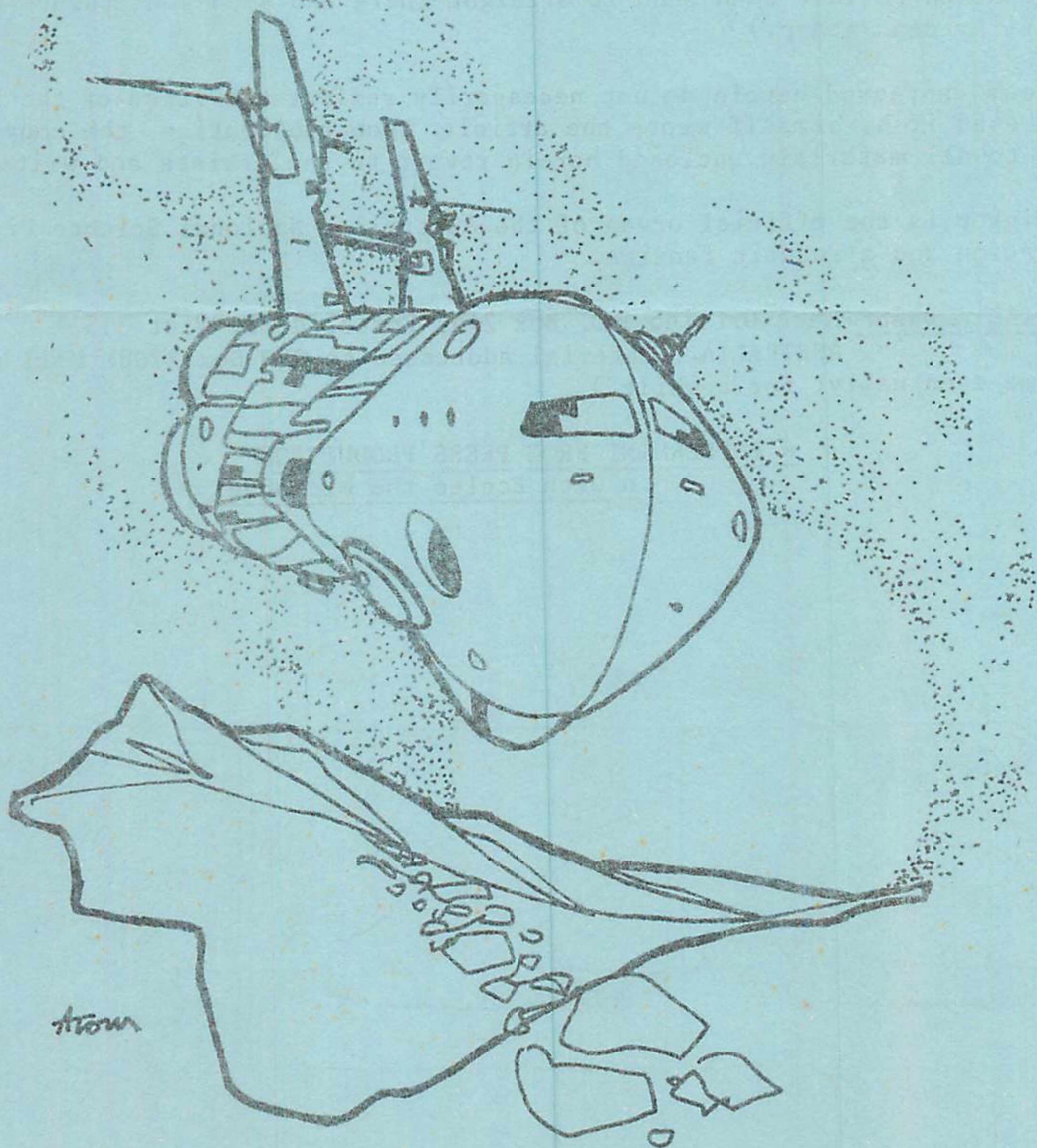


# tigger



NUMBER TWENTY

JUNE 1986

Registered by Australia Post - Publication No VBH6727

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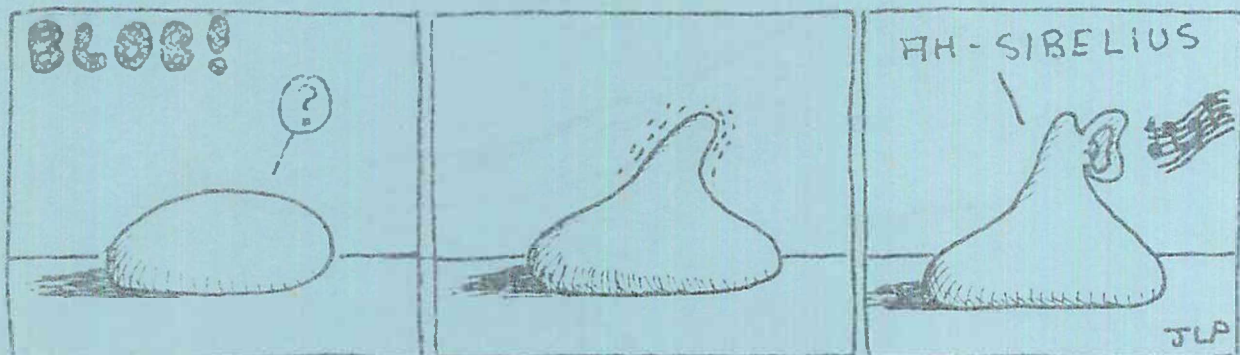
AVAILABLE for trade, contribution, LoC, editorial whim, or, if you insist on sending money, on an issue by issue basis for a \$2-00 money order made out to DUFF, GUFF, or FFANZ plus a fifty cent Australian Stamp. I'll post the money order on to the fan fund of your choice. (If you want to send your donation to TAFF then send it straight there and send your cheque butt and a fifty cent stamp.)

The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor even if he himself wrote the article. Upon publication, the copy-rights to all materials enclosed herein revert to the artists and writers.

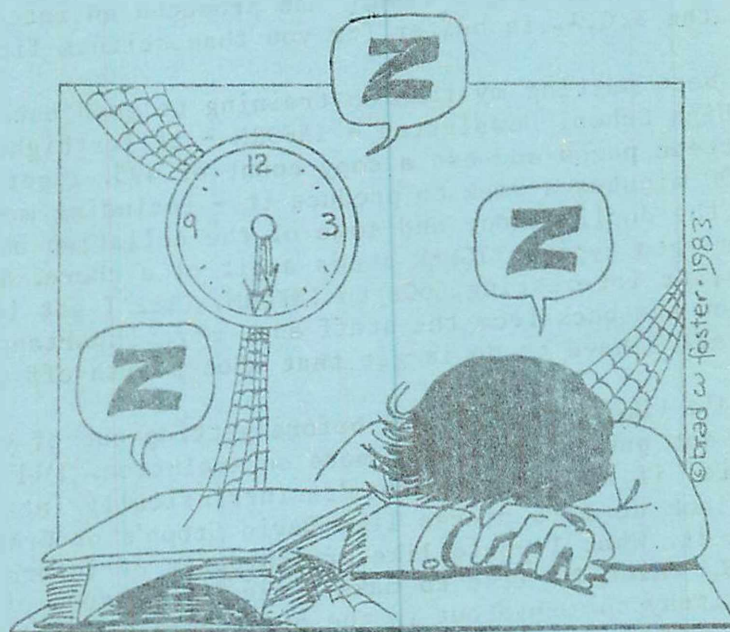
Tigger is the official organ of the Australian National Science Fiction Association and a fwantic fanzine.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131 AUSTRALIA. (Material addressed to GPO Box 2708X will still reach me eventually, for a while.)

A PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION  
n with Eccles the Microbee







MALT EXTRACT  
An editorial of sorts

Marc Ortlieb

I'm tempted to refer to hephalump pregnancies in relation to this issue, but, for the benefit of all those public servants in the audience, I won't. Suffice to say that this issue is later and larger than I'd intended it to be.

The letter column is also a disproportionately large section of this issue, especially when you consider that two of the "articles" are in fact more in the nature of letters of comment. I can excuse this on two grounds. First, TIGGER attempts to encourage interaction, and the best way to interact with a fanzine is to write to it. (Okay, I'll ignore those who suggest the coating of baby oil and the rubber bands but if you must interact with TIGGER in that manner, I'd suggest that you remove the staple first.) I want to encourage people to write to TIGGER, and it is my experience that the best way to encourage letters is to print at least parts of them. Letterhacks like egobe too you know.

The second reason for the large letter column is the way that letters on old issues trickle in from those places not lucky enough to be in Australia. This issue has LoCs covering TIGGERS 17-19. Naturally I don't want to be seen as excessively nationalistic, and so overseas letters get a guernsey as well.

I'd like to thank the artists in this issue too, and to promise some nice surprises in the future. I have great TIGGER covers for numbers 21 & 22. Other covers, on a tiger/tigger motif gratefully accepted. Small fillo art would also be nice.

Since TIGGER #19 I've enjoyed two conventions, have been up to my proverbial in school work, and have given my debut Nova Mob talk, which will appear in TIGGER #21. No. Don't cancel your subscription! Would I give you a pretentious litercrit piece? (Maybe. Have a look next issue.) Jane Taubman, as well as providing a cover, has produced an interesting piece, explaining why the S.C.A. is better for you than science fiction fandom.

I've also been putting my fannish training to good use. I produce the John Gardiner High School Newsletter - INFORM - at fortnightly intervals. It runs to fourteen pages and has a copy count of 495. I get a time allowance of 100 minutes a week to produce it - including most of the typing, all of the duplication, and some of the collation and distribution. There are times when typing TIGGER seems a bit of a chore. Still, I don't get nice trades, or interesting LoCs to INFORM. (All I get is the occasional pat on the back from the staff and, more importantly, from the Principal. Now all I have to do is get that shoe polish off of my tongue.)

One thing I'd like to make clear before getting out of your way is that I'd rather not publish too much more on evolution. I'll publish late LoCs on the topic, if I think that they're intrinsically interesting, and I'm willing to look at more pieces like David Cropp's or Craig Hilton's, but that's about it. What I would like are snippets of information for AROUND THE TRAPS, which I'd like to make a regular feature of TIGGER. I need to get my bitchy comments out in the open every now and then, and that column is where I'll do it - when I'm not making bitchy comments in the lettercol.

REMEMBER TO GET YOUR CUFF VOTE IN. IRWIN HIRSH #1

#### RTWERK

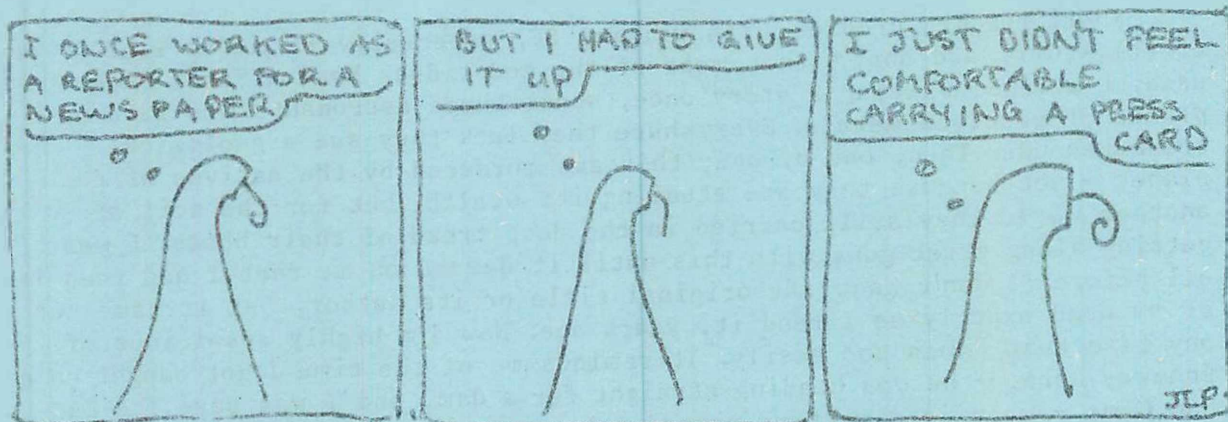
|                 |                       |                    |               |
|-----------------|-----------------------|--------------------|---------------|
| Arthur Thomson  | Cover, 6, 12, 14 & 18 | John Packer        | 1, 4, 11 & 22 |
| Sheryl Birkhead | Cover calligraphy     | Bill Rotsler       | 8, 20         |
| Brad Foster     | 2                     | Tom Cardy(I think) | 5             |
| Wade Gilbreath  | 9                     | Shep Kirkbride     | 26            |

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"The mind, Eccles triumphantly concludes, exerts its effects by influencing the probability that packets of transmitter will be released."  
New Scientist 9th January 1986 p 43.  
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# ON GETTING PUBLISHED

Gail Neville

Having written in England and here, I'd say it's easier to get published over there. (Mind you, I am talking about nearly twenty years ago.) There were hundreds of specialist magazines, something printed on any subject you could imagine, and they all paid for contributions. I wasn't able to give up work, exactly, but I made regular sales. At that time I wasn't writing SF - reading a lot of it, but I didn't start writing it until I came to Australia. The market was smaller, the competition was stiffer, so I gave up Writing for Profit (ha ha!) and started writing for the Fun part. I didn't know that fandom existed then, and kept most of my stories to myself. (A couple of stories from that time have been published in Ron Clarke's MENTOR, the rest shredded, you'll no doubt be pleased to hear!) I've been persistently rejected in recent times by OMEGA, THE AUSTRALIAN HORROR AND FANTASY MAGAZINE and FAR OUT!. I expect I could provide a longer list, but they are the only ones I know about. I've no intention of quietly fading away or giving up in tears either. I'm going to keep writing SF until I get it right - and it is fun, anyway. (Though it would be nice to see the profit someday.)

The book that started me writing SF was Memoirs of a Spacewoman. Before I read that I had no idea that: (a) women were writing SF; and (b) that SF could be as much about people as about hardware and aliens. I sought out more women writers and found that they brought a special quality to my favourite genre. Few male writers were comfortable with women characters in SF. One of the few who could create a living, breathing woman on the pages was Frank Herbert. His Jessica shone like a jewel among the cardboard cut-outs. The Reverend Mother spoke of a place 'terrifying to us - to women' - there is a place terrifying to men, too; where even the most sensitive tread warily.

But I'm not thumping a feminist drum here. I like SF, and I was glad to find that it wasn't solely male territory, that's all. I confess I use elements of fantasy to cover the gaps in my scientific knowledge, but I have more patience with science than fantasy. I will finish a SF story if the idea is compelling, even though the writing is not. I ploughed through Niven and Pournelle's Mote in God's Eye not because of the writing style - it was a bit gung-ho - but because the ideas and the aliens attracted me. And when the complexities of Motie evolution bogged me down, I went back over it again because I didn't want to lose the story. But I find many fantasies dull and repetitive, and rarely finish them.

There's a big problem with writing SF, especially if you've read a lot of the stuff, and that's that most of the good ideas have already been used. I started writing a story once, about three astronauts who land on a planet of precious metals. Everywhere they look they see a geological treasurehouse. Then, one by one, they are murdered by the natives of the planet - not because they are stealing its wealth, but for the soil of another world they still carried in the deep tread of their boots. I was getting along great guns with this until it dawned on me that I had read it all before. I don't know the original title or its author, but it came out of my head exactly as I read it, years ago. Now I'm highly suspicious of any idea that comes too easily. It reminds me of the time I got caught on a runaway horse - he was heading straight for a dam, and I was sure The End Had Come - when into my head popped a long poem I had read in childhood and never thought of since. I remembered every word of it, even the book in which I'd read it. The horse decided to go the opposite way at the last moment and I flew across the curved side of the dam and crashed into the bank on the other side. Do you think I can remember that poem? Not a word of it. There's an interesting plot there somewhere, regarding what the mind can dredge up under stress, but it's probably been done before.



To me there seems to be no point in writing SF for profit unless you can write novels. There seems to be a better market for them than for short fiction. I have one or two ideas I am working on, and I'll let you know how they fare, if ever they get finished. Right now they are progressing at the speed of dark. I basically write short fiction for fandom. I was born in show business nearly forty years ago and I know that the best way to get your act right is to practise it in front of a tough audience. Fandom is one bloody tough audience. Half the seats applaud while the other half is throwing tomatoes. If the tomato-throwers like it, then the rest sit on their hands. Jeez, it's fun.

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The following is required by Unilever Research:

**FAT TECHNOLOGIST**

Good Hons BSc in physics, chemistry or food science, preferably offering three years practical experience of food R&D, to co-ordinate operation of a small experimental process unit for developing novel reduced-fat spreads.

Don't all rush in at once. (From New Scientist 9th January 1986)

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## AROUND THE TRAPS

Life in post-Aussiecon Two fandom continues apace, with all sorts of interesting fannish developments. CAPCON the 1987 Australian National Convention is keeping a profile so low that not even Harlan could trip over it. Rumour has it that there might even be a Progress Report out sometime, but you couldn't tell it from looking in the members' postboxes. If what we've heard about room rates in the convention hotel are correct, then I can think of a number of fans will be borrowing tents from the S.C.A. for the occasion.



To add to the local excitement, there seem to be two bids for the 1989 National Convention, one from Perth and one from Melbourne. Being a natural born fence sitter, I'm supporting both. Perth ran a great National Convention this year, and the KinKon people, who are responsible for the Melbourne bid, ran a most entertaining regional convention here in Melbourne.

Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, in the interests of increasing the excitement in Australian fandom, have attempted to start a TAFF WARS clone over what they seem to see as irregularities in the recent FFANZ race. Several Melbourne fans have offered their services as remedial English teachers for when the next ballot comes out. (For further details see page 2 of THE NOTIONAL #14, from Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown, P.O. Box 433, Civic Square, A.C.T. 2608 - \$15-00 per year.)

There were some fascinating conversations at KinKon II, concerning the joys of running conventions. As some local media fans have discovered, it's not just mainstream conventions that lose money or that develop feuds in which law suits raise their ugly heads.

Irwin Hirsh and Perry Middlemiss have surrendered to the current mania for fanzines by committee, and have started a monthly zine called LARRIKIN. It seems to be a chatty sort of fannish zine. The first one features material by the editorial team on sports, parties and rock concerts. Considering the two writers, there is no danger of this being boring. They hope to be frequent and entertaining. It is available for the usual. Editorial addresses are Perry Middlemiss, G.P.O. Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vict 3001 and Irwin Hirsh, 2/416 Dandenong Rd, Caulfield North, Vict 3161.

And, speaking of fans coming out of retirement, AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (Second series), edited by The Science Fiction Collective - Jenny Blackford, Russell Blackford, John Foyster, Yvonne Rousseau and Lucy Sussex, features a regular John Bangsund editorial. It's worth the \$10-00 a year for that alone. People who understand Damien Broderick stories might also find the articles interesting. Money to G.P.O. Box 1294L, Melbourne, Vict 3001.

P

The GUFF race should be interesting this year. There are three strong candidates, plus a write-in. It was interesting to note that Roger Weddall, recently back from his New Zealand trip, passed a thick envelope and a wad of New Zealand currency to GUFF administrator Justin Ackroyd at a Friday Night Eating Crowd gather. Further more Justin sayeth naught, despite subtle hints and attempted bribery from members of the IRWIN HIRSH FOR GUFF campaign committee.

#### DUFF (The Down Under Fan Fund) 1986/87

Nominations are now open for the 1987 DUFF race. The fund was created in 1972 to encourage closer ties between fans in Australia and North America, with host countries alternating each year. DUFF delegates visit a major SF convention in the host country and visit fans they might otherwise never meet in person.

The 1986/87 race will bring an American fan to Australia to attend Capcon (the 1987 Australian National Convention) - 25-27th April 1987. The winner may also be a fan GoH at a Melbourne relaxacon a week before Capcon.

Candidates must have three U.S. and two Australian nominators. These five must send their nominations to the DUFF administrators by the end of Confederation (1st September 1986) and the candidate must put in a 100 word platform and a \$10-00 bond by the same date. Voting will start as soon as we, the administrators, get back from Confederation and distribute voting forms, probably in mid-September; and will close on December 31st 1986 - to give the winning candidate/s time to arrange their trip, Capcon being in April.

DUFF exists solely on the donations of fans, and always welcomes material for auction and donations of money. There will be auctions of DUFF material at future cons. Contributions can be brought to the con, or sent to the local administrator. Anyone may contribute - even if ineligible to vote. Cheques should be made out to Robbie and Marty Cantor (in North America) or "DUFF Australia" - there being three Australian administrators this year.

ADMINISTRATORS Marty & Robbie Cantor 11565 Archwood, North Hollywood, CA 91606, U.S.A.

Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride & Nick Stathopoulos 54 Junior St, Leichhardt, N.S.W. 2040, AUSTRALIA

P.S. There are currently two DUFF trip reports readily available - Jack Herman's WAHF-FULL TRACKS OVER AMERICA and Christine Ashby's THE FLIGHT OF THE KANGAROO. (Plus whatever stocks of Leigh Edmonds' EMU TRACKS OVER AMERICA and Lesleigh Luttrell's LESLEIGH'S ADVENTURES DOWN UNDER the administrators might have salted away.) I have copies of Christine's report for \$5-00 each. Contact the administrators for details of the others.

#### A REAL FIGHT

It's been a while since there have been strong competing bids for the Australian National Science Fiction Convention. The '89 bid looks as though it might just be an exception to this. The first past the post with bid propaganda were Perth, thus the piece below. Just a reminder though, TIGGER, having received insufficient bribery from either bid supports both MELBOURNE IN '89 and PERTH IN '89.



### PERTH IN '89 BID

This is a big thank you to all those who attended the 1986 National Science Fiction Convention. Without each and every one of you, the convention would not have been a success. I'm just glad everybody had a good time.

Hopefully this will mean you will not forget so quickly, and be eager to acquire a pre-supporting membership of a meagre five dollars for the Perth 1989 Natcon Bid. The Bid already has a confirmed international Guest of Honour, International Mystery Guest, and a well known Australian Fan to be Fan Guest of Honour. If you want any more information before you purchase a pre-supporting membership, please write to me care of the Swancon address.

Keep smiling, happy conventioning, and may your peril sensitive sunglasses never go dark.

CINDY EVANS  
P.O. Box 318  
Nedlands  
W.A. 6009

### AUSTRALIAN DR WHO CONVENTIONS

Did you miss WHO-DO 84, the first National Australian DW Convention? Did you miss LON-CON, the second National Australian DW Convention? What? You didn't know they were on! Well, don't miss any more. Here are the next three National Doctor Who Conventions in Australia.

WHO-DO 87  
January 1987  
Adelaide, S.A.

WHO CCN 4  
8-10/1/88  
Perth, W.A.

CON SOLE '88  
10-11/12/88  
Sydney, N.S.W.

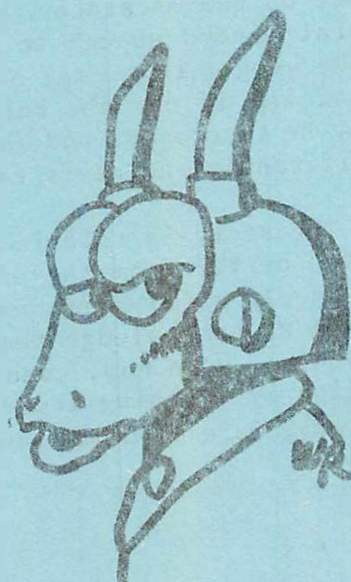
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G.P.O. Box 2601  
Canberra  
A.C.T. 2601

Please enclose a stamped self-addresses envelope when writing.





## RE EVOLUTION

### PUTTING MARC RIGHT

Damien Broderick

Irony having failed, let's try a blunter instrument.

Your original piece (TIGGER 17) cites some expository dialogue between the narrator of my story "A Tooth for Every Child", Dr Keith Berger, and Dr Susan Dwyer, a psychotherapist who Keith the appalling egocentric know-it-all had first taken to be the hospital registrar. (This error is a Clew.) The discussion is not calm. A few minutes later Keith is having a hysterical fit, more or less. In the midst of this (rapid and noisy and rather nasty) depiction of character-type, our pregnant lad speaks of 'Stephen Jay Gould, father of neo-Darwinism', a theory which has 'fallen out of fashion.'

You comment: 'Here is my first quibble with Broderick. If he must quote scientific theories, he should at least get his facts right.' Drone drone Dobzhansky synthetic drone.

This is a Really Stupid Mistake, cobber. It gets endorsed, naturally, by Mark Loney who apparently thinks the Earth turns upside down from time to time. Quant suff. Loney says 'You were right, Damien has his evolutionary scientists hopelessly confused.'

'...The obvious response...' as Sneja Gunew wrote recently in 'Meanjin' in a somewhat similar context, 'is... that the reviewer himself should... take a course in literary theory which, amongst other things, might teach him not to confuse the author with the narrator.'

While it's true that I'm pretty pissed off at being patronised ('I guess I'm also disappointed by Damien... Internal evidence suggests that Damien has at least made the effort to keep up with evolutionary science...') when your own essay makes it clear that, at the time of writing, you knew rather less about punctuated equilibrium theory than I did, the general point about unreliable narrators is obviously more important.

I'll spell it out: I am not Keith Berger, nor is he Damien Broderick. (Nor, for that matter, am I the nerd in the other story who wants to blow up the world because girls don't like him rubbing himself on them as they travel up the escalator. His science was a bit suss, too, but no one was literal-minded enough to moan about it.) Keith lives in a fictional future on the verge (it seems) of nuclear war, and he's likely to be implicated in the aiming if not the button-pushing. The kid's half crazy as a result. As well, he's arrogant and (by and large) successful with it (though, significantly, he seems to have killed his wife with his sloppy driving).

The story is told in first person present continuous tense (a change for the better from the original draft-version read at a convention some years ago), which means you can watch him making mistakes on the run and failing to acknowledge them. That's one level. Another is that nobody knows everything, even now, even skiffy readers, and so most of the time we function by mouthing items of folklore. Gould's name, cited as shorthand that way, is a plausible marker of time elapsed, of fads and fashions in science.



'Tooth' is a story, you dolts, not a lecture by a professor, a story about people in an emotional crisis produced by medical and other hyper-technologies, and by psychic stress and guilt, and the astonishing possibilities created by the Monash I.V.F. team for outrageous metaphors.

Is nobody able to read? 'In a recent phonecall, Damien mentioned a group of blind fish . . . ' No Marc, what Damien did was remind you that in the story, (on p. 21, in fact) Keith muses on 'the famous case of eyeless fish' that, after 'generations beyond number', regain their eyes when the stock is returned to the light. I don't know if that's true or not; I do know that Koestler (in 'The Ghost in the Machine', p 133-4) cites a mutant variety of fruit fly with a recessive gene which, doubled in an egg, produces an eyeless fly.

'Now if a pure stock of eyeless flies is made to interbreed, then the new stock will have only the "eyeless" mutant gene . . . Nevertheless, within a few generations, flies appear in the inbred "eyeless" stock with eyes that are perfectly normal. The traditional explanation for this remarkable phenomenon is that other members of the gene complex have been "reshuffled and recombined in such a way that they deputise for the missing normal eye-forming genes." This is a rather different proposition from the one Keith claims, but he's an unreliable narrator, isn't he . . . ? And, yes, citing Koestler might be the equivalent of believing the world flips upside down from time to time, but finally that's irrelevant -- this is what Keith believes, what (in part) drives him to his lunacy.

Your own Deep Thoughts floor me. 'I still have yet to see any scientific evidence . . . that there are dormant genes that affect an organism's phenotype waiting to be triggered by external influences.' Been out in the sun lately, Marc? Check your skin tone. Better still, try the experiment (slowly) on a Celt. Thirty thousand years of dormant sun-tanning genes lurking under the fishbelly Northern skin, just waiting to get to Australia.

And finally, a point that's nobody's fault, because I weakened at the last moment and fell in with my editors, removing my chosen epigraph prior to publication. Catastrophe theory suggests a way in which organisms might indeed jump the gun, if not by pre-adapting in a teleological manner, at least providing an important 'para-Darwinian' dimension to morphogenesis and phylogenesis.

An influential recent mathematical theory is Catastrophe Theory, developed by the Frenchman Rene Thom. This explains how sudden 'discontinuous' changes occur . . . In his pioneer book Structural Stability and Morphogenesis, Thom goes so far as to suggest that a sort of pre-existing geometry may actually decide what types of bodies can, and do, come into being. Underlying life there may be abstract forms which aspire to come into existence. What's more, the evolution of such forms in mathematical space might be more important than the pressures of actual environment.

Ian Watson, 1983

Though this sounds absurd, it's really no sillier than the universe reliably making galaxies in accordance with Einstein's tensors.

I could have found a citation from Thom himself, but it seemed spiritually more meaningful to pinch a quote straight from another sci fi scribbler. Besides, it's not altogether a new idea. C.H. Waddington raised this sort of possibility years ago, introducing terms like 'chreod', 'homeorhesis' (the upmarket version of 'homeostasis'), and 'epigenetic landscape'; he was an early enthusiast for Thom's mathematical novelties. A useful book of his was (as I recall) 'Tools for Thought'.

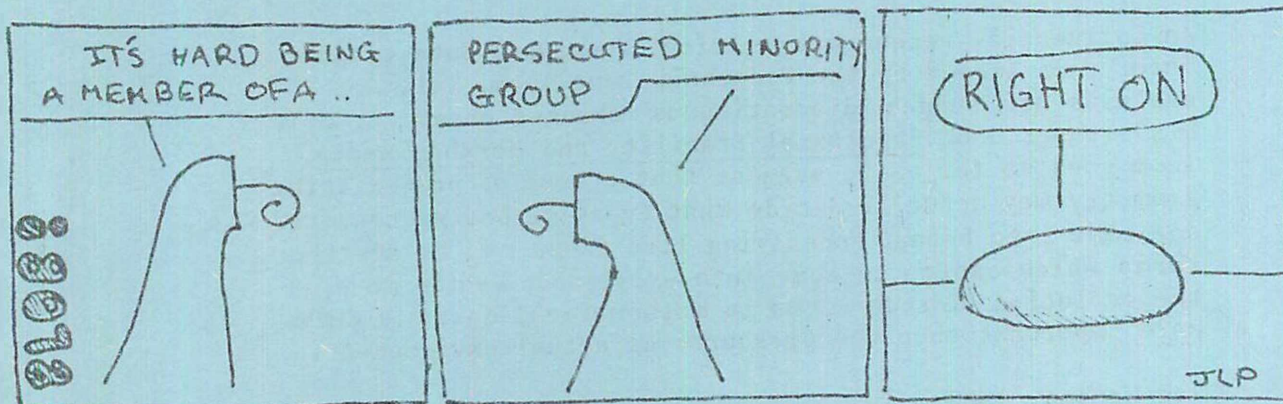
### The Last Word

Marc Ortlieb

Okay, enough. I've really enjoyed this evolution discussion. It's certainly, as Damien has pointed out, increased my reading in the area, and I feel that I understand far more about the current status of evolutionary thought as a result of reading prompted by letters from Damien, Yvonne Rousseau and Mark Loney.

While I recognize the fallacy in taking the contents of a story as fact, I can't say that Damien's character came across the way his letter suggests that Keith was intended to. I jumped on Damien's character's mistake because it was such a blatant error which made the character less credible in my eyes. Rather than believe that Damien would write a character lacking in credibility, I assumed that Damien had made an elementary error. My apologies to Damien on that point. I guess it's just that Damien hasn't mastered the art of writing down to the level of average readers like me. [A horrible after-thought. Perhaps Damien is writing too well. Perhaps I didn't understand Damien's subtle "Clew"s because, in reading the story, I identified with the narrator, and so didn't feel like believing that he was the fuckwit Damien claims he was intended to be. Quick! Where's my psychoanalyst?]

The letter column will contain some comments on the debate, and I'm sure that there will be others. I'll print those that interest me, but I think that this topic has otherwise run its course.





## SCIENCE FICTION AND ASTRONOMICAL DREAMS

Stilgherrian

Your comments on manned spaceflight post-Challenger were most interesting. I agree with everything you said about elevating those seven deaths over the hundreds on our roads. Mike Bourke says "The sacrifice of the astronauts . . . should be an inspiration to all those who share the dreams . . . for they . . . have devoted their lives to those dreams." I can't help thinking "Yes, you too can become famous by being killed by someone else's fuckup." They're no more an inspiration than John Glenn, who devoted what he could to the space programme, worked as a member of the team, and lived to retire to the relative safety of the U.S. Senate. He too is an inspiration, as is a technician who works devotedly towards the Success of the Mission, making sure that last soldered joint in the computer is working perfectly, then retires quietly and unknown to an apartment in Dallas. Or gets run over by a truck the following morning. If working towards living in space is an inspiration, then all these people are inspirational.

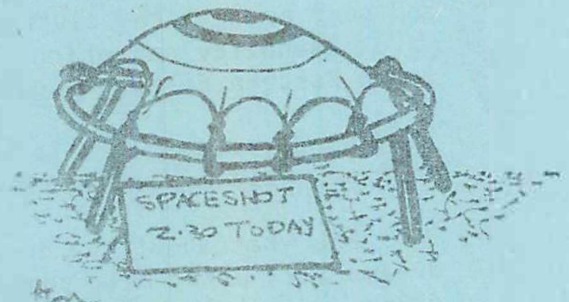
However, I'm fed up with the attention given the pretty young schoolteacher. For weeks, we saw tape of her smiling after her first zero-g experience, smiling with her class as she explained how the shuttle worked, smiling with the team as they walked to the launch pad, smiling . . . forgetting that the shuttle's captain was a "father of two" who left behind a widow and two mourning children, and the other woman on board, whose name we'll never remember - but then she was an engineer and therefore an Honorary Male. Of Poor Dead Christa we saw photo after photo - usually one of the same three or four - as each media outlet tried to out-sincere the other with their Tributes to Space. Will we ever get away from such hypocrisy?

My feelings about manned spaceflight are mixed. I saw most of an American TV current affairs programme asking the same question: do we need to put people into space when machines do it cheaper? Some astronauts said flight without people wasn't flight, just another damned robot. The engineers complained about wasting too much effort on the safety of a few humans when the machines do all the real exploration anyway. Philosophers argued on both sides. Ironically the show was aired in the U.S. just a few days before the shuttle blew up.

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Was the starship in Aldiss' THE DARK LIGHT YEARS a space shuttle?

=====



Most of the time I'm all for sending people along. You've seen photographs of Mars. You can even get a book of Viking Lander photos, some of them stereo pairs, so you can put on your glasses and see the gently rolling gibber. But do you feel that you've been to Mars? I don't think so. I know, every time I look at one photo in particular, I can see a little gully about two hundred metres from the Lander. I just wish I were there, so I could go and see what's in it. Probably just more rocks and sand, but who knows. . . .

After all, why do people spend so much on travel? We have the technology to bring moving pictures of any point on the Earth directly to your living room. We can get big coffee-table books with glossy photos of all the famous places for a few tens of dollars. But we still want to spend thousands on going to London for three weeks, or walking the Flinders Ranges or climbing Ayre's Rock - dingos and N.T. Police Force permitting. Why? Because a photo isn't being there.

On the other hand, with all the clamour about a certain comet, I still haven't gone outside at quarter to early in the morning to see the distant and fuzzy Hairy Star. Like many others, my morning came to a halt as I watched the meaningless colourful patches from Giotto first appear on the telly, and listened as one famous scientist after another patiently explained that it was all far too early to explain what the meaningless colourful patches might mean, if anything. I too felt the faint hope as we heard the message from Parkes that Giotto had survived the comet, still pumping out its faint signal, even though the camera was ruined. I saw glossy photographs in the magazines, taken through the world's largest telescopes, far better and much more convenient than I could ever expect to see for myself. But have I actually seen Halley? I suspect that, until I trudge out onto a hilltop in the cold early morning, hunch my shoulders further down into my jacket, watch the steam on my breath, wait quietly in the cold until my eyes adjust to the darkness, figure out which way is east and peer amongst the clutter on the horizon to work out which faint glowing patch is Halley and which is the reflection on clouds of the lights of the South Eastern Freeway - until I've done that, I haven't seen the comet.

Mind you, my life is still complete without bothering with all this; hold on while I pour another cup of Darjeeling . . .

But what about the dreams? Spaceflight may not be your dream. Your dreams are, after all, your own affair. But many people do dream of space-flight, or cities under the sea, or a world where all work is done by machines and humans lead a luxuriously idle life, or where learning is done by a quick blast of RNA. I don't share all these dreams. For me, idleness would be a complete bore, and I think we need fewer cities. But dreams are the stuff of which the future is made. We wouldn't be in space at all if a little boy called Goddard didn't sit in a tree dreaming of the stars. True, maybe we won't ever have FTL ships popping to Sirius B-IV for afternoon tea and maybe a spot of sightseeing on the way home. But we do have communications satellites and decent weather forecasts. And, yes, SDI; every tool can be used as a weapon. Even a typewriter can be used for both love sonnets and death threats.

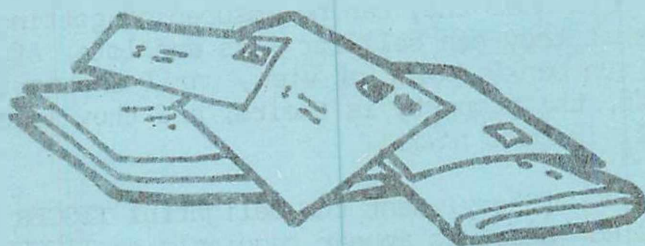
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New Scientist June 5th, 1986

The Imperial College of Science & Technology of the University of London are offering a Lecturer's position in "Rock Mechanics". There's no mention of experience with heavy metal.

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### LETTERATURE

HARRY J.N. ANDRUSCHAK I'm glad to see you mention Stephen Jay Gould. I  
P.O. Box 606 agree with you that he is one of the better of the  
La Canada-Flintridge popular science writers, and I trust your mention of  
CA 91011 him will encourage more fans to read his books.  
U.S.A.

"It was, quite frankly, one of the most embarrassing moments of my life." Carl Sagan, when somebody pointed out how much the plot of his SF novel resembled that of The Black Cloud.

[ Andy also made some comments of the religion in sf theme I was considering for TIGGER, but have since abandoned for the while. But, speaking of people who picked up on my comment hook. . . ]

MIKE GLICKSOHN  
508 Windermere Ave  
Toronto, ONT  
M6S 3L6  
CANADA

1) John Norman said it, when someone found a well-written sentence in one of his books.

2) Robert Heinlein said it, when a reader found a new idea in a book he'd written since 1970.

27/3/86

3) Ernest Hemingway said it when discovered in a gay bathhouse wearing lipstick and a tu-tu.

4) Harlan Ellison said it when it was discovered that he'd been adopted and he really wasn't Jewish after all.

5) Joe Haldeman said it when the lime jello washed off and his date turned out to be a man.

6) Marc Ortlieb said it when it turned out that the review of Australian fanzines supposedly written for SIKANDER by Ted White had actually been written by Cath Ortlieb.

Having written several horror stories of what a mortgage can do to one's finances, esteem and fanac, I can sympathize with your new situation. But what does this have to do with the garden? Are you implying that Australian mortgages come with clauses that require you to do a certain amount of property upkeep? If so, I've never heard of anything like it before.

[ Re the possibility of Cath having written the SIKANDER article, Hell no! Ted was far more gentle on my fan writing than Cath would ever be.

P<sup>2</sup>

Yes, our mortgage has a clause about property upkeep. I guess it's so that, when the bank kicks us out into the cold, cold snow they can be assured of getting a property that they can sell for lots and lots. After all, from the bank's point of view, until the mortgage is paid off, the property is theirs, and they like their stuff in good nick.]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD [Sheryl sent the delightful TIGGER logo that should  
23629 Woodfield Rd start to appear regularly on TIGGER in future. She  
Gaithersburg also suggests that the quotation "sounds like something  
MD 20879 Asimov would say when caught actually looking UP to  
U.S.A. Ellison."]

HARRY WARNER JR I could find only one severe fault with Richard Faulder's  
423 Summit Ave article. He was wrong when he wrote that the only attempt  
Hagerstown to refute Darwin and Wallace had come from fundamentalists  
MD 21740 who believe in creationism. He forgot about me. Period-  
U.S.A. ically down through the years I've been outlining in fan-  
zines the reasons I think natural selection isn't as  
1/4/86 important in evolution as it's credited with being.  
Usually there is an objection or two to my objections but  
I remain unconvinced. I think natural selection is part of the answer but  
probably not the major factor.

One simple example is eyes. If eyes developed through natural selection, starting with a spot dimly sensing the difference between light and darkness and gradually evolving through natural selection to the complex optics of higher mammals, why are eyes in the back of the head so scarce? The ability to see in all directions would be more valuable to survival than the stereoscopic vision provided by a pair of eyes covering the same field of vision. At the very least mammals like you and me would have their two eyes further around towards the side of the head where they would give clear vision of a 180° or wider field instead of the quite limited view we have, something like 120°, I believe.

Then there's the anomaly of backup life support facilities for many important organs of the human body: two lungs, two kidneys, two breasts for females, permitting survival if one of a pair suffers damage or stops functioning. So why didn't a pair of hearts develop for mammals? The heart seems more prone to malfunction than most other important organs during the years when reproductive powers exist. A backup heart would automatically increase survival capabilities.

I also have doubt about the survival usefulness of some organs in their most primitive stage. I suppose wings are supposed to have begun as flaps of tissue that initially held the creature in the air a trifle longer when it leaped, or slowed slightly its rate of descent if it fell out of a tree or off a cliff. Would such slight efficiency have made the creatures possessing these rudimentary powers more survival prone? I have doubt.

Then there's the way evolution goofed in protecting humans and many other large mammals in one particular spot. Men have their testicles tucked under them where they'll be fairly safe under most circumstances; their brains are protected by a reasonably sturdy shell of bone but the neck is hopelessly vulnerable: the jugular vein is almost protruding, and there's little protection for the windpipe if something squeezes the neck. If natural selection developed such ingenious mechanisms as those in the shoulder, which permit the arm to have freedom of movement, surely it could have experimented until it found some sort of hard covering that would provide protection to the neck without limiting head-turning.



[I'll agree that natural selection is only part of evolution. The other part is the basic material on which natural selection works. Natural selection can only work on the basic variation in the species, and it is a random process. Those combined factors explain why things aren't as perfect as they might be. Now a Creator, He might have had the engineering naus to design a perfect creature, but evolution is limited. It isn't a programme for perfection, it is a jury-rigging process, making use of what is available. Total redesigns are beyond its capabilities. Thus whales are terribly inefficient. They'd work much better if they had gills, but they make do with what they have.

Your eye example is covered by our history. Eyes in the back of the head would require a lot of neural circuitry, and it seems more efficient to have two eyes, with the behavioural ability to move the head. In the case of humans, our ancestors were brachiating tree dwellers, for whom depth perception was particularly important. Thus the eyes cover a narrow field, but we have depth perception. Other bifocal creatures have your suggested 180° field of view - most birds do - and their habits are thus modified. In "New Scientist" 5th June 1986 there is an interesting article on stereo vision in flying foxes which suggests that they are more closely related to the primates than they are to the true bats. The neural wiring in flying foxes and primates is similar and unique to those two groups of mammals.

Vertebrates have a bilateral symmetry. There may be a reason for this; there may not. Chance plays a role in evolution. However, given that symmetry, there are effective and ineffective strategies. Take your comments about the heart, for instance. The dual organs you mention are not a result of selection for back-up systems, but a result of our bilateral symmetry. That they act as back-ups is an added bonus. The heart is already a double organ. It is two pumps. In the heart though one pump specializes in pumping blood through the lungs, while the other pumps blood through the rest of the body. This division of labour is effective, and using the body's bilateral symmetry in this manner is more effective than having one heart doing all the work with the other acting as backup.

That flaps of tissue can aid in survival is shown by the independant development of such devices in two types of mammals - gliding squirrels and gliding possums - and in at least one species of frog. True we have yet to work out how a gliding creature could have developed powered flight, but there are certainly evolutionary advantages, even in the webbed skin between the gliding frog's toes. You'll note too that, in all three, there is a behavioural adaptation - the flattening of the body to provide a more effective gliding shape. The flying snake makes do with that behavioural modification alone.

The design faults such as the unprotected jugular are further evidence that evolution does not work towards a particular goal. It fudges, and, at present, the neck is as good a compromise between mobility and protection as has developed.]

BRIAN EARL BROWN     It's interesting to think what sort of human might have  
 11675 Beaconsfield evolved from the possums. What sort of war would such  
 Detroit creatures wage? I can see vast armies marching to  
 MI 48224 confront the enemy and - upon command - rolling over  
 U.S.A. and playing dead, with the first possum/human to leave  
 the field of honour declared the winner. Beats the  
 28/3/86 hell out of our method of war.

[Brian notes that his address is a NEW one. Please Note. He also suggests a candidate for the quotation - L. Ron Hubbard, on the occasion of his being declared dead for the second time.]

LLOYD PENNEY     I'd be interested in what Richard [Faulder] would  
 412-22 Riverwood Parkway say about the forced evolution of rats and the  
 Toronto accompanying increase in intelligence and  
 ONT, M8Y 4E1 achievement of sapience in Cradle of the Sun by  
 CANADA Brian Stableford. Just read the book and,  
 8/5/86 although rodents seem a distance down the  
 evolutionary ladder, I'd ask if the nuclear  
 holocaust would be enough to force the rats to  
 adapt as violently as they did in the novel. One never knows what the  
 effects of radiation would be, but I don't think it would be enough to  
 effect such a change.

[Hmmm. I really must get John Packer to illustrate an article on the role of rats in science fiction for me. There are obviously several. My mind goes immediately to Wyman Guin's "Volpla". If you have trouble thinking in terms of rats evolving sentience, think back to the end of the Cretaceous. Then the mammals were small rat-like creatures. Within ten million years, a very short period of time, geologically speaking, there were whales.

Lloyd also points to his CoA.]

WALT WILLIS     My favourite bit was your scripture commentary in the manner  
 32 Warren Rd of Richie Benaud. I do feel somehow though that Job and the  
 Donaghadee Archangel Michael should be on different sides . . . you  
 N. Ireland know, like Gentlemen v Players. I envisage the classic match  
 BT21 OPD being something more like Prophets v Apostles (Twelfth Man,  
 U.K. Iscariot, J.) and being held in the Garden of Gethsemane.  
 30/3/86 There is of course only one possible commentator --- the  
 Arlott of Jerusalem.

In the rest of the letter section I was impressed by the calm logic of the letter from Lucy Sussex, so different from the hysterical stridency of so many male controversialists; I hope that is not a sexist remark.

JOHN NEWMAN     The medical industry seems to have come to a point familiar to  
 P.O. Box 189 my industry. It has often been said, of each new computer  
 Prahran development, that it was "A solution looking for a problem."  
 Vict 3181 This leads to the accusation that the "solution" was  
 implimented because it was available, not because it was  
 needed. So now surgeons are said to be applying the latest, typically  
 expensive, "wonder fix", when some other simpler, cheaper and/or less risky  
 approach could have done the job.



It seems to me that the real conflict regarding when or whether people should be allowed to die, denied temporary relief, or be submitted to the current state of the art, stems from two problem areas. One is that we must recognise that medicine has become a technology, and that it will take time to make the more recent advances both widespread and of acceptable cost. Technologies need time to mature.

The other problem medicine has is that, despite Craig's enthusiasm, it is a long way from solving the problems at hand. Again, like the computer industry, in modern medicine there seems to be a tendency to confuse a better version of an old solution with the actual solution to the real problem. An example of this is the cancer treatments that are "... progressively less lethal to the patient." The real problem is the cancer, and when this is overcome the moral issues will become a lot simpler.

So perhaps medicine is like the rest of us. Just not good enough yet!

[John comments on my comments on the Shuttle disaster. Though an active member of Space Lobby groups, he has come to similar conclusions about the overall effect of the accident.

He asks what the Australian National Science Fiction Association is. The moment I find out, I'll publish details herein. So far it seems to be a terribly boring club with an average age over thirty, and a tendency to discuss very serious science fiction. I don't think it's the Nova Mob though.]

GERALD SMITH     David Cropp has provided a fine and excellent treatise on the  
GPO Box 429     relationship between the Hospital Clipboard and its hosts,  
Sydney     doctors. He and your readers might be interested to learn  
N.S.W. 2001     that there is research underway into those pieces of paper  
carried by all public servants when they are more than three

17/6/86     metres from their lairs. The  
research is still far from complete but it  
is already clear that the relationship here  
is a complex one and is intrinsically  
coupled with the compulsive urge amongst  
such pieces to travel in threes. This has  
led to some speculation that the similar  
phenomenon noted in public transport, parti-  
cularly in buses, might be linked. Other  
researchers have dismissed this speculation  
as just being "speculation that the similar  
phenomenon noted in public transport, parti-  
cularly in buses, might be linked."



CRAIG MACBRIDE     The bit on hospital clipboards was lacking only one  
2/23 Glen Iris Rd     thing; there was comment on the mating of the hospital  
Camberwell     staff, but no mention of the reproductive process of the  
Vict 3124     clipboards themselves. Is this due to lack of research  
on the part of our intrepid reporter?

30/4/86

"How Doctors Evolved" was good too. I would be very  
interested to know what machine Craig Hilton used for the accompanying  
artwork.

[The reproductive process in clipboards is still a matter  
for speculation. There are those who claim that they

reproduce in the dark recesses of office cupboards, springing up like mushrooms when least expected. Others claim they are brought in neatly packaged bundles by a delivery van. These are respectively the Cabbage Patch Theory and the Stork Theory.

Craig's squirrel was executed normally with pen and ink. I then fed it into a Macintosh computer, using a Thunderscan programme and hardware, and printed that straight out onto a wax stencil, which I then windowed into the stencil with the text.]

FRANK MACSKASY JNR I find that I disagree with your comments regarding the  
P.O. Box 27274 Challenger (not the Columbia) Seven . . .  
Wellington 1  
NEW ZEALAND When you mention "intrinsic value", it begins to sound  
4/6/86 as if we must evaluate the worth of a human being and  
then decide how much we can mourn for the loss of that  
life. If this sounds callous then it must be because it  
is so.

When the KAL 007 airliner was shot down, I felt a horrible nauseating feeling in my stomach as my imagination showed me what those 296 doomed souls must have suffered. When the Air New Zealand airliner smashed into the side of an Antarctic mountain, the feeling was the same: stunned disbelief, turning inevitably to horror. When I read/see/hear of events involving loss of life of just one person, my sense of grief is no less than for 296 airline passengers or seven astronauts.

But if we are going to talk about their "intrinsic value", then I will say this; the Challenger Seven not only represent the dreams of many people, but also were positive examples of the better side of humanity. They showed courage.

When seven people die on the roads, it is a loss as great as that of the shuttle crew. The reason that the loss of the latter is more poignant is that they were facing a dangerous adventure. They did not turn away or bow down to fear; but met it head-on. When seven people die on the road, it is a senseless, pointless loss of life because road fatalities should never ever happen, and are usually caused by carelessness, dangerous driving, drunkenness etc.

On the other hand, the loss of the Challenger was a "price" which a curious, questing, adventuresome, challenging species such as ours must pay from time to time. It is a price we pay reluctantly, grudgingly.

The loss of Soviet lives in the exploration of space is no less sad than the loss of the Challenger Seven and the first Apollo crew. If ever a monument is built to remember these modern-day heroes and heroines, then the names of Colonel Vladimir Komarov, Georgi Dobrovsky, Vladislav Volkov and Victor Patsayev must be included. They are all heroes, regardless of something as petty as nationality.

As for space travel being a part of sf; I suppose that really boils down to personal tastes. I've noticed many fan claiming that space travel has little to do with an interest in sf, yet, conveniently forget that modern sf started with stories such as THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON, FROM EARTH TO THE MOON, and other novels later on. Perhaps the Spaceship is a "technological gimmick" in sf, but the reality is that it's as much a part of the literature/art as is the Alien, the Robot etc.



Perhaps you would continue to happily read sf even if the space programme went down the tube . . . but wouldn't you feel the tiniest bit of regret when, one clear night you looked up into the dark sky and knew that the stars would be forever beyond your grasp?

[Okay, granted I made a mistake on the identity of the space craft, I still feel that my points were quite legitimate. First the news media grants comparative values to human lives. When a president dies it is front page news. When a peasant dies it scarcely rates a sneeze. What I was trying to point out was that I felt that there was an inordinate amount of fuss made over Challenger.

Your assigning of a positive value to courage is fine, but don't treat it as an absolute. There are times when a little caution is a more valuable trait. With a little more caution the defective parts of the shuttle might have been given a little more attention. You chose a poor analogy when describing a car accident. The shuttle was as much an unnecessary accident as would be a motor accident caused by bald tyres.

As to the significance of space exploration to sf, it could be argued that the more space travel becomes a reality, the less place it has in sf. In the Fifties, a movie like MAROONED would have been clearly skiffy. Now it's an adventure story set on space.

Regarding your last paragraph, no, je ne regret rien. I'd be pissed off if the unmanned space programme went down the gurgler, as Voyager et al have done some superb things. I'm less impressed by the achievements of manned craft.]



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While browsing through the Victorian State Library microfiche catalogue, I discovered an interesting fact about George Turner's books. They are listed under three authors. BELOVED SON and YESTERDAY'S MEN are by George Turner; IN THE HEART AND IN THE HEAD, LAME DOG MAN, TRANSIT OF CASSIDY and VANEGLORY are by George Turner b 1916, and THE VIEW FROM THE EDGE was edited by linguist G.W. Turner!

PAUL KENNEDY      I think many of us went through the same self-evaluation  
13 William St      after the news of the shuttle incident. I too felt bad,  
Cambridge Park      for I strongly believe in space exploration. I began  
N.S.W. 2750      thinking of those astronauts, Edward White, Virgil Grissom,  
and Roger Chaffee, who died in Apollo 3 in 1967 and  
15/4/86      Vladimir Komarov, the cosmonaut who was killed during re-  
entry in Soyuz 1 in 1967.

The more I thought about it, the more I came to realize that it was not so much the human deaths that were the tragedy, but the fact that something which had such a huge amount of money spent on it, and that involved such technical expertise, and on which such care should have been taken, could have gone so wrong.

Of course the deaths of the astronauts should be mourned, as you would mourn the death of anyone you respected, but it is a personal thing, not something that needs to be done en masse. I feel sorry when I hear of a Police Officer being killed while performing his/her duty. The astronauts were people doing a job; a job they were employed to do; a job that they were paid for and which brought them national fame. With space exploration there is much that is not known and the astronauts knew that there would be dangers, and that major accidents in space travel were likely to be fatal.

I cannot remember which astronaut - one from the first shuttle - said that it does not give you the best feeling to know that NASA accepted the cheapest quotes for the building of the shuttles.

CRAIG HILTON      I enjoyed the article on the evolution of hospital  
72/375 Stirling Highway clipboards (What is this? Evolution City?) [It's  
Claremont      known as a theme. MAO] and I particularly enjoyed  
W.A. 6010      seeing my first ever article in print. Now, I'll  
13/4/86      forgive your what might be called editorial  
discrection, your minor adjustments, in short your  
savage mutilation of my original submission. Why?  
Because I like your face Marc; I like your face, and with good looks you  
can get away with almost anything. The reference for my medical article is  
A SOCIAL HISTORY OF MEDICINE by F.F. Cartwright (Longman 1977), or speak to  
any microbiologist or epidemiologist about Dr John Snow and the Broad  
Street pump.

The difference between the seven crew killed in the shuttle disaster and seven killed in an everyday road smash is the matter of identification. We can feel sad over the tragic death of a family previously unknown to us, but we cannot grieve, that is to sever emotional ties, without having first built them up. The American nation and others had come to identify with the ill-fated astronauts - in a sense they all had been singled out before the event, in a way that only friends and relatives have singled out in advance the victims of page five road smashes.

The real tragedy, as far as I'm concened, is that civilians and scientists in space are merely the spin-offs from a shuttle programme funded primarily for its military purposes.

[Craig invited my to butcher his letter however I wanted to. I did.]



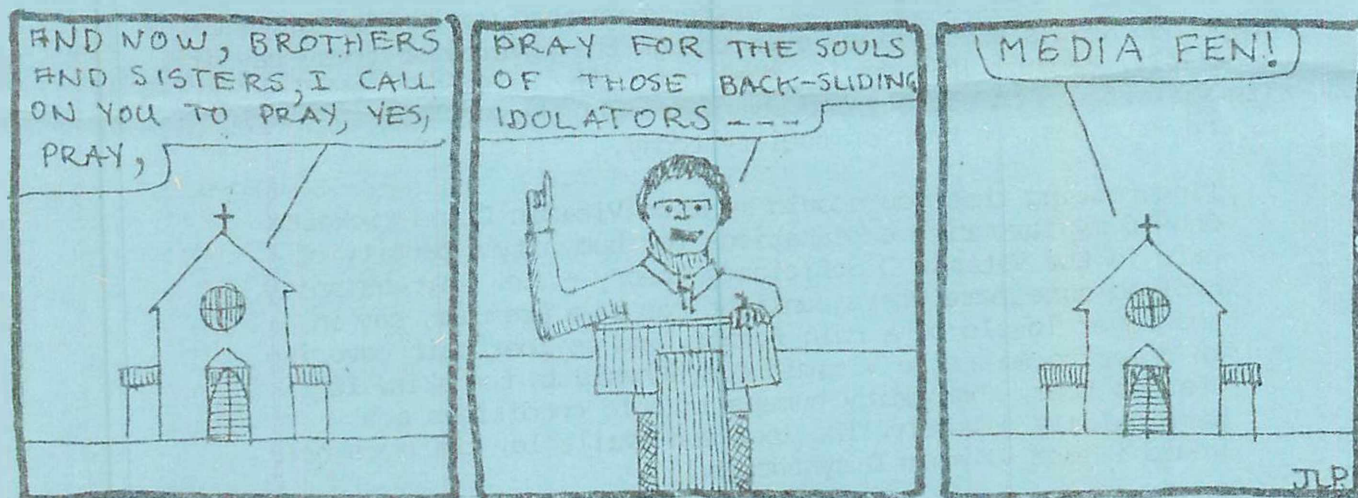
GIULIA DE CESARE  
P.O. Box 57  
Sandy Bay  
Tas 7005

19/3/86

I am a media fan! Yes! I will stand up and murmur it softly to the world! I will never get past the Mountains of Inertia, as attested to by my infrequent letter writing, but let me say, in defense of BLAKES 7 and all the rest, that there are times when mediocrity is inspiring. For proof, look at all the fervent scribbling inspired by that Giordano story. I can't remember if there were any good stories in FAR OUT #2 but, if there were, they haven't aroused the response that one did.

I watched in rapture the first season of BLAKES 7 and said to myself "You can write better than that!" so I went off and wrote a tv series outline and sketches for 5-6 episodes. Now they'll probably never leave the shelf, but I'd never have written them if I hadn't wanted to prove to myself that I could do better than BLAKES 7. On the other hand, give me Harlan Ellison (No! Please no! Don't take me literally! Oh gods!) and I retreat into depression, knowing I can never be that good, so what's the use of trying.

There is a need to tackle accessible goals before you take a tilt at the impossible ones.



PAMELA J. BOAL  
4 Westfield Way  
Charlton Heights  
Wantage  
OXON OX12 7EW  
U.K.

2/4/86

Though no biologist myself, it's certainly a subject of great interest to me, so I particularly enjoyed this ish. I do so agree, fantasy, where the only rules are those integral to the work itself is one thing but science fiction is another. That's one thing that I used to enjoy about Milford (an sf writers' conference/workshop I used to attend regularly here in England); the authors who attended were all of the opinion that it was important to get the science right. No individual can know or experience it all, but any writer could and should be able to research and find authoritative sources of information. I confess I enjoy research; one trail leading to another becomes so fascinating that it's a wonder that I ever get around to writing the stories. (Don't worry. You won't have heard of my work. Very little was published, and not under my own name. I abandoned writing when I committed myself to work for disabled people.)



One device I absolutely loathe is that whereby the author explains his pseudo-science to the reader by having the good professor lecture his dumb assistant. The author with the furry babies could have observed that, to a certain extent, individuals acclimatize; my lovely husband gets quite a bit of fuzz on his bald pate in the winter. In common with a good many men (women too, but you wouldn't get them to admit it) when in a colder climate than that to which he is accustomed, his hair follicles are stimulated. When mini-skirts were the fashion in our less than equitable climate (temperate zone indeed!) girls found themselves getting fat thighs. Women do store more fat in thighs and buttocks when cold.

Having lived in climates other than the one I was born and raised in, I can assure you that getting acclimatized is a physical as well as a mental change. It takes me about a year to acclimatize to a hot country and then a couple of years to acclimatize back. Many Asians in Britain suffer from rickets because their native climate and thus culture demands covering up against the sun; our climate demands exposure to every bit of sun we get, in order to ensure maximum Vitamin D production. Had your furry baby author given matters a little more thought and research she might have come up with a more plausible origin for the furry children.

Isn't that the beauty of sf? With enough imagination you can arrive at any possible future. I agree that the game must be played correctly; you must extrapolate from the basis of today's known facts and perceived scientific truths and set the scene so well that any leaps through, say, the discovery of a currently unknown material or technique can be accepted by the reader as possible in the writer's created world. For instance, I accept Bob Shaw's slow glass, even though the physics of today say it's impossible, because his stories deal not with the science of slow glass but with its effects on society and they are well thought out, and well in keeping with what we know of society today.

[Interesting that you should mention Vitamin D and rickets. One of my favourite explanations for humanity's paucity of hair is the Vitamin D deficiency theory - i.e. that humanity evolved somewhere where sunlight was at a premium, say in the lower levels of a rain forest, and so lost hair covering in order to maximize Vitamin D synthesis in the skin. If that is true, then hairy humans in cold conditions are particularly unlikely. The less sun available, the more hair would impede Vitamin D synthesis.]

MARK LINNEMAN  
17/635 Drummond St  
North Carlton  
Vict 3054

10/6/86

Such articles as Cropp's "On the ecological economy of the hospital clipboard" are making your sincere and deeply meaningful attempts to deal with evolution appear frivolous. As I am sure everything in TIGGER is serious to the extent that structural analysis of Delaney would be rejected as not solid enough, I think it is time someone ended this evolution debate before it may possibly get silly.

An angel appeared to me on 9 July (Queen's Birthday) and revealed that most of what we think of as the world and history is mere illusion. He presented me with gold tablets that told the true story. Before he took them back (they always take the gold tablets back - ask Joseph Smith) I managed to read enough to find out that the world (the universe, even) was created 27 August 1985 and all memories prior to this time have been implanted in our brains. Think of the implications of this - Aussiecon Two never really existed! As evidence for this I suggest you think back. Didn't Aussiecon seem unreal? I certainly can't remember many details yet there are photographs which purport to show that I was there!



There are other serious implications to this truth. It will relieve many in fandom of financial liability. Obviously, if prior to August 1985 all is illusion, no fan can possibly owe tax for years prior to 1985/86. And for 1985 it is not necessary to declare any income earned until 27 August. (If Taxation gives you any problems, just show them this letter - they will understand).

This does have a darker side. For one thing it means that my American accent is obviously a complete phoney.

[Thanks Mark. I've taken your advice, and have decided not to print anything more about evolution unless some letter really grabs me.

As you know, the Taxation Department and I are not in complete agreement at present. I tried your argument with them, and they agreed about the possibility of the World starting on August 27th, especially when I pointed out that that was the day before my birthday - conclusive evidence if you ask me. However they asked me if I could remember getting money before, and I had to admit that I did, and so they said that they'd just tax my memories, which was more lucrative than taxing my intelligence, or so they seemed to think.]

SUE BURSZTYNSKI      The most recent issue (April) has plenty of delights.  
45 Hartingdon Rd      The hospital clipboard item was a nice bit of whimsy.  
Elsternwick            I was interested in "How Doctors Evolved".  
Vict 3131

18/5/86                I'm glad to see that this issue's creative stuff takes up more pages than the lettercol. Too many fans can't do anything but write LoCs, and it can get rather dull when a letter column is full of such profundities as "In answer to Fred Nerk's letter commenting on my letter commenting on his letter . . . ." If I were a faned, I wouldn't let the discussion get past the second issue. After that I'd give the debaters each others' addresses and let them fight it out in private correspondence.

Oh dear, what a fuss got made over that line you quoted about Aussie sf lacking "cojones"! I have feminist sympathies but my own indignation is against the idea that our sf is somehow lacking. We don't have a long tradition of sf publication here; most of the overseas Big Names, to the best of my knowledge, got their starts in the days when it was a lot easier to get published and hence to practise. A few brave souls here have tried to make a go of publishing local sf, but our biggest names usually get printed overseas and those of us who are just starting out have very little opportunity to practise. The readers here aren't often prepared to give a go to local writers. If you're lucky, you can slip in through the backdoor of children's literature - I nearly did, but the anthology got cancelled. But not everybody can write children's literature.

Nevertheless, there are some talented writers here, if someone will give them a chance, and I'm not the only one who says so! I was at Syncon '83 where Harlan Ellison, in his GoH speech, begged us not to neglect our own writers in favour of overseas authors. He felt there was a good deal of talent here, not getting a chance. So there!

[I am of the opinion that, in order to establish a viable sf industry here, we need authors who are established overseas. In playing with the grown-ups they will learn

essential tricks of the trade, and they will show Australian sf readers who are not a part of the sf community that there is a local product worth buying. Most Australian readers get their sf from F&SF, Asimov's, Analog et al. They won't pick up a local product because it doesn't look like a "real" skiffy magazine. If we had a few more Big Name authors, their names on front covers might attract enough attention from the reading public to make a local publication viable.

The other thing we need, as George Turner has regularly pointed out, is a batch of good editors. Most local editors are well-meaning, but they are nowhere near ruthless enough. I enjoyed Terry Dowling's story in APHELION #2, but it was badly in need of liberal use of the blue pencil.]

#### IAHF

Adrienne Losin who announces another bloody CoA to 16 Melinga Cres, Mornington, Vict 3931, AUSTRALIA.

Lucy Zinkiewicz 185 Nicholson St, Carlton, Vict 3053, who sends an IOU for a LoC, claiming as her excuse for not writing four psychology exams and a French phonetics/linguistics test. A likely story.

Michael Hailstone P.O. Box 193, Woden, A.C.T. 2606, who objects to me using "that dreadful backwoods-American 'off of' instead of just 'off'" I guess he has the right to complain. After all, I complain about his use of the highly inconsistent S.R. #1. (Michael claims that I don't know what I'm doing in my use of language. Interesting. I'd deny that though. I prefer the sound of "off of" to just "off", and what I'm doing, as Michael points out, has precedents.)

Marilyn Pride, Lewis Morley and Nick Stathopoulos who enclosed the DUFF information included in this issue. I don't think that the slowboat TIGGERS will get to the U.S. in time for people to meet the deadline, and so it's up to Australians who want to see particular North American fans over here for CAPCON to get their acts together and contact the appropriate persons.

Jean Weber P.O. Box 42, Lyneham, A.C.T. 2602, who, in reference to Craig's article about doctors points out that laws should protect people from OTHER people's actions, and not from their OWN actions, thus any intrusion by the medical profession into the life-and death decisions of others should be at the invitation of the affected parties.

P.M. Sherwood P.O. Box 23, Port Talbot, SA13 1DA U.K. who explains that the article on masquerade running was "of as much general interest to me as a display of used arse-wipes." (He does though mention that Ian Sorenson, 304A Main St, High Blantyre, Glasgow G72 0DH, U.K. runs a fanzine about convention running.) I dunno. One never knows what will interest people. A display of used arse-wipes might be of interest to a proctologist's convention.

R.K. Hinton P.O. Box 42536, Houston, TX 77242, U.S.A. who sends delightful letters that are not really publishable, but which I enjoy receiving anyway. He's interested in a definition of normal.

Peter Lempert P.O. Box 310, Smithfield, N.S.W. 2164, who comments on some room deposit money that has not been returned after AUSSIECON TWO. (TIGGER is no longer the official whingerag for AUSSIECON!) He also mentions a comics convention that was worse than Eurekacon, and Galactic Tours - the convention that showed yet again that the Melbourne Townhouse should be blackbanned by all future conventions. He asks if AUSSIECON TWO has resulted in any new blood coming into fandom. So far I'd say not, though it has done a job similar to that done by the asteroid that brought down the curtain on the dinosaurs. People such as the KinKon people and the new ASFR crowd are being more active.



Ron Gemmel 79 Mansfield Close, Birchwood, Warrington, Cheshire, WA3 6RN, U.K. who mentions his dissatisfaction with silly science in sf, and who points to the human back, as an example of an evolutionary improvement that is long overdue. I'm sure Joanna Russ, Jean Weber and Bruce Gillespie would be in total agreement.

Mrs Anne M Thompson 6 Ninth Ave, St Peters, S.A. 5069, who is interested in finding out more about fanzines.

Larry Dunning P.O. Box 111, Midland, W.A. 6056, who natters about definitions of evolution, pointing out that, in chemistry, evolving has to do with giving off a gas. Maybe Darwin was just talking about Homo sap's tendency to fart, in which case he and Pythagorus might have more in common than would otherwise be supposed. Larry also suggests that scientists should be more interested in finding a complex of factors involved in evolution, rather than trying to pin it all on one thing, which sounds rather sensible.



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It was either this or write a  
letter ....  
Carey Handfield said I had to  
send you a copy ....

You are Joseph Nicholas and I  
would love another of your  
delightfully critical letters ....  
Your last/only issue (Sorry, but  
you're a victim of budget cuts)....  
Death will not release you ....  
I'd love to have a contribution  
from you ....  
Why not? ....

P.S. Sorry about the changing typeface. Someone didn't want me to finish  
this issue. (Fess up Leigh Edmonds.) For a start Eccles went into  
catatonic shock and I had to finish using one of his clone brothers that  
MICROBEE kindly lent me. Then, halfway through page fifteen, the letter "m"  
dropped off the only 12 pitch daisy wheel I own. TIGGERS weren't meant to  
be easy. I still have to see if the sick drum on the Romeo will hold  
together long enough to print this. SIGH!