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CHUNDER!

CHUNDER!, the fanzine that retches out to its readers, is published 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 sooner.

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THE A75 SECRETARY COMMENTS

Thank you for CHUNDER! Let it all come out, that's what I say. In the democratic countries of Australia and America there is very little tolerance of secret deals made between opposing powers with the object of de-escalating conflicts. After all, when a soldier can be shot for fraternizing with the enemy, what are the troops to think when their leaders are seen to do the same thing? And so it was with sentiments of profound intransigence that I perused your scathing denunciation of THE AUSTRALIA IN 75 SELLOUT. The powerful logic and mental balance that sustain me at all times have convinced me that there are some things that it is not meet that ordinary fen should know. Revered and wise are Robin and Bill. It was inevitable that they should make alliance with their peers in the high chambers of the World Convention, and it ill behoves their erring brethren to display an unseemly curiosity about the elusive discourse of their betters. Matters of high policy are not for them, and they should be content to humbly stand in readiness to assume their allotted burden of work.

(Bill Wright)

(This week's lead story has been held over.)

Paul Stevens says 'Grunge!' to the world.

A NEWSNOTE A DAY FROM ALL OVER

Gary Hoff will probably be visiting the Eastern States during December/January. He has now recovered from the Oktoberfest. ++ Shayne McCormack will probably be moving to Melbourne early in the new year, following the trend of escaping from Sydney set by Robin Johnson and Gary Mason (and Peter Darling???). ++ ANZAPA OBE Leigh Edmonds (P.O. Box 74, Balaclava, V 3183) reports that there has been no response to his offer of a place in ANZAPA. ++ Paul Stevens has realised one advantage of being on a Con committee and is eating his way around some of the better Melbourne hotels. ++

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PRINTED MATTER ONLY

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BEAUTIFUL BALLOONS (continued)

(Last issue we left Paul Stevens explaining the rules of Luftwaffe, a game. Now Read On.)

Leigh gave Paul a strange look, and said: "Okay, Paul, you explain to me how we play."

Paul subsided into his sideburns.

Meanwhile, Robin Johnson was trying to get the meeting of the Australia in '75 Committee started, and he was wandering around wondering whether to start without Christine McGowan or not, and Bill Wright was draping taperecorder microphones over the tv set and the book shelves. I sat and had a Coke.

"All right" said Paul, "I'll be Germany, and you be America. Let's see - we'll only play the basic game first. First you have to deploy six squadrons along the Baltic Sea, and I have to place my fighters around the towns with aircraft factories and..."

Robin turned on all the tape recorders and announced that the meeting was open. Bill Wright interrupted him to describe how nice a person Astrid Anderson was, and how she and Jerry Jacks had almost convinced him to join the other side. Robin ruled him out of order.

"Paul" said Leigh, "What do I do with my fifteen bomber squadrons circling the Black Sea when they run out of fuel on the sixth move?"

Robin discussed the advertising plans for American regional conventions, and where the Australia in '75 Film was going to be shown next, but Bill went off about how he'd commiserated with Harry Warner on the number of fanzines he hadn't LOCed by telling him to ignore them all.

"Well, I still say that when I make my first attack the B-17s should be able to take out Dresden with incendiaries**" said Leigh.

"How about if I have a silo of ICBMs over here?" I asked.

"You win" said Paul.

Robin, having discussed the fund-raising problems and whether the next issue of the Bulletin should go to Mao Tse-tung as well as Gough Whitlam, just in case, stomped on Bill Wright who was telling us about Roger Zelazny's Dali, and declared the meeting closed.

"Okay!" said Paul. "Now we can start the first move ... what was that, Robin?"

(David Grigg)

For the first game Paul took the side of the Luftwaffe and your humble reporter (L. Marmaduke Edmonds) took the side of the US Air Force and within several minutes more tactical and strategic blunders had been made by both sides than in the whole of the real war. However the Germans gradually gained the upper hand, this event being largely attributable to Stephen Solomon who was serving as the American gunner and bomb aimer, and is a rotten shot. Luckily I then discovered the not inconsiderable talents of Peter House in this direction and would undoubtedly have won the first game but for the fact that Paul had read the rules and I had not.

A second game was begun. This time Stephen did sterling service as navigator and co-pilot, but Paul Stevens, waving about large amounts of money, was able to secure the services of Mr. House for his side. As good fortune would have it,

Paul became hungry and went off to get something to eat and the game was adjourned. It was to have been resumed last Tuesday, but Shayne McCormack's arrival in Melbourne put an end to that proposal.

(Leigh Edmonds)

(**David makes use of a little poetic license here. Dresden does not appear on the board, for some undoubtedly quite ordinary reason, so that the chances of the Allies fire-bombing Dresden in the game Luftwaffe are rather less than was the case in WW2. John Foyster)

OUR MAN IN CAMERA

So I said to Bob, It's pretty tough when you have to drive 200 miles for a bit of intelligent talk and fannish-type relaxing, but he still had that sort of glazed look about him and he didn't answer. If I hadn't known better I might have thought he was still under the spell of (*sigh*) Margaret Oliver, whom we had all to ourselves for several hours the previous day. The Gregorian chant continued, the rain pattered on the balcony outside, I lit up another packet or two of Kent, and Lyn and I talked about A. D. Hope, the cats clambering over us meanwhile and from Geoffrey's room much laughter and the sounds of an old Laurel and Hardy movie.

I got on pretty well with the Canberra fans, but they aren't old-time fans like your genial publisher, and I miss that genial old-time fannishness. Not only that, but they have this frightful tendency to talk about science fiction at the drop of an Ace paperback - worse still, to talk about science. And I refuse to become involved in their hare-brained schemes, mainly because I have enough of my own to go on with. Besides, Canberra is a great place to get away from, if only for a weekend.

So: Labour Day found me working on the Campbell book, instead of visiting the Smiths as I had planned. Conscience had got the better of me. But during the following fortnight I had a note from Eric Lindsay announcing the First Faulconbridge SF Conference, and I thought I might just toddle up to the Blue Mountains to see what it was all about. Which I did. I arrived about 7am Saturday, and by prolonged knocking at the door of the elegant Lindsay mansion, managed at last to arouse the conventioners - Eric, Blair Ramago, and two other blokes whose names this rough red I'm drinking has obscured momentarily. Those four eventually went off shopping, I laid me down to sleep, having travelled since 2.30am, and Jean Jordan immediately arrived in a scarlet Mini-Moke. Jean comes from Chicago, and we chatted amiably for a while until she said, You're not John Bangsund are you? and I had to admit that I was, and she sort of became all respectful. (I hate it, I hate it! I'll change my name!) Then the others came back, and we started writing things. I typed several drunken stencils, under the impression that this was a fannish mini-convention, and the others adjourned to write sf novels and such. Ron Clarke and Sue turned up during the afternoon. Around 7.30 they all went off to see "The Devils" and "THX-1138", and I laid me down to sleep. But soon they were back, and there was much talk of this and that. Eventually they retired, but I, thoroughly awake now, read half a volume of West Indian short stories. Next morning, the great novels went on. I gave Sue some friendly bachelor advice about washing dishes, and departed. To Lyn and Bob Smith's place, half a world away on the other side of Sydney.

And I went back to their place last weekend, because we hadn't talked enough about Mozart and A. D. Hope and Japanese history and customs a fortnight ago.

It was most relaxing. But Margaret came over for dinner on Saturday night, and she is so enthusiastic about fanzines and other juvenile stuff like that, that Bob starting getting this glazed look aforementioned. That was 48 hours ago, as I write. This morning Lyn rang me and said, What have you done? Me? I said, You! she replied. Bob is wandering around muttering "mangel wurzel" and "room for a duplicator in the garage if we move the Honda out" - and I am getting the blame for it! I said soothing words to Lyn, but hung up disturbed. Have I been the cause of launching another Bob Smith fanzine on an unsuspecting world? Ghu forbid and me little VW (which aileth yet) forfend! Next time I go to sinful Sinny for a spot of Bach and good cooking and cultured talk, I might get lumbered with collating or something!

The ubiquitous RonL Clarke and Sue turned up on Saturday, and Ron casually mentioned that Dr Barrett - the Dr C. L. Barrett - had been in Sydney some weeks previously, and that he had given him my address and Graham Stone's. Dr Barrett visited Graham Stone, but if he tried to find me he failed. Probably just as well: it would have been rather humiliating for me to ask for a visitor's autograph.

John, I don't know if you can fit a letter column into your 4 pages, but if you can or intend to, I would like to echo your sentiments about the "Australia in 75 Ballout". The San Francisco crowd is on the spot; they don't particularly need publicity in graphic form to persuade people to vote for them. We do, as you say. A small, but nevertheless significant, reason for me decision to resign as Chairman and Publicity Director of A75 was precisely this deal arranged at LA. I gave other, more important, reasons to the committee. Since then I have heard that some Melbourne fans are not happy about my resignation, and that there is a feeling of disconsolation abroad. The hell with it! If Australia in 75 is such a faint-hearted movement that it can't go on without me then it deserves to fail. Any overseas fan who comes here to meet me is nuts. The only good reason to come here is to experience Australian fandom, of which I am only a small and not especially scintillating part.

I mean, imagine what Margaret Oliver will be like three years from now! Or Shayne McStartrek, or any of those blossoming femmefans we met at Syncon. And (shall we support a rival bid? - it's almost worth it), why should we share these ladies with them goddam furriners?

(John Bangsund)

(My answer to the question in your last paragraph must obviously be no; as you well know I cannot support any US group in anything. I commend to you Henry Steele Commager's article in THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS (October 5) for some of the parallels between the US today and Nazi Germany. John Foyster)

Letter Thanks for the CHUNDER! no. 1 and for the, I hope, inchoate amusement in situ. Shit, what am I writing inchoate for? (Because I saw it again while checking the old Concise to see if in situ had the meaning I desired it to have, which it did; as did inchoate; and besides, seeing that Chunder! is related to sf, one way or another, and seeing that much sf is, or uses, inchoate - usually coupled, one way or another, with autochthons - it does, I suppose, have some sort of appropriateness.) (Rob Gerrard)

('Its inchoateness is its efficiency.' Paul Goodman, Speaking and Language: Defence of Poetry, p. 114.)

EDITORIAL Next time, Jack Wodhams and Michael Crenney, as well as whoever remembers the deadline (November 24). If I don't print your stuff within two months of receipt, forget it! Look forward to the bumper Xmas No.

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