

Nothing new under,
around or over the sun.
an essay

What I mean is.....

I well remember my first
experience of space travel.

Such a dissapointment!

I had been warned to be
prepared for the strangeness of
it all. The AWFUL EMPTINESS.
The INFINITE NOTHINGNESS of
space.

But, the reality was not
strange to me. And the question
that drummed in my head, in time
with the ships blasters, was
"Why? Why, why is this AWFUL
EMPTINESS, this INFINITE
NOTHINGNESS not strange to me?

"Why do I know it so well?
Know that it has been with me
all my life?"

"This INFINITE EMPTINESS,
this AWFUL NOTHINGNESS with
me? Where?"

"In yer head, mate."

.....

and again.....

Time travel

Dining with Lucrezia Borgia.
Tete a tete with the temptress
in her luxurious budior.

Carrera marble,

Venetian glass,

Ravioli,

Infatuated.

Mesmerised.

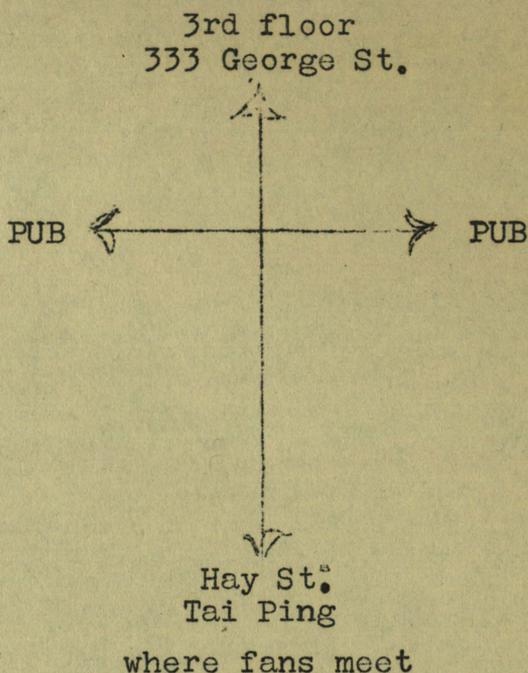
Too weak to resist, as the
charmer pressed the goblet to
my lips, and poured the lethal
liquid down my gurgling gullet....

THAT taste!

That old, too, too familiar
taste!

Repins Coffee!

Compass points of Sydney fandom.



333 George St. 3rd flr Thursdays
7.30pm clubroom and library.
Tai Ping. Lunchtime Saturdays.
AND only two of the four compass
points to pubs! The pub next the
Tai Ping (Burlington) can not be
counted. It is just there by
coincidence.

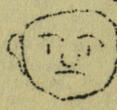
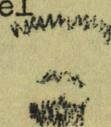
.....
: Yes, you s can shun it. :
:

Topical

The Joy Ita Mystery

Worth quoting; Professor
Picards words of 3-5-1955.
"At 8,000 metres, Kraken
(deep sea polyps 8 metres long)
menaced the bathyscape. I
always had the feeling to flee.
I could not stay long in the
vicinity of these monsters.
Guardians of the sea bed. I am
positive they are dangerous to
even a hyper-modern diving
boat."

Local Jokel

 Burke  and Hair