

# CHUNDER!

CHUNDER!, the down-to-earth fanzine, is published fairly often (say about fortnightly) by John Foyster, 6 Clowes Street, South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia. CHUNDER! is available on request (and then on continued showing of interest), for trade or contribution, or at the whim of the editor/publisher, whichever is the smaller.

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## THE AUSTRALIA IN '75 SELLOUT

Two of the fan groups bidding for the 1975 World Science Fiction Convention have done a deal. While Robin Johnson and Bill Wright were visiting the U.S. in September they came to an agreement with Jerry Jacks, representing Sampo Productions, regarding the campaigns of Melbourne and San Francisco for the '75 Con.

The two major points in the agreement are: (a) both groups will restrict the amount of advertising they take in each of the next two TORCON Progress Reports to two pages and (b) both groups have agreed not to use their respective Committee funds for the purchase of TORCON memberships (and presumably for voting memberships in the '75 Con).

Normally when a deal is made, both sides give a little. As the Australian bid occupied some fifteen odd pages of advertising in the L.A. CON Program Book it is not at all difficult to see just where the Australian side gave. But the B side looks just a little odd. How will the Toronto Committee handle it, I wonder?

At the same time Australian fans must be wondering just what benefit will accrue to the A175 Committee as a consequence of their cutting off their most promising method of attracting interest to the Australian bid.

## A NEWSNOTE A DAY FROM ALL OVER

The National Gallery of Victoria recently purchased the sculpture 'The Death of the Father' by Jean-Robert Ipousteguy for 60,000 dollars, thereby causing some slight controversy. Paula Harvey-Jennyson, cover-artist for a prominent Australian fanzine (and a few other things) is reported in THE AGE for October 26 as saying 'My boyfriend and I never agree on anything about art ... but we walked in and - wow! We think it's fabulous.' ++ The 25th ANZAPA mailing ran to 240 pages. Nevertheless OBE Leigh Edmonds reports that there are vacancies for approximately ten people. If you would like to fill one of these places or if you are interested in finding out about what ANZAPA does, write to: Leigh Edmonds, P.O. Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183. ++ FIAWOL 1 (J&A Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201, U.S.A.) under the heading SHAYNE WHO? speculates on the visit to TORCON of various Australian fans. Arnie suggests that he would rather see 'Bangsund, Baxter, Foyster, Gillespie, or Edmonds' than Shayne McStarTrek. The score is, Arnie, that Shayne will be there, along with a number of other Australian fans (including Bruce Gillespie). The score on the other four is a trifle negative. Bangsund is very unlikely, Baxter lives in England and has had little to do with fandom for years, Foyster refuses to go anywhere near the U.S. and Edmonds has other things on his mind. ++ Leigh Edmonds gave me a lino, but merciful heaven has erased it. ++



## INSULTS AND SLY INNUENDOS FOR ALL AT DEGRAVES

Last Wednesday night at Degraives Tavern saw a return to the sights and sounds of the well-remembered 'good old days'.

Character-assassination was the order of the day, especially that of several well-known personalities who were not present. Your amiable reporter cannot rightly remember how these vicious and libellous attacks came to be launched but he was impressed by the venom with which they were carried out.

Shayne McCormack was in attendance at the evening's festivities and the more gregarious (and the most intoxicated) members of Melbourne fandom rose to their best and put on a top-notch performance was in many ways breathtaking. Mr. Harding was particularly noteworthy in the solo passages and his intonation in the higher registers was well-nigh flawless while Mr. Foyster added a well-rounded continuo and Mr. Edmonds made a good showing of his too-frequent pizzicato passages.

Interstate readers who are familiar with Degraives Tavern practice will be glad to hear that after everybody had agreed not to disagree and become friends again, resolving their differences, a toast was drunk to the good health of John Bangsund (the unseen guest at every table) and a rousing chorus of 'For he's a jolly good charlie' was sung.

When people began to move off in the direction of home, your reporter doing likewise. (Leigh Edmonds)

## A HOUSE IS NOT A GNOME

In fandom there are many houses, but in Melbourne, Australia, there is only one - Peter House. Let me tell you about Peter House.

For a start he was born, a fact that many Melbourne fen greet with hoots of derision. As a lad, Peter was often taken fishing by his father. They used to row five miles out onto Port Phillip Bay and Peter would swim back. The swim didn't worry him nearly as much as getting out of the lead-weighted sack.

Peter exists on a diet of Camel Filters, Coca-Cola and monster movies. This is because he looks like a horror movie. He has the physique of a well-built broom handle and the temperament of an elephant with piles. He can drink six straight vodkas, a trick he practises at SF conventions, and on occasions he has been known to pass out after a seventh vodka.

However, it is not for passing out that Peter is best known. His fame rests upon his capacity for sleep. Shakespeare once said 'sleep ravel's up the ragged sleeve of care'; with Peter it doesn't so much ravel as gallop. In fact, Peter doesn't so much sleep as die for 8 to 10 hours.

I remember a dinner we had up at a fannish watering-place named the Golden Age Hotel (Aussiefan drinks there) and Peter did his trick of drinking six straight vodkas. We all cheered and went back to the now-defunct club-rooms as 19 Somerset Place to rap. Peter didn't rap. Peter went to sleep.

"Ssshhh" said Bill Wright, ever solicitous of the welfare of others, "quiet, you might wake him."

CHUNDER! 1/2



"Wake him? House? You gotta be joking, Wright!" And so saying I picked up two large saucepans and bashed them together not six inches from the House lughole. House didn't even twitch. Bill's eyes went large and bugged out slightly. "JEEZZZ!" is about the way he put it.

Later on we took Peter home. This operation consisted of Malcolm Hunt picking Pete up in a fireman's lift and carrying him down the stairs and pouring him into the car. Later we extracted him from the car, still unconscious, rifled his pockets for his front door keys, carried him up the stairs to his bedroom, slapped him around the chops until he seemed to surface and then pointed him at his bed.

"Peter. Bed. Sleep." I said.

I must have got through to him because he grunted once, lurched over to his bed, swept all the junk off onto the floor and collapsed onto it, face-down. We stole away into the night.

Another time Peter and I were doing a promotion for this horror movie for Columbia Pictures. "I think I'll go as a Mummy" Peter told me.

"You'll never get away with it" I told him.

Luckily he worked at a hospital and could get at the bandage room. First he took a medication to stop all natural urges for six hours and then he got himself wrapped in bandages from head to foot. Tight. Solid. Completely.

And then he called a taxi.

If you were a taxi driver and you were called to a hospital and your passenger turned out to be wrapped from head to foot in bandages, what would you think? Precisely so.

An even bigger thrill awaited the 150 commuters at the bus stop outside the theatre. Taxi draws up. Suited executive types gallop out of the theatre and very solicitously hold open the taxi door. A bandaged figure emerges. Everybody shakes hands and the incapacitated one is helped into the theatre. 150 pairs of eyes watched the whole operation with a definitely bemused expression. Wonder what they said to the wives when they got home?

Peter was a great success as a bandage. We stood him on the stairs, just around the corner from the ticket-box and watched the reactions.

"JEEZZ, George, look at the clever plaster dummy on the stairs."

It was then that the clever plaster dummy leered at them out of its bandages and motioned them ahead of it up the stairs.

Most people reappraised their decision to go up the stairs at just that moment and retired to the safety of the front door. One girl actually threw her boyfriend at Peter in a sort of "kill him, not me" gesture and ran. Another just screamed while two others literally tried to climb the wall.

I must admit that Peter was perfect in the role of the Mad Mummy. Even one of the usherettes retired into the body of the theatre, threatening to resign if "that thing" came anywhere near her person, i.e. within 25 feet. Of course, many people say the same thing about Peter when he is more casually dressed.



As a postscript we retired to the john and tried to cut Peter out of the bandages with a pair of nail scissors (I kid you not) and forgot about the interval. Suddenly we had a large circle of interested viewers watching us upend Peter and shake him loose from the lower portion of his bandages.

It was not an act you could easily repeat! (Paul J. Stevens)

### BEAUTIFUL BALLOONS (Part One, by David Grigg)

Standing idly browsing in the Space Age Bookshop the other day, trying to decide between 'Perry Rhodan Meets The Bride Of Frankenstein' or 'Magister Ludi', I was accosted by Paul Stevens.

It's never a pleasant experience, but after a hard morning at work writing about the recycling of steel coffins I was even less than usually disposed to greet with enthusiasm a Paul Stevens whose eyes gaped from under all that hair like those of a Rasputin suffering from malnutrition.

"What do you think about wargames?" he said in a conspiratorial stage-whisper. Lee Harding, standing nearby, gave us a look of condescending disgust.

"It's immoral" I said "they ought to bring all the troops home right away!"

"No, no. Wargames. You know, Diplomacy and all that."

"Well," I said guardedly, "I can take it or leave it, I guess."

"This Sunday, at my place." And he walked off. "Oh" he said over his shoulder "it's also an Australia in '75 Committee meeting, combined."

"That figures."

So on Sunday I turned up to the attic that serves as Paul and John's dwelling place, climbed over the dustbins and walked into the living room. And there were Paul and Leigh and all those other people and Robin Johnson and Bill Wright, who were trying to untangle the microphone cords of their two tape-recorders, which had got unaccountably mixed.

So Paul picked up a large multi-coloured box with lurid pictures of biplanes being shot to pieces on it, titled Luftwaffe. He took out the board, unfolded it over the table, took out the pieces and dumped them in a huge pile over the board, and pulled out the instructions ... and pulled out the instructions ... and pulled out the instructions... (To be continued)

+++++ This is about how CHUNDER! will go, each and every fortnight. +++++

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