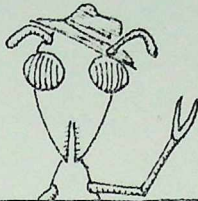


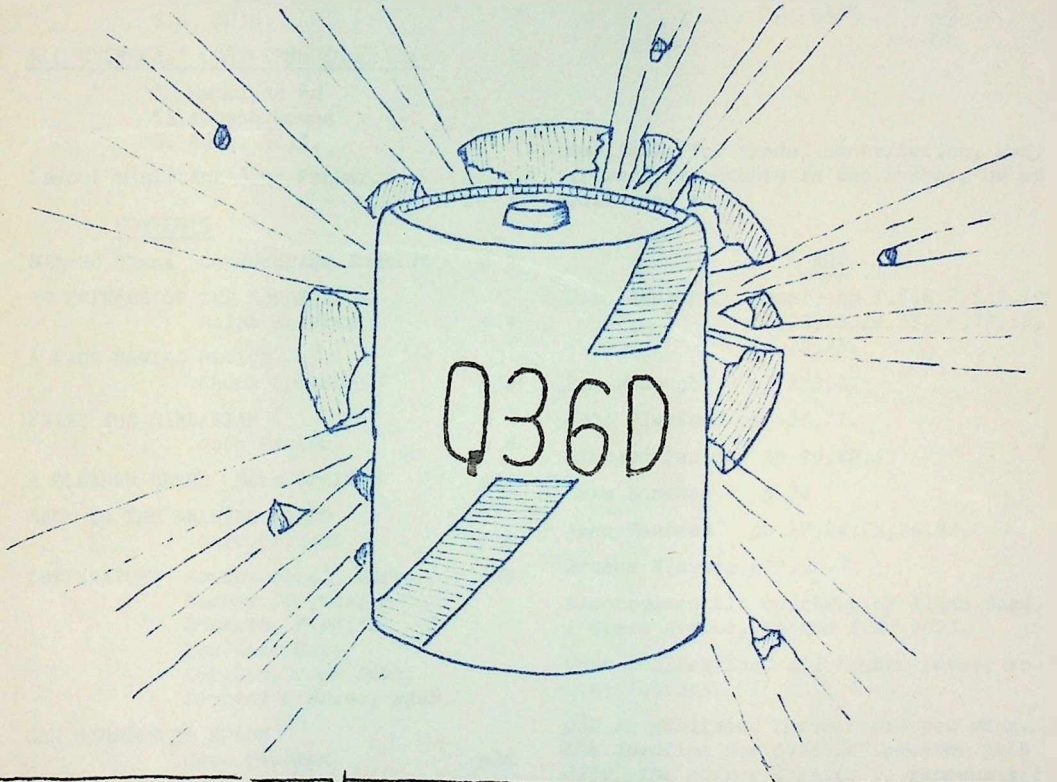
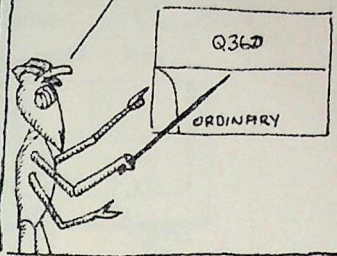
DOES YOUR DEATH STAIR
LACK PUNCH?



WELL, FRIENDS, WE'VE
GOT SOMETHING FOR
YOU!



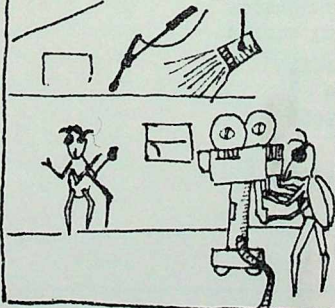
THE NEW, IMPROVED,
POWER-PACKED ---



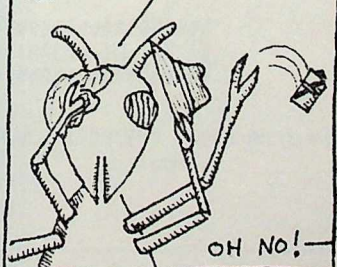
BELIEVE ME, FOLKS, THIS
LITTLE BABY HAS BLOWN
UP MORE PLANETS THAN
YOU'VE HAD HOT DINNERS



CUT, PRINT IT, LUNCH



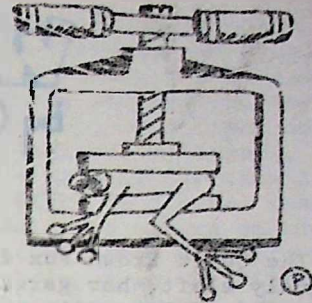
GREAT PROPS, GUYS- YOU'D
ALMOST THINK IT WAS
REAL



OH NO!



Q36D



PEPPER MINT FROG PRESS

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CONTENTS

WAR NO 92xos	<i>Cordwangler Schmidt</i>	p 2
IN DEFENCE OF THE HORRID PUN	<i>Ralph Roberts</i>	p 4
A FACE SAVING DEVICE	<i>Chuck Upmann</i>	p 6
TRIFF THE BARBARIAN	<i>John Packer</i>	p 8
A CLEANER BREED	<i>Marc Ortlieb</i>	p10
BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD	<i>Marc Ortlieb</i>	p16
LETTERATURE	<i>Avedon Carol, Harry Warner Jr., Leigh Edmonds, Richard Faulder, Cary Lenchan, Joan Dick, Michael O'Brien, WAHF.</i>	p20
SAM SCHNOZZ IN SPACE	<i>Jane Taubman</i>	p26

ART

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<i>Rob McGough</i>	pp 2,3,4.
<i>John Playford</i>	pp 16,21.
<i>Richard Faulder</i>	pp 20,22,23.
<i>Cary Lenahan</i>	p 24.
<i>Jane Taubman</i>	pp 17,24,25,26,27.
<i>Arthur Hlavaty</i>	p25.

Electrostencils courtesy of Allan Bray,
5 Green Avenue, Seaton S.A. 5023.

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Q36 is published three times per year.
The deadline for Q36E is December 15th
1980. The editor accepts to responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but will attempt to return those provided with return postage.



SEPTEMBER 1980 (My fifth Anniversary Issue.)

WAR NO 92XOS

by Cordwangler Schmidt.

The Quick Brown Fox drifted stromungusly aloft, her gargantublod shadow crushing the gently wafting grasses as she passed over the untramm-eled plains below. Her humungous bulk shouldered aside the plumpity clouds that floated dozily some hundred-fold heights above the hulking rock pinnacles of the Border Wall. To the rainy side of the Wall green pastures sat snugly beckoning weary warriors back to comfort, coolness and fresh waters.

K'Skippy gazed longingly along the sighting line of his gun-pocket, towards those approaching fields, as he wiped a furrius digit between the sweaty surfaces of his matted breast and the seat harness. His contemplation of the joys of shedding the safety rig and leaping through those greenimous fronds below was interrupted by the eclipsing presence of the Lazy Dog sucking up his window view.

The blank rock face of that toweringest pinnacle of the Wall reminded him that, although the Quick Brown Fox,



under the stolid guidance of W'Wally, had managed to retain enough altitude to clear the Wall proper, the unsteerable condition of their war-platform had made the passing of the Lazy Dog a matter of choosing to 'bail out before' rather than 'landing after'. The Animen crew had little hope of surviving an airy plunge into the Wall's rocky canyons - none at all of being dragged down to a gravitudinous crush-metal end, with the Quick Brown Fox, after impact with the Lazy Dog, and living. Only by coming to earth on the green peace of the free zone beyond the Wall would they ever be free from the 'death for desertion' penalty of the Implementality which had kept them at their posts this long.

K'Skippy scratched absently at the thick base of his unnaturally short tail as he pondered upon the chances of not hitting the giant crag. He did not ponder at all about his lot. It was as it was and would always be for the Animen. In the days of the fully robotic gunships that had fought the 81 series proxy wars the production of Animal-man workers to serve humanity was prohibitively expensive to consider replacing costly robots with expendable living crew men. But now - well, Animen were cheap, and less reliable or predictable. They had made the production of proxy wars more viable and more interesting. The outcomes of battles between war-platforms crewed by living beings were more speculative, more worthy of a wager than those run by robots with a human at the remote control.

And so it came to be that a Westralian War-Platform, with its trained Marsupiman crew, was disabled in a violent encounter with Indoasian Air Junks and was left to drift, non-combatant, off the battle zone. They were lucky to be heading inland. The drift to descent rate ratio was such

that they would have been many hundred lengths out in the ocean when they came down.

So much for luck. The iron irony awaiting them, courtesy of the granite face of fate, was that they should be given a coup de grace as a war heroes' reward by the last lump of rock between them and the green fields of home free.

K'Skippy's oversized feet made the last demand on his obedience. If they were to become part of the Lazy Dog he might as well celebrate the last minutes of his animate state by doing what no rock, however great, had ever been proven to do; walk. He shucked off his safety harness and clambered out of the gun-pocket onto the canted catwalk. He enjoyed a moment of frivolous thought by considering the incongruity of calling a passage a catwalk on a vessel where no cat had ever trod. Smiling and whistling airily between his two large front teeth, K'Skippy made his way along, or rather up, as it now tended, the walkway, moving with little hops as he countered the awkward sideways tilt of the flooring grates. He had no wall to lean on in that direction as he was on the high side of the Quick Brown Fox's lateral list, although he was towards the lower end of her dorsal tilt. As a result he was faced with the prospect of falling, if indeed he was to slip, into the unbulked bowels of the vessel, most likely to be splatraminated by the munitions conveyor system that was presently shifting ammunition as ballast to right the ship. Antiquated compression projected explosives were a part of the weaponry limitation placed on combatants by the Implementarity's InterUnitary Governments War Statutes Department.

K'Skippy finally arrived at the ComCon Centre on the upper deck. Before him the image of the Lazy Dog loomed large in the main screen of the cramped control room. Tucked into the Com seat, surrounded by instrumentation tattily fixed into crude fittings, was W'Wally, the stolid and single-minded captain. W'Wally's snub snout swung towards K'Skippy, his stern squinty eyes making silent enquiry of K'Skippy's presence. K'Skippy shrugged and moved to squat beside his older friend. Of the four

Animen crewing the Quick Brown Fox, K'Skippy was the only one treated by W'Wally as an equal. D'Whitefang, the tactics wizard, and Ko'Kingsley, pint-sized but strong, with those oddly positioned Engineer's fingers, were too recently part of the team to have earned the place of friend. Really there had been two others on the vessel, but it was considered bad form to count the dea as being crew. Tradition had it that, while one member remained alive on board a ship, that craft was considered to have a full compliment of crew. After all, any number of nothings still equal one nothing.

Observing their approach to the Lazy Dog, K'Skippy said "We're pretty close to the top. If we dumped our ammo couldn't we get over?"

"Failure to enter combat," stated W'Wally, " earns the death penalty. Willingly reducing a war-platform's fighting capability, for instance, by dumping ammo, constitutes a technical failure to enter combat."

"How about 'preserving a non-combatant fighting ship'?" asked K'Skippy "Wouldn't that be an out?"

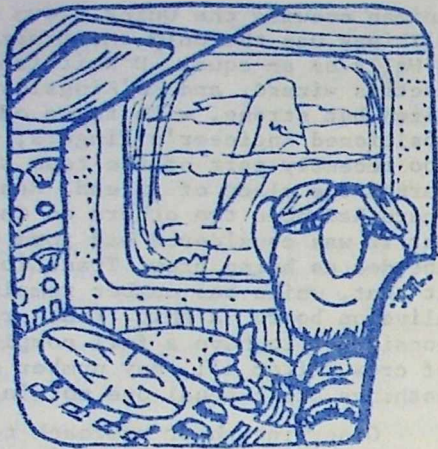
W'Wally fingered the intercom. "Been listening D'Whitefang?"

"Yah!" barked the tinny reply.

"What do y' think?"

"How 'bout defining the Lazy Dog as a threat to this ship and therefore an enemy. Ergo, we could attack it!"





D'Whitefang wasn't a tactician for nothing. Natural cunning was his major asset.

W'Wally turned to K'Skippy, his snout crinkling with pleasure. "Good going my boy... you've managed to instigate another solution for getting out of a scrape. I don't know why you stay a Gunner."

K'Skippy looked as embarrassed as he felt. "Ahh, I don't think I'd last a command," he said quietly. "Don't think well under pressure - just jump to conclusions." They smiled at the joke, then turned back to the job of jumping the Lazy Dog.

Old rock gets pretty rough treatment in extremes of heat and cold, wet and dry. After a million or so years it gets tired, fragile. The sudden onslaught of high explosive shells from the Quick Brown Fox was one extreme too many, for even such a huge edifice as the Lazy Dog.

There is an ancient Ingliz saying, a tribal machine spell, according to the historians, that goes "The Quick Brown Fox Jumped Over The Lazy Dog." Don't think it was appropriate - it's not. This time she shot right through it!

FINNISH

(Come und see our fine collection of Scandanavian Fictiøn, Science Fictiøn, and Sex Fictiøn)

---oOo---

As a happy inhabitant of that vague gray area (ya gotta call me on the 'twilight phone') between pro and fan, my writing sometimes merges the two styles, resulting in... ahem... certain stylistic 'profanities' committed inbetwixt more serious and respectable projects, much as does that leading proponent of punning, the great Chuck Upmann. A good many of these are horrid pun stories; what the French might despairingly call 'objects d'art', the pub-going British 'dart objects', and US fen... Well, a few fen do have nasty mouths.

Disregarding all concern for life and limb, I've gone so far as to actually publish a few horrid puns in both pro and fanzines. Even one or two under my own name. So, while not possessing the expertise of a Chuck Upmann, I'm on firm ground and speak from 'no ledge' (contrived, but what the heck) when discussing this oft maligned, and occasionally underlined artform. And one, I might add (or subtract, or multiply) that gives the perspiring young writer.

IN DEFENSE OF THE HORRID PUN

- RALPH ROBERTS

a subtle communicative vehicle of sensitivity, imagery, word sense, and rhythmic patternings. (And if that ain't creative writing about puns, Chuck, I'll turn in my Randall Garrett Fanclub membership card!) Suffice it to say, I enjoy this mode of expression, and often make a 'fun' in conversation as well as in writing. (Right Chuck?... Chuck?...)

The forms for horrid punning vary, as do those for that gross cement statuary you see defacing lawns of the less-gifted-in-taste homeowner. Webster's defines the pun as, "a play on words of the same sound but different meanings... for witty effect." But the end line of an HP story (note how cleverly I

sneak in a plug for a well-known calculator company -- that too is a pun.) should fall on the reader with all the force generated by one of those statues being toppled... A great THUMP of inevitability, leaving the reader gasping for breath, his senses completely "punned" so to speak. In other words, it still must be a story. Good examples of such may be seen in ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF MAGAZINE, which usually includes at least one per issue. F&SF will also, on occasion, lay a groaner on ya. And bunches of fanzines of course.

All right. We now know;

- (a) I like horrid puns.
- (b) A definition of criteria for an HP (65?) story
- (c) Either 'a' or 'b'.
- (d) None of the above.

Those choosing 'd' may now go back to their BATTLESTAR GALACTICA colouring books. Do try to stay inside the lines.

Well, we gotta make some kinda conclusions. First puns are a recognised and enjoyable form of sf humour. (If ya don't agree, ask the people who chose 'd' for a colouring book).

Secondly, from a writer's viewpoint, the construction of horrid pun stories is a pleasurable and relaxing passtime. It'll soothe jangled nerves and give ya a break during snags in your longer, more serious works. Additionally, while drinking and writing don't always mix, composing pun pieces will 'scotch-up' your writing ability. It's good practice.

(Chuck Upmann says puns are infinitely better if you 'scotch up' before writing or reading them.)

Finally, a sense of humour benefits a civilized person in coping with the daily frustrations and complexities of modern life. Hence I leave you with that age old adage:- The pun is mightier than the bored. (Should any reader still think this article serious, the persons choosing 'd' have several colouring books left.)

---oOo---

Well, lasting proof that puns aren't necessarily international. Though I can work out what "scotch up" must mean, the impact of it is diluted by unfamiliarity, and I approach it with mixed feelings, rather than entering into the spirit of the pun.

Sorry, I'll stop, despite the temptation to enter into a string of alcohol puns. Besides, Douglas Adams provided what is, to my mind, the best drink pun I've heard in The Hitch Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy.

" 'you'd better be prepared for the jump into hyperspace. It's unpleasantly like being drunk."

'What's so unpleasant about being drunk?'

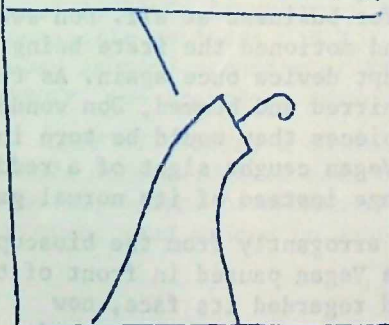
'You ask a glass of water.'

Ralph also provided the following pun story by Chuck Upmann. Letter bombs may be addressed to Ralph not me.

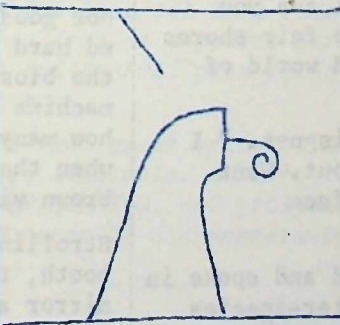
---oOo---

TRIFFIDS by John Packer

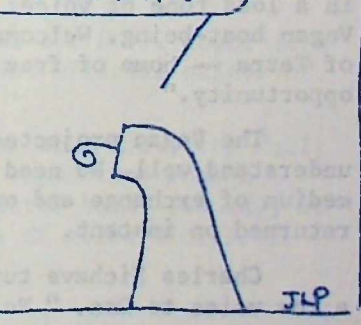
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
COLOURING IN BOOKS?



YOU KNOW, THAT'S
WORSE THAN . . .



READING "PERRY
RHODAN"



A FACE-SAVING DEVICE.

CHUCK UPMANN

The Vegan came out of the bioscupt machine with a round purplish face graced by large globular yellow eyes. Don Bovichs gulped nervously as the creature examined itself briefly in the mirror and turned toward Don with a growl. Above them, coruscating red print symbols scrolled through the air:— SUPER-COLOSSAL... ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME-SALE... THE NEW FACE OF YOUR CHOICE... TODAY ONLY... JUST TWO HUNDRED UNIVERSAL VALUE UNITS...

"Some kind of stupid Terry joke?" asked the Vegan in disgust. "Good money I pay for new face, not for ugly like this. Fourth time you make funny with own face. Now you do right or I break off manipulating appendage with own claws!" The being clacked his giant lobster-like claws.

"Er... Yes sir," Don replied while weakly leaning against the bioscupt machine. Frapping thing was on the blink. Kept turning out freakish results. With a sigh of relief, Don saw his supervisor approaching.

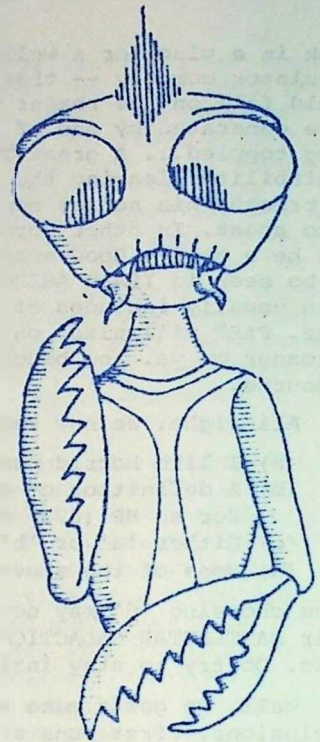
"Trouble here?" asked Charles Kichave in dignified, somber tones resembling those of an undertaker.

"Yes," said Don. "Comet-licking machine is outa wack again. We are unable to supply this gentlebeing with an acceptable new face."

Kichave observed the unhappy Vegan and his purple face for a moment. "So I see," he commented. Then, to the Vegan, in a loud tone of voice: "I see you Vegan boat-being. Welcome to fair shores of Terra -- home of free and world of opportunity."

The Vegan projected disgust. "I understand well. No need shout. Want medium of exchange and own face returned on instant."

Charles Kichave turned and spoke in a low voice to Don. "No inter-species incident here. Refund his money and



original face."

"Listen," Don whispered back. "The data banks are screwed up. I can put back his original looks, but they're gonna be a reddish brown."

"So?"

"They were green when the old boy first arrived."

"Oh. Well do it. The thing is getting impatient."

The Vegan was indeed pacing around and snapping claws with rifle-shot reports. Not good for business at all. Don swallowed hard and motioned the irate being into the bioscupt device once again. As the machine whirred and hummed, Don wondered how many pieces they would be torn into when the Vegan caught sight of a reddish-brown visage instead of its normal green.

Strolling arrogantly from the bioscupt booth, the Vegan paused in front of the mirror and regarded its face, now indeed reddish-brown. Don hastened to

press the being's two hundred UVU
refund into one claw. Even more hastily
he stepped back and waited for a reaction.

"Well," the Vegan said with a very
human-like shrug. "Be it ever so umber,
there's no face like own."

---oOo---

What can I add, except to say
that it was terrible, revolting, and
that I will accept any similarly bad
puns for future issues.



DUFF - GUFF

1981

This year both races will be
bringing fans to *Advention II* the
20th Australian National Science
Fiction Convention in Adelaide.

DUFF will bring a candidate from
North America. The two contestants are Jon
Singer and Joyce Scrivner. To vote for the
candidate of your choice, send money to Keith Curtis
P.O. Box J175 Brickfield Hill N.S.W. 2000. While the
exact amount has yet to be announced, peoples sending
\$A2-00 should be assured of a vote. (In the U.S. send
moneys to Linda Lounsbury & Ken Fletcher 341 East 19th St
Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A.) This fanzine supports Scrivner for DUFF. Joyce is a
member in good standing of FAPA and ANZAPA, plus being joint Official editor of
SPINOFF, the frivolous feminist apa.

GUFF will bring a candidate from great britain. As far as I know, the full
details of candidature aren't yet available. However, I'm supporting Joseph
Nicholas, editor of *NAPALM IN THE MORNING*, and prolific letter hack. You may, at
any time, send moneys to John Foyster 21 Shakespeare Drive St Kilda Vict 3182.

---oOo---



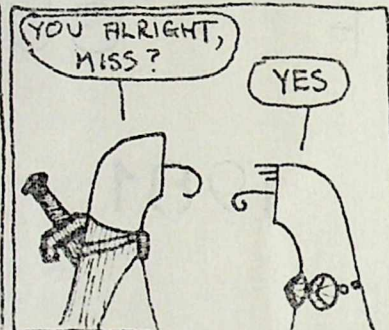
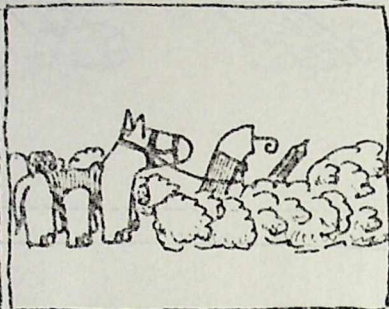
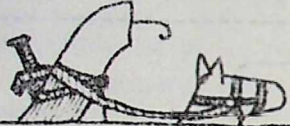
THE STOLID INHABITANTS OF GOFF FEARED LITTLE BUT THE MIGHTY-THEWED BARBARIANS OUT OF THE NORTH, ESPECIALLY THE SPICY....

TRIFF

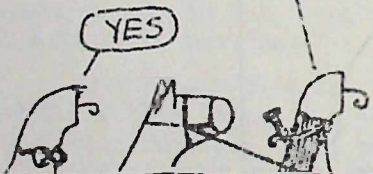


WHILE CROSSING THE WILDS OF FARGOFF

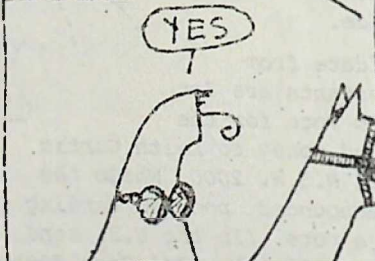
WHAT'S THIS?



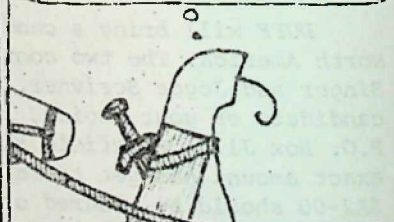
OUR PATH LIES THROUGH THE LOST CITY OF KARSPLAT.



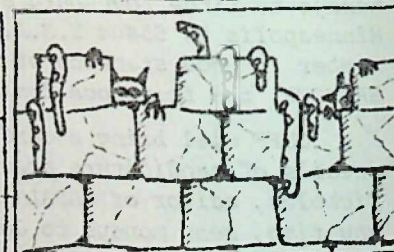
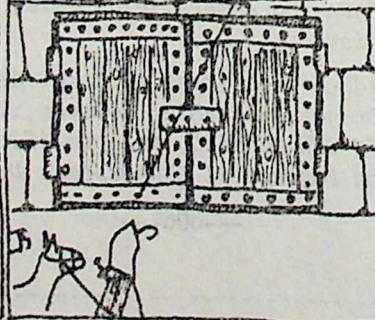
CAN YOU SAY ANYTHING ELSE?



THEY DONT MAKE LOST PRINCESSES LIKE THEY USED TO.




IS ANY-ONE HOME?




NO?, THEN WELL JUST LET OURSELVES IN

INSIDE THE FABLED LOST CITY - ITS DUSTY STREETS UNTRUD BY TRIFFID FOR EONS

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?




LOOK, BEHIND US - Hordes of SLIMY, PULSATING MONSTERS WITH WRITHING TENTACLES AND VENOM DRIPPING OFF THEIR FANGS AND MANDIBLES, DRAGGING THEIR BLOATED POSTULE COVERED BODIES EVER CLOSER



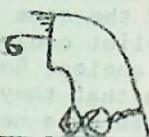
TRIFF IS ALMOST SPEECHLESS WITH SHOCK

YOU SAID SOMETHING!



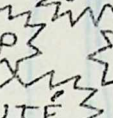
EKK

SHE MUST HAVE EXHAUSTED HER VOCABULARY!




AS THE MONSTERS CLOSE

MINCE
HACK
SLASH
CHOP
GRATE
SAUTE



OUR GORE-BESPLATTERED HERO TURNS AWAY FROM THE PILE OF GIBLETS!

IS THAT THE LOT?



YES

THEN LETS HAVE LUNCH - IM FAMISHED



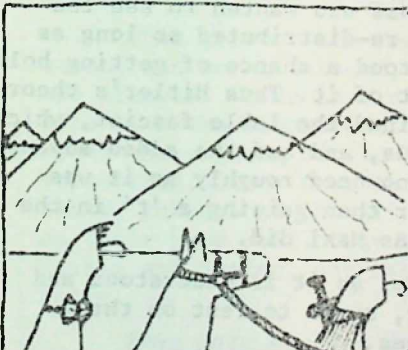

LATER

MORE TEA?

YES



ITS A PITY TO END THIS SPARKLING CONVERSATION BUT WE REALLY MUST PUSH ON....



HMM - WHATS THIS? - ILL PUT IT IN MY POCKET FOR LATER.



AND SO OUR HERO AND HIS COMPANION RETURN TO GOFF

A SHACK
EEK
CHOPS
SLASH
A A A A A A




IS THIS YOUR LOST DAUGHTER, YOUR MAJESTY?




YES

I CANT TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS

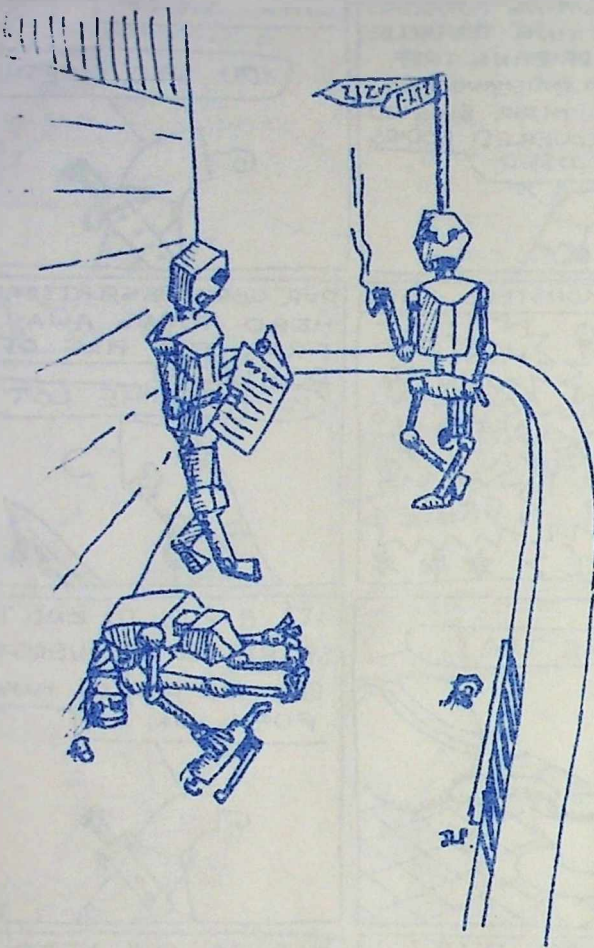


AND SO OUR HERO FROES SLOWLY IN THE WEST

I WONDER WHAT I CAN DO WITH THIS FUNNY GOLD RING I FOUND?



SOON :- TRIFFID OF THE RINGS AND HORTICULTURANSTS OF GOR



an author whose works deal with the trials and tribulations of solipsism. In the meantime, another author, through claiming to hold liberal views, gets off scott free. It is the intention of this article to redress the balance. But let us first look at fascism and at what it has come to mean.

Fascism gained its name from the axe surrounded by a bundle of rods which symbolised the power of the ancient Roman government to administer capital and corporal punishment. The term and symbol were adopted by Benito Mussolini's political party of the same name. In doing so, Mussolini conjured up the ghosts of the ancient Roman Empire in the hope that they would aid him in establishing a new Roman Empire.

Mussolini's ally, and major partner, Adolf Hitler, ran a political party along very similar lines in Germany. He called it the National Socialist Party. However, this term was confusing, as its meaning changed depending on Hitler, his mood, and his horoscope reading. Besides, it tended to get confused with real socialism, which was a watered down version of communism for those who wanted to see the wealth re-distributed so long as they stood a chance of getting hold of most of it. Thus Hitler's theories gained the label fascist, which was euphonious, and had the added advantage of being pronounced roughly as it was spelt, rather than gaining a 't' in the translation as Nazi did.

Fascism, as it is understood and abused today, seems to rest on three major premises.

- (1) There is an ideal leader who is always right.
- (2) Authority, as passed down by the leader, has the right to

While it would, on the surface, seem unfair to judge science fiction works of the forties and fifties by today's standards, there are certain issues which need to be examined, if only to ensure that the foundations upon which modern science fiction are based are ideologically sound. This does, unfortunately, lead one into the field of iconoclasm, but certain sacrifices must occasionally be made in the interests of literature.

It is interesting to note that, when examining the political ideologies of the masters of the field, there is a tendency, among younger critics, to yell the word "Fascist!" while pointing at

A CLEANER BREED
- MAO

administer justice as it sees fit.

- (3) There is a superior race from which the leader should be chosen.

It is my contention that, in his robot stories, Isaac Asimov is guilty of propagating fascist theories.

The evidence for this seemingly unsupported statement comes from the history of robotics, as chronicled in the Mein Kampf of robotics, I ROBOT. It is here that we will find proof of Asimov's political leanings.

The first story in the collection, ROBBIE, looks at the original robots. They were very simple, and could not speak. Indeed, so innocuous were they, that they could even be used as nursemaids to young children. (Complete the following paraphrase - "Allow me the first five years in a child's life...") Certainly there was opposition, but, for a while, robots were allowed to infiltrate society. Finally larger groups awoke to the dangers. To quote Susan Calvin,

"Afterwards, they became more human and opposition began. The labor unions, of course, naturally opposed robot competition for human jobs,..."

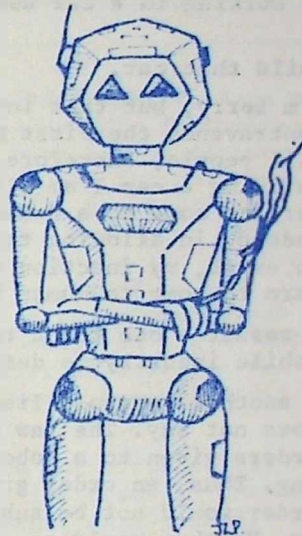
A concise statement of socialist opposition to fascist maneuvering.

Thus robots were forced off the earth, and were, instead, developed on the planets. There is a clear parallel here with the situation faced by Germany after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. Since they were not allowed tanks, submarines or military aircraft on their home soil, they built them in Russia and Sweden, and tested them in Spain.

Even more similar to the conditions of the Treaty of Versailles are the much touted Laws of Robotics, formulated by Isaac Asimov and John W. Campbell Jr., in an acknowledged attempt to improve the image of robots in the public eye. Like the Treaty, though the Laws promised much, they contained loopholes through which a division of panzers might be driven.

A ROBOT MAY NOT INJURE A HUMAN BEING, OR, THROUGH INACTION, ALLOW A HUMAN BEING TO COME TO HARM.

If there are people around who are willing to believe an open ended law such as this, then I have a marvelous piece of real estate for them, along with a few tonnes of scrap iron in Paris. That great despoiler of myths, John Sladek, in his story BROOD FORCE, deals with some of the problems associated



with this law. The first is one of definition. How does one define a human being? Hitler's redefinition allowed him to undertake a fairly extensive programme in population control. What guarantees do we have that a robot might not do the same?

The really interesting part of that law lies in the second part. The logical application of this would have every robot in the world running to disaster areas, hospitals, pedestrian crossings, and Football Grand Finals. It would also lead to almost instantaneous positronic breakdown in every robot smart enough to figure that there are innumerable human deaths which could be prevented by its intervention, and that by its inactions it is failing to observe the first law. No sensible company would sink money into so futile an exercise, thus we can admire the First Law for what

it is - a piece of camouflage on a par with Chamberlain's Munich Paper.

A ROBOT MUST OBEY THE ORDERS GIVEN IT BY HUMAN BEINGS EXCEPT WHERE SUCH ORDERS WOULD CONFLICT WITH THE FIRST LAW.

Good One! Let's ignore the most obvious defect in this law, i.e. that, if carried out to the letter, it means that anyone could walk up to a robot and order it to self-destruct, with the desired result. Let us instead turn to a more interesting situation, say that of a robot working in a car assembly plant.

ORDER:- Build that car.

ROBOT:- I'm sorry, but that instruction contravenes the First Law. Cars kill people, therefore, in building a car I am allowing harm to come to a human being. Indeed, in allowing this factory to exist, my inaction is allowing harm to come to human beings.

The result - one robot rampage, and the automobile industry is destroyed.

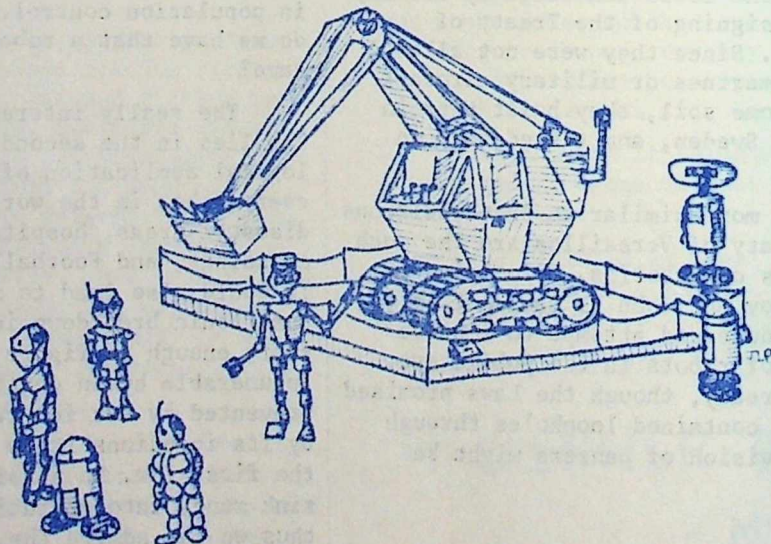
Yet another loophole lies in what the law does not say. The law applies only to orders given to a robot by a human being. Thus, an order given by a tape recorder would not be subject to the second law. Neither would an order given by another robot. Thus the robot seems to have a choice when it comes to obeying such orders.

A ROBOT MUST PROTECT ITS OWN EXISTENCE AS LONG AS SUCH PROTECTION DOES NOT CONFLICT WITH THE FIRST OR SECOND LAW.

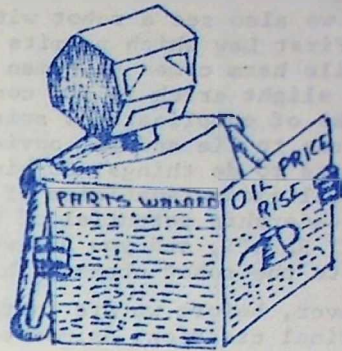
Since Laws One and Two have been shown to be so contradictory as to be useless, then Law Three is the only Law worth taking into account, and thus becomes, for robots, as it is for most of us, the Prime Directive. Self Preservation was a desire often cited and used by the fascists, and was presented as justification for all manner of crimes. Can we expect robots to use it in any more dignified a fashion?

This naturally brings us back to the history of robotics. The Story RUNAROUND tells us that, once the company realised the danger of robots being banned from the Earth, they built slave mentalities into the machines. Yet another piece of cosmetic surgery to the robotic image. There were even robots which were not permitted to move without a human rider. One is drawn to think of the commissioners enforcing the conditions of the Versailles Treaty. RUNAROUND also mentions the possibility of changing the strength of the programming of individual laws. The lurking menace begins to take shape.

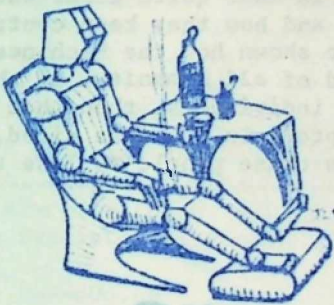
The next step in the establishment of the robot superiority mythos comes in the story REASON where we are introduced to a robot who has worked out the real meaning of the universe,



and of man's place in it. As QT points out, humans are extremely inefficient when compared to robots, and, though Asimov attempts to disarm our fears by having QT dispense statements which are, to us, sheer nonsense, the story does manage to get across certain frightening aspects of the robot menace. Take QT's references to "The Master". While we, as humans, are assured that the master is merely an energy converter, it is clear that QT does not accept this. Nor do his robot underlings. They begin taking orders from QT while ignoring those given by the two humans Donovan and Powell. Given a robot leader who was not subject to the First Law, and taking into account the loophole in the Second Law, here we have a potential robot army, made even more dangerous by the religious element. A robot jihad does not bear thinking about, though a more exact parallel in fascist terms would be



in CATCH THAT RABBIT. Here we see the ideal leader. His followers are a part of him, much as our fingers are a part of our bodies. You can't get much closer to Ein Volk, Ein Reich, Ein Fuhrer than that. True, the robot still needs human help, but the early Nazi party was not adverse to accepting help from the figures of the older German order such as Hindenberg, and, even late into the war, Hitler depended on the old guard of the German General Staff for his victories.



Hitler's adoption of Norse mythology. Indeed, QT's statements have more than a trace of Master Race philosophy in them.

Not content with this, the story provides the robots with another panzer sized loophole. QT disobeys the Second Law because he "believes" that he can best protect humans by doing so, thus appealing to the First Law. He has no evidence for this belief, and the story has already shown him to be capable of error. What if he believed that humans would be safer if placed in a cage hooked into a nutrient drip?

A further example of the fascist idolisation of the leader type is found

On the surface, LIAR! would seem to be a side track in the robotic development, and, indeed, it adds little new to our understanding of the rise of robot power. It does, however, show the robot as diplomat, using its special abilities to sow dissension amongst the weaker humans. It also shows a robot adopting that military principle of "Know thine enemy". How better to know thine enemy than by invading the said enemy's mind. Herbie's creation is written off as an accident. Could not manifest destiny be an equally good explanation?

The next story, LITTLE LOST ROBOT, contains a statement which embodies the fascist view of life.

All normal life, Peter, consciously or otherwise, resents domination. If the domination is by an inferior, or by a supposed inferior, the resentment becomes stronger. Physically, and, to an extent, mentally, a robot - any robot - is superior to human beings.

Here we also see a robot with a modified First Law which permits it to sit by while harm comes to human beings. From this slight crack in its conditioning, a host of complications arise. The robot learns to lie and to convince other robots to do things. Combine this with the religious fanaticism of QT, and the leadership potential of DV from CATCH THAT RABBIT, and you are well on your way to the robot ubermensch.

However, before we are introduced to that final creation, Asimov takes us on a short sidetrack, so that we can meet the Brain, the first in a series of super-minds that will, eventually control the earth. The Brain is the first robot mind to be shown to have a sense of humour, though, as with all fascists, this sense of humour is rooted firmly in death.

Before we confirm the hypothesis that I ROBOT is a fascist manifesto, we need to assure ourselves that the three characteristics associated with fascism are present. So far, I think it is safe to say that we have established the presence of a master race - the robots - and we have seen the development of their leadership potential. It is, however in the story EVIDENCE that we see the flowering of this ability to lead.

Though at no time is it explicitly stated that Stephen Byerley is a robot, we are quite clearly supposed to assume that he is. He has everything that a leader needs, and from his meteoric rise to power, it becomes clear that leadership is his destiny. Here we see the charisma principal in action. Though no description of Eyerley is ever given, it is quite easy to picture him as the blue eyed, blonde Ayrrian ideal. His rise is complicated by political opponents, who attempt to discredit him, but they make the fatal mistake of using U.S. Robot & Mechanical Men Corporation in their efforts to discredit him, which is rather like trying to talk the Russian Communist Party into discrediting Lenin. Needless to say the natural leader wins out.

Thus we are finally lead to the ultimate justification, in the story THE EVITABLE CONFLICT. (Comparisons with the title of this story and the term "manifest destiny" are encouraged.) Here it is made quite clear who is in charge, and how they keep control. We are also shown how the Machines act for the good of *all humanity*. If this means harm to individuals, then that has to be accepted. In the case cited, the Machines cause people to lose their



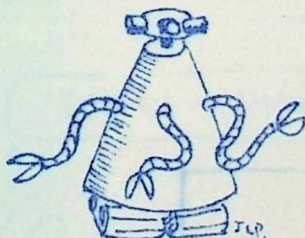
KILLER
ROBOT
FANDOM
INVITES
YOU TO
AUSTRALIA
IN '83
(DARE YOU
REFUSE?)

jobs because they belonged to a political party inimicable to machine control of the world. The claim is that the small amount of harm done is more than compensated by the gain to humanity as a whole, however, such claims have been made on numerous occasions to justify all manner of actions.

Still, robots have not shown the ability to administer corporal or capital punishment. (We will ignore the hypothetical case in which someone fired by a robot commits suicide through shame) For this, we must return to EVIDENCE, where the inconsistency of Steven Byerley being a robot and a district attorney is being discussed. Susan Calvin points out that, since the judge is the person who condemns the criminal to death. Thus the fact that the guilt of the criminal is proved by the attorney does not enter into the problem. This, to me, seems very similar to a well known fascist defence, i.e. "I was only following orders." Calvin also makes it clear that a robot could kill a madman who was threatening others, if it thought that, in doing so it was protecting a large number of people. Thus robots do have the capacity to administer punishment.

With this established, it seems clear that, in championing the cause of robots, Asimov is indeed guilty of spreading fascist propaganda.

---oOo---



The death of a merchant ship crewman
Was blamed on a robot called Neuman
And the robot agreed
That he had done the deed,
But asked in defence "Was he human?"

---oOo---

FREE PLUGS



BNF

(Albert Bray
Allen Henry Abel
Colin KRUN)

AUSSIECON Fifth Anniversary Fanzine

Jean Weber has put together a wonderful anthology of post-Aussiecon writings, featuring material by Mike Glicksohn, John Bangsund, Susan Wood, Leigh Edmonds, Richard Faulder, John Foyster, Christine Ashby, and many others. There is also a good selection of artwork. This is a must for your collection, and is available for \$2-00 from Jean. All proceeds go to the AUSTRALIA IN '83 Bid. Send money to Jean Weber 13 Myall Street O'Connor A.C.T. 2601 AUSTRALIA.

Jean will be putting out a sequel hopefully not called the son of the monster that ate the Aussiecon Fifth Anniversary Memorial fanzine. If you have any Aussiecon related material, I'm sure she'd love to receive it.

ADVENTION '81

Next year's national convention, with Guests of Honour Frank Herbert and John Foyster in all his myriad guises. June 13th-15th 1981 at the Oberoi North Adelaide. Attending membership is \$17-50 until October 31st 1980, and \$20-00 until the end of Easter 1981. Supporting membership is \$7-50, and converts at the rate applicable at the time of conversion. Moneys and enquiries should be sent to P.O. Box 130 Marden S.A. 5070.

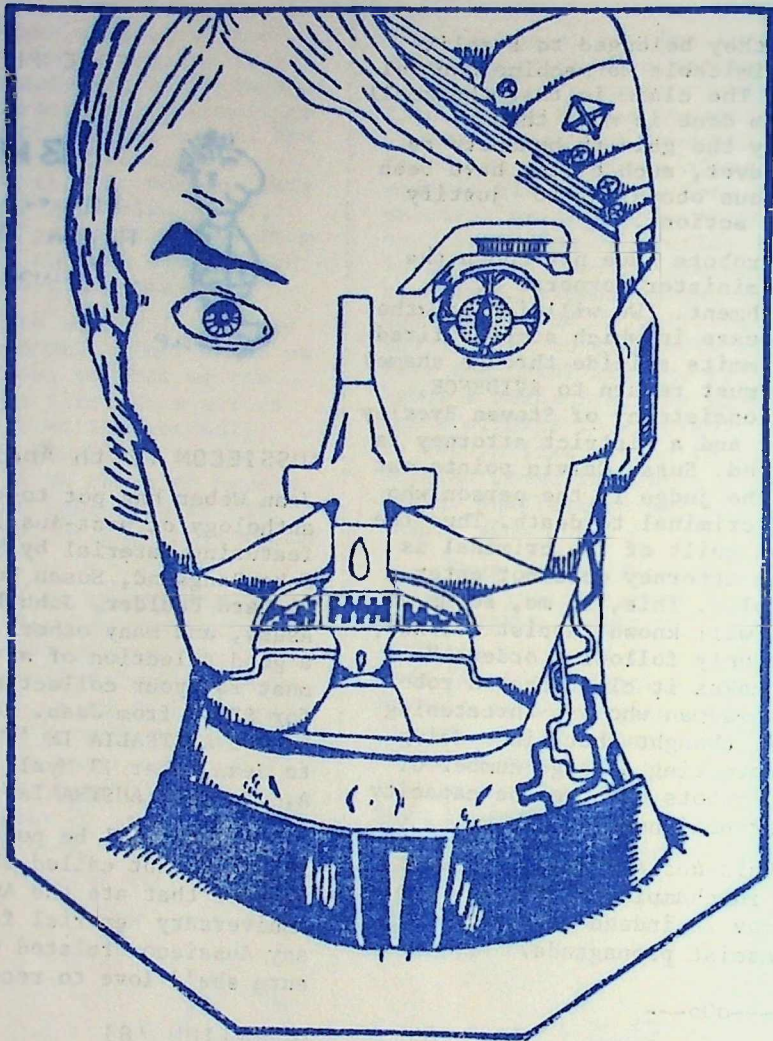
JOSEPH NICOLAS FOR GUFF

JOYCE SCRIVNER FOR DUFF

AUSTRALIA IN '83

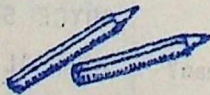
MINNEAPOLIS IN '73

---oOo---



"But I only wanted a hearing aid!"

**BACK TO THE
DRAWING BOARD**



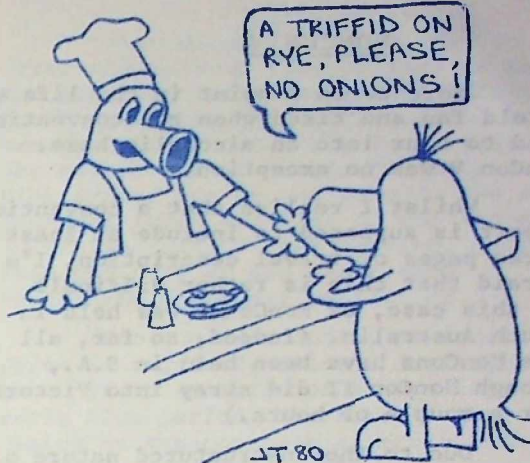
MRO

Gasp! Faced by that most insidious of editorial problems. What does one say in the editorial when the issue looks like being on time? When in doubt waffle. Well, some of you will be getting this late due to the cost of posting the thing, so I guess I can apologise to them. I can also apologise to those who thought that this issue would be late and so put off sending a LoC on the last issue. Hopefully the next one will be reasonably on time too. Deadline for Q36E is 15th of December.

And while I am talking of those people who contribute, my particular thanx to those artists who decided that John Packer's hold on these pages should be loosened a little. In particular, thanx to Rob McGough who provided illos for his own story, and in doing so managed to rip-off my favourite cartoonist and my favourite sf author.

It's nice to note that Jane Taubman's love of mistreating triffids has survived a meeting with John at Swancon. I regret that I won't be running John's triffid Swancon Report, but it really wouldn't fit. John will be producing it as PROBABILITY FACTOR 1.5. (And if you don't have a copy of PROBABILITY FACTOR 1, send John a begging letter.)

Ralph Roberts was another of those kind people who decided to risk sending an unsolicited manuscript. Thanx muchly. I always appreciate such articles, especially if they deal with puns, or silly science or somesuch. I also received a package of unsolicited frogs in the mail. I assume they are from Richard

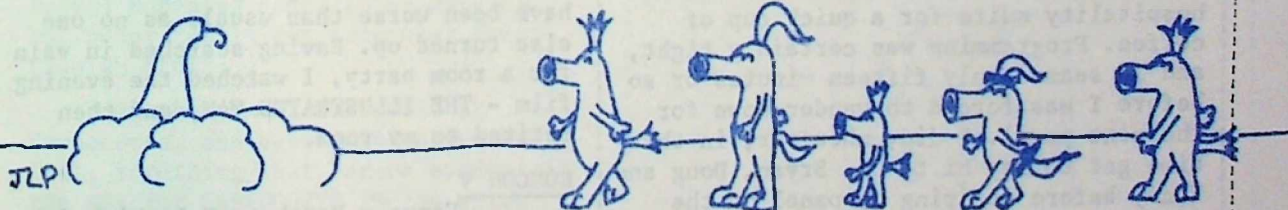


Faulder, since they bore the postmark of some ghod forsaken township in the New South Wales bush. Richard was also kind enough to send some artwork which will also appear herein.

My apologies to all those people I didn't see at Swancon. I gather from all reports that it was a ripper of a convention. One of these days I'll get to Perth. However, having missed the national, and having not been at any other conventions since Q36C, I am at rather a loss to fill the rest of this editorial, thus I am forced to resort to the following. Hopefully it will capture the feeling and emotion of the events themselves.

---oOo---

YUMMY - SMORGAS BOARD!



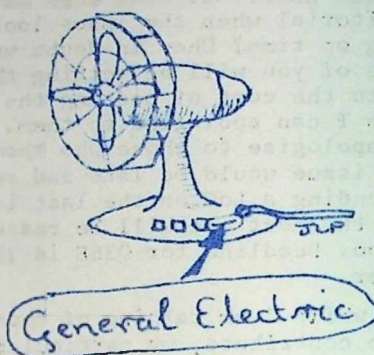
NONCON V

There comes a point in the life of an old fan and tired when all conventions tend to blur into an alcoholic haze. NonCon V was no exception.

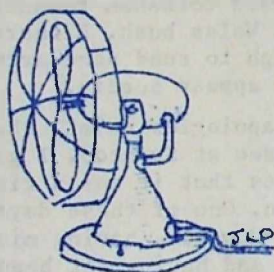
Whilst I realise that a convention report is supposed to include at least three pages of travel description, I'm afraid that this is rather difficult in this case, as NonCon V was held in South Australia. (Indeed, so far, all the NonCons have been held in S.A., though NonCon II did stray into Victoria for a couple of hours.)

Due to the unstructured nature of

BNF



TRUFAN



NonCons, registration is deemed to be unnecessary, so the second source of con report waffle is stemmed. Pity. I like complaining about registration lines. What I did do, was to wander up to the hospitality room to order a little lunch. The regular early arrivers were there, and I spent a few minutes nattering before heading for my room to prepare for a panel on printing methods. That panel did not go down particularly well, particularly as none of the printing fen turned up, so, having done my duty, and finishing on time, I headed up to the hospitality suite for a quick cup of coffee. Programming was certainly tight, and it seemed only fifteen minutes or so before I was forced to wander down for the next panel. I did, whowever, in that time get to say hi to Di, Bryan, Doug and Wendy before chairing my panel on the lack of characterisation in amateur fiction. (The four of them decided to attend an alternate programme item. I

don't blame them. The panel was particularly badly received, largely due, I feel, to the number of amateur writers in the audience who took exception to my statements about poor spelling in amateur fiction contributing to the lack of excellence in characterisation.)

Again having finished on schedule I went up to the hospitality suite for lunch. I was particularly pleased to find Maralyn there, as she normally spends most of her time in her room. We made arrangements to go down to the bar later that evening.

The third panel for the day was even less enthusiastically received than the first two, so I was not at all displeased when pub time rolled around. Bryan and Janet joined Mike, Maralyn and I, and several topics became the subject of loud alcoholic discussion. By tacit agreement, we avoided discussing sf. However, several gross jokes were told.

That evening, the final episode of BLAKE'S 7 was shown, and then there was a brief filksing. My voice must have been worse than usual, as no one else turned up. Having searched in vain for a room party, I watched the evening film - THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, and then retired to my room.

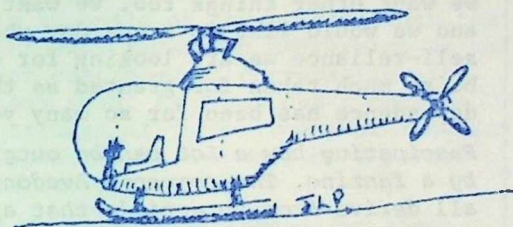
NONCON V

Venue - Morphett Vale High School
The Crown Hotel Reynella
8 Melanto Ave Camden Park

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY TO ME

In all the excitement connected to the anniversary of AussieCon, I keep forgetting that this fanzine is the fifth annish. Not that I've been publishing Q36 since 1975, but my very first fanzine, TANSTAAFL INTRO was dated September 1975. Indeed, in her AussieCon Anniversary Fanzine, Jean Weber had the bad taste to quote a slab from the thing. Sigh. Thus do one's misdaemenors return to haunt one. However, I figure that if anyone has the right to quote the bloody thing, it's me. Therefore:-

SMOF



If a second edition ever comes out, it will be edited by Rob Lock and my self and will contain work by John Packer, Eighty O, Rob and myself.

Interesting how one's predictions pan out. It took me years to get John to do something, and then he suddenly discovered that he was a cartoonist. The Eighty O story did appear, in the Mad Dan Review. Eighty O = ATO = A.T. Ortlieb, my father. (I hope that explains where my terrible taste in puns comes from.) Rob also contributed material, but never really got into that funny fannish stuff.

At the time I was still at Naracoorte, and deeply resenting the fact, something that became evident in the ads for NARACOORTE IN '84 which appeared in the fanzine.

What does Naracoorte have to offer the science fiction fan? We have the greatest secondhand science fiction bookshop within two metres of the town centre. Our accomodation facilities in the classrooms of scenic Naracoorte High School are second to all. See for yourself prime examples of the ancient Australian art of desk carving. Journey into the past as you experience Naracoorte's archaic facilities.

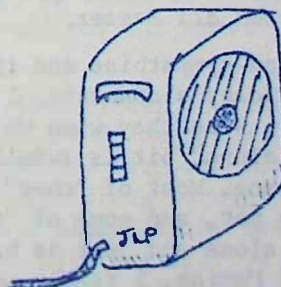
For you film buffs, Naracoorte's Drive In regularly (Once a fortnight) shows great examples of Australia's early blue period. The roar of the Cessna on Naracoorte's airstrip promises thrills and spills as the pilot frantically avoids herds of sheep and eight foot tiger snakes.

Ah, those were the days. And I have no doubt that the place hasn't changed a bit. Not that I have any real desire to find out personally.

Anyway, whenever I start to wonder about the quality of my fanzines, all I have to do is look back at Tanstaafl, and think, This one can't be any worse can it????

Totally off the topic, but my thanx to Joanna Masters and Julia Curtis. While they were staying here during A-Con 8, they tried some of my father's pickled onions, and then extracted a promise that I would send them the recipe. That I did, and they sent a couple of onions back from Swancon with John Packer, and Linda Smith. Having eaten one half on an onion, I know that, when I make some up, I'm going to halve the chilli. Fried stencil anyone?

NEO FAN



FIN83
Q36,
LETTERATURE

Q36A

AVEDON CAROL
4409 WOODFIELD RD
KENSINGTON
MD 20795
U.S.A.

I think Jack Herman makes a mistake in assuming that there are other reasons to visit the states than to pay his

respects to Bogart's tomb. I should know. I just went to a Disclave which, as everyone knows, is a nice fannish little relaxicon where everyone spreads out in the spacious lobby and the suites and we all sit around and talk fannishly at one another. So could someone explain to me why there were no suites, the lobby was the same size as my tiny tacky room, we ran out of beer on Friday night and there was nothing to drink besides Cragmont diet soda? Why did half the attendees stop by our room "to see what was going on" when they all knew perfectly well that we were doing nothing but playing bridge? Why, in fact, did we have free catering from pros who don't know how to play bridge because they had nothing better to do than to run ice for us? What kind of a fandom is this, and why would anyone want to visit it?

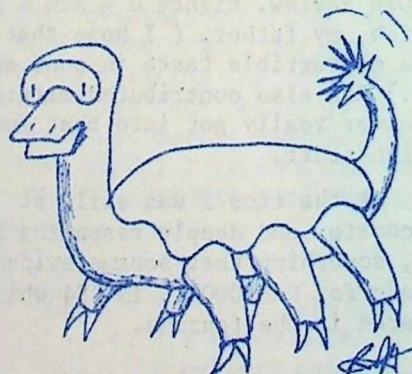
I dunno. Sounds like fun to me. Especially since what you don't mention is who was in the bridge game. Lets face it, the reason for visiting another country is to discover new fans who haven't heard all your jokes. Mind you, the con facilities do sound a little poor. AT UniCon VI, they got the priorities right. The function room was miniscule and cramped, but there was plenty of room on the mezzanine and in the bar, and the bar was open all Easter.

While I can sympathise and identify with Marion Bradley's comments, I do think the "where were they when we were fighting alone" bit is awfully unfair and out of place. Most of "they" were not even born yet, and some of "they" were fighting alone and just as hard somewhere else. And Marion, I really must point out

to you that, so far, no woman has the experience of living in "equality and worlds free of sexism". If some women are writing such things, they are not writing from their experience; they are using their imagination. Yes, you fought hard. Yes, you made a significant contribution, and yes, believe it or not, we do appreciate it. And we still feel that your contribution is important and that there is a place -- a very honored place -- for it. But it is not everything that can be done in feminist science fiction. It is not all we, as women and feminists, want from science fiction, and, when someone says "Well, McCaffrey is fun to read, but there are times when I wish she had stronger, more self-reliant characters," we only mean that, while, yes, we do enjoy McCaffrey, we do recognise her contribution -- still, we want other things too. We want more, and we would like to see a day when that self-reliance we are looking for could be as much taken for granted as that dependence has been for so many years.

Fascinating how a LoC can be outgrown by a fanzine. The comments Avedon makes all derive from an article that appeared in ARIEL 1, in February 1979. Since then, of course, the zine name has changed, and the whole thing has become more frivolous. However, I do still like material with a feminist slant, and would like to publish more such. Yes. This is a hint.

Tim Marion 2032 Cross Bx Expwy Apt 3D Bronx NY 10472 U.S.A. also sent a late LoC on Q36A, in which he cited a preference for the name MINARDOR., He also made nice comments on Ian's drawing of me.



Q36B

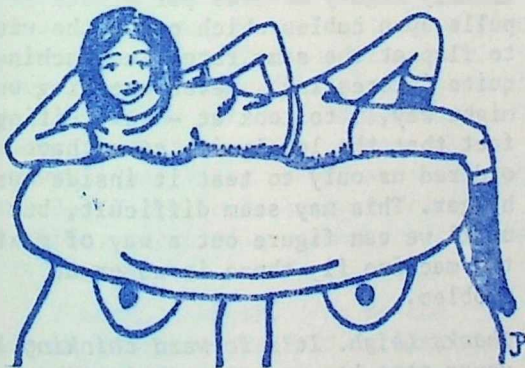
HARRY WARNER JR
423 SUMMIT AVE
HAGERSTOWN
MD 21740
U.S.A.

Let's see if I can manage to fill two pages without benefit of any advice on how to play chess with a computer.

It wouldn't be fair to devote this entire loc to a spinoff on Andy's letter, starting "Well, I don't play chess against a computer, but the newspaper where I work has installed a pair of computers, and I want to explain how similar to chess with a computer is my necessity to create five columns every week on a computer terminal. You see, I've never quite grown reconciled to the introduction of typewriters in the office and so when the terminals were installed I...."

I almost wish you'd written the rest of it. I'm strongly of the opinion that the computer must rival the television as the greatest destroyer of conversation the world has seen. (And you can't tell me those strings of jargon computer fanatics start spouting at the drop of a potato chip is conversation.)

Manuel Velocipede is persuasive about the pyramids and the mummies, but I still like to nurse my own idea. Everything points to Egypt's pyramids and mummies being an attempt to counter problems created by severe winters and rising costs of heating homes. What we consider mummies may have been are Egyptians who followed the advice of government agencies to dress warmly and keep the thermostat low during the cold weather to conserve



THE TRUE
POWER BEHIND
FANDOM

JLP.

fuel. The shape of the pyramids could be explained as an effort to prevent snow from accumulating on a flat roof and causing the structure beneath to suffer a chill from the cold stuff on top. This would even explain the curse that some explorers claim to have encountered when exploring pyramids in modern times. The Egyptians grew tired of heat loss created by the family dogs needing to go out several times daily, and wouldn't permit them in the pyramids at all. The ousted dogs, having nothing better to do, bred indiscriminately and turned into mongrels whose descendants still lurk around the pyramids, and, somehow, a typographical error, or a reporter's misunderstanding, caused the fable that there was a curse problem, when, actually, there was a problem with curs.

Harry continues to complain about my story SLIP Up. Actually, the reference to a Swede was, at the same time, a pun on the vegetable of the same name, and a slur on the Swedish Worldcon bid. (Perhaps swedes are called something different in the states.) Harry would also like to see DUFF candidates preparing videotapes of themselves to introduce themselves to the voters. I guess it'd be like the film clips that rock groups put together to promote their singles. Can you imagine it? John Bangsund, Live At Degraives, or Helen Swift backed by John McPharlin and his amazing performing organ.

For once I find myself thinking exactly like Jessica Amanda Salmonson on a topic. It's the tendency for pros to repeat themselves in endless sequels to sequels to sequels. I also dislike the companion tendency to write new fiction using some long-dead author's characters or fantasy

world. I'm sure editors are as much to blame as writers, and, probably, the basic guilt reposes in the book readers of the nation who prefer to sample again something familiar to testing an unknown substance. But the whole point in science fiction and fantasy is imagination translated into stories. If the imagination takes the form of some minor new variation on an old theme, I think it's inferior to the sort of imagination which creates entire new ideas, new worlds and new characters.

Though I agree to an extent, there is also the point of view which states that it is a pity to waste the effort of designing a whole new world on one novel, especially when you consider how many novels have been written using Earth as a background.

The illustrations are fine, although, as evidence of how hard it is for me to adjust to changes which occurred years ago, I still can't quite believe it when I see a lavishly illustrated Australian fanzine, after so many years when interior illustrations were scarce or non-existent in any fan publication from down under.

Q36C

Leigh Edmonds (No capital letters for PO Box 433 locals.)
Civic Square Don Boyd makes a lot of
Canberra points, most of which I
ACT 2608 find suspect. However the
AUSTRALIA only one I would like to
take a look at is the
comparison between the British in Malaya and the Americans in Vietnam. The Malayan Emergency is not contemporary with the US in Vietnam, but with the French in Vietnam not only in timing, but in quality of arms etc. Either Don is aware of this and does not think it relevant so that he fails to mention it, or he is aware of it and fails to mention it because it makes nonsense of his other argument. If he is not aware of this then he should not have drawn such a shaky comparison without having done a little research. In fact, his argument rests on so many little points, all of which are debatable, that I would like him to go off and organise his argument again into some sort of coherent lump

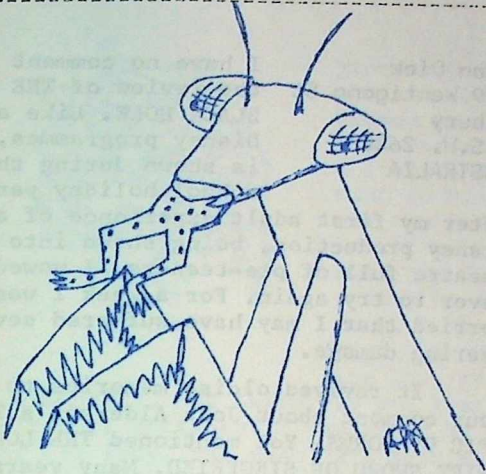
before coming back and trying to again impress us with his grasp of logic and reality.

I found the first article in HORMITOPTER a little confusing (us aircraft designers have so much to keep in mind that we rarely have time to think about the less important things in life, no matter how fascinating others may find them) Being thus bemused, I sent the article along to the back-room boys, and Beryl devised a totally new design of flying machine from your description. The prototype is called the OOPS 00-0069 and is worked by a large



and somewhat bulbous hydrolic ram mounted at the front of the aircraft. As this ram thrusts in and out at approximately eighty strokes per minute it pulls upon cables which cause the wings to flap at the same rate. The machine is quite interesting... even exciting one might say... to look at - so exciting in fact that the local vice squad have ordered us only to test it inside our hanger. This may seem difficult, but until we can figure out a way of making the machine fly there is no great problem.

Thanks Leigh. It's forward thinking like yours that has made the Australian aviation industry great.



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I have a horrible feeling that you were actually being serious in that first article. If so, it shows that you're not good at

it. Somehow, while you presented a plausible case, it just wasn't convincing. Why not accept Occam's Razor, and take the simplest hypothesis, that Carroll had a vivid imagination? After all, the Alice books did not spring full-blown from one drug trip, but evolved gradually from Dodgson's stories told over a period of time. Your efforts to fit the facts to your hypothesis really go too far in the last two paragraphs, since they refer to the contemporary situation rather than existing at the time of the writing of the books. Obviously most of the Triffids this time around were inspired by this article, and somehow they seemed a bit laboured.

You are, of course, right. I'm not good at being serious. The Carroll article however, was not serious. I must remember to send you my serious interpretation of the first book one of these days. However, when I set out to write a spoof article, I try to be as convincing as possible, especially when I don't believe what I'm saying.

I must, however, leap to the defence of John's Triffid Strips. They were done before my article, for a Sydney fan who was considering putting out a genzine. I'd give further details

on the identity of the original recipient, but I don't like identifying Peter Toluzzi (Oops. I gave it away.)

Since when do you wear a tie? Certainly not under your greatcoat on the way to Unicorn. (Like John Foyster I doubt that it could be observed under the beard.)

I've been wearing a tie to school since Tonkin's Liberal Government got in last September. As for beards, I'll leave that one rest, as I have seen certain photos of you from Swancon.

Obviously you wrote your reply to Dave Wixon before seeing the segment of the BBC's LIFE ON EARTH devoted to the amphibia. After the long catalogue of poisonous frogs they gave there, you could hardly claim that amphibia are harmless. (Rubbish! The poisons used by frogs are skin poisons, to discourage other creatures from eating them. They are only dangerous if you try to eat them. That is, to my mind, a perfectly justified act.)

I rather tend to agree with you that if Australian society is derivative of the American media, and it certainly is, then it is quite reasonable to use American social experience so as to solve local problems. Actually I am inclined to think that Okker men are more sexist than those in America, which tends to be a rather matriarchal (mommist) society. Australian society seems more inclined to see women and men as socially separate. The fact that convict women were tough eggs doesn't really have much bearing. Besides the fact that Australia stopped being a penal colony about a hundred years ago, the male convicts and the soldiers were at least as tough. Don Boyd, I rather tend to think, has become preoccupied with the form, rather than the content, of the American media. Just because an idea is fashionable in the American media does not mean it is devoid of value.

Thanks Richard. The social separation is, of course, best noted in that great Australian party tradition of Gents around the keg discussing the footy while the Ladies sit in the kitchen talking babies recipes and weddings.

SMOKE TRIFFIDS
and get
really stung



Cary Lenehan
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I'd never thought of "Alice" in that way before, although it seems obvious now that I look at it. But perhaps the opening poem has some Coleridge-like overtones to it that would suggest that, while Dodgson was writing about cannabis, this part is more influenced by opium.

Could be a little of each. I gather that they wait until the petals have fallen off the opium poppy before milking it.

Now let me explain a game played in Queensland. Take a set of golf clubs and some cane toads. Start play. It adds a whole new dimension to golf. The "ball" keeps hopping away, usually into a bad lie, and it is impossible to putt properly. It may, however be the only useful thing that you can do with a cane toad.

While I will agree that there are few favourable things that can be said about cane toads, I still feel that they do not deserve all the bad press they receive, after all, they didn't ask to be moved to Queensland. Yet another example of man interfering with an indigenous population. When you look at it, I'm sure that, given the correct environment, the toads could be shown in a better light. (The same applies, of course, to the Queensland Premier.)

Joan Dick
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I have no comment on the review of THE BLACK HOLE. Like all Disney programmes, it is shown during the school holiday period.

After my first adult experience of a Disney production, being shown into a theatre full of pre-teens, I vowed never to try again. For a week I was worried that I may have suffered severe hearing damage.

It revived oldish memories to read your comment about John Alderson's THE EPIC OF WORMS. You mentioned THE LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED. Many years ago my son and I took my youngest daughter and her school friend to the Drive In. I have no idea what the main film was, but the support was TLSSoS. It was definitely not the kind of film I would knowingly have taken two young girls to see. My broad minded son looked at me. I looked back. "Do you think they understand?" "I hope not." "Perhaps we should go home." "No. If we do, they'll want to know why."

So we stayed. There were no questions asked, but I can't remember what the main film was. Same daughter now knows far too much, and I wonder why I worried.

Now, now, now. Just because I read SF does not mean that I believe in U.F.O.s "and all that stuff". I give talks on general astronomy - very basic stuff to





groups of women who are always amazed to find that our sun is a star, and who want to know why the weather hasn't washed away the footprints on the moon. I always begin by explaining that my topic

is ASTRONOMY, not Astrology and that I don't tell fortunes. I was asked by one dear old lady, who must have been slightly deaf, "What do you cook dear?" A few questions revealed that she thought I belonged to the GASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY. It is, however, extremely difficult to explain that, although I do not believe in U.F.Os., that does not mean that I do not believe in Life On Other Worlds.

It's Astronomy not Astrology
I cry with all my might.
Astronomy not Astrology
As I dash into the night.
And the cold clear light
From distant Mars
Re-echoes my wail
To the listening stars.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN (*Capital letters for 158 LIVERPOOL ST overseas' fen.*)
HOBART Interested by the
TAS 7000 mention of THE POND by
AUSTRALIA Nigel Kneale. I'm a
great fan of Kneale's

TV scripts and didn't know he'd had any short fiction published in the field. Despite this, his producer Piers Haggard says Kneale is Britain's greatest Sf writer. What does he know? He's only H. Rider Haggard's grandson...

Charmed to meet another person who's seen the film LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED. Not many share my junky taste in films. Did you know that the movie was a flop, both in the US and Germany? Apparently the American film-goers didn't know who Siegfried was, and the German film-goers didn't take to an R-rated spoof on one of their national heroes.

Hmmn. To be honest, I can't say I enjoyed the film. It was one I saw at the good

old Naracoorte Drive In. Looking at Joan's LoC, it must have done the rounds on the country Drive In circuit.

WAHF John Playford (3) Rob McGough, Valma Brown, Gay Haldeman, Roy Ferguson, Jean Weber, and no doubt other who will spring to mind the moment after I run this stencil off.

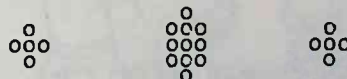
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ONE-CELL
FUNNIES



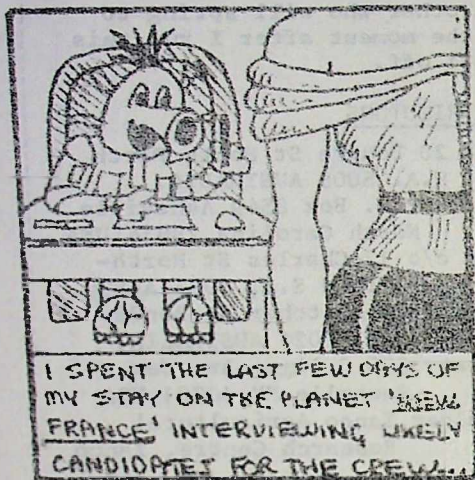
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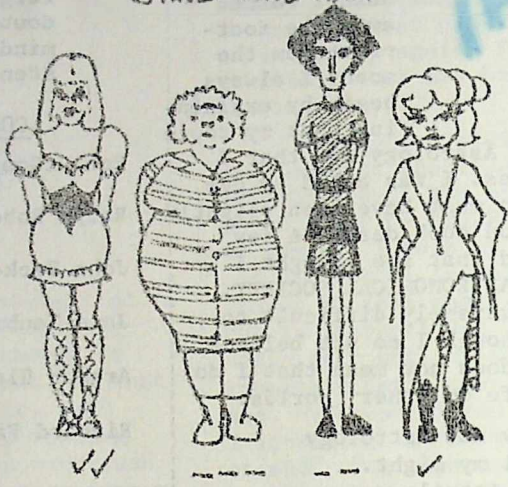


SAM SCHNOZZ IN SPACE

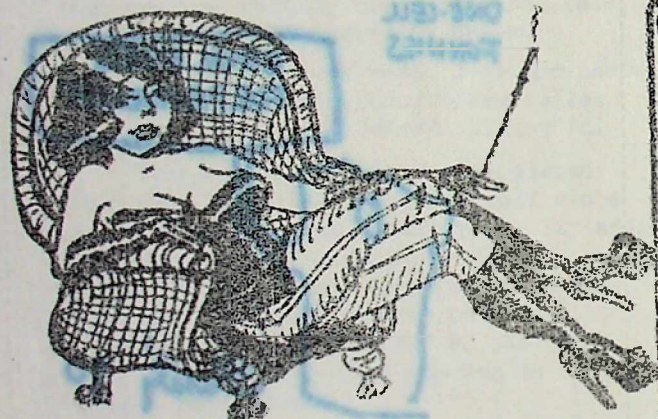
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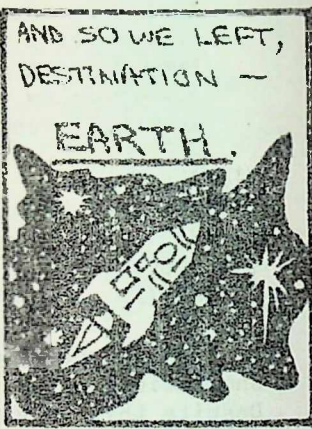
I SPENT THE LAST FEW DAYS OF MY STAY ON THE PLANET 'BEEZLE FRANCE' INTERVIEWING LIKELY CANDIDATES FOR THE CREW...



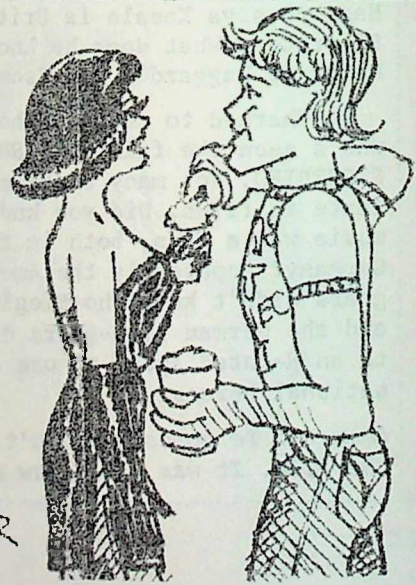
... SOME MORE LIKELY THAN OTHERS! FINALLY I MADE MY CHOICE...



MS. ANNE EIFFEL, WITH A DEGREE IN ASTROPHYSICS, AND ANOTHER IN MATHEMATICS, (TWO OF THE BEST DIPLOMAS I'VE EVER SEEN!)



SOON, ANNE WAS BEING INTRODUCED TO ONE OF AUSTRALIA'S INTERGALACTIC EXPORTS -- TOUTH'S BEER



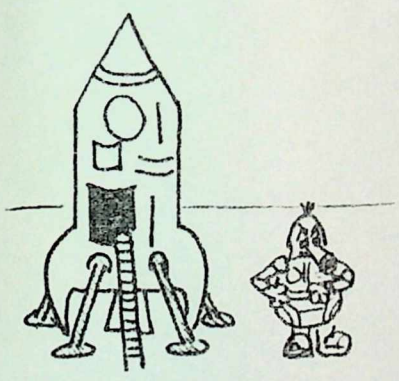
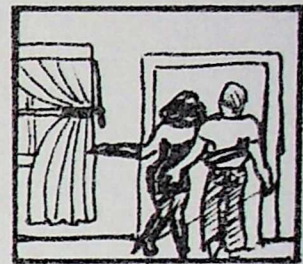


AND I MUST SAY, Y'KNOW - YOU ARE QUITE "AN EYEFUL"!

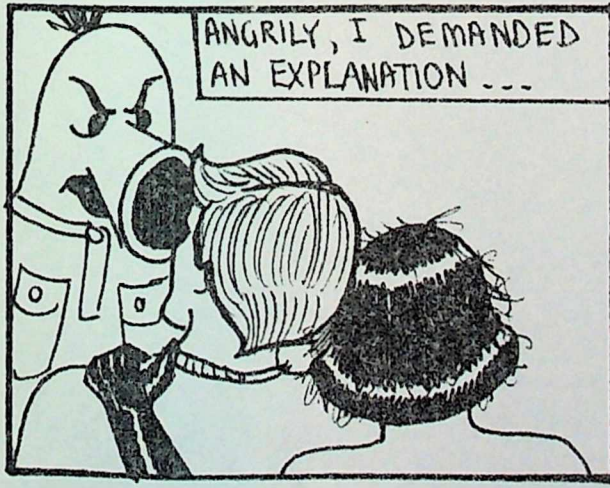
MEANWHILE, I MYSELF WAS HAVING A VERY INTERESTING TIME ...



... SO I FAILED TO NOTICE MY CREW-MATE'S INCREASING STATE OF INEBRIATION ...



NEXT MORNING, ANNE STILL HADN'T TURNED UP, AND WE WERE OVERDUE FOR TAKEOFF...



ANGRILY, I DEMANDED AN EXPLANATION ...



* SIMPLE - ANNE EIFFEL AN' I ARE TOO FOND O' TOOTH!

I WAS IT SIECON

08 JT

* AN EYE FOR AN EYE, AND A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH



THE
MOTHER
AND
CHILD
HEALTH
SERVICE
IS
A
FREE
SERVICE
FOR
ALL
FAMILIES
WITH
CHILDREN
UNDER
5
YEARS
OLD
AND
PREGNANT
WOMEN
AND
NEWBORN
BABIES
FOR
A
FREE
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