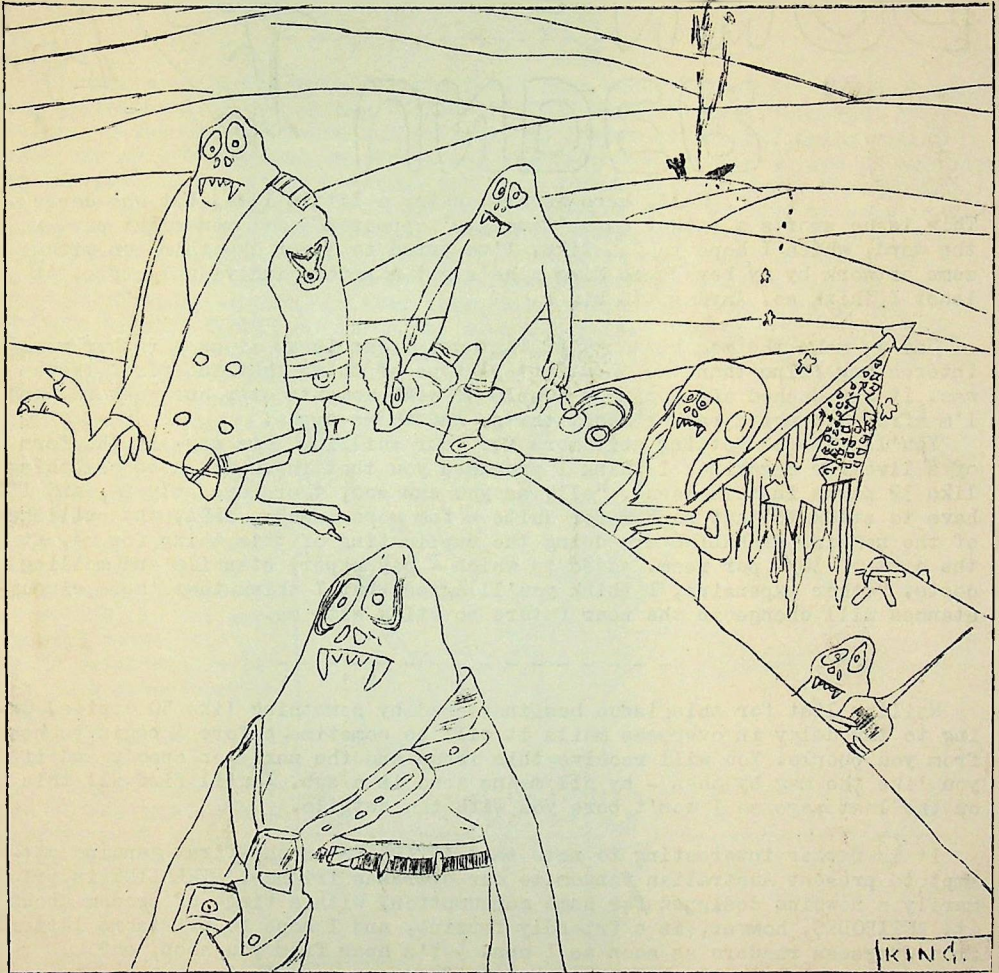


# ANTIPODES

THE FRIENDLY FANZINE FROM DOWN - UNDER

ISSUE  
NUMBER  
TWO



A MARTIAN SALVAGE OPERATION - CIRCA 1989

# THE VOICE OF DOWN - UNDER



Well, here we are again; a little late, but who cares? This issue sports a rather more 'fanmaggy' appearance, if you might pardon the word, which I hope you'll like. I've tried to liven the thing up with some artwork by my boy Bruce King : he's got a rather individual style. At least I think so. Anyway, to biz :

Say we make the mag bi-monthly? That way I can issue it as a rather more interesting 'zine than the 'newsletter' type of thing that the first issue was. It was dashed off during a couple of weak moments over one weekend, and I'm afraid it was a rather messy thing. And those typos!

You'll also be getting abit more for your shilling this way, in the form of a livelier magazine. I think I promised you that there would be something like 32 pages in this issue. Well, as you can see, there are only 26, and I'll have to stick to that number for quite a few more issues. AFPA, the publishers of the newzine ETHERLINE are doing the duplicating of this thing for me, at the cost of 30/- per ream, added to which I pay paper, stencils and mailing costs. Rather expensive, I think you'll agree, but I think that these circumstances will change in the near future so stick with me.

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Mailing list for this issue has increased by something like 50 copies. Owing to the delay in overseas mails it will be sometime before I begin to hear from you people. You will receive this issue and the next 'on spec', and if you like the mag by then - by all means send in a sub. You'll find all this on the last page so I won't bore you with the details.

It is rather interesting to note that ANTIPODES is the first genuine attempt to present Australian fandom to our overseas friends. ETHERLINE is primarily a newzine designed for home consumption, with a tinge of prodom about it. ANTIPODES, however, is a friendly fanzine, and I hope to print some letters from overseas readers as soon as I can. Let's hear from you soon, eh?

It will take a while before some Aussifans overcome their shyness and start writing for ANTIPODES, so until then you'll have to put up with rather scrappy contents, which I hope won't exactly frighten you off. In this issue,

for instance, we have a little article by Don Tuck wherein he gives a few personal details about the compiling of his famous 'HANDBOOK', some fanzine reviews and New Zealand news and a rather marathon affair in 'YOU TOO CAN PUBLISH A FANZINE', this being by way of the Harding Memoirs. The idea of this piece, as stated in the introduction, is to prove once and for all that Aussifans are much the same as fans anywhere else in the world. I hope you'll agree. I trust you will pardon the abrupt switching from first to third person during the course of the Memoirs. This was brought about when the one and only Dick Jenssen butted into what had been up until then a solo effort by yours truly. From then on anything goes....

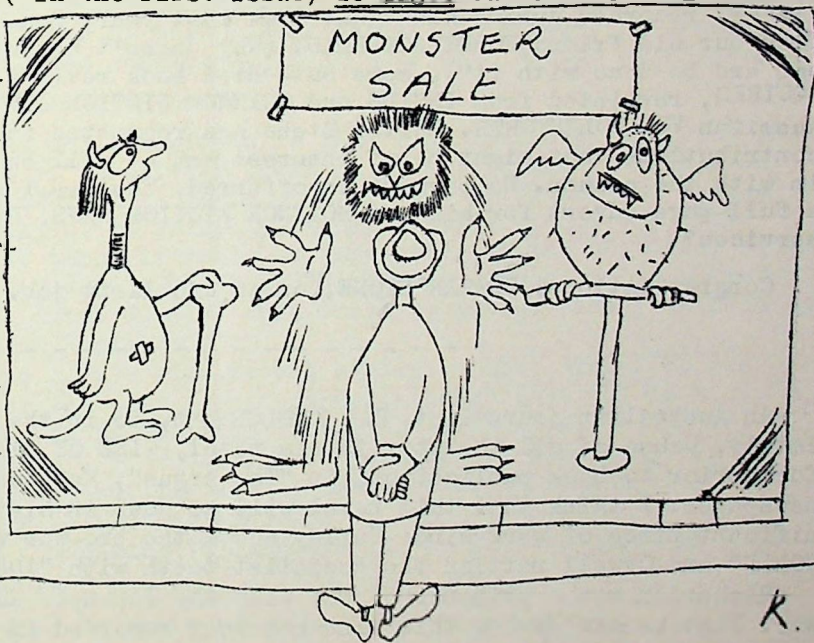
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There's some big news in the pro field Down Under. First off is the amazing improvement of our promag SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY, mentioned last issue. Issues 6 through to 9 were rather poor, as I have mentioned, being mainly reprints from COSMOS and an occasional one from SF+. Issues 10 and 11 switched to IMAGINATION for their material and were a marked improvement. No.12, however, dropped the bombshell of the year. Together with turning to some good issues of PLANET for its material, the publishers increased the size of the magazine by 16 pages, at no increase in price! In a glowing editorial they announce that the steadily increasing circulation has enabled them to take this step, along with which they introduced a fan column by name of THE SCIENCE FICTION SCENE, conducted by none other than GRAHAM STONE, long-time Aussifan and founder of The Australasian Science Fiction Society, and editor of the neat little SCIENCE FICTION NEWS.

The column takes up ( in the first issue) 20 pages out of the entire 114! I can't recall any promag ever bowing this low for the fans - ever. Whether or not the ratio of pages will be kept up or not is rather difficult to say. The department is, after all, in the experimental stage, and could quite easily be cut to a considerable degree.

Nevertheless, SCIENCE FICTION SCENE is without doubt the best column of its type ever to appear.

In his introduction, Graham says a few rather old hat things about s-f and s-fans, but then one must remember that <sup>G</sup>raham is aiming his literary



guns at a previously untouched legion of avid readers who might, quite easily, within the space of a few years become the seed of Newfandom in Australia.

The Australian professional fiction assembles closely that of the British in its infancy. Our few prowriters, Frank Brynning, Norma Hemming, John Vile and newcomer W.N. Whiteford, have all come from the ranks of fandom, and in whatever future lies in store for science fiction down under they will be playing a most prominent part. There is, at this moment, a small nucleus of fans that, if given the chance, might bud out into fully fledged prowriters within the next few years. Only time - and the will of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY - will tell just what will come of it all. But at any events, prodom and fandom will remain closely linked - always.

Graham's column, THE SCIENCE FICTION SCENE, is not written completely by him. He authors the introduction, some few pages, gives some potted biogs of writers featured in the issue - and strikes a rather off-key note with a column-within-a-column titled TWENTY YEARS AGO IN SCIENCE FICTION. Now, I'm not going to quibble over the similarity of the title and purpose of this feature along with another famous but extinct column run by Robert Madle in the Bob Lowndes' mags. What I am NOT in favour of is the theme : just how many readers of SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY will be familiar with the magazines of twenty - even five or ten - years ago? Admittedly, a few old-timers might find this brings back a nostalgic twinge, but, after all, what good is it to the 12,000 new readers who are now buying this magazine each month?

Another section of the "SCENE" features a two page interview with ARTHUR CLARKE, recorded during his visit here last year, some (mighod no!) FILM NEWS from our old friend FERRY ACKERMAN. (Why doesn't he just syndicate one column and be done with it?), some out-dated book reviews by DALE SMITH and ROY SQUIRES, reprinted from INSIDE and SCIENCE FICTION ADVERTISER, and one by Aussifan VOL MOLESWORTH. Editor Stone has requested fans to send in any little contributions that might be of interest and he will see whether or not it fits in with the column. No payment is offered, however. I see that Graham gets a full-page advert for his own SCIENCE FICTION NEWS. By way of payment for his services?

Congratulations, GRAHAM STONE, on an excellent job. Keep up the good work.

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An Australian journalist, HAL RICHARDSON, is in the news rather a lot lately. Cause of all the stir is his novel, TIME OF FEAR, running in serial form prior to book publication, in "The Argus", Melbourne's leading daily newspaper. I think that this novel will go down in history as the most significant piece of work since Huxley shook the pre-war world with "BRAVE NEW WORLD" and Orwell rattled the socialist teeth with "1984".

Richardson was a prisoner of war with the Japanese during the last world war. What he saw during this time has been recorded in a hundred volumes by equally angry men, notably Russell Braddon in "THE NAKED ISLAND", and when he was released from concentration he immediately sat down and wrote a novel. He called it "GOSHU" - the Japanese name for Australia. In it he visualised

what would have happened is the Allies had LOST the Battle of the Coral Sea, and Australia had come under the heel of Japanese occupation. The book was subsequently turned down by every major publishing house. "Its too BITTER", one of them said. "Put it away for ten years and then see what you think of it."



Hal Richardson did exactly that, and after ten years he has taken his original theme and expanded it greatly and significantly. In "TIME OF FEAR" we have a parallel to Ward Moore's "BRING THE JUBILEE", but on a far higher plain. In his picture of an Australia invaded by Japan and completely subjugated, author Hal Richardson has written a work of enduring worth that will be - and has been - hailed by thinking men throughout the world.

No publication date has been set for the hardcover edition of this book. The serialization will possibly take a month or so.

Some sceptics are murmuring: "Science fiction.....?" But who are we to try and convince them?

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A DEPARTMENT WHICH MIGHT MORE CORRECTLY BE CALLED FANS SNEAKING THEIR HEADS THROUGH THE SMOG OF YAK :

Plans for the Olympicon are proceeding well, if one believes the Publicity Releases. And why shouldn't they? Apparently there is a bit of financial difficulty at the present, but that is, after all, only a minor deterrent. One thing is certain, this Convention will have a bigger coverage by professional bodies than ever before. By this I mean theatrical groups, newspaper people and the affiliated news services. All in all, this should be one mighty big bang.

One sad thing about the whole business is that some fans are regarding the whole affair as a prelude to an allover break up in actifandom in Melbourne. The fact that editor IAN CROZIER is rushing pell-mell to finish 100 issues of ETHERLINE and then just expire is possibly significant. I myself can only deplore this fact. I still think it would be far better if the editorial staff took a three months holiday during which ETHERLINE was suspended, to be revived upon their return to duty. Surely this would be better than just folding the magazine lock stock and duplicator?

Of course, there is the always significant statistic that ETHERLINE has been losing money regularly for the past 20 odd issues, though just WHY is a minor mystery. Mishandling seems to be the main thing, and lack of go-ahead on the part of the editorial 'board'. Of course, the "pressure of Olympicon work" has possibly caused this, but why editing wasn't handed over to someone else to ease the blunt of the work is another mystery.

ETHERLINE is too good a magazine to dissolve in the greatest gout of gafia ever experienced down under.

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Another aspiring faned has smacked up against the brick wall of apathy down here. The aspiring lad is Roger Sebel, and his magazine "mc<sup>2</sup>". I have

just received a letter from Roger, together with the first issue of his fanzine which has been threatened these many months. The whole trouble seems to be that he tried a new method of printing his cover - he photographed a beautiful drawing my Bruce King, and printed umpteen copies of it on photographic paper and stapled this over the rest of the mag. He had no end of trouble, both with getting the off-size printing paper he required and in the many hours spent in the darkroom with his co-editor Peter Jefferson. The whole thing apparently didn't come off as planned. My sympathies are with the two boys for mc<sup>2</sup> is a very good try at producing a local fanmag with a fresh slant. ETHERLINE and SCIENCE FICTION NEWS have monopolised for far too long. Nothing like a new breeze to freshen things up ( or a big wind, I have heard).

Roger is about ready to throw in the chips as none of the fans seem interested in the fate of mc<sup>2</sup>. Still, that could only be expected. Ampubbers must expect to be lone-wolves down here. The fanmags are their own pride and joy and their own downfall.

Mc<sup>2</sup> is a valiant little effort and not at all bad for a first issue. There are 40 pages in the awkward semi-foolscap size. Awkward because whilst admirably suitable for a newsletter it is not suitable for a general fanzine. As the folding of the pages is rather ragged to say the least, and the affixing of the photocover rather crude, the general format of the magazine doesn't warrant much support. Which is a pity, for the material is quite fair, and the duplicating excellent, and I feel that with a few issues under their editorial belt this duo will be well on the way towards becoming quite presentable faneds.

I know what it's like. When I think of that first issue of PERHAPS those many moons ago.....gaaah!

Good luck with your venture, ROGER SEBEL and PETER JEFFERSON, and don't let it get you down. It's fun you know.....really. Provided you don't take it TOO seriously.

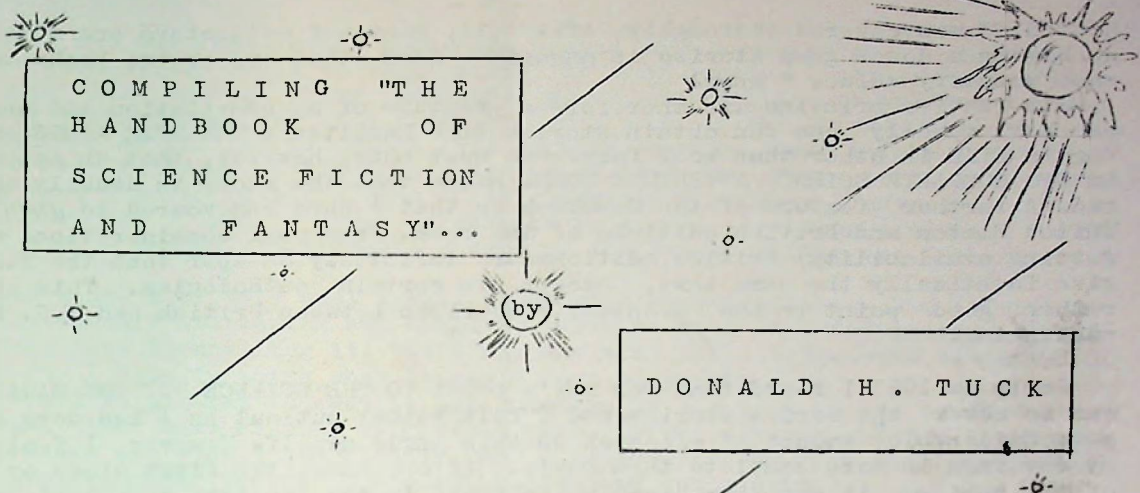
The address to which to send your subscriptions, U.S. promags and used socks is :

"mc<sup>2</sup>",  
c/- Roger Sebel,  
13 Carrington Ave;  
Beklevue Hill,  
N.S.W.,  
AUSTRALIA. ....the price is 1/6 Or 20c.

....and by the time they arrive  
the second issue of mc<sup>2</sup> should just be rolling  
off the presses. Give a couple of game  
lads a helping hand, eh?

Down at the bottom end of New Zealand resides the Wellington Science Fiction Circle, possibly already known to a few reading this. I had intended to give a brief run down on this Club but decided to let one of the principals involved, Bruce Burns, tell it to you in his own words. You'll find it on the pages 24-25 at the end of this issue.





COMPILING "THE  
HANDBOOK OF  
SCIENCE FICTION  
AND FANTASY"...

by

DONALD H. TUCK

This handbook was originally started about mid-1951. I had been collecting odd items of interest for myself as I found in many cases there was no source of reference to them. I had always intended to produce something on the science fiction collational side rather than the fan-fiction angle, and suddenly I thought of producing a 'handbook' to cover the many aspects of the field which I myself would like to see in printed form.

After I had collected quite a few items from the prozines and any other literature I possessed such as FANTASY REVIEW, etc., I broached the idea to Roger Dard. He was very enthusiastic and immediately sent me a list of his books and pocketbooks with pertinent publishing data. Later Roger gave me a considerable number of story listings of books which I did not have. I was so slow in producing my final publication that Roger wondered whether it would ever appear. I guess many others did, also.

My first items of information were listed in the notebook, but as you can guess this soon became very unweildy and I typed it in order on heavy foolscap, set it all up in a folder and was then able to correct and ammend on the opposite blank pages. After some time I then typed 6 copies of my preliminary draft, circulating it in sections amongst interested fans from January to April 1953. My main help as a result of this was the way Tom Cockroft of New Zealand suggested amendments and new points; he wrote well over a dozen letters on these aspects, not to mention listing the stories contained in "Outsider and Others", "Lukundoo", etc.

During the course of it's compilation I had to make numerous variations in policy. The Bleiler Checklist covers the field thoroughly to 1946 or so, and unless I could add more information on any books listed in this I did not repeat titles. However, if a pre-war book had appeared elsewhere, say in a pro-mag, or if it had the price and stories contained therein ( if it was a collection or anthology ), then I covered it in my work. I endeavoured to give most post-war books anyway, though some of the less notable ones are only mentioned in their authors' write-up : e.g., the Rider Haggard reprints. FAMOUS FANTASTIC

MYSTERIES was covered thoroughly. After all, most s-f collectors are more keen on having a dozen good stories in magazine form than one or two books to the same monetary value. I know!

Alternative printings are therefore a feature of my compilation and one can see how readily one can obtain stories like Hamilton's THE STAR KINGS or van Vogt's SLAN in other than book form. One must note, however, that an appearance in TWO COMPLETE SCIENCE ADVENTURE BOOKS means that the story is usually abridged. A further feature of the Handbook is that I have endeavoured to give both United States and British editions of the book. From cost considerations (forgetting availability) British editions are infinitely cheaper than the U.S. and give identically the same text, except in certain anthologies. This is a rather good point in the eventual comparison between British and U.S. book publishing.

Early in 1953 I heard that Don Day's INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES was to cover the series stories and I felt rather put out as I had done quite a considerable amount of research on this angle myself. However, I feel that my coverage is more complete than Day's. If one knows the first story or name of the series, it can immediately be found in the Appendix 4 and a lead is given back to the main text if the series has warranted inclusion.

With regard to pseudonyms, I had already collected a huge number before I saw Day's INDEX. However, I wrote to Don personally and he allowed me to use his book. After all, it was only fair to him, as in quite a number of cases he had been the first to discover many of the pseudonyms and if I mentioned an unknown one he would probably have realised that I could only have infringed his copyright to be able to mention it.

It is interesting to note the growth of the pocketbook listing. It was originally compiled from my own and Roger's collections and was only about five foolscap pages. It eventually wound up over ten and is by no means complete - mainly because of the surfeit of British editions of varying quality. The magazine Listing (Appendix 1) is not in itself necessarily complete, as besides the new ones I will probably add the prozines FATE, MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLER and the older RED STAR ADVENTURE to later editions, all of which are somewhat borderline but should be mentioned somewhere. One should make a habit of listing everything, as I have found from library experience it is usually the items that are not listed that someone wants to know something about.

I did attempt a listing of Films, but not having enough data and on Dard's advice I left this side of science fiction out. However, I always intend to cover the main ones in the main text, so quite a few can be found.

Stencilling the Handbook took me from mid-June '53 to just before Christmas. Each page took 70 odd minutes to type as I did endeavour to keep the right hand margin straight, though on occasions it went awry. Three stencils a night was a good average, and as I had only two spare nights a week I tried to average six pages. Duplicating the pages was done before work with the connivance of the office boy and, of course, took ages to do. Originally I didn't push the covers at the printers but finally wished I had as the pages were in print three weeks before the whole was trimmed and stapled.

My present plans are to correct and add entries to my loose-leaf system with view to a possible future edition. Actually, each item of my Handbook

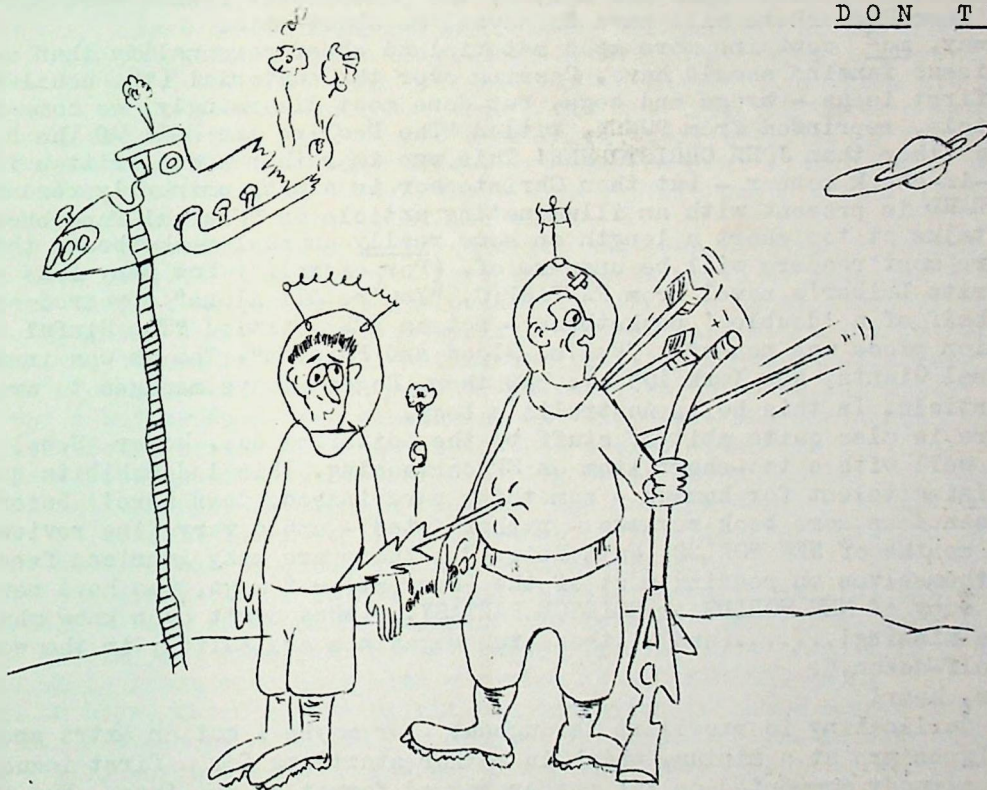


has been cut out from spare pages and pasted on a separate sheet (7"x4") as a true card system would be bulkier and far more costly. I have now started a thorough run through every magazine in my collection to collate further bits of information (and as a side-line read some of the yarns). As I have not covered AMAZING STORIES to March 1934 it will be some years before I catch up on the current items. Still, it's a labour of love and there is no real hurry. Every time I go to Fuller's (one of our biggest bookshops) I surreptitiously write down any data - such as stories in a new anthology, etc. They don't mind - anyway, they bought a copy of the Handbook from me.

Time alone will tell what I will do about a second edition. The information is continually increasing and could be twice as much in a few years. I wouldn't feel like stencilling it, but I may see what the lithographic situation is later on. I hate to think what it would cost to print.

I would be pleased to receive any comments on any item in the Handbook, as I intend the next edition to give an even better coverage of the field than the present one does.' And finally, may I close with the wish that each one of you have found the present Handbook helpful and interesting.

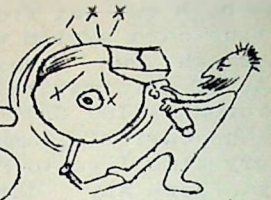
D O N   T U C K



"You know what? I think those strange looking creatures are trying to attract our attention..."

A REVIEW OF CURRENT

# ANTIPODEAN FANZINES



mc<sup>2</sup> Edited by Roger Sebel and Peter Jefferson, from 13 Carrington  
No.1 Ave; Bellevue Hill, Sydney, N.S.W. AUSTRALIA. 1/6 or 20c. Trade  
for American promags if preferable. 40 pages, duplicated, semi-foolscap.

I think it only fair that I should review this magazine more fully. This page being stencilled after the editorial chit-chat, I would like to point out that the editors have done an about-face, and instead of continuing on with the photo-cover idea they have had the drawing professionally duplicated on an electro-stencil. The result is most pleasing, and far better than the original idea. I don't know how many of the photo-cover issues were posted out. Either Rog or Pete will have to advise me about this.

Anyway, mc<sup>2</sup> contains more good material and sheer personality than any first issue fanzine should have. Passing over the editorial (the usual thing for a first issue - brags and begs, but done most disarmingly) we come to an article, reprinted from PUNCH, titled "The Decline And Fall Of The Bem" by none other than JOHN CHRISTOPHER! This one is rather neat, written in a tongue-in-cheek manner - but then Christopher is always eminently readable. ROGER DARD is present with an illuminating article on "Unusual Paperbacks". Roger talks at too short a length on some really unusual pocketbooks that I'm sure most readers will be unaware of. (For example: how many fans know that Fritz Leiber's novel from FANTASTIC, "You're All Alone" appeared as the other half of a 'double' pocketbook - not an ACE - titled "The Sinful Ones"? Companion piece was non-sf: "Bulls, Blood and Passion". The pb was issued by Universal Giants, New York 1953). But then, Roger always manages to write a good article. In this he is Australia's best.

There is also quite a bit of stuff by the editorial duo. Roger Sebel does rather well with a too-short item on SF cartooning. This lad exhibits quite a promising talent for humour - something rare indeed, down here! Peter Jefferson does some book reviews - rather dated - and a very fine review of twelve months of NEW WORLDS. Says Pete: "...there are many American fans who pride themselves on reading most of the (current) s-f mags, who have never seen a copy of NEW WORLDS or SCIENCE FANTASY....they don't even know what they're missing!.....(and)...these two magazines are solidly in the world's best half-dozen."

Hear, hear!

The duplicating is excellent throughout - or maybe I got an extra special copy. Typos are at a minimum, which is rather startling for a first issue. I have already commented on the rather ragged format of the 'zine, but then that is the fault of the unmentionable you-know-what's who supplied different sized paper to Rog and Pete. Anyway, the electro-stencilled cover is a great improvement, and sets off the rest of the magazine no end.

And now for the bad part. There's a terribly woeful assortment of 'fiction'

and some pathetic attempts at cartooning. But the balance of the issue and the commendable verve and drive of the editors overrides these minor shortcomings. ( I could mention the UN-NUMBERED PAGES - that unforgiveable crime - but I am still of the opinion that the rest of the issue makes up for these little shortcomings. And they are little.)

The cover, by Bruce King, is good, if a bit crowded. It's also rather too, too serious for the type of fanzine it sets off. Stil.....maybe editorial policy will change.

mc<sup>2</sup> could easily develop into Australia's most outstanding fanzine. But the editors will have to settle down and figure out a definite sort of policy first of all. Unfortunately, they only plan two issues per year. I only hope they can speed their schedule to at least quarterly - mc<sup>2</sup> is too good to be kept in a state of hibernation six months of the year.

FOCUS No.2 Editor : Mervyn Barrett. Managing Editor(?): Bruce Burns. From 12 Khyber Road, Seatoun Heights, Wellington, E.5, NEW ZEALAND.

Why must fanmag editors insist of having two names and two addresses? Ah well.....

This is a great disappointment after the promise shown in the first issue. The duplicating ( again on semi-foolscap) is rather splotchy and unreadable. Parts of the editorial are obliterated completely! Typos are so numerous it is impossible to count them - did the typist(e) have a hangover? Apparently our two boys have someone else doing their stencilling for them now. All I can say is, for crissakes Bruce, get back at that typer! Women are alright when necessary (as Damon Runyon says : "Like enough drops."), but keep them out of fanzines if they type like that!

While the pleasant editorial personality has been retained, production and format have dropped considerable. In the whole 24 pages we have the too-brief editorial that seems common to antipodean fanzines, a short story by Richard Paris, "King For a Day", which is typical of most fanfiction ; a rather neat idea but put across with crude writing and plotting in pseudo-Bradbury style.

There's also an article on "Colour Therapy" which seems completely out of place and a rather Null-Aish discussion on "The Space Man Explained" by Peter Cavendish. Peter really puts himself out on a limb with this one. For one thing he concludes with the rather sweeping observation that we (the human race) haven't changed PHYSICALLY from our 14th and 15th century forefathers, so therefore he doesn't think we'll change much in the next few thousand years or so. Like heck we won't! Check up on your history, son...

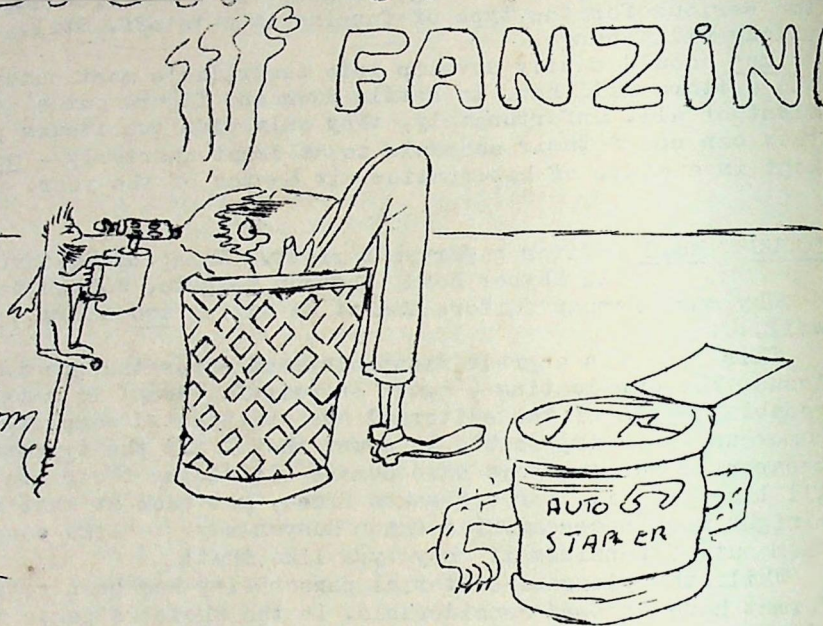
There's a gruey bit of bathos titled "Always an Earthman", by someone signing himself NOVAC, of which the less said the better. Finally, we have some brief - as always - notes on the Wellington Circle, local fandom in general, and the whole issue concludes with a review of MAD STRIKES BACK.

Come on boys, where's that spirit you exhibited in issue number one?

You can get a copy of FOCUS for either 1/- Aussie or 9d. in U.K. monies. Better still, why not send a few bob for a sub? I've seen some sections of the next issue and it looks better. Funny thing, both FOCUS and mc<sup>2</sup> started out their careers in the semi-foolscap format and are now changing over to quarto. It's always the way, isn't it? Takes them that long to discover just how much easier and cleaner it is to use the latter. Besides, it gives a better presentation of artwork.

# YOU TOO CAN PUBLISH A FANZINE

*Certain  
Memoirs  
being episodes  
from  
First Fandom  
in  
Melbourne*



## FORWARD :

Purely through geographical arrangements, Australian fandom resides at the the pit of the world entity we usually associate with American, British and Willis fandom. This is, of course, the fault of ghod and not we humble tru-fans (pardon the "-"), who quite naturally loathethis state of affairs.

We seem to have become notably famous for our so called 'feuds' of some time back, which for some indefinable reason were given more blatant publicity by our BNFs overseas than our more durable accomplishments. Still, who was it said thatthe mid of fan is a strange thing indeed?

I myself got more wholesome enjoyment out of my neofan days than others might like to rememeber. (Apparently they're afraid it reflects on their newly found moral integrity or something like that). Therefore, the object of these reminascences that follow is to show that Aussifansare pretty much the same as fans the world over. They have the same bright spark of actifanning, they disagree sometimes, they produce fanzines, organize conventions.....

They even read science fiction.

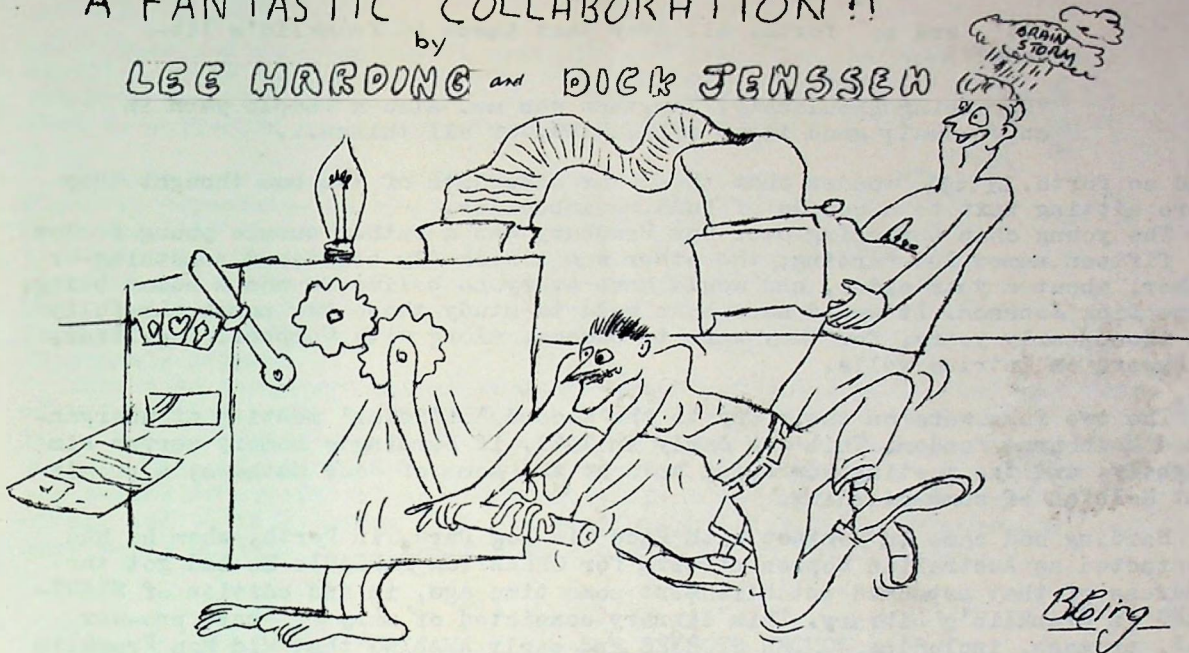
And I do hope that you enjoy these memoirs, for I got a hell of a kick out of living them.

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# A FANTASTIC COLLABORATION!!

by

LEE HARDING and DICK JENSEN



## PART ONE

### "ENCOUNTER AND CONCEPTION"

The Brighton bus bounced and rattled along its bizarre course while two wild-eyed youngsters in the rear of the coach were engaged in earnest conversation, oblivious of the unease apparent in the eyes of the fellow passengers. They could perhaps be excused on the grounds of suspecting that all was not as it should be in the minds of the merrily gabbling boys.

A sample of their loud, hand-waving conversation went as follows :

"...that terrific series of yarns by Bradbury in ARGOSY some time back. All about a family of vampires and one of the kids who didn't have teeth like the rest and couldn't fly and didn't feel attracted to blood at all...."

"Then there was that "Mars Is Heaven"thing...."

"...yeah, that was about his best. Been quite a bit in that mag y'know. That was where I first encountered him. Bradbury, I mean. Then there was that colossal thing of his in an issue of PLANET called "Pillar of Fire"...."

"It was YOU who scrawled 'terrific' and : 'this is the best

yet', and so forth, all over that issue in Franklin's library?"

"(grinning ghoulishly) Yep, that was me. Also a Temple yarn in an unusually good issue of AMAZING, of all things..."

And so forth. Little wonder that the other occupants of the bus thought they were sitting next to a couple of budding imbeciles.

The young chap enthusing over Ray Bradbury was a rather anomic young fellow of fifteen named Leo Harding; the other was a wickedly bem-faced something-or-other, about a year older, and would have everyone believe he was a human being, type Dick Jenssen. It would have been well to study those two names carefully in those early years, for they were to become, along with Campbell tag-lines, a byword on latrine walls.

The two fans were on their way to the second 'official' meeting of unorganized Melbourne fandom. This was early in 1951, if Harding's memory serves him rightly, and the meeting was being held at the home of Race Mathews, a prominent Melbfan of some standing.

Harding had come in contact with Race via Rog Dard, in Perth, whom he had contacted as Australian Representative for OPERATION FANTAST. He had got the address of that esteemed establishment some time ago, in an edition of STARTLING in Franklin's Library. This library consisted of many rare pre-war U.S. promags, including WONDER STORIES and early AMAZINGS that Old Man Franklin had bought up, brutalised by removing the covers of each issue and having them bound separately and pasted the covers on the resulting ragged job. He then set up a purely S-F library composed of these priceless gems, and charged a membership fee of £2-0-0. This was later dropped to 10/-, and was a great boon to Harding's diet, for it was here that he became embroiled in fanzines and the jargon of fandom. Dick Jenssen had a like experience, though had also been a long time friend of Race Mathews, as a result of which he became associated with s-f and bad women at a rather early age.

The first 'official' gathering of Melbourne fans had been held some few weeks previously, and had quite a nice success. I had been absent because of ill-health, and I believe that this time was Jenssen's first 'official' visit. By now, of course, as the two youngest members of the group we had unfortunately become inseparable, so that one was always referring to Jenssen and Harding as one singular entity.

At this second meeting something like a round dozen fans were present, mostly the old timers from pre-war days who have long since disappeared from active fanning. Prominent among the guests that evening was one Bob McCubbin. Bob, thank ghu, is still with us, and I hope he stays with us for quite some time to come. At least until the OLYMPICON is over and done with...Quite easily the most prominent and dynamic personality in Melbourne Fandom, Bob has been the backbone of the organization since its conception, and acts as a sort of unofficial overseas ambassador to American fandom.

Harding hugged the outskirts of the meeting that night, proudly waving the hard-cover edition of "Green Hills of Barath" only just arrived from Ken Chapman, but to no obvious effect. Together with Dick Jenssen he huddled down in

one corner and they earbashed each other solidly for the next four hours, stuffing their hungry bowels with Mrs. Mathews' excellent tit-bits provided for our collective supper. I still swear that we collected over half of THAT supper...

My main recollection of Race Mathews is that of a gigantic tarantula. He was more than a shade over six foot and I'll swear that at least five of them were taken up with legs and feet. His most customary position was to squat on his haunches in whatever room he happened to be in, & curl his legs up, yoga fashion, in front of him. This usually left room for about three other fans at the most in a 20 x 16 room. It was thus that we coined the phrase 'Tarantula Mathews'.



Race also possessed a rather cherubic face that would have went down well with femmefans - but unfortunately we didn't have any at that particular time. If we had we mightn't have been so busy concocting fanzines as concocting other things. These features combined with massive curling, dark hair and an amazing amount of artificial self-assurance, which didn't for one moment fool any of us, led to to a rather high and exalted position in Melbfandom. He lost more money publishing a fanmag than the rest of us put together.

After these first two 'trial' meetings, the leading fans took it in turn to play host at something like monthly intervals to the rest of the Melbourne fans. This situation eventually got out of hand when one night at Bob Mc. Cubbin's something like 20 fans turned up and we had to resort to the time-honoured practice of name cards to distinguish each other. This started us on the hunt for 'premises'.

I would like to point out that at this particular time the only form of s-f available down-under were the regular BRES of ASTOUNDING, THRILLING WONDER, STARTLING and PLANET, though the last three were highly irregular. There was also the regular AUTHENTIC, but NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY were unknown. It was therefore understandable that the only members we could get would be the 'old timers' and the newcomers who had access to American magazines, such as those who frequented Franklin's Library. The number of these readers who were actually interested in fandom was understandably equal to that amount of regular readers who become fans, and so we didn't get many - if any - neofans via that medium.

After a prolonged search, the group finally settled for Val's Coffee Lounge in the heart of Melbourne. Now, I know that many reading this have always professed the desire of holding a convention or some such affair in a brothel. Let it be known, therefore, that the Melbourne fans have actually DONE this, for VAL'S, as this establishment was popularly known, was revealed as a hangout for every imaginable pervert and sexually warped individual in Melbourne. Not that they ever interfered with the fans - it was just that the ATMOSPHERE was so damned nauseating, that we finally had to start looking for more suitable premises. Bob Mc. Cubbin quoted: "Introverts and extroverts we may be, but perverts never!"

Unfortunately, I might add, none of us ever thought to take advantage of the more unusual aspects of this establishment. At least, I don't THINK so. Though come to think of it, I do remember one member of our refined Group fraternising with the 'others' and disappearing for a few hours every now and then. Fortunately he later parted company with s-f.

Possibly the most cataclysmic event ever to occur in the whole sordid history of Melbourne Fandom was the introduction of a new fan to the VAL'S meetings. His name was Mervyn Binns, and for a living he dispensed s-f and other assorted literature over the counter at Mc.Gill's, Melbourne's leading book and magazine retailers (advert.) This very sinister looking character certainly made his presence (he hardly said a word - then) felt, and many and varied were the suggestions as to what he did at nighttime. (The same way that most of them wondered whether Harding sloped in a bed with some dame or hung by his toes from some appropriate rafter.)

The names of Binns and Mc.Gill's are now recorded history. Every genuine trufan takes off his hat when he enters Mc.Gill's Newsagency and makes his offering to Binns at the Altar (or Counter) and receives in return the latest ASTOUNDING, the latest NEW WORLDS, or the latest in Frech Postcards. It all depends on the point of view...or something like that.

Apart from turning his employer's establishment into the High Altar of Melbourne Fandom, Mervyn also managed to carbash purchasers of s-f mags and books into coming along to the meetings at VAL'S. This was perhaps a rather unfortunate time to encourage new members! However, as the weeks went by and Binns' overpowering willpower made itself felt, attendances began topping well over the 20 mark. In the smoke filled, feminine-filled (with well-filled you-know-whats), grease-filled atmosphere of VAL'S this was a little over the fence. Harding couldn't hear himself talk, anyway.

The above reasons set us on the search for new premises. That and a desire to be among decent people. (e.g. Fellow s-fans. Modesty was not one of our finer points...)

One of the highlights of our brief sojourn at VAL'S was a visit by Bill Veney, old time s-f fan en route from Sunny Queensland to Fresh Tasmania. At an informal meeting at Bob's a week previously he had brought up the idea of forming the Melbourne Fans into a loose-knit, informal "Group", away from the pseudo-organization of the Sydney cliques. I don't think the matter was brought up during his visit to our 'coffee Lounge' - indeed, I seem to remember only a hurried exchange between Bill and I on the subject of Bradbury, Dard, O.F., Sydney Fandom, and more Bradbury. Then we had to dash madly out before the local vice-squad made its periodic raid on the esteemed establishment. We were rather fortunate in that all the times the joint was raided during our sojourn, something like half a dozen within a couple of months (that's all I counted!) we didn't happen to be present at ANY of them. Maybe we weren't so fortunate at that. I've always wondered what a genuine 100% Police Raid was really like. You know, in them Yankoo Crime movies. Bogart blasting away at stiff-upper lip 'Tec and so forth...

Our new headquarters turned out to be a basement room in the Oddfellow's



Hall, at the tall end of Latrobe Street in the city (and I make no excuses for that title. And punsters beware - it's been worked to death down here already). It was rather difficult to obtain premises in the city itself, and we were rather lucky to get even the basement!



Here it was, that the library of magazines and books that had been handled precariously by Bob McCubbin amidst the food encrusted tables at VAL'S, was turned over to the safekeeping of Race Mathews. An immense trunk was loaned to the Group by Bob, in which the precious U.S. promags, BREs and hardcover stuff were installed and dragged out regularly at every meeting. I don't think Race was ever sure just whether he was librarian or not. Anyway, he never seemed to do much about it. Mervyn Binns eventually took over this side of the business and has since made an admirable job of it.

Shortly before taking leave of VAL'S, our bunch of fans became officially The Melbourne Science Fiction Group. The foundation members at that time were Bob McCubbin, Race Mathews, Dick Jenssen, Marshall McLennan and Gordon Kirby. The latter two didn't take long to fade in a puff of smoke, Marshall for family reasons (he was an old timer from Pre-war days), and Gordon for more pressing University duties.

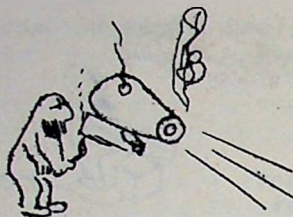
Installed in our now, quiet premises, we began holding film nights with the help of one of the fans, Dan Bicknell. These were held roughly once a month, and usually went off quite well. The roll up usually flowed between 12 and 20, and on rare occasions topped the two dozen mark.

Six months passed, during which time the membership remained steady. It was about this time that Merv Binns, taking the bit between his whiskers, ordered immense supplies of back issue NEW WORLDS and SCIENCE FANTASY. The counter was literally swamped with the stuff! Merv eventually convinced his boss of the fortune to be milked out of s-f, so he arranged a special counter for our favourite literature. It's still in existence today.

We began to see a lot of 'transient' members; those who appeared for a single meeting at Binns' behest and failed to reappear. Still, we weren't unduly concerned, for they weren't really fans if they couldn't find something in common with sex, beer, jazz and the Union Jack - and science fiction.

The Great Decision, as we now refer to it, occurred one night deep in the depths of Oddfellow's Hall, in our own little sanctuary of gabbling humanity. Mervyn, Dick and Harding were squatting down at a table discussing - well, what DO fans discuss? - when Dick happened to casually pick up Bob's latest newsheet of the Group. This was a single page foolscap 'letter' that Bob produced periodically and mailed out to interested fans, and consisted of Progress Reports on our doings.





Now, here events become somewhat vague. I can't recall at all truthfully just who it was who suggested the Great Idea at that moment. All I know is that one of the Terrible Trio - possibly either Dick or myself - uttered the Immortal Words :

"Why don't we publish a decent fanzine?"

Needless to say, any thing remotely resembling silence was shattered from that moment on. Dick folded the foolscap sheet over once, the light of neo-fan fanaticism glaring from his third eye. "Why not like this?" he gabbled. "About 12 pages," followed the second set of Immortal Words.

Harding slobbered slightly and wiped his chin. "Sure, why not?"

Binns nodded his head in that off-headed way of his and riffled his budding moustache reflectively. I think that that was about his limit of enthusiasm at that moment. Mervyn was never what you would actually call excitable. He approached everything - excluding the opposite sex - with utmost caution.

But the fever had caught on and was incurable. For the next few hours we frantically unfolded and refolded our dummy fanzine, covering Bob's sacred newsheet with pencil and biro scrawlings. Then sanity dawned briefly in Harding's eyes, and he said with a voice approaching that of Doom : "How are we going to print the damn thing?"

While Dick tried frantically to slit his throat in exasperation and Harding lapsed back into his accustomed state of comatose gibbering, someone remembered that Bob had an old flat-bed job that he ran the newsheet off on. The good old press and roll technique. Still, it was something...

Bob was dragged into the tirade of pseudo-plans rather reluctantly, while Face looked down on us with paternal understanding. Have you ever seen a vampire look paternal?

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I would like to point out at this junction that at this time there were no really 'genuine' fanzines being published down under, with the exception of Graham Stone's newsheet STOPGAP. This was an eight to twelve paged semi-foolscap affair, subtitled "a letter, circular, or publication...", and was the official organ of the Australasian Science Fiction Society, founded by Stone a few years previously in an endeavour to bring together fans down under. It was a tremendous success, and at that time boasted a membership something in the region of 150. STOPGAP listed Sydney fan activities, had thumb nail reviews of new s-f mags and books, and an occasional mention of the far-flung groups in Queensland, South Australia and Tasmania. (Melbourne even got a mention...occasionally).

ASFS was a vital link in the chain of Aussifandom. For the sub rate of 7/6 (later 10/-) per year, members received STOPGAP, regular publicity hand-outs from U.S. and U.K. book houses, an odd little item titled VERTICAL

HORIZONS, an eight paged (sometimes a few more) 'fanzine' the same size as STOPGAP, and issued by the small Sydney femmefan contingent, and an excellent magazine from the editorial hands of Rex Meyer : SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. This reviewed all current U.S. and U.K. magazines and books as they became available, reviews being handled by a bevy of fans throughout Australia. It was usually ten or twelve quarto pages, impeccably duplicated. All in all, it was a handy little item.

The ASFS mailings came at monthly intervals, and the envelopes were usually BULGING with interesting issues of all the above. Neither of the 'fanzines' contained illustrations or headings of any sort. Everything was typewritten, setting the so-called style for fanzines down under. The belief was - then - that a fanzine did NOT need illustrations, the material was what mattered. Needless to say, that position didn't take long to change.

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While Bob and I debated over the flat-bed mimeo, Mervyn came out of his trance and announced with his usual intrepid verve : "Why don't we use Mc. Gills' rotary job?"

This shattering statement left us all awed and shaking in front of Binns, and for a few moments we were speechless. Even Harding. Dick threw away his blunt razorblade and looked on with a renewal of disinterest. We eventually decided that if we gave the mighty Mc.Gill's a free advert in the proposed mag, they should agree to let us use their Rex Rotary. It would at least pacify them a little, Bob observed. He probably had horrifying visions of the three of us let loose amongst Mc.Gill's offices. Brother, when I think back at what that boy Merv managed to talk his boss into.....!

Looking back now over the veil of time, I can't help smiling - or is it shuddering? - at the humble beginnings of our pride and joy, and what it eventually turned out to be : a monstrous hybrid that refused to die until Harding beat it to death after three memorable (?) issues.

Harding had recently bought himself a typewriter, determined to break into prodrom. He never got very far - in fact he didn't even get a start - before he came face to face ( or key to platen) with stencils, obliterine, duplicating paper and all the stuff of fanmags. The typer also served to assist in levelling the increasing monster of a correspondence file. In between all this he somehow found time to dummy up an issue of the proposed fanmag, and gave it the rather lofty sounding title of PERHAPS : The International Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction. (Shades of Boucher-Mc.Comas!) Through numerous consultations with co-editor Dick Jenssen the following had been decided upon as material for the first issue :



- (a) an editorial by (sic!) Harding.
- (b) first part of a serial by Martin James (Jenssen).
- (c) an article, again by Harding, on "What's happened To ASF?"
- (d) a column by Ken Slater.
- (e) a column from Sydney by someone-or-other.
- (f) some book reviews - by ghod knows who.

and possibly :

The whole projected mess would come to something like 16 to 20 semi-foolscap pages, with Dick doing most of the illustrating. It was round about this time that everyone seemed to be writing articles about the downfall of the Campbell mag so I didn't see why I shouldn't be one of the first Aussifans to get on the bandwagon. The editorial and so-called serial were along the pattern of the usual fannish stuff run by budding faneds. I'm still wondering as to what sort of effect we would have had on fandom if we'd stuck to this original plan...

Things began to happen.

Pondering as to how he could type a foolscap stencil LENGHTWAYS on an 11 inch carriage, Harding ignored Bob's comment to get a typewriter with a telescopic platen. In fact he had to ignore quite a lot of suggestions as to what he should do with the entire project. Fortunately at that time he was rather young and innocent, if Jenssen can be believed.

The wheels began their monotonous turning.

Harding contacted Dave Cohen in Sydney and he agreed to act as N.S.W. rep for the proposed magazine, when and if it ever appeared. His job was to huckster off single copies to the Sydney fans and generally beat the drum for our efforts down Melbourne way.

Mervyn, Dick and the unavoidable decided to issue a sort of advance warning to Aussifandom of what was soon to be forthcoming. We did this in the form of a PREVIEW, as we called it; a two paged open letter to fans everywhere informing them of the forthcoming magazine, what it would contain, and when it would be due. Needless to say, no one took any notice of the latter.

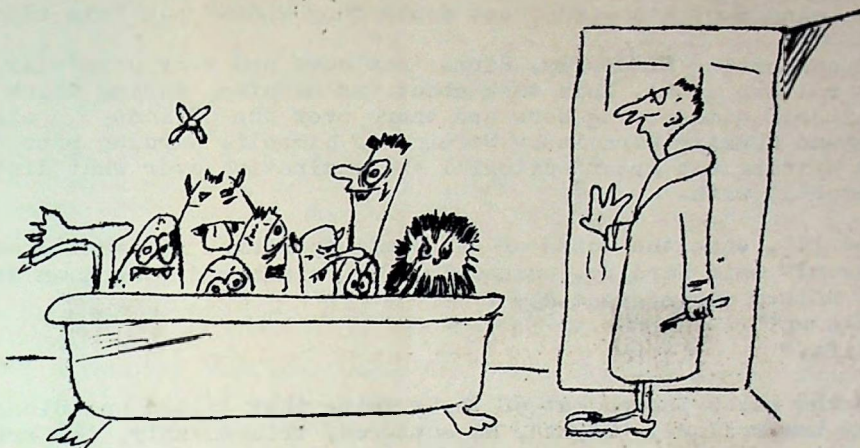
Harding typed out two foolscap stencils (upright!), adding a plea for material in the time-accepted manner of the thirsty faned. This was to go on both sides of a sheet of duplicating paper, a whole 150 copies.

And it was so armed with stencils, paper, obliterine and a good supply of blood and sweat that the deadly trio invaded Mc.Gill's storeroom late one afternoon; about 5.30, just after work. The awe with which we first regarded the monstrous Rex-Rotary hulking silently in one corner is still vivid in our memories. I can also remember the stricken fright that Dick and I received when Merv stripped off his shirt and began cranking away in his singlet. Still, it WAS summertime and it WAS rather humid.....and it WAS a rather gruesome sight - then. Naturally we had to get used to the sight or our mag was finished. Yet for that one brief moment Harding was almost ready to give the whole thing up. After all, he was young and innocent, wasn't he?

Just as we became used to the sight of Binns' bared and tortured body slaving over the duper, so we became used to the sight and smell of ink-smearred paper. Reams of it.

The first encounter with the duper was a fiasco. Merv assured us that he knew what he was doing, but unfortunately there was no one around to assure Merv. But these were minor deterrants to our Great Dream. We slapped on the first stencil and Merv began his long and lengthy career of cranking the handle of a duplicator.

The first few copies came through with delightful inch-wide smears of ink



"Sorry and all that.....thought it was empty,"

K.

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on the backside of the paper. Nice jet-black stuff. Lovely. One at either end of the paper. Great.

We stopped printing and examined the monster. Merv couldn't find anything wrong. Neither could Harding. Neither could Jønsen - and that clinched matters. There was NOTHING wrong with the monster.

We decided to go ahead and trust that the 'bug' ironed itself out as we went along. We stood helplessly by and watched copy after copy emerge from the fangs of the duper with the same smears on the -rear side.

We stopped again.

Merv stuck his head dangerously close to the fangs of the monster.

He sniffed.

We sniffed.

We felt like a couple of dogs on heat.

A light dawned in the eyes of Binns. "Ink on the rollers", he said, after a careful examination.

Harding plunged his hands daringly into the monster's gaping mouth to test the validity of the statement. He withdrew it covered with black duplicator ink. He withered the worthy crank with a scorching stare: "That is THE understatement of the year", he said wittily.

Merv grunted sourly, moustache twitching spasmodically. "We'll have to take them out and clean them."

Harding looked at his watch. They'd only been there the better part of an hour and it looked as if tea time was still a long ways off. But....they just had to clean the rollers.... While Dick and Harding staggered and lifted the great monster Merv ducked under and expertly removed the offending rollers. Holding them triumphantly in the air he assumed a Statue of Liberty pose and said: "There's the trouble!"

The staggering worthies assured him that they didn't for one moment doubt the wisdom of his words, but could they PLEASE put this bloody thing down?

After consenting grudgingly, Binns sat down and very carefully began to wipe the rollers clean. This took about ten minutes, during which time Dick amused himself with prying here and there over the offices. singing re-bop tunes and humming Stravinsky Strains to himself. Harding passed the time mentally writing his great editorial and ruminating over what dirt he could smear Campbell with.

"Fixed it", came the words of the almighty Binns. And what came next....?

"Jenssen!" said Harding, ominously. Dick clambered back down the wall and said rather disinterestedly :

"What's up?"

"We lift."

"Oh."

While the water poured out of their veins they lifted and Binns replaced the shiny new rollers. "Right", he muttered, triumphantly, the bristles of his moustache standing out with an unmistakable air of authority.

The duper was lowered.

The paper was shoved in.

Binns began cranking.

Dick and Harding watched with satisfied smirks as the first copies came through nice and clean - then every following copy emerged with the old friends the ink-smears on the backside.

Binns stopped cranking. He looked slightly puzzled. He poked one finger in on one of the rollers and it emerged nice and black. He looked up solemnly at their strangled looks. "Something wrong here."

Dick took a flying dive into the waste basket and to accompanying gurgling sounds a cloud of mushroom shaped smoke began to drift slowly towards the ceiling.

"Too true", Harding grunted, and tried desperately to think of something else.

After giving the enemy the once over Merv said : "I can't see how the ink's getting on the damn things."

Jenssen popped his head up, blew the marijuana cigarette out of his mouth and said curtly : "I'm not doing any more lifting!"

On a look at Dick's wildly spinning irises was enough to convince Merv of the utter truthfulness of the statement. "Then what do we do?" he wailed despondently.

Harding nonchalantly unclasped his hands from his neck and looked up with an air of superiority. "What we shall do is just run the damn things off the way they are, ink smears and all."

"But we won't be able to use both sides of the paper", Binns reminded.

"I know. We'll do them on separate sheets and staple them together. Simple."

"But what about PERHAPS?" Dick asked with an unusual display of interest. "We can't run IT off with the duper packed up", he added, extricating himself from the wastebasket.

"No, I suppose not," Harding commented.

Merv threw down a bunch of ink-smearred paper viciously. "Look", he said,

"I suggest we forget the whole thing for the time being and do the darn thing after Xmas. If we try and rush it now we're sure to mess it up."

He might have added that besides which they had all rather had dupers and duplicating for the time being, or perhaps he didn't think it necessary to put into words what they were all thinking.

"Right", they agreed.

Merv ran off the balance of the two stencils ( complete with ink smears) and Harding took them home that night and stapled them together. If this was to be a sample of what was to come in PERHAPS, then he didn't place much success in the value of the PREVIEW. Inwardly he groaned at what the Sydney fans would think of their duplicating efforts...

The first batch was mailed out to Dave Cohea for distribution Sydneyside. The remainder were posted out individually to fans throughout Australasia and a few overseas.

The first encounter with ampubbing was over. The sabotaging duper hulked in some corner of Mc.Gill's waiting for the next onslaught from fandom. What would happen then was too horrible to think of. Merv retired back to his counter to deal out the rapidly increasing supply of s-f, <sup>H</sup>arding retired back to work for the few weeks that remained before the holidays and Dick retired (?) back to his schoolwork.

Came vacation and all departed to parts unknown to indulge in the more pleasurable aspects of this mundane world of s-f and fantasy, while the PREVIEW shattered the belief in Sydney fandom that all fans were human.

And it wasn't until Harding had returned from his country tour, loins girded for the battle to come, that Merv casually informed him over the Altar at Mc.Gill's that the reason they had been getting ink on the rollers and subsequently on the paper, was simply because the stencils used were too small for the machine. Exactly ONE INCH TOO SMALL, leaving a neat one inch wide strip of inking screen uncovered which swept merrily down on the rollers with each turn of the handle.

In the sancity of Mc.Gill's Harding clenched and unclenched his hands desperately, gnashing and grinding his teeth feverishly. His face turned from red to yellow and on towards white as he smouldered and burnt his way through the floor. The last thing he remembered was the hairs on Binns upper lip twitching in merriment, and then he had slid from sight through the floorboards.

END OF PART ONE

(In the next installment of the Memoirs you'll hear of the affair of Jenssen and the Stylus, <sup>H</sup>arding and the Obliterine - and of course the great encounter of Merv and the Duplicator. Not to mention bert campbell's hand in the whole thing, Bob Mc.Cuhhin's eleventh hour call to arms when the Rex-Rotary collapsed into smouldering ruin.....and much more. Really, you just CAN'T afford to miss it!)

and now to more serious matters. To wit:

A NOTE FROM THE  
WELLINGTON CIRCLE



and

Bruce ("Bem") Burns



-0-

(It says here...)

The WSFC (Wellington Science Fiction Circle for short) is made up of about the oddest collection of people one can imagine emerging with a bout of the DT's from any wild party. Apart from their physical shapes, the members vary from the so-called 'norm' of modern society in such utterly incredible ways that I suppose the only things they could be are s-fans. Anyway, that's exactly what they are, and quite a few of them are jazz fans with remarkably opposing and differing opinions of what jazz really is. But no matter what their personal tastes are, they all have at least a luke-warm enthusiasm for s-f.

This 'luke-warm' enthusiasm has, in one or two cases, boiled up and resulted in such disasterous events as producing a fanzine and painting out the club rooms, and in other cases it has been uncorked in such hilarious events as the Club parties.

But with the exception of these rather isolated cases, the precious enthusiasm has yet to exceed 80°C, but the number of members bubbling continuously at 226°F compensates for this apparent coolness on the part of our companions in fanning.

The main thing . . . of course, is that most of the members of the Wellington Circle are s-f fans, and as a result they read any s-f they can lay their filthy little paws on. That doesn't necessarily mean that all the members of the Circle are terribly well-read in science fiction. Only pre-reviewers can be well-read nowadays, what with the fantastic expansion of the field. One or two - possibly three - of our members are what you might call 'educated' in the more or less vintage writings, and most of the others are well-up-to-date with present day authors and magazines. At least as u -to-date as anyone can be in New Zealand.

The reasons for that last sentence is because of the insularity of New Zealand - Wellington in particular - in relation to actifandom. It's stuck way down in the South Western Pacific, and even Australia (1,200 miles away) is not close enough for there to be a great linkage between the two countries.



But back to the WSFC.....

Briefly, the Circle is composed of between fifteen and twenty members. I can't be more precise because of the reasons that you can most likely see in the opening paragraph of this 'note'. Membership is gradually growing, and as more men are contacted the zest with which the fortnightly meetings are being held is becoming more noticeable.

One of the first things the club wanted to do was publish a fanzine. Plans for this great event were made in the middle of 1955 and by November or December of that year FOCUS no.1 was dittoed and ready for mailing. Since that date the motto of FOCUS has been : "Our typos are terrific!" One more issue has been pubbed since.

The Circle's clubrooms consist of two rooms; one large, one smaller, being made up of a very big table-tennis table, a bench or two, some old soap boxes made up to look like new soap boxes, a couple of light fixtures and a terrific painting by Ricky Pars on one of the several opaque windows. All in all quite comfortable and most stimulating.

Within these rooms you can find such things as a library, a desk, and countless sheets of paper - all blank, just waiting for some inspired pen to start doodling over them. Also, there are hundreds - literally hundreds - of clippings from magazines and various newspapers and enough empty flagon jugs to sadden even a total abstainer.

Occasionally the Circle goes in force to see any new s-film and, just as frequently, the clubrooms get slightly congested with sudden influxes of 'new' members at the regular parties.

It's quite obvious that whatever the Wellington Science Fiction Circle might be in the future, it most definitely won't be a SQUARE circle.

.....Bruce Burns.

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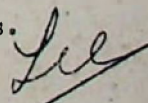
YE EDDE SPEAKING :

I might the Circle's fanmag, FOCUS. It had about one of the best first issues of any fanzine I've seen. The material is the usual fannish stuff ( just like this!) but the editors harbour no illusions as to the excellency of their product. It's purely and simply a FANzine. I think you might enjoy it. Drop a line to Bruce Burns, 12 Khyber Road, Seatoun Heights, WELLINGTON E.5, NEW ZEALAND, and either include a nice clean shilling or a used American promog. Either would be appreciated.

MEMO TO ROGER DARD :

I see you've come out of hiding long enough to do an article for mc<sup>2</sup>. How about something for ANTIPODES? After all, you are a trufan, are you not? Not like the rest of our hoi-poloï down here...

'Bye for now, see you in another 2 months.



This is a copy of

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From  
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