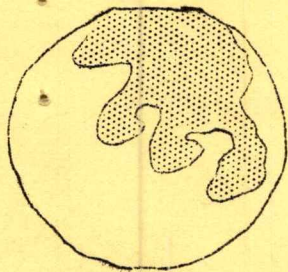
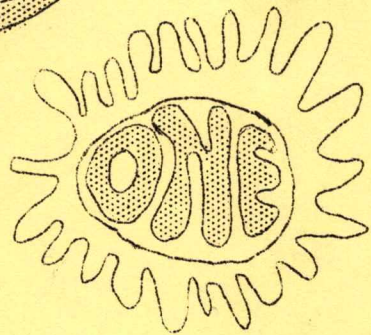


Bumia



PHILBY, 60

Philby

BUNYIP No 1

BUNYIP is QUANTUM in all but name. See RAVE ON for details about the alteration.
The magazine is edited by:

John Martin Baxter,
29 Gordon Road,
Bowral, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA.

The schedule is approximately bi-monthly, price is 1/- A, 15¢ US, or for trade, letter or contribution.

CONTENTS.

<u>RAVE ON.</u> (editorial).....	p.2.
<u>FEW COON IN KIWILAND.</u> (a tale of the C.D.A.) Bruce Furn.....	p.9.
<u>GOODEYE.</u> Mike Baldwin.....	p.12.
<u>SUPWAN SKIMMIS.</u> Mike Deckinger.....	p.13.
<u>THE SERIALS IN ASTOUNDING.</u> Don. H. Tuck.....	p.15.
<u>IMPICISATIONS.</u> John H. Hoyster.....	p.21.
<u>HEAD 'EM AND WEEP.</u> (fanzines received.) ye ed.....	p.24.
<u>DEAN JOHN.</u> (lettercol).....	p.27.

COVER BY JACQUES PHILBY.

DEDICATED

TO BRIGITTE, and THE KIDS.....

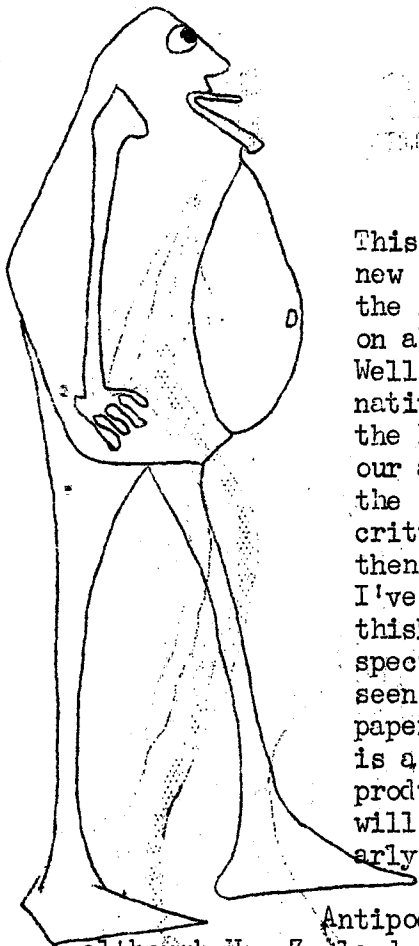
OTHER ART THING.

Art Wilson.	p. 1, 5.
J. Philby.	p. 2, 3, bacover.
Bob Smith.	p. 10, 30.
Aton.	p. 22, 23.
Roger Torrocks.	p. 27.
John Baxter.	p. 14 & all headings
Bruce King.	p. 31.

A PRODUCT OF TANTITY PUBLICATIONS.



This here crittur by Art Wilson.

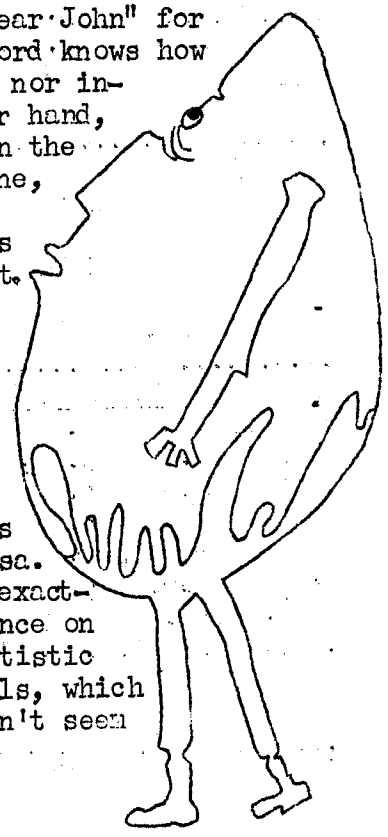


RAVE ONK

This is BUNYIP, which was QUANTUM, but isn't any more. The new title is snappy, Australian and certainly a lot more in the faaanish manner than was QUANTUM. Of course, the question on all lips will be "Why Bunyip? What's the name mean, anyway?". Well, lords and ladies (?) gay, a Bunyip is the Australian native equivalent of the Golem, the Zombie, The Bogey Man, the Dem and the creature from Black Lagoon. In the legends of our aborigines, it is a swamp monster what comes up out of the ooze and eats peoples. A really horrible and pitiless crittur, all muddy and slimy. What better name for a fanzine, then? Yes, somehow I thought you'd agree.

I've tried to give the new title a good send-off by making thish - which would have been QUANTUM 9 - into something of a special. As you can see, it has certain features never before seen in an Aussiezine. Good art, for instance, and coloured paper. The material could, I must admit, be better, but this is a fault generally found in any fmz, no matter where it's produced. Maybe BUNYIP 1, with its new look in fanpubbing will encourage people to contribute. I hope so. I'm particularly short of art, so, if you can doddle a little, how about some samples? Murrmm?

Antipodean fanac continues to thrive in the present boom time, although New Zealand fandom has suffered the staggering loss of its three top inhabitants, Bruce Burn, Mervyn Barrett and Roger Horrocks. Bruce has set out for an extended visit to Europe and perhaps America (see "Dear John" for his new address), Merv is now on his way to Hong Kong for Eord knows how long, and Roger is now in University, with neither the time nor inclination to indulge in fanac. Tragic, tragic! On the other hand, Aussiefandom is starting to move at long last, especially in the pubbing field. Bob Smith is preparing to bring out a SAPSzine, tentatively titled THROUGH THE PORTHOLE, while John Moyster (see "Improvisations" thish) will, I hope, carry through his intention to do a 40pp 'zine sometime before the year is out. On top of these two projected ventures, you can add a total of two regularly appearing fanzines from Sydney groups - BUNYIP and SCAMSION. Well, I dunno if you could honestly call me a "group", even if I am slightly overweight, but, as you can see, BUNYIP is far from a solo effort. The editorial staff may be widespread, but they combine well, if sometimes a little raggedly. For instance, my art editor is hard to control at times - he insists on drawing cartoons around which I have to fit my material, instead of vice versa. Any suggestion that I should be allowed to instruct him on exactly what I need and him draw it is met with frenzied resistance on the grounds that for him to do this would prostitute his artistic integrity. Also, he refuses to draw nudes without live models, which puts them somewhat out of my reach. A pity - the 'zine doesn't seem right without them.



But enough of those personal problems. I was talking about Aussiefandon. Besides the spate of fanpubbing, local activity was given a tremendous charge by the recent First Australian Trufan Convention. Being one of the few people in on this stupendous event, I feel duty bound to give fandon a complete report. So, in all its shameful nakedness, here is my

- CONVENTION - REPORT - 1960.

The first suggestion that I got regarding the First Trufan Con was on Thursday last, the 28th of July, at about 10am. I was sitting in my dingy little office, immersed in the adventures of C.C. Sumatra, the Sexiest Stripper in Harlem, when the phone rang. Removing my feet from the desk, I extracted the handset from a pile of "Inward" papers and raised the receiver.

"New South Wales Government Railways" I intoned. "Office of Creative Thinking, Baxter here".

"Do you mean to say" murmured a cultured voice "that this is the John M. Baxter, editor of QUANTUM, PMF of Aussiefandon?"

"That, and more"

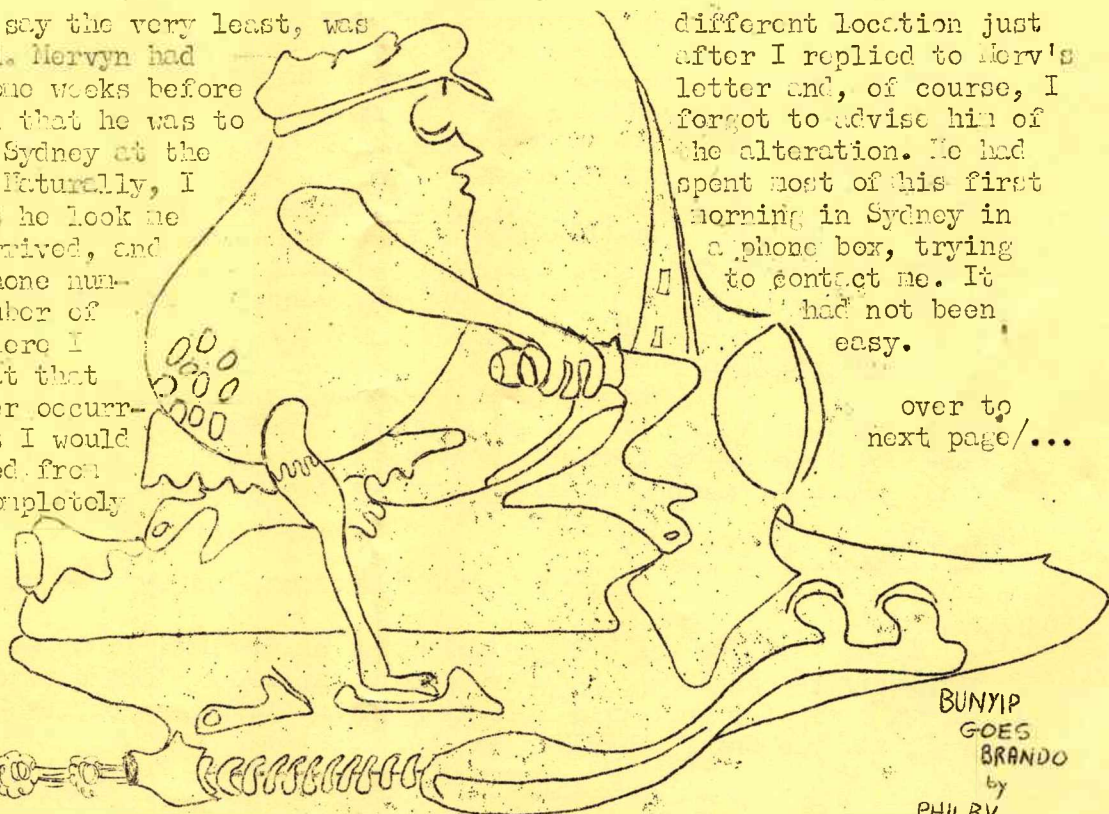
There was a sound like sobbing from my caller. "At last, at last" he said eventually. "My Ghod, Baxter, I've been searching all over the city for you. This is Mervyn Barrett".

This, to say the very least, was a phorb-shell. Mervyn had written me some weeks before and mentioned that he was to pass through Sydney at the end of July. Naturally, I demanded that he look me up when he arrived, and gave him a phone number - the number of the office where I was working at that time. It never occurred to me that I would be transferred from there to a completely

different location just after I replied to Merv's letter and, of course, I forgot to advise him of the alteration. He had spent most of his first morning in Sydney in a phone box, trying to contact me. It had not been easy.

over to
next page/...

over/...
to other
column.



BUNYIP
GOES
BRANDO
by
PHILBY.

"Oh, Mervyn Barrett, eh. Ha ha. Nancy hearing from you. Bit of a surprise, I can tell you. Ha ha".

"Yes. I suppose it must be a bit of a shock, after having put up such an obstacle course for me to get through". Somehow, I got the impression that he was not at all happy about this trifling mistake on my part.

"Well, Merv" I said. "How's about we get together at lunch over a cuppa cawfee. Er, you did bring some money with you, I suppose?".

We made arrangements to meet in front of my office at lunch time, and I went back to G.G. Mata.

At 1pm, I sallied forth into the sunshine and looked around for Merv. There didn't appear to be anybody around who looked anything like a faan of Barrett's stature. Nobody with that dissipated look, those sagging shoulders. Nobody wearing a beanie or touting copies of FOCUS to passers by. Not one person who even looked like a Kiwi.

Then, just as I was about to return indoors, a figure detached itself from the crowd and walked towards me. "Hello" he said. "I'm Barrett".

No! I couldn't believe it. This handsome strong muscular young man the far-famed NZ fan? Impossible. Why, he wasn't even wearing a beanie! I glanced rather self-consciously up at my twin-prop job with its blades idly turning in the breeze. It seemed somehow ostentatious now. My orange and off-puce sweatshirt and Bermuda shorts, with the words "I AM A TRUFAN" emblazoned across back and seat respectively also looked out-of-place in comparison with the stranger's charmingly simple grass skirt and greenstone axe. His all-over tattooing did tend to make him stand out but, on the whole, his general appearance was quiet and unobtrusive. I was sure this could not be my visitor.

Idly, I traced one half of The Secret Shape in the dust of York Street. If he completed the drawing, I would know then that this man was indeed of fandon's ranks. Seeming to understand immediately what I had done, he traced with his spear the remaining lines of our arcane symbol. Then, warning to his task, he sketched in further details, squatting down on the sidewalk to complete the drawing, which he signed 'MB' with a flourish. It was a full length life size portrait of Brigitte Bardot. I had been wrong - this man was indeed the great Mervyn Barrett! We rubbed noses enthusiastically, and adjourned to the

CONVENTION BANQUET

Which was held at the Caribbean Coffee Lounge in Pitt St. There being no dried fish, Kiwi steak or New Zealand whitefish on the menu, Merv had to be content with coffee and toast, while I partook of the same. Merv paid. We then parted, me back to the office and Merv to the

CONVENTION FILM SHOW

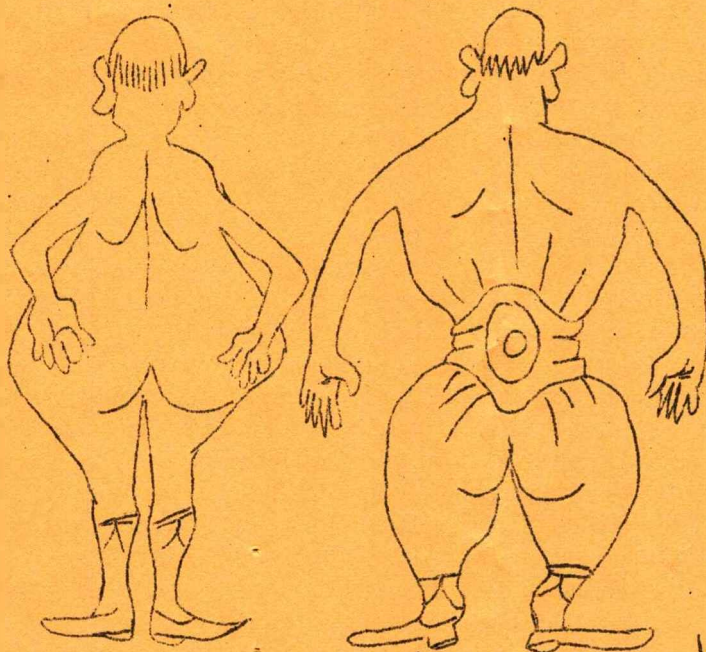
He went to see "Cinerama Holiday". He paid.

After work, we met once again, ate a simple meal of Lobster Mornay, iced strawberries and champagne (Merv paid), but we had little time for a fangab, as the train for Melbourne left at 8pm, and it was necessary that Barrett be on it. The Chief of Police had been most insistent.

At 8pm, we made a tearful farewell and, as the train drew away from me, and Merv's figure, wildly hakaing on the back platform, became dinner and dinner, I resolved that, 'ere long, we will have another Aussie Trufan Convention. The first, though hampered by lack of paying membership, was loads of fun.

.....

GIDDLES FOR MEN.



Art

Why bother to exercise?
You too can have a 30"
waist!
Leading Scientists agree
that most men breathe too
often anyway.

Send \$22.17 in money
order or cheque to:-

Department URM2,
Hyassaville, N.Y.

The above was done by Art Wilson, as you probably guessed. Wonder if that is a self-portrait up there.

About the "Convention". Seriously, it was a real pleasure to meet and speak with Mervyn Farrett, even if he could only stay in town for a few hours. As I write, he's busy enjoying the flesh pots of Melbourne in company with Margaret Duce, one of the most active and certainly the prettiest of Aussiefans. Why, Bob Smith and I are positively ugly by comparison. Merv was to have spent a few days up here in Pownal with me, but I told him that jazz musician Penny Carter was doing a nightly show at a Melbourne night-club and, as he digs Carter the most, I doubt that I shall see the Kiwifan before he sails for Hong Kong. What he's to do there I don't think anybody, even him, knows. Wanderlust just seems to have laid low the whole of New Zealand fandom in one fell swoop. Very strange. I envy them, though. Sometimes, the isolation of Australia really starts to irk me, and it's a great temptation to pull up my tent poles and move along, if only as far as New Guinea or perhaps Hong Kong, where Merv's gone. The fares are cheap enough, especially by boat and in the off-season, but there's my job, the Angel, my friends, my family and, by nature, I think I'm a stay-at-home. Maybe, though, one day.....

It's getting cold here now, after a spell of 15 degrees above average Indian Summer. With any luck, it'll snow tomorrow or the next day. So all you fans sweating in a heat-wave just think how lucky you are.

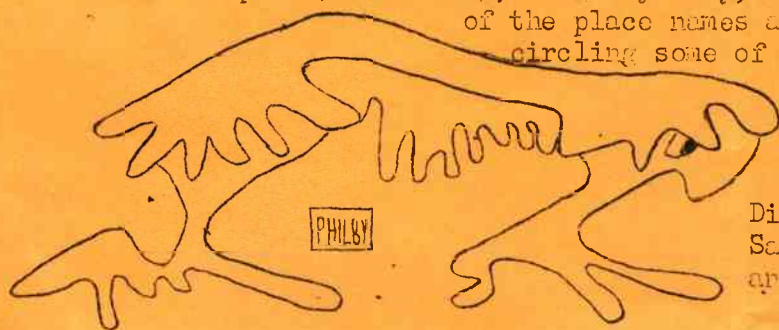
Last time he wrote, Mike Deckinger, over in New Jersey, USA, was sweating in a warm wind from the south. Rudiger Gosejacob, of Duisberg, Germany, has just returned from a holiday on the French Riviera, while Alan Dodd was looking forward to a holiday in the snow country of Sweden, although, unfortunately, he had to cancel the trip just before he was due to leave. And here I am, in the ice and snow, while half of fandom is sweltering. It makes one realise just how isolated it is in Australia, and how far I am from the centre of things fannish. This country is, in fact, the forgotten nation of fandom. I can't recall seeing so little mention in the 'zines of any country as Australia, with the possible exception of South Africa. Is there any fandom in Africa?

As Bruce Furn mentions in "Dear John", this can be a handicap, unless you convince yourself that some connection with international fandom is better than no fanac at all. This can be very hard. I found it very helpful to concentrate on letter-writing rather than pubbing, and produce my 'zine on a bi-monthly or quarterly schedule, spending a lot of my spare time on correspondence. This way, although "Quantum" and now "Funyip" take six weeks or so to reach most of my subbers, I still keep that feeling of participation by writing all my overseas contacts. Any comments on the 'zine, or new fen who write to me as a result of reading it, are a kind of bonus. Unfortunately, this ploy is probably the reason for my low quality pubbing. I tend to think "Aw, to hell with it. Even if this is a mess, nobody will care much, because the people I write to aren't primarily interested in the 'zine". A bad attitude, but one which I'm trying to control.

Of course, it's going to be a great help if some more Aussiezines pop up, as seems likely. Then, as Job Smith says, we'll be able to insult each other in our fanzines. John Foyster's 'zine - or, at least, projected 'zine - will fill a need in Aussiefandom, as he plans to make it a semi-sercon regular and large publication which is, as he says in "Improvisations", very urgently needed in this country. I have no illusions about "Funyip" - it's doing absolutely nothing for fandom, Aussie or International. I enjoy doing it - I hope some of you enjoy reading it - but no new fen are being drawn to the circle, mainly because they wouldn't understand what I was writing about most of the time. A sercon 'zine with science fictional articles and fannish elements also is just what we need out here. We aren't going to get new talent any other way. For this reason - and because he's a nice guy - I'm behind John Foyster in this venture, and I hope you people, both local and overseas fen, will also give a hand. John needs material - primarily sercon articles, reviews, poetry - advice and encouragement. His address is 4 EDWARD STREET, CHADSTONE SE10, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA. Need I say more?

Right up here in front of me, above the typing table, I have a big map of the US. Not because I'm a secret patriot of the States, but because the varicoloured state marking and the enormous size of this map make it a very good wall decoration. In times of mental vacuum, I sit here and stare at this large piece of paper and sort of soak up the alienness of it. It gives me a new viewpoint most of the time, to remember that the country at which I'm looking (at least in spirit) is a long, long way away, both in distance and attitude. Some of the place names amuse me - in fact, lately, I've been circling some of the more significant ones in pencil.

For instance, look at the fannish personalities who have been immortalised in cartography. There's Willis (Texas), Ackerman (Miss.) Dietz (Wy.), Sanderson (Texas) /but "Big Sandy" is in Montana/, Janerette (Lo.) and Metcalfe (Arizona).



I see a "Marlan" too, in Iowa, but no "Ellison". There are also lots of "Shelby"s, but not a "Wick" in the whole 50 states. Another thing that gets me is the enormous number of borrowed place-names, some of them rather misplaced. For instance, take the state of Missouri. There, in the space of what can't be more than a few hundred square miles, we have Glasgow, Warsaw, Periculaneum, Troy, Milan, Palmyra, Odessa, Canton, Lebanon, Mexico, Versailles, Windsor and Carthage! Most appropriately, there is also a Hannibal not far away. I wonder why Americans have this curious habit of using old names for new towns. An unconscious attempt to gain the tradition and solidity that isn't yet theirs, by taking the names of places with background and a long history? Perhaps. Or it could be that imagination runs out after a while and the desperate town planners just picked any name that came into their heads.

This is a touchy subject for an Australian to discuss - somebody might get hold of a detailed map and then there'd be hell to pay, because local place names are sometimes more ridiculous than any in the US. Oodnadatta, Wagga Wagga, Mooridgeewup, Puckapunyal - all aboriginal names, and real tongue-twisters. A lot of towns have all their streets named from the native language, and it can be a bit confusing at times. Take Fowral, for instance. Despite the British-sounding "Gordon Road", many of the streets around here have some strange titles. There's Fendooley, Wingecaribee, Merrigang, Jundaroo, Panyetti and the main drag is called Long Long! It's the truth - I swear! But not to laugh, gentle readers. Naming streets must be a hard and thankless job.

Speaking of jobs, I was considering this rather unsavoury subject only last week. Work is, as you know, an extremely unattractive matter on which to cogitate. Too much pain and suffering has been caused by it, at least in my case, to make labour any consider only when there hand. One should, I feel problem in avoidance, not done, regardless of one's practically slavery! If just what sort of job I ably be something most a Turkish Path (ladies, Professional Panpubber. But these are popular the likes of you and I. Sad.



more than something I isn't anything else on view work as a delightful as something that must be personal views. Why, that's I were at liberty to decide would have, it would prob- unlikely, like masseur in of course), or perhaps a (Now there's a rare bird) jobs, and are not given to for us, the dirt. Sad, sad,

Although, we aren't strange as it may seem, are in a far more unenviable position. Take the staff cartoonist on a little English weekly magazine called "Flighty Parade". This chap has the task of drawing, each week, a chapter of the current cartoon serial. This takes up the two middle pages of each issue, and is generally devoted to the adventures of a boxer, racing driver, newspaper reporter or somebody equally glamorous. The drawing, in itself, is very little problem, especially to an experienced strip writer, but the editors of "FP" have added a little extra to the duties of this poor struggling artist. Apparently, like men the world over, our honest English Yeoman likes a little spice in his Sunday afternoon reading, especially in the shape of unadorned womanhood, so every chapter of "Flighty Parade"s gripping cartoon serial must have at least one drawing of a nude or semi-nude girl in it. I shouldn't be surprised if there was something in the artist's contract about this matter. I know, it doesn't sound like much of a bother, but just consider for the moment that you're in the cartoonist's place.

so very badly off - many,

Every chapter that you write must have a bath scene, or the heroine being forcibly abducted from her bed, or something equally dire. How on earth are you going to fit these bits into a crisp little story about, for instance, a racing driver? Any ideas? If not, consider and admire the way in which one cartoonist got around the problem.

First of all, he made one of the racing drivers a woman. Of course it's practically impossible, but these are special circumstances. Then, he had his hero, the racing driver about which this yarn is woven, fall for her, after accidentally coming upon her in the bath. This disposed of the bare body in Chapter 1. The next episode finds our hero accosted by a spectacular young lady of most unlikely proportions (about 60-22-38, I would say), who attempts to lead him from the path of righteousness in a few square inches of black swim-suit. There was so little of this suit that the editor apparently thought it was good enough for the week and didn't bother to demand complete nudity. The large and seductive girl is, of course, in the pay of Slimy Sam, a laddie racing driver who wants to win this race at all costs. He gives Slinky Scorpion her instructions in Chapter 4, while she is taking a shower in his apartment. The story, incidentally, is set in Southern France - anybody know if mixed bathing - indoors - is a popular custom there?

Enter now Jealous Jane, our hero's ex-girlfriend, who is anxious to restore the status quo before the Lady Driver came on the scene. She tells Slimy Sam that her competition is given to nude swimming in a certain secluded cove, and he, in gratitude for this information, makes violent love to her. More bare skin, male and female this time. A real bonus issue. So ends Chapter 5. Next issue, the villain lies in wait for the fair heroine, pinches her clothes as she disports herself in the water, and makes for town. Now, unable to leave the cove, she will not be able to assist the hero in the Big Race, and Slimy Sam will win. Zounds! (nash gansh!

But all is not lost. Peefcake Bill, the loddie racing driver, finds out about this dastardly plot, forces Jealous Jane to trade her swim suit with the shivering heroine, neck-deep in the icy brine at the time, and thus goes on to victory with the Lady Driver. JJ stands ankle-deep only in the icy brine lately vacated by the modest young heroine, thus providing the nudity for Chapter 7 (conclusion). Very ingenious, don't you think, although the cast was a little loaded in favour of our artist. Besides Slinky Scorpion, Jealous Jane and the Lady Driver, there were various maids, beach girls, &c, all of whom were available for undressing at a moments notice. On the other hand, only Slimy Sam and Peefcake Bill, the laddie and loddie drivers respectively, were eligible for nudity, and, of these two, I don't think PE would have been able to take off that tailored boiler suit he always wore. It looked like part of him. So, you see, it was all rather unfair, but the fact remains that this is one job I would rather leave to somebody else.

Another unenviable form of employment is that of Jim "Legs" Moriarty, in the British "Coon Show". Among other things, he worked as I recall, in the capacity of International Knotted String Consultant.

Ah, but enough of this. I must leave you, fair subbers and exalted friends. Lunxip 2 will be out in approximately two months. I still need material for that ish, although I have on hand some bits and pieces, including, I hope, a further Don Tuck article, which is sort of here, but not yet finished. Artwork is still my biggest problem, but I definitely will have some Wrotsler illos. next time, and also others by Rob Smith, Jacques Philby and..... perhaps you. Mmmmmmm?

Stay purple, all you people.

j.b.

A TALE OF THE
G.D.A. BY

NEW GOON IN KIWILAND.

BRUCE BURN ALIAS
"THE CRETIN"

Your official cable of demotion has just arrived, Boss. I'm heart-broken. I've just filed a report on my first investigation. Boss, you can't do this to me!

I hate to say it but I think - for once - that you're wrong. Don't forget I'm the man on the spot down here. (Gad, what a spot! Who but you can get me the Illustrated Decameron?). I've been in the middle of things as they've happened in Kiwiland. I know I'm right. Boss, just read my report. It goes like this.....

I leapt into the room, trailing a slatter of raindrops, but not one footprint, behind me. Unfortunately, Merv's record player was tweetering out the decibels at the time, and I tumbled headlong into a sea of cacophonous sound. I dived for the nearest chair and stuck my fingers into my ears. I needed them all.

Gradually, the sound of Stan Kenton faded as Merv reduced the volume of his instrument. A sweet humming came to my ears. Peace. Then.....

"Oh, hullo Bruce. When did you get here?"

"Just now".

"Oh.... I didn't see you".

"Yeah. The waves were pretty high."

"Uh?.....What're you doing here? I'm just going to the movies".

"E-but it's a meeting tonight! It is Tuesday, isn't it?"

"Yes, but there's no meeting. I rang you up earlier on, old man. Didn't you get my message?"

"Message.....?"

"Yes. I left it with your sister-in-law. She was to tell you there's no meeting tonight".

"No. I didn't hear anything. Why's there no meeting?"

"Oh, the 5,000 fingers is on again. I thought I'd go down and see it."

"You cancelled a fangab just for that?"

"Yes".

".....Merv, are you coming out to my place on Saturday? To dupe FOCUS, I mean?"

"Oh yes....I'll be up around one-thirty."

"Good....well, I guess I'll go home again, then".

"So long for now, Bruce".

"I'll give you a ring".

As soon as I got outside the bach, I hauled out my notebook and briefly wrote in it:

"Saturday will be the day. If Hedge can't dupe, I can only conclude...

Just then, I heard the babble of excited voices somewhere behind me.

I heard the word "moon" and automatically looked at the south-eastern horizon. Right on time! I saw there a rapidly moving dab of light. Sputnik! I grinned. This was an omen. It made me feel very bad inside. Very bad. Why did my best friend have to be my worst enemy?

But I straightened my back and grimly descended the steps of Doctor's Common. I thought "I'm a G.D.A. man now. G-men don't break".

When I got home, I sent my first telegram. "GOON, INVESTIGATING BARRETT RE OPERATION ANTIPODES STOP CRETIN STOP."

:::::

Saturday dawned gloomy. A continual gale of rain swept across the harbour and smashed against the side of Seatoun Heights. The house shook as it tried to gain a secure hold on the hillside. Clouds scooted past the front windows and the beach two hundred feet below vanished periodically under the thumping sea.

"Bhoy! What a setting!" I thought as I held the door open to admit Mervyn. We barricaded the door once more and set to work carrying duping materials into the lounge. No word had we spoken to each other and, as I set the Gestetner up on a desk, I began to wonder why it was that Merv hadn't come out with one of his catch-phrases yet.

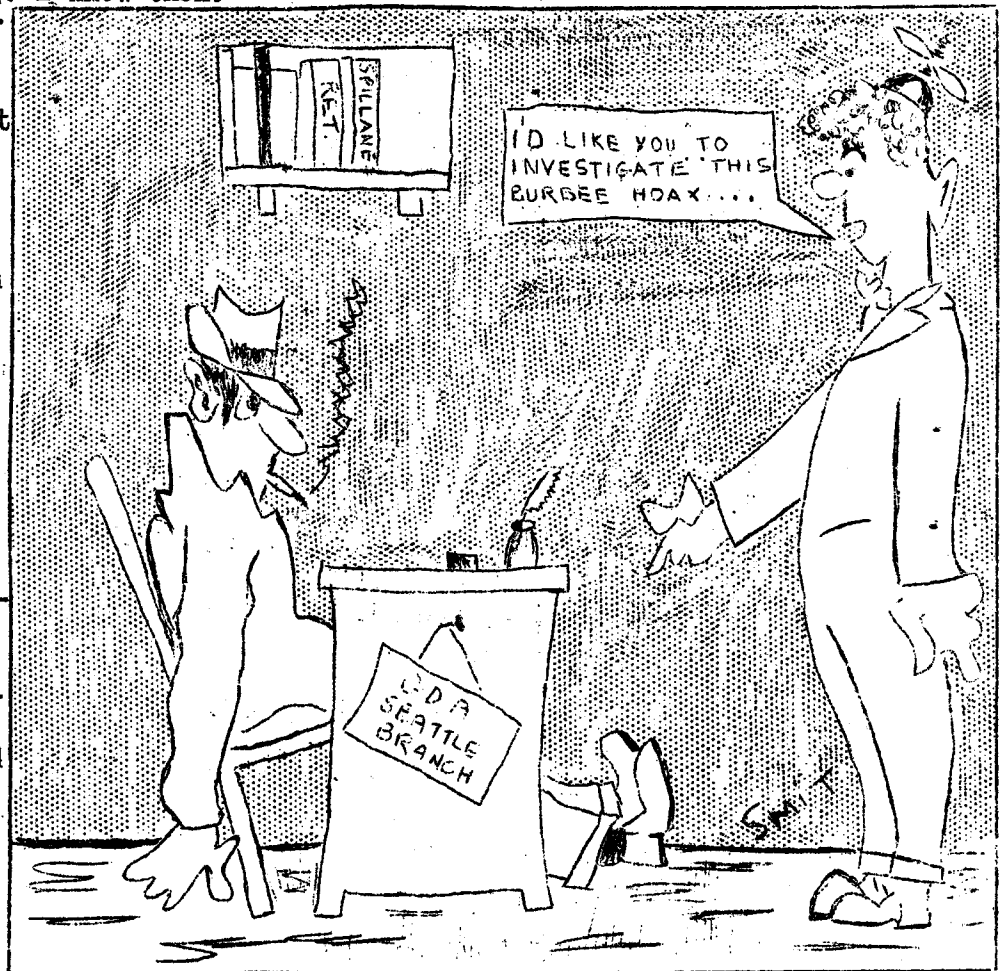
"What's the matter, Merv?" I asked, "You haven't even quoted Korzybski since you got here."

Merv looked puzzled and frustrated at once, and replied "It's just that I can't help thinking of the movie I could be seeing right now in town!"

Well! That more or less clinched it as far as I was concerned. Seeing films instead of an-pubbing! I knew then.

Pretty soon after that, everything was ready for the duping and I placed the first stencil on the drum. I showed Merv how to do it, and even ran off a few copies for him. I inked the drum again and let Merv try the machine for himself. First turn of the handle and a dozen sheets squeezed through in a bunch. Second turn and none came through. With a guilty look in my direction, Merv squared his shoulders and spun the handle. A perfect page emerged—clean, white & pure. I took the handle and ran off the required copies, and removed the stencil;

over/...



For me, the investigation was settled. I knew who Merv was. But I still had to tell the Goon. So....

"Er...Merv, I've got to make a phone call. Could you fix the next stencil?"

Without waiting for a reply, I left the room and ran to the telephone in the hall. I picked it up, dialed Overseas Radiophone and waited. Suddenly, there was a click and a voice said "Are You there?"

I said yes and told the fella that I'd put a call through to the G.D.A. Headquarters person to person, and asked was it through yet? I was lucky. The connection had just been made in Belfast. I said, rather pompously "Put me through to The Goon".

"Hold the line, please. Then "You're through, sir."

"Bullo? Is that the Goon?" I asked after a suitable pause.

"You're through".

Pause.

"Is Goon Bleary there, please?"

"YOU'RE THROUGH".

Longer Pause.

"Boss?"

"YOU'RE THROUGH".

"I KNOW that. But why doesn't he answer?"

"This IS the Goon".

"Oh...Uh, boss, I've just seen proof that finished Operation Antipodes. I can prove that Mervyn.....

"You're through, Cretin. How can you so malign the name of such an honest ghod fan as Barrett? Be ashamed of yourself. You've failed on your first investigation. I have proof that Barrett is a Ghod man."

"Put...."

"Cretin, you're through." I heard him mouth. "I'm handing Operation Antipodes over to Edgar Pates and you'll just have to handle the small jobs from now on. I've sent an official cable of promotion to Pates. Maybe in a year or two...."

I slammed down the receiver and stalked out of the room. When I entered the lounge, Merv had the backing sheet on the drum and was busily tearing the stencil tissue into liddle pieces.

::::::::::

So you see, Boss, this could mean a feud between You and Us, 'cos Edgar's on my side. I'm sure I'm right and I'll carry on with the investigation. I'll send you another report later on that'll prove I'm right. I hope.

Meanwhile, I've got to hike off to Fiji to investigate rumours that H3F is getting active on that island. I guess....

Edgar Pates just called to say he had received your cable. He wants to know what it's all about. Me too. Where's your concrete proof? Sure, Barrett looks a lot like Bradbury. And sure, he HAS just sent a sub to RET. But how does this prove that he's not Antigoon's operator down here?

FIN.

.....
ASTEROID (From Amazing June '60). Advertisement.

MAKE \$25-\$30 weekly, clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth \$5.00 each! Particulars Free. National, 81-DG, Knickerbocker Stn., N.Y.

(I wonder if Alan Dodd, Knight of the Shining Scissors, has heard about this.)

GOODBYE

by

Michael Baldwin.

I had a friend called Joe - once. Poor Guy. You want to know what happened to him? Probably don't, but I'll still tell you, just for the record, like. No, he wasn't killed in a car accident or anything like that, nor did he go overseas and we lose track of him. Wasn't killed by wild lions or attacked by any savage animals.

Far as we know, he sort of well, the last we heard of him was in his home. Funny thing, the home, the average man's castle, his haven of rest and retreat can often be the most potentially dangerous place of all.

But Joe wasn't killed by any accident, or mishap. Nothing like that. No. What started it was just a simple thing like painting his room. Nothing dangerous in that, except maybe falling off a ladder or something like that. But that didn't happen. It all started when Joe didn't know what colour scheme to paint his room. He got all these fancy colour charts that the paint stores give you, but that only helped to confuse the issue even more. He just didn't know what colour to paint the room.

Anyway, the word got around and friends and well-wishers and neighbours and all sorts came around to try to help him, all convinced that their colour scheme was the best of all, all hotly disagreeing with each other, all confusing Joe even more. Joe bought sample paints, tried sample colours and God knows what, untill one part of his wall looked like a bloody alcoholic's version of rainbow on the riot.

Well, at last, it finally weighed Joe down, and he mixed every colour he had and decided the end result would be the colour he'd paint his room. Well, the end colour was absolute coal black and, as Joe had never been one to go back on his word, he painted the room black. Jet black. Black walls, black floors, black ceilings, black doors, black everything.

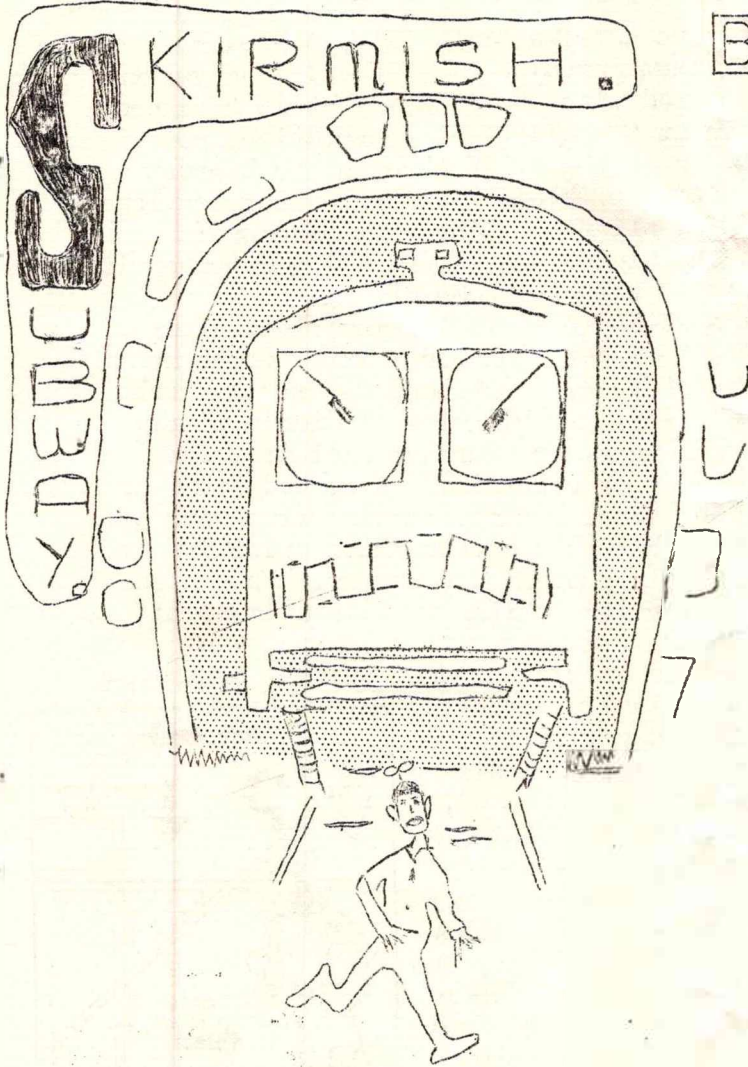
Everybody thought that Joe had gone a bit balmy, and maybe he had. However, Joe was Joe. There was one other thing about Joe, although he hadn't originally intended to paint his room black, he did seem to have a predilection for black clothes. And that's what happened to Joe.

When he finally finished painting his room, he had on black clothes as well. He went into the room, put out the lights, and just seemed to melt into the blackness.

Nobody has seen him again to this day.

Hummmmm. Dark in here, isn't it.

BY MIKE DECKINGER.



In several large cities, certain steel-plated shiny-nosed beasts live in profusion among great gleaming caverns beneath the large city which they serve. More commonly known as subway cars, these creatures have a reputation unparalleled in the whole animal kingdom. Whenever I encounter them and journey along therein, I figuratively take my life in my hands.

The subway system, particularly the New York subway system (since it's the only one I've ever been in) is the greatest maze ever set up to baffle the mind of man. Mile after mile of gleaming track and dirt-encrusted stations exist below the city and, if you're in a hurry and a newcomer, they you will inevitably succumb to the eerie fascination that this transit system is bound to weave about you.

In my case, luckily, I was born in New York and moved to New Jersey at a later age, but not before I had thoroughly acquainted myself with the great maze. Thus, when I recently visited the city, I was not forced to act the role of ignorant tourist.

The subway stations in New York are generally dusty, messy, poorly

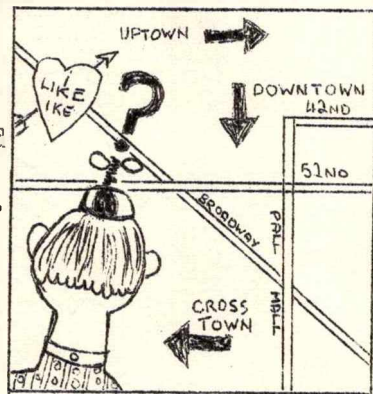
lit and badly equipped. In some subterranean stations, you may come across a policeman who appears to be breaking in a pair of particularly tight shoes, as he paces to and fro along the platform, but, in reality, he's keeping an ear cocked for any sounds of mayhem or violence that may echo through the air. Yes, being in a secluded location, and with a natural insulating barrier smothering sound, subways make ideal locations for robberies, rapes and other forms of crime. Whenever I travel by train, I make sure I'm in good company, or at least fairly close to the front car where the engineer sits.

Riding on a subway is akin to piloting a bumpy wagon over hilly curving ground. In addition, there are more subtle unpleasantnesses to which one may be subjected. Invariably, when I enter a car, some joker has opened a side window, thus completely exposing a fairly large portion of the car to a rush of air from outside in the tunnel. I would not suggest that anyone struggle with these windows, unless they lift weights regularly, or their name is Steve Reeves. The ventilation of subway cars has been conceived by diabolically clever and sadistic minds. In chilly weather, it takes only a slight nudge to elevate them practically to their highest position. Then, in a short while, it starts to get cold, and you wonder why you ever raised it in the first place. So therefore you attempt to close the window, and it is here that the devilish cunning of the designers really starts to show itself.

I should have worn gloves the first time I tried this. Without gloves, you come away looking as if you were wearing them anyway - black ones. I've yet to see a window sill that isn't liberally coated with dust; dust that is designed to come off on a person's clothes or skin at the slightest provocation, yet remains irritatingly adhered to the surface of the train through the biggest breezes. On the first contact with this window problem, I struggled for ten long minutes with the window, before receiving a slight inkling that perhaps I wasn't going about it in the right way. The window was closed - I had opened it. The window was open - ergo, I could close it with the same effort.

But never let it be said that subways stick to logical principles. After mentally and physically convincing myself that certain things were not meant to be closed, the subway window being one of them, I sat back amidst the rush of chill air and reflected. You may wonder why, at this time, I didn't simply change my seat. I would have done so immediately, but for the fact that every seat in the car was taken up by a person just as determined as I, and I had no desire to stand through the whole ride. So I sat, rapidly turning blue with cold, and shivered, and tried to convince myself that this excess chill existed only in my mind. Really, I was quite warm, and only thought I was cold. "What a fool you are" I mentally berated myself "imagining it's chilly in this delightful weather. Why not relax and enjoy it?"

This bit of self-advice made sense, since it was the only thing I could do at the time. When I saw that the train was finally coming to its destination, I shakily got to my feet and walked to the door, which would be iris-ing open at any moment. As I did so I noticed a tall, thin gentleman dart out of his seat and, with a hurried backward glance, slide into the one that I had just vacated. The train was coming to a stop, so he wouldn't be subjected to the draught till it started moving once more. I could not help but smile as I got out, wondering just how he would alleviate the discomfort. I never did find out, but it's a pleasant thing to ponder. Did he, in a fit of super-human rage born of desperation, manage to lower the window? Did he return to his former seat? Or did he perhaps throw himself from the speeding car with a wild shout?



One bit of advice that I would give to all travellers is "Study the subway maps carefully, but don't rely on them alone". Numerous street markings can be found on every pole, stencilled all over the walls and I imagine, if one checked carefully, in the public lavatories - even there. These tell the passenger, as he's waiting for the train to emerge from the black tunnel, just where he is. This doesn't help much, but it does provide needed reassurance. A couple of years ago, I had to travel to uptown New York to visit some relatives, and I decided to do it "by the book" and follow official directions to the letter. The trip there was ok, but when I tried to retrace my steps, I found the entrance had been closed and I was forced to hut for half an hour before finding another one. This took me way across the city and I emerged from an exit with no idea of where I was. I returned to the subway and took a downtown train, but it suddenly came to a stop and the conductor motioned for me to get out. It was the end of the line! So I was forced to take another uptown train, then one crosstown and another downtown. When I finally reached the train terminal, I had gone through so many smoke and dust clogged tunnels that a sneeze would have caused a blackout.

Why the New York Transit Authority maintains this maze, I don't know. Maybe after a hard day's work, it stimulates a man to ride it - he never knows just where he'll end up. One thing's for sure, though. Next time, I'm going by bus.

THE SERIALS IN ASTOUNDING PART II

BY DON TUCK.

Van Vogt then hit the top spot with his "The Weapon Makers" which, of course, was a notable sequel to his "Seesaw" (Jul'41) and "The Weapon Shop" (Dec'42). Strange to say, this story has been published in two forms, the first from Badley 1946 was the same as the magazine, but, following on the book and revised edition of "The Weapon Shops of Isher", it was considerably rewritten to follow the later yarn and was so published by Greenberg 1952, Weidenfeld Nicolson 1954, and under the title "One Against Eternity" by Ace as D-94, 1955. His next serial, "The World of A", was a masterpiece (?) of non-Aristotleian logic which one was supposed to read at least twice to understand. This, of course, appeared from Simon Schuster 1948, Grosset Dunlap 1950 and was "World of Pull-A" in its p/b appearance (Ace D-31, 1953). I must try to read it again one of these days to see whether my understanding has improved.

"Gather, Darkness" was F. Lieber's second novel, his first being the noted fantasy "Conjure Wife", which appeared in Unknown Apr'43. The former is a work on a future Earth being run by religion and is highly recommended. It is available in Pellegrini Cudahy 1950 and Grosset Dunlap 1951 editions. Two years later Lieber's next novel, "Destiny Times Three" appeared, and this deals with atomic weapons and future Earths. It has been included in the anthology "Five Science Fiction Novels" (Gnome 1952) but not in its British off-shoot, and also appeared as Galaxy Science Fiction Novel # 28, 1957.

Our first serial by a female author now comes under consideration and this is Moore's notable "Judgment Night", which was the title story of the collection from Gnome in 1952. R.E. Jones, who had been selling some quite good short works to ASF, now appeared with "Renaissance". This is the fine story of a self-destroyed Earth and Kronweld, the strangely tortured world in another plane, and saw book publication from Gnome in 1951. At one time, it was mooted as a British Nova Novel (PB)

"Nomad" was the first serial offered by Wesley Long, in other words C.O. Smith, who had been making quite a hit with his "Venus Equilateral" Series. This yarn is good space-opera, with a so-called traitor making good, and became one of Prime Press's books in 1950. The final serial in this period is Asimov's "The Mule", the first long work in the excellent "Foundation" Series. It was incorporated in the second book of this series "Foundation and Empire" which saw a Gnome edition in 1952, and was retitled "The Man Who Upset the Universe" in its Ace D-125, 1955 edition.

The Campbell Era, Part III, 1946-49.

And still the good material materialises.

1946	Jan.	The Fairy Chessmen.	(2)	L. Padgett.
	Mar.	Pattern for Conquest.	(3)	C.O. Smith.
	Aug.	Slaves of the Lamp.	(2)	A.E. Zagat.
	Oct.	The Chronicler.	(2)	A.E. Van Vogt.
1947	Jan.	Tomorrow and Tomorrow.	(2)	L. Padgett.
	May.	Fury.	(3)	L.R. Hubbard.
	Aug.	The End is Not Yet.	(3)	L.R. Hubbard.
	Nov.	The Children of the Lens.	(4)	E.E. Smith.

1948.	Mar.	And Searching Mind.	(3)	J. Williamson.
	Jun.	Dreadful Sanctuary.	(3)	E.F. Russell.
	Oct.	The Players of A.	(4)	A.E. Van Vogt.
1949.	Feb.	Seeteer Shock.	(3)	W. Stewart.
	May.	Needle.	(2)	H. Clement.
	Aug.	The Queen of Zamba.	(2)	L.S. De Camp.
	Nov.	And Now You Don't.	(3)	I. Asimov.
	Nov.	Gulf.	(2)	R.A. Leinlein.

Can you remember the story that opened "The door knob opened a blue eye and looked at him. Cameron stopped moving. He didn't touch the knob...". Yes, you're right. Thus began Padgett (Kuttner) in his first longer work for AS. "The Fairy Chessmen". A typical work of this writer; it was published with the later involved mystification novel "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" by Gnome in 1951. The Chessmen also appeared alone as "Chessboard Planet" (Galaxy Science Fiction Novel # 26, 1956). Another pseudonym for Kuttner and his wife, C.L. Moore, in this case was Lawrence O'Donnell, and the pair produced "Fury", a fast-moving tale of struggle and immortality on Venus, being a sequel to the fine "Clash by Night" (Mar'43). This saw publication by Grosset Dunlap 1950, Dobson 1954 and was a Sf Book Club (British) selection in 1955.

C.O. Smith's "Pattern for Conquest" is a invasion-of-earth-by-alien-race yarn from a slightly different viewpoint to normal, and was reissued by Gnome 1949 (also had a paper-covered edition) and Clerks Cockeran: London 1951. Old-time writer A.L. Zagat endeavoured to make a comeback into the main sf stream with "Slaves of the Lamp", but this is considered one of the least of the serials that Campbell has published. "The Chronicler", was one of Van Vogt's better stories, and only recently saw reissue as Ace D-391, 1959 as "Siege of the Unseen". However, his sequel to "World of A" - "The Players of A" - rather bears out my previous remarks. It never made hard covers, but was published as "The Pawns of Full-A" by Ace (D-197, 1956).

Not many authors can emulate the success of previous stories that were considered classics, and L.F. Hubbard was no exception in his "The End is Not Yet", which hardly raised a comment. On the other hand, when an author doesn't stick to the same pattern, but rises with the times, improvement can be most marked. Jack Williamson proves this rule with his "And Searching Mind", which was a sequel to the short story "With Folded Hands" (Jul'47). This is a masterpiece of characterization and is readily available as "The Humanoids", which Simon Schuster published in 1949, Grosset Dunlap in 1950, Museum in 1953 and appeared as Galaxy Science Fiction Novel # 21, 1954, not to mention being abridged in "Two Complete Science Adventure Books" (Spr'52).

One of the foremost British writers made his first appearance in novel form (he had written some excellent short material - remember "Metamorphosite" (Dec'46)) with "Dreadful Sanctuary". This was E.F. Russell, of course, and this story describes intrigue in the production of spaceships. Fantasy Press boarded in 1951, while Museum gave it to the British public in 1953. An author who has since become noted for his science fiction, Hal Clement, first showed his mettle in the longer form, with "Needle", the novel in which an alien detective obtains the co-operation of his boyish "host" to catch a criminal. This has had editions from Doubleday 1950, D'day Book Club 1953 and was retitled "From Outer Space" for its 1957 Avon PB appearance.

De Camp had begun building up his impressive array of stories set on the worlds served by Wiagens Interplanetarias, and the adventures of a detective on Arishna seeking his patron's runaway daughter are described in "The Queen of Zamba", which was republished early in the Ace D- series (No. 61, 1954)

Before I begin on the final serials of this period, I might mention a small side-light on the "Astounding" of the time which throws some light on the editorship of Campbell. In November, 1948, Campbell printed a letter from one Richard A. Moen, reviewing a mythical "November, 1949" issue. Naturally, Moen had let his head go and reviewed works by the noted masters, including Don A. Stuart, and, apparently, JWC took the comments to heart. When the real Nov'49 issue came on sale, it included all the items mentioned in the letter, except that by Stuart! All had the titles suggested by Moen, and the issue was a good one, with a standard as high as ever. Stories from Asimov and Heinlein were hinted at, which appeared as serials. The Heinlein "Gulf" was a good LAM as ever, and has been published in the collection "Assignment in Eternity" (Fantasy 1953, Museum 1954, Signet PE 1954). The Asimov "And Now You Don't" was the final story in the "Foundation" magazine series and was included in the third and last book "Second Foundation" (Cnome 1953, D'day Book Club 1954, Avon PE 1958, Brown-Watson Digit PE 1958).

The Campbell Era, Part IV: 1950-53.

And still the good long stories come.

1950	Feb.	To The Stars.	(2)	L.R. Hubbard.
	Apr.	The Wizard of Linn.	(3)	A.E. Van Vogt.
	Oct.	The Hand of Zei.	(4)	L.S. De Camp.
1951	Oct.	Iceworld.	(3)	H. Clement.
1952	Mar.	Gunner Cade.	(3)	Cyril Judd.
	Oct.	The Currents of Space.	(3)	I. Asimov.
1953	Feb.	Full-ABC.	(2)	H.B. Piper/J.J. McGuire.
	Apr.	Mission of Gravity.	(4)	H. Clement.

Hubbard's final longer work before entering wholeheartedly into the final Dianetics business was "To the Stars", a likeable work on the effect of the Fitzgerald-Lorentz Contraction on spacemen. This was retitled "Return to Tomorrow" for both its PE editions (Ace S-66, 1954, and Hamilton Panther 1957). Not having read "Empire of the Atom" (Shasta 1957, D'day Book Club, 1957, US Ace D-242 1957), I am not certain of its contents, but understand "The Wizard of Linn", the final story in the "Gods" series, has not been printed there, so it could appear in the future. Van Vogt seems to be revivifying old stuff for publishing, rather than giving us original new stories.

We now come to one of the few de Camp longer works that has not been republished, "The Hand of Zei". For lovers of the de Camp style, this is worth reading, and also worthy of republication as a PE. This is, of course, one of the Arishna stories. (If you should want to know the chronological tie-up with others in the series, see "New Frontiers" No. 1 Dec'59). In this particular period under review, we have two further Clement novels to mention, and both are winners. I would place them at the peak of Stubbs' writing, as later novels have been something of a let-down. (this is not to say he could not turn around and do another hit in the future. Clement/Stubbs is well-known for unreliability). The stories are, of course, "Mission of Gravity" and "Iceworld". Loan one of these to anyone who says there is no science in science fiction and, if they have any intelligence, you will have a couple of converts.

The former details the hardships of an Earthman on the heavy-gravity planet of Asklin, where he sends a native captain and crewmen on an errand. The second tells of an alien narcotic agent forced to work on a planet of unimaginable cold - Earth! The first had a Doubleday edition (1954) D'day Book Club, R.Hale 1955 and PB (1958), while the former has only seen a Gnome (1953) edition.

Kornbluth and Merrill combined their talents on but two novels, one of which appeared in ASF - "Gunner Cade". This is a well-written yarn for my taste, but no classic, and describes the life of a future mercenary. It has appeared in hard-covers from Simon Schuster (1952) while its PB edition was Ace D-227, 1957.

Isaac Asimov, now that he had left the Foundation ideas behind (good as they were), gave himself a larger canvas for future yarns, and "The Currents of Space" gives a picture of the future of Galactic civilization and some intrigue - naturally. This is readily available, as it has appeared as follows. Doubleday 1952, D'day Book Club 1953, Signet PB 1953, Boardman 1955, Hamilton Panther PB 1958. The final novel for mention is "Full ABC" H.B. Piper & J.J. McGuire. This work on literacy and illiteracy in the future starts off well, but, to my mind, fades considerably towards the finish. It saw Ace D-227, 1957, reprinting as "Crisis in 2140"

The Campbell Era, Part V. 1954-57.

Our serials were:

1954	Feb.	Sucker Bait.	(2)	I. Asimov.
	Jun.	Question and Answer.	(2)	P. Anderson.
	Aug.	They'd Rather Be Right.	(4)	N.Clifton/F.Riley.
1955	Feb.	Time Crime.	(2)	H.B. Piper.
	Apr.	The Long Way Home.	(4)	P. Anderson.
	Aug.	Call Him Dead.	(3)	E.F. Russell.
	Nov.	Under Pressure.	(3)	F. Herbert.
1956	Feb.	Double Star.	(3)	R.A. Heinlein.
	Oct.	The Naked Sun.	(3)	I. Asimov.
1957.	Jan.	Get Out of My Sky.	(2)	J. Blish.
	Mar.	The Dawning Light.	(3)	R. Randall.
	Sep.	The Citizen of the Galaxy.	(4)	R.A. Heinlein.

Asimov's first work in this section - "Sucker Bait"-shows how this author can make up a readable yarn from a simple basic premise like the toxicity of beryllium, which, as a chemist, I knew well before I read the story. I have, of course, given away the crux of the story if you decide to read it. Anyway, it is available in the collection "The Martian Way", which saw a Doubleday edition in 1955 and a Signet PB the same year. This author's "The Naked Sun" is a sequel to "The Caves of Steel" (originally published in "Galaxy") and is a combination of robotics and sociology entwined with a murder mystery. This has had Doubleday 1954, D'day Book Club 1954, Sidgwick & Jackson 1954, Signet 1955 PB, SF Book Club (Brit) 1956 and Hamilton Panther PB 1958 editions.

One of the best of our present-day authors, with both quantity and quality, is Poul Anderson, and his story "Question and Answer" poses the same problem of interstellar colonization as Asimov's "Sucker Bait" (see above). It is very interesting to compare the two works. This one was reprinted as "Planet of No Return" (Ace D-199, 1956). The later "The Long Way Home" is one of Anderson's best, detailing the chaos caused the return of the first star ship to Earth after a tremendous time lapse. The appearance of this as Ace D-110, 1955 (as "No World Of Their Own") before the ASF serial was completed, caused quite a furore

The Posy series with M. Clifton as main writer (various co-authors) came to a very satisfactory conclusion with "They'd Rather Be Right" and this won the Hugo Award for the best novel of the 1955 World Sf Convention Competition (Cleveland). This appeared from Gnome 1954 while it's Galaxy PB edition in 1959 was entitled "The Forever Machine". "Time Crime" by Piper was a further story in this author's 'Paratime' Series, which originally began way back in Jul '48 with "Police Operation". This is quite readable but is one of the few recent yarns from ASF not to have been republished. After this, we had a fast-moving telepathic story from Russell with the peculiar title of "Call Him Dead". This referred to dead terrans taken over and animated by alien intelligence. For it's reprint editions, this title was changed to "Three To Conquer" (Avalon '56, Ace D-215 '57, Dobson 1957, Corgi 1958).

Undoubtedly one of the best stories in this year was Frank Herbert's "Under Pressure", a suspense novel of the finding of a saboteur on an atomic deep-sea submarine. This underwent two title changes in its later publishings, being "The Dragon In the Sea" for hard covers (Doubleday 1956, D'day Book Club '56) and "21st Century Sub" for its Avon PB edition in 1956. The great Heinlein now made his first appearance since 1949 with "Double Star", which took off the Hugo at the 1956 World Convention in New York. This story is written around the intrigues necessary for the moulding of actor Lorenzo Smythe into the noted interplanetary politician John J. Donforte, and has seen Doubleday 1956, D'day Book Club 1956, Signet PB 1957, N. Joseph 1958 editions. Heinlein's later "near juvenile" novel "Citizen of the Galaxy" was also up to his usual high standard and describes how a slave is bought up by a beggar to later find his true heritage. Scribner published this one in 1957.

"Get Out of My Sky" is a recent work that I couldn't follow personally, but I know that Blish is not everyman's meat. It was originally written to comprise 1/3 of a Twayne Triplet in association with "Sucker Bait" and "Question and Answer" (see above), but this never eventuated, and the novel has only seen reprinting recently in a PB anthology of the same title, edited by Margulies - Fawcett Crest PD 1960. The two-headed Randall (Silverberg and Garrett) capably wound up their series of stories about the inhabitants of Bidor and their "civilizing" by Earthman acting as "Gods" in "The Dawning Light". This had a hard-cover edition from Gnome in 1959, while the earlier stories were boarded by the same publisher in 1957 as "The Shrouded Planet".

The Campbell Era Part VI - 1958-

Finally, we have.

1958.	Feb.	The Man Who Counts. (3)	P. Anderson.
	May.	Close to Critical. (3)	H. Clement.
	Aug.	We Have Fed Our Sea (2)	P. Anderson.
	Nov.	A Bicycle Built for Brew. (2)	P. Anderson.
1959	Feb.	The Pirates of Ersatz. (3)	M. Leinster.
	May.	Dorsai! (3)	G.R. Dickson.
	Sep.	That Sweet Little Old Lady. (2)	M. Phillips.
	Nov.	The Best Laid Plans. (2)	E.B. Cole.
1960	Jan.	Deathworld. (3)	H. Harrison.

It will be obvious that Poul Anderson wrote many novels in 1958. I thoroughly enjoyed the first two listed, but the last didn't appeal at all to my particular tastes. "The Man Who Counts" is an action story about the war between two winged races on the sea-world of Diomedes and is well worth looking at. It was retitled "War of the Wingmen" for its Ace D-303, 1958 edition.

Anderson has made an attempt to use accurate science in his "We Have Fed Our Sea" which is set on a mobile base star ship, the crew being changed at intervals by matter transmitter, but then something goes wrong. The author writes of the science involved in an article in "New Frontiers" 2, Jan '60. This novel was retitled "The Enemy Stars" when republished by Lippincott 1959, this new name being carried into its D'day Book Club edition 1959, and Berkeley 1959 PB ed. The third is probably a very good story but the type of conversation and characterization used, as I said above, did not appeal to me.

Clement's novel was, I'm afraid, not smoothly not well-written; somehow, the plot situations seemed too artificial even though his basic science was good. I doubt that this will ever see reprinting. On the other hand, the Leinster yarn is typical space-opera, and has since reappeared as "The Pirates of Zan" in Ace D-403 1959. I personally enjoyed it, but feel that it would have been better suited to Startling or Planet, had they still been in existence. Dickson's story is a well-written description of army life in the future, and of a cadet from a noted family. It is sure to reappear someplace. The Phillips novel has some very bizarre characters, rather out of the norm, and for this reason, it is readable. Cole's story is ultra-involved, with good overcoming evil through the special powers of a boy. In "Deathworld", Harrison has possibly one of the best novels in recent years. This is true science fiction, with tough action on a raw frontier planet, solid science and psionics to boot.

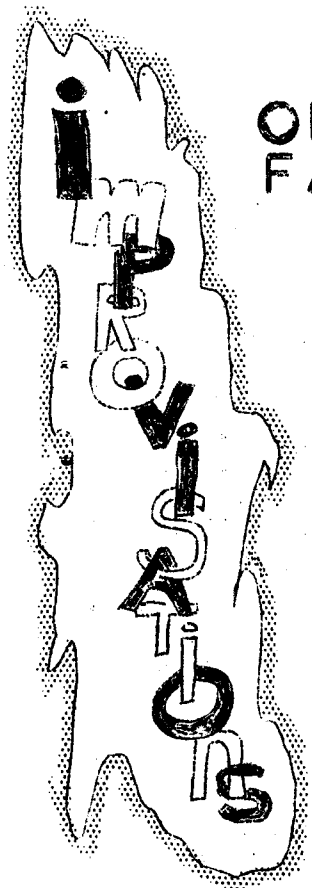
Well, there you have the serials in Astounding, up to the title change to "Analog". It's a masterful array of stories which will give anyone hours of thoughtful and pleasant reading. I hope I have given you some clues on many of these works, and at least shown how readily available most of them are. Ask any person with runs of ASF whether they will part with them and you probably won't come out alive. I personally prize the whole 354 of them, and wouldn't mind an atomic decompression unit in which to store them!

.....

(I'm not a big-gun collector like Don - unfortunately. Just think, all them books! However, like many fans, I do have a large BRE ASF file, and so I've put together a checklist of the Serials in BRE ASF. Hope this is of help to someone.)

Gunner Cade.	Nov 52	The Man Who Counts.	May 58.
The Currents of Space.	Mar 53.	Close to Critical.	Aug 58.
Hull-ADC.	Jul 53.	We Have Fed Our Sea.	Nov 58.
Mission of Gravity.	Sep 53.	A Bicycle Built for Brew.	Feb 59
Sucker Bait.	Jul 54.	The Pirates of Ersatz.	May 59.
Question & Answer	Nov 54	Dorsai.	Aug 59.
They'd Rather Be Right.	Jan 55.	That Sweet Little Old Lady.	(x)
Time Crime.	Jun 55.	The Best Made Plans..	Dec 59.
The Long Way Home.	Sep 55.	Deathworld.	Apr 60.
Call Him Dead.	Jan 56.		
Under Pressure..	Apr 56.	(x) This novel has not yet been	
Double Star.	Jul 56.	reprinted in the BRE.	
The Naked Sun.	Feb 57.		
Get Out of My Sky.	May 57.	Well, as you can see, we've been	
The Dawning Light.	Jul 57.	lucky enough out here in Australia	
Citizen of the Galaxy.	Jan 58.	to catch most of the really great	
		science fiction of recent years.	

The recent loosening of customs restrictions could mean the end of the BRE - if this is so, we'll all be sorry to see the last of this fine and popular mag.



ON A THEME OF FANNISHNESS.

BY JOHN M. FOYSTER

.....and so another neo dons propellor-beanie in an attempt to gain immortal fame.

The problems facing someone writing his first column are so great that it is no wonder so few are written (thank Ghod). No feuds (unless this is the specific purpose of such column) no personality with which to start. (I'd like to see George Crater's first effort in "Downbeat").

Will I start with say.....
HOW HOMOSEXUALITY CAN SAVE THE WORLD FROM ITS POPULATION PROBLEM?
Well, no. While this may be an interesting topic, world prejudice is so strong that there can be no reasonable discussion of such matters, although I believe that fandom is one of the places in which this idea will first be raised.

Or then again I could quote Alan Ginsberg's poem HOWL! with all the words in (jub and I are discussing the merits of this work, and all he complains about is that his version has all the rude words left out. Dad luck, John).

But I will discuss neither of these worthy topics. Just as well - I was getting a bit sercon.

I'll just ramble.

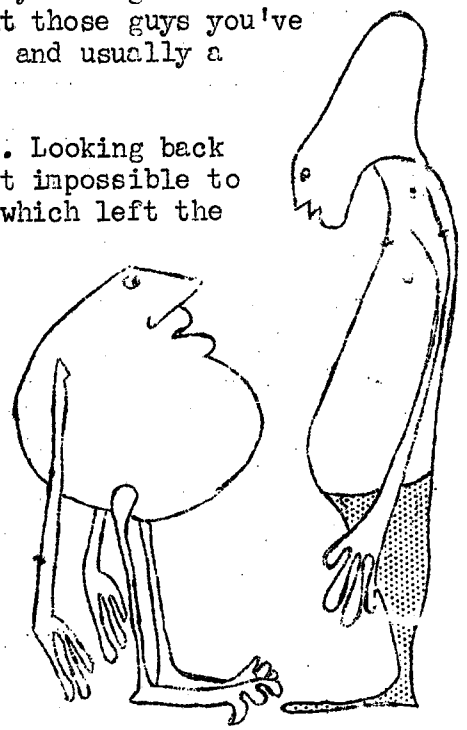
Aussiefans might be advised to answer the ads. in "Amazing". Although, naturally, we get the copies later than the Yanks, I have yet to get an answer "Sorry. All sold out". Not the regular advertisers, but those guys you've never heard of before. One gets a penfriend sometimes, and usually a better deal than from a dealer.

Of course, "Amazing" is THE magazine of the future. Looking back at the 55-57 issues, I find the present standard almost impossible to believe. "Amazing" seems to be bringing back the life which left the field in Fall 55.

.....
When and where is the next Aussiecon? JMF
.....

Has Jack Kerouac's "Doctor Sax" been reviewed by anyone? If not, it should have been and I'll enter the book-reviewing (?) field next column (Baxter willing).

.....
Science Fiction STIRKS as literature. JMF.
.....



Anyone investigated the Dean Drive?

I hear Weird Tales is to be revived. A companion sf magazine is also planned. More details later.

I want to set up a price-fixing commission on backdated sf mags. Peter Jefferson wants £1 for a '43 ASF, while a copy in almost certainly better condition from a US dealer is 50¢. Same dealer wants a collar for Fantastic SF Aug '52, and you'd have to pay most people to take a copy. This sort of thing is apparent even in prices operating in Australia. You can pay an awful lot for something one day and the next you could have it for a quarter of the price. If a large number of specialist dealers were to get together and decide on approximately reasonable prices, then I think many collectors would be much happier.

Let's have a GOOD, REGULAR Australian fanzine.

"New Worlds" covers are too small (or too large). The cover is usually too small to give an attractive appearance (and, with Lewis covers, too big).

August "Galaxy" went on sale here yesterday (June 30th). Those distributors are really getting on the ball. (NERV PINNS - don't read this. For Melbourne fans, my good friend Mr. Franklin has worked a deal with some distributor and now sells most SF mags (New) at 1/6. Including "Galaxy". For other fans, I am now in a position to supply British editions of some SF mags, cheap. Most 2/- plus postage. Galaxy 3/-. Send for lists.

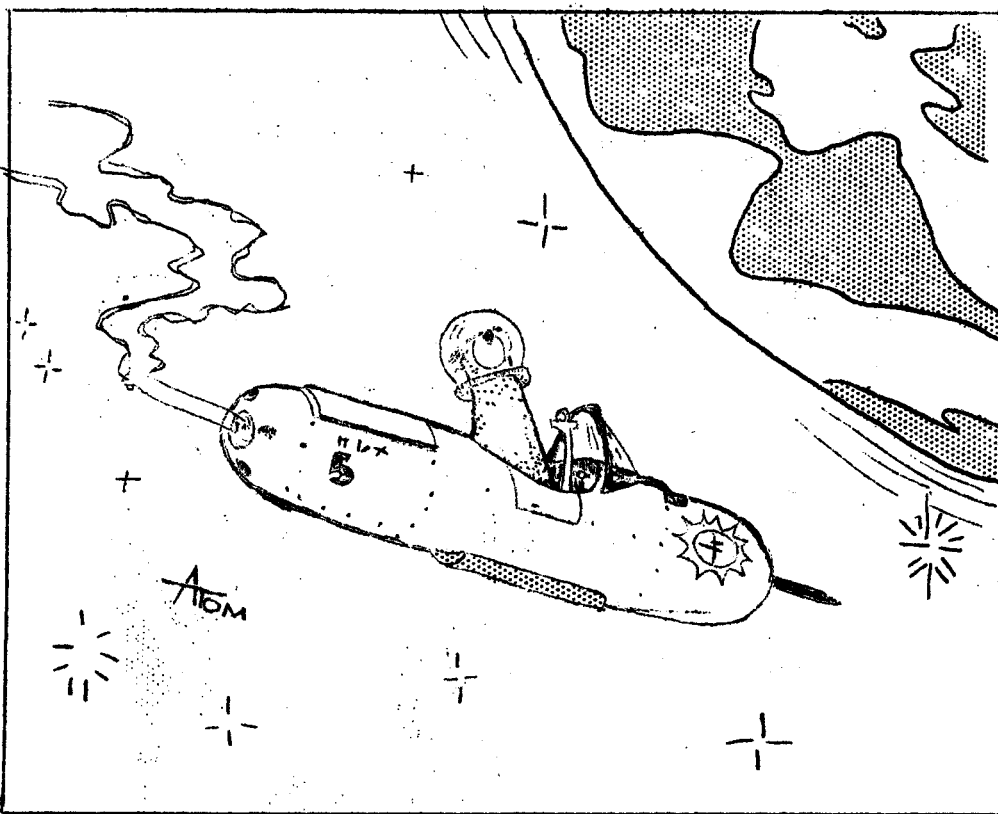
Science fiction STINKS as literature.

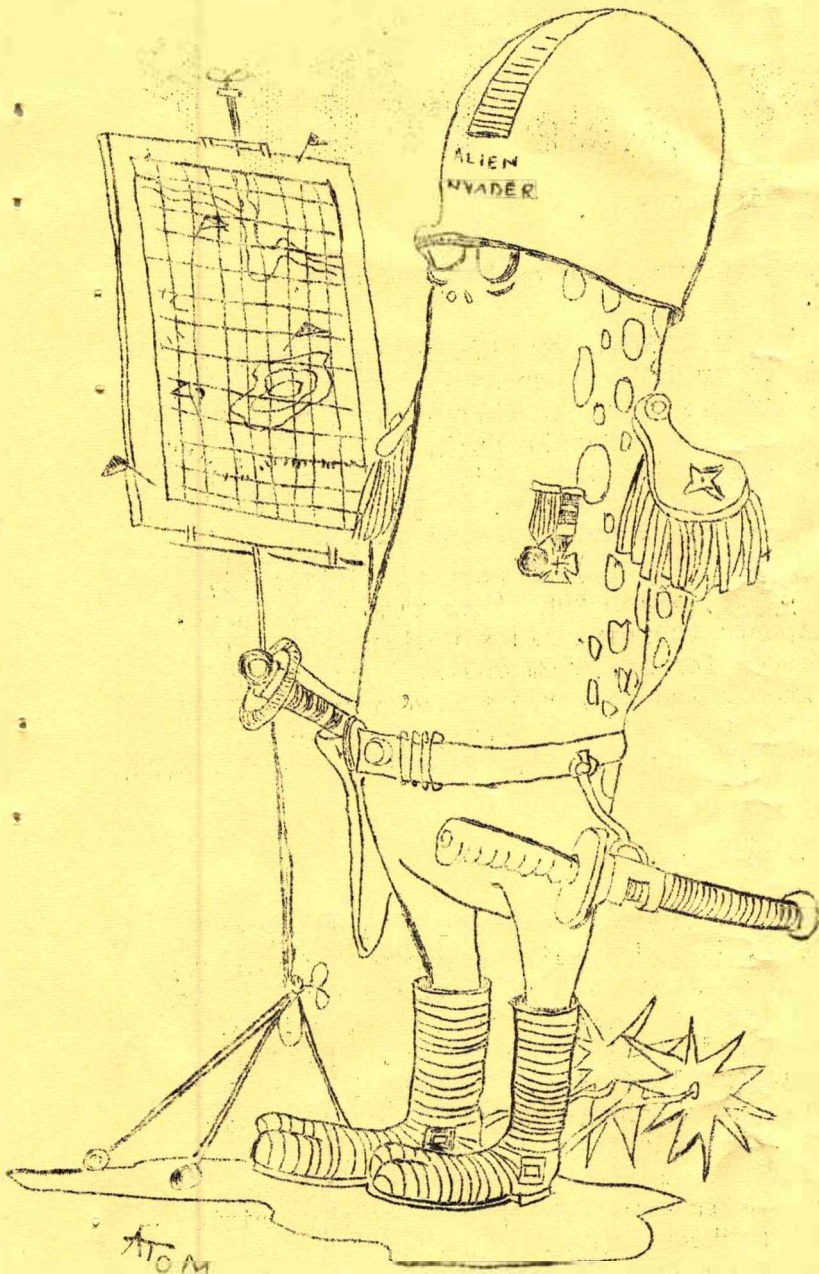
W.R.Coles' column in SF Times gets me. What an optimist. "Fantastic and If will be dead by September."

Looking at it from the mercenary angle, Analog should raise its rates to authors. The latest serial "Out Like a Light" would have been bounced by every mag. in the field in '53. I didn't think that ASF would get so poor. If YOU liked it, read "The Watchful Poker Chip of H. Matisse" in "Beyond" or "The October Country".

.....
Who wrote "...swung thru the trees with the speed of a squirrel"?

.....





P.S. Miller is a bit erratic in his reviewing. Compare his remarks on "Atlas Shrugged" and "Starship Troopers", and then read "Atlas Shrugged". It's time someone wrote a novel defending (ugh) capitalism even if we don't like it ourselves.

FUX QUANTUM, MC2, EPHEMERLINE, THE TUCK HANDICOK AND AUTHOR WORKS LISTINGS, &c. These guys have to sell, you know.

WRITE to prozines telling them what's wrong. DON'T TELL PAMPHLET EDITORS! The pros are the men who do the work and, while you may gain egoboo &c from saying that Fy&Sf has a poor story policy and will fold within a couple of issues, it won't get to the pros unless someone sends them a copy and, even then, it won't have the same punch as a direct letter. (This can be said in more elegant language, but so long as you get the message).

A column like this should be written straight, so I'll leave that previous para. in all its glory.

demom knight is an artist?

THOUGHT.

beauty is in life and death,
it is to be taken - not to be given,
but it is always there.

What a screwy thing to put in

the middle of this!

WANTED. Copies of Australian "Silver Starr" comic - pics by Stanley Pitt.

I am For Harrison.

Science Fiction SLINKS as literature.

A NOTE ON THE ~~TYPE~~ AUTHOR.

No, Virginia - John M. Foyster is not ye ed in disguise - strange as it may seem, there can be more than one John M. This particular one is a Melbournian and claims to be "a neo of four years". I dunno - these prodigies exist, alright, but how could a 4 year old use a typer? I shall investigate this vital matter and report in future issues of "Lunyip".

I don't like reviewing fanzines - it strikes me as pointless. From the next issue, I hope to have a fanzine col from Bob Smith but, until then, it was me who had to:-

READ 'EM AND WEEP.

FANZINES RECEIVED.

ORION 25.

Ella Parker, 151 Canterbury Rd., West Killburn, London NW6, England.
Quarterly. Duplicated. 1/- or 15¢.

Women are strange creatures, don't you think? For this reason, Orion is a curiosity among fanzines. Ella edits it with the economy and efficiency one usually finds in a good housekeeper, but her 'zine is also typical of a housewife's work - spotlessly clean, wholesome and a little dull. To my mind, there is too much sweetness and light about Orion, but then, I've always thought a woman's place was over a stove and not a duplicator. No. 25 is a good ish, and of a quite respectable size - 56pp. There are 8 articles and columns, fanz reviews by Arthur Thompson (he should stick to art), a sizeable lettercol, and Ella's usual competent editorial Specs, which runs this time to 8 pages, all concerning the London and participants therein. Brisk writing, crisply phrased, but again a little too wholesome for me. Atom cover, bacover and headings through-out are good. Best item this is further adventures of Paul Enever's brother-in-law, who, as surely everybody now knows, works in a crematorium. Orion 25 is worth getting, if only for this article and the letter-column.

SCANSION 2

Pat Burke, Box 1170, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.
Monthly. Duplicated. Free.

This is a strange little clubfanzine produced by a leading light in the newly-formed Sydney Science Fiction Club. I don't quite know how to treat it, as the editor categorically states that he is in violent opposition to fandom, while publishing articles on sf, mad poems and pornographic limericks! No. 2 is 12pp long, well duplicated but on one side of the paper only. Layout is capable but dull, and the whole 'zine is unillustrated. However, I hear that the next number will have a drawn cover, which should help to brighten this publication up. Content of No. 2 comprises an article on fan jargon by me - hastily written, I'm afraid, and showing the signs of too little care, some reminiscence by Doug Nicholson on Buck Rogers - readable, but soggly written - an editor's article on e/t life, a rather obscure poem on nothing that I can follow, A Genealogy of Jazz (sic) and, comprising the only bright spot in the 'zine, a column by one Royce Williams. Then there's the limerick, of course - it's the one about a young lady named Ransome, extracted from Ralph Ginsburg's "An Unhurried View of Erotica". Funny, of course, but I know some a lot better. Considering the statement that "this magazine will print only objective articles, no letters or fiction", I find the presence of Miss Ransome rather hard to follow. Perhaps filth is "in" this season.

KIWIFAN 11.

Roger Horrocks, 18 Hazelmere Ave., Mt. Albert, Auckland, New Zealand.
Irregular. Duplicated. No price listed.

I don't know what is happening to NZ fandom of late. Three fanz in a single month! Then the principal pubbing fan of that country suddenly either gafiates or emigrate. Perhaps fanning has been declared an Un-New Zealand activity?

(continued inside bacover)



DEAR JOHN

A LETTERCOL
LIKE.....



First off in this issue's lettercol is a contribution which will probably have little interest for overseas or pubbing fen. However, Aussiefen and, in particular, those who have been associated with Sydney clubfandom, should find it most informative.

As I mentioned in Quantum 8, the meetings at the Sydney Bridge Club Rooms have now been discontinued, and there is, at the time of writing, no official science fiction activity extant in the city. The cessation of these Thursday night functions will be regretted by many, but, as is usual in such cases, a great deal of good could and, I venture to suggest, will come out of the collapse. Doug Nicholson is already organizing monthly gabfests at his home and, if the present promising attendance continues, a new group - more balanced, unbiased and sensible - should result. In the letter below, Dave Cohen, long-time doyen of Sydney fandom, and, throughout most of their history, the organizer of the Bridge Club meetings, sets out his reasons for closing down the premises, comments a little on the present state of Sydney clubfandom and, in general, clarifies his position with regard to the new movement. As I mentioned earlier, the letter will be of little interest to overseas fen, but, as, more or less, a duty to local activity, I felt it best to put Dave's words in print.

From DAVE COHEN, Box 4940, G.P.O., Sydney, Australia.

"Just to set the record straight, the main reasons for my closing down the Thursday night meetings were: 1. I will not be able to be there on almost any Thursday night in the future and: 2. The almost dead loss financially.

As I have told you, the Thursday nights have been in the red for years, and overall, they owe me more than a few shillings, so I have decided to cut my losses and get out. Your remarks re the meetings at Doug Nicholson's home don't alter my views towards this "fandom". I personally think, from my own experience, that fandom will never be a success as a true fandom because nobody will be prepared to take on the more-or-less inevitable losses associated with true fandom. What with office bearers, committees &c, &c., the fights that will arise will bust up the whole thing in next to no time, especially when the past history of Aussiefandom is hanging over it all the time.

Don't forget, this is not a clean-sheet start to fandom. It is more-or-less the mixture as before, with just one or two new faces, and may I ask (seriously) is there one single new idea?

The way I ran things did not fit in with the views and ideas of a lot of people here in Sydney, who were interested in sf. Added to which was the racial outlook of certain people, who would not (maybe could not) come into contact with a Jew.

The cries of "Dictator" &c. that were thrown at me for my handling of my Thursday nights, was only a stupid attempt to cover up their own short-comings, as there were far worse dictatorships in Sydney sf fandom years before I ever came on the scene. It was ever the Hitler-tactic to accuse the opposition of what he wanted to do - or was going to do. History has a nasty habit of repeating itself.

The true fandom, where everybody has a say and partakes in some or all of the activities of the group, is very nice in theory, but very seldom works in actual practice. Time may prove me wrong, and, if so, I shall be the first to acknowledge it but, right now, I feel that I am right and that only time will prove me so. There is only one way in which even a partial success can come of fandom, and that is for one man to run any one thing. The clash of view-points or ideas will lead to either a refusal to work with the others or else a capitulation to the views of the dominant one.

Just to sit around and yak about the stories in the mags. current or yester-year is not fandom truly. There are and is a lot more things to say and more to do. My I cry one of my former cries? This was derided at the time (probably because it had not been put forward by the person who did the deriding) what about the social side of fandom? Are people more interesting than sf? Are they complementary to sf? Should there be no people in sf? What does fandom say to that????

If true fandom is contemplated (I use the word here in the sense that one's navel is not looked at, but that life is actually breathed into fandom and it is alive-lives-breathes-and is an actuality. It is and isn't just thought of) then who will pay the costs of it?

Right here, I say definitely - I will not be having anything to do with fandom at all. No invitations will be accepted. No visits will be made or any meetings attended by me. Nor will I allow any group or organization to hang around my business premises (I still have hopes of setting up retail premises) to try and try to inveigle people into fandom. Get your recruits elsewhere. I could go on for quite a bit longer, but don't think it necessary to do so. I have stated my views, and feel they are plain enough for anyone with the proverbial two-pennorth of common sense.

In conclusion, I wish fandom (for what it's worth) all the best. Have a good time while it lasts, and be prepared to lick your personal wounds later on."

This letter has been printed, as Dave requested, without alteration or cutting, except for some extraneous personal messages on the end, and an invitation to "have at him" via Quantum. Personally, I don't see that anything I could say would have any validity, as my seniority in Sydney clubfandom is very short. The best I can do is agree with Dave - we'll just wait and see.

From BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Avenue, Los Angeles 96, California, U.S.A.

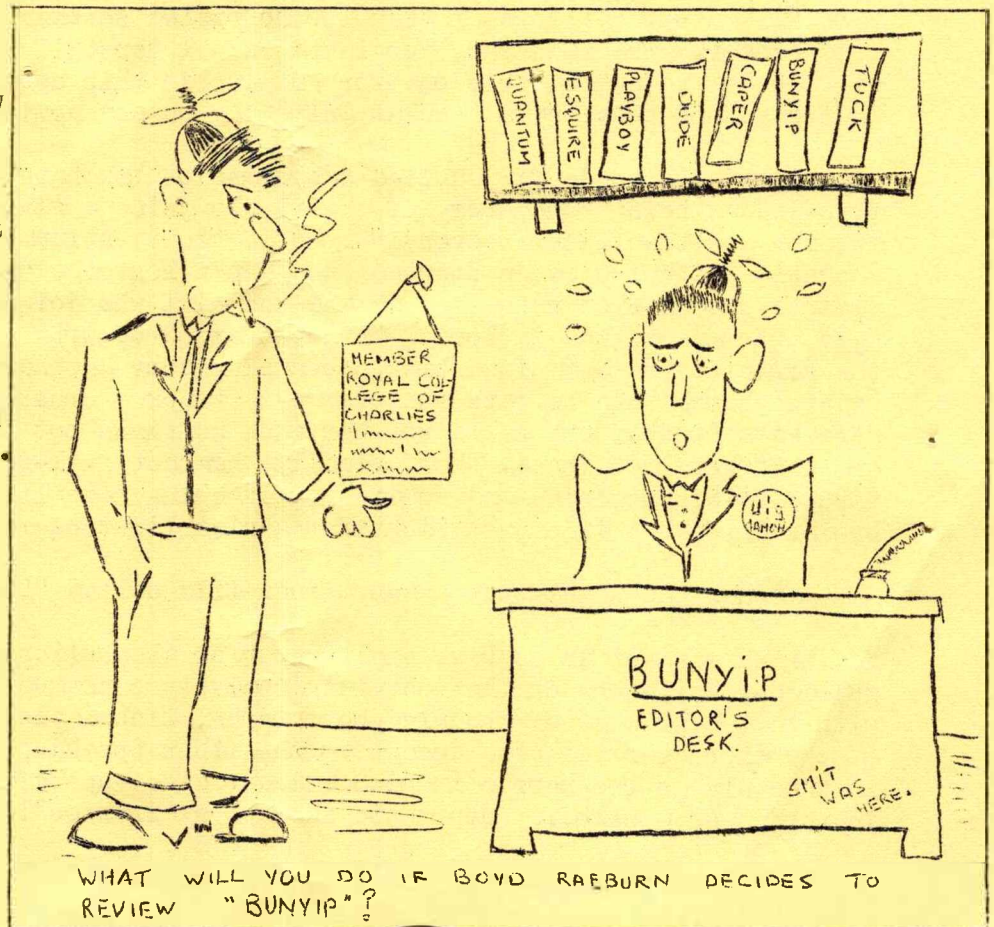
The parodical insert on Etherline in No. 7 and your comments on same struck me as very, very astute and entirely justified. When I first came into fandom some years ago, one of the first things I noticed was that people were treating Etherline in their fanzine reviews with a sort of awed reverence. Even Bloch in Madge had this attitude towards the fanzine. Hmm, I thought, something that's run as many issues as this (I believe it was in the 90s at that time) must be good - but I didn't bother to send for a copy for some reason or other. Then, just a few months ago, I received a couple of feet of duplicate fanzines from Bruce Pelz. Amongst them was a curious half-legal item, which turned out to be Etherline 90. I tried, but it turned out to be entirely unreadable. There was just nothing in it of even passing interest. And the production - it looked like an odd, elaborate variety of crudzine, a result of much second-thoughting and like that. Stuff like "The Leading Science Fiction Journal" across the bottom of every page did not raise it much in my estimation either. It is a crudzine.

(See, you mob - there is somebody who agrees with me on Etherline. No less than Bob Lichtman, who is a prize SAP. Well, you know what I mean, even if it does look bad written like that. The above was extracted from one of the most pleasant and congratulatory letters I've ever received - wish everybody was as helpful and encouraging as Bob. But wouldn't things be dull, eh?)

(Looking back over the few years that I've been in fandom, it's easy to see the Big Moments in my career with some degree of objectivity. My first fanzine, for instance, stands out very sharply and, next to that and dwarfing even my First Club Meeting, is the time I got the first letter from Alan Dodd. Many of

you must write to Alan, or at least read his many articles and columns, so you'll know just what sort of guy he is, but each item is, I'm sure, quite different from the next and you may get a kick out of these few extracts from letters that I've received in the past from ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. England.

Just a few days ago, I received Quantum 7, which I'll now proceed to read. Who's the cover by, incidentally? Was the artist too ashamed to sign it? It looks rather like George Metzger and friends at one of his parties.



ALAN DODD (cont.)

Do you have the Prudence Potts television commercial in which she advertises, via cartoon characters, those Brillo Soap Pads because it says something about not abiding spotty pots. Well, you've got a spotty fanzine, Bax ol' mate. What you need to do is get a few jellied eels around your duplicator to keep it going smooth man, like smoooooth.

Interesting to see a cartoon in Q mentioning Shelby Vick. I suppose you know that, for a living, he runs a duplicating and office stores business Well, Norma Metcalfe and Rich Brown, who both got stationed down in Florida

in the Air Force, just outside of a town named Panama City, where they found Shelby Vick actually lives and they all got together and so the result is that Vick is back again. He's just come out with a new fanzine called Tired Feet.

And a phoney Etherline, too! What will you throw into your fanzine next, John? The kitchen sink?

↳ Then, of course, we have Dodd the movie king, who must see just about every weird, horror, bizarre or just plain disgusting film that's made. It makes me burn when he describes shows like "Swamp of Lust", which I know for sure will never get further than the horrified scrutiny of our decrepit local film censor. Take this one, for instance - I doubt if the distributors would even bother to submit this one for grading in this country. Things are so hard, in fact, that they put a "Adulst Only" tag on any movie that shows a naked flame

I saw a Japanese film called "Joyhouse of Yokohama", which the synopsis revealed as being "the story of a girl who joins a government-sponsored institution and then later leaves it". Well, the "institution" was one run by the Japanese Brothel Service started after Japan lost the war, to prevent their ordinary women from being raped, and the girl who joined left it, married a G.I., who was killed in Korea, then got mixed up with a drug peddler who allows the girls to run away from him to be whipped by another girl member of his crew (sadism here). Then he gets run over by a truck - crushed, gore &c. Then she marries a doctor, but he leaves her when he finds out her profession, not having examined her beforehand. Then, finally, her best girl-friend, who's also a prostitute, dies screaming and vomiting, clutching herself from syphilis of the brain. Oh, yes - it's just right for a nice light-hearted evening's entertainment.

↳ Another one he saw was a new German film called "Labyrinth" ↪

...which was set in a Swiss sanatorium for alcoholics, drug addicts, would-be suicides. Quite one of the most imaginatively constructed films I've seen, with that bast shaded Germanic photography, linked close-ups, the shading down of one character to give accent to the other speaking, the background moulding in suddenly as the people imagine things, close-ups of legs - Madja Tiller's in this case - sigh... Futuristic sets of staircases leading to the doctor of



of the sanitorium. Doors opening and candles snuffing out, disjointed faces, cutting dramatically from one scene to another. And there was also a very young blonde who kept insisting on taking her clothes off to prove how pretty she was. The cast restrained her most of the time, except in one sequence where she reached the bedroom before the fellow and then he had to make the best of it.

← Hell! Why don't I ever see movies like that? →



← Unfortunately, that will have to be the end of Alan for this, because, last night there arrived a bundle of 'zines and bumph and a letter from BRUCE BURN, at present en route to England, but late of Wellington, N.Z. →

"If you want to write, my H.Q. in Britain is 9 TEMPLE SREEN ROAD, EAST SREEN, LONDON SW1. That's really the address of an uncle, but he's agreed to put me up while I'll be in London and - natch - that's where my fanac will be done. Not that I expect to be the most productive of fen. I'll publish one or two fuz a year (mainly for OMPA) and there's the crud I'll be writing for you and whoever else is foolish enough to pub a fanzine.

Actually, I'll have to get a job while o'seas. I'm fairly independent like, but very lazy. My attitude to the trip I'm about to take is "I'll go there and see what happens then". Really, my only regret is that I'll be leaving behind a mob of very interesting friends. And a very comfortable home. And a wonderful mother. And one or two girls who - I have to face it - will no doubt be married and have a thousand kids by the time I return. Ah, why does a fella have to do these foolish things?

I think yours is a very promising fanzine. If you can stand the loneliness of pubbing without much help from the apathetic clods around you, and if you can conquer (as you seem to be able to) the unreal situation where you may sometimes be talking - yes talking - to people who live half the world and a quarter of a year away, Bunyip could become a very good, interesting fanzine.

As a slight illustration of the foregoing, I might mention one of the joys of fanpubbing. It's looking back over what happened to you five or so years ago, when you first entered this mad mob. For example, Mervyn Barrett and I were one day at a party in town (about a year ago, I guess) and we began talking about fandom. Suddenly, we both fell silent because we'd just realised that the very first letter of comment we'd ever received had been a pocsared from Walter A. Willis! He'd thanked up for FOCUS 1, published sometime in 1954 or '55. Back in those days, neither of us knew who IAW was, but when we remembered that pc,

at that party with people frantically flipping over Milos Davis all around us, then we felt that Fandom is a Ghoddamn worthwhile hobby. Hoo Bhooy!

So don't let it get you down, John. Publish what you like, how you like. I'll always remember what Don Ford once wrote me on the subject. He said "Publish what you like and piss on the readers!" So there!"

↳ No comment on that last para. But it worked ok for Bruce, so there's apparently something in the philosophy. Amen to the statement that Fandom is a great hobby. The more I fan, the better it becomes, the more fun I have, the better fanzine I produce. Buddy, this is living!↳

MIKE DECKLINGER, 85 Locust Ave., Millburn, New Jersey, U.S.A.

"Received Quantum 7 the other day. Don Tuck's listing of "Startling" was excellent, but the best thing was undoubtedly your "Etherline" take-off. I haven't ever seen a copy of the original mag, so I don't know how close the comparison was, but it really was funny and I can understand your motive for doing the parody. It seems a good idea to change the name of your 'zine to BUMMIP. "Quantum" sounds like the name of some science journal, almost.

Incidentally, a film to see is "Psycho". Alan Dodd sent me a clipping from a British paper where the reviewer described this film as the most nauseating he's seen, and berates director Hitchcock tremendously for this. "Time" called it a "stomach-churning horror". Well, it's true that this is different from other Hitchcock films, but I think it's undoubtedly his best, and certainly contains the most suspense. It's based on a book by Robert Bloch, but don't read the story until you've seen the film. If you do, it will completely ruin the ingenious gimmick ending.

I was just listening to a new Jimmy Rodgers' ballad on my radio called "The Wreck of the Old John B.". I wonder if there's any connection....."

↳ We haven't had "Psycho" in a local theatre yet, but when Hitchcock was out here a few weeks ago, he said that a print was in town, waiting for a suitable theatre. No sign of it yet, though. It'll be a real strain on me to avoid reading the book, as I bought it only last week, and a local weekly mag. is serialising the novel at present. Guess the only thing to do is block my ears and wait.↳

BOB SMITH, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia.

↳ I asked Bob if he'd take over my fanzine review column from now on, as I don't seem to be able to work up any enthusiasm for it. Dig the enthusiastic response, will you. (Gentle readers, I think you're going to get a good feature)↳

"Hell, yes. I'll take over the fmz reviews for you. (Hoo. This is gonna be surmat to watch...). I don't know about the "writing skill" or "sense of humour" you saddle me with, but I'll have a bash. My style (or so Peter Jefferson once told me) is fairly blunt and, to quote Perry, "I view with suspicion anything longer than a two syllable word". Bear in mind that the remarks in this column (what about "Cop This Lot" for a title?) will be directed mainly towards Australian fen, to sort of whet their appetite for more. It'll be a rambling kind of thing - who knows, I may even mention science fiction on occasions! "

↳ Science Fiction? In a fanzine? Sounds faintly treasonable to me. I suggest you stick to the usual fmz review details. Typo distribution, nude quotient (how many per page, whether obscene, pronographic, etc), number of times my name is mentioned, number of times your name is mentioned - things like that)↳

This is the much-promised and long-awaited final "Kiwifan" with which RJH was to farewell fandom and thence enter the cloistered walls of some University or other. Unfortunately, it's a case of this 'zine ending "not with a bang, but a whimper", because this is by far the worst issue of Roger's fuz that I've seen. It runs to 26 pp, most of them legible but horribly typed and laid out. Lynette Vondruska's artwork is, as usual, excellent and, because she cut it onto stencil, very well reproduced. Toni Vondruska's tale of a trip to Auckland in his battered and arthritic old car, piloted by Lynette (the story, not the car), is the best item thish. Merv Barrett, under the influence of Ken Hordine's "Word Jazz" records, has written a duologue for recitation to modern jazz. Quite slick. I'd like to try this on tape sometime. A column from Bruce Burn follows, explaining why he duplicated and distributed this ish of Kwif for Horrocks, and also gives some information about "paraFANalia" (see below) and his trip to England. RJH's feature "The Hock Shop" covers mostly NZ news. Interesting enough. A wacky and badly reproduced Bruce King cartoon rounds off a rather ragged issue. Less haste would have made it a fitting epitaph to Roger Horrick's fannac. As it is, he lies in a practically unmarked grave.

paraFANalia 6.

Bruce Burn, Wellington, New Zealand.

Irregular. Duplicated. No price listed.

Bruce the Bem is on his way to England by now, so note this new address, will you. 9 Temple Sheen Road, East Sheen, London S.W.14, England. He should be there for some time - at least a year - and I gather a few fuz will be emanating from that address after he's settled in. Like "Kiwifan" 10, -FAN-6 shows the effects of much haste but, on the whole, Bruce's is the better 'zine. Another excellent Mills cover leads off - beautiful work. And a nude yet! What more can one ask? As usual, Bruce's column "The Wandering Ghu" provides thish's biggest kicks. Cav Nichols writes in retrospect on old-time prozines. Good, but short (Maybe this is why it's good?). Wrotsler and Art Wilson contribute some interior art - both nudes, natch, thence cometh the rest of Bruce's fannish fable, "The Magic Stylus", an item which is more than decently reminiscent of "The Enchanted Duplicator", but makes good reading anyway. The same can't be said, I'm afraid, of an attempt by ye ed (BB) to fill in the gaps of RAN's poem "The Green Hills of Earth". Heinlein may not be a hot shot poet, but at least he outclasses Bruce. A novel idea, though, even if it didn't come off. Issue ends with a column-thing by the Vondruska's concerning nothing in particular. There is a Lynette illo. too - another nude, but by this time, I was a little sick of bare flesh. Perhaps this trend has something to do with the old Maori traditions. But at least they wore grass skirts.

PSI. Vol3, No. 1.

LyBo Publications, Fox 215, Dixon, Calif. No schedule given. Printed. 15p

Dob Smith - the dog - sent me this little 8pp effort - apparently it is being distributed all over fandom by the editor. As he didn't list his name anyplace in thish, I don't know who he is, but the initials are "la". So work it out for yourself. Nothing much in this number, the first one to be printed instead of duplicated, although Mark E. Miller's column "lako" is quite good in an off-beat way - a sort of intellectual first cousin to John Loyster's "Improvisations". Two poems, by Noah McLeod and Ron Voigt, do nothing to bolster my faith in stf poetry, and I fail to see the point of reprinting a quote on labour unions from some newspaper or other. Maybe No. 2 will be better - the editor at least promises a Don Stuefloten story - but I can't say that this first number is any too promising.

.....

PRINTED MATTER ONLY.

bunyip #1

FROM...

JOHN MARTIN BAXTER,
29 GORDON ROAD,
BOWRAL. N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA.

To...

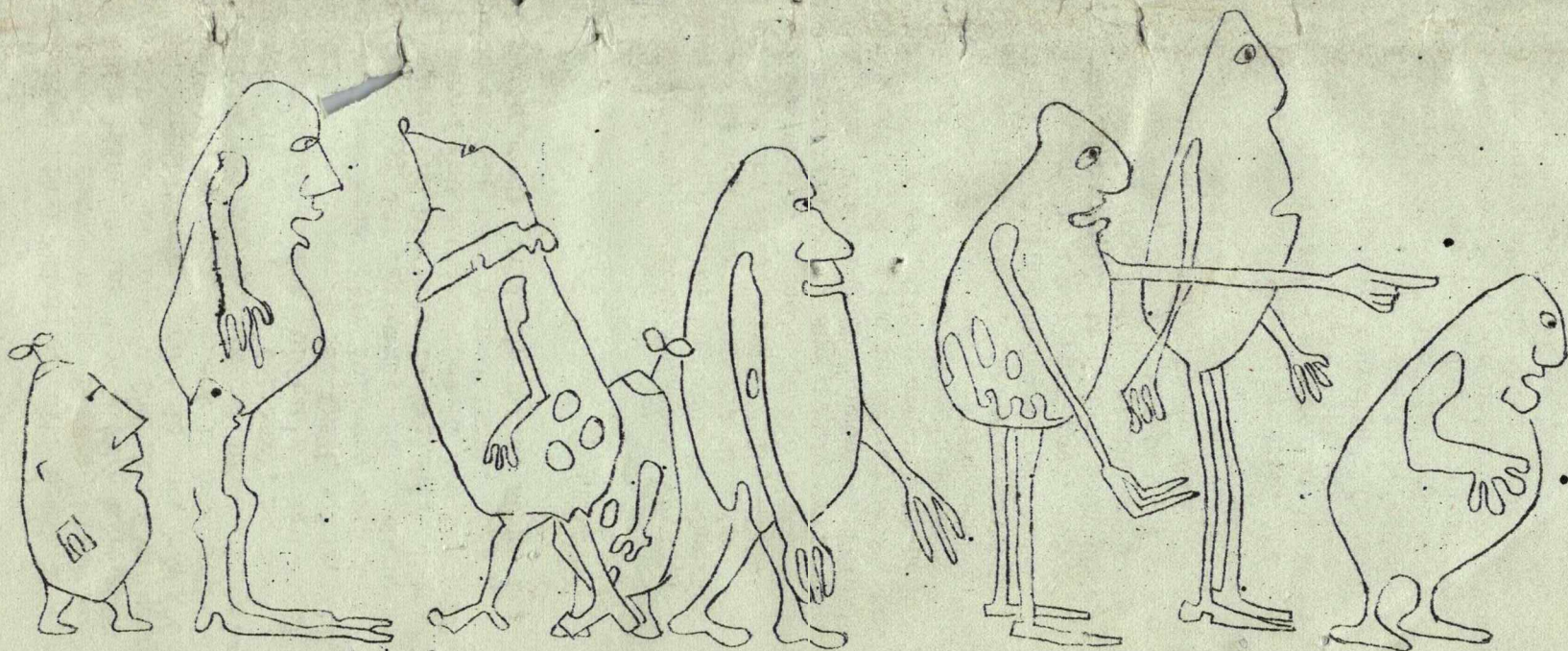
Edmund MESKYS,

723A 45 St.,

Brooklyn 20,

New York, New York,

U.S.A.



B
U
N
Y
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