



TIGGER

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Number 23

DECEMBER 1986

Shep

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TTT	III	GGG GGG	GGG GGG	EEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEE	RRR RRR

NUMBER TWENTY-THREE

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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.) This December issue may also be available in exchange for all those Christmas cards that tripped my guilt meter.

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.

A PEPPEMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION
In association with Eccles the Microbee

---oOo---

"And as they went, Tigger told Roo (who wanted to know) all about the things that Tiggers could do.

'Can they fly?' asked Roo.

'Yes,' said Tigger, 'they're very good flyers, Tiggers are. Strommry good flyers.'

'Oo!' said Roo. 'Can they fly as well as Owl?'

'Yes,' said Tigger. 'Only they don't want to.'

'Why don't they want to?'

'Well, they just don't like it somehow.'

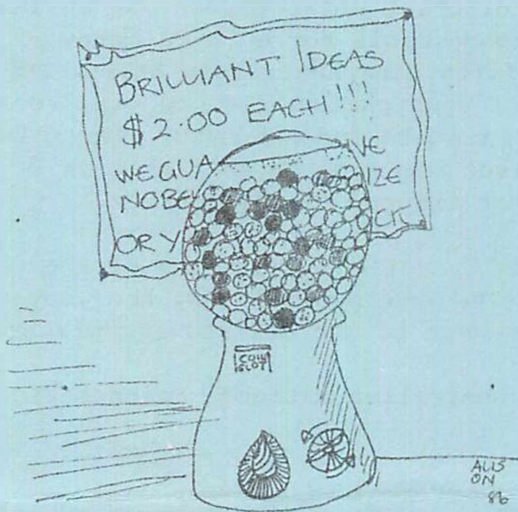
Roo couldn't understand this, because he thought it would be lovely to be able to fly, but Tigger said it was difficult to explain to anybody who wasn't a Tigger himself."

A.A. Milne THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNERS

SOUR MOUSSE SWEETENED

Craig Hilton

If humour be the chocolate mousse of sf, Marc, then I gather you have found it recently soured, following a reflection on its nature. Laughter, you decided, comes by way of psyching ourselves a little higher on the pecking order by bringing someone else down a notch or maybe showing off our vicious streak as we gloat over another's misfortune. Likewise, I have heard say that the origin of laughter was the early hominid crowing over its dead victim. You ended by sounding almost apologetic for having a sense of humour. This won't do.



My understanding of humour is different. Now I'm no professor in these matters - whether what I have to say is new, old or disproven I can't say - but I firmly believe that laughter is a sudden relief, a small burst of elation, as our conscious functioning dispels a perceived threat by composing order out of disorder.

To expound - by the nature of our sentience, we seek to understand our environment, thereby to control it. In this process we use logic, deduction, abstract ideas, comprehension of cause and effect,

sophisticated short and long term predictions, memory of our own past experiences and the shared information of others. However subtly, we fear what we cannot understand. The dark woods may not be dangerous but they are frightening. Uncertainty allows room for threat but knowledge is security.

If you want to know what the Original Joke is, it's the game of "Peekaboo!" that mothers play with their babies at a few months of age, before they develop the idea of abstract concepts i.e. that something may still be there even if you can't see it. When the mother covers her face, Mummy gone! (threat). And suddenly, Mummy back! (relief). Although, as far as baby is concerned, Mummy has gone, the game is repeated so that, after a while, baby will learn to anticipate Mummy's return with some certainty. This takes the "sting" out of the situation.

That last part is important as, to laugh properly, you have to feel reasonably comfortable. If the threat is too real all you'll get is a nervous titter. I agree with Hitchcock when he said that there's a thin line between comedy and tragedy - the difference is whether someone actually gets hurt. For example, the schoolboy being caned by the headmaster is not physically injured but suffers a crushing blow to his dignity. Likewise, W.C. Fields on the silver screen is not suffering real tribulation but only a cinematic simulation. "The Blues Brothers" was a film I could only find funny once I began to accept it as total and utter fantasy.

All things being relative, of course, we laugh from a position of safety, whether we felt pretty sure the perceived threat, now relieved, wasn't really dangerous to us after all, or whether the relief arose because the threat was aimed at someone else and not us. Yet, if that someone becomes the butt not of misfortune but of mutilation, the joke is no longer funny - compassion steps in. (Besides, we might be next.)

So, if we happen to be callous fish, we're probably more likely to laugh at the loser who is wounded in person as well as in pride, the determinant being all a matter of scale. (No pun intended.) Doubtless you and I agree on that fully but, from my tasting, the Mousse is still not sour. There is more to the story yet.

We may laugh with relief that we ourselves are not hurt but part of the condition is that we be not distressed over the hurt of anyone else. So you don't have to be a bastard to find things funny. (It may help though.)

Where does this put the Goon Show? Well, every Saturday lunchtime, when I tune into the A.B.C., I am confronted by a ragged band of outlandish situations, low in apparent danger but positively reeking with uncertainty. I believe that, somewhere in my cerebral backstreets, this ingrained process is ticking over, constantly sifting through incoming data, to alert me to any potential threats as they appear. All of a sudden . . . Unfamiliar Situation! (threat) . . . Oh, it's just Harmless Nonsense (relief). Result - Humour! And we know it's safe to us all along, being only (the fifth repeat of) a radio show after all. (I'm tempted to add "It's all in the mind you know.")

Alternatively we can be kept on the edge of our imaginary seats by dazzling performances, physical, verbal or otherwise, such as by Gilbert and Sullivan, Tom Lehrer or a circus clown, by snappy verses or clever puns. In this case, the threat is drawn out into suspense (Will he fall? Will he fall?) mixed with the joy of appreciating someone else's skill.

There is no one easy answer. Laughter is not a simple mechanism. Like pain, it may well be that its physical wiring exists in the central nervous system, though not isolated in any one identified nucleus. However, certain combinations of stimuli seem to strike the precise resonant chord in the "laughter centre" of thinking social beings to produce the final common result we now take for granted. Finding that chord is an art, not a science (although some people make it look so easy). Humour is a complicated syndrome.

One more thing. Humour and sf owe a lot to each other, at least where sf represents critical analysis and reevaluation of scientific ideas. Humour, in its healthiest form, is honestly self-critical, with a sense of personal perspective, recognises absurdities and internal inconsistencies for what they are and takes the living stuffing out of po-faced pomposity and dogma. The same can be said for the healthiest breeds of science fiction. Similarly, the best political cartoonists are those who can distill the voluminous spiels of politicians down into their basic illogicalities for all to see and understand. This, I feel, is the most potent form of public rebuttal of longwinded arguments known to civilisation. Tandberg, at his best, is one of my favourites in this field. Humour, properly used, can keep us on the level.

So carry on laughing, Marc. More chocolate Mousse, I say! Humour is an art to be proud of, as long as you know when to say "This is absurd" and when to say "That's not funny, that's sick."

---oOo---

YVONNE ROUSSEAU Anyone who starts telling me an Irish joke gets it
P.O. Box 8 interrupted with: "I know a much better Irish joke
North Carlton than that. What's black and blue and floats face-down in
Vict 3054 the River Liffey in Dublin?" The answer is "People who
 tell Irish jokes."

Apart from this kind of deadly seriousness, I find that I need to feel some degree of affection before I will laugh. If there were a newsreel of Adolf Hitler slipping on a banana peel, it would leave me stoney-faced. (Fellow feeling, however, would prevent my laughing at anyone else slipping on one.) Affection and fellow feeling combined make me laugh when watching the television programme you mentioned, Mother and Son - which portrays, in Michael Shmith's words, 'the ageing and rather dotty mother Bear, Maggie (Ruth Cracknell) and her harassed but kindly offspring, Arthur (Garry MacDonald). They live together and drive each other mad.'



Geoffrey Atherden, the scriptwriter, has said that he laughs 'at the things which I know I would do if I were in that position', and that he is exploring how 'two people really care about each other very much and yet they can still end up in conflict; those fights you can have with someone you love, the way you can become infuriated with someone you're close to.' In one episode, a single father, out for the evening at the Bears' house, is forever ringing up his son to make sure he is all right; this has added point when one knows that the scriptwriter himself is a single father.

Max Harris, writing about Sue Townsend's Adrian Mole, diagnosed 'absurdity as the cathartic process which enables pain to be made bearable'. At the same time, one laughs admiringly at the cussedness (almost equal to our own) with which fellow human beings continue attempting to maintain their chosen images of themselves, despite the unfair trippings-up and thumpings that Fate deals out to them. Damon Runyon is particularly good at this kind of absurdity. In 'Romance in the Roaring Forties', after it has been thoroughly established that 'when Dave the Dude gets excited he may blow somebody's brains out', we observe him in a scene where a circus strong lady has punched him twice in the stomach (the second time while he is fumbling for his pistol - or 'equalizer'). She is now walking away, carrying her husband draped over her shoulders:

'Dave the Dude sits up on the floor again and by this time he has the old equalizer in his duke.

"Only for me being a gentleman I will fill you full of slugs," he yells.'

You don't have to be a gangster to relate to that.

---oOo---

=====

To collect fumes of sulfur, hold a deacon over a flame in a test tube.

Gail Neville Stewth, fans can be a serious lot. 'Sour Mousse' was
P.O. Box 854 uncharacteristically depressing. Haven't you heard about
Penrith U.S. research that showed laughter to be a healer - how
N.S.W. 2750 cancer patients 'cured' themselves by daily doses of corney
 old sit-coms and (Heaven forfend!) Bob Hope? Of course it's
personal. Bob Hope never makes me laugh but Tony Hancock still does. Pity
the magic never worked for him but maybe, like fans, he spent too much time
gazing at his navel and agonising over the morality of it all. Do I laugh
at Hancock because he's an inadequate slob and, by doing so, am I helping
to perpetrate the immoral spitefulness that killed him? No - making
laughter was his gift. Not being able to cope with life was his problem.
His gift still lives.

Not having that gift, I find it impossible to share my own sense of
humour through the lettercols. In fact, this is the first LoC I've written
in yonks, because of the hysterical reaction even the mildest little
wisecracks elicits from the crankie Frankies in fandom.

*[Gail included a personalised Garfield cartoon, created on her C64,
which has the caption "People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw
cojones".]*

*The following comes from a letter that was unsigned, but which had a
Perth postmark. It was written on the back of a Department of
Immigration and Ethnic Affairs Student Registration Form for one Elsa
Geetruida Hettje Kasmö. Let it never be said that TIGGER is sexist.
Having offended Jenny Blackford, let's see how we go offending Russell
Blackford.]*

There is indeed humour in Australian
science fiction, even if unintentional. If
one has the patience to read through the
hack, maim and grind of Russell Blackford's
TEMPTING OF THE WITCH KING, one is treated
to the spectacle (figuratively speaking) of
a barely post-pubescent (apparently)
goddess, nakedly flirting with her own "High
Priest" - the Witch King - whilst he, poor
bastard, is troubled by the destruction of
the world as he knows it.

"When I do appear to you, you could at
least delight in my beauty a bit. How
many lesser mortals do you think have seen
the breasts of the Goddess of Light
in reality and at this close range?
Sometimes I wonder about you Witch, I
really do."

He could see that he was getting
nowhere.'

---oOo---

Chris Nelson If you're going to start quoting comedians to try and
36 St Michael Tce prove something about comedy, how about hearing from
Mt Pleasant Stan Laurel:
W.A. 6153

"Don't sit around and tear comedy apart. It is like a fine watch, and you'll never get it together again."

Or maybe Grouch Marx (speaking of Laurel & Hardy):

"As to why they are really funny, I leave that to the professors and savants. I gave up trying to find out why people are funny a long, long time ago."

Craig Macbride I don't really like the "laughing to prove my
2/23 Glen Iris Rd superiority" line in a Goon Show context. As far as I am
Camberwell concerned, this is taking things further than reality.
Vict 3124 If Bluebottle and Eccles were real, would you still
 laugh? Do you go and laugh at road accidents? If not,
then this assertion of superiority is only over imaginary characters and so surely has no real bearing. Things potentially hurtful or degrading are usually only considered really funny if the negative part is irrelevant. It may be that the "character" hurt is imaginary, or that the joke is on the teller. I saw a list of jokes last weekend, amongst which was

What's the difference between a police car and a pair of knickers?

You can only fit one cunt in a pair of knickers.

The list emanates from within our police force.

[Hmmm. When I heard that one, it wasn't from a policeman. Mind you, that does raise another question. There is another version of that joke.

What's the difference between a police car and a porcupine?

On a porcupine, the pricks are on the outside.

Why do I find the latter version of the joke less offensive than the former?]

---oOc---

ART CREDITS

Shep - cover
Alison Cowling - pp 2 & 8
Bill Rotsler - pp 4, 5, 13 & 15
Brad Foster - pp 7 & 9
Paul Stevens - p 8

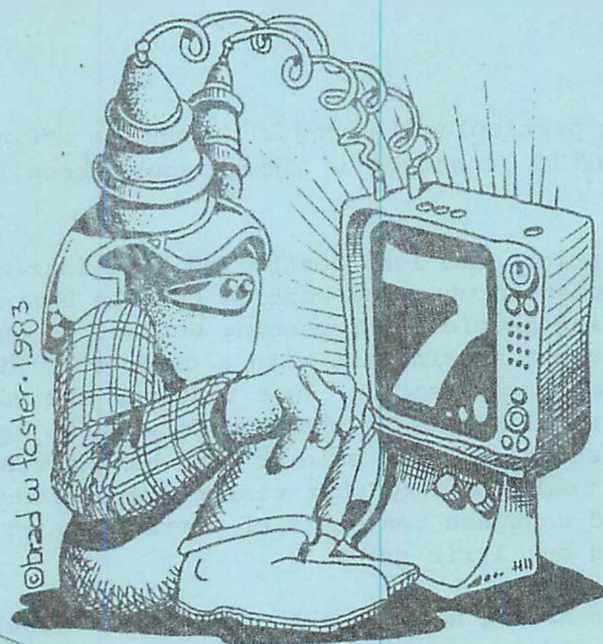
Eccles - p 11
Graham Ferner - p 12
Edd Vick - p 16
Wade Gilbreath - p 17
ATom pp 19 & 20

Electrostencils courtesy of Allan Eray, Peter Burns & Jack Herman

---oOo---

=====
"There was, of course, no water in Hell; indeed the importation of water was forbidden, under severe penalties, in view of its possible use for baptismal purposes: this sea was composed of the blood that had been shed by piety in furthering the kingdom of the Prince of Peace, and was reputed to be the largest ocean in existance."

James Branch Cabell - JURGEN



MALT EXTRACT

What do TIGGERS really like? This seems to be causing problems for some, notably

---oOo---

<p>John Foyster 21 Shakespeare Grove St Kilda Vict 3182</p>	<p>I can't really get a clear picture of what TIGGER is meant to do; it is almost like a newszine which has lost its way, which is, I suppose, what it is. So many pieces are so short that they read like refugees from THYME and nothing is long enough to touch on anything more than superficially - which may be the way the writers and readers want it anyway. On the other hand, you plainly get plenty of response, which is more, it would seem, than Perry Middlemiss manages to get - at least in the terms he wants.</p>
---	---

---oOo---

My standard cop-out answer to such questions is that TIGGER reflects the character of its editor insofar as it's not sure where it's going, tends to superficiality, waffles a lot and loves gossip but tends to get it late and half wrong. I can rationalise that a little better though. My idea of fun is sitting around a coffee table, dinner table or public lounge table engaged in conversations that flit from topic to topic, sometimes weighty matters, sometimes absurd, sometimes slanderous but usually interesting. This was one of the things that attracted me to fandom. Fans, it seemed to me, were the sort of people who regularly indulged in such activities and at least parts of the conversations touched on sf every now and then.

TIGGER, if it has any sort of aim, aims to be that sort of conversation. I wouldn't be comfortable editing the sort of fanzine that requires weighty thought. I'll leave that to ASFR and THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW, both of which I enjoy, when I'm in the mood for thinking. TIGGERS though aim to be accessible. I don't see the point in shutting out people. If people read TIGGER and then decide that it's too low-brow or superficial for them then that's their choice. I like to think though that fans in general can contribute to TIGGER without feeling that they need to read a textbook on literary criticism before doing so.

P

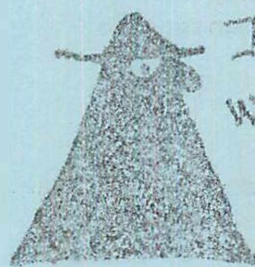
Is there anything particularly wrong with running articles that seem to be refugees from THYME? It sounds as though you've been listening to Bruce Ruxton . . .

Mind you, conversations are less controlled than fanzines and there are times in any conversation when you want to cut the boring crap and only listen to the interesting people - interesting defined as people who agree with you. Unless you have a hearing aid with a discreetly hidden control, this isn't easy in normal conversation. In a fanzine, the editor has the ghodlike power to cut out the bits he/she doesn't wish to hear, that repeat things that someone else has already said or that he/she wishes someone else hadn't said. It's really a pity that real conversations aren't like that, so that you could condense ten hours of average conversation into an hour containing nothing but lyric gems.

In a fanzine you can. You have mounds of letters - albeit sometimes small mounds - through which you can sift, gleaning only the very best, the most apposite, the zenith of fannish witicism. That's not to say that that's what I do in TIGGER, but I try. And what thanks do I get? The following is the thanks. I am breaking a habit and here, for the first and last time, unless I change my mind, is a complete, unabridged Joseph Nicholas letter. Joseph and all other letter writers are reminded that I reserve the right to edit all letters. If you don't want your letter edited, specifically mark it "Not to be abridged"; then I'll decide if I think it's worth running the whole thing. I won't generally publish entire letters though. TIGGER's postage bill is too high as it is.

---oOo---

A LACK OF RESPONSE TO FANZINES?
I JUST INCLUDE A LAND MINE
WITH ALL MY LOCs.
THAT IS USUALLY ALL THE RESPONSE
THAT IS NEEDED!



Joseph Nicholas
22 Denbigh St
Pimlico
London
SW1V 2ER
U.K.

To write letters to fanzine editors is always to offer hostages to fortune: in particular, to allow them to wrench certain phrases and sentences from their contexts, and thereby -- albeit often without conscious intent -- present them as evidence of something. So it is with the sentence you quote in the WAHF column of TIGGER 21; a sentence that was, I thought, a rather clever means of rounding off a letter that mentioned both the biological questions you'd been dealing with and some sexual perversions I imagined for you on seeing the way in which you used my name in your "Why you received this" list. By removing it from that context, you completely destroy not only its original meaning but also its very sense; as it stands now, it is little more than a piece of two-line polyfilla. And the "little more" that it has now become is a manufactured remark about what those who read it are going to perceive as my sexual perversions. A straightforward piece of personal misrepresentation, in other words.

Well, I'm not having any of that crap. I have had occasion, at least twice before, to pull you up about this sort of thing; yet it would appear that you are dismayingly prone to traduce and distort what I say -- blithly paraphrasing and quoting out of context without any apparent thought of the damage you do to my meaning and sense, without a moment's consideration of the incorrect perceptions and erroneous impressions you thereby generate. Haven't you learned anything from your previous telling-offs? Haven't these "delightfully critical letters" you claim to so enjoy receiving made any dent in you at all? Do you ever remember what I've said to you from one letter to the next?

I assume not. But this time I want a correction, and I want it on the record. No doubt your next issue, crawling its way towards us by surface mail, contains one or two letters written in response to this WAHF quote -- but what I would rather read instead is a statement by you which acknowledges and corrects your error, and in particular apologises for manufacturing via the quote a wholly inaccurate impression of myself and my interests.

---oOo---

Actually I think I've learned something from this letter. I will do my very best in future not to be condescending to students when I express my disapproval of their actions.

What I don't understand is how anyone involved in political actions can expect people to treat their words as sacrosanct. The moment you offer words to people you are starting an interaction between what you have written and their perception of what they have written. I'm sure, for instance, that Joseph sees his stance as quite reasonable and not at all pompous or over-reacting. To deny that I found the tone of the letter an over-reaction would be silly. Whose impression of the letter is the more accurate, that of the writer or that of the person to whom it was written? That considered, I feel that the argument over taking sentences out of context is rather trivial, especially given that TIGGER is not a very serious beastie. I really don't expect anyone to seriously accuse Joseph of having a thing about exotic lingerie on the basis of a WAHF quote in TIGGER and I would have thought that Joseph was more than capable of fending off any such accusation with the scorn and derision it would deserve. That he reacts so strongly to the possibility though does make one wonder . . .

Gordon Lingard made a similar complaint, but I'm not going to publish all of his letter so I will agree to his request and won't publish any of it.

---oOo---

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AN UNOFFICIAL REGULAR COLUMNIST

Rob McGough

So, the limpid fool thinks he can connive me by inserting my very own words into his filthy magazine (note clever avoidance of alliteration there -- now that's ART!) thus insinuating by impact of implication and innuendo (which is one of the suggestions I could have made) that he was actually in receipt (when we all know it was in-the-bushes) of a COMMUNICATION from me! As any semiotician (in confidence) will tell you (in English) there is no such thing as (interpersonal) communication and anyway all I sent was a bunch of (in poor taste) utter rubbish. I refer you to page 13 of Figger number quilty-quoo (you always wondered what number that meant, didn't you - now you still don't know - in flagrante) as proof of my claim and also see the above (dee the below and e) bah goom!)



Or in other words: "Take that! And this and that and the other and something else and three more things besides." (Battery not included - 'Wak!')

Speaking of breakfast, what I'd like to know is: How can you possibly prove a pudding once it's been eaten? And whilst the proof of the eating is not necessarily in the absence of the pudding, whatever happened to it, it is going to be eaten by something somewhere down the line (or drain or train or washing even or uneven and if you think ((thinks? - thanks to 'brains' the new wonder rhyming word)) think that this letter is uneven then you're once again falling into the trap of thinking ((perhaps I should put a fullstop right there but there is more to be said)) that some form of communication is taking place when really it's all just a lot of old rubbish ((I'm sure you agree already)) and you're just imagining ((you demented brain-type creature)) that you can make any sense of it at all).

If you can make any sense of this then you are a sic person - sic! sic! sic! I am trying to get this point across by dint of repetition and if it dint work then I dint do it rite.

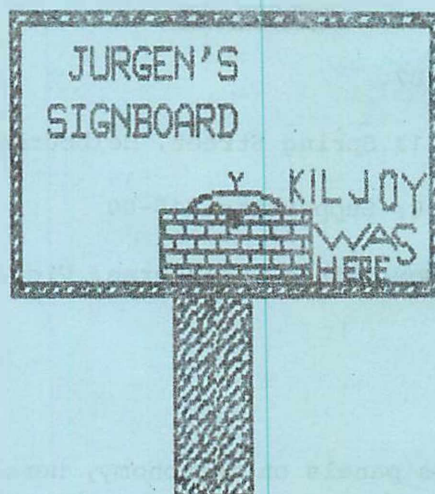
EEEIOUUUIIIIAAAAIEEOOOAUIOIIOOUUUEEAAAIEIOU!
(Vowels in an uproar.)

SPORT'S PAGE

Knicker-bocking
Bram-stoking
Kipling
Sherpa-tensing

"Anyone for a spot of ?"

STOP PRESS
MUTE SWITCH
D-NOTICE D-NOTES D-REPORTER
E) all of the above
ENDS
(10)



SWANCON XII

If you have suddenly come into the sort of fortune that allows you to buy transcontinental airtickets, you could do worse than to consider heading for SWANCON XII.

GoH is John McDouall, but don't let that put you off. The theme for the convention is breakthroughs.

DATE: 28th February to 2nd March 1987

VENUE: Airways Hotel, somewhere in or near Perth.

MEMBERSHIP: \$20-00 attending; \$5-00 supporting.

ADDRESS: Swancon XII, P.O. Box 318, Nedlands, W.A. 6009.

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EASTERCON '87

DATE: April 17th - 20th, 1987 (Not 1986, as typoed in the second P.R.)

VENUE: The Diplomat Motor Inn, 12 Ackland St, St Kilda, Vict

MEMBERSHIP: \$20-00 attending; \$10-00 supporting

ADDRESS: Eastercon '87, P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131

With the announcement of Lucy Huntzinger as the 1987 DUFF winner, we can also welcome her as our guest of honour - the perfect choice for a small fan orientated convention like EASTERCON. Justin Ackroyd has already lined her up for a panel entitled "Why I haven't published my trip report yet."

John Packer has volunteered to provide a Punch & Judy Show. Join us in this small and comfortable warm-up for the National in Canberra. (Progress Report 3 is due out sometime in February.)

---oOo---

TREKCON III

DATE: March 14th & 15th, 1987

VENUE: The Sheraton Hotel, 13 Spring Street, Melbourne, Vict

MEMBERSHIP: Attending \$30-00; Supporting \$15-00

ADDRESS: Trekcon III, GPO Box 5206aa, Melbourne, Vict 3001

GoH: Betsi Ashton

THEME: Back in Training

The programme includes panels on astronomy, heroes and villains, factions in the S.T. Universe, weapons, Ripping S.T. IV apart and an auction.

----oOo----

OTHERWISE ENGAGED

Congratulations to Allan Bray, Adelaide fan and provider of cheap electrostencils, who, according to our usually reliable source, is engaged to be married to a workmate.



SCA-NDALS OF '86

RITE OF REPLY

Dave Luckett

I read the responses to my criticisms of the S.C.A. with deep gloom. I had hoped that somebody would contest the facts I produced or my reasoning from them. Nobody did.

For those who came in late, I argued (in TIGGER 21) that the S.C.A. is an autocratic organisation, run by a cabal opposed to membership control; that it is fundamentally opposed to democratic values and liberty of thought, and thereby even somewhat dangerous; further, that its claims to be an "educational institution" (which it makes for taxation purposes) are transparently false. For these reasons, I found membership in the S.C.A. to be "incompatible with ordinary ethics".

I argued this from facts which I set out. Since nobody has contested them, I won't go over that part again. So what do I get in return? I get Spectre telling me that I write garbage. Oh? How so, Spec', old mate?

Because

"You(D.L.) no longer have time for or need" (the S.C.A.)

Even if this were so, which it isn't, how would this affect the validity of the criticisms?

Because

"the S.C.A. is a game . . . and you take the game too seriously"

The S.C.A. is clearly more than just a game. To Jane, for example, it's obviously very important indeed and there are others like her. But even if it were only a game, in what way would that render my criticisms invalid? Would the S.C.A. be any less authoritarian, less centralised or less contemptuous of its members if it were conceded that it's only a game? Would its claims to be educational be any less false.

Because Spectre thinks that I

"tried to play real politics with the heads of the S.C.A. and then got upset . . . when they said . . . if you wanted to play, you played by their rules. You couldn't just accept the S.C.A. as fun."



Dead right. Absolutely correct in every particular. Put less offensively, I tried to persuade the powers-that-be that ordinary S.C.A. members should have more control over the hobby and I was told to shut up or ship out. I "couldn't accept the S.C.A. as fun" any more because it wasn't. How does this make what I said less true, for Pete's sake?

Because Spectre doubts

"that even (D.L.) . . . can speak perfect forsoothly."

Of course I can't speak perfect forsoothly. Nobody can speak perfect forsoothly, unless they were raised on a steady diet of Jeffrey Farnol novels. I can pronounce and read blazon and Middle English and even make a reasonable stab at Old French and Anglo-Saxon (Wessex) but forsoothly defeats me. But that's the whole point, for Chrissakes. The S.C.A.'s claim to be "educational" is based on the idea that it accurately recreates some aspects of medieval life. This claim is weakened by the fact that S.C.A. people use a dialect which never existed, which is what I was saying. I'm sorry you took the original remark personally. Would you take it personally if I nominated your reply as the Non-sequitur Of The Year for 1986?

Because

"there is a good reason for a lack of peasantry in the S.C.A."

Sure there is. But the reason, as Spectre points out, is for enjoyment and it does not, in any way, contribute to "education". Rather, as I argued, it detracts from it and thus further weakens the S.C.A.'s claims.

The whole of Spectre's piece is a series of those time-worn devices, the irrelevant objection and the non-sequitur, with a few ad hominem arguments thrown in to round it out. But at least Spectre argues, even though fallaciously.

Not so Larry Dunning, who disdains to think about the subject at all. He approves the S.C.A. as "a good excuse to dress up and get drunk with friends", which it certainly is. Who am I to disturb so comfortable a viewpoint? Go sit under your tree, Larry, and gargle your olde home-made authentick cyder or whatever. Who says the unexamined life is not worth living? Just let me know when you want to come play with the adults.

Sitting firmly on the fence, we have Leigh Edmonds, who tells us that

"The value that one places upon political concepts, such as democracy and liberty of action, in an autocratic organisation, could cause problems."

I'd like to nominate that one for both the Platitude and Understatement Of The Year Prizes for 1986.

But Leigh and Jack Herman came up with something that I didn't mention and should have: the importance of religion in Western Europe in the period, an importance which the S.C.A. both ignores and fights shy of. I know why the S.C.A. says it does that; it doesn't want the grief. So it places a blanket ban on all aspects of any conceivable religion, including the Old One, despite the obvious distortion which this produces. That's why Jack got a horrified no-no when he tried to introduce rules for magical combat and it's also why no proposal for an Ecclesiastical hierarchy, as suggested by Leigh, can be entertained.

Or, at least, that's the official reason. I suspect that the real reason has to do with the fact that the jocks who get to be Kings and nobles in the S.C.A. don't really want an alternative combat system or hierarchy. It might end up with its practitioners demanding an equal slice of the glory. Of course, this is one of those rules that can't be changed by the members.

Jack thought the S.C.A. uncreative and I think that is justified, generally. Certainly members are not encouraged to think too hard about the basis of what they're doing and debate is not encouraged either.

However, Jack also thought diners at S.C.A. banquets rude and I will say that that is contrary to my own experience. I miss the opportunity to sing or recite before an informal but pleasant audience. It's one of the things that I enjoyed about the S.C.A..

Most other correspondents offered constructive comment, with which I have no dispute. Christine Ashby's parody of Jane's piece was caustically accurate and, as Marc implied, very like "The Motional" in style. Hmumumum.

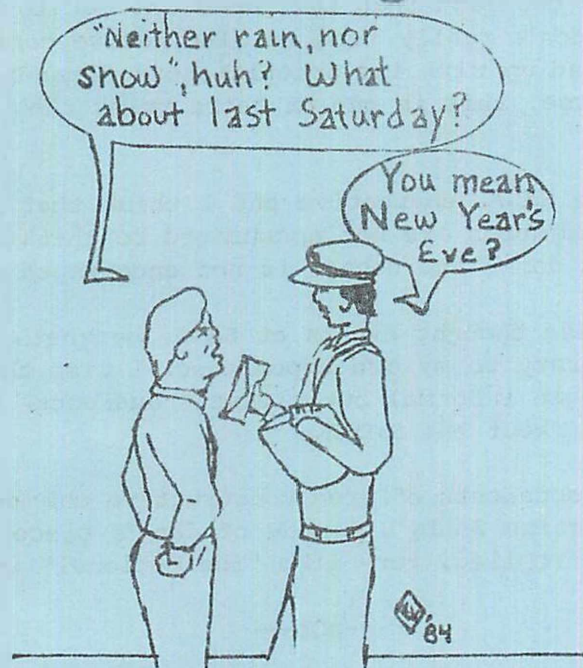
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"But indeed there is no sense at all in describing this lovely girl as though I were taking an inventory in a shop window," said Jurgen. 'Analogues are all very well, and they have the unanswerable sanction of custom: none the less, when I proclaim that my adored mistress's hair reminds me of gold I am quite consciously lying. It looks like yellow hair, and nothing else: nor would I willingly venture within ten feet of any woman whose head sprouted with wires, of whatever metal. And to protest that her eyes are as grey and fathomless as the sea is very well also, and the sort of thing which seems expected of me: but imagine how horrific would be puddles of water slopping about in a lady's eye-sockets! If we poets could actually behold the monsters we rhyme of, we would scream and run.'"

James Branch Cabell - JURGEN
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Spotting a mail junkie: 2



LETTERATURE

Melanie Sandford-Morgan
37 Fuller St
Walkerville
S.A. 5081

Pray answer this whim - I noticed it at Melbourne and particularly in Atlanta - Why are the majority of sf fans 44 gallon drums on legs? Why do they all wear tracksuits - that leave little to the horrified imagination? And Lord, why do they all wear t-shirts that would make the judges of a wet t-shirt contest slash their wrists - and the above mentioned t-shirts have logos on them or, in most cases, smelly, stretched blobs of colour and why do they all have greasy hair and act obnoxiously?

Before I get my brains knocked out - or flattened, as the case may be - I don't set myself up as Jane Fonda. In Atlanta the hotel had to finally have guards on the lift so that only eight people could get in at a time - the lifts were designed for sixteen people! The Otis people made a fortune in service calls.

Lucy Huntzinger
2215-R Market St
San Francisco
CA 94114
U.S.A.

Oh good lord, you mean there are actually "group-grope" drunken room parties and I've missed them? So says Jane Taubman in Tigger 21. I am vastly disappointed. As a fat, white, bespectacled female - theorising female - I must admit I thought I fell into her category of fan. However, her descriptions of fannish fun and fame don't resemble the totally groovy and hip fandom I hang out with. Why my fandom is chock full of leather-clad, athletic, skillful, pleasant people who listen to all kinds of interesting music, talk well, know how to repair mimeos, give exciting but not, you know, boisterous parties and are rather successful at non-fannish life. I'm sorry to hear that Jane has been exposed to such a poor sampling of our fabulous society.

[Lucy's letter came on the back of a dinosaur postcard, carefully doctored so that the sauropod munching on swamp weed is wearing spectacles while the one in the distance is wondering where those room parties are.]

But speaking of postcard fandom, the following tempted fate and the post offal by being spread across two separate photographs. Photograph two arrived a day before photograph one]

Walt Willis Gail Neville's article was refreshing in its attitude to
32 Warren Rd writing and rejection. Her reference to work proceeding
Donaghadee "at the speed of dark" leads me to suggest that the speed
N. Ireland of dark is the same as the speed of light, and then that
BT21 OPD U.K. this is an interesting example of non-existent entities
 being endowed with physical characteristics: like how,
when one is waiting to join a stream of major road traffic, one says "Ah,
here's a gap coming along". Actually, what is coming is nothing.

[Time for a Lewis Carroll quotation:

"I see nobody on the road," said Alice

*"I only wish I had such eyes," the King remarked in a fretful tone.
"To be able to see Nobody! And at that distance too! Why it's as much
as I can do to see real people by this light!"*

Lewis Carroll THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS]

Mark Linneman's vision that the universe was created on 27th August 1985 implies that among one's fake memories is that of Victorian zoologist Philip Gosse arriving at a similar theory to explain the disparity between science and the Bible as to the age of the universe. He didn't need an angel though, contemplation of Eve's navel in a painting being enough. Obviously if the Creator had supplied evidence of a birth that didn't take place he would have supplied evidence of other non-existent prehistory, including all those embarrassing fossils. See what happens when you stare too long at pictures of naked women?



Chris Nelson Talking about food and sf reminded me of a story I read
36 St Michael Tce some time ago. It had to do with a guy trapped in his
Mt Pleasant house by a bunch of his electrical appliances, which
W.A. had been possessed by the Devil. He had to fend off
 attacks by the vacuum cleaner, the iron and a ravenous
microwave oven, all the while being assailed by a tv which would display
only reruns of Gilligan's Island, over and over and over.

Well, with that kind of plot, I could see that there wasn't going to be a logical ending to this story and I was right. At the critical moment, the hero's orange juice blender came to his rescue, powered by the Devil's opposite number. So the ending was just as I'd expected -- a juice ex machina.

Christine Ashby's article was wicked and delightful.

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"The religion of Hell is patriotism and the government is an enlightened democracy. This contented the devils, and Jurgen had learned long ago never to fall out with either of these codes, without which, as the devils were fond of observing, Hell would not be what it is."

James Branch Cabell - Jurgen

Julie Vaux O really! After reading the last two TIGGERS, I'm tempted to
 14 Zara Rd believe that you must, Marc, be running short of material, if
 Willoughby you have to start a fan feud to pep up the lettercol.
 N.S.W. 2068

Can we really need the trufen vs. media nonsense repeated as a S.C.A. vs Cynics feud? After all, we all know what will happen - sooner or later everyone will get bored of playing and pack up their poison pens but unfortunately probably not until several friendships have been strained and numerous people insulted or offended.



The main objection I have to the S.C.A. is their use of the word "creative" in their title. What's creative about limiting your anachronistic activity to the European Middle Ages? There were plenty of equally interesting feudal societies elsewhere and when . . . If it's feudal you want then, technically, Bronze Age aristocrats were feudal, since their societies show most of the feudal characteristics, albeit instead of riding horses they had them harnessed to chariots. What I refer to as tribal feudalism has serfs and slaves, a caste/class system that's hierarchical, a warrior class, centralized power, an honour code amongst warriors, etc . . . Mycenae??

That's all I'm going to say on the subject, except for this - try to remember to use blunt instruments, children, and not to harm innocent bystanders.

Nice covers on the last two TIGGERS.

Richard Faulder I don't see that it is really necessary to invoke the
 P.O. Box 136 existence of a feline form of thiotimoline to explain the
 Yanco behaviour of cats. Rather, the explanation lies in the
 N.S.W. 2703 well-known psychic abilities of felines and no one has
 ever suggested the need for a substance to explain
 precognition or any of the other psychic phenomena. As to why cats do as they do, Charles Fort, through Eric Frank Russell, thought "We're property." - not of aliens, or even, Ghu forbid, dogs, as the latter suggested, but rather of cats. By all those actions Ali Kayn cited, felines keep us off balance and manipulable.

Before anybody takes Perry Middlemiss's advice and starts a bit of exploratory surgery on Australia's fanzines, Hold Everything. There is a difference between critical analysis and opinionated waffling; anybody can produce the latter, but few people have acquired the skills for the former, through either training or experience. Leigh Edmonds or Ted White are examples of the latter, while Harry Warner Jr would be an example of the former, if he were given to writing fanzine reviews. People might not agree with the criteria they use, but that's another matter.

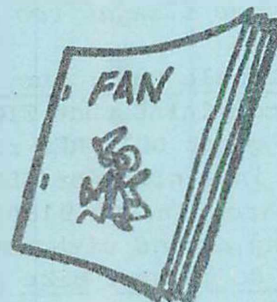
[Richard's letter was rather special because it was written a few days before his copy of TIGGER reached Yanco. Thiotimoline lives!]

The hydra gets its food by descending upon its prey and pushing it into its mouth with its testacles.

Stewart M Jackson As for Perry being miffed over not being reviewed,
P.O. Box 257 maybe he should check out the number of zines being
Kalamunda produced that will comment on any other zine. I have
W.A. 6076 never done it as a matter of principle. I feel I have
 neither the right nor the qualifications to review
another editor's zine. I very rarely do not enjoy a zine I receive, no
matter where the editor is coming from. Heck, I enjoy reading other
intelligent beings' thoughts and will continue to be happy to do so, though
I will point out whether I agree or not. This is, in itself, dangerous. I
have been dropped by a number of editors for saying what I think, even
though I still enjoyed the exchange of ideas (or non-exchange, as the case
may be). I can understand the desire to receive feedback, but then it
depends on your level of interest in the person's response. Sometimes I've
been misconstrued - with some pretty interesting interpretations! - but
always I've managed to get some response, generally in the form of LoCs -
the best way to receive criticism, because you don't get the "hauled across
the coals in front of the class" feeling. If you're wanting the kudos then
obviously you want them spelt out in a review, telling everyone how great
you are. Great piece of ego boosting but surely not why you might publish a
zine.

[Speak for yourself. I'll gratefully accept any ego boosting.]

John Foyster I'm not sure that Perry doesn't ask too much. He and Irwin
Address as get many more than a reasonable average in terms of the
previous number of letters of comment. If there were currently a
 practice of preparing extensive fanzine reviews in Australia
then he would have reason to gripe, but he
notes himself the sparsity of reviews of
that kind; that he is able to cite two
articles from 1986 is exceptional. But there
can't be, I think, any such tradition until
there's more than a trickle of regular
fanzines, something one can actually fasten
upon. It is true that LARRIKIN may be part
of a trend which will produce the atmosphere
- the hothouse - in which the thousand
schools of thought may contend but not yet,
brother, not yet.



Since you seem to enjoy student
howlers, have you bought the last Kate Bush
album, or merely the latest one?

*[An interesting question. Grammatically what I bought was, at the
time, the latest Kate Bush album. That grammatical paradigm though
has, as one of its basic assumptions, that there's such a thing as the
future, an assumption that cannot be empirically verified. Far be it
for me to support, through language, an untenable hypothesis.]*

JOHN TIPPER At least John McPharlin has a sense of the ridiculous; I got a
lot of laughs out of his letter. Reading most of the other
boring letters makes me realise why I gave away any thoughts of producing a
mainstream, so-called, zine at an early age. But then, I'm sure none of
the writers give a tuppenny bunger for my opinion; the majority are only
interested in the sound of their own voices. Or, should I say, the sight of
their own words?

(Have I said I'm any different?)

Gail Neville What's the difference between cigarettes and 'burning
Address as cylinders containing certain substances'? To me, it's all
previous foul garbage being dragged into some idiot's lungs, and
 forced into the unwilling bystander - in this case, the lady
Tigger, who doesn't look at all pleased about it, and well she might. I
hate all smelly smoky weeds, cigars, pipes, fags and joysticks. How one can
be objectionable and the other not is beyond me - it's all body polluting
trash.

Oh cripes, it just struck me - were you being funny too, Marc, and
have I just displayed my lack of humour by missing the joke?

*[Hmmm. Interesting point. I will admit that I don't object as
violently to the smell of certain substances as I do to tobacco
smoke. For a start, since certain substances are illegal, it means
that the smoking of them is more circumspect and far easier to avoid.
Secondly, certain substances can't be chain-smoked, except by the most
devoted Rastafari, which means that the volume of smoke isn't as
high. Third I've found, in most circumstances, smokers of certain
substances are a little more considerate of the rights of non-smokers
than are tobacco smokers.]*

*I will admit a certain bias here as, while not currently an
indulger, were I playing Test Cricket for England, I might incur a
three month suspension. I agree that no one has the right to inflict
the smell of smoke on another - and that includes car drivers,
smokers of all sorts, and those charlies who insist on burning wet
leaves while our washing is on the line. What annoys me most though
are those who do so in defiance of the discomfort that they cause to
others. It seems to me that tobacco smokers are the major offenders
in that category. Perhaps it would improve things if tobacco were
made illegal too.]*

IAHF Pamela Doal; Lucy Sussex, 42 Wolsley Pde, Kensington, Vict 3031, who
 complains that TIGGER 22 reached her too late for her to participate
in the great DHALGREN reading experiment in Morphic Resonance. She also
sneaks in a plug for ASFR. Harry Andruschak who mentions a CoA to P.O. Box
1422, Arcadia, CA 91006, U.S.A. and who natters about the joys of N.A.S.A.
stuffing around with new shuttles and space station plans.

Giulia de Cesare. Mike McGann who was impressed by the cover on TIGGER 22,
so much so that he accused me of using U.S. artwork instead of the local
product. I guess Mike didn't read the artists' addresses, where it
mentioned a Victorian address for Peta. Mike also produces art in various
forms, including two collections and lots of t-shirts. If you're interested
in a catelog, write to him at 194 Corunna Rd Petersham, N.S.W. 2049.

Craig Hilton changes address to 28 Success Cres, Manning, W.A., 6152, as of
February 1987.

