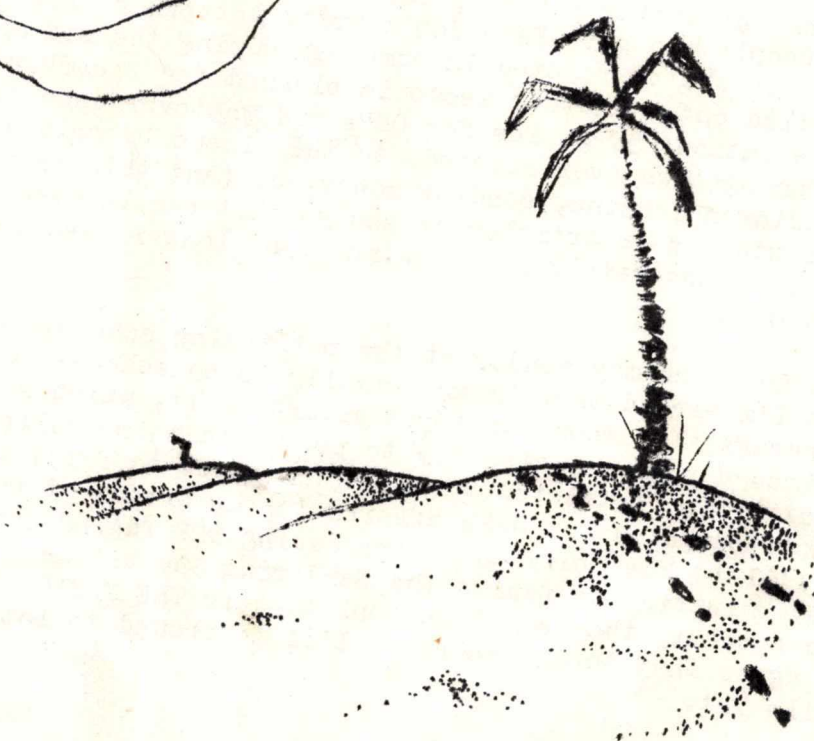
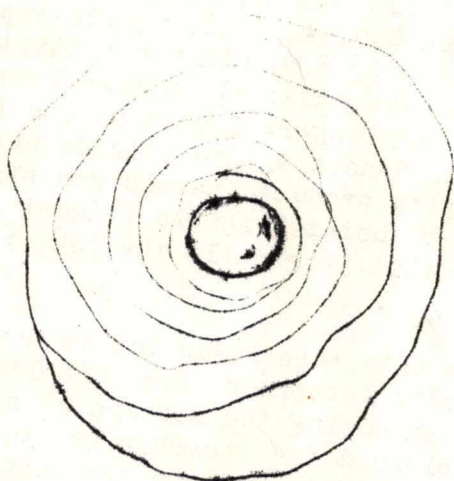
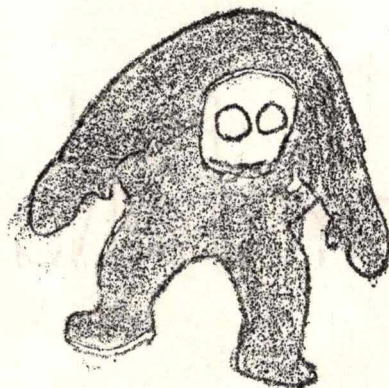


paraFANalia



paraFANalia

EDITORIAL

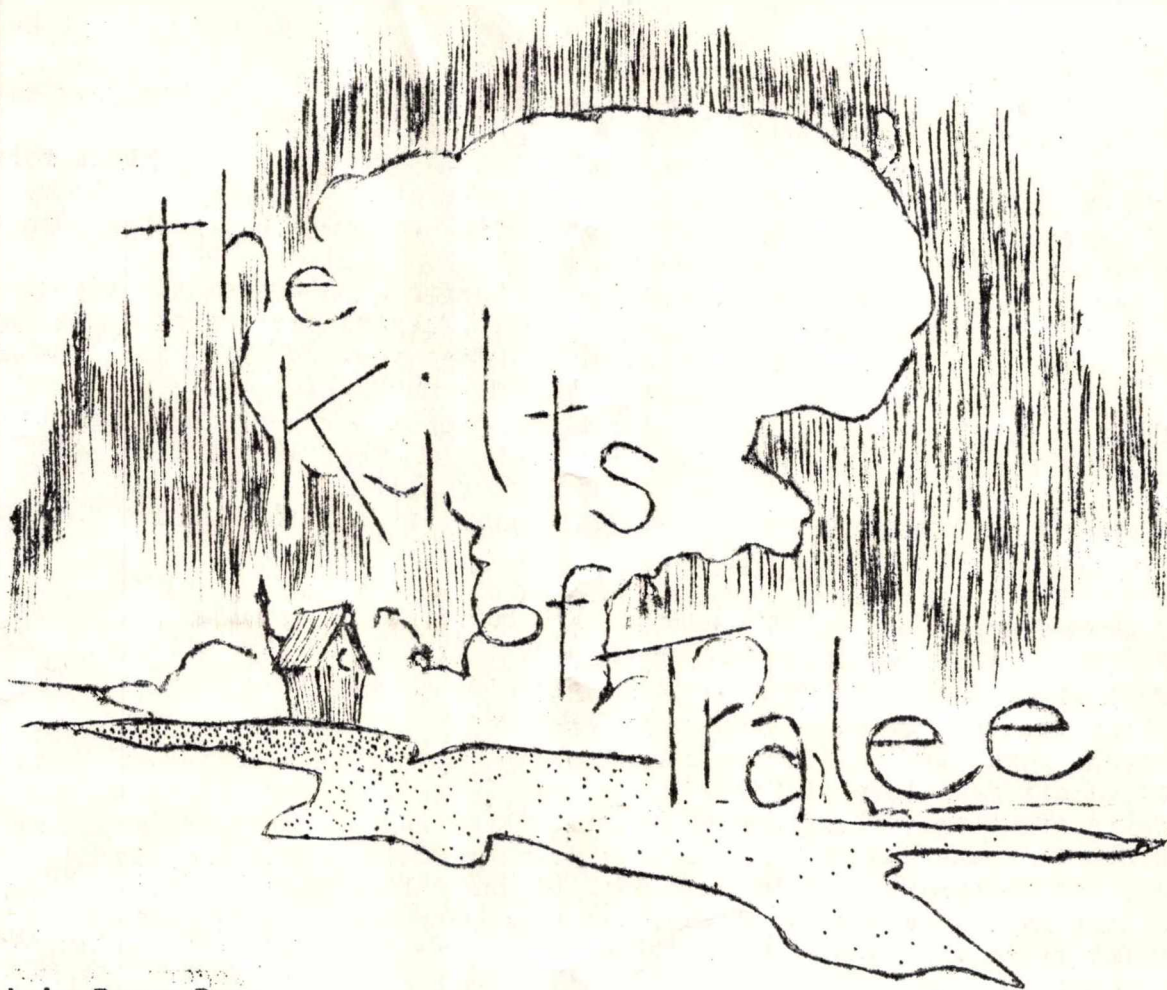


Welcome to paraFANalia #8, the first issue of this fine old fanzine to appear on 'real Gestetner paper. This issue is being published in something of a hurry for the 29th. Mailing of the OFF-TRAIL MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION by Bruce Burn of 36 Warrington Crescent, London W.9, England. Quite apart from the obvious reasons for publishing this issue (get my minimum activity over and done with) I also have another good reason: the material in this issue will be mightily out of date if it sits around any longer: I soon celebrate the anniversary of my arrival in London and the Wandering Ghu episode herein is set away back in the Red Sea area .. the play produced herein was staged last Easter at the LXIcon and although it will be unintelligible to most readers I do feel it should be published sometime this year while the joke in the SFCoL still stands.

I was planning on putting a letter column into this issue but it appears that most of the people who get -FAN- don't write letters so for once I'm only sending copies to people who've reacted in some way during the six months since the last issue was mailed out. Another issue is planned for December and the same deal will be in operation: 50 copies for OMPA and whatever ones are left will be distributed amongst whoever responds to this issue by writing a letter of comment, trading a fanzine, sending money, or (and this is much preferred) by sending some stories or articles or essays that can be used in future issues. Artwork is also desperately needed since I no longer have an art-editor to prod into action.

Some in the audience may wonder at the publishing schedule of this recalcitrant fellow, but I'm afraid that there actually is no schedule of publishing for me. I produce paraFANalia whenever I get around to it, which seems to mean between 2½ and 3 times a year. I also try to produce a thing called SIZAR occassionally, but this latter is restricted to OMPA (4½ issues so far), and just lately I've gotten myself caught up in OMPA affairs to the extent of becoming the Association Editor so I'll be kept busy enough producing OFF TRAILS each quarter. Add to this my determination to finish the Wandering Ghu within a few months and also my wish to complete the as yet incomplete epic THE MAGIC STYLUS and I'm sure we'll all agree that the chances are I'll be around to bother fandom for some little while yet.

Sorry. B



a sketch by Bruce Burn,  
with additional lyrics by Ethel Lindsay  
and Frances Varley.

as presented at the LXICON.

**ANNOUNCER:** This is a science-fictional play. Its characters are drawn from the imaginary world of the future; its story from seeds only now being sown in the field where Time will one day wield his scythe. So let your fancy join ours as we surmise the events to come; as the last two English fans sit in a crumbling shed in a far-flung suburb of a London of the future. Yes, this is a science-fictional play about a future fandom when the English have lost (or so it seems) to the invaders from the North! And remember... the seeds of this story have been sown in our time....

TWO MEN SIT ON THE STAGE, PLAYING CARDS AT A TABLE. THEY FLOP THE CARDS DOWN IN DEJECTED FASHION, PLAYING SOME SIMPLE GAME. THEN ONE GROWLS:

TUFF Snap!

AND THE OTHER JUMPS TO HIS FEET.

TOFF That's twice today you've pulled that trick ol' boy; you've been learning

from those heathens haven't you? Eh...? Ah well, just wait till He returns, that's all I say!

TUFF Oh, stow it mate. Turn it in. He'll never return now; He's gone forever. Yer might as well give in.

TOFF No, never can I surrender! This rot that started when the Black Forsyth took charge of fandom's finances can never still a voice deep in my heart that cries forever: "Be English"! How could I possibly join the barbarian horde that has engulfed us?

TUFF Have a heart mate! That wave from the north hasn't swamped us yet. There's still you and me; we're still English.. They've just knocked most of the corners off the Anglos so to speak... Mind you, we could join 'em easily. All we gotta do is put a 'Mac' before our names.....!

TOFF No! Don't say it! Let us not even mention the vile things that are done under Britain's flag now the North is here! Shuffle and play on!

THEY RE-COMMENCE PLAYING CARDS. SEVERAL CARDS ARE PUT DOWN AS THE TWO 'FEN CONCENTRATE ON THEIR GAME. THEN...

TUFF Awwwww..... Uh, d'you mind if I burp?

TOFF Ahh! That blessed name of an English fanzine! Not at all; go ahead.

TUFF .....Cor, my stomach's rumbling like the duper of a fake-fan. When's that wee lassie gonna bring our grub in?

TOFF Your turn.

TUFF I don't feel like playing.

TOFF Play on fool, or England shall be lost!

TUFF But I'm hungry.

TOFF Isn't it enough that we have to deal with that woman at all? Must you talk about her all day long too?

TUFF But she's important; she's the only one who keeps us alive, bringing us our food each day. Besides, I rather like her.... bangers and mash.

TOFF Steady. Steady lad. Let not temptation take you from these English ranks. Ah. Ahha. They're very cunning these... foreigners. Keep going the way you are and you'll even end up talking their language. And you know what happens then don't you?

TUFF Aye: (STEPS TO FRONT OF STAGE, TRANCE-LIKE EXPRESSION ON FACE)

When I join the BSFA,  
What do I get?  
Ve-ector.  
Vector and ...Miss Parker.

(to tune of)  
("Poetry in")  
(Motion" )

Vector and Miss Parker,  
Taking all my ti-ime;  
They fill the world with laughter,  
And make that world seem mine.

I love every idea  
They throw out to the masses;  
I'm hypnotised and brainwashed,  
I even love Miss Parker's glasses!

Vector and Miss Parker,  
Too bad her year is through-ough,  
'Cos now it's up to Joe-oh  
To say the BSFA wants You!

TOFF Ugh! Must you mention both their names in one sentence?

DISPIRITED, THEY SIT AGAIN AT THE TABLE AND DEAL CARDS. THE DOOR OPENS AND A YOUNG WOMAN WEARING A KILT-SKIRT LOOKS IN.

LASS My!

THE TWO MEN START AND LOOK ROUND AT THE GIRLS.

LASS Was that you singin' out loud with aur clan song? Och, and here I thought you'd never weaken.

SHE HAS ENTERED THE ROOM TO CENTRE STAGE AND RESTS A LARGE BAG SHE'S BEEN CARRYING ONTO THE FLOOR. THE TWO MEN JUST SULLENLY SIT AS BEFORE, STARING AT THE TABLE, IGNORING THE GIRL...

LASS Well, you might at least look a wee bit more cheerful, after I've dragged the load all this way frae toon! Come on, smarten up, you bonnie lads! SHE PATS THEIR HEADS. I don't like to see you so solemn and sorry. Especially when I've dressed up to show off my new kilt to you. SHE PIRROUETTES. TOFF LOOKS AT HER WITH EVIDENT INTEREST, AND THE LASS SPARKLES AT HIS APPRAISAL. Aye, I bought it this morning from a travelling sales-man. Do ye no like it? BUT THE TWO MEN STILL SIT APATHETICALLY. Och, come now; just because you've lost and we've taken things over is no reason to be said. Listen and I'll tell you how I look at things:

I like my fanzines to come thick and come fast;  
I like to imagine I'm in Eric Bentcliffe's past;  
I like my egoboo to last and to last;  
That's why the lady is a fan!

I like the thistle, it's my favourite flower;  
I think the English a terrible shower;  
And like a good Scot I just adore power;  
That's why the lady is a fan!

(to tune of "The  
Lady is a Tramp")

I like to see a good Scottishe -  
You know that's by me -  
We Scots,  
Got lots.

We've taken over, and now it's too late;  
The Yanks and English have been shown the gate;  
Though Ghod is Irish, we Scots are your Fate;  
That's why the lady is a fan!

Hey now Trufandom I've you in my grasp;  
That's why the Lady is a Fan!

THE TWO MEN STILL LOOK MISERABLE, SO THE LASS TURNS TO GO, THEN PAUSES AS SHE IS IN THE DOORWAY.

LASS Oh, you'll find I've put some tins of beans in with the fanzines this time, but don't let it go to your heads! If you eat too much now it'll

seem all the harder for you later when we've no use for you. ...That is, if you still won't join us... SHE WINKS DELIGHTFULLY AND EXITS.

THE TWO MEN MOVE TO THE BAG AND LOOK AT ITS CONTENTS.

TOFF Huh! A small issue of ORION for once...only one-and-a-half reams each copy!....

TUFF And look at this Vector... board covers and an editorial by John Campbell Junior! ...Ah well, let's heave ho and start collating it...

TOFF That's all we are now; just a collating team. Gone are those merry days when we ruled fandom. Now, they keep us alive just as menial labourers on their fanzines...

TUFF Yeah. And you heard what she said as she left? You can bet your Hugo they're building some machine to collate the fanzines. Automation! They won't need us!... They'll put us out of touch in the glades of gafia...leave us to wither away in OMPA, where even new fen die!...

TOFF Have heart my friend. He is already trying to remove the Scottish yoke from the bent back of English fandom. Yes, He - the Harrison; the Ultimate Englishman - He has returned.

TUFF Wha...How do you know? I didn't see anything?

TOFF Ah. Ah-haha, didn't you notice how cunning He is being? No, I fear your love of all things English may have been strained almost too much, but I in all my weariness of labouring for these oppressors; I have been waiting, watching for a sign - just a small sign - that He is helping us.

TUFF And...?

TOFF Yes, He is already undermining their dictatorship. He and our true Ghod in Ireland. Oh, I can see the dour morale of the Scots being wrecked by the insurgent propoganda of our sublime and true stalwarts across the sea in Belfast!

TUFF Belfast! You mean...?

TOFF Yes! Didn't you notice? Her kilt: an Irish kilt!

BOTH (We're free, at last we're free! etc.

(Hooray, pip pip, we're free! etc.

THE TWO MEN LINK ARMS AND STEP TOWARDS THE AUDIENCE.

DUET  
If you ever go across to fan in Ireland,  
It's for sure you'll find there's fun in fanning there,  
For the Tower of Trufandom and its keeper  
Give a smile to smooth away the sercon stare!  
-----We're free, etc.

THE DOOR OF THE HUT BURSTS OPEN AND SPECS AND A LENSMAN MARCH IN.

SPEC Och, if it's freedom ye want, we'll gie it tae you!

FLASH OF THE LENSMAN'S RAYGUN AND THE TWO MEN FALL DEAD. EXIT SPECS AND LENSMAN. A PAUSE, THEN THE TWO MEN SLOWLY RISE TO THEIR FEET? AND NOW ARE HOLDING HALOS ABOVE THEIR HEADS. THEY SOFT-SHOE SIDWAYS TO THE EXIT, HOLDING THE HALOS LIKE STRAW BOATERS.

DUET  
And now the English and the Irish must join forces,  
To assimilate a common enemy,  
For that enemy is not only in Scotland,  
It's worldwide and it's called... Orthodoxy!

exeunt & curtain.

the

Wandering

Ghu

or....

Halfway Round in Forty Days.

part two

§New readers: In paraFANalias 4, 5, and 6, it was revealed that Bruce Burn was simply the secret identity for the Wandering Ghu, and in -FAN- #6 the Spirit of Trufandom damned Bruce to wander the paths of Fandom for two thousand beers. -FAN- #7 presented the grim story behind the first few beers, which were drunk while Bruce travelled aboard the T.V. Castel Felice on his way to England from New Zealand. -FAN- #8 now presents the continuation of the foul story, taking the reader from Singapore to Aden.

Third Week. After Singapore, the lazyness of most of the passengers was washed away. Somehow, there was no longer any charm of being 3 - 9 August. the only living beings upon a wide blue ocean, for we had seen our first port, and the second one was only a week ahead of us. Perhaps this explains why there was such a sudden upsurge of interest in the P.T. classes that were being run by one of the passengers. In fact, it was just before we arrived at Colombo that another passenger started a course of yoga - which provided layabouts such as I with some entertainment before lunch. I used to climb up the six flights of stairs to the front of the Verandah Bar and stand before the windows and watch as fifteen or so passengers tried to tie themselves in knots: I hear that one young mother was suprised to find herself a granny after one of these sessions.

Generally, though, directed exercise and sport on board the Castel Felice was very limited. Deck tennis was fairly popular, but as there was only the one court not many people bothered to play - including me (and I really enjoy Deck Tennis!), though I did play a little during the first week or so - since one would have to wait for an hour or more before one's turn came round to use the court. But, some of the passengers made themselves into a Sports Committee or something and a series of competitions eventually showed who was the best playber on board. Bob Burns was the expert in our cabin and he came second or third in the singles.

The only other deck game was that one where the object is to push a disc wood with a pole so that it slides over the deck and comes to rest covering

a square which contains a number, thereby giving the player a score. I think of it as Deck Golf, but it may have another name. There was no actual competition organised for this and most people were hazy as to the actual rules of the game, and one hot day I remember coming across half-a-dozen little kids making their own rules turn the game into a very rough one indeed - more like a game of Hockey with everyone belting the living daylight out of anyone within reach. To stop them beating their brains out, I showed them how to play the game in the old way, but to reverse the pole and use the thin end to propel the wooden disc, thus making the game far more difficult. While they were occupied in trying to play the suddenly very quiet and difficult game I sneaked away, looking for quiet company that would lie in the sun.

Another sport on board was that of shooting. The deck-steward erected a mechanical throwing-arm on the side of the after-deck and this was used to throw discs of clay out over the briney. The object, of course, was to shatter the discs with the rifle provided. I didn't try this, and it didn't look too successful because with every other throw the arm would jam and the disc would drop down onto the next deck.... much to the surprise of whoever was sitting there.

There were two table-tennis tables in the covered area on the port side of the promenade deck, and people were always swarming over these. Not that the game was so very popular - the fact that the area was covered-in made the game a sticky proposition - it's just that the photographs that the ship's cameraman took were stuck upon a board nearby. Cards, of course, could be played everywhere and likewise chess or draughts. There was a little sparring done in a small clear area on the fore of A-Deck, mainly because a Tongan boxer was on board and he wanted to keep fairly fit. And that about covers sport on board the ship. I found I kept fairly fit aboard ship, probably due to the fact that the food we were served was rarely of the weight-producing variety. And also of course, those six flights of stairs several times a day would keep anybody fit.

My personal activity on board at this time was with the people who were trying to organise a concert, due to be held just after Aden. Ideas, it seemed, were scarce. So, I put the Burn corn-brain to work and hacked out a little ditty called 'My Old Man's a Bosun', based on a then popular hit-parade ditty. I also munched in and tried to inject some gags into a rather wooden sketch that someone had suggested, and also began to rehearse for the haka that was to climax the concert.

Other than this lot, I spent a lazy time loafing around and talking, always talking. And, in my usual way, I drifted from crowd to crowd and as a consequence got a pretty good idea of just what sort of people were on board. First of all there was the crowd that began with Daphne Perry. She I introduced to Barry Hill and Peter Morgan, both of Wellington, and both well-read, intelligent, and filled to the ears with a sophisticated form of humour. Which more or less set the style for a group that grew up around them. A young crowd. A canny crowd. Rather the sort of people whom you might meet in a respectable commercial coffee-shp during the week and in a respectable avant-garde coffee-shop at week-ends. They'd drink black coffee of course, but sweetened to hide the smell of coffee-beans. They'd drink gin or brandy rather than beer or whisky or a wine. Their books were always either the latest big-selling and socially-acceptable 'masterpieces' or else the most obscure tomes written in the most stilted English. It's funny how these people (tomorrow's progressive executives) would fall into following the programme for spending a day that people fifty years ago might have approved of. The day went thus: out of bed and toiletted just before lunch, stroll the deck, then eat, followed by a sunbath for a couple of hours. About two hours before dinner (and they were all on the second sitting -



dinner at eight like) they'd go to their cabins and dress, then come up to the bar for drinks to gain some sort of amiable momentum for dinner and the dance that followed. Strange people these, and you'll find them the world over. The 'progressive' reactionaries!

Among this particular bunch were one or two interesting people, however. Max, who'd come to NZ from England where he claimed to have been in Variety for some years. Richard, who lived in his own elegant world and somewhere along the line had forgotten to allow for others to share it with him. Leo, a bloke my age who'd gone to NZ two years previously, to live with some relations, but was now on his way home. A rather sorry-looking lad who like the Goons, played drums, but so much wanted to be in with the 'U' mob. I suppose his situation is the same as that of many other youngsters, and one which produces the terrific pressures of Acceptance and Rejection that too often result in the breakdowns and general nervousness of today's Youth.

In my sphere of movements, there were really four other definite groups of passengers. Most important to me were those who gathered around John Humphery and Margaret Bull, and their style was based on that of John himself, which is described briefly somewhere back in part one of this monstrous record. Another group which kept much to itself, and I saw only in glimpses when I had enough vigour to join them, was that energetic twenty-odd who kept the Deck Tennis court in constant use. Those were the people who were great fun to be with as long as you could keep going. They swam a little, but not much because the pool wasn't very big and really only useful for a quick cooling dip, and they rarely stopped in one place long enough to get an even sun-tan. They preferred to get an honest tan from exercising in the sun. In the evenings they disappeared, Bob with them, because at heart they were shy people wanting little in life but to argue politics and keep fit. The third throng was that of the life-and-soul-of-the-party brigade. They were not often seen in the mornings, but they usually made it to lunch, then baked in the sun before dressing for dinner. No great intellects these, but honestly interested in the merits of football teams (strangely, the Deck-Tennis group was little interested in organised sport on land), and of horses, cricketers, and of who could drink the most. Solid citizens all, and to talk to they were rather like glass-paper - their attached granuals of the broken remains of other peoples' thoughts wore away too quickly and left them blindly, but comfortably, ignorant. And the fourth collection consisted of that amorphous and anonymous crowd of faces that are Married Couples, Parents, Quiet Citizens, and so on.

One thing I quickly discovered aboard the Felice was that it was nigh impossible to buy a snack of some sort between meals. There were some chocolate-covered biscuits on sale over the bar for the first couple of weeks, but these were soon exhausted, as were the packets of dry biscuits which followed them. The only other snack that was regularly on sale throughout the trip were the chocolate-bars one could buy across the bars and the pieces of drying cake that were always put onto the bar an hour or so before dinner each evening (one slice 1/cd.A), but I rarely ate that for quite obvious enough reasons. The chocolate-bars on board were English made and the quality was so much better than NZ chocolate that I scoffed quite a lot of the stuff at first. Price was about the same as on land - as with most other things on board (haircut - 4/-A.)

It's true that there was an afternoon tea laid on about three o'clock which consisted of biscuits and tea or coffee but this meal always seemed to fall just when I personally wasn't feeling hungry. Maybe it was just my bad luck, but not many other people seemed to have good luck either. Certainly, there never were too many people enthusiastically crowding the tables during this tea-time meal - just lots of kids clamouring for bickies and jam.

As a matter of fact, the whole ship seemed to be swarming with children for much of the trip. This was probably due to the cunning arrangement whereby it was possible for a family travelling as a complete unit to obtain cheaper fares - returning immigrants and families going back to see the old folks were naturally taking advantage of these easy terms.

And so another week passed on my journey half-way round the world. The ship rolled steadily westward through the bumpy blue Indian Ocean, heading for the island of Ceylon. I'd seen quite a lot already: the khaki-greens of the northern tip of New Zealand, the sandy shades of the Cairns Peninsula coastline, the greens and greys and whites of coral reefs that at other times appeared like mud-flats, the smooth and luminous blue of the South-East Pacific, the warm camp-fires on Java in silvery moonlight, the unexpected tarmac which covered Singapore... and now I was to gaze fascinated at a segment of the modern India that rises like a scruffy Phoenix from one of the world's oldest civilizations.

Colombo  
7 - 8 - 60. We docked just inside the large sheltered harbour at noon on a Sunday and I immediately looked ashore for the surprising splash of fresh green-ness that signified in my mind the palm-dotted port of Colombo. Much of the town was simply built-up, of course, but still it seemed that here was an oasis in the wastes of a blue desert that curved away on the horizon.

I joined Dave and Russell McIvor and Bob and Tony, and we five clambered into a launch to go ashore. Once away from the ship and chugging towards the customs sheds, I realised that the city itself was amazingly silent, for most of the people of Ceylon were treating Sunday with a respect. Apparently, most of the people of the island are very religious, though I forgot to ask which religion governed them so closely. It could be Church of England, but I saw a great deal of Buddhist propaganda and it could be that they are the leading sect or religion on the island. From the launch there appeared to be grasses and trees on every patch of open ground beyond the buildings on the shore-line, the the cupola of a beautiful mosque glinted above the roofs of business houses.

The launch reached the jetty and we all scrambled into the customs building, where all we did was to change money at the bank and pick up one or two maps and brochures. The five of us queued our way out of the cool of the building and into the blazing sun of mid-day that roasted the street around us. Taxi drivers leapt for us, and eventually we accepted an offer from a bloke in a good ol' Chevvy to take us to all the interesting spots, including Mount Lavinia, for ten bob Aussie each. Not bad value, because the ride took about four hours.

First we travelled through the streets of Colombo, passing numerous bullock carts and making pedestrians dive for cover as we ran them down. Banana trees grew on every open piece of grass-free land, and between the trees the shacks - made of wicker baskets by all appearances - of the owners could be seen. Colours were wonderful. Green grasses and leaves, blues and whites and muddy yellows of Indian clothing, and a high and deep blue sky. The trunks of the palm trees in gardens and along the roadway had a red hue. A huge green and brown breadfruit tree, soon surpassed in size and shade by a gigantic yew plant. We stopped near this for a while and watched a snake charmer mesmerising his cobra. He offered to let us hold the cold reptile, but none of us felt particularly daring that day, and soon we clambered back inside the car and jostled on our way to the mecca (if such a term be acceptable) of tourists in Colombo: the Buddhist Temple.

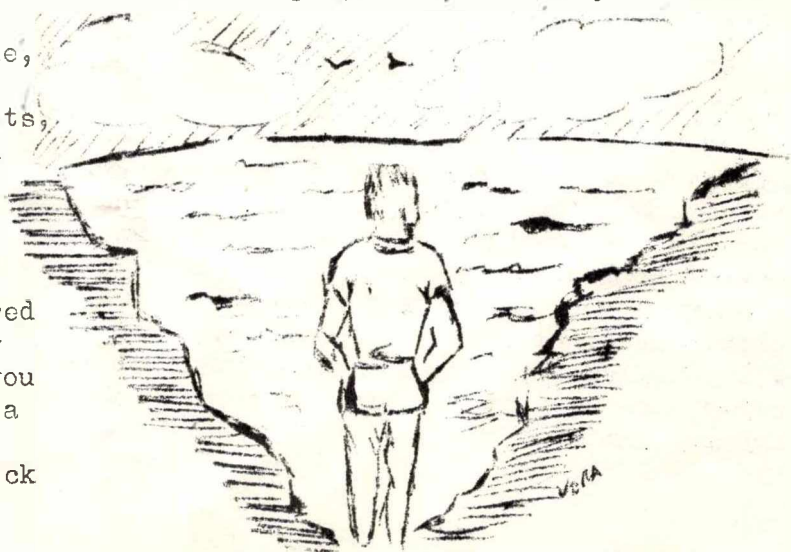
This building is an impressively domed structure buried somewhere in the suburbs of Colombo. It's not actually the temple that practising Hindus use but more of a show-piece, maintained and organised by the local priests. It gives one the distinct impression that it's something of an Art Gallery of Bhuddism -- something like a Readers' Digest version of the Koran!

We climbed out of the car in the forecourt, sizzled briefly in the burning sunshine, and then sat on a bench in the entrance to the temple to have our shoes removed. Somehow we joined a party of people and followed their guide inside to where a huge statue of Bhudda sat cross-legged in the centre of the building. This is no statue in the Western sense, for here an artist has given colouring to the plaster and concrete until the effect that the statue has is just what was intended: here sits no God, no being apart from man; Bhudda is shown as a great man who has found harmony with himself and his surroundings. The whole impression is that the statue is almost alive. Colour is in the face, the hands; the eyes are dark brown and huge and there is a gentle redness in the cheeks. The lap is full of flowers - put there by the priests or worshippers. To either side, and looking down at the flowers, is another statue, both coloured in lifelike and ethereal tones. One is a man; the other a woman. The two men are clothed in bright yellow cloaks and the woman wears a blue gown. I cursed my lack of a camera and helped Dave get a good shot through the doorway.

We followed our guide through a series of rooms, all with the amazingly life-like statues of mythical people from the Bhuddist legends. Some of the scenes were quite breath-taking and I would like one day to return to the temple and try to take some decent photographs of them.

We left the temple eventually and got baked in the sun again. Our driver hailed us, we climbed into the taxi, and off we went to rubber-neck at the Mount Lavinia Hotel. On the way, the driver pointed out the imposing government buildings and the sumptuous Vice-Regal Residences. Buildings here were far older than those in Singapore. And prices were slightly higher: postcards were ninepence each as opposed to the sixpence each of Singapore. And someone tried to sell me a pair of sun-glasses just like mine for a quid Sterling. I turned that offer down with a knowing sneer.

Mount Lavinia Hotel - that's what the driver said. So we climbed out of the taxi and stood in the hot sun looking at a building that just puffed out coolness and space to relax. Naturally we walked inside and soon found our way out to the terrace that looks out over the bays that fall away to either side of the slightly rocky outcrop on which the hotel sits. We bought some of the Mount Lavinia Lemonade, but found it nothing special, and so just wandered about. I looked into the Turtle House, found no-one home, so dawdled down to the beach. I stood around, hands in pockets, comfortable at last in the sun and just looked out over the rolling seas, thinking of how far I'd come from Wellington, and of how the world of Home seemed like a dream I'd wandered through. Strange how the slow movement of the sea can make you think like that; it gives you a mellow feeling of contentment and yet urges you to slowly tick



through the course of your life and see what you think of it.

Noise of yelling disturbed me, and the other four idiots found me. We strolled over the rocks a while, not too sure of what to do, yet reluctant to leave this little paradise, and were suddenly startled by an Indian who jumped out from behind a tree and asked us if we'd like to see the Elephant. Since we hadn't seen one so far on our little excursion, we all said yep, bet your pet baboon we'd like to see one. So he showed us one - a rock one. Just a piece of rock beside the wall around the hotel that'd been painted to look slightly like an elephant's head. Dave pretended to take a photograph, and we hastily beat a retreat into the hotel terrace as the Indian jabbered insults at us for not paying him.

A look at the shop in the hotel, a gawk at some of the postcards for sale, and then we searched out our taxi and started back to the city. We passed many old Dutch houses, hangovers from the days of Dutch trading in the far east. And then we entered the dirty part of the city. Trash in the streets, insane drivers everywhere on the road, people lying beside the houses (no footpaths), and the blaring scream of a juke-box playing Indian rock and roll from a filthy milk-bar just one door removed from a dark and mysterious-looking Hindu Temple. Through the bars in the doorway of the Temple, we could see a dingy inner room containing dirty walls and cooking utensils, an open fire, and two priests who lurked in the scruffy shadows that stealthily leaped this way and that in a struggle with the fire. Not a pleasant sight for tourists. The outside of the temple was far more touristy. It consisted of a large number of people-like base relief figures, all standing on top of one another in a large pyramid and painted ochre red and blue. I surmised that this symbolised the crowded living areas of the mystic orient and urged the boys to leave.

Next stop was back at the Ferry buildings, where we climbed into a tender, watched some British merchant seamen get thoroughly beaten up by the Indian attendants (and for good reasons, too) and then returned to the ship. Only thing I bought in the whole trip was a bunch of some minute and sweet bananas. Dave bought a pair of sunglasses, and Tony bought some trinklets for his folk in England. John Humphery had bought himself a beautifully carved panther in black ebony with ivory fangs and claws.

....Sometime in the evening the ship sailed from Colombo. I'd developed a rather unpleasant stomach ache (the bananas?) and went straight to bed after dinner. Which explains why I was up to breakfast next day....

Fourth Week      Well, that wasn't the only reason I was up and able so early.  
10 - 16 August    There was another. Y'see, I'd agreed to do an item in the  
                     Ships' Concert, and once the word got around all the neo-  
producers that there was someone who actually appeared keen to help out I got  
a little entangled with the whole affair. At one time before everything got  
sorted out and a few other folk were pressed into action I was booked for two  
sketches, my own item, a haka, a Maori Concert Party, and to sing whenever there  
was a lull in the proceedings. The dress rehearsal was timed to be held just  
before Aden so I had a good deal of work to do, mainly with the sketches and  
the haka. My own item had expanded somewhat and now included the rhythm section

of the Concert band, another idiot like myself called Philip Wincop, and two complete sailors' uniforms for us to wear.

Philip and I rehearsed the little item several times and thought we might be good enough to raise a laugh or two. The haka was rather a different matter. My timing never has been so very good or exact, and with a haka it is the timing that is so very important. Most of the impact of the faldral depends upon the abilities of the participants to scream out on the beat - rather like rock and roll in many ways. Also, yuh gutta talk like ol' Hori, py Kori, for a thing like this. I had some trouble picking up some of the words and actions, but - as with acting in a play - once the actions are remembered it's easy to get the words to tie in with them. But, on way or another, I did learn the haka and can now present a garbled version of it at the drop of a mere. I also learnt one of the sketches; the other was dropped from the programme as being too long. Which was true enough. The author of the piece went flying off the after part of the promenade deck -- and into the swimming pool. Which shows the sensitivity of some people. Also the thoughtlessness - he splashed the mob of us who thre him in. Cor.

During the evenings around this part of the trip a few of us took to singing to the guitar of a very talented bloke on the ship. Lyndo Francis, was he, and his fingers and hands could make his guitar play almost any note, any sound. The best night of all was held out under the stars on the Forward deck hatch. Everybody sat or lay about, with comfort in the tropical darkness, some with grog, and sang our hearts out to the small audience we had up in the bridge.

This forward part of the ship was the usual necking place for shipboard romancers. The only trouble was that the Itie officers up in the bridge would more than likely be watching any proceedings with their night glasses. As this part of the ship was the only part not floodlit during the warm tropical nights many passengers objected to the interference of the Ship's Officers. And I don't blame them - even with our singing group the officers thought it fine to send a Deck Steward around to scare us all away. Ruddy spoilsports!

The usual way around this nuisance was to leave the Veranda Bar at twelve-thirty after the nightly dances, and then to return sometime later when the ship was quiet. But even then we'd all be thrown out again come fourish, amid many grumblings and lots of muttered Italian curses.

Around this part of the trip I began to drift with the group that was centred on John Humphrey and Margaret Bull, who forged a firm friendship that outlasted the length of the trip. Margaret had her hideaway in a cabin down in the aft end of the ship (and paid £15 for it: getting nothing better than we had in 441 - worse in fact, since there was less headroom and far more noise). Sharing her cabin were five other girls: Val, Lyn, Dot, Connie, and another Margaret. The two Margarets were more or less of a sort. Both about twenty-five; both ex-nurses; both quite attractive in their different ways. Margaret Bull: all the time ready to join in with the fun around her, and yet somewhat shy and reserved. Margaret Nicholson: quiet, a little moody, nervous, never one to have a yelling good time. Val and Lyn were two girls travelling together. Both heavily built and plump, they made quite a fun-loving pair. Val was a dancing instructress from Christchurch, and Lyn was from Auckland, where she used to teach and learn judo (!) - although her career was school-teaching. Dot and Connie had both come from Wellington, and Dot recognised me (fame!) from one or two Unity Theatre productions. Dot used to work in the Vocational Guidance bureau in Wellington and was full of modern ideas of education. Connie was yet another New Zealand school-teacher bound for the wonder of Europe.

A good cabin load of lassies, these, and right next door to them was another cabin containing a couple of girls I'd met once or twice at parties back in whacky old Wellington: Pat and Nolene, both off to explore the Northern Hemi-

sphere and to try their luck as models. Both pleasant enough; with Pat being very shrewd and Nolene being very naive they made a powerful team.

All of these fine people, plus one or two more, gathered together and made up one clique of their own. It was one of the most stable groups, and towards the end of the trip began to grow with the number of refugees from other groups who wanted to join it.

...Myself, I was still vacillating between all the groups, and preferred to talk to people of like mind. One of these was a very attractive girl called Andrea Cridge who shared a cabin with Dianna Treatt (one of those rare people who actually laugh at all my jokes) and Wendy Sellers and her young daughter Felicity. A whacky foursome. Wendy is a widow, about forty-five and still feeling very young. She'd gone to Australia six months before, partly as a holiday and partly to get away from memories of her only recently deceased husband. Her home, her memories, were all tied up with a house in Golders Green, and consequently she hadn't cared very much for Aussie. Dianna, about 24 or so, strongly built, black hair, an agile mind, and - so she said - the daughter to an ex-state Senator or whatever from New South Wales. A complicated girl, with many fixed ideas and attitudes. She came ashore with me at Aden, more or less as moral support since an older brother of mine, who hadn't seen the rest of the family for five years, was then living in Aden (like I said, Dianna laughed at my jokes). Andrea is a willowy and petite brunette with wonderfully fine fingers and large eyes who originally came from Bristol.. For some years she's lived in Sydney with her mother and father, but they were planning to return to Bristol. However, their mistake was that of sending Andrea on ahead of them alone. Last I heard from her she'd booked a return passage to Australia sometime in the summer of 1961. What price pioneering?

Towards the middle of this week, we steadmed into the harbour of Aden. It was quite a spectacular event too. First, there was the forbidding entrance to the outer harbour. Rocks piled a couple of hundred feet high bore down upon us as we gazed at the hazy mountains ahead. Then, the ship rounded a bluff and I began to make out a few details of the shore. Everything looked rocky, and buildings clustered between the shore and a cliff of brown rock and grey scree that climbed up into the hot blue sky. ...We rounded another lump of land and the inner harbour slumped back on the hills before us. All the buildings seemed lumped together: Aden looked like a huge garbage heap and I half pictured some giant flies buzzing in the still, hot air above it. There were a number of broken-down sheds off to one side of the waterfront, looking like a colony of chicken-runs. In the water of the harbour there were many ships; some civilian vessels like ours, but most were military vessels of one sort or another. Transports were unloading lorries and equipment and a number of sleek destroyers sat placidly just within the breakwater. But after a while, I got bored with just looking at the ships and the hot sea, so Dianna and I went into the Veranda Bar and bought a couple of orange squashes and sat to wait for Chris to come aboard and call for me - Chris being my brother.

Aden  
13 - 8 - 60 And soon enough the call came over the loudspeakers. A broken Italian accent asked for 'Meeztre Bruze Burnz' to get to the Pursers' office. Dianna and I looked at each other, and I grinned and jumped to my feet. I kept telling myself not to be such a fool and get excited, but I found myself half running along the corridor and then down the stairs into the foyer before the Pursers' office. And straight away, I spotted Chris and ... yes, that must be Babs standing beside him. Hiuh! Chris and I just grinned all the time and we shook hands and babbled nonsense for a

while. Then Chris surprised me by giving me the camera I'd asked him to buy for me (thinking that the prices would go up when the ship reached Aden) and insisting that it be a present. Flabbergasted, I did the only thing I could think of: led the way to the bar and bought Chris a beer. Then we all sat and talked for an hour or so about living in Aden... in Australia... in New Zealand... in England. I tried to give Chris and Babs all the gossip and so on from home, to tell them about the trip, and to stop grinning; failed in all three efforts. Never mind; we all then went ashore in a launch, and eventually squeezed into the yellow beetle Chris called his car.

Dianna wanted to buy herself an exposure meter, so Chris and Babs took us to a photographer's shop in the main part of the town. Dianna bought her meter, and Chris bought me a roll of fast monochrome film. I'm rather hazy on any real detail here, but I remember we all trudged on to a nearby shop that seemed to sell anything from Washing Machines to Pressure Cookers, and included shirts in the list between. Prices were lower than at any other ports, and many Fellow passengers were feeling sorry that they hadn't kept more of their money until Aden. Chris and Babs made ideal bargain-hunters and one or twice Babs showed her skill at knocking prices down.

Babs was just as engaging as photos of her had suggested. She has a warm and friendly smile and bright eyes that seem to glow with enthusiasm. She's small, and slight, but I got the impression that she must be a bundle of energy -- even in Aden's oven-like heat. Chris hadn't changed much since last I had seen him, about five years back in New Zealand. He seemed a little thinner and of course he appeared to be slightly shorter... but still regrettably taller than I. One major change was vaguely evident, however, in that he'd lost his enthusiasm for being in the Army, though he seemed happy enough to make the best of life in his post at Aden.

The day was a typically sticky, hot day for Aden, and both Chris and I were sweating profusely indoors and out in the sun. So we all scrambled back into the car and sped and bumped our way through the town to the Army Houses in which the Middle East branch of the Burn family had its lodgings.

Which lodgings turned out to be very comfortable indeed. From its entrance foyer, doorways opened into a large bedroom, a large kitchen, a large bathroom, a larger bedroom, and a very large lounge/dining room. At one end of this last room French windows opened onto a small balcony overlooking the roughly finished roadway down below. Furniture was sparse in such a big area, but all there was was plenty and pretty soon we were all comfortably settled into armchairs, with a glass of ice-cold lager in our hands, and the happy sound of chattering tongues weaved a course of intricate conversation around us.

Then chaos tottered into the room... Nigel II, their older son. Previously, he'd been very quiet and shy and half-asleep. He'd pretended to be scared of strangers, and had cowered back into the arms of Ia, his nanny. But now, he'd forgotten his shyness, and startled us all by shrieking with excitement. His eyes had brightened and shone with joy as he jumped up onto the sofa and kicked his newly-found uncle in the stomach. Fortunately, he took a great liking to Dianna and eventually fell asleep sitting happily in her lap.

Other inhabitants of the flat included a washing machine of awesome abilities, a radiogramme that should have cost half the Earth, but which Chris had picked up very cheaply, and Martin, the tiny younger brother of Nigel II. Martin was then less than a year old and troubled by a bout of prickly-heat and he wasn't at all keen to wake up and say hellow, but he looks as if he'll grow up to be just as noisy and tough as Nigel II. He's got a grin that'll set new records within the family too.....

Sometime during the evening Babs served us a really tasty mushroom and

bacon flan pie. Nobody was really in a mood for eating, but I cleared their plates for them all -- I mean, it's not right to travel a quarter of the way round the globe and then hurt someone's feelings by not eating the food they offer you. She also served some fresh fruit and real cream - such a welcome change from all the frozen and de-hydrated stuff we'd been eating on board ship. Ummm!

...And then we all sat around talking some more -- all very cautious not to start talking too seriously because five or six hours is not long enough to give vent to the experiences garnered from five or six years of living at opposite ends of the world. One topic did come up for notice, though. Chris switched the radio on and listened to a news bulletin which ended with a warning to any English people living in Aden. The announcer warned residents to conserve petrol for the next few days and - in effect - to look after themselves pretty closely. This dramatically highlighted the expected General Strike that had been called by the Trades Unions for the following day.

Apparently the police Magistrates who more or less rule Aden (or interpret the Colonial Departments' rulings) had decided to introduce legislation to make it compulsory for the Trades Unions to present their grievances before a Court of Arbitration before calling men out on strikes. The Unions, mischief-makers though they were, naturally objected to this, saying that it would cut down upon their effectual use to the workers. And since the Arabs of Aden wanted to have their independence from British Governmental rule the whole business had got rather heated. Later on in the evening we were to see and hear many people walking down the streets, having just come from what must have been a very rowdy meeting at which the British Government representative in Aden had very courageously told them that they had no right to strike. Chris expected the fireworks to start on the following day, and had the ticklish job of arranging the transport for the Army in the city.

...Later, we showed slides. Chris had some beautiful slides that he'd taken on their trip to Rhodesia, and also showed some grand shots he'd taken on the climb up Mount Kilimanjaro. All I had to show were some out-of-date black-and-white slides of Wellington and Worsler Bay. - Oh well....

Then we had to make a quick dash from the flat to the ship. Night had fallen and it was impossible for me to get any photographs (though Chris took one of Babs and I which, ironically, came out rather well) without risking blurs with a time-exposure, so we shot along the roads to the quayside, then clambered into a launch and slowly headed back into the ocean. A rather numb feeling overtook me, and I must have appeared almost wooden as I bid goodbye and scrambled up the steps to the ship's deck. As soon as I'd gained the deck, I pushed my way to the starboard railing, and yelled down to Chris, about thirty feet below. He heard me and both he and Babs waved as madly as I as the launch took them rapidly away and back to shore again. Such a quick visit and much too short and garbled. Many thanks are due to Chris and to Babs for being such good hosts, and also for the camera they gave me - which has produced some wonderful shots since then. ..So, that was Aden, where I found a brother and gained a new sister and two nephews...

.... to be continued