

tigger



NUMBER 24

FEBRUARY 1987

REGISTERED BY AUSTRALIA POST

PUBLICATION NO VBH6727

TTTTTTTTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTTTTTTTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTT	III	GGG GGG	GGG GGG	EEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGG	GGG	EEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTT	III	GGG GGGG	GGG GGGG	EEEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGG GGG	GGG GGG	EEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRR RRR

NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR

FEBRUARY 1987

Registered by Australia Post - Publication No VDH6727

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 February issue is, of course, appearing in late March. The April issue is unlikely to be available in time for Eastercon '87.

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 PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION
In association with Eccles the Microbee

---oOo---

"Tigger's getting so Bouncy nowadays that it's time we taught him a lesson. Don't you think so, Piglet?"

Piglet said that Tigger was very Bouncy, and that if they could think of a way of unbouncing him it would be a Very Good Idea.

'Just what I feel,' said Rabbit. 'What do you say, Pooh?'

Pooh opened his eyes with a jerk and said, 'Extremely.'

'Extremely what?' asked Rabbit.

'What you were saying,' said Pooh. 'Undoubtably.'

A.A. Milne THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

---oOo---

the Fannish Game

Marc Ortlieb

Fans are not, on the whole, the most sporting of people. Granted the popularity of baseball and poker among certain sections of American fandom and Denny Lien's perverse interest in All-Star Wrestling, the closest you'll get to a sporting discussion is at an Australian or a British convention when the only sport that is truly fannish in both jargon and weltanschauung will be debated in great detail. It was during AUSSIECOM IV that a group of aged fans had gathered around the bar and were discussing the cricket.

Having dissected the Sri Lankan team's recent whitewashing of the West Indies, England, India, Australia and Kuwait in consecutive Tests, the topic turned to fannish matches. Mike Glicksohn was arguing with Justin Ackroyd over whether Joyce Scrivner had bowled anything other than bouncers during the match at Seacon in 1979. Roger Weddall and Dennis Caligari were engaged in a discussion over the cowfield match at Torbjorn's parents' place after Unicon IV, where Kitty Vigo had been given out, caught behind.

"Look, if Claudia had taken the ball cleanly, all the cowshit would have been on the backs of her hands. How do you explain the shit on her palms?"

Carruthers was, of course, in the bar but was keeping out of the conversation - an unusual turn of events and one that naturally attracted my attention.

"A dollar for your thoughts," I said.

"Oh, thank you Cram. I'll have a beer."

I wanted to scream, but as it was, I could only shout. Sucked in again. By the time I'd gotten Carruthers his beer, he'd insinuated his way into the conversation and had, as always, brought himself to the centre of it with a simple and yet irresistible comment hook.

"You know, of course, that it's all fixed don't you?"

"What?" said Roger. "Who'd want to fix a fannish cricket match?"

"Oh no," said Carruthers. "I don't mean the fannish type. I mean Test cricket."

"Don't be silly man. How could they keep a secret like that?"

"It's easy," said Carruthers, "if you have the right sort of people working on it." He turned to Terry Carr. "You had no problems keeping Carl Brandon secret did you?"

"No," replied Carr, "but that was because no one was expecting a hoax."

"It's the same with cricket," said Carruthers. "Indeed, I would never have suspected it myself had it not been for a chance remark by Irwin Hirsh in the Eighties. He noted that certain names - Willis, Hughes and Edmonds in particular - made it difficult to determine whether or not comments in fanzines referred to Walt, Terry and Leigh, or Bob, Kim and Philipe."

"Now you know how difficult it is for fans to avoid tuckerisation. That's what gave Ortlieb away when he submitted a story to the Aussiecon Two short story competition judges under a pseudonym. Bruce Gillespie picked out the tuckerisations immediately. But it wasn't just that. Coincidences were starting to mount. Too many matches were producing results not at all consistent with the form of the teams playing but all too consistent with attracting large crowds to finals. And then I started looking at the players. Certainly there were some who looked rather athletic, but, on the whole, the physiques were more the sort I'd expect to see lounging around a convention bar than on a sports field. Need I name more than Greg Richie, Mike Gatting and Bruce Reid?"

"But my suspicions weren't proof. I needed evidence and that required using a few of my contacts. It was during the '97 Ashes Tour of Australia that I got my chance. A Melbourne fan, who, for his relatives' sake, I won't name, had a Members Ticket at the M.C.G. and, as fortune would have it, he had been summoned to Sydney by the King of the S.C.A. on the first day of the Melbourne Test. (It was something to do with conduct unbecoming an S.C.A. member. He was executed following his failure to clear his name in trial by combat.)

"Going to a Test Match is something like being at a convention. If you don't know much about it, you're likely to spend a lot of time sitting watching people do silly things. I, of course, quickly found myself a seat in the bar, where I struck up a conversation with a bloke who insisted that I call him 'Beefy'. We discussed all the usual things - smoking ganja in the West Indies, bed hopping in hotel rooms and the abysmal state of Queensland politics under Queen Florence the First. He'd been drinking quite a bit and was certainly talkative. I remember in particular one comment he made.

'Y'know Carruthers, it's bloody difficult remembering all those names on the cricket field. I mean, you've known a geezer for years and then you have to call him something like Willis or Edmonds. I guess that's why we used nicknames so much. Avoided that sort of confusion you see. Number of blokes I've seen run out because the bloke at the other end couldn't remember their Cricket names. . . Graeme Wood was terrible at that and Dean Jones wasn't much better.'

'But why do cricketers change their names, Ian?' I asked.

'They said it had to do with image. It was all part of a bet a bloke named Foyster had with Packer, Kerry the press called him, but I always knew him as John. Packer reckoned that he could make a mint out of cricket if he sped it up a bit. Foyster wouldn't have any of that. Reckoned that the public wouldn't cope with that sort of stuffing around with the national game.

'I was playing Tests at the time, but they talked me into playing the pajama game. To be honest, I rather enjoyed it. Standing there for hours pretending to play shots that never existed outside of some pratt's coaching manual, when all you were really doing was trying to avoid having your nuts crushed, never really appealed to me. Thumping the ball all over the ground was far more fun.

'The real shock came when they introduced the team script writer. It was a bloke called Skel. Damn good bloke, as I recall. Kind of shy, but he wrote us some delightful innings. I particularly liked the series he wrote for us in Australia, where we won both cups and the Ashes. (By then the only thing the writers didn't have their hands in was County.) Can't say that I was all that fond of my role in that one - fading superstar stuffs up, but has a final fling at the end of the series. Still, it put bums on seats.

'Course the bloke we wanted at first was Nicholas. You should have seen the innings he wrote for the West Indies. He was most upset when the censors wouldn't allow Garner and Marshall to shout "Kill the Fuckers" when they came in to bowl, but he took out his frustrations in the innings he had Lloyd and Richards play. True his writing came unstuck a bit later in the piece - there was that terrible spell of no balls and believe me he took some stick over that - still, if you like that sort of cricket writing, he certainly wrote some vicious stuff.

'The Aussies started off with some bloody good writers. When Bangsund was writing the Aussie innings they were really something. Rumour had it that he was passionately in love with a girl called Lillian Thompson but she'd rejected him. Sublimation is a wonderful thing. Bet you didn't know that Rod Marsh was modelled on Bruce Gillespie. His nickname - Bacchus - gave it away, but Bangsund claimed that it had more to do with the crushing blows his gloves took. Anyway, the Aussies continued to do well when Edmonds - Leigh that is - took over the writing. It fell off when Ortlieb took over. He never quite managed to get any consistency into his writing. Silly bugger also had a tendency to write himself into the game. Who would really credit that players looking like Boon and Richie could be real cricket players? Then there was the time he wrote Andrew Brown into the team as Bruce Reid - the name was a dead giveaway, Ortlieb could never resist that sort of pun.

'At least real fans were writing the game then though.'

"Botham cast a despairing glance out the bar window, where the noise told him that James Kirk had just hit another Klingon delivery into orbit.

'There's just no subtlety in the game any more,' he said, sighing at the bright red Starfleet uniforms at either end of the wicket. 'It just isn't . . .'

'Yes, Ian,' I replied. 'It isn't.'"

-----oOo-----

=====

"Seen in town, an Ian Botham t-shirt, I.D. holding a joint; the caption:

'Hashish to Ashes'"

David Hodson

=====

THE GOOSED BANSHEE

Lyn McConchie

[Lyn is the FFANZ winner who will be visiting Australia over the Easter/ANZAC Weekend period. The following is extracted from a letter on humour.]

Over the years, I have shared space with many animals, everything from possums to horses. Often I tell stories, against myself, about the interaction between me and them. Usually, even at the time it happens, I can see the humour in the situation; afterwards the humour shows even more. Telling the stories is a way to keep my friends alive, while remembering the funny side of life with them.

Years ago, I lived in a small cottage at the back of a huge old house. The bathroom/laundry was outside and, if I wanted a bath, I chopped the wood, lit the copper, bailed the bath half full, added cold water to my preferred temperature and, after locking the door, climbed in.

Arriving home one dark night and feeling grubby, I decided to have a nice long soak, with a book to read. I duly did all the aforementioned, collected my book - a fascinating and graphic account of The Boston Strangler - and climbed into my bath.

Believing myself alone, I sank down into the bath, put my head against the back and was soon deep into the book. However, unbeknown to me, Kits, one of my cats, was in the bathroom, bird-hunting in the open rafters. She looked down happy to see that her human was home. Silently she flowed down the studding and snuck onto the corner of the bath behind me.

I was immersed in my book, having just got to the place where the Strangler grabs the victim's throat from behind. At this point, Kits, becoming indignant at being ignored, reached forward and tapped me on the shoulder with her paw.

The book went one way and I, together with vast quantities of soapy water, went through the door with a sound reminiscent of a goosed banshee. As the authors say, I draw a veil over the rest of the scene.

Have you ever tried to explain to mystified friends why you are standing, nude, wet and screaming, in the backyard at midnight?

Yes, well, that sort of thing happens regularly to people who keep animals.



---oOo---

ANOTHER PHYLUM BITES THE DUST

I note in the December 11th NEW SCIENTIST that Phylum Conodonts are on the verge of being absorbed into Phylum Chordata - demoted from a fully fledged and somewhat mysterious phylum to a relative of the hagfish "scavenging, slimy, jawless vertebrates with a skeleton made of cartilage rather than bone." I guess it had to happen. (Stephen Jay Gould mentioned the initial suspicions in "The Flamingo's Smile")

Conodonts were initially only known from tooth-like objects that were easily fossilized. Since nothing like them was found in any of the known phyla, a separate phylum was created for them. More recent evidence though, in the form of fossils showing certain detail of the soft body parts, has allowed palaeontologists to fit them into the Phylum Chordata, their exact status depending on, among other considerations, the position of their anus.

That got me thinking about the fate of phyla, periodic extinctions and the regular demise of my fanzine titles. Christopher Nelson, in an earlier TIGGER, suggested that I check my office for traces of iridium, on the offchance that I'd been hit by an asteroid or comet fragment in the recent past. It's a tempting thought. Every now and then, a terribly gravitational force swings a cloud of destructive critics into the path of my fanzines and, following the collision there is a period of hibernation, followed by a new fanzine emerging and expanding to fill the niches previously occupied by the pre-criticism zine.

However, I think it's more likely that each of my fanzines has a biological clock that tells it when to switch off. The zine then passes into a state of limbo, until drawn into the germ of an idea for a new fanzine. In effect then, none of my fanzines has ever died. Each has merely been reincarnated into a different form. Q36 must have accumulated a lot of bad karma that is, supernaturally enough, being visited upon TIGGER.

In short, TIGGER is going to have to be put down - for its own good I assure you. Don't worry, it won't hurt a bit and, even if it does, the pain should be transferred into the new fanzine's good karma account. I owe the Devil one or two more issues after this one, in accordance with the Category B pact I signed, but, after that, TIGGER will be no more. It will be a dead fanzine. It will have shuffled off its mortal coil... You know what I mean. I'm thinking in terms of an annual fanzine, but I don't intend to allow that sort of stringent deadline to restrict me too far. I'll publish when I feel like it. Naturally that means that I won't be able to trade for other zines. I might have to start writing letters again.



Still, such things have happened before. TAANSTAF, my equivalent of Ediacaran fauna, died early, having attained a superficial resemblance to a real fanzine. The Cambrian flowering was mirrored in the Mad Dan Review. After a brief Ordovician stutter that was Marc I, the Devonian dawned with MINARDOR, distinctly fishy. ARIAL was a fanzine solidly

rooted on dry land while, with Q36, my fanzines developed distinctly dinosaurian proportions. TIGGER brings us well into the Cainozoic and the Ice Ages. The horrific thought is that my next fanzine is going to have to evolve into the fanzine equivalent of Homo Sapiens. What a terrible fate.

---oOo---



HA BLOODY HA!

[The readers comment on humour.]

DAVID HODSON Humour (for me) depends mostly on resolving the unexpected.
 4 Ryder Rd Take a situation, add something totally unrelated, then show
 Manningham (or imply) that there is a perfectly obvious connection
 SA 5086 between the two. Of course, as Craig Hilton pointed out,
 "... we seek to understand our environment ..." In
 fact, we're so good at understanding, i.e. finding logical connections,
 that we can make sense of just about anything - even Rob McGough's page.
 This must have something to do with the appeal of the surrealistic line so
 common in British comedy. It also explains why American sitcoms are so
 unfunny, since they rarely contain anything unexpected.

RICHARD FAULDER While I had heard elements of Craig Hilton's analysis of
 PO Box 136 humour previously, he did draw everything together very
 Yanco nicely. His hypothesis seems to account for the observed
 NSW 2703 phenomena quite well, including those raised by Gail
 Neville. On the other hand, I tend to doubt Yvonne
 Rousseau's contention that we need to feel a certain empathy. I find
 "Mother and Son" almost unbearably (you should pardon the pun) unfunny,
 simply because I see my own mother reflected too closely in Maggie Bear
 (which my mother denies) and I identify too closely with Arthur. Similarly,
 while I always watched "A Fine Romance", I sometimes identified too closely
 with Mike and Laura to see the funny side. This brings me back to Craig
 Hilton's coment that "you don't have to be a bastard to find things funny"
 but "it may help". I remember watching the film "The Four Seasons", and
 someone near me tended to find the discomfiture of the characters amusing,
 whereas I tended to feel sorry for them.

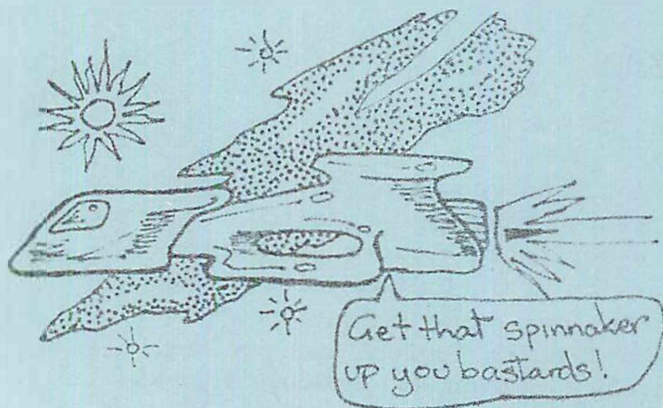
[Richard was impressed by Shep's cover.]

PETER LEMPERT Sue B's letter gave me lots of laughs! You could always
 PO Box 310 change the title of TIGGER to FRIGGER - the masturbatory zine
 Smithfield of the S.F. scene - featuring a sealed centrefold of the
 NSW 2164 editor holding a single Ditmar in front of his private parts.
 If women want more men to flash it I'm all for it. You should
 try this idea out as a one page insert, for a laugh, and just see what the
 reaction is!

*[In a word, no way. I don't mind TIGGER raising a laugh but I don't
 think that Australian fandom is ready for even a semi-naked Ortlieb.
 Interesting though. Cath and I were watching "Life of Brian" on the
 television the other night and Cath said "What's the bet they edit out
 the full frontal of Brian but leave in the full frontal of Judith?"
 Sure enough, that's exactly what they did.]*

JOHN J ALDERSON What's all this about "humour in Australian science
 Havelock fiction" and, in any case, what has Russell Blackford's
 Vict 3465 THE TEMPTING OF THE WITCH KING got to do with science
 fiction? I think that suggesting that Blackford's fantasy
 piece is science fiction is hilarious. It may well be that Australian
 science fiction writers (Jack and myself, now that Bert has passed on) are

too serious but when you con-
 sider that there are NO
 MARKETS for science fiction do
 you wonder if we don't smile?
 It is easier and more re-
 warding to dig postholes for a
 living. You may well think
 that I am being unduly re-
 strictive to the number of
 science fiction writers in the
 country but I am unrepentant.
 I do not wish to belittle my
 fellow writers in any way but
 few if any of them write
 science fiction. The nearest
 even Lee Harding has gone is
 science fantasy and that's a
 different thing.



However if, as seems likely, the whole range of Australian writers writing in anything but mainstream fiction is being depicted as humourless, then it's another matter. We writers can well imagine these fans, their long faces distorted into a snarl as they tear to pieces the latest effort of their fellow Australians; we know them, low contemptible bastards!

GEORGE TURNER It's good of Yvonne to stand up for the Irish who get
4/296 Inkerman St such a jocularly rough trot, but the horrid truth is
E St Kilda that the tender feelings of the Irish are relieved by
Vict 3183 their own in-house version of the Irish joke. In this
 the hapless butt is the hayseed/nitwit from County
Armagh, which is conveniently assumed to be populated by blockheads.

It's as well to face the bitter fact that every joke has a butt, however glossed; every joke is at somebody's expense. Remember all those old-timers beginning, 'There were an Englishman, a Scotsman and an Irishman . . .'? In Denmark they begin 'There were a Dane, a Swede and a German (usually the butt) . . .' In Holland it becomes 'a Nederlander, a Dane and a German (again the butt) . . .' And, as Vonnegut remarked in despair, So it goes.

Note above the word, 'Nederlander'. The Dutch do not refer to themselves as Dutchmen although they put up with our use of a word which has passed irrevokably into the English language. 'Dutch' is a corruption of 'Deutch', meaning 'German', and for long historical reasons there is little love lost between Nederlanders ('Hollanders' is permissible) and Germans. As so often, that insult began with the English whose sailors and other travellers could not tell the difference between the two languages, which have some similarities -- and no trueborn Englishman could be expected to show respect for the linguistic fads and fiddles of all these laughable frogs, wops, krauts, dagoes, portygees, chinks, niggers, nips and what have you scattered around Britain's seven seas. Do you wonder that England in eclipse commands little respect from those she once observed from her height of monstrous self-satisfaction?

Every Australian, as a sort of secondhand Briton, was reared to the knowledge of those words (and we older ones to the attitudes accompanying them). Now we show our own proud home-grown superiority by referring to our teachers as 'whinging poms'. I don't know what the current British putdown of Australians is; mostly they are content with a patronising smile -- which too many of us do our best to earn.

I don't think I want to know what the Aborigines call us. Whatever it is, is thoroughly grounded in contempt, oppression and murder.

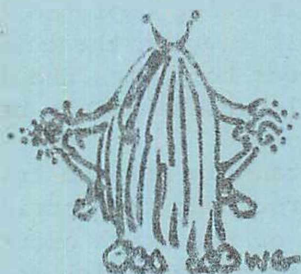
Suppressing racist jokes would accomplish nothing. They are, like most jokes, a safety valve. They would only break out in some other direction:

Did you hear the one about the author, the critic and the sword 'n sorcery fan . . . ?

There are no kind jokes.

Algebraic symbols are used when you do not know what you are talking about.

Geometry teaches us to bisex angels.



WELL, THERE
AIN'T MUCH
TO IT!!

JURGEN'S SIGNEBOARD

Just a vestigial signboard this time, to justify TIGGER's ancestry.

PERTH IN '89

The bidding for the 1989 NatCon is hotting up. Perth have issued a publicity blurb, including confirmation of their hotel - The Kings Ambassador - and a rundown on the committee: Greg Turkich, Bobo Gden, Cindy Evans, Matthew Clarkson, Ian Nichols and Gina Goddard. \$5-00 Pre-supporting memberships are available from PERTH in '89, P.O. Box 312, Nedlands, W.A. 6009.

---oOo---

OTHERS

Kingkon, which may or may not have anything to do with the Penguins for King Island in '89 bid, has been making the sorts of noises you'd expect a penguin to make. In addition, Ali Kayn has been handing out Penguin Badges.

Kinkon, the other 1989 bid has been fairly quiet of late, but I gather that it still intends to make a presentation at CapCon.

---oOo---

EASTERCON '87

The con is going well. Irwin Hirsh, Michelle Muijsert and Mark Loney, the programming sub-committee, are working hard on items, including a fanzine launching off St Kilda Pier, once they get the environmental impact statement on the effects of oceanic pollution on this scale.

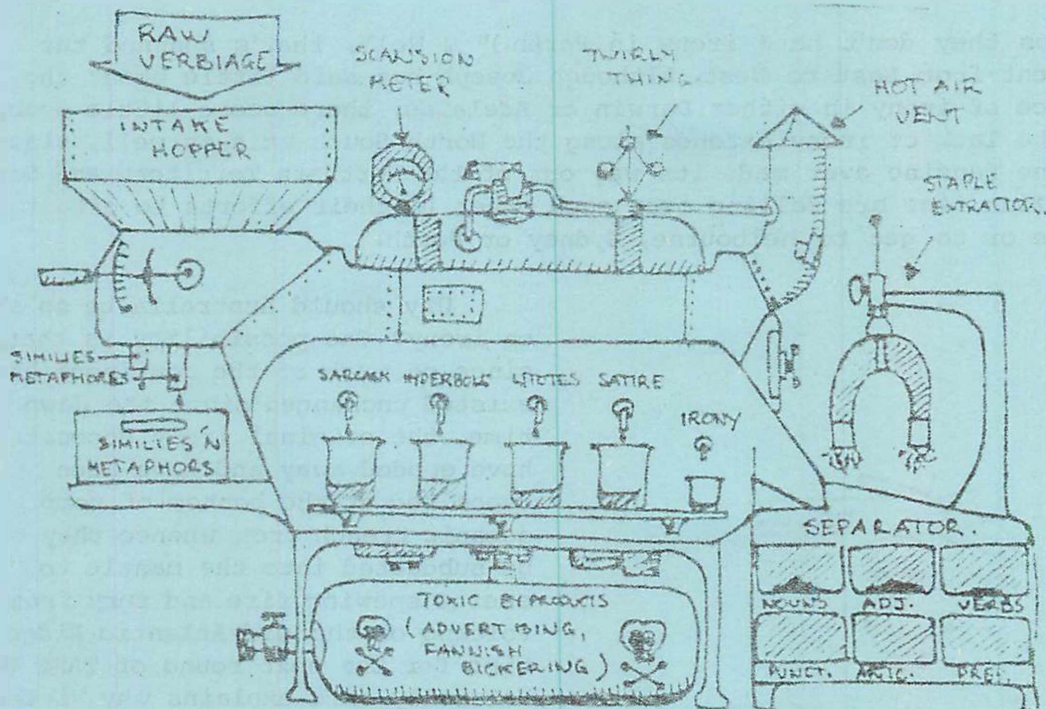
The con is, surprise, surprise, over Easter, at The Diplomat Motor Inn, in St Kilda. At the door prices will be \$25-00. For further information, contact us at the TIGGER editorial address.

---oOo---

THE REAL OFFICIAL TIGGER SONGBOOK

This is now available, for \$2-00 per copy, plus seventy five cents postage if you can't collect your copy, from the TIGGER postbox. It contains twenty seven pages of filksongs, including John Packer's "Out of Vegemite Blues" and an assortment of Ortlieb filks, such as "The S.F.W.A. Anthem", "Mr Serconzine Fan" and "GAFIA". The Craig Hilton cover is worth the cost of the zine. Profits will go to FFANZ.

---oOo---



ANY OLD IRONY

Marc Ortlieb

British observers tend to judge Australian phenomena using their own paradigms. Thus the tendency to see those who live in close harmony with the Australian environment as somehow lacking in that quintessentially British conceit - civilization. It's an insular attitude delightfully summarized in such expressions as "The wogs start at Calais" and "Why don't those ignorant buggers speak English?"

Occasionally though British commentators do strike upon a genuine fact and it appears that noted critic Joseph Nicholas has done just that. There is no difficulty in locating Mr Nicholas's great discoveries as he is most enthusiastic in promulgating them, as was noted when he discovered the British fan who had the interesting habit of throwing out all Australian fanzines judged insufficiently sound on the basis of the return address. (Such judicial ability is worthy of the attention of those parapsychologists who have not yet succumbed to Martin Gardner's K.T.F. reviews of their books. The ability to gauge a fanzine's worth without having to so much as slit the envelope is surely on a par with spoon bending and tea-leaf reading.)

Mr Nicholas's most recent discovery has to do with the lack of irony in Australia. In reference to criticisms of the use of "ideologically sound" terminology in such magazines as "Fuck the Tories" Joseph says, to Jack Herman, " -- do you not have irony in Sydney, and can you not recognise it when you see it before you?"*. In a more widely read fanzine, the newszine THYME, Joseph Nicholas says, "It seems more likely that Luckett and Nichols have mistaken my ironic use of such cliched rhetorical phrases -- 'the ideologically correct fanzine', and so forth -- as evidence of a genuine identification of my positions with those being so punctured.

(Perhaps they don't have irony in Perth.)" ¶ Well, that's spanned the continent from East to West. Although Joseph has said little about the presence of irony in either Darwin or Adelaide, there seems little doubt that the lack of irony extends along the North South axis as well, since only one fanzine ever made its way out of the Northern Territory and South Australian fans are falling over each other in their efforts to either gaffiate or to get to Melbourne, Sydney or Perth.



I like this article!
Notice the meticulous
placement of the typos,
the carefree lack of
any syntax whatever..
SF.

Why should Australia be so short on irony? One possibility is that, since so much of the continent has existed unchanged since the dawn of time, the original irony deposits have eroded away and have been deposited at the bottom of some oceanic trench from whence they will be subducted into the mantle to emerge spewing fire and fury from a volcano on the Mid-Atlantic Ridge in time for the next round of TAFF Wars. Naturally this explains why Victoria has developed a fandom that is, in Joseph's words, "in some senses almost British"§. The South eastern parts of Australia have undergone volcanism in the past 20,000 years, no doubt restoring the level of irony in the sub-soil.

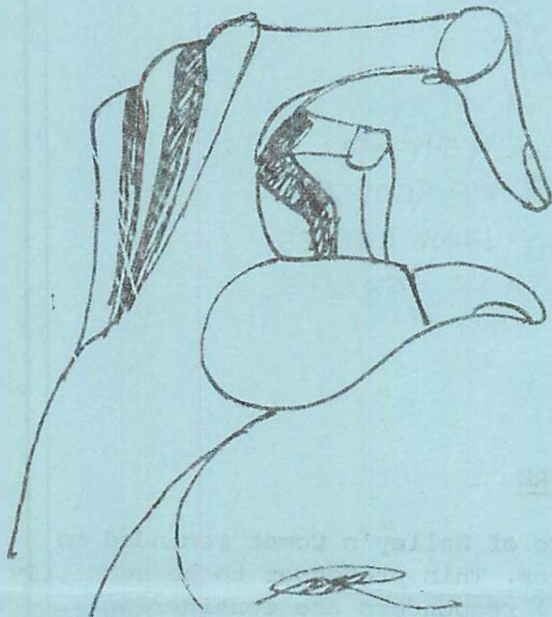
It has been suggested that Australia's original human inhabitants might have subtly changed the ecosystem so as to exclude irony. After all, their grassland management probably did contribute to the success of the eucalypts in the Australian environment. (The

suggestion that the aborigines used up Australia's irony deposits is not in keeping with their ability to use and yet maintain resources. Had the aborigines used irony, then they would have left plenty for future inhabitants.) If the aborigines did actively discourage irony then they would have had a good reason for it - probably something to do with clearer communication.

A third suggestion is that the Europeans who settled Australia used up the continent's dwindling stocks of irony. Accounts of the rough bush humour suggest that the early settlers weren't sparing in their use of irony. Each time a red-haired navvy was nicknamed "Blue" would have placed an added burden on this non-renewable resource.

What implications does this lack of irony have for Australian fandom though? For a start, it appears that we are forever destined to take Joseph Nicholas seriously. After all, without an adequate supply of irony with which to train Australian fanzine readers, how can one tell whether or not such statements as " . . . Melbourne [fandom is] home to serious SF criticism and an attitude to fandom that is in some senses almost British."§ are serious or not? Imagine one's embarrassment upon discovering that this was Joseph being ironic, rather than being blatantly jingoistic and condescending. Can we really accept at face value Joseph's idea that

Michelle Muijsert contributed to "Fuck the Notional" because she was "smarting from losing DUFF to some close friends of Leigh and Valma"† or is this Joseph being ironic again?



This might be why we don't have irony in Australia. It's one of those things that the convicts left behind when they came to Australia, along with such terms as "copse", "brook" and "field". Irony is for sophisticated and subtle people like Joseph who can fashion a fascination with helicopter gunships, a concern for the nasty effects of U.S. militarism, a dislike for the products of the militarindustrial complex, the use of word processing technology spun off from that complex, a contempt for Australian fandom and a paternalistic fascination with "improving" it into a coherent philosophy. Not me cobber. If that's the sort of bloke you have to be to be able to see irony, then I'm rather pleased to be the "she'll be right" sort of bloke that I am. Gees, if I'd stayed in England and discovered fandom, I might have joined the Surrey Limpwrist and become a K.T.F. reviewer. Now there's irony for you.

---cOo---

* Joseph Nicholas "Can Star Wars Defend Western Europe", published in ANZAPA 114, February 1987.

¶ Joseph Nicholas' letter in Thyme #61, February 1987.

§ Joseph Nicholas "Distance, Context and the Lucky Country" in Pulp #3, November 1986.

† Joseph Nicholas letter in Thyme #58, November 1986.

---oOo---

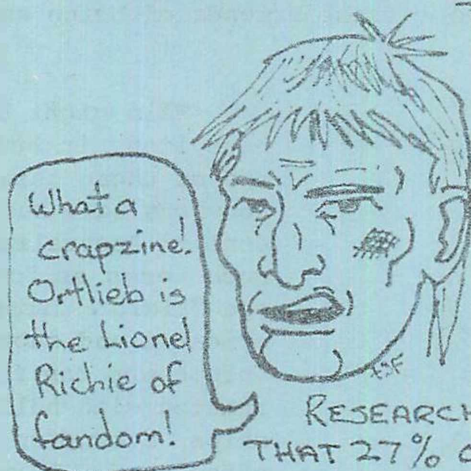
ARTWORK

Alan Stewart Cover
Sheryl Birkhead Cover lettering, pp 2 & 5
John Packer pp 6 & 11
Craig Hilton p 7
Terry Frost pp 8, 12, 14, 17 & 21

Wade Gilbreath p 10
Bill Rotsler p 13
Brad Foster p 16
Rob McGough p 22

P

WHAT KIND OF FAN READS
TIGGER?



RESEARCH SHOWS
THAT 27% OF READERS
ARE INTELLECTUALLY-HANDICAPPED
AUTO MECHANICS WITH NO SEX LIFE.

LETTERATURE

DENNY LIEN

2528 - 15th Ave S

Minneapolis

MN 55404

USA

The recent reappearance of Halley's Comet reminded me that I owed you a letter. This professes to be such. (By the way, all of us slow responders are considering getting together and organising a union to promote the infrequent incidence of letters from us as a media event equal to that of the said comet. If you see any "I got a letter from Denny Lien" t-shirts or hear of bores telling at great length how they got up at 4 a.m. one morning and used binoculars pointed at a faraway mailbox to see the once-in-a-lifetime appearance of such a letter or see any popular science books by Isaac Asimov on measurement of geologic time based on carbon-14 dating of stamps on letters sent out by me, just remember that you heard it here first.)

The telly in the next room is tuned to yet another wrestling show, this one a new "league" out of a small city in Texas, featuring nobody I've ever heard of before, with the exception of Ivan "Polish Power" Putski, the person you once saw chasing Jessie "The Body" Ventura around and around the ring a year or two ago. Poor Ivan must have fallen on hard times. Jessie, on the other hand, just made a movie with Sylvester Stallone and has announced his retirement from wrestling in favour of acting (the kind that nobody pretends to be sport) and music; he's fronting a local rock band called The Soldiers of Fortune and has released a single featuring "The Body Rules" b/w "Showdown in the Squared Circle" or somesuch.

This wrestling show is turning out to be rather interesting -- for some reason they seem to have decided that New Zealand is a good place for villains to come from and are featuring the reprehensible antics of one Sheepherder Jonathan Boyd and an alleged Maori chief, whose crimes include carrying around and waving a New Zealand flag while the crowd shouts reprovingly "U.S.A.! U.S.A.!" I suspect that their market researchers told them that there are not enough New Zealanders living within range of their Texas studios to matter to their ratings. A suspiciously high percentage of the good guys come from Texas, but that's standard.

Why do I have this desire to write a Professional Wrestling Goon Show? ("OOOOhh, it's the dreaded pile-driving for Blunbottle this week!") Maybe right after I get around to writing THE LAKE WOEBEGOON SHOW:

((Opening chords of theme song, "Hello Folks", segueing into "Hello Jeem".))

NS: Ah, Hello Love -- Calling Love -- Come in, Looove -- this is Ned Goonison Seakellior, welcoming you to another PRAIRIE GOON COMPANION, brought to you tonight by FOOT-O, The Wonder Boot Exploder, and by those Powdermilk Dolly Mixtures, in the big blue bag with the picture of the rotting teeth on the package -- made in East Finchley by Norwegian bachelor cub scouts, so you know they're pure, darn it.

((much later))

((SFX: Sounds of cannon going off, airplanes crashing, glass breaking, people screaming, bombs exploding, etc.))

NS: Well, it's been a quiet week in Lake Woebegoon . . .

ROBERT K. HINTON You want to know what I got? Spring fever. Here's how I
PO Box 42536 can tell: A few minutes ago I was rolling along Memorial
Houston Drive, on the way to do something that needed doing and
TX 77242 suddenly I turned off into the park and eased up under a
USA big pine by the side of the jogging track. And there I
 was still half an hour later.

I wasn't able to make myself go on. That's the principal symptom of Spring fever. When you get this disease, the only thing to do is nothing. So I stayed there for a while and did it.

Positive statements can be made about Spring fever. Here is one: It's the only illness that makes you feel better than you feel when you're perfectly well.

Company came along. A white-haired gent in checkered pants and a white cap and brown and white golf shoes. He was going to hit some practice balls. Working on his short game. He had a nine iron, I think. Maybe it was a pitching wedge.

Off to the right there was a young fellow tossing a frisbee and trying to get his dog to catch it. Dog was a tall, leggy Doberman type. But it was just a pup and more interested in chewing sticks than catching frisbees. Once the frisbee landed pretty close to me and I almost got up to walk ten steps to flip it back to its owner. But my legs wouldn't move.

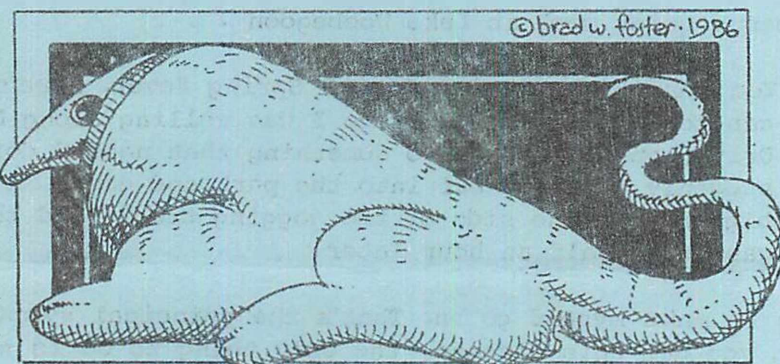
That's because of the fever. Sometimes this disease immobilizes limbs for long periods. I have known rural cases in which victims lay in the sunshine for hours, showing no hint that they were made up of moving parts, until at last they were aroused by the shadows of vultures wheeling above them.

More newcomers. A young mother with a toddling baby, overdressed in blue. She sat in the grass and turned the baby loose to toddle in the sunshine. This had to be the mother's first child. I am judging by the way she had the baby bundled up. Temperature in the sun must have been 82° and that papoose was operating in what looked to be four or five layers of rigging.

He was a cute kid. I expect nine out of ten strangers would view this child and say he was cute. I personally never saw a two-year-old baby that wasn't at least cute. Even the ugliest ones are able to achieve cuteness. This one fell down on his rumble seat. It interests me that a baby his age can perform that manoeuvre without hurting himself. I invite adults everywhere, right now, to consider the following:

Say you are standing upright in your yard. Then you fall backward, knees straight, to land in a sitting position, smiting the Earth with your behind. Don't you imagine that would put you into a hospital? Yet this little baby can do it for fun, and get up and toddle off without a grunt of complaint.

I am startled, in a mild way, by a large shadow passing over me. But it's not a vulture. It's an airplane, on its way to the Hobby traffic pattern.



TEXAS TRIVIA: In snake country, always carry a ten foot, pull-out rule and a calculator with a stopwatch. When a rattler is coiled he can strike two-thirds of his length in half a second. He needs one second to recoil. He can't strike when he's crawling. So, if you meet a rattler crawling, let him crawl. But if he's coiled, pull out your rule, start your stopwatch, measure the snake, multiply by two-thirds, note the results of the maths, and quickly step back that distance. If you can do that in half a second, you'll never get bitten by a rattler.

To accompany that, I used to believe that a dog trotting across a bridge would get it vibrating and make it fall. In fact, I believed in that theory with a religious zeal. In my barefoot years I wouldn't let a dog trot across a bridge when I was on it. I would make him walk or haze him across in a lope. Now then, pay really careful attention:

A mechanical engineer friend explains that, if the natural frequency of the bridge happens to match the frequency of the dog's pace and the weight of the dog exceeds the hysteresis of the span and the span is long enough for the number of paces to cause the deflection amplitude of the vibrating span to exceed the modulus of elasticity of the member before the dog gets across the bridge, then the dog can, indeed, vibrate the bridge down.

[The latter section of this letter has been printed to show that science fiction is still fiction for young engineers. John W. Campbell lives!]

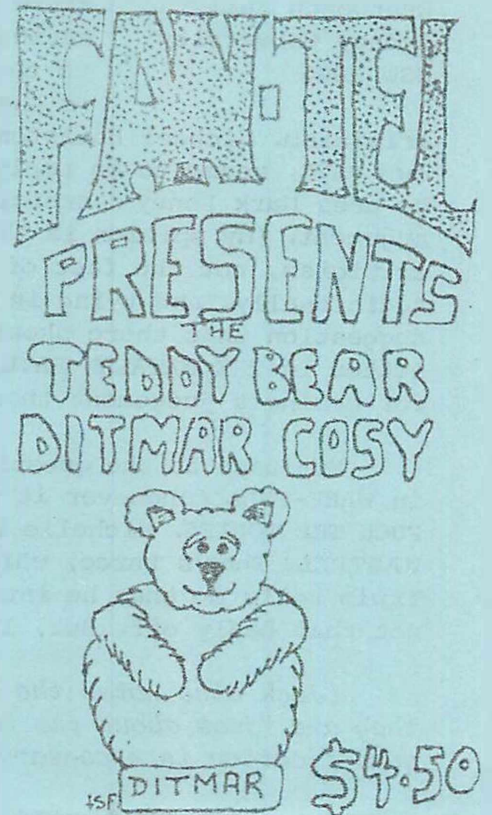
FANZINE REVIEWS REVIEWED

Tim Jones I feel I can speak with
20 Gillespie St some confidence in this
Dunedin area, as all four issues
NEW ZEALAND of my fanzine, TIMBRE,
 have featured extensive
fanzine reviews, extending over ten pages
in the latest issue. I've always got a
special thrill out of seeing reviews of
TIMBRE and, as fanzines are probably the
main reason I'm still in fandom, they're
sufficiently important to me that I want
to contribute to the debate on their form
and function. My earliest efforts at fan-
zine reviewing were of the "Gosh! Wow!
I've got another one!! All the way from
Melbourne!!!" variety and I'm not tem-
peramentally suited to scathing reviews
(nor do I see that they are much use) so I
haven't evolved into a Nicholcodeon grim
reaper. In TIMBRES 3 & 4, I've con-
centrated more on my reactions to fanzines
(principally those I like) and, in TIMBRE
4, I've abandoned previous attempts to
comment on every fanzine I receive, given
some individual zines - FUCK THE TORIES
and PYROTECHNICS - a good run for their
money and looked at others in the context
of perceived trends and commonalities,
such as the critical ethos in Australian
fanzines.

So I reckon youse all ought to GET
INTO IT - and there's no way to improve
your fanzine reviewing short of trying your luck. And why shouldn't you
comment on other people's zines, Stewart Jackson? They comment on yours,
one presumes.

Thinks . . . "there's no way to improve your fanzine reviewing . . ."
but what if some concerned soul were to set up fanzine reviewers' work-
shops? A small lodge in the mountains; a famous zine reviewer from far away
- Mike Glyer, say, or Comrade J. - plus, perhaps, some local support; a
crew of eager reviewers, some in the business for years, others taking
their first faltering steps onto the road; a week of drinking, head-
scratching, laughter and tears, fun and failure, the heartache, the pathos,
the humour . . . and, at the end of it all, a slim volume and, for a time,
fanzine reviews rampant in fanzines of all stripes. We could have schools
of reviewers - the Clarion School, all pellucid clarity; the Bundaberg
School, rough as guts. Worth a thought eh?

ERIC LINDSAY I can't see why Perry Middlemiss would want to have
c/o 6 Hillcrest Ave fanzine reviews of a critical nature. Firstly, most
Faulconbridge fanzines are sitting ducks for this. Second, most
NSW 2776 editors won't bother trying to improve. Third, even if
 they do try, they won't have time to do so. Perry
seems to think people improve, or strive to improve, but I think this is
disproved by simple observation. The people who were good started out that
way, and sometimes got quicker. The people who were bad tend to stay that
way, or else drop out.



JACK HERMAN
Box 272
Wentworth Building
Sydney University
NSW 2006

Perry is absolutely right and dead wrong. There are too few people engaging in stringent analysis of fanzines but every columnist who spends his/her time saying that, rather than writing fanzine reviews, adds to the problem. Well, one of the problems. The other is the emerging school of thought that rejects fanzine criticism. Michael Hailstone, in a letter to THE SPACE WASTREL and in his own RAVE, seems to be implying that zines are not subject to criticism and he uses Mark Loney's article from FUCK THE NOTIONAL as some supporting argument. (My opinion is that Mark's problem was with the tone of the criticism, not the fact of it but that is how Michael has seen it.) Additionally, and tying in with the Hailstone thesis, is the increasing suggestion that there should be no standards in zines. Mike McGann, in his letter in THE NATALAN RAVE, suggests that THYME is guilty of "censorship" for making a judgement that his cartoons don't meet their standards.

But back to the question of reviews. I will continue to review zines in WAHF-FULL (whenever it comes out) and Leigh Edmonds has continued in FUCK THE TORIES. Michelle is now reviewing in more depth in THE SPACE WASTREL. That's three, which seems pretty good by international standards. Irwin tells me that he intends to have more overviews in SIKANDER so we are not that badly off. But, like Perry, I'd like to see more.

[Jack also notes the high quality of the TIGGER covers, saying that they are "just about the best part of the zine." I'm not sure that the qualification is necessary.

Several fanzines get a mention in the comments above, so, for the benefit of those who might not be familiar with them, here is a listing of Australian Fanzines, that I have received, that either have appeared recently or which might appear in the near future. (Note: This is not intended as a review column. It is also heavily weighted to non-media fanzines, as I don't believe in subscribing to fanzines, except for news-zines and others that I want but which don't trade.)

APOCRYPHA/TAU CETI PHOENIX - Larry Dunning P.O. Box 111, Midland, W.A. 6056
(U)

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW - The Science Fiction Collective (The Gang of Five), G.P.O. Box 1294L,
Melbourne, Vict 3001 (\$)

AVAZINE - Haus Holzloffel, 345 Brunswick Rd, Brunswick, Vict 3056 (?)

CAPTAIN'S LOG - AUSTREK, G.P.O. Box 5206AA, Melbourne, Vict 3001 (\$)

CATH'S EYE - Cathy Kerrigan P.O. Box 437, Camberwell, Vict 3124 (U)

CHUNDER - John Foyster P.O. Box 483, Norwood, S.A. 5067 (U)

ETHEL THE AARDVARK - Melbourne S.F. Club P.O. Box 212, World Trade Centre,
Melbourne, Vict 3005 (U?)

FORBIDDEN WORLDS - Robert Mapson, P.O. Box 7087, Cloisters Square, W.A.
6000 (U)

FUCK THE TORIES - Joseph Nicholas, Judith Hanna, Terry Hughes, Leigh
Edmonds & Valma Brown P.O. Box 433, Civic Square, A.C.T.
2608 (Australian address)

THE GALAXY NEWSLETTER - Shayne McCormack, 203b, Castlereagh St, Sydney,
N.S.W. 2000 (U?)

GEGENSCHWEIN - Eric Lindsay, c/o 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776
(U)

KOBWEBS ON THE KEYBOARD - Glen Crawford, P.O. Box 1, Avoca Beach, N.S.W.
2260 (?)

LARRIKIN - Irwin Hirsh (Address as SIKANDER) and Perry Middlemiss G.P.O.
Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vict 3001 (U)

LIVING IN THE LIMELIGHT - Stewart M Jackson, P.O. Box 257, Kalamunda, W.A. 6076 (U)

THE MATALAN RAVE - Michael Hailstone, P.O. Box 193, Woden, A.C.T. 2606 (U)

THE MENTOR - Ron Clarke, 6 Bellevue Rd, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776 (U)

METALUNA - John Tipper, P.O. Box 487, Strathfield, N.S.W. 2135 (U\$?)

THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW - Bruce Gillespie, G.P.O. Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Vict 3001 (U)

NUMBER 1 - Ali Kaym, address withheld (?)

SCIENCE FICTION - Dr Van Ikin, Department of English, University of Western Australia, Nedlands, W.A. 6009 (\$)

SCIENCE FICTION NEWS - Graham Stone, for The Australian Science Fiction Association, G.P.O. Box 4440, Sydney, N.S.W. 2001 (U)

SECANT - Greg Hills, P.O. Box E469, St James, N.S.W. 2000 (U)

S.F. TRUTH - Rod Kearins & Terry Frost 3 Vincent St, Canterbury, N.S.W. 2193 (U)

SIKANDER - Irwin Hirsh, 2/416 Dandenong Rd, Caulfield North, Vict 3161 (U)

THE SPACE WASTREL - Michelle Muijsert, Mark Loney and Julian Warner, P.O. Box 428, Richmond, Vict 3121 (U)

THYME - Roger Weddall & Peter Burns P.O. Box 273, Fitzroy, Vict 3065 (\$)

TIME LOOP - Paul & Tina Kennedy 13 William St, Cambridge Park, N.S.W. 2750 (U\$)

WAHF-FULL - Jack Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, N.S.W. 2006. (U)

WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE - Jean Weber, c/o 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776 (U)

YGGDRASIL - Melbourne Uni S.F.A., Box 106, Union Building, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Vict 3052 (\$)

Whew! Quite a list. There are some I'm not sure of. I can't recall issues of LIVING IN THE LIMELIGHT, WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE or S.F. TRUTH recently, and I've only seen one issue of AVAZINE. Bruce Gillespie and Cathy Kerrigan are both promising to publish their issues in the near future. No one is sure whether or not we'll see any more NOTIONALS from Leigh and Valma, and the status of Merv Binns AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION NEWS is uncertain, though he has been putting out regular booklists. If you want more on media zines, John Tipper and Paul Kennedy publish fairly regular listings.

The ones marked (U) tend to be available for the fannish usual, which includes contributions, trades and letters. Those marked (\$) tend to ask for money. If it's unmarked, I'm not sure.]

FURTHER EVOLUTIONS

R COULSON Note to Harry [Warner Jr.] on evolution: a recent science
2677W - 500N show on tv mentioned that predators have eyes in the front
Hartford City for stereo vision so they can estimate distances to prey and
IN 47348 not waste energy chasing animals that are too far away. Prey
USA have eyes on the sides of their heads so they can see danger
 coming from all directions. This is also a point against
theorists who say that early man was a vegetarian and that current
violence is "unnatural". Man was, and is, an omnivore, and violent whenever
it seems necessary.

[While I agree with your first comments, you extrapolate too far when considering eye position as evidence for Homo sapiens violent nature. Stereoscopic vision is also necessary for an arboreal lifestyle, especially when it comes to brachiators, swinging from branch to branch. I think

you'll find that most theorists will ascribe our stereo vision to our brachiating ancestry.

Richard Brandt also makes the point about the eye positioning in predators and prey.]

BRIAN EARL BROWN I would disagree with your reply to Harry Warner on
11675 Beaconsfield why we don't have two hearts. The answer, I think, is
Detroit because the "wiring" would be too complicated. Lungs
MI 43224 and kidneys are simple, passive membranes but the
USA heart is an intricate piece of many moving parts. Each
 chamber has its own set of valves which must open and
close in proper sequence. The chambers too move in a complex, split-second
pattern that doesn't dare be screwed up. Regulating one heart is a lot of
work. Regulating two hearts would be, in my humble opinion, too much.

[Bugger. So much for Dr Who's physiology. And another of my cherished illusions bites the dust. Mind you, I can't see that there is that much of a problem in synchronising two hearts. It would be a matter of having the contraction of the ventricles conditional on the state of their respective atria. The left and right sides of the heart are, after all, separate pumps, one directing blood through the lungs and the other directing blood around the rest of the body. An auxiliary pump, located in the lower body, would probably take a lot of strain off the left ventricle. Perhaps Dr Hilton could enlighten us further, if he can stop producing his brilliant cartoons.]

MISC

LLOYD PENNEY Re the letter from Giulia de Cesare [in TIGGER
412-22 Riverwood Parkway 20] there is less guilt in being a media fan
Toronto, ONT today than there was yesterday, and there will
M8Y 4E1 be even less guilt tomorrow. I think that's
CANADA because the adolescent media fan who fainted at
 the sight of Leonard Nimoy at a mediacon has now
grown up. Many of the fans who ran some of the huge Trek conventions in New
York in the early seventies were on the New York Worldcon bids in the mid-
eighties. Today it's media without guilt, and rightly so. However, those
who dumped on mediafans before now have someone new to dump on . . . the
Japanese animation fan.

*[Lloyd also mentions that Ad Astra ?/Convention ? has, as its two pro-
Guests of Honour, C.J. Cherryh and Elizabeth Vonarburg. The con runs from
June 12th to 14th 1987. As added inducement, he mentions that Fosters is
now brewed in Canada, under licence. Lloyd, you really should visit
Australia and try some of our good beer!]*

=====

My current train/tram reading is THE EIGHTH DAY OF CREATION by Horace
Freeland Judson. A good tram book is one that is thick enough to make those
poor folk who are reading THE SUN feel inferior. THE EIGHTH DAY OF CREATION
is excellent in that regard, being heavy and hardback - far more impressive
than an Isaac Asimov paperback. The cover is suitable impressive too -
a da Vinci sketch on a purple background with a flow chart in red and
white, showing the flow of information from DNA to RNA to protein and from
RNA to DNA to RNA to protein superimposed on it. The back cover shows the
author, with his chin supported by his palm, looking most pensive. I must
hit the remainder bookshops more often.

=====

P

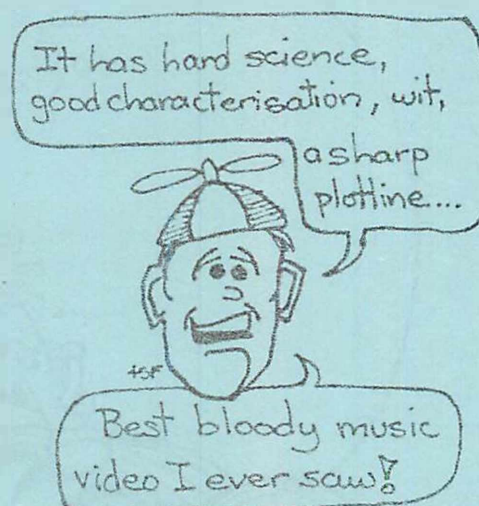
IAHF

Both Larry Dunning and Dave Luckett provided letters on the S.C.A. issue but, being the censorious bastard that I am, I've decided that that discussion is hereby defunct.

Michelle Hallett who accuses me of lousy filing in that I checked "You LoCced" when she in fact didn't. Michelle also comments on the humour issue. Richard Hryckiewicz who claims that TIGGER is more serious than Q36 used to be and who natters S.C.A. Sue Thomason who mentions a new address - 31 Barfield Rd, Muncastergate, York, North Yorks, YO3 9AW U.K. - and who complains about the weather there. Even Captain Cook noticed it and was killed in the Hawaiian Islands rather than return to Whitby. (My family, being Whitby based on my mother's side, got out too.)

Craig Hilton and Julia Bateman are now living at 28 Success Cres, Manning, W.A. 6152. Justin Semmell complains that faneds tend to be

shadowing creatures, living in paper worlds of their own creations, who are not willing to come out into the light of day to meet their readers, or something like that. Where was he when I got Pon Farred at TREKCON III? He also talks about the difficulties that new writers have in evaluating their own work. Confederation send their finalised attendance figures - 5,811 were there - and note that one of those lousy stinking bastards kidnapped Wilberforce, the Wombat that was presented to Jim Gilpatrick at AUSSIECON TWO. May that miserable person's ears turn to arseholes and shit all over his/her shoulders. Jan Howard Finder talks about wombats and asks if one can hire an RV in Australia. I'd answer if I knew what in hell an RV was when it's at home. Frank Macskasy Jnr says "If we're still fighting each other after The Bomb Drops, can anyone finally doubt our wretchedness and lack of worthiness, as a race. Steve George who natters S.C.A. and mousses. He suggests that there is also the equivalent of Mars Bars and Milky Ways in Star Trek novels and Laser Books. Fair enough. I guess we have to get the kiddies hooked somehow, even if it does rot their teeth. Sheryl Eirkhead who berates me for misspelling Gaithersburg and who suggests a fannish cookbook. A tempting thought. When TIGGER becomes an annual, one year's worth might be THE OFFICIAL TIGGER COOKBOOK [First catch your TIGGER.] Sue Burtszinski who suggests that Joseph Nicholas should be doing something creative. Interesting sidenote to Joseph's letter in the last TIGGER - the most recent issue of FUCK THE TORIES says "We want the letter column to be short and punchy, but that doesn't mean you can't write us long letters - we'll shorten them for you" I wonder if this editorial "we" includes Joseph. Monica Sharp who sends a HAPPY CHINESE NEW YEAR card. Owen Whiteoak who mentions his temporary CoA to c/o Pam Wells, 24a Beech Rd, Bowes Park, London, N11, U.K. Lesley James who, in a phone call of comment (PhoC?) noted that, John Foyster notwithstanding, TIGGERS are supposed to bounce from place to place, rather like an oversized butterfly. In addition there was the following piece of artwork from Rob McGough. In accordance with the acronym convention established above, I'd have to call it a cover of comment (CoC). For reasons that will be obvious, it didn't appear on the front page.





tigger
23
tucna bout

CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES

Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, MD 20879, U.S.A.
Brad Foster 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038, U.S.A.
Terry Frost G.P.O. Box 1808, Sydney, N.S.W. 2001
Wade Gilbreath 1610-F Valley Ave, Birmingham, AL 35209, U.S.A.
Craig Hilton 28 Success Cres, Manning, W.A. 6152
Lyn McConchie 15 Rauparaha St Waikanae, NEW ZEALAND
Rob McGough Flat 10, 5 Clarence St, South Perth, W.A. 6151
John Packer 9/3 Eversley Ave, Enfield, S.A. 5085
Bill Rotsler 17909 Lull St, Reseda, CA 91335, U.S.A.
Alan Stewart 4/4 Normanby St, Prahran, Vict 3181

Electrostencils

My thanks to Allan Bray, for stencilling Rob's cover and to Peter Burns who, in the midst of packing for a trip to Europe, still found time to do the electrostencils for this issue.

---oOo---

ERRATUM

On Page 20, for "Guests of Homour", read "Guests of Honour".

---oOo---

MINNESOTA DREAMING

Won't someone send the Zeppelin
From Minnesota's snow
To me stuck here in Melbourne town
It's time for me to go
To realms where puns do crystalize
In winter's bitter cold.
Won't someone send the Zeppelin
Before I am too old.

The lutefisk sing a siren song;
Mosquitos whine refrain;
The squirrels' nuts beat out the time
To call me back again;
Back to the land of bozoettes
And out of tune guitars
Where fen become quite lunatic
Beneath the northern stars.

But then my dream is swept away
By crass financial qualms
And piles of soggy apazines
Fall from my sweaty palms
And drawn back to mundanity
My thoughts are forced to go
But something sings "Send Zeppelins
And take me to the snow."

---oOo---

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS ISSUE

Some people are just born unlucky

You are the unknown British Fan and I figured
you must be running short on kindling by now

I think you edited "The Motional" and I
want to stay on your mailing list

You contributed/wrote/traded/somehow jogged my memory

Carey Handfield told me I should/shouldn't send you a copy

TIGGER

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

If undeliverable return to

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

May be opened for postal inspection