



THE WILD COLONIAL BOY, of which this is the third issue, is published for the SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY and a few others by John Foyster, who still hasn't a permanent address but can be reached at 4 Edward St., Chadstone SE10, Victoria Australia. April 1963 issue, which means the Sixty-Third Mailing. Cover by Chris Bennie.

LETTERS OF COMMENT

I can see you all now, sitting back snugly and thinking, "Hell, what a hide that Foyster has - sending out crud like that and expecting letters of comment on it." Well, you're wrong see. After mailing out thousands of copies of WCB1 (3 or 4), MEANWHILE (2), WCB2 (1 or perhaps 2) and AIR MAIL SPECIAL (none), I sat back and waited for the comments and replies to flood in.

Here it is.

THE COMMONWEALTH NATIONAL LIBRARY

Canberra A.C.T.

30th November 1962

Mr. J.M. Foyster,
4 Edward St.,
Chadstone SE10 Vic.

Dear Sir,

I desire to thank you for the copy of

The Wild Colonial Boy No. 1

which you have sent to the Library in pursuance of Section 40 of the Commonwealth Copyright Act 1912.

This copy will be preserved in our specimen collection of Australian periodicals and newspapers which we aim to make as complete as possible. Because of a current shortage of space, we are able to continue taking a small proportion only of the thousands of periodicals which are now being published. It will not be necessary, therefore, for you to forward future issues.

Should circumstances change, and a copy of each issue be required, we shall let you know.

Yours faithfully,
etc.

Well, there's at least someone who realises the true worth of WCB.

"THEN I'M DICTATOR OF THE WORLD, SAID MERVYN BARRETT

"Oh yes, you may laugh," he added, "but I'm building a new secret weapon at home, doing a little each night, and soon I'll be finished." I uttered not a word, but pondered on the possibility of this madman coming into contact with Tony Sander, if and when the latter was released. At least Sander had a practicable secret weapon, and if the two of them got together, then the world could well have been taken over by fandom - or fringe-fandom at the very least. I resolved to keep them apart.

"And when I'm dictator," he went on, "I'll be looking for vigorous young fellows who are willing to work. I might even have a place for you."

"Would you really," I stammered, "gosh, Mervyn, at last my chance to break into the big time. What sort of job did you have in mind?"

"Well," he said, sitting back and swallowing a spoonful of apple-pie and cream, "how would you like to be Minister for Public Obscenity?"

"I'd love that," I said, "but just what would my job entail? I wouldn't want a sinecure in your New World."

"You'd have to tour the country being obscene in public, that's all," he said.

I felt unfit for the task. "Oh, you want Dick Jenssen; he's far more obscene in public than I am. Of course, he is a little repetitive."

"Yes, he is," said the future Master of the World, "and that's why I want you for the job. Perhaps the office should really be Minister for Imaginative Public Obscenity, and Jenssen isn't a faan; ha hasn't a Cosmic Viewpoint."

"That's true," I said, "that's very, very true, and under the circumstances I'll be proud to take the job."

"Good. In the light of the changed office you'll have to tour the country checking that all public obscenity is Imaginative, in addition to the other duties we've already discussed."

"There's nothing more boring than unimaginative obscenity," I added helpfully.

"Good lad," said the Great Man, "how soon can you start?"

"I'll start as soon as I finish this cheese sandwich," I replied.

But I don't think Mervyn Barrett will ever be Dictator of the World. When we left the cafe, he forgot his briefcase.

LAGNIAPPE FROM THE U S AND A

This may seem a little irrelevant to SAPS, but it really isn't - Scout's Honour.

Ron Bennett is a Good Man. Every now and then he sells his ole fanzines, and I am thus able to obtain copies of fmz that I subbed to but somehow the editors didn't get around to sending to me. I occasionally also get new fmz this way and walk dogs.

And thus, under one of these cloaks, arrived Void 27.

Natcherly, somewhere therein, I found a heading LAGNIAPPE FROM AUSTRALIA. I was immediately on guard. How the hell did a Los Angeles gniappe differ from others of the specie? But soon this idea was cast off in favour of the theory that here was another ingroup Berkeleyism. That Terry Carr is a hell of a kidder, I thought. But further thought suggested a more sinister motive - perhaps it had something to do with Horst Fritzs's visit to the Melbourne SF Club. Miroscoe was the next epithet, perhaps someone made an Improper Advance, or maybe they didn't. But Bob Smith had been there, so it couldn't have been anything like that.

The next day my grandmother found her spectacles and was able to read me the rest of the article.

It appears that we, Barrett, Duce, Bennie, yhos and nebbe a couple more, sent Terry a bheer can. For the Tower. That item brought back memories, Terry. Yessir. That must have been about the time Mervyn sent a sub to Fanac. Mervyn's old pad - a tiny place not far from anywhere, and that you entered from the lane, at the back. That night we made a tape for Dodd on some fringer's taper - neither Mervyn or I have one, but we always manage to cadge one from somewhere. Sonny Rollins. Mingus. Probably Dizzy. Margaret promising me some art for the eleventy-eleventh time (I still haven't any, but I do have definite prospects - that would be for the Jan. 64 WCB). Most pleasant.

But Terry, we were not under a misapprehension. There wasn't even room for one in that place. With some justification, the idea is very much current that Aussiefandom is devoted to stf or at least has a stuffed-shirt and/or sercon attitude towards faanish pranks. This was made exceptionally clear some time ago by Boggs' remark in WARHOON to the effect that Baxter was the most light-hearted of Aussifen. We may all be, in the words of The Great One "harmless guys who are kind to dingos and little buckaroos", but that remark of Redd's sure broke us up. Baxter is so serious it hurts. Honest. I am concerned that a plan should be afoot to take Don Tuck to the States for the '64 Con for this very reason - Don certainly deserves it, but he does represent the old guard of Australian Fandom, and if he does make it I want you should remember this. And if you want a real representative of Antipodean Fandom, then you would ask for Mervyn Barrett.

So please don't think of Aussiefandom being all that square.

AND WHILE I'M SCREAMING BLOODY MURDER

This arises essentially out of some peoples' MC's, but I'll cover the subject here. Some have gone off half-cocked at Bruce's action in mailing the postmailing to M61. In Speleobem 18 Bruce gives the reason - we asked him to, and here's why. WCB 1 was mostly completed in August - it was mailed to you after the October Mailing. I have just read a couple of comments on it, in February - six months later. If Bruce had held onto them we wouldn't read comments till late May or early June - nine months lapse. That's too long brother. If you don't like the idea, as some of you obviously don't, then you know what you can do. The excuses made for WARHOON are ridiculous - W17 was as much a sapzine as any other of the postmailings. Anyway, why am I complaining? - I only got one of the postmailings.

KANGAROOS () () () DON'T SMOKE () () ()

by . . .
a bertram

Long, long ago, when the emus flew
And koala bears had tails,
Before that bloke called Captain Cook
Had landed in New South Wales,
Before that hound, the dingo, found
Trees south of Capricorn,
Before the rabbit's sexual habits
Made graziers forlorn;
Long, long before steam, sail or oar
Surged under our Bridge's span,
There passed a race who left no trace -
The true, Marsupial Man.

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They tended their herds of platypi,
Waxed fat on their termite farms,
They lived a life that was free from strife,
Untroubled by war's alarms;
But they would not speak to their cousins meek,
They snubbed the Kangaroos,
And a Wallaby they just passed by
With an elevated nose.

They worshipped a Ghod whose name was Bhod
Who lived on the Bhodgie Bridge
Where his temple stood - it was made of wood -
And the Goddess known as Widge
Was worshipped too, in Woolloomooloo
With rites obscene and lush,
And the things that were done - though all in fun -
Would make even Mike Hammer blush.

So life went on, with dance and song,
And feasts beneath the moon
Of termites' legs and platypus eggs
Scooped up with a gumleaf spoon,
And Cascade Beer shipped from Hobart Pier
And plonk, and metho too -
But the wallaby they let go dry
And they starved the kangaroo.

With torches bright in the starry night
The Bhodgies lined the Bridge
While in Woolloomooloo the Widge crew
Sang hymns to the praise of Widge;
But one was there who did not care
For feasting and drunken play.
"It's time," he said, "before I'm dead
"That I found the U.S.A!"

He stored his ship for a lengthy trip,
With provisions wet and dry,
With bags of silk full of platypus milk
And slabs of spider pie,
With platypus eggs and termite's legs,
And eucalyptus oil;
As he caulked his hull each day was full
Of unremitting toil.

He trained his team in a nearby stream
For staying power and speed;
His turtles six knew all the tricks
And the one who took the lead
Was old and rough and dirty and tough
And could weather a stormy sea,
And could steer by the sun, and weighed a ton
And was nearly ninety three.

He picked his crew from men he knew,
All men of ill repute
Who scoffed at Widge and spat off the Bridge,
Prepared, without dispute,
To forsake the charms of the termite farms
And the browsing platypi,
Who wouldn't say no to a kangaroo
And who loved the wallaby.

At last came the day when they sailed away,
Out, out, beyond the Heads,
And the platypi, as they passed by,
Stirred, groaning, in their beds,
And a sudden chill, forboding ill,
Swept over the Randwick crowd,
And the racing bears breathed fervent prayers
And the emus screamed aloud.

And the Great Ghod Bhod shook where he stood
And tremors cracked the Bridge,
And in Woolloomooloo was great to-do
As they sacrificed to Widge,
And on every hand the tropic land
Shivered on Winter's brink;
Said one small bear, to his cobblers there,
"It's koala than you think!"

But the ship drove on, with laugh and song,
On, on, to the open sea;
In the golden light, in the noontime bright,
The turtles roared their glee.
Twelve knots or more, as twenty four
Stout flippers flailed the foam,
Soon left the beach far out of reach
As they fared forth from home.

There was Captain Pate, and Cho, the Mate,
And Chen, the Turtle King,
And Bo's'n Tuff, and Chief Cook Ruff,
And the Cabin Boy was Pring;
And they sang as the towrope stretched and rang
All through that first, fine day,
"Oh, we're the boys to make a noise
"And to find the U.S.A!"

It was East they ran, and South they ran,
Right down to the barrier ice,
And turtles four Chen dragged ashore
To scrape them clean of lice,
And turtles two came down with 'U
And had to cease from toil
And were put to rest, as they convalesced
On the harsh, Antarctic soil.

Of their dreadful plight through that long, cold night
I do not care to speak.
But the penguins know, and in voices low,
But in accents far from meek,
Still warn their wives, if they love their lives,
To shun a tasty dish
Of termites' legs and platypus eggs,
And to stick to honest fish.

At last came the sun, and time to run
Back North to round the Horn,
And the turtles brave met each mounting wave
And put the whales to scorn.
"More speed!" cried Pate, "we're running late!"
"More speed it is," said Chen.
And his whip fell crack! on each scaly back
And the towrope sang again.

It was East they ran, and North they ran,
Right into the rising sun;
But turtles twain fell sick again
And were towed - they weighed a ton --
And turtles three got housemaid's knee
In their middle flipper joint;
Chen used his goad in a savage mood
And bloodied up the point.

And the spider pie was old and dry
And the platypus milk was sour
And the platypus eggs walked round on legs
To seek what they might devour;
But the ship drove on 'neath a tropic sun
And Ruff prepared a duff
Of flying fish wings and jellyfish stings,
Sour milk, and armpit fluff.

They saw no land on the starboard hand,
They saw no land to port,
Just sky and sea to infinity
As the Bhodgie priesthood taught;
But North they ran, and never a man,
Thought to bemoan his plight,
With the Pole Star low on the starboard bow
But higher with every night.

They made no speed through the thick Gulf weed
Though the turtles laboured hard,
But Chen, with his whip, still drove the ship
On, yard by painful yard.
"We are lost!" cried Pate. "I know too late
"That the will of Bhod prevails!"
Then there drifted by a piece of pie
And a copy of Weird Tales.

Pring grasped the fact, was first to act
And he turned the turtles West;
Said he, "We will run for the setting sun
"And the Islands of the Blest!"
"E'en so," said Chen, "in the world of men
"None live who can say us nay.
"We've defied the curse, and dared Bhod's worst,
"And found the U.S.A.!"

It was after dark when they beached their bark
On the wild Virginian shore,
And the heard the whine of the porcupine
And the bullfrog's fretful roar;
They saw the light of the watchfires bright
And they heard the tom-toms' beat
And the war whoops loud of the Redskin crowd
And the tramp of marching feet.

Down to the coast with all his host
Marched Big Chif Mud-In-The-Eye;
In his manhood's flower he was drunk with power
And his braves were drunk with rye.
He cried to his squaw, "Go down to the shore
"Before the torchlight fails.
"Find out who they are, if they come in war,
"These funny men with tails!"

Pate had signed on Fring because he could sing
And because of his E.S.P.
He could read the cup, won at Two Up
And practised telepathy.
Before the squaw had reached the shore
He had read the Indian's mind.
He said to Cho, "We had better go -
"Or we leave our scalps behind!"

"Too late, too late!" cried Captain Pate,
"We will meet our fate like men,
"We will stand and fight through the bloody night
"Till morning comes again,
"Trade blow for blow, to let them know
"How well can a Digger die..."
"Get that big galoot! Load bows and shoot!"
Bawled Big Chief Mud-In-The-Eye.

The bowsprings rang and the arrows sang
But the volley whistled wide;
Some fell in the surf, some fell to earth,
Some bounced off the turtles' hide;
And then, in spite of the arrows' flight,
The well-flung boomerangs sped;
One missed its mark, came back in an arc
And bashed in the Bo's'n's head.

Tuff's blood flowed fast as he breathed his last;
In salute he raised his arm,
"Goodbye to my herds of platypi
"And my happy termite farm!
"Adieu, adieu to the kangaroo,
"Farewell to the wallaby!"
He said no more. On that savage shore
He was the first to die.

"Oh, Bo's'n Tuff, we have done enough,"
Cried Pate. "I will sue for peace.
"Lay your weapons by, Chief Mud-In-The-Eye,
"And bid this slaughter cease.
"We come from a grand and austral land
"Where the happy emus fly,
"We are cousins, too, to the kangaroo
"And we love the wallaby."

But Big Chief Mud laughed where he stood
And whooped his best war whoop.
"Your scalps'll look fine on this belt of mine -
"Besides, I like turtle soup.
"I will use your tails as harvest flails,
"With your skins I'll sole my shoes,
"I'll make your lugs into drinking mugs
"From which to sup my booze!"

He whooped again, then frowned with pain
And began to cough and cough.
"Take heart," said Pate, "he's in such a state
"That he'll cough his head right off!"
But it was Cho who knew what to do,
Who played according to Hoyle.
He ran to the ship and packed his grip
With eucalyptus oil.

As Big Chief Mud coughed where he stood
Cho rubbed the Redskin's chest.
The spasms ceased, Mud's features creased
And he clasped Cho to his breast.
"Oh man from the sea, pay heed to me,
"You have saved your life, and mine.
"Oh man from the South, I will fill your mouth
"With honey and rhubarb wine!"

He called his braves and he called his slaves
And he cried, "Pay heed to me!
"These brothers of mine tonight shall dine
"And wine right royally!
"Throw rats in each vat of rattlesnake fat!
"Put snails in the rhubarb wine!
"These brothers to me from over the sea
"Shall learn how the Redskins dine!"

So they stuffed their guts with monkeynuts
And washed them down with Coke.
Chief Mud-In-The-Eye breathed a grateful sigh,
Said, "Now we'll have a smoke."
His pipe was lit and he puffed at it
While his squaw strummed on her lyre.
Said Captain Pate to his bold Chief Mate,
"Great Bhod! The man's afire!"

"Here, chance your luck and try a suck,"
Said the Chief to Captain Pate.
"You try it first. I fear the worst,"
Said the Captain to his Mate.
"Oh, well," said Cho, "I don't mind if I do..."
As he pulled both long and deep,
"It makes me sad, and it makes me glad,
"And it makes me want to sleep..."

"And oh for a bed where to lay my head
"And a blonde to love me there,
"A mammalian tart with a golden ...
"And a fathom of golden hair...
"Would you think me a boor if I stuffed your squaw
"Oh Big Chief Mud-In-The-Eye?
"Would it blight your life if I raped your wife?
"Would you sicken, and pine, and die?"

When the Big Chief saw Cho leer at his squaw
He said, "It is time you went.
"You have wine and dined in royal kind
"And now you defile my tent."
"Go and play your tricks on your turtles six,
"Save them for the kangaroo,
"Or give them a try with the wallaby -
"But get the hell out, and go!"

"I will deal with my Mate," said Captain Pate,
"He makes my blood to boil!
"But, before we leave, what do we receive
"For our eucalyptus oil?"
"It gave me relief," admitted the Chief,
And so was the bargain made.
"Oho," cried Cho, "Here's a fine to-do!
"Now, what have we got to trade?"

"Some tobacco seed is what we need,"
Said Ruff, "And some bales of leaf.
"You can throw in a vat of rattlesnake fat
"And your necklace of eagles' teeth..."
Chen tried to unload his turtle goad
For a jar of candied mice,
And it broke Pate's heart when Pring swopped the chart
For a gallon of strawberry ice.

The gallant craft sagged fore and aft
With the weight of goods abounding -
Jamaica rum, and bubble gum,
Back numbers of Astounding,
A baseball bat, and rattlesnake fat,
And a necklace of eagles' teeth,
And werewolves' tails, and seven bales
Of the best Virginia leaf.

At the break of day they sailed away
And bore to the South and East.
"At noon," said Cho, "we'll heave her to
"And have ourselves a feast."
And so 'twas done, 'neath the midday sun
They sat down to gorge and joke;
Then, bellies tight, they felt just right
And rolled themselves a smoke.

But for cases rare, the doctors swear,
Drugs work according to plan.
Have they seen the effect of nicotine
On the true Marsupial Man?
For Pate, I must state, tried to stuff his Mate
And his Mate tried to stuff him back.
"By Bhod!" swore Ruff, "the bloody stuff
"Is an aphrodisiac!"

So they smoked no more till they reached the shore
Of Afric's southern coast,
Where they smoked a lot, taught the Hottentot
The duties of a host.
The lion in his pride e'en ran to hide
Whenever they passed by.
"They can't go too soon," moaned the Cape baboon,
"They're worse than the tse-tse fly!"

It was East they ran, and South they ran,
Right down to the barrier ice,
And penguin brides left their husbands' sides
For a taste of the candied mice.
It was East they ran, and North they ran,
Back to Australia's shore,
And the turtles sang and the towrope rang
As they sighted the Bridge once more.

With spears in hand, a warlike band,
The Bhodgies lined the Bridge,
"'Tis the Sons of the Beast!" roared the Bhodgie Priest,
"Go throw them in the fridge!"
"Oho," said Cho, "here's a fine to-do,
"I think they mean us harm..."
He rolled a smoke, then again he spoke,
"At least, this'll keep us warm..."

Without ado the gallant crew
Were dragged from off their ship
To where there stood the Priest of Bhod
With a hand on either hip.
"I see that you burn, but do not turn
"To ashes, as you should..."
"It is merely proof, Right Reverend Oaf
"That our heads aren't made of wood!"

"Then explain to me this mystery,
"This smoke without a fire..."
"The fumes that you see bring ecstasy
"And fan the heart's desire.
"But we've rattlesnake fat and a baseball bat
"And a jar of candied mice,
"And rhubarb wine, and a porcupine,
"And a gallon of strawberry ice..."

"Do ye think ye can buy my clemency
"With all yon muck and trash?
"Go and sell it to the kangaroo -
"Perhaps he'll pay you cash!"
"But we've werewolves' tails and seven bales
"Of what the Frenchmen call tabac...
"You inhale the smoke and it works on a bloke
"Like an aphrodisiac."

The Priest's eye gleamed and hid broad face beamed
As he thought of something tasty.
He said, "Perhaps you'll forgive my lapse,
"I was just a little hasty.
"You encase the leaf in a paper sheath?
"You light, and draw, and blow?
"Oh, think of it! I have relit
"The fires of youth anew!

"But much as I hate, dear Captain Pate,
"To carp, to criticise,
"We all of us need to carry this weed,
"But the bales are an awkward size..."
"You don't need a tin to keep it in;
"Every good biologist vouches
"That Widge, indeed, has foreseen our need -
"For marsupial dames have pouches!" *

And so, that night, by the moonlight bright
There was feasting, and joy indeed,
There were termites' legs and platypus eggs
And the good Virginia weed,
And Cascade Beer, shipped from Hobart Pier,
And plonk, and metho too -
But never a pie for the wallaby,
No booze for the kangaroo.

Throughout the land, on every hand
Full pouches were in sight,
And not with smokes for the Bhodgie blokes
But the outcome of that night.
The High Priest cursed his very worst
As he pined for the fragrant weed;
"Send for Captain Pate, if it's not too late
"Advice is what I need!"

Pate pondered deep, almost went to sleep,
Then his eyes lit up like rockets,
"Don't you suppose we could make us clothes,
"And in those clothes have pockets?"
The High Priest scowled, and the High Priest growled,
"I shall have to run you in,
"For you should know, Bhod tells us so,
"That clothing is a sin!"

"Thou clod! Thou hast trod on the Corns of Bhod!
"Thou hast spat in the Nest of Widge!
"For heresy I sentence thee
"To ten years in the fridge!"
And so poor Pate went to his fate
To pine 'mid the ice and snow,
And he cried as he sighed for his penguin bride
In the happy long ago.

The High Priest cried, "Bhod blast my hide!
"There must be a way to cope...
"But how can we stop fertility?"
Then his eyes lit up with hope.
"If we wore a skin, would it be a sin?
"A sort of cellophane...?
"Should we have trod on the Corns of Bhod?
"Would Widge account us vain?"

He sent for Cho, said, "You'll have to go
"And put to sea once more.
"I would have sent Pate but it's much too late,
"He'd take too long to thaw.
"For never a bloke can have his smoke
"While the gravid Widgies blubber;
"Go forth, my son, find the Amazon,
"And bring us back some rubber!"

And over the land, from every hand,
The long, dark night swept in.
Storm, fire and flood razed the Bridge of Bhod
And the Widge House of Sin.
But each lesser breed still sowed its seed
And survived disaster's stroke;
For the wallaby has a birthrate high
And kangaroos don't smoke.

And now, if you fail to believe my tale,
Go straight to the nearest zoo,
And feast your eye on the wallaby,
And consider the kangaroo.

- A Bertram Chandler

- * Oddly enough, I was up against the same problem when I spent a month at a nudist club. There were no marsupial ladies among the members, so I was obliged to get into the habit of carrying my tobacco pouch and matches under my left arm. When I returned to civilisation and an abundance of pockets I found it very hard to get out of the habit. ABC.

A G A T E.

Mr. Findlayson gently raised her hand to his lips and nibbled off the ring finger down to the second joint,

-Odd, he thought, delicately transferring the fingernail from his mouth to his left hand and then rubbing it onto the ground to be trodden on by blind plastic feet; - odd that I should have to wait till now to find such a completely satisfying love. Because when I was young everywhere

i went people were talking about love
singing about love
painting about love
making pictures about love
thinking about love

but i never met anyone who could honestly and definitely claim to be in love. Did anyone know what love was? Obviously there must have been a thing called love once, but

I could never be sure that I knew what it was.

He scooped Ida, Ida
sweet as apple cider
up into his thin arms and carried her across the grass
making sweet moan
underfoot
making mental note to leave the locomotory centre for the last next time. Other-young lovers looked at them incuriously as he passed, breathing rather heavily, but careless.

After 73 times round the park he came to a bench just as the young man walked unsteadily away, licking a crumb of skin off his upper lip and gratefully laid the now dumbly adoring girl, on the four hard planks of the seat.

He cursed his rheumatism and the policy of making love in old fashioned surroundings. Grass might tickle but the ground was still softer. Feeling a little tired now he licked off half of one arm
glucose for energy

and
then sat down to feast on her in earnest as the remaining arm caressed his ear in loving reflex contraction.

Girls are certainly sweet nowadays he thought, drinking carefully from a soluble cup.

- Ian Dixon

MAILING COMENTS

DIE WIS 7 - Schultz. You do make it hard for those who want to bind mailings, but I imagine it would be easy enough to bind the thing endwise, at the top. And fold.

MEANWHILE - Foyster. Probably remarkable for the comparative lack of typos.

DIE WIS 7.45 - Schultz. This is probably Significant, but none the less worrying. There seems to be a sudden onrush of fiction in this mailing - yes, I know - lengthwise I'm the biggest offender but I don't intend to repeat. Whatever the merits of the fiction it seems very hard to read beside the wealth of material in this mailing. Especially Coventry-fiction. Just look up there - already my system has broken down.

SPY RAY - Eney. Even if sterilization of this planet is not possible with present nuclear stocks (act to your sources (?)), I cannot see how decimation a few times over can altogether be for the benefit of our civilization....

INDEX TO POT POURRI 1 - Berry. Useful, John, but not, I regret, to me.

POT POURRI 26 - Berry. Same dreary comment as before, but I did read the reprint. Your devotion to fanac cheers me no end, but is also mildly distressing - I could never do even the little I try if I weren't completely (or as complete as I can readily make it) comfortable, with plenty room and all that high-faluting stuff.

COCONINO 2 - Hannifen. This contained the most humorous material in the mailing. Apart from that, the usual comments seem to spring to mind - becrogglements at things like, "Reading FANAC in Lee Hoffman's place the other day"...surprise at hi-class paper, good repro etc. - all are quite foreign to us poor Australians. From WHY ME? "The lives of American soldiers, even the fate of our nation, may depend on how well they fight." Pleasant of the brass to admit that often the fighting ability does not determine the fate of "our" nation... Your picture of George R. Cruze III is rather as I had imagined him. Hi, George.

NIFLHEIM 2 - Hulan. Yes, David, there is (or was), a George Jennings. (I mean, Hell, why shouldn't I get into the act). "Wiskey" was probably so spelled by editorial whim. I guess it is a safe bet to say that Scott Fitzgerald is not to blame. I mineo all my own stuff, and I'm LK outside Australia. Ta muchly for your comments on the much-aborred postmailings.

RESIN 12 - Metcalf. Pliz don't document an article like that again,
Norm - either at the bottom of the page, or at
the end. Either, or practically anything, is better than the way
you did this Thorvaldsson item. "from an in-". I can hardly
wait, but I think serialised MC's is a little too cliff-hanging for
my liking.

OUTSIDERS 50 - Ballard. Hooray. Maybe Aussie Smallcons do break up
early, but then, you don't have a Brutal Wife.
I certainly wish it had been a 37-page issue - your easy style is
very relaxing, and in my circumstances (writing a 'zine over a week-
end) very necessary.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY 2 - Foyster. Some tremendous typos here -
page 4 for example. Concerning
page 25 I had not seen the similar item in WARHOON.

COLLECTOR 32 - DeVore. Blanchard in 66 as long as you remember it
is "Sex in Sydney in Sixty-five"... The
usual cards were wild, though if you stapled two copies in, then
completists could. At last, a fanzine with repro worse than
mine own.

WHEN THE GODS WOULD SUP 65 - Lewis. Well, I read it mate. But I
haven't the time now to sit back
and enjoy it, as I assure you I will, come Pancake Tuesday.

PLEASURE UNITS 3 - Eklund. Your remarks on patriotism are interesting,
but I think you should distinguish between
patriotism, which may be a fine thing, and nationalism, which may not.
Observe here the folly of using a borrowed typewriter. I guess a
comment on Breanis not inappropriate. I suppose I must be one of
those who has misunderstood fan "poetry". I don't suppose I've
really ever worried about Ebert's stuff - I haven't seen much of same,
Jean Young's haiku (and fan-type haiku in general) bear little
resemblance to the generalised haiku structure I've seen elsewhere
(Karen Anderson is occasionally a noticeable exception). Your own
"Masks", or what of it appeared in PANIC BUTTON 9 (I think), impressed
me not a whit, neither as poetry, nor as philosophy. Similarly
Blish's "poem" in WARHOON may have appealed to ep fans, but as Poetry
it had little to offer. One day, one day, mark you, something will
be said. Most enjoyable comments.

AIRMAIL SPECIAL - Smith and Foyster. Two whole days that took to
get to the States, and paying
about \$1.60 suggests it may be possible again.

YEZIDEE 2 - Girard. Mailing comments, such as they were, were enjoyed
but I think I'll pass the story for the moment.
Reason as listed before.

SLUG 4 - Weber. Here is the best 'zine in the mailing - the best Weber I've read moremoremoremoremore.

FLABBERGASTING 25 - Toskey. I see you like Philloes - I have about ten pages of the things here, and one day when I have time I'll try illustrations in the middle of this unreadable stuff. At least you'll have something to look at then. I trust we'll get a further report on the fungus, and how about a sample in the next mailing if they've killed it -hah. I wish you, or someone else, would explain to me just why "The Devil's Eye" was so funny. I noticed a couple of good lines in it, but wouldn't otherwise have described it as a funny film. Whether the knight (in "The Seventh Seal") knew he would lose the game depends, I suppose, on what game you consider he was playing.

MISTILY MEANDERING 3 - Mr. Patten. You're welcome, Mr. Patten, I'm sure. I saw "Forbidden Planet" recently (at the Melbourne SF Club) but fortunately one of the supports was the British Film Institute "13 Cantos of Hell"; this was offset by McLaren's "Neighbours", but I think the balance probably came out just on the right side. Non-MC material enjoyed; enclosure examined. That Naked Lunch is a book I'd like to read. A book that I've been wanting to read for quite some time. To date I've had to be satisfied with extracts from that, Novia Express (now issued with some new title) and The Soft Machine. I had a glance at The Exterminators, but couldn't bring myself to read it. May I recommend to Sapsdom the magazine, Olympia?

PERIAN 1 - Ellern. Dig the story just before the MC's, Jane? I dunno, there didn't seem to be anything contraversial this time. Or perhaps I'm missing something.

ZED 802 - Anderson. I think yours is the third solution to Harness' problem I've read so far. I wonder.... Verse MUCH enjoyed.

RETRO 27 - Busby. Gag. No comments really. Much the same as for the other 'zines, I suppose, except that I manage to fake something through there. Your non-haiku not particularly enjoyed. Artless artwork otherwise.

MEST 12 - Johnstone. Interesting Ted, interesting, One of my main fan-type worries at the moment is that you and Harness seem to be cutting back on sapsac, something that really upsets me. And a casual glance at the next item suggests that Bob Lichtman is doing much the same. I suppose it is one of the things you get used to after being in an organization like this for some years, but I still hope it is only temporary.

WATLING STREET 15 - Lichtman. Again I liked very much your travelogue, Though I wonder if it is the same for fans living in your back yard. Deny this, somebody? Christopher Robin was over here recently. (As I write this, is actually here, but let's allow for time-lag).

DINKY BIRD 5 - Berman. Quite a few people have mentioned that "Glory Road" and "Podkayne of Mars", yet ye local pro writer say "Like bloody hell". It isn't much use asking whether they are the same work or not, though, since I'll have found out before this even gets to the OE.

THE PINK PLATYPUS 2 - Armistead. I was going to have a thing called "freedom" in this issue, but because of you I guess I'll put it off. "This is a blatant falsehood". Tom, You didn't finish, 79+2=30, there is no right answer, etc. Another thing, I thought I had the US system of education taped, but here I find you in your sophomore year (which I always understood as second) in high school, and aged 15. In a class of mine is a girl aged 14½, 5th year high school (in the states this would, would it not, be first year in a junior college?). Aw hell, explain it to the ignorant Aussie, someone.

ILLEGITIMATE SON OF SAPROLLER 28 - Harness. I can't help feeling that this is a case of reducing size too much. Make it MUCH bigger next time, pliz. Have you come across the complete UBU? My copy of Pere Ubu is the Gaberbocchus, which is, I think, identical with the New Directions edition.

WARHOON 18 - Bergeron. No, I do not love you, mate. And as you may suspect, I could even get along without you. Nevertheless, I'd rather find Warhoon in SAPS than out. Naturally I ignore all those pages of filler to find your comment on WCB. Birds of a feather. My comments on 17 still hold generally though, and I'll be damned if I'll go past unrationalized opinionating at the moment - why do you like blue? There's an interesting article by Chiaromonte in the January ENCOUNTER (if this isn't available it has probably/will probably show up in Partisan or Hudson.) concerning artfilms that I hope you, Baxter, and other "art film" critics will read. There are many things one could disagree with, even the linking of Resnais and Antonioni, but much of what was said made sense to me. Ian Cameron's article in FILM QUARTERLY (the only issue of that magazine I've bought by the way) is my main source of information about L'Eclisse - I am not in the habit of discussing films I have not seen, and so must remain speechless. This can be most annoying, as witness the case of Last Year at Marienbad, which has only been screened, I understand, at a film festival in Adelaide about the middle of last year. La Notte has not yet had a general release, and I'm waiting for the suburban theatres to get L'Avventura again so I can rack up third, and perhaps later, viewings. I do not consider you to be in the same class as the "sophisticated" audience La Notte was up against.

FOR QUE? 16 - Dwebbert. No wonder some yanks know so much about what happens in the Kremlin.

A VOTE FOR DOREEN 1 - Dwebbert. I fear me I have a terrible attraction to money.

STUMPING 3 - Jwebbert. 131⁰=1. Watch that "nailing coments", bit.

ASTONISHING STORIES -Meskys. You are missing a few, Ed. That looks about the easiest two pages you've ever written.

HIEROGLYPHIC 2 - Kaye. No comment. There's a laugh. This is the one fanzine that I checked through before typing the title, just in case I couldn't find a comment. I could then.

SPELEOBEM 18 - Pelz. BF for OE. All three article type materials were good, and to pick out one would be unfair to the others. I would like to see more of The Distawf Side.... As I recall, the commanding and the f...ing were both considered in the abstract, much as we might compare green and red - as colours. Bloch May Be Right.

SPECTATOR 62 - OE. Lookit all them postmailings, hmm. Last year you listed your Pillar Foll votes. I know it gives a lot away, but I'll be a mug and do the same.

I changes my mind.. I may be a clod, but I can't see any virtue in Someoneso new to Saps making his opinions public. If I didn't mind stamping on toes then I suppose I could cold-bloodedly put down those opiniojsu But I'm not. That makes a short and rather uninteresting set of MC's, but that is your bad luck, mate. Observe indev hereunder.

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Once upon a time
there was going
to be an article
by Mervyn Barrett
in this issue.

As a matter of
fact, at this very

moment, he is probably writing the final draft. I had arranged that if he could get it to me this week then I'd include it. However, this no longer seems possible ... check these lines and you'll see how tired I am. So in this issue .. no Barrett. Next time, if I can persuade him, there'll be a double load. Also in next issue, the exciting adventures of Melbourne fandom in Sydney, and the Truth about Boyd Raeburn. Since I cannot dupe this publication, it is 100% honest to describe the April 1963 Wild Colonial Boy as

an AFTA publication