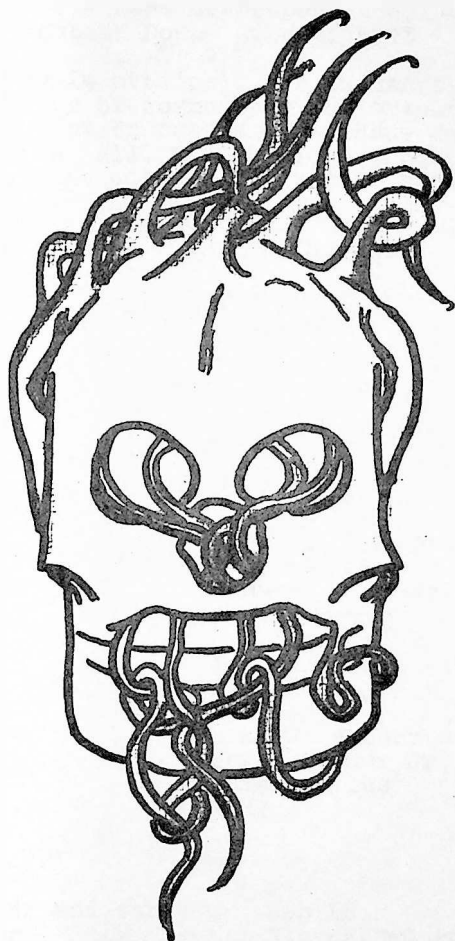


MARC





November 1976

MARC

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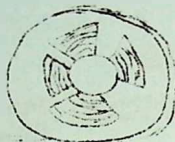
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will be sent on request but these can only be sent
by surface mail. MARC will be produced irregularly
whenever the editor feels like producing it.

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ARTWORK. Front cover and cartoon Rob Lock
Back cover Shayne McCormack

Offset. Thanx Ralph.



EROS Vs PORNOGRAPHOS Vs ART

Despite its lukewarm critical reception in the English speaking world, I still consider EMMANUELLE at the forefront of erotic films. Now there is EMMANUELLE II (or THE ANTI-VIRGIN), slightly more erotic than its predecessor but with a different, more studied atmosphere. Nothing points more directly at the cultural deprivation in New Zealand deriving from Victorian censorship laws than the banning of these two films. I'll not belabour this particular issue more, but only because it makes me so wild I could go on for hours.

DEEP THROAT was another landmark, but I don't think that rests solely on its explicitness. It is also humorous and satirical but; most of all, it features Linda Lovelace. She is so attractive, cute (yes!) and enthusiastic (both as an actor and as a sex star -two different roles in my book), that the film is a turn-on from start to finish.

The other leading porn star is Marilyn Chambers. She made a spectacular debut in BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR, another film of the ilk: "latent sensualist and slight masochist who is 'introduced' to the life of the sexual libertine and soon becomes an expert". Chambers' next biggie was THE RESURRECTION OF EVE, wherein she plays a girl whose life and face were damaged in a car accident. Plastic surgery results in a new and beautiful face, all of which leads to the new Eve and her DJ husband joining the swinging set for erotic parties and games. Chambers is the "all American girl-next-door, raised to porn star" and so much is made of her that a documentary film, INSIDE MARILYN CHAMBERS and a book, XAVIERA MEETS MARILYN CHAMBERS, have been produced.

For my money, Chambers is not a patch on Sylvia Kristel (star of EMMANUELLE) or Linda Lovelace. Kristel and Lovelace have a zest and innate sensuality that the rather plain Chambers can't equal. The documentary mentions how Chambers is almost tireless when on the set, but while that may be fine for porn movies, it does little for erotica or art. Directors have been able to find near tireless 'stars' for their porn movies for years, so one more doesn't mean much. Kristel and Lovelace however, add much to the erotic and artistic elements of their films.

The brothers Mitchell (based in San Francisco and responsible for the Chambers' films) also produced and directed SODOM & GOMORRAH, a very strange retelling of that story. An intergalactic cultural observation team arrives (one man, one chimp) and they decide that Sodom bears watching. They keep an eye on events, the man beaming down from the ship on occasions to set some matter to rights. The depravations of the people are explicitly presented, including masturbation contests and some incidents with cucumbers. By this time (after three or four Mitchell brothers' films) I was starting to recognise some faces, and not just the equipment of the small backing cast that appears in most of their films. I was also starting to notice the sameness of the sexual combinations, positions and camera work. One interesting point concerning the film is that Michael Bloomfield and Barry Goldberg wrote the words and music used throughout.

Citizen Band radio; as you may have heard or seen, is big news in America right now. Sharon Knight, working for the Mitchells directed C.B. MAMAS, a little ditty on idle sex-loving wives who play with C.B. radios (and the men who use them) while their husbands are at work. "Beaver Country to Animal Kingdom" or "Beaver Country to Rubber Ducky" are the calls, with requests for fires below to be put out (or stoked up) following shortly after. It is an hour film of fucking and sucking that cares not for excuses or relationships between the players, but features an attractive and energetic lead actress and some fair camera work. The editing is a bit sloppy, though this is a common fault with porn films.

CRY FOR CINDY is a new film being called "Movie of the Year" already (mostly by Hustler magazine, one of the porn glossies). It deals with a young couple, much in love, who have to separate while the boy studies and the girl works to help support them. The girl is a hairdresser and after a couple of years the financial burden becomes too much. She mentions the problem to a couple of regular customers who ask if she'd like to join their profession. She says no initially, but later visits them and is soon outfitted with the necessary name ("Cindy"), clothes and men. Cindy soon finds she enjoys the game and rapidly becomes one of the most sought after and best paid girls. It would seem that a pimp and protector are necessary, but with a sports car, private plane and lush apartment, why should Cindy worry? She finally concludes that her life is great and that, while she still loves boyfriend, she wouldn't give up the job. She is caught by the "hooker's hook": the love of sex and new men to provide it. Boyfriend comes looking for her and arrives at her apartment just after the pimp and Cindy have had a torid session, the pimp graphically proving why Cindy is trapped both economically and sexually. Boyfriend gets beaten up by pimp and Cindy jumps out the window.

It is an awkward film (mostly flashbacks) and while outlining the plight of the hooker, appears to be just a vehicle for plenty of porn. It is also quite short. Preceding it was a long short (?) called DIXIE. "Dixie" is sent from one older sister to another (twins) because twin A has caught Dixie "Fooling with the

milkman." It seems both twins are call girls (used to some advantage for some sex footage) and so Dixie is usually given money and told to "go play in the park". She does and meets an icecream seller who sells her a vanilla and then asks if she'd like to sample some tutti-fruitti. Dixie (somewhat over-willingly and innocently) gives him a blow job and our con-man whistles away to sell more of his wares. Dixie, who I assume is supposed to be about sixteen, is then accosted by "Cookie", another young girl. Cookie explains how you can earn money by "being smart and pleasing men". Cookie gradually introduces Dixie to the various talents she'll need and holes to use and before long Dixie is "being smart" on her own and earning enough money for pretty new dresses and the like. This ends when twin B finds her wrapped around a guy and ships her back to twin A.

Eros then, (the arousal of sexual love or desire, especially directed towards self-realization), is taking second place to Pornographos (material intended to cause sexual excitement), but one EMMANUELLE is worth at least ten good porn-only movies. Even a touch of Eros (an actress like Lovelace or "Dixie", a setting like GREEN DOOR) can raise a porn movie to a greater significance. It certainly seems that the level of the art of the film-making is proportional to the extent of Eros in the film. Sexual excitement alone is limited and appears to affect the general presentation and editing of a film. Thus most porn-only movies display poor lighting, camera work and editing, and (eventually) monotonous performances. Eros, on the other hand, is still fulfilling its traditional function of raising an artistic medium to greater heights, giving a far broader and meaningful scope to both the artist and the appreciator.

~~~~~

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Maybe in someother life you were a member. You may even have been a High Fanarch. Witness this expert testimony, completely unsolicited.

" The third time I died, I remember a man coming up to me. He was clothed all in white robes and he said to me

'On your next turn around the wheel how would you like to be the high Fanarch of a mythical western splinter group of the UFP?'

Well what could I say but yes? I never regretted it either. thanks to the UFP I drank myself into an early fourth grave."

Nigel D. Adams (Deceased)

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Marc A Ortlieb 70 Hamblynn Rd Elizabeth Downs S.A.  
5113

Power to the correct people

PHILOSOPHICAL GEMS MATEY

The Open Space Song

I was just a worker in an education mine,  
Taking little kiddies' brains  
And putting them in lines.  
Now they've come up with a way to make the kiddies free,  
An open education is  
The proper thing you see.

CHORUS

Come and join our open space  
It really is a ball.  
With all the kiddies running round  
And doing sweet Fuck all.

Little Johnnie over there  
Has got the right idea,  
Sits around and does no work  
And teachers think he's queer.  
But he's going to leave the place  
As soon as he's the age.  
Get out in a factory  
And earn a decent wage.

CHORUS

Now that they have found a way  
To take down all the walls  
We've said goodbye to eggcrates  
And we've said hello to halls  
With forty tens of students  
In four areas around  
We've reached a really modern trend  
Quadrophonic sound.

CHORUS

\*\*\*\*\*

Alone  
In white despair  
The abandoned maiden  
Weeps.

The Mariguana

Oh the mariguana is a beast  
sublime.

It don't drink water  
And it don't drink wine.  
A paper thin skin  
On a body of gold  
A clip of tin  
For a solid hold.  
A flaming nose  
And a whiff of smoke  
Come on everybody  
Take a toke.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* ANYTHING CAN BE SAID ABOUT JOHN ALDERSON \*  
 \*\*\*\*\*

A Fully Documented Study by an Anonymous Correspondent

"Son, you are always with me, and all that is mine is yours" 1

It is a sad fact, as Mad Dan says (2), that it is "possible to say just about anything you like about John" for John Alderson is one of those easy-going fellows who certainly would not "strain at a gnat" (3), a more innocent and peace-loving young fellow would be hard to find.

I have known John for ever so long, drunk with him the wine that gladdens the heart of man and shared his quart pot. John is a little over twenty three years of age and (5)

"lean and tough and wiry,  
 Just the sort that won't say die" (6)

and in a way, a little conservative.....(a)

"Who swore by right pre-emptive, at a sanguinary rate,  
 That by his rams, his ewes, his lambs, Victoria was made  
 great--

Like a fine Australian settler, one of the olden time " (7)

But then he is essentially a man on the land and its breadth. Its interest and its humour permeates all his writing. Not the least was his part in the panel at AussieCon "The Role of Sheep in Science Fiction" which will not soon be forgotten.(8) As a relief from the dryness of the land, he loves to dabble a hook and worm in the water, fishing.(9) It was undoubtedly on one such expedition that John visualized his short story "Crooked Mick and the Bunyip" which he read at a concluding party of a Melbourne Con. After the party, John had an embarrassing time for Robin Johnson took him home in a taxi, and the hectic trip made John so ill that he hasn't, to my knowledge, been in a taxi since. However, the story is one of the great memories of Melbourne fandom.

Like all men on the land, John is a natural philosopher, and I have heard him many times remark in reference to the follies of his fellow man,

"Oh they climb the trees, yes they climb the trees  
 And they skin their knuckles and they bark their knees;  
 It's one of the world's great mysteries  
 How things like these  
 Get into serious histories." (11)

However,

"....he's happy! He cuts a great fig  
 In the land where a coat is no part of the rig -  
 In the country of damper and billies." (12)



Of course this brings us to John's great interest in food (13) and he is apt to supply a detailed commentary on the gastronomical delights and the cooking required on almost anything that one can point a stick at, as Lesleigh Luttrell had occasion to mention (14). He has written variously on food for Shayne McCormack's SOMETHING ELSE, for Paul Stevens ("which the barstard suppressed" (15) (a) ) and for Sue Clark etc..

It follows of course that John is a pretty versatile chap...

" He's good all round at everything as everybody knows, Although he's not the one to talk, he hates a man that blows." (16) so it is not surprising to hear him modestly declaim....

" Quick, get an axe and cut me clean in two  
I'm far too good to be in one."

John is at present a batchelor. A little while ago he mentioned that he had decided to get married but that he hadn't mentioned it to the girl yet. However, he has put a lot of thought into the subject and actually wrote an article for Sue Clarke on wife beating. But his intention to get married goes back a year or two now. He mentioned it in another article and the preparations and hopes he had thereon. (16) In an issue of THE FORERUNNER he advertised for girls for a harem.....

".... he's not particular about a wife or so,--"

No more we were up Queensland way a score of years ago." (17) He cannot therefore be regarded as a professional batchelor and at several conventions he has been noticed tete-tete with several young ladies..

Withal, despite being a very shy sort of chap, John is on nodding terms with such diverse fans as John Foyster and Shayne McCormack. It is not to say that he does not have his detractors. One was once moved to remark,

"MacIan, that great red insolent bear

With the cunning of hell in his sleepy stare..." (18) but I cannot concur with that, to quote one of Banjo Patterson's characters

Well these are the few words I have to say about my old friend John Alderson, a fellow of "infinite jest." (19).

- (1) Luke 15:31
- (2) Mad Dan Review 6 p24.
- (3) Math. 23:24
- (4) Ps. 104:15
- (5) The New Millennial Harbinger 14 p 3
- (6) A.B. Paterson THE MAN FROM SNOWY RIVER
- (7) Stewart & Keesing OLD BUSH SONGS p 171
- (8) Chao 19 p 5
- (9) Rataplan 20
- (10) Personal conversation with the author.

- (11) C.J.Dennis JOI, THE GLUG
- (12) H. Kendal JIM THE SPLITTER
- (13) The Hag and the Hungry Goblin p 10
- (14) L. Luttrell LESLEIGH'S ADVENTURES DOWN UNDER p 11
- (15) Personal conversation with John.
- (16) Girls Own Fanzine 3 p 23
- (17) A.B. Paterson SALT BUSH BILL ON THE PATRIARCHS
- (18) D. Stewart's GLENCOE BALLADS
- (19) SHAKESPEARE Hamlet Act V Scene 1

(a) Editor's footnote. I didn't know which of these spelling errors was deliberate and which wasn't so I left them as in the original manuscript.

~~~~~

Having heard from the great anonymous of the life of John Alderson, what better to follow it with than an article by the man himself. Perhaps that was what John was thinking when he forwarded the two to me. (Just a side note. The absolute cowardice implied in the byline Anon. Some people just like bombarding other people with their words without receiving a return volley. How crass. As if anyone could stoop so low as to use a pseudonym.)

~~~~~

# iiii ALL ABOUT THE GAME iiii

## A Description of the Game of Football

by John J Alderson

( This article is published in the interests of those unfortunates who have not had the opportunity to study this fine game first-hand. John brings to this subject a knowledge hardly likely to be paralleled elsewhere. Editorial Note.)

// Hmnn. Maybe I'd better change the name of this zine to John 1. Real Editorial Note.//

Football is Australia's National Game. It is played throughout Victoria in season and out of season. That is, football is also played during the annual holidays when League players are holidaying abroad. It is rapidly spreading across the civilized world, being regularly played in South Australia and Western Australia, and has also been played in New Guinea, Canada and Ireland. It is not to be confused with those girls' games played in unspeakable places and unfortunately mentioned occasionally (as if they were important) on the A.B.C.

Every place of any pretensions at all has a football team. There are twenty two men in a football team, made up of Firsts, and Seconds, each of which fields eleven men, and these are called XIs. The use of Latin is of course in keeping with the high cultural standards that football envisages. Football naturally partakes of the Cultural Grants of the various Governments, Municipal Governments and large business firms, and the best and flattest areas of the towns are set aside for the Football Ground, and its grass is kept well watered regardless of what else may perish. I mention this merely to demonstrate its high importance in Australian folklife.

The Football Ground is sometimes erroneously called an "arena", usually by ignorant interstate journalists who want to confuse people with arenas where gladiators fight to the death. (They still have these places in Sydney and Manchester). It is sometimes called an Oval, and I must note with some pride that the White House (In America somewhere) has an Oval Room, a sign that even the United States is now realising the value of Australian culture. The Ground is divided into twenty two squares, each of which has its own name and number, and a player is assigned to each square (that is, one from each team). I am not going to go through the whole of the twenty two squares as this would be boring, but several deserve note. Sillymidon and Sillymidoff are both derived from the French and are to be found on the left hand end of the Ground.

The Nineteenth Hole is the square right in front of the opponent's goal and this position is taken by the Nineteenth Man. His opposite number is called the Goalie and his main job is to prevent the ball from going into the goal. In the centre of the Ground is another very important square and is occupied by the Twelfth Man. (In the very early days he was referred to as the Twelfth Knight).

Obviously the opposing Twelfth Men are going to occupy adjoining squares right in the middle of the Football Ground and it is on the boundary line between them, called the crease, that the ball is bounced to start play. However, more of the actual play later. The squares behind the Twelfth Man are naturally Centre Right Back and Centre Left Back, whilst the two squares either side of the Nineteenth Hole are Centre Right Foreward and Centre Left Forward. This should give some indication of the way in which the Pitch (As the Ground is alternatively called) is arranged. Hence of course the familiar Australian saying, "He's on a good Pitch" (that is, He has a good position.) This is not to be confused with hay-pitching contests which are a feature of country shows.

When the game begins, the "Bouncer" bounces the ball and the two Twelfth Men try to hit it either way, and this is called "hitting off". The players nearest the ball then try and kick the ball towards one or other goal. Should three players in succession kick the ball towards their goal the last player is allowed to take a "free kick" at the goal. If he misses, the other side are allowed three kicks in the direction of the other goal and then a free kick. If a player gets the ball and doesn't want to kick it himself he says "I pass" and hands the ball to one of his teammates who "takes the kick". This procedure is called "passing the ball".

If the ball is inadvertantly kicked over the fence this is called a boundary. If the ball is not recovered from the crowd within a reasonable amount of time, one team captain or the other may call for a "new ball" but this call may be disputed because the new ball will take spin which may not be in the other team's interest. If however the ball merely hits the top of the fence it is called a "net ball" and one of the spectators is allowed to kick it back into the Ground, not however a policeman as they are expected to be impartial.

The idea of the game is to score goals. This occurs when the ball is kicked between the goal posts. When this happens the goal umpire (who is dressed in a track-suit to distinguish him from the players who wear flannels) takes the ball and runs like mad up to the Crease and throws the ball to the Bouncer and runs just as madly to the other end of the Ground. The origin of this strange custom is lost in antiquity but I doubt if there is any truth in the theory of some historians that it dates from a time when the champion of one army threw the head of a beaten rival into the enemy camp as a major insult. However, because of this, a goal is also known as a "run". If a ball is kicked over the goal posts altogether this is rated very highly indeed and called an "Over". It is equivalent to six runs. If the ball is kicked behind the goal posts this is called a "behind" and whilst it is still counted as a point it is a lot less than a goal or a run.

Unfortunately, sometimes players make mistakes, or in the heat of the moment infringe a rule. For this they suffer a penalty which consists of weights affixed to their belts and called a "handicap". In serious cases the players are "reported" and have to appear before the "Stewards". This is known as being "bunkered".

Games are divided into "Home" and "Away", the terms being self-explanatory. However, teams are always expected to win "Home" games, and should they lose, their "fans" (that is their supporters) become irate and when the game is over the fans put the barriers down and hose the team down with icy-cold water. This is known as "home and hosed".

As the goal posts are also known as "wickets" from their resemblance to old wicket-gates the whole Ground is sometimes referred to as "The Wicket", and when the ground is wet, the game is said to be played on "a sticky wicket" and the players who have scored "goals" are said to have taken so-many "wickets".

If, in the course of the game, one team does not score at all, this is called a "duck", and should, by some chance, neither team score, this is called a "birdie". If a team does not play as well as the coach thinks they should have, they are said to have been "under par" whilst the standard expected is known as "form" and the form for each team is printed in full in the back half of all Victorian Newspapers. Photographs of the players appear in the first half of the newspapers. The "coach" is a very important man in the football club. The title comes from the Australian pronunciation of the French word chaperon, and his duties are to make







## SWEET BIRD OF TIME

Bright yellow feathered she was. Palid white in the dripping green of the jungle. Damp red across the gown she wore. Lost to me now, a thousand years gone.

Why? We were bored that's why. Surrounded by thousands of happily ecological little farmers who doesn't get bored? That's the thing that annoys me more than anything else. We had the chance and we blew it. We could have reached the stars ; beautiful Freudian phalluses riding pillars of white fire. Gone. Destroying the environment they said. Our birthright traded away for a handful of organic soy beans raised in bullshit; the way we were.

You can't stop man though. There's always one : the fire user, the wheelmaker, the Edison, the Ford, the Owsley. He might have been Owsley at that. Who knows what the wheel turns up?

Acid he could make when he was three. At ten he was arrested for reinventing the automobile. It didn't stop him though. Then there was the time when all the women were complaining about the jewel thief. Silver and gold are damn good conductors. Augson also explained to me the usefulness of the ruby laser as we were scrounging in the remains of the big cities.

He used to rummage through those ruins, regularly picking out bits and pieces that interested him, and I'd go along to help with the excavation and to lift some of the heavy stuff. Occasionally Flora would come too and Augson would tell us about all these wierd chemicals he wanted to make. We'd listen but to us it didn't make much sense. LSD, DNA, SFA, it was all the same to us. Then he got really excited. We hadn't seen him for a few days but Aug welcomed us as though he hadn't seen us in months.

"Memory and astral planes" said Augson. "RNA templates and super acid." he said. "Ancestral memory" he muttered looking at Flora of the long black hair and olive complexion.

He told us of how he'd tried it himself and had found himself tripping on a hockey field with thousands of people all wearing flowers and singing and dancing. He figured they must have been one of the fringe groups of around the sixties. They were all talking about grooving the dead and there was a lot of loud electronic music. He tried several times but he couldn't get further into the past than the nineteen sixties. His problem as he had found was that he didn't have enough push. As he explained it, he's too happy where he is. What he needed he explained looking at Flora of the hooked nose and at my dark black hair was a malcontent, perhaps even two.

He figured that with our features and the way we felt about the present, that we could easily get back to ancient Greece to talk to Euripides and teach Archimedes to use the lever. I tried to tell him that he was wrong and that my ancestors were pure American with perhaps a bit of Mexican but he wouldn't listen. When Aug gets a vision he sticks with it. Flora didn't say a word, so I thought about it for a while and finally agreed. It sounded interesting if

nothing else.

Augson doesn't believe in wasting time. He had those shots waiting there for us already. He fed us a line about us having to be in intimate contact so that we didn't lose each other while tripping. Now, I'm no prude but that was asking for a bit much. We settled for just embracing whilst Aug put the needle in. I tell you, we took off like one of those Saturn rockets I'd always dreamed of. It was like dancing through a cold rainbow of stars with historical movies showing on the five or six hundred planets dancing around our feet.

Then things started spinning and got greener and greener. I lost touch with Flora. I could feel the huge wave that pushed up between us, rolling me to one side and her to the other. Slowly the wave became my only reality. It was a while before I realised that the wave was real and that I was looking at a real ocean. I was leaning over a rail and someone was shaking me and asking me if I was alright. I muttered an apology and something about seasickness. This was greeted with a coarse laugh and a comment to the effect that I shouldn't drink so early in the morning.

It wasn't until he had disappeared down a hatch that I realised that we had been speaking in Spanish. Taking stock of my situation I discovered that I was on a sailing ship surrounded by men in metal breastplates who smelled almost as bad as the wind that was coming off the jungle shore parked just in front of us.

Augson had been wrong. He'd convinced me that I was about to visit the glory of Greece but I shouldn't have listened. I knew that there was more Spanish blood in my veins than anything else. But that didn't really help me now. I sat down for a while and let one of the officers explain how Cortez was going to make us all rich with piles of Indian gold.

Listen, if anyone ever tells you how great it must have been to be an explorer in the days when nature was untamed ignore them. The body I was stuck in didn't know a thing about hygiene, and from the feel of the roof of its mouth I'd say it hadn't known a ballanced diet in the best part of a year. Trudging through the jungle with half a ton of iron-mongery on my back wasn't really my idea of adventure either, especially considering the arrows that occasionally passed my ear.

When my unwitting host felt like returning a shot or two I, being a non-paying passenger, didn't have much say in the matter, but damn it, I felt every bruise that cannon put in the shoulder. It weighed the best part of forty pounds and kicked like a mule.

The first glimpse of the city almost made up for all the discomfort. Every spire seemed encrusted in gold and all the elders were gathered there in their robes and jewels. It is hard to say whether the men outshone the women but their was a dignity there that I had never before experienced.

The body I shared was assigned to Cortez' personal guard so I even got to see the meeting between Cortez and the native chief. We passed through the stone halls of the palace to what seemed to be their main altar. There stood Montezuma, blood dripping down his robe and a beating human heart in his hands. Flora lay gutted on the cold stone.

I hate to admit it, but I must have fainted. The next thing I remember is Augson slapping me and Flora lying beside me. She wasn't awake. Somehow I doubt that she will awaken.

.....

She gasped at the shock and then flew, spreading her gossamer wings through the rainbow stars and the ghostly dramas that were the planets. She had only a short time and there were many things to see.

%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%%

#### ZINES RECEIVED

- Black Whole 3 Andrew Brown 23 Miller Cres., Mt. Waverley, Vict., 3149. 40¢ per issue or the usual. 13pp quarto. General material, fiction, Keith Taylor's BofCon report.
- TITAN 3 Geoff Rippington 15 Queens Ave, Canturbury, Kent England. 25p/copy or the usual. 40 pp. Fannish orientation. Zine reviews, comments on British fandom. Reviews and lots of nice letters. Good illos. Book availabilities in UK.
- UNINSPIRED ACTIVITY P. Howard Lyons, PO Box 561 Adelaide PO, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. A fapazine. 8pp Info on cavortings around the European and North American continents. (I don't know how I got this one. I applied for membership of fapa but I never even got around to sending the membership fee.)
- FANW SIETTER Leigh Edmonds PO Box 76 Carlton Vict 3053 New A4 format. \$2-00 for ten. As normal, essential reading, but I do wish Leigh would remember to send me my copies. (Either that or there's one ghod almighty stuff up in the postal service between here and Melbourne.)
- NOUMENON 7 Brian Thurogood Wilma Rd. Ostend Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, NEW ZEALAND. Aust rates. \$7-80 for 12 airmail, \$6-00 for 12 seamail. Aust agent Carey Handfield 259 Drummond St. Carlton Vict 3053. Good letters column, lots of news, article on the fantasy of Fritz Leiber. Reviews. One of the two best zines in the southern hemisphere.

S.F. COMMENTARY 47. Bruce Gillespie GPO BOX 5195 AA Melbourne  
Vict.3001. \$1 per copy. US & Canadian agents  
Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell 525 W. Main St  
Wisconsin 53703 U.S.A.  
48pp. This is the other one. Brilliant letters,  
good (if somewhat heavy) reviews and Bruce's  
writing. Pawn anything you need to get this  
zine.

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reviews and letters. Recommended reading.

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Mike and Pat Meara and Skel Editorial address 25  
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4pp quarto. A one shot apollogising for the non-  
arrival of Knockers From Neptune and perpertrating  
vast quantities of ghod awful puns on an unsuspecting  
public (Me)

RECORDS

Being the culmination of four years of collecting.

Jefferson Airplane LONG JOHN SILVER.

When asked about this album, Grace Slick replied that its  
only purpose was to keep the group in the public eye. It didn't  
do a very good job, and is, I believe, the only Airplane album  
to have been deleted from the catalogues.

In a way this is a pity, because the album is unique in  
a number of respects. Firstly it is the most religious of the  
Airplane albums. There are three overtly religious songs on the  
album; SON OF JESUS, a song that looks at a mythical son of  
Christ and how he kills his father's killers; EASTER in which  
Grace slings off at the Catholic Church and ALEXANDER THE MEDIUM  
in which Kantner looks at reincarnation.

"One man of peace dies and a hundred wars begin  
You keep murdering people in his Christian name  
I thought he said that was a sin."  
Grace Slick EASTER



The second important thing about the album is that it acts as a breeding ground for some of the later "Starship" material. AERIE (Gang Of Eagles) for instance has much in common with Slick's magnum opus MANHOLE and in the rather unsubtle lyrics of MILK TRAIN ("I don't want to stop your milk train running/ I just want to ride it - some of the time") we see the stirrings of later songs like ACROSS THE BOARD from BARON VON TOLLBOOTH AND THE CHROME NUN. In a similar way, Kantner's ALEXANDER THE MEDIUM is closely related to TRANSCAUCASIAN AIR MACHINE BLUES from BARON VON TOLLBOOTH.

Three of the songs from this album are also to be heard on THIRTY SECONDS OVER WINTERLAND, the live album. These tracks are MILK TRAIN, TWILIGHT DOUBLE LEADER and TRIAL BY FIRE (a Jorma Kaukonen number.) Without exception these tracks sound better live which supports Leigh Edmonds comment in MDR5 about Airplane muddying up their sound on studio recordings.

LONG JOHN SILVER is definitely an album for collectors of Airplane material. If however, you're not sure whether you like the group then don't buy this one.

~~~~~

LETTERS

John J. Alderson HAVELOCK Vict 3465 2/11/76

I hope to get to Adelaide for the Easter Con but it depends on the date of Easter and whether or not I am working. If Easter is very late I may be there. So only line up about eight girls for me....remember St Paul advised moderation in all things.

I read Mad Dan's potted biographies of fans with interest, and noticed with great delight that he included Shayne McCormack amongst the "lesser known fans". That should sort of cut her down to size. She's been getting much too big for her boots (that awful pun is wickedly intentional). However I don't say much for your hopes of survival when she catches up with you for printing that article like that. I say, it's a wonder she hasn't sent you a letter bomb or something.... hey Marc, why haven't we heard from you lately, hey Marc.... are you still with us?... Oh dear, there are some mistakes a bloke does only make once....

Hope you can duplicate on asbestos Marc.

~~~~~  
//No need. His Satanic Majesty figured that my zines were such a sin that I was of more use up here corrupting others like Styles and Andrew Brown. MAO//



Brian Thurogood Wilma Rd Ostend, Waiheke Island Hauraki Gulf N.Z.  
25/10/76

I was rather interested in Bert's comments on the films he saw in the States....One thing I do wonder is whether Bert saw the cut or uncut version of DEEP THROAT. I'd be rather interested in what Australians think of Eros vs Pornographos. // Well, for my five cents worth, I'm not that impressed by either. I must admit that my experience is limited though. The only R rated films I've seen are FLESH GORDON, THE LONG SWIFT SWORD OF SIEGFRIED, THE GROOVE TUBE and EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK. You may notice that the uniting theme there is comedy. I like a bit of bawdy comedy but I'm not that impressed by films that are loosely classified as "art films". I doubt that I'll ever get round to seeing films like EMMANUELLE because the subject matter doesn't interest me. On the other hand I would go and see BUG JACK BARRON if it ever got filmed. MAO//

The censorship in NZ is so extreme that we don't even get EMMANUELLE or LAST TANGO, for example. I'm pretty convinced that, while having virtually no sexual censorship will alleviate ignorance and suppression, it will not cure the results of such censorship in the past. Thus porn movies attract many older, sexually hung up (more due to the sexual suppression that preceded our "enlightened" age than anything else, I'll wager) men and presumably provide some release. Besides the personal repression that results from the public suppression, I get the impression of awkward and lonely people attending porn movies, in the main. Hopefully, the current non-censorship will help reduce the number of such awkward and lonely people in our society.

Shayne McCormack 49 Orchard Rd Bass Hill N.S.W. 2197 22/6/76

// Well John, it wasn't exactly a letter bomb but the effect was quite devastating none the less. And despite the date, this one did reach me just after MDR6 went out. An example either of post office inefficiency or Shayne's lousy filing system. Needless to say a suitably vitriolic reply went out in the next mail. MAO//

You know, if I could think of anything to say about "The Mad Dan Review" number four, I would write you a letter of comment. I have read it from cover (to use a misnomer) to cover and find it extremely difficult to think of a single thing to say. // And for that alone I feel I deserve some award. MAO// I could talk about your artwork, but there doesn't seem to be any. I thought for a moment that there was some, on pages 1, 8, 10, and the ah, cover, but I saw after careful scrutiny, that they must be caused by that trouble you spoke of with your duplicator....possibly tears in the stencil, or some such thing. Pity to mess up good duplicating paper that way, but I hope you have the problem fixed now. I see you have poetry in the issue, but there isn't really much I can say about that. I mean, I could say a lot of things I suppose, if I really wanted to, but my mother told me when I was young that I should

be tactful in my dealings with my fellow people, and telling people that their poetry stinks is not tactful, so I won't make any comments on your poetry.//Somehow I get the impression that Shayne is trying to tell me something. I can't for the life of me work out what. MAO//

Captn Chandler is always good to read.

I hope you can put out an issue what I can write a letter of comment for, but perhaps this one was just practicing for the Real Thing (You know, a Thought occured to me...maybe fandom should issue Learners' Permits for new fanzine editors, so everyone knows they're just practising).

// Does this issue entitle me to P Plates Shayne? Does it huh? Does it?// // Damn. Forgot to sign my brackets MAO//

Andrew Brown 23 Miller Cres Mt. Waverley Vic 3149 16/10/76

That's a pretty snazzy cover you've got there on MDR6. It contrasts well with the semi-legibility which is the outstanding feature of the interior pages. (I thought I had bad reproduction)  
// Look Andrew. I've told you a thousand times, I'm not interested in your sexual hang-ups. But seriously. Yes. The repro on MDR6 was bloody awful. I think I've traced the problem to the cruddy stencils I used for that issue. With any luck, this issue will be better. When I'm paying \$10-50 for fifty stencils it'd damn well better be. MAO//

// Andrew also solicits contributions for Black Whole and asks if anyone can sell him a copy of Charles L. Harness' THE RING OF RITORNEL or the December 1974 Amazing.MAO//

Joan Dick 379 Wantigong St Albury 2640 5/10/76.

I agree most heartily with your statement on the Darkover novels. Lovable reading but the plots are in a rut.

Regarding films. Our local screens are awash with sex in all its glorious shapes and forms. Needless to say I don't go. I'm sure there is lots I don't know, but at my age, I'm not going to try and learn..... They // Local T.V. stations MAO// have just finished showing a series of Dracula films. Poor old Dracula, I almost feel sorry for him. Alongside the horrors of our present day world he takes on a tinge of comedy.

// I'm not too sure about that. The character on whom Dracula was evidently based, Vlad the Impaler, was quite up to modern standards of horror. He used to have peasants impaled on wooden stakes while he breakfasted. MAO//

// Joan and I have decided to call off our military arguement. we have discovered that on the subject of conscription, we have common opinions.MAO//

Astronomically speaking, I have had one first, a personal one. I have seen Uranus, not guesswork but true knowledge. Venus

blazed brilliantly in the western sky and 0-03 of a degree below was Uranus. It was easily visible through binoculars. Now I have Neptune and Pluto to see and I will have seen all nine. Unfortunately those last two are far far away.

// Joan continues with matters astronomical including the incredible questions people were asking about the eclipse. You're right Joan. Even in a technological society such as ours, people are basically ignorant. You can't do anything about it though. That's one thing I have learned as a teacher. A lot of people use ignorance as a shield so that they don't have to look at unpleasant realities. I'm not exempting myself either. I like to hide from politics. A friend has been pointing this out to me, and she's right, but I'm damned if I'm going to admit it. If I got heavily involved in politics, I wouldn't have much time to put out fanzines. The other problem is that political activists are so serious. I'd hate to lose my sense of humour, much as Adelaide fandom would rejoice. MAO//

Leigh Edmonds PO Box 76 Carlton Vict. 3035

- 1(a) A fakefan is a mundane person who pretends to be a fan because they are lonely or like to meet a lot of little boys. Some people say that these fakefans also join fandom so they can meet nubile young ladies with big tits but I don't think F.T. Laney would agree with this.
- (b) An apazine is a fanzine which is produced for an amateur publishing association. The idea of this is to save on postage and to drive one selected fan to the brink of insanity each year by electing him (or her, unlikely as this may be) to the post.
- (c) ~~Fafia is what happens when the show on the t/t/l/dore/fatefatedline~~  
~~that the latest ANZAPA mailing~~
- Fafia is what happens to a fan when he has to take his wife or girlfriend to the ballet instead of being able to contribute to ANZAPA.
- (d) Slip Sheeting is something horrible which you don't mention in polite company. Only deranged monsters like Mike Glicksohn do it.
- 2(a) True (if not said in the hearing of a trufan)
- { b } True - but Bourbon is good.
- { c } True
- { d } False
- { e } .....
- 3 Philosophical Gas - John Bangsund  
Osiris - Dennis Stocks  
G'Nel - Marc Ortlieb  
Nibwin - Roman Orszanski  
SF Commentary - Bruce Gillespie.

- 4 AussieCon began when Susan Wood and John Berry came to stay with us for a night. Then we went to the Southern Cross where we met Bob Tucker and Rusty Hevelin and lots of other Americans. Then the convention began, at the time Valma and I were sitting with John Bangsund, Bob Tucker and Susan Wood but Bangsund was on the first programme item and after that we ignored the programme.

During the mornings we'd go off home and feed the cats and produce the DAILY CON. In the afternoon we'd mainly talk to people or be involved with or be on panels. In the evening there was the banquet or something special and then room parties. We ignored the masquerade to go out and buy tomato sauce for the Sunday night.

Anyhow, it all gets more than a little confusing but it was enjoyable.

After AussieCon Tucker and Hevelin joined Wood and Berry in staying at our place, we had a very enjoyable couple of days and I give myself full marks in this question for name dropping.

- 5 (a) does not belong since (b), (c), and (d) are ancient fannish traditions.

// Grade B - . You must be careful to avoid "run-on" sentences. Your over use of "then" as a sentence beginning also detracts from your writing skill. Other than that, the major problem in your answering of this paper is that you have over-done the name dropping aspect. The average fan may be mentally sub-normal, but even a moron wouldn't swallow some of your AussieCon Report. Perhaps you should limit yourself to a mention of meeting Shayne McCormack and leave it at that. By the way, if I encounter you using the word "t\*ts in a paper on some future occasion you will report directly to the principal. Try and bluff your way out of that! MAO//

John Rowley 14 Lowalde Drive Epping Vic 3076 4/11/76

I've never seen any of Shayne McCormack's art before. Now I know what I miss being a perpetual neo: Asimov's Stolen Histories; I've heard something like it somewhere, and frankly I didn't care less than either. As Henry Ford said, "History is bunk"; maybe that's why it's so popular in sf. // As Robert Heinlein said, "A generation which ignores history has no past - and no future". Depends on whether you want to believe an sf writer or the ultimate polluter himself. MAO// By the way, I believe (that is, I heard from a usually reliable source) that Van Vogt did something similar in EMPIRE OF THE ATOM and THE WIZARD OF LINN. Are writers afraid that they don't know how to create new societies or are they lazy, or are they trying to show off? Damned if I know, or care, so long as the end product is good.

John Alderson's piece : more history, but as most of it was mythical it's all right. Funny as it may seem, I'm more interested



in ancient myths and epics than in ancient reality.

"Close To it all". To an anti-social person like me, it sounds like the con was hell. Don't get me wrong. I like people. but only one or two at a time. More than a dozen and I tend to look for an excuse to leave the room. Sometimes I try to fight it, but usually I don't bother.

// Personally, I've found another way out of that problem. It all boils down to the fact that I can only talk to about five people at the same time so, as far as I'm concerned there are only five people in the room. The rest are just part of the scenery. Naturally in a room of fifty then I'm going to talk to more than five people, but as I start talking to a new person, one of the old group fades into the scenery. There is also the fact that most other people also prefer to talk in small groups so the large group tends to break up, even to the extent of people finding other places where they can talk in smaller groups. MAO//

Jon Noble 2/208 Hereford St. Glebe 2037 5/10/76

// On natty fantasy note paper. MAO//

You gave me quite a nasty shock with your offset cover. Was I seeing things or was it just too much duplicating fluid again? But on opening the cover.... ah.... there was that old familiar crud.... this was the Mad Dan we'd grown to know and love (well, not quite but keep trying). In fact, considering what you said about me, "make nice comments about the zine and lousy comments about the duplication" your own effort was rather poor, in fact, in places unreadable, and I'm sure they would have been the dirty bits if I had been able to read them.

To make matters worse, you misspelt my name on page 22, but I forgive you. I'm in training for my elevation to Ghodhood and we deities must show humility (It's good P.R.) How would you like a job as a saint?

Your thumb nail (as in "Dripped in tar") sketch of me failed to mention that I do, in fact, produce another zine called THE NORTH RHODESIAN STOATBREEDERS GAZETTE AND HORTICULTURAL TIMES. I gave my library seminar group great amusement at college when I showed them a letter I got from the NSW Public Library acknowledging receipt of a copy, as required under the copyright act.

I'm just waiting for it to turn up in the National Bibliography. I've found SOHEOR there (Dewey number 823-913. It should have been 823-91305) Oh yes. STOATBREEDERS is about Dungeons And Dragons which you may have encountered at BoiCon.

Now.... somewhere in this issue, you mention Sydney Fandom. The way it works is this. The theory is that there is the Foundation which now meets in Dulwich Hill, then, at Sydney Uni there is the Tolkien Soc // who produce THE EYE// and SUSFA. They produce ENIGMA, of which we are all jealous. At NSW Uni there is, in theory an sf society and at MacQuarie Uni is Telmar which produces



a fanzine with the same name (Three issues this year).

This makes for a lot of societies, but they're all fairly closely related, and all play D&D, even Shayne has her own dungeons now. At NSW Uni they play every day of the week. The group of dungeons centered around the Tolkien Society plays at least ten times a week, involving some fifty odd (mostly very odd) (Sorry, old joke.) players of whom twenty to thirty are DMS (Dungeon Masters = Ghods. We've now been playing for about a year. Beware, it's highly addictive and contagious. It's killed Diplomacy in Sydney and Melbourne is now infected. Brisbane's been playing longer than anyone. (What else can you expect with Dennis Stocks up there.) So Adelaide's next - beware!!!!

// Beware damn it, I've had a copy of the rules on order from Military hobbies for the last five weeks. Besides which, it's impossible to kill Diplomacy here as it was still born. I've played several times but it's impossible to get a seven together. I'm hoping D&D is as addictive as you say. MAO//

..... about the Foundation. At our last AGM we unanimously impeached Shayne, our president, over the phone as she wasn't there at the time, and then equally unanimously re-elected her. We then had an auction, at which any comment or noise counted as a bid. You should have seen the prices the Gor books fetched. It went something like this.

Auctioneer: Here we have SADO-MASOCHISTIC FANTASIES OF GOR, number twenty eight in a series.....

Someone else in the Audience who shall remain nameless except for the fact that it was Blair Ramage : Groan

A: Right. That's 5¢

BR: What?

A: 10¢

BR: Hey!

A: 15¢

BR: I'm not bidding you fool.

A: 20¢

BR: I won't pay.

A: Little Fuzzy is next to go up. 25¢.

BR: Oh all right.

A: 30¢.

Someone else : Ha ha ha.

A: 35¢. Who bid that please.

Someone else again, pointing an accusing finger : Him.

A : 40¢, to you.

First soe ; Ha ha ha.

A: 45¢

First soe: Groan.

A: 50¢

And so on. It eventually went for about two dollars. Now that's the way to hold an auction. Q. How do you get rid of unwanted orcs?

A. Sell them at an orction. // Ouch. Jon goes on to talk more about simulation games, in particular an assignment he had to do for a course. He also mentions that SOHEOR 8 is approaching completion. It sounds like it's going to be a monster edition. MAO//

Mike Glicksohn 141 High Park Avenue Toronto Ontario M6P 2S3  
Canada 2/10/76

// Again a letter on beautiful letter head paper, this time personalised. It's no good, I'm going to have to get some fixed up for me. MAO// // The references by the way are to MDR4.MAO//

It's still rather sloppily typed and printed but the contents are interesting enough to provoke a reply or several. Your article on TRIFFIDS as an allegorical study of grass, for example.

Initially I'd have dismissed such an idea as ludicrous, yet another example of the ability of a critic to read into a novel far more than the author actually put in. // This is further evidence for a thesis which I intend to advance in Alician Fields, to wit: Critics are actually Snarks. Witness the following quotation from Fit The Sixth. The Barrister's Dream.

"But the Judge said he never had summed up before;  
So the Snark undertook it instead,  
And summed up so well that it came to far more  
Than the witnesses ever had said! "

MAO//

That's because I've never seen Wyndham as writing more than a series of enjoyable disaster novels. The allegorical levels you claim exist in his other works have never made themselves known to me, and I wish you'd given a little evidence to support your thesis.

Accepting your claim that Wyndham's books were all allegories, the evidence you present for TRIFFIDS as an anti-dope book is quite reasonable. I still find the suggestion far-fetched, ... I'll be extremely interested to see if more knowledgeable fans of the sf field find your suggestions acceptable. If you are correct though, I'm going to be disappointed. I've always admired Wyndham as a skillful writer of entertaining fictions. To discover he was a moribund disseminator of morality plays will be a sad blow indeed.

As it happens, I'm moderately well-known in North America for being an Anti-Cat person. ( I even wrote an article in my fanzine comparing cats and whiskey and needless to say felines fared foully!) But unfortunately, you are correct. A sizeable number of fans are pro-feline. (I consider this the greatest single piece of evidence against the old 'Fans are slans' philosophy.)

One thing in your otherwise enjoyable article about the insignificant role cats have played in fantasy and science fiction (one notes the paucity of examples you were able to come up with compared to the numerous number of tales in which dogs play prominent roles) that I feel I must correct, however, is your assumption that Joe Haldeman is an ACP. Having spent many hours in Joe's company in his own apartment I can readily attest that he seems quite fond of his own cat, Petey : any anti-cat bias in his books may well reflect more of my dislike of the skulking, anti-social stupid creatures than Joe's. // It's a good thing that I'm typing this just prior to the arrival of Telemachus. He's a

beautiful Blue Burmesé kitten and I don't want to expose him to such foul slanderings. Besides which, who says that dog stories are common. I can only think of three dog stories offhand, and of those only Cordwainer Smith's THE DEAD LADY OF CLOWN TOWN shows a dog person, D'Joan, in any decent light. (You might also notice that D'Joan drops the D' part of her name as soon as possible. C'Mel however revels in her catness) The second story is Eric Frank Russell's ALAMAGOOSA in which the dog is nothing more than a prop. The final story I can't remember either the name or author of, but it was a slight piece about a dog which finds itself on Mars and it discovers that Martians taste like cheese. Nothing with the power of GAME OF RAT AND DRAGON or the beauty of SPACETIME FOR SPRINGERS. MAO//

Even though I'm not a great movie goer, I thoroughly enjoyed Bert Chandler's article. Part of that is having met him and liked him, but most of it is the sheer passion and love that shows through in his writing! I have no particular interest in airships, but Bert ably conveyed his Sense of Wonder about dirigibles and that is the essence of damn fine writing!

I remember my father, decades ago, telling me about FANTASIA, but it took me years and years before I finally saw it, after trudging through a Boston Blizzard several years ago. Since then I've seen it several more times, often accompanied by other people's enhanced atmosphere, and I fully agree. It's a masterpiece and a forerunner in the field of animation. Like CITIZEN KANE, a film of similar vintage, it has not been equalled, let alone surpassed, in the years that have come and gone since it was created.

~~~~~  
Harry Warner Jr. 423 Summit Ave. Hagerstown Maryland 21740 U.S.A.
5/11/76

It's long past the time when I should have turned my attention to writing locs to an enormous stack of Australian fanzines that have been piling up. You can verify with almost any other fanzine publisher in Australia that I've been growing less and less reliable about such obligations.

I don't suppose you meant this analysis of THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS seriously, but I wouldn't be surprised if something along these lines had appeared in deadly earnest from someone in the mundane literary establishment. // Actually, I wouldn't limit it to the mundane establishment. I think over-reading is just as much a mark of fan critics. Indeed, it's an occupational disease of critics in general. MAO// Its members seem intent on outdoing one another in the fine art of finding the most outlandish symbols and secret meanings in the stories which the authors intended solely as entertainment and as a method of making money. I don't know if it's available in Australia, but there's a hefty paperback which consists solely of recent essays and replies to essays on James' THE TURN OF THE SCREW. Obviously James meant the reader to be unsure

whether the ghosts were really there or were just imagined by a hysterical girl, but I'm sure he couldn't have dreamed of all these learned speculations on his famous story. In fact, there's very little chance he could have ever finished writing it if he had spent as much time thinking up the hidden meanings which these essayists believe they have found in this and that aspect. Even the name of the little boy, Miles, is brought forward as something of the utmost significance, because Miles comes from the Latin word for soldier and this is supposed to lend an extra dimension to the story in some way which I've forgotten by now.

Most people in science fiction are definitely cat people, as you suggest. Not all of them, however. Clifford Simak is a good example of a dog person in prodom, and an American fan named Bill Danner has fought many a battle on paper about the merits of the dogs he likes so much. // I must admit that in my reply to Mike Glicksohn, I forgot Cliff Simak's CITY altogether. I feel duely ashamed. It doesn't change my feelings about dogs though. It just shows that a good writer can make even dogs sound reasonable. MAO// By coincidence, I've just re-read in the past two or three days one of the Cordwainer Smith stories in which C'mel figures, as well as a couple of stories in which the cats have a function you don't describe here, as partners in the fight against awful powers in space, chosen as partners of humans for their quick reflexes and their ability to handle light bombs. // Actually, I did mention the story in passing but didn't get round to making quite as much use of it as I had initially intended. MAO// The recent collection of Smith's fiction has an introduction and notes by J.J. Pierce which indicate that Smith was not only a cat enthusiast, but based some of his cat people on his own pets, even adapting their names as characters.

I also liked very much what A. Bertram Chandler had to say about the recent movie and about airships in general. One of the clearest most impressive memories I still retain from early boyhood was the night my parents and I were walking home after getting me registered for the new school year, and suddenly we looked up and there was the Los Angeles flying overhead, filling an enormous hunk of sky, looking almost near enough to reach up and touch. It probably wasn't as low and as big to the eye as I remember it, but it made airplanes look awfully puny and ugly. Then just a few years ago, I acquired a record album which contains many excerpts from famous radio broadcasts. Included is the description given by a radio announcer who was covering the mooring of the giant dirigible when it burst into flames. That shakes me up so much whenever I replay it that I've begun to neglect the album, despite all the excellent less harrowing other things it contains. I saw the movie advertised on television, in the form of brief extracts, and I was convinced that I shouldn't go to see it. I'm sure watching the entire tragedy re-enacted would be as hard on my nerves and my stomach as if I were a spectator at a complicated operating room event.

You are completely correct about the superior nature of cartooning techniques when FANTASIA was produced. The same merits hold good for the early Disney short cartoons, too. They make today's animated cartoons look amateurish, hardly more than slides flashed for a few seconds on a screen, in contrast. // Actually, there are some interesting things being done with animation at the moment, specifically by the so called "underground" film makers. A while back, we had a festival of animated films here and some of the things they were doing were magnificent. Rob Lock, who had seen the show the day before I did, described a magnificent film in which a whole city gradually turns into a chest of drawers. The films I saw, included some really interesting things done with animated plasticene.

I think the main problem which hits commercial animation is simply that there isn't the money in it. They can't afford full animation anymore, and so have to make do with moving lips on static faces. MAO //

One thing I don't understand is how the colour holds up so well. Color film deteriorates much faster than black and white film, because the color is just dyes. I saw a revival of one color film only a few years older than FANTASIA in which hardly any color remained visible except for the greens. But nobody seems to notice any worsening of the colors in FANTASIA or in other Disney films from around the same period. He produced another feature length musical cartoon film called MAKE MINE MUSIC which I liked almost as much as FANTASIA, although it's almost never seen nowadays and it wasn't confined to classical music like the one that everyone still talks about.

James Styles 342 Barkly St Ararat Vict 3377 11/11/76

// From the sublime to the ridiculous. OOps. Sorry James. MAO//

The lettercol is stable... it desists moisture and fails radioactive tests, although it soaked up half a cup of tomato juice with great gusto... How do you expect Ygor to write you nice letters when you insist on censoring out all the interesting bits and making the end product look slanderous.

// Speaking of censorship, I'll just leave out the next few paragraphs as they are rude crude and unbefitting my new image. Besides which, it's just Styles slinging off at John Wyndham and talking about football. Writes like an English Priest's wife indeed!! Further talk about Midgard, but I refuse to play. I'm still not into D&D. MAO//

Man who speaks with forked tongue often punctures lip!

Usually I breeze through MDR looking for references to Ararat fandom. Then I start on the ghetto, justification and finally it's back to the contents page to see what else.

On to the Lettercol...

So what would city people know about sheep? Farmers continually

overstock and hope to make big money (like they DID some years ago), unfortunately, when food drops, etc the farmer refuses to admit whose fault it is and blames the government, resale distributors or whatever. That man of the land probably gasses over those little white clumps and estimates how long it will take before it rots or is grassed over. (That is not strictly true.. I know some farmers who burn the dead sheep.... Indeed last Autumn found me traveling around paddocks slinging sheep onto a trailer, live ones and dead ones... we left the live sheep near the fire. Any that couldn't hobble away usually died soon anyway.)

Still onto your letter Joan and on to defence forces - I applied for the airforce this year. Why? Because I thought I would like to fly a war machine like a two million dollar jet in peacetime or wartime. Australia is ultimately a conservative country that leaves little choice between the two evils (ALP and LIBERAL P) when election time comes around. While it remains that way, there will always be idiots willing to fight to "defend" their country.

// I must admit, I don't quite understand what James is trying to get at here. In one breath he is telling us that he is interested in joining the airforce and in the next he is condemning those who do so as idiots. As for there being no difference between the ALP and the LIBERALS, I beg to differ. No way would a LIBERAL Government supported Ursula LeGuin's visit last year. The LIBERALS are heavily down on minority groups such as women and aboriginals and if you need any further convincing, look at the LIBERAL'S stand on uranium mining. Now I pride myself on being apolitical, but now way am I going to let LIBERAL policies wreck Australia. MAO//

%%%

WAHF

Philip Ortlieb (no fixed abode) on Bowie's THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH.

Roger Weddall a friendly nattering type letter including the lines "Your not being there // UniconII// was a pity, but then, it really wouldn't do for you and Jon Noble ever to meet". Roger also includes his new (I think) address 10 Johnson St Collingwood Vict 3066.

An unsigned, malicious portrait of me, the perpetrator of which eventually turned out to be Margaret Sanders of some address in Mitcham S.Aust. (Margaret is treasurer of SASFS and Adelaide in '83)

Also received but not yet read. (They only arrived today) were THE EYE 3 from the Sydney Uni Tolkien Society, SOUTH OF HARAD EAST OF RHUN 8 from Jon Noble and ZERINZA 1 from Antony Howe. I hope to get round to reviewing them next issue which might be out any time. Speaking of which, ALICIAN FIELDS Two is still on its way. (Actually, it's on the floor at the moment, half completed and waiting for me to write another article for it.)

DON'T FORGET TO WRITE.

adcor prindiv

OBITUARY

THE MAD DAN REVIEW

Born :- October 1975 Died :- October 1976

THE MAD DAN REVIEW died of a bad case of forced humour. I got fed up of having to be funny once every two months. I suppose I could have kept the old title and adopted a new format, but somehow, it didn't seem right.

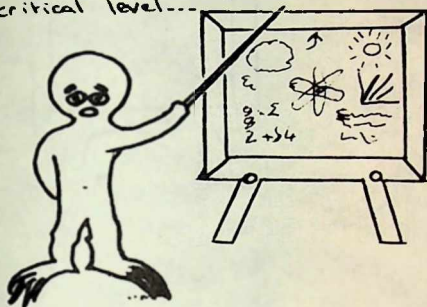
The death of the zine also had a lot to do with a mail slump I suffered about a fortnight ago. I was working out the economics of the damn thing, and having recieved no response to MDR6 I decided to kick the thing. Needless to say, the moment I'd made my decision, tons of mail came flooding in and I was in the rather embarrassing position of having lots of mail but no fanzine.

My answer is MARC I. The title not only provides me with much needed egoboo but it also ensures my flexibility. There is no need for MARC II to resemble MARC I. I do however need something, and that is feedback, so I will only send this to people who write replies every now and again or people with whom I wish to trade. This way you don't get bored by something you don't want, and I don't waste time and money.

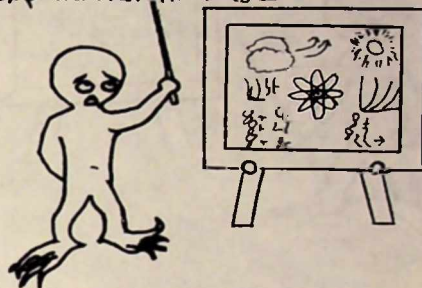
Humour is still acceptable and welcomed, so don't be frightened off by the new serious Ortlieb. Remember, Fandom Is Communication.

Marc

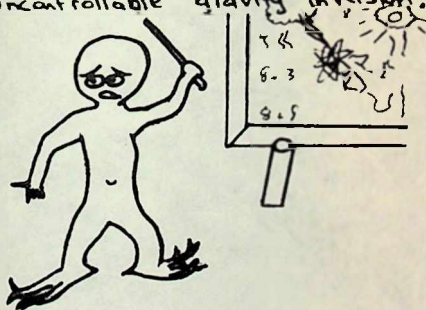
In conclusion, we can see that Q , the pangalactic modular quotient, has reached critical level---



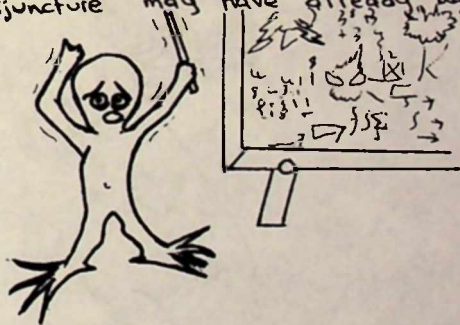
...While \sqrt{K} , the Universal molecular interorbital energy differential, is on an exponential increase



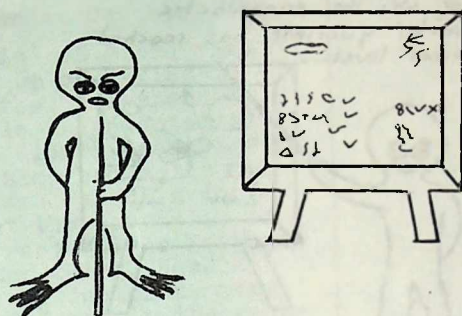
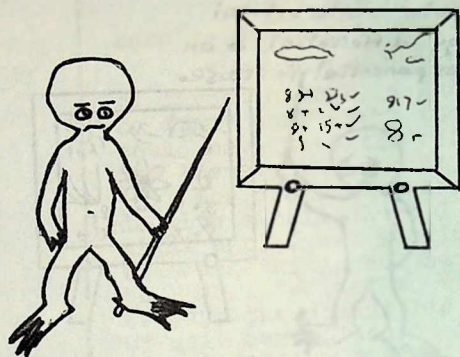
The result must be the total breakdown of intranuclear cohesion, massive antimatter leakage, and a rapid and uncontrollable gravity inversion!



Positron contamination has passed overload point! Quantum shielding has dropped by nine percent! Molecular disjuncture may have already begun!



Somebody wake up
that guy in the
third row---



smc
76