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# THE SPARE WASTREL

Volume 1 Number 3  
August 1980

A REMPrint Publication.

VOTE  
GERALDTON  
FOR REMCON '80

FOR RICE LA  
REMCON '80

DON'T BE A REM  
HAVE FUN WITH REM

SWANKONISH

ANOTHER WONDERFUL W.A. ZINE!!

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, locs and contributions. For trade, please supply two copies of the zine concerned - one for each editor.

Please use the following addresses for correspondence;

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

The Space Wastrel would like to draw your attention to REMCon 80 to be held in Geraldton, sometime this year. Please support the newly announced co-R4-op bid for the 1.84 WorldCon, let's work towards REMCon Four to be held on Rigel IV in 1984.

Overseas availability: The Space Wastrel is distributed overseas at random. To ensure your copies keep coming - send us a loc, contribution or trade (two copies of your zine please). Postage, in most cases will be seamail as our overseas mail list has expanded somewhat.

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No more forever revelations,  
Only armageddon

\*\*\*\*\*



## THE END OF THE GOLDEN AGE?

My subscription to Analog Science Fiction Science Fact expires in November, as I begin writing this editorial I am undecided as to whether I will renew my subscription or not.

Why is this so? To the mythical disinterested observer it would seem that the purchase of Analog would be almost mandatory for anyone interested in science fiction, a magazine that in its fifty years of publication has helped mould science fiction as a genre and been the springboard for many writers now regarded as masters of the field. Let me explain...

I first encountered Analog directly in October 1974, a special Velikovsky issue had been published and the newsagent in Kalamunda moved it from its normal hiding place (behind the Commando comics as I later found out) to a display rack at the front of the shop. Before I saw this, although I was a heavy reader of science fiction with over three hundred books in my collection I had not realised that any sf magazines still existed. With most of my short story reading taking from the forties and fifties I had assumed that some calamitous event had overtaken them in the sixties - though I must admit I had never given it much thought.

After purchasing Analog at the Kalamunda Newsagency for most of '75, (and also F & SF which I discovered a few months later) my family began the ructions which led to me moving to Geraldton where the local newsagent offered to get them in for me, for a price. Deciding that normal price plus a dollar was going a little far, I shelled out some of my hard earned money and sent off a years subscription to Analog, much to my surprise the computer hiccupped and gave me a subscription lasting until November 1980.

What now is my complaint with Analog? What is my perception of its failure as a magazine, no longer worth my support.

The first failure, one that I knew of from initial purchase of Analog and was prepared to live with, was the literary and idea quality of the magazine. After reading anthologies that were the pick of the last three to four decades of writing, coming down to the level of a monthly magazine was a bit of a shock. I was however, prepared to accept the dross in order to get to the occasional gem, an application of Sturgeon's Law.

Despite this lowering of expectations, I feel that Analog has failed to keep to a high enough standard in the last four years. There has been a lack of gems, a distinct paucity of memorable tales.

Or to put it another way, the bad has so completely buried the good that the effort involved in digging it out is too great for the eventual reward.

What has led to this impression? Is there any specific reason for me to feel about this as I do?

In a sense there is, my discontent about Analog crystallised early this year with the publication of a serial, Venus in Clouds, written by Bob Buckley. To put it mildly, I found it execrable and finished it only because of a misleading feeling that it had to get better. In many ways this "novel" summed up my feelings towards Analog, displaying in one piece of writing all the faults normally seen individually.

The characters are wooden, the story forced, the plot mediocre and the author's apparent conception of human relationships and political power structure almost unbelievably naive.

And there in that paragraph I think I have it.

Analog's failure can be said to be a failure of its ability to portray reality, not our reality, not the human reality of 1980, but the reality of the people, societies and situations it attempts to tell tales about.

Why this failure? Editor Schmidt must be credited with the ability to pick good stories from bad, at very least, or he can only be branded as an incompetant, a view I do not personally hold. Obviously he inherited some stories from the tenure of Ben Bova, but we do not find our solution here either.

Perhaps if we now look at one of Analog's newer competitors we will find our way to a solution.

Destinies began publication as a paperback sized magazine fairly recently, I have the first four editions. The first three issues are filled with stories of L5 colonies and similar devices which seem to have as a common theme the wonderful future we have in space and how it's going to create a paradise on Earth and we could do it now if only those nasty politicians in Washington would start spending money on space programs again.

Please don't get me wrong here, I would love to see a booming space program in the U.S.A. (or even Australia!). I am just trying to see what the apparent motivation behind Destinies and eventually Analog is.

Then in issue four, Editor Baen (not quite so cynically) declared the policy of the magazine to be to get people interested in space research again, to get a boost for NASA funding....

In short, propaganda.

Has some of this attitude appeared in Analog? I think it has, it seems that there is at least one "gosh-wow lets build a L5 colony tomorrow and save the world from overpopulation/famine/the energy crisis/any current social issue you care to name" type story in every issue.

I must say that I am not against this type of tale, provided that it is well written and worth reading, rather than a shaky edifice hastily propped up where it's sagging so the author can get the ending he/she wants.

Looking at it all, I think this is the problem. Whether a decision has been made consciously or not, there is a definite slant towards this sort of fiction in Analog. I believe it is to the detriment of the magazine as a whole.

The question is not whether science fiction should be political or not, in the deepest meaning of the word all fiction is a political statement, however good or however bad.

The question is whether a story should be chosen for political merit over literary qualities.

Or to put it another way, does the end justify the means?

Mr Loney  
August 12

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And now, a contribution from the pen of one of our more tacky connections, the Elf of Quits, who in one of his more subdued moments, gave birth to.....

### THE ELF AND THE SUNS OF A GUN Part III

(Part Two is currently undergoing treatment at the dry-cleaners and will make a comeback soon - subject to a satisfactory report from its doctor and/or sanitary inspector. Ta.)

The Elf had just finished the heavy metal rendition (in full colour of 'Bright Eyes' by Art Gofuckall.

In the seething crowd the Earl was conversing with Judy C., the groupie, and Elsa Kotic, Barrett fan and acid freak.

"And you still maintain existence can be viewed as a banana peel?" he asked.

"Warhol did," Judy replied.

"President Warhol?"

"Andy."

"Oh - sorry."

"Heavy," drawled Elsa, popping an upper into her mouth.

"What about the concept of circular infinitude, as expounded by Sigmund Moorcock?" he questioned.

"Too much of a fantastical concept," Judy replied, disapprovingly, taking her t-shirt (with the message 'Fa Q 2') and Playtex bra off, to move more freely with the music.

The Earl nervously fingered her love beads and gazed at her impressive tits.

Judy, being extremely liberated, also gazed at her tits. Elsa was busy with some ludes. "If you try the green ones..." she mumbled disjointedly.

The Earl removed his psychedelic shirt (which disappeared in



smoke - the latest stimulus to consumerism) and his brown felt jeans.

The new band was on the stage now, Sarcophagus Blues, who began pounding away with a number from Hawkwind's early days, "Booze of the Aged."

The Earl was also pounding away, in time to the music.

Elsa mumbled for a moment about, "All the luminous spheres of subetheric intuition," and then began rolling a joint.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Mage replies to the Elf, informing us that he would prefer the following to be read before the above... we'll leave it to you.

### MY LOVE IS LIKE A PENTAGRAM OF BULLETS

"Ah," thought the Mage blissfully.

"Yes.....ah!" thought the Elf of Quits in return.

These two, were at present hearing the hurried, rattling footsteps made by their own feet and the 'pings' of stray bullets. They heard the hard, dry, sore-throated panting of their lungs as they ran, dodging in and out of rows of crates.

Voices seemed to fill the warehouse, voices not their own, mock-brave voices that carried the authority of machine-guns.

Thin smoke drifted from cheap cigars and cheap cartridges, spent on the floor: products of nervousness.

Two figures darted. A voice, one of the many, shouted. Some of the many guns pointed and jumped in their users arms.

Many bullets missed, but not the important few; not those destined for the curtain fall.

As the bullets made their mark, so the little drama ended.

The Elf laughed, the Mage beamed proudly.

"Marvelous!" pealed the bells of Little Miss Eve Leuwin's voice, "...a pentagram described in bullet holes."

"A couple of bullets are a few degrees out," remarked King Colin of Macronerd pointedly.

"I thought that was the whole essence - the informality..." retorted the Little Miss.

"No, you both miss the point, you poke at trivia, you miss the cosmic meaning of the event," observed the Mage, sagely.

The Elf sighed and gave a nod in concurrence.

A little later - over coffee and cognac:

"What was the point of the killing?" taunted King Colin.

"Why, the points of the pentagram of course," said the Mage, hiding laughter with a shrug and a grim look.

"How gauche," thought the rest, but no-one said so.

"I'm going to do a painting," piped up the Mage, "after the style of Hieronymus Bosch - 'The Ship of Fools' - I want you all to pose."

Little Miss Eve Leuwin put on her most indignant frown - "All because we don't see the point..."

"No - it's because you can't see King Colin's point."

"Where?"

"It's his head, it's almost conical. The base of that cone was one of the bases of the killing."

"I don't see it."

"Well try my glasses - here." The Mage handed the Little Miss a bejewelled pair of pince-nez.

"They're no help. Now everything is out of perspective," she complained.

"You ought to get out and about and do more reading away from here, broaden your experience."

"But I like it here. I enjoy King Colin's presence, and our company of course," she gestured at the other occupants of the room.

"As you like it..." sighed the Mage, and after a moment of thought - "That was one of Shakespeare's comedies wasn't it?"

\*\*\*\*\*

Shouldn't YOU be wasting this space?

Contact our advertising department today.

\*\*\*\*\*

In 1984 the Rigelfourlian co-operative plans to hold a science fiction convention in Gordlin City on Rigel IV. co-R4-op intends this to be the 42nd World Science Fiction Convention.

The co-R4-op bid has the support of all Rigel(IV)lian actifen and the financial support of Horatio Mescahale-Spla Produx Inc. and REM-Spla.

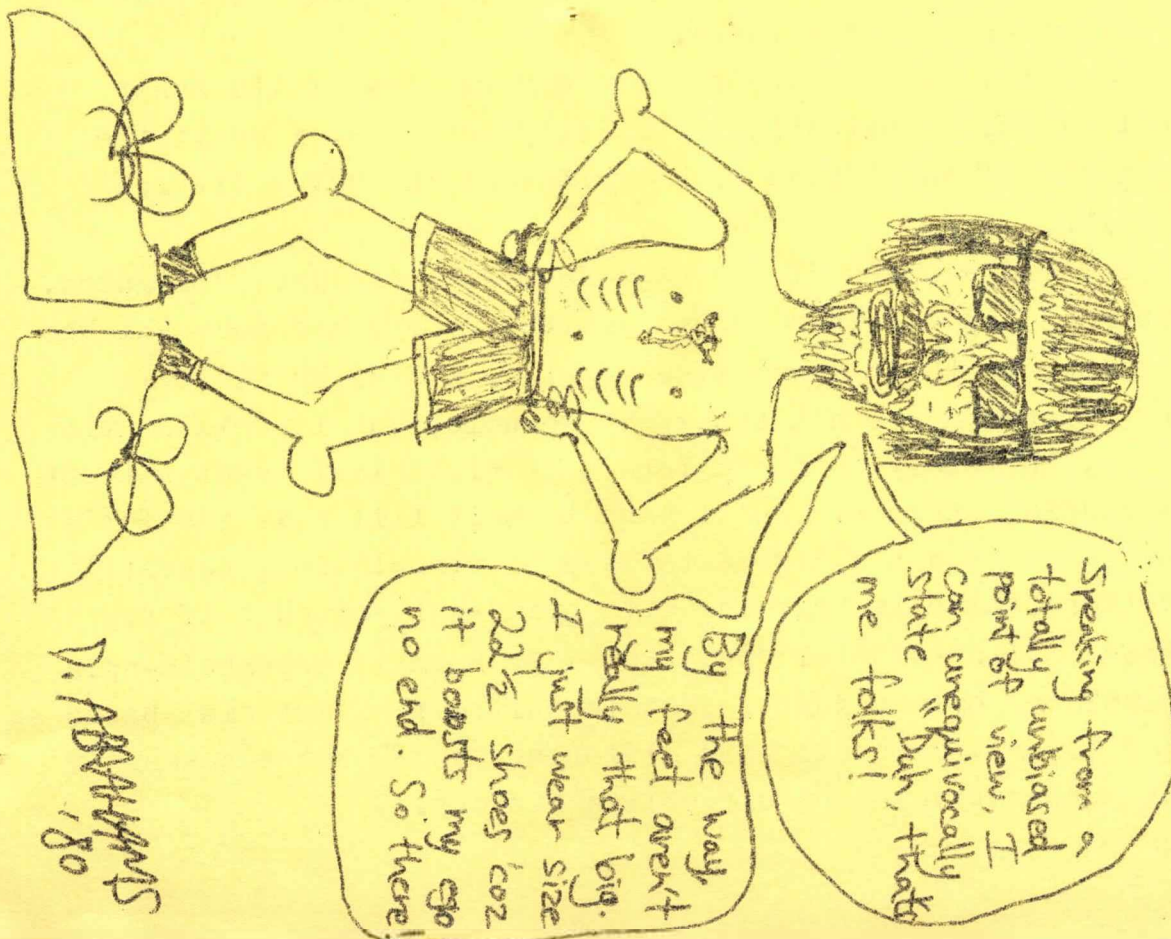
Travel arrangements for the convention will be handled by Spla Transmissions and convention-goers can expect to travel to R4 in the complete ease and comfort of Splat.

So, LET'S GO TO

# R4 in 834

A co-R4-op Advertisement

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D. ABRAHAMSONS  
'80

MAUDAR THE MAGE

(UNROBED!)



the mr warner editorial

since tsw2, certain things have been happening in rigelfourlian circles. i cannot recount all of these happenings of course without incurring physical violence upon my person but some of them are tame enough to be let loose on terrafen. for instance;

most remcorp employees and a few other interested parties have formed a worker's social and welfare club which enjoys the title, "the rigelfourlian co-operative" (or the co-r4-op) as its name suggests, all members are of equal rank, irrespective of their positions in the remcorp network. mr loney and i, are, by dint of our tenuous tenure to remcorp, honorary members of the co-r4-op and have been delegated as sole terran ambassadors. the group has rather random socio-political views (as one might guess) and has already expressed such to a few terrafen. we (i speak here representing the co-r4-op) promise to pass on pearls of our co-operative wisdom in the traditional loc form. beware ye self-righteous faneds!

the remspy division of rsd-1 informs rem central that the elf of quits, (recently appearing as martin matins on the live soundtrack recording of "Star-Trek meets Heidi and grows up") ((not available on remrecords)) after forming a disastrously named political party (e.l.f. - egalite, liberte, fraternite), has gone one worse by developing a perverse parody of rem, known as electronic freeform systems (you-guess it - e.l.f. systems). remember rem is the one and only random entertainment module - don't accept cheap substitutes.

however it is good to see the elf in some of its saner manifestations, contributing creatively to zines. i await the possibility of an elfzine with excitement and not a little trepidation.

as rabid readers of the Mage Saga will realise, "Brighton, and Further" ended rather abruptly with the eoq and Lucy Phi-Rho being natted on their respective noggins. my instructions in tsw1 were for readers not to expect sequels, but in this particular case, the story is incomplete as a historical event without its concluding chapter. you'll have to wait till next ish for it though. (this is not a device to keep up circulation, honest!) even better, this is brimming with prime-cut episodes of the Mage Saga, all personally dictated by mr horatio mescahale-spla and translated by mad jules. certain quittelfish material has been included to provide a slightly different though not necessarily correct perspective on rigelfourlian history.



my beef thish is that i have decided, that musically speaking, fen are much too complacent and subservient to the whims of the music industry. worse still, though a fan may blow a cupplabucks on buying a book by a writer (s)he's never heard of, (s)he is not keen at exploratory album buying where approx \$9 is the hazard. perhaps a little education/information is necessary here, so that fen may have an idea of what they might like to try in the way of new music. it's not easy to escape from the top40 trap. I believe i've managed and would like to offer a helping hand. in the works is a dissertation tentatively entitled "sf in music" which i hope will explain the relationship between sf and music and give examples for your own listening pleasure. no doubt many fen have strong ideas on what constitutes 'good music' and more specifically what is good 'sf music'. i'm going to try and be as unbiased as possible, but i invite anyone to air their views in tsw on these matters. i am especially interested in what you deem to be the 'best' sf music album produced and of course, why? you may totally disagree with my views, but being a gentleman, i'm going to let you do it first.

the eoq in one of his many guises has already sort of written something on this theme in 'ankh'. however 'the thirteen alternative universes of candy dee' is much too abstractedly voltairic for practical use.

there comes a time in every man's life when he has to answer his critics. hark! could this be a cue for;

#### REVIEWING THE REVIEWS...

Wow! The Space Wastrel received double the number of reviews since lastish. we got 4 this time. if you've read the zines in question you'll know what i'm talking about. if not - as the actress said to the bishop - 'stiff'

ANKH number 6 august 1980, seth lockwood

(19 coleby st balcatta 6021)

if you think we're infamous mr lockwood - well you ain't seen nuthin yet. we appreciate your appreciation of us but can't do much about your lack of understanding. it is taken for granted that our readers - being fen - can assimilate anything short of specialized relativities in a shake of a bio-bunny's tail. mr spla did not intend to annoy you, but if you like he can pull some strings and do the job properly. however if you continue to encourage tsw readership we shall be glad to return the favour. read ankh!

REVIEWING THE REVIEWS CONTINUEDBLATHERSTONE 1. may 1980 seth lockwood

in true rem fashion we now have seth's review of tsw1. in questioning our status as a fanzine perhaps you forget we only claim to be a remzine. not quite the same thing. as to our eponymity and concomitant space-wasting - naming a zine 'ankh' would suggest that its contents would have some relevance to ancient egyptian life. the closest you have got is with the dung-beetles (and precious fe of them). our space wasting is not quite as superficially obvious as some would like, it seems.

All the names mentioned in tsw have meanings. weird and wonderful they may be but the persons involved are quite proud of their appellations. i suppose it should be admitted that even we have a mite of trouble following the convolutions of REMCorp 's connections, but mr mescahale-spla assures us that a basic knowledge of rigelfourlian business matters is necessary for comprehension of some of the finer points of r4 history (or the Mage Saga). the humour should do more than just lurk beneath the surface; maybe you've been anaesthetized from reading too many e.s. zines. we're interested too.

GRYFFIN number 2 august 1980 michael schaper

(211 preston point rd bicton 6157)

obviously you do not enjoy being lost. actually sensory deprivation can be quite fun provided you don't worry too much about your future existence. drunkenness could be cited as one of the least remish examples. pardonnez moi, i digress. though reading tsw whilst in the grip of inebriants might be stimulatory and less confusing. otherwise your review is okay.

FORERUNNER volume 3 nos 2/3 august 1980 ssff c/o jack r herman

(1/67 fletcher st bondi 2026)

yes mr loney's editorial was interesting but what do you think? do you agree, violently disagree or ho-hum what's on the telly? in general perusing zine reviews (not just of tsw) we have noticed a lack of commitment in criticism. sure you don't want your reviews occupying the whole ish, but whe you make a comment how 'bout some qualification? depending on how you see it. there are no amateur talent problems with fanfic, as all fanfic is by definition



amateur. not many faneds are prepared to pay contributors. we know where we are going - in a rem sort of way, so you can follow us eventually. there's no need to beg your pardon for being a t'othersider. mr loney in hypothesizing a difference between wa and es zines, did not seek to engender any estrangement between wa and es fen. if anything we would like to see some unification of purpose. 'not sure' seems to paraphrase most reviews we have copped so far. tsw is like a change in diet, it takes getting used to but is just as nutritious.

THE WHOLE FANZINE CATALOG numbers 14/15 brian earl brown

(16711 burt rd no 207 detroit michigan usa 48219)

odd we may be, space wasting we are, but the made-upness of rigel 4 is highly debatable. matters concerning the creation (remember genesis?) of r4 will be explained in a future (terran future that is) fragment(s) of the Mage Saga. didn't say much didja?

the number of zines we have received is 'tantalizing' that is they have aroused an insatiable thirst. some eds have promised copies when they get around to publishing next ish but it's not enough. what about all those other slack bastards from whom we have heard zero? tsw's circulation should be approx 250 thish. we can't expect 250 zines/locs/contributions in the next mail. something may trickle through though.

nextish expect (but will you get?) a swankonreport. do not expect a conventional ceonvention report. mr loney can be a pretty humdrum person when it comes to writing but i've got other ideas. (wait till nextish for sensational news of violent warner/loney split)(how much more incentive do you want?) in the words of many rich persons desirous of becoming richer - 'consume.'

\*\*\*\*\*

Th

is

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Mr Warner

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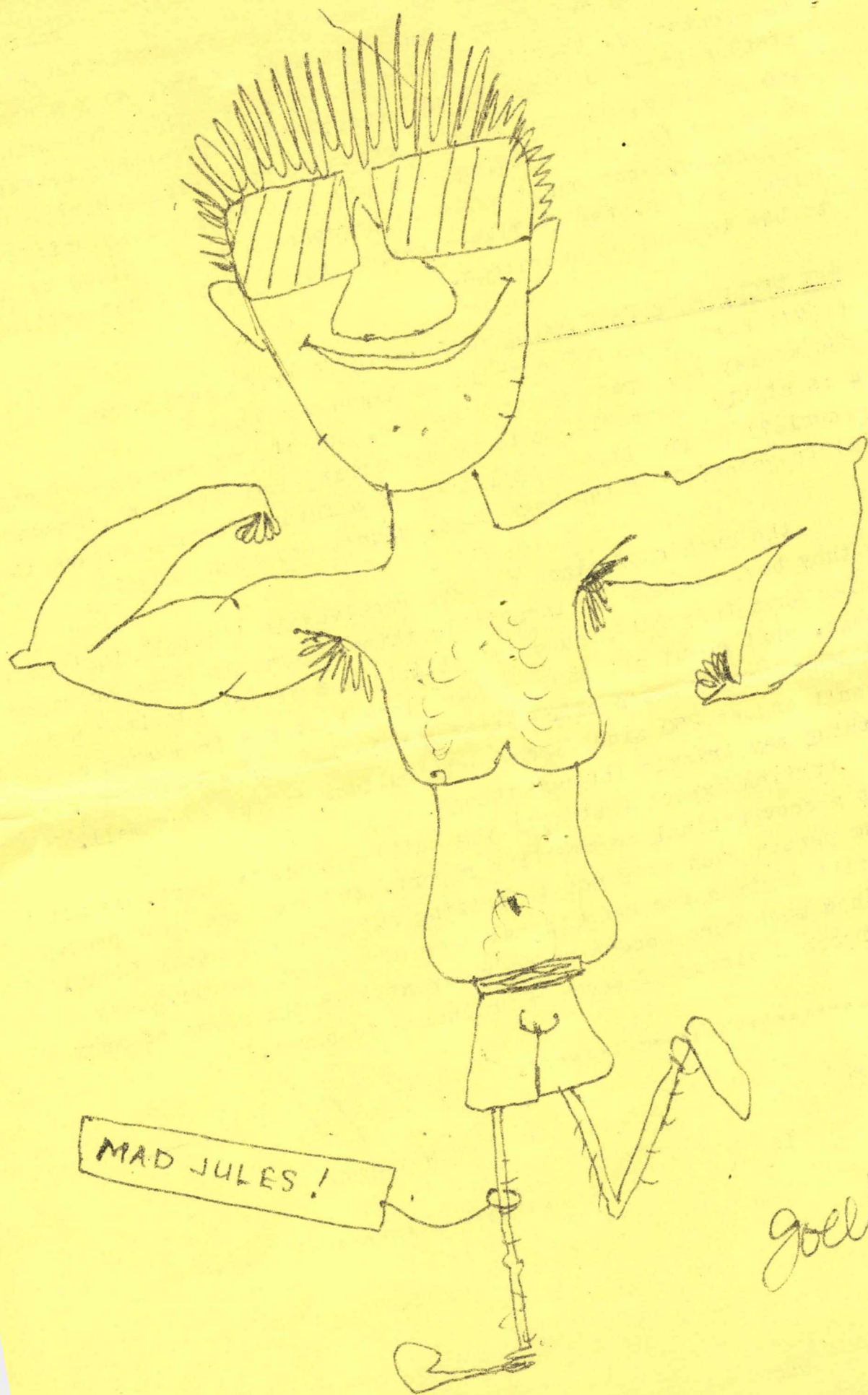
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intentionally.....so there!



goelby



ME AND A RING; MEANDERING

"I think he's becoming segmented" ventured Elsa Kazmo, bravely.

"Eh ?" quoth the Mage, disturbed from his meditations.

"Mad Jules - I think he's becoming segmented."

"Nonsense. Impossible for his class of humanoid."

Elsa hastily explained, "No, I mean in terms of time. Instead of being a four-dimensional sausage like everyone else, he manages not to exist for certain intervals."

"Like a number line - or sausage - full of holes" the Mage added.

"Yes, it looks like the little bastard's saving up the unlied intervals for Post-Armageddon existence."

"I know one disappointed face we're going to see. I've already concocted a Post-A potion. It'll be on sale in SPLA stores by next week." A smug smile crept about the Mage's lips.

\*  
ZAP\*\*! \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
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"Disappointed- no !" Mad Jules splatted into view, brushing ZAP dust from his hair.

"Speak of the devil" Elsa was good at irony.

"Where ?" demanded Jules, looking around frantically.

"Being followed are you ?" The smug Mage-smile widened.

Jules frowned and pointed to his singed eyebrows.

"That cuts out the old segmentation theory," remarked Elsa. "How is the Beast these days anyway ?"

Just then the Mage noticed a danger sign - Mad Jules eyes were glazing over and reddening.

"Listen" said the Mage quietly, assessing the situation.

Jules stood rigid and spoke.....

Six hundred, three score and six is the number of the Beast

Baste thoroughly for an hour until golden brown

Brown; James, black singer

Snigger is an annoying word in my dreams complained Neil to his psychiatrist

"Never mind" consoled the Mage "I'll take him to REM central tomorrow

[illegible]

"The Royal Cartoonist seems to be cross-hatching a plot" observed Rhonda, as she pressed the button for 'table-set'.  
"This does seem to be most evidently so" agreed the Mage, sipping reflectively on his wine. Around them, the restaurateurs and the restorationists jostled, lobbying for waitress service and attempting to obstruct the demolition company.  
Lo ! It was true:



## BRICKDUST IN THE BRIE; A SINISTER FROMAGE (Apres-Plot)

Miss Choke scooped out metered portions of gaily tartaned Hoose mousse and deposited them in the Mage's eating-poke. "Mr Mescahale-Spla not here for the event?" she inquired.

"No." A falling brick neatly punctuated his words, "Being entertained by Elsa Kazmo at the office, and Mad Jules is there too - with a few friends. Some sort of re-constitution party."

"Don't think much of the plot. It's been cross-hatched okay but it's somewhat lacking in action, colour, strangeness, charm, futuristic verbalese..." Rhonda T. Choke was annoyed in the extreme. She and the Mage were not aparty to REMCorp's latest venture. Was it her female intuition that sensed an impasse of a kind only native to their precise andiluvian environment?"

"Couldn't agrrrree more" grrrrred the Mage.

"Same time next week?" There was always hope next week.

"Scottish again?"

"No Rigellian I think. Home-cooking always goes down better." Rhonda T. Choke unwittingly gave away her intentions through her unfortunate turn of phrase.

No more than smile could the Mage. Bereft of anger, save the time-lust, it was blood in his veins; credit in the safe-zone. A week is a universe of play. He'd soon swing Mr Spla around in that time.

"Lost again?" The roof fell in, crushing desires and bituminous pates de foie.

"Damn!"

~~~~~

STIRRING WORDS FROM THE BOSS

I'm overjoyed to see that after being made honorary members of the rigelfourlian co-operative, Mr Loney and Mr Warner have been instilled with new revitalized REMpatriotism. In a hitherto unparalleled show of generosity they have agreed to fly the REM banner at Swanson 5 and act as my representatives for the duration of the proceedings. They will be tendering a full report when they next splat to Rigel IV. If the behaviour of those attending is as unimpeachable as that of my two boys, the event should be most successful.

REMCon 1 (1980 - 198?) is already in progress and will continue at random intervals at the discretion of its organisers.

Attendees are welcome, but the venue is liable to change without notice so write for further details c/o Mr Warner. The big event is REMCon 4 to be held on Rigel IV in 1984 (thereby avoiding the cataclysms of that fateful year on Terra. Oh memories!) It could be advantageous healthwise for you to attend.

Congratulations and thanks go to my personal secretary Elsa Kazmo for her lucid letter to Rock Australia Magazine, advertizing in REM fashion, the Space Wastrel. It has been intimated to me that another REMzine may be unleashed upon the Terran population.

Await with random anticipation. Yours,

*H. M. SPLA* (Mr Horatio Mescahale-Spla)

And now, what you've been waiting for....

### THE INDEX

Just an explanatory note, as befits a zine based on the philosophy of the random entertainment module, THE SPACE WASTREL has chosen for its pages, rns, the random numbering system.

|                                               |                                             |
|-----------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| rns:-not specified-                           | cover page and mailing label                |
| rns:19                                        | publication info and oaths of support       |
| rns:43,16,97                                  | editorialo de loney                         |
| rns:97,07                                     | The Elf and the Suns of a Gun Part III      |
| rns:07,34                                     | My love is like a pentagram of bullets      |
| rns:34                                        | advertisment; R4 in 84                      |
| rns:34                                        | illustration number one!                    |
| rns:21,00,29,95                               | editorialo de warner                        |
| rns:62                                        | illustration number two!                    |
| rns:12,03                                     | Me and a Ring: Meandering                   |
| rns:03,99(approx)                             | Brickdust in the Brie; A Sinister Fromage   |
| rns:99(approx)                                | H.m-spla speaks (again)                     |
| rns:60                                        | dunno; this one's lost in the filing system |
| rns:65                                        | pome page                                   |
| rns:88                                        | back page                                   |
| rns:50,02,83,66,7,49,16,91,36,-not specified- | addendum                                    |

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### TRIP NOTES

In 1981, providing the great god of finance smiles upon me, I hope to make a trip to the United States of America lasting about three months. Currently I plan to go from early June to early September, leaving after Denvention Two.

Many things are as yet undecided about the trip, I don't whether I'll be travelling alone or with a friend (fannish or otherwise), whether I'll buy a car or use public transport...

My general aim at the moment is to see as much of the U.S. countryside as possible, attend as many regional and local cons as possible, (allright, my general aims are...), visit interesting places such as Cape Kennedy/Canaveral, California, Harrisburg (very close to Gettysburg, did you know?), Washington, the Mount St Helens area & etc.

To be able to plan my trip to get the maximum out of it I'd like to know lots of things, like the time, date, place of every convention to be <sup>held</sup> in the U.S. (and Canada, I'd like to visit there too...) during the period June to September next year. Hints on the best way to travel would be appreciated too, matters like the availability of cheap accomadation, how not to get arrested and so on.

Hoping to hear from you...

Mr Loney



Bright twinkling stars  
 in the sky  
 flutter and die:  
 dead butterflies  
 pinned screaming to the night.  
 My love hides inside of me  
 and I leer in the hollow  
 deathdealing afternoon.  
 Lethargy laden notes  
 drip through the leaded window,  
 to shimmer awhile  
 in the darkly fading light.  
 Will Rogers doesn't ride anymore  
 and Trigger kicks at the dust.  
 Felix the Cat has jumped  
 back inside his bag of tricks.  
 All the heroes died yesterday  
 in gutters and basements.  
 Technology offers its highpriced  
 substitute, grinning insanely.  
 "Take me, Make me, Rape me,"  
 offers the subliminal microchip whore.  
 "All the stars fall sometime,"  
 said the dumb man to the sum of man.  
 "But so soon, oh so soon?"  
 said the head man to the dead man.  
 The lunatics are holding a march today,  
 why not come and join in,  
 and hide awhile?  
 Stan doesn't faw down anymore  
 And Oliver is a real blue boy.  
 Popeye's sick of spinach now  
 And Olive Oyl is old and fat.  
 All the heroes died yesterday  
 in gutters and basements.  
 And Will Rogers doesn't ride anymore.

c e.l.f. systems/Martin Matins/& etc

Hereunder lieth the lyric to a favourite  
 Quittelfish jingle:  
 BLASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

I am the abyss of the universe  
 The wind of beans is blowing from me  
 It all smells quite relative to me  
 It's all a blast from my behind  
 In a gas that I've designed  
 I'm charged with thermal energy  
 Has the world gone bad or is it me?  
 I am the defaecator of this universe  
 And all that's shit is meant to be  
 So that we might chunder free  
 It's foolishness to sweat and fuss  
 And validity's a load of pus  
 Sense has vanished from my mind  
 Don't think I'm leading  
 Cos I'm blind.

-c Elsa Kazmo (thanx to the Hordes  
 of the Lawk for help)

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) There is no reason number five \_\_\_\_\_

Overseas: This issue was posted; surface mail ☒ \_\_\_\_\_  
air mail \_\_\_\_\_

because...

THIS YOUR LAST ISSUE UNLESS..... \_\_\_\_\_

\*\*\*\*\*

The Space Wastrel Volume One Number Four has a tentative publication date of December 1980. Please attempt to have all contributions in the mail by November 30th, 1980.

\*\*\*\*\*

### THE SEX QUITTENS

Protect yourself, the Quittens near  
emerging from the cupboard  
in a contraceptive parody  
their penetrators rubbered  
anarchic clones of random wrongs  
that choke like emphysema  
the unphase of the REMCorp state  
pure elfish anathema  
transmogrified from REM mistakes  
they lie with plastic candour  
pleasure formed for the Elf of Quits  
to whose base tastes they pander  
unnatural in a vacant clique  
transcending evil vogue  
computer generated toys  
for a narcissistic rogue





Without further ado, we begin;

423 Summit Avenue ...  
Hagerstown. Maryland  
21740, U.S.A.  
February 15, 1980

M.O. Loney  
St Columba College  
Stirling Highway  
Nedlands. 6009, Australia

Dear M.O.:

You didn't specify in the first issue of The Space Wastrel where the locs should be directed. Faced by this overabundance of opportunity, in the form of two possible recipients and a pair of addresses for one of you, I found my problem partially solved. It wouldn't be at all good for my creeping solipsism to write a loc to a Mr Warner. I have a reputation for not travelling much in connection with fandom, so it probably isn't me serving on your staff. But I don't want to do anything that might develop into an embarrassing confrontation with myself.

The situation is complicated by the fact that you describe Mr Warner as a journalist at one point, a trade which has been taking up whatever time I can spare from fandom for many years. I can't claim to work as a radio announcer although I used to have a daily news broadcast over a Hagerstown station. Fortunately, I can't remember having lived-in either Newman or Armadale and for that matter I haven't moved to or from Hagerstown since I was too young to remember it. So maybe I'm not imagining all these other fans after all; I'd hate to have the awful truth revealed at this late date through such a distant blunder by one of my alter egos.

I enjoyed your first issue, I think, although it is sort of bewildering. As a result of many previous experiences, I've resorted to the habit of assuming that anything I don't understand in a fanzine is an in-group joke whose real significance is known only to the publishers. This is much better than admitting to myself how often I'm too stupid to see clearly what should be obvious to anyone.

My only real complaint involves the terminals that you are apparently using for some reason or another. The past nine weeks have seen computer terminals enter my life, with somewhat unhappy consequences for both the terminals and me. The newspapers for which I work have abandoned typewriter and paper in favor of terminal and electrons. The result has been almost daily crises for both the machinery and the humans, but all the computer experts have assured us that it won't happen nearly as often after a shake-down period lasting about twenty five years. Meanwhile, I'm getting headaches from too much light glaring on the screen and the terminals are overheating from attempts to obey my impossible commands and I've begun to wonder if the best system would consist of having lots of pieces of type in trays seperated into compartments for each character which we could put into metal frames, thus creating a really modern method of publishing that would bypass all these complications.

I wish you luck on your projected trip to the United States. You're the first person I've encountered who seems to believe there will still be a United States to visit by the last half of 1981.



And I appreciate your sending my copy airmail. You could save considerable on postage if you didn't doublespace the typing, you know, even if your publishing supplies are subsidized or something.

Yrs., &c.,

Harry Warner, Jr.

When I asked Mr Warner if he had any alter egos residing in the United States, particularly in Maryland, all he did was look at me and mumble something to the effect of, "There are some things warners should not know..."

I wouldn't worry that much though, you're letter writing style isn't really that similar to Mr Warners...

The comment about in-jokes is pretty fair, although we tried to disguise all such as part of the zine you could pass over without really noticing, we no doubt missed a few. Realise of course that the more you read, the more you'll understand.

REMTerminals are, of course, far superior to anything currently available and have totally eliminated the problems you say you are encountering. Visit your nearest Spla Store and enquire in the entertainment section, I'm sure they'll be able to help you.

Next up, the first of two missives from the pen of Richard J. Faulder...

19800305

Yanco Agricultural Research Centre  
Yanco  
N.S.W. 2703

Dear Messrs. Loney and Warner,

Received The Space Wastrel 1(1) yesterday. Found it interesting, and yes, even enjoyable, to read. A very fannish piece of publishing.

However, it was so fannish and chaotic that it actually gave me very little to comment on. I was intrigued by your claim that the REM would make Dr Who anonymous by comparison. It strikes me that the REM probably employs a similar principle as the randomiser that guides the TARDIS.

A good summary of the value of sf/fantasy, with its dual value.

One last thing. You do claim to be attempting to waste space. While not lessening your pursuit of this noble aim, I would humbly suggest that you would waste less paper (which has all sorts of desirable side-effects) if you switched over to 1 1/2 or even single spacing, which would have the additional advantage of increasing the readability of your zine.

Sorry I haven't been able to say more, but anyhow\* the best of fannish luck

Yorz

R.J.Faulder

46 Holmesdale Rd,  
West Midland 6056

Dear Um Er Um Er Messrs Loney & Warner,

What can I say (accented with a strong upper Poldesian tongue) except HUH? I'm lost I guess. Strangely enough, weird snippets of B grade lost world movies are recalled to mind after reading your zine. In fact I remember one movie called robot monster that had 15 minutes of mad dinosaur battles for no reason at all except variety. I still haven't gurefiged out the (hello wait, a typo without typesetters) purpose of said zine

Below is a snippet from a local paper although I can't get the clipping itself I can retype it:

but who cares, keep it ~~xxx~~ up. Gee, I've seen Journey to the centre of the Earth for the 8th time and every time this sequence looks even more silly; remember the section where the lizards with sails on their back chase the explorers?

Below is a snippet from a local paper although I can't get the clipping itself I can retype it:

Hopkins, a learner was yesterday fined \$10 for driving without car and attention. He pleaded guilty by letter.

MEAT SHORTAGE: MP'S  
ATTACK MINISTER

Heard the one about the two Queenslanders that were driving across the Nullabour; a sign up ahead said CLEAN TOILETS AHEAD. So they did, they cleaned '20.

BALLOON RACE - 4 DROP OUT

NO WATER -  
SO FIREMEN IMPROVISED

A DIRTY JOKE(Don't read if you are easily offended or read notices such as this)

One day a local road patrol man stopped a speeder. Getting out beside the car he was about to write a ticket and asked the man his name. "Wolfgang Wankbrake" the driver said. "Don't give me that, what's your name? Where do you work?" "Wolfgang Wankbrake," replied the driver, "and I work at Balls, Balls & Balls Engineering Co." The policeman didn't believe him and decided to run him in. So he took the driver to the East Perth lock up and went in to report. "You won't believe what happened," he said to the receiving Sargeant on duty, "I pulled this guy over to the corner for speeding and he claims his name is Wolfgang Wankbrake and he works at Balls, Balls & Balls Engineering Co." "Not Wolfgang Wankbrake?!" replied the Sargeant in astonishment. "You...know this guy?" asked the Patrolman, "Look, we'd better check this out!" "Yeah," replied the Sargeant, "I know, I'll look in the Telephone directory & see if there is such a place as Balls, Balls & Balls Engineering Co." He did and there was so he phoned through to the company. "Is this Balls, Balls & Balls Engineering Co.?" asked the Sargeant. "Yes," replied a voice from the other end. The Sargeant thought for a moment and then said: "Is there a Wankbrake down there?" "Fair go," replied the voice, "we don't even have a tea break!"

With that I'd better finish this letter,

Larry Dunning.

If the patrolman really wanted to know if Mr Wankbrake worked at Balls, Balls & Balls Engineering, he should have asked what the definition of a woman is... All engineers know that one.

And now from Seth Lockwood, who spared a few minutes from the production of Ankh, currently WA's must prolific zine, we present;

21-04-80

Mr Warner,

As one of the random lucky recipients of the first issue of The Space Wastrel I can only say I look forward to the second issue; and hope that all goes well in its progression towards reality and materialism.

And in the meantime I am sending you the first two issues of my wafflezine Ankh. I had meant to send them earlier but due to a dire malady called lack of time and overwork I had not. Hopefully

the matter is now rectified, indeed issue three will be available at the end of next week.

I hope you enjoy the zine; please, if you don't, tell me so, and if you do, tell me so (leaves you little choice, eh?).  
For the meantime, au revoir,

Seth Lockwood  
19 Coleby Street  
Balcatta. 6021  
Australia

Here, from the paws of Big Dunny (alias Damian Brennan) is a loc, written at the Good Company just before I went to Geraldton to put out issue number two, (and you all thought he was intelligent!).

"South Warren"  
21 Gold Street  
South Fremantle  
WA 6162

Dear Mark,

Oh, well, as you are going to press on Monday, I just thought I'd send you this instant loc - just add, um, something or other. Oh, this doesn't seem to be taking off very quickly.

I read your zine from cover to cover and I thought it wasn't bad for a first zine. Very fannish, which is to say difficult to understand - I mean your glossary didn't really help much. Why is everyone so silly these days.

Damian

Adding insult to injury, Big Dunny managed to forget to send to Mr Warner and I copies of Bionic Rabbit 5. He assures us it was an accident, but I'm not so sure...

Then in May came a seminal event, issue number two, numero duo and etc, we lead off with the rather irate (it appears);

Bob Smith  
Box 1019, GPO  
Sydney. NSW 2001

The Editors  
THE SPACE WASTREL

Dear Editor(s),

I had almost convinced myself that your fanzine was a trifle too loony to respond to (I mean, after all, I do have friends in WA and they behave normally, so I guess it is not the climate that causes your particular...ah...peculiarity), but in Number 2 you have a few words to say on the subject of fanzines, within the world of which I was many moons ago quite thoroughly immersed. (Now there's a sentence for you...)

Suitable Content for Fanzines...Oh dear me, haven't all you young, smart (I presume) faaans solved that problem yet? The Fanzine For All Seasons hasn't been adequately invented yet, but in my opinion the longest lasting have been those that provided plenty of fannish contact (and I am taking a more international view here). Really good fiction only seemed to appear when the fanzine became a specialised one, as with the earlier Tolkien (the 1960's) and the later Star Trek (1970's), although I realise I am being guilty of extreme generalization. I would not agree



that fanzine editors are or were "desperate for anything" and I have never believed that fanzines were the place for "budding writers" unless their interests in matters related to science fiction fanzines was genuine. Or, I should add, their interest in things fannish. The trufanzine was and should be a unique publication; it is not the sf/fannish equivalent of what was called by various names, but all meaning small, limited circulation, literary magazines that often helped a budding writer On His Way Up.

I have recieved fanzines in years long gone that were nothing but one long convention report, but they were truly fanzines because those conreps were works of art and had us enjoying every moment of said convention. I have recieved others that were thinly disguised lettercolumns between two suitably fannish covers, but what communication! what rapport! in those letters!! (As an aside it appears to me that you don't have any trufan "characters" in Aussie Fandom anymore, which is a great pity)

You see, Mr Loney (and I'm not sure I believe that name; its also uncomfortably close to the dreaded name of "Laney"...), its because you call yourself a "writer" that I feel you are unaware of the more subtle and finer distinctions of the trufan. This is just one of those intuitive thots I have when gazing numbly at THE SPACE WASTREL, rather like a sharp pain in the region of the wallet. "Fen" are not necessarily "writers" and vice versa, and you seem to like happily mixing 'em together. Naughty, Mr Loney. "Fandom in WA" shouldn't stay that way: it should become part of Fandom, which is not the same thing as getting to know your ES counterparts, or that strange mob down in the South, or even a fan with a funny name in another country.

Why in the name of Roscoe, Ghu and Fu do you want WA Fandom to be "organised"?? (I'd like to see you "organise" dear old Roger Dard...) Attending a club meeting doesn't solve your problems, and what would you do if two fans started a club in Port Hedland? Do not make the mistake of wacking labels on fanzines, Mr Loney. Or, for that matter, on factions of fandom (now that has a nice ring to it), North, South, East, or fer cripsake West. Have you any idea of the unlikely places and countries some proud and lonely fen/fan live in, and what a few pages of indifferent duplicated dedicated fanzine can do for/to them??

Ah...BEEFING AND BOWDLERISING is the other one awaffling, right? Well, you don't appear to have "borrowed and revamped" from any of the more talented humorists, and in any case anybody who considers themselves an "elite pair" should be put smartly in their fannish place. You see, quite often dead silence from the other end of the subscription/mailling list is the equivalent of: "You have to be joking??".

I'm sorry, but I just couldn't get enthusiastic over your attempts at humour, and can only agree with the more confused of the comments listed. I can't wait to hear what the kindly but murderous Foyster will have to say on the subject of you two...

REGARDS,

Bob Smith  
June 16th, 1980

To begin at the beginning; (of the next page, mainly)

My editorial, ONE MORE FOOT INTO THE FRAY, was, amongst other things, an attempt to point out that if fanzines restricted themselves to a general policy of publishing no fiction, it could only be to their disadvantage. I enjoy reading letter columns, con reports and general waffle as much as anyone, but if that was all I read I would get pretty bored with it all.

I have to agree about the "small, limited circulation, literary magazines," the best place for a writer to develop is professional magazines or the normal publishers market. THE SPACE WASTREL is not intended to be a zine of this nature.

I must plead ignorance as to the mystic significance of the name "Laney," I assure you that I am really Mr Loney. (Whilst on the subject of names, who (or what) is Roscoe, Ghu and Fu?)

As far as I am concerned, when I put pen to paper, I write. When anyone puts pen to paper, they write and hence are writers! Fen are not necessarily writers... but those that put out fanzines definitely make the grade.

I think if you read my editorial again, my whole point was how WA fandom will become part of fandom. It's just a little bit more difficult for us because we're so far away from everyone else.

I made no value judgement about the merits or demerits of fandom "organizing," fandom in WA can only be said to be organized in the same amorphous, loosely bound manner that most of fandom exhibits.

Mr Warner is a little upset at the way you took his phrase "elite pair" out of context. Prepare for a visit from Thumpem, Wallopem & Grabbit, some unemployed debt collectors he has acquaintance with.

Returning again, Richard Faulder adds his comment;

19800622

Yanco Agricultural Research Centre  
Yanco  
N.S.W. 2703

Dear Mssrs. Loney and Warner,

Both Ian Nicholls and Leigh Edmonds obviously have elements of truth in their arguments. Fanzines obviously have an important function in a country as vast and empty as Australia in holding the fannish community together. Given the small size of the fannish community in this country, there would simply not be enough news for every fanzine to be a newszine. (Which may at least partially explain the apparent demise of CHUNDER and THE WASFFAN.) On the other hand, fanzines can obviously perform a valuable role in honing the writing skills of budding fictioneers (or convincing that they can't write decent fiction to save their lives).

However, I was more intrigued by your argument that there are distinctly westralian and ES fanzines. As a general statement I cannot support it. While it is certainly true that the zines put out by the ES BNFs (WA couldn't really be said to have any BNFs yet, and if they're lucky, they never will) are of the newszine/personalzine type, at this point in time, anyway, this is by no means true of all ES zines. You seem to have forgotten the club-zines put out by the tertiary sf clubs, which are almost all serconzines. In general, any zine, or at least the type of zines put out in a given fannish community will tend to undergo a certain line of development. The first stage is usually sercon, then personalzines begin to appear, and finally newszines arise in order to fill a growing need.

Now that you have drawn the possibility to my attention, I would say that I am interested to note that the two most unique



zines currently in production in Australia (to wit, BIONIC RABBIT and your own production) are both from WA. In a sense these two are more fannish than any others current in the country. They have a special air of anarchy, of joyful insanity that is very refreshing. Fiction, in the sense of serious fiction, as published in the clubzines, or even the special humorous type associated with, say, Leigh Edmonds or Marc Ortlieb, is not what is published in these two WA zines. How to describe it, I don't know.

I notice you do make a nodding acknowledgement to Moorcock. This time around the antecedents are much stronger than Lastish. Reading your, well, fiction, I am strongly reminded of Moorcock's THE END OF ALL SONGS, except that your material is less structured, but at the same time more cheerful to read.

This time around, then, I note an improvement in THE SPACE WASTREL. The zine as a whole has gained more structure. There has been an expansion of the variety of material in the zine. Most importantly, we are now beginning to catch some glimpses of the motivations and personalities of the editors (and, I presume, main writers).

Hoping to see you at Swancon

Fannishly yours

Richard J. Faulder

Shortage of space means we must go straight to;

8 Melanto Ave  
Camden Park  
S.A. 5038  
24/6/80

Dear Messrs Loney and Warner,

Just a brief letter to tell you that SPACE WASTREL 2 got here. I think number one did as well, but I was in the middle of a bout of what the shits at the time, probably connected with that notable disaster area A-Con 8.

As I have commented on several occasions, I don't understand W.A. fanzines. I wasn't able to work out why until reading Mr Loney's editorial. You might be right at that. It explains why Uni fanzines concentrate on fiction, because they don't really need to communicate with members who see each other in the refec every day. However, it does lead to one problem which is most evident in SW, that is the material gets very esoteric. Now, I know this is a criticism that can be levelled at fannish fanzines, the like of which I enjoy, but at least there is a common body of background which the reader can draw on, whereas the material in SW, especially the REM stuff is so specialised, that I doubt anyone outside your own circle can really understand it, unless they are willing to go into hours of research, and careful re-reading. I'm afraid I'm not really willing to do that for a fanzine. Hell, I go through enough of that trying to understand William Blake's poetry. That's the thing about private mythologies - you've got to be certain that they are worth delving through. I'm not saying that yours isn't, but I'm not sure that it is, so I tend to skip the REM bits. That only leaves the editorial stuff and reviews. Now reviews I'm not partial to, despite occasionally foisting them off onto other people, so I'm really left with the editorial, which, as I said I enjoyed.

I do feel though that you are missing the point of fanzines a little. I, for instance have never been to a U.S. con, but I still enjoy reading fanzines from the U.S. which consist of who did what to whom and with what. I've developed quite close



friendships through the mail with U.S. fan whom I'll probably never meet... That's why frivolous fanzines are fun. That's why I edit Q36. (Of which I will send copies just as soon as I run the stencils off.)

But as you say, one's own fanzines are one's own business, and I would like to keep receiving SW, which explains this LoC.

Yours sciencefictionally,

Marc Ortlieb

Q36 has since arrived, and very enjoyable it was too... Next we have a lady who also promises a zine, the renowned

Jean Weber  
13 Myall Street  
O'Connor  
ACT 2601  
13 July 1980

Dear "Mr Warner",

(Don't you have a first name, that sounds much too formal.)

Thanks for sending THE SPACE WASTREL; Number Two is an improvement on Number One and one looks forward to even more improvement in future issues. As for trade, both you and "Mr Loney" are on my free list for the AUSSIECON FIFTH ANNIVERSARY MEMORIAL FANZINE which will be available at SWANCON in August. I have plans to publish a quarterly zine in 1981, starting with a trip report on my visit to America this October.

I quite agree that fiction has a place in fanzines. Unfortunately most of the fan fiction I've seen is really awful (there are some enjoyable exceptions). Leigh Edmonds' ornithopter stuff could hardly be considered non-fiction, so perhaps his view got muddled in translation, or else Leigh is a bloody hypocrite. Newszines, personalzines, fictionalzines, wafflezines -- all have a place, it seems to me. How boring if fanzines were all of one sort!

I must say I got lost on the first page of Brighton, and Further, and never did find myself again...

Cheers,

Jean

Thank you to all those that wrote, your comments were appreciated here at the editorial offices of THE SPACE WASTREL.

To give credit where credit is due...

WAHF: Marilyn Pride (actually would like to have been able to reproduce Marilyn's letter here, if only for the dragon sketch.)

Greg Hills  
Diane and John Fox  
Alexander Young  
Eric B Lindsay  
Bruce Gillespie  
The Phantom Zine  
Roy Ferguson  
Minotaur Imports  
Harry Andruschak

Michael Schaper  
Neville Angove  
SSFF via Forerunner  
Jack R Herman  
Ron & Sue Clarke  
Ken Ozanne  
A in '83  
SwanCon V  
Brian Earl Brown

Just to show that we're not really original after all, we finish ADDENDUM with a letter from...(I mean if Big Dunny can do it...)



## National Library of Australia

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date 18 March 1980  
contact:

Canberra ACT 2600 Telephone 621111  
Telegraphic Code Address Natlib Aust Canberra  
Telex Code No. 62100

The Space Wastrel,  
C/- Flat 9, Cara Maria  
Shenton Street  
GERALDTON W.A. 6530

Dear Sir

The National Library gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following:

Space Wastrel Vol: 1, no. 1 (Feb. 1980)

We wish to receive one copy of each subsequent issue of this publication as it becomes available, free of charge, in accordance with Section 201 of the Copyright Act. Our address for your mailing list is as follows:

Preliminary Processing  
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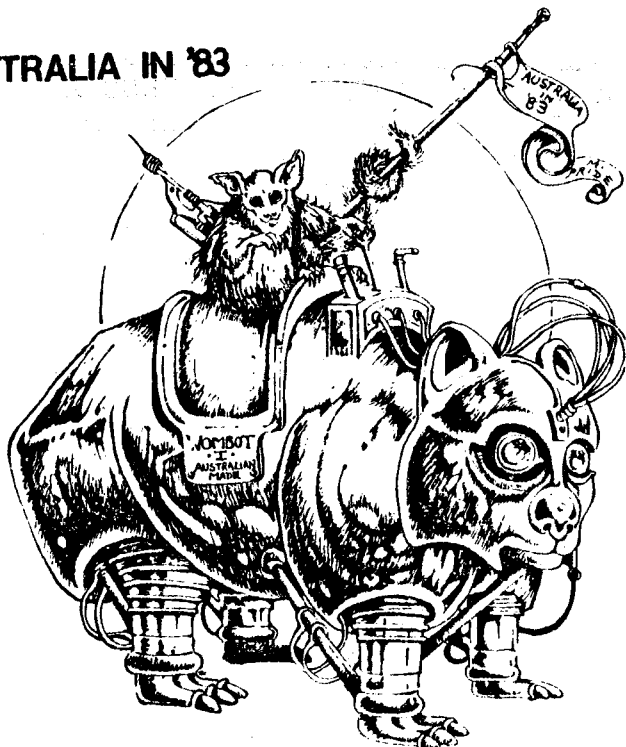
Please accept our thanks for your assistance.

Yours faithfully

*Roxanne M. Missingham*

Roxanne M. Missingham *per BT*  
Senior Selection Librarian (Australian)  
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## AUSTRALIA IN '83



DID YOU KNOW YOU COULD VOTE ON THE  
HUGO AWARDS?

Australia is bidding for the 1983 WORLDCON. A Worldcon is the World Science Fiction Convention held annually and its site is chosen by the members of the Worldcon two years previously. Therefore members of the 1981 Worldcon to be held in Denver will choose the site for the 1983 Worldcon. Australian agent for Denver is Carey Handfield, P.O Box 91, Carlton, Victoria 3053.

At the Worldcon, the HUGOS are voted for by the members of that convention. Other events of interest at a Worldcon are: films (including premieres) talks, panels & discussions, booksignings by science fiction authors, a masquerade, presentation of the HUGO AWARDS and the chance to meet other people interested in science fiction, including the authors.



Australia previously held the Worldcon in 1975, where URSULA K. LeGUIN was guest of honour and authors BOVA, DORMAN, TUCKER, CHALKER, SILVERBERG and FOSTER attended. Recently Australian conventions have brought or will bring such authors as HERBERT, HALDEMAN, CARR, ALDISS, ZELAZNY, McCAFFREY, DICKSON and ROTSLER.

As organising a bid is a large and expensive undertaking we need your help. If you wish to know more about the bid then subscribe to the "AUSTRALIA IN '83 BULLETIN" (see below for details). Donations of any amount are gratefully accepted and if over one dollar entitles you to become a "Friend of A in '83". If you wish to donate money for a specific item or purpose (eg: advertising in the 1980 or 1981 Worldcon program book) then write to the committee to find out how.

If you have any questions or suggestions about the bid then write to the address below or drop it in the boxes provided at Space Age (Melbourne) or Galaxy (Sydney).

-----  
AUSTRALIA IN '83 COMMITTEE  
PO BOX A491 SYDNEY SOUTH 2000

(PLEASE TICK APPROPRIATE BOX)

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