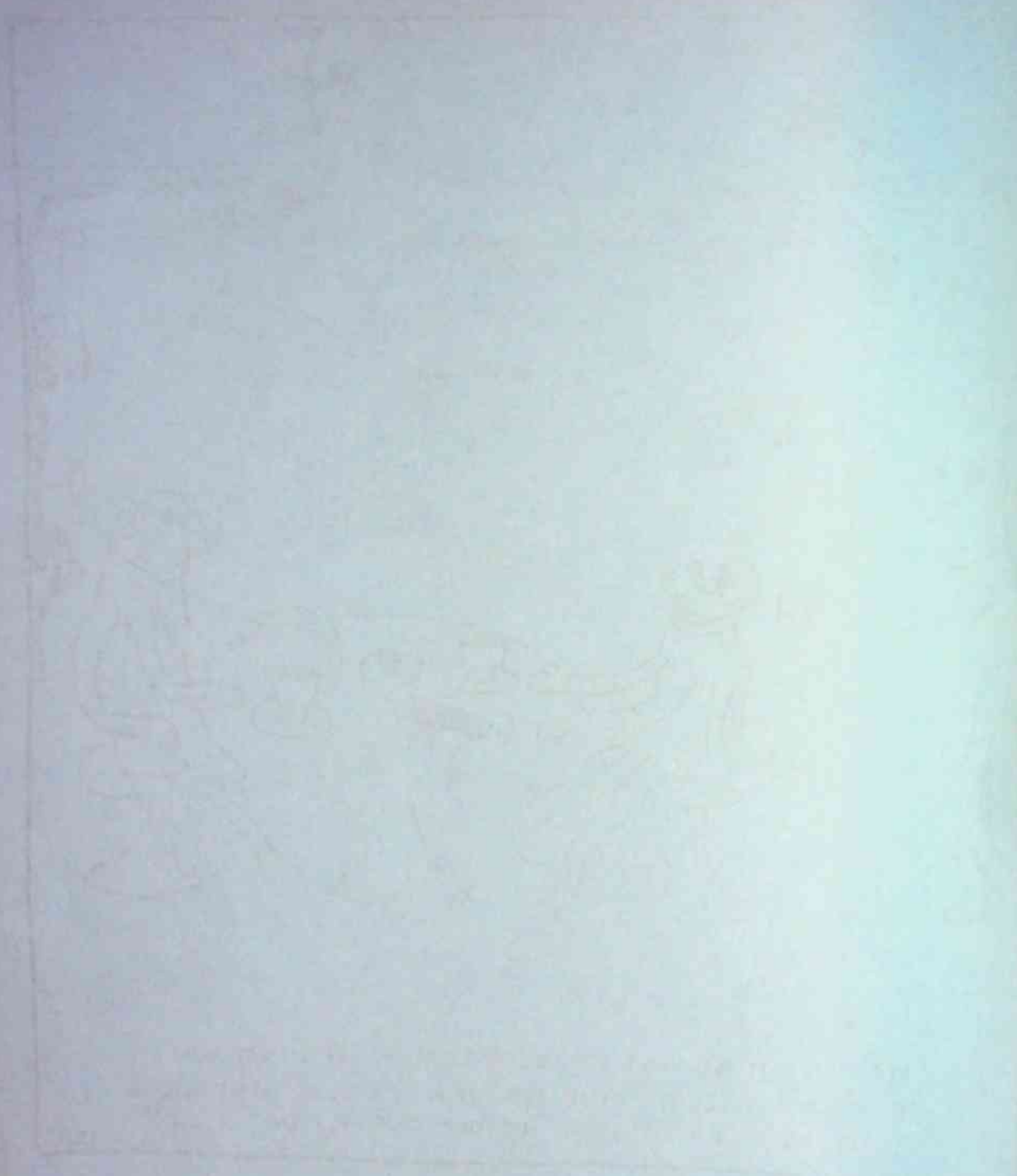


"IT'S JUST A QUAINT PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATION,  
BUT IMAGINE ALL THE MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE  
CONCENTRATED HERE IN THIS ONE PLANET----"

JLP

Q 36 F

Spelling Reform #23  
for U read B  
for N read H



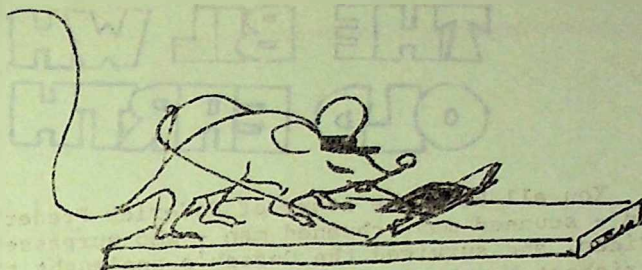
1868



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AUSTRALIA IN '83

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# THE BILL WHO BORED OLD EARTH

Cordwangler  
by Schmidt.

You all know the story of Roderick Frederick Ronald Arnold William MacArthur McBan - scunned man, shunned man - who surpassed the Garden of Death despite his handicap, and survived the Onseck's onslaught to become the richest man amongst the richest people in the galaxy - he who bought a world purported to be the first home of Man - Old Earth, the first home of the Implimentality. We know the outcome of that tale, yet there are no endings or beginnings in history, and it is most unlikely that we know everything in between.

We know that the Implimentality moved with unaccustomed speed to prevent an ending to the tale of Roderick Frederick Ronald Arnold William MacArthur McBan that was not of their own making, only to find his ambitions centred on postage stamps.

Questions. History demands them. Remember the Lords of the Implimentality and the conditions they placed on the owner of Old Earth. Do you know all those conditions? Whatever became of Roderick Frederick Ronald Arnold William MacArthur McBan, and what of his association with the Underpeople, particularly those whose history was linked to the origins of his people - the Old North Australians - the descendents of the Animen whose history lies preserved in tales such as that of the heroic exploits of K'Skippy and W'Wally - tales told only by the Underpeople themselves?

History. The past is a perspective on where we have got to. Deny people their history and they don't know where they are. The Underpeople - dependable, expendable, never educated, denied a history, dependent on their masters for their perspective on their lives - how did they obtain a past? Who taught them?

One last question - an old one - how can you tell a story if you call the main person by a name as long as Roderick Frederick Ronald Arnold William MacArthur McBan?

You can't.

Let us then learn the story of Bill Rote instead.

Amongst the conditions of ownership placed on Rod McBan by the Lords of the Implimentality was one so innocuous as to have been forgotten by the historians of his story. Yet it was to cause an event equal in significance to the emancipation of the Underpeople as the influences of C'mell and D'joan. It was a condition calculated to restrict the movements of Rod McBan - one that had an unexpected side effect - the bringing of history to the Underpeople.

And Lord Breadlable said to Justacost " I have found good in this Rod McBan... good, but not innocence. His ordeals have taught him much. In time he will rise above youthful distractions and, perhaps, develop plans for his future - plans which may not benefit the Implimentality. A man of wealth and intelligence learns too easily the machinations of power. He must not be encouraged to learn the rules of that game. His future must be guided. Give him an advisor. Let that man be the executor of McBan's business affairs and thus free him to pursue other interests. This is your jurisdiction Justacost."

Thus did Lord Breadlable pass the keys of destiny into the hands of the Underpeople, for Justacost consulted the one being with whom he and Rod McBan shared a common friendship - the girly-girl C'mell.



Did she know, enquired Justacost, a suitably ineffectual advisor who would suit the stubborn Old Norstrilian temperament of Rod McBan?

C'mell, intelligent and imbued with the fatalistic wisdom of the Underpeople, realised that great harm could come to her friend should he attempt to walk the corridors of power. She had seen the lives of businessmen through her work, and knew the complications of their world, a life that would destroy the simple pleasures of Rod McBan's heart. She agreed with the Implimentality's plan, but for the sake of her friend and not for them.

And so C'mell unknowingly brought history to the Underpeople in the form of Bil Rote.

Rod McBan had no interest in business. He was only too pleased to have an advisor brought to him. He left Bil in charge of all his affairs and indeed felt free to pursue his interests, and thus he exits from our story.

Bil Rote was an anachronism. He was a teacher in a society bored with education - an historian of a people disinterested in their past - content to stagnate with the listless present. The Rediscovery of Man, with its rejuvenation of Mankind's self-awareness, would cause them to be thankful for the preservers of history, but, for now, Bil Rote and his knowledge remained unappreciated.

For Bil his new responsibility was a delight - a change from the frustrations of being ignored. Yet very quickly did he see that the McBan holdings were so huge that they ran themselves, as age-old worlds are wont to do. To immerse himself in such a thing would not only be a redundancy - he already lived as a long-standing member of Rod McBan's world - but he would also no longer be free to continue his education, particularly his beloved historical studies.

When Bil mentioned this to C'mell she gave him two things, a whole new area of historical study, and an outlet for his talents. She had only intended the first. The second came as an unexpected optional extra. And indeed, Bil Rote, instead of taking options on stock, took stock of his options, and chose to invest in the Underpeople.

He did not know it at the time.

"K'boing!"

"Yeth nathter Rote?"

"Hop over here for a moment will you? I need your delicate hands to help me put these cogs back together. My old hands are too clumsy for this sort of work."

The kangaroo-descended Underperson bounced over to the bench where Bil Rote struggled with an odd, messy, and very ancient device. Bil was attempting to refit an assembly from its interior. He had just washed off a black, sticky deposit from the bits and pieces, having soaked them for weeks in a solvent solution.

"What ith thith old machine thir?" asked K'boing as he grappled with the cogs.



" This, my young fellow, is a *Panzogester*. They used to be a sort of fighting machine in the ancient wars," replied Bil.

" What itb 'war' mathter?"

Bil was dumbfounded. He'd never realised that anyone could be that ignorant of the past. " Don't they teach you young Underpeople anything at school?"

"We don't go to school thir!"

Bil almost fainted with shock. The dearest thing to his heart was education. To think, these bright, eager young beings were taught nothing but their work... " Surely you must know of things outside of work K'boing?... Your family history, that sort of thing."

" Familieth don't thtay together onth the young are old enough to work," responded K'boing, sadly recalling the warmth of his mother's pouch.

" Good Lords! You mean to say you don't even know where you come from?"

" A pouch!" answered K'boing positively.

" Wait here," ordered Bil. He disappeared into the library and returned carrying a hand bound volume of notes, produced not by voice computer but on another of Bil Rote's historical machines called a *Tiper*.

" This is an historical record of Master McBan's ancestry that I've been compiling for C'mell. She wants to present it to him as a birthday gift. It goes back into his family's origins here on Old Earth. According to my research, Old North Australia lies in what was once known as the Austral League. Some tales even tell of the days of the Animen, your ancestors!" Bil jabbed an expressive finger in K'boing's direction.

K'boing, who'd absorbed the fore-going with avid interest, pricked up his ears at the mention of his forebears.

" Have you ever heard of the brave exploits of K'Skippy?"

K'boing jerked his head in the negative.

" Well now," said Bil. " You appear interested enough. Sit yourself comfortably young fellow, and I will tell you his story....."

oOoOoOoO

In the days that followed, K'boing rounded up his friends, who all turned out to be Australian Animen descendents, and brought them to Master Rote to hear the wonderful tales of their past. It was not long before Bil realised that he was conducting a classroom.

" Well now, let's have a roll call shall we?" Bil looked around at his small class. First there was K'boing and his clique, all linked through the story of K'Skippy and the other survivors from *THE QUICK BROWN FOX* - W'willy, descended from W'Wally; the bright eyed D'Lores, from D'Whitefang; and the industrious but tardy Ko'late from Ko'KingXsley, who had developed a passion for operating the *Panzogester*.



Bil continued calling out the names of the class, ticking his list as he went.

There was T'hoppy, the cane toad; E'ossie, the emu; P'percy, the platypus; L'lizzy the frill-necked lizard; and the sharp-eyed rat descendent R'tina. Bil was about to call the last name on the list. Its owner, a spiny drain cleaner, descended from an echidna, who had the disconcerting habit of eating ants in class, interrupted him.

" Here! It ain't fair! "

" Shut up Ec'les! " snapped Bil.

" Shut up Ec'les," echoed the idiot Underperson. It struck Bil that although Ec'les often babbled incoherently about all sorts of things, not the least his obsession with a jar of dark brown substance which, after his first lesson, he promptly claimed to be a Yeast descendent, and re-named Y'vegemite, he'd never really complained about anything before.

Ec'les was happily coating ants with Y'vegemite, preparatory to consuming them, and appeared to have forgotten his complaint. Bil, however, decided to risk confusion, and asked Ec'les if he still wanted to say anything.

" Oooh, Yer. I wanted to say.... It's not fair! "

" Yes, you have already stated that Ec'les, " prompted Bil.

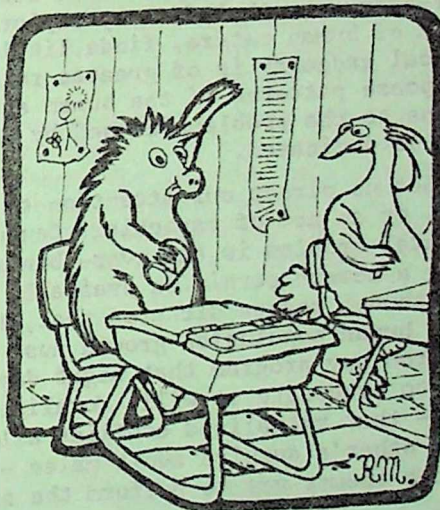
" Shut up Ec'les! " yelled Ec'les, looking around hopefully. " Oh. Hum. Yer! Here, here! Why can't... Why can't my friend B'bottle come to school eh? Yup. Fine fine fine. "

Castng his eyes towards the upper domains of the Implimentality, Bil sighed and asked who B'bottle was. It transpired that Ec'les was referring to a fellow drain-worker, a badger descendent, who'd been reluctant to attend the gathering which seemed to be exclusively for Old Australian Animen descendents. Bil soon discovered that all the others in the class had friends they'd live to bring along with them. With this news came Bil Rote's realisation that he couldn't possibly adequately pass even the rudiments of education to such a potentially large class.

" Okay fellows, " he said. " We now enter a new domain of education. Each of you will specialise in learning the history of your kind. Then you will go out amongst the Underpeople and start your own classes! "

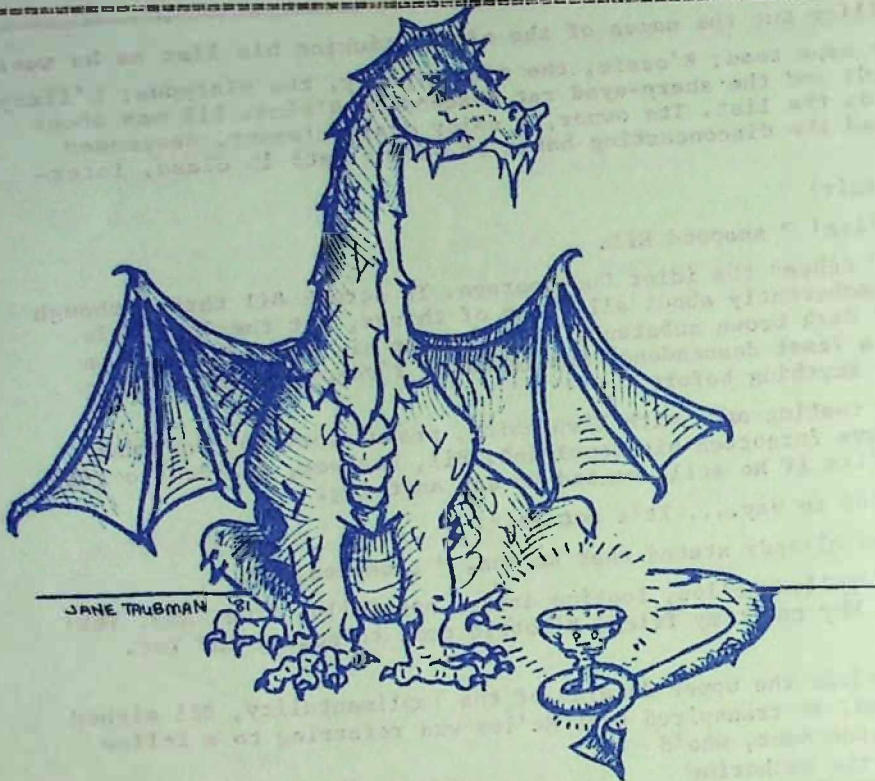
Even Ec'les was useful, for, once the others had left to tell their stories to the Underpeople, adults came to Bil Rote's classes and there was a need for someone to occupy the various cubs and pups and kits that came with them. For Ec'les and B'bottle, Bil searched his history books and resurrected a title for them - Kindergarten Teachers.

Once there had been a time when the people of Old Earth called him "boring Old Bil", but now Bil Rote was boring into the foundations of Old Earth. His imparted knowledge was tunnelling through an entire stratum of society - teaching them the part they had played in the history of mankind, and re-affirming their place in the destiny of their beloved masters.



THE  
DRAGON  
CONSIDERED  
IN RELATION  
TO THE  
CRISIS IN  
CONTEMPORARY  
CIVILIZATION.

by  
*Judith  
Hanna*



Those preoccupied with technological progress are wont to accuse readers of fantasy, i.e. tales of heroes and mythical beasts in medieval-style worlds, of attempting to escape the problems besetting our own technology-driven milieu. The counter-argument, that fantasy explores and provides insight on the archetypal patterns of human nature, finds little favour with them, for, to such beings, mechanical gadgetry is of greater relevance than the varied repertoire of motivation and response patterns of the human animal. They are more interested in technological solutions to the problems caused by modern technology. To such "Crazy Eddies" this article is dedicated.

Let us direct our attention to the modern world and its crises ( An act of heroism, or an act of masochism? Could it be that the two are the same?) The fundamental problem is the over-abundant and ever-increasing human population imposing a severe strain on available resources of food, raw materials, and especially fuel. Although reason dictates that, for our current Western standard of living to survive, human population growth must be checked, traditional moralism recoils in horror from any program that might deprive any individual of continued survival, or liberty to procreate at will. Moralism sanctions only one exception to this rule - Warfare - that ritualised conflict allowing two or more neighbouring states to kill off each other's surplus adult males - an ideal economic solution, employing the sacrifices themselves to perform the sacrifice of their counterparts.

Sadly though the intervention of technology has destroyed war's elegant economy. Nuclear weaponry, capable of wiping out whole populations, and of poisoning the land, has made warfare itself a threat to civilization as we know it. No longer can it serve as a safe restraint on population, but instead it has become perhaps the second great danger threatening our survival as a species. Yet the aggressive drives that have hitherto been harnessed to warfare remain part of human nature. The only approved avenue for expression now offered them by society is game-playing. Increasing elaboration of the games played is evident in more than one segment of contemporary society. But whether game-playing will prove an adequate safety valve is dubious.

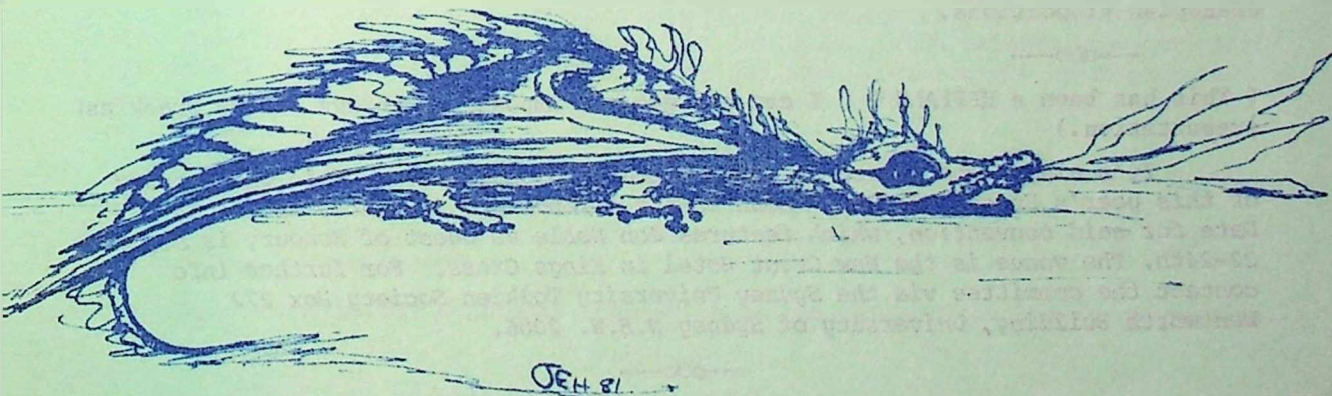


A third major problem, currently much in the news, is the Fuel or Energy crisis. Our technology is energy greedy, but we are running out of the fossil fuels that have hitherto satisfied its appetite. Alternative fuels are under investigation. Nuclear power, a by-product of weaponry development, poses new problems in terms of disposal of radioactive waste and the possibility of explosive accidents. Solar power has one great drawback. Its nature does not lend itself to monopolistic control by mammoth corporations, therefore little research has been sponsored and its technology remains undeveloped. In any case, both of these alternatives are just fuels - possible solutions only to the energy problem. The other problems mentioned above - overpopulation and individuals torn between moralism and aggression - would remain. We need a holistic solution, one that tackles all three of these problems, and one that is also able to engage the imaginations of the masses currently suffering, as predicted by Marx, from feelings of alienation from the processes of the production which engages their time and energy. From the feeling of purposelessness thus engendered by technological advance comes emotional malaise.

Now, consider the Dragon. Its existence in historical time in Northern Europe is recorded in the legends of Siegfried, of Beowulf, and of the knights of King Arthur. These tales tell us that the dragon breathed fire, ate people, and amassed gold as assiduously as any modern entrepreneur. Its industrious pursuit of wealth admirably suits it to the economic motivations of modern life. Can we then design for it a niche in the ecology of human society?

The dragon's fire is clean, bio-degradable bio-energy. Each dragon is able to generate a massive amount of heat. No figures have yet been determined, but scrutiny of the historical records should allow some estimate of the performance of dragons as energy suppliers. The great advantage of the dragon is that it supplies energy in the same form as does fossil fuel, i.e. as heat, and therefore adaptation of current turbines to dragon-power should pose no difficulties. Whereas fossil fuel is finite, and a fast diminishing resource, dragon energy is renewable. The dragon is itself a system for converting organic matter into energy. The dragon's metabolism is fuelled by a resource which, far from being scarce, has increased to plague proportions. With dragon energy, excess human population can be used to provide the energy necessary for the survival of modern civilization. At the same time, the concurrent decrease in human numbers will reduce pressure on our planet's fast-depleting resources. What could be neater?

So much for the logistics. What of more humane aspects? Does moralism object:- "But you can't just kill off people like that! It's not democratic!" Re-reading the historical record suggests the answer. The legends tell that men did not require coercion to offer themselves up to the dragon. Lured by the prospect of heroism they went willingly enough, nay, even eagerly. Could heroism be revived? Just what is heroism? It seems to have been a game - a gambling game, with the odds favouring the dragon. The stakes, death or glory.



---

As a game, dragon-fighting is more spectacular than football, cricket or tennis. Think of the possibilities for television! Dragon-fighting could once again become as popular as it was in the glorious period preceding the Dark Ages. ( And why were they Dark??? Because the medieval Church refused to countenance the continued existence and employment of dragons, identifying them as creatures of Satan). The legends about those who conquered dragons, those heroes who defeated one of the mighty Worms, testify to the crowd appeal of the sport in those days. The continuing popularity of Heroic Fantasy surely indicates that the idea of such sport retains its attractions.

The question remains. Are the stakes too high? Are the odds too long? Would potential players be discouraged by the risk of death? No one who has observed the game-player in action, or who has investigated the psychology of the gambler could believe that risks would discourage the competition. Long odds are mandatory in all gambling - that fact has not discouraged punters, pokie players or roulette addicts. The odds are undoubtedly better than is the case in the Pools or Lotto. Nor has the risk of death ever discouraged sportsmen. If that were an obstacle, there would be no hang-gliding, or motor-racing. There are few sports which do not threaten serious injury.

I see only one real difficulty. Where do we find the dragons? How many will we need? No dragon has been reliably recorded since the Middle Ages. Has that mighty species become extinct, or do some specimens still lurk in secluded spots? Were the surviving dragons perhaps driven deep underground, deep into the caves that were their favourite habitation? It seems not unlikely. Do they inhabit caves under Loch Ness, sending up a scout every now and then to observe developments on the surface? If that is so, we have a chance to make contact with representatives of this great and intelligent species. That dragons could speak with humans is recorded. Messages in Old Norse and medieval French, offering them a contract to participate in the project outlined above, should be at once prepared in readiness for their next reconnaissance.

Would dragons be prepared to cooperate? Offered sufficient financial incentive, I think we might be quietly confident of a successful conclusion to negotiations.

But no time should be lost! Our situation is indeed urgent. We must not allow a blind lust for technological advance blind us to the fact that our civilization is indeed facing a crisis of draconian proportions.

---oOo---

( This has been a HEFFALUMP " I can believe six impossible things before breakfast presentation.)

*It's also a good place to mention that Judith is involved in the running of this year's Unicon, Tolkon, known to its friends and intimates as Ludcon I. Date for said convention, which features Jon Noble as Guest of Honour, is August 22-24th. The venue is the New Crest Hotel in Kings Cross. For further info contact the committee via the Sydney University Tolkien Society Box 272 Wentworth Building, University of Sydney N.S.W. 2006.*

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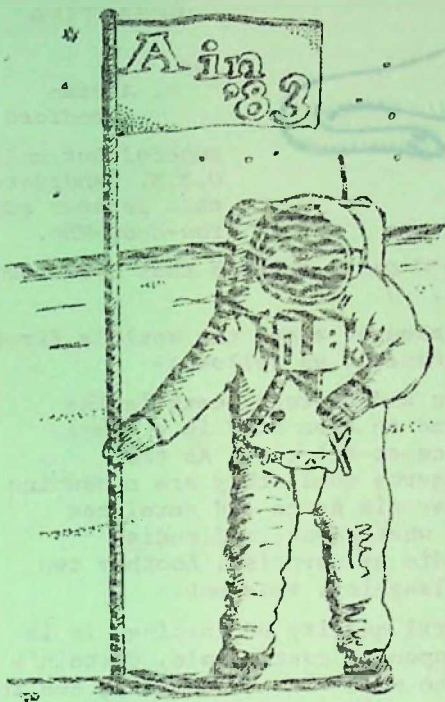




WHEN YOU ARE RACING SWEDEN FOR THE 1983 WORLDCON, AND ARE ON THE LAST LAPP, YOU MUST BE NEAR THE FINNISH LINE

by Harry J.M. Andruschak

Fandom's #1 NASAchist.



Marc asked me to do another Electric Fence Story, but as of today, 6 April, I don't feel up to it. I have to fillout my income tax forms, and, since I am paying through the nose, I intend to send said forms on Kleenex tissue. We can however, forget the Death Valley stories as a group of Indians took over under ancient treaty rights. They get along with the wild burros, and are just one big Hopi family.

And let us face it. The Baltimore/Washington bidders are working like horses. I remember one hard-working fan at NOREASCON II to whom I remarked that I didn't remember his name, but his pace was familiar. The question is, can the West Coast support for Australia overcome the Eastern establishment?

Parties are a common method for garnering votes. We once threw a Scotts Cheese Party, and proudly offered Loch Ness Kuenster. Baltimore retaliated by serving barbeque steaks with ice cream on top, saying "Remember the ala mode!"

One of our neater publicity stunts fell afoul of the fact that Elephants Never Forget. We had gotten ahold of a large turtle, and painted AUSTRALIA IN '83 on its back, but a baby elephant who had been nipped by this creature a few weeks earlier stomped it to a pulp, since he had turtle recall of the incident.

Another blow to our plans came when two of our staunchest supporters gafiated. They were working on their Doctorates, and decided to go to Egypt to study plumbing systems of the rulers of ancient Egypt. They insisted that they wanted to be Pharaoh Faucet Majors.

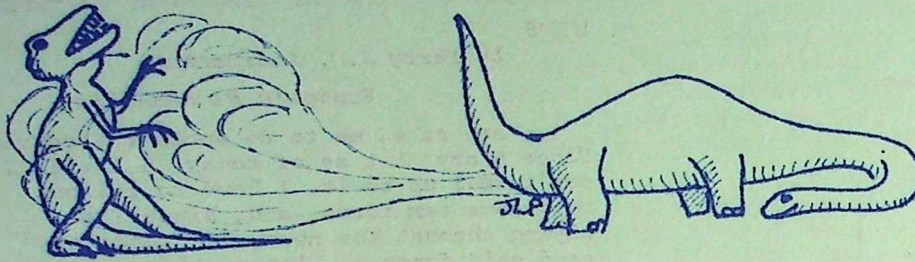
Understand please that all this competition is square and clean and above board. When the two groups play croquet, our motto is "With mallets towards none." I may make a nasty comment about a Baltimore fan who is overweight by saying he is living beyond his seams, but in turn I grin and bear it when told I am a sheep. I make baaaaaaad puns.

Baltimore totes its convention centre. I reply that Australia has lots of Pandemoniums.... high rise developments for Pendas. Baltimore points out that Australia has Koalas not pandas. I ask them to drink Scotch Whiskey mixed with beef broth... a Clan Chowder.

And so the battle continues. Hopefully we can yet get the bid for Australia.

---oOo---

Ummn, Andy. Don't call us. We'll call you. However, for those of you who have yet to join Denvention II in order to get the right to vote for Australia In '83, send \$14-00 to Carey Handfield PO BOX 91 Carlton Vict 3053 A.S.A.P.



ON THE PHYNE  
OLDE ARTE OF  
PHEARTING

by  
K. Adrian  
Bedford

Hopeful but unlikely  
O.B.E. candidate if  
this is ever sen by  
You-Know-Who.

( Editor's Note:- If I may paraphrase Bette Midler -"I can't believe that I've been reduced to printing Fart Stories..." )

One can only wonder what the ancient cavemen thought about the world's first fart. Thinking along these lines would summon up a scenario as follows:-

Fade in. Six people in various stages of dress and undress, each in the latest Gucci bearskins. They are sitting around an open fire in a dingy, damp, humid, musty, fetid and not-terribly-nice-at-all cave. As they grunt about the upcoming tyranosaurus-brontosaurus duel, they are consuming some very tasty filet stegosaurus, with a cabernais sauce and garnished with mayonaise. Suddenly, without any warning whatsoever, a fiendish staccato thunder splits the air. Two cavemen die of surprise. Another two die from asphyxiation. The two remaining die laughing. Fade out.

Considering the wholesome and fundamentally natural quality of farting, it is surprising to note that its very mention is frowned upon by most people. Certainly my kindly mother comes down heavily on any user of the word "Fart". However, due to its inescapability as a bodily function, certain interesting euphemisms have grown up to contain the fine olde fart. My ex-photography teacher, a small anaemic and pudgy man, with thinning hair and a moon face, tended to call it "Dropping a smelly" aka "Dropping a rose", "Blowing off", etc ad nauseam. The Concise Oxford Dictionary, that bastian of properness, has the following listing:-

" FART ( not in polite use) I. v.i. emit wind from the anus. 2 n. such emission; contemptible person ((Eng))"

which, though glib, is a perfectly reasonable definition of the word.

Biologically speaking, farting is as inevitable as sunrise. Everyone in the world has a stomach of some variety, mechanical or organic. Nearly everyone in the world eats. During the gastric process of digestion - a wholly unpleasant business with dozens of enzymes and the like whizzing helter-skelter- we discover that, as with any chemical reaction, certain by-products are given off. Many of these are gasses, which, faced with the nasty decision of which way to go, only to have any upward plans thwarted by the big bad epiglottis, promptly head the other way, to exit with occasionally embarrassing results.

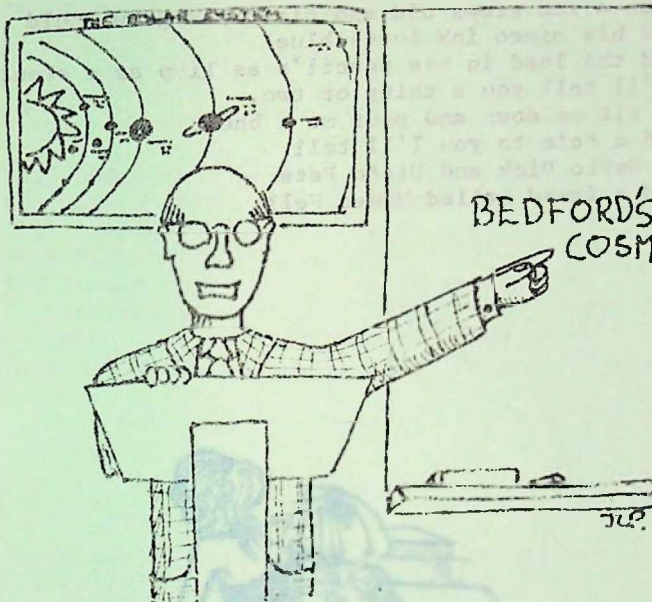
I am not without a blot on my copybook when it comes to the subject of farting. I have indeed had countless "bad" experiences with my rectal emissions, the worst of which happened something like this.

It was a pleasant autumn day in 1979, and I was sitting in my Maths II class at Lockridge Senior High School. The class was presided over by a round, balding chap with a fiendish vicious streak, who shall only be known as "George". He was teaching a somewhat unwilling class the finer points of algebra, or some such tripe, and had set us off writing. As I scribbled away without a clue in the world, a sudden twinge in my bum told me that danger was on its way. Moments passed and the tension built up slowly, inexorably. A gentle manoeuvring of my body on the hard



plastic chair relieved some of the pressure sufficiently to allow me to forget all about it until, a quick, sharp, unmistakable fart ripped the air. Immediately the people in the immediate vicinity began tittering as such people always do, partly out of amusement, and partly due to the teacher's apparent ignorance. Two chaps in my acquaintance in the next row looked across in my general direction to see me looking calmly around, but then their gaze rested on the chap in front of me, who was frantically scribbling his answers, and then I saw a grin split the observers' faces, and I concluded that I was in the clear.

Frequently one comes across one of those infernal chairs with the odd surfaces. More often than not they are low-slung affairs requiring a supreme effort in order to arise from them. However, in so doing, or even when moving around in them, no matter how slightly, a funny creaking sound tends to emanate from them, and panicked glances flash in your direction with that "Oh! How common!" sort of refrained attitude so common in the nineteenth century.



Now, if I were a smutty dirty writer, I could start postulating a theory concerning the origins of the universe, and how they were the result of some benevolent and flatulent god farting out a strange assortment of things which came together in just the right way, and caused the Big Braaaaaaaaap. (Jots down "Bedford's Cosmological Theory of Spontaneous Flatulence on a Devine Scale"). However, I do not think of myself as a dirty, smutty writer, so I'll leave my theory to be rediscovered by a dome headed, thin, bespectacled scholar doing midnight research in some obscure British University.

Where do I go from here? I'm frequently reminded of a brilliant, though rather offensive joke I heard on that fine old "Mike Walsh Show" one afternoon a few weeks ago. It goes something like this.

Way back in Victorian England, actually in the Queen's lounge at the Palace, she, hubby and Bertie were entertaining, or rather being entertained by, a couple of pompous types. Suddenly an odour seeped through the room, and Bertie detected it, and glared at one of the guests.

"Did you fart before my mother?" he raged

The pompous, and now rather bemused chap replied, "Oh I am sorry. I hadn't realised that it was her turn..."

And on that note I'll leave while I've still got at least a small chance of getting away.

---oOo---

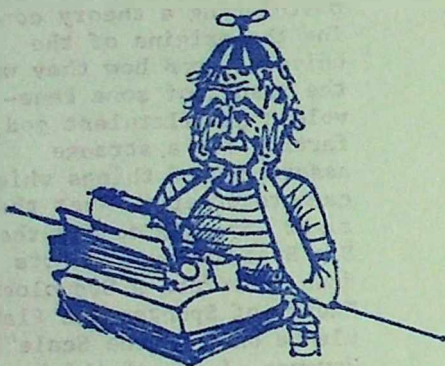
What I liked was the way Adrian matched the antiquity of his opening sequence with the antiquity of the joke in the closing sequence. Clever that....

# THE BALLAD OF MIMEO NELL



by  
Marc Ortlieb

I When a fan grows old and his zines grow mould  
And his mimeo ink turns blue  
And the lead in his pencil's as limp as a stencil  
He'll tell you a thing or two.  
So sit me down and pour me a bbeer  
And a tale to you I'll tell  
Of Hekto Dick and Ditto Pete  
And a faned called Mimeo Nell.



II I'll tell you a tale of a WorldCon  
Held in Melbourne a few years gone by  
Where wombats and Aussiefen gathered  
To drink till the pubs were all dry.  
Down there where the kangaroos gather  
Lived a faned of nationwide fame  
She'd run off a zine in a twinkling  
And Mimeo Nell was her name.

III Our scene now shifts to the Great Outback  
Where many a crudzine's born;  
Wnere out in an old disused dunney  
Lived faneds best treated with scorn.  
When Hekto Dick and Ditto Pete  
Are wont to do a zine  
It's Ditto Pete who uses black  
And Hekto uses green.



IV Said Hekto Dick to Ditto Pete  
" When duplicating's done  
Collating may be painful  
But the reproduction's fun."  
Now Hekto Dick and Ditto Pete  
Were printing a zine one week  
But they'd had no contributions  
And were really up the creek.



V So do or dare this fannish pair  
Set out for AussieCon  
In search of famous fanwriters  
Whom they could put upon.  
And as they made cross-country trek  
No fan hotel was missed  
They nit the fannish eateries  
And many a time got pissed.



VI They reached the banks of the Yarra  
With its slime encrusted moss  
And to slake their fannish ardour  
They sought the Southern Cross  
They strode to registration  
Their wallets they flashed free  
" A membership for my mate here  
And another one for me."

VII The hucksters knew Dick's money belt  
Down by the Yarra banks  
They got their Star Trek photos out  
And murmured heart-felt thanks.  
The faneds too had read of him  
In Aussie S.F.R.  
And with nothing worse than a muttered curse  
The trufen hit the bar.

VIII They hoped that he'd be silent  
And were almost right at that  
Till the duplicating contest  
When Dick threw in his hat.  
The faneds they were there in droves  
To test their printing skill  
But when they saw Dick's gelid tray  
They all became quite ill.

IX Now Hekto Dick had typed a zine  
And primed his hektograph  
He claimed he'd get a hundred sheets  
He got a mighty laugh  
From all the faneds gathered round  
Who wagered moneys fine  
That he'd be lucky if he got  
Much more than thirty nine.

X So he got out his damping sponge  
And hekto masters fair  
And vowed he'd get his hundred sheets  
And fifty more to spare.  
He lightly slicked the jelly pad  
That held a hint of green  
For lime, he said, was better than  
All other types he'd seen.

XI He placed the master gently  
And he softly smoothed it down  
And let the purple dye sink in  
But all the while did frown  
For worrying is half the skill  
In practising this art  
To get a decent copy run  
Takes effort from the start.



XII He stood and waited half an hour  
The crowd began to grumble  
But as he moved to lift the sheet  
They quietened to a mumble.  
He lightly grasped the master's edge  
And gently did he lift.  
The crowd there stood in silence awed  
And humbled by his gift.

XIII For there before him on the pad  
Of geletin so bright  
The page was printed back to front  
In ink that glowed with light.  
And many were the faned there  
Converted to the cause  
Of promulgating hektographs  
And selling them by scores.



XVII And Dick knew he was beaten  
But could not give in through pride  
He said " I'll take your bet on  
And for fifty bucks aside.  
You put your trust in Science  
While I put my trust in Art.  
We'll see which is the stronger"  
And he gave the cue to start.

XVIII Nell flexed a ream with subtle ease  
She swiftly inked a drum  
She put a master firm in place  
Machines began to hum  
And wheels began to spin and spin  
And stencils there were etched  
And if I told how fast she worked  
You'd claim this verse far-fetched.

XIX But Hekto Dick he was not licked  
He was not fixed or nobbled.  
He slicked the pad at such a rate  
The jelly shook and wobbled  
And paper fed into his hand  
By trusty best mate Pete  
Was swiftly smoothed against the gel  
And lifted sheet by sheet.

XIV But others were more sceptical  
" The proof is not complete,"  
They muttered in defensive tones  
" Until the hundredth sheet!"  
So Hekto Dick produced a ream  
And was about to start  
When suddenly a voice rang out  
" You call this crap an art?"

XV " If these fans here can't beat this mess"  
She sneered at the fen gathered round  
" Here's one faned who will leave you dead.  
I'll print you right into the ground!"  
She dragged across her mimeo  
Its like had ne'er been seen  
And pulled out drums of black and red  
And of every shade between.

XVI She took out fifty masters  
With artwork back to back  
And some was multi-coloured  
And some was solid black.  
And pages there had photographs  
And others shading fine.  
She said " I'll print five thousand  
'Fore you've printed sixty nine."





XX But human flesh is mortal  
And his arms began to ache  
And jelly pads aren't lasting  
It began to split and quake  
And gel stuck to the paper  
And to Hekto's hands as well  
And the pressure of the contest  
On his face began to tell.

XI Still he worked on there regardless  
Until Strength and gel gave in  
But his spirit it was broken  
And he sank into the tin.  
There were some who called it heartless  
And some who called it worse  
When Nell handed him her own zine  
Which he'd not the strength to curse



XXII For it all was fully stapled  
And in twenty colours too  
The spine was bound in leather  
Which she'd dyed a vivid blue  
But the worst thing was the cover  
With the title inlaid gold  
For she'd called her zine  
THE HEKTOGRAPH - A sort of jelly mould.

XXIII And valiant Pete he did his best  
To salvage Hekto's pride  
He yelled "So stencil's faster.  
That has never been denied.  
But for depth of human feeling  
Hekto cannot be surpassed  
And only fools would shun it  
Cause it isn't very fast."



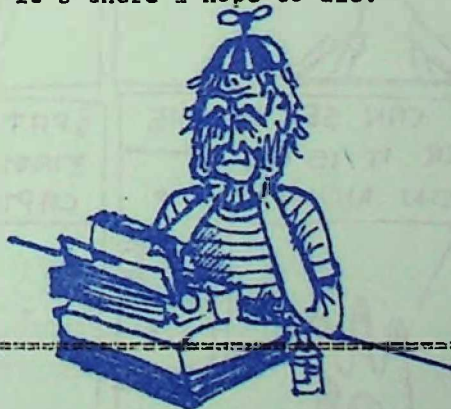
XXV "And shun the evil spirit too  
For that way madness lies.  
It's bad for liver, kidneys, spleen  
But mainly for the eyes.  
The mimeo's the only way  
For fen that's right and tru  
The rest is just for Trekkies  
Or for punkfen with their glue."

XXIV But Nell was not a bit contrite.  
She'd won it fair and square  
And so she poked her tongue out  
And she sneered at him "So There!  
When next my friend you do intend  
To duplicate a zine  
Forget this pallid gelid mess  
And keep your fingers clean.

XXVI "I'm going back to Fapa  
Where the trufen never quail  
Where Harry Warner publishes  
With Pavlat and McPhail.  
Where ink it is the blackest ink  
And never does run dry  
Where twilltone grows on bushes  
And it's there I hope to die."

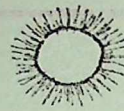
XXVII (Reprise)

When a fan grows old  
And his zines grow mould  
And his mimeo ink turns blue  
And he's kicked from ANZAPA  
And minacing Fapa  
I'd wish him good luck  
Wouldn't you?





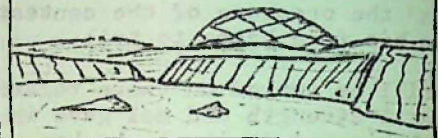
THE PLANET LARRN



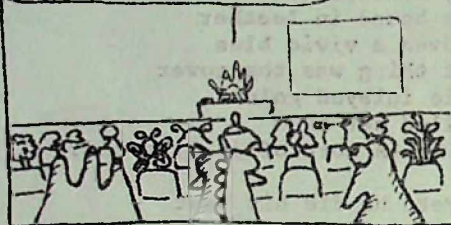
CIRCLING THE STAR  
BNEJJ



THE DOME CITY JENQ,  
HOME OF THE PAN GALACTIC  
FAN FEDERATION (P&FF)



THE COUNCIL IS IN SESSION  
GENTLEMEN - WE HAVE  
A PROBLEM ---



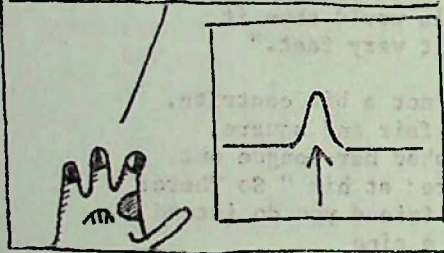
REPORTS INDICATE  
AN UNUSUAL INCREASE  
IN PLANETARY MASS DIS-  
RUPTIONS IN THE SIRIUS  
SECTOR



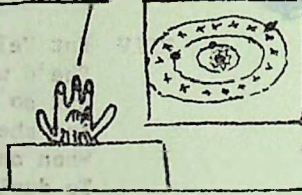
- IF THE TREND  
CONTINUE'S THERE MAY  
BE SERIOUS RESULTS.



FIRSTLY, THE GALACTIC  
PROBABILITY FIELD IS  
BEING SERIOUSLY DISTORTED



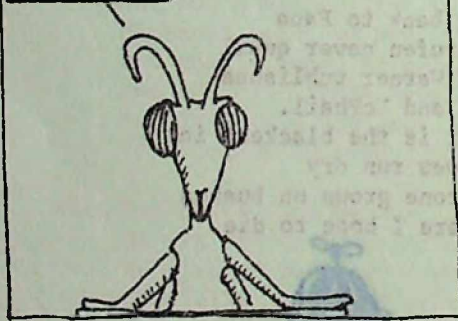
SECONDLY, THERE ARE  
THE NAVIGATIONAL  
HAZARDS OF THE  
PRESENCE IN SPACE  
OF PIECES OF EXPLODED  
PLANETS.



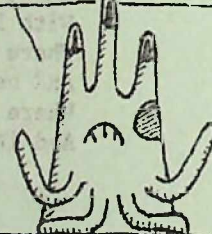
THIRDLY, THERE IS  
A SERIOUS DANGER OF  
THE DESTRUCTION OF  
ACCOMMODATION FOR  
THIS CENTURY'S REGIONAL  
FOR THAT SECTOR -  
B LYRAE IN 2073



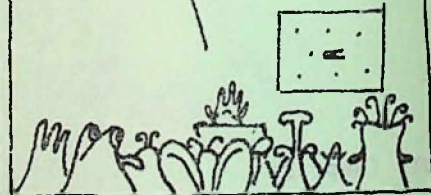
WHAT ACTION HAS BEEN  
TAKEN?



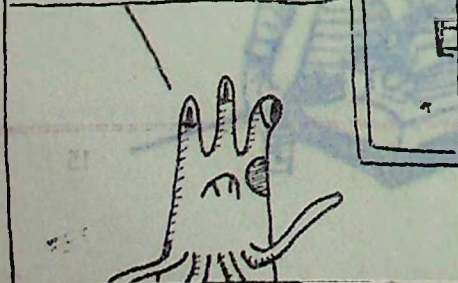
THE SYSTEM RESEARCH  
VESSEL #937-4632  
HAS BEEN FITTED  
OUT AS GENERAL  
PURPOSE TROUBLE-SHOOTER



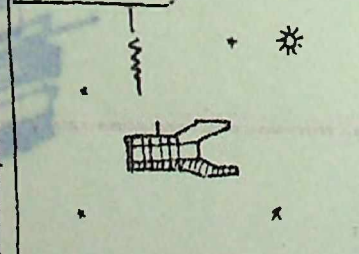
AND HAS BEEN  
DESPATCHED TO CLEAN  
UP AND GATHER DATA



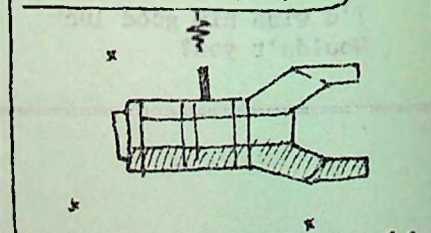
AS YOU CAN SEE ON THE  
SCANNER IT IS ON  
STATION NOW.



SPATIAL CO-ORDINATES  
FIRST APPROXIMATION,  
CAPTAIN



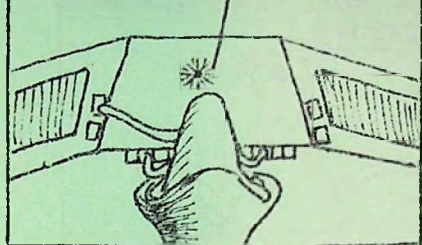
GOOD- TRAVERSE TEMPORAL  
RETRO-GRADE. I WILL  
CO-ORDINATE FROM OBS.  
BLISTER 11473,



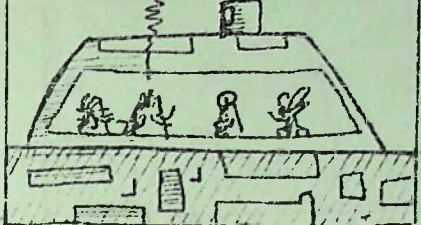


ABOARD SYSTEM MAINTENANCE VESSEL #9374632.....

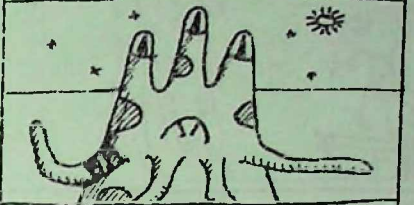
PLANETARY MASS DISRUPTION  
LOCATED, SIR.



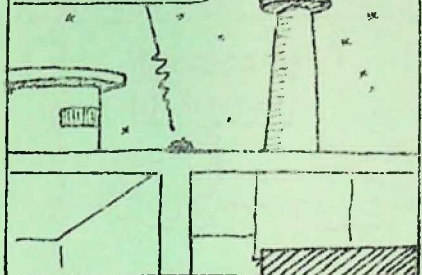
GENTLEMEN, THE INHABITED  
PLANET OF THIS SYSTEM  
EXPLODED 17 MONTHS AGO.



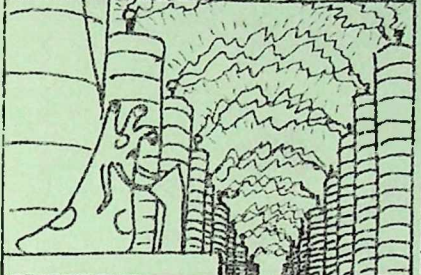
STANDARD PROCEDURE  
WILL BE FOLLOWED,  
I WILL RECEIVE REPORTS  
HERE.



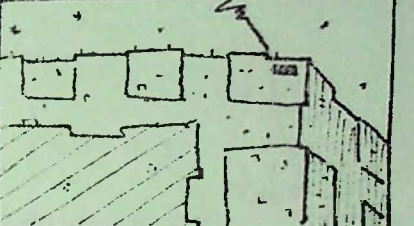
.. INITIATE!



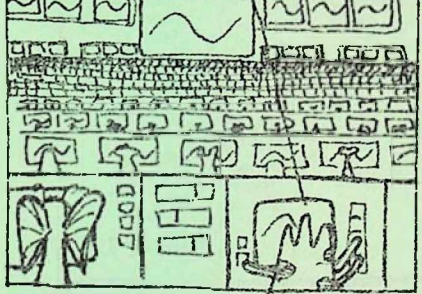
POWER CENTRAL READY



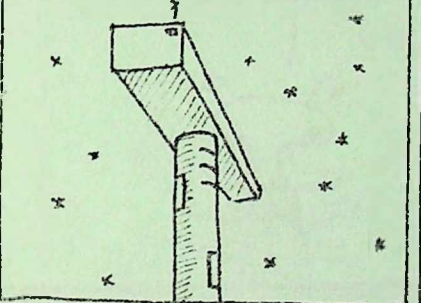
NO DAMAGE TO THE LOCAL  
SUN. PROCEED WITH  
SEQUENCE.



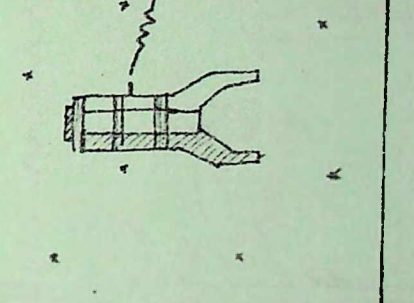
CO-ORDINATION HAVE  
SYNCHRONIZATION



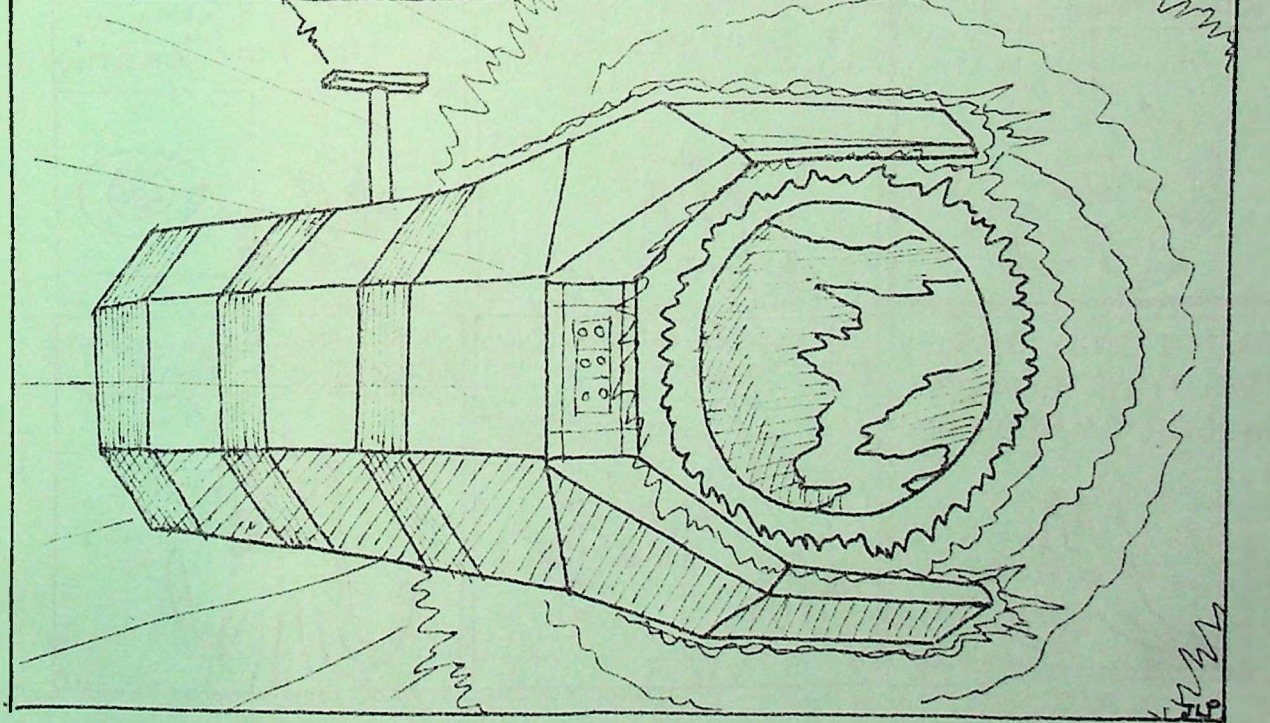
LOCKED ON ORIGIN



GO PRIMARIES



(PLANET REGENERATED, SIR)



749



SAMPLE WITNESS TAKEN SIR

GOOD--

GENTLEMEN OF THE COUNCIL, TRANSMISSION OF EVIDENCE BEGINS-

... WE JUST DISCOVERED WE WERE ON THE COVER OF Q 36 WHEN THERE WAS THIS EARTH-SHATTERING KABOOM-

IT WAS HORRIBLE- THE PLANET SEEMED TO LIFT UP UNDER MY FEET ....

... I TOSSED IT OVER MY SHOULDERS, THEN -- "KABOOM" ...

... PLANETS EXPLODING ALL OVER THE PLACE..

REMEMBER ALTAIR 4

... SITTING IN A CAFE WHEN ..

... Q 36 ...

... EARTH-SHATTERING KABOOM -

(MY EARS ARE STILL RINGING)...

THAT IS THE EVIDENCE GENTLEMEN, AND IT APPEARS THAT THE CULPRIT IS -

THE FANZINE Q36 OF SOL 3 (KNOWN LOCALLY AS "EARTH")

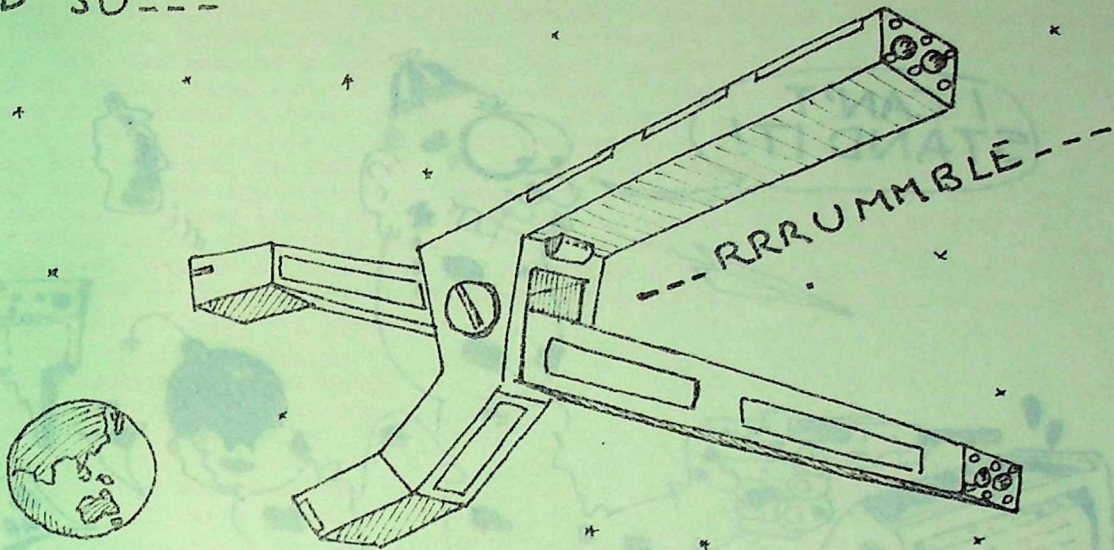
AND I CALL FOR THE FULL PENALTY UNDER GALACTIC LAW

PLANETARY ANNIHILATION

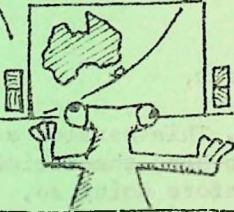
-FOR AN EQUIVALENT PERIOD OF TIME.



AND SO---



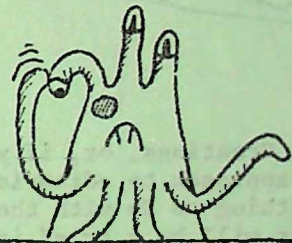
SIR - WAIT - I  
RECOGNISE THAT  
CONTINENT



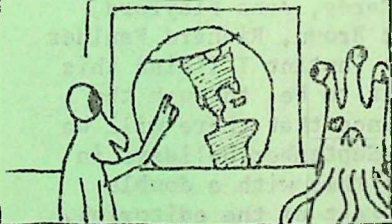
IT'S THE SITE FOR  
AUSTRALIA IN '83



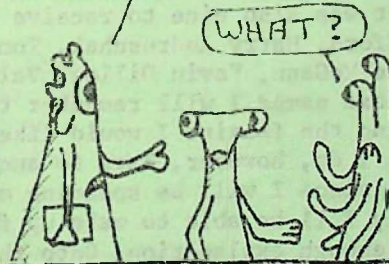
BUT THAT MEANS --



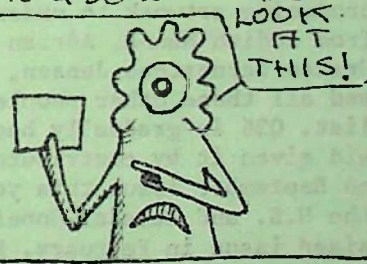
YES, SIR, WE CAN'T  
DESTROY THIS  
PLANET



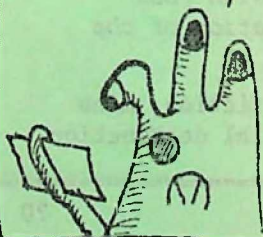
SIR, THE TACTICAL  
COMPUTER AGREES



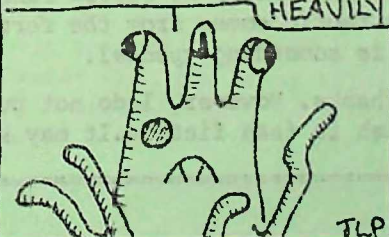
ACCORDING TO THIS  
PRINT-OUT, WE ARE  
IN Q36 NOW - AND



OH MY GOODNESS...



ACTION STATIONS, FULL  
SHIELDS, CONTACT  
THE COUNCIL AND  
DON'T BREATHE TOO  
HEAVILY



WILL THE EARTH  
BE DESTROYED?  
CAN THE GALACTIC  
PROBABILITY FIELD  
TAKE MUCH MORE?  
TO FIND OUT, SEND  
YOUR REQUESTS,  
WRITTEN ON \$10  
BILLS, CARE THIS ZINE.





STAIRWAY TO CLEVELAND  
(An Editorial?)

Marc Ortlieb.

Greetings, or, if you've gotten this far, Congratulations. This heralds a new approach to editorial titling, in which the editorial title has, theoretically, something to do with the topic under consideration. However, before doing so, there will be a brief intermission, in order that I may thank those who contributed to this issue. Particular thanks to Rob McGough, who, in this story, manages to rip off Cordwainer Smith, the Goons, fandom, and Bode. Is there no end to the man's talent? Thanks also to Jane Taubman, John Packer and Alison Cowling for producing artwork to order. It was also nice to receive unsolicited manuscripts from Judith Nanna, Adrian Bedford, Harry Andruschak, Tom Cardy, John Playford, Graham FernerChas Jensen, Mike McGann, Kevin Dillon, Valma Brown, Richard Faulder and all those other people whose names I will remember the instant I finish this list. Q36 is gradually becoming the fanzine I would like it to be, through the aid given it by contributors. I do, however, have to announce that there will be no September issue this year, since I will be spending my September holidays in the U.S. and Canada. Hopefully I'll be able to make up for this with a double sized issue in February. But enough explanation. Onto the meat of the editorial.

Basically I want to continue on from last issue, though, in this case, the basic input was literary rather than artistic. In a recent Anzapazine, Gerald Smith made the following comment on one of my Corflu Kid Stories.

*Fan fiction is a thing often berated by fellow fans, usually with good Cause..... but when that fanfic comes from the fervent imagination of the Chairman MAO the result is something special.*

For the praise Gerald, many thanks. However, I do not publish fan fiction, mine or anyone else's. What I publish is faan fiction. It may seem a trivial distinction



but for me it embodies the difference between a fanzine and an imitation prozine. Fan fiction is fiction written by fans. It is generally an attempt to produce what I will dub, for want of a better term, "real" fiction, i.e. that stuff that is found in Analog, Omni and the like. As far as I'm concerned, the only reason it appears in fanzines is that it isn't good enough to see print in the prozines. This is silly. If one has sub-standard merchandise, one does not limit its sale to the connoisseurs. Yet this is, in effect, what fanfic publishing zines are doing. Sure, there are several arguments for so doing, the most common being that if fans really cared about the field they'd encourage up and coming writers. I don't subscribe to this view. As far as I'm concerned, up and coming writers should be ruthlessly weeded so that only the good ones get published in prozines. The establishment of a sub-basement ghetto-within-a-ghetto for crud writers doesn't as far as I am concerned, do anyone any good.

Not that I'm going to have any laws passed forbidding the publication of fan fiction. However, I don't intend to publish any, and I'm certainly not going to go out of my way to read any in the zines I get.

Which brings me to what I do publish. Faan fiction is fiction aimed at a fannish audience. It is specifically designed to appeal to fannish interests and uses fannish traditions and backgrounds.

I find writing faan fiction particularly enjoyable, because I have a clear picture of the audience I wish to entertain. The fact that I can't visualise a more general audience has a lot to do with my failure when it comes to writing general fiction. ( Those of you who were offended by my condemnation of fan fiction may therefore, if it helps them, attribute my vitriol to sour grapes.)

The other nice thing about faan fiction is that it doesn't take itself seriously, whereas amateur fiction is justly famous for being deadly serious.

True, faan fiction does occasionally surface to trouble the "real" world of science fiction. I see Robert Bloch's A WAY OF LIFE and Niven & Gerrold's THE FLYING SORCERERS as examples of this. However, in general, faan fiction circulates within our microcosm, and contains all the joys and frustrations of quirky in-group humour. Perhaps that's why I like it.

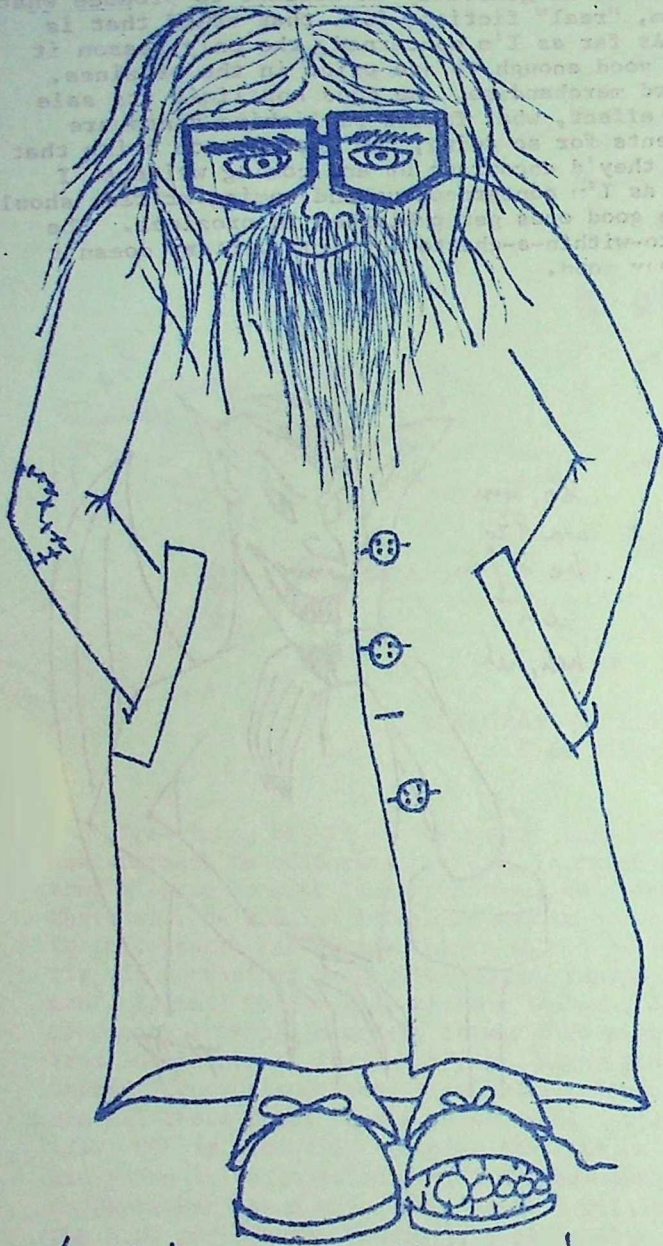
It also says something about why I am so aggressively amateur. Hell, I'd be embarrassed taking money for some of the stuff I print, especially that which I write myself. Sure, I'm pleased when one of my efforts amuses. However, I take my pay in egobo. ( Besides, I'd never be able to make enough money out of Q36 to retire on, so why bother????)

So, you  
want to  
be a fan,  
eh?  
heh, heh



NOTES  
FROM  
THE  
SPECTACLE  
CASE

by  
Marc Ortlieb



Would You allow this man  
to ~~set~~ give you a  
Mad Dan Review

There comes a time in the life of any fan when said entity realises that it's either get to a convention or report to the closest rest home. By Easter I'd well and truly reached that point.

For a start, the novelty of the new school had worn off but good. Not only had I had my fill of my Track Two Year Ten English class, but I'd been driven up the wall by the number of relief lessons I'd totted up for the term. A little time spent with sane persons was definitely in order. Besides, I rationalised to myself, I do need to see Robin Johnson about the arrangements for my Denvention trip, and they are showing LATHE OF HEAVEN, and I'm going to have to borrow the money for my U.S. airfares, and I need to go to a convention.

Thus I bought my membership and aeroplane ticket. That in itself was enough to rouse the eldritch powers that administer Murphy's Laws. By carefully tripping the right threads on the web of destiny they caused an air strike which seemed to scotch my plans good and proper. My mood for the week immediately preceding Easter was foul. If the devil had wanted a more secure hold on my soul than he has already, guaranteed transport to Melbourne would have got him all the options he could have desired. Still, I guess he must be a little limited over Easter.



The State Road Toll was saved the unnecessary burden of my hastily conceived plans to motorcycle to Melbourne by a timely return to work by the air hostesses. Thus it was that Good Friday morning saw me once again bound for Melbourne, this time for the entity known as CineCon. It was to be my first convention since the previous year's EasterCon, Unicon VI. ( Oh, Yes. There was the one we don't mention.)

To be quite honest, I had my doubts about the convention. I mean, I'm not particularly fond of films, and I hadn't read much by the Guest Of Honour, Robert Bloch. However, I reasoned that there would be plenty of people to talk to, and, if the worst came to the worst, I could always attend a programme item or two.

My predictions panned out pretty accurately. CineCon became very much a convention of "Who did I go to dinner with?" Indeed, I was tempted to write down such a list, until common sense got the better of me. However, I did test my taste for ethnic food, eating in Greek, Italian, Chinese, Canadian and Australian restaurants. During those meals, I got to spend a lot of time talking to Richard Faulder, Cathy Circosta, Andrew Brown and Jean Weber, and considered the time well spent.



THE PERPETUALLY  
DRUNK ZOGROKIAN  
SINGOT

The programme did, however, sometimes interrupt these conversations. Occasionally the interruption was worth it. The film THE LATHE OF HEAVEN was particularly good. I can't recall having seen a film that captured the spirit of the original book so well. Highly recommended.

Less recommended is ALTERED STATES, but before I air my particular gripes concerning that film it would be fair of me to give a little background.

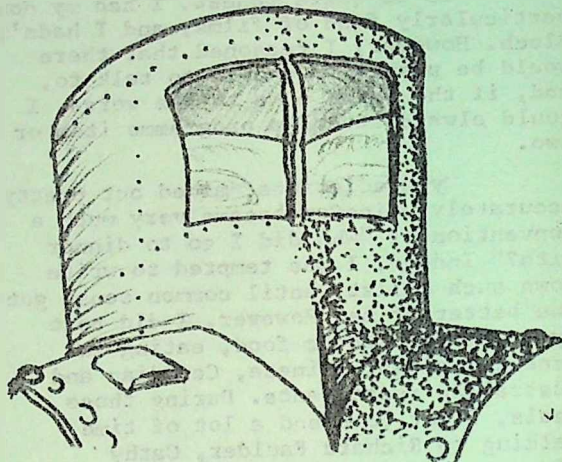
Saturday night was fun. I'd spent a bit of time nattering to Don Ashby, who had needed an extra for his group's masquerade presentation, and, in a moment of weakness had volunteered, forgetting that I'd intended to wear my own costume, a cunningly wrought mixture of lounge curtains, and the polystyrene packing from my vacuum cleaner. I forgot my promise to

Don upon arriving back at the hotel after the Italian meal with Richard and Jean, and I went to my room and donned my own costume. Having done my bit for amateur theatricals, I was summoned to the room where Don's group were preparing. Fortunately all I had to do was to slip on a black robe, and carry the High Priestess and the sacrifice onto the altar. Andrew Brown had landed himself the plum role of Yog Soggoth, and wore a costume that added two feet to his height, and removed three

pounds of sweat from his weight, said costume being constructed largely from blankets. One of the features of the masquerade was a live band which did a credible job on a couple of Rocky Horror Show numbers. Seeing a High Priest doing the Time Warp made the wait almost worthwhile. Finally we did our bit, though, since I had no lines to ruin, I compromised, and exited too early, leaving Robin Johnson to drag the dead sacrifice victim from the altar. Even the thin black robe I was wearing trapped heat remarkably well, so I retired to my room to collect half a dozen cans of Carlton Draught.

As near as I can figure it, I drained the best part of five of the oversized cans during the course of the evening. I know Andrew helped me with one, and I left one in the Baltimore/Australia in 1983 bidding party room.

Incidentally, it was in that room that one of the best films of the weekend was shown. Nick Stathopolis, famous for incredible



masquerade costumes produced a rip-off on 2001: A Space Odyssey. It's a classic.

Somehow I found myself in an Adelaide room party, which could, I suppose be considered silly, but since I hadn't seen the Adelaide fen in question in several months, it made sense. Besides, I was fast reaching a state such that getting up off the floor wasn't really a going proposition.

At sometime I must have managed that impressive feat though, because Sunday dawned to find me with an impressive hangover. I made my way gingerly to the Pancake Kitchen for some breakfast, and was treated by the fact that they were playing the new Dire Straits album. Looking back on it, I can only say that the music was appropriate. However, egg and bacon pancakes, and three coffees later, I was feeling more up to facing the world, and so headed down to the cinema where ALTERED STATES was to be screened.

I'm willing to forgive Ken Russell for his Stanley Kubrick delusions. I'm even willing to forgive him for the pseudo-sixties dialogues and situations.

While I'm feeling generous, I'll even forgive him for the blatant Jeckle and Hyde rip-offs, and the pretentious visuals. What I won't forgive him for is making the film so BLOODY LOUD!!!!!! Never again.....



Thanks to a disprin, or somesuch, provided by John Packer, I did manage to survive the rest of Sunday afternoon, fortified by some of the excellent sandwiches provided by Mr & Mrs Mannell. Obviously they do feel some guilt over having brought Daryl into the world, and are doing their bit to make up for it. Sadly, the one worthwhile programme item for the Sunday - the screening of the second Anti-fan was scheduled so that it clashed with the Banquet at the Hon Moon, thus Andrew Brown still hasn't seen himself as the Zombie. ( Note:- Next time Andrew, we will have to prepare place cards for the Banquet seats.)

The Banquet was pleasant as usual, and I got to talk briefly with Christine and Derrick Asnby. It seemed that the main body of "established" Melbourne fandom avoided Cinecon, largely due to a lack of interest in film. Pity really. I mean, I don't have that much interest in film, but it was nice just nattering to people. A more notable absence was that of "established" Sydney fandom. This was a shame as it left Robin Johnson and Carey Mandfield with the job of drumming up Denvention memberships. It would have been nice to have seen a few more of the Central Committee present.

After the Banquet (just remembered, Andrew doesn't like the term Banquet being applied to the Hon Moon meals), we wandered back to the convention where there was some panel on Australian film which didn't seem capable of understanding wind up signals. Finally however, they got the hint, and, in order to prove myself capable of it, I sat through two Australian films, PATRICK and THE LAST WAVE. They weren't all that bad, though I do think Robert Helpmann was better as the Mad Hatter in Alice In Wonderland than he was as the mad doctor in Patrick.

Monday saw me cured of my old dilemma, i.e. How do I know what time I have to check out of my room? I had specifically bought a watch so that I wouldn't repeat my Unicon VI performance which saw me checking out of my room at seven thirty a.m. because I hadn't realised it was that early.

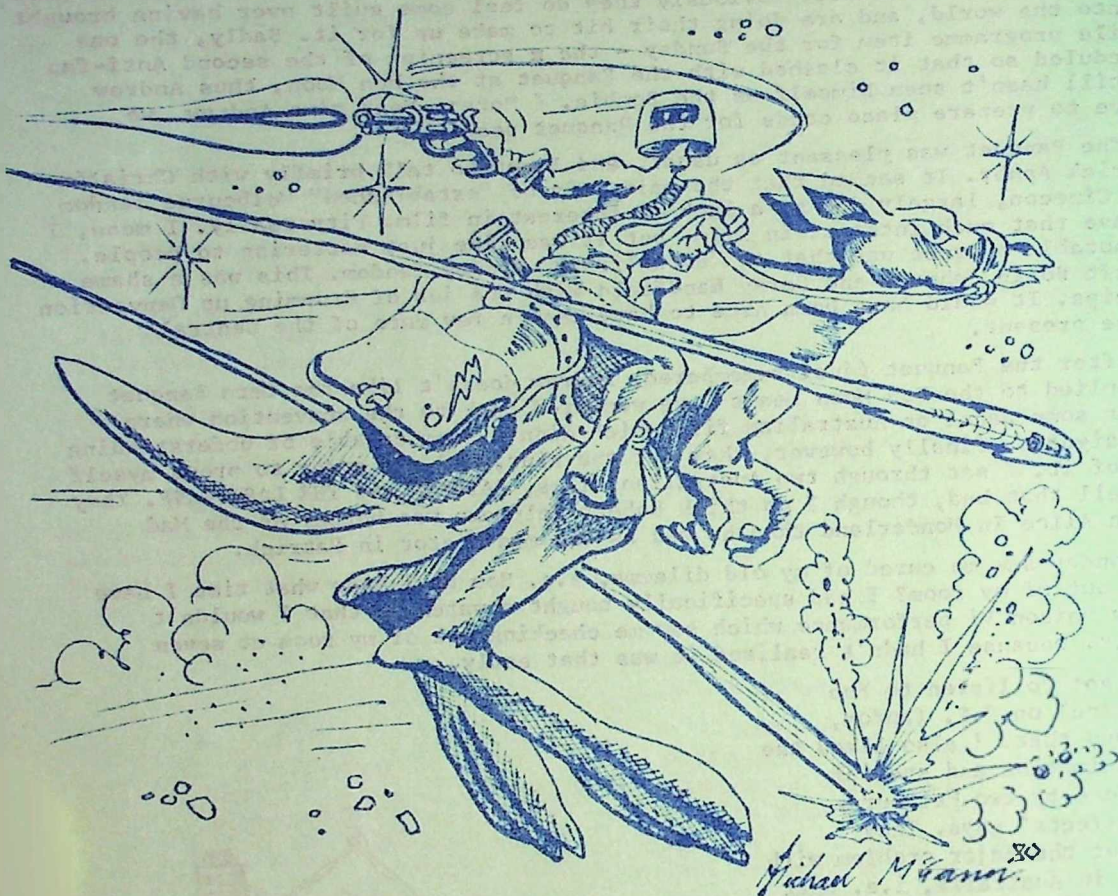
I got to listen to Bob Bloch's panel on U.S. fandom, and enjoyed that. I also liked the talk on animation and special effects done by two Melbourne special effects' guys. They pointed out the major problem with such work in Australia, i.e. that the only paying jobs available are doing cruddy adverts.

After that, it was down to the Canadian steak house for lunch, and several trailing off end-of-convention type conversations.

In many ways, it wasn't a particularly brilliant con, especially when one considers the programme material wasn't really the sort of stuff I enjoy. However, from the point of view of people encountered, it was great. It broke what was, for me, a one year decent convention fast, and enabled me to get in a little partying practice for Denvention. The most important part of it, for me, was re-establishi-

ing a few friendships which had been allowed to slip following Unicon VI. Naturally I haven't managed to cover those here. Still, my particular greetings to the Transfinite Crew who provided excellent Audio-visuals, and Andrew, Cathy and Don.





LETTERATURE

q36d

K Adrian Bedford  
C/- U4/ 15 Westbrook Way  
Girrawheen  
W.A. 6064  
AUSTRALIA

The most obvious thing about it all is the ubiquitous presence of John Packer. Whilst the vast majority of super-concentrated proliferations turn out to be a Bad Thing in the final analysis, this secret invasion turns out to be thoroughly Good.

*Adrian continues with assorted praise for Rob's first Cordwangler Schmidt story, Ralph Robert's pun stories, and John's Triff cartoon. However, I print the following extract to prove to Joseph Nicholas that you can fool some of the people some of the time.*

A Cleaner Breed. Hmmn, in fitting with my claims regarding my refusal to comment on politics ( It always starts arguments, and I hate losing), I can only say that the parallel between Asimov and Fascism is very hazy at the best, and the article is too long. For your parallel to be of any use, your three conditions for Fascism must be correct. Since, by your own admission, they merely seem to be correct, there's not much point in them. Further, Asimov was not spreading pro-Fascist propaganda with those stories, but rather saying don't let the robots screw you.

*And with that, over to Mr Nicholas.*



Joseph Nicholas  
Room 9  
94 St George's Square  
Pimlico  
London SW1Y 3QY  
United Kingdom

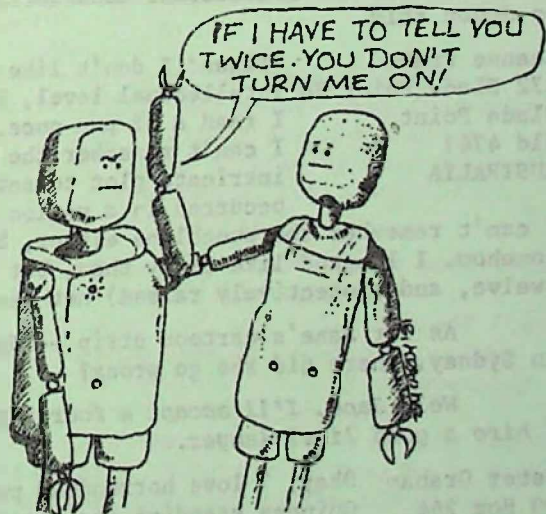
All the notes I originally made with a view to producing an in-depth critique of "Alice and Drugs" are now, of course, completely redundant, in the main because I completely failed to spot its "true nature": that it was in fact an outright spoof. But a bloody good one, for all that, and one that took me in completely, so deadpan and outwardly serious was it -- the very respect, in fact, in

which "A Cleaner Breed" in Q36D fell down, because it signalled its spoofy, wildly extravagant and tongue-firmly-pressed-into-cheek approach right from the start - in the first place deep-sixing whatever chance it might have had of being taken seriously, and in the second place robbing itself of all its potential comedic impact. You can't make people laugh by hitting them over the head and yelling "Look! A joke!". You have to creep up on them and lance them with subtle and well-nigh undetectable barbs whose impact is not made manifest until later. (Well, that's my theory anyway...and it promptly rules out of consideration everything that Monty Python have ever done, which is a pretty dumb thing to do. Poot! Goodbye to that clever intellectual idea.)

However, just to take your article seriously for a moment -- Have you noticed just how much of the "hard science" brand of SF is elitist and authoritarian in tone? This probably stems from the fact that, in the modern world, science, sf's ostensible subject matter, is the province of the few - a self-selected few who, by dint of specialist training and intellectual dedication are privy to a "brand" of knowledge the incomprehensibility of which to the wider public effectively denies its appreciation by that same wider public. This isn't to preach some loony post-Schumacher anti-scientific doctrine, because God knows that without scientific knowledge and the technological fruits it spawns, the world wouldn't be anything like what it is today, but scientists don't do themselves much \* good by their continued attitude of deffensiveness, secretiveness and assumed superiority over everyone else. Many of the "hard science" science fiction writers, particularly the American ones, seem to share this attitude. In an interview in SFR, Larry Niven once said that he conceived of his ideal readers as being " something like (him)

except that they need things explained to them", so contemptuous and arrogant a stance that I was frankly astonished that no one complained. When you turn to consideration of the more avowedly (politically) reactionary of these writers - people like Jerry Pournelle and, just possibly, though his recent emphasis on inane, superficial and thoroughly silly social pseudo-philosophising may make him something of a special case, Robert Heinlein, you find the same attitudes magnified a hundredfold. I never cease to be amazed at the people who can read this stuff and yet remain uninfuriated by its x ultra-condescending tone.

*Well, being editor gives me first shot. I read Niven and Heinlein because they write interesting stories, and also because I realise that reading such stories makes me one of the technological elite. The nice thing about hard science sf is that it tends to progress in straight lines.*



Jessica Amanda Salmonson  
Box 5688, University Station,  
Seattle  
WA 98105  
U.S.A.

Puns not only are not necessarily international, some languages don't have them at all. In a language like Japanese, for example, where almost any given word is liable to mean five or six things, a national consciousness of puns would make almost everything anyone ever said an utter riot. An interesting outcome of having so many sound-alike words which are not viewed as pun-able is the influence this has on poetry. Japanese poets will use a single multi-meaning word that gives a three-line poem about twenty five meanings, all of these meanings in some way relating to an overall context. This is not funny when being read. It isn't even always clever. It is tremendously profound -- with a good poet at least. We have nothing like it in English literature or poetry. The concept of a "pun" makes it impossible for us to develop anything nearly as profound as Japanese poetry. The common "haiku" as rendered in English -- either original or translated -- is a shallow echo of the original. A complete translation of a short, three-line Japanese poem could, in many cases, take five or six closely-typed pages to get down all the subtleties and multiple meanings. The pun in



English language makes us jokes. It means our most important authors are veritable cartoons. We are doomed to pass through the annals of history as the butt of the joke when viewing world literature as profound or as holy.

*Yes, I agree. However, this argument does pre-suppose that the profound is more valuable than the ridiculous. Considering the state of the world, I have a tendency to doubt this.*

Leanne Frahm                      Offhand I don't like puns. I mean I can appreciate them on an  
272 Slade Point Rd Intellectual level, but I don't laugh. Then again, does anyone?  
Slade Point I read a sf pun once, a long time ago. Someone may recognise it.  
Qld 4741 I can't remember the plot - yes, it had one. Puns need a very  
AUSTRALIA intricate plot to set up their ridiculous conclusions - but it  
occurred in a region of space called the Horse Asteroids, and  
I can't remember the punchline either, but it devolved upon 'horse ass-to-ride'  
somehow. I laughed like crazy then, but that was because of the smut ( I was only  
twelve, and protectively raised) not the pun.

As for Jane's cartoon strip -- Jane was such a nice girl when I met her  
in Sydney. Where did she go wrong?

*Well Jane, I'll accept a four page cartoon strip on that topic the moment  
I hire a good libel lawyer.*

Peter Graham: Okay, I love horrendous puns too. Did you hear the one about the  
PO Box 264 Guinness standing for election in Ireland? The opposition put  
Papakura graffitti on all the pub walls:-  
New Zealand

He who is not for us is a Guinness

He brews XXX



Anders Bellis  
Vanadisvagen 13  
113 46 Stockholm  
SWEDEN

I've been wondering where all the faanishness has gone. Before I had any contact at all with today's fandom outside Sweden, I read a lot of old American, English and Australian fanzines that I got from new gafiated SveriFen and I read the fan histories of Harry Warner Jr carefully. Thus I was an avid admirer of such greatly gifted faanish writers as Walt Willis, Terry Carr, Bob Shaw, John Berry, Ted White, Ron Elik, Bob Tucker, James White and all the rest of them before I had even heard of today's fanzines.

But the kind of literate and talented faanishness with which all these fans concerned themselves seems to be totally gone today. No more faanish parodies of The Wizard Of Oz; no more trip reports like The Harp Stateside; no more Hyphen and Innuendo and Void and Petribution.

All of a sudden it seems to me that faandom is dead and replaced by either badly written personalzines without any interest for anybody at all, sercon fanzines reminding one more of prozines than fanzines, strange newsletters containing info about upcoming space exhibitions and so on.

Of course, there are some exceptions - Taral and Victoria's DMO; Dave Langford's TWIL DDU, Suzy Tompkins TFLS and a few others, but, on the whole, the talented fan writers seem to have passed into oblivion and no one has replaced them.

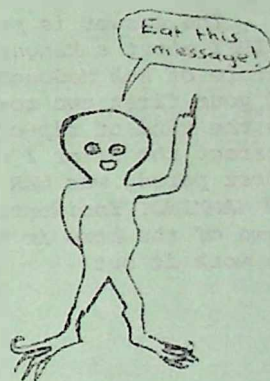
*I know the problem. I ordered a brace of talented fan writers from the Bangsund literary agency, only to find that they'd all been signed up to write for the prozines or to write monumental tomes on sf cinema in the 1950s. However, the following gentleman was kind enough to send the crunchy kind of LoC we used to get before the war.*

Harry Warner Jr  
423 Summit Avenue  
Hagerstown  
Maryland 21740  
U.S.A.

You probably had at least one tongue part of the way in cheek when you were writing those heresies about the Asimov robot stories. Come to think of it, you were fortunate

to have been writing such an article instead of expressing the same things at a convention panel. I've always found it very difficult to say things with tongue in cheek. The words come out sounding like a chimpanzee imitating the Los Angeles fans' ook ook statements, and there's a constant threat of amputating part of the tongue with my teeth. It's easier to type with tongue in cheek, but I still feel lopsided when I do it, and that's why I'm usually so humourless.

I confess to emotions ranging from impatience to indifference toward most fanzine material which exists only for the sake of a far-out pun in its last line, particularly when the item runs to more than a paragraph or two, but I suspect that this reaction comes more from the over reliance on this type of material in many fanzines than it does from any congenital allergy to terminal puns. It's something like reviews of the latest blockbuster moving picture, and articles on how chauvinistic fandom was in the years before the writer was around to know how fandom really was at the time. These types of fanzine material appear so often, in so many fanzines, and fill up so much space that there is a reduction in the amount of fanzine material with novel themes. Pick up any stack of fanzines chosen at random, leaf through them and count the number of articles on topics that haven't been overused and endlessly repeated. It's surprising how few pages of fanzines contain underworked themes nowadays. It's the easy way out, to fill up a fanzine with Feghoots, reviews of the most talked-about books and movies, and feminist material.



The brand new fan finds all this new and different and wonderful, but the senile fan whose fingers are permanently smudged with the ink from twenty thousand fanzines may find himself unable to work up much enthusiasm for the standard stuff.

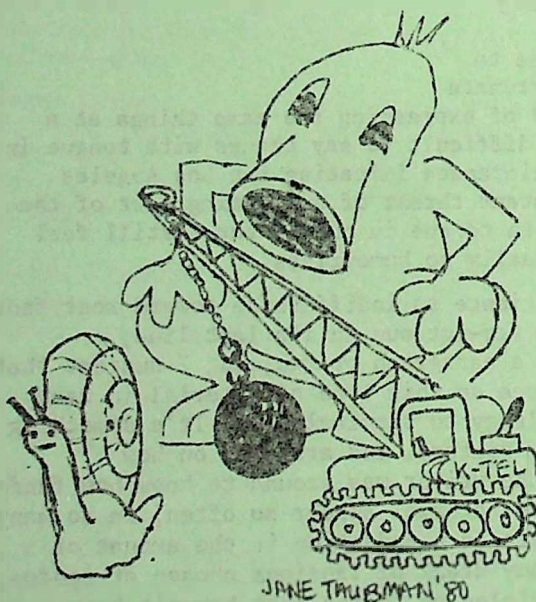
You make Noncon V sound like the kind of convention I could endure, for its informality and apparent low key. But I must register a complaint that I've repeated as often as fanzines have repeated reviews of Battleship (*sic*) Galactica: over your failure to refer to fans by something more than their given names. Even in Australia there are so many fans nowadays that it is almost impossible for an innocent bystander to guess which of the Bryans and Janets and so on you could have meant in those references.

Oops. Time for me to use my tongue in cheek symbol again. Sorry Harry, but Noncon V referred to what I did while the rest of the bastards were at Swancon. Thus none of the people mentioned are fans. Most are friends from work. The intent was to make them seem fannish without actually giving names.

I found some amusement over the Cordwangler Schmidt parody, even if it didn't thrust knives into as many mannerisms of Cordwainer Smith as it might have done. I wonder if the author's use of a K'Skippy character was caused by the original cartoon character from the 1930s or from the peanut butter of that name in the United States, or by some unthinkable Australian manifestation of the name.

The answer is probably (3). There was a cruddy Australian television called SKIPPY about a kangaroo that did Lassie imitations. However, knowing the erudite nature of Rob McGough, I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that it was one of your first two reasons. Hopefully the story printed in this issue comes closer to the kind of rip-off you were hoping for. This might also be a good point to correct the error I made in Q36E. The story Rob was partially ripping off in the first parody was WAR NO. 81-Q, which appears in the collection THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND. Incidentally, Rob, in a phonecall this evening mentioned that the name of the hero in the present story is an anagram. It only took me three hours to work it out

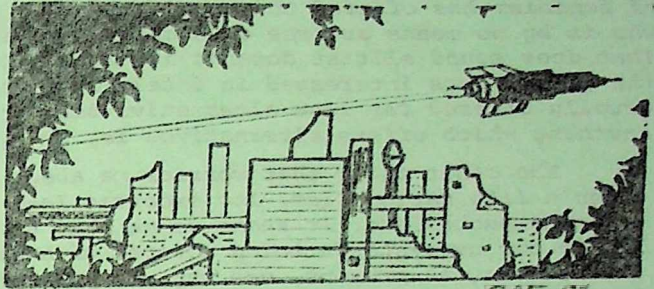
### Q36E



Don Boyd I see with alarm your  
PO Box 19 contention of little  
Spit Junction or no legacy from  
W.S.W. 2088 Australia's convict  
AUSTRALIA beginnings is once  
more raised by Terry  
Frost. I accepted your earlier  
refutation good-naturedly as an  
exposition of where you stand on the  
matter, the object of my letter,  
obviously, being to elicit replies,  
but I suppose I'd better add fuel  
to the fire once more ( Think of all  
those nice locs). Terry says there  
aren't an overwhelming majority of  
Australians who share any kinship  
with the convict men and women,  
genetically or spitiually, which  
is, of course, false. There is  
widespread derision towards the  
anthem, flag, police and government,  
with equally widespread respect for  
the early convict ethic and sub-  
sequent unshrugging attitude which  
offends those with bourgeoisie



aspirations, i.e. the white collar classes. Every Australian historian and political scientist rests his observation of the Australian civilization on these beginnings and most of our present attitudes have their roots there. The ruthless treatment of Aborigines, the division and bestowing of land, resulting in present ownership, rural service clubs and village social structures, the division of political powers and the centralisation of state governments are examples.



Terry's genetic views are also false, this being seen in the high skin cancer rates, due to fair Welsh and Irish gene origins. Like it or not, Terry's own spiritual and genetic responses, assuming he grew up and was schooled here, are heavily melded with the present gene-pool on a statistical basis -- that is, even if his father was Chinese, the genetic partner-choice available is going to be weighted towards producing offspring with a tendency towards bad skin-cancer rates, and there are all the other gene-package and cultural items associated with our original convict group.

*Hold it. Much as I hate to buy into an argument on Australian history, which I find basically boring, I think you're making an awful lot of a few original settlers. Certainly there is a high-incidence of skin cancer in Australians, but the convicts were not the only group of settlers to arrive in Australia from Europe. Not all the Irish who came to Australia came as convicts either. ( Many became convicts after arriving, but that's another story entirely.) I also think you're making too much of the role of the convict state in determining government structure. Let's face it, Australia is suited to centralised government due to the geography of the place. Europeans tend to settle around ready supplies of water, and, other than in Victoria and Tasmania, such supplies aren't easy to come by. Note also that the populations of Victoria and Tasmania tend to be less centralised than do those of say South Australia or Western Australia.*

As an aside to Ben Indick of New Jersey, my original letter might be more clearly understood if he views it in parallel with the Canadians' shock-horror at the thought of being culturally swamped by the giant next door. It is my view that Australia is probably the only country where Americans are well-liked. My gripe is that Miles Franklin's works should have been made into movies in the '30s.

My own SF magazine Futuristic, is not on a par with Analog, Amazing or F&SF, and I would recommend that the SF fan devoid of national feeling buy Amazing instead, based on costs versus number of pages, along with big names. This is the problem faced by all Australian endeavours to market our own culture. On my local news-stand I can buy Arizona Highways, Aloha, Analog, Amazing, New Yorker, Writers Digest, Hot Rod (US), Off Road, Backpack etc, all much better, larger, generally cheaper, with bigger name writers than any Australian equivalent. But a people must view themselves and others through their own magazines and movies. I can get better American SF stories cheaply through any press agency here, but I print stories expressing genuine Australian viewpoints.

*Don accuses me of excessive use of the blue pencil, and he is, of course right. The above is a very condensed version of his letter. Other points he made concerned the party segregation mentioned in Terry's previous letter. He suggests that this is merely due to the presence of the beer at one end of the room. True, and exactly*

what Terry was talking about. The Australian male stereotype includes beer drinking. The "American fad" of feminism has allowed both men and women to step outside that stereotype. Sure, some did so before the 'fad' was introduced, but the acceptance of feminism has offered this option to more people, in particular the common person who is by no means as free of societal pressure as us intellectual types. (Oops. That does sound elitist doesn't it? Still, the type of person adverts aim at is the person less interested in intellectual pursuits, and this type of person is usually offered far less alternative behaviours than your "thinking person". Thus anything which offers alternatives is, to my mind a good thing.)

The other thing that worries me about Don's letter is the overt nationalism. I don't like nationalism. Its excesses lead to situations like we have in Ireland, Iran, Kampuchea etc. It seems to me that the problem with the media boom that has led to our news-stands being covered with wall to wall American magazines is that the flow is, at present, one way. We get the magazines, but, due to the communication lag between here and the U.S., any Australian who wants to get material into these magazines has distinct problems. Hopefully the advent of a better computer interlock system will do something about this. I can't, however, leave Don's letter quite yet.

One more section: -

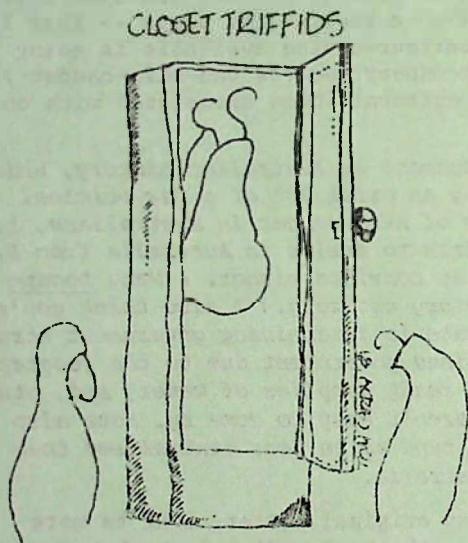
Star Trek presented an accurate image of what America's future galactic behaviour might be, based on past and present historical data. That explains the Klingons anyway, however, just whom the other group were, with their peace-loving federation and their non-interference edict, I have no idea.

Don admits that much of the above was written in the interest of garnering comments. However, allow me to present a gentleman far more skilled in the art of stirring.

John J Alderson Whatever bloody Havelock "liberated" means Vict 3465 now, it is certain AUSTRALIA that most of the convict women were sent here for "liberating" somebody else's property. However, this disguises the fact that there were other reasons, not transportable, for Britain getting rid of them. At least one in five was a professional prostitute. The bulk of the rest engaged in prostitution as a cover

for stealing. However, the women were not transported until all hope of reforming them in the U.K. was abandoned. They were, in short, a pretty bad lot, and virtually none of them protested their innocence. The most, indeed, regarded transportation as a free ticket to a land of better pickings. Their mean age was one year greater than that of the male convicts, and the bulk claimed to be single. I doubt if many added materially to our population. They numbered 24,960, or 15% of the total number of convicts, and the bulk were transported for seven years. ( Those facts have been extracted from Robson's statistical analysis of THE CONVICT SETTLERS OF AUSTRALIA).

The convict era however left other deeper marks on our society. On the one hand there is a hatred of authority, but a cowed acceptance of it, and a reluctance to turn anyone else in. On the other hand, our governments still treat





the country as a penal colony and all the people as convicts, and we have a class of non-paid "professional" informers.

However, there are three other things which have shaped our national character. For most of our history we have had a marked imbalance between the sexes, at its height being twelve men to each woman. This imbalance continues in the country areas where a frightening proportion of us are batchelors for life or until a goodly age. We are brought up in fear and trembling of women as a result. So we have the men ganging together whenever they can and the women purposefully and deliberately breaking all her husband's male friendships.

It is a vast and lonely country where time stands still. We who live out there are natural philosophers as a result. Until recently we wrote the country's literature. If women, ghosts, fairies and bunyips only occasionally flitted across the pages it was because those illusive creatures only occasionally flitted across our lives.

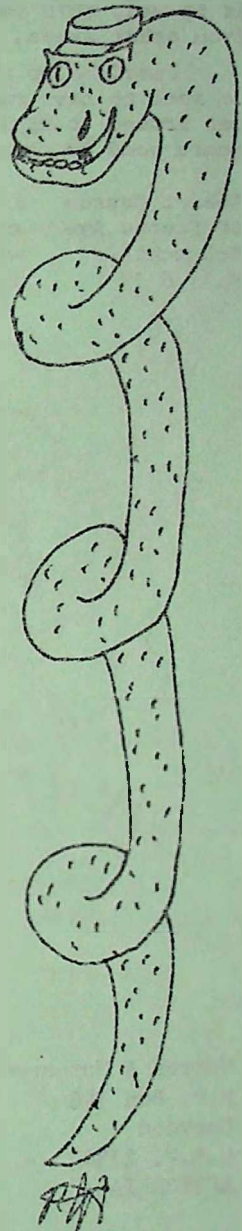
Thirdly our country is infested with several alien colonies of little cowering creatures who can't manage to get out of the country, who hate the sight of it, and who lap up every new fashion and insanity that drifts in from overseas. Despite this, they live on our charity, and their great desire is to bite the hand that feeds them. Of late they have become somewhat literate, have newspapers, magazines and fanzines, and have the hide to call themselves Australians. Most live in Sydney and Melbourne. Although they have troubles enough of their own they have not the intelligence to discuss them and so they import their controvercies from overseas.

Joan Dick                      Loved The Perils Of Pimlico, but  
379 Wantigong St        every time I read "94" I kept on  
Albury                      remembering "96".  
N.S.W. 2640

Re SF films, I finally saw THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK, but any chance I had to decide whetner it was good or bad was negated by the presence of my two grandchildren. I'll defy anyone to get involved when asked for a drink of coke - " Why can't I have a hamburger?" - " When does the picture end?" - " I don't like the funny little man" - " Are they really dead?" - " Can I sit on your knee?" - " When do we go home?".... Lesson learnt. Don't take grandchildren to SF movies.

Page 26. I quote you. " Sure, Lessa is a very strong character. I just wish this strength was consistent, i.e. didn't fall to bits when she has F'lar conveniently handy for leaning on." Oh boy. Now that's just where she really does show her strength. You just think about that again. Lessa is a real cute cookie. She knows how many beans make five.

Yesssssss. Well... What can one say, except to deplore the fact that country television is so bad that you ever watched NUMBER 96.

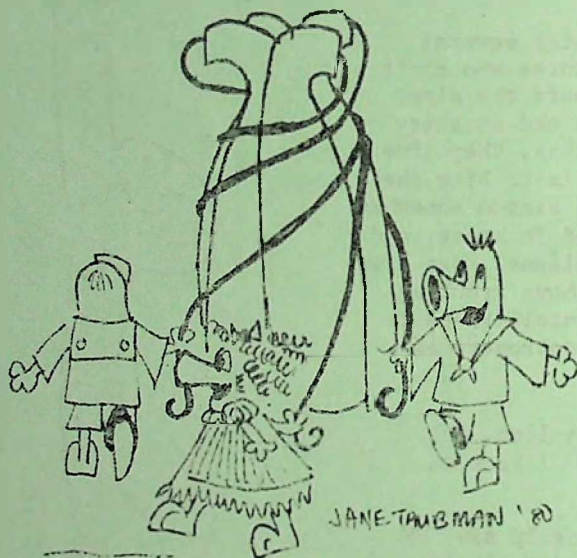


Gerald Smith I quite agree with your comments on Mike McGann's letter. In our own  
8 Frawley St naive way, we, the organisers of Unicon VI, tried to organise an  
Frankston art competition - with a mixed degree of success. The number of  
Vict 3199 entries was disappointing, but I think anyone who saw the artwork  
AUSTRALIA would agree that the standard was high. The major problem lay in  
having the funds available to give prizes worthy of the standard.  
As it was, this part of the convention made quite a loss which had to be subsidised  
from other areas.

Gerald also makes comments on Category B registration. Since the Post Office  
do seem to have rationalised their regulations on Category B, I might eventually  
get around to applying. This means four issues of Q36 per year. Does me sadistic  
heart good to think about it.

Robert Mapson  
40 Second Ave  
Kelmescott  
W.A. 6111

For someone who is a recluse Joseph Nicholas knows an amazing  
amount about his fellow tenants. It seems to be the sort of place  
worth living in by its very 'character' as opposed to a new,  
fully functional apartment unit (even though that would be easier  
in the long run.)



I loved GREAT TORPEDO  
BOATS. It seems to be somewhat  
M Python influenced in its very  
seriousness. I also enjoyed the  
Conotel story, even if I would  
probably be classed as an  
Ohbrihanian because of FORBIDDEN  
WORLDS.

Only if you decided to  
produce FW on a spirit duplicator.  
Most of those clans are, of course,  
fan references. The one you  
mention being a specific reference  
to Mike O'Brien, with whom I've  
had several arguments on the  
merits of spirit duplicators.

Does John Packer spend  
all his time reading Rodent/ Gor/  
Lensrat stories, or where does  
he get the info for his satires?

John certainly does  
spend a reasonable amount of time  
in diligent research. I don't  
think that he'd admit to liking it.

Warren & Margaret Nichols  
P.O. Box 146  
Burwood  
N.S.W. 2134  
AUSTRALIA

I wonder what Minniehaha's sister, Winiurothel, was  
doing in London, getting busted in the spring? Well  
may you ask. Behind this simple statement lies a sorry  
tale of genocide, stolen babies, lost heirs, treacher-  
ous cousins ( one thereof), a family split by terror,  
fire, vicious landlords, and Buffalo Bill - Cody that  
is. This is a tale to make your heart wrench itself asunder should you hear its  
details - a story that would turn the hardest heart to mashed mushroom - a  
narrative that is far too harrowing for your gentle readers. The whole sad story  
must await another time for its recitation.

Gees! What some people will make out of one simple little typographical error!!!

I trust Jon Moble will not forget to include The Good Ship Lollipop in  
his future naval histories.



On your comments re convention finances, they are quite correct as far as the last national con in Sydney went. If it hadn't been for the Australia Council grant, the whole thing would have been in the red to the tune of \$1,000 to \$1,500. I know the figures are a bit vague, but I'm going from memory, and can't be bothered right now to go and dig out the details.

Inebriated wombats would not need a tank of any description. Come to think of it, a sober one wouldn't need a tank either.

*I can't work out what prompted that comment, but in the interests of refuting it, allow me to present the following in evidence.*

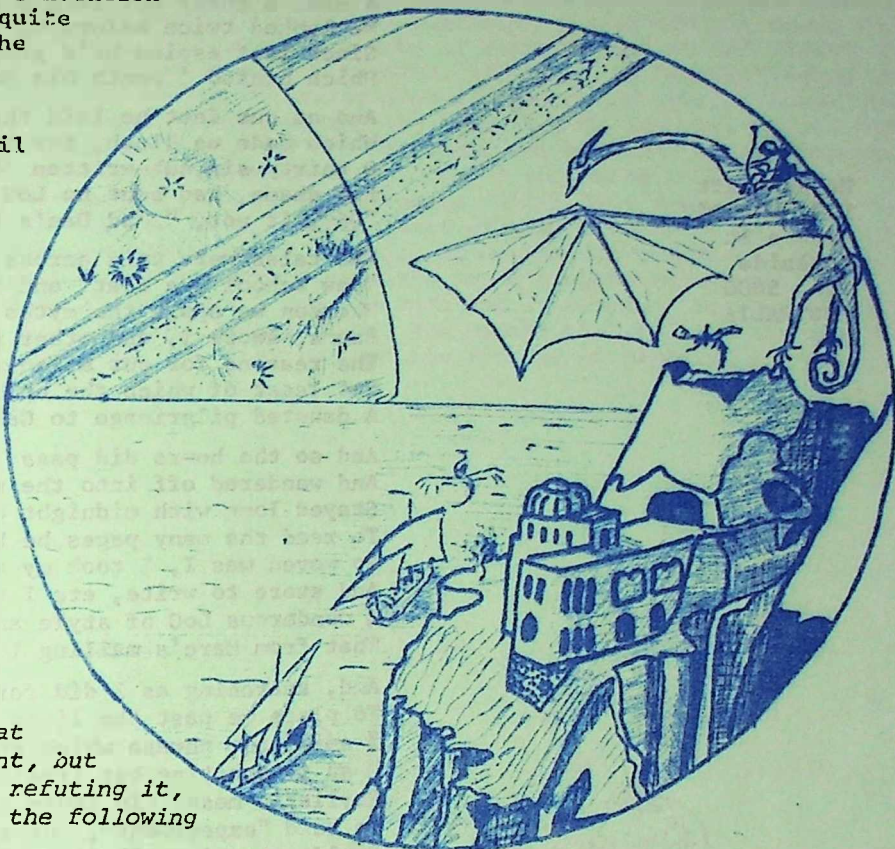
Q: *What's black, round, and fucks wombats?*  
A: *A Michelin Steel Belted Radial.*

Richard Faulder  
Yanco Agricultural  
Research Centre  
Yanco  
N.S.W. 2703  
AUSTRALIA

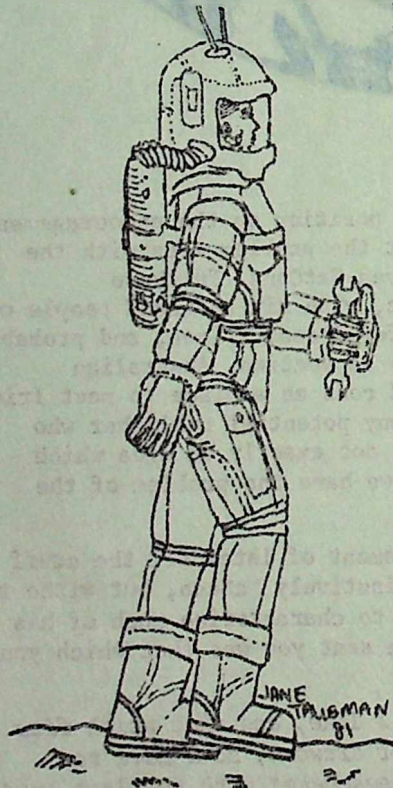
One sympathises with Mike McGann's position on the encouragement given to fanartists. To some extent the problem lies with the smaller size of Australian cons, even NatCons. In those enormous North American conventions, with six thousand people or so, there are enough members to offer decent prizes, and probably enough rich fans to pay high prices at auction. Australian fanartists will just have to regard cons as a place to meet friends, and as a place where they can display their work for any potential publisher who might want to hire them to do book covers or somesuch; not exactly an area which allows great scope for artistic expression, and again we have the problem of the small size of the potential market for such talents.

Mike McGann's artwork has shown a definite improvement of late. All the stuff in this, for instance, is of excellent quality - distinctively McGann, but without that vaguely amateur look of disproportion that seemed to characterise much of his early work. How representative of the material which he sent you was that which you printed?

*That's a hard question to answer. I print artwork I like, and that which fits the zine. Mike has a habit of sending vast quantities of artwork, so I have to choose fairly carefully. He sent a lot of "Galactic Cheesecake" with the last bundle, which didn't really suit the tone of this zine, so I passed it on to Allan Bray. However, I did keep one piece, because it was a nice variant on the BEM theme. I do though wish Mike would tell me which pieces had been sent to other zines.*



Helen Swift  
P.O. Box 93  
Rundle St  
Adelaide  
S.A. 5000  
AUSTRALIA



So came unto our door that summer night  
A man, a guest but rarely seen forsooth  
We looked twice before we let him in -  
Since last espied he'd grown a beard anew  
Which hinted 'neath his motorcycle helm.

And at our feet he laid the parchment green  
Which made us blush, for it was called  
Q thirty-six, sub-written 'E' - and we  
For shame, had sent no LoC since times long gone  
"Q6", if not, "Mad Dan's Review".

The tales were told across a cup of tea:  
"New school", "a flat" and so forth crossed his lip  
Whereon we spoke the myths of our own time  
Exams, swore I, and other yarns to give  
The reasons for our silence on the page  
Not least of which the epic story of  
A daunted pilgrimage to Canberra.

And so the hours did pass: the faned rose  
And wandered off into the night. But I  
Stayed long with midnight oil a-burning clear  
To read the many pages he had left.  
So moved was I, I took my pen in hand  
And swore to write, ere I went to my bed,  
A wonderous LoC of style and length full bold  
That from Marc's mailing list I'd not be struck.

And, searching as I did for topic sure  
To place me past the lines "We also heard..."  
I spied the phrase which spoke much of blank verse  
"an interesting but irrelevant  
Stylistic mess". (In truth, the word weren't "mess"-  
He said "experiment", but even I  
Could not align all that within iambs.)  
Aha! Thought I, this strikes me as the way  
The blessed George or other critics blunt  
Would speak about my own hardwrought efforts!  
And reaching for my trusty diction'ry  
I found therein the phrase about Blank Verse -  
"unrhymed iambic pentametric verse;  
Archaic, for reflective epic poems."  
(Well, more or less). Did seem most meet that I  
With not a lot to say, should try for style  
At least! My epic thus I've writ  
Sore counting on my trusty fingers five.

And as I scan o'er what my labour's made  
I see, indeed, of content have I none,  
But 'tis "irrelevant" of that I'm sure!  
I would end here but can't resist the chance  
To break the rules and make my last lines rhyme:  
Much fun had I a-thumbing through your lore;  
Oft'times I strove to dull a gentle roar  
Of laughter at your zine dear Mister Or-  
Tlieb, most of all at the mad Triffs of Gor,  
The trufan tales and LoCs - please send us more!

My deepest thanx for this oh gentle nurse  
I'll file it as per LoCs and not per verse.



WAHF Tom Cardy 137 Richardson St Dunedin New Zealand who makes comments about the high quality of John Packer's cartoons. Matthew B Tepper 125 Oak Grove #41 Minneapolis MN 55403 U.S.A. who is after a copy of ANNA RUSSELL AT THE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE, for which he is willing to pay up to \$10A. Kim Huett 18 Central George St, Cundletown 2430 N.S.W. who admits to having been led astray by Neville Angove (over my non-acceptance of money). Michael McGann 483 Beauchamp Rd Maroubra N.S.W. 2035 who sent some really nice artwork, and who was under the mistaken impression that I had something to do with the Advention Committee. I only wish I did. They're doing a fabulous job on this year's NatCon. Allan Beatty PO Box 1906 Ames IA 500100 who other than sending the latest in an unending list of CoAs informs me that, in the U.S., swedes are known as rutabagas. ( That is, of course, the vegetable swede.) Ragnar Fyri Solliveien 37, 1370 Asker Norway who sends a short story with an alliterative punchline rather than a pun. I can't see it catching on. Taral Wayne 415 Willowdale Ave Ant 1G12, Willowdale ONT M2N 5R4 Canada who explains his reasons for supporting Baltimore in '83. They're much the same as my reasons for supporting AUSTRALIA in '83, i.e. proximity.

John Playford 16  
 Ellerslie St  
 Kensington Gardens  
 S.A. 5068 who I  
 finally met at a party  
 given for Larry Nivem.  
 John speaks with a  
 more English accent than  
 I do, despite having  
 been born in Australia.  
 Gerhard Weinmuller  
 Tragweiner Str. 50,  
 A-4230 Pregarten  
 Austria who somehow  
 obtained an Australian  
 \$1 note, and who is  
 interested in getting  
 some Australian fanzines.  
 Phil Palmer 3 Longlands  
 Rd Sidcup Kent DA 15  
 7NG UNITED KINGDOM  
 who sent postage coupons  
 and comments on some of  
 my comments to Joseph  
 Nicholas. Judith Hanna  
 42/ 6 Wyargine St Gosman  
 N.S.W. 2088 who sent the

lovely dragon piece, and who asks if the characters in the Conotel story were the dreaded Perthfen. Any resemblance to persons living or dead can be taken anyway anyone noting the resemblance wishes. Roelof Goudriaan Postbus 90255, 1006 BG Amsterdam The Netherlands who explains that one of my reviewzines enabled him to get in contact with Ragnar Fyri. Now, if that isn't a round about way for one European fan to contact another, I don't know what is. Avedon Carol 4409 Woodfield Rd Kensington MD 20795 U.S.A. who states that she has a theory about how Great Philosophers and Sam Peckinpaw really killed John Lennon Anonymous of 8 Cremorne Rd, Cremorne Point Sydney N.S.W. 2090 who sent a CoA, but who didn't put a name on the CoA. Sigh! Robert Runte 10957-88 Ave Edmonton Alberta Canada T6G 0Y9 who sent a lovely card with 17 blue robots and one red robot which had the captæon Of course the REALLY big advantage of a totally automated workforce is that it completely eliminates the possibility of communist infiltration... Graham Ferner # 2/16 Hollyhock Place, Browns Bay Auckland 10 New Zealand who # sent artwork AND Alison Cowling 16 Gloucester Drive Heidelberg Vict 3084 who sent artwork and some comments on Sydney weather.



THE WEST OF MINSTER'S LIBRARY

This column marks the demise of The Echo Beach Quarterly Fanzine Supplement as an entity. I find reviewing to be a very tiring thing to do. However, I still need some way of keeping my trade list in working order, thus this column. It does not aim to provide reviews as such, more a mailing list. Still, if I'm going to do that, I might as well get a little fun out of it, and so I will be grading fanzines according to one totally subjective criterion i.e. How much I like a particular issue, and on one criterion that is mostly subjective i.e. how well produced the zine is.



Entries in the listing will be as follows:-

TITLE    TYPE OF ZINE    MY OPINION OF IT    SIZE    PAGE COUNT  
METHOD OF REPRODUCTION    QUALITY OF REPRODUCTION  
NAME & ADDRESS OF EDITOR  
AVAILABILITY

Opinion is based on a five star system

\*\*\*\*\* I'd rather read this than go to  
a Melanie concert  
\*\*\*\* I really like this  
\*\*\* This one's okay  
\*\* Didn't like this one  
\* I'd rather have my toenails extracted  
with a rusty razor blade than read  
this.

Quality of reproduction is based  
on an A to E system

A Superb  
B Good  
C Okay  
D Bad  
E Crud

I'm afraid I won't be making any real attempt to provide constructive criticism. However, should anyone require guidelines, looking at the fanzines marked A \*\*\*\*\* could help understand what makes me like a fanzine. ( Mind you, that won't really help you understand what makes a good fanzine, ~~but~~ because what I like and what is good are often two totally different things.)

---oOo---

AERIAL TWO    Genzine \*\*\*    A5 16pp mimeo D  
Graham Ferner 2/16 Hollyhock Place Browns Bay Auckland 10 New Zealand  
\$1-00 or the usual

THE ALADAB KALLE ANKA    Fannish \*\*    A4 mimeo D  
Anders Bellis Vanadisvagen 13, 113 46 Stockholm Sweden  
The usual

THE ALADAB KALLE ANKA 2    Fannish \*\*    A4 mimeo C  
Anders Uellis as above  
The usual

ANKH 11    Genzine \*\*\*    A4 mimeo C  
Seth Lockwood 19 Coleby St Balcatta W.A. 6021 Australia  
50¢ or the usual

ANKH 12    Genzine \*\*\*\*    A4 mimeo C  
Seth Lockwood as above  
50¢ or the usual

BANDERSNATCH 31 Carroll newszine \*\*\*\*    A5 offset B  
Brian Sibley 46 Belmont Lane Chislehurst Kent United Kingdom  
Available to members of the Lewis Carroll Society



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BANDER SNATCH 32 Carroll newszine \*\*\*\* A5 offset B 8pp

Brian Sibley as above

Available to members of the Lewis Carroll Society

THE BIMONTHLY MONTHLY 14 Genzine \*\*\*\* American quarto mimeo B 32pp

David M Vereschagin c/o Robert Runte 10957 - 80 Ave Edmonton Alberta Canada T6G 0Y9

Available for the usual ( two copies of trades) or \$1-00/copy.

BIONIC RABBIT 7 Genzine \*\*\* A4 offset? C 18pp

Damian Brennan "South Warren" 21 Gold St South Fremantle W.A. 6162 Australia

Available for 60¢/issue.

THE BLACK DUCK'S TALE 1 Club genzine \*\*\* A4 offset? C 10pp

Damian Brennan c/o WASFA GPO Box N1060 Perth W.A. 6000 Australia

Free to WASFA members or for trade, the usual or 50¢/issue.

THE BLACK DUCK'S TALE X 3 \*\* A4 8pp offset? C

Damian Brennan as above. ( Seth Lockwood takes over as of the next issue. Address remains that of WASFA) Availability as above.

BY THE TUM TUM TREE Carroll triviazine \*\*\* A5 4pp mimeo? B

Brian Sibley (See Bandersnatch)

Available to members of the Lewis Carroll Society.

BY THE TUM TUM TREE Carroll triviazine \*\*\* A5 4pp mimeo? B

Brian Sibley. Details as above.

CHUNDER March 1921 Genzine \*\*\*\* A4 42pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>

John Foyster 21 Shakespeare Grove St Kilda Vict 3182 AUSTRALIA

\$1-00/issue (no subscriptions) or the usual.

CCTOPAXI Genzine? \*\* American quarto 2pp Xerox D<sup>-</sup>

Ron Salomon 1014 Concord St Framingham Mass 01701 U.S.A.

Free, but not cheap.

CRABAPPLE 13 Genzine \*\*\* American quarto 26 pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>

Ken Ozanne 42 Weeks Crescent Faulconbridge N.S.W. 2776 AUSTRALIA

Available for the usual or 75¢ ( Subscriptions limited to four issues)

THE CYGNUS CHRONICLER 8 Fiction semi-prozine American quarto 24pp offset A \*\*\*

Neville Angove PO Box 770 Canberra City ACT 2601 AUSTRALIA

\$1-50/ issue.

THE DAILY TRIFFID Clubzine \*\*\* A4 22pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>

SASFS PO Box 130 Marden S.A. 5070 Australia

Available to members of SASFS

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP 15 Genzine \*\*\* Am quarto 14 pp offset? B<sup>-</sup>

Arthur Hlavaty 250 Coligni Ave, New Rochelle, NY 10801 U.S.A.

Available for the usual or \$1-00

THE DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP 16 Genzine\*\*\*\* Am quarto 12pp offset? B<sup>-</sup>

Arthur Hlavaty. Details as above

DNQ 32 Newszine???? \*\*\*\* Am quarto 12pp mimeo B<sup>+</sup>

Tara Wayne 1812 - 415 Willowdale Ave Willowdale Ont M2N 5B4 CANADA

4/\$2-00 or trade.

THE FANTASY FILM FAN 2 Filmzine \*\*\* Am quarto 14pp offset B<sup>+</sup>

Merv Binns 305-307 Swanston St Melbourne Vict 3000 AUSTRALIA

No availability information obvious.

FISSION CHIPS Humourous genzine \*\*\* A4 18pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>

Tom Cardy 137 Richardson St Dunedin NEW ZEALAND

Available for the usual, or to those certifiably insane for 50¢/issue.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS 3 Genzine-fictionzine \*\*\* quarto 16pp mimeo? C

Robert Mapson 40 Second Ave Kelmscott W.A. 6111 AUSTRALIA

Available for trade loc whim or money.

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FORBIDDEN WORLDS 4 Loczine \*\*\* quarto 2pp mimeo C  
Robert Mapson as above

FORBIDDEN WORLDS 5 Fiction & artzine \*\*\* quarto 22pp mimeo? C  
Robert Mapson as above.

FORBIDDEN WORLDS 6 Artzine \*\*\*\* quarto 14pp offset? B  
Robert Mapson as above

FORERUNNER January 1981 Club genzine/newszine \*\*\* A4 16pp mimeo C  
Jack Herman 1/67 Fletcher St Bondi N.S.W. 2026 AUSTRALIA  
To members of the SSFF, for \$3-00/12 or the usual.

FORERUNNER February 1981 Club genzine/newszine \*\*\* A4 10pp mimeoC<sup>+</sup>  
Jack Herman Details as above

FORERUNNER March 1981 Club genzine/newszine\*\*\* A4 12pp mimeo C  
Jack Herman as above

FORERUNNER April 1981 Club genzine/newszine \*\*\* A4 12pp mimeo C  
Jack Herman as above

FORERUNNER May 1981 Club genzine/newszine \*\*\* A4 12pp mimeo C  
Jack Herman as above ( A new editor is due)

FUTURISTIC TALES 3 Semi prozine \*\* A4 36 pp offset B  
Ray Maultsайд PO Box 19 Spit Junction N.S.W. 2008 AUSTRALIA  
\$1-60 / issue.

GNU DEAL 1 Correspondencezine? \*\* A4 6pp mimeo C  
Ragnar Fyri Sollivéien 37, N 1370 ASKER Norway  
Available for money and contribution. I don't really understand this, but if you  
are interested in what seems to be an imaginary personal columnzine contact Ragnar.

GRANNY Apazine \*\*\* A4 10pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>  
Linda Smith 5/25 Clifford Ste, Kurralta Park 5037 AUSTRALIA  
Available to members of APPLESAUCE

GRYFFIN 3 Letter substitute \*\* A4 mimeo C  
Michael Schaper 211 Preston Point Rd Bicton W.A. 6157 AUSTRALIA  
No info on availability

GRYFFIN 4 Genzine\*\*\* A4 12 pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>  
Michael Schaper address as above  
Available for the usual

THE HARD ONES 1 Genzine \*\* A4 10 pp xerox C  
Gary Barber 409 Wanneroo Rd Balcatta W.A. 6021 AUSTRALIA  
Available for the usual, preferably contributions

HOLIER THAN THOU 9 Genzine \*\*\*\*<sup>1/2</sup> Am quarto 54 pp mimeo B<sup>+</sup>  
Marty Cantor 5263 Riverton Ave Apt #1 North Hollywood CA 91601 U.S.A.  
Available for \$1-50/ issue or the usual.

THE HOUSE AT PUH-PUH PLATTER CORNER Mailzine \*\*\* Am quarto 4pp mimeo C  
Ron Salomon (See Cotopaxi)  
Available at editorial whim

IBID 33 Apazine (Lovecraft) \*\*\* Am quarto 16pp mimeo C  
Ben Indick 428 Sagamore Ave Teaneck N.J. 07666 U.S.A.  
Available to members of the Esoteric Order of Dagon and at editorial whim

JABBERWOCKY Winter 1979/80 Carrollzine \*\*\*\* A5 28pp offset B<sup>+</sup>  
Dr Selwyn Goodacre 69 Ashby Rd Woodside, Burton-on-Trent, Staffs U.K.  
Available to members of the Lewis Carroll Society ( \$9-00/year to The Secretary  
73 A Highbury, New Park, London N5 2EU United Kingdom)

JABBERWOCKY Spring 1980 Carrollzine \*\*\*\* A5 28pp offset B<sup>+</sup>  
Addresses as above

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MEIN TOCHAS DAZWISCHEN 1 Apazine \*\*\* American quarto 4pp ditto D  
 Ron Salomon (See Cotopaxi)  
 Available to members of WOOF or on whim

THE MENTOR 30 Genzine \*\*\* quarto 24pp mimeo B<sup>-</sup>  
 Ron L Clarke 6 Bellevue Rd Faulconbridge N.S.W. 2776 AUSTRALIA  
 Available for the usual or \$1-00/copy.

THE MENTOR 31 Genzine \*\*\*\* quarto 24pp mimeo B<sup>-</sup>  
 Ron L Clarke. Details as above.

NABU 10 Genzine \*\*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> quarto 35pp mimeo B  
 Ian & Janice Maule 5 Ueaconsfield Rd New Malden Surrey KT3 3HY United Kingdom  
 "... available for all the usual reasons (and maybe some unusual ones, but  
 please write first...)"

NAPALM IN THE MORNING 3 Personalzine \*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> A4 14pp mimeo C  
 Joseph Nicholas Room 9, 94 St George's Square, Pimlico, London SW1Y 3QY U.K.  
 Available for the usual???

NOUMENON 41 Genzine \*\*\*\* size? 20pp offset A  
 Brian Thurogood 40 Korora Rd Oneroa Waiheke Island Hauraki Gulf New Zealand  
 75¢/copy or contribution.

ORNITHOPTER 7 Apazine \*\*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> A4 20 pp mimeo B<sup>+</sup>  
 Leigh Edmonds PO Box 433 Civic Square Canberra ACT 2608 AUSTRALIA  
 Available to members of FAPA, SAPS, and at editorial whim.

PARADOX 1 Genzine \*\* A4 19pp mimeo D<sup>+</sup>  
 Rex Thompson 154 Corstorphine Rd Dunedin New Zealand  
 Available for \$1-00 or contribution.

PRINKED MATTER 1 Apazine \*\*\* American quarto mimeo 2pp D<sup>+</sup>  
 Ron Salomon See Cotopaxi  
 Available to memeuers of WOOF.

THE PAN-GALACTIC GOSSIP GURGITATOR Newszine \*\*\* A4 2pp mimeo C  
 Tom Cardy See Fission Chips  
 Available for the usual.

PULSAR 8 Filmzine \*\* A4 80pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>  
 Trevor White 690 Goodwood Rd Daw Park S.A. 5041 AUSTRALIA  
 \$2-00/ issue. ( I feel I should justify giving such a large zine such a cruddy  
 rating. No doubt enjoyable to those who consider sf film as an interesting thing.)

THE RAVIN' Autumn 1981 Genzine \*\*\* A5 16pp mimeo C<sup>-</sup>  
 No information in any conviently visable place

RHUBARB 1981/1 Genzine \*\*\* A4 32 pp mimeo C  
 John & Diane Fox P.O. Box 129 Lakemba N.S.W. 2195 AUSTRALIA  
 75¢/ copy or the usual.

THE SCRAP HEAP II Apazine \*\*\*\* A4 4pp mimeo C  
 John Packer c/o 12 Charles St Northfield S.A. 5085 AUSTRALIA  
 Available to members of APPLESAUCE and PHANTOZINE

SECOND-HAND WAVE 42 Genzine \*\*\* A4 24pp xerox? C  
 Alan Ferguson & Trev Briggs 26 Hoecroft Court Hoe Lane Enfield Middx UNITED KINGDOM  
 Available for the usual

SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES 77 Clubzine \*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> American quarto 22pp mimeo D<sup>+</sup>  
 Marty Cantor & Mike Glycer 11513 Burbank Blvd North Hollywood CA 91601 U.S?A.  
 Available for the usual, \$1-00 or to Patron friends of LASFS

SIBANDER 4 Genzine \*\*\*<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> quarto 20pp mimeo C<sup>+</sup>  
 Irwin Hirsh 279 Domain Rd South Yarra Vict 3141 AUSTRALIA  
 Available for \$1-00, the usual or old fanzines.

THE SPACE WASTREL 4 Genzine \*\* ½ A4 22pp mimeo c<sup>-</sup>  
Loney & Warner c/o F9, Cara Maria Shenton St Geraldton W.A. 6530 AUSTRALIA  
\$1-00/ year or the usual - two copies of trades.

STILL LIFE WITH SNAILS Apazine \*\*\* ½ A4 4pp mimeo C<sup>-</sup>  
John Packer (See The Scrap Heap)  
Available to Applesauce members.

STRIPS 15 Comiczine - semi-pro \*\*\*\* Size? 36pp A offset  
David Morgan PO Box 2896 Auckland C 1 NEW ZEALAND  
75¢ per copy.

TELOS 3 Genzine \*\*\*\* ½ American quarto 74pp A<sup>-</sup> mimeo  
Gary Farber, Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden and Fred Haskell 4712 Fremont Ave N,  
Seattle WA 98103 U.S.A. Available for \$1-00, the usual, Interesting Rocks, Wierd  
Postcards or Old Fanzines.

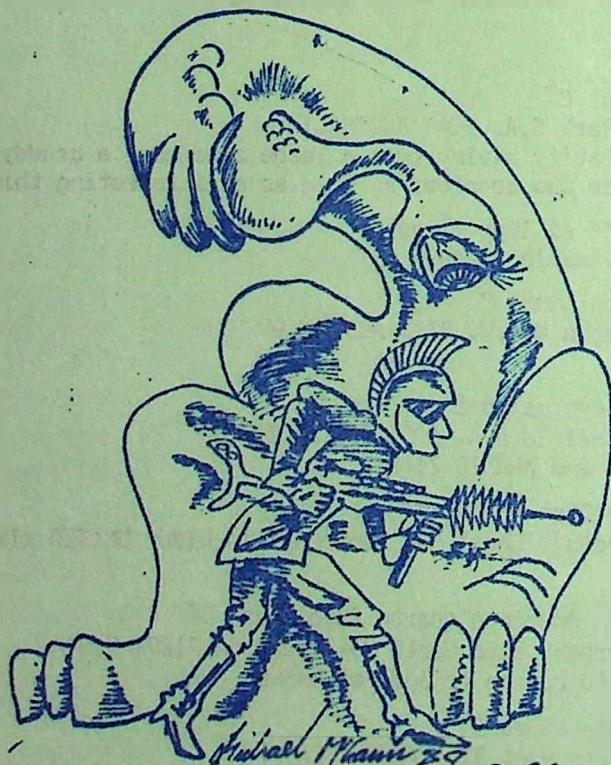
THIS HOUSE 12 Genzine \*\*\*\* American quarto 20pp xerox? C<sup>+</sup>  
John A Purcell 2713 - 2nd Ave So., #307 Minneapolis MN 55408 U.S.A.  
Available for \$1-00/ the usual or big sisters or little boys.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG 17 Reviewzine \*\*\*\* ½ American quarto 32pp mimeo C  
Brian Earl Brown 16711 Burt Rd #207 Detroit MI 48219 U.S.A.  
Trade or 50¢/issue

THE WRETCH TAKES TO WRESTLING 5 Genzine? \*\* American quarto 22pp mimeo & Rubber stamp B<sup>-</sup>  
Cheryl Cline 1621 Detroit Ave # 23, Concord CA 94520 U.S.A.  
Available for the usual, rubber stamps or picture postcards.

WSFANAC Club genzine \*\*\*\* American quarto 6pp xerox B  
Avedon Carol 4409 Woodfield Rd Kensington Maryland 20795 U.S.A.  
Available to WSFA and some other folks

XENOPHILIA 2 Genzine\*\*\* quarto 20pp mimeo C<sup>\*</sup>  
Richard Faulder Yanco Agricultural Research Centre Yanco N.S.W. 2703 AUSTRALIA  
Available for the usual.



YGGDRASIL 1981/2 Fictionzine \*\*  
A4 20pp offset? B<sup>-</sup>  
D Griffin Box 106 Union Building  
University of Melbourne, Parkville  
Victoria 3052 AUSTRALIA  
Available to members of MUSFA  
or for 70¢/issue.

---oOo---

Well, that's my first attempt at that particular experiment, and somehow I don't think it's going to work in future. I keep getting tempted to stop and explain what I like/don't like about a particular zine. I don't, however, want to do that for every zine. Next time I might try highlighting particular zines which I consider particularly good or bad. Anyone mentioned above who wishes to consult me about the grades given may see me after class, or arrange an interview with their parents for me.

---oOo---



## AUSTRALIA IN '83

If you are living in Australia, by the time you receive this zine it could already be too late to vote for Australia as the site for the 1983 World Science Fiction convention!

If you are already a supporting or attending member of Denvention, you have until August 15th to get your ballot paper to Denver. If you are not already a member then you must get both ballot paper, and money for a supporting membership in Denvention to Denver by July 15th. This is cutting things mighty fine, so don't procrastinate DO IT NOW!!!

If sending direct to Denver, then you need to send \$15-00 (U.S.) for Denvention membership, and \$7-50 (U.S.) for a voting fee. The Denvention money should be made out to DENVENTION II. The voting fee should be made out to THE 41st WORLD SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. This fee entitles you to supporting membership in the 41st WorldCon no matter who wins, and can be converted to attending membership for only an additional \$7-50, provided the conversion is made within 90 days of Denvention II. If sending direct to Denver, the address is DENVENTION II, SITE SELECTION, BOX 11545, DENVER CO 80211 U.S.A.

If you feel you have time, you can conduct your business via Carey Handfield PO Box 91 Carlton Vict 3053 AUSTRALIA. Carey should be present at ADVENTION '81, and if you pick this zine up there, and aren't already a Denvention member, I'm sure Carey will be happy to take your money.

Other things you can do for Australia in '83 basically consist of talking others into joining Denvention and voting for us, and contribution of money to the bidding committee. The committee address is PO BOX J175, Brickfield Hill, N.S.W. 2000 AUSTRALIA.

WHAT HAS BALTIMORE TO OFFER EXCEPT A CASE OF THE CRASS??????

Australia, on the other hand, has an assortment of cute native fauna, plus, as Don Boyd mentions in a LoC in this issue, it is probably the last country in the World that likes Americans *lightly tilted in market*. Come to Australia for a little real down South hospitality.

As for reasons for Australians voting. Can you imagine how many authors will be here for book signing? The increase in the value of your book collection alone is worth the voting fees, so don't delay. Get that money out and off to Denver.



## GUFF AND DUFF

And while you still have your money belt un-done (watch out for your trousers) allow me to re-introduce Joseph Nicholas, who could well become the first GUFF candidate to miss his trip due to an airstrike. ( GUFF is the fund which exchanges Australian and British fen. John Foyster went to SeaCon in Britain, and Joseph is due to attend Advention.)

The By British fanthology, incidentally, is also being sold in aid of GUFF ( although it itself proclaims only that it's sold in aid of TAFF, mainly because, when Ian Maule and I compiled it, we had no idea whether or not GUFF would continue after Seacon '79). It contains material by Bob Shaw, Chris Priest, Rob Holdstock, Andrew Stephenson, Kev Smith, Dave Langford, Peter Roberts, Rob Hansen, John Piggott, Graham Charnock and John Brosnan ( expatriate Aussie, but never mind.), plus an article " Coming From Behind, sub-titled A Short History Of British Fanzines In The Seventies, by yours truly. It is a duplicated 92 page (including card covers) A4 fanzine with illustrations by Jim Barker and Rob Hansen, and a cover by Harry Bell. It is a limited numbered edition of 250 copies which retails for £ 1.50 including seemail postage and packing.

I'd estimate that we've sold about half of them, mostly to Americans and Britons. Certainly we haven't had any postal enquiries from Australia. Some Australians may have acquired copies at Seacon '79, but if so, we wouldn't know, as all the fanzines were simply sold from a table there, and the money thus collected was distributed afterwards. Rush your orders to me today.

Hopefully Joseph will arrive here with plenty of copies. The selection of names he gives there includes some of Britain's best fanwriting talent. Mind you, I do note the absence of Skel n Cas and Mike n Pat...

Though it is not yet clear when the next GUFF will be run, nominations are apparently open for DUFF '82. This fund will send an Australian fan to the World Convention in Chicago. Information on nomination procedure should be available from Keith Curtis, PO Box J 175 Brickfield Hill N.S.W. 2000. Incidentally, Paul Stevens assures me that the report of his 1978 trip is now complete. All he needs is the money to publish it. Therefore, it would be nice if people could send spare cash and auctionable materials to Keith.

You should also take the chance to meet American DUFF winner Joyce Scrivner while she's in Australia.

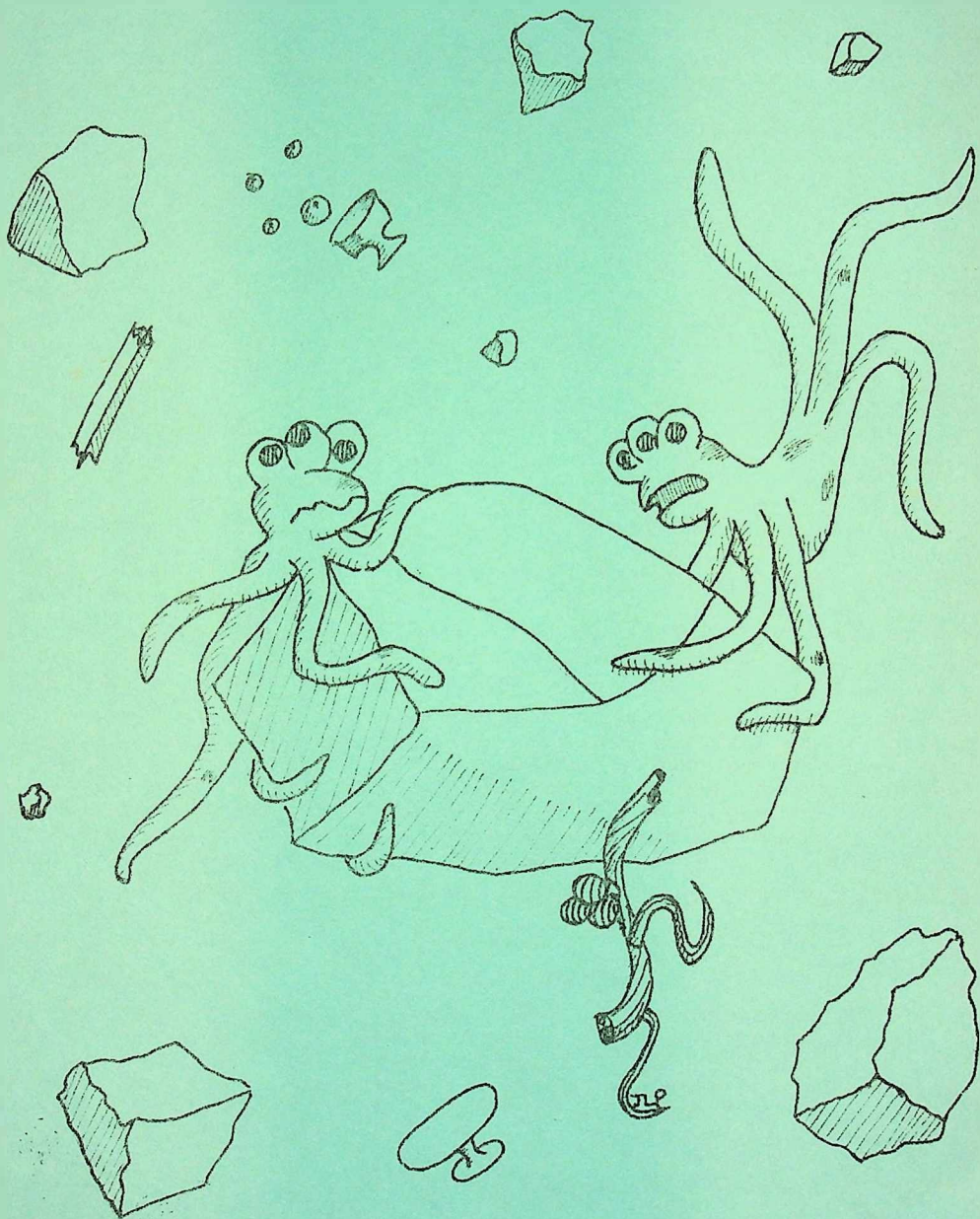
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FRANKLY, I'D PREFER MELBOURNE IN '82