

1973

# ADVENTION

2





WELCOME TO  
ADVENTION 2

AND GREETINGS FROM  
THE COMMITTEE, THE MOTHERS  
OF ADVENTION.



**TWELFTH  
AUSTRALIAN  
SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION**

**ADELAIDE**

**AUGUST 17~19, 1973**

# MOTHERS OF ADVENTION

Paul Stokes & Alan Sandercock

Chairman

Gary Mason

Treasurer & Publicity

John Hewitt

Visual

Rod Hanna

Audio

Michael Clark

Music

Jeff Harris

Men

Paul Anderson

and

Joy Window

Women

Chris Brown

Friday

# WELCOME!

A big welcome friends, to the first National Science Fiction convention to be held outside of Sydney or Melbourne. We hope that you enjoy the programme which includes a number of interesting talks as well as panels, a banquet, masquerade, films, etc. We have programmed for a wide spectrum of taste, whether it be the occult, Dr. Who, "Pink Floyd" music, comix and, yes, even that branch of literature known as science fiction. The main accent is on having a good time of course.

If this is your first convention don't hesitate to introduce yourself to the local and interstate people. If you're a regular convention attendee please talk to the new people and everyone will enjoy themselves.

And now relax, sit back, and let us do all the work. Have fun!

Alan Sandercock  
Convention Organizer

# PROGRAMME

## FRIDAY

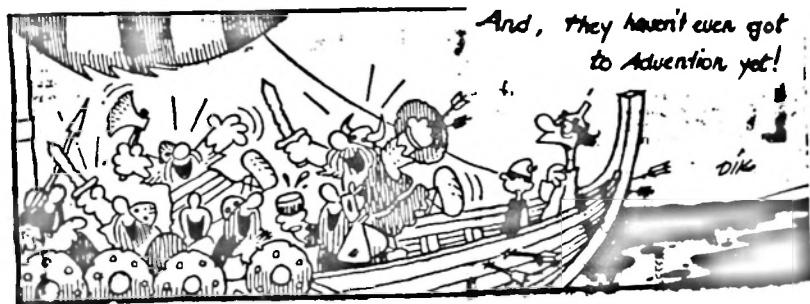
- 11.00 am Registration opens
- 12.30 pm Lunch : Lincoln College dining room
- 2.00 pm OFFICIAL OPENING - INTRODUCTIONS - ANNOUNCEMENTS
- 2.15 pm IF DALEKS DO, WHY DON'T YOU?  
Panel on sex in science fiction. Introduced  
by John Hewlitt and Paul Stokes
- 3.15 pm Afternoon tea
- 3.30 pm SCIENCE FICTION AND THE OCCULT  
Talk by Dr. Peter Delin, lecturer in psychology  
at the University of Adelaide.
- 4.45 pm SF AND FANTASY IN POPULAR MUSIC  
Music and discussion recorded and led by  
Michael Clark.
- 6.00 pm Tea : Lincoln College dining room.
- 7.00 pm A POLICY FOR FILM CENSORSHIP?  
Andrew Bear, Lecturer in English at Flinders  
University, talks about changing attitudes  
towards films in England and Australia.
- 8.30 pm MASQUERADE PARTY
- 11.00 pm FILMS  
Trip To the Moon  
The Lost World  
Conquest of the Planet of the Apes  
Moon Zero Two

# SATURDAY

- 11.00 am Registration opens
- 12.30 pm Lunch : Lincoln College dining room.
- 1.30 pm BUSINESS SESSION  
Discussion concerning the Australia in '75 campaign plans, and the site of the 1974 national convention. Chaired by Jeff Harris.
- 2.30 pm THE WORLDS OF DOCTOR WHO  
Panel Introduced by Jeff Harris. Concerns Daleks & other TV creatures.
- 3.15 pm Afternoon tea.
- 3.30 pm THE STORIES OF MICHAEL MOORCOCK  
Rod Nicholls, reviewer for THE AGE has recently met Moorcock and has some interesting things to say about his writing.
- 4.45 pm AUCTION  
Paul Stokes conducts the auction.
- 6.00 pm THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY  
John Chyllinski gives a recital of songs he has written which are based on Asimov's "foundation" trilogy.
- 6.30 pm COMIX SLIDES SHOW  
John Bradon shows slides from recent Adult type comix. Some of them are definitely for adults only!
- 7.00 pm JOURNEYS THROUGH THE EMPIRES OF THE MIND  
An audiovisual spectacular hosted by Jeff Harris, in which fantastic worlds, both real and imaginary, will be seen. The itinerary includes the earldons of the undead, the satraps of space, with introductions to their divers inhabitants, a holiday at the haunted houses, travels through time, and flights to the heights where hithertofore only superhumans have dwelled. Souvenirs will be available in the duty free port of Trantor.
- 8.00 pm AWARDS BANQUET  
Entry by banquet ticket holders only. John Foyster will deliver his Guest of Honour speech after which comes the presentation of the 1972 Ditmar awards.
- 11.00 pm FILMS  
White Zombie  
Bedazzled  
The Illustrated Man

# SUNDAY

- 12.30 pm Lunch : Lincoln College dining room.
- 1.30 pm FANS AND FANDOM - COMMUNICATION OR CHAOS?  
Panel chaired by Alan Sandercock. Hear Paul Anderson, Ken Ford and others on the merits of science fiction fandom or otherwise for communicating with people, and the role of fanzines and conventions for same.
- 2.45 pm FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION IN CHILDREN'S LITERATURE  
A talk by Mrs. Felicity Ann Hughes, lecturer at Flinders University.
- 3.45 pm Afternoon tea.
- 4.00 pm CAN WE HAVE UNIQUELY AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION.  
A panel of local writers will attempt to answer the above question.
- 4.45 pm REACTION AND REACTION  
In which any left-over items, display items and so forth are auctioned off, and fans and organizers indulge in a mutual critique of the convention.
- 5.30 pm CLOSING TIME.





# AUSTRALIAN CONVENTIONS

1952	1st AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Sydney
1953	2nd AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Sydney
1954	3rd AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Sydney
1955	4th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Sydney
	CANBERRA SF CONVENTION	Canberra
1956	5th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
1958	6th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
1966	7th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
1968	MELBOURNE SF CONFERENCE	Melbourne
1969	8th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
1970	SYNCON 70	Sydney
	9th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
1971	10th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Melbourne
	Q-CON 1	Brisbane
	MINI-MELCON	Melbourne
1972	ADVENTION 1	Adelaide
	MELBOURNE EASTER CONVENTION	Melbourne
	11th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Sydney
1973	Q-CON 2	Brisbane
	MELBOURNE EASTER CONVENTION	Melbourne
	12th AUSTRALIAN SF CONVENTION	Adelaide

The Australian Science Fiction Achievement Awards, or "Ditmars", were instituted at the Eighth Australian Science Fiction Convention in Melbourne, 1969, through the generosity of a prominent Melbourne fan, Dr. Ditmar Jønsen.

Winners of Ditmar Awards to date are as follows:

## 1969

Best Australian Fiction:  
A. BERTRAM CHANDLER - FALSE FATHERLAND  
Best International Fiction:  
THOMAS M. DISCH - CAMP CONCENTRATION  
Best Contemporary SF Author:  
BRIAN W. ALDISS  
Best Australian Fanzine:  
JOHN BAGSUND - AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW

## 1970

Best Australian Fiction:  
LEE HARDING - DANCING GERONTIUS  
Best International Fiction:  
ITALO CALVINO - COSMICOMICS  
Best Professional Magazine:  
PHILIP HARBOTTLE - VISION OF TOMORROW  
Best Australian Fanzine:  
JOHN FOYSTER - THE JOURNAL OF OMPHALISTIC EPISTEMOLOGY

## 1971

Best Australian Fiction:  
A. BERTRAM CHANDLER - THE BITTER PILL  
Best International Fiction:  
NO AWARD  
Best Australian Fanzine:  
NOEL KERR - THE SOMERSET GAZETTE  
Special Awards:  
JOHN BAXTER - SCIENCE FICTION IN THE CINEMA  
RON GRAHAM - VISION OF TOMORROW

## 1972

Best Australian Fiction:  
LEE HARDING - FALLEN SPACEMAN  
Best International Fiction:  
LARRY NIVEN - RINGWORLD  
Best Australian Fanzine:  
SCIENCE FICTION COMMENTARY

# THE DITMAR AWARD

## 1973 Nominations

Nominations for the 1973 Ditmars closed on 1st July. The voting closes on Friday 17th August at 5 o'clock.

Nominations are as follows:

### BEST AUSTRALIAN FICTION:

Chandler, A.B. - The Hard Way Up  
"Ossian, J." - Let It Ring  
"Rome, D." - Gone Fishing  
Wodhams, J. - Budnlp  
No Award

### BEST INTERNATIONAL FICTION:

Asimov, I. - The Gods Themselves  
Boyd, J. - The Gorgon Festival  
Boyd, J. - The IQ Merchant  
Silverberg, R. - Dying Inside  
No Award

### BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION:

Aussiefan  
A Clockwork Orange  
Slaughterhouse 5  
Tales From the Crypt  
No Award

### BEST AUSTRALIAN FANZINE:

John Alderson - Chao  
Eric Lindsay - Gegenscheln  
Leigh Edmonds - Rataplan  
Bruce Gillespie - SF Commentary  
No Award

# GUEST OF HONOUR

ARTICLE BY JOHN BANGSUND

A FEW months ago Leigh Edmonds wrote: 'Of course everybody knows that John Foyster is really the father of Australian fandom but... saints are so much harder to write about than mere mortals!'

John Foyster is certainly the father of contemporary Australian fandom: there is no doubt about that. He it was who kept the flame, to coin a worn-out phrase, during the late 50s and early 60s and handed it on to us, blazing, at the 1966 convention. And he tends it still. Whoever might be the bright star of Australian fandom at any given time, John is always there, in the background or out front as desire or need dictates, but there.

He has often been accused of sainthood, and with good reason, but I sometimes wonder how he feels about it. Strictly speaking, he is literally a saint. John is not a man who inflicts his needs and feelings and attitudes on other people - unless it is necessary and good for them - so one can easily forget, and even never know, that he is a practising Christian. (And if you go back to the New Testament you will discover that 'saint' was just another word for Christian'. Later the word took on a narrower meaning, but nineteen-hundred-odd years ago there was no-one in the canonizing business.)

# JOHN FOYSTER

John's exact views on Christianity are not especially relevant to whatever I finish up saying here; in fact, just offhand I can't recall ever discussing the subject with him. But his practice of Christianity is relevant. It is relevant because John is, firstly and mostly importantly, a man: John Foyster, Big Name Fan, is just one aspect of the man. Although it would be hard to find in Australia a man more dedicated to science fiction fandom (and impossible to find a man more knowledgeable about science fiction), John's fandom is the pure, old-time 'just-a-goddam-hobby' kind. Not for him the crass commercialism of those who charge money for their fanzines; nor for him the sad hang-up of those who have nothing else in life except fandom, and who try to hide their inability to cope with the-way-things-are by proclaiming fandom a Way Of Life. It's just lucky for us that John's way of life, in its enviable totality, includes a deep involvement with fandom. We are richer for it.

There is a certain daunting aspect to John Foyster, in person and in print. He does not suffer fools gladly - not from any malice or lack of essential humanity, but simply from having more important things on hand. This shows itself in a certain abruptness of manner - perhaps aloofness would be a better word - which is easily misunderstood by lesser mortals (i.e. most of us). In his writing he expects you to make the necessary logical leaps from one thought or sentence to the next, and recognize the necessary implications and allusions and so on - and if you don't do this, that's tough cheese and you should be reading something else.

When Lee Harding first introduced me to John about ten years ago he had come straight from church to The Basin, and was standing - suited, booted and clean-shaven - looking in a disgusted kind of way through Harding's book collection. From hearing him on tape and listening to Harding talk about him I had gained the impression of a rather formidable young man (which he was, and is). I knew he was interested in poetry, and at that time I had been reading George Crabbe, so when Harding left us alone I said to John 'Have you read much Crabbe?' He said 'No'. And he went on looking in a disgusted kind of way at Harding's books. That, in its entirety, was my first conversation with John Foyster.



SPACE AGE  
BOOKS

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Macrobionics Magic Movies Music Occult  
Poetry Posters Psychology SCIENCE FICTION Sociology  
Tarot Tolkien UFO's Vision of Tomorrow Witchcraft  
Yoga Zen Buddhism, & LOTS MORE



Later I got to know him better and wasn't invariably left standing stupid and speechless when he said crushing things like that. Also he has (I think, but I'm not entirely sure) mellowed a little. I remember one night waxing pseudo-philosophico-psychological about the fact that people of my age spent their early formative years during the war; when my father returned from New Guinea, for example I was six or seven; and I happened to remark 'We are the generation that never knew its fathers.' John said 'I thought your kind never did anyway.' That's beautiful repartee. It also sounds somewhat brutal or callous, but in fact it wasn't: John knew I was raving on as usual, and getting a bit uptight in the process, and he brought me down to earth magnificently. I confess that I have no idea whether that was his conscious purpose. All I know is that I have heard John demolish me and countless other people with a few brilliant words, so often that it is an indelible part of my mental picture of him - and yet I have never heard him say anything of anyone, present or absent, that was truly unkind. Harsh, yes. Shattering, often. But unkind, never.

John loves people individually and collectively, far too much to help them fool themselves.

I often wondered - and I was not alone in this - why John professed so much admiration and respect for John W. Campbell and yet damned him mercilessly in print. After a decade I feel I understand.

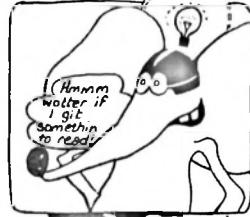
Foyster the Merciless is well-known in fandom - perhaps more so overseas than here, if you can imagine that. I enjoy watching him in action: I make no apology for that (even though I feel sorry at times for his victims). But these days I tend to think more of John as one of the best friends I have ever had, one of the greatest human beings I have ever met.

Late in 1968 Diane, Leigh Edmonds and I moved from Elsternwick (where we had slanshacked, together with Paul Stevens) to the house in Ferntree Gully which Diane and I were paying off, and which had been let for some months to a rather undesirable tenant. When I went to look at the place the grass in the backyard was about four feet high. I mentioned this to John. He immediately offered to come over with his motor-mower (I didn't possess such a thing). I was then - and still am - overweight, unfit, easily daunted by hard work and plain goddam lazy. John is none of these, although I know he isn't the healthiest bloke you ever met either. For two days he hacked relentlessly into those colossal weeds while I raked, sweated and felt guilty. This was not the only time when he put other things aside - things which I would consider vastly more important - to help me out. The point is that on those occasions, in his view, helping me out was the most important matter on hand. I am sure he has done the same for many others. This is the John Foyster I love, the John Foyster you don't catch many glimpses of in the fanzines and often don't appreciate in person.

John's social conscience and political attitudes are difficult to comprehend - as difficult as anything else about him, and as well worth thinking about. I have got into trouble too often in the past trying to explain Foyster to others (sheer lunacy, believe me.) to feel inclined to attempt it again here, and I will not. But I do want to say something about John which perhaps explains a little, or illustrates a little. We were driving back to South Yarra from Bundalohn Court one night, and John was telling me, with joy and delight, about young Jillian Miranda's sports day at school. There was love, and pride, and a whole lot of things I can't label in his voice and on his face as he told me about the children running races and stopping to help their friends up when they fell over and laughing and enjoying themselves hugely. 'It was fantastic to watch,' he said - or something like this - 'At that age they have no spirit of competition at all.' I said 'That's not really preparing them for the hard world they will grow up in, is it.' John said 'That's true. But maybe we should be changing that world for them.'

The quote from Leigh Edmonds at the head of this rambling non-article is from a slim volume of which I am inordinately proud, in which a couple of dozen Australian fans have said nice things about me. John's piece, typically, is at first glance eccentric, seemingly almost irrelevant, and certainly worlds away in style and content from anything else in the book. It is a short treatise on St. Thomas Aquinas, with long, difficult and entirely apt quotations. John concludes this piece, abruptly, with the question: 'Do you understand, John; do you understand?'

Proudly, and humbly, I answer: Yes, John, I think I am beginning to understand. Thanks to you.



# THE FILMS

The films for this year's national convention we hope will provide interesting viewing for convention members. We have selected four films locally available from a rather poor selection offered by the local distributors, and there are a number of shorts obtained from the French Embassy and the Canadian High Commission. Probably the most interesting feature will be three classic vintage films of a science fiction-fantasy nature. A description of these and the other films follows.

TRIP TO THE MOON (1902) is Melles futuristic film that has become a classic.

THE LOST WORLD (1925) stars Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone and Bessie Love, and was directed by Harry Hoyt. This is the original silent film of the novel of the same name by Sir Arther Conan Doyle, with Bessie Love thrown in for some female interest. This film is considered a milestone in film animation techniques, as the models were rubber fleshed with wooden joints and wire veins, instead of the previously used clay models. They lacked the disadvantages of clay models, namely crumbling and melting under studio lights, and as well could be made to breathe, bleed, salivate, and in the case of the Pterodactyl, fly. Some forty models of prehistoric creatures and their offspring were used in the film. The models and their filming were the work of Willis H. O'Brian who later did the modelwork for KING KONG. THE LOST WORLD can be considered as a blueprint for KING KONG, as both films have similar monsters, habitats of the monsters and film animation techniques.



Scene from THE LOST WORLD

WHITE ZOMBIE (1932) is a black and white sound picture starring Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy, and directed by Victor Halperin. The setting is Haiti, where Lugosi exudes evil as Murder Legendre, the zombie master. The zombies are Haitian corpses dug up and brought to life to work in the sugar mills. Lugosi kidnaps the heroine Madge Bellamy on her wedding night and takes her to his cliff-top castle where he plays Liebestraum in fiendish triumph. Will justice prevail? Will she be rescued? Will the rescuer be her husband? See the film - it is recommended.



**WHITE ZOMBIE**  
Bela Lugosi, the zombie master

## MOON ZERO TWO

Ride a rocket,  
Texas-style!

Have a shoot-out  
in Moon City!

Find a new frontier and  
a new kind of pioneer.

But watch out for  
deadly moon maidens.

**IT'S THE  
FIRST MOON  
"WESTERN!"**

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION FOR GENERAL EXHIBITION

Directed by **JAMES OLSON** CASTING BY **CATHERINA VON SCHELL** COSTUME DESIGNER **WARREN MITCHELL** MUSIC BY **ADRIENNE CORRI** EDITOR **ORI LEVY**  
**DUDLEY FOSTER**...**BERNARD BRESSLAU** **TECHNICOLOR® FROM WARNER BROS.**

## STILL MORE FILMS

Science Fiction comedies are relatively scarce, but MOON ZERO TWO can be considered as nothing else. It results from taking a western plot, exaggerating the style and characteristics, and putting the whole thing in a Lunar setting. The space gunfighters wear spacesuits with weapons similar to a Colt .45 slung low on their hips. The bad guys get a choice of spacesuit colours, but the good guy wears white. Of course there is the inevitable shoot-out, but the hero wins and gets the girl.

The 'Moon .02' is a space ship piloted by one Bill Kemp (James Olsen) who was incidently the first man to set foot on Mars. He has this girl friend (Adrienne Corri) who works for the Moon Bureau of Investigation, and she threatens to ground the 'Moon .02' unless Kemp overhauls it. To do this he needs some cash, and a wealthy magnate (Warren Mitchell), who happens to be the leader of the bad guys, offers him a job of towing a 6,000 ton asteroid made of pure sapphire to the moon. Substitute a ranch for the 'Moon .02' and a gold mine for the sapphire asteroid and it sounds incredibly like a low-budget western plot, doesn't it?



20th Century-Fox presents PETER COOK  
DUDLEY MOORE and ELEANOR BRON  
in STANLEY DOHEN'S

# "bedazzled"

RAQUEL WELCH as Lust

Produced and Directed by STANLEY DOHEN

Screenplay by PETER COOK

From the story by

PETER COOK and DUDLEY MOORE

INTERNATIONAL Color by DeLuxe

Suitable Only for Adults

BEDAZZLED is an impish comedy-satire written by and starring well known British comedians Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. As well Raquel Welch has a part as Lillian Lust, the babe with the bust, and Barry Humphries appears as Envy, another of the seven sins. BEDAZZLED can only at best be classed as fantasy, not science fiction, but is well worth being included in the programme. It is a comedy that can be seen and enjoyed for a second or third time.



**Don't dare  
stare at**

**ROD  
STELGER**

**THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
MAN**

**CLAIRE  
BLOOM**

**ROBERT DRIVAS**

**DON DUBBINS · JASON EVERS**

Music by Jerry Goddard · Produced by HOWARD B. KRETZSKER and TED MANN

Screenplay by HOWARD B. KRETZSKER Directed by JACK SAGCHT

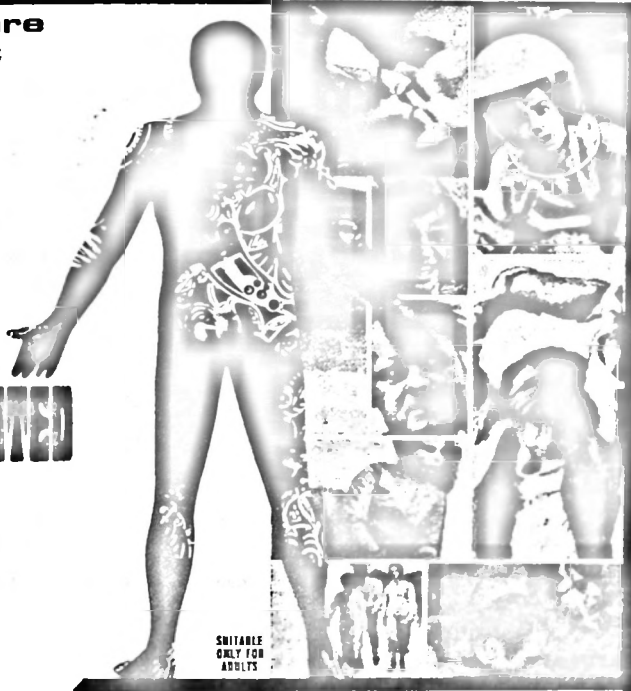
**TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION® FROM WARNER BROS.-SEVEN ARTS W**

**RUNNING TIME: 103 minutes**

**LENGTH: 9,253 feet**

**CENSORSHIP: Suitable Only For Adults.**

**Not Suitable for Television**



## Ray Bradbury's Masterpiece of the supernatural.

In **THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**, Rod Stelger plays Carl, a hobo, whose entire body has been tattooed by Felicia (Claire Bloom), a seductive skin illustrator, and apparently a time traveller from the future. Carl thought that he was going to lay the girl, but she tattoos him instead. The skin illustrations when looked at cause the viewer to have visions of the future. Robert Drivas, a young itinerant, cannot resist staring at the illustrations, and sees three pessimistic views of future eras. The film is based on the book by Ray Bradbury, and carries in it the fear of science often present in Bradbury's work.

Oh yes, both the male stars do nude scenes.

"OK BOSS. SO I TOOK A WRONG TURN AND NOW YOU ARE GOING TO MISS ADVENTION,  
BUT IS THAT ANY REASON TO GET NASTY?"



A BIT OF A MESSAGE FROM THE SPONSORS: PAUL STEVENS AND MERV BINNS:

Paul J: "I say! I say! A funny thing happened to me on the way to ADVENTION."

Merv: "What was that?"

PAUL J: "I was mugged by the taxman and now I can't afford to go to ADVENTION  
and put on my Paul Stevens show.....uhh....what's that sound?"

Merv: "Subdued cheering!"

Paul J: "Bloody colonials."

Merv: I'm not going to Advention either as I have to leave about then for TORCON  
but I would like to wish them a happy and enjoyable convention. Now let's  
hear it for Australia in '75."

(scene fades out to thunderous applause)



**SPACE AGE BOOKS**

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AUSTRALIA

**ALL NEW!**  
**THE REVOLT OF THE APES**  
**THE MOST AWESOME SPECTACLE IN**  
**THE ANNALS OF SCIENCE FICTION!**



20th Century Fox presents  
an ARTHUR P. JACOBS Production  
"CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES"  
starring RODDY McDOWALL and DON MURRAY  
and RICARDO MONTALBAN as Armando  
Produced by APJAC Productions Directed by J LEE THOMPSON  
Written by PAUL DEHN Based on Characters Created by PIERRE BOULLE  
1000 AD 35\* COLOR BY DE LUXE\* 

CONQUEST OF THE PLANET OF THE APES is the fourth in the series of the Apes films, and is not as good as any of the preceding three films in the series. The only surviving one of the actors is Roddy McDowall, who plays Caesar, the chimpanzee who leads the revolt of his simian fellows. The film was only released here this year, and this particular print is in cinemascope and should be fairly new.



Roddy McDowall plays Caesar

As well there are six shorts. We are grateful to the French Embassy for

LA JETEE

LES ESCARGOTS

and to the Canadian High Commission for

SPHERES

HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

CAROUSEL

NOTES ON A TRIANGLE

The Canadian films are I believe predominantly of a cartoon type.

The shorts will be interspersed in the main film programme.

I trust that you enjoy the films and last the full night both times.

John Hewitt

WATCHER OF THE SKIES - GENESIS

From album "Foxtrot".

Watcher of the skies, watcher of all  
His is a world alone, no world is his own,  
He whom life can no longer surprise,  
Raising his eyes beholds a planet unknown.

Creatures shaped this planet's soil,  
Now their reign has come to an end,  
Has life again destroyed life,  
Do they play elsewhere, or do they know  
More than their childhood games?  
Maybe the lizard's shedded its tail,  
This is the end of man's long union with Earth.

From life alone to life as one,  
Think not your journey done  
For though your ship be sturdy,  
No mercy has the sea,  
Will you survive on the ocean of being?  
Come ancient children hear what I say  
This is my parting council for you on your way.

Sadly now your thoughts turn to the stars,  
Where we have gone you know you can never go.  
Watcher of the skies, watcher of all,  
This is your fate alone, this fate is your own.

WOODEN SHIPS - CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

From album "Crosby, Stills & Nash".

- I : If you smile at me I will understand, 'cause that is  
something everyone does in the same language.  
II: I can see by your coat, my friend, you're from the  
other side.  
There's just one thing I've got to know, can you tell  
me please, who won?  
I : Say, can I have some of your purple berries?  
II: Yes, I've been eating them for six or seven weeks now,  
haven't got sick once.  
I : Probably keeps us both alive.

Wooden ships on the water very free, and easy.  
You know the way it's supposed to be.  
Silver people on the shoreline let us be.  
Talking about very free, and easy.  
Horror grips us as we watch you die.  
All we can do is echo your anguished cries.  
Stare as all human feelings die.  
We are leaving you don't need us.

Go take a sister, then, by the hand.  
Lead her away from this foreign land.  
Far away, where we might laugh again.  
We are leaving you don't need us.

And it's a fair wind, blowing warm out of the south  
Over my shoulder. Guess I'll set a course and go.



One last brief whisper in our loved ones' ears  
to reassure them and to pierce the fear  
standing at controls then still unknown we told the world  
we were about to go  
Somebody help me I'm missing, somebody help me I'm missing  
now  
touch with my mind, I have no frame,  
touch with my mind, I have no frame ...  
Well now, where is the time, and who the hell am I,  
here floating in an aimless way?  
No-one knows where we are, they can't feel us precisely ...

There is no fear here.  
How can such a thing exist in a place where living and  
knowing  
and being have never been heard of?

Doomed to vanish in the flickering light,  
disappearing to darker night,  
doomed to vanish in a living death, living anti-matter,  
anti-breath.  
Somebody help me I'm losing, somebody help me, I'm losing  
now

People around, there's no-one to touch,  
no people around, no-one to touch.  
I am now quite alone, part of a vacant time-zone,  
here floating in the void,  
only dimly aware of existence, a dimly existing awareness,  
I am the lost one, I am the one you fear, I am the lost one,  
I am the one who went up into space, or stayed where I was,  
or didn't exist in the first place ...

GET 'EM OUT BY FRIDAY - GENESIS.

From album "Foxtrot".

JOHN PEBBLE OF STYX ENTERPRISES:

"Get 'em out by Friday!  
You don't get paid till the last one's well on his way.  
Get 'em out by Friday!  
It's important that we keep to schedule, there must be  
no delay".

MARK HALL OF STYX ENTERPRISES (OTHERWISE KNOWN AS 'THE  
WINKLER'):

"I represent a firm of gentlemen who recently purchased  
this house, and all the others in the road.  
In the interest of humanity we found a better place for  
you to go."

MRS. BARROW (a tenant):

"Oh no, this I can't believe,  
Oh Mary, they're asking us to leave".

MR. PEBBLE:

"Get 'em out by Friday!  
I've told you before 's good many gone, if we let them stay.  
And if it isn't easy,  
You can squeeze a little grease and our troubles will soon  
run away."



MRS. BARROW:

"After all this time they ask us to leave,  
And I told them we could pay double the rent.  
I don't know why it seemed so funny,  
Seeing as how they'd take more money.  
The winkler called again, he came here this morning,  
With four hundred pounds and a photograph of the place he  
has found.  
A block of flats with central heating.  
I think we're going to find it hard."

MR. PEBBLE:

"Now we've got them!  
I've always said that cash can do anything well.  
Work can be rewarding  
When a flash of intuition is a gift that helps you excel."

MR. HALL:

"Here we are in Harlow New Town, did you recognize your  
block across the square, over there,  
Sadly since last time we spoke, we've found we've had to  
raise the rent again, just a bit."

MRS. BARROW:

"Oh no, this I can't believe  
Oh Mary, and we agreed to leave."

- A passage of time -

18/9/2012 TV FLASH ON ALL DIAL-A-PROGRAM SERVICES:

This is an announcement from genetic control:  
"It is my sad duty to inform you of a 4 foot restriction  
on humanoid height".

EXTRACT FROM CONVERSATION OF JOE ORDINARY IN LOCAL PUBORAMA:

"I hear the directors of Genetic Control have been buying  
all the properties that have recently been sold, taking  
risks oh so bold, it's said now that people will be shorter  
in height, they can fit twice as many in the same building  
site (they say it's alright).  
Beginning with the tenants of the town of Harlow,  
in the interest of humanity they've been told they must go."

SIR JOHN DE PEBBLE OF UNITED BLACKSPRINGS INTERNATIONAL:

"I think I've fixed a new deal  
A dozen properties - we'll buy at 5 and sell at 34,  
Some are still inhabited,  
It's time to send the Winkler to see them, he'll have to  
work some more."

MEMO FROM SATIN PETER OF ROCK DEVELOPMENTS LTD.:

With land in your hand you'll be happy on Earth  
Then invest in the Church for your heaven.

GYPSY - THE MOODY BLUES.

From album "To Our Children's Children's Children".

A gypsy of a strange and distant time  
Travelling in panic all direction blind  
Aching for the warmth of a burning sun  
Freezing in the emptiness of where he'd come from  
Left without a hope of coming home.

Speeding through the shadow of a million years  
Darkness is the only sound to reach his ears  
Frightening him with the visions of eternity  
Screaming for the future that can never be  
Left without a hope of coming home.

WATCHING AND WAITING - THE MOODY BLUES.

From Album "To Our Children's Children's Children".

Watching and waiting, for a friend to play with  
Why have I been alone so long?

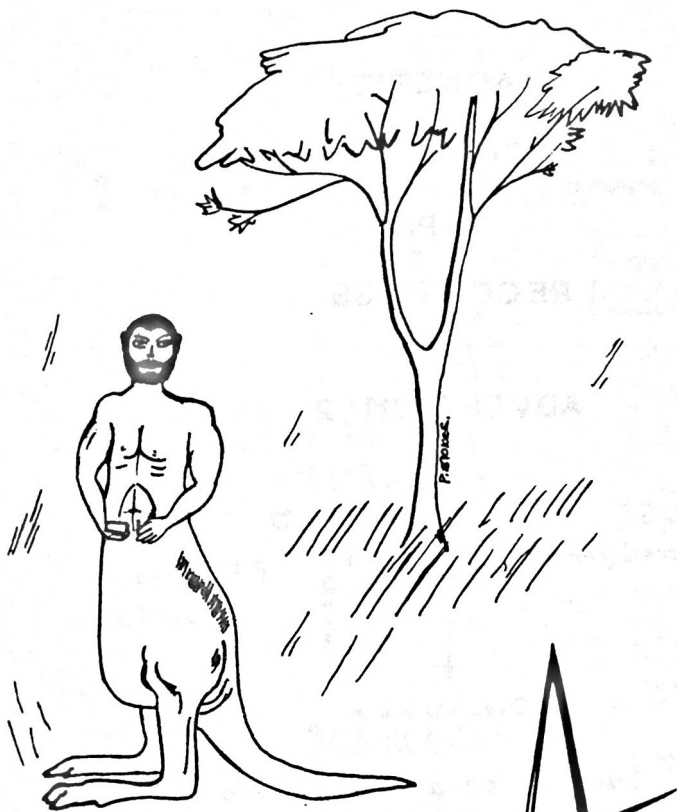
Mole he is burrowing, his way to the sunlight,  
He knows there's someone there so strong.

'Cos here there's lots of room for doing  
The things you've always been denied.  
So look and gather all you want to  
There's no-one here to stop you trying.

Soon you will see me, 'cos I'll be all around you  
But where I come from I can't tell.  
Don't be alarmed by my fields and my forests  
They're here for only you to share.

'Cos here there's lots of room for doing  
The things you've always been denied.  
So look, and gather all you want to  
There's no-one here to stop you trying.

Watching and waiting, for someone to understand me  
I hope it won't be very long.



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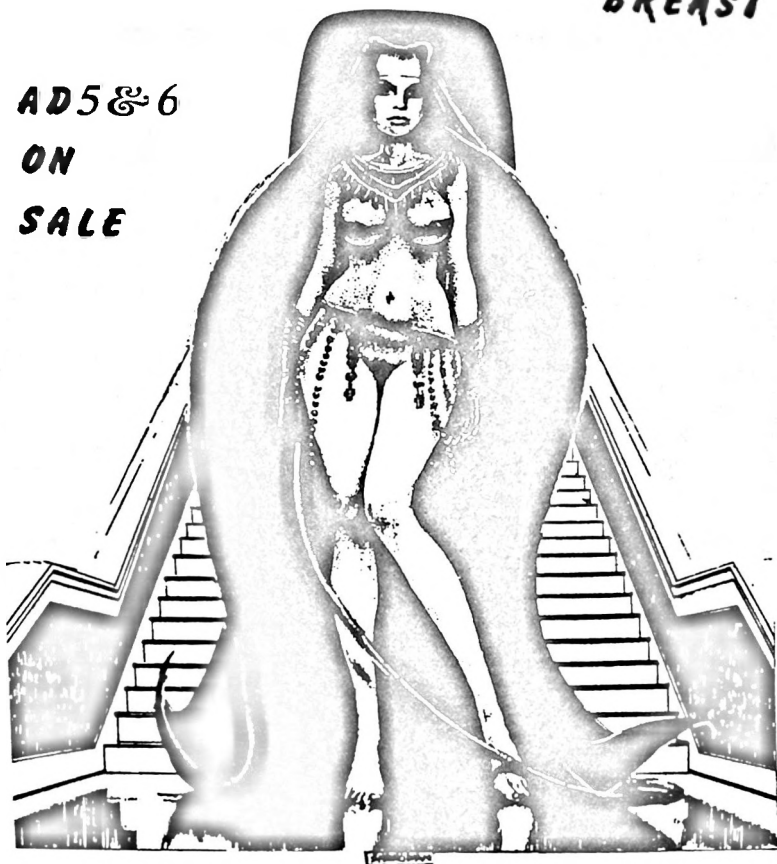
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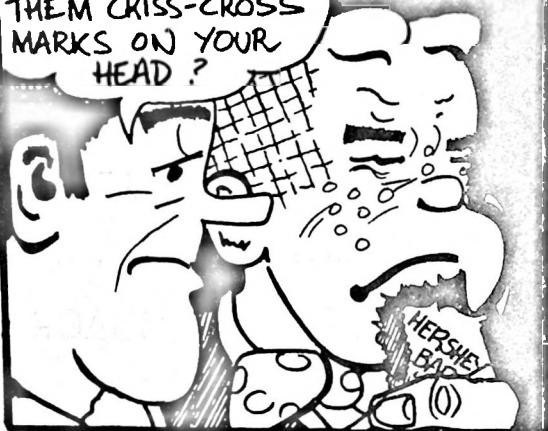
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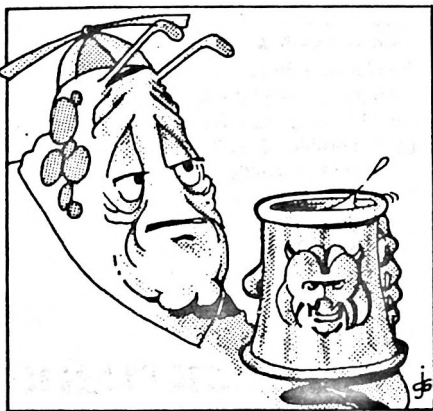


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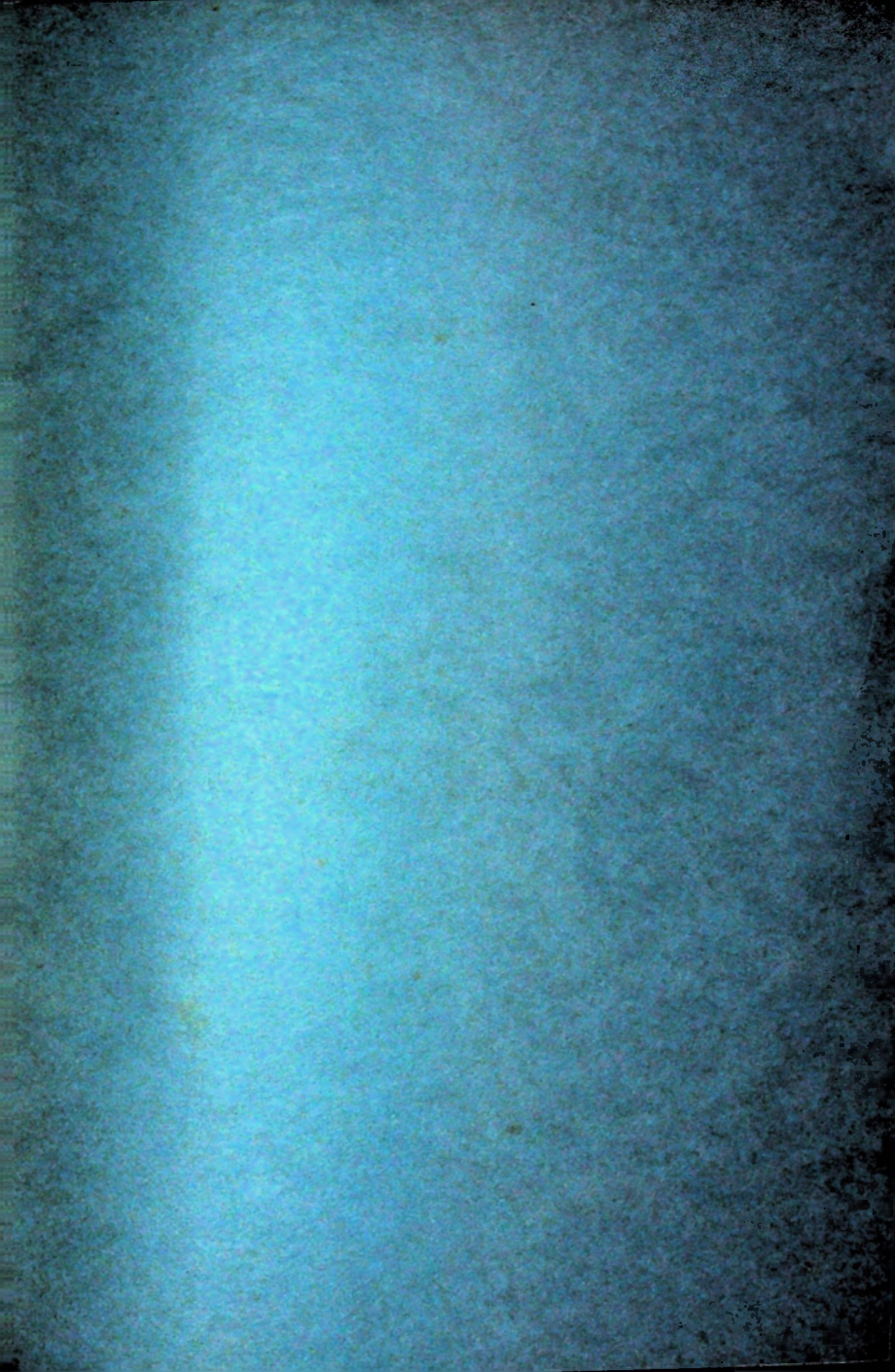
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