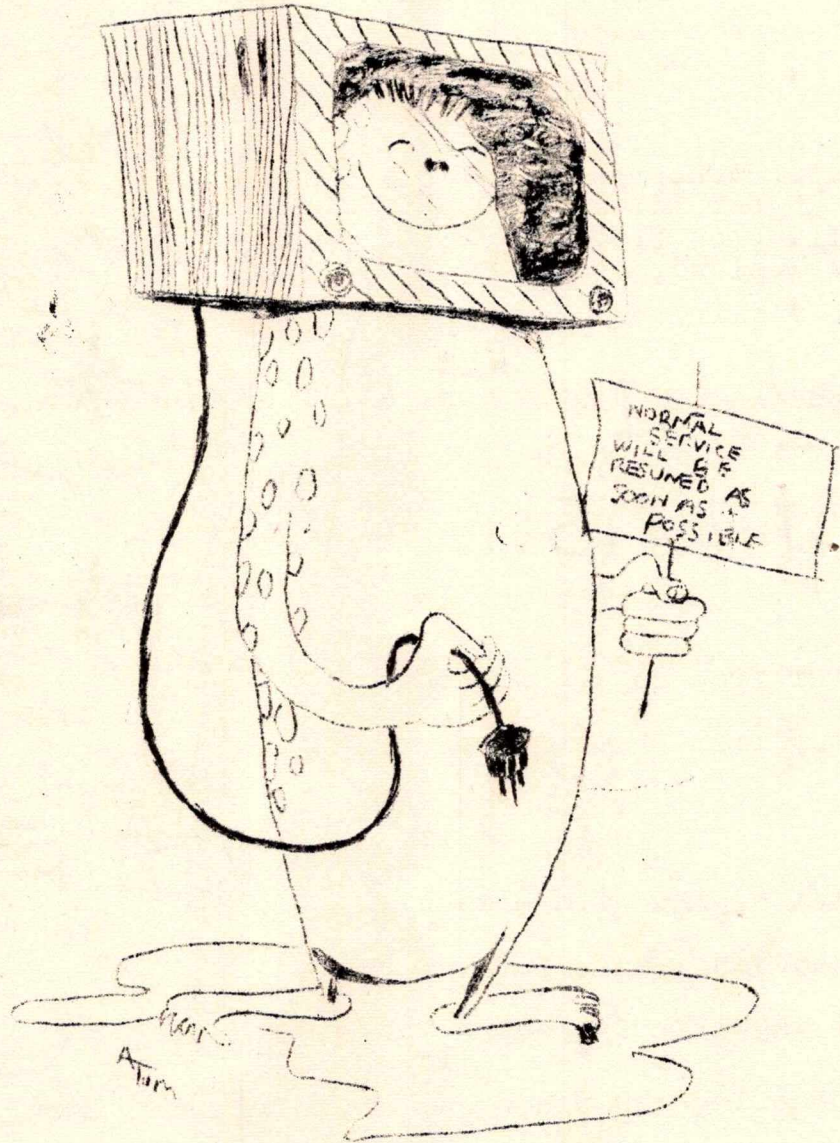


Para FANalicia



number four

--- yes
it's

paraFANalia
no. 4 sept.
'59

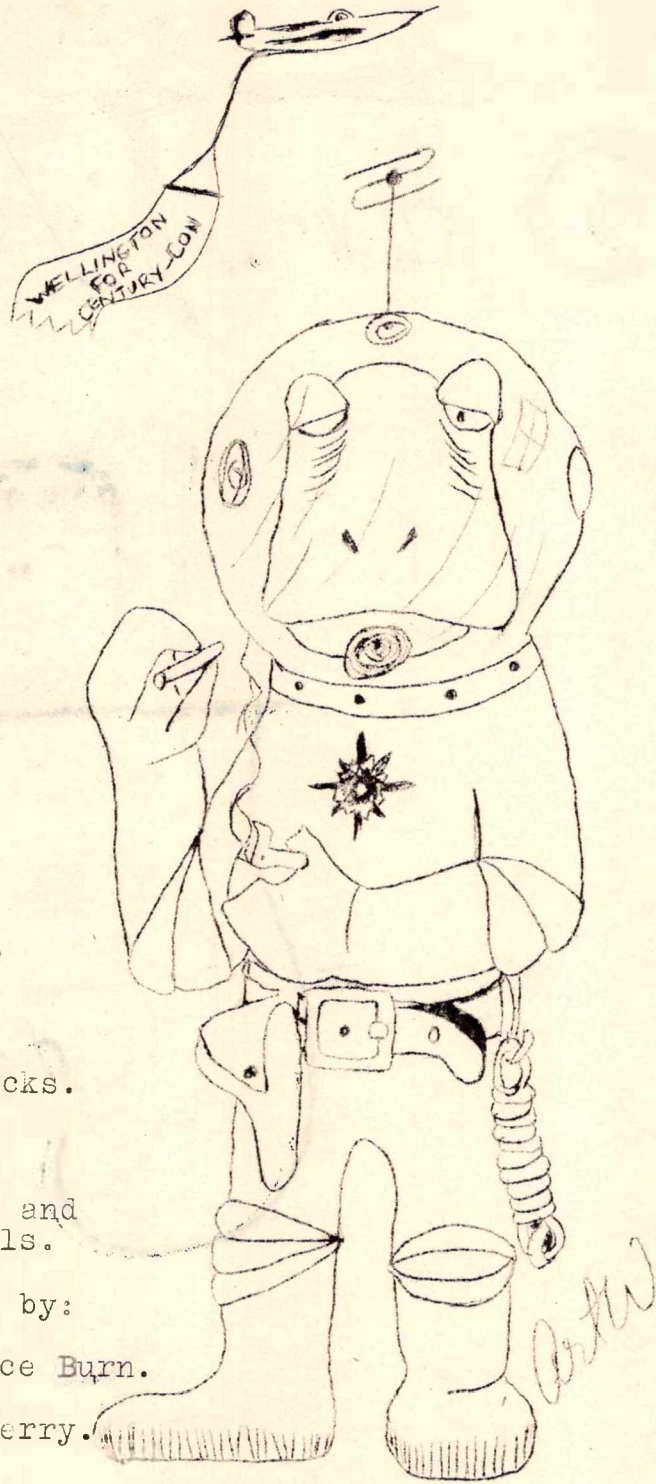
from

Bruce Burn,
12 Khyber Rd.,
Wellington E.5,
New Zealand.

..and it
contains...

- 1.....a letter from Roger Horrocks.
- 2.....a letter from Bruce Burn.
- 3.....a cover by Arthur Thomson and
Lynette Mills.
- 4.....a contents page with illo by:
- 5.....the wandering ghu, by Bruce Burn.
- 6.....den of inquiry, by John Berry.
- 7.....the wandering ghu plods on, still by Bruce Burn.
- 8.....a sense of goshwow, by Art Wilson.
- 9.....the magic stylus, part one, by Bruce Burn.
- 10....fan, the letter column.
- 11....the wandering ghu goes to bed, by ..yeah.
- 12....the back page.

so, read on....



ARTWORK BY

Lynette
Mills

William
Rotsler
Margaret Duce &
Art Wilson.

Dear ~~Joy~~ Bruce,

Oh how I hate you, you slob. Two-timing gaddabout! Yes, letter after letter have I sent you, innocent trusting I, and what repliers do I gets? NONE. Its now too weeks since I heard from you larst, Bruce. Hear am I meanwhile waiting with BATED BRETH. And all the time Ive been TRU to you, Bruce, Ahave. Other fans have made avances at me but I have ignored ALL their letters. Bruce, ahave. Answered not a won waiting for YHOU. And you spirn me. What am ah to THINK, not hereing from you like this? Why I bet I no just what is going on down there. I bet youre tootiming me, you unshavery RHAT. Hah, its all as plain as dea. I bet your breth smells of pink perfumed mimeo ink and you spend all your time with some vixin fanne. Hah. Im hep to all your tricks SEE? You tole me once, RONEO boy, that you wanted me to b your DUPLICET. Well the maridge is over SEE? You can have this sneaky siren whom I bet you could have had a LHONG time ago, yet. Im returning all your love-letters (paraFANS and SIZARs) which I, pour trusting sole, have kept so faithfully, bound in pink ribbon inside my fannish gory box. WELL IM GETTING OUT OF IT SEE?? Divorce, this is. Im wearing your GHON BADGE on my finger no mhore, see?? Divorce, and I bet there are a lot of correspondants involved Bruce I bet. Hhah. From this day I nhever whant to hear your name again you slob.

Whats that muvver? a lletter just come for ME? With nhaughty sayings over it? IXNAY! Its Brucey, Brucey, I bt. GIMMEE! Oh joy, oh flobber boggies gloop. Ah! Hes written at larst. WHASSITSAY?!?.....

it says:

to

from Bruce,
September, 1959

Around the end of 1957 I had so many fannish projects mapped out that the mere thought of them all fair croggled me. Probably that's one of the reasons why I gafiated then. There are other reasons, but they wouldn't interest you, you snivelling multitude.

Anyway, that's when I gafiated -- more than a year ago. A year is a lot of time, and a great deal has happened during my gafiation. I've changed jobs, I've sung, I've acted, I've hurt people, I've helped people. I've fallen in love once or twice. I've bought a car, wrecked it, and then rebuilt it. I've cried and I've been terribly happy. If I were a beatnik, I'd say: "Man, I'm alive!". But I'm not a beatnik, so I say: "I'm purplexed."

So now I want to get back into the fray. I want to find my way back to the land of trufandom. I want to be back were zap juice can dribble o'er my beanie. I want to be at the hadle of a duplicator, and to argue over von Braun and the atom bomb and whether martians wear rose-tinted spectacles. I want to be a faaan.

What follows, then, is my apology. In intimate detail you can learn what Burn has been doing during the last year or so, You, and you alone, will learn of the thoughts and feelings of a secret eggplant eater. Yes, you will feel the hidden agony of smiling when you have four cubic inches of chin on the end of of your jawbone.

Heck. Unsteam your eyeballs and read on.



THE W A N D E R I N G

One or two of the plural you may recall that about two thousand years ago, a Jew was damned to a life of walking the surface of the Earth.

But he wasn't to lead an ordinary life. Oh no. He was to live for ever, or at least until he ran out of ground to tread upon.

Well, quite recently, this foot-sore fellow published his memoirs in a volumn called: "MY FIRST 2,000 YEARS".

Even more recently, a canny irishman called Fitzpatrick picked the idea up, and put it into a movie, called: "TRAMPING ON WONDERFUL TERRA". A butcher called Katzman also swiped the idea for a film, called: "I WAS A TEEN-AGED PEDOMANIAC".

And now Bruce Burn has swiped the idea for a straight-on-to-the-stencil column about anything.

But, first - up on the left there - he'll tell you why he gafiated for nearly two years.

I LIKE
gafia
BECAUSE....dept.

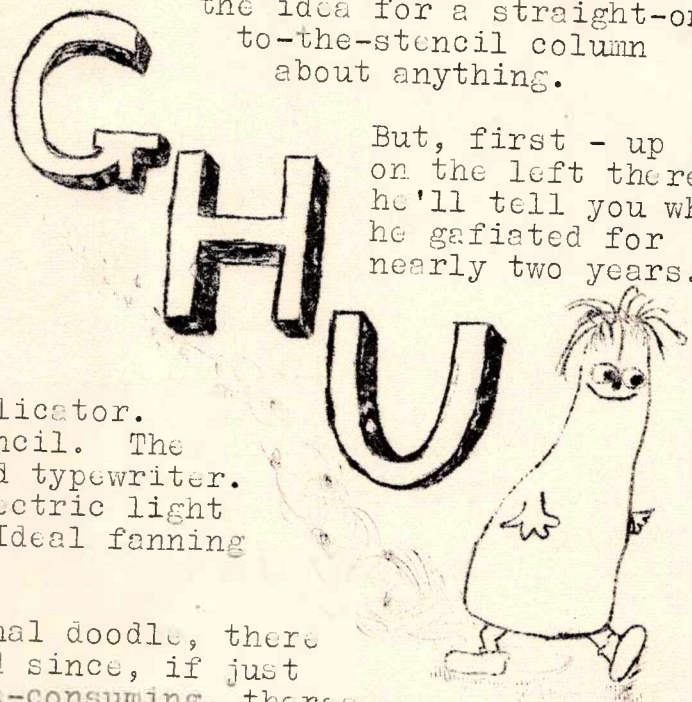
Y'see that quick and awful and lousy and typically Burn doodle at the top of the page? (and I hope you can see it; took me time to cut onto the stencil) Well, that doodle represents gafia. Reading from left to right, the little blobs are a car, a palm, another palm, a back-country toilet, and a star. That's gafia, and that's why I like gafia.

"Huh?" do I hear you say?
I'll elucidate.

Replace the car with a duplicator. The two palms with a pen and pencil. The outhouse with a desk, chair, and typewriter. And echange for the star, an electric light bulb. And what have you got? Ideal fanning conditions, that's what.

Conversely, with the original doodle, there are ideal living conditions, and since, if just everyday living becomes all-time-consuming, theres little room left for fanac.

The car, in the above doodle, represents the ability to go out. To see places. To meet people. To absorb all sorts of data. The palm trees represent relaxation. To laze on a beach, in the warm, soothing sun. To read a story or novel. To sleep; to eat;

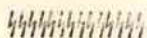


to vegetate. Yes, to be lazy. The outhouse? Well, that represents gafia in its wildest, most gaudy-forms. Parties, the wild life of sophistication. Dances, drinks. Seclusion in a crowd. And the star, of course, represents heavenly bodies. Our companions, our scourges, our quenchers. Women.

And that is gafia. And that's why I like gafia, because gafia is life. But now, while I have temporarily reached my capacity for experience, I'm tossing away the car symbol, I'm heaving out the outhouse association, and the star can glitter gaily to itself in the coldness of space. For a while, I'll just potter around here beneath my palm-trees, and digest a compact two-year slice of life.

And I'll be a faaan again.

Yippeee!!!



Now for some of the apologies. Follows a list of the names of fen who have sent fmz to me during the last 18 to 24 months, and have so far received no reply from me.

PLOY From Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Harrogate, England. Issues 10, 11, 12, and 13 have all thudded through the letter-box. I really like PLOY. It has a pleasant personality, and sometimes really shines with a piece of good work. Outstanding contributors include Sid Birchby, Phoenix, and in number 12, Vince Clarke, with a wonderful story set in the LonCon.

TRIODE From Eric Bentcliffe & Terry Jeeves, 47 Alldiss St., Grt. Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England. Issues 11 to 15 to hand. Like wow! TRIODE is good stuff, and I like it. It's like PLOY in personality, except that its more faaanish, probably because of the exuberance of Eric and Terry. Sid Birchby again is outstanding, also Eddie Jones and Terry Jeeves as artists. Archie Mercer, John Berry and Eric B take most of the rest of the writing laurels.

EGOBOO & THE LAST From Mr & Mrs Vondruska, C.P.O. Box 3161, Wellington, New Zealand.

SPLITCH All good stuff, though very murky. The duplicating is rather poor, but that's forgivable (well, it is if you've seen the Vondruska Roneo.). Both these items are dated during 1958, though SPLITCH was published only recently - three months ago. There's bawdiness aplenty in Toni's writing, but there's good humour and a pleasant personality there too. And the drawings are excellent, even allowing for the poor duplicating. Write to Toni or Lynette for EGOBOO number two.

I'll tabulate a few fmz

MEUH 2/3 and THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH Nos. 3, 4, & 5. Jean et Annie IT 1. Hans Siden. GEMZINE 19 & 20. Gertie Carr. (Linard. FLAFAN 2; Sylvia Dees. NEW FUTURIAN 8; Mike Rosenblum. INNUENDO 3, 7, & 8; Terry Carr. DIASPAR 7; Terry Carr. GRUE 29; Dean Grennel. THE COLE FAX 1; W.R.Cole. ERRATIC 3; Jim Caughran. SHANGRI-L'AFFAIRES 39; Djinn Faine. VARIOSO 17; John Magnus.

some more fmz received and not acknowledged:

VOID 12; Greg Benford. STUPEFYING STORIES 30 - 41; Richard H. Eney. BRENNNSCHLUSS 3; Ken Potter. SCIENCE-FANTASY NEWS 15; Inchmery fandom. APORRHËTA 1 - 5; H. P. Sanderson. CAMBER 8 & 9; Allan Dodd. SF PARADE 7 & 8; Len Moffatt. SPASMODYC II; Cheltenham SF Circle. ORION 21; Ella A. Parker. ANGLOFANAC 1; Archie Mercer. RETRIBUTION 10; John Berry. DETENTION 1; The Detroit mob. SF NEWS 20 - 24; Graham Stone. GROUND ZERO 1 - 3; Belle C. Dietze. NOTICIÁRIO 2 - 4; Clube De Literatura Policiária. THE AUSTRALIAN SF NEWSLETTER 1 & 2; Mervyn Binns. SCANSION 1; R.D. Nicholson. SKYRACK 4; Ron Bennett (sorry, that's an OMPA post-mailing). QUANTUM 1; John Baxter. SEXY VENUS 7; Bo Stenfors.Uuh..Hu... I knew this'd happen. Also to hand are PLOY 14 and THE COLE FAX 2 And there are some sheets from the Aussie Convention and from Luctan Books, a small publishing company headed by Graham Stone in Sydney, who are trying to publish early sf novels.

Then there's KIWIFAN 9 - a fifty-pages long bonnanzz fanzine from Roger Horrocks. It contains good things. Hope to see KIWIFAN 10 published soon, but I haven't heard from Roger in months. Recommended reading are SATTELITES 7 & 8 and LOCO 2, from Don Allen, and HYPHEN 20 & 21, from Walter A. Willis and Chuck Harris.

FOCUS 6 & 7 and THE GREEN EXPRESSION. All from Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C.1., New Zealand. All very good stuff, particularly FOCUS 7, which is one of the best fmz ever pubbed in kiwiland.

Thankyou all who sent me fmz, sorry they weren't acknowledged sooner, please send me more. Apologies to any I missed out in the foregoing lists.

~~~~~

Incidentally, a great deal of the material in this issue of -FAN- will be well out-of-date. For this, I am sorry for the contributors, because their work is good enough to warrant quick publication.

~~~~~

And now, flip the page for a little item by John Berry, called:
"DEN OF INQUIRY"
The Wandering Ghu will be continued after John's little factual.

In March 4of 1958, Bruce sent me an airmail letter asking for material, and he specified a little essay about my den. As a matter of fact, Bruce's timing was a little less than a shining example of e.s.p., because just before his airmail arrived, I received an ultimatum from my wife. She said meaningly that our little girl was growing up, and it was time she had a bedroom to herself. My den, she explained with a leer of triumph, was just what she had in mind. I protested, and said that we couldn't afford to spend money on wallpaper and paste and stuff just now, and she leered again, and dumped a big parcel in front of me. And so I admitted defeat. My fannish den is no more. I am in fact writing this, cowering in the attic, attempting to focus my eyes on the keys of this horrible machine by the light of a candle.

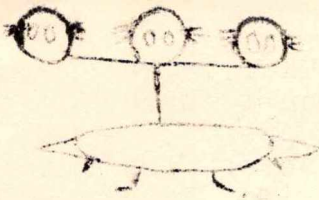
As my thoughts flicker back to my so marvellous den, and whilst it is so fresh in my memory, I feel that the following description of my little private kingdom will be something more than just a guided tour. It will be a sort of memorial.....I hope to read this in the distant years to come, and thus to wonder, ponder, and generally take myself back to those happy days. ..And now, deah reader, just imagine that you visited me a few days ago, and asked to have a look at my....

DEN OF INQUIRY

by John Barry

"Oh. You want to see my den. Weeell, now, just follow me up the stairs. Mind the fifth stair, the carpet has worn just a little, and.....oops....never mind....I've got a First Aid book upstairs, so I'll be able to push that thumb into place again.... Now here we are on the landing; that's the door of my den, just over....STEADY...I say, I didn't know you were an acrobat; that cartwheel was superb. Oh, sorry. Let me wrench in off your boot. Oh. That's one of my son's roller skates. Yes, I too noticed it was in that dark shadow at the top of the stairs. Just because I wouldn't let him play with my zap this morning. I don't know what kids are coming to these days. Don't worry about that tear in your jacket, my wife is pretty good at repairing tears in clothing, although you'll probably have to make do with scarlet cotton, she hasn't any light grey, I don't think. Here we are. My Den. You'll find a little box just inside with a slit in the top of it, but that's just for my relations to show their appreciation...oh, you shouldn't...deah me...sorry I havem't any change. There now. Just loook. Shall we start on the left, and work round to..... WATCH....oh, for goodness sake, you've knocked over last week's correspondance. Now I'll never know if that postcard was from DAG or not. Hey? Yes, I know it was a stupid place to put it, but at least I knew where it was, I didn't trip over it. Honestly, I'm trying my hardest to keep some sort of system going, and you barge in and stick your clumsy big boots over it. Of course you should have seen it. OH. Oh, I see. You were looking at the nude picture. Oh, here, shake hands. I did the same thing last week. Yes, I'm rather proud of that. You'd never believe it, but that nude was sent to me as a quote card. Honest. You should see who signed it

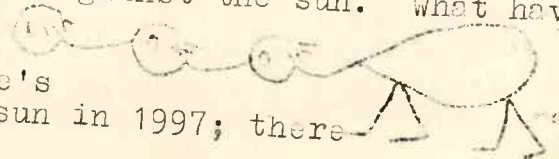
before it came to me. Chuck Harris had it for three years, and I still maintain he slipped it in the envelope by mistake.....Well, I've had it since, let me see, yes, since 1955. I don't think I'll pass it on. I mean, I'm a sort of authority on that pose, I mean, note the way she's just bedding over to unbuckle her shoe. Isn't it a wonderful camera angle. You certainly cannot have it. Rumour says that's his wife. IT'S YOUR WIFE. Oh. Dear me. Look, let me have it. I'll dust it every morning, and I promise sincerely never to send it to anyone else. I mean, I will always swap you with this. Over here. Tucker sent this to me, you know. It was in a book called PLAYBOY. Here's the 3D glasses. Oh, I don't know who it is, er, oh, of course, it's Diana Dors. ...Hey, you've been fifteen minutes looking at that, I don't want you to break my record. Move on to the next picture. That, deah boy, is a Quinn original. It was featured on the cover of an AUTHENTIC several years ago. Isn't it really wonderful, the way the back velvet of the sky, sprinkled liberally with stars, gradually turns blue, then light blue, then merges with the cloudy horizon. Yes, that's the Thames below, and I must tell you, me being a sort of authority on aeroplanes and such, that Gerard was almost prophetic with that depiction of a stratosphere liner coming in to circle London, they're designing one in England like that at the moment. Seriously, I'm terribly proud of it. As I am with this selection of ATOM illoes. Yes, that's me, and that one is Chuck Harris, and that one Bulmer. Arthur Thomson is really and genius..his type of artwork slides smoothly into place in our particular sphere of interest, doesn't it? I mean, the crafty look in the eyes of the bems, no stupid, that's Bulmer, the bems are more to the right. ATOM does colour illoes too, like these. Pretty good, eh? I thought so. Wipe that saliva off your lips, and quit cringing. You ain't having any. No sir. Oh, Ghodd, how can one fan be so clumsy. You've put your blasted boot right on top of that tube of duplicating ink. It was full, too. I know it was on the floor, I put it there, didn't I? That's where I file it. Twelve inches from the left of that mouse hole. I tell you, man, I have a system. It never fails me, until big ignorant louts like you come in and, oh, yes, that is a big bicep. Sure it isn't your shirtcleeve rolled up? I say, that fist looks like a leg of lamb. Lovely ring, too. I say, you're BIG. ..Oh Christ. That's my ream of off-puce duplicating paper you're standing on. Look heah, I know you're bigger than me, but watch where you're putting them boots. No, not there, you'll get ink on the seat of my trousers. TEMPER. TEMPER. Calm down. Look, I may not look like one, and you may not believe I'm one, but I'm a policeman. Honest. No, I was only telling you, so you can put that mimeo crank down without any loss of prestige. Yeah, I know you're a BNF, and your fanzine is pratty good. Of course I've got the copies you send all filed. I keep 'em in this box, let me open it. Oh. Suffering Catfish. I told her I hadn't anything to light the fire with. I don't know what to say, I'm sure. Wimmin. Don't feel too hard about it, though. I mean, you've spare copies at home, haven't you???? ...Wait. Here's a collectors item here. Ever seen one before..? It's a curio of some distinction. Nothing less, mark you, than a piece of engraved metal off an ancient Persian breastplate, which was actually purchased by Leeh Shaw from a scrap metal merchant in a rough quater of Belfast during their visit here in 1956, ..Confidentially, there was something primeaval in the way Leeh used to dress up completely in Persian armour, waving a curved sword,



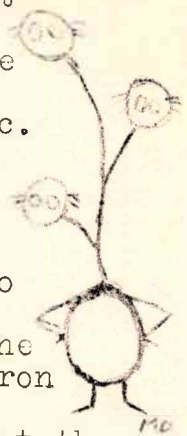
and lurking in remote quarters of Willis's house.

I honestly believe she was carried away by the aura of that warlike period. I reckon, and don't quote me in your next column...I reckon the girl had a split personality. I honestly think she thought she was a Persian soldier. And how did I get the metal, you ask? Oh, I say, I caught her

It's over there in the corner. I a lovely swipe with my spear. I caught her was dressed up as a sulu at the time, attired in one of Walt's bath towels. I'm telling you, boy, those were the days. We did have fun. James White was dressed as a Crusader, and Larry Shaw of INFINITY fame, and this has never been revealed before, in case his circulation went down...Larry Shaw was dressed as Nero. Yep. Leeh and Larry spend scores of dollars on this ancient armour, and strange and savage weapons, and we felt it would make them feel at home if we dressed up. There was something bombastic about Willis's appearance as Attila The Hun. I'm telling you, that was what we called fanatic. One of my most treasured items, that bit of metal. And now we move on to another treasured possession of ~~xxxx~~mine. These two....WHAT. That, my dear sir, is sheer impudence. If I want to have two tins of baked beans hanging on the wall, I'll just let 'em hang. I don't go around to your den making snide comments on what you've got hung up as trophies. You needn't look so complacent. I know all about that pair of black panties you have suspended over your autographed copy of THE IMMORTAL STORM. From the WorldCon in London in '57, weren't they? Huh. And you sneer at these tins of beans. I know it appears stupid, but those two tins of beans represent the climax of my mechanical career. You've heard about the typer I purchased from Bob Shaw? It's under that padlocked case over there. Well, the roller wouldn't move, and by suspending these two particular tins over the edge of my desk, and attached to the roller by wire, I was able to type out 205 articles and stories in four years. I wouldn't sacrifice those beans for anything...that is..unless you're stopping the night. I mean, I don't want to have to open them, because they represent my triumph over adversity...I mean, you're not stopping are you...I mean, I'd like you to stop, but these beans have inspired me for all this time, and if you went to the Grand Central Hotel you'd get something better than beans, and after all.....Suffering Catfish. Now really, you've gone too far; PUT THAT BACK. I saw you. D'you know that Bruce Burn could get seven years hard labour if the authorities down there knew he took that photograph. I know she's got a skirt on, but it's the look on her face and the angle of her knees that gets me. Yeah, in Fiji. He went there specially to take that photograph for me, y'know. That's his hand at the bottom left, straightening the rug. No, I don't think so, although when the other 49 copies arrive, I may be able to fix you up. ...Now, now, watch how you handle that. I paid fifteen shillings for that from a man who came to the front door. That, my dear sir, is a genuine war-supplus American Haze Screen for Arial Observation. It's made by the Kodak firm in the U.S. See the beautifully shaped wooden handle, and the different coloured glasses?It was used during the Pacific War in the '40s for spotting Japanese aeroplanes against the sun. What have I got it for? You do ask some daft questions. I know a bargain when I see one. Didn't You know that there's going to be a total eclipse of the sun in 1997; there



won't be any need for me to start smoking a piece of glass, I'll just whip out this Haze Screen. Y'know, I always thought you were an intellectual. DON'T SIT THERE! Oh Jesus. I've never had such an awkward character in my den. I've had some of the really Big Names in here...Reaburn, Rory Faulkner, Steve Schultheis, the Bulmers, Chuck Harris etc. and they've all known not to sit on that orange box. That's my son's pet duck you're sitting on, if you don't mind. Don't fret so much, petrol is a pretty good agent for getting dirty marks out of new clothes. Although I don't know what my son will say. Those eggs were due to hatch next week. Come over to my bookcase, and have a look at some of my rare first editions. Starting from the left we have the unexpurgated volumes of the The Decameron of Boccaccio, then comes three volumes of Sex Life in Ancient Rome, then the Hints for Young Girls, next to that the Trials of Oscar Wilde, then Forever Amber, then The Best From Esquire 1937 - 1957, and finally, on the top row, The Love Life of the Eskimo's. On the second shelf, starting from the left, we have...oh...you've read them all? You filthy beast. No wonder some outsiders get the impression sf Fandom is full of sex fiends. You get our hobby a bad name. You might at least admit there's one of them you haven't read. My Ghod. You must do nothing else except read books like that. ...Smashin', isn't it? ...And that's just about all. That long bookcase is full of all the fanzines I've garnered since '54. That pile on the left, with the spotlight shining on them, are all the fanzines which have featured my stories and things. A hundred percent record of my fannish career to date. That pile of prozines to the right have revocs of my stuff in them. Over there, above the door is a letter I received last year from Robert Bloch. What's in those tea chests, you ask? Listen. I've been patient with you. You've done nothing but flounder in here like a stranded whale. Your erotic notions have disgusted me, doing nothing but talk about nudes and panties and pornography and such. You've squashed a tube of ink, you've kicked over my filing system, and now...AND NOW...you ask me what's in those tea chests? Cant you use your imagination? That, mister, is my desk. Yes, I've always meant to paint out that PRODUCE OF CHITTAGONG on the left chest. With that rotted plank suspended between the two, I've got a really efficient desk. Utility to a degree, but efficient. Yes, admittedly, it is low, but the Romans used to do things on their knees, didn't they? And what's good enough for the Romans is good enough for me. I expect you're one of these swanky fans like John Champion or Joe Sanders, who've sent me fotos showing a fan den which makes the 20th Century Fox office in Hollywood look something like this. I maintain a fan's den should be representative of his personality and...hell, now he's fainted. Diane....DIANE...bring up a glass of water will you? That's the third one this week. Some fans must lead a very sheltered life, that's all I can think. It makes one want to spit. What is fandom coming too, I keep asking myself. What is fandom coming to?.....??????



THE WANDERING

GHU

plods on..



I' John Berry sure gets a laugh, hey? I should explain that he wrote that item and sent it to me on the tenth of March, 1958. Since then, I haven't heard from him, nor he from me. Me, the No. 1 Goon Operative in New Zealand. Me, the 'tec who solved the riddle of Rongotei, found the facts about Fanning Island, and supplied ~~the~~ enough rope for Barrett's Reef. Chaa!

We come now to the I Love Bruce Burn section of paraFANalia 4. Wherein, if you're lucky, you'll find, in vague detail, just what I've done during the last couple years.

We pick the story up (quickly, before it falls flat on its face) around Christmas of 1957. I was a Production Trainee at the National Film Unit. Yes, a Civil Servant; the NFU is part of a Government Department: the Tourist and Publicity Dept. I was employed as the Assistant Director on a crew headed by Robert LaPresle, one of the five or six Unit Directors. We'd just finished shooting a film for the Royal New Zealand Air Force, which had kept us busy popping around the country from Christchurch through Wellington, Ohakea, Auckland and Whenuapai, away out to the Island of Viti Levu, generally known as Fiji. But in December we were engaged in editing the film, which was to be a two thousand footer.

Christmas over, back to work. The film shaped up well, though one or two extra sequences had to be shot and there were numerous difficulties, and was eventually released in April. I thought that now I'd be able to get back to fanac, and reply to a whole stack of mail that cluttered up my desk at home.

But the NFU had a little trick. They (you know, them) decided to start a new series of Eastman Colour one-reelers dealing with all sides of Kiwiland and Kiwipeople. It looked like lots of work.

Also in April, I became the proud owner of a 1937 Austin 7.

I never did answer that mail. My desk remained cluttered.

And so the year rolled on, with my teeth, my car, and the NFU cameras grinding noisily away. Came October, and things really went with a bang. Or rolled with a bang. My car rolled.

I was driving to Auckland to see Roger Horrocks. I'd left

home at the rather unearthly hour of five ayem, and had steadily forged along the Main Highway. The journey had been uneventful, though interesting. My car had performed well, and when I crashed it was after travelling 200 miles in 5 and a half hours. Not bad going for a car 21 years old!

After the crash (caused by metal fatigue on one of the rear wheels. The wheel buckled, came off, and the car rolled, just after rounding a corner and doing between 45 and 50 mph) I didn't feel like having a holiday in Auckland, so caught the Auckland to Wellington Express and slept overnight going back to Wellington. I brought all my luggage with me, and left the car with a garage.

Arrived back in Wellington, went home, rested for two days. Cabled garage to send my car down, eventually went back to work, and then received car.

Then I paid the bills for its transport (by rail) to Wellingt.

Then I left the NFU. I decided I could make better money outside of the Civil Service, and a brother of mine offered me a Door-to-door Salesman job with Christopher Bede Studios Ltd., an 'At-home' portrait photographers. Within a month, I decided this was not my sort of work, so let my sales drop until, in the last week, I earned only seven pounds. I planned to leave the firm.

Also, around this time, I was trying to get a job singing in a dance-hall. I'd found that my voice wasn't too bad for crooning, and other people seemed to like it too. So I sang in one or two of the coffee shops around Wellington and Lower Hutt, but soon realised that my sense of timing wasn't good enough, so I gave that idea up - almost. Given the oportunity, I'd start singing again like a shot ... but with moody numbers like Moonlight In Vermont and Deep in a Dream rather than r'n'r or swing.

However, Christmas was upon the world. People were happy, except in a pleasant little house in Akatarawa. There, peopple were tense with unexpressed emotions.

A month before Toni Vondruska had married Lynette Mills, and evidentially they'd had a fruitfull union and Lynette was pregnant. But none of us knew this then, and Lynettes barely concealed contempt for our nervous Teenager nonsense just seemed like bad temper. I should explain, two other people were in the house. Merlene Cuttan, a school-friend of Lynettes, was staying at the house for a week or two, and Brian Harrison, her beau, went up to see them all with me.

I stayed there the day. The tension was so unbearable that one had to stay there to try to lessen it. Night came, and I returned to Wellington.

I don't know what I did that week. Messed around as usual I suppose. But at the end of the week I was drawn to Akatarawa once again. Merlene was still there, and the tension had lessened. Eventually, I drove back to town, and, just by chance happened to look into the windows of the Café du Boulevard, one

of the better coffee shops, and certainly the best restaurant in town. A vague friend of mine was the head-waiter there, a chap called Ron Grenville. A somewhat mysterious fellow, who cultivated an air of charm, with a very deep and controlled, rather ~~xxxxxxx~~ overly cultured voice, and a manner of complete self-confidence.

The Boulevard was closed, but Ron was inside, drinking white wine with one of the kitchen hands, Hope O'Riely, whom I was to know better before I left the Boulevard. Oh, yes, Ron offered me a job waiting at the Boulevard, and I took him up on it, realising that I'd have to leave the Christopher Bede organisation before the 12th of January. ---whoops! I've just picked up my diary, and I see I've got my dates all muddled. The first weekend at the Vondruska's was the weekend before Christmas, the second was on the 27th of December, and I drank white wine with Ron on the morning of Sunday, the 28th of December, 1958. On the following Monday, I started working at the Boulevard (29/12/58). Sorry, but I'm composing directly onto the stencils, and relying entirely upon memory.

Came Thursday, the eighth of January, a telegramme from a brother who'd motored up to Auckland for his holiday, taking his wife, two kiddies, and my mother. The 'gramme asked me to take the family's binoculars ~~x~~ to a friend who also was heading north -- to Ardmore, near Auckland, for to see the sixth New Zealand Grand Prix. The friend, Noel, owned a Jaguar 3.4ltr. ~~x~~ saloon car, and intended driving north on the Friday afternoon and night.

Friday morning, I took the binoculars in to town and to Noel. Half-jokingly, I asked if he had a spare seat. He said yes, and I suddenly decided I needed a few day holiday in Auckland. Also, I realised that while up there I'd be able to resign from Christopher Bede's, and also see Roger Horrocks about pubbing KIWIFAN 10. Also, I had idea of looking over the ~~xxx~~ Auckland nightlife, seeing about jobs up there, and feeling the town out generally.

So I rushed down to the Boulevard, and they all agreed to let me off work that night, Saturday night, and if necessary, Monday. Then I shot home and told everyone what was happening. Both Roger and Nigel, two more of my brothers (Nigel my younger, Roger my elder, who was and is married) decided that they too, would like to come. So too did Olive, wife of Roger. So, I contacted Noel, asked if that was okay, received affirmation, and packed my haversack for a weekend trip.

Nigel eventually dropped out of the party, and about four p.m. that afternoon, we all left Wellington, bound for Ardmore.

The trip was uneventful, apart from stops here and there, and I even managed to snatch a few minutes sleep around ten pm.

Noel didn't rush the car at all, and we arrived at Ardmore about 2.30am Saturday morning. I slept beside the road, as I've often wanted to, wrapped in a raincoat and two newspapers.


Since we arrived at the course so early, I thought we'd be by ourselves. But now, thousands of people in thousands of cars roamed along the road during the night, and when morning came, and I woke rested but slightly rusty, we had to crawl in bottom gear for a mile before reaching the Aerodrome, where the races were to be held.

But fairly soon we found a good position near one of the best corners on the course. The party settled down to wait, but I couldn't settle, so I grabbed Roger's camera, bought a programme, then bulled and charmed my way into the pits, around the press tents (from one of which I telephoned Horrocks), and eventually into the Secretary's tent. I started talking to a young lady, who eventually turned out to be the Assistant Secretary. As we parted, a little later, she gave me a pass into the pits. That allowed me to rush back to our party and have a snack. Then I went back to the pits and took photos of the cars, got Sterling Moss' autograph, then wandered along to the starting grid and got some action photos of motorbikes starting, passing, and winning. Great fun. But then the big events were announced, so I strolled back to the corner.

Sterling Moss won. Only he did it with an 'i' in his name.

Eventually got to Auckland. Noel and the others returned to Wellington. I even thought of joining them, but decided to have me stay in Auckland and fly back home. Stumbled around to the Horrocks residence in Mount Albert. Met the family, though pop was away and eventually tumbled into bed. And what happened?

THINGS THAT GO BUMP IN THE NIGHT



You really need to ask? Well, I got out again, blearily tucked a box or something under the broken beam and climbed back abed. I can claim to be the first fan in Kiwiland to sleep on a duplicator.

Natch, I slept like a log, and next day... Hey, wait a minute. I forgot to tell you of this BIG SURPRISE Horrocks cooked up for me. When I arrived at his house, I put on my garbadine raincoat, turned the collar well up and held my GDA card in front of me. Then I knocked on the door and stood scowling viciously at it. It opened. I blinked and lost my pose. Standing grinning at me were Mr and Mrs Vondruska. They too had decided on a short holiday in Auckland. Fans across the world, anyone?

Well, next day, like I was saying, Roger drove me around parts of Auckland. Sunday in Auckland is just like Sunday in Wellington except I know where to go in Wellington -- back to bed. But I could hardly spurn offer of transport to see the Vondruskas and other Auckland sights. So Sunday, I saw the sights.

Toni, Lynette, Roger, his cousin(?) and I formed about the largest gathering of tru .. fake.. well fans ever in Auckland. I guess you could call it all a minor convention, and off came the typewriter cover, and a oneshot was written. Lynette now has the

dummies for this, but she's not produced a fmz yet.

Time passed, and on Monday I booked passage for Wellington by air -- for Wednesday. So I'd be three days late back for work. Ho well.

The next few days went past rather quickly, and pleasantly enough, with trips to coffee shops, shops, beauty spots, movies, and around town. I tracked down Maurice Coddell, who'd left Wellington a few months previously for Auckland's livelier jazz scene. I also had a short chat with one of the Managers of Bell Radios Ltd., about the TV experiments in the city, and to see if they were interested in back an actual station. They weren't.

And on one evening, after a wonderful dinner prepared by Mrs Horrocks, Roger acted the wise guy and started a doodle contest. I can't draw, but gamely blundered on putting captions to his swift pen.sketches. Like:

That one refers to the fact that I sent my membership money to Rick Sneary too late to have my name put into the lists of members to the Solacon. Gulp.

My sole useful effort, captioned by meinself, appears below.

On the Wednesday, I returned to Wellington, to work, and - after a few weeks, to leave the Café du Boulevard.

So, quite suddenly, I found myself with nothing to do, and with about fifty pounds in the bank. I decided upon my vocation, and humbly accepted it.

One of the first things that happened was that I entered in a nation-wide contest to find talent for the stage and radio. Joe Brown's "Search for a Star" contest. I entered as a solo singer, and sang Friendly Persuasion and Moonlight in Vermont. I had half-pied piano accompaniment. I didn't win, but came about half-way in my section of the Wellington part of the contest. And, the other thing that happened, well, you know that saying, 'It never rains but it pours'? It's true. I suddenly found myself the perplexed centre-piece between three or four women. A fellow has to be unemployed to have time to have three affairs all start within a week, and still keep tabs on two other women. Surprisingly, my money lasted and we all had a grand time of it.

Natch, these fine things kept me away from fanac for some few months. Then I ran out of money, and my car began to pack up. But meanwhile, lasting friendships were formed

The stuff that dreams are made on.

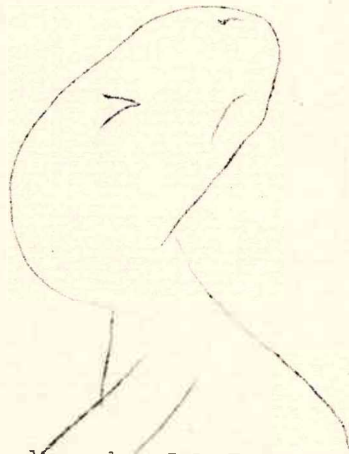
So, I experienced a great deal in a short space of time, with



little time to spare for fanac.

And so the months passed. During March, I saw films like 'Don Quixote' and The Goddess. And, of course, the wonderful 'Jazz for Listening' show. That was a memorable evening - one I will always treasure. It began with Amiria and I having dinner in the Café du Boulevard. Then off to the Opera House, where the show proved entertainingly wonderful, then away for coffee upstairs in the Mexicalli, a dive-like coffee shop in Victoria Street -- almost oposite the Boulevard. Memorable because, for the first time in my life I really gave someone and myself some hourse of happiness that will always be remembered. Millie, usually pretty quiet and subdued, is worried by many things. A now dissolved marraige had proved disillusioning, life had settled to a steady level of nothingness, and she was fed up at twenty-six. But, suddenly, in the Mexicalli, she whispered to me, so simply, "Bruce, I'm happy." Just that. No more, but my spirit leaped and made stars drape their tender eyes.

April came. Saw Billy Graham at Athletic Park, one of the biggest sprts grounds in Kiwiland. I saw him on both the nights he preached. First time (sorry, it was on a Sunday after noon) he gave a wonderful sermon, in which he said, quite plainly, with a minimum of dressing up, that 'Let's be honest fellas; We all hope there's something out there.' meaning 'out there' in space, time, and spirit. The sermon on the Monday night was crap with treacle tart in comparison. Strictly emotional appeal to the middle aged and conformitive youth.



"..why should I look for sputnik..?"

(which is the illow)
(that should have)
(appeared on the)
(previous page.)

In april, I became a pro-writer.in the fiction line. I sold some stories to JOY, a locally produced weekly rag. It's put out by TRUTH, and featured both articles and stories by Kiwis. My yarns weren't good, but weren't bad. They were written in a semi-slick style, but contained a few germs of honesty. Stories with a Wellington background, ~~wh~~ which I'll reprint if you like, in -FAN-.

One of the stories, THE BARMAN, you may have read in paraFAN-
alia 1, though the published version was somewhat fuller and better. So I became the first Kiwi to write sf for JOY.

May. Saw the Freberg show in the Wellington Town Hall. I was still out of work, and pretty low in finances, so I bulled my way into the hall as a 'member of the press'. Got a good seat too, just as I had some weeks previously at the show featuring The Platters and Tommy Sands. At which show, I spoke briefly with Sands, finding him strictly as are most of my friends: intelligent, and fed up with commercialism, but very willing to make cash from it all. The Platters were more freely honest with their attitude of strict proffessionalism. Stan Freberg was out to make money, but

definitely a genius who knows what he want on-stage and off. His show was good, but very shoe-stringy -- as could be expected in a back-country like New Zealand. He had with him the Australian Jazz Quartet, who play like wow, man, and Diana Trask, an Aussie singer of plenty power and stacks of stacking.

Halfway through May, I finally ran out of money, so took a job as a van-driver for a firm in town. Great fun, driving like that, and I enjoyed it allway. I guess I'm lazy by nature, so I liked the feeling of light physical work.

Around the begining of June, came the chance to become a Radio Copywriter for a large Advertising firm in town, Charles Haines Advertising Limited. I took the chance, and so left Electric Refrigeration for 'better prospects'. At the end of June, I attended a Scientology lecture, and during the course of the evening volunteered for an engram-finding display. They found an engram, of that I am sure, and now I join the rabble of urchins who say Scientology isn't hogwash, but I won't join it. I won't go into details. Maybe later.

During these months, I saw numerous plays, about which you will read in future articles, if I don't do an article about my adventured in amateur drama for this issue. But, briefly, the plays ranged from "Waiting for Godot" to the University Extravaganza. Including Point of Departure and Look Back in Anger. Also films like The Ten Commandments and Some Came Running. June, July, and August flew past with play readings and the Unity Theatre Inc. production of Dorris Lessing's play, EACH HIS OWN WILDERNESS. I took the part of Sandy Boles. I believe that many programmes were left unsold, so if I can get fifty, I'll send them to OMPA as a bonus item. This production was a first production, apart from a Sunday night production at the Royal Court Theatre in London. It's not a good play, but I dug parts of it. Yummy, good stuff to chew over.

The job as an Advertising Man ended abruptly a couple of weeks ago, when I was 'put off' because the firm suddenly found that there would be little or now work for me for the next few months, so they handed me a neatly pressed, pad-less, grey-flannel sack. Hi ho, and away we go.

While at Hainess I specialised in writing radio copy, which is very frustrating work, because one has usually to write for a client. Clients, and executives too, so rarely realise that the person for whom one writes radio commercials is Mr or Mrs or Miss Kiwi. ...Ah well, it was good fun while it lasted, and I met some interesting people while there. Margurite J. Woolf, who is a writer who's been able to make that 'click' to become a first-class commercial writer as well as a good artist. And her son Michael Woolf, who's likewise able to be a business man and something of an artist. People who've accepted the 'hard facts of life'. If you've read John Osborne's TRIBUTE TO GEORGE DILLON, you'll know what I mean.

And so, here I am. Today is September the sixth. Twenty years and three days after the commencement of WW2. In 17 days I'll become twenty years of age. Life is fun, 'sinit?

WHOOPS!

Yes, whoops! I've just realised that there's no
official stamp on this fanzine. So,
THIS HAS BEEN

paraFANalia

4

dated September, 1959

intended for
the

22nd Mailing

— of the...er...

oh, yes...the.. OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOC.

.. and comes to you
from

BRUCE BURN

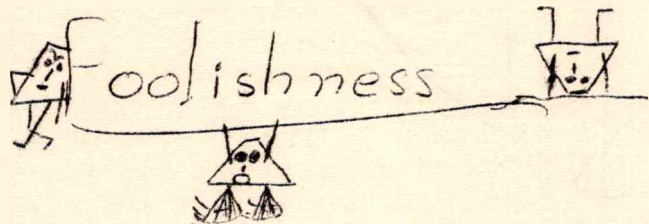
of

~~12~~ 12 Khyber Rd.,
~~Wellington~~ Wellington E5.
~~New Zealand~~ New Zealand.

→ and the best of luck!

Sorry about the second page, purely caused by the in-
competence of the duplicator operator, who shall be nameless.

Lunik hit the moon, Krush is in the Unnittystates, and
a small oilfield has been discovered in Taranaki, about 150 miles
away from Wellington. The Lenin has been launched (an atomic-
powered ice-breaker). The Farnborough Air Show was held a few
days ago, and included the little flying doughnut that recently
waddled across the English channel. Bruce Burn auditioned for a
job as a radio announcer a few days ago; his beard is growing well.
On the enclosed programme for EACH HIS OWN ETC. the fotos are of:-
l to r: Tony & Myra; Philip & Sandy (plus psneer); Milly & Tony in
'morning after scene'; Rosemary and Tony in final clinch. 'Bye...

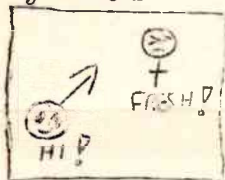


Ohoho, yess! Foolishness. That's what this iss. I could have left you with a nice, clean white page here at the end of the fanzine. But oh no. I have to muck things up and decide to put a few more inane comments on

this page. Innane comments like I've just finished reading a few books. Books like THE BRIGHT PHOENIX, THE HERO, THE FLOOD, and THE LONG NIGHTMARE. the first and last are strongly recommended. I've read a large number of Peter Carter Brown Mysteries in the past few months, too. Enjoyed almost all of them. They're good light reading, and one or two have been excellent.

Innane comments like I saw THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA a few days ago. Before that I saw THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD. THE WIZARD OF OZ made a comeback, so I saw that. And ROOM AT THE TOP had a six week run in town. At last I got to see THE THIRD MAN! Yes, at last. Another film I'll recommend is a Jerry Lewis film called, I think, TRIPLET TROUBLE. Great stuff. Also liked his GEISHA BOY.

A few more inanities like I saw GRAB ME A GONDOLLA, and thought it was pretty poor. I hear the SABRINA show was pretty poor too, and though I never saw the show, I stood three feet away from Sabrina (which is about as close as you can get) and she... she... gulp.. She smiled at me! Prolly beacause I was in the Boulevard in my jeans, shirt, and beard outfit. The BOLSHOI BALLET had a very good season here, and came back for a few extra days. I didn't see them, not having too much cash to throw around.



Next Monday, the Czech Philharmonic Orchestra will be in town, during October, there'll be a two-week season of Googie Withers and John McCallum in ROAR LIKE A DOVE. WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS is being presented by the New Zealand Players, and just recently, the New Zealand Opera Co. presented MADAM BUTTERFLY, sung in English. Blimey! That's pretty fantastic, I think. Oh, and following all this, there'll be productions of THE THREE SISTERS (Checov) by Unity (I'm Ferapont), ANASTASIA AND PETER PAN by Reperatory, and COME BACK SHEBA, by the Northland Dramatic Society - a new group doing extremely well.

I hadn't realised how many wonderful things are around. The Lions Rugby team has almost finished its tour of the country. A very disturbing time for everybody because of so many differing opinions on what constitutes good rugby. Also, about halfway through the tour, the NZ Rugby Union declared that no Maoris will be available for the 1960 All Black Team to tour South Africa, a decision that amounts to segregation of peoples by skin pigment. Shocking. Thousands of people have declared themselves against such a move. Threre seem to be 3 main choises. 1, let the Rugby Union have its own was because it is a minority group and therefore should be indulged. 2, let Maoris be included in the team. 3, let the whole tour be canceled. I subscribe to the third choice.

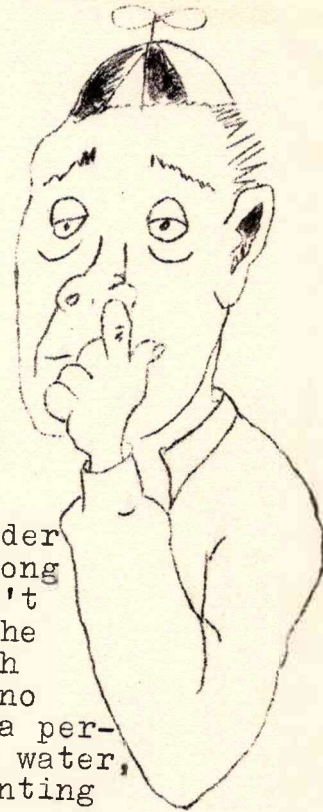
Sorry, I could go on for many more pages, dealing with this subject, but I'll have to keep myself simmering until next time. Regards to you all, belated congratulations on OMPAs 21st anniversary, and good luck Don Ford for TAFF.



etc. Bruce.

A SENSE of gosh.wow

by
ART WILSON



There has already been a lot of talk about the Sense of Wonder and where it vanished, and who's to blame. At the risk of boring the gentle reader and perhaps repeating some things already said elsewhere, I should like to add a remark or two.

It seems to me that the so-called sense of wonder disappears for each of us individually, more or less along with our childhood. Tarzan is a good example. It wasn't the talking animals that finally disenchanted me with the invincible ape-man; it was, that when I became old enough

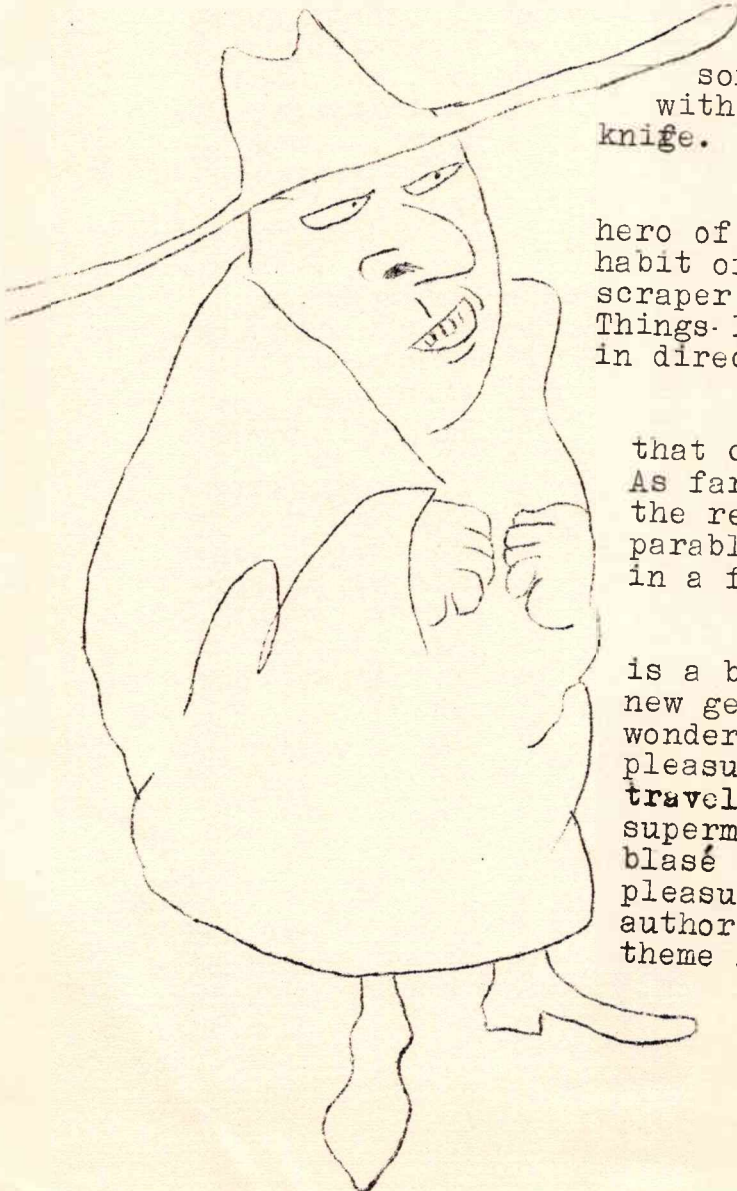
to shave, I could no longer believe in a person who shaved in cold water, with no soap, using a hunting knife.

The Shadow, another doughty hero of American letters, had a crafty habit of sneaking up the side of a skyscraper on his trusty suction cups. Things like that can get old, possibly in direct ratio to the age of the reader.

There are many more cases that could be cited, but why bother? As far as I'm concerned, a lament for the return of a sense of wonder is comparable to the Freudian case who sleeps in a foetal position.

Like most sad stories, there is a bright side to this one. Each new generation brings the sense of wonder with them. For them is the pleasure of reading their first time-travel story, alternate-world story, superman story &c. And for us old blasé readers, there is always the pleasure of seeing how our favourite author is going to handle a beat-up theme like.....oh, time-travel, for instance.

-END-



THE MAGIC STYLUS

Occasionally, our Ghods look upon us with benevolence. They have kind hearts and faces, and sometimes their benign looks may pass our way. And so it is that, every now and then, one person in our land is blessed by the Great Ghod Gestetner, who is chief among all the Ghods. They may please him with their fertility and clarity, by their durability, or even by their sheer persistence. And when he is pleased, he shows his appreciation in ways mysterious to fankind.

So it was with Tru Fanne. She was a beautiful fanne, but healthy and active withall. She had always had her dreams, ever since she had left primary school -- at the age of ten -- naturally ahead of the other pupils. She had always dreamed of the day she would meet her gentle-knight-in-shining-armor. And she had good reason to believe her dream would come true, for she was the step-daughter of Klub Fan, the King of Subberland, and the aging step-father had no other next-o'-king. Thus, Tru was the most eligible young lady in the whole of Subberland. She was enjoying the sweetness of her eighteenth year, and though there were rumours aplenty, she had as yet met no man who could capture her heart. It was not until.....

CHAPTER ONE.

Three months had passed since the Great Ghod Gestetner had given Tru her magic stylus. Three months during which she had been shadowed, haunted, and in other ways pestered by her most pressing suitor, Sir Con. Tru was a most attractive fanne, with golden hair twinkling to her shoulders, with blue eyes and silver voice, and she had many suitors. But Sir Con was the only one who trailed her all

her waking life. He followed her all day, his tongue lolling and his eyes popping. He was a most pampered and ill-mannered fellow.

But Klub Fan, Tru's step-father, seemed to approve of Sir Con. He looked upon the fool with favour and good concern. Tru could not understand this for she did not know who her step-father really was. He was, in truth, a double-talking and evil fan, fond of purges, points-of-order, and propoganda, who collected high duty on all zines entering Subberland. He kept the money for himself, and stored it away in the secret cellars beneath the huge castle in which he and Tru lived with their many servants.

Klub had everything in the world that he needed. He had money, he had power, and his 4F organisation was the largest organisation in all of Subberland, and had many branches in other lands. Except for one thing, he was satisfied. He was jealous of Tru. He wanted the magic stylus for himself.

Yet he had so far found no way in which to gain possession of Tru's gift from the Ghods.

One day, news reached Klub that a knight had recently crossed the brown volcanic areas which formed a border along one side of Subberland. The knight was upon an urgent journey to see Klub Fan. A few days passed, and then, when Klub was reading a progress report on the next 4F convention, a servant brought news that the foreign knight was waiting outside the castle, waiting for audience with the Beenef of Subberland.

"Daughter," said Klub to Tru, "I move that you should go to the great doors that protect this castle, and that you should open them and bid a welcome to the strange knight who has travelled so far to see us."

"Seconded, Sir." said Tru, as she daintily picked her way through the piles of back issues of Klub's zine and approached the throne-room door.

By this time a servant had opened the huge double doors of the castle and when Tru arrived at the top of the entrance steps, she suddenly saw before her a stalwart knight-in-shining-armor, who easily held a sturdy stylus in one hand.

Tru hurried to the foot of the stairs, directed the servant to leave, and addressed the knight: "Gentle knight of my dreams, what is your name? Whence came you? Why are you here?" she asked.

Whereupon the knight replied: "Oh, purest princess, my name is Am Pubber, and I come from far, far away - from a land of ink and stencils - from a land called Trufandom. And I have come to see the ruler of Subberland: a Beenef called - I have been told - Klub Fan. Can you announce me?"

"Indeed I can take you to him and announce you, fair knight. Klub is my step-father, and already knows you are here. Come with me to the Klub Fan...."

The two started up the steps to the throne room. The princess,

always open and frank in her ways, immediately expressed enraptured admiration for the training schedule that could produce such wonderful men as Am Pubber. But the knight simply laughed and claimed that all members of Tru Fandom were born perfect - there was no need of a training course. But beneath this jesting, these two felt a strong harmony betwixt them. The Ghods had smiled upon their meeting, and they felt a spiritual likeness and an aesthetic kinship, as well as a great attraction to each other.

"Come inside, come inside, young man." said Klub when he saw the tip of the stylus poking round the door frame.

The stylus grew in length and girth. Its point swung up in an arc. Swung up to just above the door frame -- and suddenly, a knight was standing beside it, holding it in his right hand, a smile of goodwill upon his face. Klub could see that the knight was one to be regarded not lightly. He saw before him a broad-shouldered, thick-wristed, and handsome man. A man whose countenance bespoke good breeding and a toughness of spirit.

The knight was powerful of body, indeed. A smaller, less sturdy man would have been borne to the ground by the armour this stalwart wore so easily. Straight and strong he stood.

But Klub did not absorb these details as he stared at the knight. All the Beenef of Subberland noticed was the stylus in the stranger's hand. Directly, he addressed the stranger:

"Strange knight, before you present any propositions to me, first answer me a question: Is your stylus a magic one?"

For a moment all expression was wiped from the knight's face, so surprised was he at Klub's question. Then, recovering rapidly, he glanced at his stylus and replied in a soft, firm voice: "My stylus magic, sir? Why, no, I fear 'tis an ordinary enough jousting stylus. Fit for heavy work and little else...." he hesitated, then continued.

"But I have heard rumours that your step-daughter has a magic stylus -- given by Gestetner. They say the princess used it for her monthly -- and that her monthly is the greatest zine in all of Subberland. Is this really so? Can a fanne be so honoured?"

"Indeed one can be so honoured." said Klub, with a slight rasp in his voice. "My daughter is proof of that... But enough of idle gossiping! What brings you to my land, strange knight? And who are you?"

Once again the knight seemed a little ill-at-ease. Then he recovered his poise and said: "Beenef Klub, my name is Am Pubber. I am the youngest son of the King of my land -- the land of Trufandom. Our lands -- Trufandom and Subberland -- abut on your western border. Only the fiery lands separate our two peoples -- the fiery lands where, it is said, the first spark of life began. I have just travelled through these mysterious regions, on a long journey of greatest importance. Yet my journey has not been too wearying, for I have the vivid memory of our national crisis still burning in my mind, and even the devouring fires of the marginal volcanic regions cannot dim this memory.

"And that is why I am here, because you, Klub Fan, are the cause of the present concern in my land. By your feindish customs duty, you have decimated the large numbers of subbers our zines used to please. In effect, your policies have double the price of zines coming into your land from Trufandom. The people of your land have not been able to afford such a tax.

"Beacause of you, Klub Fan, two zines in my land have folded. Two of the best zines in the world! I am here at the request of my father to ask you to cease this unnecessary taxing. If you refuse my request, my father will have no recourse but to declare a feud upon you. Since you are depriving your own people of our zines, I need not say what effect our declaration would have upon the people of Subberland. Do you understand?"

Am's speech had immediate effect upon Klub. On his face he registered surprise and innoence. But his brain was racing. He wondered which was the best way in which to reply to Am Pubber.

Quickly he found a suitable answer and spoke thus: "Prince Pubber, you come from the most powerful land in the world; I would indeed be foolish to make oportunity for you to declare feud upon me. My tax is not too great, and my reason for establishing such a tax is easily understood. We are soon to have in Subberland a large Convention, at which all the celebrities of every land and of Prodom -- which lies far to the Mystic East of us -- will attend. For this Convention, I will publish the best-yet issue of my fanzine -- and also, since sales are not to high..." he glanced in embarassment at the tall stacks of zines in the room... ".I wish at the same time to pay the production costs of the other issues which you see around you.

"This land is a dictatorship, Pubber. My word is final here. My people cannot refuse to pay the tax I impose." At this, there came a wailing and moaning from the many fen in dungeons beneath the court-room floor.

Klub briefly looked angry, then picked up some Minutes as a signal that the interview was at an end.

44

CHAPTER TWO.

Am was given a room in the 4F building at the foot of the hill on which stood the castle. The quaters were comfortable, the chambermaid excellent, and the pub across the road was a fine one of a chain owned by a notorious fake-fan. To Am's pleasurable amazement, they served Nuclear Fizz there.

The pub was comfortable, though somewhat ancient. An establishment with more atmosphere and mood than slickness and tidiness, it featured high rafters and paneling inside and low eves outside. It's furnishings were not of high quality, or even up to date. There was none of the quiet dignity, however, that one might expect **in** an old building. No, this pub was still very much alive, and any dignity

it may have held was lost in the boisterous attitudes of the fen who drank there.

Am bought a half-pint of Fizz and carried it to a corner of the room where a loud and animated group of fen were arguing hotly over who could drink the most Blog. Am sat on a bench near to them, placed his mug on the bench alongside of him, and leaned back to watch the argument. For a while the en in the group continued t their bickering, but then, to Am's amazement, the shouting gradually faded, and one or two of the crowd turned to look at him. He picked up his mug and sipped some of its contents. At that moment all eyes turned to him, apparently fascinated by his Fizz.

A man emerged from the centre of the group. A large man; fat and powerful. He was carrying a pint pot of bheer in his left hand. He held his right hand extended towards Am Pubber. Am drained his mug of Fizz, then stood up and shook hands with the giant.

The big man grinned and squeezed Am's hand. Then he laughed. A big man's laugh that shook the floor of the pub. As he released Am's hand, he took a huge draught from his beer-mug, threw the empty mug over his shoulder, and grinned again at Am.

"Welcome, noble knight from Trufandom!" he boomed. "And how did you find the Beenef today?"

Miraculously, Am didn't drop his mug. Instead he kept a firm grip upon it and continued looking curiously at the huge bluff giant who faced him. How did this giant know who he was? And who was he?

Am asked as much, saying: "Your questions baffle me, stranger. Why do you think I come from so far away as Trufandom? And who are you to ask me?"

The huge stranger relieved a nearby waitress of one of her tankards, roared with laughter, then turned to the crowd of men from whom he had emerged.

"Gentlemen!" he bellowed. "Gentlemen? Tell this youth who I am!"

The crowd chorused: "He's Geei Jow from the Alamo!"

Geei Jow turned to face Am. "And he's Am Pubber, Prince to the Beenef of Trufandom!"

(end of part one)

Here we are: the letter column. Every fanzine has a letter col, and -FAN- is like other fmz, so this is where you can say your two quid's worth. In this issue, most of the letters are somewhat out of date -- most of them were received here at the Editorial Offices during 1958.

FAN

But most of them are interesting, and that's why they're included.

CHRISTMAS, 1958.

Yes, first I'd like to thank all those fen who sent me Christmas cards last Christmas. Thanks John Roles, Art Wilson and family(?), the editorial staff of FOCUS, Archie Mercer, Terry Jeeves and Eric Bentcliffe, Walter Erstig, Greg Benford-Jim Benford-Forry Ackerman-Julian Parr, Ethel Lindsay, Inchmery fandom, Pete Daniels, Graham and Joy Stone, Roger Horrocks, the Vondruskas, and Edgar Bates. Which brings me to the second little item,

SPLUTTER.

Sometime during 1957, I published a little crudzine called SPLUTTER, under the name of Edgar Bates. Just a L'il Hoax, y'know... Well, a few people wrote in reply to it, among them Ron Bennett, Archie Mercer, and Peter Francis Skeberdis. Peter took the whole thing quite seriously, mainly because Barbara Lex had told him of SPLUTTER and supplied him with my address. Archie wrote very cautiously, to "Edgar c/o Bruce". Ron, the clown, wrote direct to Edgar Bates with a light hearted letter that congratulates the fictitious Seatoun SF Society upon its fanzine. But he turned the whole letter into an anti-hoax campaign by adding a ps to the letter: "P.S. -- Cecil sends his regards to Bruce!"

POCTSARCKDS.

From Archee: I sent Archee a postcard from a place called Mercer, near Auckland (I mailed it at about 1.30am on the trip described in The Wandering Ghu to Ardmere). I thought 'Aha, beaten 'em' because I knew Horrocks was keen to sent a card from there, and any kiwifan passing the place would be bound to get the same idea. Some months later, Archee wrote to me. "Towere for 'Mercer' message." he said. "Actually the Vondruskas beat you to it. It seems to be becoming quite a popular fannish rendezvous. Why don't the Wel. & Auk. groups hold a joint con there?"

From Ron Bennett, in reply to my offer to be kiwiagent for PLOY: "NZ agent for PLOY? Sounds intriguing to me. All you have to do is inform me when anyone subs to you. And form out when I want you to! If you're interested, you've appointed right now, with many thanks. Sub rates 1/- each, 6 issues for 5/-."

Two from Mike Hinge, Kiwifan ambassador extraordinary:
1/ from Solacon: "Solaconed & Sunburnt. Thanks for headband; fraid I didn't wear it tho it were to small and not genuine will credit you or send it back. Didn't make the ball too busy thumping on bongo drums. Have sore right hand from slipping the skin. 2 split fingers from bongoes & sore palm from whapping

off beer bottle caps." 2/ shows a picture of a huge truck, on the side of which, in letters 4 feet high, is written: WELLINGTON -- CENTURY CON --NEW ZEALAND. Then follows: "Many pros write as if they owned the medium -- and many fans write as if they invented it."

CAV NICHOLS. Thanks for the egoboo in paraFANalia 3. Your Wellington comments were not strictly correct in relation to the period of the typed "ARROW" magazine, which was produced in 1932, not 1936. This magazine replaced the "UNIVERSAL" mag, which was written entirely by hand during 1931. "The Z Ray" was my first attempt at SF writing (1931), but looking at it now produces such shudders down my spine that I think it wise to leave the matter at this point. Subsequent space yarns written two or three years later reveal so many ghastly errors when viewed today that I am thankful that I did not submit any of them to a higher authority that the "Evening Post" Children's page.

ART WILSON. The other day, whilst at home (where I can use a Okinawa typer) I counted the number of days I've spent at home this year. 16 day, none of them consecutive, which may explain why there ain't no Chinezine - Scatalog yet, and why my revered correspondents frequently are breaking their eyeballs over my revolting hand-writing. Oh, I get lots of leisure time, but it's in Singapore or Saigon or Tokyo or anyplace but home, so my fannish activities are limited to illegible correspondence and a small piece or two of trashy material. I'm not complaining, but apologizing; this hectic life is fun - most of the time. ... I'm a pilot by trade, but happily confess that all the atoms I carry are all nicely assembled into molecules of people, baggage or cargo. In short I'm a commercial pilot, which is a polite way of saying that I'm an air-borne truck-driver. Once a long time ago I was in the Air Force, when I was young and frightfully keen. Now I'm merely frightful - or frightened, and kind of old. Prolly the oldest fakefan extant.

JOHN BERRY. Never did thank you enough for that foto from Fiji. Belfast It is pasted in a prominent place in the GOON CASEBOOK, (which does exist) and when I'm old and grey, I'll be able to lean back and flip the pages over, pondering at the marvelous way the GDA caught on all those years back, and sensing a long-lost pulsation of the old red corpuscles as the Burn Foto From Fiji skips into view. To be quite honest I was hoping you did take it yourself...as I like GDAites to have a certain amount of initiative in things like that. ..Some fool had the stupidity to send me a quote card and few months back of a nude standing by a swimming pool...I think it was taken by the faaan who hoped folks were going to sign on the back and pass it on. Do you think I did? Nah. It's next to the Fiji girl. You must see the GOON CASEBOOK sometime.

BOB SHAW. The thing I like best in -FAN' 3 is John Berry's Nofixedabode article although it shocked me more that a little to realise that such a piece of subtle, craftiness could materialise inside John's sensitive fannish cranium. Where is the ingenuous, ebulliant Berry of the Goon Defective Agency, head of the Bleary Eyes? Thank Ghu I never let him trick me into giving him any money that he could use for his fanzines! In fact, I have tricked him out of money. Just a few days ago he sold me, for a measly ten dollars, a genuine meteorite which fell in his back garden. When I sell it to a museum I will get ten times that for it. The only

trouble is that it is such a peculiarly shaped meteorite that none of the places I have tried will buy it -- one man even tried to tell me that it was an old crumpled up frying pan. It shows you how little these experts really know....

GEORGE W. FIELDS. Sneary passed a letter on to me with a request Montebello to pull on of your friends legs. Seems since I was a friend of Bradbury's and a pretty good forger, he asked me to do it. ..Ray's been in Europe and I haven't been able to get hold of him, so rather that wait to get him, I have forged his signature and letter (will tell Ray later).

Thanks, George. The foto arrived with the forged writing. The gag went down well, and really had Mervyn guessing for a few minutes.

RICK SNEARY. Being born to the city (or suburbs) I can't knock it South Gate as a way of life. But there is a lot of prssure put on us here that I doubt that you 'Colonials' experence. I, personally, woulnd't be much use in another invine, but I can't say it is the best. We just had a visit from a cousin of mine who runs a farm and dairy herd in Idaho. It may be a little more mechanised (?) than one in N.Z., but my cousin doesn't see as much of 'sights' or thrum of life, as you do. Not to mention, not seeing Fiji.... I suppose the US is something like the 'Continent' used to be to us... Less than 100 years ago, the 'smart' people went to the Continent to study or play.. Now, 'we' are becomming the center.. ---Actually, I would be very happy in a desert area, provided I had a few good friends to see, and something to do. I'm such a cave-dweller that the openness and freedom of the deserts appeal to me. I've spent time on our near deserts when I was young, for my health, and I know it would be grand. -- The city I'd like to visit is London. I feel I know it better than New York, and it is more interesting. Only, the weather would kill me... ---I've always got the impression that NZ and Australia were pretty good places, and still lots of oportunities.. Though A was a little conservative in some things. England has it's problems, but I've never heard yours. Mainly I hear of people going there... --Though a couple of years back when I worked for the winter with the telephone company in Las Vegas, we had one Aussie and Three Englishmen (aslo a Swiss and 3 Americans). --- I get the impression from things that I read, that we may have more of the sybols of luxury that you people have. But that our social culture is in a bad state of flux. To sound most eloquent, I might say we have sold our individula feelings of responsibility for a materialistic mess of pottage.. I don't mean we should go back to the simple life, but most of us over here have seemingly lost our sense of being part of the country. Advertising has made the demand for goods, more important than the demand for good.

BOB SMITH. I came back from Japan in '56 with a pile of fmz, Puckapunyal and thought, "Heck! No I will not sub to any more." And I gave 'em all away. The bug seems to have bitten me again, so you could help me by telling me how I can receive para-FANalia.

Well, you've received this issue, so I guess you must be on the mailing list. Congratulations. Sorry I didn't reply to your l\$tter, Bob. Write some comments on this issue, and you get the next one. Don't send money, I'll be forced to spend it on silly things like food and bheer.

Also, letters from: Joel Lima (?) of the Clube De Biteratura Policiária. Graham Stone, for LUCIAN BOOKS. Lars Bourne; Sandy Sanderson, John C. Berg, Steve Schultheis, Harvey Stapleton, Bruce King, Tomas Cronholm, Jerry C. Merrill & Id, Bert Weaver, Margaret Duce, Ian Hill, Jim Caughan, and a change of address from John and Marjorie Brunner.

Which brings us to the end of the lettercol, for this issue of paraFANalia. Next issue, let there be lots of fascinating letters, reams of reviews, and countless contributions.

Already lined up for paraFAN alia54 are:


MUCKBATH -- an hilarious Shudderspearian tragi-comedy slightly revised by Roger Horrocks.

BLIND DATE -- a brief story of global warfare by Bruce Burn.

THIS SENSE OF WONDER -- by Cav Nichols.

THE MAGIC STYLUS pt 2 -- by Bruce Burn.

the wandering GHU goes to BED



Which brings us to the end of paraFANalia 4. I've enjoyed typing most of it, and I hope you've enjoyed reading it. I've a horrible feeling that the lower case 'a' hasn't been cutting very well, and I feel sure that the fmz is full of typing errors and spelling mistakes. But not to worry. Maybe next issue will be better.

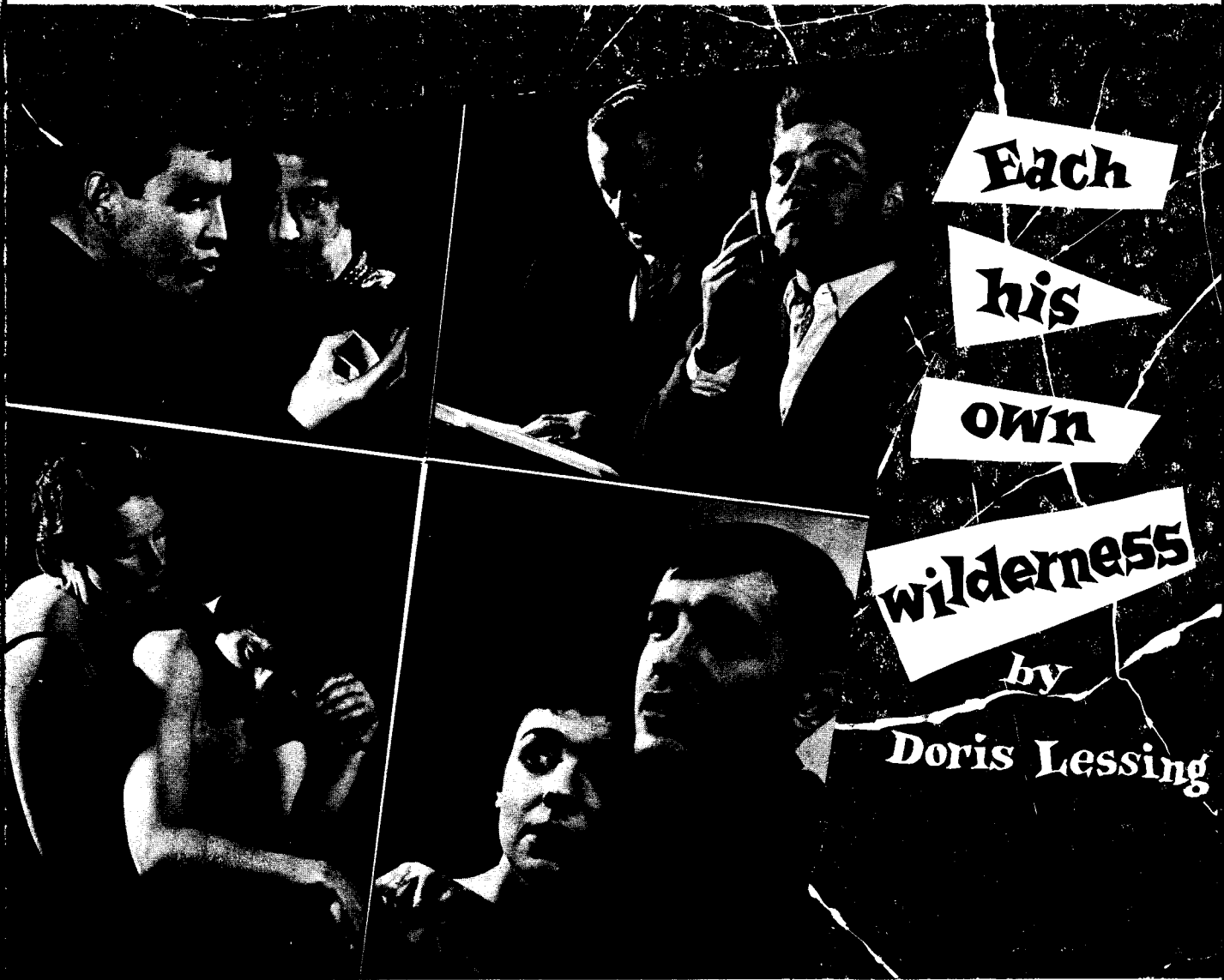
There's not much local news except that I think Mervy Barrett of 6 Doctors Commons, Wellington C.1, is thinking of publishing FOCUS 8. Roger Horrocks, it is rumoured, might publish KWIFAN 10 within a few weeks, and - who knows - perhaps SLINK will appear before Christmas. Which reminds me... HAPPY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE!!

The drawing by Roger Horrocks over to the right tells the facts. In future I'll publish paraFANalia and various 'things' under the group name of The Wandering Ghu.

Other 'intimations' as they say, are that I'm growing a beard. Full set, and it's been growing for 11 day now (now being 9/9/59)- my excuse is that I need it for THE THREE SISTERS, Unity's next production, but really, I've always wanted to grow one, and yimmeny, it's growing well. The Vondruskas have a baby daughter, who is, of course, the first real true fan in kiwiland. Hooray, and congratulations. I've sold my car, only got 20 quid for it from a car wreckers. Don't expect further pubs from me for a few weeks, I'll be damned busy getting a job and saving money. etc..

Bruce

UNITY
THEATRE



Concert Chamber

Town Hall

August 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 1959

EACH HIS OWN WILDERNESS

Produced by Philip McHale

CAST — in order of appearance

TONY BOLTON Grant Tilly
MYRA BOLTON Shirley Keane
SANDY BOLES Bruce Burn
ROSEMARY Irene Demchenko
PHILIP Robert Stephens
MIKE FERRIS Mike Haigh
MILLY BOLES Faye Richings



The whole action takes place in the hall of Myra Bolton's house in London



ACT I Scene 1 Morning
 Scene 2 The following morning
ACT II Scene 1 Evening the same day
 Scene 2 The following morning early



There will be an interval between Acts I and II

CREDITS



STAGE MANAGER Sam Regan
ASST. STAGE MANAGER Audrey Ballard
Vera McIntosh
SET PAINTING..... Hillary Pointer
Ian Morton
LIGHTING Bruce Hillyard
SOUND EFFECTS Bruce Henderson
SOUND OPERATOR Alan Bagley
WARDROBE Jan Munro
PROPERTIES Jerry Mills
PHOTOGRAPHS Georg Kohlap
PRODUCTION SECRETARY Joyce McHale
Clare McKenzie
BUSINESS AND PUBLICITY..... A. Bagley
Jim Winchester
PROMPT Maud Dunfoy
HOUSE MANAGER Jim Winchester



Producer's Note . . .

IN many ways, "EACH HIS OWN WILDERNESS" is a remarkable play. To young people it appears to be a criticism of older people, their futility and idealism. And yet to older people it often seems to be an attack upon the impotent and conservative youngsters of today. To have such a wide appeal is a tribute to the truth of its characters.

On a deeper level, there is the tragedy of young and old in a quickly changing world, each generation becoming almost alien to the others. It would be easy to impose a moral judgement upon one generation from the standpoint of another, but to do so may close our eyes to the rich complexities of human behaviour. Myra's kindness is a part of her moral tolerance just as Tony's unkindness is part of his righteousness.

Tony is angry, the product of our age. Angry, because in the period reserved for youthful idealism, he saw only a world of political disillusion. His ideals ingrew, turned septic and only spilt out in anger and cynicism. He is forever fighting his romanticism, fighting his youth; until even his natural desire for mother love is inhibited.

To balance the young with the old has been the task of production. I felt that this was the only way to reveal the depth of understanding so remarkable in this play by Doris Lessing.

PHILIP McHALE.

About the Theatre . . .

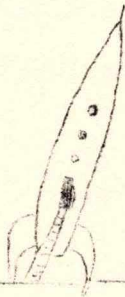
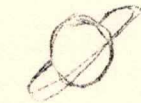
TWO or three times a year Unity Theatre presents a play in the Concert Chamber; it is always a play chosen for its dramatic values and its use of the arts of the theatre—the true aim of a living theatre. At the Theatre's Studio in Drummond Street, are presented plays of a more experimental nature—many one-act plays, and particularly original works, and full productions in cameo—an intimate theatre in which friends may share by joining Unity Theatre Club for an annual subscription of 5/-. This inactive form of membership assures members of notices of all activities, of preferential booking, studio and social privileges. But from time to time there are vacancies for active membership (limited to 200), particularly for people interested in set design, construction and painting, and back-stage work of all kinds. If you are interested in Unity Theatre's work, write to the Secretary, P.O. Box 2652, Wellington.

Theatre Club membership forms for next year may be obtained in the foyer, during the interval.



ET TU,
BRUCE

THEN
SO DIE
SIZAR!



RJH

... YET

S
IZAR

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~~NEW ZEALAND~~

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at last!