

KiwiFAN



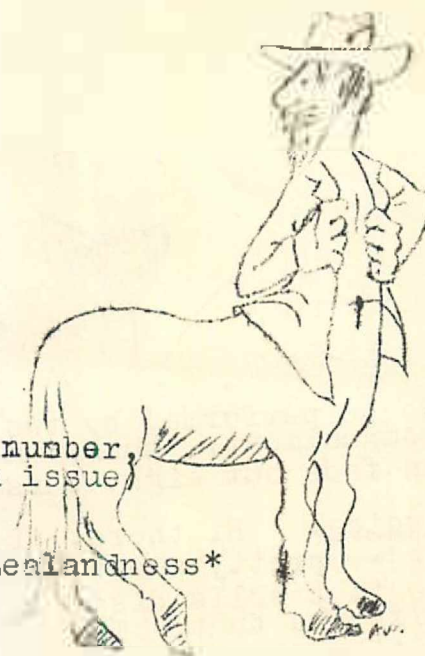


CONTENTS



of the eleventh number,
(being the tenth issue)
of

The Magazine of New Zealandness



Mervyn Barrett: OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD

Bruce Burn: BEM BURBLES

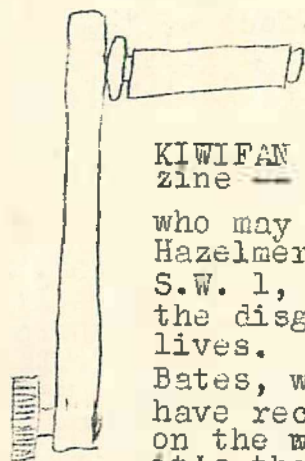
Toni Vondruska: A KIWILAND ODYSSEY

Roger Horrocks: HOCKSHOP BLUES

Bruce King: TRIBUTE TO STELLAR ADVENTURERS

COVER

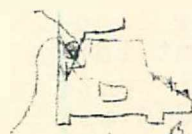
Art Wilson.



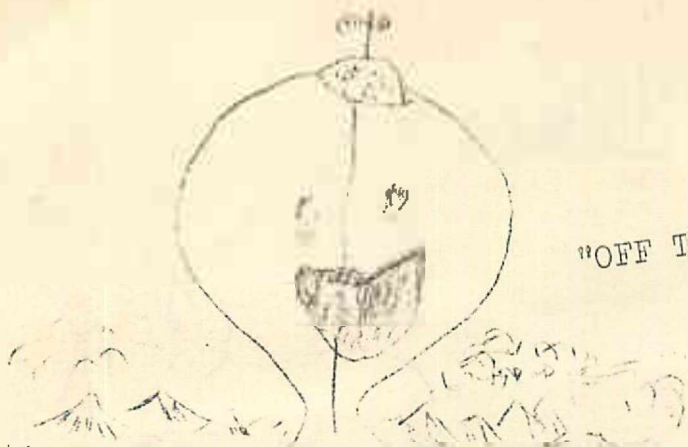
KIWIFAN -- literally an eleventh hour fanzine -- is published by Roger Horrocks, who may be visited twice daily at 18 Hazelmere Avenue, Mount Albert, Auckland, S.W. 1, New Zealand. But this issue is the disgusting product of Bruce Burn, who lives. Yep. Suits should be sent to Edgar Bates, who liked two-button coats only. You have received this issue because your name is on the mailing-list. I (Burn) don't know why it's there -- perhaps you should write to

Roger and find out. Except for the cover and 'the coloured page', stock used is NZ-made and called 'MERVILLE' Duplicating Paper. Stencils from Gestetner and Pegasus; duper from 3rd fandom and Gestetner (Ream).

Publishing date: 18th of June, 1960.



Art Credits: Lynette Mills, Art Wilson, Roger Horrocks, Bruce
Art Credits: Lynette Vondruska, Art Wilson, and Bruce King.



"OFF THE TOP OF MY HEAD"

Mervyn Barrett

((To be performed by two voices with sound effects and Jazz accompaniment. Music: medium fast tempo. Four bars intro. then fade out eight bars after voice begins...))

First voice: Hi there. I see you've noticed this beanie that I'm wearing -- pretty smart, eh? I got it from a little shop in the village that sells disappearing dice, horoscopes, itching powder -- stuff like that. The guy who sold it to me said that it's magic and anytime I'm in the mood to travel I need only spin the propellor on it and it'll take me where I most want to go. Sounds sort of silly doesn't it? Just a sort of come-on so he could ask a higher price for it, I suppose. Still.. it would be kind of nice if it were true. I wonder where it is that I would like most to go? London? Paris? New York? Gee, I don't really know.

I feel kind of silly about this but I think I'll paly along with the gag and give the propellor a spin -- just to prove there's nothing to the story. ((Sound effect at low volume of aeroplane motor spluttering to a start and then firing evenly.)) Hey, what's happening? I'm starting to feel sort of light... I'm floating? I'm floating! This thing is magic after all. ((Music at medium tempo by bass and side drum from 'Now', and increasing in volume to be cut suddenly approx. four bars after 'flying'.)) Now I'm moving out through the open window. I'm flying.

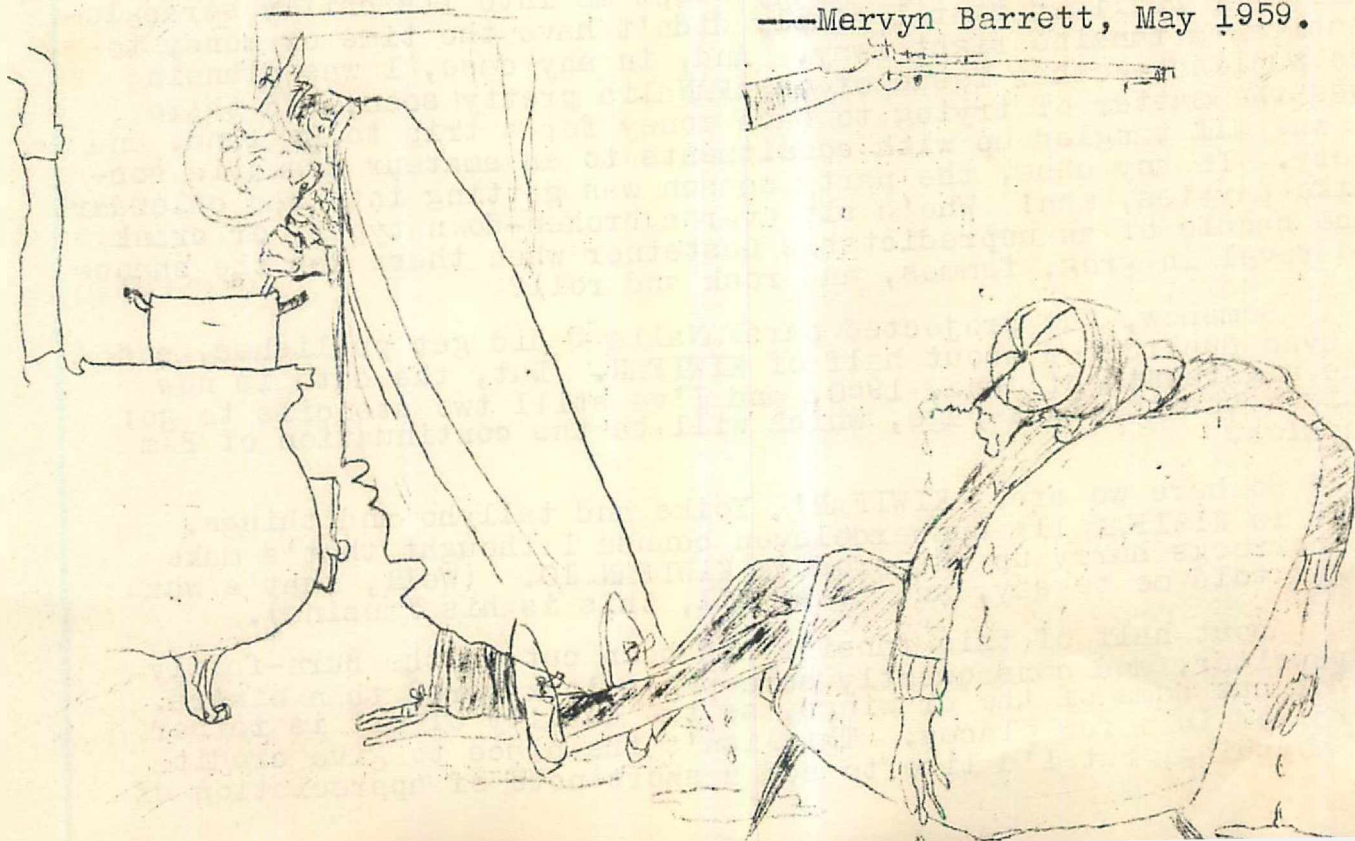
((Sound effect of soft mechanical purr and air movement)) It sure looks a long way to that ocean down there. I'd hate to fall that far..... Wow, I'm really moving. I wonder where I'm heading? Where is the place that I most want to go to?.....I can see a coastline ahead of me now.....That must be America. Now I'm closer and can see more detail. This must be California I'm approaching.....yes, I'm sure it is. This must be Los Angeles below me. I'll try to slow down and get down lower so I can take a better look. I wonder if this is where I'm headed. Maybe it is and I'll be able to attend a LASFS meeting.....I don't seem to be stopping though. I guess this can't be the place that I most want to go to. Pity. A LASFS meeting might have been fun. Still, if I went I'd probably find that all they do is show magic lantern slides of old members. Maybe it's just as well that's not the place I most want to go..... That must be San Francisco below. I'll bet that's where I'm headed. It sure would be fun to drop in on Berkeley fandom -- I bet they'd get a surprise to see me here.....I'm not slowing down though. Guess that this isn't my destination eitherI seem to be moving inland and North now. I've no idea where

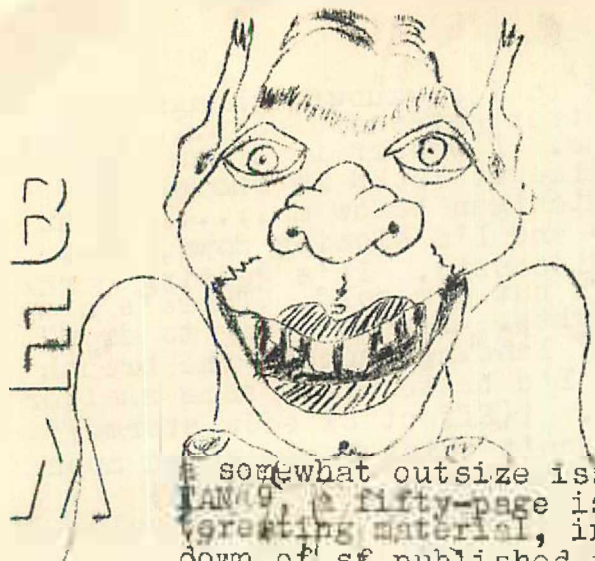
I'm heading for. I know I'm starting to feel hungry though. And cold too. Wherever I'm going I'd better get there soon..... Hey, those must be the Great Lakes below me. I wonder if I can make out Detroit.....Yes, there it is. Just like it looks in the photos that I've seen of it. There's lake Michigan below me.....I think I'm starting to lose height. I am -- and I'm slowing down, too. There's land below me now. Must be Wisconsin. It's getting dark now and it's beginning to snow. Ooooh but I'm cold. There's a town below me. I can make out the lights. I'm starting to drop faster.....((Cut effects.)) Oh, that landing knocked the breath out of me..... I wonder where I am? I'd better find some shelter soon or I'll freeze to death out here. ((Effect of snow storm.)) The snow's getting thicker.....I...I don't think I can stand much more of this cold. I'll try and call for help. Help! Help! ((Increase effect of snow storm then fade back to original volume.))

Second Voice: Just come with me. You'll be all right soon. Here, lean on my shoulder. We haven't far to go. Just up this path and through this door...((Sound of door opening, footspets, door closing, footsteps, and another door opening.))...and, here... here, lie down on this couch in this room -- you'll feel find in a moment.

First Voice: Oh, thank you, I feel better already. It's so warm in here. Why, there must be stoves burning all over the house to make it so cosy. I don't know how I can thank you enough. I don't even know who you are yet. ((Music; slow at first, then increasing in tempo and finishing ad lib after end of speech.)) Your face does look sort of familiar though. I've seen a photo of you somewhere. Now I've got it. Now I recognise you. So you're the person who saved my life --- I should have known all along. You really are a good man.

---Mervyn Barrett, May 1959.





by
B
R
U
C
E

B
U
R
N

Is there a paraFANalia reader in the house? If so, then you, sir (or ma'am), will know why eighteen months have gone by without a word from Roger J. Snorlocks. For those present not familiar with paraFANalia, I'll just add a few words of explanation.

b
u
r
b
l
e
s

Back around October of 1958, Roger published a somewhat outsize issue of KIWIFAN. That was KIWIFAN 9, a fifty-page issue containing some really interesting material, including a pretty reliable run-down of sf published in New Zealand, and a fairly accurate history of fandom within the national bounds.

Deep-down-under in Kiwiland, a fifty-page fanzine is a very rare object indeed. Only two such zines have so far appeared, and on both occasions, the editor gaffiated for a while afterwards. (The other monster-issue was FOCUS 7, published by Mervyn Barrett.)

So went Roger, McSnorlocks. And so has he been for the past year. But for a few letters, Snorlocks has been fannishly dead; what exhaustion started, Mundane commitments completed.

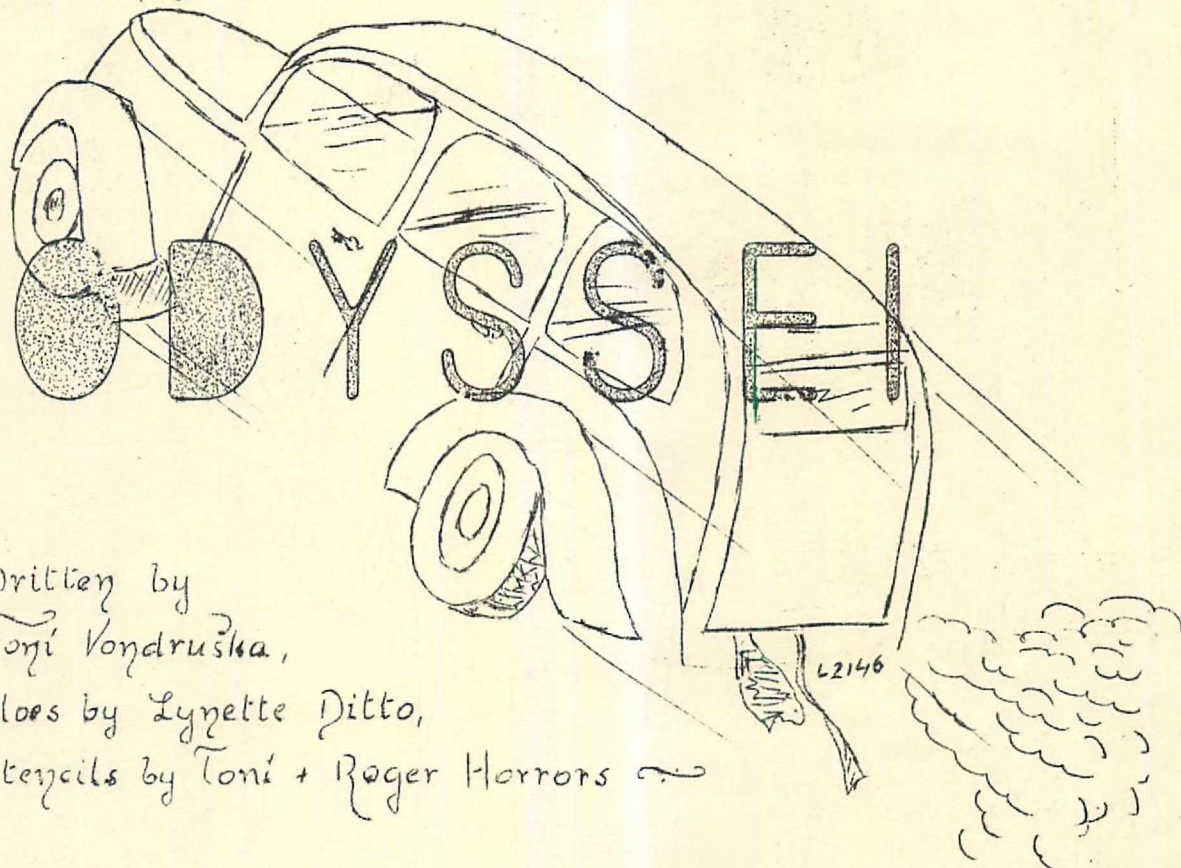
That's how things were back last January, when I journaled north to visit Roger. After the visit, I found that I'd foolishly volunteered to produce an issue of KIWIFAN for him, seeing as how I am supposed to be an editor of the thing anyway. Later, returning to Wellington, the warming flame of goodwill died somewhat, and cold reality swept me into its chilly stranglehold. I realised that I simply didn't have the time or money to publish a fanzine right away. And, in any case, I was planning to publish another issue of paraFANalia pretty soon, and there was the matter of trying to save money for a trip to England, and I was all tangled up with commitments to an amateur dramatic society. In any case, the party season was getting into the calendar. Like parties, man! Who'd sit over a broken-down typer, or crank the handle of an unpredictable Gestetner when there was the chance to revel in grog, femmes, and rock and roll?

Somehow, the projected paraFANalia 5 did get published, and I even duplicated about half of KIWIFAN. But, the date is now the eighteenth of June, 1960, and I've still two stencils to go; this'n and the back-page, which will be the continuation of Bem Bubbles.

So here we are. KIWIFAN! Yoiks and tallyho and things. This is KIWIFAN 11: number eleven because I thought that'd make McSnorlocks hurry up and produce KIWIFAN 10. (Well, that's what Roger told me to say, and after all, this is his fanzine).

About half of this fanzine has been cut on the Burn-family typewriter, and consequently some pages look worse than others. And I cut some of the drawings, so the quality of art is rather strained in a few places. This isn't the place to give credit or anything, but I'd like to add a short note of appreciation of

A KIWILAND



Written by
Toni Vondruska,

Illoes by Lynette Ditto,

Stencils by Toni + Roger Horrors ~

To make the following narrative even partially understandable to the uninitiated, I shall first have to say a few words about Schnozzles.

Schnozzles is our van. Lynette gave him that particular name because of the peculiarly goofy expression on His face. Something on the lines of: "What, ME worry?" Also, His habits are irregular to the point of irrationality. Thinking nothing of guzzling a quart of oil every 100 miles or so, He drives garage attendants to distraction by demanding "Another pint!" although his gauge reads well over full. And, far from being a well-educated snob, he revels in making known his extreme dislike of hilly roads by belching and making other rude noises, flooding the cockpit with oodles of noxious gases, and refusing categorically to keep up with the Joneses' new two-tone Caddy..

After this short introduction to the independent character of a '50 Morris, we may proceed to the dramatic account of the Kiwi-fannish equivalent of a Harp Stateside:



At first our intention was to take the "A" train, and travel by
 but due of financial considerations, it was found that we would
 have to go by, cheap Am. car, and generally vegetate in Schnozzles!

After a preliminary examination, the mechanic at the garage giv-
 ing Schmoe the once-over declared morbidly: "Definitely not road
 worthy. (Sorry, Choni). After which cryptophilic statement he
 gave me a knocking wick, let the cover, and gurgles out of the gash in
 his neck: "Right front coil spring broken and rusted over. How long
 have been driving on potholes!"

"Ooooh, a few hundred miles", quoth I nonchalantly, trying to dislodge a large lump of solid lubricant from one of my tear-ducts with careless abandon.

"Crikey", ejaculates the blue-collar emotionally. "Another 150 miles or so, and you'd've had a broken front axle!!"

Well, another 150 miles would have put us squarely in the middle of the 40 odd mile stretch of Desert Road, through the won-wops of New Zealand, and at the foot of several more-or-less active volcanoes. Not exactly the time or place I would pick for a broken front axle.

There was only one thing to be done. His job: Fix it!

But where do you find a Morris Van front spring just after Xmas in a Roscoe-forsaken old hole like Upper Hutt on short notice? I stood over the hapless mechanic for a solid half-hour, going through a whole gamut of emotions, and entirely exhausting my whole range of stock expressions (expletives, too) from the fearful pleading look (No.35/a15) to the ferocious desperate threatening scowl (#945/1397F) while he went through the yellow pages of the 'phone directory, and practically made his firm bankrupt by LONG long-distance calls. I say practically, because my departure later allowed him to regain his composure to the extent of adding the cost of the calls to my bill (not the TRUE bill). As you have probably deduced (everybody except Berry & Thomson, that is) the spring was at last forthcoming from an obscure little place just around the corner. That left just a few formalities -- insignificant ones, like writing out a rubbery Czech for the spring, the work, 15 gallons of petrol, change of oil, 10 spare pints of same, a spare tank, etc, etc -- and we could leave. As Roger's place was too full, he had to answer our telegram scrounging free/accomodation negatively, so we packed our blankets and about 7 cubic yards of supplies and equipment into the 3½ cubic yard space in the van, and gloriously set off on our trip south...

Yes, I KNOW Auckland is north of Wellington, but you must take into account the scatterbrained, libidinous mentality of a newly married girl on her (however delayed) honeymoon. On a previous trip to my in-laws she had forgotten her shoes, shorts, and other articles of apparel, mentionable or otherwise, and just couldn't go without them, thence the 40 mile detour. Add a couple of cups of tea and endless feminine conversation, and we took off, only some 6 hours late..

It wouldn't have been 'Schnozzles', if he hadn't put his seal on the first etape of our journey. I noticed, as we neared Onslow Road -- Lynette's home cave -- that we just couldn't do

more than 25mph, on a perfectly level stretch of road. On the hill towards the Mills' house, he almost stalled in creeper gear, at the same time chugging like a cataleptic locomobile on her retirement day. I almost gave up the idea of a trip altogether, but just for the hell of it lifted the bonnet, (down, Ron, down!) and had a look inside.

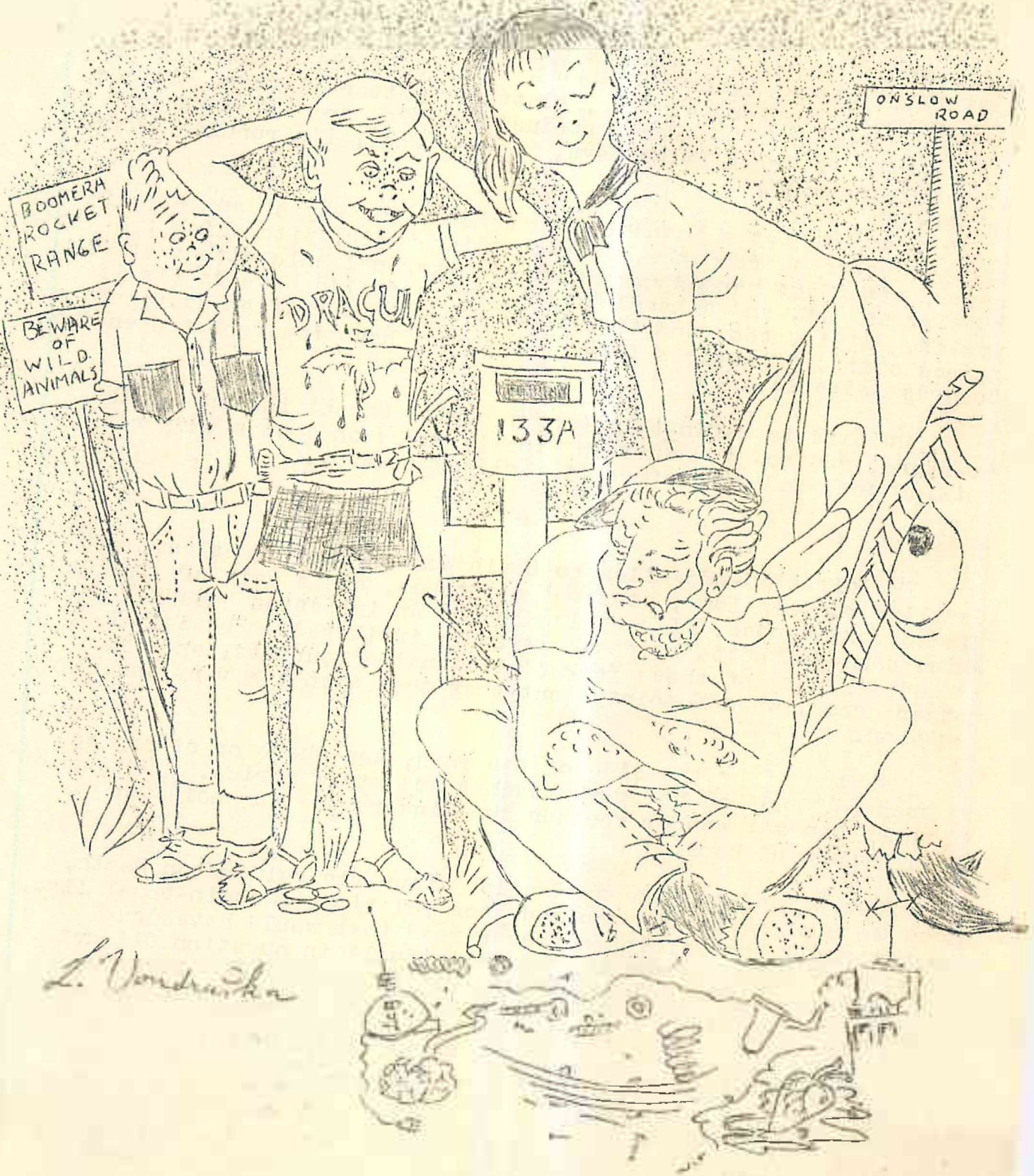
I didn't really expect to see anything, probably not even the engine anymore; I can't tell a camshaft from a big end, and expect to find valves in a two-stroke. Sometimes, though, I am lucky, and see that the bolts on the carburettor are half unscrewed -- like on my wedding day, on the trip home from the church (Boy, was I mad) or some similar, easily fixed fault. I was lucky, this time, as I found some sort of a wire leading from a mushroom-type affair in the middle, sort of flopping loose, while three other similar wires were fastened to queer off-white structures with ribs on them, which looked vaguely electrical.

Holding the wire in my hand, I leaned forward, rested my forehead against the cool metal of the bonnet, and playfully pushed the starter. In that moment I had a sort of extrasensory flash of inspiration. Shades of Campbell! The starter button felt STICKY!

After I had picked myself up from the road, and the stars stopped spinning in front of my eyes, I noticed a great bunch of the neighbourhood kids, led by my talented young brother-in-law standing around with fingers in their mouths, obviously tickled to death with the spectacle, while Colin Mills -- the deeeear little boy -- asked me solicitously, while not quite managing to hide his sarcastic grin: "Did you find what was wrong wif it?" and "And what were you doing down there?"

Pulling out a well thumbed copy of Focus, I surreptitiously looked up a suitable One-Up ploy. Thereupon, with a suitably condescending smile I explained to him the rudiments of ESP and psi powers, and that it was totally unnecessary for a person to actually look at an engine to fix it, or to diagnose its ailments. However, I told him, the strain on an adult brain is rather large -- so large, in fact, that it would completely burn out his immature neural paths -- and that, therefore, it was mandatory to sit or lie down and relax, so that all the energy available in my GROWN-UP body could be directed towards intensifying my cerebral activities: and that, anyway, he was too young to understand it properly yet... He left, looking slightly dazed. (Thanks, Mervo!!)

I went over to the car, and with an excellent example of Aristotelian logic, plus a bit of intuition (male) fixed the wire to a little nib on top of the porcelain thingamajig.



It promptly fell off.

I tried again and pressed the starter. It fell off again, but not before I heard the motor's "clatter, clatter, clatter, CHUGGGGG, clatter, clatter, clatter," change to a beautiful smooth and much more normal "Clatter, clatter, clatter, CLatter-clatter, clatter, clatter, CLatter..." Ecce, genius! Eureka, and all that sort of rot (which, as Roger Price says, means--"Look, I'm running around with nothing on!")

We stopped at a Khendallah garage by the way of an anticlimax, and purchased a brand new, shining thinnumajig, with which the kind garage attendant handed me a sort of hexagonal hole with a steel tube around it, and a handle on top, and said I'd have to fix it myself. I did, too, and it only took me about half an hour, and a ruined shirt. Sometimes I suspect that I have inherent tendencies towards mechanics.

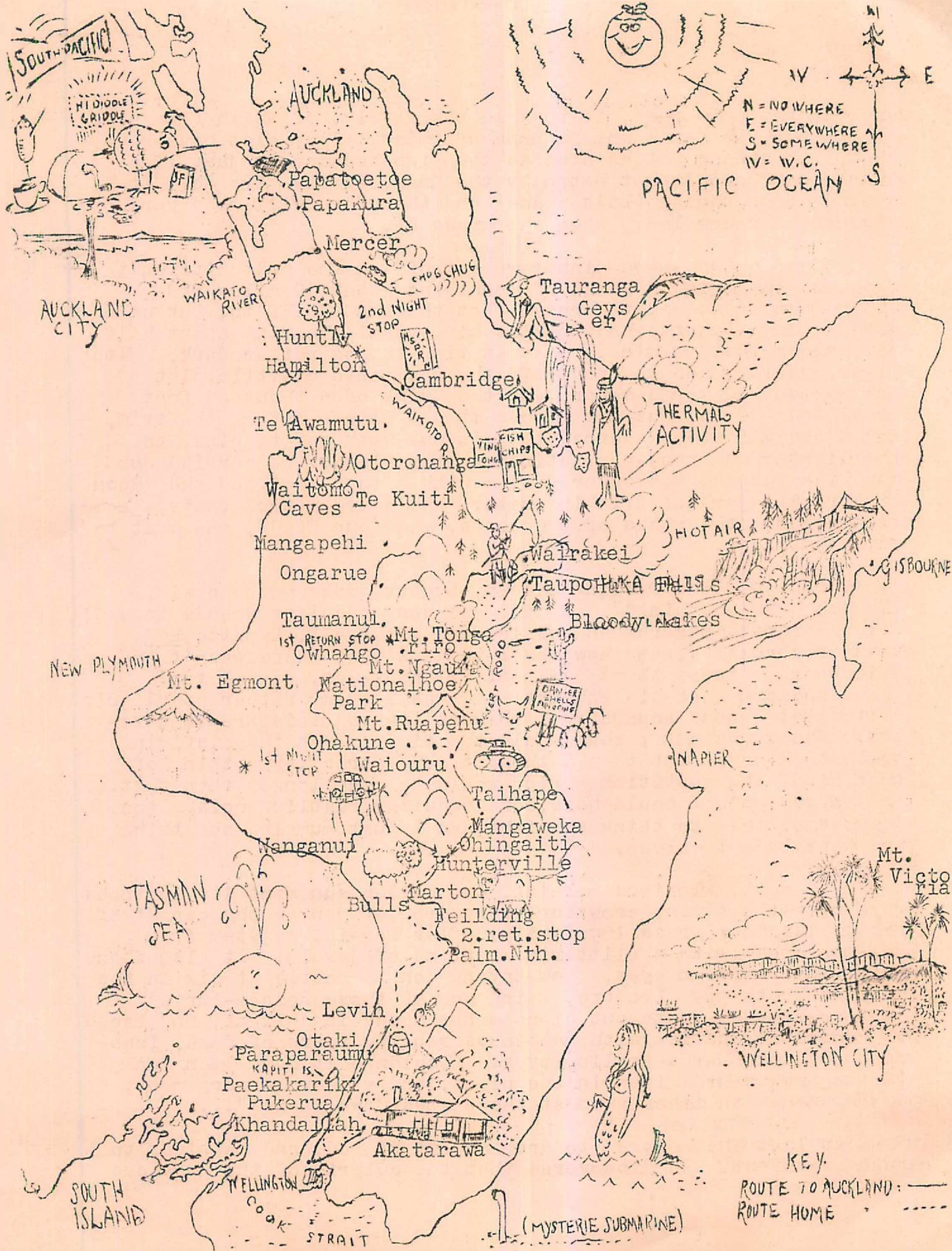
But this is definitely (sorry again, Ghoon) the end of the overture, and now the curtain finally rises on a wide open road, shining sun, and a carefree (?) holiday ahead...

* * * * *

The first 60-odd miles to Levin were rather eventless, with a familiar road in long, straight stretches, and a pair of blue sun-glasses on my nose. I had also bought an imitation baseball cap, which caused Lynette to feel extremely irritated. She said I looked like one of those Yankee millionaire tourists, and was rather cross, when I pointed out that that wasn't a very unworthy ambition.

We stopped by the side of the road, somewhere or other, at an orchard, and bought fresh peaches and strawberries. 'Untouched by human hands': wonder whether the pickers are humanoid, or straightforward lems...?

Next we had to make a 38 mile detour via Palmerston North, where some of my newly-acquired poor relations (Moomin-type) live, but after all that riding across a road that would have done credit to a roller-coaster, the individuals in question did not deem it worthwhile to admit us in, and pretended they weren't there. On the other hand, maybe they really weren't there....but that's too simple an explanation, which is to be avoided on the principle of Amoco's Razorblade. (Or is it the Gordic Knot?) Anyway, we continued towards Fielding, to visit some MORE poor relatives, (Herulien-type), instead. They had pigs and were therefore very interesting. They live on a diet of crumbled stale bread, and dirty milk. Lynette likes them very much, but not as much as her Auntie Judith, who is mad. Aunty Nancy and Murrle



are mad too. In fact, it runs in the family, of which I am a member now, so let's not be nonconformist. They also have a baby, but that's not as nice as the pigs because it just lies there, and doesn't get eaten by the dogs, as the pigs do. It smiled at me though (It's a she) and therefore will be a very discerning young lady, when she grows up.

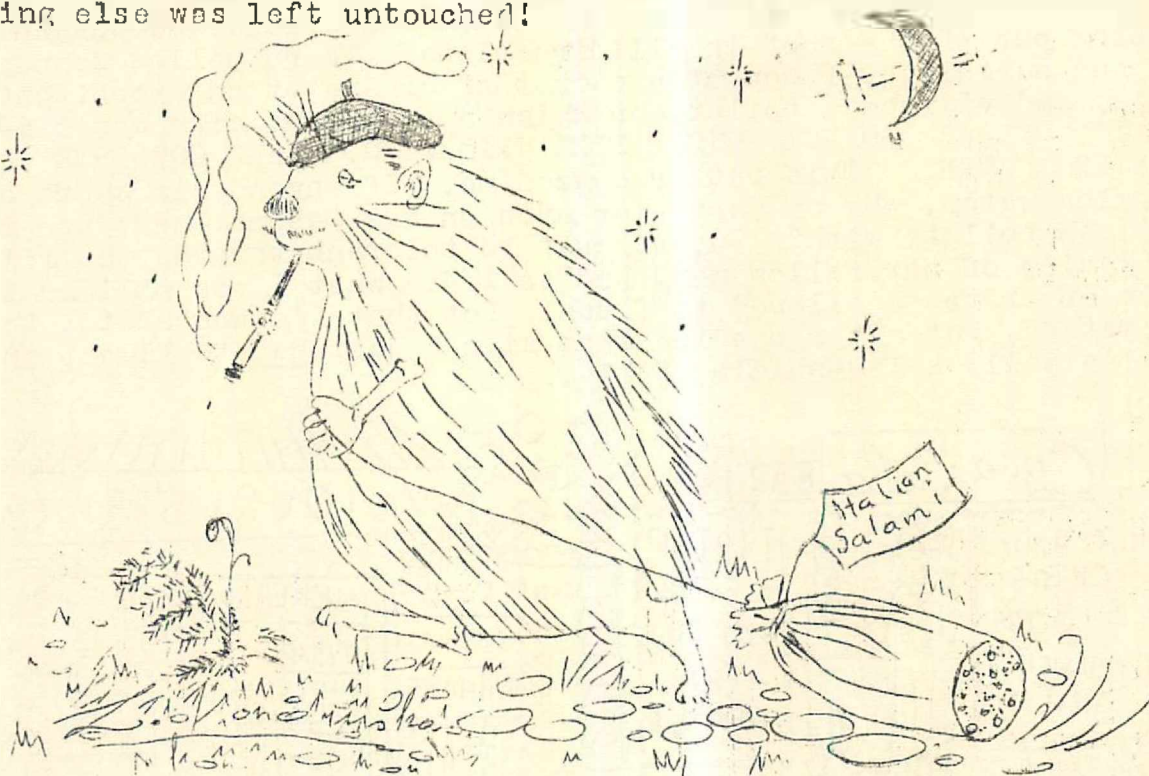
After a farm-type dinner we set off on the most difficult etape of the trip, a range of mountains about 60 miles wide, which Schnozzles had to cross. Not that he WANTED to, but under our goading (Lynette had to kiss him, even!) he went about half way across that evening. By that time it was rather dark, pitch black, really, and we drove off the road onto a little plot of grass about 10 yards square, on the brink of a thousand foot precipice. I had cut out pieces of old blinds before the trip, and these I fastened across the windows with safety pins, to the light of a brand-new, stinking storm-lamp. We carried our supplies outside and covered them with a tent, weighed them down with rocks, jars of drinking water, and spare petrol tanks, and then dropped the backs of the seats, made our "bed", and went to snog and sleep.

Just as I was falling asleep, Lynette woke me up again. "Do you hear anything?" I did, and very peculiar sounds indeed! For a moment I was rather suspicious; after all, Lynette had kissed Schnozzles, and how was I to know that there wasn't anything more between them? My best friend -- er, car -- too! I had noticed that his exhaust pipe was looking rather peculiarly distended! These sounds sounded just like a miniature Schnozzles. Chuggg, chuggg, chuggg all the time. Even the misfirings could be heard. But then I thought, ah, for a large thing of that kind, the gestation period would be much longer than that... And anyway, now I could hear some peculiar rustling noises too. I was too tired to think straight, so I just mumbled something and went back to sleep.

The next, glorious morning, the golden sun sent its luminous rays over the abyss, crowning every drop of dew on the carpet of green, luscious grass (my family defies Darwin, we stem from moo-moo cows) with a glittering garland of jewels. It also shone right into me damn eyes. How anyone can be poetic at six in the morning beats me. Lynette, being one of those Roscoe-cursed outdoor fiends, justabout clapped her hands in delight, and faced the gorgeous sunrise with happiness sending tears of pure, innocent joy into her sparkling eyes: "Wouldn't it have been fun if the brakes had given in the night, and we were a gory mess, oozing greenish ichor amongst those cows down there?"...

At last she managed to drag me out of bed, and outside, to make breakfast. We discovered that the culprit of the previous

night's disturbance must have been a tourist hedgehog. The food was dragged all over the place, and not just partly eaten, but nibbled practically all over. I say tourist hedgehog, because he must have been a clearly continental type, the way he concentrated on salami, jagdwurst, and things containing garlic, while everything else was left untouched!

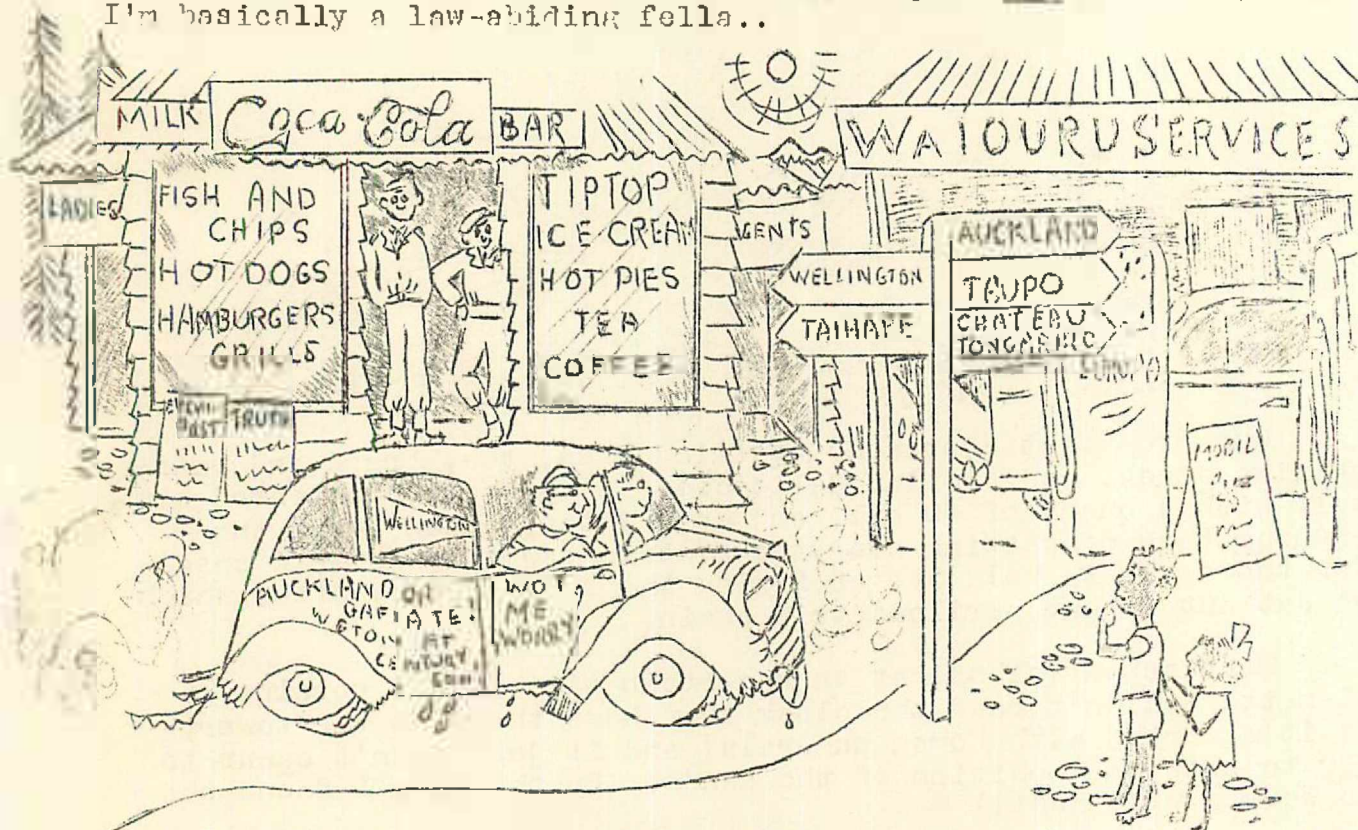


Our breakfast consisted of fried eggs, tea, bread and butter, paprika speck, and similar delicacies. Schnozzles contented himself with a quart of 50 oil, and some water. Then began the arduous task of getting everything stowed away again in a space far too small to hold it, of fixing the seats, etc., after which we set out on our perilous trip again.

We reached Taihape at an uncertain time in the morning. (Lynette couldn't read the clock they have there on the tower, as it's marked with Roman numerals, and it just didn't occur to her to note the position of the hands. By the time I found out we were a mile past!)

Lynette, after studying the map for several hours the previous day, promised Schnozzles no more hills after Taihape, to keep him going. Naturally, either the map or Lynette had been wrong, (and I tend to think it was the map -- Lynette's liable to be rather unreasonable with the rolling pin, and she's going to read this!) for the hills really started after Taihape. There is a two-mile stretch of winding road uphill, just past the town, wide enough

just barely to accomodate 1½ cars abreast. After which there are more hills, and more hills, and all of them go uphill, which I consider to be rather out of character with hills, and defying all the laws of averages. Just the same, we managed to reach some sort of a plateau at the beginning of the Desert Road, and even came across a city there, consisting of an Army camp, a garage, a store-cum-milkbar, and a mysterious building, rather squat and widespread, with an intriguing assortment of ariels and antennae jutting out of the roof in all directions. We refuelled Schnozzles and ourselves, I bought a packet of cigars at an exorbitant price, and visited a toilet, on which a prominent sign was displayed: PLEASE DO NOT FLUSH AFTER URINATING. HELP CONSERVE DRINKING WATER. This rather amazed me. If anybody is short of drinking water, why on Earth (or even on the Desert Road) use it to flush toilets with? But we must be tolerant towards the idiosyncracies of our fellow men, and so I did what I was obliged to do in order to be allowed to flush. Not that I'd wanted to, you understand, but after reading that sign I just had to flush, and I'm basically a law-abiding fella..



From then on, it was plain sailing, more or less, and we progressed at a steady 40 mph, chuckling now and then at the peculiar signs along the road. Names, and like that: Hihitahi, Iwitahi, Mouwhang-o, DON'T GET OFF THE ROAD, HEAVY ARTILLERY SHELLING, TANK CROSSING, DANGER - SMALL ARM FIRE, etc. I also justified my buying about a dozen assorted Lifesavers, and other lollies, by eating

three. (After that we didn't touch them for the rest of the trip, and gave them away to Lynette's mother, when we came back.)

We crossed several more smallish hills, passed a couple of active -- sort of! -- volcanoes (Ruapehu & Ngaurahoe), but still no heavy artillery fire. I felt rather disappointed, because I wanted to see just how they could avoid the road at a distance of several miles yet still shell so close to it that it would be dangerous to go and pick a daisy in the deserted sands around the road. Desert. (Copyright 1957 - LM.)

All at once we came on top of a small rise, and there lay Lake Taupo. It looked quite nice and scenic in an insipid, forky sort of way. We were going to have dinner at the lake, though, and I was rather hungry by then, so it was a welcome sight just the same. There were some quite long downhill hills, to make up for the lot past Taihape, and Schnozzles heaved a deep sigh when I switched the ignition off, threw him into neutral, and let him run down the long straight, gentle slopes. One could almost feel him arching in ecstasy, as the cool breeze of our headwind caressed the convolutions of his radiator, moulded out of living metal.. (Now LUNCH is a much better time for noesy!)

When we got down to the lake level, there seemed to be an enormous amount of white dust around. Where it came from, Ghod only knoweth, but there was enough to make dunes across the road, and fill in riverbeds. Lynette also discovered a river whose water was the colour of fresh blood, and made us both feel awfully thirsty. (The sight, not the water.) So we did not wait to get to Taupo proper, but camped at the beach of the lake, and dined sparsely on tomatoes, sardines, bread & butter, salami, jagdwurst, Dill pickled sherkins (made in Czechoslovakia; the factory is only a few hundred miles from my -- now nationalised -- home in Prague), and bottles of Coke. Schnozzles had the usual: a quart of oil and some water.

Taupo didn't look much like the last time I'd been there, about 4 years ago. The beach esplanade is all dug up and over, drowned in that awful dust, and I hardly knew my way around. We stopped at the Post Office (HURRAY!!!!!!) and mailed some cards home to CSR and W'gton. After we went to have some aspirins, orange drink, and sundaes, Lynette discovered a solitary copy of SEVENTEEN, a zine she's crazy about, but which, much to her regret, our deeeeah now government's restrictions have placed on the list of prohibited imports.

Our next stop after leaving Taupo was Huka Falls. Lynette particularly wanted us to stop there, for some obscure reason or other, but when we actually got there she kept dragging me away from the banks, between which the foamy white river tears at

quite a clip. The whole place was dusty and swarming with steps that weren't there -- tourists, I mean (Lynette keeps talking to me and it muddles me up!), so we left after a few minutes. We stopped at Wairakei, near the geothermal bores, for some petrol and a couple of quarts of oil, and then went on to re-visit a spot I had claimed a few years back, when I went for a holiday there. It was a place where apparently the foot of Man had never trod before, separated from the road by a couple of miles of dense native bush, which looked as though it continued right over some cliffs in the distance.

one managed to get of miles of it skin (I was on a boot!) one comes river, which at a peninsula, covered with soft trees and soft ing into it from I had camped on oasis with only et, a rifle, some and lived off the night. On the of the island, water formed a pool, a boiling poured into the this little la- as a bath - some age, hotter near subsidiary, and pleasantly cool opposite side. much chance of anywhere near next few decades fectly free to morning out of naked across the dive into the I'd swim through rum of tempera- around to my tent

side again, grab my rifle and go - still naked - looking for a rabbit, wild duck, or trout for breakfast. I had told Lynette so much about this place, as it is one of my most pleasant memories, that she was quite looking forward to seeing it. Imagine my surprise, when, looking for a dirt pathway, I found a modern four-lane highway, and on my little peninsula a huge geothermal power station! I was awfully disappointed - but, such is the price of progress!



Actually, when through a couple with a whole motorbike, to to a quite wide one spot has creased with a few grass, growing the steep bank. this little a tent, blankets and salt, land for a fortnight streamward side where the slowly moving hot streamlet river, so that soon was as hot 60° on the average - the mouth of the fading into the river on the There was not anybody coming within the so I felt perfectly free to jump in the tent, run island, and water. Then, a whole spectacle right on the leeward

Next stop -- Rotorua. We planned to go to the famous hot Blue Baths there, and Lynette insisted on looking respectable, so we had to stop first by the side of the road to let her change her shorts and blouse. It didn't make much difference, as most of our clothes had been wadded into a single suitcase, and the rest used to pad out little hollows in the otherwise solid mass of junk in the back.

Anyway, we did go to the Blue Baths, and Lynette took the usual age to get dressed afterwards -- which, for once, I didn't mind, as it allowed me to engage in a very pleasant pastime. I stood waiting for her at the edge of the pool, leaning on the ladder, which led up from it, gazing downwards into the water with unseeing eyes, deep in thought. Approximately every 4 seconds a comely, buxom young wench in a slightly too loose bathing suit would appear at the bottom of the ladder, extend her arms up towards me, climb out, accompanied by pleasantly wobbling undulations of upper torso, walk around the pool, and dive back in, to repeat the performance a few minutes later. Sometimes, this was varied by her stopping in the middle of the ladder, to shake the water off, and/or to stretch.

As a result of this research, I can positively state that to the best of my knowledge, there are no androids in Rotorua whatsoever. Although most of the females observed were one-piece bathing suits, every single one had a navel. (And we married only six weeks! Shame, SHAME, SHAME, SHAME!!!!!!)

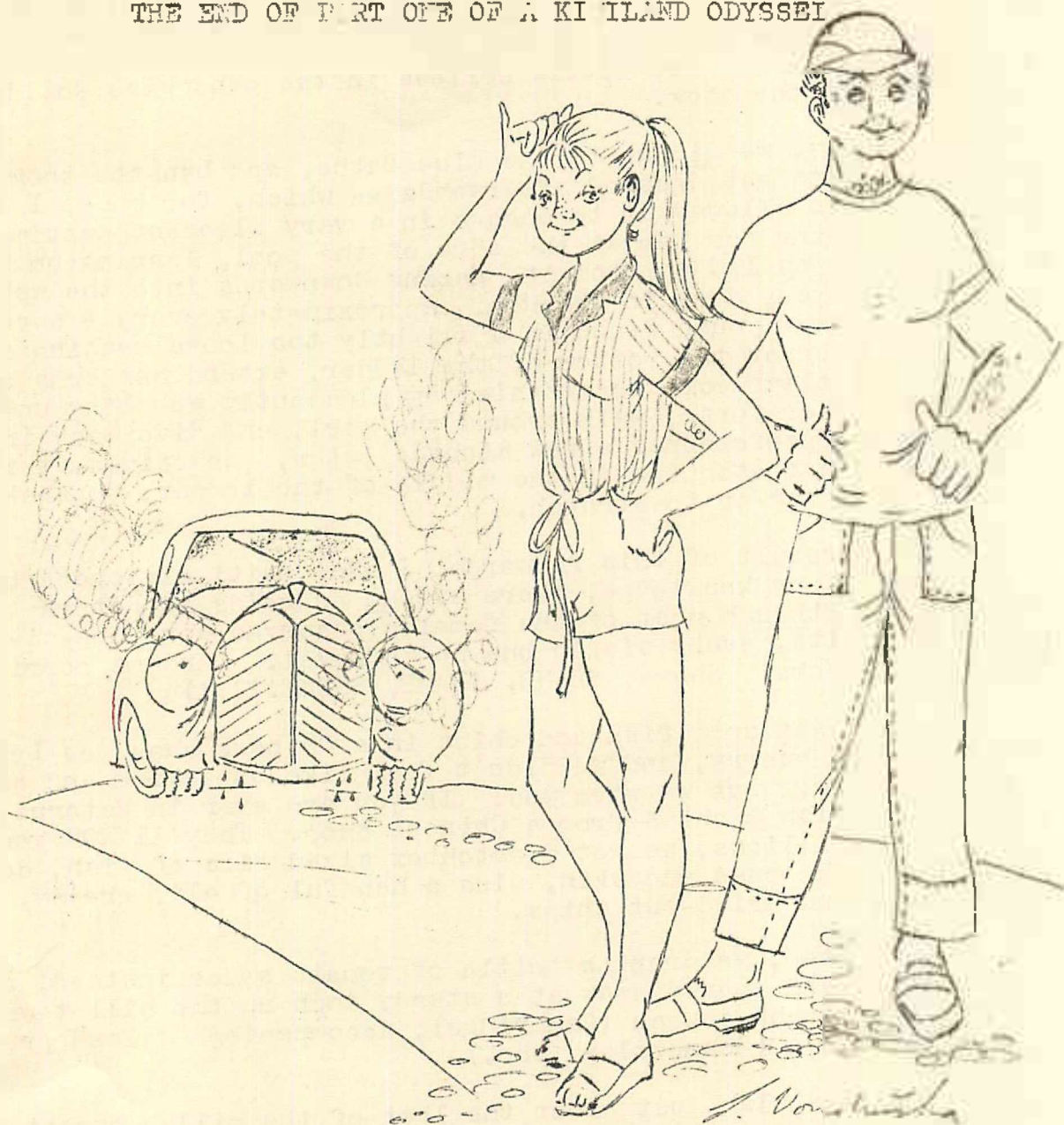
We bought some fish and chips in a Chinese shop, as Lynette was feeling hungry, and we didn't feel like unpacking and cooking anything. But we warn you! If you are ever in Rotorua, DON'T buy fish & chips from a Chinese shop. They'll ROB you!! For four shillings, we got 6 matchbox sized bits of fish, containing both bones and skin, plus a handful of old, greasy, wrinkled, and dried-out chips.

Disgusted, we drank a bottle of tomato sauce instead, ate a peach each, and roared away at a steady 4mph up the hill towards more picturesque speech (Cambridge), accompanied by loud growls of heartburn. (Schnozzles, too.)

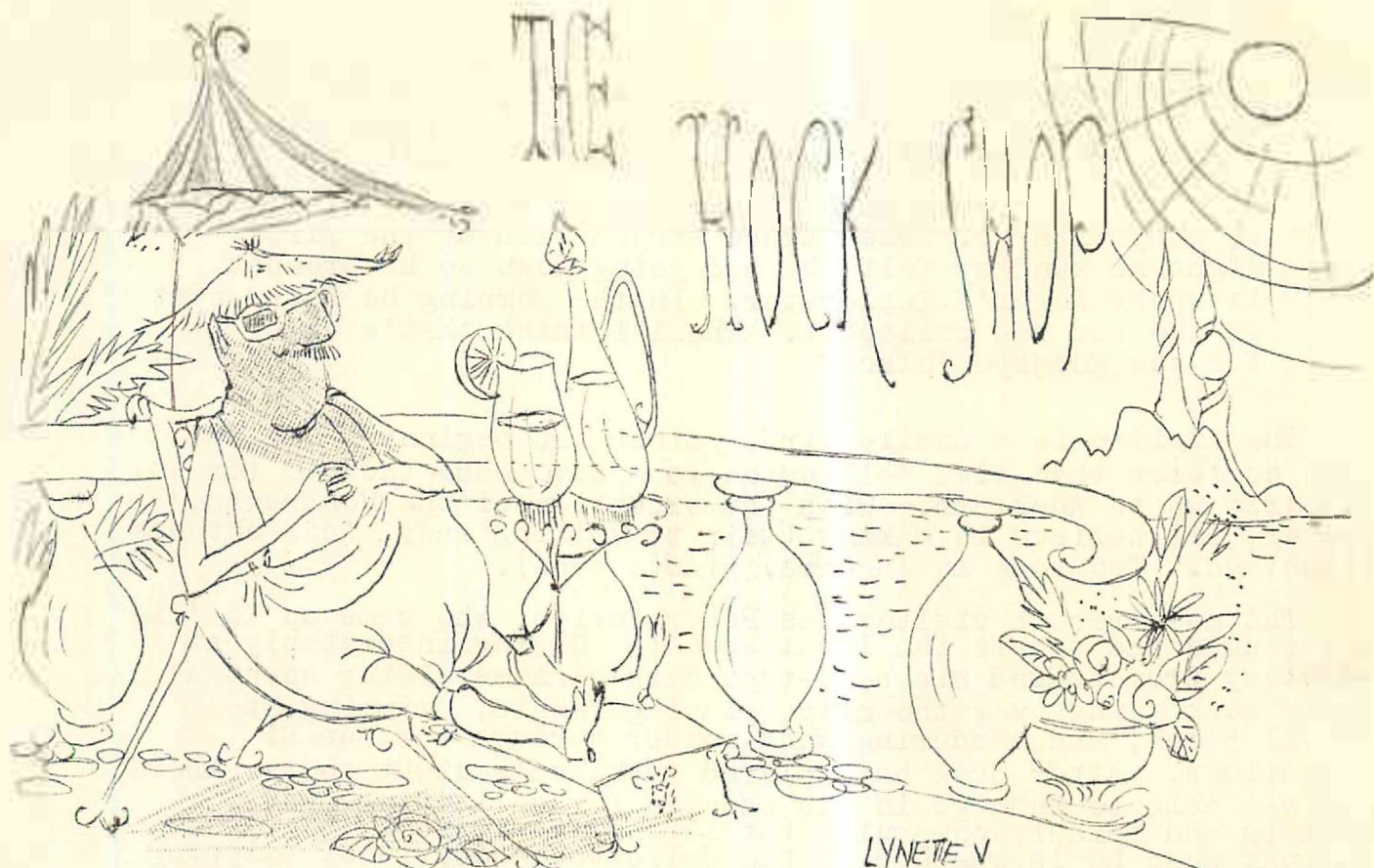
This was also just about the last of the hills, except for one just before Auckland. Schnozzles got another quart of oil, and behaved himself the rest of the way to Hamilton. The roads were fairly level now, and millions of queer little birds insisted on walking in our path. Once in Auckland, we discovered they were Moolah birds, or something like that. No, wait. Minah birds, that's it! Anyway, they look most peculiar, as they run, putting one leg in front of the other, quite unlike the hopping of any other bird. At Cambridge we both had a headache again, and.....

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE END OF PART ONE OF A KI ILAND ODYSSEY



Read of Toni and Lynette (and Schnozzles) braving the wilds of the Waikato! Of the epic Unfinished One-shot! Of their meeting the terrible Burn-monster! Get the inside gen on Domestic Life In an Austin! Read of the fabulous Return Journey! And of Schnozzle's last stand! All this in a coming issue of KIMFAN!



FANAGAIN'S WAKE

In a recent OMPazine, Arthur Hayes suggests that I do not exist. And now, having kept everybody waiting so long for a new issue of KIWIFAN, I must confess that this is true. At least, for most of the time...

The idea of non-existence fascinates me, since 'pleasure' always seems to be a matter of losing and forgetting oneself. My strange hobby began as a child; I can remember many perplexing hours spent at the bathroom mirror, trying to see what I looked like with my eyes closed. More recently, however, I have found that abstracting oneself from the so-called world of reality is particularly easy after publishing a fanzine. After staggering back from mailing out the last copies of a fifty-page annish at the post office, one can collapse at one's desk and feel no inclination to move again, or even muster up the energy to think, that is, until the postman has shoved so many letters of comment etc under the door that the room is about to flood. But my latest, and most successful, discovery is that an even more vacuous state of contemplation can be produced before publishing a fanzine. The technique is as follows: Wearing your best beanie, sit down in front of your typewriter, where a clean stencil has been neatly lined up for use. Then: attempt to think of the perfect opening, or the ultimate interlineation... A state of mental fog will soon envelop all.

Waking from my last period of non-existence (the longest yet), I found that I had typed the ultimate interlineation: "Gafia is a way of life!" So watch out. No further bulletins will be issued!

(P.S. There were some other pages of typescript beside my typer when I came too, also. Here they are... they diary of a fan who disappeared...)

"Huello friends

I a Nigel Horrocks of Aukland. My brother Roger is the maker of this magisense. I am eight years old. All the time our family have to face funny mail adressed to 'Rajah', 'Soger', 'Rogue Horrocks' etc.

This week Bruce Burn of Wellington came up to stay with us. When Bruce stayed with us the first night he sundley felt the bed going down so he prompt it up by Roger's Duplexator. In the morning he found part of the bed had collapest. Whell I think that's all for now goodbye folks."

The Kiwifan is a mobile bird. Since the beginning of last year, no fewer than five Wellington fans have made the 450 (or so) mile trip up to Auckland. With the exception of the Vondrukass, however, all believe in making their travelling easy, 'cos not one hitchhiked. Two rode in Jaguars. (Auto type).

The most recent visitor was Peter Davies, who came up to 'dig cool sounds and sample the local scene!' Gazing inscrutably at everybody from behind his beat-type dark glasses, Peter spent a hectic week going over the city, playing tennis, swimming at Parnell Baths, and wandering with wonder through various SF collections. After dusk he explored Auckland's night spots, where Pete was able to indulge in his passion for collecting menus. Peter is an amiable companion but I find it difficult to digest my steak when he is engaged in the delicate manoeuvre of slipping a glossy, foolscap-size menu serruptitiously into his sports coat. "If I ever get tired of menus -- or if I ever succeed in papering all my bedroom walls," said Peter, smiling evilly, "could be I'll switch to table-cloths."

Toni and Lynette Vondruska came up to Auckland a little earlier in the year, in a bout of honeymoon madness. It had four wheels (e&oe) and its name was Schnozzles. After travelling so many hundred miles, at grave risk to life and Lyn, and having the most amazing adventures, T & L at last rolled proudly up to the Hockshop door, only to find that I was out! Gone to the beach for the day.. What happened when they caught up with me will be described in a future issue of KIWIFAN.

((Addendum: the Vondrukass have just visited Auckland again -- this time by train. As usual, all sorts of things happened in the two days they were here, some of the fannish highlings being: In the P.O., a dazed Toni making profuse apologies to the pillar he had just banged into.... At the 'Hungaria', Lynette dealing with a flamin' dessert.... and, on the last evening, Toni insisting on walking down the main street wearing his incredibly lifelike Frankenstein mask, Lynette and I supporting him at each side. (Unfortunately, no policeman stopped us so I lost the opportunity of quipping: 'Excuse us, officer, we're just helping Grandfather home from the pub...'.))

Not so long ago, I received a letter from another Wellington fan, Mervyn Barrett, informing me that he was going to pop up to see me (as he later did). The letter ran thus:

"You pinchpenny crook!!! That letter that you mailed

to me had only a threepenny stamp on it and you sent it airmail which any fool knows costs fourpence. I'll be up your way in a week or so's time to collect the Double Deficient Postage which I had to pay, even if I have to beat you on the head to get it.

Regards, Merve."

Ah, Wellington, it's a wonderful town!

Last, but not least, there was that other chap who showed up at the Hockshop... sturdy lookin' fellah, with a determined chin... Tammit, what was his name?...

§ § § §

Here's a little political stuff. It's the epitaph to a kiwi-fan; and it all goes to bear out the fact, painful but true, that New Zealanders are the most heavily taxed people in the world...

Meet Joe E. Kiwiphan. Joe is a typical NZ fan, young eager, with a promising fan career in front of him. One spring afternoon, we find Joe atrolling proudly down a city street on his fancy rubber soles which, incidentally, cost Joe quite a lot of money to import. His first call is at the stationery shop, because, as everyone knows, 'In Spring, a young man's fanzines lightly turn, go ho!' and Joe is bursting to publish a fanmag. But here's his first unpleasant surprise: the Government has stopped the import of stencils and duplicating ink from overseas. "But we do have some Ghuplex ones, which are made locally, and -- whoops! better hold 'em from the top end, man...!"

Joe stomps disgustedly out, and down a pavement which has cost him so much in rates, toward the newsagent, to drown his sorrows in the latest copy of Astounding. The newsagent is very apologetic. "Sorry, mate, it's been hit by those !!\$F*!! import restrictions... No spare copies for at least a few months". Joe stagger out. "Those fuggheaded customs authorities," curses Joe grimly. "May the ghastly ghost of Hieronymous glue up their works properly!"

His final call is at the hotel, where Joe intends to buy some liquid inspiration for the next meeting of his club. Joe's first lucky find of the afternoon -- there's grog aplenty. However, when it comes to paying for the stuff, the barman informs him that the tax on grog has been increased to six bob per gallon. 58 per cent tax! Joe totals up the slender remains of his purse, and then comes to a decision.

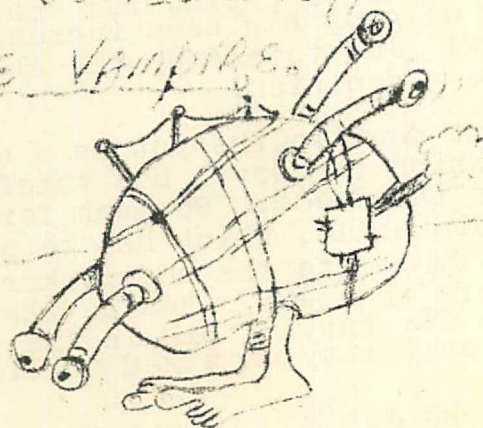
Next door to the pub is a sports store where Joe buys a .22 rifle (which the Govt. has taxed 45%). He shoots himself -- with a bullet taxed 40%. So much for Joe. In an expensive and heavily taxed automobile, which has to pay 90% on every gallon of petrol, they carry Joe to the undertaker. His slen shack is immediately taxed more than 40%. Beside the funeral expenses, large fees are demanded for burying him in the cemetary. His virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble.

And so Joe E. Kiwiphan is at last laid to rest -- to be taxed and restricted no more....
rjh.

Bruce King's TRIBUTE TO STELLAR ADVENTURERS

THIS IS A VERY RARE
PICTURE SHOWING AN
EARLY EARTH EXPEDITION,
ARMED WITH LEAD WEIGHTED
KITE, HUNTING THE
DANGEROUS VENUSIAN
BAG-PIPER.

THE EXPEDITION
LEADER IS
ELMER SCHLUNK
HE AS SHOWN
EXTENDING
TO THE HOUSE OF
BARON VON SCHLUNK,
PART TIME VAMPIRE.





BEM BUNDLES (cont'd)-

the effort Lynette Vondruska has put into this very issue of-FAN. Not only did she cut the illustrations to Toni's article; she also came to my rescue with a wonderful heading to Roger's column, cut it for me, and then swiftly drew an end-illo to Mervyn's little story. My regrets that I had to cut the latter myself, and ruined the drawing in my usual ham-handed manner. Sorry.

Some recipients will be wondering what the envelope-stuffer is that accompanies this issue of KIWIFAN. Well, it's the third issue of SIZAR, a little fanzine I used to contribute to the OMPA mailings. While hunting through my junk-box some weeks ago, I found about fifty copies of the thing, and decided there and then to mail them away with KIWIFAN 11. I also found some spare copies of various issues of paraFANalia, so you may be lucky and be one of a few people who'll receive that too. You'd better check that envelope, friend. Sure there's nothing else in it?

I don't know what Roger intends doing now. I suppose he'll get around to producing another issue of KIWIFAN, but when probably depends upon you lot. Lots of egoboo will force the lad to produce soon, so why not drop him a line. His address is the one on the contents page. Auckland, by the way, is a sort of distant northern suburb of Wellington, that's what the s.w.l means.

I had intended to give here a brief resumé of current activity in New Zealand, which would be brief indeed. But there's not much space left, so I'll just mention that though Lynette and Toni have been dropped from OMPA, they're still keen to keep in touch with fans, lacking only LSD and time for the production of fanzines. Things might get better soon though, so it might be a good idea to contact them. Address: 112 Main Road, Birchville, Akatarawa, Upper Hutt, New Zealand. ¶ Mervyn Barrett sends his regards to you all, & says there'll be another issue of FOCUS out soon. If it's anything like the last issue, it'll be worth getting. Address: 8 Doctors Commons, Wellington c.l., NZ. Mervyn is soon to leave Wellington, so watch for his change of address in FANAC or SKYHOOK. Or both.

Which just about wraps that up. Except, as Edgar Bates would say, to add that from the 20th of June, I will no longer haunt these lands. No, I'll be aboard a ship bound for England, and initially for London. I have an address there, if anyone's interested. It's 9 Temple Sheen Road, East Sheen, London SW14. So if you're overcome by an incredible urge to write to me, or send me a fanzine, send it to Lunnon if it looks like it might arrive in New Zealand after about the 16th of July.

And now friends, adieu. Send your egoboo to Snorrocks.

etc.

Bruce.