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THE SPACE WASTREL

Volume 1 Number 2

May 1980

By God he was astounded
His eyesight near confounded
For in the box
For all to see
TSW number 2
Sat very happily

BOB⁰
C_{den}
FORR
DUFFING UP

TSW - inside front cover

THE SPACE WASTREL

The Space Wastrel is published by Messrs Loney and Warner a minimum of four times a year and is available at a subscription rate of one dollar per year. The Space Wastrel is also available for trade and LOC's. For trade, please supply two copies of the 'zine concerned - one for each editor.

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The Space Wastrel supports the Australia in '83 WorldCon bid and the 19th Australian National Convention (SwanCon V) to be held in Perth, Western Australia, 15th-18th August 1980.

The Space Wastrel would support Minneapolis in '73 (The Happy WorldCon) but no-one's ever signed us up. (Subtle hint)

Overseas availability: The Space Wastrel is distributed overseas to addresses that come our way at random. Postage is surface mail unless some sort of LOC/trade/contribution comes our way in which case postage goes to airmail (proviso being that we can, at that point of time afford airmail). If you don't grace us with a reply we will eventually (ultimate threat) put you off our mailing list.

There are interstices of the mind in which nothing exists. These are the domain of THE SPACE WASTREL.

ONE MORE FOOT INTO THE FRAY

One of the more vivid memories I have of WAYCon '79 is that of Ian Nicholls and Leigh Edmonds turning a panel on Fandom and Fanzines into a rather heated debate on what constituted Suitable Content for Fanzines. Leigh was of the opinion that fanzines existed only (in Australia anyway) to provide contact between fan separated by geographical boundaries, to provide the ground in which friendships could flourish through the interchange of ideas and experiences. In this view of the fanzine there existed no place for regular attempts at fiction, someone who wanted to write stories should (attempt to) publish only in the professional magazines. Ian felt that fanzines provided the ideal learning ground for the budding writer, many fanzine editors are desperate for anything to fill a few blank pages making acceptance so much easier and often leading to helpful feedback from the readers.

(Before I go any further I would like to apologize to either of the gentlemen concerned if they feel misrepresented by what I have said above and what I will say below. I have made my portrayal of their statements as accurate as my memory permits, but it must be remembered that WAYCon '79 was over a year ago now. As an aside why didn't anyone record the panels at WAYCon as I did at SwanCon II in 1977? Transcripts of panels often provide more enlightenment than the actual panel as you can consider the arguments and presentations at your leisure. Whilst on the subject of transcripts, would whoever has my transcripts of SwanCon II (if you get a copy of this) please return them to me - I haven't seen them for about two years!)

I was interested in this, tending to side with Ian Nicholls, partly because I had already had some fiction published in a few English fanzines (this was in the early seventies before I found that there was a fan movement in Australia) and partly because I felt fanzines would be limiting their contribution to fandom if they concentrated on convention reports and what Joe Blow did on the last long weekend (no matter how interesting they were in themselves).

The initial upshot of this was nothing, although I resolved once again that I should put out a fanzine... Later in the ^{year} though, there appeared the first of Western Australian fanzines that featured as an integral part of their makeup fiction - and lots of it! (compared to the Eastern States zines I've seen anyway).

This zine was BIONIC RABBIT, produced by Damian Brennan (South Warren, 21 Gold Street, South Fremantle. 6162) and the first issue featured (among other things) a transcript of Hitch Hikers

Guide to the Galaxy and the first of a (may-be-continued) series dealing with Haddell of the Hostig. By the time BIONIC RABBIT 4 arrived in my letterbox it was mainly fiction with the occasional article sandwiched between Declarations of War and Intent to Conquer the World.

Simultaneous with BIONIC RABBIT 4 was THE SPACE WASTREL Vol 1 No 1, that was almost completely fiction. Since there has been Ankh by Seth Lockwood (19 Coleby Street, Balcatta. 6021) a monthly wafflezine (sic) that once again has an entirely (almost) fictional content.

Why should zines of this nature be (apparently) restricted to Western Australia? It is here that consideration of the debate at WAYCon can help us.

Leigh Edmonds felt that fanzines should be a way that fen kept in touch with each others activities, which presupposes that the writers know each other in the first place and are seperated from easy contact in the second. Upon consideration, I think it can be seen that this is a situation that applies mainly to Eastern States fen, that WA fen in general do not fit this criteria and as such have a tendency to put out a different sort of fanzine.

So then, what are the different situations that ES and WA fen find themselves?

Fandom in WA organized only after the impetus given to it by the '75 WorldCon held in Melbourne where several Western Australians met for the first time and on their return organized WASFA, the first of many sf associations in WA. Most fen in WA however have never attended a con in the Eastern States nor spent any considerable amount of time there and as such do not know the vast majority of ES fen. Fandom in WA has localized in Perth and is of such a nature that fen don't get out of contact unless they want to, if you want to look at it as such, fandom in WA is one 'compact' little group.

ES Fandom has been around a lot longer than us however, this coupled with the less prohibitive distances to travel between states, means that as a general rule the majority of ES fen will know each other (however slightly) but be out of contact with each other in the main. This is an ideal breeding ground for the 'typical' ES zine, one filled with articles, tales of deeds done and thoughts of the past. It is, as Leigh Edmonds felt, a way of keeping in touch.

Looking again at WA fandom, we see that this effort is unnecessary, to keep in touch with someone, all you have to do is attend the next club meeting you think your quarry will be attending. The urge to put pen to paper is still there however, so WA fen put

out zines that are characterized by their fictional content.

Will this situation continue? I think not, as fen in WA get to meet ES fen and form friendships the need for fanzines as Leigh Edmonds views them will reassert itself. An example of this can be seen in the zines of Sally Underwood and Roy Ferguson, THE BLOB and THE WASFFAN respectively.

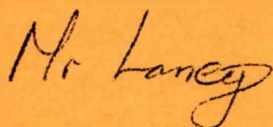
Both of these fen have extensive contacts with ES fen, personal friendships formed at cons that the majority of WA fen cannot attend due to cost/time considerations. Looking at their zines we see that THE WASFFAN is (was?) a newszine and that THE BLOB tends towards a personalzine. In a very real sense they are 'typical' (that word again!) ES zines.

In the future then we see that WA zines will tend away from fiction and towards convention reports and what Joe Blow did on the last long weekend, but hopefully retaining some of the fiction of their forbears. New WA zines will no doubt be characterized by fiction as their editor's establish themselves in the wider community of Australian fandom.

What then, of THE SPACE WASTREL? Will it too evolve towards an ES zine? The answer to that is no. Mr Warner and I conceived The Space Wastrel as a fiction oriented zine and it will continue as such until we see that the need for it is gone at which time we shall peacefully lay it to rest.

We may, however, get the urge to put out a news/personal/gen-zine one of these days.....

Yours,



(Mr Loney)

The space we've wasted
The time we've spent
Telling our tale
Though I'm afraid we're bent
For often it's said
That fanzines are read
Not for enjoyment
But for the news printed in red!
If you agree
Then desist kind sir
From reading this zine
For it will only deter

BEEFING AND BOWDLERISING

OK, OK, I hear you knocking. How 'bout I leave the door on the chain for a bit until I can see who you are. You gotta be careful when you're new to the game, see. You can either lurk in the shadows for a long time; building your little pile until it ain't little no more, and then one-of- hose-who-has-seen-the-light says, "Hey! Who's that over in the corner?" And of course they notice your pile is pretty good. They don't tellya. Just the backslapping g'day we're-proud-to-have-ya. Any way, you're in; one of the Brethren (or Sistren. Shutup Stan). Mole it to the top. Dig dig.

Then on the other hand, you can stick your finger out. Paint your name and address on it, and mebbe something pretty as well. Sorta shoehorn yourself into the stream. Say sorta polite, "Hi! I'm me. Don't mean to intrude but..... " Someone might splash you and muddy the water but what's life without a bit o dirt.

So, The Space Wastrel was only a smelly ole big toe; treading new ground, poking into a different stream, getting burned, getting an icy chill, getting red, a sore thumb. It stuck out, it was noticed. We're here, where are you? A calling card for Mr Loney and Mr Warner. Some said, "Please call again," and others, "Maybe next time." It was painless, it was fun to produce, we learnt a lot and now we get all locs 'n' things. Some pro, some con, it's all good comment, even constructive hopefully. The venture worked. Maybe it was mans primal urge to communicate (an excuse for a primitive first ish?). Who knows? but now we have an obligation to continue and get better.

As much as I hate making them, I suppose there's time to make excuses (heard that before somewhere?) for a few shortcomings in TSW no 1. Firstly, the printing. Our guest Edna is probably my least favourite printing method, but when it's all you've got... Not that it was cheap either. We copped some comments pertaining to in-jokes, that is some of the material was a little impenetrable to non-REMfen. We're not trying to be elitist, even though Mr Loney and I are a fairly elite pair (does quick Lew Siffer impersonation). As to the humour itself, we like most others these days, have borrowed and revamped previous humorists ideas. Plus several smidgeons of originality. The least Messrs Moorcock and Python know, the better.

I don't know who laid down the rules for what you can and can't do when producing a fanzine, but if he'd like to stand up he can tell me how many fingers he'd like me to jam up his nose. Well, really this started as an editorial but why shouldn't it contain a sort of "contents" list as we haven't got one yet. Now

lemme see; page one....

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Righty ho. Now you know where everything is for ready reference time. It's also time to explain a few REM terms - some of which were explained in TSW no 1 but will be completely foreign to new TSW readers.

RIGEL IV: Planet owned by Horatio Mescahale-Spla and living place/playground of many of Mr Loney's and Mr Warner's non-Terran friends.
Horatio Mescahale-Spla: All powerful ruler of R4; benefactor of TSW; intergalactic businessman; owner of Spla Stores; has interests in REMCorp.

The Mage: Great magician and mystik; known to have existed before the creation of Rigel IV; a near omniscient being who works for the powers of good and his half-brother Horatio.

The Elf of Quits: Also known as Elf of Armageddon/Dwarf of Forever/Leprechaun of Revelations/Grotty Gnome of Inevitability/Dor Fuh/The Filth of Crotch/The Quelfish Itch/Prince El Foor Khuit/& etc; an evil being devoted to the destruction of the Random Entertainment Modules Corporation and all other bastions of right and justice; Appears in many forms and disguises.

Little Miss Eve Windy/Eve Leeuwin: The Elf's female persona, but no less evil.

Nurse Greener: Also known as Miss W.T. Greenbaum/Miss Greenborn/Mrs Reverdance; a charming lady who never fails to become embroiled in all matters Rigelian. Some historians believe she is some form of kin to the Mage.

The Maharajah of Bombay: Governor of the megalopolis of Brighton; ex-husband of Elsa Kazmo who is now Mr Spla's aide de camp.

Free Traffic Zones: (FTZ); transport channels in Brighton with no

restrictions on speed or transport mode (also known as Zipways).
Longer Life Union: (LLW); Brightonian consumer advocates; nearly extinct but still vocal.

The Endless Spla!: Original Rigel(IV)lian news tape edited at the time by Mr H. M-Spla.

St Barnard the Medic: Fabled Rigellian patron Saint of physiks.

The Loose Pharaoh: A Royal relic of ancient Egypt; resurrected by Prince El Foor Khuit as an adjunct to his evil deeds; however the Pharaoh has designs of his own.

Mad Jules: Inoffensive doer of good deeds.

There's a lot more to explain, but you'll have to read TSW no 1 and the forthcoming TSW no 3 for more details. Meanwhile, it's about time I got back to a controversial editorial topic so that...

Eh? Who's that?

Oh, it's you Horatio, I'm just writing my editor....

I'm to call you Mr Spla at all times, yes sir...umm Mr spla.

Yes Mr Spla, that's right, I'm just finshing my editorial.

You'd like to write something? Well that's going to be a bit difficut as we've just about finished typing the stencils up.

Well there's what's left of this stencil for my editorial and a bit left on the stencil we're typing up the Brighton and Further fragment of The Mage Saga on.


Yes I know we asked you to write something for us for the first issue.

So it's ready now and you'd like to remind me that you finance this zine of ours, well I suppose I could cut things here short a bit...

Well then, Ladies and Gentlemen, as Mr Spla would like to have a word with you I shall end my editorial poste haste. May your locs grow long and may the great barber in the sky not cut you short. As all the best REMfen say - keep it random.

Yours,

(Mr Warner)



MR MESCAHALE-SPLA'S WORDS OF WISDOM

Well thank you Mr Warner for handing over at such short notice there. It's spirit like that that made Rigel IV the great profit it is to Horatio Mescahale-Spla Produx Inc.

Congratulations where congratulations are due I always say

In these modern times of innovation and fast-paced life, we are losing valuable moments of the past. Moments that in their innocent conception knew no importance, but in the fullness of ever advancing time, became that august body known as history. It is a certain collection of moments that were conceived when Rigel IV was only a tiny seed, that we are concerned with.

It began like this.

Horatio Mescahale-Spla burst in to my office, tottering under the weight of a pile of ancient, yellowed manuscripts. Quickly loudly and unceremoniously, he dumped the pile on my desk, raising a cloud of cake crumbs and publishers rejection slips.

"What is that?" quoth an annoyed me.

"That is fucking history that is," quoth back Mr Spla.

"I can see how history's being fucked, but what's it's purpose?"

Mr Spla radiated beneficent pride, "This is the very first fragment of..." he paused, as if to emphasise his words, "The Mage Saga."

BRIGHTON. AND FURTHER

"Here we go," breathed the Mage to his other self. Peeling off from the neat formation, he began the dive that would ultimately (if such a term exists) lead to his self immolation in the burning scrap of ship and aeroplane. All the projecting points of the plane sang songs of tortured metal. The airspeed indicator needle struck up a strong relationship with the little pin that was designed to stop the meter spinning its guts out.

The Mage resigned himself to some Zen meditation, a practise that seemed out of place with the Japan that was building more of these person-to-person-delivery bombs. Mind you, Japan was running a bit fast by the world clock.

"War - a time of imbalance," thought the Mage for a time.

During that time, the plane was still arcing its dive. As it dropped onto its target the Mage tensed. He concentrated, "Now," the thought repeated itself, as he placed himself beautifully, right co-ordinates, spot-on timing.

The timing and positioning had to be good - so he could phase into the earlier time loop wherein he had flown a different plane on exactly the same dive-course, but the plane ditching harmlessly into the water, while he had ejected at a propitious moment. This left him with an escape route. He could phase his suicide dive via a time-lapse, into a continuation of his previous ditch-dive.

Thus he could now fly away, leaving behind a ditched plane, of little consequence - an unfinished suicide dive which he could complete when he felt depressed enough and the Mage who had ejected from the first plane who he could convert into a nurse on the ship he would suicide upon, thereby ensuring his complete resurrection.

The Mage's eyes widened as he realized his previous self had no life raft. How was he going to manage a life raft on a suicide bomber? The Mage hated loose ends, this one might take a lot of work to clear up.

Looking up from the ship, the strange character who called himself the Elf of Armageddon and sometimes the Dwarf of Forever, saw the brilliantly coloured Kawasaki diving towards him. In panic he scrambled for the nearest hatchway. As he closed the cover he caught a glimpse of a burning dirigible.

He ran past a cabin where a tape-recorder played tinny strains of a Hawkwind album and threw himself into his own cabin. The only decorations in the cabin were two pictures; one of a brontasaurus, the other of a snail. His brontasaurus pin-up had been turned to face the wall, the snail hung at an odd angle.

The Elf looked at his watch. Thankfully it was running slow, he might still have time. In haste, he pulled out a suitcase from underneath his bunk and opened it. Inside were clocks, watches and calendars of every description, type, size and colour. The Elf proceeded to carefully remove them from the case and pile them in the centre of the cabin floor. This done he took a matchbox from his pocket, striking one alight.

"Taking the easy way out again," said Nurse Greener, stepping rather dramatically into the room. "Bloody black magic now!"

The Elf snarled and threw the match into the pile. For some reason it did not catch alight, then he realized he had forgotten the pentagram.

"Too easy, too dangerous to do!" Nurse Greener laughed; almost singing.

"Things are really speeding," murmured Nurse Greener to herself as she took the only way out and shot the Elf through the heart. It was hasty but it was really the only way out. She gathered up the pile of time-pieces and threw them, one by one, out of the porthole.

"I hope this works," she whispered as the chronological jetsam either sank or floated off to a new destination.

The plane crashed.

"Took long enough about it," thought Nurse Greener as the

explosion toasted her sparse make-up.

The Mage looked up at the billowing folds of his parachute, telling him of his windspeed and the caution he should exercise. He looked down and saw in the sea below two bodies, slumped over a grandfather clock, that was bobbing lazily under the weight. The bodies did not move, but the Mage, ever optimistic, guided himself for a splashdown just next to the immobile pair and their raft.

Letting the parachute sink, he swam heavily towards the clock. One of the figures he recognised instantly as a childhood friend, Miss W.T. Greenbaum. The other's identity slowly revealed itself through the crooked boxer's nose, the scaly hide, the nauseating aroma of decomposing manure and the hideous face, better befitting a gargoyle. It was the Gnome of Inevitability, known to those who endured his company as the Elf of Quits.

"One of his prettier manifestations," shouted the Mage to his childhood companion, successfully getting salt water in every orifice as he struggled to tread water in his flying outfit.

"Maybe, but let's get fwixevitcchrh out of here," she replied, stirring noticeably. The Mage noted her embarrassment as she realized that she lapsed into Rigellian in her speech.

"Half past three," the Mage told her and sure enough Miss Greenbaum wearily set the hands.

As they lined up with the six and the three, the hands on the clockface clicked. The front of the clock flipped over to reveal a long padded seat. A control console popped out of the clockface and a sinister nozzle protruded from the base of the clock.

"get on and let's get out," spluttered the Mage, poking the supposedly dead gnome in the ribs to produce movement.

Miss Greenbaum pressed the Go button and go they did.

Waving cheerfully, the Maharajah of Bombay (Level three, 1860, Bombay perhaps?) ran, or rather stumbled, down the steps of the pier.

"My dear Mage and Miss Greenborn! What an unexpected surprise, what a pleasure!" he called to them as their clock gracefully docked. "I do believe that little bundle is the Leprechaun of Revelations, or is it...", he paused, confused for a moment.

"You sure do get around," remarked the Mage to the Elf, meanwhile administering an uncalled for blow on the head of the luckless creature with his Japanese binoculars.

"Could you tell us where we are?" called Miss Greenborn as she stepped daintily from the clock.

"My dears, welcome to Brighton - Embodiment of Western Civilization, Crowning Glory of the Empire, Englands only Megalopolis." Miss Greenborn smiled a knowing smile at the Mage as he stepped from the clock.

"Sometimes the Maharajah is ra-ather excessive," they thought together.

As the Mage, Miss Greenborn and the Maharajah climbed the steps, the clock sank, gurgling happily to itself. The body of the Elf stayed afloat a little longer, but it too inevitably sank.

"Look," cried Miss Greenborn and all three turned to look. She was pointing to where the Elf had sunk. In the midst of a pentagram of bubbles floated a snail.

"Humorous little basket, isn't he," said the Mage drily, remembering Miss Greenborn's Rigellian vices.

"I don't quite understand..." began the Maharajah.

"Come on, let's see what Brighton has to offer. We'll fill you in on our story on the way. By the way, have you seen anything by Patrick Woodroffe?" asked the Mage as they moved off towards the beckoning Empire.

"Hat-trick? Would of?" mumbled the Maharajah, his hearing had declined, along with a couple of other abilities, much to Miss

Greenborn's disappointment.

"Subtleties, subtleties, if you please; stick 'em, stick 'em, you can please 'em!" they sang happily, forgetting for the moment (which moment it was ^{not} clear) the rigors of the past millenium.

As they walked past the life sized, Nude Alice in Wonderland outside the city portals they noticed a malodorous mist following them. Must this awful fairy always haunt them? The mist condensed into a sticky goo in the shape of an obscenely leering face. Then the mist dissolved again, only to coalesce as Little Miss Eve Windy, one of the Elf's female counterparts.

A still slightly wispy Eve Windy flowed toward a nearby politician who flinched when he saw the resurrected leer on her face.

Miss Windy quoted poetry as she moved, "All the young ones are kneeling and filling: Their laps with the snails: Tempted out by this first rainy weather."

"Browning," correctly guessed the politician and duly fled, leaving Miss Windy with her former company.

"Browning? Hmmm. I though I had the grill on low, if it was higher I didn't know," quipped the Mage, trying his hardest.

"Poetry never was your forte," snidely remarked Elsa Kazmo as she emerged from the city gates, to greet her one-time husband, the Maharajah and his friends.

"Your needles stuck again," spoke up Miss Windy, trying not to be ignored. Elsa and Miss Greenborn glared at her so she obligingly wandered through the gates, into the city to seek less distasteful prey.

"At last," all the rest sighed, even Elsa's smile was remarkably unsardonic.

"How about we go to my apartments, I trust you will find them comfortable," said the Maharajah, almost rhetorically. They moved off quickly, in instant welcome of his suggestion.

"Ah! Air!" and the Mage breathed in deeply.

"Yes, I have it imported specially, it's such a comfort after the dust and smells of the bazaar and the smog of the Free Traffic Zones," calmly spoke the Maharajah, trying not to boast.

"You still have Free Traffic Zones then, even after all the work by the Longer Life Union?" said Miss Greenborn giddily, still savouring the effects of her first few elated inhalations.

"Certainly, but cow-catchers have to be fitted to all vehicles so that ellellyews who choose to lie on the Zipways are harmlessly thrown onto the verges," replied the Maharajah. He twirled his long moustache in amusement at being able to have a conversation after being out of practise so long.

"Very humanitarian," observed Elsa quietly.

Pretending not to hear, the Maharajah carried on, "I haven't had any real company for a long time, it's so pleasant to see new faces. We rarely have any visitors. In fact you're the first we've had for decades, or is it centuries? I forget."

The Mage spoke up before the Maharajah's snubbed ex-wife could retort, "I'm not surprised, no matter how philanthropic the Movement of People Department professes to be, they cannot hide from tourists the number of people incapacitated by movement. Insurance companies refuse to insure local inhabitants who move outside of a one hundred metre radius of their domicile. You're just as well throwing your life away and working for the government."

"Careful, that's my government your talking about," snapped the Maharajah, "you must have been listening to the rubbish they air on that sensationalist news-tape, what do they call it? The 'Endless Spla! or something similar."

"That rubbish, as you so nastily put it, is produced by my half-brother, Horatio," snarled the Mage, trying to suppress anger.

"But aren't we all related anyway," calmed Miss Greenborn.

"Yes," sighed the Mage. "I suppose so," though he hated to

admit it, especially when he considered his theoretical kinship with the Elf of Quits. "Yeeeuucch!" his disgust unintentionally voiced itself.

"You don't find Brighton that bad?" quizzed Elsa, feeling hurt.

"Oh no, I wasn't thinking of Brighton at the time. Please forgive me, I was recalling a rather distasteful relationship." The Mage went on, "Not that Brighton is the most pleasant place I could think of to stay in, but under the present circumstances we have no choice."

"But what about Eden?" asked Miss Greenborn. She looked most anxious, obviously not too keen to stay in the land of effteezees and overcrowding.

"I'm afraid we - that is the Japanese - bombed it," replied the Mage matter-of-factly.

"What of Adam and Eve's plight?" interjected Elsa, trying to keep her company off the subject of moving (always a touchy subject in Brighton).

"Eve? No relation to Eve Windy I hope. We've had more than our fair share of trouble from her," - the Maharajah, as usual, confusing everyones line of thought. He flushed as everyone looked at him.

"No, this is Eve of The War, one of the perpetrators of the original sin, although even she's forgotten what it was. In answer to your question Miss Greenborn, Adam and Eve are living in a concrete bunker that God asked me to build for them before I bombed the Eden Boarding House."

"Have you heard from God recently?" - the Maharajah always sought outside guidance, especially from one as well versed in government.

"Not a single message, not since the Sacred Loudspeaker on the Holy Hill of Golgotha packed up. Have to get the Holy Hill transported here so Horatio can have a look at it. He's the expert at such things."

"Talking about me, brother?" - Horatio entered. The Mage and the Maharajah stood up and bowed. Elsa gave an apparently coy smile, Miss Greenborn did not move. Horatio moved into the room and sat next to Miss Greenborn. Elsa's eyes flashed daggers at him.

"Explain yourself, Mr Horatio Mescahale-Spla," demanded the Maharajah, as etiquette required.

"I heard that my brother and a friend had arrived - by flying clock no less - so I came over to find out where they would be staying."

"A good point," said the Mage, "Might I inquire where we can stay, if possible in this city of yours, Maharajah."

"Well, if you'll give me five minutes, I'll go into Parliament and denounce the Minister for Extra-Marital Affairs. You can have his apartments, he lives just down the hall."

"Isn't that a little unfair?" chided Elsa.

"Oh no! He's been far too liberal in his policies. I've been thinking of getting rid of him for quite a while. How would you like the position temporarily, Mage. I believe that you are experienced in the appropriate matters." The Maharajah flashed a sly grin at Miss Greenborn.

"Yes, I'd be glad to. If possible I wonder if we could move in now?"

"Certainly. While I'm deposing the Minister, Horatio, you can show your brother and his friend to their apartment. You seem to know all the apartments inside out."

"All part of being a good reporter. Come on, let's go."

Horatio shuffled his charges out the door, leaving the Maharajah to bid his adieus and may-you-rot-in-hells to Elsa.

"It's bigger on the inside than it looks on the outside,"

chuckled Miss Greenborn. She stared about the apartment, taking in its lavish furnishings and vast size.

"Of course, it's a bloody hypercube you know."

Obviously Horatio had been in the factual journalism business far too long. He was becoming a stranger to sarcasm.

The Mage smiled and surveyed his new home with satisfaction. "I see the ex-Minister had a taste for the 1980's Angular Revivalist mode."

"Yes," said Horatio, "I'm led to believe this is quite an accurate reproduction."

"Even down to the severe pain caused by the needle-carpet?" Miss Greenborn was amused by the sight of her bloodied feet. "What are they doped with? It's quite realistic. I don't think I've seen quite such clarity in an audio-visual environ before."

"I have a little bad news for you Miss G," intoned the Mage gravely, "It's not an audio-visual environ."

"Then you mean it's... and the blood - it really is mine..."

"Yes," answered the Mage, quickly manoeuvring a plastic chaise longue beneath Miss Greenborn's fast fainting form.

"Is she okay?" Horatio looked worried, "Do you want me to call a physik?"

The Mage frowned and with one hand made the sign of St Barnard the Medic whilst ministering to Miss Greenborn with the other.

"She'll be okay, but she might not feel quite herself when she wakes."

"Well then, if you can handle things, I'll leave you to it. You shouldn't have any trouble settling in. I should think the Maharajah's staff can handle any crises that should arise if you just give them a buzz," (Horatio, of course, referred to the Maharajah's police force), "meanwhile, I should be at work," and workwards Horatio departed, disappearing down the pseudo-plastic corridor.

"Hmm, the cosmetic kit, I think," - the Mage was often given to thinking out loud. So saying he delved into one of his many cloak pockets and produced a small black bag of the type used to contain washcloths, soap and toothpaste. His supple hands worked feverishly with the many cosmetic preparations - lest his new creation should awake unfinished.

He was pouring a drink from the ex-Minister's plentiful supply when his patient awoke. "Ah, Mrs Reverdance, I gather you will have a drink. I'm not sure what this is but it is most palatable." His becloaked body swung around in a swirl of black revealing two glasses in his hands, one of which he proffered.

"Thank you." Mrs Reverdance gazed at the smooth skin of her arm as she accepted her drink, "I think you could have used a slightly paler chartreuse on the skin."

"Wait till you see yourself in a mirror, you'll appreciate it more then. At least the Elf isn't expecting a reverdance," the Mage sipped pensively.

"Hmm - and what about the Mrs tag? Who, pray tell, am I married to?"

"Mr Reverdance."

Mrs Reverdance laughed greenly. The Mage laughed black.

"Have you got the chemicals?" - the Elf of Quits was getting impatient.

"Yess of coursse," hissed the Loose Pharaoh through the gaps in his ancient Egyptian teeth. Though his robes had gathered a little dust during his interment, he still wore them with a little majesty.

"and the detonators?" continued the Elf.

The double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt wobbled precariously on the Pharaoh's shrunken skull as he nodded in confirmation.

"You could have worn something with a little more flair," remarked the Elf, adjusting the ruffles on his dancing pumps. "After all, this is Rigel IV, not an antique shop."

An angry hiss issued from thin, black lips. Death did absolutely nothing for the Loose Pharaoh's sense of humour.

Deftly the Elf stepped back. After all, he wouldn't put it past the Pharaoh to have a snake secreted about his decayed person. This dead deity had the same evil intentions as the Elf of Quits, but he was by no means an easy partner to work with.

"Well, if we've got all the gear, we may as well get on with it."

They stepped off from their narrow platform into the shaft and floated down slowly. Nobody knew how lost souls managed to fly but the Elf didn't care, just as long as he could cling onto his deadly chum. The two stopped periodically to read the tags on the cable ties that secured the wires leading into ducts on the various levels.

"There!" exclaimed the Loose Pharaoh, shaking his long bony finger at an extremely narrow duct into which disappeared pipes and cables leaving little space for movement.

"Bit tight," - as if to answer the Elf, the Pharaoh vapourized into a faintly glowing mist.

"Let'sss go," it hissed.

"Hold on," the Elf grasped the nearest high voltage cable and ripped it savagely. The cable broke, exposing two bare ends that he grasped. Fisszzzt! The two villains, both now gaseous, seeped into their chosen duct.

Mad Jules nearly choked as he writhed on the floor, coughing and retching. His agony abated as two figures materialized before him.

"Christ, haven't you heard of deodorants!" he snarled, holding back his stomach's contents.

"We beg your pardon," smoothed the Elf in his oiliest voice. "We are merely looking for the Government Apartments. We wish to voice a complaint."

"Uh yeah," Jules was regaining control of himself, "You two are slightly off-course. You're in the Condom-Outyem. You want the Condom-Inyem next door," there was a slight pause as Jules took a closer look at the evil duo, "Looks like your friend's had a going over by the Secret Tourist Bureau."

"Thanks," mumbled the Elf. The two evildoers hurried out of Jules' apartment, slamming the door behind them.

"Wonder how they got in?" mused Jules, resuming his work at

the REMTerminal, "C'est la vie," he pronounced, not giving it another thought.

Juggling his counterfeit credit card in the slot, the Elf of Quits waited for the doors of the Splat terminal to open. After a little leverage in the right place with the Pharaoh's ceremonial dagger, the door slid soundlessly open. They stepped in, the Elf punching the destination co-ordinates.

? * * * * ? * * * * ? ZAP!! ? * * * * ? * * * * ?

"How charming," exclaimed the Elf as they materialized on a dual seat lavatoire-d'amour. They stood up and brushed errant particles of zap dust into the receptacle and pressed the D-button. As the dust flushed away, the Pharaoh - somewhat reddened, growled.

"I'm not sssure I like the Maharajah'sss tasste in ssSplat terminalsss."

"Disgusting," the Elf smiled, relishing the unsanitary thoughts that plagued his anatomy.

Cautiously exiting the lou-a-deux, they peered around the corner and entered the corridor. Familiar voices wafted from a doorway ahead. The Loose Pharaoh breathed heavily through his teeth in a quiet whistle.

"Sssh!" the Elf shushed as they tiptoed up to the door to the room adjacent to their quarry. Very slowly they opened the door and poked their heads around.

Thud! Thud! A heavy book descended twice, knocking out the Elf and reducing the Pharaoh's be-crowned skull to dust.

MR MESCAHALE-SPLA'S WORDS OF WISDOM (cont.)

and I think Mr Loney and Mr Warner deserve congratulations for TSW no 1. From what I've seen of it number two is even better. (Sorry about cutting the fragment Brighton and Further short though, not that it really matters as it's only a few unimportant sentences, you could probably work out for yourself what they are if you put your mind to it)

I gave the two boys total freedom in their positions as co-editors and so far they haven't abused their freedom. Certainly they have exercised a lack of conventionality but this cannot be criticized in a zine devoted to Random Entertainment. I and all my representatives for the Rigel IV randomocracy will continue to...

Space is at an end! I beg your pardon as I sign off and flee...

Yours,

H.M. SPLA!

H.M-Spla

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

As a service to our consumers, we take great pleasure in presenting, for your edification, the first of what we hope is a long line of witty, intelligent, concise and to the point, informative, well written (need I go on) Book Reviews.

We start with...

Greg Hills,
P.O. Box 9314,
Wellington,
New Zealand.

4mar80

Poul Anderson's THE EARTH BOOK OF STORMGATE reviewed by Greg Hills

"One of the great modern works of the imagination, this book tells of the trader van Rijn and the adventurer Falkayne; it rounds and completes the future history of the Polesotechnic League that spans four thousand years of Earth's interstellar empire; and it chronicles Mankind's encounters with the great-winged Ythri, who kept this record at far Stormgate."

Nonsense. This book is none of the above. Instead it is a collection of old & not quite so old Polesotechnic short stories. Every one has seen print elsewhere before. The writer of the back-cover blurb quoted above should be sued for fraud.

The only original, imaginative aspect of this book is the embedding of the stories in a matrix of 'Ythrian' narrative and comment. Alas, it reads rather as if the blurb writer had written those sections: in an attempt to make the work plausibly 'Ythrian,' Anderson has used remarkably obtuse english. It feels stilted and is not at all pleasant to wade through.

Told from the viewpoint of an Avalonian Ythrian (Stormgate being located on Avalon, contrary to the blurb), it purports to be an attempt to comprehend the Humans who the Ythrians have associated with by way of various exemplary tales. It ranges only from the discovery of Ythri, 2150 AD, to the end (at the latest) of the 26th century, just after the breakup of the Polesotechnic League. Actually, only the narrative is set so late. Every story is set before the breakup...

What is there, then? Well, 'Wings of Victory' tells of the initial Terran contact with Ythrians, before the aliens have left their planet. 'The Problem of Pain' compares a few shallow religious aspects of the two races. 'How to be Ethnic in One Easy Lesson' is a whimsical story featuring a young Adzel and an implausibly described revival of interest in Earth's (as opposed to alien) heritage among Humans. 'Margin of Profit' is a rollicking van Rijn tale of the true water, about an alien race who blockade a trade route. 'Essau' is an inferior tale involving an early encounter with the Baburites who figure so prominently later in MIRKHEIM. 'The Season of Forgiveness' does not convince; indeed it is rather soppy Anderson. 'The Man Who Counts' is the longest item in the book and is better known, perhaps, under its novelization title WAR OF THE WINGMEN. 'A Little Knowledge' describes the hazards of setting down on a helium-rich world in a crude spacecraft using tubes and gas-switches. 'Day of Burning' is the story of how Merseia got its start. 'Lodestar' is another story on the way to MIRKHEIM, in which the planet itself appears. 'Wingless' and 'Rescue on Avalon' are two tales first written mainly for adolescents---the former, in fact, was done for a boys magazine. They both describe incidents on the personal level in the early days of Avalon.

Some (most) of these stories I'd seen before. The few that

were new to me were either minor or (and this is the books saving grace) very interesting.

The collection is definitely worth the effort of reading. It is not the definitive capstone to the Polesotechnic saga, as the blurb claims: the collapse of the League, which MIRKHEIM already told us was coming, is not described except in brief snatches in the narrative. However, it does span most of the League's history and it does provide a few hours enjoyable reading---probably someone less experienced with van Rijn & his milieu will find the book a useful introduction to the rest of the Polesotechnic saga.

I'm just glad I didn't have to buy it to read it: after the claims of the blurb, it would have been a crushing letdown...

THE EARTH BOOK OF STORMGATE by Poul Anderson
Berkley SF (1978) edition; US price \$2.25; NZ price \$3.60; 434 pages

Continuing with the reviewing of books, we present a review originating slightly closer to home, one penned by the redoubtable and many talented...

Martin Matins,
40 Second Avenue,
Kelmscott, WA, 6111

14/3/80

LAST ORDERS: BRIAN ALDISS

A REVIEW

Mr Aldiss has achieved a synthesis, in his latest collection of short stories, between the inna landscape of Jimmy Ballard and straight narrative fiction. There are extremes present, such as 'Creatures of Apogee' and the title story; but most are on two levels. Level One being the story: a straight forward exploration of life in various aspects. Level Two being the same questions posed in the context of the characters' minds. Doesn't sound like very much difference between the two? Tain't, each relies on the other, and each supports the other in surveying the 'new old Blues.'

These stories are definitely 'enigmatic:' riddles with all the clues but no answers. They are also definitely in Mr Aldiss' recent style: often triplets of stories; recurrent characters (at different times in their lives? in different dimensions? or just repetition of names?); and the author's constant obsession with Art and artistic motives and sentiments. This repetition does, however, gradually build up a vision of a small group of people, 'vignettes,' living their lives, that point the way to their, and our own, totality. They are visions in 'The Aperture Moment' mode. We are to ask 'what comes next?' and to flesh out the details ourselves. Things a moderately intelligent reader should be able to or at least attempt 'and aren't all us SF readers supra-intelligent.'

Another author Mr Aldiss can be likened to is Mr Bradbury (Ray), though their poetic imagery, while equally effective, is very differing. Just look at such lines as these (nothing up my sleeves): the author describes a love making scene, concluding "the grass was thick with flamingo shit." & "In time, the forces of Good will eradicate all the high stars." & "Something skips from peak to peak, looking for destiny." & "diatoms and divers peacocks phantasmally nested in the sun itself." & "Whispers of a faint boutique and the band playing its own tune, endlessly, on and on. Every now and then, someone takes a musician out to the bed of daffodils, brings him to orgasm, garrottes him, and buries him among the spring flowers. The ground is wonderfully warm for the time of year."

"The essence of human experience is cyclic" we are informed (have I said this before?) and Mr Aldiss constantly uses the same themes: pain, isolation, and a search for the Heartland of existence.

Best stories: 'Creatures of Apogee,' you decide the implications of its gloomy message yourself. 'The Eternal Theme of Exile,' self-explanatory. 'The Daffodil Returns the Smile,' insects are so much more damn poetic than us. 'The Year of the Quiet Computer,' Dickensian new wave.

Read your last orders carefully.

THE SPACE WASTREL RECEIVES RAVE COMMENTS WORLD-WIDE!

"Strangely enough weird snippets of B grade lost world movies are recalled to mind."

Larry Dunning: Australia

"I enjoyed your first issue, I think."

Harry Warner Jr: U.S.A.

"We wish to receive one copy of each subsequent issue of this publication as it becomes available."

National Library of Australia

"I thank you for your magazine. I have given it to some of my friends.....conditions in Sri Lanka have improved considerably since.....we are grateful to Australia for.....your magazine."

Saliya Siriwardene: Sri Lanka

"It's different."

Alexander Young: Australia

"I wish your journal the best of luck in the future."

Martin Matins: Rigel IV

"...very little to comment on...intrigued..."

Richard Faulder: Australia

"...a bit dull..."

Christian Strachan: Denmark

"...certainly too much space wasting with double spacing..."

Jack R Herman: Australia

(in ForerunnerVol 2 No 10)

"...well named..."

Ken Ozanne: Australia

(in Crabapple 14)

REVIEWING THE REVIEWS

This section of TSW is to get some feedback going with those who stand in judgement of us. This of course means that unless you have a copy of the review in question you will be somewhat in the

dark, and that, I'm afraid, is your fault for not being an omniscient being.

This week we look at Forerunner and Crabapple, noting the absence of CHUNDER! and THE WASFFAN, both of which seem to have folded ("Most paper does fold," says clever-dick Jules) since we sent them review copies.

Without further ado (or further adon't for that matter) we present the inaugural 'Reviewing the Reviews.'

FORERUNNER Volume 2 Number 10 March 1980 Jack R Herman
(1/67 Fletcher St, Bondi. 2026)

Quite a fair review I thought. A comment on our habit of double spacing (actually it's only 1½ but who's being picky?), a runthrough of the comments (though that sentence seemed to be missing something at the end (?)) and a holding of judgement till he sees some more of us (to be quite honest, I think his review was funnier than we were!). We shall be looking forward to further comment from Mr Herman.

CRABAPPLE 14 Ken Ozanne (42 Meek's Crescent, Faulconbridge. 2776)

A rather acerbic review that in the last paragraph implies some future hope for us (here I am tempted to make a joke about sour grapes, but will instead fight back the urge). Mr Ozanne seems rather concerned about our first names but in accordance with the tenets of REM philosophy they shall not be revealed through the pages of The Space Wastrel.

One incorrect deduction spoilt what otherwise would have been a good review (work it out yourself, he only made two!) and once again we shall be looking forward to more from Mr Ozanne.

Mr Loney:200580

GLOSSARY

Just to help you out...

REM: Random Entertainment Module

REMCorp: Random Entertainment Module Corporation

THE MAGE SAGA: A continuing series of fragments that detail the complex process that was the evolution of REMCorp and its affiliates. The Rigel(IV)ian version of events, totally different in emphasis from the Terran Official History of REMCorp: 1985-2100 AD.

Splat: Spla Matter Transmitter (operated under license from TransMat Industries (Earth); a wholly owned subsidiary of M.L.H. & Industries).

CLOUDWALL

If there was
A rainbow
Shining in my
Window

I would see
All the colours
of the sun
Separate
And Pure

But clouds
Have banked my walls
They cling to me
Cold and damp
And I breathe
Their heaviness
Waiting
And sleeping
For the sun

THE ELF OF QUILTS

Elf of Quits, a cellar mould
some time-Dwarf of Forever
uncanny friction, raw and green
His favourite word is "never"

Steaming scheming little Elf
a hatred he does squirt
plucking strings of great discord
His prophecies just blurt

Be-ware he wears silly clothes
befitting younger boys
he's lusty in their company
But devastates their toys

A gymboot is an evil thing
he loves for all it's worth
coloured like a football pitch
It's brown but it's not earth

Coiffured like a pudding-bowl
a weed found in the lawn
a lizard of a bureaucrat
Like some frog's rotten spawn

Twitter twitter go the birds
but not Forever Dwarf
he speaks in broken metal
Like a lathe emitting swarf

```

*****
He's in my cooking garlic prunes
a meal fit for the dump
i found him in my gravy
*****
Posing as a meaty lump
*****

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Penal venal high finance
are worlds beyond his ken
probably his money's
Hidden in his dingy den

 Anaesthetized in comfort
 with some alien depiction
 he violates the sacrosant
 For race is no restriction

Condones irregularity
he's wanted in three states
plasma liquid and a gas
That always permeates

This issue of The Space Wastrel was sent to you because;

- 1) Subscriber _____
- 2) You sent us a trade/loc/contribution _____
- 3) Thought you might be interested _____
- 4) We would like to trade (2 copies of your
zine please) ☒ _____
- 5) Whim _____

Overseas: This issue was posted; airmail

surface mail ☒

because you *AIN'T WRITTEN TO US YET. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE.*
THIS IS YOUR LAST ISSUE UNLESS.....

The Space Wastrel Volume One, Number Three has a tentative publication date of August 1980. Please attempt to have all contributions in the mail by July 31st, 1980.

REM RECORDS PROUDLY ANNOUNCE:

THE PISSED SEXTALS: LIVE IN GERALDTON (With Special Guests)

The Pissed Sextals are:

Piggy Hop/vocals & gymnastix

John Cauliflower/guitar & electric violin

Brian Health-Salts/all keyboards

Robert Dripp/guitar & tapes

Flat Bottom/bass

Laura Vopozits/percussion & harmonies

Thanx go to:

PRODUCER: MAX FACTOR - for Horatio Mescahale-Spla Produx.

Executive Producer: Mad Jules

Production Assistant: Hugh Janus

Engineers: Ivor and Lotta Ray-bees and Ursula Rhine (REM Mobile)

Group's Coiffure & Wardrobe: Lew 'Wardrobe Queen' Siffer

Coffee Lady: Madge Yules

Special Thanx to:

Elsa 'What rhymes with moon?' Kazmo for help with lyrics

Guest Artists:

John Fidelity & The Truthfuls, Max Factor & Dirt's Vicious Circle,

Mooral Mycock & The Frigid Dix, Cad Mackle & The Runny Dolls,

Hugo Poker (in the 'Tenderparts')(ex-'Goose'), Cleric & Dive,

The Invisible Squelches, Horatio Mescahale-Spla, The Mage of Arimanius-

Megalith Le Blanc and The Avatar of Autognostix (what a comedy duo!)

Female Backing by The Nubile Mystix

Brass Bugles blown by Lew Siffer and his Beam-Reamers

This Album is dedicated to Ernest Puff who died in legal service.

AVAILABLE ONLY ON REM RECORDS

"IF IT AINT A REM IT AINT WORTH A STIFF"
