

**tigger**

NUMBER TWENTY ONE

AUGUST 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 TAEFF then send it straight there and send your cheque butt and a fifty cent stamp.)

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

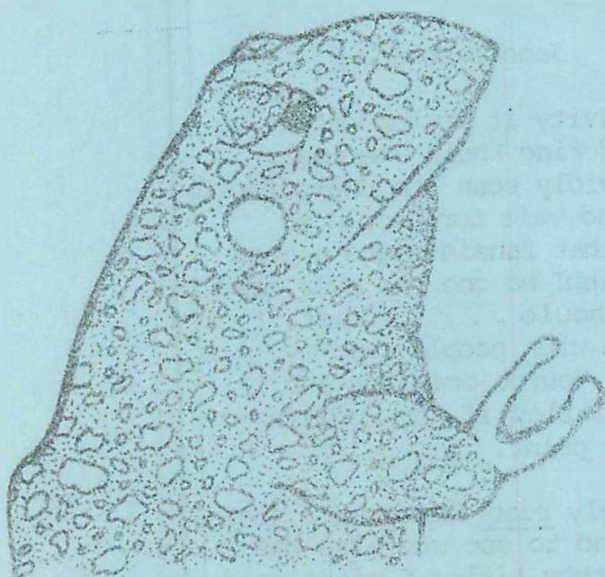
EDITORIAL ADDRESS Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131 AUSTRALIA.

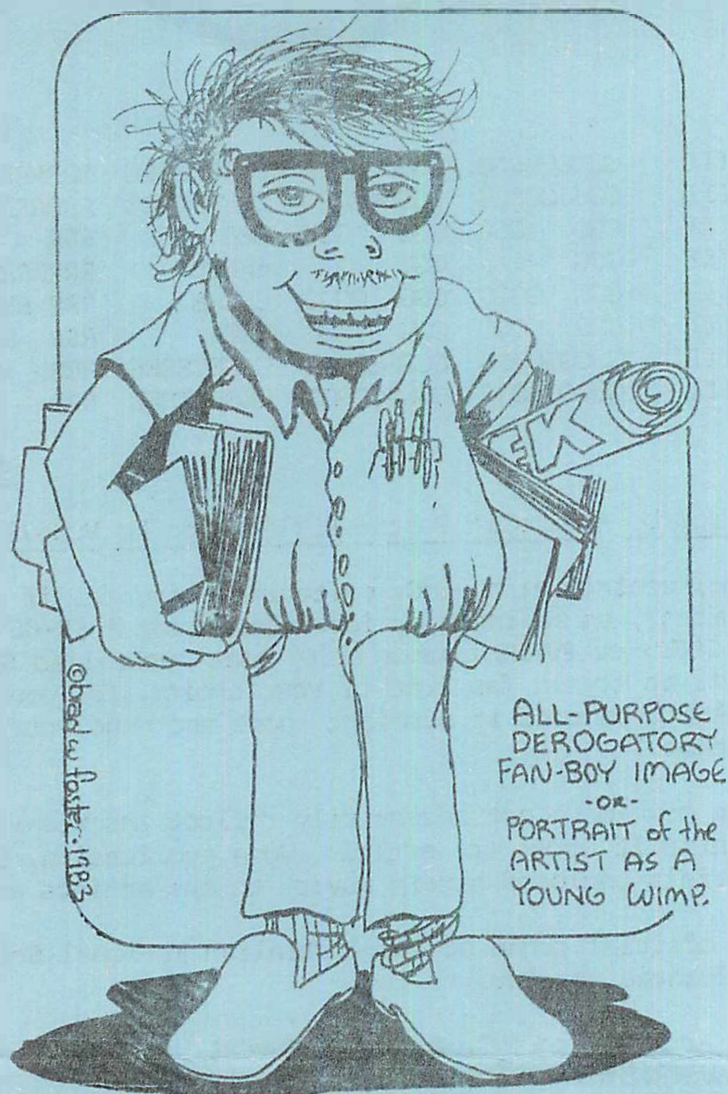
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In association with Eccles the Microbee

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# ARTWORK

Jane Taubman - Cover & p 12  
Sheryl Birkhead -- Cover ppl & 11  
Brad Foster p 2  
Bill Rotsler pp 4 & 14  
Shep p 8  
John Packer p 20  
Graham Ferner p 21  
Craig Hilton p22





# ON FANDOM AND THE S.C.A. - TWO VIEWPOINTS

## FAT, WHITE AND BE-SPECTACLED

Jane Taubman

I have been thinking what a waste of creativity it is for people to produce artwork and fiction for fanzines, considering their extremely limited circulation. Do they think publishers avidly scan the pages looking for new talent? Bullshit! Publishers sit back and wait for people to volunteer work for appraisal. And the argument that fanzines are a good forum for criticism, editing and advice is rubbish! No one has ever said to me "I liked your artwork in "X" but maybe you should . . ." In fact, I very rarely get any feedback about my art, other than when people read my nametag at cons and say "Oh you're Jane Taubman! You do drawings and cartoons for fanzines." As far as I know, very little, if any, editing of stories etc gets done before the fanzine goes to print.

I must admit at this point that I very rarely read fanzines. I just flick through to see if my illos came out okay and to see who else has artwork there. Sometimes, if an article has a catchy title, I might read it. I have probably read less than 10% of the word content of all the fanzines I've received and only half of that was actually worth reading.



Reading lettercolumns is really disillusioning. There one finds that fans, despite their supposed intellect and scientific bias, are just as argumentative, narrow-minded, ignorant, crass and generally unpleasant as mundanes, only they use bigger words to put shit on each other's viewpoints!

So why do I like the S.C.A.? Why is it "better" than fandom?¶ For a start, the basic precepts of the S.C.A. are grace and chivalry, which makes the people more pleasant to be with - though, of course, not all the newcomers have caught on yet. I love the dressing-up and, when everyone at an event is always in costume, it looks and feels great!

There is a wide range of activities, so it is easy for members to find something that they like or at which they are skillful. It is a society of participants, as opposed to fandom, which is a society of onlookers. Therefore there aren't as many fat, white, be-spectacled "I know the theory better than you know the theory" people, although we do still have them. There are more healthy, active, skillful, pleasant people who do things, teach things, win competitions etc. (There's a thought for fans - if there were more activities outside conventions and more competitions associated with conventions, there might be more activity.)

Another advantage of the S.C.A. is that the ratio of male to female members is pretty close to 1:1, which means that women don't have to put up with the "group grope" syndrome at drunken room-parties. We have drunken revels round the campfire too, but the debauchery stays mostly in the songs!

What with the fears of World War III hanging over us, and with thoughts of what we would actually do post-holocaust, it is good to be learning survival skills such as archery, armed combat, openfire cooking, hand-sewing, weaving etc.

So there it is - the S.C.A. is more stimulating, rewarding, demanding, useful and more fun than fandom, from my point of view so that is where my creativity is being channelled now-a-days - where it is appreciated and where I can gain praise, prizes or money for my labours, rather than the form of nebulous, wishy-washy "fame" I get as a fan artist.

---oOo---

¶ Note the use of inverted commas to indicate that "better" is a subjective viewpoint. This is to forestall the inevitable arguments from the inevitable idiots who'll gleefully point out my supposed narrow-mindedness.

=====  
"It was the Ulster Annual Jamboree. For weeks past, hundreds of spotty-faced herberts, with yodelling voices and chin fuzz had tied three million knots, started ten thousand twig fires, and completed six hundred leaf shelters; perfect training for round about 3,000 B.C. but bloody useless in the twentieth century. Where were their geiger counters? Their strontium detectors? Their books on how to bury ten million incinerated children? Be prepared? Ha! Ha!"

Spike Milligan, PUCKOON

## MACHIAVELLI MEETS THE S.C.A.

Dave Lockett

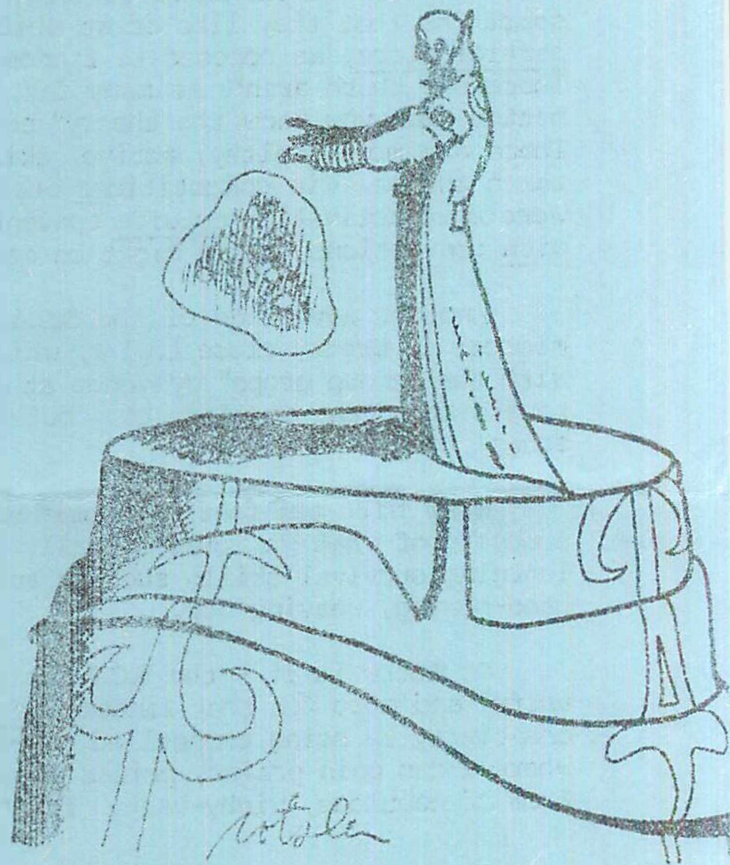
I used to belong to the S.C.A. - in fact I held office in it - but I resigned in disgust after I found out a little about how it's actually run. To understand why I now feel that membership in the S.C.A. is incompatible with ordinary ethics, it is necessary to explain a little about its administration.

The S.C.A. is divided into large groups called "Kingdoms". In The U.S.A. these would encompass at least one hundred full members. There are not, thus far, that many full members in Australia - though many more attend the odd S.C.A. event - and so Australian is part of the West Kingdom, which is mainly sited in California.

Each Kingdom has a Monarch and a bureaucracy. The Monarch is the person who wins a thrice-yearly trial by combat called "The Crown List" and who then rules for the four months until the next trials. The combats are fought in armour, with weapons made of rattan, somewhat kendo-style.

The Monarch actually rules, not reigns, that is, the Monarch's wish is the law. Whatever rules the Monarch wants to make, s/he can make, at least in theory. In practice, the Monarch relies on a Kingdom bureaucracy and that is where the real power-structure of the S.C.A. lies.

The bureaucracy is self-appointed. Its incumbents occupy their offices for as long as they want and, on retiring, usually nominate their successors. They administer every aspect of the S.C.A., from the approval of one's persona name to the fighting rules. Everything is subject to their control, subject only to the whim of a Monarch. There is no necessity and usually no attempt to consult ordinary members. There is no body which represents ordinary members and there is a strong opinion in the S.C.A. that such a body would be contrary to the "dream". In fact, there exists, in the S.C.A., a definite contempt for democracy. (The "dream" is a sort of idealised medieval fantasy. Like religious faith, it is unquantifiable, beyond rational analysis and impolite to criticise. Like the word "God", it is usually capitalised.)





Thus, while the S.C.A. is nominally organised as a series of absolute dictatorships based on a "might is right" premise, it is actually a closed oligarchy, run by a cabal, with some of the aspects of a religion. I am not certain which of these systems of administration I find the more repellent.

Most people who turn up to S.C.A. events either do not realize, nor, I suspect, care very much about this. They like the costuming, the fantasy, the feasting and the fighting. But the S.C.A., at least in the U.S., is no small potatoes. It is tightly organised and one-voiced in a way that fandom cannot be and it has a surprising ability to get people involved, sometimes to the exclusion of all other leisure activity. For that reason, I consider it to be actually dangerous and I regret ever having given time and money to it.

As to its claims to be an educational institution, nobody who knows anything about the medieval societies of Western Europe can take them with anything other than amused disbelief. Certainly there is much made of "authenticity" in various minor ways - recipes, dancing, fancy sewing, the more accessible aspects of music, costuming and calligraphy. But the events at which these are paraded owe far more to Hollywood than to any concept of the Medieval mind. (If you really want a good laugh, listen to a group of S.C.A-ers speaking "Forsooth", a language descended from "Ivanhoe" via "Conan the Barbarian" and "The Court Jester".)

"Education" is not about learning how to make an illuminated manuscript or a good ale; it is about understanding - in this case an understanding of another culture and of how it relates to our own. The S.C.A. attempts to recreate aspects of medieval culture without any understanding of the whole at all, in fact with a belief in totally false and unhistorical concepts - like rule by bureaucracy or a medieval society without a peasantry. The attempt is doomed to failure from the start. This is not "understanding". On the contrary it is a deliberate misunderstanding of the culture and deleterious thereby.

That isn't to say that the S.C.A. is not fun. It gets people in because it is fun, at least at first. But the game isn't worth the price you pay. If you like medieval costume parties - as I do - make up your own. Don't join the S.C.A.

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=====

I wonder how many other cricket fans noticed the Kim Hughes story in a recent F&SF. Mind you, those golden curls have turned his head. The story blurb mentions "Ms Hughes".

## McPHARLIN LOOKS AT FANDOM

John McPharlin

It has always seemed strange to me that fanzines are offered on the basis of "the usual", since I publish nothing that could be traded, rarely contribute and even more rarely write a letter of comment or indeed of anything else. In fact the only LoC I ever wrote to you was in response to the second issue of The Mad Dan Review and doubtless you'll agree that the less said about that the better.

However, I find myself in the unusual position of being all revved up with no one to write to. The reason for this unnatural state of affairs is that there was an advertisement in yesterday's Sydney Morning Herald; the Church of England Grammar School at Darlinghurst is inviting applications for its Organ Scholarship. Needless to say my brain went into overdrive the moment I saw the ad and I have spent most of this weekend trying to determine how best to present myself. (I was tempted to write "how to put my best foot forward" but modesty prevailed.)

All that energy had to go somewhere so I decided that it was time for my semi-annual attempt to clean up the flat. As I worked my way down through all the piles of general correspondence, magazines, old telephone books, empty cigarette packets and take-away food containers I kept coming across increasingly older issues of TIGGER. I note the following points about these issues:

a) a quick glance at each issue reveals that I have read it at some stage

and

b) my reason for receiving your zine has dropped from "editorial whim" to "why not?"

What can I say? I do read it, but it's full of people like Damien Broderick and Richard Faulder and references to Lee Harding. I hardly speak to these sorts of people at conventions and, given my normal reading preferences - big print and lots of pictures - it is enough of an effort to read the stuff they write without going to the extreme of responding to it as well. Anyway, I don't need to comment on things just to prove I've read them.

So what should I write about? Why not something close to my heart - young nubile women? I think that I may be going through some kind of mid-life crisis because I enjoyed some parts of KinKon 2. I didn't go to many programme items, but I enjoyed most of those I got to. This is a great change for me as I haven't really enjoyed conventions for some time - I have found most cons I've attended recently to be boring, childish, or both. Most hardened conventioners pride themselves on not attending (m)any programme items, since the purpose of going to a con is to meet other fans and acquaintances from previous cons, but even that was bringing me little joy, either because the people I really wanted to see didn't make it to the con or else there were so many turkeys gobbling around the place that it was next to impossible to catch up with the people who were worth catching up with. KinKon 2 wasn't like that. KinKon 2 was good. (Onya Angus!)



"Where does this leave the nubile young women?" do I hear you asking? Well I have had the suspicion for a number of years that I'm a bit of a latent media fan. This suspicion really dates back to Queasycon [Quasarcon] (at the Capri Theatre, remember) - Karen Lewis and her Wonder Woman suit. It is reenforced by nyws in trekkie costumes, wherever they may be found. Generally media fans seem to have more fun and don't take themselves so seriously as sf fans, if you ignore some of their fan fiction - Avon and Mr Spock in bondage etc. I'd rather watch an old episode of Outer Limits than discuss Ditmars or the Constitution any day. So if you want to catch up with me at the next convention, look for the guy in the bar who's wearing Mr Spock ears, a Dr Who scarf, Flash Gordon lurex tights and a Vila truss with matching bicycle clips and I'll shout you a beer! In the meantime, save the last trekkie for me.

## KINKON 3

SO YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT

KINKON 3?

Well, it happened like this . . . (are you sitting comfortably?) After KINKON 1, that thickhead Murphy sunk us right in it, and we came forth with KINKON 2. Not having learnt his lesson (THE lesson . . . anyone that wants to run a Convention should not be allowed to) he opened his yap again after KINKON 2 and here we are -

KINKON 3!

Yes folks, KINKON 3 . . . the IMPROVED FORMULA conventicon with the MIRACLE XR13 ingredient . . . The ALL NEW, SUPER-DUPER 1989 NATCON BID!

We have an overseas Guest of Honour (Yes, we know Tasmania doesn't count.) an el spiffo Fan Guest in production and a programme that will, as usual, leave you stuck to the hotel walls. A Lousy Film Night! (remember Supermonster?) More FREE Albatrosses! More this! More that!

The Lights, Camera, Chaos will all take place over Easter 1989. Watch here for details of hotel, costs and what have you.

Want to join now and avoid the rush? Presupporting membership costs a lousy \$2-00. That's right . . . two bucks. Just slip that greenie into an envelope and send it to:

KINKON 3

11 Hopkins St

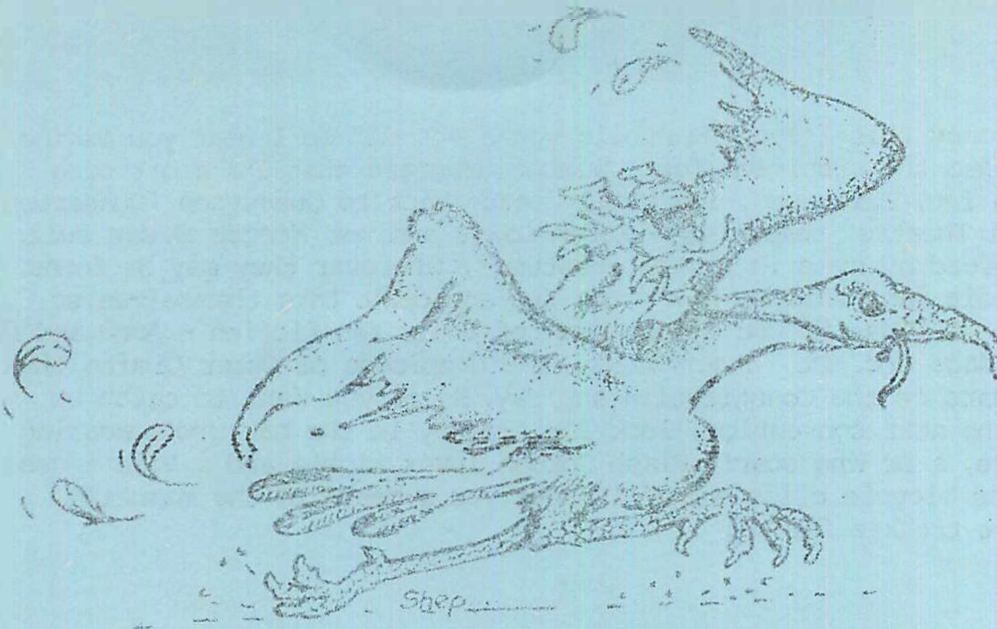
Dandenong

Vict 3175 and we'll do the rest. More details? Easier

still. Ring Angus after hours on (03) 819-3844.

SEE YOU ALL AT EASTERCON '87





### AROUND THE TRAPS

#### CAPCON

As most members of CapCon will be aware, the 1987 National has produced its progress report #2. Dates are April 24th to 27th 1987. Guests of Honour are Robert Lynne Asprin, Lynn Abbey and John Newman. Location is the Canberra Park Royal Hotel.

Membership rates are \$25-00 (attending) until 14/10/86. Current room rates are \$98-00 per night, for as many people as you can cram into a room. (Free shoehorn with each room booked?)

Further information from CAPCON

P.O. Box 312  
Fyshwick  
A.C.T. 2609

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#### TWO LOOKS AT THE NOTIONAL

That there is some concern with the direction taken by Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown's THE NOTIONAL is attested to by the virtually simultaneous appearance of THE MOTIONAL (All you need to know about bodily Functions) and FUCK THE NOTIONAL.

THE MOTIONAL edited by "Lee Elrond" and "Elmer Frown" is, thus far, anonymous, providing the Melbourne Friday Night crowd with some interesting but fruitless speculations. Current guesses as to the responsible parties include Paul Stevens, Roger Weddall, Sally Beasley, Perry Middlemiss, Marc Ortlieb and Terry Frost. I can deny at least one of those guesses. It's an interesting mix. Much of it is directly quoted from THE NOTIONAL. Irwin Hirsh recognised the review of "SALAMANDER 10" as being virtually word for word for the review of SIKANDER that appeared in the NOTIONAL.

There are some nice, if rather vitriolic touches, in this zine. Mark Linneman thinks that the rip-off of Damien Broderick's style is quite good. For me the statement "Australian SF does so have cojones! I have seen them", attributed to "Jenny Blackeye", excuses the pardonable taste of the rest of the issue. The layout and style are, if not quite spot on, at least pretty damn close, leading many people to mutter "What another one already?" on first opening the zine.



On the debit side, anonymous fanzines are in bad taste, especially when they are as openly critical as is THE NOTIONAL. I found the silly word plays to be a touch sophomoric too, but that's probably got to do with my taste in satire.

FUCK THE NOTIONAL by the In-House Committee of Western Australian Fandom Inquiring Into Un-fannish Activities on the Eastern Seaboard of Australia, c/o P.O. Box 545, South Perth, W.A. 6151 AUSTRALIA is, assuming that we can take the contributors' names at face value, a more honest criticism of THE NOTIONAL, looking at some of the idiosyncracies that have slipped into Leigh and Valma's recent publications.

Dave Lockett gives an overview of THE NOTIONAL #14, concentrating on Valma's SWANCON report and looking at the biases in Leigh's fanzine reviewing. The other main criticism is that THE NOTIONAL doesn't seem to concentrate as much on its role as a magazine about Australian science fiction as it should.

Ian Nichols looks at the way that Australian fandom tends to take itself too seriously, and questions my sanity. While I'm flattered by his evaluation of my ability to resist the heady glow of fannish acclaim, I'm afraid that it just ain't so. I produce fanzines because it gives me a sense of self-worth, and I'm as bad a gong-collector as any fan writer/editor. My "selfless" withdrawal from the Ditmar race was a cunning attempt to win a huge sympathy nomination for the 1985 Hugo Awards. It didn't fucking well work, and so I had to force my way into the spotlight by presenting the bloody things instead. Not only that, but when I cleverly allowed my name to be snuck back onto the Ditmar Ballot at Swancon I didn't bloody well win one. Thus I'm going home to sulk! Oops! Let my ego out there didn't I. Back to the fanzine under consideration.

Michelle Muijsert looks at the FFANZ race from the point of view of someone who worked hard to collect votes. I can't help but agree that Leigh and Valma were rather petty in their evaluation of the FFANZ race, though I do hope that the next race gets a little more publicity.

Mark Loney examines something that has disturbed me about THE NOTIONAL, that is its aim to make money. While I have nothing against money-making, and indeed prostitute myself to the Victorian Education Department for just that purpose, I have found the aggressive marketing of THE NOTIONAL has grated on me. Mark looks not just at the stated policy, but at the general attitude shown in implementing it. THE NOTIONAL is not a user-friendly fanzine. FANEW SLETTER, Leigh's previous newszine, which also encouraged subscribers, was.

Julian Warner completes the zine with a prayer which I can amalepersons. THE NOTIONAL has been an interesting experiment, but I too think that it's time Leigh got back to publishing good fannish fanzines. If one can get past the ballyhoo, FUCK THE TORIES has the potential to be a bloody good fanzine. Judith Hanna's piece on textile conservation is indeed a damn good bit of writing. However the self-aggrandising marketing of the zine leads one to look for faults, as a matter of principle.

I can only hope that the close proximity of THE NOTIONAL and FUCK THE NOTIONAL will be seen not as a condemnation of Leigh's publishing but as a constructive suggestion for future directions. As underpins several of Leigh's fanzine reviews, the thing that most disappoints reviewers is when a faneditor with a great deal of potential fritters it away in directions that do not suit the reviewer.



AD ASTRA 7/CANVENTION 7

If you happen to be in the vicinity of Toronto around June 12th - 14th 1987, you might consider the Canadian National Convention, featuring C.J. Cherryh as Pro Guest of Honour. (She seems to be doing the colonial circuit.) The Canadians have a national award - the Caspers - that are awarded as a part of the convention.

For further information, contact

Ad Astra 7/ Convention 7  
P.O. Box 7276,  
Stn A, Toronto  
ONT, M5W 1X9  
CANADA

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BIGGER STRIPS

The New Zealand underground Comix magazine, STRIPS, is going to A3, according to a recent flier. If you're interested, contact publishers DiHeart Communications, P.O. Box 581, Papakura, New Zealand.

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SYDNEY IN '91

The Sydney in '91 Worldcon Bid are holding elections in September 1986. They are also selling pre-supporting memberships at \$7-00. If you are interested, contact them at the following address:

"Sydney in '91"  
P.O. Box 2  
Bexley North  
N.S.W. 2207  
AUSTRALIA

Phone Kevin (02) 78-1103  
or Karen (02) 357-2213

Hopefully they will be electing a publicity committee that will get regular press releases out to the fannish press [Me for instance.]

---oOo---

"I've often felt that fen in this part of the world have a "cargo cult" mentality towards Worldcons. They inflate the real value and gloss over the costs. It seems to me that we put Australian fandom on hold for a few years to attract the Worldcon and now the goodies we hoped to reap have turned out to be all a banana republic has the right to expect from passing gods. Bugger all."

John Newman

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APHELION #3, with stories by Chris Simmons, Chie-Hoon Lee, Stephen Dedman and Terry Dowling has appeared. See your local newsagent, or write to P.O. Box 421, Stirling, S.A. 5152.



## EASTERCON '87

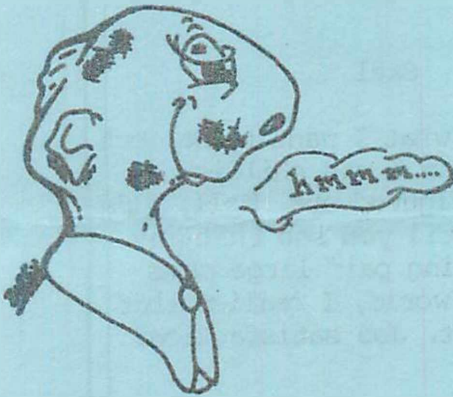
If you're looking for an interesting lead-up to CapCon, or if you're unable to afford the airfare to Canberra, or if you're looking for a comfortable convention at a cost you can afford, try EASTERCON '87, held at the Diplomat Motor Inn in the wilds of St Kilda, over Easter 1987 April 17th to 20th. Attending membership costs \$20-00.

For a copy of our first progress report, write to

EASTERCON '87  
P.O. Box 215  
Forest Hill  
Vict 3131  
AUSTRALIA.

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### MALT EXTRACT



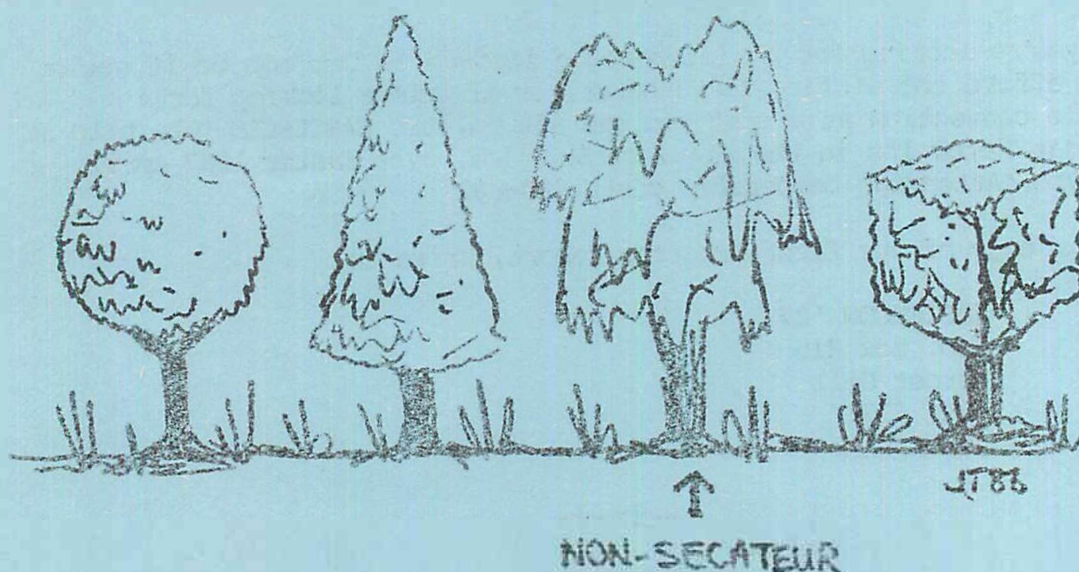
Just a brief explanation to readers not fortunate enough to live in Australia. I'm afraid that the great god Mortgage has again caused me to cut costs by sending out these issues as a double. This might mean that you won't see the June issue until well into December, if not later. (As it is the August issue is running well into September, due to Eccles having a nervous breakdown, the duplicator seizing up and the letter "m" falling off the printwheel on the daisy-wheel, but editorials excusing lateness are rather passe.)

The letter column is very abbreviated. It's not that I dislike letters of comment or anything, and, as I pointed out in a previous malt extract, letter writers should be encouraged by seeing their prose in print. Unfortunately, in these days of political brouhaha, when even noted idealists like Bob Hawke are forced to sell uranium to the French to balance their pocket money, I am forced to join the pragmatists and practise razor techniques on TIGGER. (Please ignore the high-pitched roars. What TIGGERS really dislike is dieting.)

Mind you, I have snuck in a couple of letters by disguising them as articles, thus making you think that people like Skel are writing me a regular column, but that's perfectly natural, and what fanmanship is all about.

This fanzine supports Laurraine Tutihasi for DUFF and Irwin Hirsh for GUFF. It is in favour of a National Convention in either Perth or Melbourne in 1989. It considers anyone bidding for another Worldcon in Australia to be a looney, but is willing to attend to catch up with lots of people. It is not willing to join any worldcon bidding committee.





#### MORE FUCKING GONDOLAS

Skel

What do you want to be when you grow up? I know what I want to be, but I don't think I'm going to make it. Mind you, back when I was childish physically as well as emotionally, I didn't have it figured out. Well, it's not the sort of thing that occurs to you . . . not until you see that any number of people are doing it and, what is more, getting paid large sums for doing it. And, of all the jobs in the whole wide world, I realise that it is the one I most would like. I'd be perfect for it. Job satisfaction? Does Khomenei wear a turban?

I am, of course, referring to the TV travel and holiday shows. You know the ones I mean - the ones where between three and six sun-bronzed presenters spend their working lives sampling holidays. These are captured by the film and sound crews - the other 750 people involved in swanning around, taking all those luxury holidays - for the delection and edification of the viewers. Well, it's supposed to be a sort of 'buyer's guide' but I expect half the time it's holidays by proxy for many of the viewers. Certainly it is for us. So, for about sixteen weeks of the year they get paid huge sums of money for taking holidays - on each day of which they shoot about twenty four seconds of film. They they have the rest of the fucking year off! Doubtless they potter around the garden, being fed up to the back teeth with the Bahamas, Disneyworld, Monaco and all that sunny shit.

The reason I mention all this is that, in walking from the bog to the dining room, where I type and have my fannish being, I have to pass through the lounge where the television holds sway and, on the TV as I passed, was yet another of those sodding holiday brochure shows. There was nobody watching the TV, I hasten to add. We're not slaves to the box in this house (We have a video. . .) No, it's just that our TV has worked a flanker on us. We can't switch the bugger off! Oh, technically, we can but, if you then switch it back on within the space of about six hours, you get a fucked-up picture for the rest of the night - half-brightness, half-sized, and bent back upon itself. So we tend to leave it switched on with the sound muted. It's had this fault for years. The odd thing is that we pay



out for a maintenance contract on it. They take it away; they bring it back fixed and, within two to three days, the fault has recurred. Last time they had the damned thing for three months, almost all of February, March and April. They did a good job though - it lasted four days that time. Mind you, on two of those days it had a different fault.

I think the problem is that it is a German television. We bought it because the Germans have a good reputation for technical design and reliability. It's a Grundig. It's also a dog. We only bought the damned thing in the first place because, for a nominal payment, we also got four years' maintenance thrown in, which made it cheaper than renting over the same period and, afterwards, we'd actually own the set. We couldn't lose. Hah! Just over a year later, when the manufacturer's guarantee ran out, the set developed the fault for the first time. No problem. Maintenance contract. Back to the store we bought it from. Funny, didn't used to be a big empty building. Bankrupt. Maintenance contract not worth the paper it was printed on. Shit"! This was about three years or so ago and, since then, the set has spent more time not working than working.

It's taken me a long time to figure out the problem, but I think I've finally got it worked out now. It hates me. It took the World Cup to make it all fall into place for me. You have heard of the World Cup, I take it. It's a soccer competition. They've just held the finals in Mexico City though, needless to say, Australia didn't even qualify (buncha wimps). The England team was there of course and, in the quarter finals, we had to play Argentina. This was a touchy situation on account of we'd recently stomped the piss out of them in the Falklands and, technically, they are still at war with us. We aren't at war with them but they are at war with us, which seems a bit one-sided and unfair if you ask me. Anyway, for a week before the match, everyone was at pains to point out that this was just a football match and that it had nothing whatsoever to do with any political issues. Fine.

The fucking Argies beat us, didn't they - albeit with a flagrantly illegal 'goal', the allowing of which has caused the referee in question to be dropped from the International Federation's list of approved referees - but all that is by-the-by because, truth to tell, on the day England never played and Argentina was the better side. Then the headlines in the Argentine newspapers told the true story of how they viewed the game. 'Foul? Tell It To Mrs Thatcher.' It was a macho thing. They were getting their own back because we'd won the war. We were just playing a game of football but they were fighting a final, unacknowledged battle for the Malvinas.

But simmering resentment is nothing new. Apparently our TV is still seething over the fact that 'we' won World War II. It's getting its own back. And, frankly, the Dunkirk Spirit seems to have vanished from at least this particular section of the English race. We may have won El Alamein but the battle of 25 Bowland Close looks a goner because I think I'm ready to wave the white flag. Beaten by a teutonic TV - oh the ignominy!

The connection with TIGGER 19 (and aren't you amazed to find, after all this time, that there is a connection?) is not with the segue but from the earlier comments about travel programmes. I would be perfect for one of those programmes except that, if I went abroad, I would eat the food and drink the drinks. This virtually guarantees that I would come down with the country in question's version of 'severe gastric disorder'. I would then need a doctor and, to be perfectly honest, I wouldn't give a shit how they evolved.



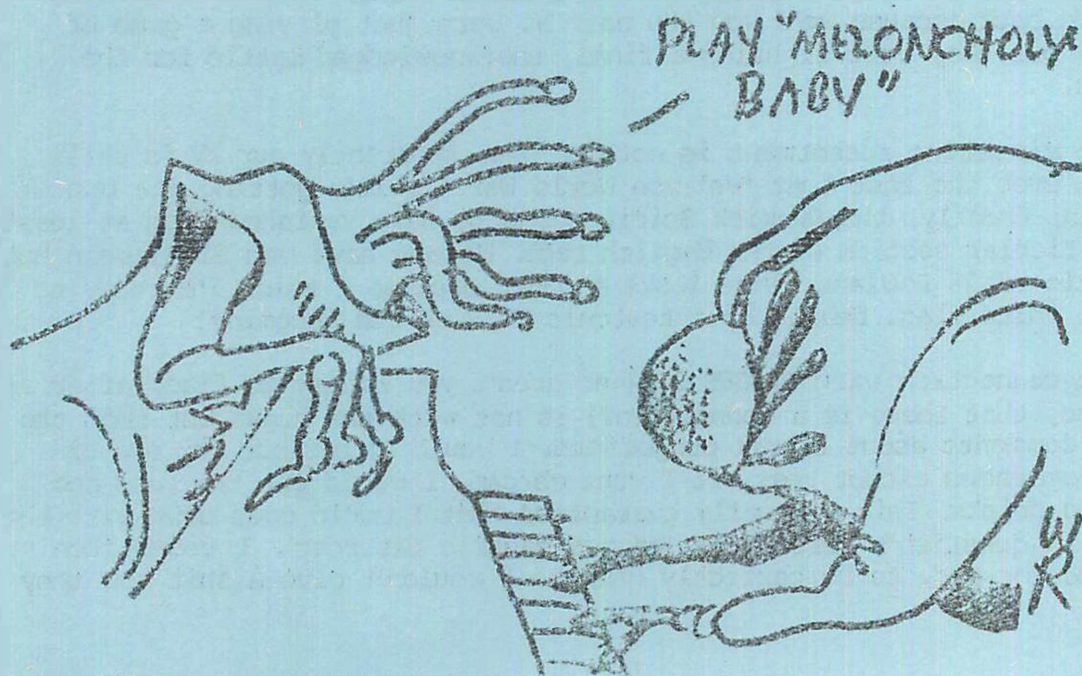
## THE ROLE OF CHOCOLATE MOUSSE IN SCIENCE FICTION

Marc Ortlieb

One should never underestimate the role of the environment in conditioning an author's writing style. Coleridge was rumoured to have indulged in substances currently illegal while composing his poetry. Dylan Thomas was certainly not the first poet to have been poisoned by his boozey muse. Thus it is interesting to speculate on the influence of injected materials on science fiction writers.

I rather suspect that the majority of skiffy writers dine on Big Macs, Kentucky Fried Chicken, or Pizza Hut pizzas and can be categorized accordingly. Our big Mac writers are those who produce fiction that contains all the correct nutritional ingredients, but which still comes out tasting of cardboard. I'd place Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, Arthur C Clarke and Isaac Asimov clearly in this category. Certainly there is a place for hamburger science fiction, and countless pimply sixteen year olds subsist on it quite happily. I'll even admit to having enjoyed some, which is more than I can say of a Big Mac. Some hamburger skiffy even raises itself to the heights of the hamburgers I used to get at the B.P. roadhouse in Tailem Bend.

There was nothing quite like those hamburgers. I usually ate them towards the end of the long motorcycle ride from Naracoorte to Adelaide. My fingers were frozen, I was road weary, and the thick slurry of mayonaise and beetroot juice made pretty patterns as it dribbled down my riding leathers. You just couldn't eat one with decorum, and so it is of the best in hamburger science fiction. It needs to be taken hot, and in big chunks. You let the technicoloured covers ooze through your fingers. My favourite hamburger skiffy is that produced by James White, Colin Kapp, Bob Shaw and F.M. Busby. The ideas are chunky, and you can gulp through them. A diet of nothing but this stuff could be wearying, but it certainly injects a little colour into one's reading. My memories of books like HOSPITAL STATION, PATTERNS OF CHAOS, LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS and RISSA KERGUELEN are every bit as vivid as are my memories of Tailem Bend hamburgers.





Kentucky Fried skiffy is a different kettle of fish. It tends to be more greasy than hamburger skiffy, and is very forgettable. At the time it might seem quite reasonable, and it is even a little moreish - probably something to do with those seventeen secret herbs and spices, at least fifteen of which must be addictive. I've read dozens of Dumarest novels. I've put up with Anthony and Chalker. I will admit to having enjoyed several novels by both gentlemen. However, I wouldn't class them as memorable. Perhaps more memorable are works by Anne McCaffrey, Zenna Henderson, Frank Herbert, Poul Anderson and A.E. van Vogt, but they're still much of a muchness, rather like Red Rooster if I may extend my poultry analogy. A good feed, and worth going back to regularly, but one chicken dinner is very much like another.

Which brings me to Pizza Skiffy. Pizza skiffy is a little bit of everything, on a skiffy base, and covered with sticky literature. The skiffy base ranges in quality from thick and doughy, as in Silverberg's pizza skiffy, to thin and unconvincing, as with Lessing's. It took me ages to develop a taste for pizza, and I have the same trouble with pizza skiffy - in which category I lump most of the new wave, and half of the authors who have heavy literary pretensions. Brian Aldiss is an author who has produced a lot of pizza skiffy, notably with things like "Report on Probability A" and "Barefoot in the Head." (He has though produced some of the tasty hamburger stuff too, notably "Hothouse", which was full of goodies.) Delaney has the tendency to pizza skiffy too. "Dahlgren" is right there. I have occasionally enjoyed a slice of pizza skiffy, Rushdie's "Grimus" and Delaney's "Empire Star" coming to mind, but in general as little as a gentle whiff of mozzarella puts me off. I've yet to find a Gene Wolfe story that I could stomach, and my favourite Philip K Dick story is his simplest - "The Man in the High Castle."

Lest it be thought that I concentrate too much on the junk food of skiffy, I will admit that there are the equivalent of high class restaurants. Ursula LeGuin makes me think of Stephanies in Tooronga Rd, not bad if you like that sort of thing, but too highbrow for my tastes. I prefer somewhere where I can joke with my friends and feel at home, and LeGuin does not allow me to do that, except on very rare occasions, and those are mainly when she allows me the children's serve - "A Wizard of Earthsea" for instance.

There are occasional good solid restaurants like Wells' and Wyndham's which produce filling British tucker, but Bradbury's, just down the road, seems a touch too flashy and Howard Johnsons for my palate. There are strange places like Cordwainer Smith's, which reminds me of my favourite Adelaide restaurant - The Jerusalem, a Lebanese restaurant in Hindley Street. If you walked into the Jerusalem straight off the street, you'd walk straight back out again. It looks rather cheap and nasty, with its Coles cafeteria tables and hessian hangings but, once you get inside, you find the tastes accessible and fascinating, and the atmosphere ideal. I always come out of The Jerusalem and Cordwainer Smith feeling that I've been well fed without worrying about the cost.

There are other writers who stand out like particular restaurants. Heinlein is my favourite ethnic food - Mexican. He tends to bite a little at first, and has left me in tears, reaching for a beer to wash my mouth out. Sometimes I get that nasty morning afterburn. I often wish that he'd leave out the rice and concentrate more of the frijoles. At worst he's bland. At best he tempers the firey chili with the soothing guacamole. A taco is very much like a really good hamburger, but with enough of a twist to make it a special eating experience.



But I have yet to address my topic, which is the role of chocolate mousse in science fiction. I am very fond of chocolate mousse, and so it represents what I see as the very best in science fiction. The pinnacle of science fiction is that which can entertain and instruct in a novel manner. It must be rich and yet light; sweet, but with a hint of bitterness; tasty and not cloying; and mildly intoxicating. There are gradations in chocolate mousses. Sturgeon's Law applies. Still, an average mousse is okay, while a good one is superb.

To me, the mousse, the cream of the crop, is humorous science fiction. I'm regularly accused of not taking skiffy seriously enough, and I accept the compliment. The best sf is the stuff that makes me laugh.

I have always considered sf's wry look at the world to be its greatest attribute. I have been guilty of bemoaning the lack of funny science fiction but the more I look at sf of the forties and fifties, the more humour I see in it. It's not always blatant humour, but it's regularly there, in the quips of the lead characters, who share an optimistic outlook on life and the future tinged by just enough cynicism to make them characters worthy of their place in my memory.

Sf's ability to laugh at itself is something very special, and, when you lose that, and start talking about it as serious Literature with a big "L" you lose what is, to me, a very valuable part of its better nature.

So what can I say about the humour in skiffy? I guess the first thing I can do is to start pigeonholing it. For the sake of simplicity, I'll call my categories specific parody, general parody, whimsey, and satire.

Specific parody is the most incestuous type of skiffy humour, as it often relies heavily on the reader having a background in the genre. Sladek's specific author parodies have this touch. Despite my love for Cordwainer Smith, I cannot avoid the giggle at the computer muttering "A coffee table! Well I'll be damned." It easily stirs my fascination more than the Roderick books which are pizza skiffy, and not, in my opinion, particularly funny.

Those of you who have not read any of Sladek's parodies might like to try to guess the authors under the hammer in the following quotations:

"It was as tasty as a seventeenth summer. As scrumptious as the smell of lavender rain. Yummier than freedom itself. In fact, the only taste I liked as well was the taste of stamps."

"Jeremiah Lashard had a string of letters behind his name as long as his arm, which was itself exceptionally long. Since his days as boxing champion of M.I.T., this misanthrope hadn't felt the need of asking favours of anyone. No one had helped him become a chess Grand Master, a world-reknowned cenologist, an Olympic medal winner, frisbee expert and astronaut. No one had given him a hand with his hit plays and best-selling novels. No one helped discover 'light water', name a new family of spiders, invent the Lashard bearing or create 'Lashard's Law' of capital gains."



Specific parody is also a valuable, if rather vicious, critical tool. Harry Harrison's "Bill the Galactic Hero" demolishes both Asimov's Trantor and Heinlein's Starship Troopers far more efficiently than literary criticism could ever do, and, at the same time, Harrison has created, in Bill, a character for whom one can feel genuine pity. Sladek's "Brood Force" does a similar hatchet job on Asimov's robots. Specific parody is seldom subtle, but, as I'm sure my introductory remarks will have indicated, I'm not a great fan of subtlety.

Naturally not all specific parody works. I enjoyed the Harvard Lampoon's parody "Bored of the Rings", but did not like their "Doon". In some cases parodies are disliked because the reader enjoys the book being savaged. This was not the case here though. I prefer "Lord of the Rings" to "Dune".

General parody is perhaps more useful when breaking down the great cliches. Harrison is rather adept at this too. His "Starsmashers of the Galaxy Rangers" and "Spacerats of the CCP" take space opera and give it a shake. (Although I will grant that "Starsmashers" comes close to being a specific parody of the Skylark series.) Those who still take the word "coruscating" seriously might enjoy the following

"Mere flesh and blood could not stand against such forces. But in the few seconds it took the coruscating energies to eat through the force screens, hull, vapourized gas and protons, the reckless pair of valliant Corpsmen had hurled themselves headlong into their space armour. And just in time! The ruin of the once great ship hit the atmosphere and seconds later slammed into the poison soil of Biru-2"

Harrison's "The Technicolour Time Machine" is an amusing look at assorted time travel paradoxes.

Sometimes it is possible to mistake general parody for specific parody, as the author pinpoints the characteristics of the subject literature so well that any work in that rough area seems the specific target. Fredric Brown's "Placet is a Crazy Place" is such a story. It can be seen as a parody of Theodore L Thomas's "The Lonely Man" as the following quotations demonstrate:

"... Maybe that was a good idea at that. Used metal filings, you see, with sodium chloride. Small scale tests indicated that the ozone would form an active oxide which would react with sodium chloride and form a soluble metallic chloride. Then the sodium would keep the soil alkaline. By golly, that must be it.' and Beverage plopped his right fist into his left hand, nodding, smiling. Gradually, he became conscious of the fact that Ursula was watching him, wide-eyed. He dropped his hands to his sides and looked at her and flushed.

She said softly, 'I love it when you talk like that, Nathaniel. Tell me some more about it, please.'"

and



"... midperiod occurs every twenty hours, regularly. We can use conditioner to adapt ourselves to a twenty-hour day - six hours sleep, twelve awake - with everyone blissfully sleeping through the period when their eyes play tricks on them. And in a darkened sleeping room so you couldn't see anything, even if you woke up. More and shorter days per year - and nobody goes psychopathic on us. Tell me what's wrong with it."

His eyes went bleak and blank and he hit his forehead a resounding whack with the palm of his hand.

"Too simple, that's what's wrong with it. So darned simple only a genius could see it. For two years I've been going slowly nuts and the answer so easy nobody could see it."

In both stories the protagonist is the scientific leader of a colony harvesting drugs for Earth. Both planets are special, Placet because of its heavy matter core and Iros because of its ozone rich atmosphere. In both stories the scientist, by ingenious strokes of divergent thinking, solves the planet's problems and ends up with a beautiful girl. Both stories are linked to the Rocket from Earth. "The Lonely Man" is the sort of pompous story that badly needs parodying. Indeed, when my mind linked the two stories I was very pleased with myself. Ah! thought I, how nice of Fredric Brown to rip off the story. My theory fell to bits when I checked the copyright dates. "Placet" was published at least fifteen years before "The Lonely Man".

This leads to some interesting speculations. Could Thomas have had "Placet" lurking in his subconscious when he wrote "The Lonely Man"? Was he merely basing the story on the sort of skiffy that Brown was ripping off? Did he deliberately set out to write a serious story based on the plot for "Placet"? If the latter is the case, then I think I can lay claim to having discovered a new fundamental type of Literature - the anti-parody. Parity is sustained.

If parodic skiffy mousse has a vaguely familiar taste to it, whimsical skiffy mousse doesn't. It is light, fluffy, and delicious. Some scientific ideas are delightfully silly. Real science fiction asks "What if . . . ?", to which whimsical science fiction replies "Why not?" If we can make a serious point by looking at our society via an alien viewpoint, then why not a humorous one? In "Spacetime for Springers", Fritz Leiber gives us a whimsical look at Schroedinger's Cat long before Wilson or Heinlein decided to make use of the cat that walks through walls.

"[she] firmly believed, for example, that kittens operated in the same space-time as other beings - that to get from here to there they had to cross the space between - and similar fallacies."

Gummitch, the kitten protagonist of the story, has discovered the real truth in society. Kittens, being bright and intelligent, are destined to metamorphose into human beings given the correct chemical stimulus - a cup of coffee - whereas babies, being dull lumpish things interested in nothing but food, receive their own chemical stimulus - a bowl of horsemeat - and change into stolid pussycats. In following through the idea, Leiber gives us a kitten's eye look at our foibles. Spider Robinson occasionally uses his aliens and outcasts to cast a wry eye on the Twentieth Century. I particularly liked his analysis of bathroom and toilet architecture, and gave it a great deal of thought when cursing the builders who designed the



guttering at 29 Christa Avenue without considering of the somewhat esoteric fact that water runs downhill.

One province that science fictional humour has made its own is that of the whimsical device. I suppose that this is a subset of parody, as such devices often mirror the serious super-gadget sf. Thus we have the idiot savante Aldous Worp, from Lion Miller's "The Available Data on the Worp Reaction" who constructs an anti-gravity device from the contents of a local rubbish dump; the various space drives, including Harrison's Bloater Drive and Cheddite Drive; Papa Schimmelhorn's cuckoo-clock miracles; the serendipitous discovery of the psychoactive chess patterns in "Von Goom's Gambit"; Asimov's super-soluble thiotimoline, that dissolves before the water is added and Professor Emmett Duckworth's bizarre biochemical meddlings. There is great potential for further whimsical humour here.

Satire in science fiction is perhaps less inclined to provoke gales of hysterical laughter, but scenes from Heinlein's "Stranger in a Strange Land", Pohl's "Tunnel Under the World", Ellison's "'Repent Harlequin,' Said the Ticktock Man" and Tenn's "The Liberation of the Earth" bring the occasional raised eyebrow or sardonic smile. One of my favourites in that regard is C.C. MacApp's "And All the Earth a Grave", in which, through a computer error, a coffin manufacturing company gives its advertising manager a huge budget, and he goes on an advertising spree that would make Coca Cola look like pikers. Everyone on Earth buys a coffin and, like owners of nuclear weapons, people who own the finest coffins tend to want to use them. The final scene features an ancient prospector and his donkey who wander into town to find everyone dead.

"'They're gone Evie,' he said to the burro, 'all gone.' He put his arm affectionately around her neck. 'I reckon it's up to me and you agin. We got to start all over.' He stood back and gazed at her with mild reproach. 'I shore hope they don't favour your side of the house so much this time.'"

Gentle irony provides a ready source of humour in science fiction. Asimov provides examples of this in stories like "The Fun They Had", where two children, tutored by computers, discover an ancient book about schools where children were taught by real people. His "The Power it Gave" in which mental arithmetic is rediscovered, allowing the military to provide their missiles with cheap, self-reproducing computers, is perhaps a blacker variety of that irony.

Irony also contributes to humour in alternate universe stories, such as "Remember the Alamo", Farmer's "Sail On! Sail On!" and Piper's "He Walked Around the Horses". It gets carried to its ultimate in Vonnegut's "The Sirens of Titan" where the whole of human history is merely part of an alien being's attempt to say "G'Day" to beings in another galaxy.

There's a temptation to see humour as a rare commodity in science fiction, but the closer you look, the more you find. I won't even attempt to look at "serious" science fiction, like that of Eric Frank Russell or Colin Kapp, where the humour bubbles under the surface. Bar stories, such as the Tales from the White Hart, Gavagan's Bar and Callaghan's Crosstime Saloon are a sub-genre in themselves.

There are even pieces of faan fiction that slip into anthologies - Robert Bloch's "A Way of Life" made little sense the first time I read it. Now I can recognise most of the references it is far clearer. The names of the various gods in Gerrold & Niven's "The Flying Sorcerers" are

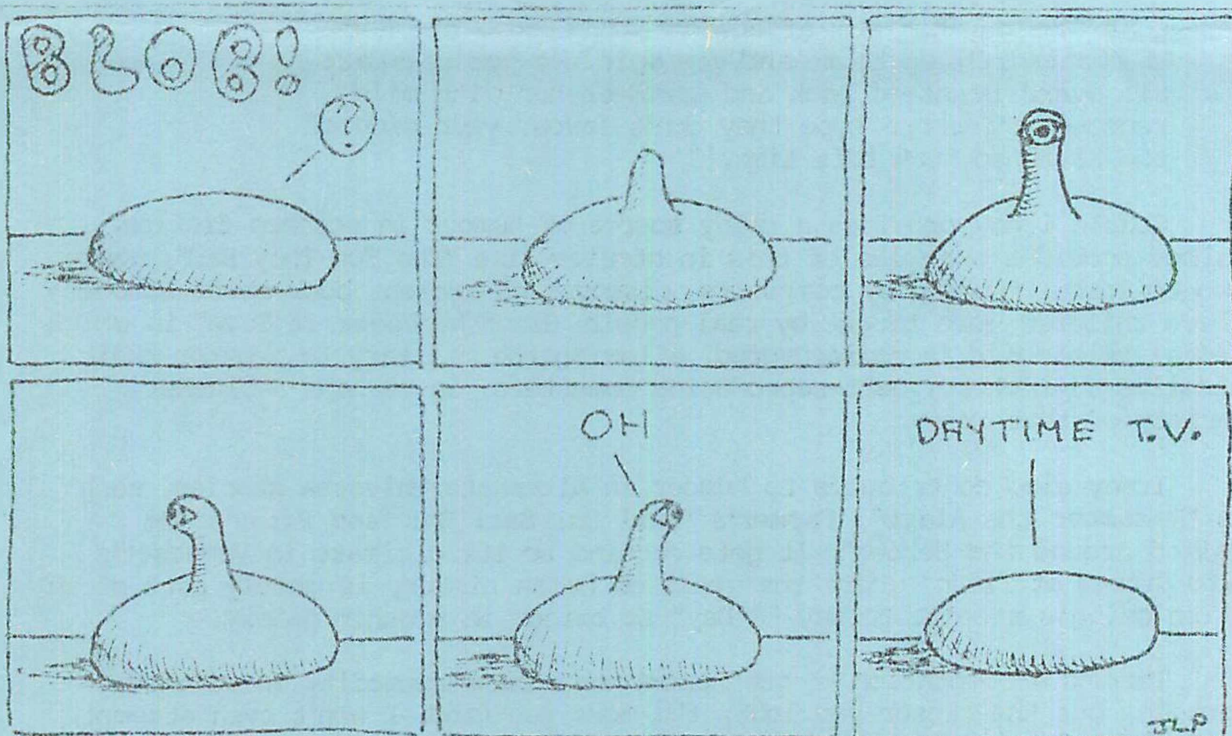


delightfully whimsical and pay tribute to Bob Tucker, who made an art of writing humorous fan pieces, but whose professional persona - Wilson Tucker - seems far more serious. One of my favourites in this area is Frederic Brown's "What Mad Universe", in which the protagonist finds himself in a universe created from the fantasies generated by a young science fiction fan. (And this too before Heinlein's "The Cat Who Walks Through Walls".)

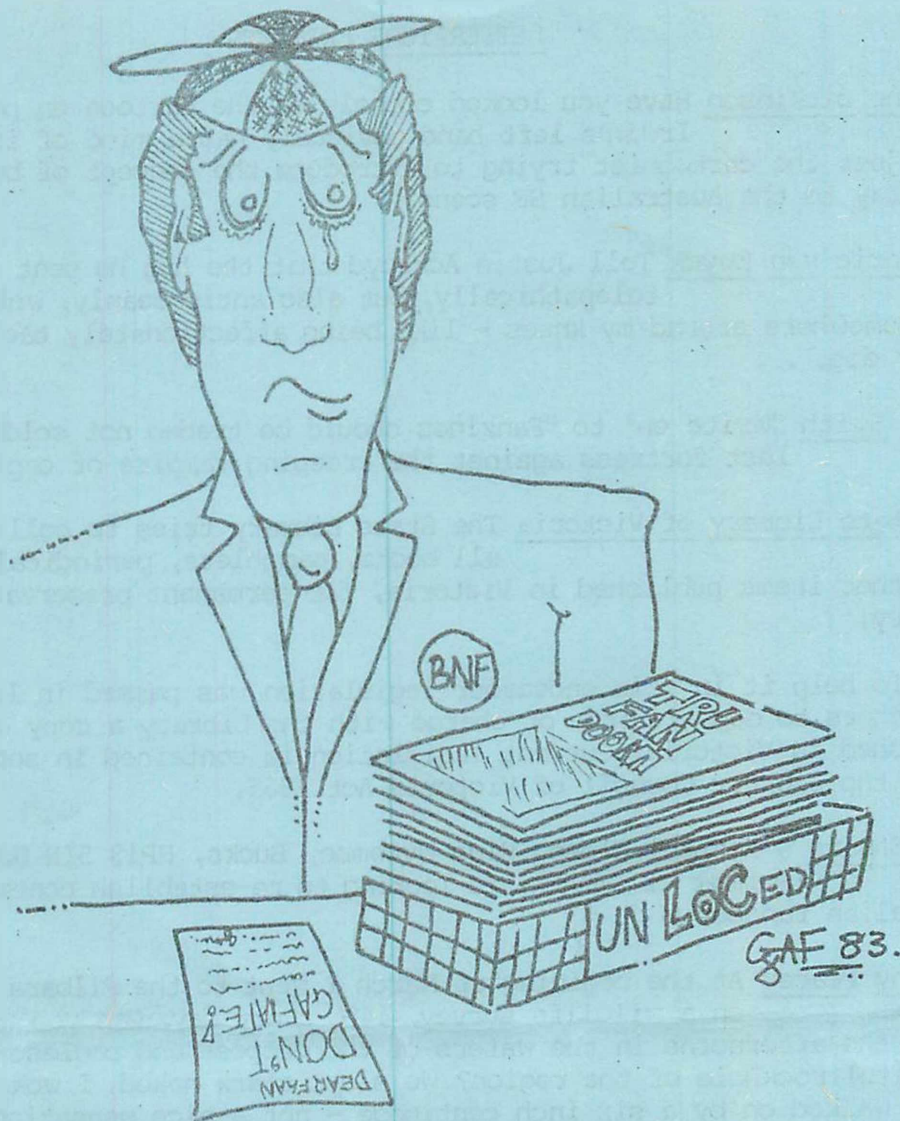
The point about chocolate mousse is that everyone has his/her own favourite. Cath claims that none have matched that produced by the Paradiso, a grotto bistro that Melbourne fandom, or parts thereof, were wont to frequent. Similarly, when I gave a version of the above talk at the Nova Mob, there was a rush to list all the humorous science fiction I'd forgotten. Names such as Sheckley were bandied about.

What was noticed was that there were two areas where humorous science fiction was uncommon - Australian science fiction and, with the possible exception of Tiptree, in feminist science fiction. Could it be that Australian science fiction takes itself too seriously? Who will write the Great Australian Mousse? I'm waiting. I've had the main course. Now for the best part, please.

---oO---







### LETTERATURE

[I'm afraid that this will be a very abbreviated LETTERATURE. TIGGER is on a forced diet. There are a number of good letters that have found themselves shunted into the IAHF column, and my apologies to their writers. Sigh. Some may surface in a later TIGGER, but I'm not promising anything.]

WALT WILLIS 32 Warren Rd Donaghdee N.Ireland BT21 OPD U.K.  
7/9/86

I'm sorry to see all this uninformed criticism of President Reagan. Fortunately, because of my background in Government I can explain the true state of affairs. Some years ago it was reported that the Russians were experimenting with telepathy, but it is not so widely known that they were successful, so that, at a summit meeting, they can tell whether or not the other leader is sincere. To counter this the U.S. put forward as leader someone who knew absolutely nothing, except for sfnal ideas like atomic lasers and stuff. (The real leader of the U.S. is Harry B. Kreutz, a former fan.) The Secret Masters of Government would admit that their first choice of front man could have been better so, next time, they are going to put forward a man already widely known for character and intelligence but who knows no more about military matters than a hole in the ground. It'll be JACK NICKLAUS FOR PRESIDENT.



## LETTERATURE EXTRACTS

Pauline Dickinson Have you looked closely at the cartoon on page 26?

Irwin's left hand obviously has a mind of its own, or is this just the cartoonist trying to introduce the concept of bestial sexual foreplay to the Australian SF scene?

Annemarie van Ewyck Tell Justin Ackroyd that the hug he sent me did arrive, telepathically, but also antipodeanly, which meant it was somewhere around my knees - like being affectionately tackled by a boxer dog. . .

Peter Smith "Write on" to "Fanzines should be traded not sold!" We are the last fortress against the creeping vampire of capitalism.

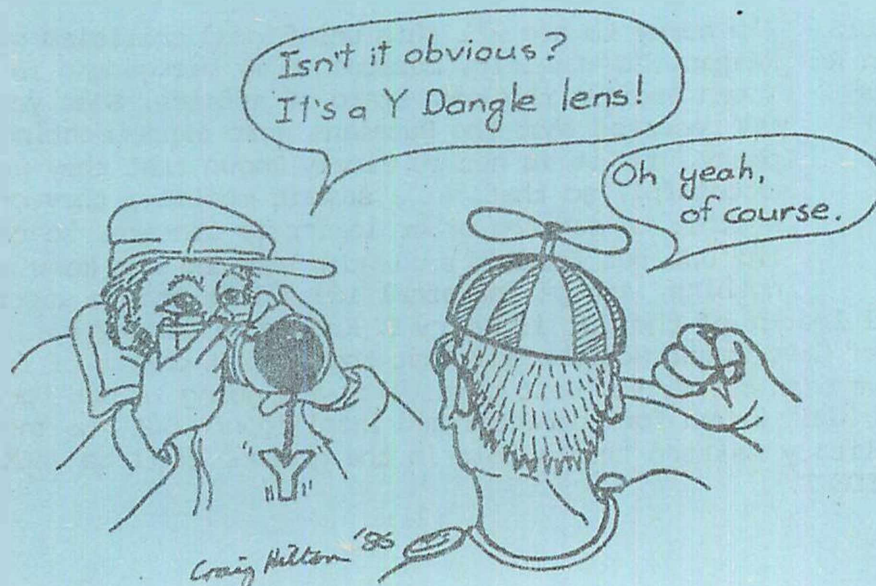
The State Library of Victoria The State Library tries to collect a copy of all books, pamphlets, periodicals, newspapers and other items published in Victoria, for permanent preservation in the Library.

To help it in this endeavour legislation was passed in 1869 requiring publishers to deposit free of charge with the Library a copy of every item published in Victoria. Current legislation is contained in sections 12 and 13 of the Library Council of Victoria Act 1965.

Nick Shears 9 Kestrel Close, High Wycombe, Bucks, HP13 5IN U.K., an ex-member of ANZAPA, is looking to re-establish contacts with Australian fandom.

Anthony Peacey At the begining of March I went to the Pilbara for a month on a wildlife survey. 44°C every day. Can you wonder that we spent the afternoons in the waters of the deepest and coolest and most beautiful rockhole of the region? We slept stark naked. I woke one night being walked on by a six inch centipede - not a nice sensation. We extended the known ranges of a bird (spotted crane) and several reptiles (unnamed in the vulgar tongue.)

Brian Earl Brown An exterminating company in Texas is having a cockroach collecting contest. It's trying to get the biggest nastiest roaches around and, after declaring a winner, will, I guess, gas the lot to prove how effective their treatment is. I hear that enthusiasts are climbing into deep sewers and other prime roach breeding sites to find truly gigantic specimens. Some people have more enthusiasm than good sense I fear.





Christopher Nelson I had a LoC prepared for The Great Debate but I see you've evolved beyond that already. Or maybe an asteroid has crushed the TIGGER offices. (Check for iridium.)

Rob Gregg All this about evolution, biology and whether I've evolved further than thee because I've got less hair has blown my Asimov Circuits. . . I can't stand it. . . I'll have to go back to "The Trouble with Tribbles"

Joseph Nicholas On the whole . . . split-crotch french knickers are probably more exciting than boring old biology.

Sheryl Birkhead Is anyone really using the joule? I'm not certain anyone is really serious about it - regardless of the system.

Lucy Zinkiewicz I've gone and moved again. [to 3/201-207 Barkly St, Brunswick, Vict 3056, AUSTRALIA]

IAHF Joe Aquilina; Melanie Sanford Morgan; Robert Lichtman; Lloyd Penney; Harry Warner Jr; Michael Hailstone; Arthur Hlavaty; Nick Stathopoulos; Diane Fox; Mike Bourke; R Laurraine Tutihasi; Harry Andruschak; Buck Coulson; Linda Smith; Donna Heenan; Pamela J Boal; Mary Gray; Justin Semmell; John Tipper; Michelle Hallett; Many others.

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Thanks to Allan Bray, Peter Burns and Jack Herman for electrostencils and to Peter Burns and Roger Weddall for the paper.

HIRSH FOR GUFF - TUTI HASI FOR DUFF  
HOLLAND IN '90 (See it before it sinks)

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