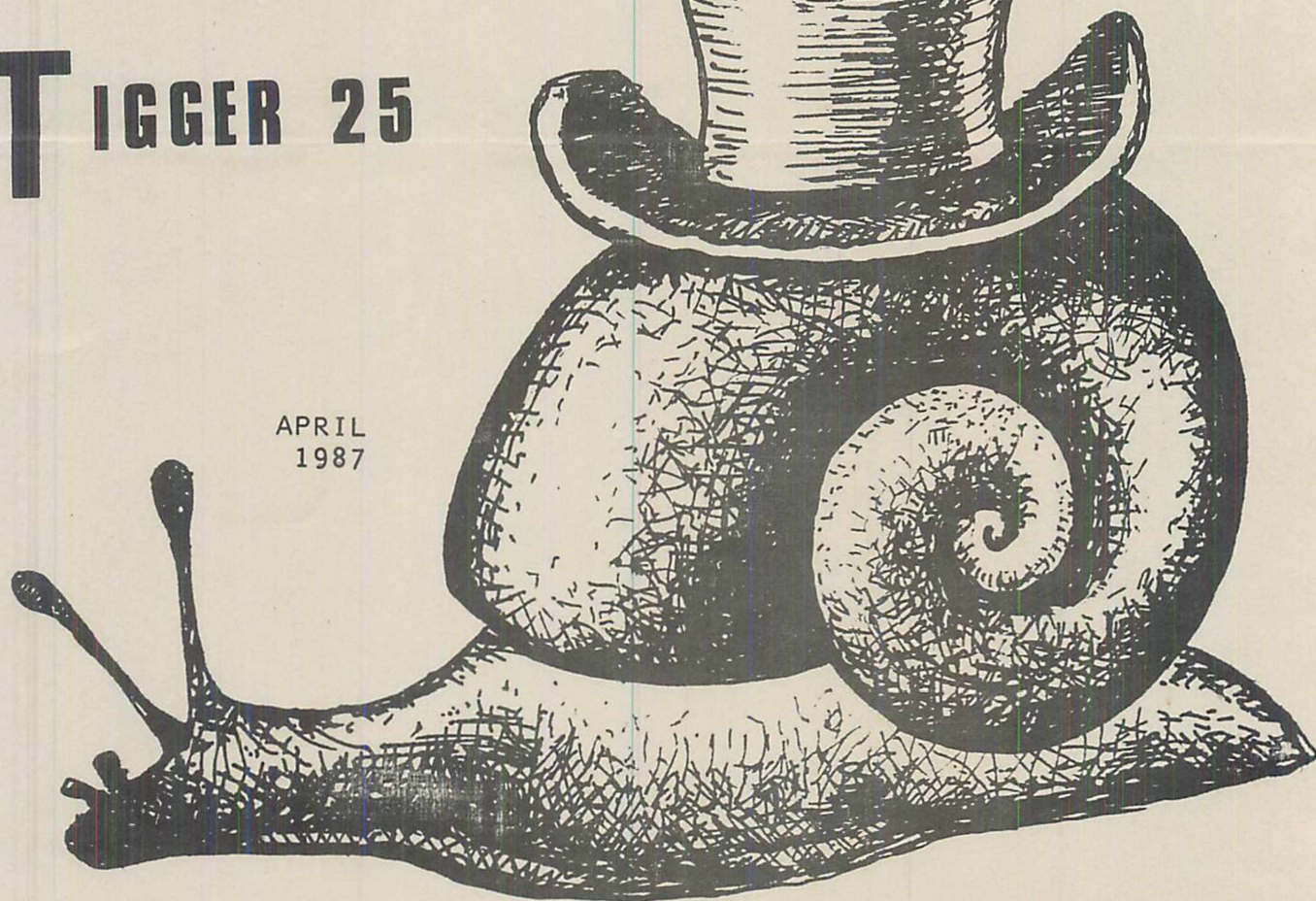



TIGGER 25

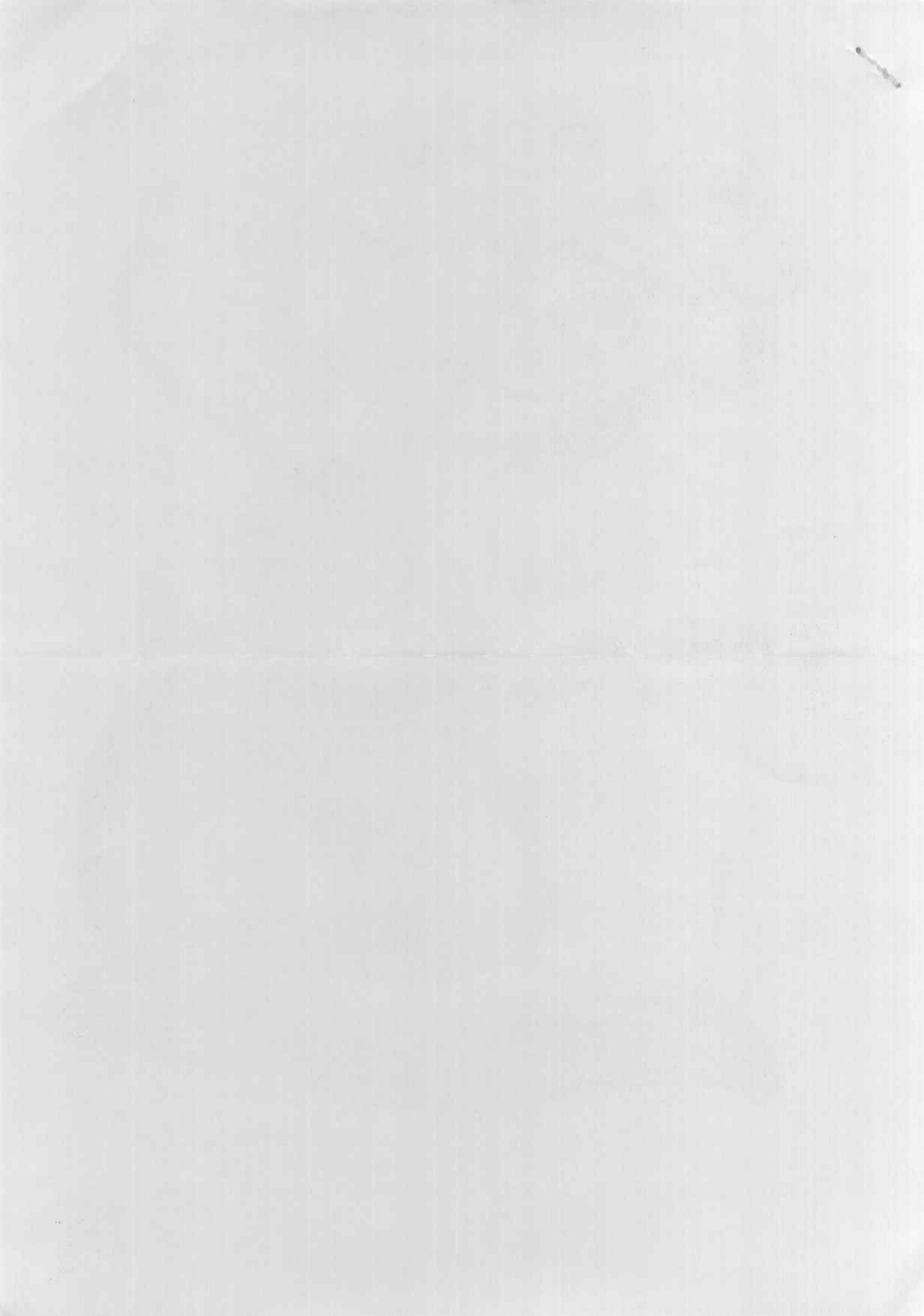
APRIL
1987



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PUBLICATION NO VBH6727


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NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

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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.) In keeping with tradition, this issue is two months late. One more to go after this.

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---

"When he awoke in the morning, the first thing he saw was Tigger, sitting in front of the glass and looking at himself.

'Hallo!' said Pooh.

'Hallo!' said Tigger. 'I've found somebody just like me. I thought I was the only one of them.'

Pooh got out of bed, and began to explain what a looking-glass was, but just as he was getting to the interesting part, Tigger said:

'Excuse me a moment, but there's something climbing up your table,' and with one loud Worraworraworraworra he jumped at one end of the tablecloth, pulled it to the ground, wrapped himself in it three times, rolled to the other end of the room, and, after a terrible struggle, got his head into the daylight again, and said cheerfully: 'Have I won?''

A.A. Milne THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER

HAVE A HEART

Craig Hilton M.B., B.S.

[In which Craig takes a look at a little human physiology in reply to Harry Warner Jr's comments on evolution.]

Harry's contention was that natural selection "isn't as important in evolution as it's credited with being" on the premise that a lot of features in living creatures could really have been so much better than they are. He cited the case of our having only one heart, when two should have made more sense. (The one being a backup life support facility for the other, you see.)

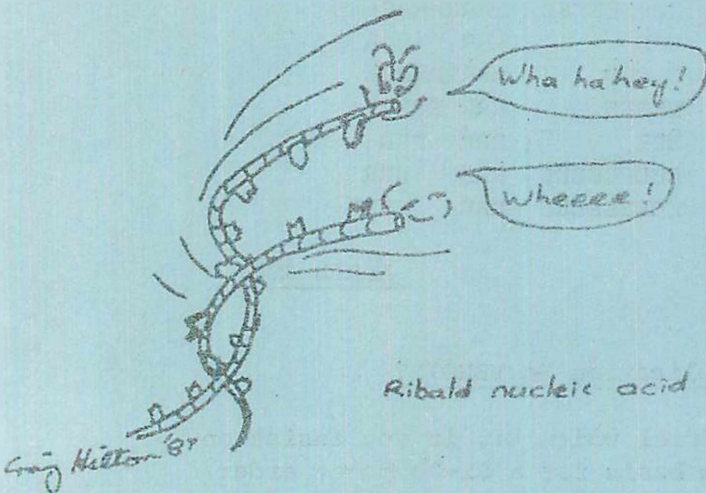
Well Harry, we have one heart, the same way that we have only one gut, one liver, one pancreas, one spleen and one of all the midline organs, and there are two of all the rest of the bits because we're symmetrical beings. But this is to look at how we arrived rather than why we are here.

Perhaps another angle is to follow your approach but temper it with humility. Before we go telling nature where it went wrong, we must bear in mind that, however deeply we may look, its intricate subtleties always run three layers deeper. The natural world deserves more than your sweeping facile conjectures to support a decree on where eyes should be positioned or how many hearts we should have. Brian Earl Brown (TIGGER 24) lent a good point in illustration - thus the "wiring" is a consideration.

Simply, we don't need two hearts. With the exception of man's last decadent hundred years, contrary to Harry's belief, it hasn't been the heart which has carried us vertebrates off.

And yet, in another way, we have got two hearts - we mammals, at least. The frogs and toads that live and die in the Science classroom have got just the one - two atria leading into one ventricle in a classical "valentine" configuration. More advanced are our own dual sets - the right to ease the circulation, at a pressure of 10-20 millimetres of mercury, through the low resistance lung bed, whose lace-thin walls are able to allow gases to diffuse back and forth with inspired air, and the left heart to perfuse the body, squeezing its load at 80-120 mmHg, into the large, tight, elastic arteries where, between beats, it ebbs away into whichever portions the body deems fit to allow it. But they're certainly not a "backup" to each other. You can't live on the beats of one side alone.

Remember too that, however high our aspirations as spiritual beings, we are still floppy bags of fluid, two metres upright, prone to the laws of physics. Try making a replica of yourself out of garbage bags and yoghurt. Try to stop it from bulging out at the ankles and crumpling in at the head. Realise then that the concept of a "booster" heart somewhere in the body is a simplistic notion, let alone the thought of a "spare". And then go back and look at the giraffes . . . and marvel. (As for Dr Who - he's a Time Lord, as everybody knows. Was one of his hearts a transplant? I seem vaguely to remember so.)



What I'd like to digress into is the little-appreciated marvel of birth.

The circulation of the foetus in utero is quite different from that of an adult mammal. The lungs, not yet expanded, provide a high resistance to the blood flow and no oxygenation. On the contrary, it is the systemic circulation which offers oxygenation via the low resistance, rich vascular bed of the placenta. Venous blood entering the right atrium from the body is thus the oxygen-rich stuff and being pumped by the right ventricle through the lungs does nothing for it. In fact, the vast majority goes straight from the right atrium into the left, through a flap-like hole called the foramen ovale, thence into the left ventricle and aorta as in the adult. Indeed, of the blood pumped by the right ventricle into the pulmonary artery, most shunts straight into the aorta via another interconnecting channel, the ductus arteriosus. Instead of working sequentially, as in the adult, the two sides of the foetal heart can be considered as pumping in parallel, as one.

Now, come the time of entry into the outside world, an amazing turnabout occurs. As circulatory access to the placenta is shut off, so is the babe's oxygen supply, and its sudden need for air induces it to take its first breaths, inflating its lungs to way beyond their original size. For the first time ever, blood returning to the lungs is bright red; the left heart discovers that it is now having to build up quite a head of pressure to pump it out, whilst the right heart now finds its job unexpectedly easier. No longer is there a flow through the foramen ovale and ductus arteriosus - back pressure and chemical changes (e.g. oxygen levels) quickly close them off. Consolidation of these rearrangements occurs over the next weeks, but the major changes into the post-partum circulatory format we all know and love have been made at the slap of a bottom.



*An have always
depended on the kindness
of strangers...*

What an incredible feat, and after having been just squeezed out of the birth canal too! With all deference to mothers and women in general, at childbirth, it's the baby who's got the hardest job. Imagine yourself running a six hour marathon then, on crossing the finish line, having to perform a triple backwards somersault faultlessly, first time, with no previous practice. And yet we've all done so, or its equivalent.

Just think of it! However much you feel the need to bemoan life's trials and tribulations, remember that you have all passed the toughest examination in your lives before you are one day old.

Okay Marc, That'll be twenty dollars thanks.

[How much can I claim on Medicare?]

MALT EXTRACT

Marc Ortlieb

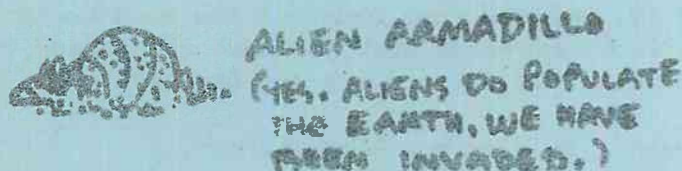
Thank you to all of those who commented on the retirement of TIGGER. The announcement was not in the nature of "All those who believe in Tiggers clap your hands" but, had it been, the comments would have caused me to have second thoughts about retiring the beast. Thanks also to those who agreed that it was time that Tigger was given a rest. He appreciates it.

Although the last TIGGER will be available for all the usual things, I'm not sure that I'll be printing LoCs. A letter column implies a continuity that there won't be. Not that I'm suggesting that you don't write - it's simply that I won't be publishing the letters. Thus a far more communicative thing to do would be to write direct to the person with whom your LoC deals, be it writer or artist. It's not just fan editors who like letters.

I'm getting good feelings about Melbourne fandom at the moment. There seems to be a good atmosphere about the place. It can't be denied that Melbourne is currently home to several of Australia's more active fanzines, despite the retirement of TIGGER and the current uncertainty of THYME's status. Michelle Muijsert and Mark Loney are establishing expectations of social activity here; Friday night eating gatherings at the Post Office Tavern Bistro continue to attract interesting people, despite the fact that Carey Handfield stole Jessica's Ditmar; Eastercon, combined with the KinKon group seem to have maintained the continuity of convention fandom here; the Nova Mob and the ASFR group are continuing to discuss science fiction seriously; The Melbourne Science Fiction Club is meeting regularly and has been seen outside of its club meetings; Irwin Hirsh and Perry Middlemiss are being quintessentially fannish and Michelle, Mark and Julian Warner are producing the country's best genzine; even Bruce Gillespie's Real Soon Nows are starting to sound convincing.

What is particularly pleasing is that there is continued interaction between "mainstream" and "media" fandom, seen best at Kinkons, but also evident at Nova Mob meetings, Trekcons and, to a lesser extent, at Eastercon.

Anyway, all this is basically to say that I have no intention of dropping out of fandom during my rest break and that I will be looking for material for a new, less frequent fanzine. There will be more on that in the next TIGGER, but, in the meantime, I'd like to thank the contributors to this issue, particularly Phil Wlodarczyk, whose cover for this issue has inspired the title for my next fanzine.

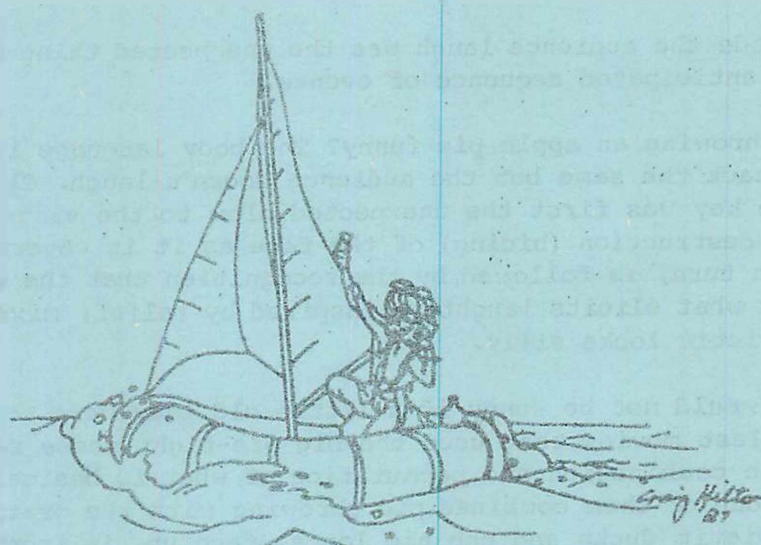


THE NETHERLANDS IN 1990

PERTH IN '94

MINNEAPOLIS IN '73

(4)



The Rubber Yacht of Omar Khayyām

AS FUNNY AS AN APPLE PIE IN THE FACE

Alexis Gilliland

In TIGGERS 22 and 23, there is a discussion of humour, a subject to which I have devoted much thought, without ever really coming to understand the theory. Nevertheless, the following is offered for your consideration: Bert Lahr, best remembered as the Cowardly Lion in "The Wizard of Oz", thought inducing people to laugh was a serious business. After making some point in a discussion with other comedians, he said "You can laugh all you want, but that's FUNNY!" Jackie Gleason once demonstrated on TV that a cream pie in the face is funny but an apple pie in the face is not. And, of course, there is the jail where all the jokes were coded by number. But, when the new inmate tries a little humour at dinner, "Number 23," nobody laughs. "It's the way you tell it," says his buddy.

Is humour a serious business? Yes and, if you don't believe it, sit in on a panel about "Humour in Science Fiction" sometime. Being funny and talking about being funny are totally different things and it is very hard to combine them. I was on such a panel at Paracon (held at State College PA), with Phil Klass among other people, and the committee had given me an overhead projector. This is a terrible idea, unless the other panelists are also using it and, after a few minutes, Phil asked me to put it aside. But not before I had made a cartoon comment on something he'd said, provoking a moderate laugh, and then, as he turned around to look at it, turning the projector off, to provoke a BIG laugh. What was funny? Wrong question. What made the audience laugh? Not the same thing at all. The answer, which I missed in doing the panel in real time, was the timing of the event. The cartoon comment on Phil's remark was witty, but what made the audience laugh was his reaction, turning to see what was so funny and being frustrated by my turning off the projector.

What's funny about turning of a projector? If I'd waited until he'd seen the cartoon, nothing. If he hadn't turned to look, nothing. But he'd turned to see what it was that the audience had reacted to and it vanished before he saw it, all in a few seconds time.

So what made the audience laugh was the unexpected thing that interrupted the anticipated sequence of events.

Why isn't throwing an apple pie funny? The body language is the same; the comedians react the same but the audience doesn't laugh. Gleason thought that the key was first the unexpected blow to the victim's face, followed by the destruction (hiding) of the face as it is covered by gooey cream, which, in turn, is followed by the recognition that the victim is unhurt, which is what elicits laughter, inspired by relief, mixed with the sense that the victim looks silly.

A pratfall would not be funny if a little old lady were to break her hip. One of the last movies that used the big pie-fight scene rang changes on every possible combination and permutation of what is basically a very simple joke and one of them combined pie throwing with the pratfall. A pie is thrown, the victim ducks and the pie lands, face up, in front of a pretty, elegantly dressed, young lady walking along with her shoulders back and her nose in the air. She steps on the pie, slips, and her voluminous skirt flares out behind her as she sits squarely on the pie. Head games. A proud, beautiful woman has been humiliated but a bath and a change of clothes will make her whole again.

"Funny as a crutch." Before the advent of modern medicine, pain and crutches used to be commonplace, the lot of everyman, and the tension they provoked caused laughter of the sort resulting from the recognition that that could be happening to me but it isn't. Times change. Now we don't even want to see it. In 1987, I find it almost unbearable to watch W.C. Fields doing his dentist routine, though I used to think it was excruciatingly funny. The same with Robert Benchly's essay on going to the dentist, written about fifty years ago.

The fact is that there are a lot of things involved in making people laugh. Comedy depends on the audience and the audience changes. I saw Shakespeare's "Love's Labours Lost" recently, played at comedy tempo. One of his earliest, a slow tempo gives you a chance to realize how idiotic the plot devices are. Sped up and played as a farce, there wouldn't be time to do more than laugh and that is, undoubtedly, how it was put on when it had been written, with the additional plus of an audience that recognized topical allusions which have since become arcane topics for learned speculation.

Which brings us to the deathbed of the famous actor. His agent, seeking to console him, pats his hand and says "Ah, Max, dying is hard."

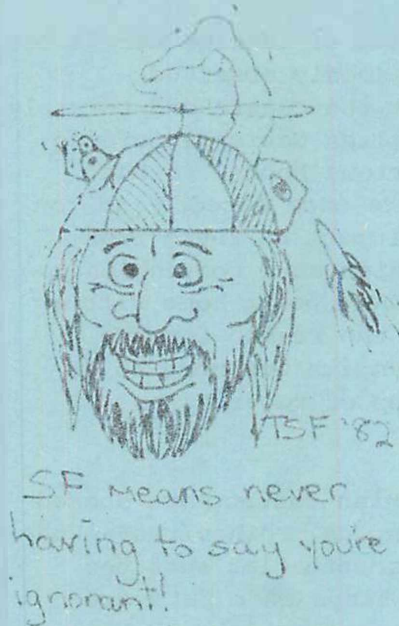
Old Max opens one eye and whispers "No, Moritz. Dying is easy; comedy is hard."

---oOo---

ART CREDITS

Phil Wlodarczyk - Cover	Wade Gilbreath - Pages 4 & 12
Craig Hilton - Pages 2, 5 & 16	Bill Rotsler - Page 11
Terry Frost - Pages 3 & 7	John Packer - Pages 14 & 18

Marc Ortlieb



What with recent media blitzes on the dangers of AIDS leading to the establishment of an assortment of cautionary bodies throughout the community, I feel that it is time that fandom awoke to the dangers inherent in our own particular perversions. Let's face it, fans are not, in general, noted for superb fitness or robust health. It is time we recognized that, through our everyday fannish activities, we are placing ourselves in potentially dangerous situations.

We can isolate particular high risk fannish activities and categorise them as follows: Conventions; Correspondence; Collecting and

Publication. Each of these areas of fannish endeavour has its own potential to irrevocably damage the health of the community unless certain basic precautions are taken.

CONVENTIONAL HEALTH

The Convention is, without doubt, the area of most concern in fannish health. Yet it is the convention that engenders the most devil-may-care behaviour on the part of its attendees. Fans, normally introverted to the point of self-quarantine, are suddenly mad extroverts who go around tickling each other, drinking from the same glasses and giving each other passionate bearhugs. Fans who have been sedentary all year indulge in manic bouts of carrying large cases of paper, booze or books up and down vast flights of stairs. Some even go so far as to indulge in games of gridiron or frisbee throwing competitions in hotel lobbies. Fans whose usual input of alcohol is a glass of house white with dinner are found semi-comatose in hotel corridors or are seen stumbling about with force ten hangovers at twelve noon.

CONVENTIONS ARE CONTAGIOUS

At a recent gathering of the Melbourne Friday Night eating crowd, Carey Handfield and LynC were tracing the swathe that Gina Goddard's flu had cut through Melbourne fandom. This is no real surprise. For a start, conventions naturally act to suppress the body's immune system. Studies have shown that exhaustion, nervous tension, alcohol and certain substances have a deleterious effect on the body's ability to stand up for itself. Granted that, in the case of the male, that might have certain pluses in terms of avoiding Sexually Transmitted Diseases, overall it is not a good idea.

A second factor is the crowding that conventions tend to encourage. High hotel rates, such as those encountered in Canberra and Sydney, encourage fans to crowd far too many people into rooms and, as was noted in the Middle Ages, overcrowding is wonderful for the sort of grave togetherness that results from the plague, especially if John Packer and Sue Isle have brought their rats along. Overcrowding at conventions seems so ingrained in the fannish psyche that even those who can afford a room to themselves are often found cheek to jowl in room parties that bear marked similarities to the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Far be it for me to attempt the role of arbiter of fannish morals but it must be admitted that physical closeness is a commonly observed occurrence at conventions. Such contact ranges from the chaste and terribly secret handshake exchanged by members of the Australian National Science Fiction Association, prior to discussing deadly serious books, to the unbridled lusts for which Sydney and Perth fans were once noted. Mind you, it does seem that concern over disease has had an impact on these lusty group gropes. The last I heard of any STD transmission at a convention had something to do with a Constellation Committee members going home with a case of the crabs. (Some cynics might suggest that the reason for the decline of bed-hopping as a category in the Fan Olympics has more to do with the ageing process, citing the current fan crop of rug-rats as corroborating evidence.)

Perhaps more a role in diseases spread by fannish contact are shared spaces. As the Glen 20 advertisement keeps reminding us, rhinovirus* - the cause of umpteen percent of colds and flu - loves smooth flat surfaces where people rest their hands prior to moving said hands in a faceward direction. Does a tendency for fans to get colds at conventions then point one in the direction of the bar? There is a perfect testing place for such a theory - the British Eastercon - and, should the Commonwealth Government see fit to accept my application for a grant to study "Bars as Vectors of Pneumoviruses" I'll see what I can do in the way of confirming that theory by selflessly exposing myself to as many bars as possible.

Convention hotels are not pleasant environments and this surely weighs upon the health of the fannish body politic - particularly politic should you be talking about Australian National Conventions. The effect of passive smoking on people is more than adequately documented. Skinny-dipping has its own hazards, as I note from the MINICON 22 Program Book kindly sent by Denny Lien:

"Pool hours are directly related to the chemical balance of the water. Please do not pee in the pool - if you do it will be closed longer. Use the poolside consuite restrooms."

Now, if people are swimming in the consuite restrooms when the pool is closed, no wonder illness is so rife at science fiction conventions.

I'm sure there are enough horror stories concerning rare and incurable diseases picked up at conventions to convince even the most carefree of fans to take the appropriate precautions when participating in convention activities. Rumour has it that Bob Tucker has taken to placing a condom over the mouth of the Beam's Choice bottle before taking part in the "Smooth" ceremony and that, before agreeing to give the opening speech at a recent Brisbane convention, Queensland Premier Sir Joh Bjelke Petersen massaged his scalp with nonoxynol-9. You can't be too careful you know.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL

I trust that Ned Brooks will forgive me for appropriating the title of his old fanzine, but it sums up the situation rather nicely. Indeed there was a story, the title and author of which currently escape my mangled neurons, in which a bizarre plague that swept the country was finally traced to contaminated barrels of stamp adhesive. Granted that the premise of that particular story was a little far-fetched, I do sometimes wonder, as I soak the stamps off the envelopes, what weird mix of bugs is present in the murky water. After all, I lick stamps and I assume that most other fans do too.

* Despite the name, this has nothing to do with the sexually transmitted diseases alluded to in the previous paragraph.

Saliva smeared stamps aren't the only problem. How many cases of tetanus can be traced back to the agonised scream of the fan who, in the fevered rush to egoscan the mail, has impaled a finger on a poorly inserted staple? Such penetrations would seem ideal for infecting the recipient with a number of other diseases, ranging from Hepatitis B to AIDS though, considering the brief lifespan of HIV outside the human body and the tardiness of the post office, the latter is most unlikely. Indeed, rather than castigating the post office for their sloth we should, perhaps, be congratulating them on the efficiency of their disease quarantine methods.

The problem with the mail is that you never know where it's been. Several copies of an earlier fanzine of mine - Q36 - arrived at their destinations, months after they'd been given up for dead, stamped FOUND IN A CONTAINER PRESUMED EMPTY. How long had they been festering there? What strange bacterial mutations had been honed by natural selection to unheard of virulence just awaiting the razor slash of a paper cut to open their way to mixing it with the white corpuscles.

Naturally there are easy solutions to this problem. It's nice to note, for instance, that there are fans who regularly disinfect their LoCs by dipping them in oil of vitriol before posting them. A number of fanzine editors have adopted the same policy. Other fans show their consideration by eschewing letter writing as a vector for disease. They accept the disease ridden fanzines sent to them but they selflessly fight back the temptation to post any germ laden missives in response.

A FINE COLLECTION YOU HAVE HERE MR SMITH

Collectors suffer some of the same problems as correspondents. The health impact of the varieties of mould and mildew infesting secondhand books is still not fully appreciated though rumour has it that a certain Sydney collector's house has been under twenty four hour surveillance by members of the Health Commission armed with fungicidal backpacks.

Collectors are though more prone to stress related health problems, back troubles and RSI. Very few collectors are properly trained in lifting techniques and yet they regularly shift huge boxes stacked to the brim with deadweights of paper. The repetitive tasks involved in organising and cataloguing huge collections of books should not really be attempted by anyone without formal qualifications in librarianship. John Foyster has documented the problems associated with the shelving of large collections, both in his role as the pulped collector in the first Antifan film and in the pages of LARRIKIN #11. He shows that a sound knowledge of such principles of physics as centres of gravity is essential in order to avoid such conditions as "Book Collectors' Bonce", characterised by large rectangular dents and bumps on the head.

Stress is a more subtle health problem faced by the collector. Ron Graham discovered that when facing his local council's planning board. Ron had one of the largest sf collections in the world and, when planning a library to house it, he was told that he would have to install a sprinkler system as one of the fire precautions required of a building of that size. Naturally enough, to the book collector, water damaged books might as well have perished in flames but I gather that it took Ron quite a while and quite a quantity of red tape before he managed to convince the council that a carbon dioxide fire extinguishing system was more appropriate to his needs. In addition there is the nervous tension brought about at auctions, where each offering is seen as a potential necessity for THE COLLECTION.

Collectors also tend to get rather paranoid about such things as silverfish, rising damp, air humidity and acid paper - certainly not a state of mind conducive to good health. [In this context it is good to note that there are people who consider the mental health of collectors. Before she borrows books from you, Mandy Herriot makes it a point to explain that she has never dropped a book while reading in the bath.]

REPRODUCTIVE DISEASES

One of the key ideas I try to get across to my junior and senior science students is that they should become label readers. I get them to look into the contents of analgesics, cereal boxes, canned foods etc. Unfortunately I've never adopted those principles myself. I really should have a better idea of what is in duplicator ink. After all, with my finger licking collating technique, I must have ingested quite a quantity of ink in my time. Oh sure, I know that there are those rubber thingies that one can slip over one's finger but it doesn't seem quite natural to do it that way. I like to be able to point to each copy of my fanzine and say that I personally have touched every page.

Naturally enough the fanzine producer suffers all of the disadvantages of the other three forms of fanac. Most fanzine publishers are also convention attendees and collectors. All are involved in the ills of correspondence. The lifting of huge boxes of paper; the trekking of the issue down to the post-office; the cranking of the duplicator - all those things contribute to the fannish charley horse. The reading of hastily scrawled letters of comment and dittoed fanzines wreck the eyesight. The hours crouched over the typewriter fold the stomach muscles into shapes that, to the outsider, might suggest fat deposits. The long stints in cheap office chairs result in a spreading in the gluteus region to distribute the pressure more evenly.

Is it really any wonder that fans tend to be white, bespectacled and overweight?

---oOo---

Typhoid fever may be prevented by fascination.

A magnet is something you find in a bad apple.

Blood flows down one leg and up the other.

For head colds: Use an agoniser to spray nose until it drops into your throat.

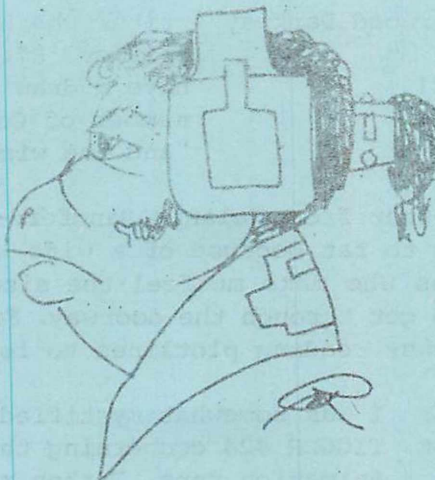
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---oOo---

LETTERATURE



GEO BONDAR In the good old days, the Sahara was the ornamental grounds
33 Ragstone Rd of the Eden estate, they say. But then the new generation
Slough, Berks went bad, the son took up with some woman without a family
SL1 2PP name or even money, and she two-timed him with a low-down
UK snake. It was all downhill from there on. The estate went
 totally to pot. Just look at it now. This was all just a
matter of a few thousand years ago, a surprisingly short time really.
Anyway, right out in the centre of the Sahara desert it is pretty dry; the
is not much except rocks and sand. Nothing grows there at all, except for a
few really big and old trees. These were large enough when the big drought
came that their roots could grow down to the descending water table. They
survived while smaller species and younger trees died. They are the only
living things out there now.* Needless to say, their seeds just shrivel and
die. Wait a few thousand years more and they'll be gone too. Fascinating
the stuff you pick up from programmes like "The Living Planet".

It reminds me of the Mauritius Isles, where all members of one species
of tree are over three hundred years old. There have been no new trees
since the extinction of the dodo. It seems that the tree's nuts had to pass
through the dodo's digestive tract before they'd germinate. I believe I
heard someone had had some success with turkeys . . .

*Except for the occasional roaming nature series commentator.

KIM HUETT There we are, in the bar[at CapCon], having a drink or two
P.O. Box 649 with Peter Burns and Roger Weddall, to celebrate THYME's
Woden winning the Best Fanzine Ditmar. At peace with the world
ACT 2606 and having just raised the glass to my lips to see how many
 pieces I can make it, a tall thin character leans over my
shoulder to drop a small sheaf of paper into my lap. As I do my best to
focus, and only manage enough to notice a clean shaven chin and short black
hair, he mutters into my ear that said papers should be given to Justin
Ackroyd, for auction the next day, with the proceeds to be split between
the fan funds. Now I admit that I was just a touch inebriated and my
reaction time was not all it could have been. That is my excuse. Anyway, he
managed to disappear before I realised that what had fallen into my lap
were the originals for THE MOTIONAL. Under the circumstances I could do
little but what he asked and so, in due course, they came up in the
auction, much to the surprise of those people who hadn't heard about the
previous evening's incident. Dave Stirrup bought them for \$30-00.

LLOYD PENNEY
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CANADA

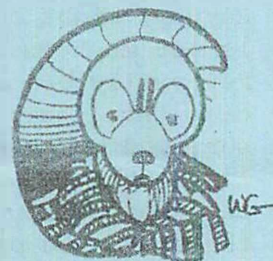
A trivia question . . . name the professional writer who has not been named a GoH at Con-spiracy '87. It would be a marvellous idea to have a draw to see who can predict the final number of GoHs the British Worldcon will have. "And the winning number is . . . 112!"

Re letter from Melanie Sandford-Morgan . . . I am white, bespectacled and running to fat because of a wife who cooks terrifically. I see people at Worldcons who make me feel the size of a six year-old. They have to turn sideways to get through the doorway. Fandom has a million of them. I guess we're too busy reading plotlines to look after waistlines.

LEWIS MORLEY I was somewhat mystified by Lloyd Penney's cryptic comment in 54 Junior St TIGGER #24 concerning the fannish pariaharchy of Japanese Animation fans. I then realized that Lloyd lives on the North American continent, where the popularity of Japanese Animation (or Anime, as its afficianados call it) has been steadily growing over the last few years. The increase in cartoon shows such as "Robotech" is a good indicator of this popularity.

In Australia, this interest is fairly limited, due largely to the scarcity of material, the language barrier and the differing T.V. systems that make Japanese videos unwatchable on our V.C.Rs.

My interest was born with my desire to collect Japanese Robots, which dates back to 1976, and grew to an appreciation of their source material. The stories may, at times, be as hackneyed and derivative as their Western counterparts but their artistic style is in a class of its own. The Japanese have always had a strong grasp of Graphic Arts and, combined with a cinematic style, their animation represents an attitude to the medium that the Americans lost in the '50s.



I could wax lyrical about the qualities and contrasts of Western animation but this is obviously not the place to do so. However, I would be interested to know in what manner Lloyd feels these media fen are damned, for there appears to be increasing interest in Anime amongst Sydney Fans.

[Question: by saying that Japanese animation harks back to the attitude that American animators lost in the '50s, are you saying that the Japanese animations are as funny as the Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties? I tend to watch cartoons mainly for the stories. Would I enjoy Anime? (I suspect, from what I've seen, that I wouldn't.)]

NED BROOKS I must point out that your comment that the continued production of crudzines disproves the theory of morphic resonance is not well thought out. What you fail to consider is the constant upwelling of less advanced entities. That is, crudzines are produced under the influence of morphic resonance by people who, without that influence, would not publish at all.

STEVE GEORGE Ali Kayn's Feline Thiotimoline piece was quite good and adds yet another few hundred words to the slowly growing volume of literature devoted to the substance. It would be interesting to see all the Thiotimoline pieces, Asimov's and the others, together in one place. I'm not sure how many there are but I know I've read

eight or nine thiotimoline variations from varied sources and that is surely only a small percentage. Producing thiotimoline verbiage, however, is not as great an achievement as it might, at first, seem. We must remember that the presence of a sincere intent to write anything about thiotimoline usually results in a finished essay before pen has touched paper. This paragraph, for instance, appeared in its complete form the moment I turned on my computer.

EUNICE PEARSON We've got two cats and I think they've been teaching
20 Birch Terrace our baby a couple of things. She has a taste for
Birtley, Co Durham fanzines, literally! And she always manages to chomp
DH3 1SL the one I haven't read yet, especially now that she's
UK got the hang of crawling. Mind you, she's started to go
for their catnip mice now. By the way, shouldn't the
by-line have been "Ali Kayt"?

What's a S.C.A.? Society for Constipated Anteaters, Six Classy Antelopes or Scared Cowcatchers Anonymous perhaps? I liked Larry Dunning's description, "... a good excuse to dress up and get drunk with friends." Isn't that what most groups, societies and clubs are for? My Dad's a Mason; my sister is a birdwatcher; my Mum is in the Townswomen's Guild and I'm a fan. It's all the same.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD About the three types of blood vessels . . . a friend
23629 Woodfield Rd needed to, but couldn't, poke some pills down her cat.
Gaithersburg I had heard of such a gizmo and asked the vet for a cat
MD 20879 piller. When I relayed the cost information, I was met
USA with confounded silence. Why would anyone want to buy a
caterpillar? So much for enunciation.

[Sheryl's letter was interrupted by her being badly bitten on the hand by a labrador. I knew that they were particularly gluttonous dogs but I hadn't encountered mention of any that bit the hand that fed them. Hopefully the hand is better now. It certainly wouldn't do for fandom to lose one of its most talented artists.]

BUCK COULSON I doubt Perry Middlemiss's premise that "critical feedback"
2677W-500N is necessary to the improvement of a writer. Now, before I
Hartford City got into fandom, I wrote a good bit of would-be professional
IN 47348 material and saw it all rejected. After being in fandom a
USA while, Gene DeWesse and I collaborated on a few novels and
sold over half of them. BUT, the influence of "critical
feedback" was absolutely non-existent. For one thing, I might take the
advice of a professional editor, but I never admitted that any fanzine
readers knew any more about writing than I did. Several of them did it
better, but they didn't offer criticism and I most probably wouldn't have
taken it if they had. When I did get criticism I considered the critics to
be dull-witted jackasses -- and I haven't changed my minds about most of
them. YANDRO eventually won a Hugo by consistently ignoring any criticism
levelled at it, whether it was helpful or not. (The only comment I recall
acting on was one about folding it lengthways to mail it instead of
crosswise, so the staples would be less likely to pull out. That made
technical sense.) As for in-depth reviews being better than brief ones --
balderdash. I don't recall ever receiving a copy of Perry's fanzine, so I
can't comment personally. (Except that, if I ever did receive one, I've
already given him a good clue as to what's wrong with it. But that isn't
likely.)

=====

The cerebrum is a cavity in the head.

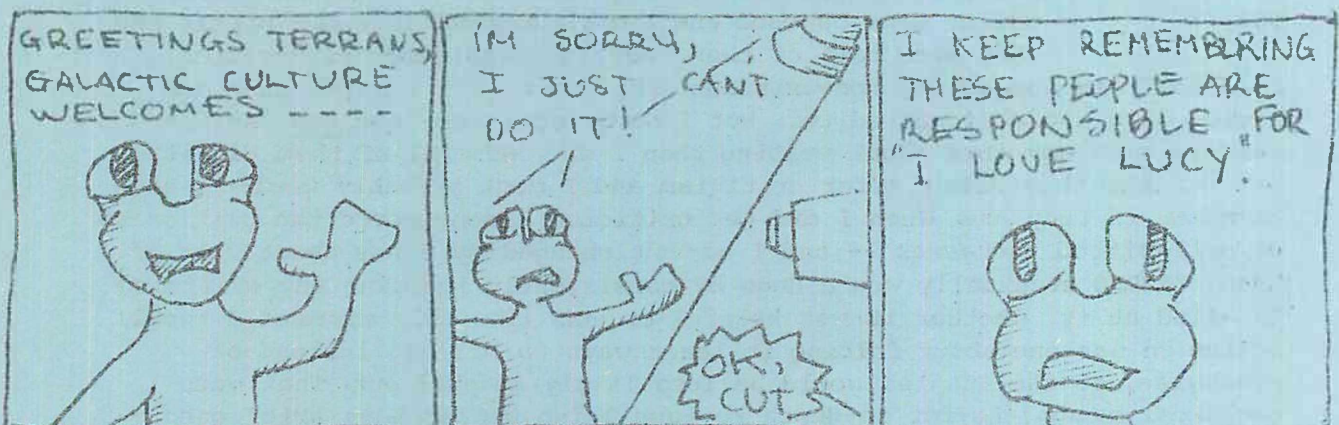
=====

MIKE GLICKSOHN
508 Windermere Ave
Toronto
ONT M6S 3L6
CANADA

Everything would indicate that you and I have very similar senses of humour but you seem to be more sensitive to other people's reactions than I tend to be. My reaction to complaints that something shouldn't be taken as funny is along the lines of Bette Midler's famous dictum: "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke."

The fact that I can laugh at a sexist joke doesn't make me a sexist. Not does seeing the intrinsic funniness of a racial or ethnic joke doesn't make me a racist or ethnist. Hell, if I can laugh at jokes about me then I can laugh at jokes about other people. Case in point: I signed the "No Award" ad that stirred up some hot water over the last Best Fanzine Hugo race. Just a little while ago, FILE 770 ran a parody of that ad, suggesting that the best candidate for TAFF this year was "Hold Over Funds". I was a TAFF candidate but I thought that ad very funny, very clever. At least one other candidate didn't react the same way but so what? I laughed at it but I didn't have to believe in it at the same time. I used to find the National Lampoon anti-Canadian humour hilarious, even though I knew it was a gross distortion. It was clever, creative, effective parody.

My own reaction to the "Jenny Blackeye" bit you mentioned would have been to laugh out loud but, in doing so, I would not have changed my opinion of Jenny Blackford (at least in part because I don't have an opinion of her.) I would have been reacting to the content of the parody and I would have admired the creator without being scornful of the person parodied. Good wordplay is scarce, even in fandom, and I'll continue to enjoy it when I see it and when it does not appear to me to have malicious intent. I see no malicious intent in that line, just a funny reworking of a fannish statement that had become a bit of a "cause celebre". When you get into the public eye, it's almost automatic that you'll become the object of some (good-natured) humour and I think you have to expect it and develop a certain thick skin about things. (And, no, I don't necessarily buy the argument that if Jenny were the only person to find the remark offensive then it would have to be offensive because I've never upheld the sanctity of each individual's reaction to any given situation. She might be a total paranoid, for all I know, in which case I wouldn't feel obliged to give a damn about her opinion. I hasten to add that I am not suggesting that this is the case and I'm sorry she was upset but I can't help think that she was upset for invalid reason: certainly I can't read moral judgement or character assassination into the joke you ran.)



GARTH SPENCER
1296 Richardson St
Victoria, B.C.
V8V 3E1
CANADA

I think you humans are in a bad way. Your minds each generate operating systems all their own, on the basis of random and idiosyncratic formative inputs. No wonder your loccers act as if no single word means the same thing two times running. Maybe you should start sealing

up your young in study carrels under moderate hypnosis for ten years, and controlling their educational stimuli. They would lose all sense of judgement or mental flexibility . . . come to think of it, wouldn't that be a positive outcome - at least for some political lobbies.

MICHAEL HAILSTONE It seems that Canberra lacks quite a few things. If
P.O. Box 258 (CoA) you've seen BLISS, you may remember the "cancer map"
Manuka that everyone gets so worried and shocked about. In
ACT 2603 truth that map was published in "The Sun/Herald" a good
 few years before the film was made. I remember that the
southern tablelands and the Monaro (where Canberra lies) were given as one
of the areas with a higher risk of cancer because of the lack of zirconium
or somesuch element in the soil. Just recently, I heard Canberra, along
with Tasmania, named as being part of Australia noteworthy for lacking
iodine. So I suppose it's hardly surprising that Canberra should also, like
Sydney and Perth, be found wanting in irony. Indeed you must have a fair
supply of it in Melbourne, because it was at Eastercon that I realized that
I had made a mistake in bothering to answer to whinging postcards from
Joseph Nicholas. I found Joseph accusing me of doing the very thing he does
himself: massively overreacting. I've also been accused of describing his
letter (published in NATALAN RAVE #11) as "intemperate and abusive".
Anyway, the point I wanted to make here is the change of attitude in
Australian fandom towards him. Up till this year he seemed to be generally
regarded with quite a lot of respect. Your list of reasons for getting
TIGGER was an example. Now this year the consensus seems to have changed to
regarding him as a tiresome pain in the arse and a bit of a ratbag.
Interesting.

Surely there's been no volcanism in southeastern Australia as recently
as within the last 20,000 years? But then I guess that statement was made
in irony, so I'll pursue it no further.

*[Actually I was being quite serious. Mount Gambier and Mount Shank in
South Australia both erupted a couple of thousand years ago. I'm not sure
of the age of Mount Eccles.]*

CRAIG HILTON You seem to have had no shortage of cover illustrations
28 Success Cres of the Tigger/tiger theme in this fanzine's golden age. In
Manning fact, it's been the very theme which has inspired some of
WA 6152 the most entertaining and delightful covers I can remember
 in some time. I recall with particular fondness Peta
Little's "superhero" on number 22.

*[Let us not forget Craig Hilton's superb cover for THE REAL OFFICIAL
TIGGER SONGBOOK, copies of which are still available for \$2-00 plus
postage. Cath was selling them at Eastercon '87 on the strength of the
cover alone and she has a blown-up copy on her desk at school providing
highly favourable comments. The cover for the last TIGGER has been provided
by Lewis Morley and it will be very comfortable in the company.]*

WALT WILLIS
32 Warren Rd I think Joe Nicholas needs to go and lie down for a bit.
Donaghdee What was that about his lingerie? I don't remember it.
N. Ireland Something about getting knickers in a twist no doubt.
BT21 OPD

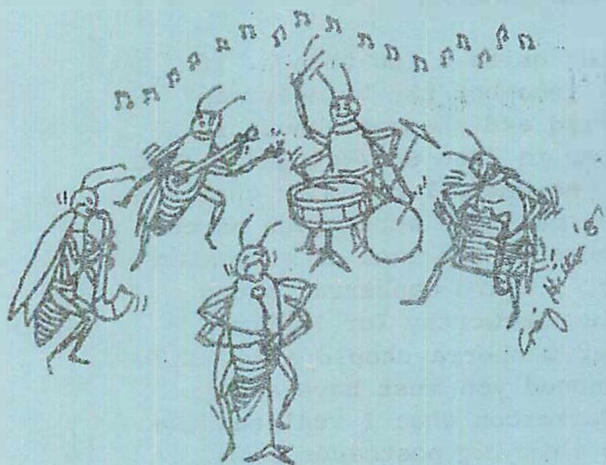
The Earth makes a resolution every twenty four hours.

RICHARD FAULDER
P.O. Box 136
Yanco
NSW 2703

At Easter I intend to head for Euabalong. The person who will be the official supervisor of my Masters' project thinks that I should observe mouse spiders in the field, which means I ignore the suggestion at my peril.

Fortunately he also told me that there is a nature reserve just north of Eubalong where mouse spiders are easy to find. In this part of the world, April is when males wander around looking for mates, so this would be the time when both sexes are most accessible. I'll go up, find some nests and mark them so that I can observe them both at night and in the future.

[Richard's remarks are in response to my asking him if he'd be in Melbourne for Easter. It is good to note, from his letter, that mouse spiders go to their equivalent of Easter conventions too!]



Cicadian rhythm

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN NELSON "'What?' cried Kanga.

36 St Michael Terrace
Mt Pleasant
WA 6153

'Yes,' said Christopher Robin, 'Tigger will have to be put down. He ODed on Extract of Malt, sank into delirium tremens and is not expected to recover.'

Eeyore shuffled uncertainly. Piglet sniffled.

'Oh, bum!' said Pooh"

A.A. Milne THE UNPUBLISHED STORIES OF . . .

Do you suppose sf readers, as a group, are more likely to share Grand Perspectives than other folk? It seems to me that one reason I was attracted to sf in the first place was staring at all the stars in a night sky and wondering what (and who) was Out There. The astronomy books could explain the what, but only sf (mostly space opera at the time) could bring the inhabitants to life. Ditto when thinking about the distant past and unknown future.

And, even if sf readers are more conscious of their place in space and time, is there any real value in maintaining such perspective during our daily lives?

Suitable responses would seem to vary from a complete nihilism (since nothing we do will, in the end, amount to anything) to a fervent desire for change, directed towards Utopia on Earth (since all human conflicts are meaningless in the face of such immensities). H.G. Wells certainly tried to promote the latter philosophy though, by the time of his death, he may have been convinced otherwise.

Having raised the issue, I'd have to admit that my day-to-day activities occupy my mind more than any philosophy based on "the Grand Perspectives". I'd like to think that my work at least doesn't add to the world's problems, even if it doesn't solve any of real consequence.

Have you any thoughts on the matter? Maybe a reader has The Answer -- which would allow TIGGER to end with a bang rather than a whimper (And I don't mean the sort of bang suggested by Rob McGough's cover art!)

[Hmmm, as the actress said to the bishop, that's a curly one. Personally I'd list the reading of science fiction as a contributing factor to my world view, much as I'd consider anything I value as contributing to my world view, but I wouldn't say that I approach the world as a science fiction reader, and more than I approach the world as a Richard Thompson fan or as a Goon Show listener. Occasionally I'll think to myself "How how would a Heinlein character get himself out of this?" before working out how to screw a bracket to the wall or "Richard was right; life is shitty" when faced by my Year Ten Science class in last lesson on Friday or even "Ying tong iddle i po" when listening to the principal during staff meetings. None of these though could be considered as a total guide to my perspective in any given situation.]

DIANE FOX W.C. Fields rather pessimistic comments would spring from
P.O. Box 1194 the grimness of his early life. His red nose was the result,
North Sydney not of too much drinking, but of broken blood vessels caused
NSW 2060 by being beaten up by his father. His remarks on who would
 be the most generous members of the audience sound quite
accurate however.

The proof of cruelty in humour is in the popularity of dingo jokes. I have a horrible feeling that part of the humour of these jokes is the uncertainty as to whether Lindy Chamberlain was actually guilty. If it had been finally proved one way or the other, the jokes would probably have lost much of their appeal. A little of this ambiguity is also seen in crocodile jokes; I've heard speculations that the woman who was eaten may have been a suicide.

Incidentally, what is the difference between a dingo and a crocodile?

The crocodile prefers older women.

[Diane's letter caught up with a year's worth of TIGGERS. Just as background to her comments though, for the benefit of those who haven't encountered the case, there was a huge kerfuffle over the disappearance of a baby girl called Azaria Chamberlain in the Northern Territory. The mother, Lindy Chamberlain - the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist Minister - claimed that a dingo had taken the child from the tent. There was lots of expert evidence, both supporting this claim and against the claim. Lindy was convicted, appealed, served time in jail, and finally, after much of this, an enquiry pardoned her while not quite declaring her innocent.

The case led to a spate of jokes along the lines of:

Q: What do dingos call babies in prams?

A: Meals on Wheels.

Q: What's the definition of "revenge"?

A: A Seventh Day Adventist with a dingo pup in his mouth.

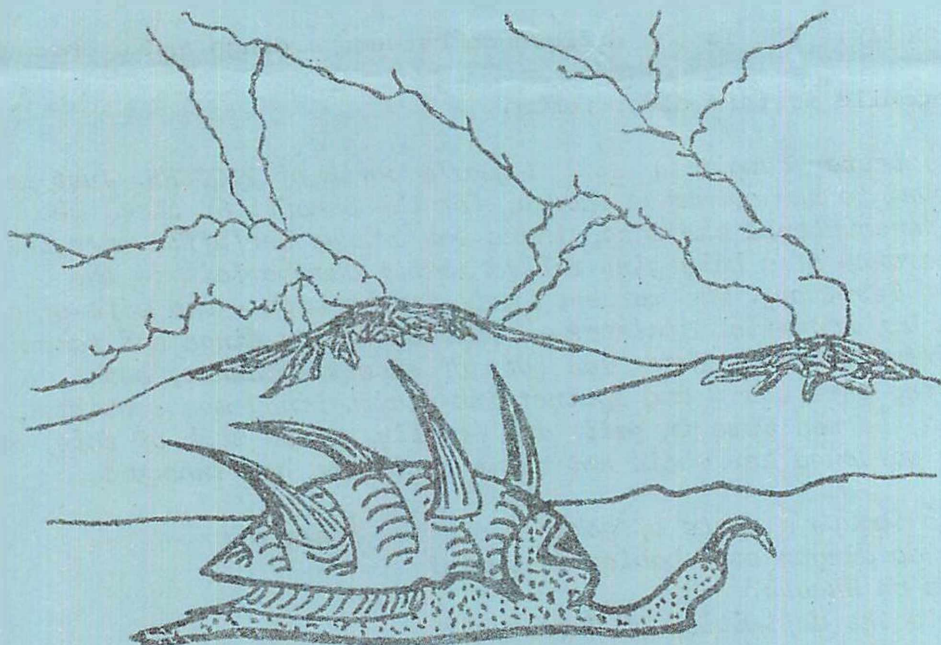
More recently, several tourists who have been stupid enough to go swimming in estuaries inhabited by crocodiles in Northern Australia have been killed. The most recent was an attractive female American tourist named Ginger. A series of jokes in equally bad taste to the dingo jokes followed that. Diane has managed to combine the two.]

For fainting: Rub the person's chest or, if a lady, rub her above the hand.

STEWART M. JACKSON GREATER BEING alone knows when I'll do another issue of
 49 Victoria St LITL [Living In The Limelight] (if ever). I think I
 St James kept saying I'd do something called PANOPLY OF DISILL-
 WA 6102 USION but, somewhere along the trail, enthusiasm turned
 to lethargy. I mean, I wrote the bloody thing up but
 never got around to typing. Now it's all so old, I just don't know what to
 do with it. *[Run it through FAPA?]* Every time the urge to write strikes me,
 I go to work, scribble on bits of paper then, tear my hair out in
 exasperation, throw a tantrum, or have a nervous breakdown, and the urge
 goes away. Work's like that. To demonstrate - I work in the same office as
 Dave Lockett. When I first met Dave, seven years ago, he had black hair.
 Now it is silvery grey. I put it down to stress. Here I am, on the eve of
 my twenty fifth birthday, checking out the grey flecks in my own thatch.

ROBERT JAMES MAPSON Herewith a Poem of Comment (Singular: Pox; plural: Pox)
 P.O. Box 7087
 Cloisters Square
 WA 6000

There was a Tigger landed at my door
 Who said his name was twenty-four.
 When I asked of him what he was for
 He bounced and bounced and bounced
 and bounced and bounced
 and bounced and bounced and bounced
 and bounced and bounced
 and bounced and bounced some more.



CoAs

Kevin Dillon P.O. Box A271, Sydney South, N.S.W. 2000
 Cindy Evans (new postal address) P.O. Box 287, Nedlands, W.A. 6009
 Michael Hailstone (Matalan Rave) P.O. Box 258, Manuka, A.C.T. 2603
 Malcolm Hodkin (Panty Methods) 3 Main St, Strathkinness, Fife, KY16, U.K.
 LynC and Clive (new postal address) P.O. Box 4024, University of Melbourne,
 Vict 3052.
 Andrew Pam (Avazine) 345 Brunswick Rd, Brunswick, Vict 3056.

IAHF

Harry Andruschak; Pamela Boal, who points out my excessive use of initializations - specifically with the S.C.A. which stands for the Society for Creative Anachronism; jan howard finder; Jane Tisell who sent a contribution for the TIGGER COOKBOOK; Charlotte Proctor; Pauline Dickinson who suggests that, rather than becoming Homo sapiens, the next incarnation of my fanzine might be something more pleasant, like Australopithicus; Laurraine Tutihasi who asks if my tastes in science fiction are typical of Australian readers - fortunately not; Sheryl Birkhead who continues to provide delightful artwork; Terry Frost "Good to see that you're still playing Lorenzo diMedici to John Packer's Botticelli. JP's artwork is woefully underused in fandom these days."; Peter Wood; Jonathan Scott who talks of moving to Hong Kong for a while; Jeanne Mealy who describes the joys of helping stuffed animal collectors move. (I note that there was a stuffed toys masquerade at Minicon. I guess the little critters don't complain as much as real contestants.); David Hodson who talks computers, cats and Miami Vice - the latter only because it was supposed to feature Frank Zappa. Gad, how the mighty have fallen. Merv Binns who sends some comments regarding the status of the Australian Science Fiction Foundation, not to be confused with the Australian National Science Fiction Association; Jack Herman who also sent a letter about the A.S.F.F. and who also feels that TIGGER could do with a rest. Jack compliments the recent TIGGER covers; Allan Bray who posted the electrostencils for this issue on his wedding day!; Sue Thomason who notes that both cats and British hill sheep can teleport, except through closed doors. She asks if Australian sheep have the same ability or whether the trait has died out. I'd say that, since the Australian sheep trained the city drongoes to leave gates open, they no longer need to teleport and so the ability has atrophied. Richard Brandt who mentions an S.C.A. group that does allow magic in combat but not in that combat that determines the heirarchy; Martin Tudor who has been conned into working on the fan programming for Conspiracy '87 and who asks for ideas. How about Australian fandom present vying for the most boring Australian fan of the year award? (Joseph Nicholas and the Unknown Fan to adjudicate); Val Beasley who describes the joys of apa members who allow the wrong people to read their apas; jan howard finder who natters Worldcon politics, suggesting that Australia should bid every ten years. Sounds a little too often for my liking, though I'm still supporting PERTH IN '94. Jeanne Mealy who would like to see the hydra, mentioned in TIGGER #23 - the one that pushes food into its mouth with its testacles - in action and who asks if John McPharlin is real - subject to an adequate definition of "real". I gather that the debate is still unresolved. Alison Cowling who sends lots of artwork; Monica Sharp who mentions "Calvin and Hobbes" a delightful cartoon strip that was introduced to me by Lucy Huntzinger and Justin Ackroyd at Eastercon and who also mentions the 1987 San Diego Comic-Con, details below.

---oOo---

CONVENTIONS

1987 SAN DIEGO COMIC-CON

August 6-9 1987

Guests include: Sergio Aragones, Will Eisner, Harlan Ellison, B. Kliban, Francois Mouly, Robert Silverberg, Art Spiegelman and Berni Wrightson.

For further information, write to P.O. Box 17066, San Diego, CA 92117.

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Come and have a Black time with the Guest of Honour, Bob Ogden - famed Welsh Belly Dancer- at the Westos Hotel during the Australia Day long weekend 1988. Current attending membership is \$15-00, supporting is \$10-00. For more information, write to Swancon 13, P.O. Box 318, Nedlands, W.A. 6009.

KINKON THREE

Yes, Easter in Melbourne. The Kinkon people offer another in a long line of Kinkons. And Angus promises not to tell his koala joke.

WHEN?	- Easter 1988, April 1st -4th.
WHERE?	- The Victoria Hotel, Melbourne.
WHO?	- GsoH Lee Harding, John Baxter and Greg Turkich.
HOW MUCH?	- \$30-00

For further information, write to KINKON 3, 11 Hopkins St, Dandenong, Vict 3175.

TIGGER

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P.O. Box 215
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AUSTRALIA

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WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS ISSUE

You work it out. Come on. Science fiction fans are supposed to have cosmic minds. Jeas. If you can't even work out why I'd send you a fanzine, how are you ever going to defeat Darth Vader, Emperor Wang, The Mule, or the Union of Small Furry Animals? Hah! Call yourself a science fiction reader? I've seen better heads on a glass of Fosters! I dunno. What's fandom coming to eh? Not like the old days, when real fans could work out a faneditor's mood from the pheromones on the paper folds. Yep. H.G. Wells was right. Degenerate mob - science fiction fans. Serve 'em right if the Morlocks ate the lot of 'em!