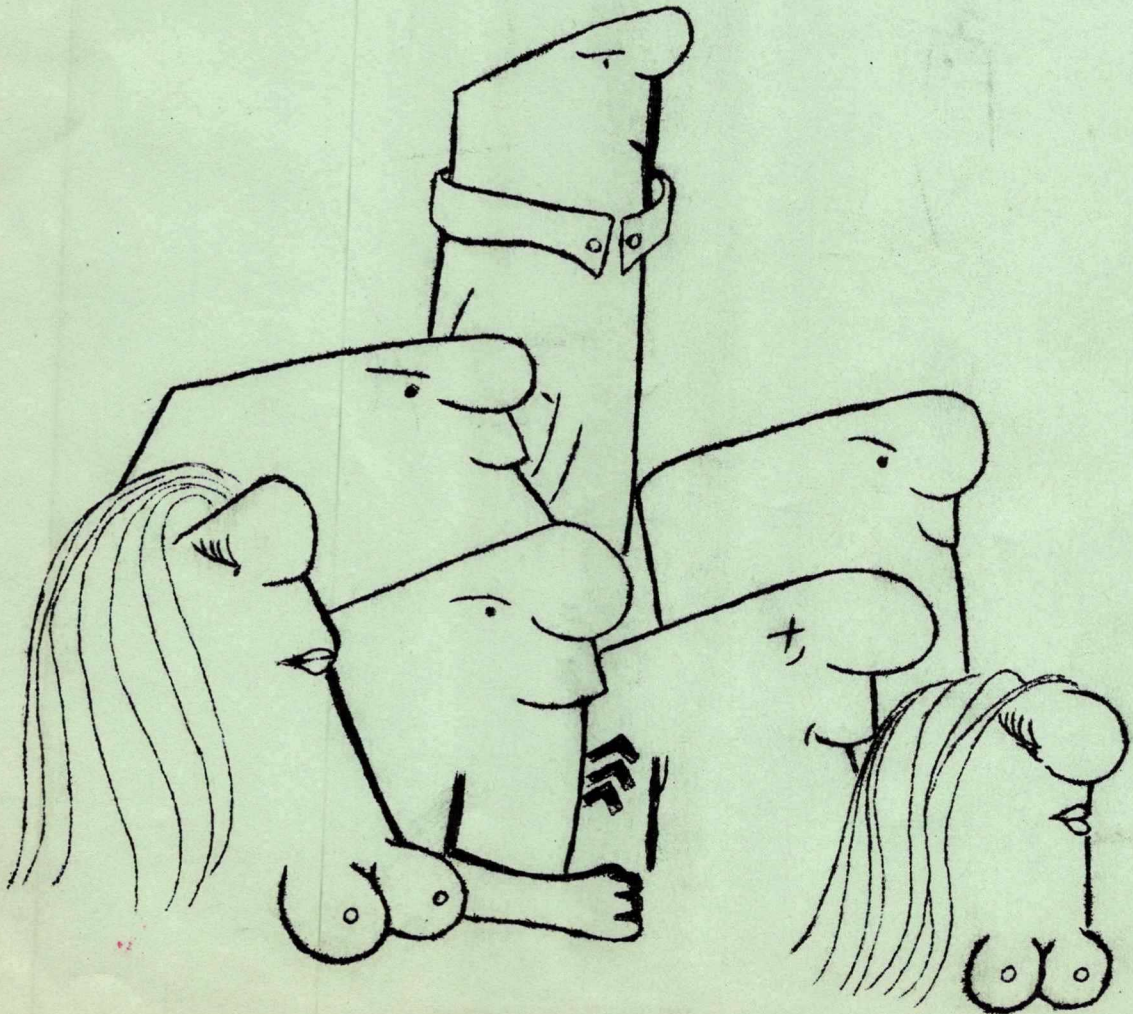
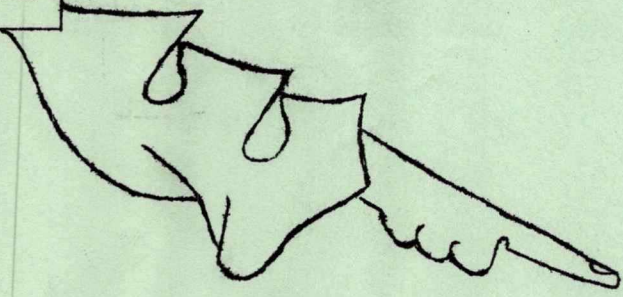
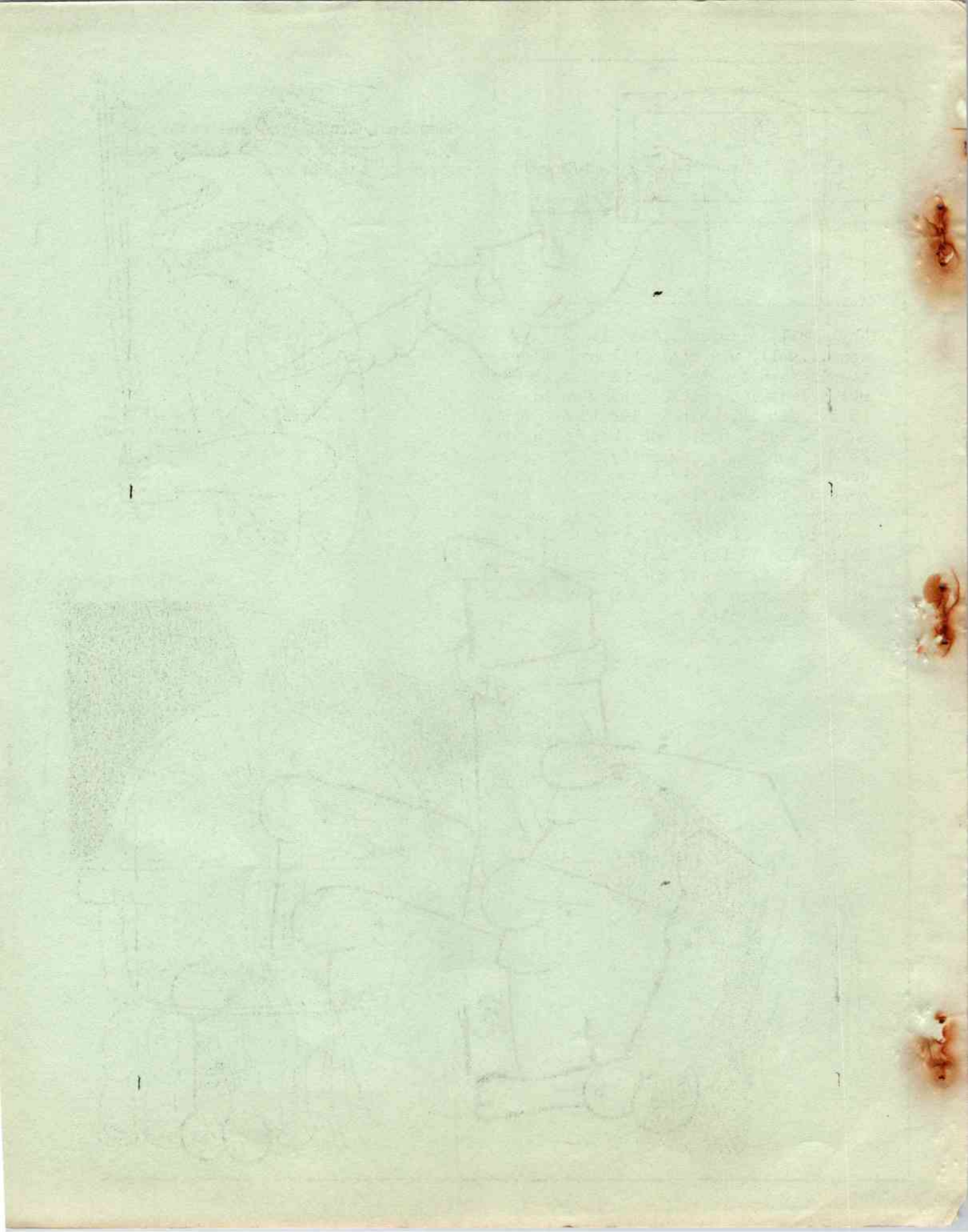


A FOLIO  
OF PHILBY

Compiled, stencilled and published  
by John Baxter and Bob Smith, with  
notes by the former.

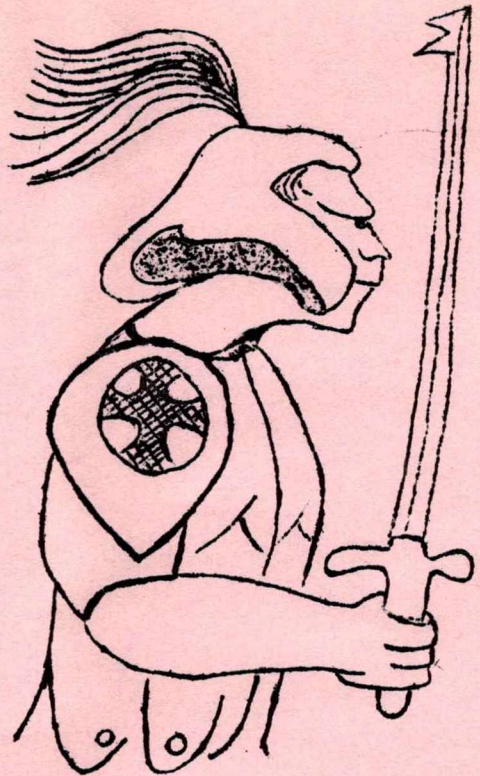




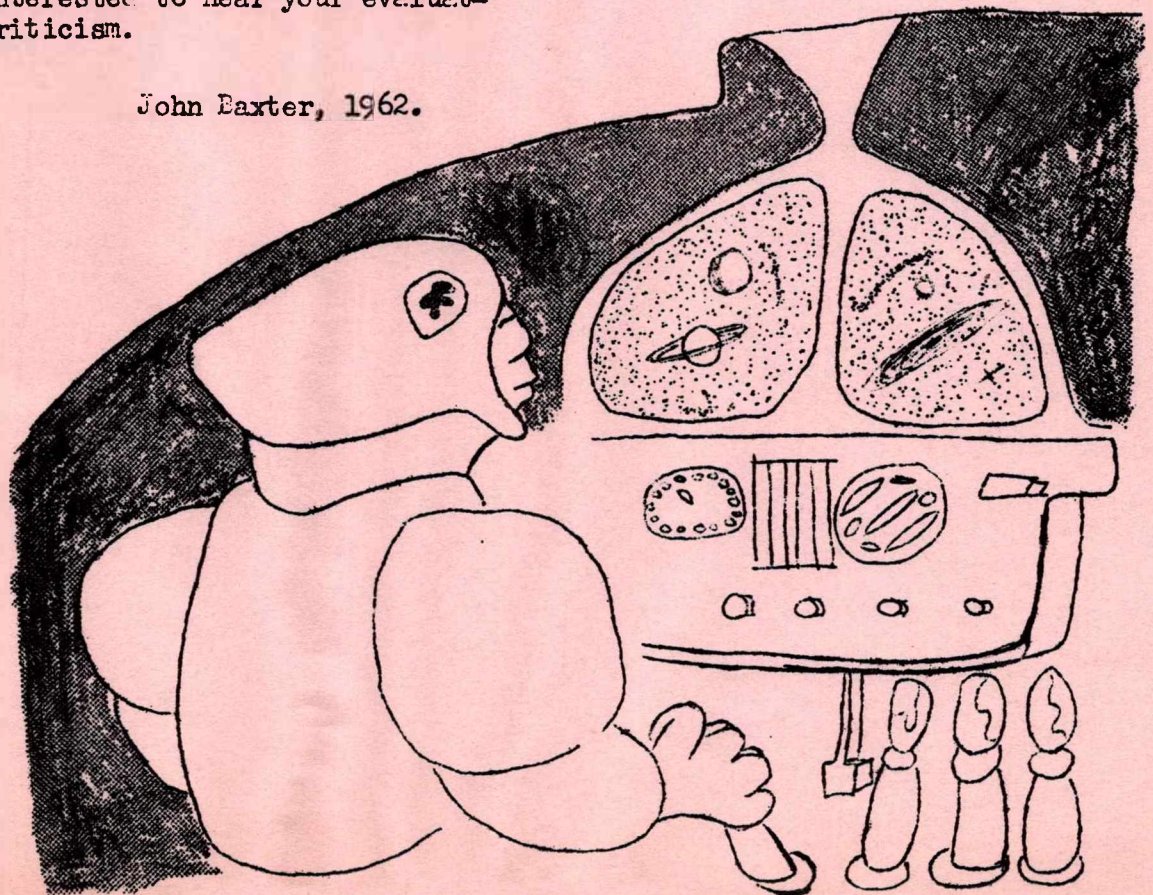




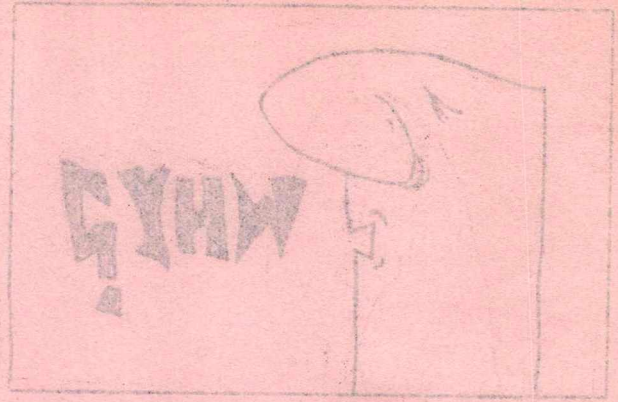
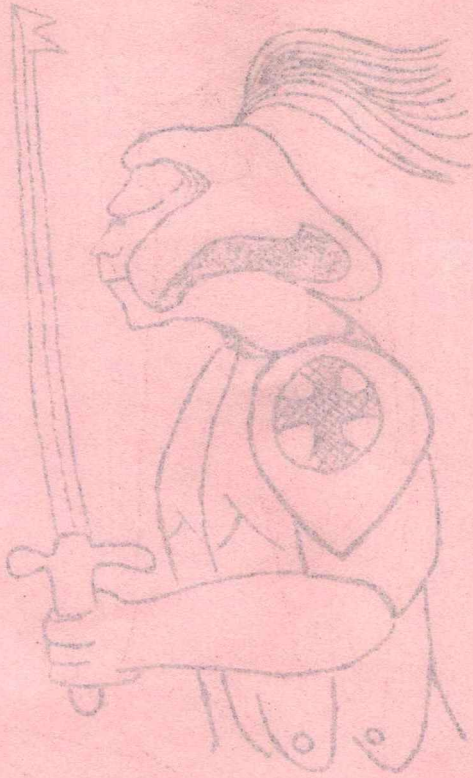
Why? Well, I guess...that is to say, I mean...well, why not? Phil has talent, imagination and the inclination to draw, while I am interested enough in his work to publish it. This in itself is reason enough, but I could add that by giving Phil's work some publicity, I'll be encouraging him to stick at drawing and eventually have him producing the sort of advanced material that he is quite capable of. If you feel that "Philby", as delineated in this folio, has promise, say so. Bob, myself and especially Phil will be interested to hear your evaluation and criticism.



John Baxter, 1962.

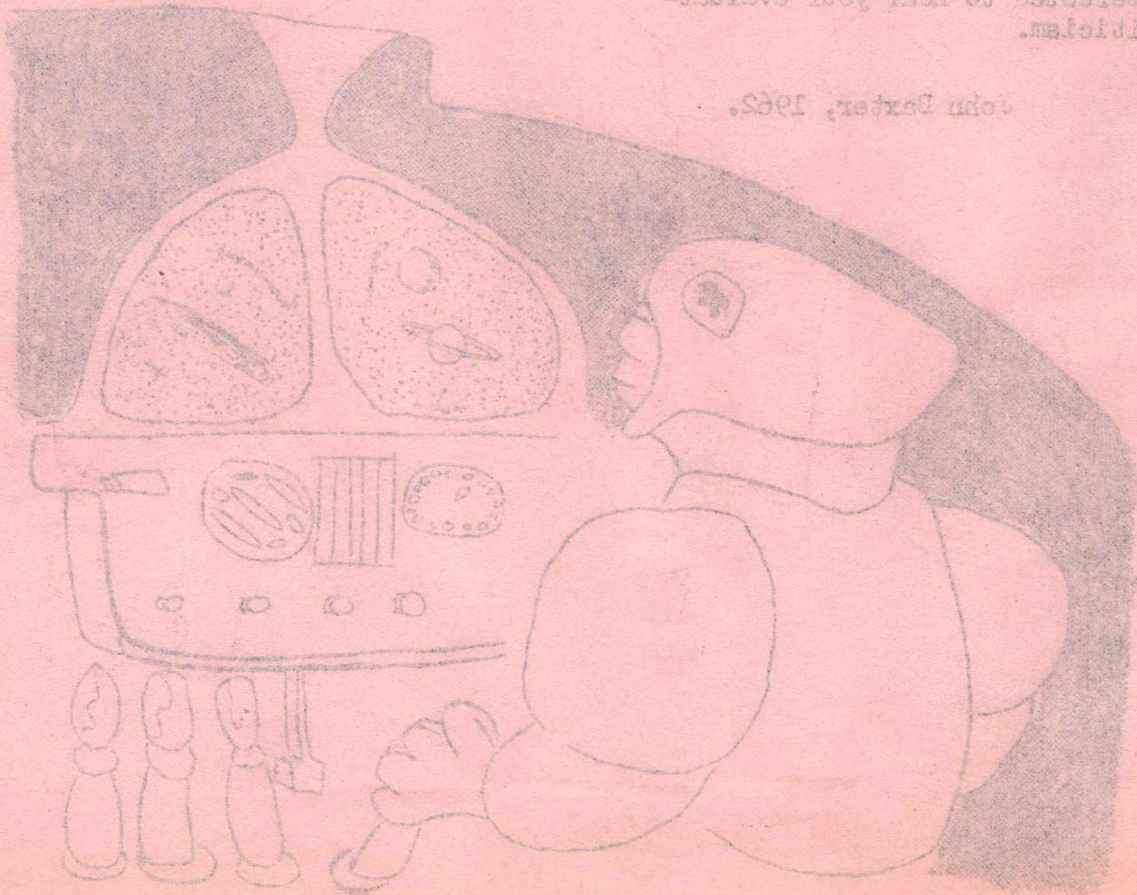




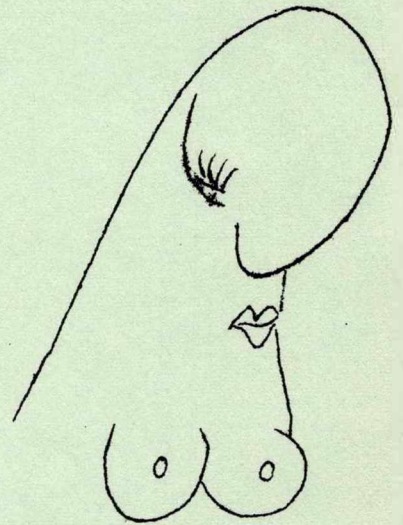
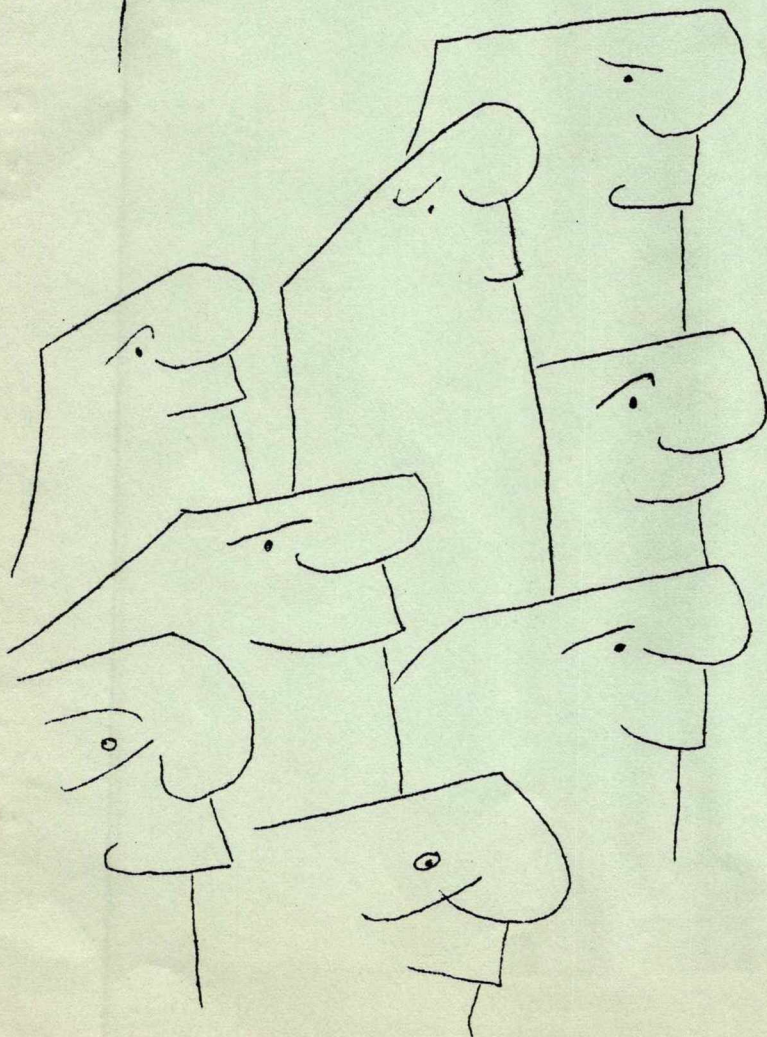
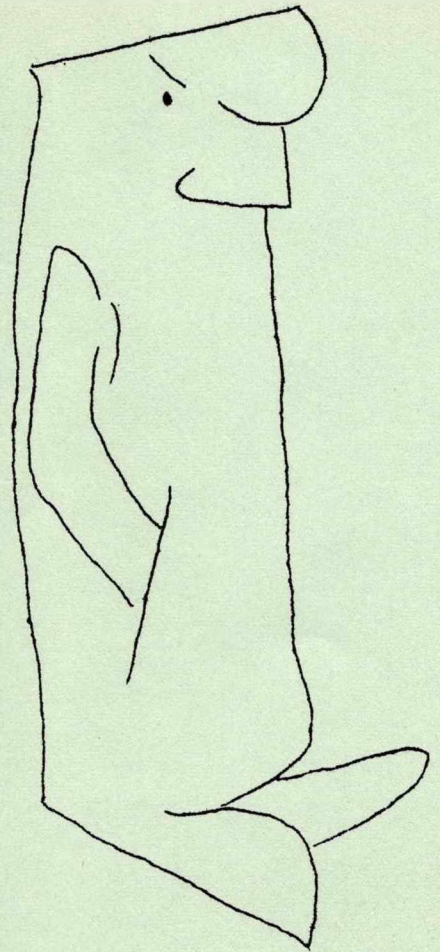
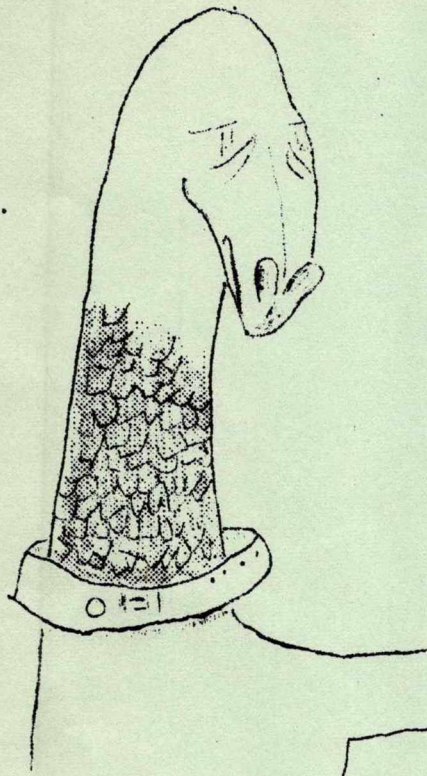


Why? Well, I guess... that is to say, I mean... well, why not? Phil has talent, imagination and the inclination to draw while I am interested enough in his work to publish it. This in itself is reason enough, but I could add that by giving Phil a work some publicity, I'll be encouraging him to attack at drawing and eventually have him producing the sort of advanced material that he is quite capable of. If you feel that "Philby" as delineated in this folio, has promise, say so. Bob, myself and especially Phil will be interested to hear your evaluation and criticism.

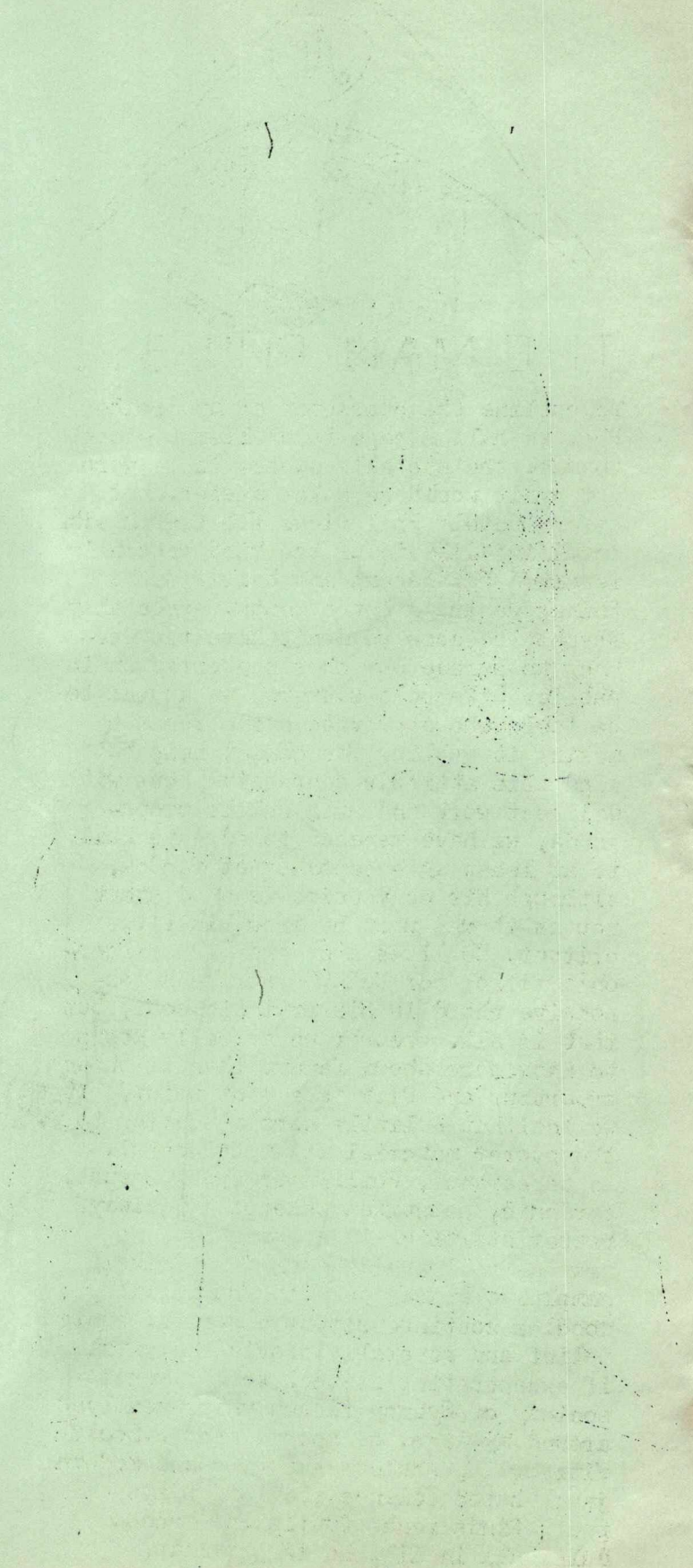
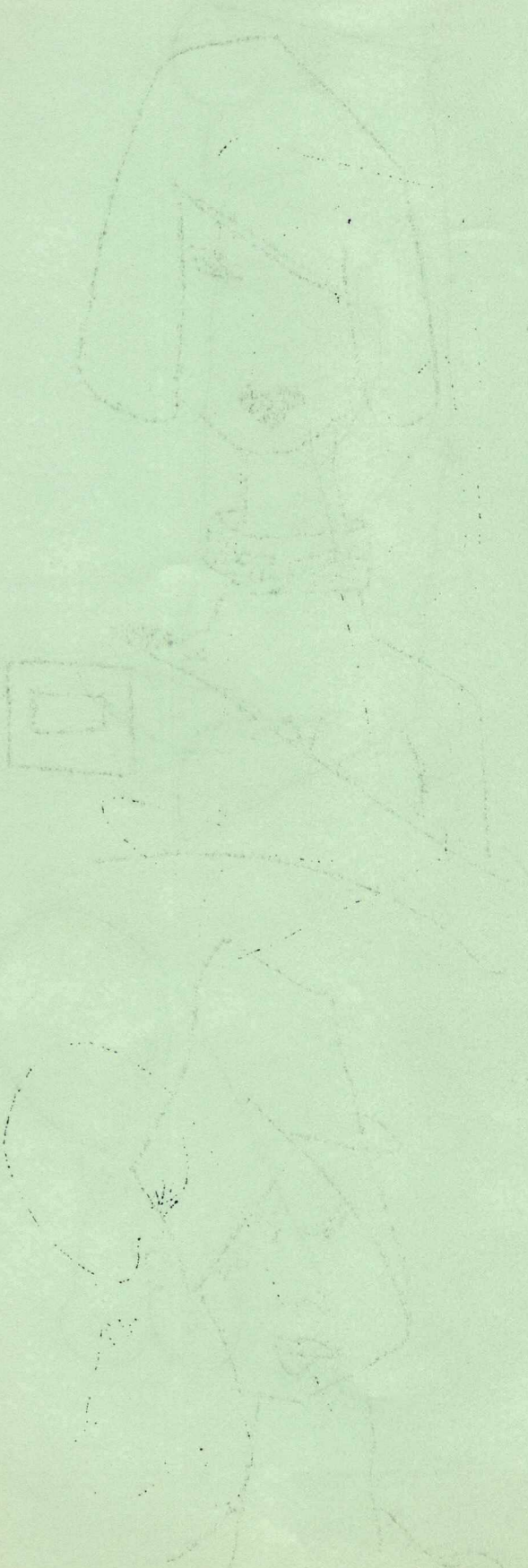
John Baxter, 1962.







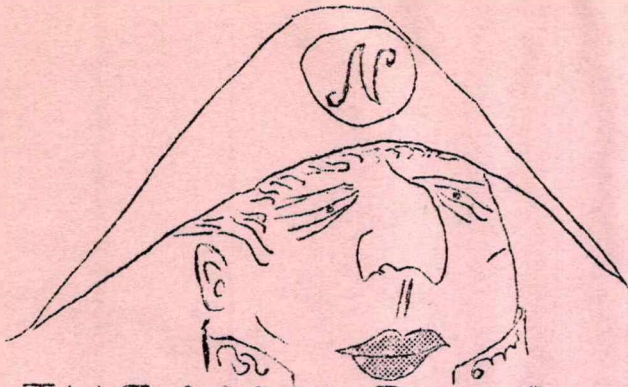




AND HIS WOMEN

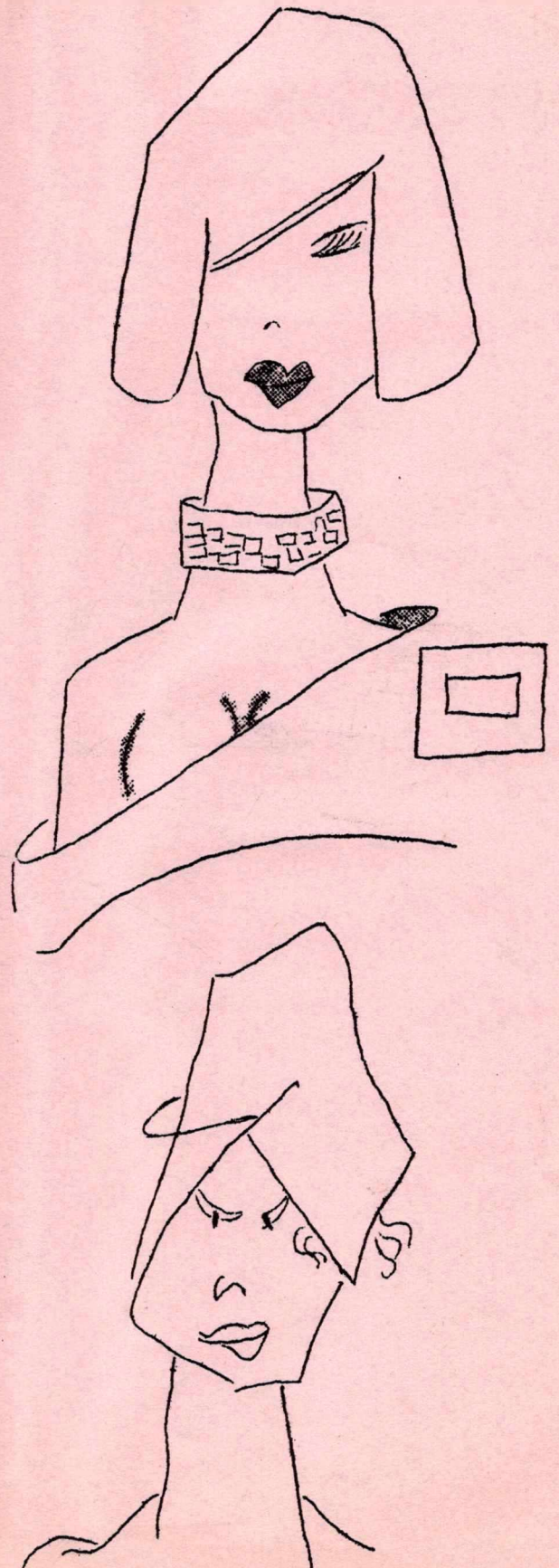
THE END





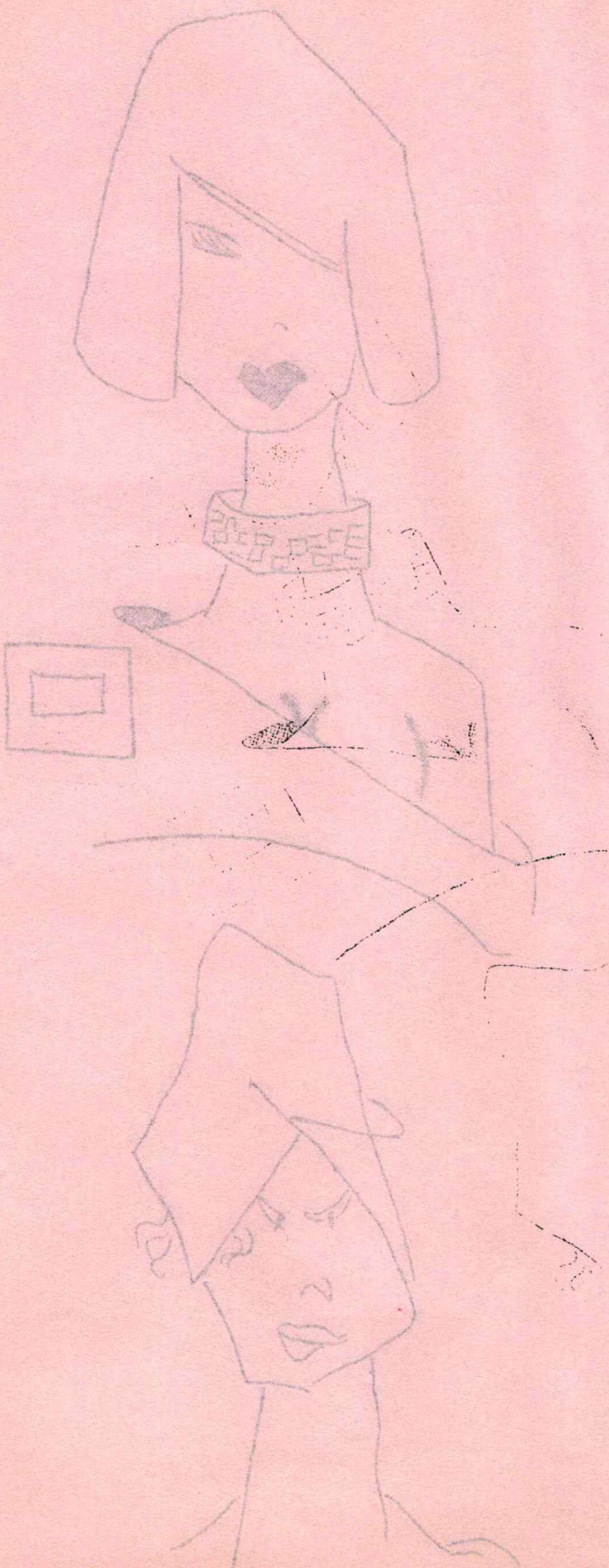
## THE MAN PHILBY...

To outline the character of my brother Phil in half a page is challenge enough to make the eyeballs sweat. If he were a fan, it would be a lot easier, but unfortunately Phil views all fandom with horrified disdain of the kind generally reserved for lepers and bailiffs. He thinks we are a lot of nuts, especially suspect because we don't have the decency to pursue our chosen aberration in public. Like pole-sitters, we appear to be fools who aggravate our offence by making it public. One cannot help but find this attitude depressing, but with diligent work and much subtle propaganda, we have managed to educate Phil to at least an acceptance of fandom, although his conversion is as distant now as it was when he drew his first crittur. He likes Atom and Dick Bergeron's fillos for WARHOON strike a responsive chord in his artistic soul, but that is all. Whether he actually needs to know more about fanart than is shown by Arthur and Dick is a moot point, but we feel that a little more attention to the poorer material might be useful. In appearance, Phil is towering, gaunt, sardonic, sometimes unkempt and always rather startling in a muted way. He dresses well, holds down a relatively complex clerical job with some skill, doodles continuously as a sort of comic relief and generally provides a vital if exasperating adjunct to the vague society of Sydney fandom which revolves around my digs. He appreciates F. Scott Fitzgerald, Toulouse-Lautrec and modern jazz, hates science fiction, plays pool, finds fanac futile and fandom dull. All in all, he is promising fannish material.

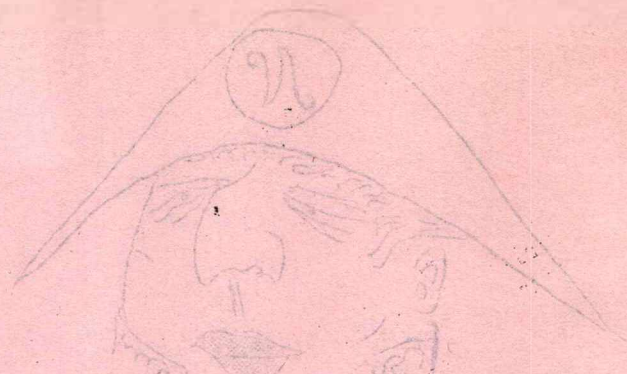


AND HIS WOMEN





AND HIS WOMEN



THE MAN PHILBY

To outline the character of my brother Phil in half a page is a challenge enough to make the eyeballs sweat. If he were a fan, it would be a lot easier, but unfortunately Phil views all fandom with horrified disdain of the kind generally reserved for lepers and pallid. He thinks we are a lot of nuts, especially suspect because we don't have the decency to praise our chosen exhibition in public. Like pole-attack, we appear to be fools who aggravate our offence by making it public. We cannot help but find this attitude disgusting, but with diligent work and much effort, perhaps, we have managed to educate Phil to at least an acceptance of London, although his conviction is as distant now as it was when he drew his first critique. He likes Atom and Dick Turner on a little for WARWICK and a ren-omative chord in his artistic soul, but that is all. Whether he actually needs to know more about fandom than is shown by Arthur and Dick is a moot point, but we feel that a little more attention to the poorer material might be useful. In appearance, Phil is towering, mustache, sometimes unkempt, and always rather startling in a muted way. He dresses well, holds down a relatively complex clerical job with some skill, books continuously as a sort of comic relief and generally provides a vital if exasperating adjunct to the vague society of Sydney Landon which revolves around the city. He appreciates T. Scott Fitzgerald, Toulouse-Lautrec and modern jazz, hates solid fiction, plays pool, finds Liane Lurie and London Golf. All in all, he is providing a useful material.



BESTIARY.

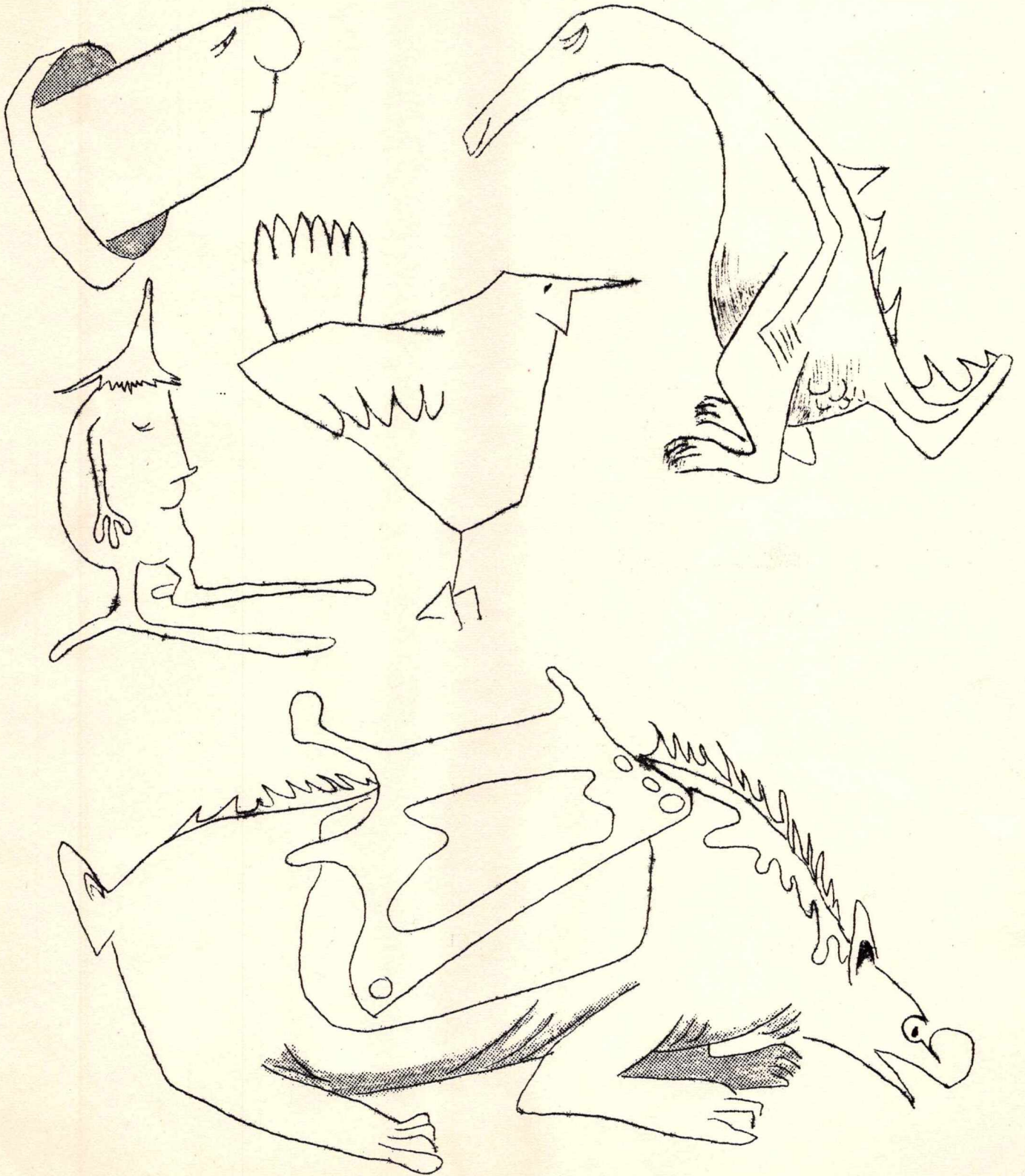




PLATE 39

