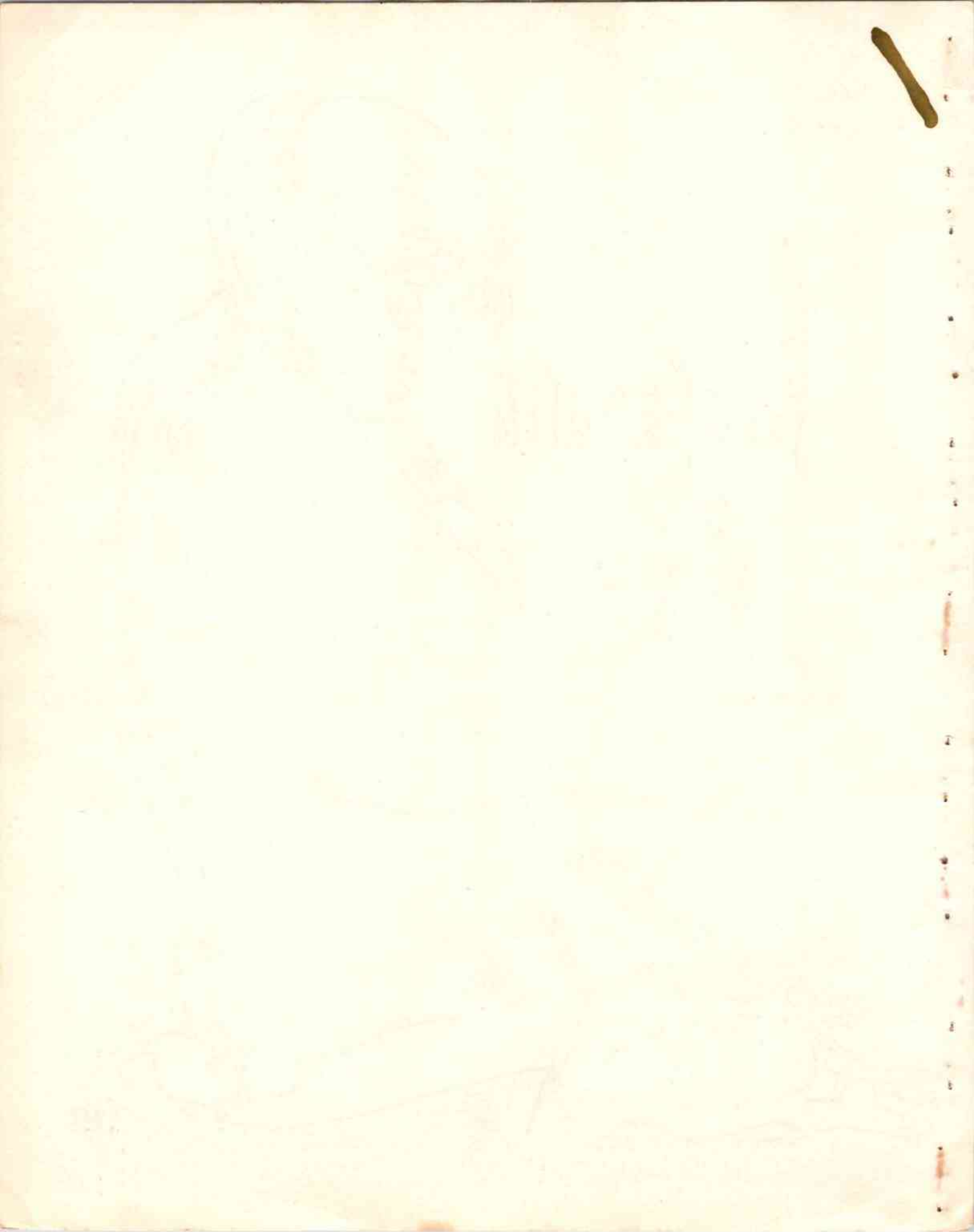


Parafanalia

No. 6.





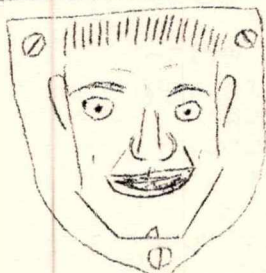
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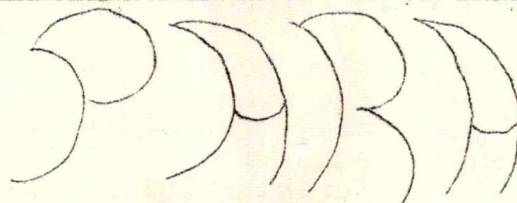
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 ..blame Bruce Burn for the rest.

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(editorial)

Phew! It's been quite a rush, publishing this - probably the last issue of paraFANalia. Seven weeks ago, when I cut the first few stencils, I thought I'd have plenty of time to publish my zine, but about a week ago, I found I still hadn't duplicated the thing. Which accounts for the rather ragged look about -FAN- 6. Y'see in exactly eleven days time, I will say my last goodbyes and trot off to Auckland, there to stay for another two days before leaving New Zealand to see the world. Not that I hold anything against Kiwiland. In fact, I'll prolly be back here within two to five years, because N.Z. is a country in which a bloke can feel reasonably free. Oh, there are many things wrong with the country, but basically, a man can't go wrong here. Plenty of jobs, pretty good pay, ;

a temperate climate, good beer, and lots of interesting people make the place eminently habitable.

But this is para, where I'm supposed to talk about what went wrong when I duplicated this issue. Well, surprisingly little did go wrong this time. About the only real trouble I had was in cutting the Atom drawings and cutting my own efforts onto pages 20 and 21. I'm very sorry that I had to illustrate those two pages myself, but I haven't time to cajole an artist into doing the work for me, and I did feel that the poem needed some doodling as a background.

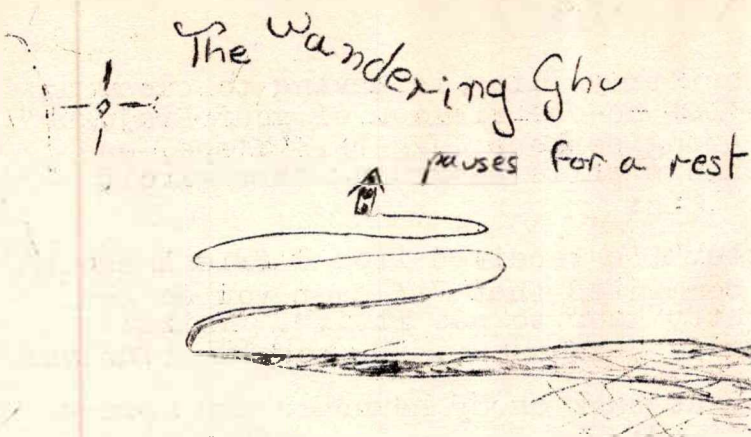
Of course, you all know that Robert A. Heinlein wrote THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH as an sf story concerning the tear-jerking heroism of a blind man called Rhysling. I've always felt that the verses of the poem included in the story should be completed and arranged into some coherent form. My attempt to do this may be seen in this issue. I'm afraid I've committed an unforgivable sin by not contacting either Heinlein or his agents for permission to use his words in the poem, but, since this is a non-profit-making magazine, I hope they'll forgive my error. What I've done, actually, is to combine the stanza Heinlein quoted from UP SHIP! with all the verses he wrote for THE GREEN HILLS OF EARTH, and also added a few verses of my own. With two of these verses, I used the line mentioned in the story ~~as~~ as the first lines of poetry. Now go on and read it. No prizes for guessing who wrote which verses.

Which is really about all I have to say about this issue of -FAN-, except of course, that I'm sorry it has to be the last issue. I've enjoyed publishing paraFANalia during the last 3½ years. I hope one or two readers have enjoyed it too. It's been an odd fanzine; and it's certainly lived up to its name. Paraphernalia. I'll say!

One more little comment. I've been and gone and written all my stuff directly onto the stencil again, so if you find the going to tough, just skip a few lines and then read on. Partly, I did this because I was short of time, but also partly because I'm so furshlugginer lazy that I just don't like writing my stuff, and then writing it a second time - onto a stencil. Which is about the only reason I'll be happy about this being the last issue (for a while, anyway) of paraFANalia. Y'see, now I'll be able to write my crud once, and then send it off to some poor struggling fan-ed for him to cut onto stencils. Hoo-haw!

Regards to y'all,

*Bruce*



...and while he pauses, he may just as well cut a few stencils and apologise to a few people for his failure to answer letters. He could also say sorry for not acknowledging one or two fanzines. And while he's in the mood he could also explain what's wrong with his typewriter.

Even if it isn't exactly his typewriter.

This machine has been in the family almost twenty years now. It's called a Naumann ERIKA. Apparently my father took it as loot from a German barge during the last war. Which was a pretty reasonable thing to do, since he was a war correspondent and needed a good portable typewriter. Anyway, he carried the Erika all round North Africa and the Mediterranean and eventually took it back with him to Blighty. In the words of Horace Gold, 'millions' of words have been written with the aid of this keyboard (pop's many articles and stories, and film-scripts, and even a book, DOWN RAMPS!)(and not forgetting my own modest little efforts; nearly all my fanac, and most of my letters and stories). Of course, not all of those millions of words were different. I mean, you can't help a little duplication can you?

Well, after such an eventful life, the faithful monster is a little worn. The baseboard has disintegrated, and the lever that moves the carriage is .. well, something's wrong. As you can see, the spaces between lines are not regular. And there's something wrong with the u key. Dunno why, but it sits down lower than the rest of the keys and I have to fish around for it sometimes. Darn! See what happens when I'm not looking? Oh, and the shift key sticks on the right. And the back spacer goes back two spaces instead of on. Sort of double-take, like.

There are some good things about it though. The odd german keys have been removed and some unusual new ones inserted. For instance I've got a \$, which is the upper case version of \*. And further along the top line are @, £, ' , and ` or ' . There are also the usual &, ", /, -, (, ), -, ¼ signs, plus a ¾. That's all on the top row, jammed in with the numerals 23456789. On row two we have qwertyuiop%, and the capital of % is %. Next row down continues the alphas, and adds in a somewhat overbearing manner, the signs :, ;, \$, and ¶. The last line has a speech all its own, saying "Zakarius Xmas Causes Very Bad Night Mares?!%½. This somewhat famous line also includes my accomplice, the ,.

The manufacturers, in case you want an Erika, too, are (or were) SEIDEL & NAUMANN, AKTIENGESELLSCHAFT, DRESDEN. China?

page two and a new tack.

One of the great things about travelling is having to clear up before you push off. In fact, "Let no-one rid you of your Projogue" should be made a Cardinal Rule among serious Joggers. Y'see, one often finds the most peculiar things while searching through old boxes and ancient letter files. Viz:

I'd just tossed away a letter I'd received from a friend about eight years ago, in which he'd commented that "if ever you do get your novel published, I'd be pretty keen to see it...". Yoiks! That certainly gave me something to puzzle out. My novel? I delved deeper into my boxes.

Some little while later, I sat back on my haunches and opened an old school exercise book, to find:

THE RULING CASTE  
(science fiction)

Chapter 1  
TAKE-OFF

The Monastery stood like a haughty duchess, holding all her supporters, servants, and even her creator in disdain. To John, standing on his favourite mound, looking at his brain child, it seemed that this glittering thing of metal and plastic was more of a twin brother than a machine. He saw in her all the love and beauty of faith, and he knew that if he would ever be won by any creature then this was it. For as John saw it, this metal monster was not just a machine but a pulsing, vibrant creation, striving to jump from the drawing board out into the heavens, vibrant and living.

To the left of the ship rose the steel and plastic dome of the Luna base....

I'll make no apologies for the inconcistancies of that, nor for the thickly melodramatic prose. Of course, John is the young but brilliant designer of a rocket ship - the Monastery - which is about to set off on the First Trip To Venus. And after a brief introduction to John, Peter (a sort of second-string hero), and a couple of other people (the Government, you know...), the space-ship takes off.

Chapter two opens with a line or two of poesy telling the reader (me) what a craazy universe we live in, the presents us with the astounding information that the only occupants of the ship are a quartet of monkeys:

"...you may ask. "Why on Earth were they sent?"  
The answer is quite simple, and when considered deeply is a most satisfactory method of working.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, rockets were sent into the Earth's stratosphere, carrying in them several mice and monkeys. The actual reason for this is that the scientists of those days wished to find out just what happened when a human body was exposed to the radiation and stresses of space travel, the rapidly approaching. The 2072 ((move over Heinlein)) space ship was flown for the same ends, partly, though to find out if the space ship itself were harmless.

And the ship proves harmless enough, and after evading a storm of magnetic iron particles, goes into orbit around Venus.

Quite suddenly bright turned to dark; hot to cold, and then to hot again as the friction of the air scraped against the hull of the Monastery. The ship cut through the thick, foggy air of Venus....

page three if you're still with me.

And that's all there is in the book. I must have tired of being a big-time writer for a while, because the next part of The Novel is type-written, and I can remember persuading a friend of mine to type it for me. I was then an older, maturer bundle of goshwow sense of wonder, and the style shows more down to earth, factual writing (influenced by ISLAND IN THE SKY perhaps?), but showing a horrifying tendency to stray off into fantastic detail. Anyway, the ship lands okay, and the chimps are let free, but of course they're pretty canny chimps and go on living around the ship. The Venusians (well, whaddaya expect, Adamski?) arrive, but make sure the monkeys ...that is, aliens don't see them. Instead, they take some movies of our representatives, surreptitiously record the grunts and squeals the space adventurers utter, and steal back to the capital city of Venus, called Y TICSSALG. All the scientists of the silver planet gather there, and a meeting is convened during Chapter three:

Honj was talking, and as usual, he held the main seat of judgment in a great carved seat made of Koa wood; so large that Honj appeared to be only a very small creature indeed, while he was rather on the large side for a Venusian.

"All right clark, call the meeting to order," he said.

The clark banged the huge gong on his left, and called in his squeaky voice: "Order, order!"

The assembly quietened when Honj stood.

"Gentlemen, we have all come to this hall in order to explore the happenings of the past few days." said Honj. "As most of you know, some strange creatures have recently arrived on our planet and it appears they have come here in a very friendly way. I have personally inspected the films and recordings which we have taken of these creatures, and see that they have no weapons, but I cannot decode their language. Because I cannot understand their language I have drawn this conclusion: They must be very far in advance of us in intelligence. You shall now see the films taken of the strangers."

The hall was darkened at his words and a picture of the rocket-ship appeared on the screen. Walking up to the rocket-ship was a monk, he entered the ship and a minute later reappeared with another monk. Here the film stopped to give everyone a look at the structure of a monkey.

"Notice the delicate hands and large heads!" cried Honj.

The film then re-started and cut over to a view of the mice, all of which were busy gnawing at a red vegetable about the size of a good lemon.

"Here you will notice that these creatures are using four legs for walking while the ones with brown coats use two for walking and the other two for holding, throwing, or balance."

The film stopped there, and once again Honj came to his feet.

"With us tonight, gentlemen, we have a very well known scientist of Generalities, Professor Reyrn. He will show something to you - in the way of a speech - something of our visitors."

There was a great amount of handclapping as Pro Reyrn came to the stage.

"Gentlemen, I thank you for the grand welcome you have given me tonight, and also I would like to say how glad I am to be here tonight." began Reyrn. "In fact I was enjoying myself, just listening to all the talk going on around me that I feel it is a pity to spoil your evening by giving a speech. But enough of this bantering. I came here to bore you all with a speech about these visitors. So

page four and still no improvement.

down to brass tacks.

"I believe that these creatures must have come from Earth, because we have traced its ((the rocket's)) course from Earth's moon and because we know that there is no original life on Earth's moon it is reasonable to assume that they did come from the Earth." Reyrn glanced down to a slip of paper in his hands for a second. "The language of these creatures is obviously very far in advance of our language in so far as they not only use their mouths for communication, but also apparently their hands and feet."

Ecchh!

Discussion follows Reyrn's speech, and the meeting eventually decides to leave the monkeys at peace. Meanwhile, back on Earth..

The four of them, John, Peter, Trindle (!), and McTavish, the engineer, climbed through the air-lock and up the ladder into the short corridor leading to the control room of the 'Hope'.

((This ship is bound for Venus too, natch, and Trindle - how he got there I don't know - is the language expert))

....The voice of the operator carried on, ticking off each tenth second. His pace quickened as he came to 10. And then he said zero.

The rockets flared, a crimson glory all of their own. The ship looked like a huge cigar as it left the ground. Its huge size made its start look slow, but inside the men could already feel the pressure of the acceleration. They felt as if they were being flattened out. As if a huge hand had reached out and was pushing against their chests and stomachs as they tried to breathe. One man, Trindle, passed out under the pressure...

Hah! Obviously as a kid I must have had some talent as a clairvoyant, or whatever.

After some byplay on the ship, the scene jumps back to Venus, where a rumour has been spread that an attempt to enter the space chip was going to be made. Honj, the great big bully, has talked Reyrn into entering the Monastery.

"Alright, I'll go through with it with you." said Reyrn to Honj. "You may take full control - but then you'll do just that anyway. Here's another objection though, we don't know their tongue and they don't know ours, so how shall we converse -- are they telepathic?"

"I thought you were a professor, Reyrn?" said Honj. "Or are you a child that I should have to explain everything to you? The Earthlings are, it is an accepted fact, extremely intelligent. Because of this they should be able to master our simple language in a few days. Now do you understand why it is perfectly alright for us to leave our own head quarters and try to enter their space ship?"

"Yes I see. But I still feel that we should wait a while."

(Meanwhile...)

"Okay, chaps, strap yourselves onto your bunks, take your pills - the green ones for deceleration - and prepare for a landing!" said John as he flipped over the automatic pilot switch.

"You're right, Peter," exclaimed Trindle, with a gulp and a grimace. "They do taste terrible. Ugh!" ((Heh heh heh.))



page five and a dramatic paragraph coming up.

"Oh, and by the way everybody," said John. If you see a monkey or two wandering around when we get down to the surface, don't get grey hairs because they'll probably be the test 'pilots'. We'll be landing fairly close to them."

John had to stop speaking then because the pressure of the deceleration built up such pressure against his body that it was as bad as the take-off.

(( And back on Venus... ))

"Where is Honj?" asked Reyrn of one of the guards of the field head-quarters. "I haven't seen him for some time."

"I have been instructed by Honj not to tell you where he is professor, and also to take you under arrest!" the guard replies, unclipping his hip-holster and bringing out the weapon it contained.

"And may I ask on what ground I am to be arrested?"

"On the grounds of treason!"

"What have I done to be arrested for treason?" asked Reyrn.

"That does not concern me. I am a soldier or war and am not concerned with reasons. I only worry about orders. Now, will you please come with me, quietly?" said the guard.

"Yes, I shall." There was a slight catch of menace in Reyrn's voice.

The guard led him to a small, empty, but clean room deep underground below the H.Q. Reyrn noticed that it had bars over the windows and a heavy bolt on the outside of the door.

"Then I am a prisoner?" Reyrn asked.

"You are a political danger," the guard commented.

"And this is to be my cell?"

"This is your room." corrected the guard.

The 'Hope' was almost at her journeys end. The landing area chosen by John was only about half-a-mile away from the Monastery, and sure as an acrobat the automatic pilot lead the monster there.

Professor Honj was only a short distance from the alien space ship when he heard the noise. At first it was a high pitched hum, then it became lower pitched. Then something whistled overhead, to land not more than two hundred yards away. There was at the same time another whistle to his left, but he saw nothing. Then, all of a sudden, he saw something that really shook him. At first he thought it was a giant meteor, then he realised it was another alien space-ship. He started to run, then realised that was hopeless. He dived flat on his face and tried to dig himself into the ground. He was still trying when he felt his skin begin to slide at the power of the radiation. He began to scream at the pain as his shoulders and back began to melt. Then the heat got him. It lifted him off the ground and threw him a score of feet. When he came down he was not screaming anymore.

The 'Hope' landed. 9

14 ((And so the baddy gets his. What a horrible thing for a 13 or year old boy to write. Says something for our society, perhaps.))

Well, folks, I hate to say it, but that's it. Oh, not the end of the story. Just as far as I went. During the years following, I re-wrote parts of it, and expanded the story somewhat, and even wrote an introduction to it along these lines:

"Man is mortal. His arms, legs, body, no matter how strong, upright, and subtle ((sorry, supple)) live and die with him.

still rambling and it's page six.

He's a peculiar creature: he can live in anything from an Ice-box to an oven; a mountain to a speliologists' hunting ground. He..etc.

and

"...from the earliest times two immortals have always fought. Id was supreme over Super Ego in the earliest days when only the marine creatures existed on the Earth, for Id controls the primitive instinct and behaviors in all sentient beings. Then Super Ego, in his eternal search through the cosmos came across a greater intelligence than either itself or the Id. This great intelligence...."

But the plot of the story is one of the many things I've forgotten. I remember that the monkeys were to be accepted by the Venusians as the Ruling Caste of Earth, and that the men in the 'Hope' were to be assumed to be their servants. After all, the later arrivals fed the monks and even carried them, and when the men worked, there was usually a monkey watching over them.

And then, of course, a party of Venusian delegates would be taken back to Earth (discuss trade, war or peace) and they would be horrified to see the planet being over-run by the slaves. Monkeys confined in cages!

I can't remember what was supposed to happen after that, although I have a feeling that the Earthmen (the stoopid Government clods) didn't know what was wrong until Venus declared war on Earth, and then it was John, of course, who realised what was wrong and with a lot of glib talk, told the Venusians that man had decended from the apes (uh?) and was striving to regain his former glorious existence by observing the surviving apes and learning from them. Something like that, I guess.

I think the yarn would have made a wonderful boy's paper serial. But that young school friend of mine will have to wait a long time before he'll see it in book form.

Hoo-haw. I took more time over that than I meant to, but perhaps you got a quiet chuckle out of it? I did.

One other odd item I fished out of one of my boxes is really way out. It's a comic strip, except that each picture is on a separate piece of paper, and it's all about the adventures of a somewhat comic fellow called Ivan The Imp.

It all began at a private school I attended back in England. The school's name was Pernovena, which is, I believe, Spanish or something for "nine days of prayer", and it was run by an unusual headmaster called Edward Grant. He was a Catholic and at one time stood against Miss Pat Hornesby-Smith in the Sidcup and Chislehurst by-election as a Labour candidate. Newcastle born, too. As I recall, he used to teach us history from the Encyclopedia Britannica. He claimed he knew as little history as the students (about 65 - between ages 5yrs and 17yrs), and that this way, he'd learn something too.


Anyway, Mr. Grant had a large family - nine children, last I heard - and one of his sons was Damion. Damion Grant; any of the Elsie Horde know him? And Damion and I made a terrible duo, because Damion was a doodler and I was a scribbler. Damion used to draw little faces and people, like Wooden Headed Sam, and (in the trad-

SPECIAL  
L.D.S.  
QUALITY

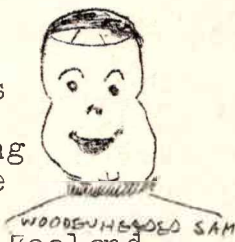
I'll run dry soon, so hang on.

(or English) spivs, examples of which appear somewhere 'bout time we had a few illos, hey?). They were all and Damion and I even went so far as to hand-write a top 'newspaper' called THE TITCH. (Only reason I remember the title is 'cos I always spelled it THE TICH, until corrected by Mr. Grant)

But the prize production was one that took the form of a comic strip called IVAN THE IMP. Ivan usually looked like this:



and his adventures entailed flying to the moon in an aero-plane, being chased by the Moonmen, killing the horrible Martians, being chased by the Moonmen, and.... Well, we never did work out an ending to the strip, but after I arrived in New Zealand, I crudely drew some pictures to show the Moonmen catching up to Ivan, and demanding his autograph because he was the first Earthman they'd ever seen.



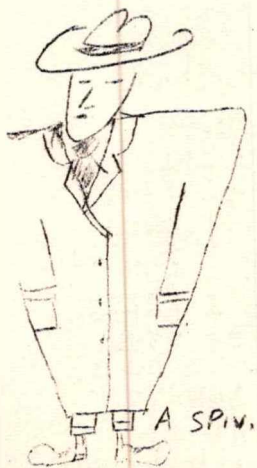
The whole point of the comic strip, I suppose, was that we did it during class; surreptitiously passing each separate piece of paper along a whole bench of other kids, with each kid adding his own giggle to the general merriment. Grand school, that.

Away back there at the start, I said I'd apologise to one or two people for failing to answer their letters or fanzines. I said that because this began as a letter substitute, but what with my deadline approaching so quickly and all, this is now (as I hope you are aware) the editorial rambling section of paraFANalia 6. Hope you're not all bored to death or anything, but if you are, think of others and go bury yourself someplace, huh?

And I guess this is the place to explain that I have no corflu, and that this is all being carved directly from my lamb-brain and being spread rather thinly upon the wax-paper of a Gestetner Stencil. In other words, I'm composing on stencil once again.

The other day, I recieved a copy of QUANTUM 7 from the industrious gentleman fan of Sydney, John Baxter. In the zine, John is taken to task by Peter Mabey for his claim that "A writer writes: a publisher presents to a buying public, and therefore has the right to edit as he thinks fit." (Please notice the liscence I've taken with the Speer-quotemarks; as I use them it means I've paraphrased) John excuses his statement by saying that 'writing is a profession, and the artistic quality of any work is accidental only.' Me, I'd say that writing is a trade, like cameo-work and cabinet-making, but, when one is not concerned with making a living with writing, as with fanpubbers, then the opportunity is there to write artistically. 'Art' meaning 'to illustrate life'. (Yes, that includes making anti-H-bomb speeches and writing on lavatory walls). There's the opportunity. Take it if you will.

QUANTUM shows great signs of becoming a very



page eight, and more to come.

interesting fanzine. Focal point, anyone?

(And you can get QUANTUM from John Baxter, 29 Gordon Road, Bowral, New South Wales, Australia.)

Another fanzine I read recently was HABBAKUK, from Bill Donaho. Everybody in the zine was arguing about How To Define a Beatnik. Some said a beatnik is one who don't shave, never, never, never. Some said if you do shave and use a chloropyllised toothpaste, but still grow your hair long, then too you are a beatnik.

Pardon me, I'm a few thousand miles away from the Land of the Beat Generation, and my opinions may be old-hat or, worse, nonsense, but surely a beatnik is one who is Beat? And to be Beat means to be un-affected by worldly affairs; to be non-involved. Or am I still back in the days of John Clellon Holmes?

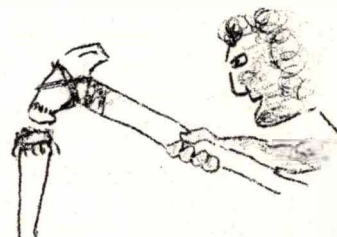
Anyway, it's the attitude of non-involvement which I have always felt is the big attraction (like the 'glass tit' of a T.V. tube, to quote someone else. Rich Brown? Ler Gerber? Anyway, someone who's a Yankee fan) of the beatniks; it's this which has made me feel cool towards the North Shore mob and very sorry for them. I've always felt more of a kinship with the Angry Young Man ideal of total involvement. I mean, the AYM may "assume all the postures of rebellion while sitting in (their) scruffy little coffee bars", but at least they seem to recognise that there is a world outside of those murkey, cafein-stained, battlegrounds.

Other fmz to lie exhausted in the Burn letter box were:  
HYPHENS 23 and 24, from Walter A. Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Road, Belfast 4, Northern Ireland. Fascinating! Thoughtful, but always a touch of wry humour. St. Patrick's cover too, as usual.  
SKYRACKS from Ron Bennett, 7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorkshire, England. When I get to England, this is one zine I'll happily pay 6d.-a-time for.  
UR 7, from Ellis Mills, P.O. Box 84, Lowry AFB Station, Denver 30, Colorado, USA. As Mervyn Barrett said, Ellis must be a genius or something. Each issue of UR contains something NEW.  
ROT 4, from Mal Ashworth, 14 Westgate, Eccleshill, Bradford 2, England. Another fascinating fanzine, with amusing material that is also interesting. Quality, man.  
TRIODE 17, from Eric Bentcliffe and Terry Jeeves, and Urk's address is 47 Alldis Street, Great Moor, Stockport, Cheshire, England. This issue isn't as good as past TRIODES, but it's still worth getting. If anybody has the copies of TRIODE containing THE FUTURE HISTORY OF FANDOM, they could earn some money by selling them to me at an exorbitant price.  
SPECULATIVE REVIEW Volume 2, Number 2, from Richard H. Eney, 417 Fort Hunt Road, Alexandria, Virginia, USA. Not quite my line, but it's a very interesting review-zine, covering as much current sf and fantasy as possible.  
PLEIADES PIMPLES, from Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Illinois, USA. This is a letter-substitute, exchange fanzine; though I can't remember writing to Hoy Ping Pong. Hey, man, why'd I get this? I mean, it's fascinating reading all about how to make money, even when you do make it sound like such hard work, and I'll like to hear more. Like, adapting to tevee, and how often do you go to New York for lunch?

Enough of the Wandering Ghu. Read my fanzine and enjoy yourself.

Here's an interesting little excerpt from a letter written by a local fan. I've met Cav only twice, but he always sends a letter of comment on paraFANalia, and once he offered to duplicate some of it for me. He even offered to write some sf for me. But I've never taken him up on the offeres. Main trouble is that when I first me Cav, I was just entering into that part of my life described in paraFANalia 4, and I just never bothered much to get to know the bloke. However, I feel Cav is somebody worth listening to, and it'd be a good idea if he could be dragged into the first rank of Kiwifannish Publishing Jiants. Apart from one or two letters, this is his first appearance in a fanzine (though I believe Roger Horwicks has a story by him lined up for an issue of KIWIFAN). Read on.

Cav Nichol on...



## PRE-HISTORIC S/F

I've read many hundreds of sf yarns since 1930, and I'm beginning to wonder whether the storied printed over the last decade or so have the same qualities which the earlier stories possessed or whether my literary appraisal has been stultified by too much repetition which must inevitably occur in a field of comparative restriction. In other words, has the novelty of sf been wearing off over the years? Let's go back about thirty years and see how the science fiction field was in the late twenties and early thirties.

AMAZINE STORIES started in 1926 (I think). It was the first magazine of its kind, but it was not alone in this field for long. ASTOUNDING and WONDER STORIES followed soon after. These were the only three magazines (to my knowledge) which catered for the sf enthusiast in the early thirties. As far as I am aware, there were no other books, magazines or annuals dealing with sf, except for the Quarterlies issued by AMAZING and the established works of Jules Verne, H.G.Wells, Olaf Stapledon and one or two authors whose names I now forget.

Hence, it will be realised how keen a small know to youngsters were in trying to beg, borrow, or steal copies of these magazines. We did buy most of them, of course, but mainly as second-hand, as a new copy of AMAZIND in 1932-34 cost 2/-. This may seem a paltry sum today, but with the country deep in a Depression, with many thousands out of work and with youngsters lucky to be in a job at ten shillings per week, 2/- for a magazine was a big hole out of the pay packet. Very few people in those days could afford to read science fiction -- even if they had heard of it! The Big Three sold at 20¢ during this time. WONDER brought its price down to 15¢ to try and encourage sales, but if the dearth of sf in the second-hand shops was any indication, sales in Wellington had hit rock bottom. The local chain?

stores sold WONDER and ASTOUNDING, but there didn't seem to be a great number of folk who were bitten by the sf bug. As I have said, the new issues were costly, and to add to our difficulty copies appearing in second-hand shops were few and far between.

Looking back on those days, I think now that, though there was no quantity, there was plenty of quality. The illoes in those magazines were beautifully executed, especially outstanding being the fine penmanship of Paul in WONDER. His human drawings were rather stilted, but his architectural, engineering and space-ship work left me astonished by its imagination and meticulous detail. Leo Morey of AMAZINE did excellent work at first, but this later deteriorated to a mess of heavy black lines and mass. Wesso, of ASTOUNDING was the equal, if not the superior, of Paul, with startling imagination and first class cover and black and white work. When one looks at most of the so-called art in present day sf books it looks like the dabbings of first year children when compared with the artistry of Wesso and Paul. I feel a deep regret when viewing the slap-dash work of present day artists. I am certain that opportunities for first-grade penmanship must be present just as much now as in the past, but the artists appear to couldn't care less so long as their work is accepted.

Stories in those days were, to me, fresh and original. Few authors attempted to make their characters do the absolutely impossible. Space opera was confined, in the main, to the moon and the Solar System. There were no 'space jumps' or 'warps', and the subsequent stories which did introduce interstellar travel relied upon faster-than-light ships to reach Sirius, Alpha Centauri and other comparatively near stars. What do we get today? Characters are hitting star systems never before heard of in our astronomical studies, eg. "Xavier Gocart swund in to orbit on Crantzor 3" or "Kapok gazed upwards at the sun or Ergotz, blazing from a black sky 500,000 light years away from his home planet, Earth." Authors are going further and further afield in their attempts to open up fresh areas, some even going outside the Galaxy in quoting 500,000 light years, despite the alleged fact that the Galaxy is supposed to be about 300,000 light years in diameter by 60,000 light years thick! Surely this is a large enough area to play about in without their characters suffering from claustrophobia? Even as boys, we used to snigger at yarns using ftl travel, but what authors are doing nowadays with their heroes is beyond all comprehension and possibility -- ever!

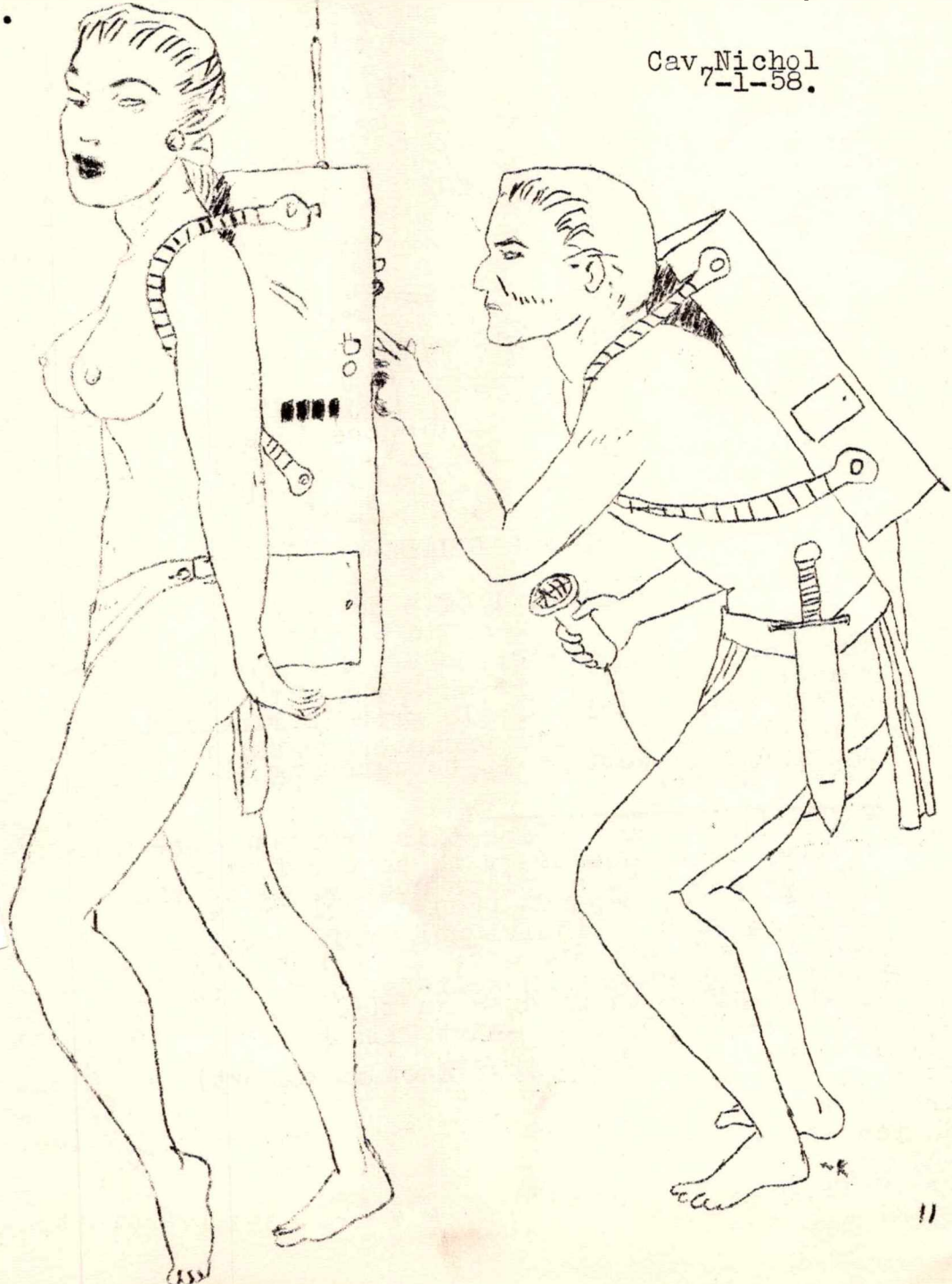
In the earlier days of sf space opera was extensively featured, but fine stories of amazing creations, biology, famine and plague pestilence, moon crashing on Earth, second deluge, invasion by aliens, Earth blowing up, another ice age, germ warfare, atmosphere, sea and water pollution, and time travel were prominent, most plausibly written and most of them within the realm of possibility if not probability. "The Metal Doom" by Dr. Keller, concerning a strange malady affecting all metals on Earth, causing them to crumble to dust, was one story which particularly impressed me with its plausibility.

Many of today's readers will find names like Lovecraft, 13

Hamilton, E.E. Smith, Merrill, Schuyler Miller, Williamson, Neil R. Jones, Leinster, Coblenz, Weinbaum, E. and O. Binder, to name but a few, particularly strange. They were first class men in their field, men whose yarns were vitally fresh and original.

Today, there is so much sf available that it is very difficult to sift the wheat from the chaff when perusing books for sale. So many inferior authors go under nom-de-plumes that one is not certain about a story's quality (or otherwise) until it is read. Perhaps I am getting too old, but I yearn for the days when a magazine could be picked up without the slightest doubt as to its contents. How often are such books encountered now? This is one question to which I think I already know the answer.

Cav, Nichol  
7-1-58.



CAT  
MEMORANDUM



JUDO FOR LADIES

.Lesson No. 1 of a Series

The lady, being accosted by a low type, raises her right foot\* and grasps the cad by the nose. This simple grip is rendered more effective by its unexpectedness; the assailant is certain to be watching the lady's hands.

\*In order to accomplish this grip successfully, it is necessary to be barefooted. The question of complete nudity, as in the model above, depends upon a variety of factors such as individual preference, local laws, climate etc. I do not feel that a department on self-defense is the proper place to discuss nudity.

--Art Wilson

(Our Eastern Expert)



THE ADVENTURES OF AM PUBBER

part two.

of

The

MAGIC

STYLUS.

Carefully, Am placed his tankard on the bench alongside of him and stood up to look eye-to-eye at Joe. He spaced his words carefully, and each space was filled with menace as he said softly, "What makes you think that?"

There was a pause that might have stretched to eternity, and then Joe clapped a hand on Am's shoulder, and chuckled deep in his chest.

"Don't be offended, noble prince. Sit down, and I'll explain it all to you."

The two of them moved to a more secluded corner of the pub, away from the once again boisterous regular crowd.

"You see, sir, I really am Geei Jow, and I did fight at the Alamo -- in a way..."

"But I thought that was all a myth -- a legend built up through the ages...? And you don't look terribly old, Jow..."

"Prince, I am not much over four decades old -- and yet I am a centarian several times over... You may look puzzled, you are not the first to feel that way. But this is the truth: a very long time ago in the history of this world, back in a time when the lands -- then called nations -- were divided by rivers and mountains, and sometimes simply by a line drawn on a piece of paper, instead of the different interests, abilities, and Ways of Life that we all respect today, a great battle was fought at a legendary castle called The Alamo. This, the most bloody of all battles, stirred men's hearts. But the full effect of the battle was not felt until some time had passed. Then a great poet of that later, inspired age came to hear of the battle, and wrote some verse in memory of it...."

"No laughing girl sets my head in a whirl  
With hints both sweet and low;  
She can't beguile me with a smile...  
I remember the Alamo...."

"Eventually, this prosy caused a great stir among the

people of the world, and they decided to allow each other individual freedom -- for that was the cause of the Battle at Alamo."

For the first time, Am Pubber spoke to interrupt his informant. "That's all very interest, Jow, but I don't want to hear new versions of old legends just now, thanks. What I want to know is how do you fit into things?"

The giant looked peeved. "My dear prince, this is no legend, this is the history of the world we live in. As I have heard it from my sire, and as he heard it from his father. My place in the history is quite simple. I'm the son of the son of the son of the.... Gestetner knows how far it goes back! But the first of my line was a son of one of the main participants in the Battle.

"This odd headgear I wear is my line's mark. They say this very piece of fur was worn by every direct descendent since our great pioneer ancestor began the family.. Each father has passed the skin on to his eldest son, together with the true story behind the legend. I'm the lates in the family line."

Jow suddenly stood up and raised his right forearm in a salute. "We regard ourselves as champions of our present free Way of Life; basing our outlooks upon that of the illustrious poet who wrote the words: 'I Remember the Alamo!'"

He sat down again and emptied his tankard. Am stared at him with some degree of awe in his eyes, then leaned forward and asked, "And why are you now in Subberland?"

Jow looked at Am shrewdly. "For the same reason you're here, sir." he replied. "I too know trouble is brewing here, and the Magic Stylus will be the brew's main ingredient!"

§  
end of part 2

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The lines of poetry quoted on the previous page were lifted from the poem REMEMBER THE ALAMO by Eric S. Needham, as published by Harry Turner in his fanzine NOW AND THEN Number 5.

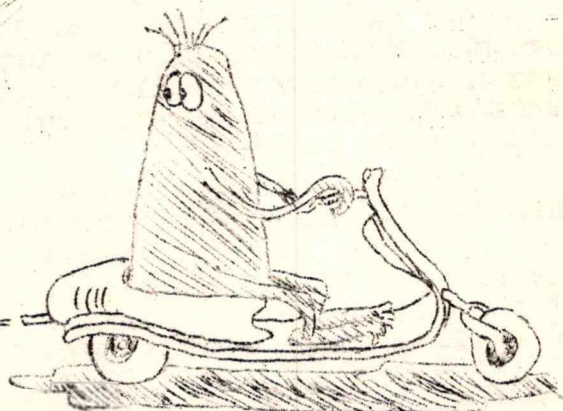
§  
Footnote: I had great plans once of making THE MAGIC STYLUS a serial in paraFAN alia, but since this might well be the last issue of paraFAN alia, those plans have fallen flat on their aspirations. If you'd like to read further of Am Pubber and his dealings with Sir Con, Tru Fanne, Geei Jow, Klubb Fan, and, natch, the Magic Stylus itself, mention it next time you write to me. Then, if enough fen say they want more, I'll get down and write the rest of it (and re-work the two fragments so far published) and somehow publish it in one piece. Actually, I just might go ahead and finish the thing just fo distribute within OMPA.  
Comments?

FAN

(lettercol)

LEN MOFFATT:

Letter from Roger awhile back said he was giving you my crazy mixed up 'poem', and sure enough, here it is in paraFANalia No. 5. But Rog did say he was planning to continue KIWIFAN --so I hope he has degafiated by now! Especially since I liked his piece best in -FAN- 5. DO NOT PERMIT HIM TO GAFIATE!



Atom.

John Baxter makes a day in the life of an Aussiefan sound more interesting than I would have suspected. Fairly amusing write-up. The take off on poetry bit was cute, although some of the other attempts at humor/exaggeration were a bit strained. Not enough illos this time -- and not enough stuff by-lined. B. Burn! ATom and WR are always amusing, and let's have more, more from Lynette.

And if there is anything you can do to improve the repro -- do it.

I plan to attend LASFS this week for a special meeting. Lecture and slides on "Mars Revisited". Hope the attendance is as astronomical as the subject. Anna and I will drive down, and hope to pick up Mike Hinge, if he's free that evening. We took Mike down to Palm Springs a few weeks ago, to breath fresh (if hot) desert air, and photograph the wonders of nature, etc. Mike took lots of pics -- of buildings, flowers (close ups of wee buds yet!), and so on. For his graphics file, I think he said. Mike rarely photographs people. His artist's eye is always seeking out the unusual, and I guess people aren't unusual enough for him. He's taken hundreds of fotos since his arrival here, and a good many of them are works of art in themselves. Methinx he should double in brass as a commercial photographer as well as a commercial artist.

Forry informed me a week or so ago that one of my stories is going to be reprinted in France. The mag is SATELLITE (not the defunct USA mag.), and the story is "The Cargo", which originally appeared in ORBIT (another defunct American mag). So now I will have been translated into French, Spanish (Mexican stfmag), and Australian! Odd thing is that Anna has been studying French for the past several weeks, having no idea that mon ami Ackerman was negotiating the deal. The French stf mag is buying about 14 stories (reprint rights, that is) by various American writers (van Vogt, Asimov, Williamson, ljm...) I is (perhaps not so quietly) proud... Of course we have no idea when it will be published -- or how much m\_\_\_y I'll get. But think of the glory.

ROGER HORROCKS:

Para 5 was very enjoyable, and I was amazed how quick you were in getting it out. ¶So was I!¶ Another issue soon and you'll be the most regular fantipodean fan publisher. In fact -- is it only a coincidence that the front cover says 'paraFANalia 5' and the back cover, 'paraFANalia 4'? Or could it be, Bruce, that you've actually equalled the exploits of the scientific-fictional young lady Miss Bright -- and have published a fanzine faster than light?!!

"There was a young faned named Burn,  
Whose duper like light he could turn,  
He dupered his mag,  
As a relative gag,  
And then cut all the stencils in turn."

Please pass on my thanks to the numerous people who've sent me get-well-soon cards over the last couple of weeks. The Hockshop is now completely immersed under a sea of mail.

(18 Hazelmere Ave., Auckland SW1, NZ)

PETER FRANCIS SKEBERDIS:

Finally received a copy of paraFANalia after... let's see... must be about 2½ - 3 years on waiting list. Haven't read it as yet due to the fact that it just arrived. Please note new address  
(PO Box 21, Big Rapids, Michigan, USA)

JOHN BAXTER:

My very dearest Bruce,  
Friend! Amigo! Muchacha! Colleague! Fellow fanpubber!  
Fan of the most high and exalted rank! All hail, O most generous and kind of all men. Hail! Ole! and so on. By jove, you are without doubt the best of all ghood men. Truly a giant of fandom. A man of whom it can fairly be said "Eccch!". To send me all those illos - what a gesture, what a sign of true greatness. How shall I ever repay you? With money? What are you saying, Bruce bhoy? Surely you aren't serious. How can one place a value on Atom's art? Should I give you all that I possess, and throw in the Angel for luck, how could it repay you for your kindness in aiding a poor fellow-pubber in his hour of direst need? Nay. Better I should cast myself into a pit of whirring Gestetners than sully this fair transaction with the taint of crass commercialism.  
Besides I'm busted.

¶That all means that I've sent John most of the past few year's accumulation of artwork. He needs it for QUANTUM; I can't use it now. And it also explains why this issue of -FAN- is such a mass of type.¶

Lately, everybody seems to have a different idea on what should be the aim of a fanzine, especially one with the wet-behind-the-ear-ness of QUANTUM. GBStone (now doing a Uni Arts course so he can be promoted from bookboy at the public library) says that it should be solid, sercon and you know Stone, Alan Dodd says it should reflect the personality of the editor, as you do, but that there should be a direction to it, a sort of purpose. Dave Cohen thinks it should have news, ads, and trading posts. So does Roger Dard, though he plumps also for reviews of the current sf material. Bob Smith would like a liesurely review of

fandom, with less disputation and more introspection. Who to listen to?

TA tricky problem. Me? I like fanzines that are a bit of a hodge-podge. Which is why I started paraFANalia in the first place. Somehow, I felt that sf and fandom wouldn't be interesting for a magazine; you'd soon grow tired of esotericism; you'd want a change every now and again. So \* -FAN-, a fanzine that changes its policy with each issue. Sometimes a little serious, other-times downright stupid. A bit of gossip; lots of humour(?); personalities. That's how I like fanzines to be. See also my comments in THE WANDERING Ghu re. QUANTUM.

Is Horrocks still gafiating? Seems a shame to lose such a valuable talent to the forces of conformity, but twas ever thus. What's he doing now, anyway? ¶Working hard at University¶ There is this sort of 'new movement' over here in Sydney-fandom. But the trend seems to be towards the sercon rather than the fannish. However, it could succeed, with single-minded oldsters like Doug Nicholson and Pat Burke backing it up. I gather that Doug is organising meetings at his home, and attendances are increasing monthly, but, knowing Sydney fandom of old, I'm doubtful if anything really constructive will come of it in the long run, because there is still a great deal of ill-feeling just below the surface, even after all these years. This slinging mud at fannishness is all very well, but these blokes would do well to remember that Actifandom as a whole has had less feuds in its history than has the small world of Aussiefandom in a few short years. At least we are still going strong, while these sercon guys have been active, non-active, active and so on ever since 1950, when the revival was on.

About the current fuss over quoting letters. I say help yourself; if there's anything I don't want to get around, I'll certainly tell you, but I think the best way not to let something get around is not to write about it. Did you see all that guff in the last ORION about DNQ, INM, and INP? Talk about a storm in a teacup (cyclone in a saucer. Fission in a flagon?)

(29 Gordon Rd., Bowral, N.S.W., Australia)

CAV NICHOL:

...sorry to learn that Snorrocks has gafiated, but bad. I have been in correspondence with him for about a year (sporadically) and have gained the impression that he is quite a nice type of guy, with wonderful ideas, with so little time in which to carry them out; eg. last year he was going to publish KIWIFAN 10, publish a JAZZ Magazine, and publish a SCIENCE FICTION STORY Magazine. I said at the time that I marvelled at his energy and wondered how on earth he could do all those things in a short space of time. Now I know! He couldn't!

.....So everybody in Wellington, except Merv. Barrett has gafiated, or is about to gafiate. Richard Paris has gafiated too, apparently. ¶More yet: he's gotten engaged!¶ Well, that is to be expected, of course, as one gets older. Running a magazine during the late teens is so much fun, isn't it? But howirksome the mag gets when other, more important things look up, so that no further time can be found to run the old brain-child of the youthful. So active fandom in Wellington (and 17

Auckland) has virtually ceased - the cycle has almost fully turned again. Maybe, in 1965, another know of keen fen will get out the "first fan mag to be published in Wellington", not knowing that others had beaten them to it, way back in 1954, 1955 etc. (when FOCUS and KIWIFAN started, I think). Then these 1965 boys will gafiate (grow tired of pubbing) and a new knot of fen will start up again later - and so on. It's the same old story.

(37 Rodrigo Rd., Kilbirnie, Wellington E3)

MIKE HINGE:

I went with the Moffatts last year: up the coast we stopped at a fishbate come grocery-sunglass-refreshment deal with a big coke sign up front. Bhooy, did I bug! "Hey maan, sell me a coke maan, like it's cool dad 'n' you're a wizz on fizz. Like, snap the cap, sap!" "Huh?" "...let's get with the flow in glassville..." "Huh?" "Coca Cola you idiot!" (Icebox in obvious evidence) "SORRY WE DON'T SELL THAT SORT OF FISHBATE." I tried once more and passed out the doors. Moffatts see me coming out shaking my shoulders like lost. "Where the refreshments, sport?" "Look, don't sell it." says I pointing at all the signs; FISHBATE indeed. Biggest fish story I ever heard.

Where are Lynette's illos in paraFANalia?

¶A real, honest-to-goodness original Lynette Vondruska drawing reposes on the bottom right, maaaaan.¶

(533 S. Harvard Blvd., L.A. 5, Calif.. USA)

ART WILSON:

...paraFANalia 5 was superior to No. 4. Best effort was John Baxter's THING OF SEVERAL PAGES. Now why can't he come on humerous like that in his own QUANTUM? Next best was WHEN I WAS A BNF. Followed by NOT WITH A ....., and the WANDERING GHU brings up the read this time. It's too sad. Gafia saddens me. I don't find any art credits thish, but seem to recognise the works of Atom, Rotsler, Horrocks, Bourne, and Lynette. Please do use a firmer hand when tracing these goodies; you do them no credit when they come through like dim and pale.

Thanks muchly for SIZAR 3, which gives me a large wad of egoboo. I see you edited the foornotes out of it. Some of them were probably in poor taste, but tinned American beer is like ugh! you know. There is no other way to explain it. Whilst on the subject

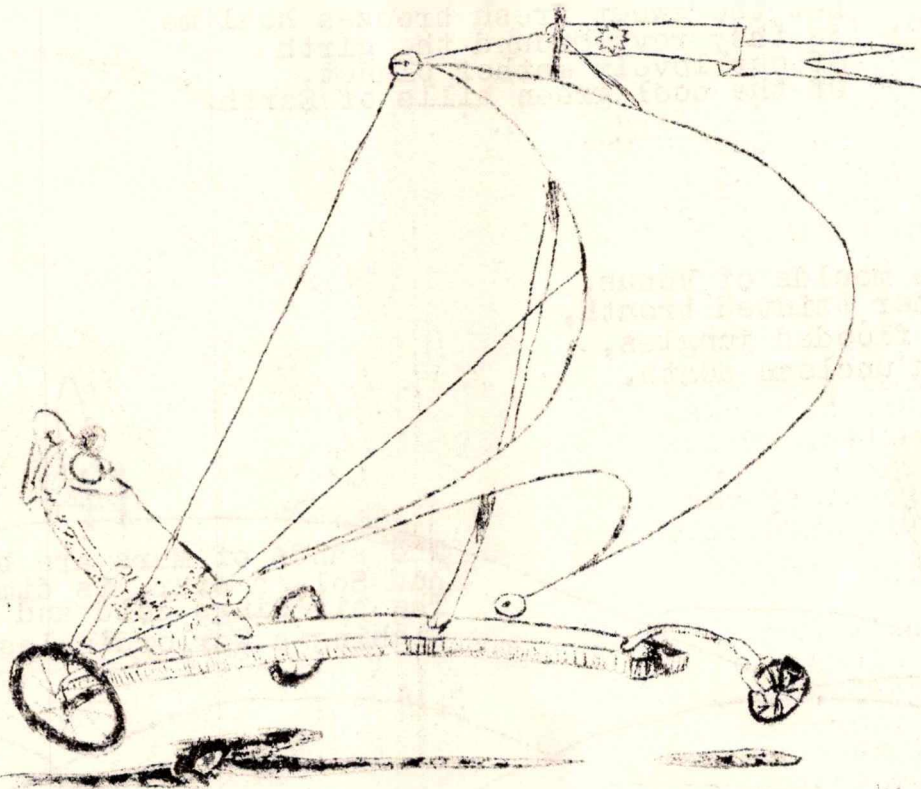


of America, I'm supposed to go there on home leave like this June, but perish forbid the thought of staying there permanently. For one thing, I can't afford the outlandish price of haircuts there, so usually cut my stay to three weeks, spending the rest of the holiday (they give us three months every three years) in blissful torpor in beloved Hong Kong. This year might be a bit different - the two-odd months in Hong Kong might be spent in a burst of fanaticism if I get some co-operation. I mean, if another fan makes the Hong Kong scene this summer.

¶Now everybody will have to get hold of a copy of FOCUS 8, published by Mervyn Barrett of 8 Doctors Commons, Wellington c3, NZ. Y'see, Mervyn leaves for Hong Kong about a week after I leave for England. I guess you'll have to contact Mervyn through Art or something until he gets an address in Hong Kong. And I would urge you to write him; he's bound to produce what should be a fabulous Hong Con Report.¶

(c/o CAT, Kaitak Airport, Kowloon, Hong Kong)

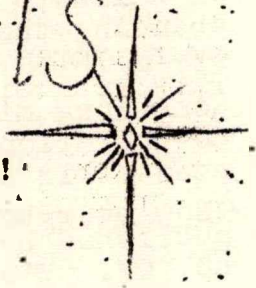
THAT'S ALL, except for one or two letters that wouldn't fit in here. The letter column grows smaller with each issue, and for a good reason. When duplicating paraFANalia, I set an upper limit in the number of copies of 80 (sometimes 70+). This usually results in between 70 and 75 readable copies. 50 of them go straight to OMPA, the rest to people I like. Or, on occasions, to people I hate. Like Edgar Bates.



ADM

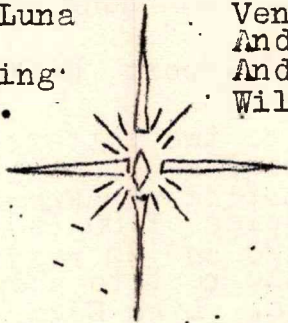
# the Green Hills

The arching sky is calling  
Spacemen back to their trade,  
ALL HANDS! STAND BY! FREE FALLING!  
And the lights below us fade.  
Out ride the sons of Terra,  
Far drives the thundering jet,  
Up leaps the race of Earthmen,  
Out, far, and onward yet---

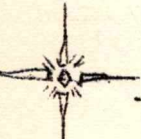


The harsh bright dust of Luna  
Drew us far from home;  
It gave us our first longing  
To leave our sod and loam.

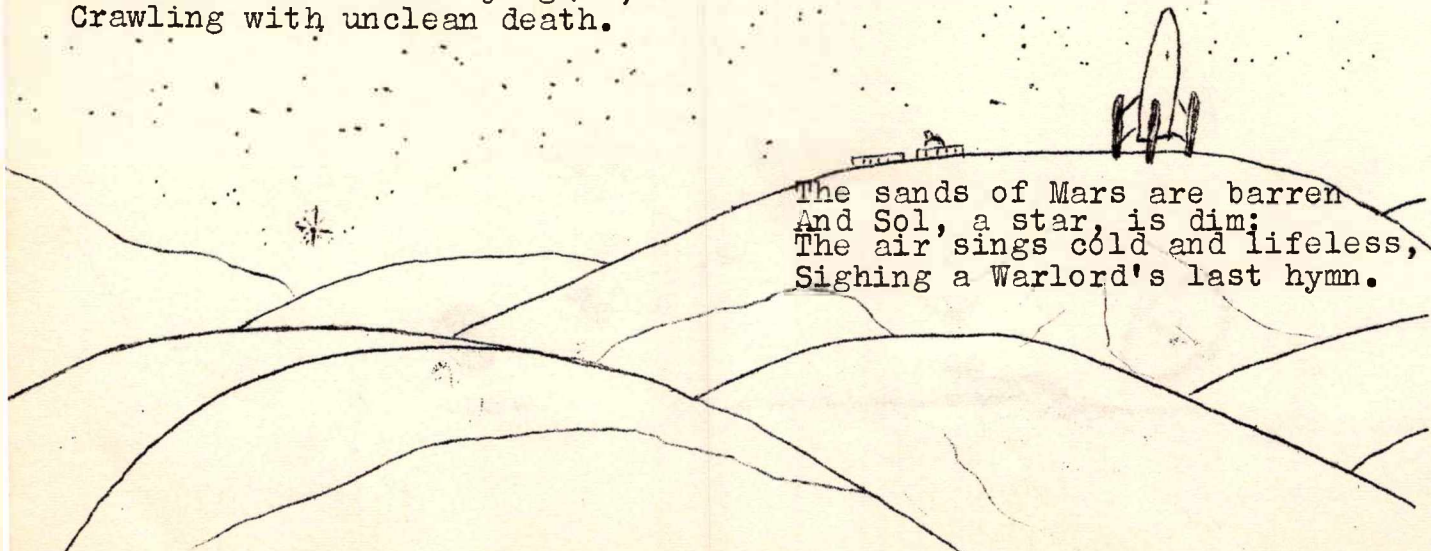
Venus to us beckoned,  
And beckoned too did Mars;  
And soon their steady beaming  
Will call us to the Stars.



Let the sweet fresh breezes heal me  
As they rove around the girth.  
Of our lovely mother planet,  
Of the cool green hills of Earth.



We rot in the moulds of Venus,  
We retch at her tainted breath,  
Foul are her flooded jungles,  
Crawling with unclean death.

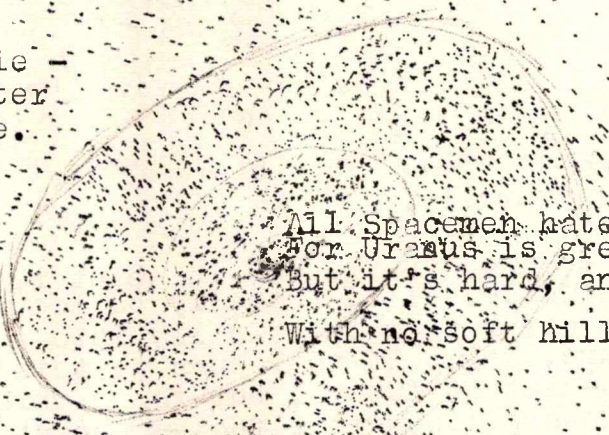


The sands of Mars are barren  
And Sol, a star, is dim;  
The air sings cold and lifeless,  
Sighing a Warlord's last hymn.



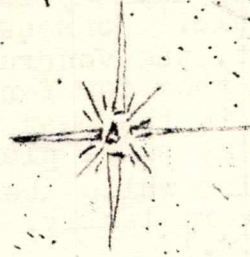
# of EARTH

Saturn's saintly haloes  
Soon proved a hellish lie -  
And near on mighty Jupiter  
Our comrades lay and die.




All Spacemen hate Uranus,  
For Uranus is green, like Earth;  
But it's hard, and frozen, and  
dead,  
With no soft hills like Earth.

We've tried each spinning space mote  
And reckoned its true worth:  
Take us back again to the homes of men  
On the cool green hills of Earth.


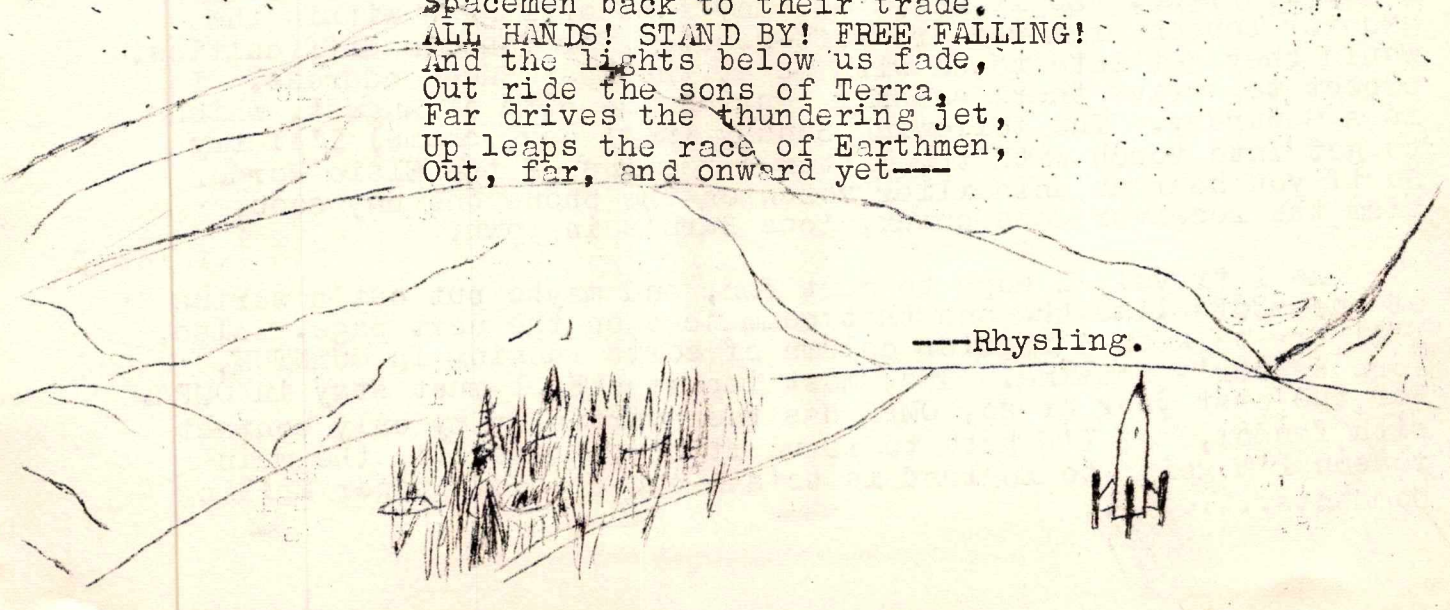


We pray for one last landing  
On the globe that gave us birth;  
Let us rest our eyes on fleecy skies  
And the cool green hills of Earth.



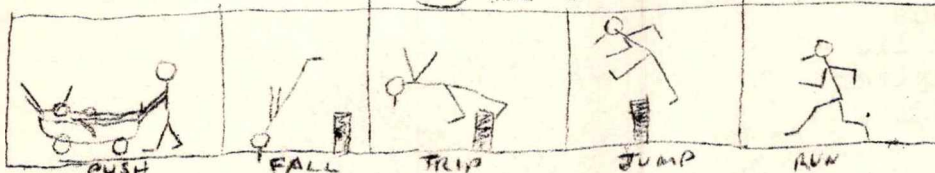
The arching sky is calling  
Spacemen back to their trade.  
ALL HANDS! STAND BY! FREE FALLING!  
And the lights below us fade,  
Out ride the sons of Terra,  
Far drives the thundering jet,  
Up leaps the race of Earthmen,  
Out, far, and onward yet---

---Rhysling.



# THE WANDERING GHU....

## BEGINS



...to wander, naturally.

OMPA NOTICE:

Para FANalia #6 from  
BILGE BURNING TEMPLE SHEEN  
ROAD, EAST SHEEN, LONDON  
S.W. 14 FOR THE SEPTEMBER,  
1960 MAILING of the OFF-  
TRAILS MAGAZINE PUBLISH-  
ERS ASSOCIATION,  
"NO ASTRA PY HORROR" B.

Fact is, I leave the country in about ten days time. Just think of that awhile. I'll actually be leaving a very comfortable life; charging off rather erratically into a completely unknown future. Oh sure, I intend to return to this little place sometime in the not-too-distant future, but for a while I'm gonna be a-travellin'. Sounds like great fun -- except that I'll have to work as I wander, which is what you might expect on a working holiday, I guess.

One other thing you might expect on a working holiday is having to travel with as little baggage as possible. Consequently, I'll have to leave my duplicator behind. In fact, the Vondruskas will prolly take care of it for me (gotta regain them for fandom somehow) until I return, producing many fanzines in the mean time I hope. I will however, keep my trusty typer by my side, plus a few sheets of paper just in case I feel all fannish while aboard ship. (Okay, cut the laughter: I know it's not very likely, but I just might feel like writing while on the briney.)

Anyway, what all this is leading to is a typical diabolical Burn-type bludge. Y'see, without a duper I'll be cut off from fandom, especially OMPA (no cheers, thank you very much), and this I do not like. So if there are any fans or fannes within the greater London area who are soft-hearted for fans in difficulties, would they get into touch with me at the East Sheen address? I expect to arrive there sometime during the 27th of August, which is a Saturday. The following Sunday (nex' day, chums) I'll try to get into touch with the littered remains of the Elsie Horde. So if you hear an unfamiliar voice on the phone one day soon, slam the receiver down quick, 'cos Burn's in town.

As I travel, I hope to meet fen, and maybe put out a series of one-shots like the one that commences on the next page. Also, I'll try to keep a regular column of sorts running in QUANTUM, John Baxter's fanzine. And, most important, I must stay in OMPA. For the past year or so, OMPA has been virtually my only contact with fandom, and I'd hate to leave it now. After all, the main reason I'm going to England is so's I can do some proper Mailing Comments.....

One day, about a year or so ago, I was sitting at my desk, writing some nonsense or other to some faned or other. No, come to think of it, I'd just finished writing, and was sitting back thinking what fun it is just to bash the old typewriter and then squeeze a one-shot from the duper.

Hoo bhooy... just a few days before, I'd published an issue of paraFANalia. What fun! And there had been that publishing session a few weeks before that, like crazy! There'd been this party, see, and I'd cut out with a few friends and returned to the fan-room to turn out a fanzine that was then about a year overdue. When we'd finished I had fifty copies of the only fanzine ever printed on the backs of beer-bottle labels. Crazy.

Then there was the club meeting we had the other day. Ol' Edgar Bates was there, and now he's come off the sercon platform he's quite a nice guy. He even put a dozen lager into the blog-pool. A great time! Wow! Not much business was done, outside of Pete Cavendish introducing a new broad to the membership, but then who cares about business at a club, nowadays? Like, we all meet for kicks now, man. Like, fanac can be fun.. if you quit trying. Like, Blog is the only true ghod.

Anyway, on that day about a year ago, when I was sitting at my desk, ruminating over how I dug fanac at our club, something mildly mind-shaking happened. Yeah, I got the boot. Uhhuh. Like, without warning, there was this tap on my shoulder, and I turned round in my chair, and saw standing there beside me the Spirit of Fandom. Not blog, not Nuclear Fizz, not even good ol' Mary Jane who high kicks like the roaches in Donahu's flats. None of them; this was for solid real.

She (I guess it was she. I mean, like she wore high heels, which just showed beneath the hem of her gown. Tho' you never know whit fandom andall.) smiled at me, and it was the most amazing smile I ever saw. I mean, it opened to me. It welcomed me, and said things I could hardly comprehend.

And she spoke. She asked who I was and then told me who she was. The Spirit of Fandom. And I beleived her. I mean, no doubt or pseering. She was the spirit if only because she said so. Her voice was the delicate touch of an artists brush who signs his name with authority to his master-work. It was the sigh of paper coming to rest after being ejected from a tru-fans duplicator. It was the whimsy of a Willis article, the puckish glee of Mercatorial nonsense. This was the Spirit of Fandom.

Then she asked me what I was doing, and I said I'd just pubbed a one-shot, and written a letter to Roger Horrocks.

She asked to be shown the one-shot and the letter. I gathered them for her inspection, and timidly awaited her further questions.

"This is all your ..'fanac'.. of late?" she asked, and such was her inference that I cowered in my chair.

"Yes," I said. "But I haven't had time; I've been so busy; there's so much to do."

And she frowned.

"Answer me truthfully." she said. "Do you know what fijagh means?"

I blushed and felt abysmally ignorant. "Alas, no." I whispered.

And her frown deepened and she said: "Then you have not accepted the only true ghod. Yours is a dire condition, and only desperate remedies will cure it. Your fate will be to travel the intellectual meanderings of fankind until you come to the rim

of your mental horizons, and then you will, by your own effort, be doomed to go beyond that rim and ascend to the broad mental horizons of true-fankind."

"But how shall I ascend by my own effort?" I cried. "What must I do to become one in your favour?"

She frowned, and quieted my fearful cries.

"You shall be doomed to wander the world for two thousand beers, and until that two-thousandth beer has been consumed, you will wander the globe with no duplicator to call your own.

"No duper!" I cried. "But how will I keep in OMPA ... And how will I remain in Bennett's Directory?"

"You will depend upon the mercy and kindness of Fankind during your wanderings. Your present duplicator will be in the care of Mimi Vondruska and when you have roamed the world, consumed your two thousand beers, and ascended to the broad mental horizons of true-fandom, then you may return to your fan-room and rotate your duper eternally, should you so wish. An infinite number of fanzines will proceed from your typewriter and the egoboo you receive will be unending and overwhelming."

"You mean like an unendurable pleasure infinitely prolonged?"

"Yes." She said.

"You mean that..." I could say no more.

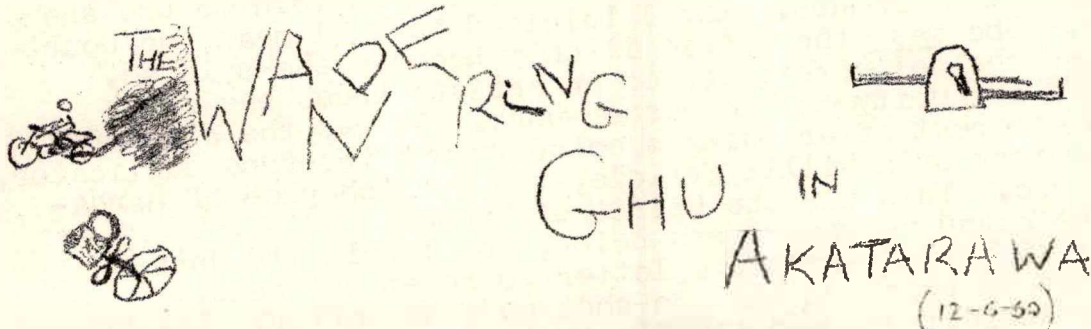
"Go on." She said.

I gathered my strenght. "You mean that.... I am to become the Wandering Ghu?" I whispered.

"Yes." the Spirit of Fandom said, then smiled, and disappeared.

*Cahem?*

Which long preamble brings us to a one-shot written directly onto the stencil at the house of Toni and Lynette (& Mimi) Vondruska. Said house being tucked away inside Post Office Box No. 3161, Wellington, New Zealand. And said one-shot being....

 THE WANDERING GHU IN AKATARAWA  
(12-6-59)

...and while he's wandering, he hopes to bludgeon fen into one-shots like this. And you need not feel so safe Warner, nor you Dodd. Nor any of you, because this wandering might turn out to be pretty extensive, covering (I hope) the United Kingdom, as much of Continental Europe as possible, and (with a wee bit o' luck) the USA and Canada. And maybe Australia on the way back. Assuming, as ever, that I will come back, or even that there will be a way back.

For those who don't know, the bloke doing all the writing is me. Uh, that is, I'm Bruce Burn, and the foregoing is by me and about me. My favourite sort of writing, like. And, to reassure those among you who are faint-hearted, this house isn't

really tucked away inside a p.o. box. In fact, this is the House of Perpendicullar Procrastination, where old man Time stands still. (Or perhaps leans against a wall, resting after cutting the chaff out of yet another year.) To get here, I had to travel about 25 miles along a police-infested road from Wellington. Yes, this is the retreat of the notorious duo of Akatarawa, situated miles from where fans have to pretend they're people; away out where fans can be slans and devil take the kind host.

Whereupon He collars the Kind Host, just returned from a hard day's toil, and chains him to the typer. At this point I should mention that the duper ink should run red to rephlect my undying shame. For the benefpit oph those not in the know, Lynette and I have just been evicted ejected and expelled phrom OMPA. Phor nonpayment oph dues, lack of contributions, and suchlike. I have excuses, naturally, oodles of them, and some quite hefty ones, like I've died in the meantime, New Zealand has temporarily resubmerged under the waters, and mainly I was too lazy & broke.

Bruce: Don't believe it, folks. Toni; why he's got a lovely little house here, a lovely little baby, wife, typewriter - all pretty new, too. And a lovely little car. A Singer. (It plays its own accompaniement, too). Dated, uh.. 1930 -- but it's in good condition. And if the body jiggles its hips occasionally, well, that just adds to the fun.

Seriously, Toni and Lynette are having all the difficulties most young married couples seem to have nowadays. In addition, Toni works six days a week, on a broken shift (cooking is a tough trade), and, in the home, Mimi isn't much help. Like most ten month-old babies with two teeth, she does nothing to help Mama or Papa, but just sits, crawls, and totters around mewling and pukeing all over the place.

I suppose most y.mc. have these problems. The impression one gets away down here at the underside of the world is that the Ashworths, also, were very quiet for a year or so after getting hitched. Like, it's tough man, to be an all-round fan.

It looks as though I've been <sup>holding</sup> holding the typewriter, which is not a good thing. I don't like sitting here away in one corner of the room, while my host and hostess snog on the sofa by the fire. But what can a poor wandering ghu do?

By the way, I came up here to Akatarawa to say goodbye to this notorious duo (or trio), but they've just talked me into saying goodbye again in another week's time. (Not that they had to talk much; not when they serve a sherry-soaked trifle at luncheon. Ummm.) So you folks can look foreward to another one-shot from Wellington.



THE wandering GHU in Akatarawa  
(part two-19th June)

Well folks, here we are back at Akatarawa. But in a rather different surrounds. I arrived here sometime shortly after mid-day to find the Vondruskas had visitors. Merlene Cutten was here (see above -- and you can read of her in THE LAST SPLOTCH: a one-shot Toni and Lynette published around the time of their wedding), and she was with Lorraine Mountjoy (young sophisticate) and her escort, Alan Dickie, who turned out to be a member of the local American Consulate.

I arrived just as everybody was enjoying lunch, so I stoked some dumplings and hash into my wide grin, and began spelling out the usual Burn-type running gag session. This was mainly because Toni had muttered to me, as he greeted me outside the front door, "For Ghu's sake do something stupid; anything to liven this crowd up." So I did. If I made myself slightly objectionable (Well, I didn't have to ask Alan why Ike wasn't in the All Black team; and those Don Ford limericks were a little shady), in the process, well, that's too bad. But it sure relaxed the group.

A little later, we all sat around filling out questionnaires our host had distributed. It was a 'yes' and 'no' sheet, and frankly, I suspect this was a ploy on Toni's part to relax everybody still more -- by telling us what sort of company we were in. Y'see, after we'd completed the forms, he read them all, and marked them. Then, after consulting a text on psychiatry that happened to be handy, he told us all what we are: introverts, ambiverts, or extroverts. Phony, obviously. I mean, how could anyone call me an extrovert?

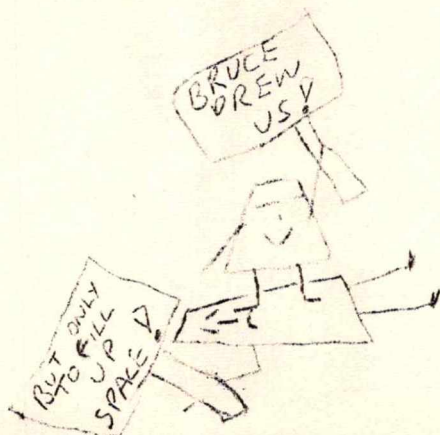
Another visitor arrived. Rory Hoy, an old school friend of our hostess. A hifi bug and window-display designer, or something. He was immediately pushed into a chair, smothered with magazines, and almost disappeared from sight until someone suggested we all play a game called 'Murder'. Toni immediately offered me a photo of Bridgitte Bardot if I could solve the crime, but I bargained for an introduction to the model who poses for drawings like the cover of -FAN- 6. As it happened, I took the part of the 'detective' a little later, and satisfactorily proved that it must have been Lynette who murdered her husband, and that Merlene's character was white as mine own. Then Merlene confessed! (and Toni refused to pay his fee).

Some other highly intellectual games followed, and the Burnmonster was fed food, and then - about an hour ago - Lorraine and Alan departed, and the rest of us pushed chairs together and made beds. Rory is now happily turning the pages of a magazine in another corner of this lounge, and I'm sleepily bashing the wonderful Remington Quiet-riter on the desk in this corner of the room. If you'll excuse me, I'll bed down now; I've been up since 7.30 this morning; re-building concrete steps to the Burn homestead's front door, rehearsing a play that goes of stage next week, and larking about in Akatarawa. Yaaawwwhhm. G'night.

Well, Goodmorning! Fantastic I know, but I slept like a log on the Vondruska sofa. Like move over, George Locke. Here's a chance for me, I know, to write a brilliant essay about The Sofas I have Slept Upon. Some ther time.

Slight ache in the back, really, but otherwise this monster is just the same as usual. Toni is already at work (yes, it's Sunday -- he works seven days a week, not six as I stated in the first one-shot) so the dialogue I planned to produce here with him re the Future of SF Fandom in New Zealand, isn't. The sorry fact is, six days after I leave the country, Mervyn Barrett will depart for the Mystic East, and that'll leave only the Vondruskas and Roger Horrocks to carry the sacred eggplant of trublu-fandom deep down under.

So, What Will Hopen?



A FADING  
SIXTH?

Roger - his  
teeth?

