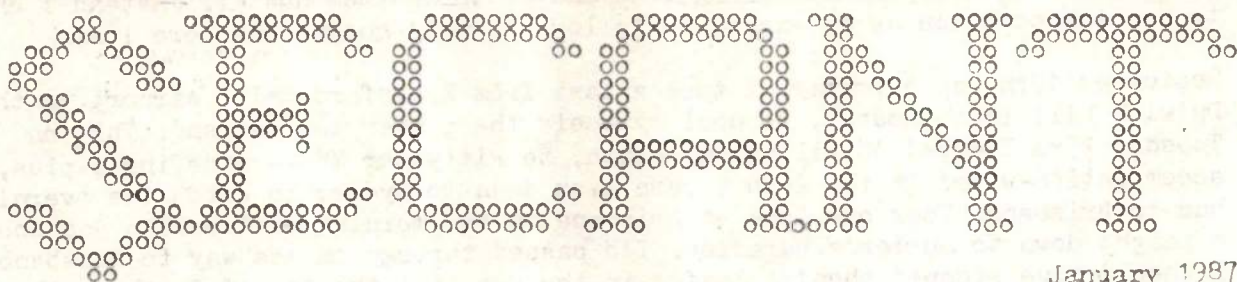


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January 1987

EDITORIAL

THE history of this fanzine is long and very involved. Its earliest genesis lies in 1979, when I contemplated the title as a companion-magazine to my then-current genzine, TANJENT. The idea died but was eventually resurrected as THE BOMBED BUDGIE JOURNAL. By then TANJENT was on the skids and SECANT would have been inappropriate. I produced a final TANJENT — issue 13 — in 1983, just prior to moving to Australia. I intended to start a successor to TANJENT while in Australia but passed over SECANT in favour of either BAGEL or THE AUSTRALIAN BUDGIE. Neither of these titles reached print. At the end of 1983 I returned to NZ but was so gafia that nothing else developed.

Now I have returned to Australia and once again I have rummaged my stock of possible titles. This time SECANT has won — and has cannibalised the corpses of its still-born siblings. Parts of this zine have been retyped from the prepared sections of previous efforts. One section, "Smorgasbord", has been incorporated intact using the original stencils. I am reluctant to produce such a Frankensteinian fanzine, but the effort involved in retyping those pages of complex material — already adequately presented — is beyond the limits of my present fannish stamina.

There is little artwork in this issue. I left what art I had in NZ. I've done what I could with interlineations, graphics, and whitespace, to avoid unbroken pages of text. Hope you like the result.

--oOo--

Diary

unless I chronicle then, so first I must run through some of the key events of the last three years.

:86/11/19: Today marks the end of my 2nd month in Australia this time. I arrived on 19th September. This seems an auspicious time at which to start a diary, which I hope to continue in later issues.

But a record of events now may mean little to you

When last heard from, I was just on the verge of moving from New Zealand to Australia. This I did in June 1983. I lived mainly in Melbourne at No Fixed Abode and I returned to NZ in early December 1983. I went back to work for my then-employer, the NZ Post Office, in Wellington. In mid-December 1984 I quit that job and took to the road to see those parts of NZ I'd not seen before. I sliced apricots in central Otago; farmed mussels in the Marlborough Sounds; helped my father extend his house; picked kiwifruit in the Bay of Plenty; and then I ran the Whakatane Youth Hostel on a pro tem basis for two months. This last job I enjoyed so much that I grabbed a position running YHA's Te Aroha

Hostel from the beginning of August, 1985. There I stayed — barring occasional forays on days off — till I left for Australia. I enjoyed the job but the hostel was so small that it was losing money, and YHA is in an economy-drive. I was faced with the prospect of having to transfer to another hostel. Instead I chose to use the occasion as my excuse to follow the wild goose; and here I am.

September 19th was a Friday. I took a taxi from Kingsford-Smith Airport to the Dulwich Hill Youth Hostel, to cool my heels there over the weekend. Then on Tuesday 23rd I moved 30 kilometres north, to Pittwater YH — a definite plus, accomodation-wise! On the 26th I came back down to Sydney to catch the overnight bus to Brisbane. Took one look at Brisbane on the morning of the 27th and shot straight down to Surfer's Paradise. I'd passed through on the way to Brisbane; I should have stopped then! I loafed in the sun till the 1st of October, then hitch-hiked to Coff's Harbour. On the 4th I hitched back to Sydney and stayed at the Forest Lodge YH until I moved into non-YH (and hence non-time-limited) accomodation at Backpacker's Hostel in — wait for it — King's Cross. This was just a bridging arrangement, however, for I'd lined up a flat while staying at Forest Lodge. I moved into the flat on the 18th of October and have been here since then. This lasts until December 20th, when I must depart Sydney for the so-long-neglected alleys of Melbourne. And in the New Year sometime I hope to see Perth, at least briefly, before starting into the fruit-picking circuit. But this is starting to get ahead of the tale.

I'm working, at present, for a company called "Australian Slatwall Industries". They deal in supplying shops and shopfitters with a special type of display fitting. Essentially it's made up from sheets of board, $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ metres, with special grooves routed into them. The grooves — or slats — are designed to hold the butt ends of various rack supports, hooks, trays, and bins. It's a remarkably effective, eye-catching, effective, and expensive, display system. I work in the warehouse (officially the "factory"), despatching the orders our sales office digs up. It's physical labour of that particular dull, unstimulating variety which fits my abilities least well. But it pays acceptably well and the exercise is doing me a lot of good. The job is potentially open-ended, in that if I wanted to stay on permanently, I could. But it closes down on the 19th of December for the Christmas/New Year lull. This date fits so well with the term of my temporary flat that I've chosen it as the cutoff date for going to Melbourne. Whether I'll come back to the job in the New Year is still a bit beyond my horizon. I'll try to leave the option open but feel that I'm already bored to tears with the job, so unless something new offers there (there are prospects) I'll probably give it a miss.

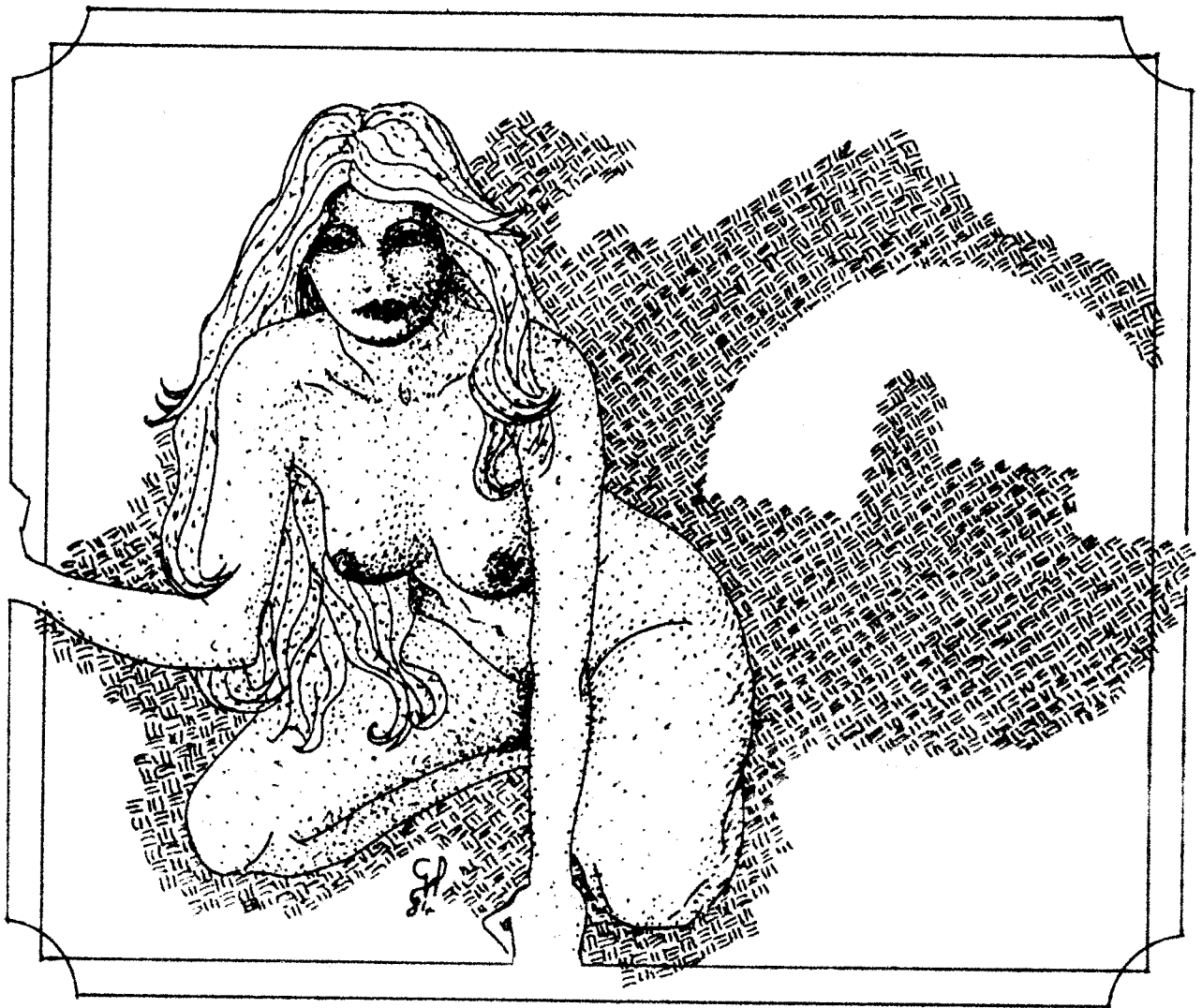
My flat is actually a house, which I share with three other people. I'm just a temporary fill-in for a regular tenant who is travelling in India at present. I have the room, as noted, till December 20th, when she takes over again. It's a nice building in a slightly seedy inner-Sydney suburb (Newtown). There are two

ATTENTION HOBBITS! AN EXPEDITION ACROSS THE BARANDUIN

By gracious permission of His Highness Argeleh II, Lord of Farnost, King of Arthedain and High Claimant of Arnor, Protector of Bree and Warden of the Weather Hills, an expedition of Hobbits into the lands beyond the Stonebow Bridge across Baranduin is being organised. The eventual goal: settlement.

All interested parties are cordially requested to present themselves for elevenses at the home of Marcho and Blanco, Underwillow, second house out on the left on the Great West Road, tomorrow morn. promptly.

(From "The Bree Flier", 6/10/1600 TA)



cats — a persian, dark brown with a white ruff, named Scrounge, and a black moggie, named Slime. Neither is a "proper" cat — both are rather more concerned with the next filling of their food-bowls than they are with their feline dignity. Of course, most cats are that way — but at least they try to conceal the fact! My flatmates comprise Ken, a doctor/bushwalker/backpack maker; Martin, a drummer and expatriate Kiwi; and Elaine, landlady, teacher, and lawyer. There is also Craig, a friend of Martin, temporarily here while looking for other digs. He's in Elaine's room. Elaine is in with Martin. The absent member, to whom I am indebted for the use of the room, is Judy, a "librarian" of sorts — but of objects, not books. She's into Yoga and feminism and — well, pretty well anything those around her can interest her in. I don't quite understand her (but then, I've met her only twice) and I'm not sure she understands herself very well. She's a redhead — and redheads figure prominently on the walls of the room.

"Nothing so needs reforming as other people's habits." ———Mark Twain

:861126: Slight gap since last entry. Tonight there's an electrical storm, with impressive displays of forked lightning and dramatic rolls of thunder. In the next room, Ken's sewing-machine is beating a counter-point to this typewriter as he brings another backpack closer to completion. Downstairs, Elaine is watching TV, flanked by the cats. Martin and Craig are out at a gig of some kind. The day has been stinking hot and is still oppressively so now, despite the cooling effect of the rain that keeps spitting and stopping. I was going to go to see MONTY PYTHON'S THE MEANING OF LIFE at the Valhalla Cinema in Glebe tonight but suffered a severe attack of laziness and missed out.

:861201: I've now reached my projected publication-date for this magazine and still I'm floundering through a mass of pre-requisite background, with probable publication still some time in the future. I am finding that despite recovering my interest in fanzine editing, my stamina at the typewriter keys is lagging behind my plans. I'm also finding myself vulnerable to my old weakness -- giving over large paragraphs to descriptions of the transient events of the day. This is the tendency which led me to entitle TANJENT's editorial pages "Tidemarks".

"Robber crabs are related...to hermit crabs...but...are so large and armed with such formidable defenses that they do not require the protection of a shell home. ...We had five of the monsters warily promenading on the soft turf beneath the palms. ...One of the largest advanced slowly on a slightly smaller one. It reached forward with its pincer. The other crab did the same and the two claws met as if they were shaking hands. ...As the aggressor tightened its grip, chips of shell began to fly off the smaller crab's claw with an unpleasant splintering sound. The one that had been attacked brought its free claw forward and with dreadful deliberation fastened it to one of its opponent's walking legs. The struggle continued for many minutes...then suddenly, the larger crab's leg that was gripped by the pincer of the smaller one, broke off high up at the joint close to the body. ...The pincers released their grip on one another and the mutilated crab slowly retreated. The victor walked backwards holding the amputated leg aloft in its pincer. Then it dropped the limb like a mechanical grab emptying its load." -----David Attenborough, QUEST IN PARADISE

Without further ado, a few words from the past.

--oOo--

HISTORY

WEDNESDAY, 1st June: Printed up the final pages of the Windycon Book for Michelle today -- was not too pleased, but at least the job's done. // Went in to see A&S about the offset. My original stand was "pay no more", theirs "you pay everything". The eventual compromise was within my means -- narrowly -- in that I pay them \$400 off the outstanding balance and they will sell the machine for the rest (this being a different matter to their alternative, a no-reserve auction). The chopping of \$400 from my budget is crippling, but I see no way to avoid it. // My Passport came thru today as well, ending fears that here, at the last hurdle, I might be stymied by an oversight or by bureaucratic sloth. Went straight home and collected my ticket from its dark corner and then back downtown to the National Bank, where I made the necessary arrangements regarding travellers cheques and an Australian bank account.

Michelle was around this morning just after 9am to finish typing up the con membership list as at last night. 94 members. We both feel a strangeness about going to Australia: a sense of unreality. I expect it won't dissipate until I get on the plane in my case -- if then.

Apart from that, not much to note. Bought a pair of shoes and a pair of sandals, came home and typed up another page of DAY 1 plus this much of TBBJ 24. Real feeling of achievement, I don't think!

-oOo-

THURSDAY, 2nd June: Very busy day. Let's try to get things in the right order for once. Got out of bed about 9am and, after farting around, sat down to the long-avoided task of sorting out the mass of paper and junk in the living room. I bought a bunch of green plastic sacks yesterday -- 16 in all -- which I hope

will be enough. So far I've used up 9 of them, but the worst bulk is gone. Now I have to sift through the remaining junk for what I can take to Oz with me.

Michelle breezed in -- if breezed is the word for someone whom slinks through the door like a drowned rat, hair (newly curled) sticking out in wet spikes -- and, after a bit, went out again with the last of the Windycon Book's pages. I told her about my decision, last night, to have Nicky put down; she agreed it was the only thing to do.

Did some more sorting till the A&S people came and collected the offset. Parting with the \$400 cash hurt more than parting with the machine! One of the men expressed an interest in the Typo and went away to talk with his colleagues despite my best efforts to convince him it was junk. But he hasn't come back, so I guess he decided against it after all. Oh, well. It's only money...

Went and did some telephoning -- confirming Michelle's news that a friend of Trish's was interested in the bed for \$100. Discussed the matter with Trish and we evolved a plan of action. I go round to Perelandra tonight to help with the collating (and to bring them the longarm stapler, which they arranged to borrow but which Michelle forgot to take with her). Rang a moving company and arranged for a truck to help haul furniture around. Rang the Vet.

Around 3:10 I put Nicky in the catbox and Hidey & Fuzzy in a large cardboard box and took them to the Vet. He pronounced the kittens healthy and diagnosed Nicky as fat, not pregnant. I asked to be present when he put Nicky down, and he agreed. So simple: a small injection into her right foreleg and within seconds, no more Nicky. I guess he's used to the reactions of people to this sort of thing: he left me to recover in the room while he used another room, taking Nicky's body with him. I needed that time alone: I have no idea what my face must have looked like, but it can't have been pretty. I saved up the real mourning til I got home; then let it all out.

--oOo--

The foregoing is from a defunct version of THE BOMBED BUDGIE JOURNAL 24, from (if you haven't guessed) 1983. I'd hoped to Diary the whole period around my trip to Australia, but found myself so caught up in events that all that I was able to produce were short, cryptic notes, such as:

"Cleared out of room approx. 9:45. \$119.87 my share.

"Luggage in left luggage. Uptown for Brunch etc. Nice. Met MM & HE just outside -- they were looking for Wedgewood mugs for HE. I suggested we try Duty-free. No luck. Booktown/Whit., ditto (for books). MM left for tanning appt. leaving me with HE. We walked around downtown Wn till HE's left knee began acting up (note ex. serv. in Unity & Parsons). (Note HE rest Parson's, etc). Food. (Missed Cable Car. Weather). Pizza/mango-orange incident. Back to Waterloo -- realised time was 1:10. Caught taxi up to IBY. Caught cats. Trish came out & said she would take Hidey. I took Fuzzy and Podkayne down & signed them over to SPCA. SPCA thought they had a good chance of finding homes.

"Back down Wn -- Waterloo at 2pm on dot. Retrieved luggage -- HE, Rob Fowles, Pauline Butler arr in lift. HE wheels out luggage. MM & MT arrive. Load stuff in boot of MT. Out to a/p. Checkout. (Baggage weights). Changed currency (mention Boarding Pass etc). Up to lounge, etc.

"Detail flight."

This note, from Wednesday 8th June 1983, is the best and most complete record I have -- apart from DAY -- of the events during and post Windycon. As should be obvious, it deals with the events of the day I left NZ. It was intended to act as a jog to my memory in writing a fuller account later. For example, "Pizza/

mango-orange incident" reminds me of the incident in a Lambton Quay coffee-shop where Harlan Ellison, irritated by the execrable quality of a slice of pizza, leant across to an adjacent table and offered a schoolgirl the offending morsel. "Caught cats" notes how, having surrendered my own flat, "outlook Retreat" in Rintoul St, Berhampore, I'd temporarily loaned Nicky's kittens to "Perelandra", Trish Crowther's house in Albert St, Island Bay. Alas for all my plans — the notes were never used to write a "fuller account" and now time has washed away enough of the vital details so that I doubt I can ever put such an account together.

Some scattered diary notes survive from this long silent period, however, and a few of these are so full and self-contained that they can stand alone and yet give some idea of the events that have shaped my life since 1983. For example, from the period just after I moved to Melbourne post-Syncon and was enjoying the hospitality of John & Jenny:

==oOo==

Have just come back from Luna Park. I just had my first Big Dipper ride. Not an experience I would want to repeat too often. But we did find the Dodgems, and since it just so happens that John Foyster is holding a fannish party here tonight, a group will probably be organised with the mission of taking over said Dodgems for a while.

Michelle...(is staying)...over at John Newman's place. She picked up an Aussie fan by the name of Terry Frost at Syncon. Terry is ex of Sydney, homeless and unemployed. I could tell you stories...in fact, I think I shall. Syncon — the unexpurgated version. Well, slightly expurgated.

The trip over was uneventful apart from the godawful quality of the food on the plane. We were group-booked, with two rows of three seats one behind the other. Harlan was on his best behaviour, even when a group of Mormons got on board and later started singing some rows behind us.

Arrived in Sydney, we had no real hassles with customs except for Michelle, who was wearing her new fur coat. She said it was four months old ((to avoid quarantine)) and thereby — unwittingly — also saved herself 88% duty! Blessed are the dishonest, for they shall avoid the traps that await the sheep. Now if I'd just been smart enough not to be honest about the offset... ((I'd had things humming along with it: direct credit through the bank made sure payments were up-to-date; servicing ad brought the platemaker up to nearly acceptable operation; etc. But I still faced 14 months of hire-purchase payments — just over \$1600 counting interest — and there was no way I could find that sort of money and still go to Australia. I finally got out of the contract, but it cost me \$400 penalty money and, to my ever-lasting shame, it cost Nicky her life. That \$400 represented the price of bringing her with me to Australia. She was very much a one-person cat, so my only other option was to abandon the trip. My shame is that I did not do so)).

We were met by a deputation of Jack Herman, Justin Ackroyd (I think) and one other person. Three cars, six people. No problems, huh? Well, after a ½-hour discussion on whom was taking whom where, it was settled that one car would take Michelle and I to the Shore Inn (Syncon's site); another would take Harlan and Tom Cardy to their respective haunts; and the remaining one would ferry Mervyn Barrett and Janet (Hornycy?) to the fannish place where they would be spending the night.

The Shore Inn was a classy place and our room was magnificent, with air-conditioning and all sorts of switches and suchlike all over the place...and a small camp-bed in a corner, intended to be the 'third bed' (the room had a double bed and a couch-come-single bed). ((This was a 'triple' room)).

Skip to Friday morning when our room-mate arrived: a girl from Tasmania called

Giulia de Cesare. Syncon was her first con and throughout it she was unhappy that the only seat her advance-purchase plane ticket could get her was 9:30 on Monday morning, which meant she would miss all of Monday's activities.

Syncon

It was a good con; the best I have attended. One strange thing was that everyone was much friendlier and more open than they had been at Advention 81, and a lot of things were lower-key ((such as the business-session, attended by 40--50 people, where little of consequence happened and there were no fiery scenes. Even the much-commented-on win by SEATTLE IN 85 for the 1985 Aussie natcon was passed without more than laughter from all sides.

Incidentally, I've seen a few conreports ascribing this bid to the A-in-85 party the evening before the Business Session. In fact, the bid is a little older. A group of about a dozen people -- including Merv Binns, Ern Binns, Lee Smoire, Jerry Kaufman, Carey Handfield, Cliff Wind, and myself -- had gone out to dinner at the Black Stump Restaurant, where a good time was had by all. When we got back to the hotel -- about 7 or 8 pm -- well before the A-in-85 party, Jerry & Cliff were feeling euphoric and started talking about Seattle bidding for the 1985 Aussie natcon since, with Australia a near certainty to win the '85 world-con, the natcon was hanging around not doing much of anything important. Some uncertainty as to other bids -- they knew only of a rumoured Adelaide bid -- helped.

Back in 1981, at Advention, the Constitution then governing the holding of the Australian natcon had been amended to allow sites outside of Australia (they intended this to mean New Zealand) to bid for the Aussie con. In 1982, at Tschai-con, most of these changes were repealed, except for one -- Rule 3.02 --which was left reading: "The Natcon shall be held in the Commonwealth of Australia except where the Business Session decides otherwise." How this single rule was missed by the reformers I do not know -- but missed it was.

One person, hearing Jerry & Cliff kicking the idea around in the hotel lobby, objected that the con must be held in Australia, but a quick perusal of a convenient copy of the con book disclosed the truth. And so the germ of the SPAWN-CON bid was laid, to fruit at the A-in-85 party later that evening. It is surely one of the most glorious paradoxes in fannish history, and my 1986 self, retyping this section, can feel only contempt for the small people who let the Adelaide bid -- which was awarded only the right to hold the Business Session and award the Ditmars initially -- style itself the "1985 Australian Natcon".))

--oOo--

I managed to get a seat in a car heading south on Tuesday morning with two other people: Terry Stroud, a thin guy with ginger beard, a computer programmer; Mark Linneman, expatriot American, over 250 pounds of Legal Librarian. We were in convoy with another fannish car, occupied -- when everyone was in their right place rather than swapped around because we had three drivers between us and they needed to spell one another -- by a guy called Clive and a girl called LynC. We left Sydney around 10am and came into Melbourne down the Hume Highway about 11:30pm. We hadn't hurried and we were going slower towards the end as drivers kept falling asleep at the wheel! By the time we got out to St. Kilda, the Foysters -- my arranged billet -- were unwakeable and so we dumped my gear in their garage and Terry gave me a spare room at his place in Hawthorn for the remainder of the night.

I start serious jobhunting on Monday, and not a moment too soon as my resources are down to about \$90 in the bank. I have grossly overspent. So I must find a job VERY SOON.

I spent last night ((17th June 1983)) out at the Bangsund place; a group of us had adjourned there after the restaurant where we had dinner, and by the time

the session broke up it was too late for me to make my way home.

((20th June 1983)) John held a party on Saturday night. Well attended — over 50 people; perhaps as many as 60 all told. We got a group together ((a list I made at the time runs: "Michelle, Jerry, Lee, Self, Terry F, John N, Phil, Mandy, Irwin, Cliff, Wendy, Terry S, Justin, Ian, Peter, Steve, Roger, Clive, LynC" — as people interested. Not all necessarily went along)) and went over to Luna Park, where we took over the Dodgems for a couple of rides! Then some of us went on to the Roller Coaster, at which point the alleged males screamed enthusiastically (if a trifle theatrically, which spoiled the effect somewhat). Yr.hmbl. correspondent admits that this excursion was organised by himself and that he is pleased both by the participation and evident enjoyment of all parties.

Went jobhunting today. Did connect with a very promising appointment on Wednesday morning with a telephone-sales firm. Work I wouldn't touch with the proverbial bargepole normally, but right now the bargepole is pawned to pay the rent; so...here's hoping.

Picnicked at Hanging Rock Sunday.

==oOo==

The foregoing is largely quotes from letters, with additions from later periods marked by double brackets. I got the job mentioned, after a delay, and started it on 5th July 1983. I got fired about five weeks later. This was about par for the course for people doing that job.

This section is getting rather long, but there's still one event mentioned above which I think should be in this issue, so I'll close out this "History" segment with it...

==oOo==

Picnic at Hanging Rock

I mentioned a picnic at Hanging Rock, and I meant it. On the 19th, a group of people — 16 all told including Harlan Ellison, a girl Harlan picked up, Terry Dowling, Kerrie Hanlon, Lee Smoire, Carey Handfield (I think), LynC, Clive, Cliff, Jerry, Justin, Tom Cardy, Cathy Circosta, Art Widner, and one or perhaps two others — got together and set out into the countryside. We were piled high with food (which got eaten), wine (which didn't get touched), and other goodies.

It was a cold and somewhat drizzly day. We drove into the reserve around Hanging Rock by a back-route which took us through areas which had been burnt off in the terrible bushfires which recently swept Victoria. There were houses that had been burned to the ground except for upstanding chimneys; great patches of bare ground where no undergrowth survived, just the stark, blackened trees (the gums survived all but the worst patches of fire); houses and areas that had by chance been missed by the fires; houses that had been built since the fires (they built them very fast!) It was a depressing scene, and it was easy to recreate the vagaries of the fires as one passed by.

Arrived at Hanging Rock we took over an electric barbecue, feeding it a stream of 20¢ coins to persuade it to sear sausages and cook chops. Then, having fed and having cased the tourist-trap Kiosk, in twos and threes and over a period of time we essayed the ascent of the looming spires.

Hanging Rock, scene of the film of the same name, is smaller than seems from the film. On the other hand, once you get inside the spires it is still a very large place and very eerie to wander in. In spots the silence — apart from the babble of tourist voices — is stunning. The ascent was made easy by the provision of stairs and handrails where necessary. This detracted from the feel a bit, but not too much. I went up with Jerry Kaufman. In the course of a couple of hours

we scrambled all over the rocks, circumnavigated them, poked into all sorts of crannies and dangerous places. There is one place in particular which, after an approach which takes you over a sheer drop, gives you a body-sized hollow in a rock to snuggle in. From this eyrie you can gaze out through a small 'window' over the surrounding land.

Harlan went up with Terry Dowling but, once on top, they split up. We saw no sight of Harlan while we were wandering; nor did any of the others. In fact, everyone else was back down at the picnic place before 4pm and Harlan still had not appeared. Speculation was rife: had he disappeared on Hanging Rock? We could see the newspaper headlines: "FAMOUS SCI-FI WRITER DISAPPEARS DURING PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK!" Why...we'd be famous?

It was not to be. He eventually mooched in and sat down to eat at the Kiosk. Oh, well. It was at this time he told me about pulling bumper-stickers off Cathy Circosta's car on the way out. It seems his car had been following Cathy's and Harlan had been offended by some of the religious bumper-stickers her car was sporting. So a couple of times when the cars were stopped at traffic lights, he jumped out and started peeling the stickers off. Cathy, understandably, was rather put out by this and even Harlan's offer to pay for the stickers if they wouldn't stick back on did little to mollify her.

Cathy, Jerry, and myself left finally to ferry Art Widner to the airport to catch his plane. I was sorry to see Art leave so soon: I'd had a host of questions on ancient fandom that I never saw the opportunity to ask. And when I later read THE IMMORTAL STORM and other works I regretted it even more. Just as well, I suppose, as I doubt he'd have shared my fascination with the subject...

--oOo--

So much for this first instalment of "History". Next issue: my further adventures in Melbourne and out of it, culminating in my return to NZ. Issue 3: part one of my attempt to detail my subsequent doings. I can't be more explicit there yet, though, because I must mix the tale from a mass of writings, some of them rather cryptic.

--oOo--

McCONCHIE for FFANZ

This note is perhaps a little on the late side if, as announced in a long-ago THYME, voting for FFANZ closes on the 2nd of January 1987. However, in case any reader is still sitting on an uncast vote and has time to register it, I feel that I must recommend Lyn McConchie as the best candidate this time. Lyn has been active in NZ fandom for some time now, and her magazine DUM VIVAMUS, VIVAMUS! has been getting nice reviews in Australian fanzines. She has a record of Getting Things Done once she commits herself to Doing Them. She is interesting to talk to in person. She is also, not incidentally, the first non-male fan to win FFANZ -- if she does.

McCONCHIE FOR FFANZ

— McCONCHIE FOR FFANZ

— McCONCHIE FOR FFANZ

"Time is the random wind that blows down the long corridor, slamming all the doors."

— Travis McGee.

:861226: This fanzine has taken me a bit longer to complete than originally intended. For one thing I have been a bit slack about sitting in front of the typer; for another I decided that fairness demanded retyping the anomalous "six stencils" of "Smorgasbord" into the new format and interlacing old with new to produce, I hope, a better read. Since I disposed of the old stencils as I typed up the new pages, I doubt I shall ever be called on to defend this statement.

Anyway, that's all by the bye. This zine is being completed while I'm staying with Ms. Muijsert, N'Roger, and M. Loney in Melbourne. Due thanks to all for the table on which to type and also for pre-and-post-views of THYME 60 and THE SPACE WASTREL 2:5. Thanks also go to Typo the Cat for numerous cases of cramped-leg and to Truffle the ~~the~~ Cat for numerous growls and grumbles. Thanks go to various people who supplied interesting conversations to listen to last night, and to others who supplied interesting backs and feet to be rubbed while I listened.

Now that it's mainly done (this page is last-but-one) I must admit that I find my creation bland. Travelling has enforced certain limitations on the degree to which I can indulge my liking for fancy frill on the layout, partially because of weight and bulk in the baggage, but mainly because the 'me' which is willing to spend three nights mulling the layout for a single two-page spread is not the 'me' which finds joy in travel and the adventures it brings. In travelling mode I usually don't think about fanzines or fandom at all; and when I force myself to do so I find a preference for simple, clean formats which read pretty much front-to-back. In addition to this I have been forced to lay some interesting letters over for possible inclusion or excerption in the next issue. 20pp is quite long enough as is. I always enjoy the lettercolumns in fanzines, and like to include letters in my own zines. This time, well — C'est la vie.

My contact with Australian fandom this trip has been very limited. When I first arrived in Sydney I found cause to ring Jack Herman and learnt that "Galaxy Bookshop is still a good place to meet people on Thursday nights." So I turned up to Galaxy Bookshop a few times. The first time, Jack was there but was deep in talk with someone else and our exchange was essentially of the "Hi, Greg."/"Hello, Jack." variety and he soon left. I also ran into Terry Frost but he was in a group of three (he, wife, and another woman) with tickets to something or other. Terry I can take or leave; in this case he left first. Shayne McCormack didn't recognise me, even after I gently pulled her leg a couple of times about NZ. I didn't recognise anyone else and no-one apparently recognised me, so eventually I left. Two subsequent trips repeated the experience, in that I saw nobody I knew and nobody came over to say they knew me. This parallels my experience with Galaxy's Thursday evenings from 1983, incidentally. At any rate I felt no further urge to pursue Sydney fandom and turned exclusively to non-fannish lines of social activity. Fortunately these were productive enough to keep me happy if not entirely satisfied.

At present I'm cut loose from any locational tie but my Sydney PO Box. Having a permanent address in Sydney predisposes me to return to Sydney come Autumn to die in for the Winter. Meantime, there's a lot of Australia I want to see and a lot of things I want to do there. Look for more details in SECANT TWO — upcoming in February or, more likely, March.

————Greg Hills, 26th December, 1986.

SEE YOU ON THE BACK PAGE!

:861213: I started this magazine with the latest issue of THYME on hand. Now the latest issue of THYME is once again on hand -- but this is a later latest issue. Looks like I'll have to get the lead out, in order to get the issue out. So here we go with a new section:

S M O R G A S B O R D

An Eclectic Selection of Reviews by Myself and Others.

Jack Chalker: SOUL RIDER vol 1: SPIRITS OF FLUX AND ANCHOR

Reviewed by Bruce Ferguson

Jack Chalker is one of those writers that I put in my 'must buy' category whenever I spot a new release. He has written some excellent novels as well as two amazing series: The Nathan Brazil/Well of Souls and 4 Lords of the Diamond. He has now started two new series; this one and a fantasy called River of the Dancing Gods.

There is one frequent characteristic in Chalker's books. He loves to transform the characters in body and mind. The Well of Souls transformed all it's visitors into various alien species; the Lords of the Diamond possessed transformation and other mind-blowing abilities; the Web of the Chozen turned people into passive herbivores -- it's a favourite Chalker theme. This book makes good use of it too.

The book is set on a nameless world ((actually named World)) where the last great battle between good and evil occurred. The Anchors are regions of stable natural law where the people live under the feudal eye of the Temples. Around the Anchors is Flux -- a region of ever-changing nature where anything is possible. Flux is inhabited as well. Various 'wizards' have set up their own realms. There are also 'stringers', who travel both worlds, trading with all who have goods to offer and buy and sell.

Into this world comes the soul rider. A being we don't know a lot about except that they possess people and get them into trouble, but don't really cause any harm. The soul rider possesses Cassie and she is suddenly catapulted into a strange situation. Yes, I know you have all heard the story before, but the setting, style, and usual Chalker magic make interesting reading. Recommended to all science/fantasy fans.

-----Bruce Ferguson.

--oOo--

Jack Chalker: SOUL RIDER vol 2: EMPIRES OF FLUX AND ANCHOR

SOUL RIDER vol 3: MASTERS OF FLUX AND ANCHOR

Reviewed by Greg Hills

These books complete the extended novel SOUL RIDER. In addition to these there are two further titles: BIRTH OF FLUX AND ANCHOR and one other whose title slips my mind at this tactical moment. As SOUL RIDER was initially conceived as a three-volume novel and eventually appeared as such, the later titles are not necessary to a proper evaluation of SOUL RIDER, in that they merely extend and elaborate World's past and future development.

In EMPIRES we meet Cassie once more, still possessed of her soul rider but now being guided by it towards her destiny. She becomes High Priestess of a new and radical form of the Church behind the Temples Bruce has mentioned above. Working through the Church in Anchors and her own Flux-powers in Flux, she figureheads a revolutionary Empire which eventually grows to control more than half of World.

Behind Cassie is the group known as the Nine Who Guard; their goal is to set up a situation wherein their opponents, the Seven Who Wait, cannot achieve the objective of opening the mysterious portals known as the Hellgates. The two groups have been maneuvering for thousands of years. The Nine have always been successful in thwarting the Seven in the past, but as World gradually regains lost technology the margin has been narrowing and the Empire is a frantic last-ditch ploy intended to deny the Seven their goal. It fails. The Empire expands too fast and too far, and then Coydt van Haas, a leader of the Seven, finds a way to neutralise Cassie -- 'Sister Kasdi' -- and without her the Empire soon collapses, leaving the Seven a free hand in gathering more and more of World into their own overt or covert control.

When MASTERS opens, the plot is almost ripe. The only remaining barrier to the Seven's goal is the problem of co-ordination. To open the Hellgates, all seven Gates must be activated simultaneously (plus or minus a minute) -- but it is apparently impossible to communicate from Anchor to Anchor through Flux because of the jamming effect of Flux energy. In addition to this, the Nine think that the apparent freedom of one cluster of Anchors, controlled from the Anchor of New Eden -- formerly Anchor 'Logh' or Luck -- from domination by the Seven is enough to deny the Seven access to that Hellgate and hence to deny them the opportunity of opening the Hellgates.

I can't say much more about the situation without spoiling the story for those who have not yet read the books. But readers can be assured that things are not entirely as they seem, and World is both a little stranger and a little more mundane than earlier volumes admitted.

Chalker has given free rein to his predilection for inflicting gross physical and mental alterations on his characters. This sometimes makes it hard to sympathise with the characters, since there is nothing constant on which to base affection. In addition, it is obvious that he has sometimes allowed the storyline to wander as he follows up some interesting new concept. That the whole thing is, in its essence, simply the vehicle for playing around with ideas -- such as the nature of revolution -- is openly admitted by Chalker in an Afterword to MASTERS. This is not necessarily a weakness. Many excellent books have their foundation laid on an idea which intrigued their author. But in this case I do think it detracted significantly from SOUL RIDER's status as a story.

Despite all carping, I must admit that SOUL RIDER stands out from the current crop of fantasy and science fiction. It is a successful fusion of both fields and is neither as trivial nor as pretentious as the offerings by some other authors (Heinlein and Anthony included) now available.

-----Greg Hills.

--oOo--

Robert Heinlein: FRIDAY

Isaac Asimov: FOUNDATION'S EDGE

Arthur Clarke: 2010: ODYSSEY TWO

Reviewed by Bruce Ferguson

In the early days of my sf reading the three big name authors were Asimov, Heinlein, and Clark. They were all skilled writers offering the best material in the genre. So it was an interesting coincidence to see that all three were publishing major works at the same time.

Heinlein got a lot of harsh criticism for his previous book THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST. It was a stange ramble among myriad fantasy worlds. A work with no direction. Friday is a heroine along the lines of Podkayne of Mars or Star of GLORY ROAD. The universal man in young feminine form. Her adventures occur during the collapse of society in the near future. Heinlein has returned to his roots and written a post-juvenile tale that should make all his old fans happy.

"As to the Adjective: When in doubt, strike it out." -----Mark Twain

Likewise Asimov. For many years he has said that he cannot write another FOUNDATION story. But he keeps us all on the edge of our seats with the last line of this volume with "THE END (For Now)" -- a promise of things to come, perhaps. FOUNDATION'S EDGE continues the story of the two Foundations in much the same style as prior volumes. Asimov has taken heed of the criticisms of his earlier works and provided a bit more romantic interest than is usually present in his books. There certainly isn't any of the Hot Tub frolics you find in FRIDAY but there is more romantic activity than Asimov usually includes.

I have never been quite so fond of Clarke. His technological expertise is probably far higher than the other two, and he can deal with philosophical themes far better as well (CHILDHOOD'S END and THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE) but he lacks skill as a storyteller. Plot is a straightforward set of episodes, characters are cardboard cutouts, and the writing has none of the tension you get with any other writer.

2010 is nominally the sequel to 2001. In my opinion that book stands alone and certainly doesn't need a sequel. However, events in the first novel were left at a point where new investigations could be started. 2010 doesn't really add anything.

It is interesting to see how the writers have progressed since their earlier works. Heinlein has always been a master storyteller and has crafted a story in his old style. Asimov's storytelling skills have improved immeasurably since he wrote the original FOUNDATION stories, but the style and concepts of his original work still remains. Clarke, on the other hand, still cannot produce real characters. The settings are as grand as ever and the science has been updated to fit in with recent surveys of the Jovian system, but he hasn't learnt any writing skills over the years. While Heinlein has been travelling the world and Asimov has been writing about everything in it, Clarke has been content to retire in Sri Lanka and to bask in the blaze of former glories.

-----Bruce Ferguson.

--oOo--

Robert Heinlein: THE CAT WHO WALKS THROUGH WALLS

Reviewed by Greg Hills

In this book is made clear that which could dimly be perceived before: Heinlein has embarked on a massive unifying task. Digging around within the corpus of his earlier work he has taken metaphorical grasp of the reins of his earlier thoughts and has set out to reconcile most or all of them with each other. The result is the "Universe as Myth" concept -- whereby he proposes that we are all living within the worlds created for us by others. Worlds are created in various manners but primarily by someone creating a book or film using them. But not just any book or film; oh, no; only works of outstanding worth. Hence we meet characters from the land of Oz and -- and -- er -- Barsoom and the Galactic Patrol? Well, this is Heinlein's book and I guess he's entitled to admit all his favourites to this Heaven.

The "Cat Who Walks Through Walls" of the title is Pixel, a small ginger tom with the interesting ability which gives the book its title. Myth-maker Heinlein submits this engaging feline to harm and possible death at the end of the book, while having one of his human characters damn the person cruel enough to kill an innocent kitten.

The title also refers in metaphorical terms, I think, to the method by which Heinlein has opened all of his literary universes to one another: passing through the 'walls' between them by rotation in multiple dimensions (GAY DECEIVER and Lazarus Long's DORA) or by actually physically opening a gap -- placing it in a wall or a doorway.

As can be quickly guessed from mention of the two spaceships named above, THE

NUMBER OF THE BEAST now stands revealed as the first volume specifically written into Heinlein's new world-view. Unfortunately THE CAT WHO WALKS THROUGH WALLS also possesses many of the flaws which made NOTB so tedious and frustrating. It begins with one apparent plot and abandons it partway through to follow another and quite different one. To complicate matters, characters don and doff identities as fast as those in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND doffed and donned clothes. And just when things are boiling along nicely, the end of the book comes along with yet another phase-change; just as if Heinlein abruptly decided he'd said all he wanted to say in this particular book and tacked on a long-prepared final chapter to get the thing out of the way.

For those who enjoy the modern style of Heinlein, this book will not disappoint. In fact, there are long passages where plot development of any sort is subordinated to indulgent expansion on themes and ideas Heinlein finds interesting or fun. But the biting edge of his ideas is gone. Where once he fulminated and lectured on the perils into which modern civilisation was entering (STARSHIP TROOPERS, TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, and yes, even FRIDAY) he has passed into a reverie of wish-fulfilment. Where once a young, red-blooded American youth could take on the world and, with the help of his courageous Woman, defeat all comers, now we find that everything is illusion, that there is no final reality, and that all your logic, all your intellect, and all your courage are useless against the berserk power of the Authors.

Shit, Heinlein. This book is shit.

--oOo--

TANGOING TWOSOMES

An informal Book Review column
by Lyn McConchie

This article is not about sex. It is about sequels. More particularly, sequels by three of what is becoming a flood of new woman writers in f/sf.

The first pair of books is THE BROKEN CITADEL and CASTLEDOWN, by Joyce Ballou Gregorian. I can't say I felt these books were totally successful; the writing is clumsy in places and I think judicious editing of the length of the books (both over 350 pages) would have produced a faster-moving, more readable pair of books. The plots in both were good, as was the characterisation. The people were both real and believable, with genuine-feeling problems. Had it not been for the often tedious descriptions which interlard pages and pages, just when things are becoming exciting, I would give this book and its companion a much higher rating.

There would appear to be a third book following as there is reference in CASTLEDOWN to the heroine's lifeline, about which the comment is made: "First it's single, then for a little stretch it's double, then single, then double, then single, then double all the way to the end, that first line just dies out."

The first double, to me, would equate to THE BROKEN CITADEL, and the second to CASTLEDOWN. The fact that there is a third double suggests a third book, although that is never stated.

A third book will either make or break the set. As it stands the books are reasonable reads: a bit woolly, rather verbose, but not too bad all over. A third book of the same size will bring the page-count up to 1000 or thereabouts, and that is where the author could profit from something other authors have done in the past. That is, amalgamation. Put all three books together and re-write, editing the 1000 pages down to 700 (give or take 50). This would cut out the verbiage, making the story racier and tauter, something the books badly need.

As they stand at present, I am giving them a place in my permanent collection

"YOU CAN'T BEAT WOMEN."

Number One in a Series

pending the arrival of the third. If that is no better, I think this set can be said to have failed, at least as far as I am concerned.

--oOo--

The second pair of books are SHADOW MAGIC and DAUGHTER OF WITCHES, by Patricia C. Wrede. At first I was unaware that these two books are a pair. It was not until I had read most of the second book that I realised that, although set in different countries, the books are set in the same world. They can be read either way around, so in the true sense of the word one is not a sequel to the other except as it was written second. ((SHADOW MAGIC should be read first, however, as it gives a more complete coverage of the background. GRH))

Both books are well written, with a smooth-flowing story that leads the reader on until you find with some surprise that you have just read it all. The sex of the main characters is nicely balanced in the books, the first book having two males and one female as the main people and the second book having three women and two men. The countries in both are well-done, believable, and with just enough unpleasant problems to make a good story.

There is a totally different orientation in the two books, however. In SHADOW MAGIC the problems are those of the country, in which the races, different types, have become sundered. There is no king, nor has there been for many years! The Regent of the land is a weak man and the nobles squabble among themselves, not seeing that an enemy outside the country is rising. The three protagonists must alert the country and unite the people before they are overrun.

In DAUGHTER OF WITCHES the problems are of the opposite kind. Here we begin with the very personal problems of two people, neither knowing nor caring about their country, only their own. It is not until all the other three meet up with them that they find they are more than they had thought, both themselves and their difficulties, which they now find are entangled with the country's bad laws and worse alliances.

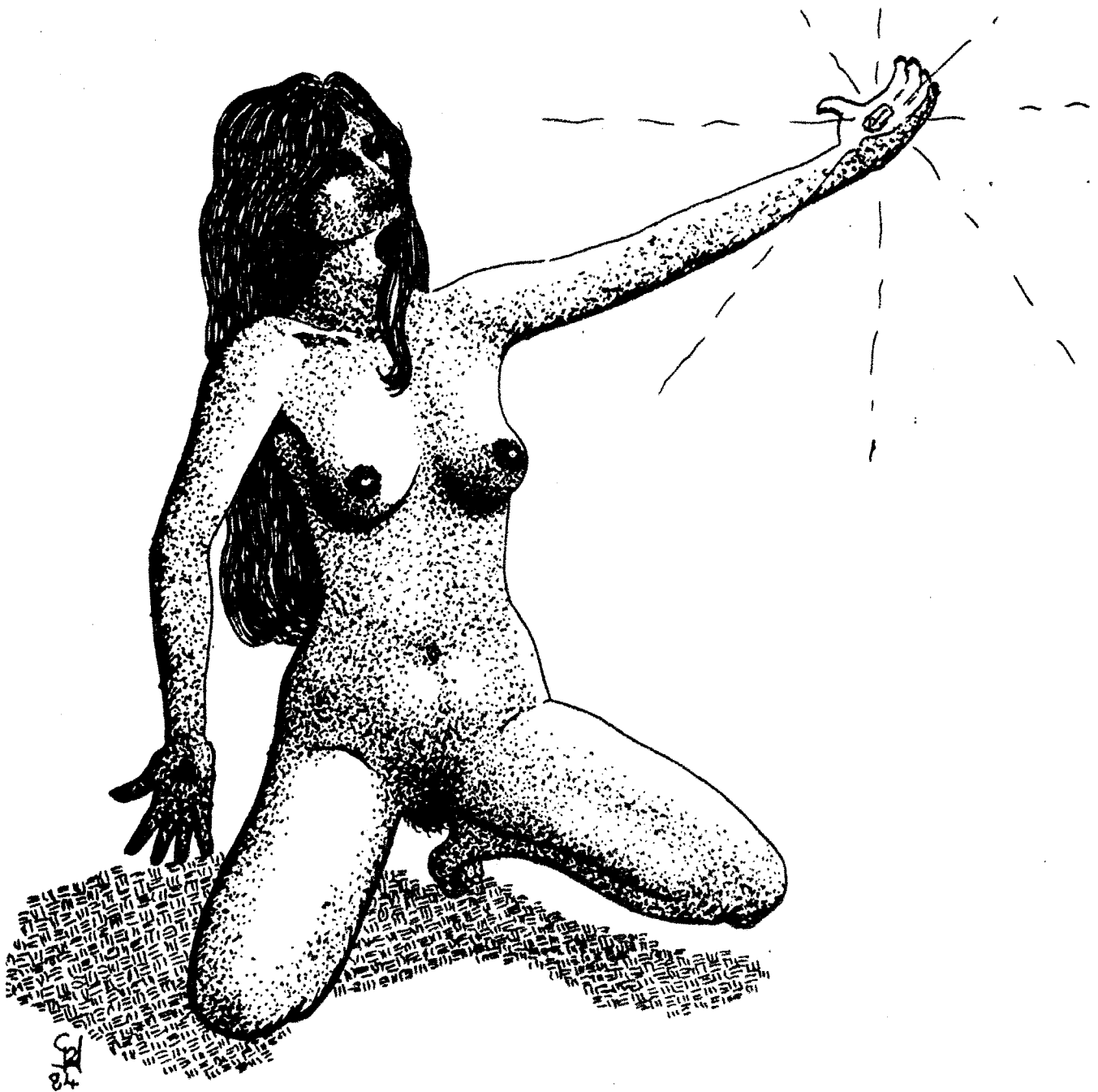
The books complement each other very well and I hope there will be more.

--oOo--

The third pair of books is, in my opinion, the best. These are THE TIME OF THE DARK and THE WALLS OF AIR, by Barbara Hambly. The second is very clearly the sequel to the first, as is equally clear in the first that the story is not finished. Again, the story is well-balanced both in writing and in the sexes. Two major male and one major female, with another female more than minor but not quite so major as the other three.

This is the story of the Land of Darwath, a pleasant, sunlit land until the Time of the Dark came. It is the story of Minalde, newly widowed queen, regent to her infant son; of Ingold Inglorion, wizard; and Rudy Solis and Gil, who followed Ingold out of their world into Darwath. The latter two are beautifully drawn: Rudy, on the fringes of the Hell's Angels (a painter of their bikes) -- aimless, purposeless, and knows it, half caring but too lazy to seek a reason for living. And Gil, scholar (despite her mother's attempts to persuade her otherwise) at a University; studier of history and loner, who finds in Darwath that she is something else as well.

the first book covers about two months altogether (the times are a bit uncertain



to me). The second covers again, I think, about the same. This pair of books is only 100pp or so less than the first pair, but what a difference. The writing is spare, with a fine taut prose that sweeps the reader along in its wake. The people leap off the pages at you, daring you to disbelieve in them or their land. The horror and agony of a people ravaged by the Dark, driven from their homes to travel across country in the worst winter for many years, grips you as you read. Thank Ghod there is going to be at least one more book in the series. I couldn't have stood being left hanging.

--oOo--

To sum up, sequels are iffy. If you write the book as a clear sequel, readers must first get the first book to read before it. If they don't like the first book you run the risk that they will simply not even look at the sequel or sequels subsequently published. (Bet we can all quote our own instances of that). On the other hand, of course, if a reader really loves the first book, s/he is going to rush straight out and purchase the rest of them. The books by Gregorian are an example of the former, while those authored by Hambly are the latter. In between fall the books by Wrede. Each can be read as a good book on its own and

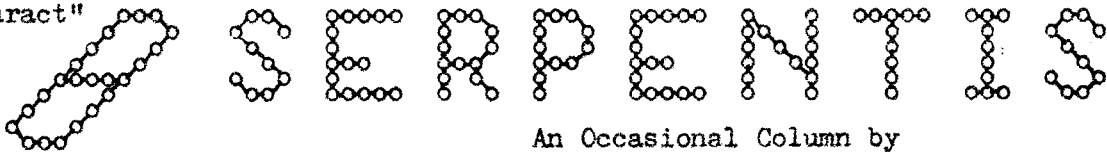
either way round, since Patricia Wrede has chosen to do her set as one book on how each company or country solved its own problems. This is covering her bets nicely, as she is a good writer; readers will just buy her books, if they fall into the set or not. I, however, will not be pantingly awaiting her next book as I will be Barabara Hambly's.

——Lyn McConchie, July 1983.

((Editorial note: the third book of the TIME OF THE DARK sequence is entitled THE ARMIES OF DAYLIGHT and appeared in NZ after Lyn wrote the foregoing. It was not as good as the first book but was on a par with WALLS and brought the series to a satisfactory conclusion. GRH.))

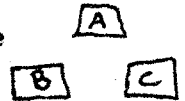
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"Tesseract"

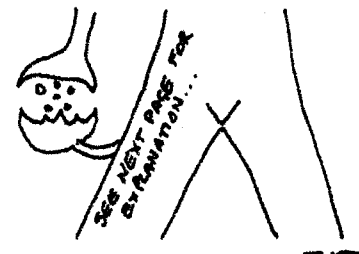
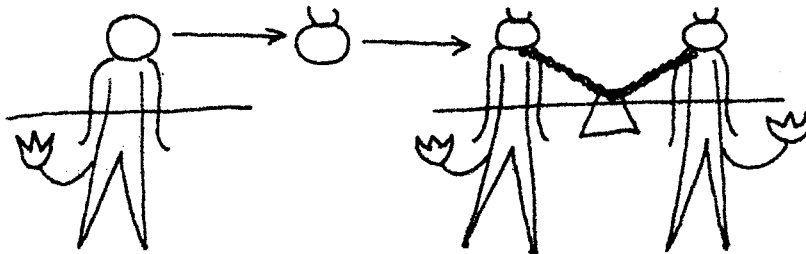
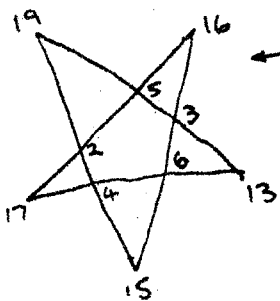


An Occasional Column by
PETER GRAHAM

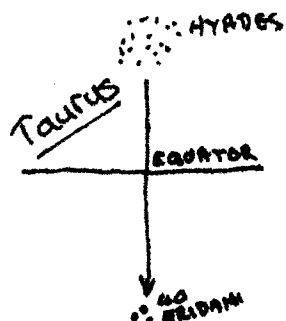
Once upon a time the hypothetically sapient beings of Earth sent out a plaque on a Pioneer. Remember that palm upraised in salute? Well, had any partially psi beings elsewhere sent us a psi-cast message, it might include a salute no less basic. Now let's examine a certain Tarot trump (after all, occultists are the likeliest recipients —) and yes, it salutes with paired fingers forking thus. Now, if one lives in a three-star system with a primary A and a paired binary B — white-dwarf or star fragment — and C — red dwarf — one might symbolise this by giving three figures as star-representatives, arranged thus:



To show that they are gravitationally bound one might link B and C by a chain, but also link that chain to a weight to indicate the gravitational nature of the bonding. But wait, to show — economically — all three figures are stars we could put one star over each figure's head but since we wish to show it's a star-system in the southern sky of its Earthly recipients, we invert the star over the central figure and let its points indicate that each entity stands for a star. But then, realising that our recipients are fixated on magic squares and the like and that they utilise the decimal system of numeration — we stand a 15 (XV) over the centre of the star. This will indicate that we mean him to stake numbers totalling 100, so arranged that the sum of the four on each line is a constant, with a 15 on the lower central point. Why? To indicate that the solar-system we belong in is called "40" in its constellation (that being its constant sum, as $40 = 19+2+4+15$). But which one? Aha — we symbolise the stars as flames, using both lower figures (B&C), placing them on a tail in each case so they can be displayed anywhere in relation to the figure. Letting the figure's belt/midriff be the celestial equator, we reiterate the 'inverted star' image message and place both flame/star/signs under the belt. But we also indicate the constellation above that equator (we stick the Taurus horns on the heads of both to avoid confusion).



So the message comes from a three-star system in the southern skies, labelled 40 and under Taurus. But wait, we want to be more precise — to show just where to look, we stick star-fragments falling from a hand onto one star flame-tail sign ((see bottom right, previous page)). I.E. look under the hand for the white dwarf which lies under a cluster of stars.

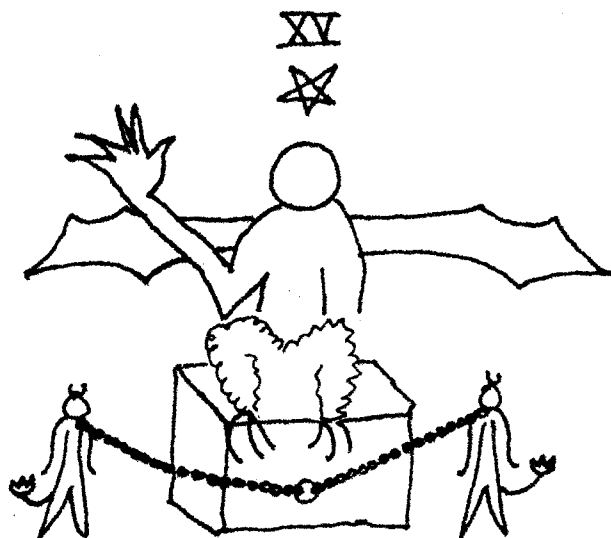


Now Eridani is under Taurus, and there's a cluster in a V (like that saluting hand forked — in analogy — over the waist of figure A) called the Hyades in Taurus. Almost directly under it lies, yes, 40 Eridanis A,B,C.

But in any psi-cast you need high redundancy, so we take the larger central figure — it indicates, after we give the lower

half of it ostritch-like legs and shaggy down and bird's claws, that the star-system has a name linked to an avian aspect. And what is 40 Eridani alias O2 Eridani called? Keld, a name derived from its Arabic constellation — the Eggshells cast out from their nearby Ostritch's Nest figure. But to make it clear the bird-bottom is only symbolic — and because of the Chinese tale that the bat flies head-down due to its excess of brains, maybe? — and it's a name

clue, we give our figure bat's wings. Our psi-cast now looks like this: (The central figure squats on the weight to indicate an egg-laying pose — fitting the Egg-shells of Keld).



Oh, well, maybe the recipients are dim-wits. We give the central figure a flaming torch, held inverted, pointing to the C flame-tail to indicate these two stars are luminous in the same style -- main-sequence core reactions.

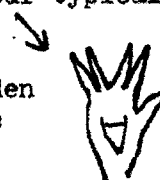
To show that the message is about a constellation also called Black, and and that it's from space, we black out all the background. "La Lande



cited Mulda, equivalent to another title for the stellar Eridanus — Black —"

So — now we want to indicate a bit about our nature, as senders. We give the A figure slanted eyebrows, like this: \ / and we use the recipient's palmistry myths to give the uplifted palm a straight headline to indicate our typical lack of emotionality on any overt indications.

But Eridanus is linked with an Earthly river involved in the Golden Fleece myth — so we give our already-zoomorphic A-figure a ram's head to indicate this and to also make clear that it is the head (Aries) star of the triple system.



Ok, now take a look at the de Laurence or Waite Tarot trump 15: the Devil (and even Gene Roddenberry — in an article in PENTHOUSE on STAR TREK — confessed he meant STAR TREK's resident Vulcan to look "stanic".

==oOo==

Oh, the birdlike underpart of A, the loose chains about the B/C necks which have lunar horns, indicate how, from any A-world, B & C are like moons as light-givers and that they operate (birds migrate and have, like Vulcans, a magnetic sense)

to influence their pair-bondings over reproduction. The loose chains indicate coluntary binding of these and join female (white dwarf) to show she is not affected to the core by this as the male -- red dwarf -- is! A ring links their chains to the weight and not only stands for 0 as in O2 Eridani, 0 as in Omicron, but is also a conjugal symbol on Earth. So the sex-given figures in B & C, the Vulcan spawning as a source of 'homing' drive and bonding of males and females, is shown too.

Not that this psi-cast account is the only total explanation of all the card's symbolism (go on, compare the inept explanations usually given -- they can't compare with this one. But Vulcans don't exist? Aha, but precognition may -- the Devil is a Tarot trump that predicts the influence of STAR TREK on all of us, by this thesis. I don't think Robert Anton Wilson -- of Crowley's O.T.O. -- would dissent, since in COSMIC TRIGGER he claims STAR TREK does deal with visions of stages upcoming in individual evolution! This is just one of three such detailed explanations I now have -- being a sneakily ingenious sort -- but it's as feasible as any).

--oOo--

Having done this for Vulcans, one wonders about Deltans -- and there's a trump with Δ a Delta in a square on its chest, a \odot sun-sign on its forehead, and if you take that figure's wings -- angelic type -- as indicating Malachi's "Sun with healing in its wings", i.e. Christ, i.e. the "lamb" in Revelations, then since the flow between the cups in its hands is on an angle no liquid could keep up -- ~~shown~~ -- shown as an Aquarius symbol (hmmm, pheromone flow from a chalice/Grail symbol (i.e. female genitalia) to a chalice?). Now if the forehead sun shows a point on the ecliptic, and Lambda is virtually there for Aquarius -- and the pool below the angel which he has a foot in is the pool of the PsA constellation, which fits (fish go in pools and Lambda is above that part of Aquarius and not over Sculptor!) the trump is that of Deltans. Check out Norton's Star Atlas, Map 4, and Delta Aquarii looks in a very appropriate place. Just over 77 Aquarii -- $7+7 = 14$, the trump number. The square about the Delta may mean only that the Deltan homeworld is in this area about Delta Aquarii -- unless the bloated glow floating over a distant mountain as seen on this trump does indicate it's got an outsize star as primary, in which case Delta Aquarii does well!



--oOo--

So -- a fan's guide to the Tarot? Well, it can't be any dafter as an idea than Piers Anthony's "Cluster Tarot", which I've been playing with (water marks of like symbols do back up the Albigensian heresy as a Tarot image source possibility, but not his 100-card, 5-suit thing. Of course, the Chinese astrologers do have 5 elements, as does Hsing-i Kung-fu, but his aren't related to those one), of course. They might be OK, even if his division is based -- to me -- on total misapprehensions about reality. Figures his books are fey.

Anyway, don't say I never give you any suitably fannish Tarot interpretations ((we didn't. We won't -- GRH)). Take the Dover pb by Allen on STAR NAMES AND THEIR MEANINGS, a Norton's Star Atlas, and a Tarot pack, and try it yourself. It's fun! Deliciously irreverent to an idol of the occultists. Authority should be challenged!

-----Peter Graham, July 1983.

"God! What a way to make an omelette!" -- cartoon caption in SF REVIEW 40.

That seems to round out the material I wanted to put into this issue.

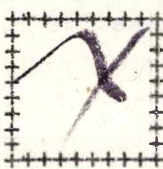
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--oOo--

WHY YOU GOT THIS:

- o I Owe You Something for your faithfulness/patience/tolerance/hypocrisy.
- o I like you. o I don't like you.
- o You are mentioned herein. "You have the right of reply" -- within limits.
- o I am sitting on a contribution/s from you. Please be patient.
- o I am not sitting on a contribution from you. Please supply one? Pretty please?
- o We once traded. Want to trade again?
- o I think I might want to trade with you. What do you think?
- o Why not? We might achieve something Mutually Satisfying. You show me yours.
- o We met in a Youth Hostel somewhere in New Zealand. If you don't understand what is going on in this magazine, be patient and all will become more confused. o See you in a year or so.



If this Big Box is ticked, crossed, or otherwise defaced with something resembling the mark of a black Speedball ELEGANT Writer felt-tip, this is good-bye unless or until we reach a mutual understanding as per the above categories. So long, kiddo.

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