

# REVOLTING TALES

## OF SEX AND SUPER-SCIENCE

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REVOLTING TALES is published spasmodically and for various purposes. This issue (if that's not too grand a word for the thing) is mainly devoted to catching up on some correspondence in an all-purpose fashion. As I write it is just after 6 am on Tuesday 14th August, it's bloody cold in Canberra, and neither the IBM nor your humble servant is properly awake yet. Bear with us.

(And now it's just after 6 pm. Knew I couldn't keep that up.)

William Danner - correctly or otherwise, I know not - attributes to Ambrose J. Weems the immortal aphorism 'You can fool some of the people some of the time, and you can fool some of the people some of the time - but you can't fool some of the people some of the time.' I... I have taken much comfort from that sentiment over the years, Bill, and I'd like you to know that. I don't mind admitting it. It... sort of helps. Would you like to know which category I fall into? Go on, have a guess; I don't mind. I'll give you a hint: it is not for nothing they call me El Stupido.

Pardon me; I'm just thinking about the Renault. No, not that Renault - the one I wrote so glowingly about back in January when the pride of ownership was full upon me - but the one I've just exchanged it for. Part of my economy drive, you see, involved selling the new Renault, the monthly payments on which were considerably more than I could comfortably afford, and buying a cheaper car. I drove dozens of virtually un-roadworthy bombs for a few weeks in my quest for a suitable vehicle, then finally advertised my car for sale last Saturday week. (The best car offered me by a dealer under \$2000 was a 1969 red VW fastback. The road test from the NRMA - please don't ask me to explain those initials, dear reader; life is so short and stencils so expensive - indicated that given proper care and maintenance the VW might make

It back to the showroom. It was about then that I decided to advertise.) I was asking \$3000 for the car, and he drew two enquiries - one from a dealer, who offered \$2400, the other from a bloke who also wanted to sell a Renault 16TS. His car was eighteen months older than mine, and he wanted \$2100 for it. We swapped, to cut a long and boring story short. I cut my price to \$2810; he cut his to \$1850. My price included twelve months registration, his six months. He assured me that the rattle at the back was caused by a simple and quite unnecessary little gizmo in the shock absorbers, worth about \$20. He was a nice guy, a solid citizen (Justice of the Peace and all) and I trusted him. I must say also that he trusted me, which is something. I let him transfer the radio and a few other things I didn't want anyway from his car to mine. Fair enough: I was getting a good car, and I didn't mind accommodating him on this sort of thing.

On Saturday night Sally and I went to the drive-in to see 'Slaughterhouse Five' (which I thought excellent, by the way), and afterwards we discovered that the rear window demister didn't work. Also the noise from the rear end was beginning to bug me. I took the car to a garage this morning, and this afternoon discovered that the shock absorbers are shot completely. Cost of replacement: \$60.50 each, plus labour, total about \$150 with luck. That whooshing sound you heard just then, folks, was a couple of issues of Scythop disappearing. Wu wei, yin yang, and other oriental expressions of calm resignation.

As another part of the economy drive - and one, I hasten to add, which has so far worked out much more satisfactorily - Sally and I have moved into a house in Red Hill. Well, yes, since you ask, there are other reasons besides economy. Oh yes. For example, it was such a long drive from my place to hers when I felt like helping her with the dishes or listening to a record and so on - you know. (Jack Speer at this point will insist that he doesn't know. A great bloke, Jack, easily one of my favourite fans, but no imagination at all, poor chap.)

My puny attempt to convince readers of Philosophical Gas 22 that Sally is really someone else of the same name - or the same person of a different name; I forget now - was foiled utterly within weeks of meeting her. I'm not blaming anyone at all for divulging this deep secret, mainly because there are too many people to choose from. Since May Sally has met (and I am given to understand, liked, bless her) George Turner, John Julian, Robin Johnson, Monica and John Litchen, Carolyn and Sandy, Leigh Edmonds and Valma, Eric Lindsay, Marea and Ken Ozanne, Joan Dick and Tony Thomas. And my mother and nephew and sister and brother-in-law. And the local fanclub fraternity, of course. (Hiya, Jack.) Despite all this exposure to fans, friends and relations, the lady likes me still. Maybe she's just after my money. I dare not tell her that so are hordes of creditors. And I dare not tell anyone that I have no money in any case. First class credit rating, yes; excellent salary, certainly; money, no.

It's strange how one's feeling about fandom changes; come to that, it's strange how one's feeling about practically everything changes. In the past I have written at excruciating length about the ladies in my life. I guess it was an attempt to share my longings and fears and uncertainties with my friends in fandom - most of whom I haven't met. I don't feel like sharing Sally. Make of that what you will.

Back in March Ed Cagle kindly distributed for me a little note to all the people in America on my mailing list, inviting them to inform me of their continued interest in Scythrop, and also inviting them to nominate any issues of my publications which they would like to have, free of charge. Altogether I think there were about 160 such notes sent out. To date I have had response, in the form of letters or fanzines, from about twenty people.

Now I would estimate (since I have no reliable records) that I probably have only about thirty paid-up subscribers in America. There are maybe thirty or forty people, outside of FAPA, who publish fanzines I know I would like to receive in trade. There are a few people whose letters I have read in Kwalhioqua and Ashwing and elsewhere from whom I would be delighted to receive letters. And out of all these people - people who have paid money to me, people who like to trade, people whose letters I enjoy reading - only about twenty have responded to my exceeding generous offer. Makes you wonder what fandom is coming to, doesn't it?

Anyway, this issue of REVOLTING TALES is going to everyone on my mailing list, and everyone I would like to have on my mailing list, but this time to everyone - not just folk in America. I don't want to go through the slightly tedious business of indicating why you are getting this. If you have sent me money, you can assume that I appreciate that and will continue to do so. If you have sent me fanzines, you can assume for the time being that I am interested in trading. If you have written letters of comment, you can assume that I value them and will appreciate more in the future. Whatever category or categories you come into, you are very welcome to any of the following publications, free of charge. Supplies of some are dwindling, so I would appreciate it if you would indicate exactly what you would like.

Australian Science Fiction Review: 2 4 16 18 20

Scythrop: 23 25 26 27

Philosophical Gas: 13 18 19 20 22

Bundalohn Quarterly: 1 4

George Turner: John W. Campbell - writer, editor, legend (reprinted from JOHN W. CAMPBELL: AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE)

When Scythrop 28 is published - some time in September, with luck - it will be sent only to subscribers, FAPA members and people on the new mailing list. Also the above publications will be made available at A\$0.25 each. Let me know by December what you want from that list and they're yours - whatever is still available - free. From January onwards they will cost money. And people who do not respond in any way to this note are off the mailing list. I couldn't be fairer, could I? Over to you. If there is a note on the wrapper or envelope or whatever this comes in that 'this is your last issue unless we hear from you', it means exactly that. If that note does not appear, you may assume that I like you a lot and you will get Scythrop 28 if nothing else.

A special note for Australian readers: It's a long time since I had a letter of comment from anyone here. Most subscriptions have expired. What I have said above, mainly for overseas readers, applies equally to you. If you are a member of ANZAPA or a fanzine publisher you can assume that you will continue to receive most of the things I publish. If you are neither, it would be best to verify your standing with me. If you are in doubt, check the wrapper: if it says this is your last issue, it is.

And now some notes to correspondents:

(15th August:) Having typed the above line, I went to the door and admitted Tony Thomas, with whom Sally and I proceeded to play cards and drink a whole lot of that red stuff for the rest of the evening. I'll get around to the correspondence, I really will, but first allow me to correct a wrong impression I might have given you a couple of pages back. I think I said the cost of replacing the Renault's shock absorbers would be \$150 with luck. You didn't believe that for a moment, did you? No, of course not. Who ever heard of shock absorbers costing that much? Absurd, of course. Anyway, after spending twenty-four hours in great turmoil of spirit, I rang the mechanic and he said the car was ready and the bill came to \$40. Nice mechanic. Great little car. Everything's lovely. Spring is coming. Have an apple.

The Senate Select Committee on Civil Rights of Migrant Australians, organized by the Senate opposition parties (since the Government doesn't have a majority in the upper house) to embarrass hell out of the Attorney-General, Senator Murphy, so far has had little success in that line, but it is providing some interesting stories and lots of innocent entertainment - not to mention hard work. I might write more about it at some stage, if anyone is interested, but I just want to give a couple of illustrations of the kind of thing that keeps me in the job despite everything. Marjan Jurjevic has quite a powerful accent. More perhaps than anyone I have so far listened to in this job he reminds me of whoever it was someone said spoke fluent accent with just a trace of English. So what the typists thought Mr Jurjevic was saying made fascinating reading. For example, I felt it unlikely that he would strongly deny having been born in Portugal (according to one typist) or Cordova (according to another), however likely it was that he hadn't been born in either of those places. A map of Yugoslavia yielded up Korcula, and I decided he was more likely not to have been born there. I hope I was right: it could be important to subsequent proceedings to know exactly where Mr J. wasn't born. Then someone had him talking about the Russian Polish Army in Australia. That took a bit longer to work out, but eventually emerged (to my ears anyway) as the Croatian Poglavnik's Army in Australia. There were many many little time-consuming things like that in the transcript, all of them providing much entertainment, as I said. The best of all was the bit about information provided by Ustasha sources, which for some unfathomable reason the typist had rendered as 'information provided by Worcestershire sauce'.

But that correspondence I mentioned... (16th August:)

PHILLIP ADAMS: I had a letter from you during May; if there has been one between then and today's, yessir, it went astray. In between real work lately I have been proof-reading the transcript of your session with Diamond Jim's Senate Committee. Between us - typists, subs and printers - we've made a ghastly mess of it, haven't we? The good bits, where you speak like the cultivated sort of chap you are, you will have realized already are the sections I worked on. Of course. Goes without saying. (\*cough\*)

JOAN DICK: Hey! - now I can say that some of my best friends are Jehovah's Witnesses! Your remark about fandom not conflicting with your religion is a good one. If there's one thing about fandom I love it's the utterly unconscious acceptance of other people's religions and (though not quite to the same extent) politics. Some

years ago, in a letter in ASFR, Bob Bloch said that fandom was doing a better job of global unification than the United Nations (or something to that effect), and in many ways I'm inclined to agree with him. But I musn't get started on that. It was great meeting you, Joan, and I really appreciated your letter. One thing I'd better get straight with you, though, is that despite any impression I might have given in my fanzines or in conversation, I am not a member of the Churches of Christ. I was, yes, many years ago. But since about the end of 1958 I have been a devout agnostic (not to mention card-carrying anarchist). If at times I behave like a Christian gentleman (and I don't always), it's because I believe good humans behave naturally the way good Christians are supposed to. And I won't get started on that either.

What happened to my margins!

ED CAGLE: I'm not sure whose turn it is to write, but it seems to me I haven't seen anything from you for ages. Did you get 243 letters complaining about my pieces in the last Kwahioqua? Or worse still, 243 subscription cancellations? Or worst of all, no comment at all? Speak to me, Ed! Life is almost barren without your letters and fanzines. (No kidding.)

JOHN D. BERRY: That was a fantastic letter, John - five packed pages! I should publish it, and maybe I will when it surfaces. (Lots of things have disappeared temporarily in the move from Kingston to Red Hill.) I recall you asked about cevapčići. That's pronounced roughly 'che-VUP-che-chee', and it's a kind of Yugoslavian sausage. Brian Aldiss mentions it in his book about Yugoslavia, which I am sure all my readers possess and treasure as much as I do. You also mention Californian wines, and I have to admit that I still haven't tasted any. By the time they reach Australia they are far too expensive to experiment with. Dollar for dollar, even taking into account the discrepancy between US dollars and real ones (at present A\$1 = US0.68, roughly), I imagine that Australian wines are at least as good value as Californian. Our staple red is McLaren Vale flagons - half a gallon, or 2.275 litres - at \$1.50. For moderately special occasions I buy Kaiser Stuhl '67 burgundy at \$1.20 a bottle (26 fl oz / 739 ml), and for extra special occasions Kaiser Stuhl '66 special reserve bin claret at \$2.65. Wish I could remember what else you asked me. Oh yes: I have been known to drink bheer, Foster's Lager for preference.

NED BROOKS: 'It Comes In The Mail' is a great idea. I like it. Pardon me for saying that I think more folk than you and Dick Geis have used this diary format: that doesn't alter my appreciation of the way you go about it.

FRANK DENTON: 'Ashwing' 11 and 12 received, skimmed with pleasure, and put away carefully for some time when I have leisure to read them with the attention they deserve and the pleasure I anticipate. Very handsome they are, too. I sort of wonder whether to let Diane know that Mike is married again, but I think I won't. (Hiya, Mike.)

ERIC LINDSAY: 'Gegenschein' received and placed with Ashwings and others. Ta.

BILL BOWERS: Hell, it looks as though I'll be saying this to everyone! 'Outworlds' is certainly a thing of beauty, but I tend to admire it rather than read it.

Don't take that to heart: I just haven't read anything lately - mainly because of the move. I must write to you separately and put in a bid or three for some of those lovely things you are auctioning for the Mae Strelkov Fund. (Hiya, Mae.)

TED SERRILL: After a gentleman in Sydney I think you have paid more for Scythrop than anyone, so you are certainly still on the mailing list.

LOU STATHIS: You're on the list, too. Stay greased yourself! (What does that mean?)

MARK MUMPER: 'Time that is moved by little fidget wheels / Is not my Time'  
wrote a very great Australian poet (and I believe, sf reader), Kenneth Slessor,  
and that's more or less my philosophy, too. I wrote earlier this year about  
meeting a Melbourne fan whose name was familiar to me as a subscriber to  
Scythrop; 'I knew for sure that he was a subscriber when he said I'd never sent  
him anything.' But four years really is a bit much. I must send you something  
real soon now. Thank you for your patience.

MURRAY MOORE: And thanks for your patience, too. July 1972 is but yesterday  
compared with the time Mark has been waiting, but it's still not nice.

FLOYD PEILL: August 1972 - I feel almost as though I'm catching up.

PATRICK McGUIRE: Thanks for your sub. Planning Ahead is a Good Thing.

FRANK LUNNEY: I agree entirely with you about trading on an all-for-all basis.  
That's how Scythrop and others are never mentioned in the well-known news  
leaflet published by C. Brown. He doesn't trade on any basis (with me  
anyway); if I want his immortal Hugo-winning writings I must pay for them, so  
if he wants my immortal non-Hugo-winning writings I am prepared to accept  
his cheque.

ALJO SVORODA: You make me feel ancient, Aljo, when I realize that I published  
the first issue of ASFR when you were eight. Beautiful handwriting you have;  
I look forward to seeing more of it.

DAVID GORMAN: I was sorry to see SF Waves trickle away like that, so I look forward  
enthusiastically to lots of Gorbets. Wouldn't like to promise anything, but  
you publish the kind of fanzine I like writing for.

NED BROOKS again: I read ICITM a little more closely after typing the note on the  
last page, and I would certainly like to stay on your regular list. A lot of  
people who have written to you will be receiving this. Where else would I  
have found TOM COCKCROFT's name and address, for example? A real  
fair-dinkum active New Zealand fan, for heaven's sake!

Memo DAVID GRIGG: Here's your big chance to really achieve something, David:  
All these years the Australian & New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association  
has been going, and never yet a member in NZ. Write Tom (84 Pharaosyn St,  
Lower Hutt, NZ) and talk him nicely into joining us, there's a good chap.

KEN FAIG: Despite your preference I think I'll send you some back issues, since they  
at least exist! But you are on the list and will stay on while you're interested.

ED CONNOR: I think I missed one or two Moebius Trips, but have no chance of  
checking just now. 'Science Fiction Echo' was rather fantastic, and I really  
must send you a letter about it - but what an incredible effort to go to to get  
cheap postage! Was it worth it? My file card has seven different addresses,  
you say! I didn't realize I'd known you that long. All we ancients...

VALDIS AUGSTKALNS: How the hell (you ask) did you get on my mailing list? Val,  
I have no idea, but I'm glad you did. Enjoyed your comments on my  
Campbell article, except the bit about 'simply ignorant'. I like to think,  
sirrah, that when I am ignorant I am flamboyantly, or at the very least  
ingeniously, ignorant. Andy and I haven't severed diplomatic relations, by  
the way. We're still good buddies. It's just that his activities required more  
strenuous representation in Australia than I could take on, and these days I  
don't really need a subscription agent, so we did the sensible thing. At the  
same time Ethel Lindsay and I stopped being agents for each other, and my

other far-flung agents haven't heard from me in ages (nor I from them), so I now have no overseas agents at all. Just friends.

PETER ROBERTS: Thanks for your long loc of some months back, and the Checkpoints (and an Egg, if I remember correctly) since. Keep in touch.

And now I do believe I can get away with a We Also Heard From list. If you are mentioned and feel you should have got more than just a mention, please forgive me: I must run this thing off tonight, and I'm awful tired.

WAHF: Neal Goldfarb, Mike Glicksohn, Jack Williamson, Margaret Oliver, Seth McEvoy, the National Library of Australia, Ken Ozanne, Leigh Edmonds, David Grigg, Robin Johnson, John Foyster, Carolyn Addison, Joy Warren, Ruth & Barry Kirsten, A. D. Hope, Doug Leingang, Paul Stevens, John Litchen, George Turner, Michael O'Brien, Liz Dienavs, Bruce Gillespie, Ethel Lindsay, Alpajpuri, Alan Sandcock, David Drake, Richard Walsh and Christine McGowan. (Where did you get to, Christine?)  
And probably others.

(19th August:) As I write, the Twelfth Australian Science Fiction Convention is drawing to a close in sunny Adelaide. A delightful time has been had by all, and in many ways the Adelaide fans have set new high standards for Australian convention organizers. How do I know that? I don't. I'm just making it up. But I think I'm probably right. Anyway, here is my missed-convention report:

On Friday morning, early, I took Sally to the Woden Valley Hospital, where she was to have a ladylike operation the details of which I shall spare sensitive readers. The people on duty - receptionists, nursing staff - were all very nice, the hospital is very modern and congenial-looking, and Sally began to look almost as brave as she insisted she was. 'Come this way, Mrs Yeoland,' said the receptionist. 'Miss Yeoland,' said Sally. The sister-in-charge introduced her to the three other ladies in the ward as Mrs Yeoland. 'Miss,' said Sally, but no-one took any notice. All day she was Mrs, insist as she might that she was Miss, and by the day's end she had stopped insisting. During the day I rang a couple of bookshops to see if I could get a copy of James Thurber's book 'Is Sex Necessary?', which I thought would cheer Sally up, but had no luck there and had to compromise with flowers.

Yesterday and today have been a little strange. Sally was under what they call strict orders to stay in bed and rest. I was determined that she should do just that. Instead she has been working around the house and I've been sleeping a lot. We make a good team, in an odd sort of way.

I finished reading 'The Cowboy and the Cossack'; we played cards a bit; we had a visit from the landlady, who is rather nice; I did a bit of work on my mailing list and this slim publication; we went to the record club and later listened to a swag of Bach, Albeniz, Schumann, Saint-Saens and Shostakovich; and that was about it. We went nowhere special, had no visitors except the landlady, did nothing worth talking about, and somehow had a thoroughly relaxed and pleasant weekend. There's a lot to be said for the suburban, domestic life, quite a lot - but we would rather have been with the fans in Adelaide. C'est la vie. And so on.

Cheers,

