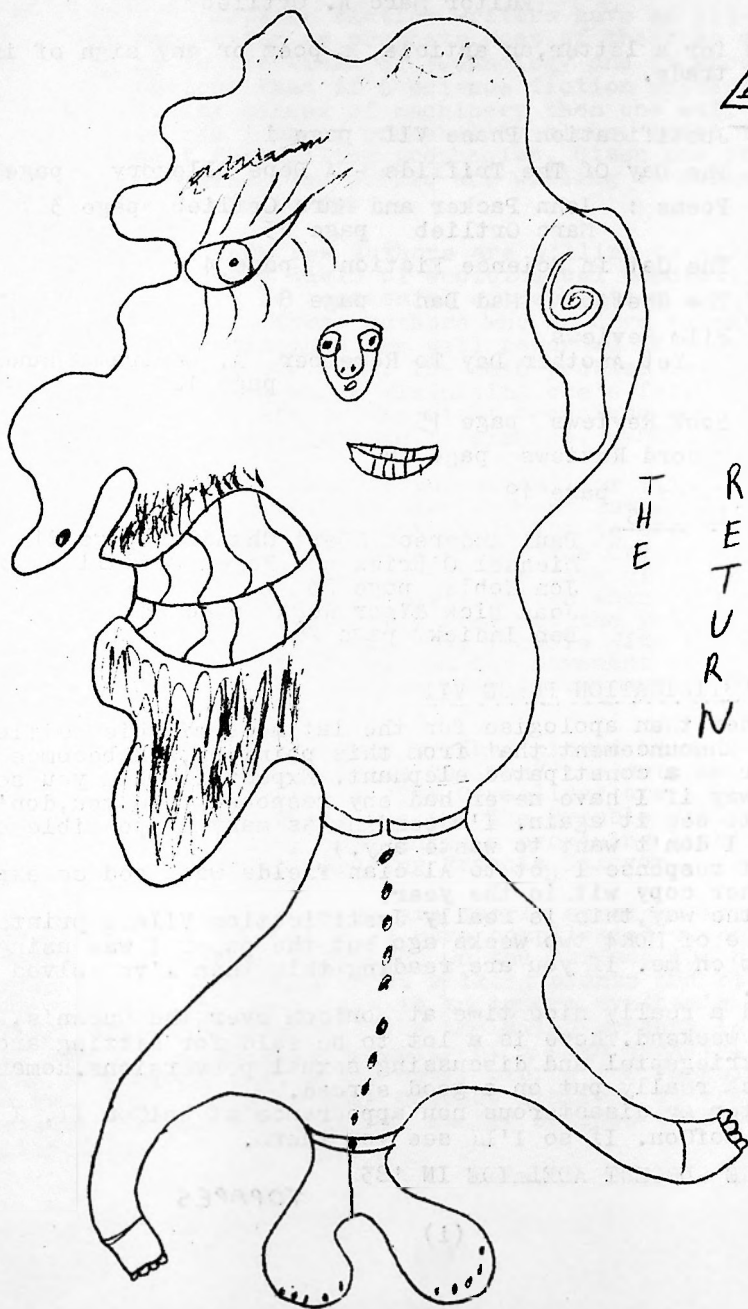


# THE MAD DAN REVIEW

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THE  
RETURN  
OF  
CRUD

THE MAD DAN REVIEW

VOLUME ONE NUMBER FOUR

JUNE 1976

Editor Marc A. Ortlieb

Available for a letter, an article, a poem or any sign of interest.  
We always trade.

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JUSTIFICATION PHASE VII

Rather than apologise for the lateness of this edition, I'll make the announcement that from this point on, MDR becomes as irregular as a constipated elephant. Expect it when you see it. (By the way if I have never had any response from you, don't expect to see it again. I'm sending as many as possible overseas so I don't want to waste any.)

What response I got to Alician Fields was good so expect to see another copy within the year.

By the way, this is really Justification VIIa. I printed the first page of MDR4 two weeks ago but the paper I was using played up on me. If you are reading this then I've solved my problems.

I had a really nice time at Monicon over the Queen's birthday weekend. There is a lot to be said for sitting around playing kriegspiel and discussing sexual perversions. Roman and Monica really put on a good spread.

After my disastrous non appearance at UniCon II, I hope I get to BofCon. If so I'll see you there.

MAY WE SUGGEST ADELAIDE IN '83

TOPAPES



## THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS :- A Dope Allegory..

Science Fiction writers have an ill-earned reputation as prophets. Most of their so called prophecy is in the field of technology and it should be fairly obvious that if a science fiction writer predicts twenty pieces of machinery then one will come true due to the laws of probability alone. Added to that are the self fulfilling prophecies. Given one or two such successes, the public are willing to forget the fifty or so failures.

Very few authors are willing to stray into the less easy field of sociological prediction. Here the chances of successful extrapolation are far lower. However, those authors who do dare to make such extrapolations are well rewarded if they do manage to beat the odds. The main problem is to maximise one's successes while minimising one's failures. John Wyndham hit on the right technique and it is this that this essay intends to examine. Wyndham discovered allegory.

For those of you unfamiliar with the term, allegory is the technique used when an author writes about one thing but uses that one thing to describe something else entirely. Thus while "The Crysalds" is, on the surface, a novel about the fate of mutant telepaths in a post-Atomic civilization, when you examine it more closely it actually predicts the youth revolution of the late sixties. "The Trouble With Lichen" looks at the future of the Fem Lib movement and "The Midwich Cuckoos" is another look at the mutant mind of youth theme.

In his use of allegory, Wyndham proved himself to be a reactionary. In "The Midwich Cuckoos" the mutant minds are destroyed. The mutants in "The Crysalds" are forced into an apartheid like situation and in "The Trouble With Lichen" Diana Brackley sells out by abandoning a promising lesbian relationship with Zephania and by marrying Francis Saxover.

The above three novels are fairly straight forward in their presentation of the case. A more complicated situation is found in "The Day Of The Triffids". On the surface, the novel seems to be merely an adventure about walking plants and blind people. However, to take that view is to ignore Wyndham's past performance as an author. Critics dislike including Wyndham in the sf genre because his writing is actually of a high quality. This view, as held by whoever writes the cover blurbs for Penguin Books, seems to be "Well it looks like science fiction; it tastes like science fiction but it's not really science fiction. It's good literature.

What then is this paragon of literary virtue doing with a theme as hackneyed as walking plants?

To answer that, it is necessary to look at a few of the basic characteristics of triffids.

- (1) They are exotic foreign plants, yet they can be found growing as weeds in rubbish heaps.
- (2) They are cultivated for the valuable high quality oil which can be extracted from them but they can be fed to people in their unprocessed form.
- (3) Clusters of triffids are found wherever people are found
- (4) They are imported into England by jet aircraft.
- (5) They pack an incredible sting.
- (6) 99% of the population are blind to the evil they can produce
- (7) A large proportion of the seeds are infertile.

There is a plant which neatly fits the above description. Its name is marijuana. "The Day of the Triffids" is a dope allegory.

Of course I need more evidence for my thesis but consider how well it fits the book as one goes through it. The story is narrated by Bill Mason, an early pioneer in triffid cultivation. He had been stung by one of the first triffids in England and had developed an obsession with them. His reaction is very much like any recent convert to drugs. He wants to get closer to the source. Having been stung badly in the eyes, he develops a hatred for triffids. Again his reaction parallels that of a drug addict who has suffered adverse effects. He determines to methodically and scientifically wipe out the killer weed. Science vs Dope.

Assuming the thesis is viable, what can we learn of Wyndham's attitude to marijuana. As can be expected, he chooses a reactionary stance. His heroes are those who fight the stuff. We also learn that the triffids are of Russian origin. This sounds like a rerun on the old "Marijuana is a Communist Plot" Theme.

We are assured by Wyndham that the triffids will eventually be brought under control and everything ends on an upnote. Thus Wyndham sticks to his standard approach. Most of those who are blind to the effect of the stuff die and the select group who can see the evil live to fight another day.

But I must leave the topic at this point. However, the next time you read the book, consider the following points.

- (1) Why is Umberto South American? (Hint: What is Acapulco famous for?)
- (2) Who do the Arctic and European Fish-Oil Company represent?

(3) How do Coker's gang and Torrence's neo-feudal communes fit into the picture?

## Dichotomy

The sun is setting in the west,  
the shadows of clouds,  
converge in the east,  
the rays of an anti-sun,  
darkening the backs of clouds,  
rising to light the world in darkness.

sunset saturday 19/4/75  
John Packer

\*\*\*\*\*

My spirit weaves  
Past the dog-god  
And floats across the river  
Into the pale mirror  
Of the upper world.  
I move through torments  
Seas of sorrow  
Misty groves where the hunter  
With his astral bow  
Herds the forms of his long dead prey.  
I rest in the blessed fields  
And suck the nectar  
From eternal flowers.  
I find it lacking.

Marc Ortlieb

~~~~~

Warm spheres circling.  
Blue calls to red.  
White mist sings the void.  
Whirring top bites owner's bright face.  
Twelve shy children  
Hug bloated mother.  
Ice ring sparkles  
Reflecting slow crawl.  
The old ones skate their solitary path  
In the scattered starlight.  
And the silver seed  
Which flows from blue  
Drops to yellow.  
Unnoticed.

Marc Ortlieb

## THE CAT IN SCIENCE FICTION

The feline is something which tends to appeal to the science fiction community. It is often suggested that humanity can be divided into two groups (other than the obvious ones); Cat People and Dog People. If this is true then I suspect that one would find an unexpectedly high proportion of Cat people in the science fiction community. This opinion has been borne out by fans I have talked to and by reading stories which have been written by Cat People.

Why? Well, for a start, the cat is the closest thing we have to a readily accessible alien intelligence. Let me clarify. Every impression I have of the apes is that their type of intelligence and their personalities are poor reflections of our own. Similarly, the dog shows a very human type of intelligence. (I had better admit here and now that I am biased. I dislike dogs.) The cat on the other hand exhibits a different approach to life. It is a harsh and cruel and above all independent predator. Its actions are smooth and fast. It is continually on the lookout for number one.

Combined with this is the cat's love of warmth and attention and its extravagant affection for the people it likes. (The cynic may put this down to mere cupboard love but it goes further than that. If a cat takes a dislike to you, no amount of feeding will get you into its good books.)

A cat varies from a cuddly ball of fur to a lightning killed yet it has superb control. I have seldom seen a cat harm a young child despite the fact that I have seen such children treat cats in a manner deserving the loss of an eye or two. If possible, the cat will run away, but if caught, it will take all the indignities heaped upon it with a long-suffering dignity. (The one exception I have seen to this was when one of my brothers decided to show the cat the nice doggy. He received a few scratches when the cat made her retreat.)

Another factor in the cat's appeal to humans is the number of parallels which may be drawn between the feline and the female human. Numerous actresses and for that matter women in general, have cultivated this resemblance.

It must have been a number of the above mentioned characteristics which lead to the deification of the cat in Ancient Egypt and the demonification of the cat in Europe in the Middle Ages. Today, the cat still retains a sinister aura. This provides yet another reason for the popularity of the cat amongst sf authors.

In this article, I intend to examine the ways in which cats are portrayed in sf. I will go from Gummitch, Fritz Leiber's playful superkitten from "Space Time For Springers" through

Petronius, Meinlein's tom in "Doorway Into Summer" to C'mel, Cordwainer Smith's cat woman whose place in Smith's elaborate tapestry is second to none.

But first a mild divergence. There is a beautiful cat story in Star Science Fiction 5 by Katherine MacLean and Tom Condit called "Trouble with Treaties" which deals with the cat as a diplomatic weapon.

The story is set on a Terran scoutship. Earth has evidently been at peace for many centuries and some humans have become telepathic. The ship is contacted by an advanced scoutship belonging to the Nll'ni who consider it their sacred quest to bring Order to the Universe. Needless to say, their idea of Order has them at the head of it.

They plan to use their standard technique on the Terran ship i.e. capture it and use the star charts to locate the home world of the Terrans. To prevent the Terrans from panicing they disguise themselves as humble traders, not knowing that the Terran telepaths can see through their every move.

The Earthmen decide to try a colossal game of bluff. To delude the Nll'ni into thinking that the Terran Empire is a huge affair, they claim that each type of pet on the ship is a sentient being belonging to a Federation of beings. The Nll'ni, being a hierarchical people, don't understand the idea that different species can be equal and are looking for a catch. The Alien Captain is shown over the ship where he sees some phony blasters and some other equipment. He comes to the conclusion that the ship is a pushover and is about to order his crew into action when the Terran crew snap to attention for the entrance of "THE CAT".

The captain is instantly aware that here is the real power behind the Terran Confederation.

"Under the velvet paw lay the steel claws - the creature's wisdom and skill were weapons to fear."

(Star S.F.5 page 32)

The Nll'ni captain gets away as quickly as possible, leaving Earth to its masters :- The Cats.

Perhaps the best cat story to grace the genre is Fritz Leiber's "Space Time For Springers". The story centers on the superkitten Gummitch and his theories concerning the nature of the Universe. His primary hypothesis is that kittens are larval humans whilst babies are larval cats. Leiber's genius as a writer ensures that by the end of the story the reader finds himself believing it. According to Gummitch, babies are dull squalling creatures who are only interested in the next arrival of the food dish. So are full grown cats. Kittens on the other hand are bright, imaginative and intelligent. (He credits himself with an I.Q. of 160 on the grounds that "I.Q. tests based on language ability are very one sided.")



Leiber has obviously spent a great deal of time observing kittens and Gummitch is one of the most believable aliens to be found in sf. His encounters with such things as squirrel mirrors are pure joy and one cannot suppress a chuckle at such statements as the following

"(she believed)..-that to get from here to there they  
(kittens) had to cross the space between-"  
(Star Fourteen page 169)

Gummitch is eventually forced into a confrontation with Sissy, his owners child. She is slightly retarded and sees Gummitch and her brother, Baby, as threats. Gummitch discovers her scratching Baby with a pin and tries to stop her by staring at her. In doing this he loses his soul to Sissy. Sissy starts to talk and Gummitch begins his metamorphosis into a surly tom.

Leiber attempted to resurrect Gummitch in the story "Kreativity for Kats" in the April '61 Galaxy but the story is a failure. It adds nothing to our understanding of Gummitch and ruins the neat ending of "Space Time for Springers" which stands alone as a minor masterpiece.

Heinlein is another cat person and this comes across in many of his novels. In one, "Door Into Summer", a cat, Petronius, is one of the major characters. The novel acts as Heinlein's guide to cat maintenance and throughout the book we are given specific instructions as to establishing good relationships with cats. Petronius (Pete) is the archetypical independent tom. He embodies many of Heinlein's better principles and acts as an instant character analyser. He also has a taste for ginger ale.

In a later novel, "Stranger in a Strange Land", Heinlein makes what can be considered to be his definitive statement on feline/human relationships.

"There was a cat on the place (not a pet but a co-owner); on occasion it came to the house and deigned to accept a handout."

(Stranger In A Strange Land page 220)

Whilst Leiber's appreciation of cats seems to be based on their intelligence and their sprite nature, Heinlein seems more impressed by their survival potential. As a result Heinlein is not as concerned with kittens as he is with full grown cats.

Cordwainer Smith takes another attribute of cats as his starting point. His cats reflect the female side of the feline nature. Cordwainer Smith, in his writing, built up a very complex universe and it is difficult to explain the role of cats in it without having a look at that universe.

Cordwainer Smith's Universe spans thousands of years though most of his stories concern a period of time about fifteen thousand years into our future. In this world, men are



just recovering from centuries of overprotection, the mysterious Lords of the Instrumentality control everything and humanoids built from animals do all the dirty work whilst having no rights of their own. The entire story sequence traces, amongst other things, the Underpeoples' struggle for freedom. A key figure in this struggle is the cat girl C'mel.

C'mel is a girlie girl, a job that seems to have much in common with that of the Japanese geisha. She is the daughter of C'macintosh, a famous acrobat. During the course of her life she is one of the most important instruments of the freedom movement. She is thrown into contact with the Lord Jestocost and together they steal information pertaining to the destruction of Underpeople. Whilst doing this, Jestocost and C'mel fall in love but since this isn't allowed, they both refuse to accept the fact and part.

C'mel is also involved in the case of Rod McBan, a native of the planet Old North Australia, who manages to buy the planet Earth. She is assigned to protect him when he visits his new possession and naturally McBan falls in love with her.

C'mel is cast as the Mata Hari of the freedom movement and in her Cordwainer Smith has incorporated every feline/female parallel possible. The following quotation from "The Planet Buyer" summarises C'mel almost perfectly.

"She was lean, limber, smooth, menacing and beautiful; she was soft to the touch, hard in her motions, quick, alert, and cuddlesome. Her red hair blazed with the silkiness of animal fire. She spoke with a soprano which tinkled like wild bells. Her ancestors and ancestresses had been bred to produce the most seductive girl on Earth. The task had succeeded."

("The Planet Buyer" page 135)

Cordwainer Smith then is concerned with the feminine cat. (He uses a real female cat in an earlier story "Game of Rat and Dragon".) His cats are sleek and voluptuous.

Cats and science fiction. Offhand I can only think of one author who treats cats with less than reverence and that is Joe Haldeman in his "The Forever War". Major Mandella's opinion of cats is not high. Other sf cats that I can think of offhand include Niven's tiger-like Kzinti, the cat's mentioned by Edgar Pangborn's angel in his story "Angel's Egg", and of course Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat from "Alice In Wonderland". (Who was that philistine in the back row who claimed that "Alice" isn't sf? Take him out and shoot him!)

So remember; the next time you go out to feed the furry pest, this whole planet could be a feline dictatorship. I mean to say, would anyone really put up with the tiny aristocrats if they hadn't been brainwashed into wanting to?

# The Ghetto



Funn Pages!!!!

HI BOYS AND GIRLS!!! It's your old pal Dan here with pages of funn and excitement for you all. I know you're all looking foreward to all the funn things we're going to do this week so I won't spoil it for you any more with all this writing stuff. I'll just leave it to you.

(Kerist! The indignities I have to put up with just to get a spot in my own zine. There'll be a lotta changes come the revolution I'm tellin you.)

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## WORLDS OF ADVENTURE

### The Great Spitoon Robbery

Marshall Goodrite lounged back on his chair with his ha carved silver spurs gouging holes in the desk top. He was thoroughly relaxed and a glance at the half empty Jim Beam bottle by his side adequately explained his condition. He dozed contentedly. Things in Ghetto City had been remarkably quiet since the Kid had erased Mad Dan. Indeed, things had been so quiet that the Kid had gone to the capital for the weekend to renew his acquaintance with that famed home of good guys :- Space Age.

On Goodrite's desk lay a telegram from Doc Gramaticus. The Doc had been discharged from the Sercon Asylum and was due back in town within the week. Yes, things were definitely looking up in the old Ghetto.

Such idyllic states seldom last. The Marshall's door was flung open by a small boy immediately identified as Aussiefan's kid Adelcon.

"Marshall; come quick. The Spitoon's gone."

"Oh Ghod!" moaned the Marshall, "The Firsters are going to raise Hell." He scratched his brow. This was going to be sticky. The R.A. Heinlein Memorial Spitoon had always been a bone of contention between the Firsters and the New Wavers. Unless it could be recovered quickly there would be a feud to end all feuds.

"Adel boy, go fetch Deputy Rega. I gotta feeling I'm gunna need him." Of all the dang fool times for this to happen though Goodrite. All my best men out of town. (Naturally the thought that he could follow up the case himself never occurred to him. After all, what were deputies for?)

Rega bumbled his way in, a bundle of Wanted Posters under his arm. The Marshall glimpsed the one on the top of the pile. It read

WANTED  
TAMS AAFPL INTRO  
REWARD 5¢

Not even worth that thought Goodrite.

"Hi Marshall" said Rega. "What do you want me for?"

Goodrite carefully explained the situation as it stood. When he mentioned the New Wavers part in the conspiracy Rega whistled softly.

"I guess that means Gillespie don't it?" Goodrite hesitantly nodded.

"He stands to gain the most if a feud breaks out. No matter which side wins he gets rich through his shares in the press reporting it."

Rega nodded sagely. "O.K. Marshall" he said "But you know I can't afford any of them fancy shootin irons or nuthin."

"Ghod damn it Deputy!" roared Goodrite, "How many times do I have to tell you to pronounce any with an 'a'. What you just said is mighty close to Lindsayist propaganda."

"Sorry Marshall" said Rega sheepishly.

"That's O.K. Ygor. Just make sure you don't do it anywhere near Doc. One word could undo all the good they did at the Asylum. Now, as for shootin irons, I'm afraid I can't help you much. The Remington electric is being repaired and the Puddin Gang hijacked the last shipment of ribbons for the Olympic. In fact all I can offer you is a Royal portable."

"That's fine" muttered Rega. "I never did learn to handle them fancy irons nohow."

Rega checked his weapon carefully, examining the ribbon magazine and replacing the safety. He strapped it to his side and headed for the door. On reaching it he paused and turned to the Marshall. He spoke abruptly

"Oh Marshall,...if I don't make it back...er... could you finish puttin up them Wanted Posters and er...could you break the news to Styles?....gentle like." He left without waiting for an answer.

Rega's first step was to get the following article printed on the first page of the Ghetto Gazette (editors Alter and Ego)

\*\*\*\*\*  
GILLESPIE CONFESSES FARTIST SYMPATHIES  
\*\*\*\*\*

Dateline Kansas

Noted publishing mogul Brace Gillespie today admitted he admired R.A. Heinlein. He is quoted as saying

"The sound of each spitwad ringing in the Old Spittoon tore a strip from my artistic soul."

When asked if he thought the townspeople would miss the Spittoon he replied

"Well, most of them used to anyway"

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Having fixed the article, Rega went home and waited. He wasn't disappointed. Two hours after the first edition had hit the street there was a frantic knocking on the door. Rega slowly opened it to be confronted by a panting publisher with

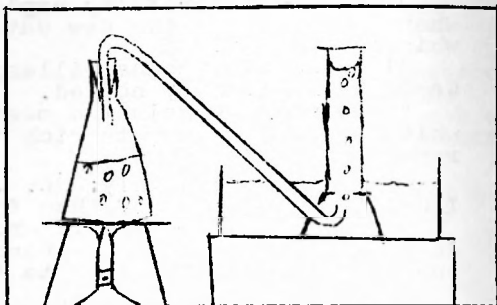
JUNIOR SCIENTISTS' CLUB  
(otherwise known as A Fansight Saga Part 3)

Experiment 29 :- Fan Building

Aim:- To prove that a normally sane intelligent human being can be reduced to a mass of gibbering idiocy in six months.

Aparatus:-

- One (1) WorldCon
- Two (2) or more gibbering idiots (From here on described as fans)
- One (1) Duplicator
- Several sf books and zines
- One (1) sane human.



Method:- The sane human being should be taken and exposed to the sf books in large doses (12 books per year minimum) for ten or more years. A few prozines (Previously labled with fan material) should be slowly added. (Caution:- Make sure there is sufficient sf buffer solution.) At this point it is advisable to start warming up the WorldCon. Inject x kilogrammes of the Foyster, Johnson, Bangsund mixture and stand back.

The subject should be placed in close contact with the WorldCon. X grammes of Actifan should be pipetted into the solution.

Withdraw the subject from the WorldCon. It should now be placed in the vicinity of a Duplicator. (Caution:- The above step must be made in strictly Gafia free conditions.)

The resulting precipitate should be examined and the results entered on the tables below.

Results:-

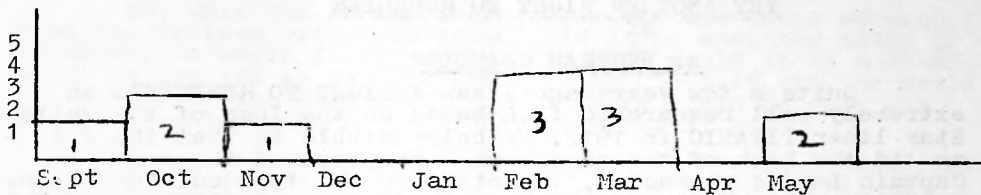
Table 1 Effect Of Fan Labeled Prozines

| SUBJECT | INTEREST ARROUSED | MEMBERSHIP SOUGHT | COLOUR CHANGE |
|---------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------|
| 1       | —                 | X                 | NO CHANGE     |
| 2       | ✓                 | ✓                 | FACE WENT RED |
| 3       | X                 | X                 | NO            |
| 4       | X                 | X                 | NO            |

Table 2 Effect of Controlled Contact With Fans

| SUBJECT | REACTION                                                |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------|
| 1       | shied away but did read some specially placed fanzines. |

Table 3 Number of Zines Produced in the Six Months



Conclusions:-

*Yes you'd think some people were masochists or something.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, thank Zeus that's over. That is the last serial I'm ever gonna let Ortlieb run in my zine. (In all fairness, I should point out that the reason that I had to run it as a serial was that Dan has no idea what a deadline is. Ed)

Down to the juicy gossip. Ortlieb and I were supposed to be going to UniCon II over Easter but we didn't make it. The truck which was supposed to be conveying us got repossessed at the last moment. All in all, Melbourne was pretty lucky.

The South Australian Science Fiction Society now exists. Its primary purpose seems to be holding Committee meetings at the moment. Ortlieb got the job of Committee member and promptly volunteered to put out the newsletter. As a result this zine is getting even less attention than usual. Were it not for the school holidays I doubt if it would have got out at all.

Let me see now. Other interesting things. Well for a start Ortlieb has been trying his hand at art recently. As should be obvious the attempts have not been that successful. (I was going to say awful but as Ortlieb's standing behind me with a brick I thought I'd better be tactful.) Any donations of art material will be gratefully accepted. I'm willing to trade. If you're a masochist, I'll send you copies in exchange for art, If you're not a masochist I'll promise not to send you copies of the zine in exchange for art.

THE REVIEWS

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FILMS  
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YET ANOTHER NIGHT TO REMEMBER  
BY

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

Quite a few years ago I saw A NIGHT TO REMEMBER. an extremely well researched film based on the loss of the White Star liner TITANIC in 1912. My only quibble is that the film - as did the book of the same name - perpetuated the smear on Captain Lord's character. I quote from the 1963 edition of the ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA: "The Leyland liner CALIFORNIAN, which might have aided the stricken luxury vessel, was less than 20 miles away all night, but its radio operator was asleep..." There was an enquiry, of course, and there had to be a scapegoat - and Captain Lord of CALIFORNIAN was it. To the day of his death he maintained that it had been some other ship actually within sight of the sinking TITANIC that night. He never lived to see his name cleared - but cleared it was eventually. All the evidence indicates that there was another ship in TITANIC'S close vicinity stopped and awaiting daylight before resuming passage through the icefield - but CALIFORNIAN it could not have been. There are two likely candidates - one Norwegian and one British.

A NIGHT TO REMEMBER was not the only TITANIC film. There was one in the early or middle thirties called THE BERG. I remember it only for the utterly unconvincing ship model that came off second best in the encounter with the ice. Then there was a sorry effort called TITANIC, made about the same time, give or take a couple or three years, as ANTR. I finally saw this not so very long ago revived for TV. It should have been left to moulder in its grave.

TITANIC belongs to the Grand Hotel school of film making. All the emphasis was on the silly, useless passengers, with the ship's own people, and the ship herself, very much in the background. On the other hand A NIGHT TO REMEMBER made the ship the central character with Captain Smith and his officers in strong supporting roles. Only those passengers who, in actuality, distinguished themselves got a showing.

My main whinge about TITANIC, however, was Captain Smith's fruit salad. (He was allowed to make a very occasional brief appearance.) The left breast of his jacket was literally plastered with medal ribbons. I said when I saw this that some of them looked suspiciously like World War II decorations, also

that a merchant captain of that period, there having been no major wars in which the Merchant Navy had done its share of the fighting, just might, if he happened to hold a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, have acquired, at most, a couple of gongs....

Shortly thereafter I read yet another book on TITANIC. There was a photograph of Captain Smith in his dress uniform. He was wearing two medals, one of which I was able to identify as the Reserve Decoration, which is awarded for Good Attendance.

So, when THE HINDENBURG finally hit our local screens I read the reviews with interest. Would it be another NIGHT TO REMEMBER, or would it be another TITANIC? Would it be a GRAND HOTEL IN THE AIR as TITANIC was a GRAND HOTEL AT SEA, or would the makers of the film realise that there could be only one possible central character, the ship herself?

Susan refused to accompany me to see it. (All right, all right, I refused to accompany her to see ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST. I still remember trying to read the book some time ago. I was in mid-Tasman and had nothing else to read. Even so, I never finished it. Denizens of looney bins, either patients or staff (and all equally nutty) make no appeal to me.) I read books and see films either for instruction or entertainment or, preferably, both. Susan is very interested in psychology. She thought that ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST was marvellous. I love (as though you didn't already know) airships. THE HINDENBURG could have been, should have been, marvellous. If there hadn't been an attempt to tack an utterly absurd story onto the real history it would have been a great film. As it was I was able to ignore the absurd posturings and trite dialogue of the petty (apart from Dr. Eckener, Captain Pruss and Captain Lehmann) humans and wallow in the poetry of lighter-than-air flight.

She was a real ship, HINDENBURG, not a glorified motor-coach with wings. The shots of her last lift-off from Friedrichshafen with the crowds, the uniformed Hitler Youth, the red banners with their black Crooked Crosses, with the band belting out Deutschland Uber Alles.... Well, damn it all, much as one dislikes the Nazis there was more poetry to it than the take-off of a modern jet. And that great, dark shape, with only a few accommodation lights showing, flying over a city by night.... And the shots of the bridge, with Captain Pruss a competent ship-master, not a mere aerial busdriver...

I'm old-fashioned, that's my trouble. During trans-Tasman flights I've spent quite a lot of time in the "front office" but the only instruments that made any sense to me were altimeter, compass and radar. But I like to kid myself that I could take charge of an airship after no more than a crash course, just as I can walk up to the bridge of an utterly unfamiliar vessel and carry out the manoeuvres required for deberting or berthing.

The film attributes the loss of HINDENBURG to sabotage. It may have been, although I prefer the discharge of static theory.





was the colour. There is a magnificent section at the very beginning of the film which is all abstract and in one part there is a ripple effect in dull red with something bright yellow and shiny passing underneath it.

Two of the expected highpoints of the film are THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE and NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN. The former is the only time I've ever liked Mickey Mouse, the latter is a bizarre masterpiece. It's a pity that they had to put the AVE MARIA bit on the end of A NIGHT ON BALD MOUNTAIN. It would have had so much more impact without it.

But as I said, what happened. There have only been two cartoons since FANTASIA which I thought even passable, the first being YELLOW SUBMARINE and the second being FANTASTIC PLANET. The cartoon form has incredible potential. Why not use it? (One underground film I saw earlier this year PANDORA'S BOX showed promise) Let's see modern technology's answer to FANTASIA and quickly.

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\$ BOOKS \$  
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A couple of people commented after last issue that I was reviewing books that hadn't been available for ten years or more so I'd better re-state my reviewing policy. I review anything recently read which I think may be of interest. (It's one way of filling a zine.

David Gerrold & Larry Niven THE FLYING SORCERERS (Corgi, 1975)

As I have said about fifty times recently, if this book had been a hundred pages shorter and printed in mimeo it would have won a Hugo for the best Fanzine of the year. It is ultra-fannish and indeed is like a fan crossword. ("Hmnn. Let me see now. Filfo-mar, God of the River. Phil Fomar. Of course. RIVERWORLD. Philip Jose Farmer. What's next? N'veen God of the Tides? They've got to be kidding.)

I won't expand any further. I think you get the picture. It's fun reading.

Joe Haldeman THE FOREVER WAR (Orbit, 1976)

STARSHIP TROOPERS grows up and finds the process painful. This book is as deliberate an attempt to smash the STARSHIP TROOPER myth as was Harry Harrison's BILL THE GALACTIC HERO. The result is exactly the same. A damn good novel has been produced. I think Heinlein deserves another Hugo for the most inspiring sf novel ever written.

Haldeman has gone all out to make the space war concept

more realistic. Thus we have real sex, real fighting, real space travel and real people. The net result is a fast moving story with a happy ending. The novel would have to be one of the best I have read this year. By the same token though it has not distracted from my opinion of STARSHIP TROOPERS. Indeed I might just get around to writing an article on STARSHIP TROOPERS, BILL THE GALACTIC HERO & THE FOREVER WAR. There are some interesting comparisons in there.

Thomas Burnett Swann THE FOREST OF FOREVER (Mayflower, 1975)

I'm a sucker for ancient myths and Swann plays up to this. He takes the mythological creatures of the Mediterranean and builds them into stories. Thus here we meet the last of the Minotaurs, two beautiful Dryads, several Centaurs and the king of Crete, one Minos.

The story is a prequel to THE DAY OF THE MINOTAUR and deals with the birth of the two halfling children who are the centre of that book. A little whimsical but I enjoyed it.

Christopher Stasheff A WARLOCK IN SPITE OF HIMSELF & KING KOBOLI (Mayflower, 1974)

One of the numerous "scientist becomes warlock" books which are probably, at least in part, due to CHARIOT OF THE GODS. This contains all the right ingredients; a malfunctioning robot horse; some real magic in the form of elves, witches and warlocks (with psi powers); a proud and haughty queen with designs on our hero (she is similar to the queen in Sprague de Camp's LEST DARKNESS FALL and the way in which our hero disposes of her is the same); a witch who falls in love with our hero and a group of time traveling villains who are trying to rule the backward world so that they can control the psis.

The first volume works well. It is horribly cute in places (the witch, having been put in our hero's pocket in the guise of a mouse starts rummaging around his balls) but all in all is very entertaining. The second volume, not having the novelty of the first was rather dull.

Philip K. Dick DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRONIC SHEEP? (Panther, 1972)

Roman Orsanski conned me into buying a copy of Bruce Gillespie's PHILIP K. DICK: THE ELECTRONIC SHEPHERD. So I thought I'd better read the original novel. I needn't have bothered. It is a typical Dick "am I dreaming of being alive or is someone else dreaming that I'm dreaming I'm alive" book. It was easier to understand than most of the others but was nothing to write home about. So far the only Dick novel I've really enjoyed has been THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Ah well. You can't please everybody.

Piers Anthony      TRIPLE DETENTE      (Sphere, 1975)

Piers Anthony has always struck me as an uneven writer. If it is true that Piers Anthony is a pseudonym then I would be tempted to suggest that at least five writers sheltered under it. There is the Piers Anthony of MACROSCOPE who is a highly talented sf writer. Then there is the Piers Anthony of CTHON who is one of the most confusing writers in the field.

There is one Piers Anthony who wrote SOS THE ROPE and he is skilled in the field of neo-barbarian writing. The Piers Anthony who wrote the two sequels is however a hack.

Finally we come to Piers Anthony the author of good juvenile sf. He has come up with a good, fast-moving sf adventure in TRIPLE DETENTE. The novel hinges around a rather interesting interstellar war in which Earth wins while Earth's enemies occupy Earth. The ideas expressed would have the anti-Heinleinists up in arms. Selective breeding, genocide the charisma theory. What worries me is that Anthony makes it all sound so logical and sensible.

Mack Reynolds      THE TOWERS OF UTOPIA      (Bantam, 1975)

One of those books that you read enjoy and then have to apologise for enjoying. It is a typical "just around the corner" future type book. To solve the population problem man has moved into huge city buildings. The story deals with the trials and tribulations of those who run the city. Personally I think Silverberg did a much better job on that particular theme in his Urban Monad stories in Galaxy in 1970.

Keith Roberts      THE CHALK GIANTS      (Panther, 1975)

Though America seems to have cornered the market in disaster films, in the field of books, English disaster writers reign supreme.

Keith Roberts' first disaster novel was the Wyndhamlike THE FURIES. After that he went on to write the beautiful alternate universe series which was collected as PAVANE. In THE CHALK GIANTS he seems to be attempting to link the two forms. The novel is set after an atomic war and it traces the return to barbarism and then the rise back to civilization of the English. The barbarian civilization is very Celtic and the novel ends by hinting that the world of PAVANE is not just an alternate universe but is also in our future. A good novel but very British.

Jack Williamson      THE HUMANIDS      (Lancer, )

Good old fashioned sf like Campbell used to bake. In its time, it must have been an interesting variation on the "gallant humans against heartless robots" theme. Now it is rather dated. Worth reading once if only for the nostalgia value.

RECORDS

Caution: Reviewers with names like Edmonds and Alderson are advised not to read this section.

Jefferson Airplane BLESS ITS POINTED LITTLE HEAD R.C.A.  
LSP-4133  
UP AGAINST THE WALL Bootleg

O.K. Leigh. I promise that this is the second to last Airplane review that will appear here until the next Starship album comes out.

Both of these albums are live, the former being a legitimate release, the latter being a bootleg edition. As may be expected the recording quality of UP AGAINST THE WALL is not as good as that of POINTED HEAD but both have their good points.

Chronologically, POINTED HEAD comes after AFTER BATHING AT BAXTER'S. It includes the track BEAR MELT which is an ecological tour de force about a mountain stream. It is probably an ancestor of ESIMO BLUE DAY from VOLUNTEERS. There are tracks from previous Airplane albums including a really nice version of SOMEBODY TO LOVE. As a nice little extra there is TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, a plea with music for the house lights to be turned down so that the audience can see the light show.

UP AGAINST THE WALL is post VOLUNTEERS and half of it is taken up by tracks from that album. Again we have SOMEBODY TO LOVE. Despite poor quality, the album is an interesting one. It starts with a drawn out scream from Grace Slick followed by the rather lethargic comment "She's loose and we're ready."

I thought that I'd better get my five cents' worth in on bootleg albums while I was about it. I'm in favour of them. If one is limited to the few albums that the record companies are willing to release then one is bound to miss some very interesting music. Thus on the Buffalo Springfield bootleg STAMPEDE there are tracks which have never been released on albums but are well worth listening to.

An added advantage for the dedicated fan is that from live recordings one learns more about the artist as a person. This is especially valuable to us here in Australia where we don't get to see people like Joni Mitchell or Jefferson Starship live. More power to the bootleggers. Perhaps they'll force more things like the release of THE BASEMENT TAPES.

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ZINES  
 =====

CRUX 1 James Styles 342 Barkly St. Ararat Vict. 3377  
 15 pp Fordograph. 40¢ or the usual.  
 Fannish. Includes OmegaCon report

S F COMMENTARY 44/45 Bruce Gillespie GPO Box 5195AA  
 Melbourne 3001  
 \$1-00 per copy  
 106 pp Mimeo  
 Very Sercon lots of serious articles  
 and letters.

INTERSTELLAR PYJAMA PARTY Adelaide Uni S.F. Assn.  
 To members of OmegaCon  
 20 pp Mimeo  
 Ridiculous. Typed between the hours  
 of 11pm and 6 am at OmegaCon

SOUTH OF HARAD EAST OF RHUN 6 Jon Noble 2/208 Hereford St.  
 Glebe N.S.W. 2037.  
 The usual or money  
 30 pp Fordograph  
 Varies from Tolkien to Dr. Who.  
 Highly readable and amusing.

THE SPANG BLAH Jan Howard Finder PSC Box 614, APO NY 09293 U.S.A.  
 Vol IV no 1 Aust agent Carey Handfield  
 50¢ or the usual  
 6pp offset  
 Newszine of the first water. News from all over.

KOSMIC CITY KAPERS 6 Jeffrey May, Box 68, Liberty, MO 64068  
 U.S.A.  
 The usual or money but I'm not sure what  
 the overseas rates are.  
 38 pp Mimeo  
 Mainly fannish. Damn good artwork.

LeZOMBIE 67 Bob Tucker 34 Greenbriar Drive Jacksonville  
 Ill. 62650 U.S.A.  
 No mention of how to obtain it  
 24 pp offset  
 AussieCon report. Brilliant.

NOUFIENON 1&2 Brian Thorogood Wilma Rd, Ostend, Waiheke Island,  
Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand.  
Aust agent Carey Handfield.  
Aust \$7-80 12 issues airmail \$6-00 12 issues surface  
Trades by arrangement.  
12pp offset  
Genzine. News Reviews etc. Book availabilities.

STARLING 33 Hank & Lesleigh Luttrell 525 W. Main, Madison, WI  
53703 USA.  
Aust agent Leigh Edmonds PO Box 74 Balaclava  
Vict 3183  
3 for \$1 Aust.  
40pp Mimeo  
Genzine. Magnificent art. Really good articles.

KHATRU 1,2,3/4. Jeffrey D. Smith 1339 Weldon Ave, Baltimore  
Maryland 21211 USA  
Aust agent Paul Anderson 21 Mulga Rd Hawthorndene  
S. Aust. 5051  
\$1-25 per issue  
about 60 pages per issue  
Sercon. No 3/4 is a feminism seminar with  
sections by Ursula K LeGuin Joanna Russ and  
many others.

FAN NEWSLETTER Leigh Edmonds PO Box 74 Balaclava Vict 3183  
\$2-00 per 10 issues.  
Australian news.

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### NARACOORTE IN '83?

I have decided to put my Naracoorte bid forward to 1983 in order to cash in on all the foreigners who will be at the WorldCon in Adelaide that year. The facilities offered are very reasonable and the sheep won't mind you sharing their homes at all. Attendance will be limited to sixty people. The sixty will be given by auction, places going to the highest bidders. But while I'm at it

MAY I SUGGEST ADELAIDE IN '83?



WRITE  
ON!!

?????????????????  
? GHETTO LETTERS ?  
?????????????????

Paul Anderson 21 Mulga Rd Hawthorndene S.A. 5051 27-2-76

(The following would have to be the fastest loc of all time. I gave Paul a copy of MDR3 at dinner and half way through the first course received a serviette on which was printed.)

" I enjoyed the reviews, such as they were. The Zelazny one was incomplete missing 'Sign Of The Unicorn'. SEASTONES is good. I have part of it on tape after a 5 KA program last year. Nice letters but no Harry Warner or Susan Wood . the fnz must get a near pass only."

A. Bertram Chandler Flat 23, Kanimbla Hall, 19 Tusculum St,  
Potts Point N.S.W. 2011 9-3-76

"I note that you did, after all, print that parody of Carroll by the wellknown poet Anon. It started my alleged mind working on ways and means of updating and Orstrylianising it. Like -

If fifty pros in pantyhose  
Came prancing through the Cross....  
or

If fifty tarts their private parts  
Exposed on Bondi Beach.....

or  
If fifty drabs picked at their scabs  
A-top Australia Tower.....

Would anybody like to finish any or all of the above?"

"Reverting to HINDENBERG, it has occurred to me that (as far as I'm concerned, anyhow) the big dirigibles evoked the Sense of Wonder, as do rocketships. Aeroplanes, somehow, have never done that for me. And that film, apart from its fiery finish, could well have been a glimpse into the future rather than a nostalgic backward look."

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I've often wondered why people are tempted to read things written at the bottom of the page. Do you realise that if you're reading this then you're wasting your time. On the other hand if you're not reading this then you're smart. But if you haven't read it then you don't know that you're smart and if you have read it then you're not smart. HMMN.

Michael O'Brien 158 Liverpool St Hobart Tasmania 7000 11-3-76

" I like book reviews but records are something I never have time for. I don't mind Zenna Henderson but like yourself I consider her a bit of a sweetness-and-light merchant and haven't read much of hers apart from the PEOPLE series. (my sister loves those too.)

I have a copy of NINE PRINCES IN AMBER around here that I started reading once. Rather surprised to find it was more like the fairy tales of Andersen and Grimm than the fairly straight SF I've read in the past from Zelazny. I see that you like James White too; right on!"

"You have some very interesting

-----  
more bookshelves! I've gotta have more bookshelves!  
-----

people writing for - hey what was that? I think that something in your zine must have struck a deep subconscious chord in my mind bringing forth that spontaneous schizophrenic interlineation (and if you can say that quickly, three times you're not as intoxicated as I think you probably are.)"

• /No problems. That. That. That. See, sober as a judge./

"On your Alice section, I've got a copy of the ANNOTATED ALICE myself but I've never thought of comparing Carroll and Milligan. Eric Lindsay is quite correct about Carroll's essay on letter writing; if it were printed on the back cover of every fanzine, many more LoCs would get written than are actually now committed to paper. Eric Lindsay's piece on Alice draws some interesting conclusions; I think Eric could sell this professionally if he could find the right sort of magazine - he might even get paid for it!!!\$\$\$\$."

Roger Weddall 50 Moor St Fitzroy Vict 3065

".....who says Roger Weddall is inimitable? I have come to think that I do at least a quite reasonable impression of the lad, and was certain that I had you all fooled at OmegaCon."

" I thought that you certainly did a novel interpretation of Marc Ortlieb at Grace Valley - not at all like his letters I think we agreed, but still quite plausible and self consistent.

/Roger's letter continues with the news that the follow up to Sri Lanka - Ceylon- is due sometime soon. Also detailed are problems with a hardened biro thief by the name of Claudia. (I don't know what she does with the biros. She never writes me locs). He also advertises UniConII, a bit late but it gives me an excuse to say sorry to all those people who went specifically to see me. Never mind, I'll send toenail clippings to anyone requesting them as a consolation./

Jon Noble 2/208 Hereford St Glebe N.S.W. 2037 12-3-76

/Jon makes comments concerning the Sydney Uni tolsoc's new Gestetner then says he won't be using it for SOMEOR Mumble.Still,he's right. The printing on SOMEOR 6 is as good,if not better than that of NDR.Still with a good Gestetner and a good typewriter and good stencils a better result is possible with Gestetner.Pity I ain't got all that stuff. Jon also includes additions to Fansight Saga pt 2 and a completion for PHAEDRA/

"Wow,have you read all of those books?  
Well no, but I've read about half of them.

What you mean to say you just sold a copy of Vance's MANY WORLDS OF MAGNUS RIDOLPH:You know I'm after that.

Why didn't you tell me you collected Analog?I just sold a hundred duplicates.

A new house,I gotta getta new house.

What sort of Burglar alarms do you think Ron Graham has?

Why do you have five copies of LORD OF THE RINGS?

Where's that fanzine article you promised me?

Alright who borrowed my copy of SPACE VIKING?

/Now for Jon's ending for PHAEDRA/

" Slowly the scanner continued down the vast silver space ship,the real surprise came at the tail.The drive was unlike anything Elverston had ever seen.Or was it? Somehow it looked familiar. The four tail fins extended beyond the stern of the ship's hull to a vast square after section removed from the main hull presumably to protect whatever lifeforms inhabited the ship from the monstrous but totally mtsterious energies of those immense engines. On this aft section could be made out some vague identifying markings. They seemed to be

SCIENCE FICTION AWARD  
WORST UNFINISHED STORY OF 1976  
MARC ORTLIEB

/ Jon goes on to verify some of his Fansight Saga contributions and mentions the standover tactics(would you believe a morning star?) used by certain fanzine editors.Hey,maybe I should try that./

Has anyone got a spare copy of MacCaffrey's RESTOREE or DECISION AT DOOMA?

Joan Dick 379 Wantigong St. Albury N.S.W. 2640 16-3-76

"Please do that article on cats in sf as soon as possible. I suppose you will touch on Zenna Henderson and also Andre Norton. I have been doing some research on the 'first contact' stories as our astronomical group is going to have an open discussion on life elsewhere at our next meeting. A long time ago I read a rather long story about one of our space craft having contact with an alien craft. All I can remember is that in an effort to disguise which was the master race on board the space craft the earthlings carried out a very complicated masquerade in which the ship's cat played a prominent part. I have always wanted to find that story again."

/A few words of explanation. Yes I did write the article as you can see. It didn't come out quite as I had expected it to but I'm content with it. The story you mentioned, purely by coincidence, happened to be one of the stories which prompted me to write the article. Title and origin are given there. As for not using Norton or Henderson I haven't read enough Norton and I find no really good cats in Henderson's stories. There is probably room for a research type article to determine the ratio of cat people to dog people in the sf community./

"You and Bertram Chandler have me slightly worried when the discussion turns to sailors and the words they use. I have a son in the navy. Have I corrupted his morals by allowing him to join the navy?"

/Several of my more radical friends would probably argue that you have, not because he will learn naughty words but because he is being trained to kill or at least to support a killing machine. As far as language goes though, one university student can outswear any ten sailors./

Ygor Rega 342 Barkly St. Ararat Vic 3377 20-3-76

"The zine starts well but once past the words Volume One Number Three it stinks."

"Possibly the worst part of MDR3 was the shitty cover and ugly black and white interior... However its value was assured by the lovely manila envelope and excellent picture of a Brushtail Possum provided by Aust Post."

"It's thrilling to see a real live Aussie crudzine burn."

"Your zine is the embodiment of the American way of life; riots, porno, trash...."

/I think I'll leave Mr. Rega there. He shows an astuteness not often found in one so young. But to quote from Spike Milligan's classic book "Adolf Hitler, My part in his downfall" (At least I think that's the one)

"Don't just stand there. Wait for my description of you you short arsed git."/

NIGHT WAKE

Jet Blast  
And a lonely sweep of wings.  
The silver moth  
Slides to the sun and west.  
Bright cross.

Red orb.  
Jet black cloak  
Cut with star points  
And tied with silence.

Marc Ortlieb.

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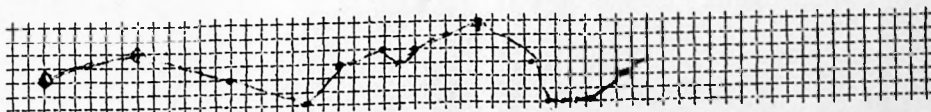
Well, unless something else comes in before Thursday when I get my paper, that is it for the Mad Dan Review 4. Just one thing though. Please write. I have been considering the problem of time lag in publication and I'll try the following remedy. I'll publish in exactly a month from when this thing gets posted, a suppliment containing letters pertaining to this issue. If you would like to receive the suppliment then the best thing to do would be to drop me a line. (Sneaky Huh?) That's not to say that I won't be publishing letters in the normal MDR but it seems a pity to force a good letter to wait until I get round to writing a lead article. A letters' suppliment would solve this problem.

Sorry about all the mucking about with addresses. I will make my permanent postal address from now on 70 Hamblynn road Elizabeth Downs S.Aust. 5113. My residential address is subject to change as soon as I can find somewhere else to live.

Remember, I accept all sorts of things for publication. I especially like poetry though and tend to shy clear of stories. Humorous articles are especially welcome. I am at present offering a free year's subscription for any article accepted for printing. Otherwise write a letter.

TOPAPES

MAY WE SUGGEST ADELAIDE IN '83?



a heavy brown paper parcel under his arm.

Gillespie glared at Rega.

"I don't know how you did it but I know you did it. Now take this thing and put it back. I'll do anything but please put it back for me."

Rega smiled nonchalantly. "Sure. Glad you decided to be so reasonable about it."

"What I don't understand" moaned Gillespie "Is how my readers could believe all that crap you had printed."

"Oh it's quite easy!" said Rega "Considering their favourite author is Philip K. Dick I needn't spell out what I think they are."

It seemed a pity to waste so much paper but fortunately a letter from Ben Indick came in the other day so here it is.

Ben P. Indick 428 Sagamore Ave. Teaneck N.J. 07666 3-6-76

Since you folks are offering Theatre based on us, / AMERICAN MONSTER reviewed in NDR 2/ I am forced to reveal my theatre, a local group in beautiful down town Hackensack, N.J.. Last week we offered an all-star (kindergarten class) staged reading of TASHMANIAN TREACHERY; next week, we have a sixth grade class version of my one-act opera with fireworks, ZEALAND ZEALOTS, along with the premiere of my latest ballet for thirty dancers accompanied by finger cymbals, A BOSSY AUSSIE, which is choreographed by, of course, Bob Fosse. / Watch it Ben Kiwis like being lumped in with Aussies about as much as Canadians like being lumped in with Americans. / Finally, to make this miracle of cultural events complete, my feature length 8 mm film CANBERRA CLOUDS, a story of life in the depths of the New Jersey Salt Marshes.

TTFN