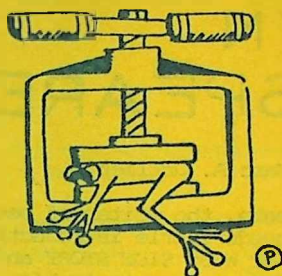


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OR
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MINARDOR 6

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MARC II

OR
THE MAD DAN REVIEW 7

OR
TANSTAAFL 1

SEPTEMBER 1979

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ART

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John Packer, Triffid master extraordinaire, and saviour of this fanzine, artwise may be contacted at 12 Charles St., Northfield South Australia 5085.

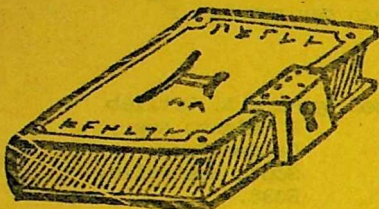
This fanzine was typed on a hired ADLER SE 1000 CD. There are several errors resulting from my unfamiliarity with the machine. Those kind people amongst you who are prepared to believe the best of a person may like to attribute the spelling mistakes to the typer.

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AUSTRALIA IN '83 AUSTRALIA IN '83 AUSTRALIA IN '83 AUSTRALIA IN '83 AUSTRALIA IN '83

THE UNKNOWN SHAKESPEARE

by Marc A. Ortlieb



William Shakespeare, the writer of best selling screenplays, needs little introduction. His masterly scripts for WEST SIDE STORY and FORBIDDEN PLANET stand as monuments to his genius. Lesser known though is William Shakespeare the fan writer, and it is the aim of this article to show some of the bard's lesser known works.

The fact that Shakespeare, on the surface a typical Hollywood writer, should seek

refuge amongst the wierd sub-culture of science fiction fandom is initially quite a shock. However, when it is discovered that he claimed to be a citizen of the sixteenth century rather than of the twentieth, this fact falls into clearer perspective. While it is true that few fans accepted his claims, most professed to do so, as Shakespeare was well known for snubbing those who would not believe his account of his origins, and whilst it would not be true to say that a Shakespeare article guaranteed the fanzine in which it appeared a Hugo, it may be noted that no fanzine without such an article won a Hugo for the duration of Shakespeare's career as a fan writer.

What follows are extracts from Shakespeare's best known fan plays, MACFAN and the FANFEUD. Unfortunately space prohibits our publishing of the complete texts. Interested scholars might like to obtain these from any branch of the Forest J. Ackerman Science Fiction Library Service. There you will also find the complete texts of Shakespeare's other fan plays RONEO AND OFFSET, WORLDCON BIDDING FOLLIES or MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, KING LEER, FANTHONY AND CLEARCORFLU, and A MIDWESTERCON DREAM.

MACFAN

ACT I Scene i
(A committee meeting.)

- 1st COMMITTEE MEMBER When shall we three meet again
In sewer, tunnel, or in drain? (1)
- 2nd COMMITTEE MEMBER When the ballot stuffing's done.
When the Worldcon's lost and won.
- 3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER That will be 'ere the set of sun.
- 1st COMMITTEE MEMBER Where the place?
- 2nd COMMITTEE MEMBER Down by the van.

3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER There to meet with Macfan.

Scene ii
(A science fiction bookshop.)

The Convention Chairman is sitting in the office when the vice-Chairman enters with a postman.

CON CHAIRMAN What weary man is that?

VICE-CHAIRMAN This is the postman who has,
Through regulation coffee breaks
Brought to us news of the voting.
Tell to him Postman, the way of it.

POSTMAN Doubtful it stood
As two collectors bidding for a zine
Do rend each other's throats.
The ever grasping Boston
Did strive to swing the voting by
The advance announcement of their Guests of Honour,
But all to naught, for Macfan,
With all his hoards of Fosters cans about him (2)
Did the attending voters so beguile
With tales of beaches and of animals
Most strange that the voting fell to us.

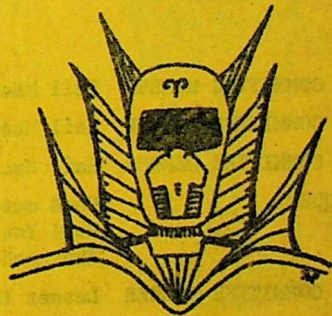
CON CHAIRMAN Well spoken sir.
Go get thee to thine coffee break.
Well hast thou deserved it.
Who comes here?

VICE-CHAIRMAN The worthy Convention Treasurer.

TREASURER G'day.

CON CHAIRMAN Whence cam'st thou
Worthy friend?

TREASURER From Denver cobber
Where the biddin's
Newly finished
And though Macfan
Did strongly plead
Our cause,
The thrice-damned
ConSec did nigh on
Blow it, by leakin'
Traitorous word
Of last year's
NatCon balls up. (3)
However, Macfan did
So well press our cause
That even those faint
Doubts were set aside
And, to conclude,
The victory fell to us.



CON CHAIRMAN

Great happiness. No more shall the ConSec (4)
Beguile us with sly words
Remove him from our plans
And with his former title greet Macfan.

Exeunt.

Scene iii

A public thoroughfare

(Enter three committee members.)

1st COMMITTEE MEMBER Where hast thou been?

2nd COMMITTEE MEMBER Stuffing ballot boxes.

3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER What of you?

1st COMMITTEE MEMBER An sf club had money in accounts (5)
And spent and spent and spent.

"Give me!" quoth I.

"Pizzov Bruce!" the treasurer cried.
But that club had a con a while ago,
And books that didn't balance.
So to t'accountant I will go
And like a pigeon on a stool
I'll squeel. I'll squeel. I'll squeel.

(The sound of an ancient car is heard.)

3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER A bomb! A bomb! (6)
Macfan doth come!

MACFAN Funny weather we're having.

BANQUET Yeah. How far to the shop?
Wait a sec!
Who are those geezers? (7)

MACFAN Beats me.

(The committee members approach.)

1st COMMITTEE MEMBER Hail Macfan! Hail to thee Committee Member.

2nd COMMITTEE MEMBER Hail Macfan! Hail to thee Committee Secretary.

3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER Hail Macfan that shalt be Chairman hereafter.

BANQUET Good mate, what's got you worried?
Hoy! You mob! You've given me mate
The good oil. What about a word for me?

1st COMMITTEE MEMBER Lesser than Macfan but greater.

2nd COMMITTEE MEMBER Not so happy but much happier.

3rd COMMITTEE MEMBER Thou'll not get Hugos
But thou shalt give them away. (8)
So all hail Macfan and Banquet.

ALL Banquet and Macfan all hail. *(They scuttle off.)*



BANQUET Well, what'd you make of that?
(enter Roos and Argus.)

ROOS The Chair hath happily received Macfan
The news of thy success.

ARGUS We are sent
To give from the committee thanx

ROOS And, in promise of greater honour
They bade me from them call thee Committee Secretary.

MACFAN But the Committee Secretary is still active!

ARGUS He who was the Comsec is active yet,
But is unlikely to stay that way.
He hath offended so many fen
That his zine is sure to shrivel
From lack of contributions.

MACFAN *(Aside to Banquet)* Well Banquet, ready to become Toast Master?

BANQUET If you're ready for chairmanship,
But watch it mate. I don't trust
These committee bastards.

MACFAN You could be right.
Lets get to the shop.

Exeunt.

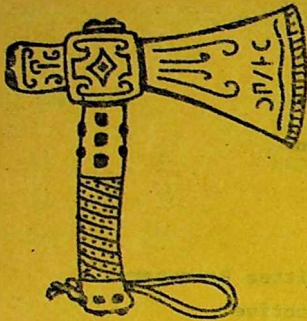
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FOOTNOTES

- 1) Shakespeare's dislike for committees was well documented, and he was condemned in many fan circles for his autocratic outlook. Thus his equating of Committee Members with lower vermin in not surprising.
- 2) *Fosters* was a brand of beer considered symbolic of Australian fandom, despite the contrary claims of the Church of the Ghreat Whombat.
- 3) The exact identity of this convention has not been satisfactorily accertained.
- 4) Again, it is impossible to determine the identity of the ConSec. It may, however, be noted that no one was in any hurry to claim the post when the play was first published.
- 5) See note 4. (The letter bomb which almost took Shakespeare's life was reputed to have an Adelaide postmark.)
- 6) Bomb = old car. (Australian slang.)
- 7) Geezers = gentlemen (Corrupt.)
- 8) Naturally everyone has heard of the Hugo Banquet.



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THE FANFEUD



ACT I Scene ii.

*(Prospero's stationery
shop. Miranda enters
breathless.)*

MIRANDA If by your Art, my dearest father, you have
Put the unions in this uproar please stop.
For they have caused a railway train
To be stranded in this humble town
In which we have lived since I began to crawl.
Oh I have suffered with those that I saw suffer,
Standing on the station platform with
Not even a cup of coffee to warm them.

PROSPERO Be not concerned, dearest daughter.
There's no harm done.

MIRANDA Oh woe the day.

PROSPERO No harm.
I have done nothing but to help you,
You, my daughter, who are ignorant of what you are,
Knowing me to be nothing more than
A humble stationer in this cruddy little village.
'Tis time I should inform thee further.
Sit down for thou must now know father.
Can's thou remember a time
Before we came to this village?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast
But fifteen years of age.

MIRANDA Certainly sir, I can. 'Tis far off
And rather like a dream, but I recall
A printing press of tall and mighty stature,
A typewriter that wrote when you but thought at it,
And letters from the very edge of the world
Flooding through our letter box.

PROSPERO Then dost thou remember how
We came to be exiled to this
Cruddy village?

MIRANDA That I do not.

PROSPERO Twelve years since Miranda, twelve years since
Thy father was Editor of ANZAPA and
A big name fan.

MIRANDA O heavens!
What foul play had we that we came from there?

PROSPERO The Emergency Editor, whom I myself had raised
 To that lofty position did, by means foul and perfidious,
 Convince the worthy members of ANZAPA
 That I, the prince of virtue, had
 Not only taken all the funds, but had
 By ignoble minac, forfeited the right
 To retain the reins of power.
 So hurt was I by these ignoble claims
 That I retired myself to this small town
 To practise mine art, and to forget those ills
 That the Emergency Editor,
 Who had been like a brother unto me,
 Had visited upon me.

MIRANDA A woeful tale, but pray tell,
 What has't to do with yonder strangers
 Stranded in our hamlet?

PROSPERO Those strangers are the very ones
 Who lead us to this plight.
 They set out for a gathering of fen,
 But shalt not reach it until they prove
 Repentant of their ways.
 Call my servants, Ariel and Grundoon.
 There is much to be done.

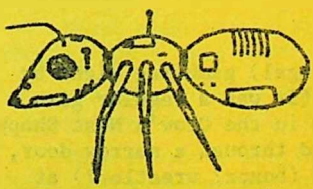
Exeunt.

(Many have seen this play as a precursor to Shakespeare's screenplay for FORBIDDEN PLANET. Whilst it is true that the scenes between Miranda and Ferdinand, have something in common with the scene where Alta meets commander Adams, the attempt to compare the functional beauty of Robby the Robot with the gross and ugly Ariel of THE FANFEUD is best described as ludicrous.)

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WHY I WEAR A HAT ~~AND SHOULD BE SENT TO AMERICA~~

Jack R. Herman

First let me clear up the base canard that I wish to visit the States purely to pay my respects at the tomb of Humphrey Bogart. While this is important (and remember I've already been to Casablanca) it is not the sole reason. I also want to see Philadelphia (if it's open), look at the streets of Boston where Harpo Marx made his famous ride and hear Arthur Fiedler live.

People often come up to me in the streets. Now there is nothing unusual about that.

I wear hats, and that is unusual. It all started with a red, white and blue beanie (no propellor) that I was wont to wear to football games in support of my local team. Even after the pom-pom fell off, I loved that hat and washed it in Softly to preserve it. (Since I've left my family estates, my habits have regressed and its colours are now closer to red, grey and blue.)

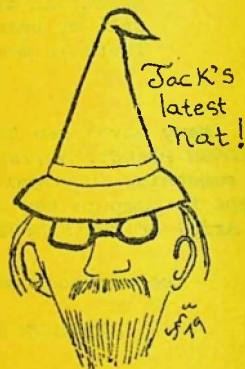
When I matriculated and bought my first car, my hair length was such that my driving was impeded by the constant irritation of hair being blown in my face. So I began to wear hats. After the beanie, my next acquisition was a dark blue beret.

I was still a callow undergraduate, writing trivia columns for HONI SOIT (the student newspaper at Sydney University) and I had a Che Guevara fixation. I imagined that with my (then) straggly beard, longish hair and beret, I resembled the fabled Cuban/Bolivian revolutionary. (Was before Omar Sharif played Che in the movie and ruined him for me for a long time). Anyway, there I was with this jaunty beret looking for a revolution, driving a beat up Morris Major Elite and taking part in the occasional protest rally. But that's another story.

That beret (I still have it somewhere) was an inseperable companion for some years. It's most famous incident was the night it was worn to a "two-up" game. I was invited to this clandestine (illegal) gambling night by a friend who had been invited by a friend etc.. The venue (It was a regular game - the police had been paid off) was a gymnasium above a shop in the Crow's Nest Shopping Centre in Sydney's near northern suburbs. You were adm'ted through a narrow door, and up a wooden stairway, having passed an oversized guard (boxer? wrestler?) at the bottom.

In the gym, around a large mat, were gathered the thirty or so players. For the non-cogniscenti, two-up involves two pennies being tossed into the air, and the patrons laying bets with each other whether there will be two heads or two tails. (One of each equals a re-toss.) In addition, the tosser (spinner) bets against the House about the number of times he can throw consecutive heads. If the stake gets too large, the House asks the bettors to cover it.

But back to the main point of this symposium. I was wearing this beret and talking in this outrageous accent (well before MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL) and so was dubbed "Lucky Pierre". I won \$300 in two nights and was thus able to buy a new (second-hand) car.



TRIFFIDS ARE VERY
INTERESTED IN
LITERATURE.
- I'M WRITING MY
MEMIORS



"I WAS A PLANT
FOR THE FBI."

I next acquired a pink pith helmet. This remarkable incident came about because of my involvement in Commem Day activities in 1970. (Commem is the Sydney Uni "muck-up" day when the students go downtown and terrorise the populace). Somehow I became the tour leader on a tour about the city, and was given the helmet to signify my position as Great White Hunter. I kept it, but rarely wear it because it's a little small for my head.*

Several years passed during which my only new chapeau was a green "giggle" hat like the ones those army types wear, only more battered. It saw its best days when I wore it to Europe in 1976-1977 and later as Farmer Giles' hat when I played that character in the 1977 Tolkienfest.

I started to become a hat collector in 1976-7 during that same overseas tour, a six week ten country guided tour. In Stratford I found a tartan deerstalker that fitted my Holmesian moods. In Tunis I bought a fur thing that was being worn by Habib Bourgiba, the President. (Not the same hat, but one very similar.)

It became known that I was a hatter, so people started to buy me hats as presents. My parents bought me this great corduroy hat from Gucci that has graced over half a dozen cons now, and is worn in my Bogart moods. My brother gave me this sort of blue kind of sailor's hat not unlike the sort of thing that Lenin was wont to wear. It's picture from Syncon '78 was part of Marc's photo compilation. It's the only hat I've ever lost.

Then there's the white floppy terry towelling hat I wear to the cricket; the red sporty peaked beret that makes me look like an MG driver and the checked punter's hat that Clarence the Clocker would be proud to own.

Tony Power, Christine Smith and Linda Smith gave me the large black floppy that is usually worn with one side up and a yellow feather inserted. And, for my recent birthday, my parents made me a gift of a white Panama (without a purple hat band).

Thus, when I feel like wearing hats, I have a large collection from which to choose. But I need *MORE!*

And it's only in America that I can get the ones I want: a white 40 litre; a black Boston tricorne; a borsalino; and a down home straw hat.

This is why I'm standing for DUFF. Avoid candidates whose only claim to fame is the evanescent joy of the vest. Vote for the Mad Hatter.

Why do I wear hats? It's to cover my incipient baldness, of course.

VOTE HERMAN FOR DUFF.

* It is only a strong sense of editorial propriety which restrains me from making a comment here. In order to maintain this stance of editorial fairness, I hereby offer space in the January issue of this fanzine should the other DUFF candidates wish to give their reason and/or rebuttals of Jack's statements. The fact that I am one of Jack's nominators will in no way influence the way I edit the articles provided.

-)(-



GREAT HORNY TOADS

A BRIEF LOOK AT THE TREATMENT
OF AMPHIBIANS IN SCIENCE FICTION.

Marc A. Ortlieb.

I have long thought that the amphibia have received a raw deal when it comes to media appreciation. Take, for instance, the toad. This creature works its ass off developing a skin that will enable it to survive the rigours of a terrestrial life style, and then some dim-witted human comes along, and, noting a superficial similarity between the toad epidermis

and his own malodourous, louse-ridden skin, blames the poor beast for the warts he has accumulated. Naturally, the moment the toad becomes associated with magic that's it. The toad becomes a witches' familiar and no one will spare it a kind word. In fairy tales the frog becomes the epitomy of ugliness. Someone wants to write a story in which it is shown that outward appearances can be deceptive, so what does the handsome prince become....an ugly frog! It is only when the frog is returned to his human shape that the princess can marry him.

True, there have been recent attempts to improve the frog's P.R.. The efforts of THE MUPPET SHOW must stand as a stirling example to those who would see the amphibia take their rightful place in the animal popularity polls. Kermit is a frog. There is no escaping this fact, despite certain porcine attempts to impersonate him. The popularity of the MUPPET SHOW is surely evidence that at long last people are starting to wake up to the cruel media deception that has been perpetrated on them by those with an irrational dislike of frogs.

Let us now take a look at how sf, theoretically a progressive and future conscious field has treated amphibia.

James H. Schmitz's well-known story GRANDPA is a good example to start with. It concerns a group of humans stationed in a swampy bay on the planet Sutang. Their major form of transportation around the bay is an animate raft. One of the native denizens of the bay is an amphibian which, as is revealed later in the story, is symbiotic with the rafts. The description does much to inform us of Schmitz's attitudes towards amphibians.

"The reed bed to their right was thick with Yellowheads, a colony of them. Vaguely froggy things, man sized and better. Of all the creatures he'd discovered in the bay, Cord liked them the least.

The flabby sack-like bodies clung with four thin limbs to the upper section of the twenty-foot reeds that lined the channel. They hardly ever moved, but their huge bulging eyes seemed to take in everything that went on around them. Every so often, a downy swamp bug came close enough; and a Yellowhead would open its vertical, enormous, tooth-lined slash of a mouth, extend the whole front of its face like a bellows in a flashing strike; and the bug would be gone. They might be useful, but Cord hated them."

An interesting thought coming straight from this passage is that the frog, along with the equally maligned preying mantis, could well be responsible for that ancient sf stereotype, the bug-eyed monster. People seem wary of anything that watches too intensely. Perhaps such all-seeing creatures as frogs strike an unpleasant note in our subconscious. Could it be that our fear of frogs relates to the collective human guilt complex?

Needless to say, once the Yellowhead is proved to be evil, it is quickly dispatched.

GRANDPA appears in Brian Aldiss's anthology THE PENGUIN SCIENCE FICTION OMNIBUS, and it is here that we can also find an interesting piece of token amphibianism. On the surface, Harry Harrison's story AN ALIEN AGONY would appear to be pro-amphibian, but when one gets down to the nitty gritty, one discovers that Harrison's aliens are furry, i.e. although they are referred to as amphibians, Harrison's classification is obviously a functional one rather than a biological one. The Weskers are more akin to seals and otters than they are to frogs.

Harrison's opinion of true amphibians can be found in BILL THE GALACTIC HERO, where Bill has been sent to Veniola to fight the Venians.

"These Venians look like mouldy newts and they got just maybe enough IQ to hold a gun and pull the trigger,..... If one dies the others eat him. If one is wounded in the leg, the others eat the leg and he grows a new one."

Philip E. High is yet another author who picks on defenceless amphibians. In his book THE TIME MERCENARIES, the alien invaders are again frog-like, though in this case, the particular aspect of amphibians which has been singled out is their method of reproduction. The aliens, known as Nerne, breed from spawn like frogs, though it appears in their case that all the spawn reaches maturity, and so they have a colossal population problem that can only be eased by conquering other planets. Humans, meanwhile, have bred aggressiveness out of the species, along with the capacity to love, and so they are forced to regenerate the crew of a 20th. Century submarine to fight the aliens for them. The crew behave in a perfect 20th. Century manner. One seaman slaps a woman who then automatically falls in love with him, and the command is sickened by the alien breeding habits.



The Nerne themselves are more insectoid than amphibian, but the breeding comparison still stands. Indeed, the idea of spawn is one that has long revolted humans, much to the amusement of Freudian psychologists. Again we have the witchcraft connection in the term "spawn of the devil. There seems to be something in human nature that kicks strongly against the thought that any other means of reproduction is as good as ours.

I'm sure any reader of sf can come up with more examples of authors who treat amphibians inhumanely. Even a fannish pro like Jack Chalker can't resist having one of his villains, Antor Trelig, re-embodied in a toad-like body in EXILES AT THE WELL OF SOULS. However, don't let it be thought that science fiction authors are the only writers prone to malign amphibians. Take, for instance, the following passage.

"Deep down here by the dark waters lived old Gollum, a small slimy creature. I don't know where he came from, nor who or what he was. He was Gollum - as dark as darkness, except for two big round pale eyes in his thin face."

Needless to say, the passage comes from J.R.R. Tolkien's THE HOBBIT. Equally to blame in giving children a biased picture of the amphibia is Kenneth Graham who, in WIND IN THE WILLOWS, portrays Toad as an unthinking, capricious and wontonly undisciplined character.

Exactly why the amphibia are so poorly treated can only be a matter for conjecture. Perhaps it is the fact that they are, at the same time, similar to humans and yet strangely alien. Thus they are seen as a threat. What other explanation is there for THE MONSTER FROM THE BLACK LAGOON? It may even be that our dislike for frogs and toads contains an element of racial memory. Desmond Morris claims that there is a possibility that humans are descended from aquatic apes. An aquatic ape would be very frog-like.

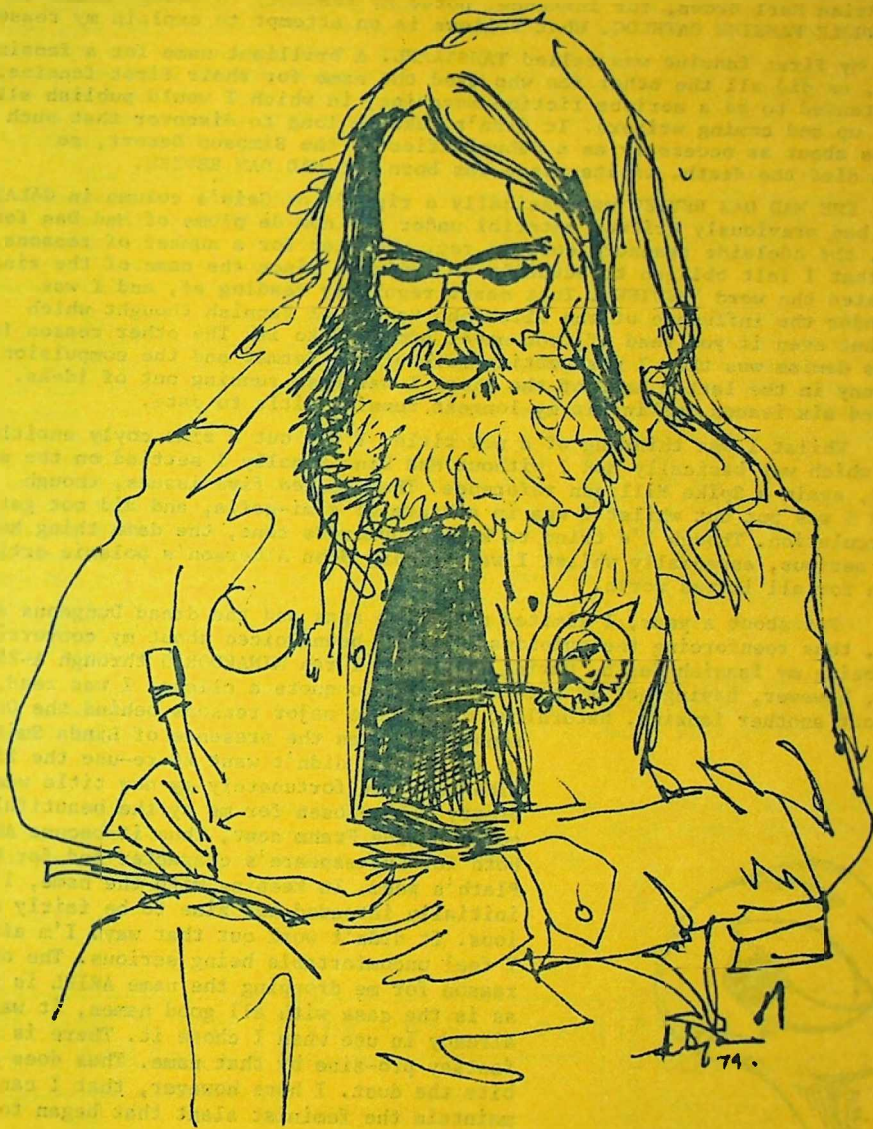
Whatever the reason, I think it is time that we, as progressive thinking science fiction readers made known our disapproval of writers who go around picking on amphibians. I urge you to boycott authors portraying frogs in an unseemly light. Thankfully, Minneapolis Fandom have even provided us with a marvelous marching song to aid us in our crusade, so let us lift up our voices until the strains of IT'S A LONG WAY FROM AMPHIOXIS are heard in every convention, and every writers' workshop! Let us make our motto

KISS A FROG
TODAY!

-)(-



(Whilst I realise I'm going to ruin a lot of Locs, yes, I do realise that a horny toad is a lizard, and not an amphibian, but why let facts get in the way of a good title?)



BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

EDITORIALISATIONS AND OTHER MISCELLANEA

Marc A. Ortlieb

Yes, I've changed the name again. I must stop it. People are starting to talk. Brian Earl Brown, for instance, noted my tendency to change names in a recent WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG. What follows is an attempt to explain my reasons.

My first fanzine was called TANSTA AFL. A brilliant name for a fanzine I thought, as did all the other fen who used the name for their first fanzine. It was intended to be a serious fiction magazine, in which I would publish all the great up and coming writers. It didn't take me long to discover that such a zine was about as necessary as a dehumidifier in the Simpson Desert, so TANSTA AFL died the death. In its place was born THE MAD DAN REVIEW.

THE MAD DAN REVIEW was basically a rip-off of Geis's column in GALAXY, though I had previously written material under the nom de plume of Mad Dan for Flambeau, the Adelaide teachers college rag. MDR died for a number of reasons. One was that I felt obliged to actually do reviews, since the name of the zine incorporated the word "REVIEW". That meant regularly reading sf, and I was coming under the influence of the Glicksohn School of Fannish thought which stated that even if you read sf, you never admitted to it. The other reason for Mad Dan's demise was that I was getting sick of the format and the compulsion to be funny in the latter half of the zine. I was also running out of ideas. MDR lasted six issues, making it my longest running title to date.

Whilst I was thinking of a new title, I put out a zine coyly entitled MARC I, which was basically MDR 7 without Mad Dan. Finally I settled on the name MINARDOR, again a Spike Milligan reference. That lasted five issues, though MINARDOR 5 was put out whilst I was in a state of semi-gafia, and did not get wide circulation. Though I'd tried to keep a humorous tone, the damn thing kept getting serious, especially whilst I was milking John Alderson's polemic article on women for all it was worth.

For about a year, I limited myself to apas and the dread Dungeons and Dragons, thus reenforcing the opinions that had been voiced about my conversion to D&D being my fannish death. During this time I ran MINARDOR 5 through ANZAPA. Finally, however, having got my head together, to quote a cliché, I was ready to put out another fanzine. Naturally, one of the major reasons behind the Ortlieb

renaissance was the presence of Linda Smith in my life. I didn't want to re-use the title MINARDOR, but fortunately my new title was pretty well chosen for me by the beautiful cover Leanne Frahm sent, thus it became ARIEL, both for Shakespeare's character and for Sylvia Plath's poem. In keeping with the name, I'd initially intended the zine to be fairly serious. It didn't work out that way. I'm afraid I feel uncomfortable being serious. The other reason for me dropping the name ARIEL is that, as is the case with all good names, it was already in use when I chose it. There is a fantasy pro-zine by that name. Thus does ARIEL bite the dust. I hope however, that I can maintain the feminist slant that began to show in the zine.



So to Q 36. Knowing my penchant for Milligan, it might be suspected that the title is somehow derived from his programmes Q6 and Q7. Not so. The title is from one of my favourite Bugs Bunny cartoons in which Bugs prevents

a Martian astronomer from destroying the Earth with an Eludium Q 36 Explosive Space Modulator. Thus the exploding planet motif which I'd like to use on future covers. (HINT!)

This issue I have been fortunate with artwork. Firstly, having John Packer, who, whilst not exactly a tame artist, is at least domesticated, around has made life much easier. The second stroke of fortune was in having DUFF winners Ken Fletcher and Linda Loundsbury stay a couple of days en route to and from Perth. Ken was kind enough to provide the illos for the article on amphibians in sf. You will note the Tarot Card format of THE PRINCE OF FROGS. Evidently there is a fannish Tarot being produced, using various fan artists' work. For further info on that, contact Ken.

The next illo that needs mention is the one at the head of this editorial splurge. Now, them as knows me are aware that I am a shy and retiring person saddled with a size forth two ego. Thus, though I am normally capable of behaving with charming modesty, my ego occasionally gets the upper hand. Fortunately this has not yet lead me to exposing myself in public parks, but it does lead to the occasional indiscretion such as the sketch.

But some background. Our school staff have been going through one of their periodic bouts of self-appraisal in which we have interminable staff meetings in which are discussed the aims of the school; how we are implimenting them; and how many sins we have committed in the name of efficiency. This time, however, rather than stretching these meetings over a month or so, it was decided that we should have a "live-in" conference for three days. I suppose it was a good idea, in theory, but having been at the school for almost four years now, I've seen what goes on at such meetings, and didn't expect this one to be any better. It wasn't. Indeed, one English faculty session got so boring that I started work on an article for MORNINGSTAR. Since I was writing, the English senior assumed that I was noting the meeting, so I wasn't disturbed. Ian Boyce, who must have been getting as much out of the meeting as I was, passed the time sketching me writing my article, and, when he showed me the finished product, I allowed my ego a moment of freedom to make up for the fact that I hadn't included any photographs of myself in the collection I ran through ARIEL 1.

Also thanked for artwork are Sheryl Birkhead who sent me four of her little creatures, and Don Boyd for his little beast which appears in the letter column. I might also mention that I never object to being sent artwork.

-)/(-

Naturally the event that has been on most Australian fans' minds, other than Australia in '83 has been Syncon. I don't know about anyone else, but for me it was one of the most enjoyable cons I've been to.

TRIFFIDS



Mind you, I do wish convention committees would make sure that their conventions stayed within the limits of the dates specified by the progress reports. The dates were specified as August 10-13, yet I've only just bidden farewell to the last of the con, and it's August 31st. I guess what started it was the arrival of Rob McGough, Dolores, Bob Ogden and Roy Ferguson, a large part of the Western Australian contingent, on our doorstep on the Wednesday prior to the con. They'd been intending to bypass Adelaide altogether, but Roy's car broke down on the S.A./W.A. border. They had to get it shipped down to Adelaide for repairs. I won't give a second hand account as Roy will no doubt go into gory detail in his con report. However, their arrival ruined any chance I had of pretending that I wasn't coming down with a bad case of pre-con jitters. This was a bad thing, as I had to complete my end of term reports before setting out for the con, and there's nothing worse than thinking about a fun con when one is trying to think of diplomatic ways of saying "Mrs. Jones, your kid is a regular pain in the arse!"

My state of pre-con anticipation was not improved by seeing Linda off on the plane on the Thursday night, especially as Allan Bray and Jeff Harris were also there on the first leg of their flight to England for Seacon. I went home and typed a few APPLE-SAUCE mailing comments to take my mind off the con.

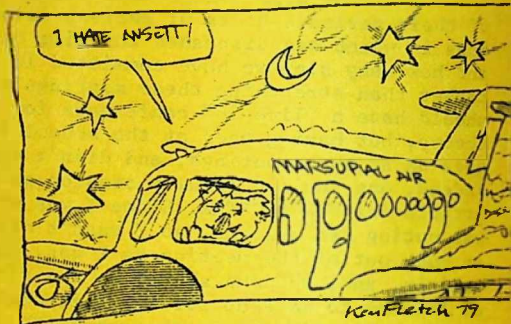
Friday at school was murder, and several kids got away with exactly that because I wasn't really concentrating on being at school at all. I did, however, get my reports in on time, an event unprecedented in my teaching career.

Finally I made it to the airport, only one hour early. There I met Paul Stokes who'd also been stuck in Adelaide on the Friday by teaching commitments. We were picked up at Sydney airport by Linda's mother who had been commandeered by Linda for the job. She dropped us at the hotel.

From there I slip into my standard convention haze. I have come to the conclusion that the definition of a coarse con report writer is one who can remember some of the events, but not the order in which they came. I do recall wondering into the function room to register in the middle of a panel on fandom, which, my programme book informs me, featured Paul Stevens, Ken Fletcher, Linda Loundsbury, Kouichi Yamamoto and Captain Chandler, but I was too busy nattering to people to take much notice of that.

On the Saturday morning, I decided to break a habit and to go to the business session which was to discuss constitutional amendments. I figured that with Jack Herman chairing it, and with John Foyster in the audience, it could well be entertaining. As it was John hadn't arrived at that time, but it didn't matter as I had been commandeered to operate the sixteen mill projector which was showing a Russian film about space travel in the future which must have been made in the early 1950s and which was easily the equal of any of the B grade American sf movies made at about the same time.

The rest of the morning I spent watching the panel on Pern and worrying about the panel I was supposed to chair on Cordwainer Smith. One of my major



worries was that Rob McGough, who was supposed to be on the panel, had yet to arrive. The Western Australians had left Roy's car in Adelaide, and had continued on in Bob Ogden's car which had blown a head gasket just outside Balranald, about eight hundred kilometers out of Sydney. Tony Peacey, who had hitched from Perth to Sydney, leaving at about the same time, and arriving two days earlier, was taking indecent joy in the situation. Finally, however, the car arrived, and John Foyster, Rob and I got a chance to discuss what we were supposed to be doing during Dickson's Guest of Honour speech. It was at this point that John revealed to me that the story WAR NO. 81Q had been republished in the new collection. The panel didn't go too badly.

Again the rest of the day is a blank, as I didn't get to any programme items. I did get a lot of talking done though, and I think it was probably on the Saturday that I had lunch with a random group of fen including John Alderson and Shayne McCormack who was most offended when we told her it was a non-smokers' table.

Syncon was the first con where I saw open warfare between smokers and non-smokers, though there were signs of this at ANZAPACON. The function room was divided into smokers' and non-smokers' sections as were many room parties. I think that it's basically a good idea for short items, but feel it is a little hard on nicotine addicts if they are not permitted to smoke during long items. The split room avoided this problem, but in some of the discussions held in the Penthouse things weren't so clearly defined.

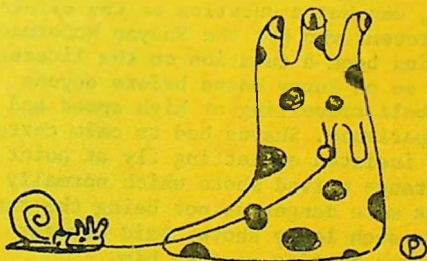
The Masquerade was fun, and a lot of people had obviously gone to a lot of trouble with costumes. Some of the masks were particularly good, especially if my memory serves me correctly, those of Maralyn Pride, and the Phantom of the Muppet Show sculpted by Tony Power for Christine Smith. Rob McGough, as the robot from THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL was also impressive. The show was stolen by the John Foyster clones, a running joke that was to re-emerge during Sunday's site bidding session.

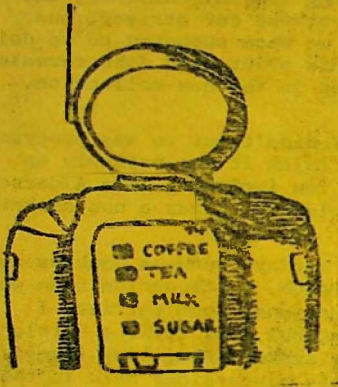
Following the Masquerade were highlights from the Sydney Uni Tolkienfest which were also enjoyable, though I must admit that epic drama is not my favourite form of theatre.

And then the room parties, about which I remember little, not due to any excesses of liquor or other materials, but rather because they all blend together. I think it was on the Sunday night that I sat in on Shayne's impromptu corridor party, but it might have been the Saturday.

One thing we didn't suffer from, and that was trouble with the hotel management. Most fen had been billeted on the fifteenth floor, and that was where most parties took place. I was at one party on the sixth floor which aroused the wrath of the person in the room next door, by filk singing at one in the morning, but that was justified, and we moved back up to the fifteenth.

Sunday was fun. It opened with the site bidding session, at which Perth presented their unopposed bid, supported by some magnificent film footage of Wacon, including Perth fandom's tribute to Leigh Edmonds entitled ORNITHOPTER LAKE or something similar. Needless to say they got the bid, and announced their Guest of Honour, Anne MacCaffrey. The bid for the '81 national was contested by Adelaide and Melbourne, Adelaide taking a leaf from the book of the local





political group, The Happy Birthday Party, and presenting their bid complete with party hats, whistles and the like. Melbourne's bid was far more pedestrian, and Adelaide won by a large majority. When then they revealed that one of their guests of honour was John Foyster, or, to be strictly accurate, that three of their guests of honour was John Foyster in his capacities as author, critic and fan, Foyster's lack of enthusiasm in presenting the Melbourne bid became easier to understand. The pro guest of honour, Frank Herbert came as a surprise to everyone.

After the business session, I went up to the feminism discussion, chaired by Helen Swift. It was pretty much a continuation of the Eastercon panel transcribed by Andrew Brown in GRUNDOON. The room was a little small for the number of people interested in the discussion, but a lot of interesting things were said. Next time I take a cassette recorded so I can remember some of the points. I missed the end as I had to have lunch with the members of the Great Interstate Challenge panel.

The idea of the Challenge was that each member of the panel had to answer questions such as *Why have Gandalf and Dr. Who never been photographed together?* or *Discuss the role of Shayne McCormack as a Sydney landmark.* The audience was invited to express its opinion of the panel's answer by throwing ping pong balls specially provided by the convention. The panel was chaired by Andrew Taubman, and consisted of Ken Fletcher, who had a question on the effects of STAR TREK on his libido, Bob Ogden, Paul Stevens who got the Shayne McCormack question, Ian Musgrave, Jack Herman, who, having been a question on the literary merits of Perry Rhodan, spoke for a minute or so on Perry Mason before anyone caught on, and me. I assure you, a ping pong ball travelling at high speed and hitting one on the tooth is not a pleasant experience. Shayne had to calm certain over-enthusiastic members of the audience who insisted on letting fly at point blank range, whilst Peter Toluzzi tried long range curved shots which normally fell short. As was pointed out by Jack, it was more dangerous not being the target of a particular fusillade, as the audience were such lousy shots. Said comment prompted a volley which proved him correct. I was sitting next to him.

Much hurt, I retired to the Penthouse for a game of fanzine poker, where I was more deeply wounded when I discovered that my fanzines were considered barely adequate to ante with. Jack Herman of course wore his Panama.

Linda and I decided to be capitalist pigs and went to the awards dinner where we shared a table with Warren and Margaret Nichols, William Good and Cary Lenahan. Cary wasn't wearing the kilt he'd displayed at the Masquerade. Naturally the high point of that was being given the fan writer Ditmar, and I trust I took it with becoming modesty. Linda assures me that I didn't stop smiling all night. I was pleased to see John Foyster get the fanzine award, and especially pleased at the awards Tony Peacey and Leanne Frahm got for the short story competition. Later Jack mentioned that Leanne had sold two stories in the states, one to Galileo and the other to Crysalis, I believe. The Paul Stevens' show followed, and it even showed traces of entertainment at times. It was a little drawn out though.

Following the Banquet was the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation's production of the play CONTACT POINT by T&G Cogswell. I thought it was really well produced, but wasn't so impressed by the choice of play. It was fairly melodramatic. I think I would have preferred one of Bradbury's. INTO THE CHICAGO ABYSS for instance is a play that could be done well under con conditions.

Monday was rather anti-climatic, but then the last day often is. There was a good panel on the '83 bid conducted by Carey Handfield. Unfortunately, we couldn't stay for dead dog parties, as both Linda and I had to be at work on the Tuesday, so we caught the flight to Adelaide with Joe Schluter and John McDouall. Oh well, I thought, that's it for another con. I was wrong.

During the con Linda and I had offered to put up Ken and Linda whilst they were in Adelaide. We'd also promised space to Rob, Dolores, Bob and Roy when they came through to pick up Roy's car. Then there was Tony Peacey who said he might drop in on his way back. We had a hectic fortnight. For Ken and Linda we ran a quick tour of the Barossa or parts thereof. Linda later took them round the Adelaide zoo. The Western Australians were no problem. John Packer came round and displayed triffid cartoons. John, incidentally, also provided chauffeur service for Ken and Linda. We kept him busy. We held two gatherings, one reasonably well attended, one not so for Ken and Linda, and had a natter with Tony when he dropped in. I enjoyed all of the above, but I'm glad it's over. I have trouble living at that pace.

All in all, Syncon was, for me, a highly successful convention. Perth is going to have a lot to live up to next year.

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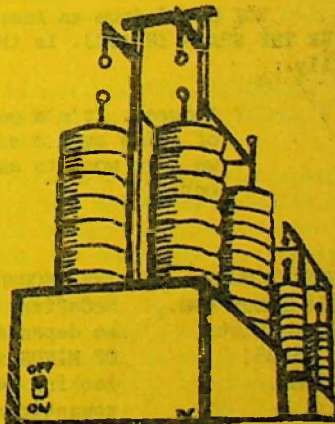
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LETTERATURE

Being composed largely of readers' comments on ARIELS 1 and 2, but before start, a few comments from the opposition.

ANDERS BELLIS Vanadisvagen 13,
113 46 Stockholm, SWEDEN.

Spygrot! Well Marc, you ought to know about this, but I'm telling you fanyway. There is a fandom in Sweden called Sverifandom; a fandom that's competing with Australian fandom for the Worldcon in '83; a fandom that will win the bid! So why not support us immediately??? If you do, you won't make a fool of yourself when we win.

(Anders continues with an offer of friendship, and mentions a couple of Swedish fanzines. I trust they are in English. First there is Sverifanac, a newsletter, edited by Anders and Ahrvid Engholm. Then there are FANDHOLME and A MIMEOGRAPHED DOLLARBILL, which are Anders' zines, and SMORGASBOARD and DO NOT LAUGH edited by Ahrvid, Flotviksvagen 39, 162 40 Vallingby, Sweden. There is also info on Forest Ackerman's visit to Sweden.)

I heard from an American fan that your rallying cry is AUSTRALIA IS OVER THE SEA - IN 1983. Is that tru? To be honest, I think it's some kinda silly.

(I agree. It's a good thing the A in '83 Committee wouldn't think of using such a silly slogan. Besides, we don't need silly slogans. we have wombats and Vegemite. With such weapons we could rule the world!)

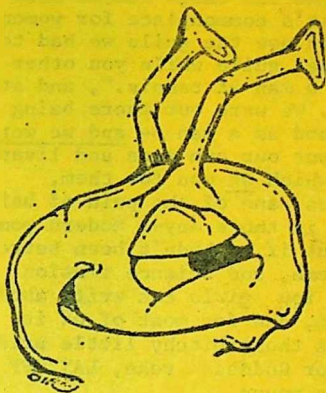
COMMENTS ON ARIEL 1

ANNE NICHOLS,
4864 Sioux Ave.,
Sierra Vista,
AZ 85635.
U.S.A..

THE INCOMPLETE HEROINE surprised me. I've been reading Anne McCaffrey for years, and never noticed that the heroines were so dependent on men. I don't think that paragraph in MEETING OF MINDS made any impression on my mind at all. I had to go looking for it. I think I've been brainwashed by all those romantic novels I've read, because in those books where the heroine doesn't form any romantic attachments, such as two of Andre Norton's latest, TREY OF SWORDS and ZARSTHOR'S BANE, I feel as if I've been left dangling.

Andre Norton's heroines were probably the first " stars-of-the-books I encountered -- unless one counts PODKAYNE OF MARS which I enjoyed at the time, but have heard much negative comment on since. The first one I remember was Charis Nordholm of ORDEAL IN OTHERWHERE. I recall how happy I was to finally find a book in which the heroine was the main character.

(Anne asks if I have read Anne McCaffrey's article on romance in sf in Bretnor's SCIENCE FICTION TODAY AND TOMORROW. Unfortunately I haven't yet. I can see I'm going to have to find it. She also asks what dolly mixtures are. Well, it's rather difficult to explain. Basically they are small sweets of interesting shapes and colours that are made small so that children can pretend to feed them to their dolls, teddy bears etc. whilst actually eating the things themselves. Bluebottle uses them to gain favours from his girlfriends.)



SHERYL BIRKHEAD,
23629 Woodfield Rd.,
Gaithersburg,
MD 20760,
U.S.A..

Hmn... most favorite female character? I don't really know. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I can't recall

many females who last out more than one or two books - Helva (female?) comes to mind. Often (to me) females are merely curved males, but not obnoxiously so. To me, females usually play "very" minor parts, so they are believable in that they are not time consuming in character development.

In school most of the kids ("sf" readers) involved are girls, and have read at least one of the Pern novels. McCaffrey seems a more common starting spot than Asimov. (Which really surprised me.

(Me too. One of the novels available to the kids doing my year ten sf elective is DRAGONFLIGHT, and I have

a hell of a time explaining the time travel parts. Perhaps I've just encountered kids who think in a linear manner. I might put together something more on that for Q 36B.)

MARION ZIMMER BRADLEY
Box 352,
Berkley,
CA 94701,
U.S.A..

I was deeply distressed by the article THE INCOMPLETE HEROINE implying that the feminism in Anne McCaffrey's Dragonrider stories is insufficient.

Look people, a writer writes out of her own experience. It is unsuitable and unfair to ask McCaffrey to write of "strong independent women" out of her experience. Anne's experience (and mine) has been that of unusual, strong and desperately struggling women in a world of domineering men and bitchy non-accepting women. Young feminists were angry when Anne wrote about the trouble Menolly had, in DRAGONSONG, in getting the other girls to accept her. I cried over it, because all during my teens I could sometimes, by sheer push, get the boys to accept me as an equal — but I was really HATED by the other young women. I wasn't playing by their rules. I refused to define myself by clothes, hairdo, social status and the high-status boys I dated, and they called me a traitor. I was refusing to play their game. I cared about music and about writing and about the school paper. They could have forgiven me if they had caught me crying because no boy would dance with me — they could have comforted themselves and told themselves that I was brainy only because I failed with boys, but I refused to go to the school noon-hour dances and when some teacher forced me to go, I sat in the corner reading a good book, and if an occasional boy asked me to dance, I turned him off with a curt " I

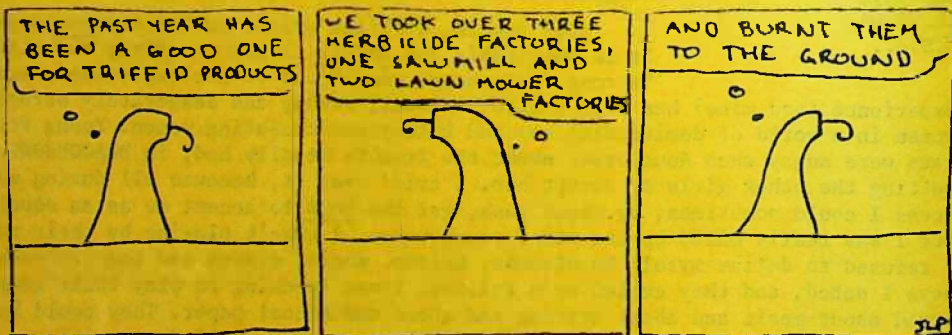
don't dance. Get lost." They couldn't keep from feeling that somehow I was questioning their values and therefore managing to survive without their survival techniques. Knowing I was free of their brainwashing, they wondered uncomfortably about their own, and they HATED me.

Women who have been criticized for the "Queen bee" syndrome should really be thanked by other women. We -- women like Anne and I -- were the ones who really suffered. We pushed our way into men's classes and put up with being hated by the men AND sneered at by the women who were completely content to play by men's rules. Now they act superior about it. Leigh Brackett was trashed by a group of female film-makers who sneered at Leigh because she had gone along with the male establishment. Where were they when she was fighting to prove that women could be as good as or better than men? We fought the whole damned male establishment to get them to let women in. Now that it's commonplace for women to be writers etc, we are sneered at because our women use the guile we had to learn to get in at all. We were fighting and using that guile while you other women were simpering and saying "Oh, I'd never beat a man at tennis.", and staying home with the kiddies, and building up male egos. We were out there being called ball-breakers because we HAD to be twice as good as a man -- and we were. Now we get bitched at because we went out there and put our own egos and lives on the line! Modern feminists, secure in the places which we won for them, dare to criticize us because we write of our own lives, and of the pain of being an extraordinary woman -- we had to be extraordinary in those days. Modern women can rejoice in being mediocre, no better than men, but if we hadn't been better than men the mediocre women would still be staying home, and science fiction would still be 90% male. We write of our experience. You girls can write about equality and worlds free of sexism; we never had them, and for most of us it has come too late. Look, you are still treating us as those bitchy little aristocrats treated Menolly. For Anne and myself, I say, for Goddess' sake, LAY OFF! Let us have the reality of our experience as you have yours.

RON SALOMON,
1014 Concord St.,
Framingham,
Mass 01701,
U.S.A..

I am continually amazed at how fresh, funny and original the old (Goon) shows remain. I dare say that today's youngsters, had they not been told how ancient the Goons are, upon hearing, would think many episodes, if not all of them, to be contemporary. Sadly, nothing since then, that I can think of, has been as good/funny on a consistent basis.

TRIFFIDS



Dave Langford recently wrote to call my criticism savage and relentless, but somehow I can't seem to live up to that image today. Wait - I got it - the cover is too thick. Is twilltone a strictly American invention/ Yes, and more and better illos please, or do Down Underzines look more British than American in their use of illustrations?

(As for whether or not twilltone is an American invention, I'll leave you to fight that out with the Russians. I do, however, know that it isn't available here. Believe me, I'd love to use it. The local duplicator paper has extreme see-through problems. I've had half a dozen illos charged with indecent exposure. As for illos, as you will see, this issue is slightly better equipped, but what I print depends on what I get.)

THINGS WRONG WITH AUSTRALIA
35 of a series



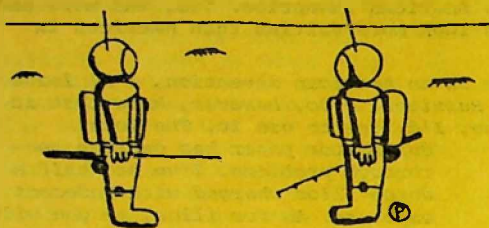
Melbourne Trams do not dispense Vegemite sandwiches....

HARRY WARNER JR. All the material
423 Summit Ave., about Anne
Hagerstown, McCaffrey's
MD 21740, fiction leaves
U.S.A., me somewhat
Embarrassed for
my inability to make many specific
comments. I haven't read a whole
lot of her stories, and none of her
novels, so I can't devote long
paragraphs to triumphantly pointing
out that Theoda once spent six
weeks taking a correspondence course
in weaving before turning to the
trade of therapist, destroying your
claim that she had spent her life
as a therapist.

What's more, I hardly dare
to say much about my favorite female
characters in science fiction. You
see, I have this irrational fondness
for Heinlein's Podkayne. Nobody
likes the book in particular, and
those who have any lukewarm interest
in it are always careful to point
out that its slight merits have
nothing to do with the heroine.

I still like her, but, if I were in a gathering where such an admission might provide violence or commitment, I might shift to Wilma Deering, the original Wilma, in case the character survives in the new BUCK ROGERS film which I haven't seen. Most of the female characters in the science fiction I've read in the past decade or so are female only by the fact that the writers refer to them by female pronouns. I would never guess it by the way they behave, talk or think. But if I had to choose a female character in science fiction who wouldn't get me into sis grace with more orthodox-minded fans, I might pick one of several from Cordwainer Smith's fiction, perhaps D'joan.

The Pernographic article was a bit more thought-provoking for me since it doesn't require as much knowledge of the stories. Why couldn't the problem of how the dragons fly be settled by assuming both a digestive mechanism which



YOU LEFT THE BAIT WHERE?

produces large quantities of lighter than air gases from their food and an intestinal arrangement patterned after a French horn to create the greatest possible amount of room for such buoyancy to develop?

The photo section is fine. I believe I've met only Bruce Gillespie, Bill Wright and Robin Johnson out of all the fans pictured here, so it's very nice to find faces to pair off with familiar names. But one thing worries me. Almost everyone in these snapshots looks so serious, and even grim. So now I've acquired this prejudice about most Australian fans which causes me to

think that Chris Johnson and Sue Pagram are the only ones who enjoy themselves enough to smile while attending cons. Both have very nice smiles too.

(Actually, it's an ancient disease, known as Fear of the Cameraman.)

On the other hand, the pictures give me a less unhappy impression of another sort. Somehow, most of the Australian fans shown in them look Elizabethan, or at least look like the images we normally associate with Elizabethans because of paintings and drawings both by contemporaries and later artists. The beards, the portly dimensions of some of the fans, and the intentness depicted for these fans all seem to fit the nature of the great politicians and dramatists and explorers of the Elizabethan age. Is it possible that all the fans in Australia are so intent on modern science fiction that they haven't heard that the current queen is the second possessing that name?

I like the fanciful page about the self propelled duplicator. The Hagerstown area is afflicted with a considerable number of World War Two fans who seem to be particularly fascinated by the Axis powers. They are so earnest and naive about this field of interest that I suspect they would accept this illustration and article as an instructive glimpse into a little-known aspect of the Wehrmacht.

The cover is fine, although a bit frightening, somehow. Inside, I particularly liked Shayne McCormack's drawing on page 22.

(Hmmn. I realise that we Australians are considered a little backward by the rest of the world, but that's taking things a little far. I mean, most of the country is within ten years of the states even if our Prime Minister does have one of the finest political minds of the nineteenth century.)

JACK HERMAN,
7B Kingsbury St.,
Croydon Park,
N.S.W., 2133,
AUST..

I'm afraid that my knowledge of McCaffrey is not sufficient to allow me detailed criticism of your article on her heroines, but it struck me as a thoughtful piece, and one that shows up the lack of depth in some of her characterisation. I think that a parallel can be drawn with Heinlein whose characters seem to always be drawn from the same mold, but the interest is maintained because of the ideas and the plot.

Darryl's speculations are also interesting. Of the two great inconsistencies of the mythical dragon - flight and fire-breath - Ms McCaffrey

has explained the former and not really touched upon the latter. This is fair enough. It has always been a convention among fantasy writers that dragons fly by some unexplained method, possibly magical, in spite of their size (qv THE DRAGON AND THE GEORGE). If Darryl's speculation that man may have evolved the dragon into a superior intelligence on Pern is taken a few steps further, it provides interesting thoughts on the responsibility for Man's evolution and those responsible (UFOs???) and whether they(?) realise that man may have surpassed their expectations (BREEDS THERE A MAN??)



(Hold it! What a scenario! Man goes through the Star Gate, gets metamorphosed into the Star Child and goes on a rampage destroying the home of the lousy creeps who forced his ancestors to throw bones. Do you think we could get Kubrick and Peckinpaw together to direct it? As for the fire-breating aspect of dragonkind, Dave Blackburn and Darryl have a lovely mechanism by which phosphene bearing rocks could be naturally deposited. I might get Dave to write it up for the next issue. Jeff Harris also wrote a nice piece on how dragons might produce fire in the SCIENCE BULLETIN a few years back. I'll see him and find out if he wants it re-printed.)

DAVE WIXON, While you certainly bring up a valid point concerning McCaffrey's Box 8600, particular point of view re being female in society, I tend to feel Minneapolis you overreacted by using Lessa, in DRAGONFLIGHT, as your exemplar. MN 55408, It should be remembered that Lessa was brought to the weyr much as U.S.A.. Tarzan was brought back to European society -- having been raised since childhood in savagery, ignorance, fear and scheming. She is young, ignorant, and still in the grip of passions more primitive than those which must concern the weyr and its leaders. Why, then, be surprised if her actions are "uncertain and foolish," precipitate, rash...?

I would contend further that you are wrong in saying that after "Ramoth's mating flight... she gains in maturity and wisdom." Rather, I feel she merely stepped, relatively unmaturred, into new arenas of contention and concern -- she remains much the same in personality. She has more knowledge, not wisdom.

Kylara is a whole other case. My first impulse is to point out to you that it is not unusual -- particularly in films -- for the villains to be considered more "interesting". There are many actors who prefer the "heavy" roles, finding them to have more interest, on the theory that someone who is going up against accepted society must have some interesting, compelling reason/need to do so, and so must not be the average sort of "sheep" who blindly goes along with the crowd that makes up the norm of society. This is the hackneyed view that the good guys are tame.

For that reason, at least, Kylara has to be independent. She wouldn't be much of a villain otherwise.

(Yep, you've got me. I'm a sucker for a well drawn villain. I suppose it comes from reading PARADISE LOST at an impressionable age.)

I am left, finally, to mention that most of your facts are correct, and you have your hands on some good analysis, but I remain discomforted by your tone of judgement -- I see that you are doing two things : (1) Analyzing McCaffrey's positions, and (2) condemning them as, in some way, immoral.



Let me try to avoid offending you by giving an example of what I mean. You continually point out that various female characters seem to be "incomplete" without a male partner. You seem to have assumed that the male, in contrast, was not similarly in search of "completion", and thus was somehow made to seem superior. Well, it is all right for you to point out that McCaffrey may have such a belief, but it is another kettle of fish entirely to imply that this is a Wrong view....

Early in the article you talked of her "tendency for her female characters to form a lesser part in a male/female partnership." I object to your use of the word "lesser" here. It seems to imply a female-subordinate viewpoint not justified by the writing. I submit that McCaffrey can as easily be interpreted as seeking a co-equal "partnership".

Certainly you are correct in talking about the place of women in medieval societies, and also about the tendencies of sf writers to use similar societies in their works, but a writer's use of a society is not espousal of its ways. I suggest that the correct view of DRAGONFLIGHT is of a woman making a place for herself in a man's world. The implication is that the society has degenerated into near-barbarism over the preceding centuries, and the attempt is now to reverse the trend. Thus McCaffrey portrays a female-subordinate society which is the result of decay -- and she begins a process of re-growth by introducing and beginning the education of a capable female.

Does this view seem to negate some of the implications you suggest?

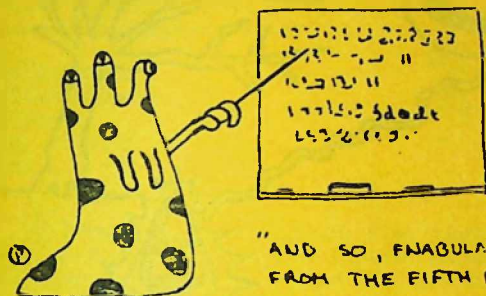
(Yes, it does, at least to an extent. I guess what I was saying in my original article was that McCaffrey wasn't writing the sort of female I wanted her to. Certainly you are right in suggesting that Lessa fits the society into which she has been placed, and Marion is right in saying that McCaffrey writes from personal experience, but that doesn't negate, for me, the fact that I'd like to see a few females who don't have to lean on men. McCaffrey does have males who can go their own way without need of the pair-bond. Robinton is a notable example, for all that he lusts after Lessa. (Yep, another poorly supported statement.) I must admit that Menolly is, to my mind, a more satisfactory character. I'm just hoping she doesn't later collapse into the arms of Sebell.)

/ TRIFFIDS



SOME LETTERS OF COMMENT ON ARIEL 2

RICHARD FAULDER
P.O. Box 195,
Coonamble,
N.S.W. 2829,
AUST.



Maybe I missed it, but Mr. Blackburn seems to fail to account for two glaring failures of his flat earth model. Firstly, how does he account for night and day, given a heliocentric model of the solar system, with the earth facing the sun. The ancients avoided this problem by having a geocentric solar system with the sun going under the earth. The other problem is the distribution

of temperature on a rotating flat earth. There could possibly be concentric temperature zones, but not the uneven distribution the Blackburn Model makes no attempt to explain away. A side question : is the Blackburn Earth in fact flat, allowing for altitude, or a very much compressed lens?

I haven't read *THE DAY BEFORE THE REVOLUTION*, so I can't comment on Helen Swift's analysis of the character of Odo. *FLOATING WORLDS* I have read, however, and certainly would not include Paula Mendoza in my list of favourite female characters. I personally feel Mendoza to be a two-bit, and in the end unsuccessful Machiavilli, and people like that I don't like, or even respect. The action in *FLOATING WORLDS* is not particularly fast-paced, and so it is not particularly successful as an adventure story. The analyses of human social systems I found not particularly thought-provoking, as they tended to be derivative and/or caricatures of existing systems, nor was the functioning of Earth's anarchist society ever explained. The imagery was good, but you can't build a book on imagery alone, and by the end I couldn't care.

By contrast, I had a much more positive reaction to *THE SHIP WHO SANG*. Here was a much more sensitive character; one I could empathise with. Adrienne Losin's last sentence pretty well sums up my reaction to Helva. Not sure if I agree with you about Telzey Amberdon. She's not a character who sticks in my mind. Nile Etland (Scirrocco Jones from Varley's *TITAN* is a similar character) is a much more positive character, and, while a different person from myself, one I can respect. Likewise Mia Haverro.

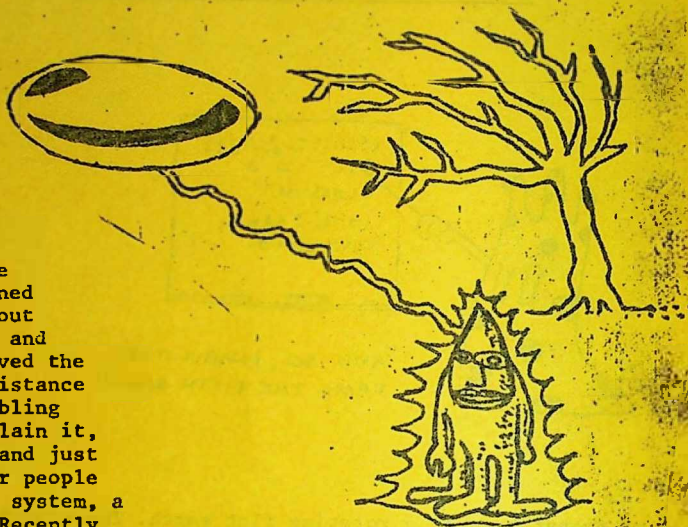
JOAN DICK,
379 Wantigong St.,
Albury,
N.S.W. 2640,
AUST..

After reading David Blackburn's discourse on a Flat Earth, I was almost tempted to be converted. One of the best pieces of writing I have come across for a long time. He should go far. How far, and in what direction I'm not quite sure, as he has nearly disposed of my comfortably round earth, solar system and universe. A flat universe? With alternate universes

arranged in layers?

Each week I chair a discussion group of "50s and over". Our main topic is Astronomy, but we always manage to wander into other semi-related subjects;

ecology, birth control, the Bermuda Triangle, UFOs, Atlantis, etc. I am tempted to take the Flat Earth article with me this week, but I know it would only confuse the issue even more. I am always stunned when people still ask me about the "dark side of the moon" and why the weather hasn't removed the footprints from the moon. Distance and size are the great stumbling blocks. No matter how I explain it, I can't get them to understand just how big Jupiter is, and, for people who can't imagine the solar system, a galaxy is science fiction. Recently I came across a couple who firmly believe that the space programme is a hoax, and that it was all done on a movie set. I can't understand why people will shy away from good hard cold fact, but in the same breath will believe in such airy fairy things as astrology, UFOs, Atlantis and the Bermuda Triangle. They even have funny ideas about Stonehenge and the Pyramids.



(Hmmm, it sounds as though you're having similar troubles to those I anticipate having with my sf course next term. By the way, speaking of funny ideas, I got a letter from a guy who had seen a copy of the zine in THE BLACK HOLE, and who had the idea that Dave's article was serious. You can't believe anything you read in this fanzine.)

PETER TOLUZZI, Dave Blackburn's Flat Earth article was thought-provoking. From 4/8 Ashley St., my limited knowledge of physics and cosmology, I suspect that Waverley, there are several largish holes in his propositions, but ~~what~~ ~~else can you expect from a Botanist~~ it's too late at night to N.S.W. 2024, expect my mind to work clearly. Darryl Aesche obviously used his ALST. article for you (ARIEL 1) as a test run for his

QUASARCON panel speech wherein he proved that the Pernese dragons are over a hundred feet in length, and weigh something like fifty tons, and don't actually fly but only think they fly.

(re favourite female characters) I would like to put in my, by now obligatory plug for John Varley. Many of his lead characters are women, and none of them suffer from any sex-role stereotyping. To be sure, neither do any of his male characters. His way of dealing with the whole question is interesting. In his proposed future, multiple sex changes are simple, and a common part of growing up, and, perhaps because of this, characters rarely display any sex-role determined behaviour, stereotyped or otherwise. People behave relative to their nature and up-bringing, but not as men or women. This is not a terribly adventurous way of dealing with the idea of feminism/person's liberation, but it is, perhaps a realistic solution. Do we want women as strong as men (in every sense of "strength")

or do we want a situation where sex doesn't enter into the questions of character and role?

(Peter also included the material on the German rocket delivered fan-zines which appears later.



IAN NICHOLLS
9/54 Broadway,
Netherlands,
W.A. 6009,
AUST..

The new theory of the Flat Earth isn't so new. It's been around for at least fifteen years, to my limited knowledge of the subject. The diagrams representing the path a beam of light follows through the atmosphere is a delightful piece of illogic, quite at odds with the laws of refraction. The whole article was of a piece with those spurious diagrams. I do hope the person who wrote it doesn't believe the theory. It's too good as an exercise in speculation divorced from reality.

Leigh's article was up to his usual standard. My only objection is that which I have against most of Leigh's stuff. He wastes his talents being clever with trivia.

As far as the section on female characters in sf is concerned, there is a great deal of difficulty in selecting a favourite female character, in that any form of genuine characterisation is rare in sf. On top of this consideration, there is the problem that most female characters in sf tend to be transplanted male characters anyway. (Mia Haverro fits into this category, which may be why she confuses Helen Swift.) Perhaps my own favourite female sf character is The Spike in Samuel R. Delaney's TRITON. She is distinctly individual, and genuinely female. She is eminent in her field, skilful in her craft, and aware of her appetites and desires, but in control of them. TRITON is by no means my favourite work, (Delaney seems to have become an apologist for sf, rather than a writer of the stuff.) but The Spike makes this otherwise dull book come alive with her personality.

(Ian continues with comments on the fable I published in ARIEL 2. I guess I should explain that. First, I've no real desire to publish fiction in this zine, however, fan fables are something else again. TALES FROM THE WOOLSHED FLATS was a fan fable with pretensions to being a Callahan's Bar story. I won't do it again, honest. I far prefer trivia. If I want to think, I'll join a politically active group of some form. For me, fandom is for fun and for meeting people.)

WAHF

Andrew Yara; Jane Taubman Yes, I'd love some more artwork; Jon Noble who comments on the use to which the Red Army put captured PzGst 430s. Would you believe STALIN'S OWN FANZINE, THE PEASANTS' AND WORKERS' RED ARMY SF REVIEW, CRITIQUE OF THE BOURGOUIS CAPATALIST DOC SMITH FANZINE and SOUTH OF UZBEKISTAN, EAST OF THE ARMUR RIVER PROVINCES; Michael Rodin; Harry Andruschak who is after interesting Selectric Balls, write to 6933 N. Rosemead Blvd., #31, San Gabriel CA 91775 USA; Tony Peacey; Chas Jensen whose letter I would have printed had I found it in time; Michael Schaper; Andrew Brown and Dave Wixon again, this time a press release on the role of the Minneapolis in '73 time travel committee in the orbital decay of Skylab which I'll include later if I have space. Thanx people.

-) (-

HITLER'S PROPAGANDA MACHINE

Part III :- A new approach. *

Peter Toluzzi.

Perhaps it was the consternation and confusion caused by the PzGst 430 and SdSdKfz 306 which started Hitler thinking about propaganda on a larger scale, but I've always preferred to believe that Himmler's devotion to fandom, detailed so graphically in the Heicon programme book was responsible. At any rate, it is a matter of historical record that the German Rocket Development Project was initiated many years earlier, before the outbreak of hostilities.

The three men most responsible for the project - Hermann Oberth, Willy Ley, and Wernher von Braun - were all avid sf buffs. Oberth grew up reading Wells and Verne; von Braun had had numerous letters published in AMAZING and ASTOUNDING (though his replies to some of Campbell's editorials required censoring); and Ley used the money from his first professional sale to escape the growing Naziism. Of course, the Vergeltungswaffen (wonder-weapons of retaliation) were not used till very late in the war, thanks, no doubt, to the Oslo Letter which detailed the location of Peenemunde and allowed the British to bomb the place.

Hitler believed fervently in the universality of the Nazi doctrine, and devoted much of his war effort to the "enlightenment" of the Allies. His propaganda department regularly worked overtime, but, in the final years of the war, Allied spies had infiltrated the department so thoroughly that, by the time the leaflets were printed and delivered by German bombers, Churchill's boffins had already printed and distributed counter-propaganda. There is some support for the idea that this is why Hitler insisted that the Me-262 jet fighter be converted to a bomber, but even this proved too slow, and so the Fuhrer pressed ahead his plans for a rapid delivery system for his zines.

Fortunately for the Allied war effort, his dreams were thwarted. The fluff given off by the cheap ersatz-bond paper used in those days tended to clog the engine fuel lines of the V-1s, causing intermittent engine failure. (They became known as "bozz-bombs" because of this phenomenon.) With the V-2, the problem was more severe. The liquid fuel from the motors had a nasty habit of combining with the still-drying duplicator ink to produce an explosive mixture. On impact, the V-2s tended to disintegrate spectacularly, causing much damage and loss of life, and rendering the propaganda cargo unreadable... a sad fate for an enterprising effort to utilise scientific concepts.

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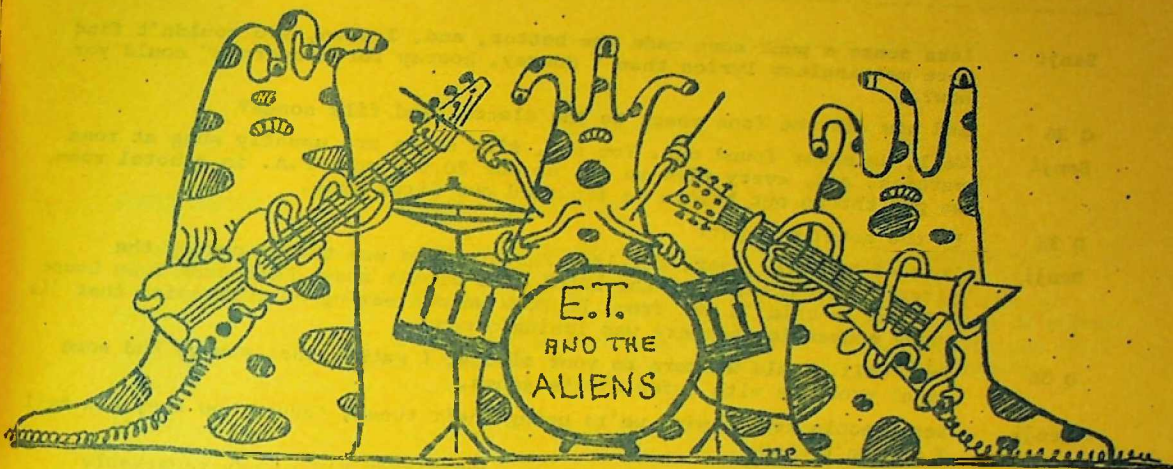
Jon Noble had the following to add concerning the use of the 430 :-

" Did you know that in FALL WACHT AM REIN (The Battledof the Bulge) one platoon of the special propaganda section attached to the ninth SS division used their three PzGst 430 Mk VIIIs to produce forged issues of LE ZOMBIE and some Ray Bradbury fanzines. However, the use of chewing gum rather than staples prevented them from having any serious affect on the U.S. troups they were aimed at."

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* Unfortunately, all official photograph's of the special V-2s were either destroyed by the S.S. or taken by the Russian occupation forces. This line drawing was executed by one of the maintenance crew's children.





Q 36 EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

Benjacomin Bozart.

Mother Hitton's Littul Kittons are perhaps the strangest group to emerge from the punk rock scene. Their appearance is nothing much, by punk standards. Indeed, their propellor beanies remind one of the late, lamented Daddy Cool. Their music though is, to use their own terminology Something Else. Their first album, SONGS MY GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER TAUGHT ME sold upwards of ten copies in its first month. Though the second album, SONGS FOR VISI-SONAR AND FILK FLUTE didn't do as well, the group are still hopeful. Here we talk to lead singer and songwriter Benjacomin "Benji" Bozart.

Q 36 Benji, why did the band get into punk rock in the first place?

Benji Well, like, I don't think punk rock is the word for it. Me and the boys like to think of our music as punk filk.

Q 36 Filk?

Benji Yer, you see, me and the boys was like yer science fiction fans like, and we went to these convention things and used to sing songs about funny animals and tiny little eyes and bouncing potatoes, and amphioxes and wombats. We used to like sing them without instruments like. Anyway, one day this tall guy came along with a guitar. You know/ like the type what you don't have to plug in like, and everyone would sing along with that more or less. Like science fiction fans aren't very good singers. Well, when this punk rock came out me and the boys figured it was like a good oportunity for us seeing as how we couldn't sing or play either so we took all the filk songs we knew, jazzed 'em up a bit and bought a load of amplifiers that the guy said was guaranteed to distort everything to buggary anyway.

Q 36 Why did you choose filk songs for your lyrics?

Benji Well, we figured that the idea of punk was that it wasn't supposed to make sense, kindov like that Gene Ionesco play writing fella, so the

- Benji less sense a punk song made the better, and, I mean, you couldn't find more meaningless lyrics than "Hooray, hooray for kangaroos" could yer now?
- Q 36 And how did the fans react to the electrified filk songs?
- Benji Well, we never found out. You see, filk songs are usually sung at room parties, and, every time we set up our 20,000 watt P.A. in a hotel room, we got thrown out before we finished our first song.
- Q 36 By the hotel manager?
- Benji Most of the time, yer, but last Eastercon we was thrown out of the place by the manager of the hotel five blocks away. Melbourne Town House I think 'e said 'e was from. Reckons we was making so much noise that 'is rugby convention members was losing sleep.
- Q 36 Yes, well, could we turn to your albums. I gather that you've had some legal problems with a few of the songs.
- Benji Yer. People keep saying we're using their tunes, though how they can tell I wouldn't know.
- Q 36 You must admit that the tune to Mr. SERCONZINE FAN sounds remarkably like that of Dylan's MR TAMBOURINE MAN.
- Benji Well, what if it did? There is such a thing as independent re-discovery. It 'appened with the pneumatic tyre and calculus, so why not with a song?
- Q 36 Who has most influenced your music?
- Benji Gene Simmons of Kiss. 'E was a fan too yer know, before 'e worked out 'e was wasting 'is time at masquerades, and took 'is make-up and outfits and become a rock star.
- Q 36 Thanks Benji, but one last question. Do you anticipate that the Kittons Will join the mass of Aussie groups touring the States?
- Benji Depends on whether or not we can talk DUFF into paying four fares.

-)/(-

A IN 8E

THE MINNEAPOLIS IN '73 BIDDING COMMITTEE

time
travel
subcommittee

8 July, 1979

PRESS RELEASE : all outlets please copy

In response to many queries concerning the upcoming suborbital reinsertion of the United States satellite research facility Skylab, the Minneapolis in '73 Bidding Committee wish to make it perfectly clear that they are not to blame. The Committee, under Chairentity Lien, are aware that a number of reputable scientific and occult sources have suggested that the Skylabrain has been precipitated by manipulations of the space-time continuum in experiments carried out under the aegis of the Committee.

The Committee would like to bring once more to the world's attention the fact that, while it is true that experiments along these lines are ongoing at this time under the general direction of Subcommittee Chairman Bailey, it is by no means a proven fact that they have been the sole cause of the lamented accident to come. Moreover, the Committee is sure that the world realizes the necessity of this research into time travel to the viability of the remainder of the Committee's effort. Owing to the paramount importance of this research, and of the bid as a whole, the Committee rest confident that world opinion will support and bear with an occasional shower. And, as a token of their good faith, the Committee pledge not to mess with the Moon without careful consideration of their own financial liabilities.

Further enquiries should be directed to Karen Johnson, Research Director, Alibi Division.

For the Committee:
David W. Wixon
Director, Office of Trans-Temporal Syntax.

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So much for another one. This fanzine has been a PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION. The deadline for the next one is January 8th 1980.

This fanzine supports AUSTRALIA IN '83, MINNEAPOLIS IN '73, HERMAN FOR DUFF and any other cause which will pay enough.

Last stencil typed Saturday September 1st 1979.

-OO-

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5-11-1973

FROM: [illegible]

In response to your letter regarding the proposed editorial committee
of the Journal of the History of Ideas, the University of Chicago
has agreed to accept the proposal. The committee will consist of
three members, one from each of the three departments of the
University of Chicago, and one from the University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign. The committee will be responsible for the
selection of articles for publication in the journal.

The University of Chicago is pleased to have the University of Illinois
at Urbana-Champaign as a member of the editorial committee. It is
our hope that this arrangement will result in a more diverse
and interesting journal. The University of Chicago will continue
to support the journal and will provide the necessary resources
for its publication. The University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign
will also provide the necessary resources for its publication.

Further inquiries should be directed to [illegible], [illegible], [illegible].

The University of Chicago
1100 East 58th Street
Chicago, Illinois 60637

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