

ARTYCHOKE

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Edited by

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Yeah, yeah. I know. There wasn't an Artychoke with the last Thyme. It was all due to extended travelling in New Zealand and a confusion over deadlines. Fear not. ARTYCHOKE continues unabated.

Speaking of New Zealand, the Fan Fund for Australia and New Zealand (of which yours truly is half the Australian administrator) is proud to announce an artistic venture which may well be something of a publishing first. The other half of the administrator, Karen Pender-Gunn has recently edited *The Ever So Slightly Unusual Dinosaur Colouring In Book* which, with impeccable timing, cashes in on the global saurian craze with 23 very strange dinosaurs indeed, all suitable for colouring in by child or adult alike. Artists include such names as Gerard Ashworth, Sheryl Birkhead, Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Craig Hilton, Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride, Darren Reid, Helen Reilly, Martin Reilly, David L. Russell, Jay Shell, Steve Scholz, Kerri Valkova, Bill Ware, Phil Włodarczyk and yours truly. Many of these artists have, or will be, featured on the pages of this august fanzine. The books are available from the ARTYCHOKE editorial address (above) for the sum of \$7 in your country's currency (includes postage). Make cheques payable to Karen Pender-Gunn. All profits go to a worthy cause - FFANZ - and possession of a copy guarantees an increase in your fan credibility quotient.

Well, so much for the shameless plug.

FEATURE ARTIST - TONIA WALDEN

Perhaps not widely known in Science Fiction fandom, Queensland's Tonia Walden has made quite a name for herself in the field of small press comics. Some even call her 'The Princess of independent mini-comic publishing in Brisbane' She both edits and draws. Her artwork covers the whole range from the cartoony to the realistic. Among her regular characters is Maxwell the yuppie demon, the occasional angel and Barney the surfer vampire, as well as the short, short-tempered Harpic and her stupid fox terrier Jess.

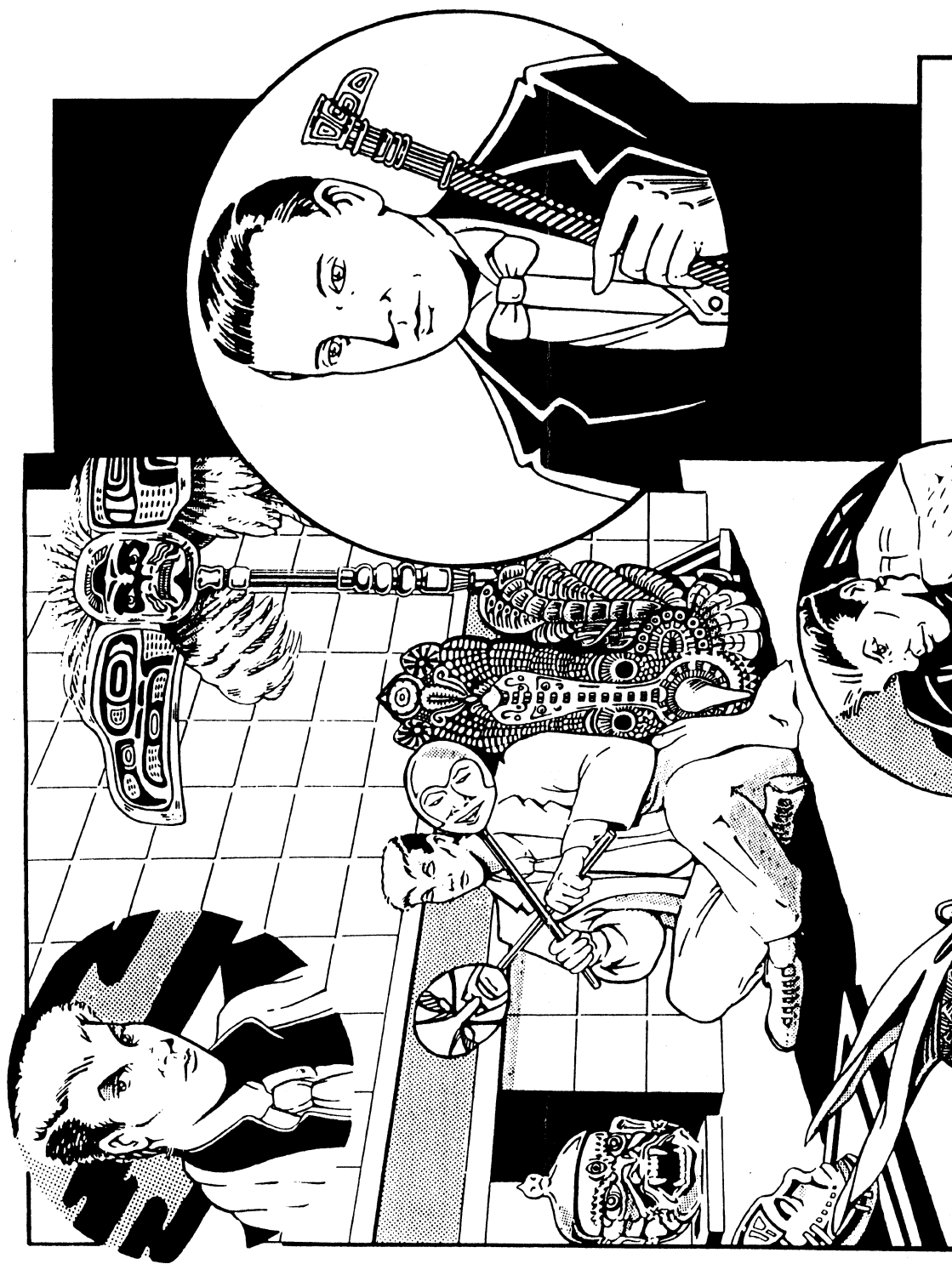
In collaboration with Scott Beattie, Harpic appears in *The Adventures Of Harpic: The VW Caper*, an ongoing series of comics in which the diminutive heroine steals Maxwell's demonic Volkswagen, a vehicle capable of transcending the time/taste barrier. On her travels she narrowly avoids running over a young Jesus, succeeds in running over Jim Morrison ("The path of my life is strewn with hippies with no road sense"), hides the body in the Jurassic and goes on to start the fire of London.

Totally Wicked is a showcase of various cartoonists artwork from around Australia, slickly edited by Tonia. She also edited *Up Your Nose*, a hard-hitting mini comic drumming up support and funds for Amnesty International. This featured work by several artists on the subject of repression, torture and speaking up against man's inhumanity to man. For me, one of the most moving and disturbing pieces was Tonia's *Milgram's 37*, a hair-raisingly true account of psychological experiments conducted at Yale in 1960. Volunteers were told they were to give electric shocks to a person in the next room, whenever he got the answer to a question wrong. The results were incredibly frightening and dark.

To obtain any of the above publications from Tonia, send a few dollars and a SASE to her at PO Box 328, Carina, Queensland, 4152. Some titles may be out of print, but she'll send you something.



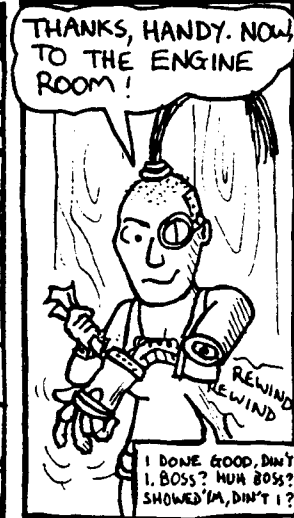
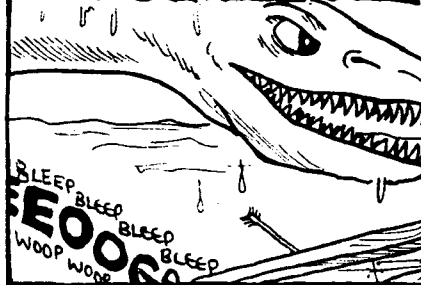
Tonia Walden and Friend, by Tonia Walden.





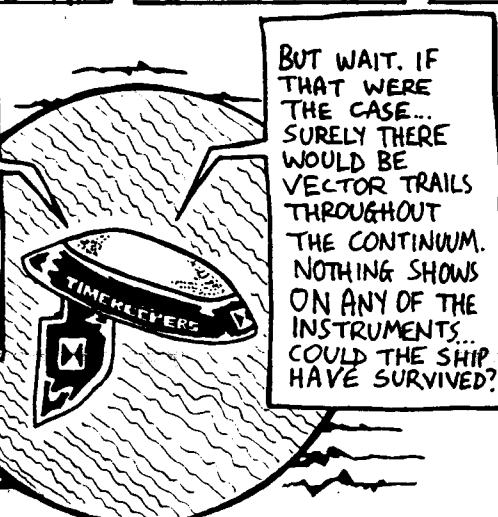
SPACE TIME Buccaneers

EPISODE FOUR
BY JON GUN



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER REALITY...

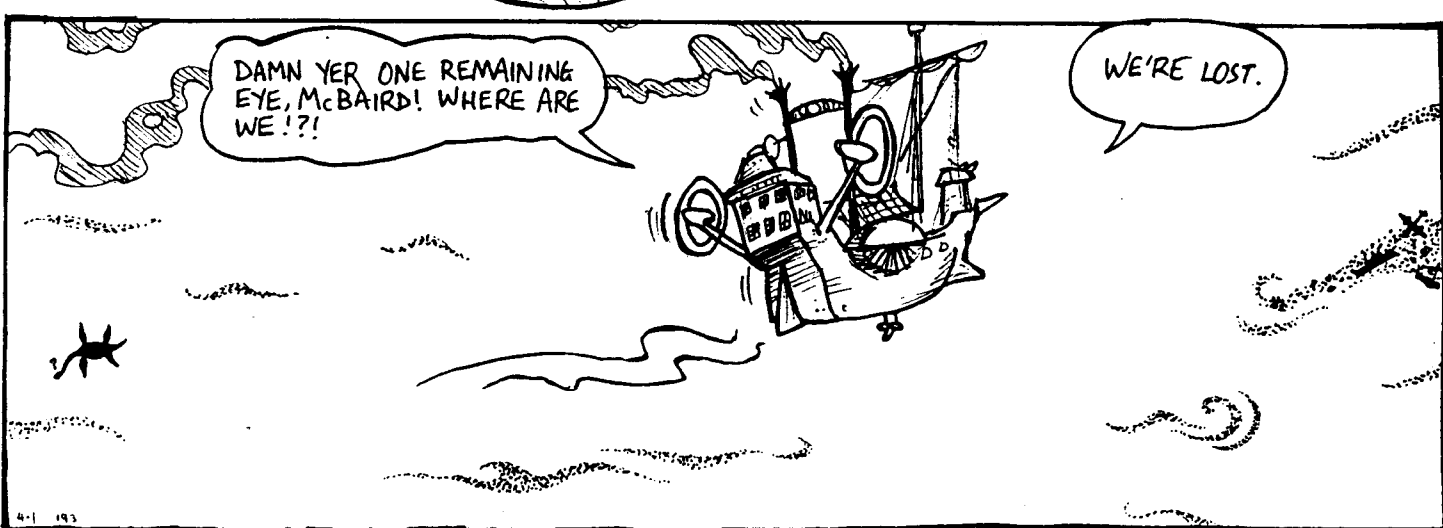
ALL THREE ANOMALY BOMBS WENT OFF AT THE APPOINTED TIME. THE INDIVIDUAL COMPONENTS OF THE TIME-SHIP SHOULD NOW HAVE RETURNED TO THEIR OWN APPROPRIATE TIME-PERIODS... AND THAT INCLUDES THE CREW.



BUT WAIT. IF THAT WERE THE CASE... SURELY THERE WOULD BE VECTOR TRAILS THROUGHOUT THE CONTINUUM. NOTHING SHOWS ON ANY OF THE INSTRUMENTS... COULD THE SHIP HAVE SURVIVED?

NEGATIVE. THERE IS NO EVIDENCE OF ITS CONTINUED EXISTENCE. NOT EVEN WRECKAGE. YET THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE SHIP DEPARTING THIS TIME-ZONE... BUT THE CHRONOMOTORS WERE POWERED-UP AT THE TIME THE ANOMALY BOMBS ACTIVATED.

THIS IS APPALLING. WE DON'T KNOW WHERE OR WHEN THEY'VE GONE!



WE'RE LOST.

Yo, Feedback!
Me again - U, that is. Again,
sorry about the head, Fritz.
OK, so wots happenin is this;
(Far as i guess it) - them
TIMEKEEPER creeps let off some
sorta anti-anomaly device at zact
momento U'r/my Warp Gate opened.
It actually created the Bermuda
Triangle. Weird, eh?? Now U'r in
some sorta pocket universe limbo
type place where all the lost things
go. But don't worry, U'll get out - i
know i did. No time to rest tho; U've
got 72 hours to lay in supplies & do
refit. Big blue hovercruiser will be
mega user-friendly; chekout cabin
23B for handy gizmo to debug that
timeship downloads will be mega
interesting! Stand U'r ground, girl!
Hang in there!
I'd luv to interface some mo' but
Endercott wansna rescue the crew of
the Marie Celeste from the aliens.
Yourself, again.

Feedback

PS: I mean it! Don't eat that Tuna!
PPS: The cat is not what it seems.
Ask it!

HITACHI

"THE CAT IS NOT
WHAT IT SEEMS?"

OH-OH...

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

DAMN!

GOT 'IM!

I DUNNO WHAT'S
GOING ON, BUT
I THINK YOU'VE
GOT SOME
EXPLAINING
TO DO,
SURFACE!

SHE'S SUSS'D ME... BETTER MUTATE
INTO SOMETHING WITH DECENT VOCAL CHORDS

ALRIGHT :ARK!: YOU FOUND
ME OUT - I'M NOT A CAT,
I'M A FERRET... OR TO BE
MORE SPECIFIC, I'M A
GENETICALLY ENGINEERED
BIOMORPHIC SYNTHOBEAST
FROM THE 48th CENTURY.

... BUT
MAINLY
FERRET.

I CAN CHANGE
SHAPE AT WILL,
AND, YES, I'M
SENTIENT. I'D
HAVE TO BE SMART
TO FOOL YOU
ALL THIS TIME.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THE SUNGLASSES
WERE DUBIOUS

YOU'VE BEEN
MASQUERADING
AS A CAT?
WHY?

ARE YOU
KIDDING?
SLEEP ALL
DAY, ALL THE
FISH YOU
CAN EAT, LOTS
OF ATTENTION
AND NO
HEAVY LIFTING.
IT'S A GREAT LIFE!

THAT'LL CHANGE NOW
YE FOUL DEMON!

EVERY MAN, WOMAN
AND GERIACTICALLY
ITCHY-EARED WOSS-
NAME ON MY SHIP
DOES HIS FAIR
SHARE O'
TOIL!

HEY! I DO
MY BIT...
I'VE BEEN
GETTING
YOU OUT
OF SCRAPES
FOR YEARS,
YOU GUYS
JUST NEVER
NOTICED!

TERAMOTO... I WANT YOU
TO TAKE THIS NOTE, PUT IT
IN A BOTTLE, AND KEEP
IT SOMEWHERE SAFE. VERY
SAFE. I'M GOING TO NEED
IT ONE DAY... AND WHEN I
DO, I DON'T WANT TO BE
ABLE TO FIND IT.

SVEN, GLADYS - LOOK AFTER
FRITZ'S HEAD...

I-I THINK
I UNDERSTAND...

A POX ON YE, WENCH!
YE'R FERGETTIN' AGEN!
'TIS ME WHAT GIVES
THE ORDERS 'ROUND
HERE!

YEAH, CAP. THAT'S RIGHT.
AND I THINK YOU SHOULD
ORDER ME AND ENDERCOTT
BACK TO THE BRIDGE FOR
AN URGENT OFFICERS
CONFERENCE - SO'S WE
CAN WORK OUT OUR
PLAN OF ATTACK

AH. A COMMITTEE
MEETING AT LAST.
I'LL DRAW UP THE
AGENDA...

DAMN
YE!
I'LL-

BETTER
INCLUDE
ME IN THIS.
I'VE MET
THESE
TIME-
KEEPERS
BEFORE.

Endercote's Log: Work has begun at a frantic pace. Miss McBaird is leading scavenging parties to gather the parts necessary to make repair to her mechanisms. None of us mere mortals understand the nature of the items we gather - but we all pitch in under her guidance...



Other forms of gathering are also afoot. Our cook, Mr. Takeuchi, has availed himself of the victuals aboard several vessels, and, for once, our galley - and our hold! - is well provisioned... It is a welcome change to see the cook so happy with his lot - he has made nary a mention of suicide since we arrived at this strange place.



Our Captain, also, has taken the opportunity to collect what booty takes his fancy from the many treasures that surround us...



We toil all hours, yet, still, sleep comes but fitfully in this strange astral plane. There is no gravity here and neither day nor night - merely endless grey void. The weird sounds of flotsam colliding causes scrapes and bumps that make us yearn for the more familiar slap of wave 'gainst wood. At least, for once, we are not in the midst of some great battle. No signs of life here. A few dusty corpses within the drifting vessels, yet not as many as one would expect...

We have had several sightings of the great sea-monster that somehow followed us here from its antediluvian home. As best I can glean from my reference books, it appears to be some breed of Plesiosaur, possibly an Elasmosaurus...



BUT IF I CAN GET THIS GIZMO HOOKED UP, WE MAY NOT NEED TO WORRY ABOUT DINOSAUR ATTACKS - OR ANY OTHER DANGER FOR THAT MATTER....

