

RATAPLAN 3

THE MAGAZINE OF THE ARTS





RATAPLAN 3

Index

| | | |
|---|--------------------|----|
| GEORGE | Leigh | 3 |
| SLANSHACKING As Seen Through A Coffee Cup | Bernie | 5 |
| TSENZIG | Diane | 8 |
| THE WAR GAME (Review) | Bruce Gillespie | 11 |
| ABOUT DOWSING | R.D. Symons | 13 |
| THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND | | 14 |
| DEPARTMENT 85 | | 16 |
| CHEAP CHIPPY CHOPPER | Leigh | 22 |

Art Credits

| | |
|------------------|-------------------|
| John BANGSUND | Cover, Page 10. |
| John BREDEN | Page 2. |
| Doug LOVENSTEIN | Page 4, Page 13. |
| Dimitri RAZUVAEV | Page 6. |
| George FOSTER | Page 15, Page 17. |

RATAPLAN is edited and published monthly by Leigh Edmonds and Diane Bangsund of PO Box 19, Ferntree Gully, Victoria, 3156, and Bernie Bernie Bernhouse of 62 Military Road, Avondale Heights, Victoris.

RATAPLAN is available for trade (two copies please) on an all-for-all basis, letter of comment, published contributions and money. Copies of RATAPLAN cost 30¢ each and subscriptions are \$1.80 for six issues, \$3.60 for twelve.

A SKARCFUTA Publication
Contents Copyright Authors

GEORGE

— Leigh

There are six girls in the typing-pool, which may be of interest to somebody, but it is only setting the scene for this morning's encounter.

I was getting some typing mistakes corrected when Dianne (notice the double n) said, "How's your girl friend?"

A simple enough question, except for the fact that I don't really have one. With the speed born of panic, I deduced that Dianne must have seen Diane and myself walking down to the train at night (I meet her outside her place of working) with Diane clutching onto my arm as is her habit, so as not to get lost in the crowds*. Now, the whole concept of slanshacking and related topics is a bit hard to explain to the simple unfannish female mind, so instead I reckoned on giving a simple, if somewhat untruthful answer and hoped that the whole thing would be dropped.

"Oh, she's fine, just fine!" Somewhere between the first and second time I used the word 'fine', a moment of sheer folly hit me and I emphasised that second 'fine' to just the extent that you could think there was something in it. Oh, sometimes I wish I had been born deaf and dumb.

About this time I noticed that all typing had stopped and I was overcome with this sense of forboding. On any other month I would have beat a hasty retreat at this stage, but this time I was caught at the opposite end of the room to the door, with some of my work in the typewriter and five anxious faces waiting for the next little bit of news to drop. Besides this, I had promised myself that I was going to be nice to the typists for a change this month.

There was a pause and then Dianne turned back to her typewriter and as she started again, she asked, "How long have you known her?"

There was nothing wrong with that, just a plain simple unloaded question, so after a suitable pause which would seem like enough time to work it out, I picked any number between three and nine.

"About five months I suppose, yeah, that would be about right."

"Uh, so there should be an engagement coming up soon."

I croggled. How on earth could a conversation get so out of hand in only five sentences? Still, there was an interesting fact in there, it was considered okay to think of being engaged after five months, a fact which will appear in the appendix to my forthcoming book, 'EDMONDS ON LOVE' **.

I was staggered. Of course these sweet girls could know nothing of my sordid background and so such a naive question was quite in order. What could be more natural than getting engaged? Unfortunately I am just not natural.

"Not that I know of," I answered in a voice which was intended to indicate that the topic should be dropped. But it was too late now. There was just as much hope of me getting to spend a night with Miss World.

* "Excuses, excuses, that's all I hear" Banger

** "Sex ain't nothing but Love Mispelled" Harlan Ellison

"Why not?" Dianne asked sweetly, because now this was going to be something interesting to talk about. "Why has Leigh been going with this girl for five months and they are not going to get engaged? Do they.....? Why are they.....?"

Now, I know the reason, and you know the reason, and you have some idea of what can drive fen to such heights of insanity, but as I said earlier, these were sweet (I am only assuming here) innocent girls, and explaining it to them without a three hour crash course in fandom (and a one hour medical examination), could have been a hard job.

At about this time I started to light up like an electric radiator.

For some strange reason I could not think of a suitable answer which would both satisfy the girls and end the conversation. During the long minute which followed, I tried to think logically through a red haze of rising panic, while denying the various suggestions for answers that they thought up, none of which I can remember now. I could not and did not think of the right thing to say. In the end I gave up and gave out with the truth, "She's already married."

There was silence.

One of the girls said with conviction, "You're joking." As an afterthought she added, "aren't you?"

Again there was silence. I decided it was time to ~~make a break~~ ~~for it~~ leave, so with my typing in one hand and my nerves in the other I left, after having told them a short but filthy joke given to me by Dick Jenssen (I always like to leave my audiences laughing).

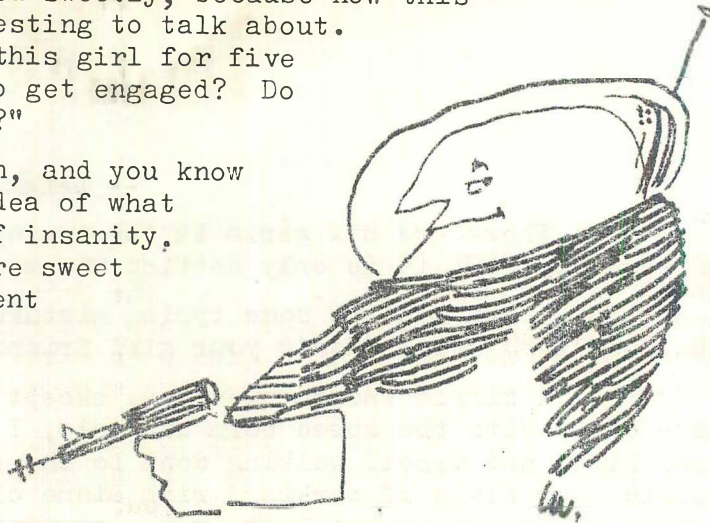
FEETNOTES:

Later, I had to go down to the typing-pool again and it was like walking into a deathly silent freezing room at the meat works. Not one word was addressed to me. Gone were the happy days when they had asked me to help put up their christmas decorations, or the time that they had asked me to carry a long carriaged Remington down six flights of stairs or the time they had embarrassed me with the chest expander. All gone, now all I get are icy cold looks. Anyone would think that I had performed a major crime against morality and even the whole basis of civilization.

+ + + + +

WHY I REVIEW FANZINES INSTEAD OF L.P.'S:

I am becoming more and more interested in music. While I am producing RATAPLAN I can only afford to buy one LP every two weeks, but even so, I manage to get quite a bit of new and interesting material. With very little encouragement I would run a column in RATA which would deal with current releases at the rate of two LP's an issue. However, if I were to do this something else would have to go and the only thing which is disposable is the fanzine review section. I enjoy fanzines, but if I had to decide whether to listen to a new Rolling Stones or read the latest CRY, CRY would have to wait. There is one point which makes it certain that I will continue the fanzine reviews and that is because faneds need the egoboo more than rock-groups.



SLANSHACKING As Seen Through A Coffee Cup

- bernie

Friday evening in Elsternwick is a cool thing, cool and confused. I had been patrolling up and down a particular street, to find a particular house - that John built. Across the footpath, over the dingy little tired red brick fence I could see someone obviously grooving to music. It was Diane Bangsund, alone on a hill. She made a few vague comments and suddenly another face appeared through the window, backdropped by books.

"This is it," I told the driver, expecting some cliched remark "You know where it's at," but instead he only grunted and asked kind of tired, "You think this is it do you?"

"Yeh, I think this is it."

"Well, okay, if ya think this is it...." and he held out his hand unabashed. Two sloppy figures were sauntering down the footpath - padded pats of bare feet.

There dim light completely drowned or shattered by Hendrix music, a huge long dark brown table, executive type, on which lay material to be discussed, and a far away ASFR tapping.

"I bought some Dylan along," I said, waving the LP's in front of Leigh's bemused face, "I'll get you to enjoy Dylan yet," I added, and Leigh answered with a grimace of disgust. Diane came up, "Hello Bernie," and tried to seduce me with those blue jeaned hips, beckoning arms and a pretty face. "Hell, he's changed," said Diane giggling to Leigh as I backed away even further. I always wonder about Diane when she comes up like that, what did she expect me to do, lay her on the floor? Anyway, things settled down after a while, Leigh flopped back in his chair although still tuned to Hendrix, Diane occasionally mused about her physical well-being, and me? Well I ordered caffeine and I never touch ink.

"Alright now", said Leigh with a sigh, "are we going to have a discussion or not."

"Are you watching Deadly Earnest tonight," asked Diane, always to the point, and added, " 'Blood and Roses' is on tonight." I could tell the way conversation drifted, the way Leigh jerked at a Clapton twang, the way Diane moaned, giggled and flopped her sleepy head onto a pile of letters and fanzines that this was to be a constructive discussion night -- the type you find in any old pad that has incomprehensible books for wall-paper that follow the stairs and out of sight, with an enthusiastic hypochondriac and a sincere psychedelic experimentalist groover, what else could you expect?

Relevance takes its time in conversation, but when it arrives, man, you treat it preciousy!

"Okay now, we've discussed editorials we've discussed economics, what else is there to talk about," I asked for the fourth time. Wondering and intentive faces turned up to the ceiling, as if expecting an answer from heaven. I glanced at Leigh, and he shoved some experienced-type fan's LoC at me, from the overseas 'real' fandom. Gosh Wow, was I impressed with these perceptive critics, there was some character from California who commented on reproduction, there was another one from St. Louis who mentioned the spelling, and me? Well I ordered caffeine and I believe Dylan is good for you.

Relevance had drained itself within half an hour, (must be some sort of record) and speaking of records, Leigh, with a tranquilizer to settle his nerves, sandpapered fingers and intense concentration cautiously approached the new, stereo, diamond tipped needle, beautifully balanced, turn table, record player. Diane staggered up and mumbled the word "nausea" and I turned in my squeaky wooden chair, anticipating some 'mind blowing' music.

"I can listen to them," remarked Leigh in a comparison with Dylan. And so I did, tapping with the sound, on tables, chairs, cups and wallpaper-books, Simon and Garfunkel became "good Stuff," which is one hell of a compliment among the diversity of linguistical adjectives that Leigh communicates with.

"I had these purple hearts," began Diane, looking up.

"Well why don't you take some now, you need it?"

"Tell me Diane, did you take them to get high, or...."

"No!" she answered emphatically, "I only took the prescribed dosage," and she added with a sob, "but boy, do I wish I had some now."

Leigh began laughing, and, Jesus some people are funny, hung up neurotically, taking sedatives like mixed lollies, without the energy to utter but a few syllables, and then wanting amphetamines so they can turn all paranoid and elevate neurosis.

By the time the record had grooved to a halt, the room was in dim slumber. I had reached for an overhanging bongo drum, but when I found

that the supposed taut surface skin was held together by scotch-brand sticky tape, I gave up.

"Gee that's good stuff," said Leigh with a sigh, and I did.

Anyway, things glided upstairs in the direction of an incessant toilet engine which kept revving and slurping all night long (if there is one thing I can't stand, it is a persistent, dribbling toilet motor) and we finally arrived in the disorganised atmosphere of mounds of white paper (aussie fans don't believe in psychedelic fanzines.)

"I see you're working on ASFR," I remarked, glancing at that huge monstrosity of a typewriter.

"That's right," said John-utterly-bored, "I'm working on ASFR." Conversation drifted, as conversation has a habit of doing, till we reached a speculation over the definition of 'hung-up'. "When Ted White says hung-up," began John with a supposed piece of impressive name dropping, "he means, hung-up!"

"Uh huh!" Fully comprehending, Leigh was splurting what is also my definition and sounds



something like like "frustrated, aggravated...." He got no further as John, in his precise way, was already picking contradictions. "But frustrated and aggravated are two entirely different things...!" Leigh turned the mike over to me expecting my usual flow of polemical confusion, and it came.

"But, listen John, the reason you are frustrated usually springs from aggravations which find no release, and the same applies to confusion. You see, confusion is never relaxing, at best, and therefore you attempted to create some order in this confusion, and when you couldn't, you became frustrated because...." John slyly and with tactful subtlety changed the subject. I commented on how well he had done it, which always produces innocent, sincere, bemused replies, "Oh but Bernie, I...."

Conversation flew, it backtracked, repeated itself, confirmed and paraphrased and....Diane had crawled into Leigh's room and was sleeping on his electric blanket. A frustrated Leigh Edmonds ripped off a blanket and threw himself on the floor, and me?... I ordered caffeine all around, and no John, I don't believe it was a Jungian Mandala.

3.30 found myself and John Bangsund once again in the lounge room, but no fanzines this time, it was strictly culture. John reached over and flicked off the lights. "I always find listening to Mahler greatly enhanced without the light." My contracting throat muscles began to choke me and then it came, boy did it come on strong. This huge tumble of crescendoing music blasted out between stereo speakers and I was nervously squeezed inbetween. Imagine the effect. I was gasping for breath! and it sure doesn't do your metabolism any good.

4.30 found a similar situation, John constantly feeding the record player with more "power" like some addict mainstreaming one after the other, and along the same wave length or analogy, I was really blown sky-high. You must consider readers that I hadn't been broken in to classical music, and here was John mercilessly feeding me more and more of this awesome music. I never really came down after that lot. I mean, it seemed like endless breathtaking hours before conversation resumed its natural flow.

John could have cried, For twenty years he had been defending and spewing forth with St. Anselms' Ontological argument and then suddenly at five in the morning there was this miserable bastard of a seventeen year old teenybopper trying to defend the argument against him. He did eventually.

Something alive, but barely so, staggered down the stairs as the first rays of the biting, stinging reminders of another day filtered into the room.

"It's a sheep," said I.

"Have you fellows been up all night or something?" asked the thing. "No, of course not," replied John, dripping sarcasm as he winked at me.

It sat down with a gawking mouth, John suggested we all play scrabble. Full of unusual vigour, upstairs Paul Stevens' alarm clock rang at about 6.30. Leigh said not to worry however as Paul doesn't get up 'til an hour later, and me...well after futile pleading with Leigh to give up beating Bangsund again, why I ordered caffeine all around, and I don't believe we've met, here's to your health.

TSENZIG

-- Diane

Well folks, by the time you read this, we'll be back in the wilds of Ferntree Gully breaking our backs clearing up eight months of weeds and debris. By we, I refer to myself, my husband John and RATAPLAN's worthy editor in chief, Leigh (Electric Prune) Edmonds.

For the edification of the unknowing ones, the last eight months of my life have been spent with the aforementioned and one other, namely, Paul J. Stevens another member of Melbourne fandom.

In this time, I think I can safely say that we contributed a lot to the ruination of Melbourne and its inner areas. (And I can also say that the boys have contributed a lot to my imminent nervous breakdown and ulcer).

Firstly, to my knowledge, (I may be wrong here) ours was the first slanshack in Melbourne, if not the whole of Australia. It has turned out to be a fascinating experience, and it is quite satisfying to know that we have lasted longer than the two to three weeks that some M.S.F.C. members predicted.

How it all started? Well, that's quite a long story. But, if you care to read any further, I'll give you a rough outline.

+ + + + + + +

Once upon a time there was a fanzine editor named John Bangsund. John was married to a young but ailing girl named Diane (Me). Now as it happened, John and Diane were living in their own house in an out of the way place called Ferntree Gully. But alas, beautiful though the area was, poor Diane was too ill to keep up the pace of living in the hills and commuting to the City each day, to earn enough money to pay off their beautiful house.

So (and this is where the story really starts), after a lot of discussion, John and Daine decided to rent their house to acquaintances of theirs and get a nice little flat close to the city.

Around about this time, John and Diane went to visit two young (but innocent) lads named Leigh Edmonds and Paul Stevens.

Upon entering the slum that these poor (but innocent) boys called home, Diane reeled back ghast at the sight that met her eyes. To her clean and ordered mind, the horrors that she saw were pure hell (Gentle reader, I will not tell you what these sights were that met her gaze, suffice it to say that each time this place is mentioned poor Diane goes into an uncontrollable swoon and only a strong odor of cleaning agents and disinfectants will revive her).

A few days after this experience, when Diane had partially recovered, she saw these derelict (but innocent) boys in at their local club. Pity fairly oozing from her heart she begged them to come and live with herself and John so that she may be able to protect them from the unspeakable hell that they had been forced to live in. (Also it worked out cheaper to live with four than with two)

Gladly did Leigh and Paul accept for, not being as innocent as

Diane believed, they had visions of being waited on hand and foot by this fair (but pure) young maiden.

So, with hearts aflutter, this happy foursome set out upon the Glory Road of slanshacking.

A day of searching by John and Diane led them to a large old flat in the handy (but not so innocent) area of St. Kilda. Though twas not the dream flat that Diane had imagined, the boys, upon sighting it were unanimous in their decision to take it. Whereupon the great move began.

Working her fingers to the bone, Diane with the help of her wonderful mother and also Paul succeeded in cleaning up the flat whilst John calmly arranged all his books and Leigh departed for parts unknown on the pretext that he had to take his sister out.

Thus it began and thus it stayed for a few months, Diane and Paul working whilst John and Leigh sat and produced fanzines. Many things happened to our fearless four in those months. It seemed for a time that the rest of Melbourne (and Sydney) could not live without them. Nary a day or night passed that there did not arrive on the doorstep some kind of fan or other. Many were the times that Diane woke to find in the morning bodies of various shapes, sizes and colours strewn over the lounge room floor.

Poor Diane, shattered were her dreams of a peaceful existence. Living with one fan was bad enough, but living with three ; "Oh Boy!". And as if this wasn't enough, the boys expected Diane not only to feed them, but also to feed the majority of Melbourne fandom. Every second night would see a committee meeting being held at the flat and as it happened, most of the committee members deemed it their duty to turn up for dinner. This was not so bad. Even though it meant extra work for Diane she quite enjoyed these little sessions.

But then came the weekends over which an average of fifteen people turned up. Did Diane complain? Well, being only human, Yes. (Wouldn't you if you lived in a broken down hovel in St. Kilda). All was not lost though, for our heroine got a new lease of energy and decided that if you have to live in a hovel, enjoy it. So, armed with paint, brush, paint and cleaning agents, she set to work to liven the old place up. Starting with the kitchen, she set to work to paint the fridge a gleaming white, then came the window sills, the trims etc. and when it got too dark to paint, in the evenings she would sit down and cut out and sew up (by hand) some beautiful bright curtains.

But, alas, her efforts were in vain, for, come the next weekend as she was just about to start work again, the estate agent came to the door and informed her that they would have to evacuate as the place was being demolished to make way for extensions for the church school next door. (Watch out for the bulldozers).

The thought of moving again for the third time in eight months nearly broke her will but, taking a hold on herself, she and John once more set out on a flat hunting expedition. After a mornings searching, they came across a beautiful two storey mansion in South Melbourne. Though it was old, it had character and charm. Confidently they set out to tackle the estate agent over prices only to find that he himself wasn't sure about them, but he thought it was about \$30 a week. But if John would like to ring him on Monday he would check for them. So with lighter hearts they went back to St. Kilda and told the boys about it, making a short stop on the way to phone a friend who was also looking for a flat (After all, five is cheaper than four).

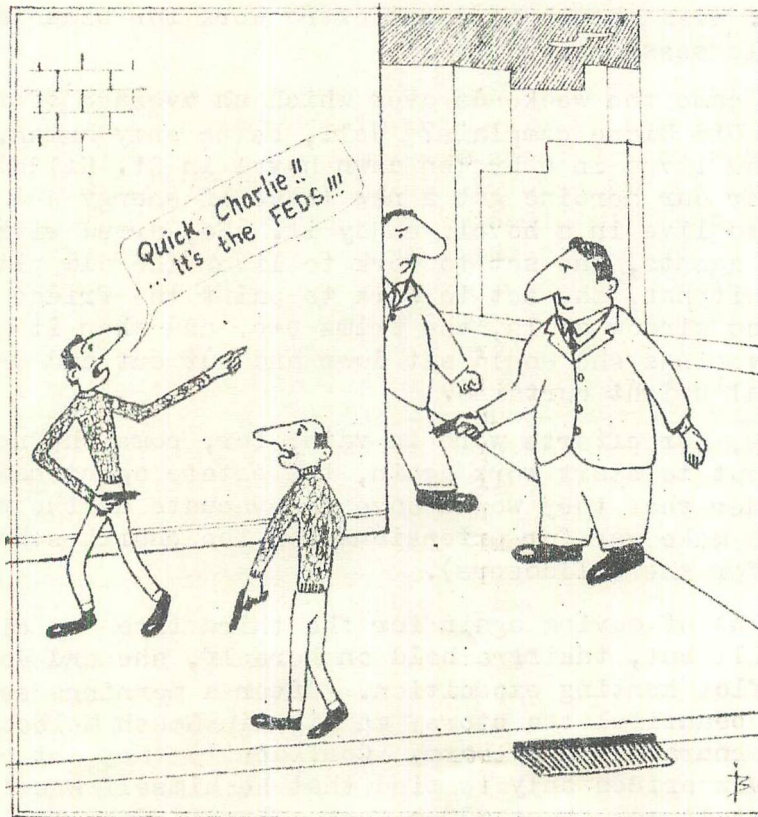
Short lived though was their joy, for on the Monday John went back to the Estate Agents and found that it would be \$65.00 a week on a three year lease or, if they were interested in buying it, it was a paltry \$65,000.00.

Deterred only for a few days, they set out once again to search the next Saturday, and this time they had more luck. The ad in the paper said "3 bedroom maisonette in Ripponlea". So, after making a phone call, they set out. Coming to a halt at the right address they could not believe their eyes. Standing before them was a two storey block of cream brick flats, each flat having its own delectable garden and lawn.

Gingerly they entered, for compared to that which they had been living in, this was pure luxury. Carpets on the floor, lovely light fittings, a walk in shower recess, and to top it all off, it was clean. But what did such a paradise cost every week? Well, the only way to find out was to ask, so they did. Now, being a sensible woman, their landlady informed them of the nominal rent saying that she would rather have tenants stay a long while and look after the place than have them stay a few months and find out that they couldn't afford to stay.

So, our happy foursome moved in on the following Saturday. Life for the next few days for them was quiet, serene and uneventful, until the following Thursday evening.

This tale will be continued in the next issue.



THE WAR GAME (Review)

-- Bruce Gillespie

The quality of Peter Watkins' tv-documentary-cum-cinema-entertainment THE WAR GAME is already legendary in Australia, thanks to a wide and favorable press, and recent success at a Melbourne theatre, so I need not elaborate on its technical brilliance. Its virtuosity is apparent from the first frame: the uninhibited and pointed use of handheld cameras, heavy grain newsreel film where appropriate, the abrupt negativizing of scenes to give the appearance of the first Bomb-blast to the watcher, are tightly edited by a director possessed of a relentless determination to achieve an exact effect, that has rarely been seen before.

Peter Watkins realizes, as does the viewer, the overwhelming danger of dealing with the subject after twenty years of Anti-Bomb propaganda and the millenia-old claims of anti-warriors everywhere. Plain as the facts might be, undeniable as the justice of the plea to a large proportion of the population (except Australia's), the presentation of atomic warfare's immorality has been repeated so many times by so many powerless voices that its blare has quite dissipated into the mute silence of "public apathy". THE WAR GAME both shows us why this happened, and reconverts cliches into energetic political and moral issues. Previously, angry voices and weary Marches just told us about the dangers of atomic warfare, or, even worse staged silent protests, thus reinforcing our own vague assumptions that we both comprehended the Bomb, and indeed, had already taken it in our stride.

For probably the first time, the large or small screen knocks the viewer sharply from his uneasy pier of self-assurance, and buffets him through a (very) rough sea of facts and images. So we think we'll get through World War III fairly safely? Well, here it is - see how we get along. Watkins aims the film directly at each watching individual, and not (as have most other protests) at those nonapparent government officials who might possibly have some power over events, but have never visibly used it. You/me/the other bloke have three minutes to lean a couple of tables upside down against a wall, and be "sheltered" against the force of a one-megaton weapon explosion, mistakenly activated in the air eight miles away. The viewer/typical Kentish commuter-country-dweller carries in from outside the child whose eye-retinas were destroyed at the sight of the initial blast. You are the one stopped by a speedily-brutalized policeman from searching your home for remains of family or friends, already lying among thousands of unidentified bodies, burnt quickly for convenience sake. Watkins' staccato, fully-realized images allow no escape from total personal involvement.

At the same time, the director allows us to remain Mr. Average Citizen all, pre-World War III, who have some choice over what might happen if the imagined events are not to take place. In this capacity we are chilled by the laconic, deadpan relation of events and facts that both organizes the "documentary" material into an emotional comprehensible whole, and distances us sufficiently from the film to allow us some choice in our reactions to it. Thus the narrative stresses the possibility of the happenings; based on all the evidence available from both the intensive World War II bombing of Germany and the two Japanese detonations, the commentary stresses that this is what would happen if the possibility is

not removed. Except for occasional lapses into uncalled-for pleading, Watkins lets the documented facts demonstrate their own point, that tragedy can only happen if (as has already happened) numbers of people as well as the controlling elite are unaware of the facts.

Some may be disturbed by elements of technique that smack of ghoulishness. Watkins is only openly dishonest in his use of jokes, in that they illustrate frighteningly truthful points, but are noticeably less effective than his main "straight" scenes (the "fire storm", the effect of a distant blast on a Kentish farmhouse, the displacement camp "four months after"). Watkins "interviews" the messenger-boy delivering "In Case of Nuclear Attack" pamphlets a few hours before the final sirens. - (Approx.) "We distributed these several years ago, but they didn't sell very well"... "Sold?"... "Yes. they cost ninepence each". Right, sir, we will grant that John Q. Citizen of England, Australia, or anywhere else won't have a clue what to do if and when an atomic war breaks out over his head. But surely atomic-shelter campaigns etc (as distinct from Civil Defense work) tend to lead to the kind of panic paranoid let's-dig-in-everything's-all-right attitude that Watkins is most intent on combatting. Many of the 'sick Jokes' look suspiciously like (if you will pardon the metaphor) big guns hauled in for added effect that only fire backwards onto the others. In connection with this subtlety that I have called ghoulishness, I also find something disturbing about the ubiquitous interviews conducted after the disaster. The BBC and its film crews survived unscathed? A minor point perhaps, but Watkins' touchy realism demands, and should have continually aimed for, a constant but critical viewer participation.

However, the film is so good that any such objections must be taken as quibbles. I have tried mainly to stress the film's uniqueness - its entire success in making the viewer necessarily endure an atomic attack, and in asking him to consider whether he might not seek to prevent the actualization of such an experience.

Which confronts the science-fiction reader with the question: in the enormous field of Bomb and Post-Bomb literature, why has this not been done before? THE WAR GAME is, above all, a superb piece of science-fiction, in the best extrapolative traditions. A vast amount of historical, sociological and scientific homework, a brilliant cinematic imagination, and an almost god-like ability to enframe exactly the effect required - all this in THE WAR GAME, but have we ever received, or can we expect anything of the sort in our own literature? If Watkins can make such a direct, powerful statement, then my irritation is great: the one question the film shrieks at the s-f reader is, why are s-f authors so damn slugg about atomic-warfare? Take Miller's CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ - a great book in many ways, with a truly desperate ending, but it is predominantly a genial book, not a horrifying one. The presumption that humanity is all-enduring, warmed by a sunny god of Inevitable Evolutionary Progress, who can rescue even his most supreme error. If THE WAR GAME demonstrates anything that s-f writers and readers seem never to have considered, it is that humanity could conceivably not survive. In Britain and on the European continent at least, the odds are strongly against the viability or resurrection of any life, in the event of an all-out war. At least seventy percent of the English landside would be unliveable, and only rudimentary survival could be expected on the remaining thirty percent.

Again taking an example of the post-Bomb genre, we find an even more facile view than Miller's in Phil Dick's DR. BLOODYMONEY. After-the-Bomb "civilization" myths remain a rich source of plot ideas which Dick

handles with extreme skill and imagination, but Dick still perpetuates a constant motif of all American fiction, and especially sf: that the destruction of the American urban civilization (at whatever cost, by whatever means) must be good for the country. Deep-rooted cultural precedents may account for the prevalence of the Return- to-the- country idea, but such views entirely fail to comprehend the FACT of the bomb. After Nagasaki and Hiroshima, a regrowing Japan managed to swallow the indigestible dispirited remains of two communities, but after World War III, there will be so little alive or normal, that the abnormal remains will need to completely readapt to impossible conditions. THE WAR GAME'S ultimate worth will be judged on its ability to weaken long held misconceptions and make us all realize these facts.



FOOTNOTE:

Perhaps this effect is already evident - see the Leading Article in NEW WORLDS Nov., 1967, in which some of the government assumptions currently held are discussed, relating mainly to the idea of the "winnable atomic war", a concept well-refuted by Watkins. However, still only a footnote in comparison with the film.

+ + + + +

About Dowsing

-- R.D. Symons

Norma Williams is sceptical about the divining faculty or whatever it is called. So was I until I discovered that I could do it. I'd had to call on a local character in this village in the Dandenongs where I live; the conversation somehow led to the subject and he told me that he was considered the best local dowser, a claim I later discovered to be true. He demonstrated with a fern stalk, a fork of laurel, one of peppermint gum and seemed to believe that he could do it with damn near anything.

Now I'm sure that I tried this once in England, with the traditional hazel wand, without any response at all, but when I got back home after talking to the old boy, I thought I'd try again. I broke off a fork of sycamore and found response all over the place.

My wife could get no movement from the stick at all; my mother, who is seventy-three, found she could get a weak one. With my wife holding one of my hands and the fork held between us with our other two hands, she felt a movement.

I felt something like the man in the Steinbeck book who didn't believe in ghosts and knew he'd be terrified, as a result, if he ever saw one. Except that I was intrigued. I rather think there is something in it. I have only ever done this for amusement. I avoid doing it for other people incase it is all nonsense. I wouldn't like to see them digging down into the ground for nothing. But there does seem to be something there, in which, I think, climate, or more correctly, human response to climate, might be a factor. The ability is more rare in damp, temperate England than it is in Australia. I've heard that one person in three can do it here.

Norma Williams dismisses as nonsense pater the diviner's talk of underground streams. I am not qualified to deny this, but I do know that I can trace lines of response. Shortly after my initial discovery of my own ability, I showed Lee Harding where his drains were buried. One can cross and recross the lines and trace its course through the points of strongest response.

It does seem, too, that there has to be some movement in the underground water. A buried container of water will not make the rod move, neither will surface water. I can trace the springs which flow into my own dam but this movement of the rod ceases where they come to the surface.

Where a response has been very strong I have found it possible, using a fork of gum with its two arms half to three quarters of an inch thick, to grip the wand so tightly that the bark has been stripped off as the stick twisted in my hands.

I will willingly discount the subjective aspects of the experience; the rather strange excitement I feel when it moves, the quite inexplicable confidence that water exists where it moves. I admit too, that when I became aware of this thing in myself I began to notice surface phenomena more, but I still think there is something in it.

I have read that there are desert aborigines in central Australia who sometimes dig down several feet to get to a soak. Somebody advanced the quite plausible theory that as the water receded from the interior of the continent, the tribes remembered where it had been and handed down the memory from generation to generation, but it does seem to me that where the bodily need is greater, the facility, if it still exists, might be more acutely felt. As I said above, I hadn't been able to do it in England, yet I can in Australia.

The rod moves, there can be no doubt about that; I have even had it break in my hands where the movement is strong. Between two lines of response it will quiver until a step forward will cause it to move away from the body, or a step backwards to move towards the body.

Something twists the stick in my hands; what is it we are still guessing about.

-- R. D. Symons.

There'll Always Be An England

Nobody could really want to go to either place, but it was necessary for me to travel from Liverpool to Glasgow and to help with my plans someone very kindly sent me an Airline timetable put out by B.E.A.

What with Mr. Wilson and the Threat to Sterling and Carnaby Street

you can't help wondering if England is what she was, so I was delighted to find that the compilers of the timetable had magnificently respected the fine old British tradition of confusing the travelling public as much as possible. It has been said that the art reached its finest flower in that immortal work, Bradshaw's Railway Guide, but I am told that in some of the better London Clubs B.E.A. has moved to odds on prices.

Suppose you wish to fly from London to Glasgow. Nothing could be simpler, and you will find it all on page 3. (Glasgow - London is of course on page 7).

Here we are:-

| <u>Vanguard Aircraft</u> | | | | |
|--------------------------|---------------|---------------|------------------|--------------|
| <u>Flight</u> | <u>Depart</u> | <u>Arrive</u> | <u>Frequency</u> | <u>Class</u> |
| (J) BE5023 | 19.05 C(h) | 20.15 C | Daily ex Sun(a) | F/Y IP |
| | 19.05 TC(k) | 20.15 V | Daily (d) (e) | F/Y S T (b) |

Just a quick glance at the footnotes on page 9 where we find out that our Vanguard has become a jet (J) of the Comet type (C), but not of course until 31 July (h). If you travelled before 31 July (k) it would naturally be a Trident (T), which connects (C) - nearly beat you there, but this is the C in the second set of footnotes, on page 16 - with flights to Aberdeen. By the way, all flights to Aberdeen are understandably H (economy class only) except BE 4549 which offers (*) i.e. first class between Edinburgh Glasgow and London but not (f) from 15 April to 30 July. The Trident arrives at Glasgow as a Viscount (V) with the time printed in italics. I suspect some sinister implication, but with true British reserve the management of B.E.A. offer no explanation.

"Daily ex Sun" is easy enough - too easy. See note (a) "Mon Fri Sat in May, daily ex Sun 1 June to 31 August, Mon Wed Thur Fri Sat in September, Mon Fri in October." You wanted to go on a Tuesday in September? Sorry, no dice. Likewise (d) and (e) resolve all doubts with (d) "not on Sat in April" and (e) "In October operates Sat and Sun only."

F/Y for first and economy class is almost too simple to mention, but the nobs don't get it all their own way in democratic Britain. (IP - On Friday Tourist only, S - On Sat Tourist only and T - On Sat and Sun Tourist only, but only (b) - between 1 May and 30 June.)

You missed the plane because working this out delayed you? Too bad, but there is always BE 5077 at 23.15 T (arrives following day).

P.S. B.E.A. do not operate flights from Liverpool to Glasgow.

-- Our Overseas Aviation Reporter

+ + + + +

COMING next month along with the usual letters, reviews and editorials:-

"Is Science Fiction in a Rut?"



Department 8

Chester Malon Jr.
2326a Sullivan
St. Louis
Mo. 63107

The outstanding feature of the first issue was, for me, John Baxter's. 'Fantasy films of the Thirties.' It was not only well written...(despite some errors)... but clearly thought out, showing that the author spent some amount of time in a careful analysis of his material, and was only mildly surprised to see that it was a chapter excerpt from a forthcoming book. Author Baxter, while speaking of Frankenstein as being '...the most famous of all horror films ...,' goes on in the same paragraph to say, "There is a genuine feeling in sequences such as the monster's visit to the blind anchorite who hides him when he is pursued, unaware of his guest's monstrous shape..."

This segment referred to actually occurred in Universal's Bride of Frankenstein and not in the original film of the creature's creation. The hermit, while blind, and indeed ignorant of the monster's shape and history, does not hide him...he befriends him, introduces him to tobacco and plays his violin for his 'guest.'

Frankenstein was also produced and released in the year 1932, not 1931 as Mr. Baxter states. Because of his success in the role of Dracula, Bela Lugosi was offered the role of the monster but turned it down because it was not a speaking part. Instead, he recommended a friend of his, Boris Karloff for the role and the rest is history.

Again, of The Mummy (1932), Baxter states, "...it moves with dark intensity through some of the most Gothic of all horror scenes..." "...an ending with Zita Johann being saved by a huge statue crashing down on the temple which causes Karloff to crumple horribly to a dusty skelton." At the climax, as Karloff, with knife in hand, moves toward Johann to make her a member of the undead, she falls on her knees and prays to a statue of Anubis, jackel-headed god of the dead. An arm of the statue moves slowly until it is pointing at Karloff and there is a blinding flash of light. Karloff is then reduced to

ash and the real death that he had escaped from so many centuries.

Author Baxter has approached his subject of the fantasy-horror film from a rare angle, as a creative art form. His choice of films represent, for the most part, the best films produced between 1930 and 1939. Although the tale of fantasy and horror was known in America through the Gothic novel and magazines such as Weird Tales, it was virtually unknown as a form of cinema, though Thomas Edison, as early as 1910, produced a short-short of Frankenstein.

The thirties was perhaps the only proper time for the translation of fantasy from literature to film. Hollywood at the time was yet in its infancy, taking its first stumbling steps towards what would gradually become technicolor, wide-screens, casts of thousands, taboo subjects, fantastic sets, etc. The field of fantasy represented a challenge because it was virtually virgin territory and those who explored it did so with fresh minds. At that time insects didn't attain heights of fifty feet or more, there were no tally sheets to show that one sort of monster was more popular than another, nobody had yet thought of 'shock-for-shock's-sake' and most importantly the men who produced, directed and edited the films used imagination as their guidelines, not the desire for a fast buck by catering to the minds that receive their kicks by blood everywhere.

The thirties was a period of glory for the fantasy film. Today instead of the Black Cat of Lugosi and Karloff, we have the Black Cat a la 1968, complete with go-go girls and scenes of hatchets in heads. Gone is the pathos and agony of Frankenstein, replaced by a movie crew cavorting around a castle while Karloff creates Frankenstein 1970. The Mummy's Ghost stalks no more because producers find more money in The Mummy's Shroud.

The O'Briens and Whales and Brownings are no longer with us and the world of cinematic fantasy is poorer for their leaving; but perhaps it is better. They at least don't have to see the end

products of their genius.



Graham Charnock
1 Eden Close
Alperton
Wembley
Middx.

Many thanks for RATAPLAN 2. I'm a little concerned about the inference you make in your review of PHILE 6. The review seems explicitly structured towards supporting your own rather dismal view of British fandom, formed anyway through rumor and hearsay ("I have heard that fandom in England is at a very low ebb" you say elsewhere). In addition the review, proceeding from this not entirely disinterested standpoint, seems to slate the magazine for being what it is and not something different. I should hate PHILE to be taken as an indicator of fannish climate here, there, in Egypt, or anywhere. It is no such thing. Charles Platt makes the Buxtoncon seem "pretty terrible" because for him (and for myself and at least three other acquaintances) that is exactly what it was. Hard luck on us perhaps. Certainly PHILE tries to make serious comments on various things, certainly the impression might be that nothing could be taken simply for fun. But this is hardly a reflection on the state of British fandom as a social group so much as on myself and my contributors. Again, tough luck for me perhaps if I happen to be hung up and unable to accept fun as an end in itself, but perhaps that's just how it happens to be. In short: I wish you wouldn't make PHILE and myself responsible for British fandom; it's doing a disservice to all parties concerned.

The other thing which concerns me about RATAPLAN 2 is this throwing around of the word "pornographic" in association with

NEW WORLDS. NW may be priapic, it may even be scatological, but neither priapism nor scatological in themselves, are necessarily pornographic. In fact, I can't think of one thing in NW, since Mike became editor, that has been designed specifically and perpetrated to corrupt its readers (perhaps someone over there with a low opinion of NW would like to cite a case, and state exactly how he thinks it could be instrumental in lowering moral and social values - in fact, personally, I don't believe there is such a thing as pornography; it's merely a blanket term for weak-minded, reactionary critics to cover up anything that offends against their own prejudices and preconceptions). Certainly there has been nothing in NW as purely and blatantly corruptive as Ron Graham's unthinking and ill-considered reference to NW as "a heap of pornography". Somebody, after all, might just be put off reading NW and forming their own opinion.

\$\$\$ L.E. Graham, the two reasons why I connected PHILE and British fandom so closely are (a) because of that reference to the possibility of PHILE becoming the focal-point fanzine (and shouldn't a focal-point fanzine reflect something of the rest of fandom) and (b) because that is the only British fanzine I'd seen outside those from Ethel Lindsay, for a very long time. I assume that there are some but that they don't achieve very wide publicity. However, there is something in what you say.

I am sure that Ron Graham could give you examples, personally, I think along your lines. To me 'pornography' is that which is designed to induce sexual arousal and little else. On the other hand, I suppose that pornography is an art. \$\$\$

Jack Wodhams
PO Box 48
Caboolture
Queensland 4510

About The Beheading of Basil Pott. Read this before a while ago. It still irritates me. It has a Dickensian flavor. Dickens was great stuff in his day, but were he around today he'd have to smarten up somewhat - or join Oliver in the queue. In Dickens' day of no travel brochures glossy magazines, films, TV, et hoc, leisurely prose that with beautiful elegance described every stitch and tatter to conjure the picture of a tramp, was to a degree necessary. People were not so conscious that tramps were persons in those days. Today, with

communications gladdening our eyes and ears every minute of the hour, it is sufficient in literature to simply name the character a tramp - 'He was a bum.' Everybody knows what a hobo is, don't they? To describe him less tersely is to insult a reader's imagination. 'So he's a bum,' the reader says, 'so I imagine him in a black tie and tux? I seen Freddie the Freeloader, so cut the sartorial gab and let's get moving, huh?'

Delightful rolling prose is great to write, but these days hard to read. Tangle with any of the great Victorian (era, not state) novelists, and before Chap. 2 the fingers itch to wield the razor and make drastic editorial slashes. Pages of unalleviated description of the Himalayas, or of Hong Kong, or of jungle are so much Softex substitute. People don't need these descriptions now - they've seen their Pan-Am folders, Bob Hope in The Road To, and Tarzan, Me Jane. There is no longer any need to painstakingly spell out the Sahara as 'burning sand, blazing sun, scorching, shimmering, cruel, harsh...' etc, etc. Suffice it to say - 'It was his third day without water in the desert. He knew he was finished.' the reader does not have to be told what a desert is, or what a desert is like - he knows. He's seen 'Lawrence of Arabia.' Or, if he's John Baxter, 'The Sheik.' The reader knows all about the sizzling desert sun, and there is no need to explain to him why the character spoken of is in a bad way. Thackeray would have taken one chapter and half the next to elaborate and unmistakably clarify the poor joker's plight. Nowadays, two sentences and it's 'Okay, I got it, let's get on with the action, man.'

All this because I feel that J. Banger is enamored of the flowing phrase and the patient unhurried style of yesteryear. The B. of Basil P. is ancient horse-and-buggy with no whip, and somehow it annoys me. I know what's wrong with it, and that John pig-headedly will continue to disdain counsel that might influence him to place cash considerations before ART. Oh, to hell.

Bernie, The Ginger Terror, Bernhouse, ragged over-nourished delinquent that he is, shows a peeping of talent in his puerile bletherings. Keep it taut., Bernie. Keep WHAT taut? Use your imagination, lad.

Yes indeed, all that yabber about the symbolic stuff in "2001" curdled me squiddle and knotted me flunge. If it is

chock-a-block with ambiguous interpretability, then it sounds just like a film that me should not see. Symbolism is a method sneaky people use to (a) say something nasty that they'd be ashamed to say straight out, or (b) say something that they're not sure what is, to imply that they do, which they don't, thus to suggest that they are mysteriously wise omnipotent know-alls who aint telling the bald naked truth because it would come as too great a shock to our delicate nervous systems. Some people see a candle as a phallic symbol. Few people see a phallus as a candle symbol. Which may be just as well, because trying to light one up could be painful.

Needless to say, the quality of RATAPLAN TWO is that it has encouraged this blurb and, like everyone else, I urge you to keep the lively lettercol going. I, ah, have a complaint, though - your S=P=E=L=L=I=N=G= here and there is somewhat loose. Not that I am a pendant or that I mind if you make Lee Harding appear to be an illiterate meandering bumbler. But that your impartiality should extend to perhaps give certain readers even further cause to doubt my capability is, I find, a little disturbing. In the future, maybe, you could keep a dictionary to hand, h'm? or even better, copy out contributions with more direct faithfulness and fidelity?

\$\$\$ D.B. Jack, is it so wrong that in this day and age of rushing hell, that some of us seek the slower and simpler pleasures of yesteryear. No, I'm not defending "Bangers" writing, it does one good to sometimes remember the quieter more relaxed times in our human existence.

L.E. Bernie is going to kill me, but I seem to have lost whatever it was that he had to say to you Jack. Perhaps you might have noticed that we have moved again, and a lot of things happen during moving. \$\$\$

George Turner
14 Tennyson Street
St. Kilda
Victoria 3182

Dear Cerberus,

I don't often bother to stick up for my fellows, who are in the main capable of looking after themselves very well, but must raise a mild protest against your writing in the aspect as Bernie.

Taking a piece out of Lee over "2001" was, of course, fair enough, but the piece-taking was itself as careless as the

matters objected to. 'Collective Unconscious' is not the Jungian equivalent of the Freudian subconscious. The word you wanted was 'unconscious', which is the Jungian equivalent (save for the details of operation) of both Freud's preconscious and subconscious. If you're going to chastise the other bloke's inexactness you have to think twice about your own.

And then, equating with the Rorschach and Thematic Apperception tests was a mistake which led to further error and a final obscuring of what interpretation itself actually is. Both these tests depend on the presentation of a static view which has not been given any specific meaning by its creator. The viewer (patient, victim, what you will) is required to build a statement of these meaningless possibilities. This is not 'interpretation' but creation from raw materials, and will not fit your argument at all. The results of these tests are imaginative in the creative sense, whereas interpretation is an attempt, however faulty, to apply logic to an ambiguous or obscure creation. Interpretation should add or take away nothing from the initial creation, but merely present it from a meaningful point of view, whereas creation rearranges, adds to, changes and trims what is set before it.

Lee's effort, in fact, was far better than your criticism -- and satire should not be so ham-handed and wordy. Also, a closer examination of the Kubrick-Clarke effort (involving both the film and the novel) would have given a very different picture of the reactions of those gentlemen - who would seem, on the evidence, to be in complete disagreement with each other. Kubrick evades all questioning because -- probably -- he is wise enough not to want to be tagged as a visionary whose every statement will be made the target for professional scoffing as well as fanzine nonsense; Clarke comes down heavily and drearily on a purely materialistic 'we're property' theme, busily destroying all the effect the film has built up.

A further Bernie statement. ".... interpretations only reflect the subconscious thoughts of the individual." Indeed? And just what is a subconscious thought? There ain't no such animal. Mental interactions have to reach the conscious areas before they become thought.

And why the Dylan quotations? Supposed to prove something? It isn't open

to interpretation, because it is direct description couched in just sufficient obliquity to guard it from the censor if put out fast enough and in sufficient garble to be hard to follow. (This always strikes me as a small boy's method of sniggering, on a level with ringing the bell and running away.)

The bit on amphetamines was much more accomplished satire, but didn't seem quite to know what it was satirising. It could have been read as the prelude to a pusher's come-on spiel.

It was a nice change to come to your aspect as Diane and read a whole page in English which did not have to be interpreted, translated or treated as the literary equivalent of pop art.

In the rest of the issue, why all the knocking of ASFR? Because it isn't what it was sixteen issue back? Having looked through those early issues, my feeling is that this is a Good Thing. At any rate, there is room for a fanzine (these in-group words make me vaguely uneasy, like hearing an adult speaking of 'lollies' of 'goddies and baddies') which aims at something more than inter-magazine face-pulling and/or back-patting. And RATAPLAN would do well to imitate ASFR's careful proof reading; half a dozen errors, mostly elementary, per page is distracting and irritating and five too many. If a thing is worth doing, why not do it well?

And if all this sounds like the cantankerousness of old age, the fact is that I really liked the liveliness of RATAPLAN, even if it seems to be going nowhere in particular. Even the spectacle of so many letter writers storming in each other's teacups has its own fascination.

\$\$\$ D.B. George, are you sure that you mean "Cerberus". I always thought it was a Great Dane called "Cesear" that guarded the gates of hell.

B.B. I'm glad that you replied in your usual serious manner George, and although I liked your depth criticism, it just emphasises what I said about ASFR 17. Lee Harding by the way, doesn't need to defend himself as he took it in that manner it was written - good humored stirring.

You have written so much else that I think I will have to reply to you in a personal letter. \$\$\$

Gary Woodman
31 Bethell Avenue
Parkdale
Victoria

You have changed since the early days of TH II, Leigh. Those editorials were weak. Now, however, you are stirring with the best of them - and two editorials in a row!

You are right too - Australian fandom is sick. I mean dying, if not dead. Melbourne fandom, yes, and probably Sydney fandom too. I'm not sure about the Campbellites; atleast ANALOG still comes out regularly (it does, doesn't it?) so they have something to rave about.

Australian fandom is moribund - but why? Is it because nothing happens in Australia any more? Of course not - this year has seen the Melbourne Conference and plans laid for the 8th Austcon. Ron Clarke revived THE MENTOR, which was (and as far as I know, still is) the only N.S.W. fanzine. Two Viczines (nameless here for evermore) were produced. The Melbourne Fantasy Film Group underwent a renaissance, and is proving as successful as the original renaissance. The Australian Science Fiction Society failed to develop past a few squabbles. Melbourne fandom nearly declared war on Sydney fandom (and vice versa). The Australian Amateur Press Association formed itself, inspite of much bugging around. Something Australian (I'm still not quite sure what) happened regarding the conic-serialization of Bester's "The Stars My Destination". ETHERLINE II folded, RATAPLAN was born.

I could go on, but why bother? This is a hell of a lot to happen, and it's still only the middle of November. So there is no lack of things happening in Austfandom.

Is it a lack of interest? Possibly. I expect more from fandom than word-of-mouth reviews of the latest books, and I get more, but only because I work at it. Science Fiction led me to fandom and I fear it is likely if not probable that many people have returned to the womb because they are not willing to try to get something from fandom.

As you say, if we don't find out why we're dying, we'll all be dead.

As usual, Bernhouse pours out his heart to us and the whole lot ends up as pure bullshit. "2001" was made with the object of making a lot of money (as much as inhumanly

possible). If Clarke or Kubrick managed to slip a message in while the other wasn't looking, well fine. Maybe more people will see it, and then more royalties.

As for Bernie's symbolism, why is a Bob Dylan LP like a Rorschach inkblot test? Because, you can't post letters in either of them! Bernie, if you are interested in philosophy as Leigh tells us, you ought to know that comparison by exclusion is one of the foulest non-principles of logic. You should be ashamed of yourself. If you are interested in psychology, you should know that a Rorschach test is exactly opposite to the way you describe it. Psychologists create the blots, and the subject interprets them. You also ought to know that interpretations reflect the conscious character and not unconscious thoughts. And you also ought to know that psychology is not a precise science, so that nothing can be certain (or even reasonably certain).

The only (fannish) thing I like more than lots of letters in a fanzine is someone commenting on my last LoC. I am content.

Who is this egotist neofan, John Foyster? I dare say he is very neo as his name has escaped my sight until recently. Because of your neeness, John, I will tell you how to run your fanzine, if you decide to publish one. You need quantities of native intelligence (known to us Australians as "nouse") - nouse to know what the fen want, nouse to know how much the fen will pay without grumbling, nouse to obtain your material, nouse to - well, I guess that lets you out, John.

Paul Novitski may have to wait a long time to "...laugh in the faces of people like John Baxter..." because, like it or not, "scientifically ridiculous" movies are, for the most part, scientifically ridiculous. By the way, no true scientist believes that any given thing is impossible. It is just that he does not expect an experiment to have different results if he forgets to wear his lab coat the next time he does the experiment.

Heretofore things such as magical phenomena are being explained scientifically because their original interpretations as "magical phenomena" were incorrect. In fact, they were "scientific" all along, despite what her people thought they were magical phenomena or not.

OK, the soul may be just what you describe it as; it may also be a concept of

human mind. Do mongolian idiots, seagulls or tomato plants cogitate on the existence of the soul? Do mongolian idiots, seagulls or tomato plants have souls?

Jack Wodham: mate (although even I have second thoughts about telling a Big Name Author where to get off), you spout crud. Maybe psi is the sixth sense, but if it is it sure ain't instinct and instinct sure ain't the sixth sense. Explain to me in terms of instinct how you can tell when someone is looking at you, and maybe I'll be interested.

But you're right in one thing, though - if it's there, use it. Only someone intent on "scientifically" explaining psi should be the one not to think of using it.

If Moorcock wants to publish pornography, that's his business. If the pornography he publishes sells, that's the business of the people who buy NEW WORLDS. If you don't like it, you don't have to buy it. What do you care about the Arts Council anyway? You're not paying into it.

"Shall I compare thee to an ANALOG-zine?" Although a) I don't like prozines, b) I don't buy prozines and c) JWC doesn't exactly send me raving deliriously happy to my crud-thudder, I would read and even subscribe ANALOG before I read past the contents page of NEW WORLDS. As for NW serializing the best two novels of last year, they did come out in book form, didn't they.

I like the way someone else (Fred Patten) doesn't like "Bug Jack Barron". Spinrad writes the way (I couldn't say "in the style" because there's nothing stylish about Spinrad) he does because man, he sells that way! Spinrad is not telling it the way he thinks it is - he's telling it in the way that he thinks that he can get the most money out of it.

\$\$\$ B.B. First of all Woodman, you poor emotional piece of ego-sensitivity, you mention how Aussie fandom is dying if not dead, then you go on to point out all the things - and there are obviously a hell of a lot - that is happening in Aussie fandom, beautifully summing up by telling us that there is no lack of things happening in Aussie fandom. Well, which is it Gary, full of vigour or dead? Make up your mind and let me know, huh? because to the objective onlooker, whether constructive, destructive or a fusion of the two, it makes no difference as there are still things happening.

As usual Gary, you poured out your emotional heart, unfortunately you didn't understand what I meant concerning Rorschach ink blot tests.

The point of my editorial was to show just how erroneous and subjective personal interpretations can be. I did this by giving examples of people suffering from an obsession, i.e. drugs, nymphomania etc. Personal experience also backed my argument. When I was taking methedrine and all good stuff like that on a regular basis, I'd glance around and believe that about fifty percent of people around me were also under a drug. Anyone that came up to me, I'd believe they were high. The reason I used nymphomania etc. was to show the striking contrast between objective interpretations and the distortion involved when anyone has a fixation or obsession on a certain thing. Now, none of the examples given were conscious or realised their hangups, me included, that's why I say they are unconscious. No matter how trivial the hangup, it will still influence any attempt at objectivity. The smaller the hangup, the less obvious the influence, but it will still be there. \$\$\$

* * * * *

WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

Paul CAITON - who says that the much better look of the new SHAGGY is an attempt to compensate for the lack of great material. He also says that Sydney fandom doesn't seem to have changed over the last few years.

Brian RICHARDS - (twice) who says something about me exhibiting my coat of arms "a pair of crossed paddles rampant" which I have earned in my position as chief fan stirrer.

Michael O'BRIEN - who says that RATAPLAN is almost as hard to get into as good ol' ASFR. He also wants to know if we will run an ad for the NJF and the answer is no. Soon we could find ourselves with all kinds of things like that, so it is best not to start.

Paul NOVITSKI - who thinks that RATAPLAN just might end up looking like NIEKAS...what a thought.

Peter SINGLETON - whose letter will be printed next issue.

Noel KERR - who urges us to keep up the feud and who refuses to read anything more about "2001"

There are others, but I've run out of room.

Cheap Chippy Chopper

-- Leigh

CRY 177

Elinor Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle, Wash 98119
Vera Heminger, 30214 108th Ave SE, Auburn, Wash 98002

The thing which makes this fanzine so great is its tradition. Any number of fanzines could start up using the self-same formula, but none of them would achieve the success which CRY has, in just three issues since its revival. Like the revival of PSYCHOTIC and the revival of SHAGGY, CRY contains the cream of the writing talent in fandom in both the letter column and the editor and column written material. Perhaps not as fascinating as the previous issue with its Baycon reports, but still very good.

The thing I don't like about CRY (and the other revivals) is the fact that the majority of the contributors seem to have all come back from the earlier issues, and in some cases, letters which are not very good, seem to have been printed for the sake of nostalgia.

QUIP 9

Arnie Katz, 55 Pineapple St., Brooklyn, 11201

This is one of the very best of the current crop of fanzines. I do have to admit however that this is the kind of fanzine which I enjoy, all froth and bubbles, all fun and enjoyment. I reckon that if I was in fandom for some serious purpose, then I would be wasting my time, as it is it is all just for fun. Arnie seems to feel the same way about things, or atleast that is the attitude which his fanzine takes.

Writing for this issue are fans like Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, F.M. Busby and John D. Berry, all very fannish and enjoyable. There are two reports of the Midwestcon (which makes about five or six I've read in various places) and it seems that this must have been a pretty fun thing. I go quite green when I read con reports like this.

ZINE-O PHOBIA

John S. Hatch, 12 Pine Road, Glens Falls, New York.

As I have written to John on occasions, I felt rather in a spot when it came to this fanzine...how was I going to tell him that it was a real bomb. I'm sure that the pages of STAR TREK reviews would have been of interest to somebody, but I don't know who, and the review of PLANET OF THE APES was nothing much really.

However, the whole thing was saved by a very interesting article written by Bruce Johnstone which discusses sexual freedom and traces back the various taboos to their origins (usually in Christian teaching). Bruce comes to the conclusion that pretty soon anything will be possible between Consenting Adults.

One thing I dislike intensely about first issues of fanzines is the way in which the editor is always asking us to write a letter or an article for them. This fanzine is no exception, which is a pity.

Q F 10

Michael Ward, Box 45 Mountain View, California 94040

It must be the ambition of every fanzine editor who has ever existed, to produce a printed fanzine. For Mike Ward, this dream has come true, but unfortunately the size of the printing is so small, that it is no easy job to be able to read it. If Mike Ward is trying to blind me, he has just about succeeded.

AMPHIPOXI 8

Billy Pettit, Control Data Ltd., 22A St. Jame's Sq. London S.W.1 England.

Up until I had read John Berry writing about himself, I had had no idea as to just how well known he was, coming as I do from well after his time of most furious fanac. If, as one of the contributors to the letter column says, Irish fandom fell because there was no longer the interest in their type of writing with the advent of 7th fandom, then I hope that the supposed advent of 8th fandom will bring them back into circulation, fandom will certainly be better for it, if it happens.

In his editorial, Billy makes it quite clear (even though he goes to extremes not to have to actually say it) that this will be his last issue. He explains that he has become more involved with life since he moved to Europe and that is something I can understand. It is a pity though that the only fanzine I know of which talks about fanhistory should fold. With a bit of luck, somebody else might start producing something along the same lines.

HUGIN and MUNIN 6

Richard Labonte, 971 Walkley Road, Ottawa 8, Ontario, Canada.

I am very tempted to read the book "Rosemary's Baby" and see the film, after having read the reviews of both of these in this fanzine. The reviewer has taken quite some time to get over a full impression of both media and I think that they can both be congratulated.

There is a Ray Nelson story and a very good story at that, by almost any standard. I am puzzled as to why it has not found its way into the pages of one of the promags, but perhaps the subject is just a little too daring for them. The story, "Strange Mara" deals with a mystery woman who appears strangely and lives with the narrator for a period of time before disappearing into a flying saucer type of thing and leaving him framed with her murder.

LOCUS 10

Charlie and Marsha Brown, 2078 Anthony Avenue, Bronx, NY 10457

This is a news zine, and a pretty good one at that. Perhaps it is not as good as the late SF Weekly, and it comes out only half as often, but still, it is a lot of fun and very informative.

The lead article tells us that Dick G&is is going to change the name of his fanzine from PSYCHOTIC to SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and takes great pains to tell us that this is not a hoax. Somehow I just can't believe it.

Later in LOCUS, mention is made of the 17 mailing of APA45. The first issue of RATAPLAN is mentioned as being one of the major contributions which means that I did at least get into the mailing, but now I am starting to get worried because I haven't got my copy of the 17th mailing yet.

FLOGGING A DEAD HORSE CAN BE A PRETTY FRUTITLESS SORT OF OCCUPATION, BUT if you did one of the following, then bounteous blessings shall be yours:-

Contributed an article

Contributed to the Letter Column

Contributed Art

Contributed Money

Contributed Encouragement

Contributed Nothing (but I have these occasional relapses)

CAN I HELP IT IF THE BOUNTEOUS BLESSING IS CALLED RATAPLAN?

PERHAPS YOU ARE IN THE HABIT OF FLOGGING DEAD HORSES, THEN, you might try one of the following for a bit of exercise:-

Writing an Article

Writing a Letter of Comment

Trading

Sending Money

IN THE NAME OF ALLAH, THE COMPASSIONATE, THE.MERCIFUL,

If you don't start to exercise soon, this might just be the last copy you get to see.

+ + + + +

If you find a number after your name please remember that we have only about two or three subscribers, and that there is no reason for a number to be there. We didn't put it there and you just might find yourself in BIG trouble with somebody RSN.

RATAPLAN 3 kaput.

P.S. One bad thing about flogging dead horses is that they sometimes come alive.

RATAPLAN THREE

from Leigh Edmonds
PO Box 19

Ferntree Gully
Victoria 3156 Australia

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

Richard SCHULTZ

1915g Helen

Detroit

Michigan 48234.

US of A

