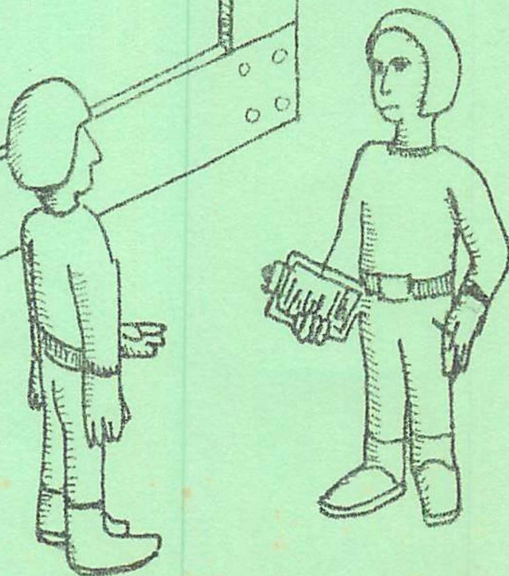
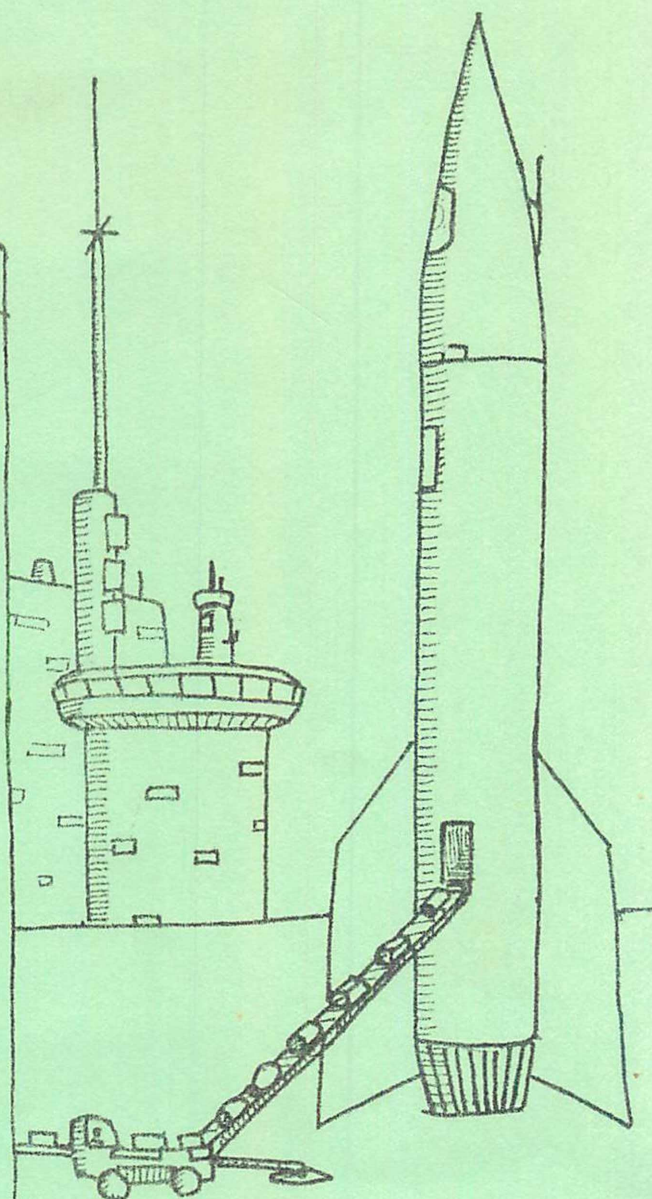


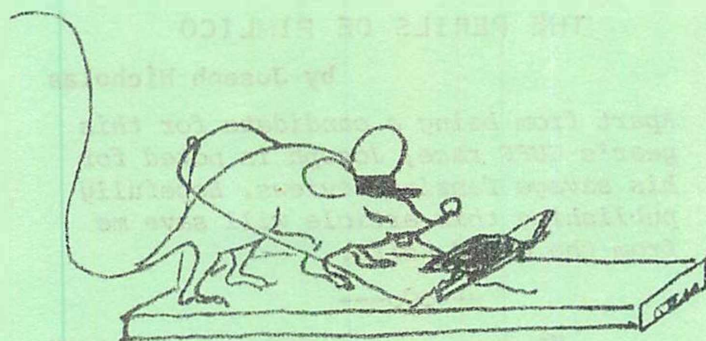
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FEBRUARY 1981

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

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AUSTRALIA IN '83
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THE PERILS OF PIMLICO

by Joseph Nicholas

Apart from being a candidate for this year's GUFF race, Joseph is noted for his savage fanzine reviews. Hopefully publishing this article will save me from the dread Knife.

---oOo---

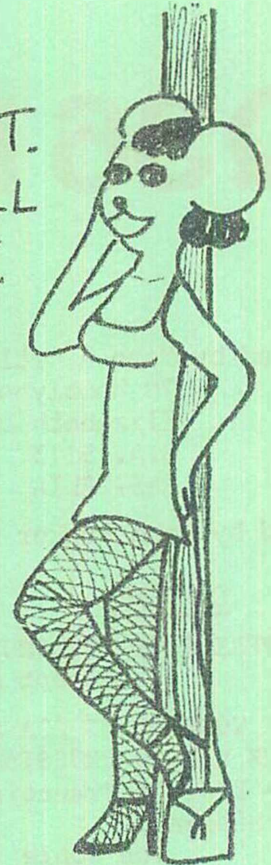
"Do you need a passport for it?" quipped Ian Maule when he heard that I was moving to live in Pimlico, and all I could do by way of reply was grin weakly and hope frantically that he didn't start talking about that Very Famous Film which, although it's been on TV more times than I can remember, I must confess that I haven't actually seen. Yet I keep promising myself, hoping that it still retains enough of its post-war period charm to make it worthwhile.

Whatever period charm Pimlico itself had doubtless evaporated long ago. Although I know next to nothing of its history, I'd guess that it was one of turn-of-the-century London's most fashionable upper middle class residential areas, and if that's so then -- most of its older buildings having been demolished to make way for modern offices, shopping precincts, council housing and purpose-designed apartment blocks -- the last tangible vestige of its former character may very likely be found only in the part where, as luck would have it, I happen to live: St George's Square.

It's name is completely misleading, since it's not a square at all. It is instead a long narrow rectangle running north north east from the north bank of the Thames to peter out in a long and usually windy street leading up to Victoria Station and beyond, into a once, but much more recently, fashionable area: Belgravia. Just for the record, the current "In" suburb is, believe it or not, Clapham, of Clapham Junction fame. Presumably the prices of Chelsea, Kensington and Hampstead grew too high for the pampered dears who follow these stupid trends.

St George's Square has a large and rather ugly late-Victorian parish church at its northern end; a long strip of somewhat poorly maintained grass fringed with large but unkempt beech trees down its centre; and two terraces of five-storey late-Victorian town houses along each side. It's this latter aspect of the place which leads me to believe that it might once have been a fashionable upper middle class residential area, for they are clearly the sort of houses that would have been occupied by people of some social standing -- most likely members of the professions, such as doctors, solicitors and bankers -- who spawned large families to fill them, and who kept a retinue of servants to maintain them in the style to which they felt they ought to be accustomed. (That they would have kept servants is evident from both their sheer size and their internal layout, particularly the latter:- small rooms on the top floor for the maids and ill-lit sub-basements for the kitchens.)

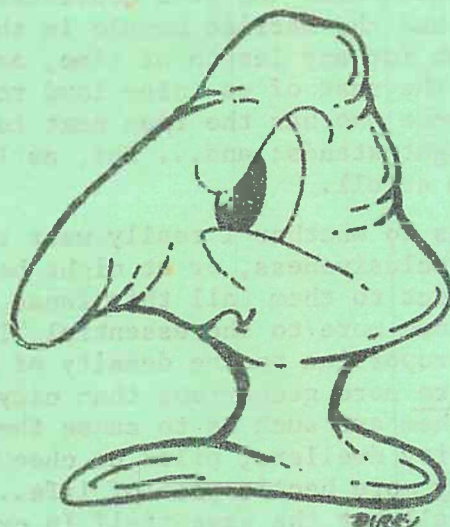
TRY IT.
YOU'LL
LIKE
IT.

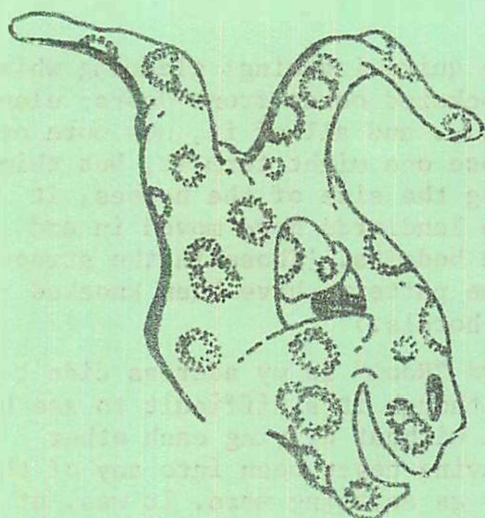


In their heyday the houses must have been quite imposing; gleaming white fronts; heavily curtained bay windows; brass-knockerd oaken front doors; elegant neo-Grecian pillared porches; burnished railings... and all of it, now more or less gone to seed. "Decaying gentility", I suppose one might term it, but this conceals rather more than it reveals. Considering the size of the houses, it should come as no surprise to learn that private landlords have moved in and converted them all into self-contained flats and bedsits. (Those in the street leading up to Victoria Station, built in the same pattern, have been knocked together into groups of four and converted into hotels.)

I occupy one of the latter, as if the word "Room" in my address didn't give it away. It's nominally a double bedsit, although it's difficult to see how two people could live in it for more than a week without driving each other completely up the wall. As far as I can tell, having never been into any of them, only two of the other rooms at number 94 qualify as anything more. It was, at first, a very strange sensation having to remember to take my key with me even when I was only going to the toilet, but I'm now so used to it that I do it automatically even when I have friends round who can let me back in should I inadvertantly lock myself out. In my early days here I once did just that, and, it being early in the morning, and since I was wearing only a dressing gown, I could hardly wait for the estate agents, who manage the place for the landlord, to open so that I could borrow the spare key. The ease with which I regained entry -- borrowing an ordinary table knife from one of the other tenants and jamming its blade into the gap of the Chubb lock to force the tongue back -- rather astonished me, and I was further astonished by the level of the area's crime statistics, but then, with everyone at work all day, what more tempting target could there be? That each door has a deadfall lock in addition doesn't faze the burglars one bit. They just chop it out with a hammer and chisel. I haven't been burgled, yet, but have taken out sufficient insurance to protect my valuables... a more difficult prospect than you might suspect, considering the general reluctance of insurance companies to bother with anything smaller than a refrigerator, which a burglar of the type involved here couldn't care less about anyway. I suppose I can draw some comfort from the fact that my valuables are my books, which wouldn't command much, if any, black market value, and in total are too heavy to make off with anyway. There was, in fact, a break-in into one of the rooms in this very building shortly after I moved in, and, for a time, I thought that I might be next -- someone new, and with a vanload of boxes that might be worth investigating to boot, but if St George's Square has suffered any more robberies then they've been committed against any other house but number 94. Indeed, 94 was protected throughout the summer by the builders renovating its exterior and refitting the sub-basement, which required the presence of the landlord, who, judging by the amount of work that had to be done, I secretly suspect of having been served with a dilapidation order by the council.

As you might have guessed from my earlier remark about not having been into any of the other rooms, I have very little knowledge of the other inhabitants of number 94, or they of me. We acknowledge each other's existence and know each other's names and faces, but that's about as far as it goes. What little





I know of them has been gleaned from diligent but discreet study of the externals rather than through actual personal contact, as they must surely have built their individual pictures of me -- mainly from my relatively large quantity of daily mail, ("More than your fair share," remarked one of them once, as he sorted it into piles, but in so deadpan a voice that I couldn't tell how he intended it to be taken) and from my pounding of the typewriter almost every evening.

As far as those externals go, in the room next to mine there's a temporary secretary (I know that because of the boldly-marked "Kelly-Girl" envelopes she receives) whose first act on getting in from work

every evening is, I swear, to take all her clothes off, since, whenever she's called to answer the phone, she usually opens her door while still in the act of pulling on her dressing gown. Then there's the girl who lives in the room directly above mine who seems to spend most of her evenings in the bath, since, whenever she's called to answer the phone, she usually comes down wearing only a towel (which once hadn't been fastened securely enough, and fell off halfway down the stairs. I modestly looked the other way, and was probably more embarrassed than she.) Weekend evenings are spent in bed with her boyfriend, with the result that said evenings are dominated by the rhythmic thud of the bed against the wall; the creak of bedsprings; and increasingly frantic gasps of pleasure. Number 94 is not noted for the quality of its soundproofing. Most unerotic I can assure you.

Then there's the two Australian (I kid you not!) girls who occupy the room next to hers; one which would have been intended for a maid, and which is thus patently too small to hold two beds -- something which puzzled me for whole weeks until, with a blinding but nonetheless sheepish flash of insight I realised that their relationship was one which didn't actually require two beds (Nudge, nudge!) Not to mention the chap in the room at the base of the "L" formed by mine and the secretary's rooms, who seems to spend every evening in the pub, stumbling in drunk shortly after closing time to spend agonisingly long minutes trying to fit his key into the lock with the grim concentration so typical of those who've imbibed a skinful; and the married couple in the room below me, who seem incapable of holding down a job for any length of time, and who, often not having to get up early each day like the rest of us, play loud rock music until one or two in the morning; and the divorcee who has the room next to them, who's been through a whole succession of one night stands; and... But, as I said, it's all externals, and I hardly know them at all.

As to whether I really want to know them... Well, it might be typical British reclusiveness, or it might be just my own vaguely reclusive tendencies with respect to them (all this fanac, don't y'know), but I don't think so. It seems to me to owe more to the essential "loneliness" of big city living, which works in inverse proportion to the density of population. Country dwellers, spread relatively thinly, are more gregarious than city dwellers, probably because the distances between them are such as to cause them to actively seek out increased human contact, whereas city dwellers, piled up cheek by jowl, and having to cope with a supposedly more hectic pace of life... Who can really blame them for actively avoiding all but the essential? In extremis, of course, this can result in genuine loneliness, which, I suspect, must have been responsible for the bizarre events of

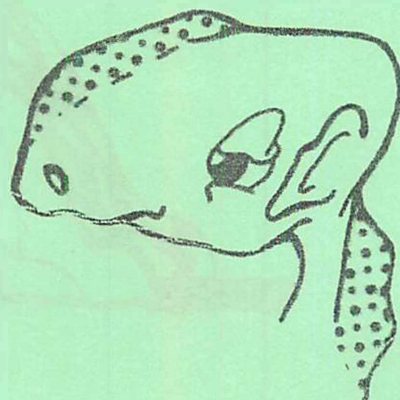
a few weeks ago.

I was roused from my late-night vigil by the approaching howl of sirens which, instead of simply tearing on down the embankment as they usually do, turned into the Square, and stopped not far from Number 94. Dear God, I thought, Fire!. No joke, considering that the age and condition of these buildings could probably turn a minor blaze into an inferno consuming half a terrace. And stap me if, when I stuck my head out of the window, there weren't three fire engines a few doors down, along with a couple of police cars and an ambulance. But it wasn't a fire. It was an attempted suicide, with a girl -- stark naked on a freezing Novemuer night -- standing on a third floor window ledge and threatening to jump. Since I happen to live on the third floor myself, I had what amounted to a grandstand view of the proceedings, but you'll be relieved to learn that she was eventually talked back inside, and all ended well. Blast it! I've never seen anyone jump from a third floor window ledge (equivalent, because of the high ceilings in the rooms of these houses, to the fourth floor of today's apartment blocks) and smash themselves all over the street.... I could have gone down to claim a bit of leg or breast or something for my Sunday lunch. Not that I was the only sensation-seeker of course, because the inevitable crowd of such swiftly gathered, doubtless attracted as much by the sight of her pubic hair as by the possibility of her death.

That I live on the third floor is a bit of a grind. It's a long walk up and down the stairs just to collect the bloody mail in the morning, and I damn near did myself an injury humping all my books up here when I moved in. However, should the Thames ever flood, I should emerge unscathed. (The same does not apply to water, gas, electricity and sanitation, all of which will be cut off pretty quickly.) I'll even be able to watch it actually happening. That it will happen sooner or later, and probably before the completion of the flood barrage downstream at Woolwich -- overbudget and behind schedule, as per most civil engineering projects -- has now been tacitly admitted by the Greater London Council, who have been blitzing the tube trains with placards headlined with the ominous phrase "WHEN LONDON FLOODS" Well, we always knew that London and the South East of England were, like Venice, slowly sinking into the sea. We just didn't think that it would happen this fast.

Given all this, you might be wondering why I continue to live here. Well, the monthly rent is, for somewhere so close to the centre of the city, amazingly cheap, a mere one quarter of my net monthly salary. It's convenient. I can, at last, go to movies and concerts without worrying about the time of the last train back, and, because of all the foregoing, it's interesting. I haven't mentioned, for example, the council-funded indoor sports' centre just around the corner, which enriched my summer morning walks to Pimlico tube station with the sight of bikini clad girls on their way to and from its swimming pool; or the elderly retired types who walk their dogs around the 'parl' in the centre of the Square every morning, regardless of the weather; or the mini-urothel in the house directly opposite Number 94 that was busted in the spring; or...

It's a bloody sight more interesting than young newly-married suburbia anyway. I went to the housewarming party of one of my female colleagues from work a couple of weekends back, and, if I hadn't had Patrick, our office's tame Mad Irishman, to talk to, I'd probably have been able to



watch my brain rot away before my very eyes, since the sole subjects of everyone else's conversations seemed to consist of no more than the price of mortgages, work, commuter rail fares, projected holidays, shopping for groceries, and television (Who shot J.R. believe it or not.) -- nothing of any intellectual depth or substance at all, and when I did manage such a conversation, about late sixties rock music, it was continually interrupted by the woman's husband, doubtless labouring under the impression that my interest in what she was saying could only be stimulated by an interest in her body. So I gave up, and retired to the kitchen to pursue something more sensible, like opening another bottle of wine. Admittedly I don't get interesting conversation at Number 94 either, but there's always fandom...

And I live here because I like it here, even if the refrigerator does malfunction, and I haven't made it with the secretary next door, and my lease is up for renewal at the end of the year... which reminds me that it's high time I gave the place its monthly clean, which is, of course, the real peril:- Domesticity! So, if you'll excuse me...

Joseph Nicholas 22nd November 1980.

---oOo---



Salma Brown 80

GREAT TORPEDO GUNBOATS OF THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR 3

The Francois D'Amphibien

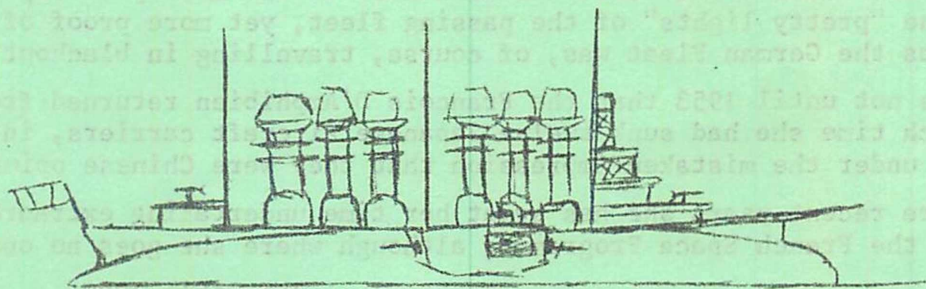
by Jon Noble

Naval buffs should note that the previous articles in this series, concerning the Rein and the Pooh Bah appeared in Jon's Applesauce zines *GOLDEN APPLES OF THE STOAT* 10 & 12. If you wish to follow up this fascinating phenomenon, I'm sure Jon would be happy to send copies of the respective articles in exchange for a stamped self addressed envelope.

---oOo---

To the Francois D'Amphibien, had she really existed, would have gone the distinction of being the world's first torpedo gunboat. There was much experimentation going on in French naval circles in the 1850s, part of a major effort to surpass the navy of the naughty English, and, as part of this experimentation, the construction of a torpedo gunboat was authorised in 1852. This was indeed a bold step, as the torpedo itself was not due to be invented until 1866. Construction was started in 1854, after a considerable delay to allow for the design of this innovative vessel. As originally designed, she was armed with a spar torpedo, invented by Fulton in 1810, and she was launched after further delays -- mainly for a futile wait for Whitehead to invent the self propelled torpedo -- in 1859. A further delay ensued as the constructors again waited for the invention of the torpedo before completing the ship, a feat which was finally accomplished in 1864, still without the benefit of the torpedo. The American Civil War experience had shown the dangers of spar torpedoes, so Francois D'Amphibien was eventually commissioned in 1865 without any torpedo armament at all. Another first for the French Navy!

Named in honour of one of the heroes of the first revolution, Francois D'Amphibien had built up an enviable record before the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. She spent the first five years of her commission at the Indo-china station, serving with distinction in the Annam War (1867), the 2½ Opium War (1867), the 2¾ Opium War (1868) and the 2⅞ Opium War (1869). At the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War she was in training for the 2⅙ Opium War. (There never was a Third Opium War, and the 2⅙ Opium War was cancelled owing to prior commitments) Upon the outbreak of hostilities, Francois D'Amphibien was ordered to intercept Prussian commerce in the Pacific Ocean, and to conquer all German colonies in the Western Hemisphere. Under normal circumstances this would have been easy, as the only German merchant vessel in the Pacific region was the barque Wolfgang Von Bowwow, at anchor in Haiphong Harbour, where the Francois D'Amphibien herself was based. The total lack of German colonies in the Western Hemisphere should have



made the second part of her orders easier still.

However one must not forget that, prior to the outbreak of war, Francois D'Amphibien was in training for the 2 15/16 Opium War, and so the crew were all stoned out of their minds, a factor which made the execution of their orders, to say the least, interesting. On October 17th 1870 she set sail for Canton whereupon, after shelling a deserted beach for twelve hours, and attempting to torpedo passing junks -- very difficult when stoned, especially in a ship with no torpedoes --, the Chinese officials bribed them to move to Hong Kong with a further shipment of opium. However, the Francois D'Amphibien went rather astray and, four years later, arrived at Easter Island. During this trip there had been a revolution in the forward cabins, and the revolutionary mobs had taken control of the ship. Easter Island was renamed Bastille Day Island, and the ship set off looking for Christmas Island in order to rename it May Day Island.

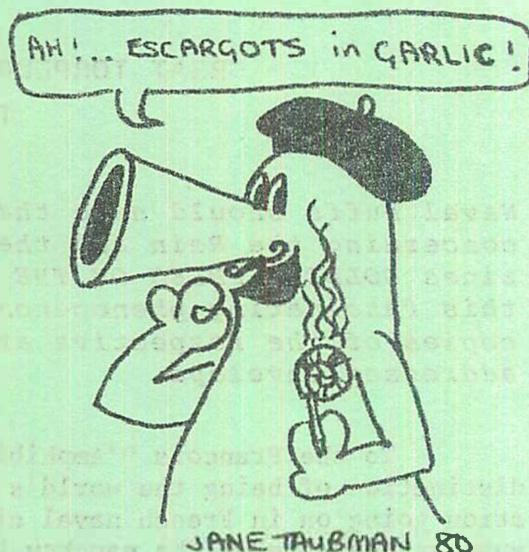
It was during this voyage that the famous circumnavigation of the globe by the polar route was made (That Chinese opium was good stuff!) and the Francois D'Amphibien eventually rammed the British royal yacht Victoria And Albert. Her majesty was reportedly 'Not amused.' As punishment the British government returned the ship and crew to France, in the belief that they deserved each other.

The first decade of the twentieth century saw the Francois D'Amphibien still in commission, mainly engaged in panther hunts off the coast of Morrocco. She was de-commissioned in 1913, and was due to be scrapped when World War I broke out. She was immediately re-commissioned and armed with six 17.7" torpedoes, the first time she had ever carried torpedoes. Unfortunately this was at the expense of her gun armament.

It was 1916 before she was ready for active service. She was assigned to anti-submarine patrols in the North Sea. This was her big chance for glory -- her opportunity to gain release from the stigma of her past ignominies came at midnight on May 30th when the entire German High Seas Fleet passed within torpedo range. Not one ship knew she was there. The crew of the Francois D'Amphibien however were well aware of the presence of the Germans, and were readying for action. Six...Twelve...Eighteen...Twenty four...Thirty...Thirty six...Forty two sleek torpedoes leapt to meet the German Fleet, sending fourteen dreadnaughts, three battle cruisers, ten light cruisers, two destroyers and twenty one torpedo boats to the bottom. At least that was how the captain saw it. Unfortunately for the glory of the French Navy he was stoned, the crew having, two hours earlier, discovered a store of opium which had lain undisturbed since 1869. The remainder of the crew just lay on the decks, admiring the "pretty lights" of the passing fleet, yet more proof of the potency of the opium as the German Fleet was, of course, travelling in blackout.

It was not until 1953 that the Francois D'Amphibien returned from this voyage, during which time she had sunk twelve Japanese aircraft carriers, in the period 1942-1944, under the mistaken impression that they were Chinese opium junks.

In more recent years she has spent her time undertaking extraordinary voyages as part of the French Space Programme, although where she goes no one is quite sure.



Jon Noble 1980

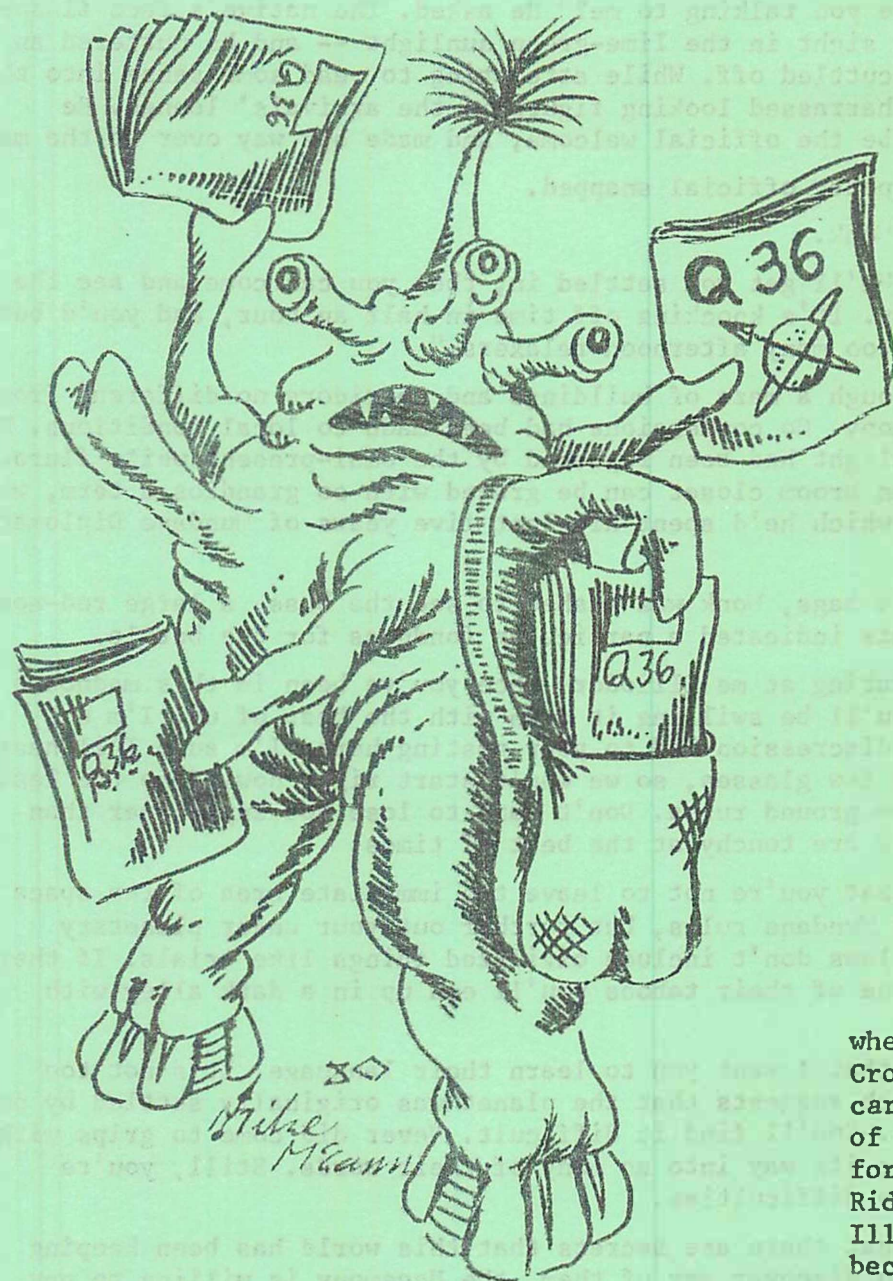
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THE
ONESHOTS
OF
CONOTEL

by
Marc Anthony
Ortlieb

As with the previous Conotel stories, it is not necessary to have read other stories in the series to enjoy this new story. Each is complete within itself, and hopefully gives insight into this strange but fascinating world.

---oOo---



It was late afternoon when the starship Southern Cross landed on Hilton III carrying its usual payload of alcohol and dope sticks for the Mundane Embassy. Riding as ballast was "Monk" Illiodor, destined to become third secretary to the secretary for Alien Liason. The crew of the Southern Cross had made no secret of the fact that they

considered him to be of far less value than the cargo, and it had certainly been a long trip. Indeed he'd spent half of it almost totally blind to avoid their merciless attacks on his spectacles. In an age where surgical correction of the eyes was a routine operation the few unfortunates whose eyes still required corrective lenses were a rarity much put upon by the populace in general.

Monk didn't really expect a welcoming committee, and so gathered his meagre collection of belongings and trudged across the pitted concrete of the landing apron. His eyes, never the best, were assaulted by the strange lime-green sunlight, and so he didn't see the native until he almost tripped over said creature's outstretched limb.

"Hey Bhob! What's the hurry?" the native slurred in an accent which seemed strangely familiar to Monk. He turned to face his assailant.

"Excuse me. Were you talking to me?" He asked. The native's face flushed deep red -- not a pretty sight in the lime-green sunlight -- and he muttered an incoherent apology and scuttled off. While attempting to read some sense into this encounter, Monk noted a harrassed looking figure in the arrivals' lounge. He rightly guessed this to be the official welcome, and made his way over to the man.

"Illiodor?" the petty official snapped.

"Sure," replied Monk.

"Come with me. We'll get you settled in, then you can come and see the boss, only make it snappy. It's knocking off time in half an hour, and you'd better see him before he's had too many afternoon relaxers."

Monk was led through a maze of buildings and corridors no different from any in the Mundane Hegemony. No concessions had been made to local conditions. Even the pale green local sunlight had been replaced by the omni-present white fluro. His room, if a six by ten broom closet can be graced with so grandios a term, was a duplicate of those in which he'd spent his last five years of Mundane Diplomatic Service.

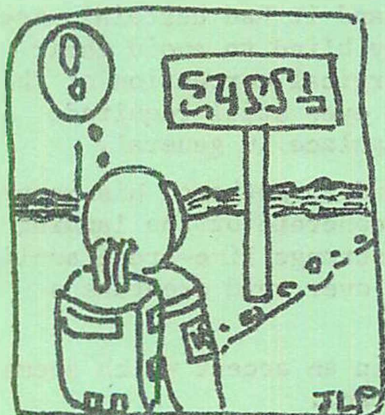
Having dumped his bags, Monk was rushed to see the boss, a large red-nosed man whose shakey movements indicated a particular fondness for the bottle.

"No point in staring at me Illiodor. Once you've been in this madhouse for a couple of years you'll be swilling it down with the best of us. I'm not going to ask you what indiscretion led to your posting here. I'm sure I'll hear it time and again over a few glasses, so we won't start right now. None the less, I'd better give you a few ground rules. Don't want to lose you any sooner than necessary, and the locals are touchy at the best of times.

First thing is that you're not to leave the immediate area of the space port. That we keep under Mundane rules, but further out your under planetary jurisdiction, and their laws don't include civilized things like trials. If they figure you've offended one of their taboos you'll end up in a dark alley with a knife in your back.

Second thing is that I want you to learn their language. It's not too different from curs, which suggests that the planet was originally settled by one of the lost colony ships. You'll find it difficult. Never did come to grips with the medial "h" that works its way into so many of their words. Still, you're young. You should have no difficulties.

Final thing is that there are secrets that this world has been keeping from the Hegemony. If you discover any of them, the Hegemony is willing to pay plenty. Just don't get caught, because, if you do, you're on your own."



With that warning the diplomat reached for a bottle, and waved Monk out of the office. Monk didn't mind. He had a lot to think about. For a start, despite his superior's implication, Monk wasn't on Hilton III due to some diplomatic misdemeanour. He'd volunteered, having heard of the strange native customs.

Since he could remember, Monk had been a misfit. Already labouring under the handicap of spectacles at age eight, he soon drew his peer group's attention through his habit of hand writing. In a totally computerised society this was indeed a deviance, which had been noted by a playmate who, in a rare flash of inspiration had drawn the parallel between

the boy's activities and those of the medieval monks who would hand copy vast tomes. Thus was his nickname born.

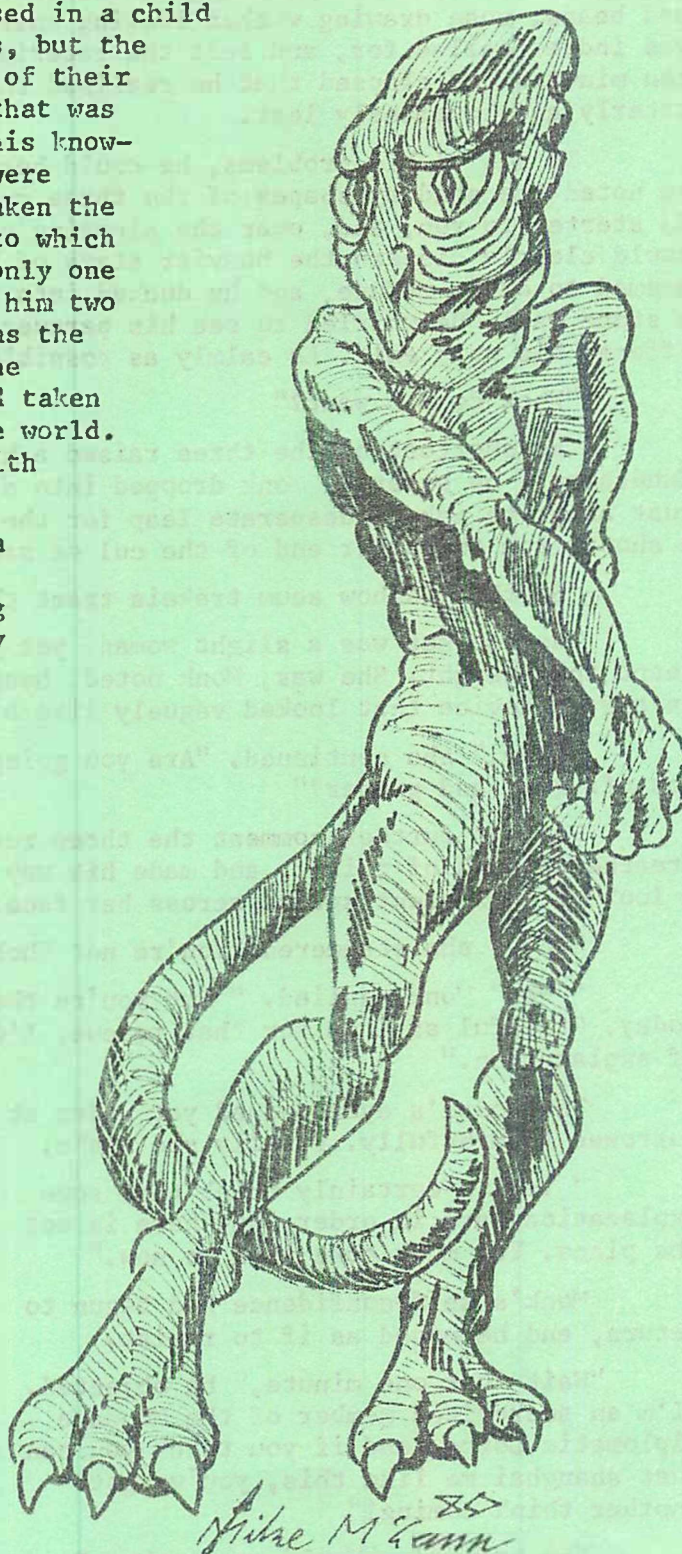
However, of more concern to Monk was the fact that, before age eight, his memory was a total blank. As were all children, he had been raised in a child care centre, never knowing his parents, but the other kids usually had firm knowledge of their early lives. He had nothing. Nothing that was except a towel which, to the best of his knowledge he'd always had. On that towel were embroidered strange runes. Monk had taken the towel to universities in every city to which he had been posted, but had received only one clue - the word Conotel. It had taken him two more years to discover that Conotel was the native name for the planet known to the Mundane Hegemony as Hilton III. It had taken three weeks to obtain a posting to the world. Now he had to justify his obsession with his origins.

It was early evening, and not a good time for exploring a strange new world, but Monk was obsessed. Avoiding the gate guard who was conscientiously sleeping on duty he made his way into the narrow underground pathways that constituted the streets of Conotel. He knew the moment he entered the native quarter, for the actinic glow of Mundane fluros was replaced by the subtle greens of native lighting. Strange yet familiar odours insinuated themselves in his nostrils, and he was drawn into a late night eatery. To Mundane minds the place was terribly unsanitary with four legged furry creatures underfoot, and the smell of half rancid cooking fat. A heavy set woman walked up to him and spat "Wodjerwant?"

He raised his head, and her gaze was drawn to his spectacles. Her stance altered suddenly, and a new respect entered her voice.

"A thousand pardons *trufyn*," she said, and though she spoke in the dialect of the city, Monk realised that he had understood every word except the honorific.

He replied in Mundane, and noted yet another change in attitude. The waitress looked at him as though he were something unpleasant that she had found under her bed, and muttered the word



"Mundanean!"

Monk moved to intercept her, but as he did so, three shadey looking characters who had been sitting in a corner eating a vile mess of eggs, chips and beans, rose drawing wicked looking knives. Monk realised that discession was indeed called for, and left the eaterie as fast as possible. It wasn't until ten minutes had elapsed that he realised that he had gone the wrong way, and was utterly and hopelessly lost.

To add to his problems, he could hear light steps behind him, and, turning, he noted the shadowy shapes of the three ruffians from the eaterie. Monk panicked. He started to run, and, over the slapping of his own feet on the pavement, he could clearly discern the heavier steps of his assailants. A sudden side street seemed to offer refuge, and he ducked into it, only to come face to face with a stone wall. He whirled to see his persuers lined across the archway that offered his only exit. As calmly as possible he gasped

"What do you want?"

The shortest of the three raised a knife. "The skin of an interfering Mundanean," he sneered. Monk dropped into a crouch as the three closed in. He was just about to make a desperate leap for the shortest assailant when there was a shout from the other end of the cul de sac.

"So this is how scum trekeis treat the *trufyn* nowadays is it?"

The speaker was a slight woman, yet her words bore a confidence that leant them weight. She was, Monk noted, bespectacled, and carried at her side an arcane device that looked vaguely like a computer console of remarkable age.

"Now," she continued. "Are you going, or am I going to have to write you off good and proper?"

Without further comment the three ruffians faded into the night. Monk breathed a sigh of relief, and made his way to his rescuer's side. As he approached a look of puzzlement spread across her face.

"Why," she stammered "You're not Bhob."

"No," Monk replied. "But you're the second person to make that mistake today. Grateful as I am for that rescue, I'd be even more grateful of some sort of explanation."

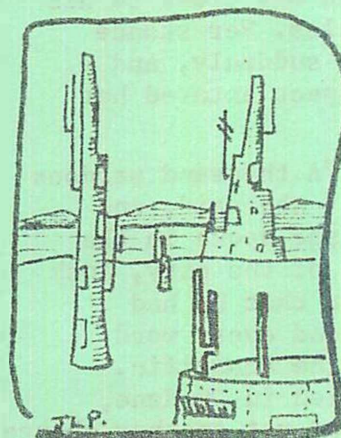
The woman's eyes opened yet wider at Monk's Mundane accent, and her brows furrowed thoughtfully. Finally she spoke.

"Yes. I certainly think that some explanations are in order, but here is not the place. You must come with me now."

Monk's self-confidence had begun to return, and he moved as if to resist.

"Wait just one minute," he objected. "I'm an accredited member of the Mundane Diplomatic Corps, and if you think you can just shanghai me like this, you've got another think coming!"

She grinned. "Would you rather I left you here? I doubt that you would get far without a *conotelguide*." She gestured to the sheath of papers in her back pocket. Surrendering to the inevitable, Monk followed her.



After traversing a veritable warren of corridors, Monk was brought to a halt. His guide, who had said nothing more, knocked on a numbered door, which was opened by a large man in white overalls.

"Hi Johannah," he said. "Sorry Bhob. You can't come in. Closed party and everything."

Monk's newly identified rescuer spoke up. "Wait Bhobho. This isn't Bhob. He's a Mundane, and I rescued him from a group of trekeis."

"Well, that does constitute a mystery. Bring him in."

Monk was ushered into a strange room. It was papered with posters showing strangely distorted space ships and weird beings. In one corner was an undocked truffid soaking its roots in nutritious mulch, whilst in another was a barred cage containing three deadly killer snails.

The inhabitants of the room were as strange an assortment as Monk had ever seen. Five were seated around a table, punching buttons on objects similar to that which Johannah had been carrying under her arm. As they did, lines of print appeared on strange waxy sheets of paper. He was drawn to the group, unaware that Bhobho and Johannah were following his every move.

Bhobho slowly loaded a slimy brown substance into a hypodermic syringe. "You've certainly brought us a mystery Joh," he mused. "A mundane who wears spectacles, who bears an uncanny resemblance to Bhob, and who seems to

recognise a oneshot." He turned to Monk. "Tell me Mundane, what is your name?"

"Illiodor," Monk replied. "Sergei Illiodor, though my friends call me Monk."

"Sergei eh? That is a name not unknown among the *trufyn* yet as to the rest, that is indeed an enigma. Tell me Illiodor, do you know what our companions by the table are doing?"

Monk thought for a moment, and then the credit dropped. "In the mythology of Munda it is said that there was a time when people were creators, and could create their own stories, rather than merely reading those epics produced by our computers."



Bhobho nodded in approval. "You're correct as far as you go, but here on Conotel, the ability for humans to create has never really been lost, though it certainly is by no means widespread, which is half our problem. There are few accomplished mimeo mechanics left to us, and complete one shot circles like that you see before you are few and far between. Why, even the Council of the Smofs is no longer full, having lost the member of the family Trufanov. You see here on Conotel there were seven great families of *trufyn* each of which traced descent from the great progenitor Bhob Whilsontuckher. There are the Ghilespies who hold the secret of tragic writing; the Bhangsunds who keep the power of accurate writing; the Stehvens who control the forces of comic writing; the Foyhsters who deal in rhetoric; the Fhrahms who deal in innocence and romance; the Ohbrihans who work in obscurity; and the Trufanovs who maintain the ultimate powers of fannish writing.

However, it is said that the arrival of the Mundanes caused great strife in the council of the Smofs, with the Trufanovs swearing that any contact with Munda would rot the inner soul of the *trufyn*. The entire family was wiped out in a terkei revolt inspired, we believe, by the Mundanes, in an attempt to wrest our secrets from us. Thus were lost so many of the ancient abilities."

Bhobho sighed, and then turned to face Monk once more. "And now we are faced by a Mundane who bears the sacred spectacles, and who recognises our speech, even though I have spoken only in the *trufyn* dialect since he arrived. There seems but one way to resolve this dilemma. Monk Illiodor, you must be tested with the sacred drug!"

Johannah went a pale shade. "But Bhobho, he is a guest, and a Mundane. What if the Mundanes should learn of this, and use it as an excuse to war against our people?"

"I wish there were some other way," Bhobho muttered, "But these are indeed desperate times. The *vhegenite* is the only test we can really trust."

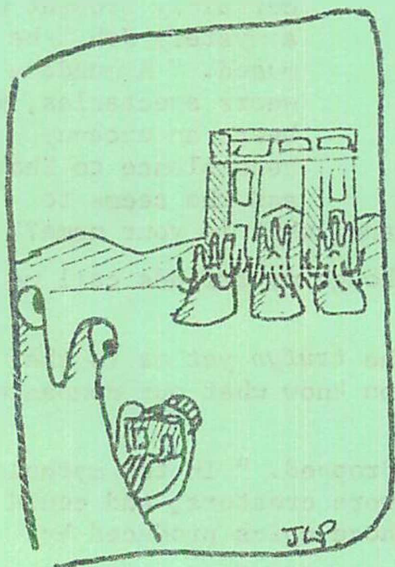
Monk steeled himself. Strangely he trusted these people, and his need to know himself faught into submission any doubts he had about the test. Better dead than uncertain. He unrolled his tunic sleeve, and closed his eyes as the needle slipped under his skin.

Bhobho injected the fine sludge into Monk's veins, and then waited as the extract worked its way along the pathways leading to the centre of the Mundane's mind. The gestalt that was the oneshot circle also watched, and then jolted as a powerful presence added itself to their group. Then, without their active cooperation, one of the typewriters began to clatter.

The monk Illiodor was, in some ways, almost as remarkable a man as Rasputin, and deserves a fuller description. He was some years younger than Rasputin, and was also of peasant origins. His real name was Sergei Trufanov.

*RASPUTIN AND THE FALL OF THE ROMANOVs
Colin Wilson (Panther Books, 1977)*

There were gasps from all around the room, and the oneshot circle fell apart. Here then was the last of the Trufanovs, not dead, but somehow smuggled to Munda, and withheld from his rightful heretage. Yet, in his mind had been planted his identification for just such a moment.



When Sergei Trufanov awoke, his mind was full of strange new information both about himself, and the society which he now discovered to be his. As his eyes opened, he discovered himself ringed by faces, some showing distrust, some showing hopeful anticipation. As he looked to Johannah he was flooded by a wave of adoration and love.

"Oh Sergei," she cried. "You are indeed of the *trufyn* and you have come to us in our moment of desperation, for one of the oneshot circles has been corrupted, and, under their queen bee Mharion Zhimmer Fhrahm does intend to write the story of Conotel in a form that the Mundanes might understand. You must help us, for, in Mundane hands the ability to create could cause death and destruction on a scale not seen since the Compact ended the Staple Wars."

Sergei's mind was tormented, torn between old allegiances, and those due to the people he now recognised as his own. Yet here was where he belonged. Here he could wear his spectacles with pride, and his lack of sporting ability would not be seen as a handicap. Here, where virtually all of the *trufyn* were only children, a family had been built up, and he was a part of it.

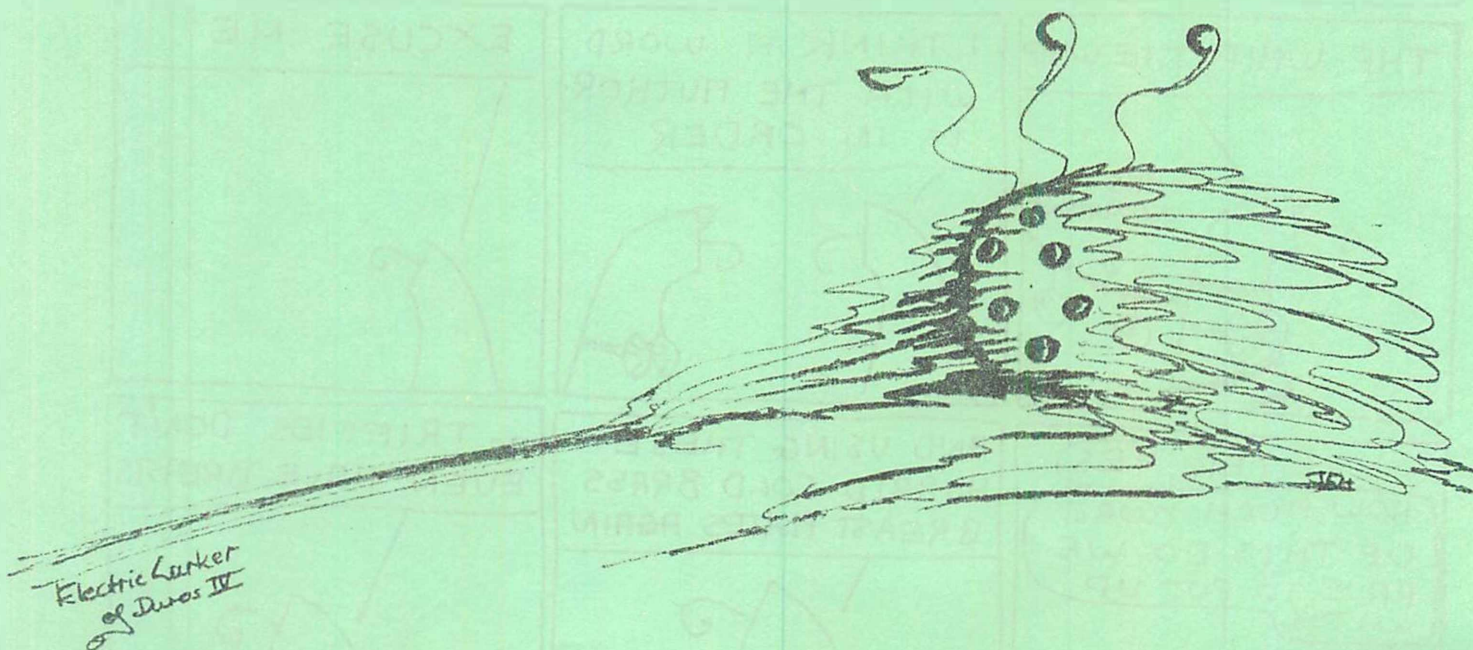
He smiled, and accepted the glass of bheer passed to him by Bhotho. After a deep swig, he faced the expectant circle. "Okay, he said. Count me in.

Marc Anthony Ortlieb 1981

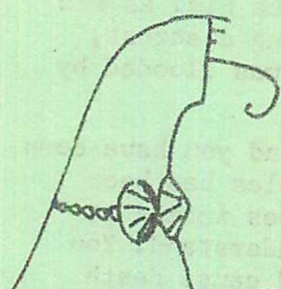
---oOo---

Readers who have made it this far will be relieved to note that I have no intention of finishing this.

---oOo---



HORTICULTURALISTS



OF GOR

TAILS OF COUNTER-
EARTH,

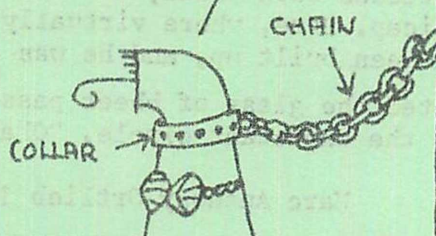
OR

EVERYTHING YOU
WANTED TO KNOW
ABOUT GARDENING.
(BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK)

WELL, SLAVE



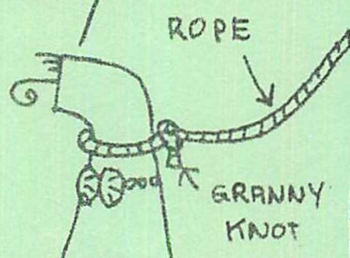
YES, MASTER



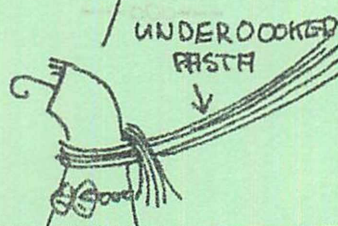
IT'S THE WHIP FOR
YOU, SLAVE



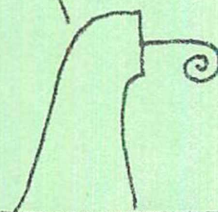
NO, NO, NOT THE
WHIP-



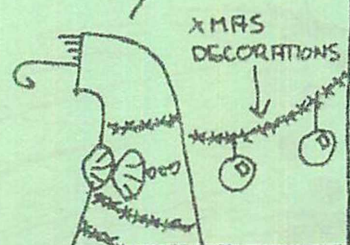
ANYTHING BUT
THE WHIP!



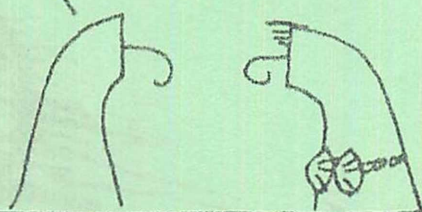
ANYTHING ??



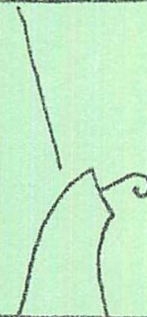
THE WHIP, THE WHIP



I THINK A WORD
WITH THE AUTHOR
IS IN ORDER

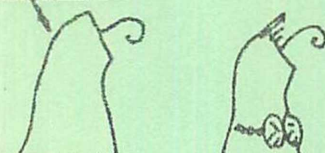


EXCUSE ME

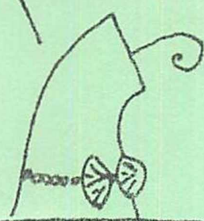


ER, YES

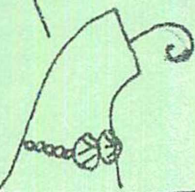
HOW MUCH MORE
OF THIS DO WE
HAVE TO PUT UP
WITH



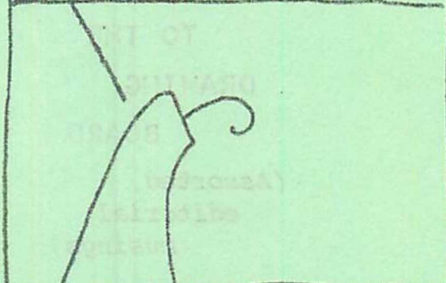
AND USING THESE
HORRID COLD BRASS
BREAST PLATES AGAIN



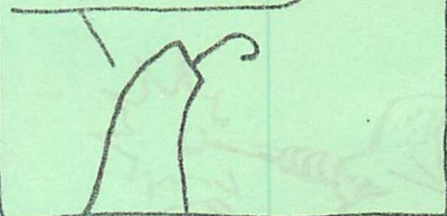
-- TRIFFIDS DON'T
EVEN HAVE BREASTS



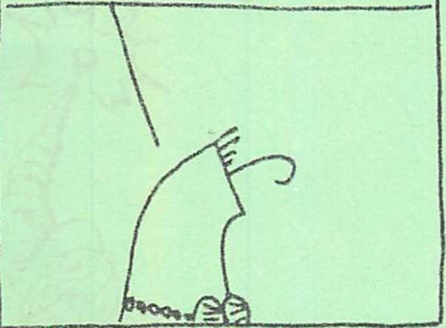
YEAH - WHAT KIND
OF PERVERT ARE YOU?



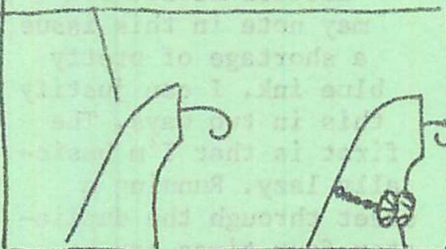
NEXT YOU'LL BE
DOING OFF COLOUR
JOKES ABOUT
TRELLISING



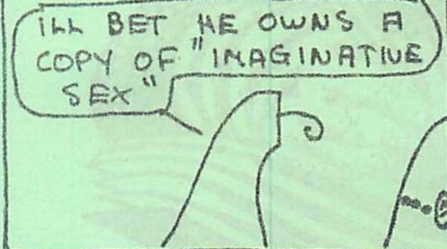
YES, OR BONSAI



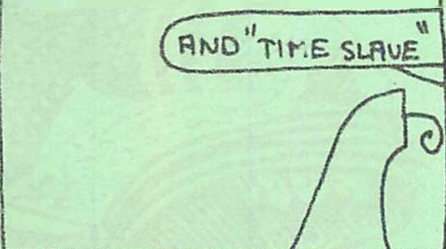
SO WE'RE QUITTING
BEFORE YOU CAN



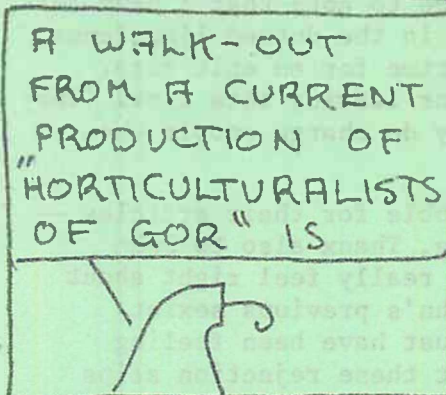
I'LL BET HE OWNS A
COPY OF "IMAGINATIVE
SEX"



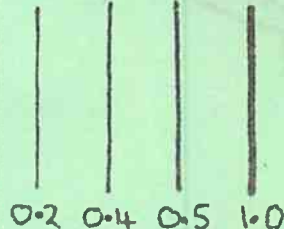
AND "TIME SLAVE"



WE APOLOGISE FOR
THIS BREAK IN
TRANSMISSION
AND WILL TRANSMIT
A TEST PATTERN
UNTIL TRANSMISSION
RESUMES



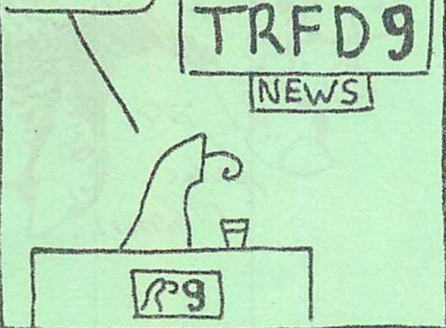
ROTRING



0.2 0.4 0.5 1.0

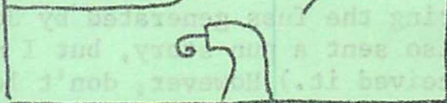
AND NOW HERE IS THE
NEWS

TRFD9
NEWS



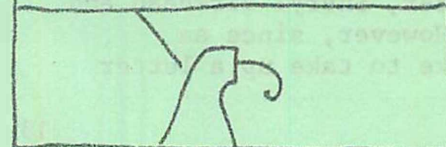
A WALK-OUT
FROM A CURRENT
PRODUCTION OF
"HORTICULTURALISTS
OF GOR" IS

HAILED AS THE
ONLY EVIDENCE
OF GOOD TASTE
IN A CERTAIN FAN-
ARTIST'S RECENT
WORK



THE ARTIST IS
REPORTED TO HAVE
CLAIMED THAT HE
IS NOT DEPENDENT
ON TRIFFIDS, BUT
HOPES THE DISPUTE
WILL BE SETTLED
SOON

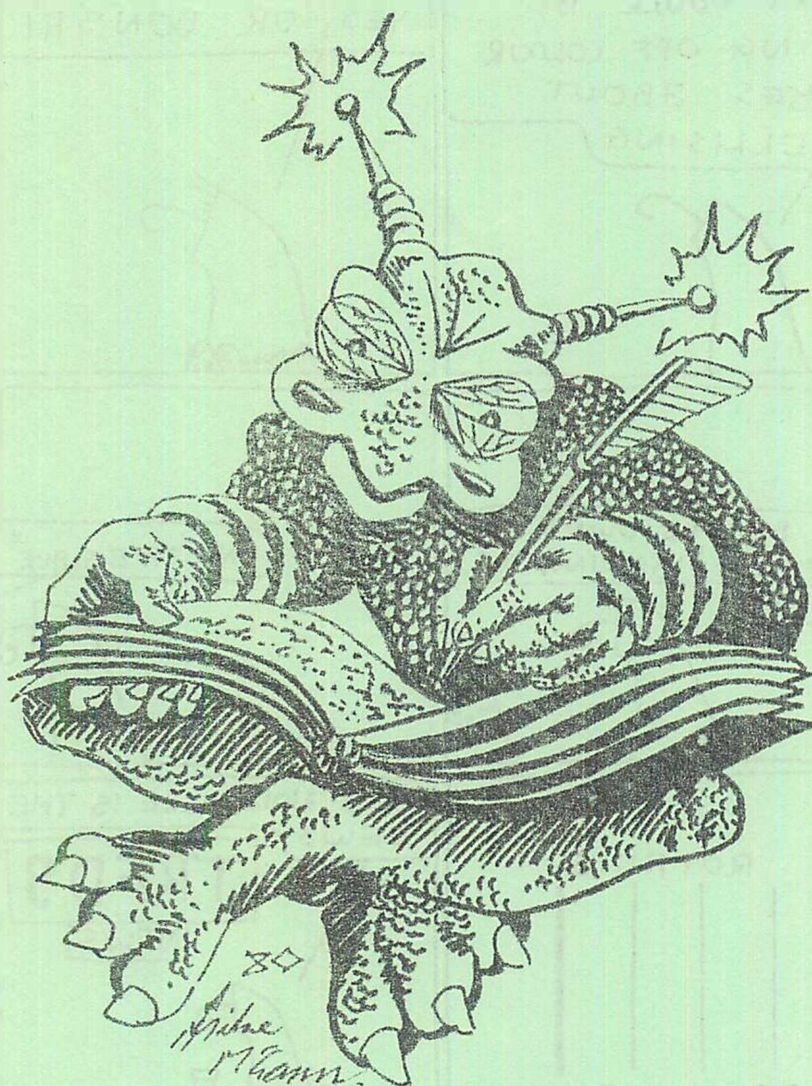
MEANWHILE HE EXPECTS
TO CONTINUE USING
A REPLACEMENT...
AND NOW A WORD
FROM OUR SPONSOR



COMING SOON -
EPISODE

11,437
OF.....

Perry
Rodent



BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

(Assorted
editorial
musings)

Marc Ortlieb

Okay, a couple of procedural matters first. You may note in this issue a shortage of pretty blue ink. I can justify this in two ways. The first is that I'm basically lazy. Running a sheet through the duplicator four times can be a real pain in the arse, especially as neither the duplicator nor I are getting any younger, a fact that has detrimental effects on my temper. A second factor is cost in both ink paper for misfeeds, and the temper mentioned previously. thus I've chickened out, and am trying a slightly different layout. Irwin Hirsh will be pleased to note that I have left exits in the dotted line fence.

Anyone feeling hedged in by the borders may apply at any time for an exit visa. Unlike the Australian government, I don't charge people for leaving this zine. (They don't charge people for leaving this zine either, but they do charge people who wish to leave the country.)

My thanks this issue to Joseph Nicholas and Jon Noble for their articles -- Jon's despite the fact that he isn't standing for anything. Thanx also to John Alderson who submitted an article. Unfortunately I didn't really feel right about using it, especially considering the fuss generated by John's previous sexist statements. (John Playford also sent a pun story, but I must have been feeling particularly picky when I received it.) However, don't let these rejection slips worry you. I'm still on the lookout for material, particularly fannish, or pseudo-science. Mr Velocipede has promised an article on the disposal of nuclear wastes, but hasn't got up the energy to finish it yet.

Particular thanx to those nice people who keep sending me artwork. John Packer has once more provided a cover, and the last of the Triff stories. (At least the last so far. One can hope that there will be more.) Jane Taubman, and Linda and Christine Smith have also provided material centred on their particuàar preoccupations. Thanx also to John Playford, Richard Faulder, Sheryl Birkhead and Judith Hanna for material, both solicited and otherwise. However, since an editorial should convey the opinion of the editor, I'd like to take up a letter

that Mike McGann sent along with a huge pile of good artwork, some of which I've used in this issue.

Mike, as several of you will know, is one of Australia's most prolific fan artists, and has also designed t-shirts for Australia in '83, and runs a t-shirt printing business. His stands are often seen at Australian conventions. His letter, printed below, is a continuation of a discussion that he and I had one evening at John Packer's place. I'd like to use it as a starting point in a discussion of my opinions on that nebulous body known as fandom. (Careful - Ortlieb's going to do his heavy bit.)

Michael McGann I would appreciate it if you could write a line or two about
483 Beauchamp Rd S.F. Fan Artwork. Something I would like to see is a greater
Maroubra appreciation of Black & White Fan art in this country, with
N.S.W. 2035 perhaps more art displays of all forms at conventions.
AUSTRALIA

The main problem is the lack of decent prizes for art shown at conventions. This stops artists from displaying their work at conventions, and finally they don't bother coming to cons at all. Sorry. I'm getting on my soap box again, but it's just that I've seen a lot of artists disillusioned by sf.

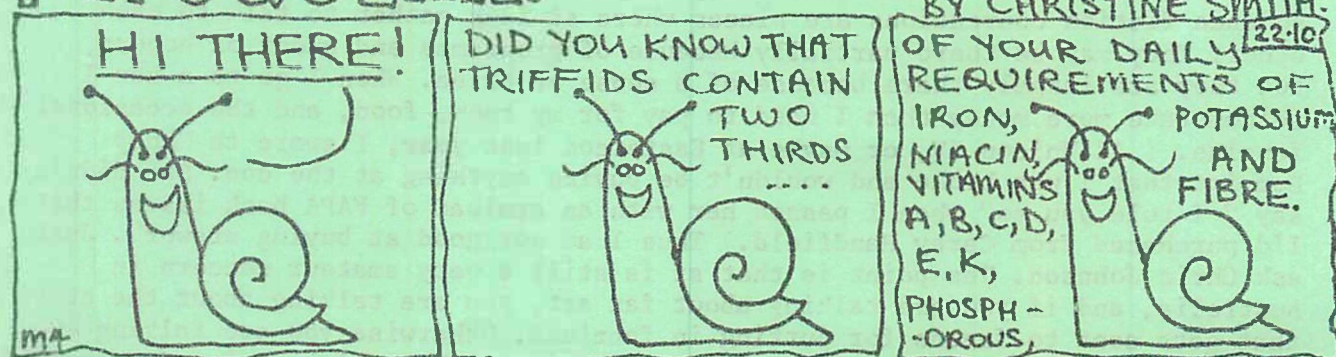
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This to me is something that derives from the nature of fandom in this country. It also has a lot to do with what one defines as "Fan Art."

To me, fandom is strictly amateur. I guess amateurism is one of those things we've inherited from a tradition of the idle rich, where amateur status was something of which to be proud. This attitude could still be seen clearly in sport up until a few years ago. However, amateurism in fandom is still, to me, something worthwhile. I consider it a point of pride that I have never sold a fanzine to benefit myself. I've even stopped putting prices on my fanzines. If someone isn't willing to write a letter every now and then, or send a trade, or say hi to me in the street, then there's no point in me sending them fanzines.

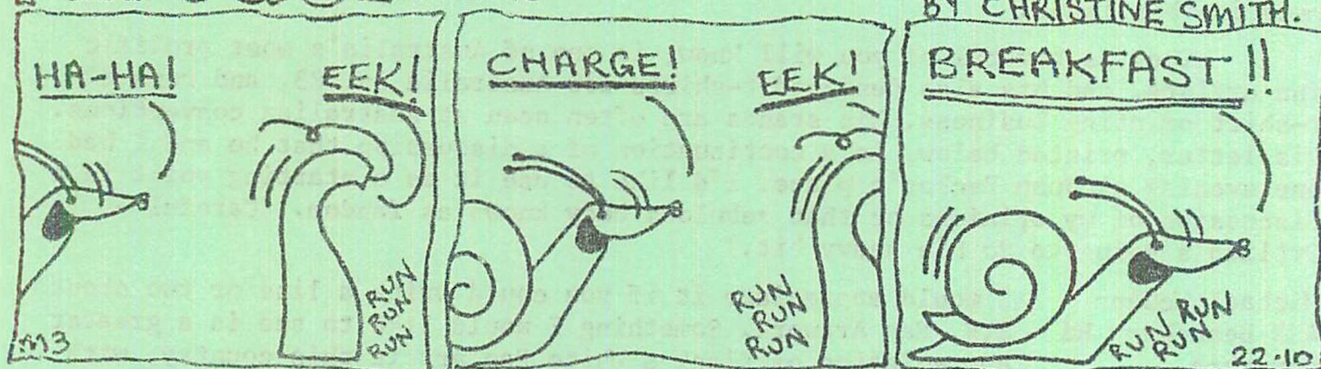
Science Fiction Conventions are basically an outgrowth of this attitude. Sure, it's nice to run a con that breaks even, but, until recently, few cons have set out with the aim of making money. Indeed, most of the cons that have shown a profit (and please note that I'm talking specifically about Australian cons) have done so via government grants. Were these not present, I think most of the national cons that have shown a profit would have been very close to the red, if not well and truly in it. (Feel free to correct me if I'm wrong.)

PIPSQUEAK.



PIPSQUEAK.

BY CHRISTINE SMITH.



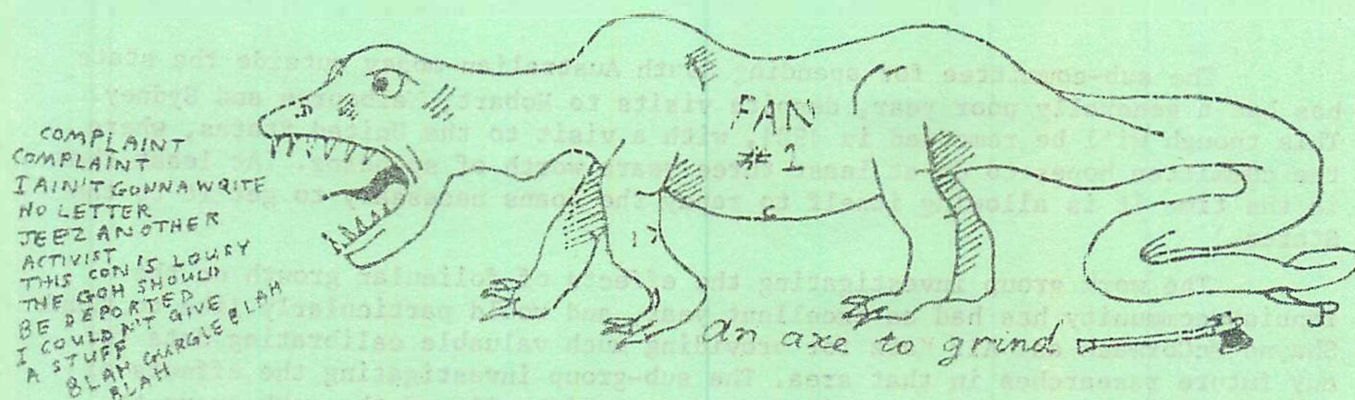
Looking at things pragmatically then, from where is the prize money to come? I guess higher entrance fees could be charged for art shows, but, in that such moneys would come from the pockets of the artists who need the money in the first place, that isn't particularly satisfactory. The idea of charging more for convention membership isn't exactly appealing either, considering the amateur nature of conventions. Conventions are run on a cooperative basis, with those people running the cons being those people for whom the cons are run. The idea of charging more would be fine if attendees were merely marks, but they're not, they're friends. Finally I guess there's the possibility of getting companies to sponsor Art Prizes, but even large companies want some return for their money, and a science fiction convention attracting a couple of hundred attendees is not exactly a huge marketing forum.

Philosophically, the problem is a whole new ball game. Science Fiction conventions are still, Star Trek and Cine Con aside, literary affairs. I don't know of a science fiction art convention that has been held in this country. Thus, when it comes to prize money, surely literary science fiction should be the first consideration. I've never bothered to ask how much prize money is offered in the nat con short story contests, but I doubt very much that it is enough to retire on.

Yet another aspect is that there are very few rich science fiction fans. Thus you can't expect sf art on display at cons to go for high prices. (I gather for instance, that the prices paid for Maralyn Pride's Dragons at con auctions are well below what they sell for in galleries. However, the sort of person who frequents galleries isn't the sort of person who is found at conventions.)

Finally there is the fact that, despite certain escalation of late, science fiction conventions are places where sf fans gather to talk to each other. They may be there partially because of programme and guest of honour, but they are largely there because of a sense of tribe. When I go to a con I seldom take more money than I need to pay for my room, food, and the occasional fanzine. (At Unicon IV, or maybe at Eastercon last year, I swore to Mandy Herriot that I was broke and wouldn't be buying anything at the con. She didn't say "I told you so" when I passed her with an armload of FAPA back issues that I'd purchased from Carey Handfield.) Thus I am not good at buying artwork. Just ask Chris Johnson. The point is that sf is still a very amateur concern in Australia, and if you are talking about fan art, you are talking about the stuff that gets sent to faneds for putting in fanzines. Otherwise you are talking about professional sf art, and, in my opinion, that's another thing again. I personally don't think there's an adequate market for professional sf art here.

---ooo---



NOTES FROM THE SPECTACLE CASE

Marc Ortlieb

Being a few comments on the year 1980 from an Ortlieb's eye view. Those who dislike long and catastrophic tales would be well advised to move on to the letter column.

It's often been said that the happier a person is, the less fanac that person indulges in. This has been a tremendous year for my fanac.

The Mao's Trap Press Treasurer reports a decided drop in the amount owed on the Adler Golfball Typewriter, along with the paying off of the Roneo. In addition, the blue drum purchased for the Peppermint Frog Press, but transferred to MTP has been extensively used. Outside work includes material run off for John Packer and Linda Smith. This was covered, in John's case, by vast quantities of artwork for MTP productions, and in Linda's case by some art, by the aforementioned blue drum, and by certain quantities of paper. The Typing Department has also produced material for A-Con 8, SASFS, DUFF and GUFF.

The printing department reports a bumper crop this year, including three issues of Q36, two issues of the West Of Minster's Library, one under the heading of The Echo Beach Quarterly. Membership has been maintained in ANZAPA, FAPA and SPINOFF. In addition, STIPPLE-APA and PHANTOM ZINE have been added to the company's distribution network. The filing section has had certain difficulties this year, not the least of which being the failure to remember the company's maintenance of membership in APPLESAUCE. It also reports the demise of APES, one of our previous outlets.

This year has seen the demise of our ATLAS SKY SUPPORTING AND CONVENTION ORGANISING subsidiary. Following losses of sanity due to that subsidiary's project A-Con 8, it was wisely decided that the company should no longer involve itself in conventions or organisations requiring committee work. The company was, however, persuaded to lend certain moral and financial support to the Australia in '83 bid in exchange for mention on that group's membership list.

Our accomodation subsidiary, The Ortlieb Fan Hotel, has had an excellent year, providing slum accomodation for Joe and Gay Haldeman, Bruce Gillespie, Elaine Cochran, Roy Ferguson, Julia Curtis, Joanna Masters, Richard Hryckiewicz, Peter Toluzzi, Tony Peacey, Justin Ackroyd, Rob McGough and, no doubt, others. (Filing stuffed that up also.) However, due to certain occurences early in the year, a sign stating NO HAWKERS, POLITICIANS OR PUPPET COMPANIES is to be purchased during the new year. The Hotel will also be moving to smaller premeses in the New Year, and though accomodation will be more limited, hopefully the quality of said accomodation will be improved.

The sub-committee for spending South Australian money outside the state has had a generally poor year, despite visits to Hobart, Melbourne and Sydney. This though will be remedied in 1981, with a visit to the United States, where the committee hopes to do at least three years worth of spending. (At least that is the time it is allowing itself to repay the loans necessary to get it to the States.)

The work group investigating the effects of follicular growth on the fannish community has had an excellent year, and would particularly like to thank Shayne McCormack and Alf Katz for providing much valuable calibrating data for any future researches in that area. The sub-group investigating the effects of razor blades on human skin provided a report which allowed the work group to instigate rapid re-growth of hair in the region of the chin and upper lip.

The committee for the investigation of human sexual relationships has been in recess for the duration of 1980, pending reports on the effects of long term celibacy on the company. So far data is inconclusive, though research from the Minneapolis based TWAGA group may yet shed further light on this topic.

The Financing Division has reported a steady flow of funds from the South Australian Education Department into the company coffers, however, it has become increasingly apparent that the conditions under which this cash flow has continued have not really been satisfactory, and so these conditions are being renegotiated. So far the Education Department has proved about as efficient as the company's own filing department, but this should, we hope, be rectified in the very near future. The Financing Department aims to get the company transferred to a school where it's skills in the teaching of English can be utilised. (Previously the company was engaged in an education department experiment apparently designed to see how badly Social Science could be taught by a teacher with no skills or interests in that particular area.

In addition, the committee for promoting the gathering of vast quantities of mail has been experimenting, and has undertaken a heavy programme of LoC writing in order to ensure a full mail box. In addition to this, a small project in article writing has been initiated, but the returns from this project have been small to date.

The main company project for 1981 is to make it one hell of an improvement on 1980, which, despite certain excesses of printed matter was not a particularly good year. Hopefully the change of offices, the American trip, and the change of school should aid in this particular project.

I guess I'll have to wait and see.

---oOo---

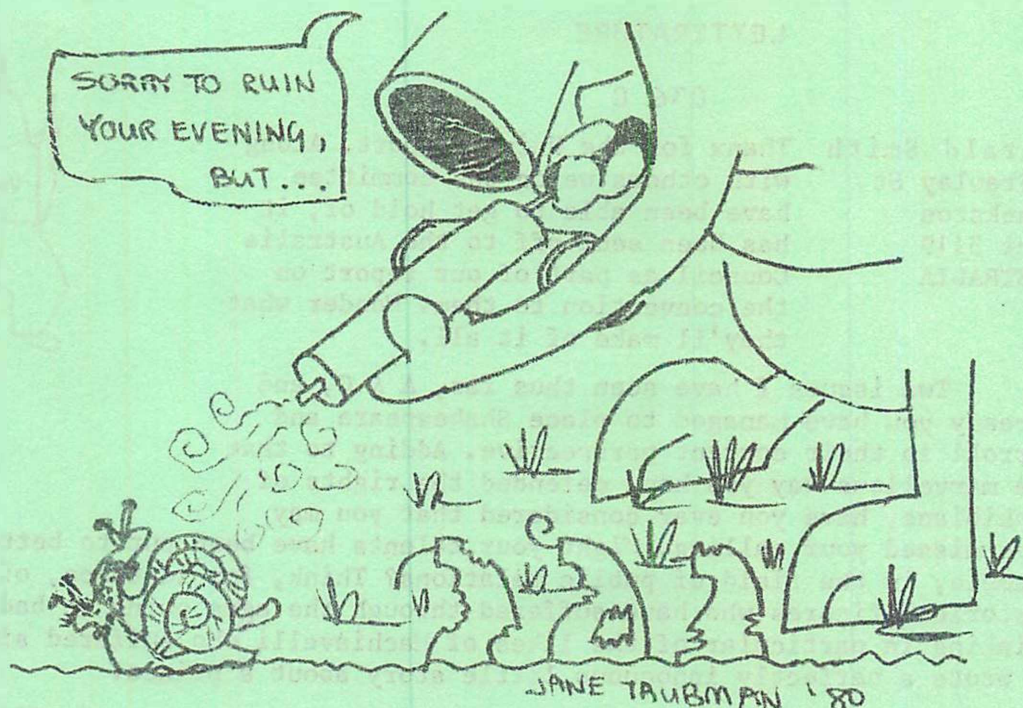


DUFF

AND

GUFF

Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Send money
Donate now
Donate now
Donate now
Donate now
Vote Vote
Vote Vote
Vote Vote
Vote Vote
Vote Vote
Vote!



Unfortunately by the time this reaches most of you, DUFF voting will be closed. However, that doesn't mean you can't send money or auction material to Keith Curtis Box J175 Brickfield Hill N.S.W. 2000 AUSTRALIA. It's also time to start thinking about nominators if you intend to run for the 1982 DUFF which will send an Australian fan to the WorldCon in Chicago. Guests of Honour for that convention will be A. Bertram Chandler, Kelly Freas and Lee Hoffman. Judging from this year's ballot form, you will need four Australian nominators and two from North America.

Australian readers of this screed should receive it in time to vote for GUFF, which will bring a British fan to Adventon, the 1981 Australian National Convention. Both Malcolm Edwards and Joseph Nicholas are well known British fan, and would make fine additions to the National Con. Mind you, Joseph does send me fanzines and articles, so I'm kind of partial to his case. Besides, since I'm one of his nominators, I'd like to see him win.

In addition to sending money with your vote, you might like to send some more for two items John Foyster is selling to support GUFF - THE BEST OF THE BUSHEL (Vol I of the Complete Bob Shaw) Offset, 60 pages, illustrated by Jim Barker - \$2-50 and - THE EASTERCON SPEECHES (Vol 2 of the complete Bob Shaw) Offset, 50 pages, illustrated by Jim Barker - \$2-50. John also has copies of Maya 14 & 15 for \$1-00 each, and is running a postal auction. Send money and questions to John Foyster 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda Vict 3182 AUSTRALIA.

Though not having anything to do with DUFF or GUFF, people might be interested to note that TAFF-DDU by Dave Langford and Jim Barker is available from Joyce Scrivner 2528 15th Ave S. Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A., for a \$2-00 donation to TAFF. (And if you've never seen a Langford zine, then, in the words of an Australian television announcer who shall remain nameless, "Do yourself a favour!" Mind you, have your blood pressure checked first, and don't read it anywhere you're supposed to remain really quiet. Belly laughs are the order of the day.)

---oOo---

LETTERATURE

Q36 C



Gerald Smith 8 Frawley St Frankston Vict 3119 AUSTRALIA
Thanx for the Unicon report. Along with others we on the committee have been able to get hold of, it has been sent off to the Australia Council as part of our report on the convention to them. Wonder what they'll make of it all.

Two issues I have seen thus far, A & C, and already you have managed to place Shakespeare and Carroll in their correct perspective. Adding to that the marvellous way you have defended the rights of amphibians, have you ever considered that you may have missed your calling. Might your talents have been put to better use, for example, in the field of public relations? Think, for instance, of all those historical figures who have suffered through the ages owing to bad PR. I'm thinking in particular of the likes of Machiavelli who suffered simply because he wrote a perfectly innocuous little story about a prince.

No! The Little Prince was written by Antoine De St Expury. (Spelling subject to later confirmation, as my copy of the book is packed at present.) However, even discounting this blatant error of fact, have you, as a lawyer, ever considered the difficulties involved in extracting payment from said historical figures for PR services?

TERRY FROST 7/2 Secant St Liverpool N.S.W. 2170 AUSTRALIA
Don Boyd's letter brings to mind Barry Humphries' definition of the word 'xenophobia' i.e. "Love of Australia". As for his comments on convict women :- (a) Tough though they may have been, they were hardly "liberated" in any sense of the word. (b) Due to subsequent immigration, there aren't an overwhelming majority of Australians who share any kinship with the convict women and men, genetically or spiritually.

Before the 'fad' of feminism came out we were lumbered with tacit segregation in pubs and parties; brawling was held up as a virtue so that every second schoolboy got bashed up at school, and got asked that evening whether he'd knocked the shit out of the other kid; and similar bumf and obscenities. Personally I'm not sure which sex benefitted most from this particular American 'fad', in Australia at least.

DAVE WIXON Box 8600 MINNEAPOLIS MN 55408 U.S.A.
I can see that you Aussies might have a problem coming up with DUFF candidates "who are well enough known overseas" to quote you. Maybe what we should do is, when you do run out, we can substitute Americans as honorary Aussies, and, to kick off the campaign, I will myself be the first such volunteer. To put it simply, when it is time for DUFF supporters to send an Aussiefan to the U.S., I will run. Think of the money DUFF will save, sending me to the U.S..

Ah, it's me old selective amnesia again I tell you. I advanced exactly the same reasons to John Foyster for me standing for the next England to Australia GUFF, totally forgetting that the idea was yours originally, and not "all my own work". Mind you, I do have better grounds for my argument, being a British citizen.

I'm sorry to see you reprinting Denny Lien's spurious genetic theories. I've had run-ins with him before. (When we drove down to Bubonicon it was always me who had to run in for the beer.) He notes, I see, that developing flat eyes would help us see the true flat nature of the world. Alas, Denny only perpetrates the same error he derided a moment before, re spheres. Obviously any shape eye

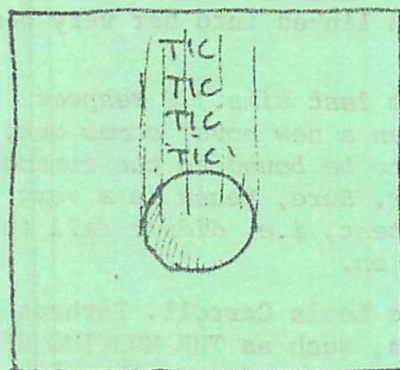
will tend to see the universe in its own image. (Makes you wonder what kind of eyes God has eh?)

M.R. HILDEBRAND
3421 W. Poinsettia
Phoenix
AZ 85029
U.S.A.

Your article " Alice and Drugs" was very interesting, as well as causing me to realize why I hadn't cared for the book as a child. My suspension of disbelief would not include the scene changes and mood changes. I don't think I would care to re-read the book (unless I can get my hands on an annotated copy) but if I were to re-read it, I think I could cope

slightly better now.

To be honest, I didn't really discover Alice until second year Teachers' College. No doubt I was aware of the book as a child, but tended to prefer other reading material, such as *The Eagle*, and the Kemlo books. However, I was re-introduced through Martin Gardner's wonderful ANNOTATED ALICE. The copy I have is a Bramhall House hardback, but there is a Penguin paperback available in Australia. (Gardner also did THE ANNOTATED SNARK.)



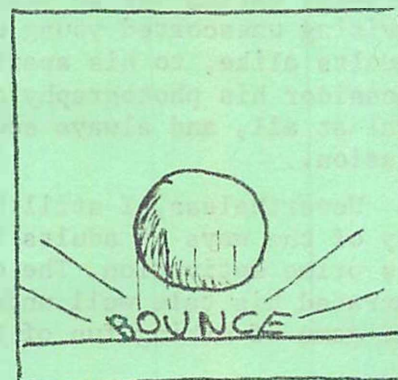
I disagree with Paul Day on THE BLACK HOLE. It's not all that bad. It's just very old fashioned SF. I personally doubt if most film makers know more science than Campbell did in the '30s, so, if the films they turn out are no better than 30s pulp fiction, horrible characterization and all, well... At least Dr. McRae is there on her own, and not as someone's tagalong daughter. As for the scenes after entering the black hole, did Paul note the zoom-in on the eye of Kate McRae? (At least, I think it was hers. I didn't take notes.) The scenes "in" the Black hole are her thoughts of hell complete with a Satanas who, not surprisingly, considering her latest experiences, is a compendium of Dr. Reinhardt and Maximillian. I wonder; did Paul also accept her concept of heaven,

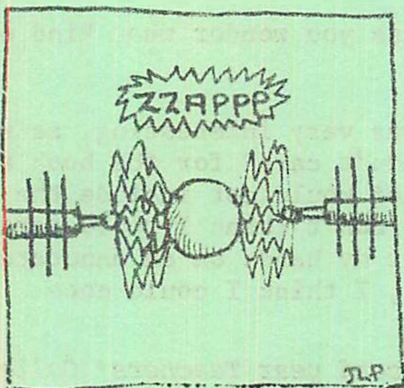
complete with cool colours, mirrors, and an ectoplasmic angel to lead them through, as an attempt to represent realities.

The film had definite glaring faults in several respects, those glowing asteroids, and climbing around sans spacesuits on the exterior of the ship etc.. but anything as big as that vessel might very easily have had an ornate dining room, complete with formal dining service. The weight and expense would be inconsequential, and the morale boost considerable. As for " the treatment", if lobotomies are possible today, and touted as " the perfect treatment for depressed housewives" by a Canadian MD back in the 60s, why shouldn't someone come up with a more sophisticated version?

A quotation attributed to Tom Waits is the definitive statement on lobotomies

"I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy."





Re David Bratman's letter - who wants a character stronger than Lessa? In her teens she engineered the ruin of a large agricultural centre; in her early adult years she takes a complex the size of a large hotel and brings up its quality from flophouse to good. She then manages it and researches its records. Don't forget that she also oversees its regrowth in size and is responsible for its supplies etc. This is in a culture where you can't order more out-of-season if you ran out, and where supplies arrived in their crudest form -- grain not flour; numbweed, not salve; animals, not butchered meat. Believe me,

F'lar had no rougher job, and she not only did this without his help, she helped him. Menolly isn't exactly a marshmallow either. It's very easy to be deceived by MacCaffrey's style which stresses romance and adventure while passing over mundane details, but I've never been able to consider her major characters as very weak with the possible exception of Brekke. Poor weak thing - she could run a convalescent hotel cum hospital, but just caved in when linked into her very best friend's death. I should be so weak.

Right. My last comment on the matter (or did I say that last time.) I respect MacCaffrey's writing, and will be the first in line when a new novel comes out, but I do consider it a shame that she has allowed herself to be bound to the romance, which does place a number of restrictions on the writer. Sure, Lessa is a very strong character. I just wish this strength was consistent, i.e. didn't fall to bits when she had F'lar conveniently handy for leaning on.

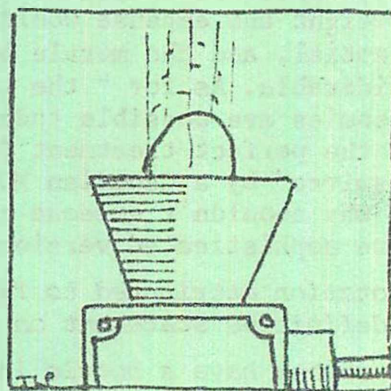
BEN INDICK
428 Sagamore Ave
Teaneck
N.J. 07666
U.S.A.

I enjoyed your irreverent approach to Lewis Carroll. Perhaps when he came to write his other books, such as THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK and SYLVIE AND BRUNO he gave up on drugs, thereby accounting for their failure, at least to our own time. Gawks! Did you ever try to get through the sermonizing in SYLVIE AND BRUNO?

I disagree on the failure of THE SNARK. It closely follows the two Alice books as my favourite Carroll. SYLVIE AND BRUNO is, as you mention, exceptionally preachy. Perhaps we can write it off as Carroll's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL.

However, if you've read the recent enchanting collection of letters, you'll find many a hint of drugs. Such contemporaries as Coleridge and de Quincey held no qualms about their addictions. You'll also discover a most sane, civilized, business-like mind whose worst daring was to tempt Mrs Grundy by inviting unescorted young women, children and adults alike, to his apartment. (He did not consider his photography of nude children immoral at all, and always sought parental permission.)

Nevertheless, I still believe Carroll's parody of the ways of adults in his own time as his prime motivation. The children to whom he narrated his tale well understood this little game of making fun of their elders.



Still, I credit you for ingenuity. I have, however, seen and read essays "proving" THE WIZARD OF OZ to be, point blank, a parable based on the populist theories of the 1890s, and STAR WARS was "proven" to be "anti-black, anti-arab, and anti-semitic" among other crimes. Sometimes one can fit a frame around the unlikely picture.

I did not bother to see Disney's BLACK HOLE, but, apropos of ALICE, I must add that his version needed healthy doses of drugs or booze or anything to improve it. I could be wrong, as I have had not had any desire to see it since its original appearance, but memory tells me it was a dog.

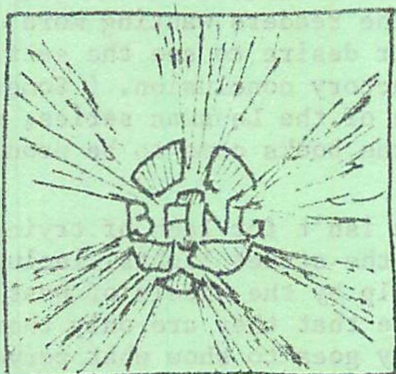
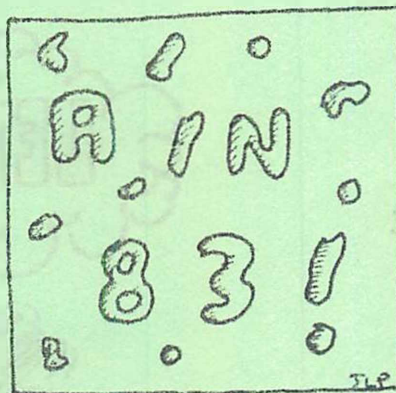
However, I was delighted by the Aussie film MY BRILLIANT CAREER. In its own way it reminded me of elements of GONE WITH THE WIND - the contrast of poor farm workers with the plantation owners - the spunky Scarlett-like heroine. A lovely film, often touching. What would Don Boyd think of its strongly individualist heroine? (She is not a "feminist" per se, but her motivations are quite unlike the average lady of 1900, whether Australian or American.)

M.K. DIGRE
3609 Grand Ave, #206
Minneapolis
MN 55409
U.S.A.

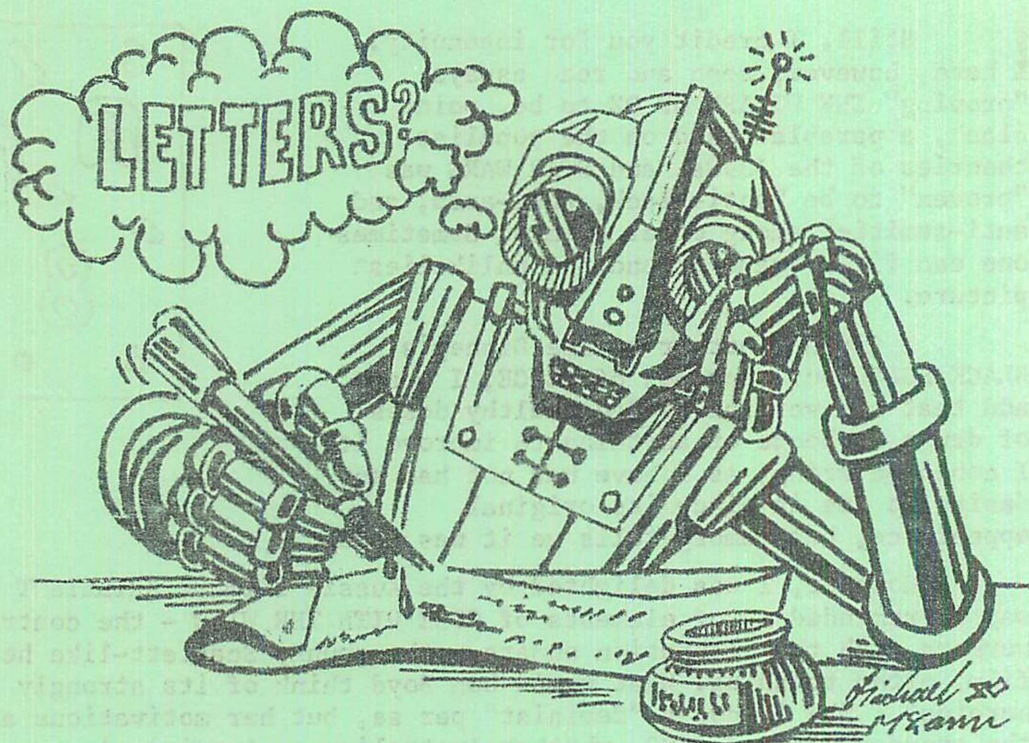
The letter from Harry Warner Jr in Q36C prompted me to dig through piles of fanzines and re-read THE UNKNOWN SHAKESPEARE in Q36A. The excerpts from MACFAN and THE FANFEUD may not show the Bard at his best, but even his worst is better than the best of many another. This also reminds me of a secret ambition I have cherished for many years - to write an article, or perhaps an entire fanzine, in blank verse. Considering the aversion I feel to doing hard work, this may never be accomplished. Still, the idea is intriguing - to write some sort of narrative (not a parody) in blank verse, using entirely modern grammar and vocabulary. How would it sound? How much of our fascination with Shakespeare is with his imagery, and how much with his archaic language? The sound of the poetry would certainly change in modern English, but would it seem less wonderful because it is less strange, or more so because it is easier to understand? The problem with this whole idea is that I am not Shakespeare, and would probably not be able to produce the sort of felicitous images that fill his works. I might be able to match the puns, but puns do not a Shakespeare make.

Interesting. I did once attempt to do a whole ANZAPAZINE in verse, but I'm afraid that the attempt could not be described as successful.

Personally I think that blank verse is not really suited to the modern idiom. At best it would be seen as an interesting but irrelevant stylistic experiment. The age in which Shakespeare lived was one in which order was accepted and part of everyone's social background. Thus using structured language was acceptable, and demanded. We, however, live in less structured times, and any attempt to force conformity and structure into the language are treated with as much popularity as the arrival of the riot squad at a demonstration.



Q36 D



Richard Faulder
c/o Yanco Agricultural
Research Centre
Yanco
N.S.W. 2703
AUSTRALIA

Rob McGough made a great start with his illustrated story. Unfortunately I haven't read enough Cordwainer Smith to tell how well the atmosphere of the Norstrilia stories had been captured, but the story was still fun. Rob certainly has the Bode style of illustration down pat. He did the backdrop for THE DUNE SHOW at Swancon, and, at first, I thought it surely a redrawn Bode illo.

Actually the story Rob was ripping off wasn't part of the Instrumentality series, but a much earlier story, originally thought lost, but rediscovered and printed in the most recent collection LORDS OF THE INSTRUMENTALITY.

TRIFF THE BARBARIAN was great fun. What more can I say, except to ask John Packer a question. With what was Triff wielding his sword? Previously they have manipulated things using their stings, and I can't think of anything down there for Triff to use.

Tend to agree with you that it is a pity to waste a whole world on just one story. The success of sequels is a reflection not of the readers wanting more of those things with which they are familiar, but of their desire to see the setting fully developed, or the storyline brought to a satisfactory conclusion. (Sometimes anyway. I find it a little hard to explain the success of the Lensman series, the Gor books, Perry Rhodan or any other series in which the books come to be produced according to a formula.)

If cane toads are not seen in a better light it isn't for lack of trying. Surely you've heard of their habit of gathering under the street lights, including those of Slade Point, subsequently being reduced to pulp by the wheels of passing vehicles. The popular explanation would have us believe that they are only there to harvest the insects attracted to the light (which only goes to show what perverted creatures the public believes them to be). In reality they are trying to have themselves recognised for their true worth.

A.R.J. Katz Upon picking up Q36D, I naturally turned to the cartoons. JLP's
3/24 Petrie St contributions are quite up to his usual high standard.
Frankston
Vict 3199
AUSTRALIA

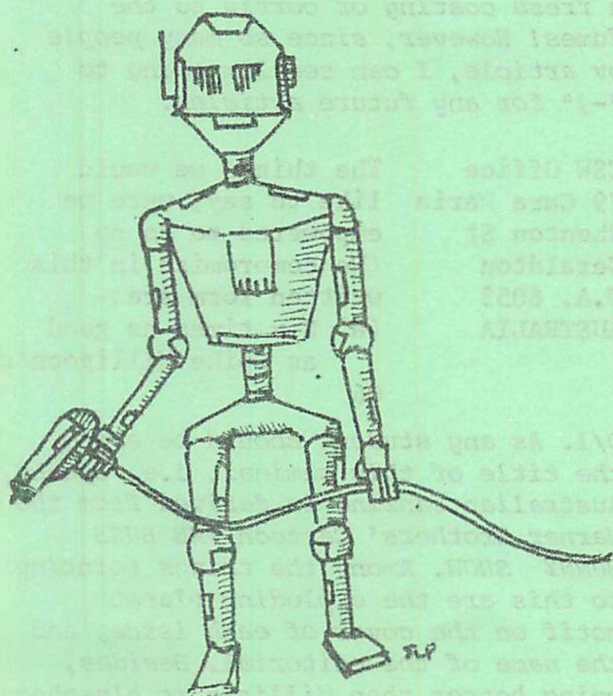
Your own "A Cleaner Breed" caused me to put yet more thought into the loopholes in the ridiculous three laws of robotics. Though it may have interesting results, it certainly wouldn't be advisable to include Asimovian robots in the crew of a starship. Consider the problems involved in a first meeting with non-human extra-terrestrials. It would seem that, in the case of such creatures, a robot would have complete freedom of choice in any action for or against them. "Humm. It could be fun pulling those seven legs off and seeing if it can still fly."

Another problem is that robots do have limited life spans. Eventually they wear out or break down. The robot would then be thrown on to the municipal dump where a natural rusting process would be inevitable. Years later it is possible that an unvaccinated child may cut him/her/itself on the rusty scrap, contracting tetanus and dying. The robot which must, by the first law, stop this from happening would therefore, immediately upon it's completion, build some form of spaceship and launch itself into the middle of the sun.

Ah, but by doing that it increases fractionally the chances of the sun going nova...

Joan Dick I rather thought "A Cleaner Breed" fell into the category of
379 Wantigong St "Have you stopped beating your wife yet?" Or perhaps your doubts
Albury about a computerised society were peeping through. Why not
N.S.W. 2640 discuss the rules applying to the human race, and how they can
AUSTRALIA be Bent - qualified or moved into areas of grey. Robots are,
 hopefully, fairly straight forward creatures. It's only when man,
who is a very devious creature, works his wily ways that trouble begins for
instance THE NAKED SUN.

Recently in Canberra I was heading gleefully towards Belcannon shopping centre when I detoured to look at a new golf shop. At the top of the stairs are various other shops, and, to my delight, there is a Science Fiction bookshop. The delightful young lady there told me that she had just opened and was planning bigger and better things. She also told me that the Canberra SF Club has been revitalised.



I liked Avedon's comment "No woman has the experience of living in equality and worlds free of sexism." Women are their own worst enemy. They will never ever know what freedom and equality mean until they believe in themselves and are willing to go out on a limb to say so. When women learn that it's not a sin to have thoughts other than what their husbands and fathers express then perhaps they will take that first small step towards mental and physical freedom. I belong to three well known women's groups. They all have one thing in common. They don't want to be involved. They won't rock the boat. They are so snug, snug and contented in their own cozy lives that they don't want to know that other women elsewhere, or even next

door, do not enjoy the same lives as they have. It is inconceivable to them that, to some women, marriage is spelt SLAVERY.

Christine Smith At Syncon '80, after
127 Livingstone Rd having gone there
Marrickville Friday night (We
N.S.W. 2204 didn't rent a room)
AUSTRALIA I turned up Saturday

afternoon with a haircut. A first in about 1½ years. A fringe even. Peter Toluzzi thought I was "guess who" and said "Heelllloo, Oops!", stared at me, and said "Christ you look like Linda!" (I honestly didn't do it on purpose, or I would have worn clothes they wouldn't have recognised as mine.

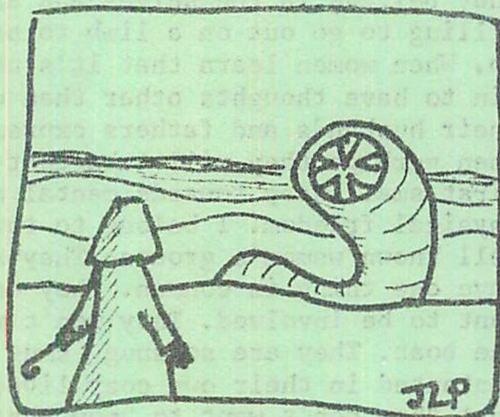
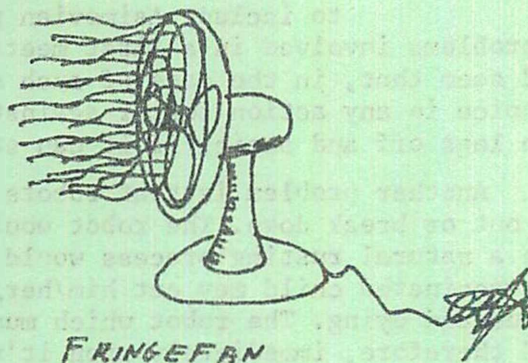
Thanks for the copy of Q36D, but there's a bit much triffid in it don't you think? I also liked the Cordwainer Smith takeoff, and I think we could absorb a lot more of the same.

Good! I'll reprint it. That'll save me the effort of browbeating people for material for Q36 F.

Gerald Smith (No relation) What I would really like to comment on is your little
3 Frawley St piece on Asimov's robotics. Like Richard Faulder I
Frankston have a horrible feeling that you were being serious.
Vict 3199 Twenty two today! Twenty two today.
AUSTRALIA

How dare you, of all people, systematically set about destroying one of the great fantasies of youth - that Asimov created the ideal robotic philosophy. I mean, I could accept it if someone like Jeff Harris took the three laws to task, but for such a vilification to come from the nimble fingers of M Ortlieb...

Pardon me while old nimble fingers applies a fresh coating of corflu to the stencil. Ah! That's better. The fumes! The fumes! However, since so many people have accused me of being serious in my Asimov article, I can see I'm going to have to use the old tongue in cheek symbol "-)" for any future articles.



TSW Office The things we would
F9 Cara Maria like to say, were we
Shenton St empowered to do so
Geraldton (We compromise in this
W.A. 6053 written form are:-
AUSTRALIA (a) Six times as good
 as Spike Milligoon's
 Q6

O/I. As any student should be aware, the title of this seminal, i.e. spunky, Australian fanzine is derived from the Warner Brothers' Cartoon THE BUGS BUNNY SHOW. Among the things pointing to this are the exploding planet motif on the cover of each issue, and the name of the editorial. Besides, being better than Milligan is blasphemy.

- (b) The horrid pun needs no defence, but the horrid pun-teller (or pungent) does. Evidence for this is an unpleasant scenario that was enacted at the South Warren post-swankon dead-dog party. Certain persons, namely John Packer, Jack Herman, Simon the Asphyxiate (*Duncan*), Messers Loney and Warner, and sundry others, including Big Bunny himself, did, in total disregard of punctilio, punctuate the conversation with unctuous puns and were immediately subject to punitive action, effected by the vigorous application of a soft object to the punner's head. Sadly matters degenerated as the anti-pun vigilantes, in a fit of pique, attempted to outpun the punners. Thence ensued a fierce battle, waged with pun and, thankfully, soft object. Tiredness and fannish good sense emerged victor as all parties returned punting (read-panting) to their respective corners.

In retrospect, it appears that the prospective punner should take the philosophy of the Welsh martial art of Llap-goch to heart, and administer punitive measures upon his/her unwitting pun-recipient prior to presenting the pun. Offence being the best form of defence, and surprise being a valuable ingredient in attack, the pun-recipient should be rendered incapable of retribution post pun. Exit the punner, safely.

5/10. A good attempt, but the sexism implicit in the pun "pungent" is not really in keeping with the philosophy of this course. Also subtracting from your marks was the obvious plagiarism in certain parts of the answer.

- (c) How do you destroy an alien culture? Smash the petrie dish. 1/1
- (d) Though we discovered holes in the logic of "A Cleaner Breed" that an inebriated wombat could drive a leopard tank through, we decline to defend one of the senior bofs of speculative fiction. (Perhaps we should explain that 'bof' is an abbreviation commonly used in the music press for boring old fart.)

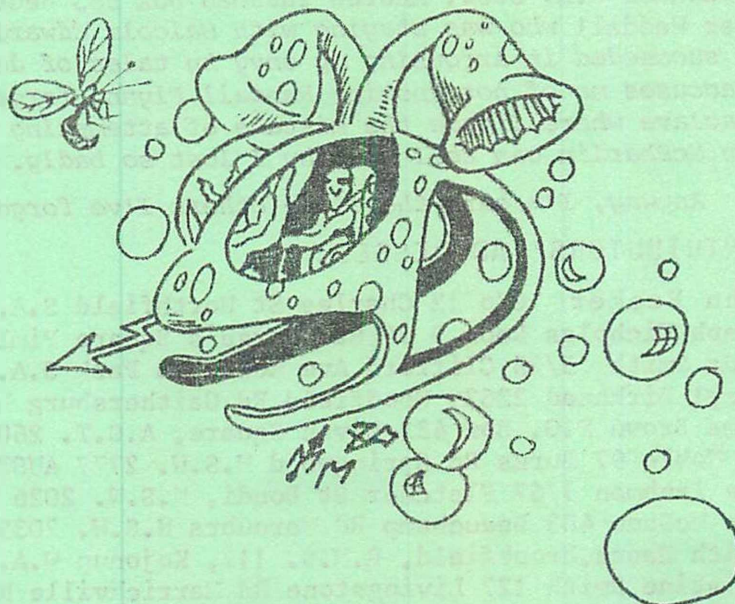
4/5 Well written. However, I subtracted one mark for the assumption that I, a teacher who has owned a BORING OLD FART badge for two years now, would not recognise the term. Obviously you have been trained in the "Answer every question as thou' the marker is a moron" school of exam technique.

- (e) Noncon 5 was fart oo
mundane for our liking.

0/1. Wrong!

- (f) Who is your fave cartoon-
ist? Not Vaughn Bode of
ZOOKS! fame?

2/3 Close. My favourite
cartoonist is Vaughn
Bode of CHEECH
WIZARD and SUNPOT
fame. You know, the
one Bakshi ripped
off when making
WIZARDS.



FINAL GRADE C-

A reasonable first
attempt, however, your
continued failure to use
capital letters correctly
counted against you in
the final grading. P.S.
individual work in future.

WAHF

Irwin Hirsh 279 Domain Rd South Yarra Vict
3141 AUSTRALIA, who comments on the high
quality of Rob McGough and Jane Taubman's
artwork. (Oops syntax didn't quite work there
did it?) Irwin also complains about my
borders, which is understandable. They keep
leaving the lid off the toothpaste.



Irwin also mentions plans for filming
Sikander in future, and suggests that I call
my fanzine reviewzine Q36, in order to
get four issues a year, and thus qualify for
category B postage rates. Much as I would
appreciate the savings, my reading of the
regulations is that even that would not be
enough, as a certain proportion of the copies
of an issue must be Sold.

Greg Hills P.O. Box 11205 Wellington New
Zealand who makes some terrible puns which I
refuse to commit to print, and who comments on the GUFF candidates, and cloning.

Rob McGough 19 Simmons St Enmore N.S.W. 2024 (CoA) who writes the funniest of silly
letters. Mike Schaper 211 Preston Pt Road Bicton W.A. 6157. Judith Hanna Brookfield
R.M.B. 117, Kojonup W.A. 6395. Joseph Nicholas Room 9, 94 St George's Square Pimlico
London, SW1Y 3QY who is soliciting votes for GUFF. Grant Stone P.O. Box 14 Willetton
W.A. 6155 who is soliciting fanzines for the Murdoch University Collection. Harry
Andruschak P.O. Box 606 La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011 U.S.A. who is welcome to
submit more electric fence stories. Roelof Goudriaan Postbus 90255, 1006 BG
Amsterdam. The Netherlands who mentions nice European Conventions which I won't be
able to attend. Valma Brown P.O. Box 433, Civic Square A.C.T. 2603. Eric Lindsay
who credits Harry Andruschak with the worst A in '83 pun ever. Joachim Henke
Jahnstrasse 21, D-6551 Volxheim West Germany who's interested in trading his zine
DAS KASEBLATT which is written in English, and which does not translate as
Ker Splatt. Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd Gaithersburg MD 20760 U.S.A who
assures me that teaching anywhere is roughly the same. Joyce Scrivner 2523 15th Ave
S, Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A.. Adrian Bedford C/- W4/ 15 Westbrook Way
Girrawheen W.A. 6064. Andrew Taubman Box 583 Neutral Bay Junction N.S.W. 2089.
Roger Weddall who was staying with Malcolm Edwards at the time he wrote this, and
who succeeded in arousing my envy by tales of dering do in Britain and elsewhere.
He accuses me of not knowing Randall Flynn, forgetting certain occasions at
Monaclave where I made the mistake of attempting to play GO with said gentleman.
John McPharlin can tell you why I lost so badly.

Anyway, I'm sure there are others I've forgotten, but that's it for now.

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BANQUET.

JLP

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF DIPLOMACY (TERRESTRIAL) --



A SPRAWLING COMPLEX OF BANQUET HALLS, 40 FOOT TRI-D TANKS, GYMNASIUMS, AND THE OCCASIONAL OFFICE. HERE WE FIND ----

RATIEF



(OF THE D.D.T.)

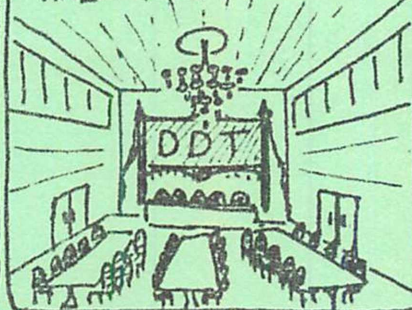
YES, AMBASSADOR - A BANQUET FOR A VISITING DIGNITARY - I'LL ORGANIZE IT PERSONALLY. YES, SIR AT ONCE SIR.



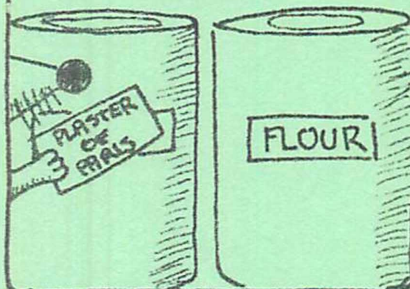
AND SO RATIEF GOES TO WORK - ORDERING MOUNTAINS OF SUPPLIES ---



BOOKING THE GREAT HALL ---



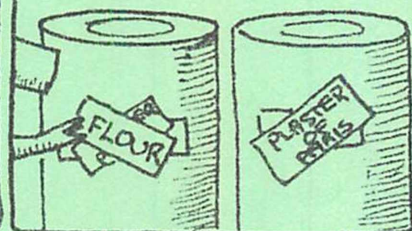
TAKING STEPS TO FOIL THE EVIL GROTTI ---



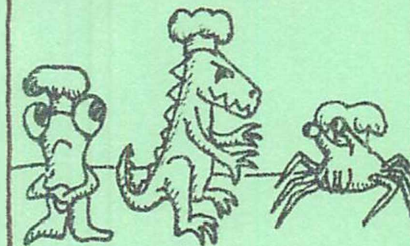
THE EVIL, INSIDIOUS GROTTI ---



THE EVIL, INSIDIOUS, BUT NOT VERY BRIGHT GROTTI ---



HIRING CHEFS TO PREPARE NUMEROUS EXOTIC DISHES ---



PREPARING THE GUEST LIST ---

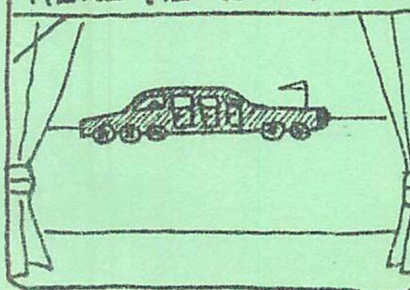


UNTILL, FINALLY ---

FINISHED! BUT JUST WHO IS THIS DIGNITARY ANY-WAY?



OH-ER- ITS - ER- OH, HERE HE COMES NOW



WHY- ITS KDIK - THE WORST GOURMOUND IN THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS

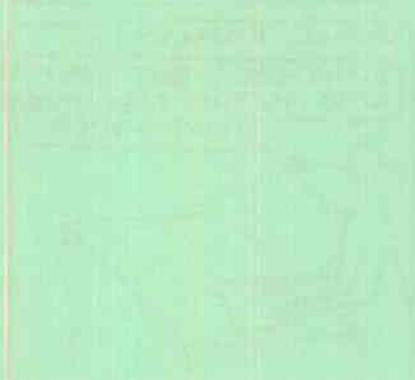


AND YOU REALIZE, SIR THAT YOU'LL GET FULL CREDIT FOR GOING TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST TO FILL UP KDIK



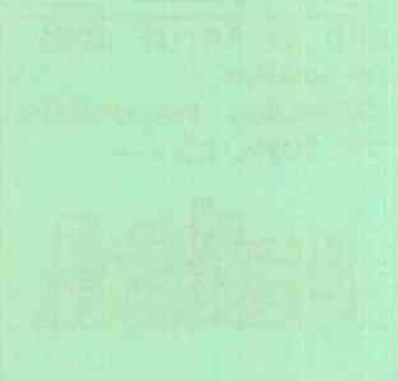
Introduction

The purpose of this study is to investigate the effects of various factors on the growth and development of the human body. The study is divided into three main sections: the first section deals with the physical aspects of growth, the second section deals with the psychological aspects, and the third section deals with the social aspects.



Physical Growth

The physical growth of the human body is a complex process that involves the development of the skeletal system, the muscular system, and the internal organs. The growth of the skeletal system is the most visible aspect of physical growth, and it is influenced by a number of factors, including genetics, nutrition, and exercise.



Psychological Growth

The psychological growth of the human body is a complex process that involves the development of the brain, the nervous system, and the emotional system. The growth of the brain is the most visible aspect of psychological growth, and it is influenced by a number of factors, including genetics, nutrition, and exercise.

