through the brain? No, neither can I.

The papers, on the other hand, have had a field day: every issue is filled with Profiles and facts and Pictures. Radio and TV are just as bad, spewing forth a fountain of turgid, bad, tabloid prose, and, inevitably, cheapening a rather momentous happening. The enclosure is a sample of what I mean. I offer it without comment, except to say that it's be a shame if we (Aussies) won the Davis Cup because of the assassination.

Well now to the hub of my letter: I don't want to take too much space in WCD, but I couldn't help but want to say something more about LAWRENCE OF ARABIA. Roz, I'd say, is hopelessly awry about LOA: the desert is all she says it is, but I'm afraid she hasn't seen the beauty; while also the film does provide some food for thought - albeit a small intellectual exercise, plus some vague hints as to the breaking of a man.

The protagonist of the film is undoubtedly the desert. If you don't like it, then you probably won't be able to stick the rest. It is beautiful. And lovingly photographed. When you see it just wait for the rocks, huge, vast and silent, echoing

with forgotten voices from the past. And there is a scene which is incredibly surrealist in its patterning. At night; Lawrence and his band have just crossed the 'Anvil of the Sun' of the Nefud desert, and the camera watches the line of men and camels from above. The border of the two sands is clearly marked by a sinuous line of contact winding from the distance (top right) to the immediate foreground (bottom left). Across this, the living objects glide silently, and float away. It reminded me of nothing more than Dali's 'Shades of Night Descending'. The film contains many scenes which I can only describe as surrealist. The American souvenir program, for example, has a stupendous shot of Lawrence and his cohorts charging for the camera and on the way to Damascus. The colour, movement, grouping is almost a replica - a living replica - of part of Dali's 'Great Battle of Tetuan'. Maybe Roz doesn't like Dali?

(I sit here now drinking, sipping to be exact, a glass of Wisconsin beer. It's not like the Carlton and United stuff - weak by comparison - but I like it because one can drink it and not get drunk. You could even say that the beer I am presently quaffing is of the sadder Budweiser variety.)

Another example of the visual beauty of LOA: Lawrence has gone back to the Anvil of the Sun in an attempt to find a wayward, lost member of his party. His boy (servant), David, is seated on a camel waiting for El Lawrence's return. The scene is just so in its placing of the boy, the camel, the frame. And then a small, wavering, grey dot is seen by David. He shouts and kicks the camel, goading it into movement. Slowly it lurches forward, walks, now trots, now gallops; and all the while, David on its back, screaming to his beloved Lawrence, hair streaming, arms waving, mad with delight. Never, never once does the camera not keep the boy/camel in an almost perfect framing. I don't know; if this doesn't appeal to one's sense of beauty, then one just cannot appreciate, say, Delacroix, or Gericault, or, for that matter, any Romantic artist, whosoever. And that would be a great pity, for it practically automatically implies a loss of the sense of wonder, that beloved "willing suspension" of Coleridge.

The key to the characters in the film is surely 'exhibitionism' - if a one-word summary is required (or even possible). It affects almost every character and changes them. Lawrence, for example, is moulded, shaped, and broken by it. It drives him to the Desert (the greatest, most beautifully passive exhibitionist of them all) and forces him to return - twice - before the urge to display, to strut, to preen, to be "no ordinary man" is submerged beneath pain and a realization of his essential masochism. It is with him always: shot, and fallen from the roof of a train carriage to the ground, Lawrence can only mutter "good, good, good". The pain is good, the blood (the mark of the pain, the visible sign of his extra-ordinariness) is good.

Note, too, the character of Prince Feisal, who is the subtle exhibitionist. He is an Arab, true, but one who is conscious of the mores and quirks of the British, and who, in consequence, liberally sprinkles his conversation with phrases designed to let his English listeners know they are dealing with "no ordinary man". Not, further, how, as the British and French acquire what they want in Arabia, and the Arab's dream of greatness is dimmed, he reverts to greater and greater usage of those "English-oriented" phrases: "the Gothic cottages of Cornwall", for example. One can carry the analysis further, and extend it to other characters, of course.

The film is quite intelligent in many respects - here, again, one example must suffice. Lawrence has made a game of extinguishing a match with his fingers: "Ouch! that hurts! What's the trick, Lawrence?" "The trick, my dear Private Potter, is in not noticing that it hurts." Masochism is sublimated into a pastime. Lawrence is sent to the desert, and on being given his orders he starts the match-game. But then merely blows it out. Pouf! Out. The blood-red sky and sand of the desert as the sun rises. Lawrence has snuffed the game out. It is now the game which snuffs him out. Pain can no longer be endured as pleasure, for the desert is so much more than a mere match. Games were for the aesthete, the unselfconscious, Lawrence: now the brutality of

the sun and the desert will shape him, show him himself, then snap him in two. All this in a single cut.

I confess I'm sounding like 'Movie' and its own reviewers. I can't help it. I'm sure it's there, but to say it, and to analyse, destroys something. It is sufficient, I think, merely to know that one knows, whether conceptualised or not: did not Cocteau say of TESTAMENT OF ORPHEUS, do not ask me why? Because to do so would mean an explanation, and the film would die by that much. Why? one may ask. Because it is constructed thus, and so, and in this fashion. But why is that important? Because you are constructed thus, and so, and in this fashion. But why is such a construction of the work mirrored in my construction, and why is the reflection beautiful or pleasing? Because ... and so on. Where does one stop in the analysis? At the structure of the work, at the psychology of the artist or viewer who finds the structure pleasurable, at the level of the etiology of the psychologic nature of the human being, etc.? Unless one arbitrarily accepts some standard of meaning, some level of explanation beyond which no questions may be asked meaningfully, then "why" itself is always unnecessary, and may even be destructive. The essential nature of a work of art is beyond definition. Only its technique is not.

Now that was some digression from LAWRENCE OF ARABIA, and must in no wise be construed as my suggesting that the film is a work of art. No, it was meant merely to illustrate that analysis can only prove how clever one is, and hardly ever touches anything human or worthwhile in the object under scrutiny.

This is why MARIENBAD is so clever. Because the human element has been submerged, and pushed aside to make room for the idea of Persuasion. That idea is the protagonist. In one respect this is why so much analysis has been made of the film; simply because ideas (which are man-made, and a product of his logic, his reason) may be endlessly analysed. It is for this very reason, also, that the analysis is never final: the ultimate "why?" can never be asked. Nor even the ultimate "how?" That is the secret of MARIENBAD. But is the film (doubt nags) open to so many interpretations because of its ambiguity or because an idea is always in the state of becoming? (Being, of course, can not be approached by analysis, nor formulated by logic). I think the latter.

I must note in passing that my framework for the film (a Modern Cabinet of Dr Caligari) was one of the "explanations" offered by Resnais himself. (Wouldn't you know that I couldn't dream up something original?). I discovered this last Monday on reading 'Marienbad Revisited' by Neil Oxenhandler in the Fall FILM QUARTERLY.

So much for films. No! I must mention LES LIASONS DANGEREUSES. I thought I'd see why it was banned. I still don't know. Maybe the censor objected to a marriage in which the partners procure bedmates for each other, and pave the road to seduction in a spirit of mutual aid - actively encouraging themselves to debauch and deflower the young. Ho hum. So what? Debauchery's pretty dreary unless one's a moralist, and one's a moralist by conditioning, or lack of intelligence, or experience. A moralist is a person who is incapable of realising that a person who does not think as he, is not necessarily immoral, or even amoral. But that's another story.

One final filmic flip. Find out for me, would you, whether the censor left intact a brief scene in LAWRENCE where David and his fellow-outcast/orphan, Farraj, have been given an empty cigarette carton by a colonial type English soldier, whereupon Farraj lifts the soldier's horse's tail, and David thrusts, to the hilt, a foot-long, inch thick stick of wood into the unfortunate creature's rectum? Whodsh! and off it flies. And is one treated to a long, panning shot of mutilated men, and raped women, before one sees the Turkish soldiers wearily marching from the village of Tafas which they have thus spoiled?

DEFINITELY HIS LAST DOW

- John Dexter

When, as is our custom, Holmes and I discuss his cases after their conclusion, I can, despite my vast inferiority to my friend in matters of detection and deduction, almost always guess half-way through the story the method by which he arrived at his conclusions. However, in the case which I have called The Adventure of the Superannuated Steeplejack, I must confess to being completely baffled. How could Holmes, at a glance, without making any medical examination, without even so much as speaking to Mr. George Cholmondeley, discover that that gentleman had been poisoned by a rare Thibetan drug almost unknown to occidental science? I waited while Holmes filled his pipe from the wellington boot pinned over the mantle-piece, tamped down the shag and lit up. As the aroma of burning feathers filled the room, I could stand the suspense no longer.

"Holmes," I cried "I must know. How could you have discovered at a glance, without making any medical examination, without even so much as speaking to Mr. George Cholmondeley that that gentleman had been poisoned by a rare Thibetan drug almost unknown to occidental science?"

My friend raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"You didn't notice then, Watson?"

"Notice what?"

"That when Mr. George Cholmondeley entered the room, he belched."

"I fail to see the significance of that, Holmes."

Holmes drew deeply on his pipe and leaned back in his armchair.

"On the shelf behind you, Watson, you will find copies of a trifling monograph of mine published two years ago on Prague on the subject of belching. Upon reading it, you may be better informed."

"When Mr. George Cholmondeley entered the room," he continued, "I had only to hear the tone of his exhalation and observe the changed configuration of his intestinal situation to know at once that he had been poisoned by a rare Thibetan drug almost unknown to occidental science."

"Incredible!" I exclaimed. "Then the clue was...."

Holmes nodded. "Alimentary, my dear Watson."

I fear I nearly lost this treasured contribution, and spent a few frantic moments which turned out only a couple of stencils which I needed, and only as a last resort, the sought item. The good thing about getting contributions from pro's is that there spelling and punctuation is so much gooder than ordinary fans. Which reminds me of mine other treasured contributors, who will not be so treasured if they keep hitting me with 8 or so pages of material four days before publication. Especially if it is hand-written, 703.

this is not a poem
it is a doodle
i know
when i showed it to my friend bob
he said
PIG'S DOODLE
so don't call it a poem
it is a doodle.

THE DARRETT CHRONICLES PART THREE WHO'LL COME A-WALTZING?

My first Hong Kong bottle of San Miguel beer was consumed in THE RED LION. A rather stark hostelry this, with wood panelling on the walls up to there, and concrete, painted, the rest of the way. The furniture was steel and rather beaten-up looking, and the only adornment that I can remember seeing on the walls was a print hung up high on the left as one entered which showed a village inn bearing a 'Red Lion' sign above its door. The resemblance between the inn in the painting and the bar in Hong Kong begins and ends with the name. Not a particularly cheery sort of place really, but well-known, and I think that its fame is probably due to the fact that it is the first bar that one comes to when one walks off the docks and into Kowloon. A lot of people probably never get any further.

It was my second day in HK and an afternoon of fairly aimless wandering around Kowloon had brought me to the state of really needing beer. I made for the nearest bar.

Seated together at a table inside were Mick, one of the Himalaya crew whose job it was to make sure that we didn't drown ourselves in the little 8' x 8' swimming pool, the ship's silvery-haired, aging, homosexual, tourist-class lounge steward, 'the Duchess, and a chineesewoman. I sat down, ordered beer, and was brought a bottle of San Miguel.

"Merv," said Mick, indicating the chinese woman, "meet Suzy Wong." We shook hands and I made some uninspired remark like, "not the Suzy Wong?" She just smiled.

Away from the confines of the lounge and the dear old ladies who thought he was 'such a nice man' the Lounge steward came on more like himself and displayed a quite brilliantly obscene talent for self-expression. With the 'Duchess' so loaded, though, and Suzy's English rather limited it went largely unappreciated. We talked about my future in Hong Kong, and Mick advised me to join the police force there. I'm sometimes almost convinced that he might have had a point there.

Suzy and Mick left before the rest of us. Mick had to get back on duty and there was some business to take care of first. When I later saw Suzy and the subject of Mick cropped up for some reason she implied the reason for her early departure saying, "it was not very good. Him too drunk." The way that she said it, though, was not a put-down or malicious, but rather the sort of observation one might make about a friend who, overwhelmed by grog, had failed at a critical moment in a not-too-important undertaking.

I got to know Suzy quite well and although I can't ignore the commercial nature of our friendship - I was someone who'd buy her a drink occasionally - I know there was a genuine liking there too. If Suzy wasn't around I'd sometimes talk with a friend of hers named Pauline. Suzy was in her late thirties and looked as though she had seen much of life - well, much of certain segments of it, anyhow. Pauline was younger and a bit plumper. Neither of them had a very good command of the English language but they had enough to earn their living hustling drinks and turning as many tricks as they could promote. They were part of the normal RED LION scene.

Out for a constitutional along Nathan Road one evening I met Pauline and one of her friends walking arm in arm together and we stopped to talk. Pauline's girl friend, unwilling to stand in the way of a possible business enterprise, tactfully retired. Pauline and I walked to the bottom of Nathan and then sat ourselves on the low concrete wall surrounding a car park there and talked.

She answered, seemingly without any thought of evasion, my questions about herself and her business. She said she charged HK\$50.00 to Englishmen and asked US\$50.00 from Americans. I'm quite sure that when the chips were down she would accept a lot less. Most girls in this line of work seem to assess desirability in terms of the figure they can command and I've never known one yet who didn't exaggerate somewhat about her price. She complained about the high cost of living in Hong Kong and told me that whenever she made any money she usually lost it playing Mah Jong. I asked her about the economics of her business, and although the language barrier made conversation more like a question

and answer cross-examination, she didn't seem to mind and answered as well as she could. 'The Boss' collects a rake-off from the girl's work and in turn extends a measure of protection to them and enforces a deal whereby the bars pay them a dollar for every round of drinks they hustle. The girls in turn pay the bar a percentage of what they make from the men whom they pick up there.

A Chinese police constable walking his beat passed by us, paused and looked hard at us for about a minute, and then continued his patrol.

"Do you have a boy friend, Pauline?" I asked her. "Not now. I did, long time ago."

We talked thusly for about half an hour and then said good night to each other. I walked back to my hotel and she back to her job.

One evening towards the end of my stay in Hong Kong and during a period of near-financial-crisis I stopped in at the 'Lion' for a San Mig. It was early in the week and not much was happening. May was there playing a card game she called Chinese poker with two friends. I sat by myself for a while and then she noticed me and called me over and invited me to sit down. I think I told her I couldn't afford to buy her a drink, but she said it didn't matter and so I sat. The bartender glared at her but she ignored him and after a quarter hour or so had passed she asked me if I'd like a cup of tea. I said yes and she sent the little kid - maybe he was nine or ten - who hung around to run messages, out to get some. It was vile stuff with condensed milk in it but the act of her buying it really touched and impressed me. Now it is true that I am all kinds of a naive and sentimental idiot and may be inflating this gesture out of all proportion to its importance but it seemed to me so much a complete reversal of things and so obviously against the house rules that it really affected me.

After I'd been around for a while I decided that it was about time I broadened my drinking horizons, and took in more of the bar life in Kowloon. At one time I even resolved to have at least one drink in every bar in Kowloon but alas I ran out of money before Kowloon ran out of bars.

Between Nathan and Chatham Sts. and about opposite the Wingfield barracks there is a complex of short streets that house quite a lot of the drinking trade of this area. Because I lived very near to here I passed through this neighbourhood a lot and checked out a most of the drinkeries of the area. I still have some book matches and bar cards from around here. One of them is faced, 'The Piccolo Bar and Night Club,' and on the reverse of it is a drawing of two couples dancing. The women are wearing full-length formal gowns and the men are dressed in dinner jackets. I never saw anyone dressed that way when I was there. The music was provided by a juke box and sometimes a couple of girls who had nothing better to do at the moment would be dancing together. The Piccolo had a reasonable decor, though, and a bar I could sit at and drink. This I liked.

One night a group of tourists wandered in and one of the men was wearing Bermuda shorts. The old-youngish looking woman who seemed to simultaneously fill the functions of Madam and bookkeeper paused in her work, looked him up and down slowly, and then said in a throaty seductive voice, 'ohhh, sexy'. It may not read too well on paper, but the way she said it was just too much. The whole bar broke up.

As I look at these little mementos of bygone days I try to remember whether it was in the 'Good Luck' cafe and bar in Cornwall Avenue or at the 'Mayflower' restaurant and bar in Hanoi Road that I one night met an American negro seaman who had been in New Zealand.

"I came out there with Willie Jones. I toured with him as his sparring partner," he told me, "you probably wouldn't remember anything about him though." But I did. I'd been at school at the time, and although I had not interest in the fight game, a bit of this had stuck because Jones had fought a local champion named Dos Murphy and later it was proved that the fight had been rigged, and suspension was the order of the day. I didn't remember all the detail but some of it stuck. The American - he told me his name but I forgot it the next day - was surprised. "Whatever happened to Jones?" I

asked.

"Oh, he owns a fleet of trucks now in California. He's doing alright." "You know," he continued after a moment of reverie, "I really thought a lot about going back to New Zealand to live."

In reply to my obvious, "What stopped you?" he said, "I guess it was the bar hours there. I don't drink a lot, but I like to be able to walk into a bar and buy a drink whenever I feel like it. In New York I can get a drink whenever I like. Doesn't matter what hour it is. New Zealand was too tough like that."

I had to rather sorrowfully admit that things hadn't changed there. In New Zealand at the time of this conversation there were no licensed restaurants and the only place one could get a drink was at a hotel. The hotel bars close at six pm and don't open at all on Sundays. In Hong Kong the bars keep sensible hours - 10am to 2am the following day, seven days a week.

He told me a bit about himself and his wife and his home. He was an engineer on a freighter and Hong Kong was just another port to him. Sometimes, he said, he didn't even bother going ashore. He may have been putting me on a little about that, but I believed him at the time. I believe just about everything that people tell me though.

We drank a couple of small bottles of San Miguel and then he left and I sat there thinking on that nature of things that seems to make such long odds coincidences happen so frequently.

Most bars have a juke box and when I was there the most played tune was a thing called THE DING DONG SONG. I was told that this was from THE WORLD OF SUZY WONG but it wasn't in the film when I saw it. On the night I'm thinking about now though, it was THE BANANA BOAT SONG being played. The volume of the juke was turned up and the arrangement of the tune had one beat of every bar heavily accented. Every time this accented beat was played the floor shook. I looked over to the box and said to myself in admiration of the phenomenon, "Golly, that's some bass there." It took me about a minute to wake up to the fact that a pile driver was at work just up the street and through some weird coincidence it had synchronised itself with the beat of the tune and was making itself felt. I decided after this incident that I'd had enough for that night.

With the exception of a side foray into some very potent chinese wine that I took one night with Flora and some Scotch consumed in the company of Art Wilson's wife, beer was my drink up there. Dooze is very cheap and a bottle of San Miguel which costs \$1.50 when served in a bar sells for 70¢ at one's grocer. This I decided was really the beer for me. I liked the taste of it, and, what's more, I could get drunk on it if I wished. Draught beer is nowhere near as much used as here and in New Zealand. Some of the bars have it but it was usually kept in much smaller barrels than those in New Zealand and Australian pubs.

One of the bars selling draught was 'The Waltzing Matilda Inn'. I have a match book from there which has a drawing of a tramp wearing a top hat (normal headgear for Jolly Swagmen) sitting under a tree while smoking his pipe. In the background a vessel of some sort is about to be consumed by the flames of the campfire. On the other side of the book we get the commercial. 'The homely pub atmosphere. Draught beer, excellent meals, dice and darts. Australian owned and managed.' Across the street was a fish and chip shop owned by the same guy. Inside, the pub is a weird assortment of bric-a-brac which has been put there is an effort to make it look, if not ye olde Englishe, then at least sort of masculine and so on. There are boomerangs and, I think, a ship's wheel. There are trophies for events of indeterminate sporting performance, wood paneling, and beer ads. A dart board, of course, a clientele which is made up mostly of Hong Kong residents - mainly soldiers from a nearby barracks - and an absence of bar girls. Saturday night is the big night here, and some of the army personnel bring their wives in. This must be one of the few bars where one sees women who aren't chinese. Most of the restaurants are licensed and don't seem to insist on not serving drinks with meals.

Another bar patronised by Army personnel was just across the road from an Army centre in Chatham St., I was passing there with Flora one night and the door was open. Flora glanced in and said in shocked surprise, 'there are European women in that bar!'

'So what?' said I. 'They are probably thirsty.'

'But respectable women do not drink in bars!'

I spent some time trying to explain the drinking customs of English-speaking countries as compared to Hong Kong, but I'm fairly sure I didn't get through very well. I've never heard any of the girls I know describe themselves as respectable, and in as much as most of them will drink anywhere when the opportunity presents itself I sometimes think that maybe in some oblique way Flora had a point there.

Mervyn Darrett, November 1968.

Alla good material is filler this time.

FILM COMMENTS

ROZ HARDY

When **MARIENBAD** comes to Melbourne, eventually, take it with a grain of salt. I do not think the director knows what he wants to say, and in many ways it is useless to look beneath the surface of a beautifully photographed baroque dream. You see at least four meetings, possibly a parallel time lines theme, of the two lovers. It is mainly her memories, prompted occasionally by his, of past or parallel events. It could be past because of the timeless atmosphere that the chaotic series of snatches give the whole film, but they could equally be parallel. The woman has this dreamlike quality about her, every movement is so carefully planned for grace and slow effect. To me it is still an enigma./ I can't agree with **703** about it being one of the films of all time - it is an exercise in form, montage and editing, but it says nothing - I just hope Resnais can find something to say with such technique.

MOTHER JOAN OF THE ANGELS has the surface message that it is unnatural for man and woman to live apart, but it is an attack, basically, on all religion, not only the Roman Catholic. And yet some of the 'possession by devils' scenes do not have the ring of truth that they did in **THE CRUCIBLE**. Like all films, it is judged by the amount of personal involvement, and the willing suspension of disbelief. It is not a satisfying picture in many ways; it is one of the most exotic for imagery, and the camera plays this up.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA has opened at the new, remodelled, Barclay - yellow desert, orange desert, desert with oases, desert under the sun - take your sunglasses when it opens in Melbourne. I have developed a weakness for spectaculars - plenty to watch and nothing to think about. They tried to give the full screen filled effect which is not so good when it is all desert. The Arabs were made out as a great and picturesque (Hollywood style) people, but 'backward, dahling, backward.'

I have seen **ELECTRA**, and it is superb - it is women and interwoven in a slowmoving ritual which somehow gains your whole attention. **ACCATONE** is interesting but shit, especially as the subtitles are done in cockney - immensely irritating. **ELECTRA** is so stunningly powerfully visual that understanding the dialogue might spoil it. The photography is done wonderfully by Walter Lassally, of whom I may have raved at some stage. He is undoubtedly one of the best in the business.* The chorus is beautifully managed by Cacoyannis and the whole thing is so well staged that it is - I can't think of a word to describe that film - it is so great.

* Have you read what Andrew Sarris has to say about Walter Lassally?

Damned if I'm going to think up another lot of filler for this space

SON OF A LETTERCOL FOR TWO FARTHINGS

Bob Smith

Two tapes, and now a letter to Foyster ... Smith has emerged from his state of semi-gafia with a vengeance, it seems, and may possibly go to new heights of fanaticism ... then again, maybe he won't.

I have just returned from two days in Melbourne with the wife, as I think I mentioned in the tapes. Now, history records that in 1281 Kublai Khan launched his great armada against the Japanese, and after being fairly severely trounced by the military might of the Hojo empire and getting a bashing from a 'tempest' his Mongol warriors and ships turned tail and headed back to China. In the light of my experience with the Japanese female I'm inclined to view history's interpretation of that little fracas with something akin to suspicion. This is what I think really happened

The Khan's army landed at a place named Huzen in Kyushu, and I think they were unfortunate enough to run into the women of the village. The tough Mongol warrior's simple brain just couldn't cope with the perfected female techniques of doubletalk, bland naive innocence, the razor-sharp mind that tossed out anything that didn't appear logical to the female way of thinking, and the cunning and organising that worked feverishly behind those inscrutable almond eyes. I'm almost sure that the poor warrior backed off quite sharply from this unfair form of attack, preferring the company of his long-haired horses and the relatively uncomplicated sport of slashing somebody he didn't care for. Even the Chinese scholars, who usually accompanied the Mongol expeditions, would be hard put making sense of those female Machiavellis, and I imagine they advised the Noyen rather urgently to get himself and his troops out of there. The Noyen, who was no doubt frantically holding off a wee charmer at the point of his sword, probably rapped out the Mongol equivalent of "move out!", gave his girl friend a loving tap on the skull with the blade of his weapon, jumped on his pony and was probably on board ship hours before his men caught up.

Yes, 'tempests', but I also became swept up in my beloved's enthusiasm for the Sweet Life, with a fairly hectic evening at the Playboy (Club?) restaurant ((ed. note: one advantage of living in a hotel is that when you want to check the spelling of "restaurant", you just go and look out the bedroom window)) (the food is lousy) on Sunday and then sipping Sake and Whisky at the 'Sukiyaki' with Les on Monday nite. It was a rather tired boyo who drove from Melbourne around 10.30 Monday night and I fell into the cot here at Bandiana about 4am Tuesday. (Car has to be run in, y'see, and I can't drive over 45mph). I had good intentions of telephoning Merv Barrett on Monday morning, but spent most of the day in the flat recuperating, reading the Proceedings of Chicon III, occasionally rinsing out my mouth with VAT 69, which is said to be good for the gums.

Well, now, naturally the first thing I did on receiving TWCB 4 was to flip idly through its pages looking for my name, and I must admit that I became filled with an ungovernable rage on finding it just twice! 'Twas then, just as I began tearing at an interesting design in the carpet, that I remembered Horrors! I'd never commented on no3!

That's quite an impressive cover illo on TWCB4. Of course, I had seen it earlier - think Chris once showed me a copy, or I have a copy someplace. I always used to like Keith's art in the old ETHERLINE. Ah I don't really go for that

typeface you have - it's an Olivetti, isn't it? I remember when I used it in my early fanzines, for stencilcutting activities. It is lousy.

You know, I don't think any of your offerings for SAPS have been what I'd term really 'sapsish', old feller; mailing comments or not. Your stuff has always been pure Foyster ((note that name friends!)); it may shock, it may (more often than not) leave the reader with an uncertain feeling of having 'missed' something, but no..... it's not really sapsish material. Don't let that stop you, though. Of course, there is the highly unlikely possibility that SAPS has changed since I disappeared from its pages, but I doubt it.

Yes, I'm reasonably in favour of Mervyn for ... what do you call it?, TOFF (what's the 'O' for?) ((I sat on a stylus)), and his chronicles seem to indicate that at least we'd get a swinging and full conrep from the old fellow. Maybe even Buck Coulson would read and enjoy it! Mervyn is still fairly well-known in certain fan and club circles, of course, in the US, despite his lack of high-level fan activity over the last few years, and, what's more important for these shows, he also has the personality.

It would be extremely interesting to observe the reactions of US fen when their eyes hit the bottom of page one of TWCB4. I must admit that even I twitched slightly. I am no fuddy-duddy, as I think you know, but in SAPS...? To my mind the apa has always been almost a family affair, and I've never once come across anything in any of SAPS's fanzines that even made my eyebrows lift. So how they'll take your stuff I dunno. I've no doubt that crusty old commentator FTLaney would have approved highly, though, of your writings and "quotations". ((Are you suggesting that I would allow impure material to appear in these hallowed pages?))

I'm sure your reprint from the local paper will give the US fans a fairly clear picture of the apathetic attitude of Australian local government towards the problems of aborigines. It certainly stinks.

The credit titles for DR. NO. were, I thought, outstanding, and I was viewing from a fairly long way back in the local (Wodonga) 'drive-in' house. I must admit that I went along mainly to see what kind of character was acting the "James Bond" role (like, I like the man, in print!) and to perve on the various females that - naturally - he toyed with. The rest of the film reminded me of certain earlier science fiction ((ecchh)) movies in which any story is kinda ignored and everybody is expected to 'Ooo!' and 'Ahhh!' over the fantastic flickering lights and impossible machinery that someone dreams up. In places, however, it was good, and some of the scenes certainly packed a punch. I think that children tend to occupy the closer seat to the cinema screen because of a natural instinct among the young to "participate" in the action, etc. I don't think it makes much difference to them whether the film is standard size or stretches for half a mile across the stage. The adult wouldn't gain much from imitating them - possibly strained eyeballs, that's all. I imagine DR. NO. would have been rewarding from that close though, and I do not mean for the almost revealing glimpses of Miss Andress' off-the-hips bikini, either. Against the rather unbelievable sight of Japanese singing in Italian, in MADAM BUTTERFLY, must be weighed the fact that at least the costumes, scenery, etc., were for a bloody change absolutely authentic! That film is fairly old now - I remember seeing it in Hiroshima in 1955. I personally enjoyed and preferred the Ekberg sequence in E'CCACCIO 70. This particular facet of Italian humour appeals to me best! Yes, I can't imagine why I only saw JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY once! Time passed much too quickly to really enjoy everyone in that film. Naturally, for me there wasn't enough Shearing!

As is usual with me and Mervyn Barrett's writing, I thoroughly enjoy it but find little to actually comment on.

ian dixon's portion of the Sydney trip left me deader than yesterday's news. Mervyn's was enjoyable reading. I kicked off my train journey to Albury by insisting that this was my seat and car when it wasn't; mainly, I guess, because the car and next seat was occupied by a rather charming harpy whose eager smile and inviting wink obviously challenged me to that fascinating game of Let's-both-share-these-two-seats-for-the-journey-and-get-horribly-intertwined. However, the bewildered Italian who really owned the seat began to cry, so with a nonchalant 'chow' I sauntered down the passage to my own car ... my car and next seat was occupied by an equally engaging young miss going to the snow country. I knew she was going to the snow country because she had her skis on, and I thought it was damn rotten of the Railways that they hadn't supplied her with a little bit of snow to slide up and down on in the corridor whilst she impatiently twitched until the train arrived at Wagga Wagga. At least I and the other occupants of that particular compartment would have been saved the bloody shambles that resulted every time she crossed her legs. All these young snow types appear to be the same breed, though, and, sure enough, on the platform at Wagga Wagga she was met by a blond, Hitler-youth type of male, who clicked his heels (which is devilish hard to do on skis) and a Volkswagen that rubbed up against her legs and purred. I think that the world's best humourist was the guy who decided to call those abortions of the platforms Refreshment Rooms! Jesus. I bet our American cousins are getting a p-r-e-t-t-y g-o-o-d idea of the trials and tribulations of modern train travel in Australia, huh? Yes, Mervyn was good, and that line "400 one-time human beings, fearful of being left languishing in a limbo of moldering fruitcake..." is a classic! The descriptions of those strippers I may cut out and file with my collection of pornographic writings....

Most of your account of the Sydney caper didn't appeal too much to me, John, mainly because having seen you since then I'd had the low-down on your side of the trip. But...Mike Baldwin, a 'simple unspoiled youth'? And, what about 'pepsi and you'? Anyway, I'm pleased that you were all "fascinated by Sydney" - so am I, old son, so am I.

There were three Bennie covers done for Thru the Porthole. I used two and still have the other packed away some place, I think. Anyhow, as TtP was part of the cover illustration I don't see how JMBaxter could use them - presuming that's what he was wanting them from Chris for. Am inclined to agree with JMB though - occasionally he does laugh. But it is a serious kind of laughter, if that makes any sense to you or anyone. I don't think he ever laughs in print for the downright sheer bloody fun of doing it.....you know?

Ian...sorry, ian dixon's letter was better than his Sydney whatsit. And so was your footnote. What was that Unprintable Introduction?

Amazing the facts you collect in fanzines ... next time I hit Melbourne I must visit 'The Swinging Lantern' and that passionate waitress. What does she do for dessert ... har,har ...ulp... oh well.

Am inclined to share Harry Warner's views on birds. Two swallows got into my office t'other day, and although it didn't take too long to get 'em out through an open window their panic flapping and shrilling was driving me silly, and the thought of copping a faceful of warm, feathery, clawing pint-sized mayhem kept coming to me. The shrilling, birdlike noises in "Psycho" affected me the same way. Is it possible than fandom can get a person dubbed as a possible security risk? Wonder if the army

Knows this.

Wagga Wagga, American reader, is pronounced WOGGA - just once. Mike Baldwin is young; he does not seem to be noticeably decayed, and strikes me as rather simple. The Unprintable Introduction just said 'FOYSTER' and followed this with a series of adjectives and nouns which, I am sure, would not interest you in the least.

John Baxter

What were you getting at with this extract from the newspaper about aboriginal settlements? The only line that seems to me to be worthy of recognition is the immortal "a good lady resident has been pressurised by itinerants". The image this conjures up in this particular warped mind does not bear mentioning. Incidentally; you had better be careful with this reprinting. Remember that the editors of OZ, the local satirical magazine, were each fined £20 for publishing a verbatim extract from the Queensland Hansard. The police charged, proved and convicted on the contention that this extract was an obscene article.

"The essential emptiness of the form"?????!!!! Are you sure it's the form that is at fault? Or are you projecting your general malaise onto the nearest worthwhile target? No form is emptier than another, as far as I can see, but the attitude of the viewer plays a large part in the enjoyment of any artform, and especially in the enjoyment of film. If you're feeling browned off, even Truffaut is dull.

I thought JULES AND JIM was one hell of a picture. Whether it had style or dignity seems to me to be debatable, much depending on (a) whether you think this particular film was intended by the director to have either quality, and (b) what you mean when you say 'style' and 'dignity'. 'Dignity' first - according to the dictionary 'dignity' is 'grandeur of mien'. JULES AND JIM, being decidedly and intentionally irreverent, would not seem to have any need of dignity, any more than a Chaplin movie would. What you may have meant is 'integrity', which is a rather different matter. I might agree with you if you said the film had little integrity. In both senses of the word - meaning 'honesty' and meaning 'completeness' - I think this was a film lacking in integrity, though whether this is a fault could be debated. I wonder if we have not moved past the point where it is necessary to demand a consistent artistic as well as a consistent moral approach from the artist. Godard quite obviously refuses to follow the traditional line in this regard. If you have seen VIVRE SA VIE you'll know what I mean when I suggest that he is almost anti-art in his shifting attitude to both the form and the moral issues under discussion. Nana is no heroine, but neither is she treated with the clinical clarity one would expect in a documentary on prostitution. The pimp often appears as a sympathetic character, Nana's life is seldom shown as really hard, uncomfortable or unprofitable - and yet there are continually flashes of cold hard realism probing into the subject, making everything about Nana seem tawdry and disgusting. The dialogue in section 5 or 6, with a man and a woman discussing the theory and practice of prostitution as if they were at a seminar on social problems, the horrible brightness and coldness of the coffee bar and record shop, taking away what sympathy we felt for Nana when she ran out of money and was thrown from her flat, the raucous music on the jukebox when she dances in the poolroom - all of these tear into the subject, prodding us out of our continual tendency to see the film as a simple story about ordinary people. In all senses of the word, VIVRE SA VIE is a film without integrity. To a lesser extent, JULES AND JIM is the same sort of film. The traditional technique of film-making is continually ruptured - the 'freezing' of Jeanne Moreau in mid-laugh, the sweeping

helicopter shots in the later part of the film when Jim goes to join them at the forest cottage, the distorted, almost laughable old newsreel shots in the beginning and their use as bridges - this isn't just an extension of technique, a battery of new tricks. It serves no useful purpose. There is no reason why Moreau should 'freeze', no actual point in using a helicopter for those shots, no possible justification for old news footage, especially when the wide screen must inevitably distort it into ludicrousness. No reason, that is, except to underline Truffaut's irreverence, to illustrate to even the most imperceptive that he is making fun both of the subject and the medium.. To say then that his work has no dignity is true but irrelevant. To say that it is without style is quite untrue, I think, insofar as any film that is consistent and workmanlike must have style. 'Style' is, after all, nothing more than the manner of the artist. As long as a work has some recognizable cohesion, some individuality, then it must have style. I rest my case - you can start reading again.

I saw EXODUS for the second time last month. Urk! I'll never know how I endured it the first time. / Dr. NO was good fun./ BEAUTY AND THE BEAST is pretentious twaddle and boring into the bargain./ Long live BLACK ORPHEUS./ Agree with you about A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR. Decoe is incomparable, notwithstanding competition from Coutard.// Missed LIBERTY VALANCE, MIRACLE WORKER, REVOLT OF THE SLAVES (what?????) . Did catch TWO FOR THE SEESAW - could have been done in half the time but nevertheless Wise does a good job. Mitchum all chin but not at all bad. Dialogue rough as guts in places (To dancer McLaine. "Who's in this photograph?" "That's Larry, my partner." "Do you go to bed with him?" "What? He's a dancer What d'ya think I am - queer or something?")

Aren't you lucky that I cut out all the rest because I lost it? What I have written, I have written, but I don't think RH or 703 will let you get off so lightly with some of your comments. Went to see REVOLT OF THE SLAVES for the third time a few weeks ago.

EDITORIAL CONTINUED.

FLICKER

'Flicker' is the name given to it by Ian Sommerville. Essentially it is a device used to produce stroboscopic effects on the eyelids. Brion Gysin calls it a dream machine.

The machine is a slotted cylinder mounted on a revolving turntable, a light bulb being suspended within the cylinder. I use the cylinder which I got as a cut-out with OLYMPIA number 2, but the following are the dimensions.

Circumference is around 19 inches, and the height is about 7 inches. These are not important, and provided the number of slots passing the eyes per second is around 13 then the basic specs. will have been observed. On my model there are ten slots, about a centimetre wide and about 3/5 the height of the cylinder t'other way. The outside of the cylinder is painted black, and on the inside (white) is a pattern in red and black.

1. I first used a 25 watt globe instead of the recommended 100 watt one, the 25 watt being ready to hand.

At the speed first used, there was simply an impression of flashing redness, as is sometimes observed when looking at the sun through closed lids. Slowly patterns began to form, with a pulsating green and red triangular shape the dominating feature. This faded and was replaced by yellow and silver streaks passing in and out from top-right-hand corner to bottom left-hand-ditto. Slowly a green catherine wheel built up in the bottom RH corner, spinning at the same rate as the flashes which was still perceptible. The wheel spreads and soon formed a large knot in the centre of the vision. All this takes 90 seconds or so. At this point I am usually tired and cease. Each time this was repeated the results were essentially the same. (continued page 24)

mailing coments

For some bitter, bitter reason this mailing left me fairly cold. O, I suppose I haven't read it right through, and doubtless I've skipped over some very interesting stuff, but the first glance, which I've come to rely on as an indicator, was not so pleasant. Perhaps my enthusiasm has worn off a little - after all, although I've only been a member for a year, I can count up to ten, which is the number of mailings I've read, and things is different now. Anyway, I am highly resolved to try to produce high-class mes this time. Why this resolve, I wonder...o yes, today Australia goes to the polls, and all those who are over twentyone, yet do not fall in the class 'Australian native or damn furriner' will elect either the same government they've had for 14 years or another which has more radical policies (though hand-watered down for this election) but an incompetent leader. I do not vote, being an anarchist, or perhaps revolutionary, bastard.

Just to show you that I'm on the ball, literary-wise, here's a quote from Emson's SEVEN TYPES OF AMBIGUITY, a work much used by Ray Bradbury, from the large number of story titles of literary ancestry which crop up in the first few pages.

.....a tool-like quality, at once thin, easy to the hand, and weighty,.....

(Music - Stravinsky's SYMPHONY OF PSALMS ((or psomepsuch)))

DIE WIS 10 Dick Schultz // I hope you realise that I am in SAPS, Dick. It is just fine of you to send me your ompazines, but sending sapz is not really necessary. I think James T. Farrell has already written that sort of novel, but don't let that stop you.

DAILY BITE ToskWallyToskWallyToskWally Incase either of you is wondering about that, it is directed not at you, but at John Berry. I think I will finish reading the finer parts of this at a time when damage to my eyes does notmatter so greatly. The parts that I could read with the aid of a 88 watt globe and Sol were very funny. Do it again.

WATLING STREET 17 Bob Lichtman / That's MY gimmick, Mr. Lichtman, though I suppose Fred Patten was Prime Mover. I personally have no intention of paying \$6.00 for THE NAKED LUNCH, but I hope, by this time, to have received a copy for about half that price from the original publishers, who also undercut US hardcover prices on certain other lines. US paperbacks are still very cheap, of course. I suppose in a mild way OLYMPIA is a bit sensational, but it also includes some pretty good material. I am not able to buy my copies from the newstand, and a subscription is the result. I'd be interested to know which issues have been on the stands, as at November 30 I have only received No. 4. For similar reasons I haven't yet seen CITY LIGHTS JOURNAL, though I read ads. in the VW (my only US sub.) and really meant to get with it. I'll try harder now, but I think buying the back issues of NEUROTIC comes first. Even at \$12.50. I did read and enjoy greatly Ed Sanders' POEM FROM JAIL, even taping it to Lee Harding, and so he borrowed it ... sob. In the last two years I've been able to get very few semi-literary magazines as distribution varies from minuscule to zero. Concerning VW's, I guess one of my most horrible driving type experiences was driving with a fellow who used the capabilities of the car to the maximum. (Music - Purcell's Come Ye Sons Of Art) Pauline Kael in FILM CULTURE? You've got to be kidding. Play fair and suggest FILM QUARTERLY. One of the primary secondhandsf shops here is also a cutrate record shop of the type you mention. But Franklin's is too involved a topic to develop here.

I must request that you indicate an earlier origin for 'LA 'PATAPHYSIQUE EST LA SCIENCE' than Andy Main. Jarry may even have uttered the remark himself, though I disremember exactly. And if you are getting rid of any FAPazines (pardon) think about flogging a few over here. We poor Auslanders have never seen anything like a complete mailing, though Baxter might in a couple of years. I wish to hell you'd publish a longer 'zine, Lichtman.

PILLAR OF FIRE 6 rich brown / If ever you pub. at night it'll be PILLAR OF CLOUD, I suppose. My comments are being produced before breakfast, which must be the ultimate rejection of Something. I guess I could list my bound fanzines.

SAPS 5 volumes

Maybe it is actually six. I have three more to be bound just as soon as I get missing pages. I want to bind a few vols. CRY; also when I get a few missing pages. I have checked on the English meanings of 'knocked-up' and 'pecker' with an SF reader here, and he saith that in his part of England 'knocked-up' meant only pregnant (this is therefore the recently original meaning) so that get paid may be an offshoot. On the other hand, 'pecker' is nose, so that to keep one's pecker up is to keep one's head up, or to take heart, whence your slightly erroneous use. And a little more from you would be ok, too.

THE DINKY BIRD 8 Ruth Berman / Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory. And I'm going to listen to COME YE SONS OF ART again. Ah cain't resist it. 'Twas nice of you to mention 5000 FINGERS OF DR. T. Bob Smith is trying to convince the Army that it would be a good show for their circuit.

SAPTERRANEAN 9 Walter Breen / I'd run for OE if I thought no one would vote for me. As a matter of fact, look for an intensive campaign in this mailing. You may not find it, but look for it. I could make postmailings legal forever by declaring myself Pope of SAPS, and thus, from this infallible seat I could declare postmailings legal for as long as this title was recognized. And if anyone tried to get rid of the ruling I'd rat to the Big Boss. Tower for your comments on nudist life. Tower itself is probably only a peculiar pronunciation. As to Pancake Tuesday, this probably occurs in unsewered areas when all the action is on Tuesday night/Wednesday morning. I must apologise to you about "Masks". As I think I said at the time I hadn't read the item in question (I even managed to classify them in the wrong issue of PANIC BUTTON) for some time and as a result of this just said 5+7+5 = haiku, whereas a little checking would have yielded 5+7+5 = senryu. O yes, I still think they are shit. But this time I argue from the stronger position of not having read them for an additional six months. As I remarked last time to Eklund, satire may be all very funny, but when it is of the type represented by MASKS, then it is hardly poetry. Satirical poetry ain't. And if you are a close friend of Ginsberg's then how about asking him why he wrote such a turpy-tump line as

Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes

would have produced

when a little work

Strange to think of you now, gone without corset & eyes ? (Now listening to Respighi's ANCIENT AIRS AND DANCES) In all ignorance I must disagree with you about the age of Jarry when writing UBU, unless Tom is a little older than I had thought. This is only from memory, of course, but I thought he was 17 or 18 at the time. Will check, and probably retract. My UBU in English contains only UBU ROI, but my LIVRE DE POCHES, as I remember it, contains at least three plays, together with UBU's Almanac and a few other things.

My copy of THE COMMON ASPHODEL is 1949 Hamish Hamilton, if that is any help. I don't read much Graves, but I think I can recall seeing those two books in the past year or so

Returning to the subject of poetry in fanzines, I must agree with you that they may be the place for light verse - poetry requires a seriousness of mind rarely to be found in the person reading a fanzine.

In your comments on TOROIDAL TESTICLES, Bob Smith claims to drink a vile liquid called whisky. I hope the unintelligible comments are now moderately clear, but wait for the next issue of WCB before asking about pushes. I always first-draft on-stencil, but I'm told it shows. As I remarked last time, you should write more often.

SPACEWARP 77 Art Rapp / Shades - airmail. 'Twas too much for me, you ole capitalist. You shouldn't even mention Coke bottles to a Victorian. A few months ago a kid died because a factory hadn't removed all the weedkiller from a coke bottle; they found a nice little layer of arsenic at the bottom. Yes, mention of coke bottles makes me feel quite sentimental. Thank you for the 'light verse' (see above). What does FBI mean? I thought up some pretty dirty things, but I'm sure Art Rapp didn't mean them? (Shades of IRA). (Music changes to Vivaldi, but I can't remember just what). Catch 22, which I have not read, was, I understand, funny because of its very unreality. (att: Don Fitch and Sam Beckett lovers). More light verse????

IGNATZ 31 Nan Rapp / Going to be hard to comment on this, so I'll take a break, I think. An hour later I find myself listening to Bob Smith reading Lafcadio Hearn, which is rather different, musically. Nope. No comments really. Mind you, there are some things in a mailing which may be less interesting yet will provoke a comment. General rambling comments on no particular subject will generally be ignored, at this end.

PILLAR OF FIRE 5 rich brown / Poetry cannot have in its constructions over which the reader will stumble. Thus, reading 'I am surrounded in doubts...' I feel - hell, the fella can't even write english. Now if you don't mind, rich, I'll go over these two and a bit pages finetoothcomby. Reading this through the first time I found myself occasionally stumbling over such a little phrase, wondering how long since you read THE DIVINE COMEDY, and finally coming to a screeching halt at 'I pause to wonder about my darkness'. You spoiled the whole thing. 'Innane' is a word which hardly fits into any poetry. No, I quit. I can't go through all this, and must simply conclude that Marquis and Stanbery are not good sources of inspiration. You have little concern for rhythm, though 'cringed...the dreaded horror' is a good group of words. I didn't read the parody. I just might stupidly print some of my own poetry under my SPELEOBEI COMMENTS.

POT POURRI 31 John Berry / Unread. Shame, on me.

AN OPEN LETTER TO LEE HOFFMAN Dick Enay / A terrific conrep Dick, especially the page of statistics, but hardly producing a comment.

SPY RAY Dick Enay / My idea of the origin of decimation is slightly different from yours. When the Romans were brownd off with a town or group did they not round up the population and dispose of every tenth person? This is the sense in which I used the phrase - no difference between us there. Looking back, by the way, that is just about the first system of selection which favoured the HIQ

types. (Music - assorted English folk songs). Hey, meet a bloody-minded militarist. If I could select 96,000,000 Americans for a quiet death, together with appropriate numbers from Two Other Nations, I'd live a much happier life. But in the real world war is undesirable if even one person dies. To return to our original problem (and since I can't find that issue of WCD I'll have to try to work out what I said from your argument) there would be selective decimation (blast) which would push up the %s for Certain Nations. But I suspect my argument was along the lines that decimation would be demoralizing to an immense extent. And since I agree with you about the unreliability of sources (though leaning towards Doomsday a little more than yourself) (Music - Carl Orff's CARMINA BURANA), I find it not really profitable to talk about "decimation". Do you really think either of the Big Two would stop fighting while they still had 90% of their population. And remember, the only good fallout is no fallout. Incidentally, what about all these soldiers who, I understand, are occasionally given to emotional feelings about the enemy????

When the suggestions of TUCK FOR US were flying about I wrote to Don, after a suitable time, explaining why I said what I did say in WCD 3. Don had not really heard anything about it. He likes the idea but couldn't possibly do it for a few years. So Don Tuck not for the Con because no one thought to ask him politely, for one thing.

THE ZED 804 or 805 Karen Anderson / &crappy. Poul's verse good. So that is what FDI means. More covers?

ENZYME 5 Phil Castora / Yes, but suppose we guarantee Sex in Sydney in Sixty-Five. I like the cute way you girls tack "disclaimer" onto the end of every second sentence. As for drawing the line between nationalism and patriotism, I would say a slantbar from the bottom lefthand side of the 'n' to the toprighthand side would be pretty symmetrical, though a vertical line bisecting a perpendicular drawn between the two uprights of the 'n' wouldn't look too bad. In me it is patriotism, in you nationalism. Whenever I see the name 'Burroughs' in a fanzine I always think of the wrong one. What should I do?

FLABBERGASTING 28 Burnett Toskey / I am trying to persuade Chris Bennie to do another cover for me. When he showed me a half-finished cover last May or April or back there I said, 'It looks OK', so you can see that he is getting plenty of encouragement from my end.

Too muchly for the explanation of your system (educ.) That is pretty much what I expected. (You cannot understand how unimaginably difficult it is to do MCs while Singing Along in Latin). Out here kids start at 4 - 5 years, then have 12 years education before going to University. This is done in two steps, primary school (6, 7 or 8 years depending on which state you are in) followed by the remaining 6, 5 or 4 years in a High School. In addition there are many Public Schools (which are actually Private Schools) which cater for the whole range. Our Matriculation standard is midway between English 1st and 2nd year 6th form, I would say. Less than 1% of children reach the University, and at present this %age is going down. Since maths is your field, here is the syllabus I used for this year's Form 6 - most of whom have just turned seventeen, or did so during the year. I'm not going to use this syllabus because it is not well-enough integrated (!) but this was my first year. Some topics have been introduced to the students in the previous year, but I start from scratch. They spend about 4 hours a week (a little less in fact) on the subject, and the present syllabus stretches over 29 weeks. To give you an idea of standard, I'll enclose a copy of the state-wide final exam given to students at this level in the mailing somewhere.

Syllabus for Task.

Limits. Gradient of a curve. Delta notation. First principles to find derivatives. Rule $d/dx(x^n) = nx^{n-1}$ and application to algebraic functions. Product and quotient rules. Function of a function. Chain rule. Differentiation of x^w where w is negative, fractional. Applications to trig. ratios. Differentiation of implicit functions. Tangents and normals. Increasing and decreasing functions. Maxima, minima and points of inflexion. Curve sketching. Problems on Maxima and minima. Approximations and errors. Parametric notation. Rates. Linear velocity and acceleration. Indefinite integration. Polynomials. Integration by change of variable. Algebraic and trig. substitution. Integration of Trig functions. Integration in mechanics for constant acceleration. Definite integration. Definite integral as the limit of a sum. Definite integral and change of variable. Area under a curve. Volume of solid of rotation. Mean value of a function. Approx. continues (Newton's Method and Simpson's Rule). Location of Roots. Differentiation of $\log_{10} x$ etc. Integration of $1/x$. Centroids. Newton's Laws. Motion in a straight line. Work. Work-energy equation. Power. Impulse. Conservation of momentum. Conservation of energy. Applications to a onedimensional system. Projectiles (Co-ord. geom.) Angular velocity and acceleration. Conical pendulum. Banked tracks. Hooke's law. SHM. Stretched spring. Simple pendulum. Equilibrium. Lamb's theorem. Equilibrium in a system of co-planar forces. Friction. Body on a rough inclined plane. Centre of gravity of a body. Frame works.

In addition to this, we did some work on variable acceleration, exponential functions that are not required. This, with the exam paper, should give you a fair idea of what we do. (Music - CARMINA BURANA again). Your mcs are always interesting but sometimes I find the gardening and geography too much - doubtless others enjoy it.

WILDCOLONIAL BOY 4 f. / Packed with typos as usual.

THE UNNAMABLE Foysler / Bruce did a very nice job on this, even though he misspelled the title in the OO. He even laid on corflu where I had simply piled great masses of XXXs. I'm using the same typer...

HIEROGLYPHIC 4 Lenny Kaye / Somehow you manage to say just about nothing, but give me a bad impression of yourself. Fortunately those words, bad impression, reminded me of my typer keys - 'ecch. Ted White's reviews were read with pleasure, and your final cartoon was in very poor taste.

COLLECTOR Howard De Vore / was pleasant, but a little short.

OUTSIDERS 53 Wrai Ballard / You are very right, Wrai, there's no sense being broad-minded to the extent that people will say, 'he's broadminded'. Go further, let them say, 'he's amoral'. Inside Outsider ... say it ain't so; say it isn't Nan Gerding.

NIFLHEIM 5 Dave Hulan / This is a good example of my reasons for being disappointed with this mailing, I suppose. Now there is nothing wrong with the 'zine; perhaps some would even consider it interesting; but I know none of the people involved. I can discuss only ideas, not people.

GRIGNOLINO Don Fitch / John Baxter laughs in a serious kind of way - not my words, but apt ones. Aussifans are a rollicking, raunchy, hell-raising crew! I must tell this to the lads next time I see any of them. I can't think of any that fit in that group. We think of ourselves as dedicated amateurs bringing the sinful to the right ways of sf reading. This is pretty tough when only

about 20% of active Aussifandom read sf. But we struggle along. I have not sent a copy of KANGAROO'S DON'T SMOKE, to Avram D., but I will pass your comment on to Bert. Hopo you are now straightened out on our educational system.

MISTILY MEANDERING 6 Mr. Patten / I always send Bruce 43 copies, so that the Library already has ONE copy. That's enough. I durno why you talk alla time about this science fiction stuff.

MEST 15 T d Johnstone / "much of his vocabulary is composed of verbs". You still aren't interesting me much, but all best for the, now-past, December 21.

YEZIDEE 5 Dian Girard / You must have distributed a special copy without the conrep. I'd like to publish more stuff like KANGAROOS DON'T SMOKE, but where am I going to get it?? Guess who didn't read the serial?

POR QUE? 19 Foreen Webbert / Seems to be getting a little longer, which is better.

SON OF SAPROLLER 31 Jack Harness /

STUMPING 6 Jim Webbert /

SLUG 6 Wally Weber / I'm glad you appreciated my help with mailing 62. Any fellow with an IQ like yours needs a lot of help, I imagine. Your comments on SPY RAY excellent. I wonder if I'm going to write that short piece about pepsi drinkers for this mailing? Should I listen to CARMINA DURANA again, now, or go on with something else? I hope you advise me real soon, 'cos I could sit here a long time waiting.

A CONCORDANCE TO THE LORD OF THE RINGS 1 Ed Baker / Yipe.

SPELEODEM 21 Bruce Pelz / Many happies. Will pass on your comments to Bert. I'm going to try to avoid having you do any more of my pubbing, you evil fan you, but thanks for the advice, anyway.

I object most strongly to your categorisation of "testicles" as an off-colour word. Sheee. There goes my good title with the word 'womb' in it. On these grounds may I object to fanzines 4, 10, 14, 25, 28, and 32 as listed in Spectator 65 - and I object to that too. You evil rotten OE, I am now determined to oust you from office. A really interesting issue, Bruce. Since you didn't get around to including any of Foyster's poetry, I'll do it myself. No, not the ones with dirty words in.

Some bridge then falling over a fearless world - no hate - no love - a lovely nothing blown up in the face of Him. A flame! a flame! Still falling fecund
FUN

He walked the road with just one leg,
A foot in hand and a mouth to beg.
Shame the world; the hate of him
Tries now to avenge his long-past fate.

Now take this hand and with it break
Such mouthings as the Gentiles make
(whoops have to omit this line - it rhymes with him.)
Such friends! O, they can't deny my state.

Essentially an exercise, but it'll give you something to jump upon, from a great height.

(Music - Joan Daez)

RETRO 30 FMBusby / It's a bad mailing when you don't have much to say, Duz.

ACE MYSTERY 14 Ed Meskys / Finished bighu, and I'm not going to comment on this.

SPECTATOR 65 OE / Hey, that Fred Galvin is going to come between Dian Girard and me!
Protest! etc. I hereby file for OE, on the understanding that if
elected I will immediately disband SAPS. Sorry as hell to see Carr and Deindorfer go.

EDITORIAL CONTINUED.

Because I use a taperecorder to spin the cylinder, the number of flashes per second varies, but for the above I used a diameter of around 2 inches and a speed of $7\frac{1}{2}$ ips.

2. Using a 25 watt globe still, I now tried a greater speed - a diameter of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In this case there was no redness - generally a much larger number of yellow and silver sparks appeared, though still using the same path. Then a redness imposed itself, much redder than previously. When this faded a green showrock filled the central section. Once again I became fatigued and had to leave.

3. Sommerville and Gysin also describe experiments in which the eyes remain open. I also tried this, but found great concentration necessary to produce any hallucinations, though the purple colour associated with them is intense and beautiful. This purple and a bright green formed themselves around the patterns painted inside the cylinder, but with considerable effort I was able to disregard the red and black background.

4. First attempts with a 100 watt globe were disappointing. Colours were more intense, and though I was now able to spend a couple of minutes "viewing", nothing new happened. Later attempts were more successful, however, with patterns of great complexity and variety, both in colour and shape. The effects can be varied by changing the attitude of the head. Similar results for eyes-open. A 100 watt globe which has been burning for a couple of minutes gets pretty hot. More next time, and how about a cartoon, Smith?



And another fan whose guts I
hate is.....

SPECIAL BLUSHING ANNEX TO THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 5 - published in a bemused state by JFOYSTER, the next oe of saps, from a sort of usual address only I won't be there for quite a while, and maybe for the January SAPS mailing only the mails are a bit on the doubtful side so maybe I won't make it. Actually quite a few things happen. First I found out that no ship sails for the USA until December 20, so it was a bit pointless publishing on December 7. Next, on December 6 I received a top secret document from Secret Agent 703, which is hereinunder published. Watch it 703 - material arriving after the publication date is frowned on. Next, my usually unreliable agent, M Socur, waited until the last possible date before attempting to buy the paper for the issue. That's right, there was none left. Finally, due to some incredible stupidity on the part of Lee Harding and I (with most of the credit, if not all, falling on the hapless head of yhos), the cover photo was not printed. And I lost 2 bob playing shove ha'penny today.

LETTERS IN EXILE PART TWO 703

I can't help it - some desperate unknown urge forces me to take pen in hand and write. I'll really try to cut it short, but I hold no great hopes: an inner demonic impulse impels me to pages of drivel. Why, I don't know - sublimation? Pathetic attempts at communication

Well, I'm not writing this in the evening, this time, but I am preparing a meal. Lunch to be specific. The thought of food stimulates my mind, my ratiocinative powers, word flow. Food - especially lunch. As I have in the past, so I will now ... inflict upon you the menu; chops, lusciously grilled, served with a topping of rich, brown mushrooms*, and garnished with sweet corn, red peppers, zucchini, and roast (in jackets) potatoes. Hum ... sounds as if it's about cooked. (I detest cooking, but the cafe's are atrocious) Delicious! Better than Mother could make ... who am I kidding? Mother couldn't even get half the ingredients in tins; zucchini for instance. Where in Australia? The Lawphy's on and I'm just finishing the beer - Schlitz, this time, as I want to find out what Milwaukee's like. Hey! don't get the wrong idea: I don't like beer ... much ... it's just a desperate attempt on my part to put some weight on. Of which I have been losing too much lately, no doubt because of the uncivilised hours (rural hicktown Madison) I have been keeping at work.

As for Chicago, if you consult an Atlas (book-type) you'll readily see that it is only about 120 miles away from Madison. The Greyhound bus copes with this distance in about 3 (three) hours, non-stop, and charges for the return trip a mere \$5.35. So, up at 6am, catch the bus at 7.30am, in Chicago at 10.30 am, leave at 7.15pm, and back in Madison at 10.15pm. Exhausting, but worth it every fortnight. I don't stay overnight, since the hotels there are more expensive (but less tiring) than returning to Madison and taking a bus to Chicago again the next day. Haven't done this yet as I need all day Sunday to write letters.....

Average temperature here last week was 32°F, but thanks to heated rooms and offices (terribly overheated, really) it didn't feel at all chilly. Even going to work (I walk, and it takes about 15 minutes) isn't at all bad - in fact it feels warmer than most Melbourne winter days. The first real snow fell a couple of days ago, but the sun came out and pretty soon the streets had lost the virginal purity of their white mantles. The snow resembled nothing so much as drifting soap suds. It didn't fall, but seemed to undergo a macroscopic Brownian motion. Quite pretty, but rather a shame that it didn't go on any longer. Still, the residents here have promised me puhlenty of snow.

I threatened to tell you something of the Armory show - you know; that exhibition which introduced Modern Art (sic) to America, in (I think) 1913. In a few words: it was f***** awful. I thought contemporary art was dreary and dull and the dregs ... but these

* I had to do a bit of editing, but there it is, rich.

canvasses ...!!! I wondered why THE painting (the one which, from the reproductions I've seen, is a great work) - Marcel Duchamp's NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE - wasn't there, and then I found that this show was not an attempt to reproduce the infamous Armory exhibition, but was rather intended to display the then contemporary American Artists' ideas of painting. Arghh!! and double Arghh!!!! I had to wander many hours in the rest of the Gallery being pacified by the van der Weyden, Crivelli, Zurbaran, van Leyden, Ghirlandaio, Batoni, Rembrandt, Bosch*, Veneziano, Caravaggio, el Greco etc. paintings (not to mention a superb John Martin, Courbet, Boucher, some exquisite Lautrec's and Degas' and, although he is good only by comparison with the mediocrity of his contemporaries, a marvellous Dali) before I completely recovered. The draughtsmanship and sheer technical accomplishment of the Dali was unbelievable. Apart from Antonio Tapies, and perhaps, Dubuffet, Wols, Zao Won-Ki and Poliakoff, Dali is really the ONLY artist of our times. (Klee, Ernst belong to the previous generation)

Why, the thought became more and more insistent as I wandered around, why is it that the Modern Artists' works look so much better in reproduction, while the old Masters always lose so much? I was as completely unprepared for the beauties of, say, Caravaggio or the Master of Amiens, which were breathtaking, as I was deflated by the dullness, nay - tawdriness - of Feininger, for example. Only Dali and Tapies seemed to gain in reality. Perhaps this could be used as a test for a work of Art?

While I'm on the subject of Art, I must relate an amusing little story. I daresay you follow, avidly, the comic-strip exploits of one Steve Roper? And have heard of Pop Art? Well (and this may be boring you ... stop me if you already know this**) is appears that Overgard, who draws the strip, had a shot of Mike Nomad looking through a peephole into a room and saying, amongst other things, "I can see the whole room, AND THERE'S NOBODY THERE!!" Roy Lichtenstein, a practitioner of said Pop Art, merely copied this drawing (though there's been a controversy as to the meaning of 'copied'), enlarged it, simplified it, but retained the essential feature of a peephole through which someone is peeping, and saying - via a balloon above his head - "I can see the whole room, AND THERE'S NOBODY IN IT" A letter in the most recent (November) issue of Art News (note that - Art News) contains a drawing. Of (you're right) a peephole with a man peeping through. But the Balloon, this time, contains the words: "I can see the whole gallery, AND THERE'S NO ART IN IT!!"

Well... I thought it was clever.

Which brings me to the next sure-fire Art gimmick. Don't panic, boy, I've taken out a copyright already. It's called D-arte, pronounced "Darter", and stands for the art of the Dangerous, the Daily happening, the Dream, Death Destruction, etc. A typical example would be a cubical box, with a button on the top and a peephole in one side. Its title: SURPRISE 3. And it works like this: you look through the peephole, expecting to see something sophisticated, like your eye reflected in a mirror, reflected in a second mirror, reflected in the first, reflected ... and so on. Surprise number one: you can't see anything! It's pitch black (ha!) You press the button hoping a light will illuminate the box, showing you something sophisticated, like your eye endlessly reflected. Surprise number two: a jet of fluid hits you in the eye! (ha! ha!) Surprise number three: it's Aque Regia! (ha! ha! ha!)

Another example: a superb copy of a Campbell's Soup Tin, which must be examined most closely. On going to within 6 feet of it, a razor-sharp scythe stabs out at knee-height, and suddenly you're Toulouse-Lautrec.

Think of the fun the critics would have outdoing each other in attempting to be the most esoterically incomprehensible, the most pseudo-intellectual, the most involved.

* You're putting me on. What Bosch did you see?

**Don't tempt me like that.

D-arte is the affirmation of the unexpected in our daily routine : it reinstates, with one awesome, cataclysmic cry of avowal, the essential indeterminism of Man's existentiality. It is a shout, an unbounded shattering of the fetters of Modern Automatism, a giant step to Chthonic reality. It transcends the confines of the frame of the painting both in space and time (for a painting is bounded in time no less than it is in space: how long does one participate in the joy of discovery, for example, or how long is it remembered?) and reaches out and engulfs the spectator in its infinitudes of pattern, motion, colour and tension. No-one who has looked at, rather, been involved in, a D-arte painting will ever be the same again. And D-arte is the only Modern movement which can say with such assuredness and truth that it will be forever a part of the onlooker.

Consider SURPRISE 3: it not only is an ineffable negation of the sureness of our fast-becoming, regimented existence, but points out this negation most forcibly by the pitch blackness of its interior. A void of lightlessness which, moreover, signifies the human condition ... the lack of solid values, of standards of hopes ... in short, Man's helpless, hopeless absurdity in the face of Existential reality. Then, powerfully, ineluctably, it disinters ²Eisenberg from the graveyard of Quantum Physics, places him into the forefront of the personal hagiography and re-examines the soteriological and analogical implications of his Principle of Uncertainty. It then culminates this immense and intellectual and psychical experience by a physical blow of quantized uncertainty, and leaves the paintee forever aware of the blindness and darkness of life without (and, perhaps, even with) the effulgent bliss of an element ($q/2\pi$) of chance.

Well, John, you take it from there, Give up work. Paint D-arte pictures for three (3) months. Have an exhibition. Be the father of a new contemporary trend. But hurry, it won't last long. Of course it may even have the desirable effect that (once bitten, twice shy) people may expect the principles of D-arte to carry over into other Modern Art movements. It may even (gasp!) spell the death of Appel, Bacon, Picasso, Mannessier, Kline*, Still, Rauschenberg etc etc. Hurry, John, do it! Do it! Replace insanity by insanity, so that sanity may win eventually. Save Art!! DO IT BOY!!**

The diagrams for my Ph.D. thesis finally arrived, and the whole is now being bound at the local bindery. A semi-impressive title: THE APPLICATION OF DIGITAL COMPUTERS TO NUMERICAL WEATHER ANALYSIS AND FORECASTING, AND TO PROBLEMS OF THE ANTARCTIC WATER BUDGET (HEAT CONDUCTION IN ICE SHEETS, AND SNOW CALTATION). The thesis itself is not much longer. There's going to be a wait of about three months before I shall be a legalised 'Dr.'. In the meantime, I must get used to it.

The thesis - my copy, here, that is - was going to be bound quite simply in buckram (two colours, perhaps), with the title tastefully set out on the front cover. When I got to the bindery, though, my visions of simplicity simply vanished. There, on the display shelves, were books of exquisite (wah deyar!.... see what comes of reading Rechy?) designs. the sort of things one sees in the New Yorker advertisements, or on one hundred year old volumes, or on the so-called 'Gift' editions of classics. Well, what could I do? I mean the only course left was to go the whole hog. And I did, grunting - with anticipated delight - the while. The thesis will thus be bound in $\frac{3}{4}$ Morocco (spine and the corners of the front, back, covers), while the covers are to be surfaced in rich, red marbled paper. The spine will have those sophisticated ridges on it, with a small title tastefully placed there. Naturally I'll be too embarrassed to let anyone but myself read the thesis I don't want a reputation for narcissistic impulses, though; this in turn implies onanism and etc.

* Tenfour

** Who? Me?

So ends another happy fanzine from John "Yellowbum" Foyster. A reminder, of course, that the paid political announcement on the next page is definitely the opinion of the editor. MERVYN PARRETT FOR TOFF (oneday).