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# CHUNDER!

CHUNDER!, the fanzine that occasionally heaves to, is published fortnightly by John Foyster, 6 Clowes Street, South Yarra, Victoria 3141, Australia. CHUNDER! is available on request (and then on continued showing of interest), for trade or contribution, or at the whim of the editor/publisher, whichever is the most inconvenient.

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## OTHER PEOPLE'S LETTERS

The following was recently sent to Leslie Swigart, in response to her letter on behalf of the L.A. Con Committee.

'Your letter arrived more or less on the same day as an inquiry from an Australian member as to the whereabouts of his copy of the Program Book. It was not an unreasonable request: mail posted in the U.S. in early October has now reached Australia, and the L. A. Con was held, as your letterhead proclaims, on 1 - 4 September.

'Frankly, it isn't good enough. It wasn't good enough last year when - well, there's a chronological confusion already: let me put it another way. It was not at all satisfactory for Australian members of NOREASCON to receive their PBs well into 1972, and with the Christmas mails I would guess that it will be touch and go whether Australian members of the L. A. Con get their PBs in 1972 or 1973. It hasn't been much good in the past, either, when the situation has been much the same.

'I appreciate that sending out PBs to nonattending members isn't the most important of the functions Worldcon committees have to perform. I appreciate that some PBs may be sent out late. But being "in the process of sending out the Program Book and membership badges" two months after the convention is just a little strong. It is certainly too strong for members who have paid a high proportion of the attending membership fee and don't cost the convention committee anything aside from the bits of paper and stamps.

'I cannot see that this sort of attitude towards overseas members is going to encourage overseas members to join in the future (it certainly discouraged me in the early sixties). Convention committees, it seems to me, owe a great deal more to nonattending members than has been regarded as satisfactory (by con committees) in the past.'

As Australian Agent for the L.A. Con I am withholding part of the money collected by me until Program Booklets are delivered to Australian members. Were I to rewrite that letter, I would probably emphasise that, to overseas members, the Program Booklet is just about all their material benefit from belonging to a Worldcon.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S FANZINES

'John Foyster also resigned ((from SAPS)), citing Nixon's mining of North  
(continued on page 7)

CHUNDER! 3/1

'PROSPECTS OF FOYSTER TREBLE'

(a headline in a Sydney Newspaper of January 3, 1970)

You must have leaked something to the press while you were here, huh? You never told us. A treble what, we wonder? Iz Liz inzipient wiz twinz? Or is the Foyster guru lined up to (heaven forbid) write for two other magazines as well?

Maybe you bought some Poseidon shares at a third their present price. Perhaps the man who already has two heads is going to grow another.

But the Foyster family already being three, treble would suggest an addition of six. The fertility pill? The hirsute drongo needs such a thing? And we blanch at the thought of nine Foysters running around loose. Australia promotes populating programs, but there are limits, and this is ridiculous.

On the other hand this could be a fait accompli - a half-dozen innocent femmes wickedly lured to waywardness may finally have been able to identify from police photographs the man who did IT! to consequences leading to headlines. Although it is possible that your growing status and burgeoning wealth might have led you to openly acknowledge households that in the less enlightened period of the sixties were not the asset that they may be today. You avant-garde old devil, you.

But then again this may be only wishful interpretation optimistic for the best. The treble instead might refer to the descent upon you of assorted Foyster relatives, all bearded, even the men, importuning and declaiming in well-known and typical Foyster fashion. It is a conclave frightening to contemplate, a concentration capable of curling a wig at forty paces.

'prospects of treble.' Hopefully - triple broken legs? Or perhaps, due to the fiery Foyster flammability, they will have to pay three times as much insurance premium as anyone else?

Ah, but wait! Of course! Jan 3rd - third day of Con - third day of Foyster. That's what it will be. Old mumble-grumble muttermouth and entourage actually lasted out three full days without being exterminated, annihilated, pulverised and ground underfoot by irate lusting-for-Foyster-blood fulminators. For three successive days the Foyster menage coolly ignored bomb warnings and assassination threats, to with almost insane courage calmly face up to the mob, a menacing and dangerous anti-Foyster, pro-Sydney faction that toyed ominously with looped ropes and provided background music by tapping their teeth with stilettos.

Foolhardy Fearless Fosdik Foyster, we salute you - from forty-one paces - in the tradional manner.

To Jillian Miranda - tough luck, kid. But chin up - heredity isn't everything.

What noise annoys a Foyster? Good fortune Foyster folk,

Jack W.

(Jack Wodhams)

A further adventure of the family whose fortunes led to the above will appear in the next CHUNDER! A Wodhams cartoon will appear some time when I feel the need to make people suffer.



## FAN DEMON'S LAND

As you know - if you've ever read an A. E. van Vogt novel - lots of people have strange unhuman powers without knowing it. Sometimes I wonder if I have latent psionic powers. These are presumably under the control of my subconscious, since my conscious mind never seems to be able to influence any of the standard tests of ESP.

What may interest you is that my subconscious is a fan, too. My dreams often wind up with me doing various fannish things - typing, reading sf, going through libraries - though since I've never dreamed about being at a convention, my subconscious must be a neofan. But what I'm getting at is that I have touches of ESP, but only where science fiction is concerned!

Twice I have swerved from my planned course through the city to make an unscheduled stop at an out-of-the-way newsagency. Each time I have found a new issue of F&SF on sale. Curiously this only works with the one magazine; can it be that Mercury Press have hired a warlock? Is that how Andy Porter manages to get out those immaculate issues of ALGOL??

Another time I felt an irresistable urge to enter a certain bookstore. This is not unusual, but I'd been in that particular store only the day before and there seemed little point in a return visit. Giving in to my whim, I made a detour, and found Don Tuck browsing in the second-hand book department. "Hello, Don!" "Hello, Mike."

What inspired me to write this column on my hidden super-powers was an incident last week that especially impressed me. Passing through the newsagency where I buy my daily paper, I wandered along the magazine racks aimlessly, pausing half-way down the aisle. On the bottom rack were a couple of issues of THE NEW YORKER. I used to read it occasionally a couple of years ago, but dropped it for lack of spare time. For some reason I decided to see whether there was anything special in the magazine lately; reaching down I picked up a copy at random (or so I thought), the second one from the front, I seem to remember. Hmmm, July 29, 1972: what a strange cover - a rooster in a dress suit carrying a guitar! What's in this issue? Cartoons, poems, something entitled "Onward and upward with the arts" by Gerald Jonas. What's it about? Jeez, science fiction!

Yes, the power of an article on science fiction contained on pages 33-52 of that magazine had reached out to the psi powers of my fannish subconscious and drawn me halfway across the store to it. In the face of such overwhelming evidence, who can doubt that my story much be true? (Would I exaggerate? Would I lie? Would Erich von Daniken make an unsupported statement? Perish the thought!)

(Michael O'Brien)

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some of my best friends don't agree with my taste in Dick. (Dave Hartwell)  
(LOCUS 125:8)  
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## THE INCREDIBLE PLASTIC SELL-OUT

Of late, and mainly in the pages of this smut rag (that really lives up to its name), I seem to be hearing a lot about THE GREAT AUSTRALIA IN 75 SELLOUT. First off it seems that both Robin Johnson and Bill Wright agreed with Jerry Jacks to limit the amount of advertising they would take in TORCON PROGRESS

REPORTS to two pages and not to use their respective committee funds to buy TORCON memberships so as to gain a few more mail votes.

Oh dear! What a terrible sell-out! And did you just see all the goodies that Robin and Bill brought back from LA? They must have really made a packet. Robin with his 40 copies of WABBIT TWACKS and a DC IN 74 badge and Bill with several Marvel comics and a Rotsler A75 button.

Well, let's have a close look at just what we have 'lost'. Firstly the A75 committee is not to take out more than two pages in TORCON PROGRESS REPORTS. So what? That doesn't stop anyone else taking out an A75 advert in any progress report that TORCON might turn out!

Secondly, neither opposing bid is to use committee money to buy memberships in TORCON and thus win themselves votes. Well, San Francisco has lots more money than we have so I still don't see what anyone has lost, and IF you are upset over this then why don't you buy a TORCON membership and prove that you REALLY want Australia to get the WORLDCON in '75?

Of course this doesn't mean that I take kindly to William Wright's comment in CHUNDER! 2 wherein he mentions that "... ill behooves their erring brethren to display an unseemly curiosity about the elusive discourse of their betters. Matters of high policy are not for them, and they should be content to humbly stand in readiness to assume their allotted burden of work."

I have news for William because this erring brother suggests that William take his allotted burden and SHOVE IT! Right up his khyber!

(Hieronymous K. Fluegelmeier.)

#### FAN DRINKING TOURNAMENT

The following story is true. Only the names have been changed to protect me. Most of the people at the party were smashed out of their minds, and I don't mean your everyday garden-variety smashed, I mean hard-core smashed. But the fact remains that first prize for the best smashee was equally shared by David Thing and Michael X. After the event the winners were interviewed by CHUNDER!, with the following results.

CHUNDER! Reporter: What do you attribute your success to?

Mr Thing: Lots of practice, determination, and having 90 proof blood.

C! R.: What about you, Mr X?

Mr X: Beginner's luck and gin. Mostly gin.

C! R.: Will you defend your titles?

Mr Thing: Burrrrrrrrrrrrp.

Mr X: Ditto.

C! R.: Was there any time when you thought you wouldn't win? Mr Thing! Mr Thing! Where is Mr Thing going?

Mr X: To, ah, to relieve his bodily functions. Excuse me. I think I'm going to be sick.

After the news of the win hit fandom, a challenge was issued by a well-known Canberra fan. More on the challenge will be heard in later issues.

CHUNDER! 3/4



(LATE FLASH: A Melbourne fan has accepted the challenge. It is reported that he stated: "I'll win as long as they use straight vodka.")

(Michael Creaney)

#### A WEEK OF FESTIVITIES PLANNED FOR MELBOURNE

Two Melbourne BNFs, Messrs B. R. Gillespie and L. A. Edmonds, today revealed plans to hold a convention in Melbourne between Christmas and the New Year. They said that although the convention will be the longest to be held in Australia so far it will by no means be the most lavish. "We are putting on a relaxed convention with little or no program," they said, "and members will be encouraged to entertain themselves and other attendees." "We are simply organizing places and times for people to meet," they added.

#### A New Concept

Mr Gillespie said that they had been studying the latest overseas convention techniques and had been impressed by a recent phenomenon in the United States called the relax-a-con. "With suitable amendments," he said, "we believe that we can successfully introduce this type of convention to Australian fandom and we hope that it will soon take its place as a legitimate form of convention alongside the more formal affairs we have seen so far in this country." Mr Edmonds said that they were calling the convention the "Bring Your Own Convention" because this title expressed the spirit in which it would be run. He also said that the title expressed a suitable lightheartedness which he and Bruce hope will be a main feature of the convention.

#### Low Key Program

All planning so far has been concentrated on selecting venues for each day of the convention and also in choosing possible activities for these days. No detailed programming will take place though the organizers said that they have had a tentative approach from Mr Paul Stevens about the possibility of putting on a small-scale production of the "Back to Godot Half-Hour". Mr Edmonds said that he hoped to be able to get Mr J. Foyster (the noted cosmologist) to give a talk on 'cosmology without confusing mathematics' at some time during the convention but he had not yet contacted Mr Foyster about this and he did not even know if he would be able to attend.

#### A Family Convention

The organizers also said that while the convention was to run for five days, the programs for Thursday and Friday would only be held in the evenings as it was expected that a great majority of attendees would have to work on those days. However the other three days' activities are planned to take place in the open air. "If the weather permits," they added.

"We hope to make an expedition into the country by train on one of the days, another will be passed on Bruce Gillespie's back lawn and it is hoped that the other day will be a picnic in one of the city parks. Other attractions will be an evening at Degraives, a Nova Mob meeting, A Booze at the Bar of the Golden Age and a secret Invitational Guest of Honour," they concluded.

(Leigh Edmonds)

## OUR MAN IN CAMERA (2)

Well, I won the sweep. No, not the Melbourne Cup sweep organized by the Commonwealth Parliamentary Staffs' Association (first prize around \$200), sadly; and equally sadly, but typically, I neglected to make any money out of it. We were sitting around the office, talking about politics and such, and I suggested we run a sweep on the opening words of the Prime Minister's policy speech, due to rock the nation that very night.

Someone said, "My fellow Australians". Another suggested he would appear cradling an Aboriginal child and say, "My people". Yet another, "My wife and I..." But I said he would start by saying "Good Evening", and he did. Not only that; he ended by saying "Good Evening", too. And I didn't make a cent out of it. It's enough to make a bloke vote Informal.

Since I last appeared in these august pages I have been translated from the Govt Printing Office and am now really working in the corridors of power. No, cynic, not with a broom. With a bloody purple ballpoint, as usual. (I can't decide whether we should call our little secret society of sub-editors the "Writers of the Purple Page" or "The Purple Pros".) They told us to report to Parliament House last week, for indexing. I said I didn't wanna be indexed. I also said I'd lost my tie and forgotten where I'd last flung my suit. No-one listened.

Everyone in the House commented, by look if not by word, on the length of my hair, the thickness of my beard and the Brotherhood of St Laurence look about my suit. I countered, in some cases, with judicious references to King O'Malley and numerous politicians whose portraits clutter up the endless corridors here, many of them obviously longish of hair, thickish of beard and ill-suited. I dropped a hint that I might even appear at work wearing a crevat, adopting the style of ex-PM Gorton. A hint was dropped right back at me that I should wait until I was an ex-Prime Minister, and until then wear a tie.

The Hansard chief has not yet spoken to me. Perhaps he thinks I'm just a visitor. Perhaps he took one look at me and decided that as soon as was possible I should be just a visitor. The other blokes - assistant chief, deputy assistant chief, senior reporters and such - are a different kettle of public servants. During our half-hour morning tea breaks there has been much interesting chat of an intellectual and anecdotal nature, and I've enjoyed it and participated more than somewhat. The 2IC mentioned that in his youth he had seen an advertisement for a laboratory attendant, and before he could go on I said, "And you misread it and applied for the job?" There was some hilarity at this, but I think the guy still likes me a bit. The 3IC has asked me to do some duplicating for him. All of them seem to have read science fiction. I am thinking of organizing a Parliament House SF Club, and getting up a convention in King's Hall. Guest of Honour naturally will be Race Mathews, if he's elected next month.

Speaking of old and tired fans (not to mention as one), I am pleased to report that R. F. "Smudger" Smith Esq is not about to launch a fanzine on an unsuspecting world. This very day I received the following reassuring communication from him: "Now that's what I like about Fandom: you drop a hint that perhaps investing in a duper might not be a bad idea, and slap me if some fans don't take it seriously! That sort of madness I hope I've left some place in my fannish past." Translated, that mean Lyn and I have



talked him out of it, and we can all breathe freely again.

(John Bangsund)

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#### OTHER PEOPLE'S FANZINES (continued from page 1)

Vietnamese waters as his reason. I hope that kind of thinking won't set a precedent in fandom, otherwise Australia may lose its con bid, because some voters follow Foyster's lead with a similar protest against things like Australia's highly restrictive immigration policy or the tight censorship rules in that country which resulted in one poor fan being gunned down for having copies of "Creepy". American fans are no more responsible for our country's insane war policy than Australians are for their government's crudities. We're just a bunch of fans." (Arnie Katz, FIAWOL 2)

I would have thought, Arnie, that you were just a bunch of fuckwits incapable of distinguishing between the murder of hundreds of thousands of gooks, and restrictive laws. To describe a suicide as 'being gunned down' is an interesting use, and do you know anything about the immigration laws of the U.S.? You also cannot read: that was not my reason for resigning from SAPS. I will discuss my reasons at greater length in the next JOE/SF COMMENTARY.

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#### EMPIRICAL EVIDENCE

In a recent letter in SF COMMENTARY, our fearless public servant, Leigh Edmonds, reveals to astonished readers that he has pimples on his bum. Now the question I want to ask on behalf of my fellow fans is this: how do we know? Fans, we cannot let a statement like this go unchallenged, for all those fans who wish they could turn out fanzines as good as Leigh Edmonds' must know whether Edmonds has a secret edge on them - pimplepower! - and what they can do to attain it. How do we know whether his claims to fannish superiority are really true? Yes, there is only one way. Somebody will have to check. On behalf of Australian fans, I deputise John Foyster to carry out this mission; to invite Leigh over on the pretext of preparing a batch of stencils for BOY'S OWN FANZINE, whip his pants off, and see!

Other fascinating sidelights then could follow. Has Bruce Gillespie more pimples than John Bangsund? Is Lee Harding's success as an Australian science fiction writer, at least in part, due to his pimples?

(Bambi, the Flying Kanga')

I'd like to oblige, but I'm going into hospital to have something done about my pimples.

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SPECIAL            XMAS CONTEST            PRIZES            FREE

WIN A PRIZE! IF YOU CAN COME UP WITH THE BEST DIRTY STORY, REAL OR IMAGINARY, ABOUT ANY MELBOURNE OR AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION FAN THEN YOU CAN WIN A PRIZE DESIGNED TO HELP YOU ENJOY XMAS. (Stories about Paul J. Stevens are verboten as he is the judge and very sensitive.)

(PAUL J. STEVENS)

CHUNDER! 3/7

LETTERS: Eric Lindsay - 'Like you I wonder exactly what advantage we get in dropping the block buying of adverts in convention books, and I wonder just how a vote-packing site-selection ballot could be avoided - looking through the Baycon list I see names like Adam Link and Marc DuQuesne, among others. I haven't seen the L. A. Con Program Book (heavy-handed hint - when is it coming out, John?) so I don't know if there were many similar to that.

This time, for once, I enjoyed Paul Stevens' writing; I enjoyed it a lot, I might even look kindly upon attempts to recirculate his past writings.

David Grigg has two very nicely done opening paragraphs, but seemed to go off a bit after that. What is this I hear about him putting out another fanzine; and what is that I hear about a tape club or whatever?')

(Some of the Melbourne fans are planning to trade tapeworms.)

John Alderson. - 'Regarding the A75 SELLOUT I cannot agree with Bill Wright or accept the practices of those "decadent democracies" Australia and America, borne up as I am by the practices of my forebears who exercised the right of pit and gallows to the extent that there was always some misguided fellow or other dangling from the nearest sturdy oak. Perhaps Bill and Robin have erred but we should hear their side of the story first, however darkly we might echo the words of a character in Banjo Patterson: "That's if they've anything to say". And in the mean time I feel we should make a survey of all the likely sturdy trees with limbs suitable for carrying at least 14 stone, and secondly procure some good secondhand rope for, as you remember C. J. Dennis advised,

"Tis a terrible thing

To be hung by a fan with a secondhand string."

As far as sharing our beautiful women with them greasy foreigners like you and Bangsund seem concerned about, well, there is no worry at all. By then I shall have added almost all of them to my harem and they will be securely locked up during the dangerous period of 1975.

Peace to we the enlightened, and a noose for knaves.'

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I am not keen to run to eight pages every fortnight, and even so must apologise to those whose letters will not be printed until next issue. And then there were five Australian fanzines to discuss. All in good time.

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PRINTED MATTER ONLY

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And now, from those wonderful folks who gave you 'Vietnam', 'Four More Years'!