



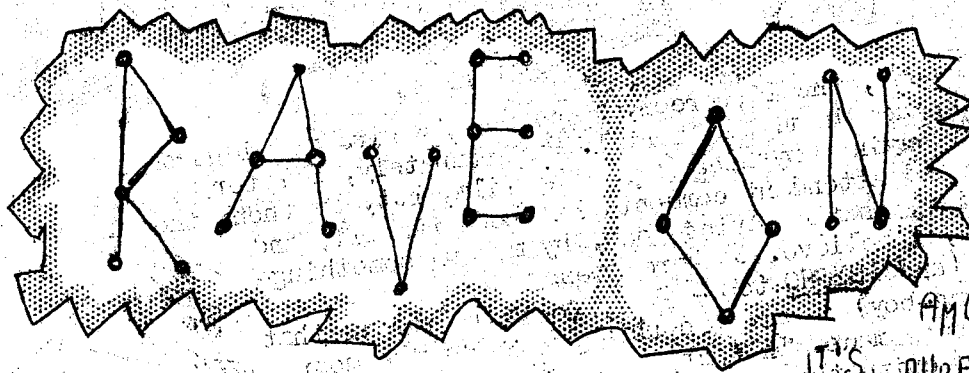
PHILBY '60



Second of an irregular but approximately bi-monthly series, edited, printed, published AND WHOLLY PAID FOR (hint, hint) by the editor, one John Martin Baxter, of 29 Gordon Road, Bowral, New South Wales, Australia.

Content of this comprises articles by Alan Dodd, Mike Deckinger, Don Tuck, John M. Foyster and Bob Smith, plus contributions both artistic, literary and otherwise from the cream of Antipodean fandom. YOUR name isn't included because you didn't write a loc on the last issue, so don't blame me for the loss of ego-boo.

BUMYIP is worth a damn sight more than the 1/6A, 1/- Sterling, 15¢ I charge for it but, seeing that I have about three subscribers only, the point is purely made in the spirit of mild protest. Send me your 'zine, a loc or other material, and you'll get future BUMYIPS. It's so long since I've seen money that I wouldn't know what to do with it, anyway.



AN ITEM WHICH IS
PERHAPS BEST LEFT
UNDESCRIBED.....

AMONG OTHER THINGS,
IT'S PURELY EDITORIAL.

This is not a good night for fanning. It's hot, humid and I don't feel too well. Indigestion, probably. For dinner, the Angel and I went to a city restaurant where the speciality is foreign dishes. The Angel - eminently sensible girl that she is - had Vienna Schmitzel (which is thin veal steak fried in breadcrumbs, with a potato salad on the side, as you may or may not know), but, as usual, my voluble stomach said "Sweet and Sour Pork", thus leading to my present state of discomfort.

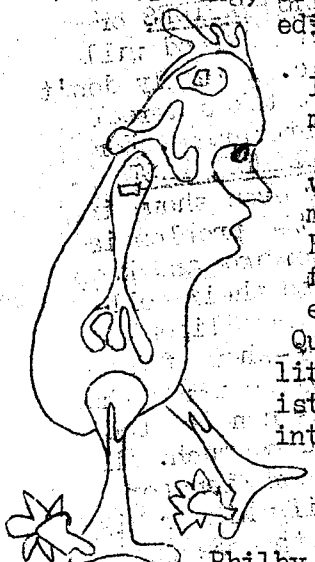
Not that I don't like Sweet and Sour Pork - on the contrary. It's delicious. But (burp - pardon), it is a trifle strong for me. Next time, I'll stick to salad and crackers. (My stomach just said "Oh, yeah!")

The above may help to correct the impression, apparently held by many fans, that Australians live on witchetty grubs and kangaroo tail soup. An occasional grub is nice, of course - they taste like peanuts, incidentally, with a touch of rare beef - but, for every-day eating, we stick to more-or-less ordinary food. Kangaroo Tail Soup is available in cans, though, and I'll be glad to swap prozines for the stuff, should any gourmet fan have a yen to try the exotic food of this particular foreign land.

Another thing I want, while we're on the subject, is theatre posters; the modern type, if possible. Jacques Philby, the artist responsible for much of the interior illoing of BUNYIP, is decorating his garrett with posters, and has found it rather difficult to get enough specimens to complete the job. For one thing, the advertising agencies have started to use stronger glue, and not many of the posters around Sydney are really large enough to take up a lot of room. Consequently, he is looking for big, sprawling signs, of the sort often seen in front of theatres, (c. Should anybody have access to such, I'll be glad to do some trading, or maybe pay cash, if condition is ok. Anything to keep an art editor.

So much for the huckstering. Now what'll I talk about? Well, I started out with a stream-of-consciousness type editorial, and might as well continue in that vein.

It's a hot night - ok, you know that much. I'm sitting at the window of my digs in Sydney, looking down the harbour through my open front window. On my left is the famous Sydney Harbour Bridge, looking very sombre and monolithic in the darkness. In fact, it's no more than a shadow in the night, nearly invisible except for the little flashing light up on the arch. When the Queen of England was out here some years back, the Bridge was all lit up with floodlights, but apparently ordinary citizens and tourists aren't supposed to like looking at about the only half-way interesting piece of architecture in the city, so the lights were taken down, probably while the Queen was still waving goodbye.



Philby.

Up in "Dear John", the lettercol, I promise to give my views on ON THE BEACH someplace in the editorial. Unfortunately, I later thought better of saying anything about the film, but, by then, the Deckinger letter and attendant comments had been run off, and I find myself hoist, as the saying goes, by my own something-or-other - petard, I believe. So here goes:

ON THE BEACH (and PSYCHO too - I may as well drag in that particular whipping-boy) are undoubtedly two of the most over-rated films ever made. In fact, I can think of only one other that has had quite the same amount of unwarranted publicity and undeserved praise. That is the unspeakable BUM HUR, about which the less said the better. Basically, neither ON THE BEACH nor PSYCHO are anything more than B-class Hollywood efforts, made with the characteristically American lack of taste, skill or intelligence. Both take an fine (or at least good) story and cram it bodily into the battered old mould until it is just another Hollywood plot, possessing few, if any, of its original qualities. These stories could have been made into great films, given the benefit of capable direction and intelligent scripting, but instead, they were given the streamlining required of every American-made movie, shoved through the publicity machine and spewed out upon an uncaring public in the guise of "art".

One could at least have some respect for the honest sf/horror movies of the boom days, with their papier-mache monsters and stilted dialogue, but there is no encouragement to sympathise with ON THE BEACH. It is an egotistic attempt on the part of Kramer to claim that he is "saying something" on a subject of world-wide importance. The popularity of the film throughout fandom is yet another illustration of the current mania to put science fiction on a pedestal it does not deserve. Fans preen themselves, and say "We thought of this first". Deep and thoughtful pronouncements are made on the subject in various fanzines. Everybody deplors the present trend towards unrestrained atom bomb tests, whilst some magazines (let us not mention names) even go so far as to discuss how we will live after the bomb. Not a discussion along the lines of EARTH ABIDES or THE LONG, LOUD SILENCE, but chilling explorations of how long tinned food will remain edible after having been exposed to radioactive fallout &c. I really don't see how anybody can be proud of being associated with a film that takes a real human problem and makes it into the "gimmick" for a commercial enterprise. For the same reason, I opposed the use of a homosexual element in SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER. Not because I object to homosexuality being publicised or even shown in an attractive light, if it should ever come to that, but because the problem is not really explored in this film - it is merely used to draw the crowds and keep them enthralled by injecting a delicious shot of the forbidden into their collective arm. It's the same with ON THE BEACH. Kramer has turned an intelligent and well-written appeal against atomic warfare into some cheap side-show of a film, not only altering the story but also slanting the entire movie towards the sensational, tawdry and unsavoury aspects of Shute's plot. There is none of the hope, the faith in human nature that the original author emphasised so much. The film scenario is turgid and bleakly graphic. I cannot feel any admiration for the director of such a work, or for the people who attempt to glorify him or his film. Stanley Kramer seems, to me, to be an artistic descendant of the man who would sell tickets to a crucifixion.

I wish I didn't have this tendency become sercon at the drop of a talking-point. For one thing, it leads to letters of a rather piebald nature. On one page, I am the happy-go-lucky trufan, giving not a damn as to whether fandom is a way of life, "Analog" is a good title or Hubbard a blithering idiot. Then somebody throws me a tasty scrap of argument and I'm off, usually becoming poetic, in a slightly Tennysonian form. It's another one of those little idiot-sin-crazies that I keep promising myself to work on, like eating to excess and following girls with nice legs.

Serconfandom is fine, if you are prepared to temper it with a little lighter fanac on occasions. It's when a fan starts to believe everything he says that the trouble starts, because, like religion, science fiction is an excellent vehicle for discussion, provided you don't get emotionally involved. Frankly, I feel that no fandom at all is infinitely preferable to the type of academic foishness that is starting to take over large areas of our hobby. Unfortunately, one of the centres in this particular Black Plague is Australia. Both the Sydney and Melbourne groups have changed - in both cases, somewhat violently - into clots of sercon fen, an event which the few sercon trufannish types out here, myself included, view with mingled distaste and alarm.

In Sydney, the new movement (should that be New Movement?) is a result of the Bridge Club Group break-up, marginally reported in BUNYIP 1 via a letter from ex-leader Dave Cohen. Never having attended a meeting of the Sydney club, I can say little about their activities except that they consider themselves to be an oasis of sanity and logic in the fannishly-stirring Australian sf field. They are content to meet at Doug Nicholson's home in a Sydney suburb, produce the occasional oh-so-serious fanzine SCANSTION and talk among themselves of suitably sober subjects. Apparently, the Melbourne group is somewhat similar, although the trend there is slightly more accelerated, by virtue of the new group'ser, well, forceful, I suppose you could say, leadership. Roger Bryant, the president of the Melbourne SF Discussion Group, is, to say the least, rather dynamic. He has shaken up the Victorian sf field more than a little, as witness this comment from John Foyster. Said JMF, when I asked about ETHERLINE, the regular Melbourne clubzine, now nearly a year overdue:-

"...Part of the reason for the non-production of ETHERLINE is the fact that this ultra-sercon breakaway group has absconded with a variety of material, scheduled for E/L 102, as well as causing general disruption in the club. The concensus of opinion among new group members is that the old club was too fannish, and placed too much of an accent on non-sf matters, like fanzines &c. Weeeeel! I find this rather hard to believe, but that's what I've been told. The leader is one Roger Bryant, and I believe that Leo Harding, of ye olde ANTIPODES, was associated with the formation of the breakaway. I don't know much about the group, but I gather they've had little contact with the fan world at large. It seems to me that they're probably even more of misfits than you and I. (Hoo Ha!). Anyway, it seems that Melbourne fandom is in for a wild time these next few months".

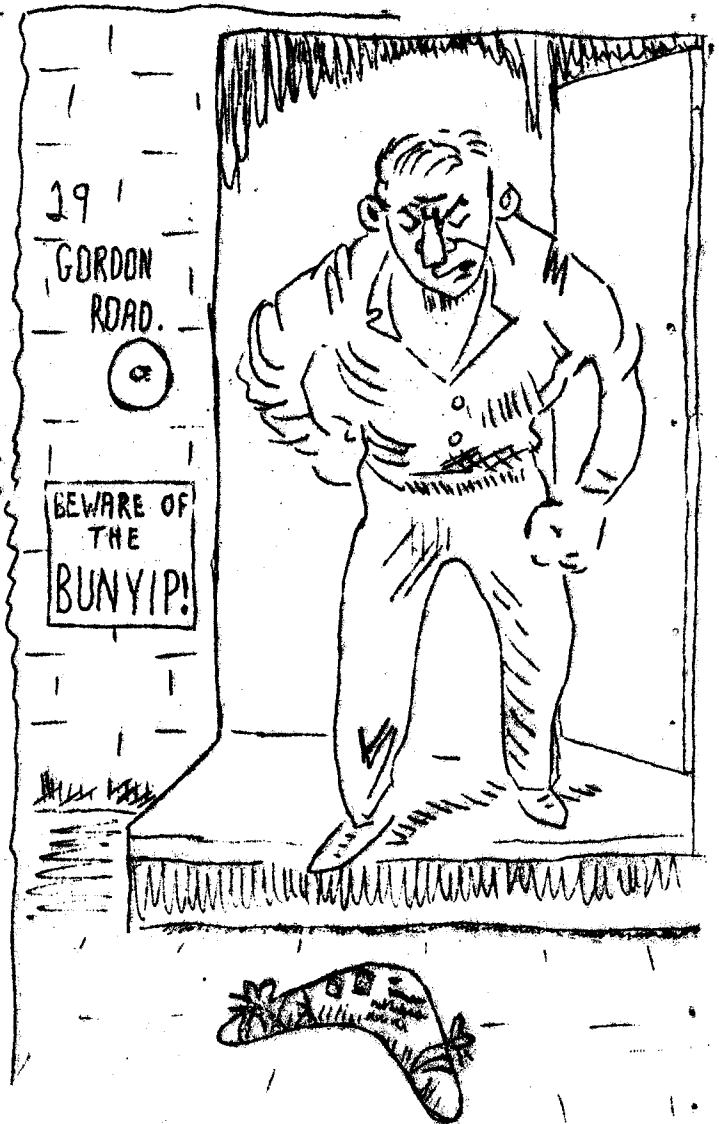
Coupled with a circular letter to all Melbourne clubfans, aimed at "certain" (unrenamed) "people" who are with-holding Club property, and put out by Secretary Mervyn Binns, this information indicates the beginning of a very interesting fannish cyclone. Would anybody care to fill me in on further details? Roger Bryant, perhaps - if somebody will give me his address. The Sydney club are also invited to contribute, should anybody care to emerge from the sercon atmosphere long enough to write a letter. Remember, I extend this invitation to anybody who has anything to say about sf fandom or allied subjects. After all, being the only fanzine in Australia, I have some sort of crazy duty to perform by putting out BUNYIP.

Look at the fine cartoon Jim Cawthorne drew for BUNYIP, will you. Alan Dodd and I have been trading books &c for a long time, but it's only of late that we've branched out into more substantial things like yellow Blackpool Rock kippers and boomerangs. I sent a boomerang to Alan and, despite Jim's gloomy prediction, it arrived safe, except, I believe, for a small nick in one blade. It must be a matter of personal pride to the Post Office that no item get through totally unscathed. Anyway, rather than mar the fair faanish shape of the instrument, I wrapped it tightly in brown paper, making it fairly obvious what was in the package. It caused quite a bit of consternation in Hoddesdon, I believe. What until Alan sends me that London strip-teaser he's promised me, though. Now there's a shape that he'll be hard put to disguise.

Getting back to the cartoon, I like the way Jim has captured that wild muscular virility that distinguished Aussiefen. The bulging muscles, sun-tanned skin (slightly difficult to convey via stencil) and manly frame. That's what comes from a diet of witchetty grubs and other fannish food. Even Bob Smith, spavined weedy Britfan that he is, has responded well to the Australian way of live. Why, in a few years, he'll be nearly normal! Nearly, I said.

Readers of BUNYIP 1 will recall a mention I made therein of a new fanzine, shortly to appear on the Australian scene. Well, John Foyster, of whom you'll read more elsewhere in BUNYIP 2, reports that the first issue is now well on the way to completion. No. 1 will contain (the name will be EMANATION, by the way - I forgot to mention this) fiction by two professional sf writers, or maybe a story by one and book reviews by the other, a couple of sercon articles, one by Don Tuck and the other by, ahem, ME! (Fanfare, please) The cover will be a scraper-board job, executed by brilliant (Foyster's words, borne out by Melbfn Margaret Duce and Keith McClelland) young Chris Beattie, and other art will be supplied by top local artists, probably including our own beloved Jacques Philby. AFPA, the Etherline firm, will be producing EMANATION, so you can depend on at least capable repro, as well as some scintillating editorial from John M.F. As you know from BUNYIP, he writes some good stuff, when pressed. Hard pressed, unfortunately, but a lot of good fen write only under pressure. (And you can take that remark as you like). Anyway, John's address is: 4 EDWARD STREET, CHADSTONE SE10, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA, and he needs material, subbers and encouragement. So write, damn you!

CONTINUED INSIDE BACOVER.



FIFTEEN FLAMIN' TIMES I'VE TRIED TO
POST THIS THING TO HODDESDON.....

- A REVIEW OF THE GERNSBACK 'WONDER' MAGAZINES. -

With particular comments on reprints therefrom

by

Donald H. Tuck.

The beginnings of the "Wonder" magazines are but part and parcel of the story of Hugo Gernsback. A sequence of events back in 1929 had caused Gernsback to leave his thriving Experimenter Publishing Company through which he had published "Amazing Stories", "Amazing Stories Quarterly" and others. (For full details, see Sam Moskowitz's article on Gernsback). This did not daunt him, and he circularised his reading public, receiving a grand personal response. He then proceeded to launch another company.

It is with this company, Stellar Publishing, that we associate the "Wonder" magazines. "Science Wonder Stories" made its first appearance dated June 1929, and "Air Wonder Stories" followed a month later. These were not all, though, as "Scientific Detective Monthly" and "Science Wonder Quarterly" followed, but only the latter of these two (as well as the first two named) will be covered by this article.

As we examine these magazines in turn, the novels will be listed and various comments made on other works from the appropriate issues, especially in relation to those stories that have since been reprinted.

SCIENCE WONDER STORIES.

This magazine had twelve issues, was large size, 96 pages and 25¢. Serials were:-

1929 Jun	The Reign of the Ray.	(2)	I.Lester/F.Pratt.
Jul	The Alien Intelligence.	(2)	J.Williamson.
Aug	The Radium Pool.	(2)	E.E.Rapp.
Sep	The Human Termites.	(3)	D.H.Keller.
Dec	The Conquerors.	(2)	D.H.Keller.
1930 Feb	A Rescue From Jupiter.	(2)	G.Edwards.
Apr.	The Evening Star.	(2)	D.H.Keller.

If one checks the author roster of the early "Wonder" magazines, he will find that many of the noted writers with Gernsback at Experimenter came across with him. This is admirably illustrated by "Science Wonder". As will be seen from this article, there has been a tremendous amount of reprinting from the "Wonder" series. However, this is mainly due to the fact that a later firm (Standard) had a reprint section in one magazine ("Startling Stories"), and later, a more or less complete reprint magazine ("Fantastic Story Quarterly" and later "Monthly"). Other appearances are comparatively few, aside from the anthology "From Off This World" (ed.Margulies/Friend) 1949, but this matter will be further discussed at the end of my review.

Although the first story above has never been reprinted, Pratt had been in and out of the field right up to his death in 1956. It is interesting to note that many of his ancient collaborations were faked, and that this would appear to be one of them. Mrs. Pratt recently stated "Science fiction in those days was not considered a particularly elegant form of literature, and the extra name (of an authentic person.dht) was sometimes added to amuse friends." Two short stories in the first issue, "The Marble Virgin" K.McDowd, and "The Making

of Misty Isle" S.A.Coblentz, later saw reprinting in "Startling Stories" (hereafter abbreviated to SS) July'42 and May'42 respectively).

Williamson's "The Alien Intelligence" was only this writer's second story in the field (the first had been "The Metal Man" AS Dec'28). It illustrates how much he emulated Merritt, but nevertheless, it is a readable adventure yarn set in an unknown part of Australia (of all places!) and has since appeared in "Captain Future" (hereafter abbreviated to CF) sr3 Spr'42 and more recently in "Wonder Stories Annual" (hereafter WSA) 1951.

Keller had begun to make his name by now, and appeared in the same issue with "The Boneless Horror" (SS Nov'41). This also appeared in the Keller collection "Life Everlasting", but I shall devote a paragraph to later stories of this writer further on in the review. Another item in the July issue was the commencement of a translated German book "The Problems of Space Flying" Capt.Hermann Noordung, which covered such things as weightlessness, solar heat and radiation, an observatory and rotating mirror in space. Frank R.Paul, the artist, made history when he painted the cover for the August issue, depicting the first artificial satellite to illustrate this article. (I am not forgetting the fact that E.E.Hale's "The Brick Moon", originally written in 1869, did precede this in some ways, but my view is that Noordung foresaw some of the physical aspects of such a project, whilst Hale's book was mainly fictional).

Apart from "The Radium Pool " E.E.Reapp, which FPCI saw fit to place in hard covers in 1949 (and also in a later double binding), August gave us D.D. Sharp's immortal short "The Eternal Man", which has since reappeared as follows:- SS Jan'39, "A Treasury of SF" (ed.Conklin'48, but not in the 1957 Berkley p/b) "From Off This World"(Margulies/Friend) 1949 (hereafter abbreviated to FOTW) and WSA 1950.

"The Human Termites" D.H.Keller was the lead in September, but this I consider to be one of the writer's lesser novels. It depicts large ants controlled by a "central intelligence" seeking to take over the world, and was reprinted in CF sr4 Win'40. Keller's later novels "The Conquerors" and its sequel "The Evening Star" were better, and became again available in "Fantastic Story Magazine"(formerly "Quarterly") (hereafter abbreviated to FSM) in the Sum'51 and Win'52 issues respectively).

"The Cubic City", a very amusing only story from Rev.L.Tucker, was a short in September, and has seen reprinting in SS Sop'42, FOTW. A.G.Stangland made quite a few appearances in "Wonder" and his "The Ancient Brain" of October was reprinted in SS Nov'42 and FOTW.

In November, the following saw later appearance. "The Phantom Teleview"B. Olson (SS Mar'40), "The Space Dwellers"R.Z.Gallun (SS Fal'43), while Repp's "The Stellar Missile" was combined with its sequel"Second Missile" (AS Dec'30) under the former name, and published by FPCI in 1949. These stories appealed to me far more than "The Radium Pool", but nevertheless, they are very much of the "Earth Just Missing Disaster" type.

December's short material "The Radiation of the Chinese Vegetable" C.S. Gleason and "The Super Velocitor" S.C.Carpenter, were reprints in SS for Mar'43 and Win'45 respectively. M.J.Breuer's "The Fitzgerald Contraction" of Jan'30 was an extremely likeable yarn, based on the theme of the title, and reappeared in SS Jan'42, but its later sequel "The Time Valve" (WS Jul'30) only saw that printing. Another January yarn by Repp, "The Red Dimension", appeared in SS Sum'45 - quite routine.

My favourite novel in "Science Wonder Stories" is undoubtedly "A Rescue From Jupiter".(WS sr2 Mar'31) contained its sequel "The Return From Jupiter", both stories being excellent adventure yarns from the pen of Gawain Edwards, dealing with the visit to a desolate Earth by winged "humans" from Jupiter. Why both were

never reprinted in FSM. I can never work out. Edwards wrote some very good yarns including "A Mutiny In Space", which will be covered later.

November had run a cover story contest, based on a space vehicle with skyscraper in tow (by Paul, of course), and some of the winning entries appeared in the February issue. Charles R. Tanner, later to become noted for his "Tumithak" Series, started his writing career with the winning entry, "The Colour of Space". Harl Vincent, one of the noted writers of the period, had the fine story "Before The Asteroids" in the same issue, not since reprinted, and this covers his theories about the formation of our asteroid belt.

In the last issue of "Science Wonder Stories" (May), the following stories come under consideration. "The City of the Living Dead" L. Manning/F. Pratt (saw reprinting in SS for Feb '44) and D.D. Sharp's "The Day of the Beast" later appeared in SS for Jul '40. The latter first story is both vivid and well-written, having slight connections with Manning's "The Man Who Awoke" Series, which will be covered in "Wonder Stories".

AIR WONDER STORIES.

This companion to "Science Wonder Stories" has eleven issues, and was the same size and price as SWS. Its serials ran:-

1929 Jul	The Ark of the Covenant.	(4)	V. MacClure.
Nov	The Cities of the Air.	(2)	E. Hamilton.
1930 Jan	The Flying Legion.	(4)	G.A. England.
May	Bat-Men of Mars.	(3)	W. Jackson. (this ran into WS)

It is not necessary to say much about this magazine but nevertheless, the eleven issues are not easy to obtain these days. As the companion to "Science Wonder", it naturally featured the stories its name implies, most of which dealt with super aircraft (machines which are very old-fashioned in the light of present-day aeronautical developments).

The MacClure novel was a reprint (Harper:NY 1924) later as "Ultimatum" Harrap: London 1932. The England story was also a reprint, but it is likely to live a lot longer. It originally appeared in "All-Story Weekly" sr6 Nov '19, saw a book edition from McClurg 1920 and, besides this appearance, has been featured in "Fantastic Novels" Jan '50. "The Flying Legion" is one of those yarns crammed with thrilling incidents, leaving one breathless as he follows the group of veteran air aces led by one called "The Master". I can still remember reading the FN version a decade ago.

This magazine had quite a number of stories and sequels, of which my tenderest memory is for the Leslie F. Stone set "Men With Wings" (Jul '29) and "Women With Wings" (May '30). Although quite old-fashioned now, they have quite an appeal. The only story from all these issues to see later reprinting was Hamilton's "The Space Visitors" (Mar '30), which appeared in SS Sep '39 and also "Tales of Wonder" as "The Space Beings" (Win '38). I enjoyed the logic in this one very much, and read it when my "sense of wonder" was at its peak, prewar.

It is interesting to note that this magazine presented Neil R. Jones' first published sotry "The Death's Head Meteor" (Jan '30) - actually the second he wrote - and, of course, this author made his name years later with the "Professor Jameson" Series. Another point was that John Beynon Harris ("John Wyndham") won the magazines slogan competition with the phrase "Future Flying Fiction", which was never used. The February issue of this magazine also has a cover story contest (like "Science Wonder"), the winner being covered in the "Wonder Stories" write-up for Jul '30.

CALLING ALL HUCKSTERS.

This page is for the sercon types only. Trufans need not read any further. Now, I know that most of the sercon types will have read the foregoing article by Don Tuck on the "Wonder" mags. But I wonder how many will do any more than that. Are you likely to write Don and comment on the item? Seeing that nobody has done so before, I fail to see why such an earth-shattering event should happen now. But why? After all, Don Tuck is one of the few people who are really trying to help out the sf field during this present difficult time. He is making a concrete effort to standardize all sf reference work with his Handbook of Sf & Fantasy and other works. He is supplying fandom with the sort of information it has always needed but never really had, ie. comprehensive listings of author's works, current book listings &c. And yet he is probably the most unappreciated fan in the field. I feel the least we can do is try to encourage his excellent work in some concrete way, preferably by buying his publications. I don't suggest you do so out of charity or some such - Don's work is good and it's damned cheap, considering the amount of effort and care that has gone into it. Look at his latest publication, the Second Set of Author Works Listings. Twenty Seven pages of close-packed biblio. information, on both sides of quarto paper, containing full story listings, sources, series, personal info, &c on Poul Anderson, Arthur Clarke, Murray Leinster, David Keller, O.A.Kline, Nat Schacner, Henry Whitehead. And all this for 2/3 Australian, 35¢ American or 2/- Sterling. For 4/- Australia, 45¢ American or 3/6 Sterling (plus postage), you can have sets 1 and 11, Set 1 containing Isaac Asimov, Nelson Bond, Fred Brown, Ray Cummings, R.A. Heinlein, Hal Clement, Damon Knight and Stanley Weinbaum. This is not to mention, of course, the excellent Handbook, Anthology Listing &c. Don's address is 139 EAST RISDON ROAD, LINDISFARNE, HOBART, TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA. So write for information, huh? And soon.



TO THE PITTCON

OF THE

IMPRESSIONS

PITTCON

by MIKE

DECKINGER

(HE WAS THERE)

John has requested me to give the nighlights of the recent Pittcon, rather than develop a lengthy ConReport, and that's just what i'll attempt to do here. I doubt whether I could list all the highlights of the con, for there are so many things that went on which at least I will remember for a long, long time.

I would have taken a train to Pittsburgh, but the strike cancelled all plans of that, so I boarded a Greyhound Bus in Newark at 8:30 in the morning and at 5:15 in the evening, the bus pulled into Pittsburgh. It was a dull tiresome trip, and everybody who says long bus rides are fun has not ridden for nearly 9 hours on a comfortable, but damnably dull bus.

The first thing that caught my eye when I saw the Penn-Sheraton Hotel was the theatre-like marquee on the front which bore in stark white letters on a white background the words WELCOME - 18TH WORLD S.F. CONV. When I saw that, I knew I had arrived!

I entered the hotel carrying one heavy and overstuffed bag and, after going up to the 17th floor by mistake, I returned to the lobby and checked in at the desk. The clerk glanced at my card and gave me the key to a room on the tenth floor. Now the bag I carried was beginning to get heavy, but not overpoweringly so, and I could have easily managed it up the elevator and to my room. But a crafty bell-boy had been waiting in ambush in the lobby and, as soon as I entered, he dashed over, grabbed the bag from me as if he were a cop apprehending stolen money, and smiled sweetly. He didn't smile so sweetly when I gave him a quarter tip after we had reached the room, and I swear he was positively frowning when he left.

I've slept in more motels than hotels, so I had been hoping for something a bit more extravagant than the small overcrowded room I was given. It had a bed which rolled annoyingly, a tv set which I don't think was used once while I was there, a radio which I used only to listen to the news, a desk and some drawers, the usual crowded closet, and a bathroom with the equipment that one usually finds in a bathroom. It did have a sink with three faucets though - a faucet for cold that gave cold water, a faucet for hot that gave hot water, and a faucet for ice that gave lukewarm water.

The hotel had about 25 floors and the complete 17th floor was devoted to the convention. As soon as I arrived, there on the convention floor, I was caught by a deluge of fans. I wandered into the Monogahela Room, where the Art Show was being set up, and bumped into Ejo Wells/Trimble, who always seemed to be scurrying about. Half of the paintings had been set up, and someone was sitting in front of a typer, setting out the names and artists. As I stood watching, Dick Schultz walked over and said he recognized me from my pic. in CACTUS. He was followed by several fen whom I knew beforehand but had never met - Norm Metcalfe, Bob Lambeck, Jerry Page, Bruce Henstell, Al Lewis and others. In one corner of the room, several fans had guitars, and they were singing. I wandered over to see what the music was about, and caught a few strains of "Jesus Christ" from The Bosses Songbook. Ted

Johnstone was among the group, and so was Les Gerber.

Later on, I walked out into the hall and saw a rather husky fan walk by with two elephants on his shirt. It was Bruce Pelz, of course, but it wasn't until we first met that I could appreciate the remark in SHAGGY about him being unable to hide behind Dean Dickensheet. With all respect to Bruce, I don't see how he could hide behind anybody!

You may be aware of the fact that, for several months, I had been waging a campaign to the effect that Dean Dickensheet was a penname for Bruce Pelz. Dean's was a name that had popped up suddenly in a past SHAGGY, authoring an article which I was sure had been written by Pelz. So I had immediately denounced Pelz as Dickensheet and, though I had won nobody else to my way of thinking, I had received a lot of denials from LASFS. But I didn't realize how effective my remarks had been till several of the younger Califen, Bruce Henstell and Andy Main most notably, along with Bruce Pelz, wouldn't believe that I was Mick Deckinger, but insisted that I was a pen-name for Seth Johnson. Now I've met Seth several times, and am definitely convinced that I am not one of his pen names, but Pelz refused to believe this, and apparently, he had advised the others to denounce me as Johnson too. So what else could I do? I finally relented and declared that Pelz and Dickensheet were two separate identities. That seemed to pacify the others, and I became officially Mike Deckinger.

A few rooms across from the Art Show and down the hall was the Sky Room, which housed a convenient and well-stocked bar. While the bartenders refused to serve me, even though I displayed my CRY letterhack card to them, I was at least able to mingle with the others. I noticed one gentleman sipping a drink. He looked familiar, so I leaned over and glanced at his name card.

"Helping further your campaign, aren't you, Emile?" I asked.

Emile Greenleaf had put an ad. in the Con booklet reading "HELP STAMP OUT DRINKING AT SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS". It looked to me as if he was eliminating the drink rather than the drinkers.

At 8:00pm on Friday night, John W. Campbell Jr. was featured panelist, involved in a discussion on "What Is Scientific?" and, after reading ANALOG, I think that's as good a question as any to answer. He was doing a good job of practically dominating the whole talk, and insist that his new pet, the Dean Drive, was strictly legitimate.

The official programme was opened at 1:00pm on Saturday with Dirce Archer giving a welcome speech and introducing the members of the committee. I missed this, and am indebted to the special PittCon issue of SF TIMES for informing me of this, and several other items of information.

At 1:50, the famed Auction Bloch was held, which gave the fans and the audience an opportunity to bid for one hour's time of the pros, who were auctioned off. Isaac Asimov emceed the event and SAMoskowitz did the auctioneering. The sales were as follows: L. Sprague de Camp to Fora Gibson for \$25,

Randall Garrett for \$7.29 to Bruce Henstell, Hal Clement to Dr.

Mary Martin for \$12, Ricky Brooks got E.E. Smith for \$8, Willy

Ley (Lou Tabakow as proxy) went to Andrew Meek for \$15, Judy

Merrill also fetched \$15 from Jack Barr, and Asimov himself

was bought for \$16.50 by David and Muriel Stein, John Gould and Eric Delson. All the money from the sales went to TAFF.

Later in the day, an auction was conducted, with Harlan

Ellison as auctioneer, who had his time evenly

divided up between selling and telling jokes.

For a little man, he displays a remarkably big personality.

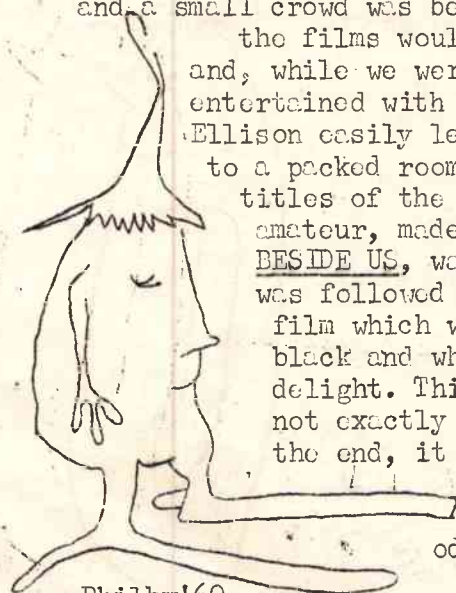
Philby '60.



Beginning at 8:00pm that evening, one of the really big attractions of the Con was held - the Masquerade or "Costume Cabaret" as the Con booklet has it. I had originally planned to wear no form of disguise, but a few moments before it began, James Warren, who publishes Torry Ackerman's FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILM-LAND called me and about three others out and gave us each a large mask, the kind that are advertised in FMOF, and told us to go back on in. I was given an over-size monster mask which fitted over my whole head, covering my face as well, and while I may have looked good from the outside, I felt like I was suffocating inside and had to remove the mask after five minutes.

There were about three dozen masqueraders present in all sorts of get-up. Bjo wore green tights and a completely green costume with two pony tails. One on her head and one (as she described it to me earlier in the day) where a pony generally has its tail. Earl Kemp had a completely weird outfit, with both his hands and face covered with some sort of silver paint or spray, and wearing a grey outfit which sparkled in the light. He looked much more convincing than at least a dozen BEMs I've seen on film. There was one character wearing a khaki army outfit with his face wrapped in a cloth and a big helmet over his head which kept flashing little lights on and off. He looked like a refugee from Matheson's "Dance of the Dead", though he was later announced as just a "futuristic soldier". Ruth Berman was wearing an outfit which I christened a "miniature Bill Donaho". Another type was dressed as a Cuban rebel and carried a sign reading "CASTRO FOR PRESIDENT - TUCKER FOR VICE" which struck me as being very apt indeed, though I don't believe Tucker actually made it to the Con. Sylvia White wore an outfit that was undoubtedly the briefest there - it could best be described as an abbreviated bikini. The Curtis family had a very original group costume, portraying the family of senses:- Sense of Wonder, Sense of Beauty and the Necessary 35-50¢. A panel of judges consisting of Phyllis Economou, Dick Eney and Ray Smith judges the costumes as follows:- Most Beautiful-Earl Kemp. Most Original-Bjo. Most Monstrous-Stu Hoffman. Most Bizarre-George Heap. Most Humorous-Save and Virginia Schultheis, and the grand prize went to Bjo. After the awards were given out, it was announced that the local CBS TV station had cameras in the lobby and the masqueraders were asked to march by the cameras for films, which would be shown at a later date.

After the Masquerade, entertainment in the form of Misfits Glee Club and several others took place in the ball room. I had heard the LASFS films would be shown so went to an adjoining room where a projector and screen had been set up and a small crowd was beginning to gather. Unfortunately, it was announced that the films would not be shown until the outside entertainment was over, and, while we were waiting, Harlan Ellison, Randy Garrett and Isaac Asimov entertained with some jokes and impersonations. As far as I'm concerned, Ellison easily led the rest. At about 11:30, the films finally got rolling to a packed room, and I just managed to say hello to Art Rapp before the titles of the first one flashed on the screen. All the films were amateur, made either by the LASFS or its members. The first, THE WORLD BESIDE US, was a straight sf film, which was quite well done. This was followed by THE MESQUITE KID RIDES AGAIN, a strictly fannish film which was thoroughly enjoyable and extremely amusing. It was in black and white, with a quite workable sound-track, and a true fannish delight. This was followed by a short called LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, not exactly a fannish film, but with some hilarious moments, and at the end, it broke up into a ridiculous commercial, with odd characters leaping all over the place. It was preceded by STONEFIGHT, a far-out piece of work animated by Bill Rotsler. Very odd, unusual and amusing.



This show was to be followed by a re-screening of THE GENII, which LASFS made last year, but since I had already seen it before, I made my way to a party which the grapevine informed me was going on in the Curtis' room. The tip was reliable, and I found the Curtis's in a double room, both doors wide open, and the place jammed with fans. I finally found some room to relax by getting down on one of the beds, which I shared with another young lady. Lest this becomes misunderstood, I should mention that there were at least half a dozen others reclining on the beds too, all of them merely looking for a place to sit and nothing else. In the other room, Juanita Coulson was singing ballads to guitar accompaniment - she has a marvellous voice. Later on, there was a folk-singing session upstairs in the bar, which lasted to the early hours of the morning.

Sunday evening, beginning at 6:30, the banquet was held in the huge ballroom. First food, then speeches, then awards were given out. The meal itself wasn't bad, and, for once, the food was well cooked, and not half-raw the way it is in most other hotels.

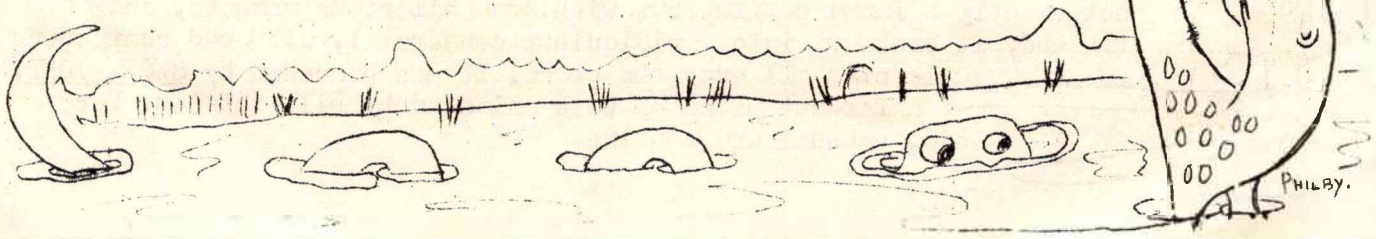
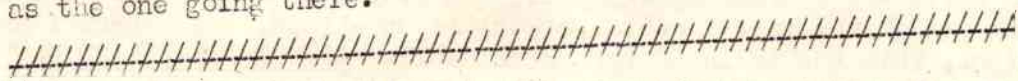
Isaac Asimov was the toastmaster, and, after introducing the present TAFF winner, Eric Benteliffe, and the firmer winner, Don Ford, the guest of honour, James Blish, gave his talk, a very well done and interesting delivery concerned with science fiction and the way it was looked down upon by fandom. This earned him a standing ovation. Hugos were then given out. The Best Fanzine Award went to CRY OF THE NAMELESS, the Best Artist to Ed Emshwiller, Best Drama Show went to Rod Serling, director of THE TWILIGHT ZONE (a letter of acceptance from Serling was read, and Bjo took the award to deliver to him), Best Short Story went to Daniel Keyes for "Flowers for Algernon", Best Prozine went to Fantasy & SF with Bob Mills accepting, and Best Novel went to Bob Heinlein for STARSHIP TROOPERS, with RAI making a surprise but very welcome appearance to accept his award. This was followed by the presentation of a Hugo to Hugo Gernsback for being the father of science fiction, which only seemed appropriate, and then Forry Ackerman awarded the EEEvans "Big Heart" prize to SaMoskowitz.

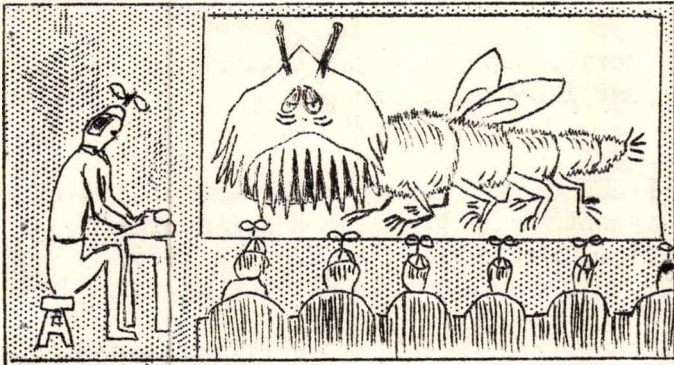
After this, a Pitcon business session was held, with L. Sprague de Camp as a very officious chairman. Among the many decisions brought down were the increase in the registration rate for Cons in North America to \$2 before and \$1 when you attend, and vice versa for foreigners. Ben Jason's rocketship design for the Hugo was accepted as standard. Next year's Con site was unanimously voted to be Seattle, with no other city in the running. A fanzine editors' panel, which was supposed to begin that night, was unwisely held over until the afternoon of the following day and given a time limit, which didn't make it half as interesting as the same feature held at the DETENTION last year. After that, proceedings wound up and the fans dispersed to the four corners.

So that's it - or at least a part thereof. The Con was adequate, entertaining, very beneficial to fandom and a heck of a lot of fun.

I must apologise for the names and events that I've been forced to omit. This was done purely due to lack of space, and not lack of memory.

The bus trip coming home didn't seem anywhere near as long as the one going there.





DODDERING PROJECTIONS.

A review....or two, by.....

GUESS WHO?

(Oh, mightod, not...not ALAN DODD!!!!!!)

THE BEAST FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE.

"One of these days" says the gang leader, strapping himself and his drunken girl-friend into a ski-lift chair, "I'm gonna shut your mouth permanently."

"Promises", she says, "Promises - that's all I get. Promises!"

The Ski-lift and the snow are in South Dakota, where the bandits and their leader's girl-friend are planning a gold robbery of the local post-offices, using the services of a young ski instructor to help them make a getaway across country, to where a plane will pick them up and transport them and the gold into Canada. To act as a diversion, there is to be a time-bomb planted inside the actual gold-mine itself. Being Sunday, apparently South Dakota gold-mines close then, and the offices are left unguarded, save for just a thin vault wall to protect the bullion from possible thieves.

Naturally, with such inadequate protection, even three of the most incompetent crooks, disguised in heavy ski outfits, goggles, thick scarves and hoods, find no difficulty in breaking open the vault and stealing two bars of bullion apiece. The others want to take more, but their leader wisely refuses to allow his men to overweigh themselves with extra bars.

Prior to the actual robbery, the time bomb is planted in the gold mine which, unbeknown to the gangsters, is the home of a very strange individual...

One of the gang who has planted the bomb, due to go off on the following day, takes a waitress he has picked up at the hotel where they're staying, back to the mine, where a shadowy figure attacks and kills the unfortunate girl, and scares him away.

Following the eventual detonation of the bomb the next day, the robbery takes place uneventfully and the thieves are off on their overland ski run to the cabin, where they intend to wait for the plane to pick them up. As they leave, however, SOMETHING follows them, lumbering through the snow at ever increasing speed.

Now this SOMETHING which has emerged from the blasted mine is a superb example of special effects and horrifying makeup and, for the first time, a monster has not only been created by one man, but is also portrayed by the same man - Christopher Robinson. His monster is a masterpiece of Lovecraft-ian horror, and it's almost impossible to believe that, beneath the hairy, skeletal Gothic creature with its only-vaguely humanoid body and thick spidery tentacles, there exists a human being. Unlike other alien creatures created for the motion picture, there is something terrifyingly real about this beast. The head is all feathery hair and bone structure, almost not solid, and when the creature binds its victims in gossamer shields of webbing and then moves closer to suck their blood, it IS a monster! This is no phoney masked man, no dressed up stunt artist in a rubber costume. It is a monster that has been created with both art and imagination, and I hope that Christopher Robinson's employers at FILMGROUP continue to encourage his work. The setting in snowy South Dakota is unique, the monster most imaginative, but the story is once again lacking in pace and ingenuity. It drags, the viewer gets impatient and that is too bad, because it

means that the more colourful aspects of the movie, such as Chris Robinson's monster, tend to be ignored. Good in parts just isn't good enough.

PRIESTESS OF PASSION.

This is a Domino Films of South America Production, filmed at the Churubuscu-Aztec Studios with Spanish dialogue, which suggests that the film has its origin in either South America or, more possibly Mexico. The setting is Cuba in 1850, a land of plantations, slaves, white mansions, sugar cane, colourful dresses, breath-taking scenery - and YAMBAO!

"Yambao" was the original Spanish title of this film, which is subtitled in English with Spanish dialogue. Yambao is the grand-daughter of an old woman who has been driven out of the land by the father of the plantation's current owner. She has sworn revenge on his descendants - revenge which consists, apparently, of Yambao, a priestess of voodoo, who is the old woman's means of punishment. She spends most of her time in the river, clad only in the thinnest of old dresses and tempting the owner. Since Yambao is played by sensuous Nina Sevilla, this becomes somewhat of a problem for the man, whose slaves demand that she be driven from the land, as was her grandmother. But there is the voodoo, the spells, the sacrifices, the throbbing ever throbbing drums, the magnetic music, a fascination that only Cuba can produce, the exotic colours and the heat which reaches out to touch you, even on the coldest of winter days. Anyway, Yambao, controlled by her grandmother, takes a knife to kill the wife and baby of the plantation owner, but the old woman, coming too close to the house, is seen by one of the slaves, whose son is also infatuated with Yambao. As the drums beat faster, the knife is raised, but suddenly, the slave stabs the old witch in the back and she collapses, so her spell over Yambao is broken. The knife falls, and she runs away into the jungle.

The funeral procession in the jungle meets with Yambao an hour later, and find that she is driving, with her dances, the remaining slaves from the plantation. She sees the dead body of her grandmother and flees from the "mourners" to the cliff where her grandmother was originally thrown over, to live with broken limbs. She falls too - but does not survive at the bottom.

And so voodoo and the witch perish in 1850 Cuba. It seems that, long before Castro, there was always someone around to stir the people up. Having seen Yambao, though, I'm sure you'll decide quite easily which was the more pleasant of the two evils.

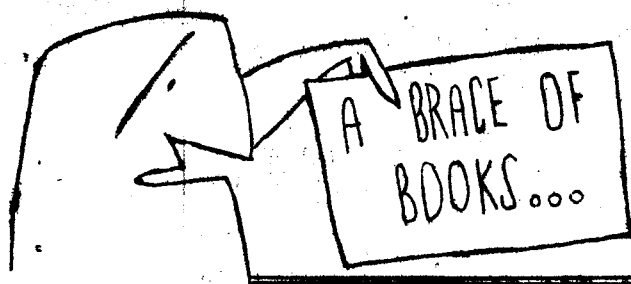
Anyone have a chicken feather around?

; : : : : : : : : : ;

Ye ed back again. Seeing that we're in a filmic mood, this might be an appropriate place to mention some movies which will, I think, be of interest to the sf/fy devotees as a whole. Of course, they aren't sf, by any stretch of the imagination, but fantasy certainly plays a large part in their construction.

The first is BLACK ORPHEUS, a French production, directed by Marcel Camus and filmed exclusively in and around Rio de Janiero. It is a modern re-telling of the Orpheus/Eurydice myth, using an all-negro (and virtually non-professional) cast, the lovers being played by Marpessa Dawn (fabulous name, I think) and Breno Mello. The colour is indescribably rich, the music intoxicating, the story fascinatingly told. If you miss this film, you're neglecting one of the few true fantasy movies.

Jean Renoir's LE DEJEUNER SUR L'HERBE is more science fictional than BRAVE NEW WORLD, if not CITY AT WORLD'S END. It is set in the future, deals with selective breeding and artificial insemination (plus the more conventional methods of breeding) and is, generally, a light-hearted sf-fantasy-fable (???), full of humour and some interesting social extrapolation. To hell with FORBIDDEN PLANET - these movies are fantasy AND art!

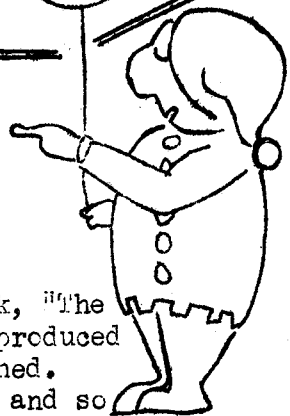


REVIEWED BY JOHN M. FOYSTER.



DOCTOR SAX

(FAUST, PART III.)



EVERGREEN ORIGINAL.
E-180 \$1.75.
GROVE PRESS
1959.

In 1950, Jack Kerouac had written only one book, "The Town and the City". During the next six years, he produced eleven books, of which five or so have been published. "Sax" is one of the earlier ones, written in 1952, and so is perhaps a "fresher" work than some of his later writings. That is, Kerouac had, in this case, an idea to present, and it was then new.

Naturally, in a publication of this nature, I intend to deal only with the fantasy aspect of "Doctor Sax", which is quiet strong. This is just as well, because "Sax" is such a complex character that a detailed review would have taken a lot longer to produce.

"Doctor Sax" is, generally, an autobiographical novel, but into the background of his early life, Kerouac has woven the strange story of Doctor Sax, a very symbolic figure. (Once again, I bow out on a detailed analysis). Most of the responsible criticism of this novel has been levelled at Kerouac's use of the four-letter Anglo-Saxon word and the difficulty of his writing. There is some basis for these criticisms so, if you feel that way, drop out now.

This is probably the best of the main Kerouac novels. (I exclude "The Town and the City", which I've not yet read). While it doesn't have the power of "On The Road", the beauty of "The Dharma Bums" or the powerful love of "The Subterraneans", there is a sweep (not the same as that in "On The Road") which carries the reader to the best ending of all Kerouac's works.

The acceptance of the existence of a Divine Spirit, evidenced previously in "The Dharma Bums" and "Mexico City Blues", is seen again in this story, but now it is pictured as a Universal Spirit for good which is stronger than any force for evil.

To get back to the fantasy aspect, Kerouac deals throughout the book with Doctor Sax, bogey-man, devil, God (?), with Count Condu, a vampire in the best Transylvanian tradition, and some other conventional horrors, which are common to boyhood dreams. Sax is a mysterious figure, flitting in and out of the action, and his role (or even his existence) is not real until the last section, "The Castle", when the fantasy aspect really comes (and the story really starts!)

After a brief (?) description of his early life, concentrating on his discovery of Death and Sax (EHC??), Kerouac leads on past the story of a cataclysmic flood to his climax, which commences thus:-

"A strange lull took place - after the flood and before the mysteries - the Universe was suspended for a moment of quiet, like a drop of dew on the beak of a bird at dawn"

over/...

"Then the lights turned on. Suddenly, I turned. Doctor Sax was there".

The climax is approaching. Sax takes Kerouac to the Castle, where he (Sax) is to do battle with the Snake of the World plus the Wizard plus gnomes &c &c. A marvellous description of Castle and Snake follows, culminating in the Battle. Sax's plan - "Goddam, it didn't work". But then - "I'll be damned. The Universe takes care of its own evil".

Without discussing the literary merits of Kerouac's writing, I feel I can honestly recommend this novel to all serious readers of fantasy. Kerouac has a very lurid style, which tends to make his work more vivid than even those of Kuttner et al.

FOOTNOTE. "Doctor Sax" is subtitled "Faust, Part Three". A reading of a recent translation of Goethe's "Faust" before starting on "Doctor Sax" is well worth while.

FLESH. Philip Jose Farmer. Beacon Galaxy p/b 227.

I've only seen ill written of this novel, and I feel some of the criticisms deserve an answer. Frank R. Prieto's review in SF TIMES is the one which arouses me. Taking his criticisms one by one.

1. Farmer's novel is the more sexy.

2. Merwin's novel (The Sex Wars/The White Widows) is better reading because the sex has been added for this publication.

Firstly, let me say that I don't consider FLESH to be a sexy novel. Farmer has always questioned our present-day sexual mores, and this is just another example of his ideas. There is none of the crude sex so often found in Beacon books, but I feel it is a pity that Farmer had to put out FLESH through this firm. I don't suppose anybody else would handle it. I feel the sf content is very strong, despite the views of Mr. Prieto, and it seems that this is the direction in which sf must go in order to survive.

Secondly, the fact that sex was added to Merwin's novel suggests to me that it would be worse reading. On the other hand, FLESH was expurgated for this edition, which means that it was not artificially revised to fit the market. No one minds the expurgated LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER (if that's all we can get), but a sexed-up version of Lawrence's book is another matter.

More straight thinking please, SF TIMES.

AFTEERTHOUGHT. I wonder how Bob Mills feels about the credits in Farmer's STRANGE RELATIONS, Ballantine 391. They read "Story 'My Sister's Brother' appeared in SATELLITE June '59 as 'The Strange Birth'".

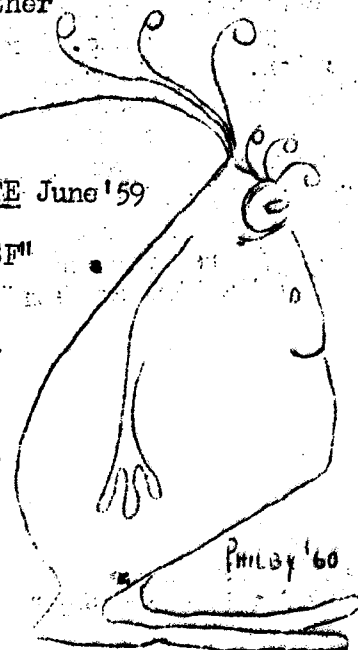
Funny thing. I coulda sworn I read it in "Fantasy and SF" May '60 as "Open To Me, My Sister".

You'll wonder where your manhood went
If the fallout makes you impotent. jmb.

From THE BRIDES OF DRACULA. Monarch p/b, 35¢.

"...in the dark, she could see his face. His teeth were distended".

Hollow teeth, sure, but not inflatable!!! jmb.





REVIEWS

WITH.

Bob Smith

Nothing original about my title for this column, of course. I snitched it from Mino Culotta, who took the phrase from our good 'ole Australian idiom. However, it does seem to fit in with the nature of this column, so there it is.

I don't expect the reviews to be of much interest to our American subbers, who will have seen most of the fmz mentioned possibly months ago, but they may be of some assistance to the Australian faaan who, inspired by the appearance of one genuine fanzine in this country (BUYIP, natch) after ghod knows how long, wants to see some overseas examples. I hope that my fumbling attempts at reviewing some of the fan publications will even bring old and ex-fen back to the fold, for we certainly need 'em in this country.

CRY OF THE NAMELESS. Ncs. 141, 142. (Box 92, 920 3rd Ave., Seattle 4, Wash.) M/Os should be made payable to Elinor Busby. 25¢ a copy, 7 for a dollar, 12 for two. Letter of comment

will get you issue or some contribution the 'zine. money is by method!) From



published that other to Sending far the best The Nameless Ones

in Seattle, CRY appears regularly each month, full of much fannish cheer. No. 141 (July '60) has an account of Terry Carr's adventures at the 1958 World Convention (SolaCon), Southgate, Los Angeles. Terry puts some life into this description of the antics that took place two years ago, and breaks the news to various fen that Carl Brandon, popular faaan writer, doesn't exist, and that he was a hoax dreamed up by Terry Carr and others, who did all the writing! Bux Busby has his regular column wherein most anything can get a mention. This time, he goes into the technicalities of the Dean Drive (See Astounding/Analog), reviews Galaxy magazine, the Ziff-Davis twins, Inchmery fandom and odd bits of local news. John Berry has a typical Berry yarn about the time he "lost" the Regimental Silver, there are the minutes of a Nameless Ones' Meeting (where anything can happen), presented by Wally Weber, Mal Ashworth rambles on about Lancashire faaans, J. Les Piper has his regular Pfeiffer-type strip, wherein some prominent fan usually cops it, and almost 19 pages of letters round off this issue.

CRY 142. Redd Doggs has a most interesting article on L. Frank Baum and his "Oz" books. He discusses the various characters in this series, and compares Baum's writing with that of Lewis Carroll. John Berry again writes the type of fan story that has made him so popular outside of his own circle, Buz Busby (under the pseudo of "Renfrew Pemberton") reviews Alan Mouse's book "Nine Planets" and also a few first-issue fanzines. This is rare - CRY cut out fanzine reviews months back. J. Les Piper returns, with a strip that will flummox any neofan, Elinor Busby has her own column now, and says (amongst other things) that fans should have memorable names. "It seems that, if a fan has a commonplace first name (like Bob or Bill) he should have an unusual last name, otherwise he'll never amount to anything in fandom." My ghod, what can one do with "Smith"?

(You might be interested to know, Foyster, that she thinks you have "a fine surname". I may kill myself.) Genial George Locke, who is now roughing it in the army, writes on the EasterCon at Kettering, England, and when the hell are we going to have one in this country. 18 pages of letters round off this issue of CPY. After 5 years of regular monthly appearance, CPY is taking a well-earned rest, and No. 143 will appear early October in the U.S.

BHISHILLAH! Pp. 4. (Andy Main, 5668 Cato Ave., Goleta, Calif) On an irregular 6-weekly (?) sked. Trade, good letter of comment, contribution or 15¢ per copy 12 for \$1.50.) This is without a doubt the most "colourful" fanzine I've ever seen. Spirit-duplicated in ghod-knows how many different colours, it's so bright I have to reach for my polaroid glasses to cut down the glare. Seriously, Andy certainly has a way with the coloured inks, and, aside from a fading of the (I guess) yellow, this is very easy on the eye. Doc Weir, Britfan, relates the events leading up to the Eastercon very humorously in the biblical manner, with his "Didn't See Scrolls". It fractured me, at any rate. Another Britfan,



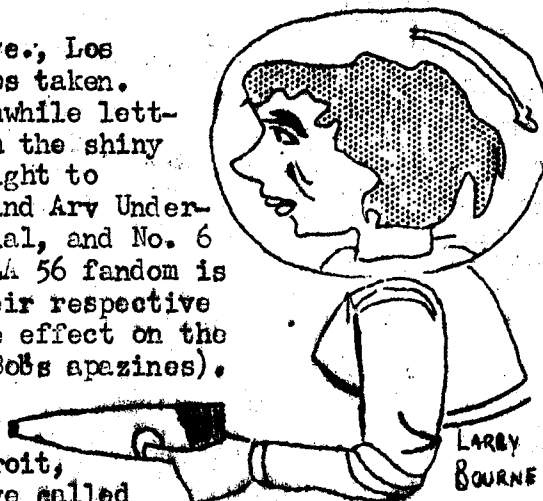
MAN! DIG THAT CRAZY CHARACTER!

Dot Hartwell, devotes her column to the EasterCon also, but rather briefly. Then follows 13 pages of fmz reviews by Walter Breen and Andy Main! I would suggest that every Aussiefan clamber aboard Andy's mailing list...this would put me out of the fmz reviewing racket quick smart! After the first class reviews come the editorial-cum-lettercol, in which various fen write nice things about Bhis and its contributors....weel perhaps not all nice. Andy is also after certain back issues of some fancines, so if any Australian fen have any ~~stak~~ old fmz knocking around, and you want Bhis.....

PSI-PHI No. 6. (Bob Lichtman, 6137 South Croft Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. 25¢ per copy, no long-term subs taken. Available also for trades, contributions or worthwhile letters of comment. Dittoed. Irregular) PSI PHI, with the shiny slick paper and the wrap-around covers, is a delight to behold. The creation of LA 56 fans Bob Lichtman and Arv Underman, PSI PHI has always featured much good material, and No. 6 is no exception. Bob says in the editorial that LA 56 fandom is busting up as the various members trot off to their respective colleges, and I imagine (sob) this will have some effect on the irregular regularity of PSI PHI (not to mention Bob's apazines). Arv Underman has summat to say, and then we are into Pt. 2 of Ted Johnstone's Detention (17th World SF Convention) Conrep, held (natch) in Detroit, September, 1959. Ben Singer has an article/message called "Why I Would Not 'Kill' Bob Tucker Again", The Second Tucker Death Hoax, that is, (for the benefit of you cheap-skates who haven't bought FANCYLOPEDIA 11) was a ploy started by Singer back in 1949 to the effect that Tucker was dying. The Second Tucker Death Hoax, mind you. Singer is leaving fandom, and writes of the good and bad ways fandom can, and does, influence us. He pulls no punches, but I feel that the fandom of which he writes is a part of history now. Singer says "...sf fandom is just one of many sociological phenomena...the urge to belong fulfilled." "There are other fandoms" he says, but I'm sure most fen don't have to be told this. Philately, Railroad Modelling and so on are all "fandoms" to Singer, apparently, (There is also the sf fandom that runs parallel to ours, as somebody has mentioned elsewhere - the types who write to the prozines but seem to know little of fanzines &c.) Jack Speer writes on love, sex and SF, Rog Ebert has his regular column, and discusses why sf will not become "literature" for some time to come, Harry Warner Jr. has a "what if" article - what could have happened if WWII hadn't interfered with a certain faanish publication during that time, Ted Johnstone carries on with Part 4 of "Greatest Movie Ever Made" - ideas, &c, for filming Tolkien's "Lord of the Rings". This of PSI PHI winds up with some 5 pages of letters. Scattered throughout the magazine are short reprints from such 'zines as QUANDRY and OUTSIDERS, and the editors of PSI PHI are doing fandom a great service with these tidbits from the past.

METROPEN No. 4. (Leslie Gerber, 201 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn 26, New York. 10¢ or three for 25¢. Available for trade, review or suggestion of good reprints also. Mimeo.) And whilst on the subject of reprints, here's a little 'zine devoted to 'em! Worth obtaining by the younger fans (like me) who trotted thru' the mundane world, blissfully unaware of Berry, Willis, Grennell and others, when these items first appeared. Just over half the 'zine is devoted to letters commenting (mainly) on previous issues of thes's publication.

SMOKE No. 3. (George Locke, 85 Chelsea Gardens, Chelsea Bridge Road, London SW 1. Irregular. Available for trade, letters of comment, current US prozines and copies of MAD. Even money will be accepted - 1/- (stg) per copy). George rather sours the rest of his mag by putting the best item first - his near seven pages of hilarious goings-on at the Ground Officers Selection Board, as he did his best to drive everyone silly. However, we have a funny yarn by Mal Ashworth, some herdic shields (none of which I liked) from various fen, John Berry with a spoof book review, Viné Clarke rambles about the size of fanzines, Heinlein and TAFF, and Sid Birchby, who asks questions, and then answers them. Kon Potter suggests a goodly way to spend the summer, and see life into the bargain, is to become a bus conductor. This is all very well in dear olde England, where some-



one else drives the bus, but in Australia, we have driver/conductors. Hah! Some 17 odd pages of letters follow, which shows that SMOKE certainly gets out and about.

YANDRO Nos. 89 and 90. (Robert 'Buck' Coulson, Rural Route 3, Wabash, Indiana. Monthly, 2 for 25¢, 12 for \$1.75. Some trades accepted.)

YANDRO, as always, kicks off with the twin editorials of husband and wife team Buck and Juanita Coulson, called "Ramblings"(she) and "Rumblings" (he). No. 89 has Sidney Coleman with a letter/article on the book "Sex in History" (Ballantine 75¢), James R. Adams has a humorous one-pager entitled the "Story of Gravity", and Ted White's column thish is devoted to the problems of magazine sf; Ted discusses the reasons why the sf mags are dying, and also offers a possible solution with his pb/anthology/magazine idea. Buck Coulson has five pages of fmz reviews (the infamous "Strange Fruit") and Alan Dodd, in his column, writes of books and banknotes (Did you know an English pound or ten bob note issued during WWI was called a Bradbury?). No. 89 closes with 6 pages of letters.

No. 90. Usual twin editorials - Buck mentions that Harvey Kurtzman has a new MAD-type magazine called HELP! (on the stands over there). Ed Wood has an article on the "Astounding" title change, Earl Kemp's "Who Killed Science Fiction?" and books by Kingsley Amis and Farmer. The Yandro Egoboo Poll results follow, and James R. Adams has another of his scientific "revelations" - we are running short of air, it seems! Gregg Calkins reviews "The Fantastic Universe Omnibus" and Italian fan Giovanni Scogomillo (Eh? Are you sure this is an Italian fan, Buck...?) writes about French sf author Maurice Renard. More books with Alan Dodd, fmz reviews from Buck and thish, we are exposed to the "Adventures of Ferdinand Fugghead", who will either drive you silly or kill you with laughter. Personally, I usually have a quiet little sob, then I'm fine. Nine pages of letters round off this issue. YANDRO is always full of outstanding art from Dan Adkins, Juanita C., Gilbert and others.

RETROGRADE No. 4. (Redd Boggs, 2209 Highland Place, NE Minneapolis 21, Minnesota. Available for letters of comment, trade. No subs. Mineo, 10 pp. Apart from 2½ pages of letters, this neat little 'zine is all Redd Boggs. Redd discusses the 1959 "Hugo" nominations, Vidal's "Visit to a Small Planet" and reviews three books. There are also odd tidbits of news. Redd queries the absence of Dick Eney's FANCYCLOPEDIA from the list of fanzines nominated for "Hugo"s, which makes me wonder why there isn't a special award for such bibliographical material. The Tuck Handbook, Norm Metcalfe's "New Frontiers", Eney's "Speculative Review" and even Karen Anderson's "Henry Kuttner; A Memorial Symposium", which included a fine bibliography of the works of Kuttner by Don Tuck - are these all to be lumped together under the title "fanzine"?

QUELQUECHOSE No. 1. (Jerry Knight, 6220 Damask Ave., Los Angeles 56, Calif. Trades, letters of comment and contributions will get you a copy. Irregular. Dittoid. 12pp.) This 'zine with the tonsil-torturing title comes from another of the LA56 fannish fellows, and kicks off with a rather amusing account of how Bob Lichtman talked him into becoming a fellow fanpubber. Jerry follows with some chatter about a Peter Sellers movie, review of a review of Kingley Amis's book "New Maps of Hell" and switches over to an elite typer in the process. Raymond Everett has "A Visit to Griffith Observatory" and Bob Lichtman rambles on in a column of his own. There is also a bit of reprint material and "The Gettysburg Address As It Might Have Been Done By President Eisenhower". How, if I can only find out what that damned title means.....

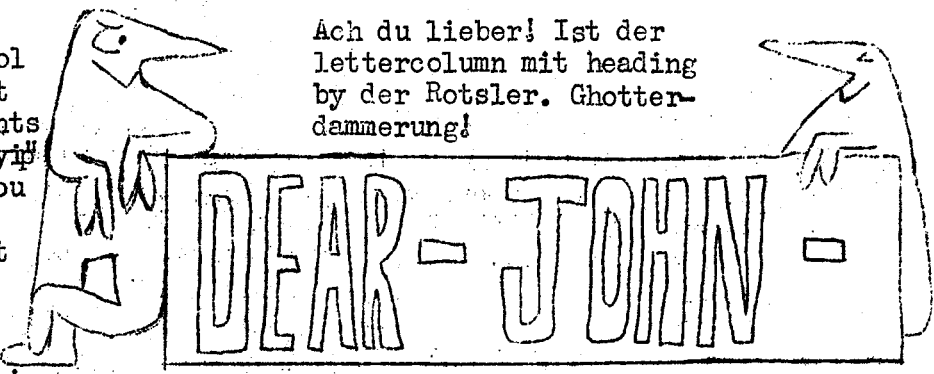


A nice long lettercol
this round, due to a lot
of fine printable comments
on "Quantum" 7 and "Bunyip"
1. Keep them coming, you
guys. First up, we hear
from one of my strongest
supporters, bonny Bob
Smith.

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

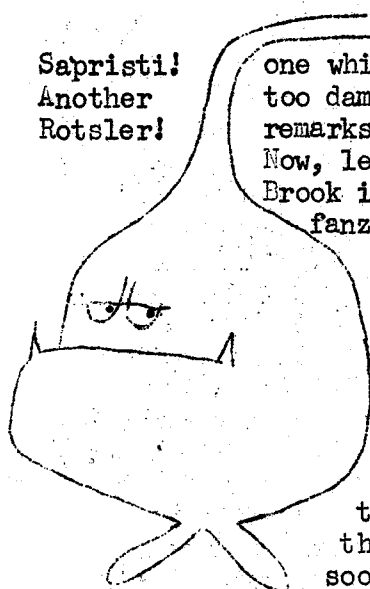
"Liked the Philby cover on "Bunyip" 1. Is that
SUPPOSED to be a Bunyip? And who's "Brigitte and the Kids?"//That illo. by
Art Wilson on page one has a distinct Oriental flavour; reminds me of the stone
demons that guarded temple entrances in Japan - minus the pitchfork, of course.//
Pleasant change, this coloured paper.// What a pity it is that nowadays the
only time we see an Australian "Convention" is when two fans meet! However,
your "ConReport" is the sort of thing I personally like to see in fanzines.
Gives one that little glimpse of other fan personalities, and you think "Hell,
I'm not so far away after all". Like, if a fan ever visited me, I'd feel almost
duty bound to write about the event.// Yes, agreed that John Foyster's 'zine,
with a mixed sercon and faanish flavour, is what's needed, but you don't have
to knock your own publication, you know. "Quantum" and "Bunyip" are helping
put Aussiefandom (What, all three of us....?) back on the map. If I can help
John with "Emanation" when it appears, he has only to ask.//Now, I consider
myself the number one Goon fan in Australia, and my treasured file of RET is
insured for a fabulous amount, but I'm ashamed to admit that the Burn GDA yarn
seemed pretty poor to me. Possibly, it was also dashed off in a hurry, like
paraFANalia 6, but I failed to detect any plot.// This bit of Baldwin nonsense
I liked.// Mike Deckinger reminds me of my own experiences with the London
Underground and the Tokyo trains. The latter not strictly a "subway", I guess,
although it often burrowed beneath buildings and emerged miles away.// Don's
article was (naturally) most interesting and once again I sighed "Ah, those
were the days...". I remember Heinlein's "Gulf" because it had a scene where
a young girl was tortured naked ((You would!;b)) and recalled that probably
the reason Piper's "Time Crime" hasn't been seen since is due to the over-
abundance of unpronounceable names in the yarn.// Enjoyed John Foyster's column,
and my, my, doesn't he ask a lot of questions? Yes, "Amazing" does seem to be
the up-and-coming prozine these days, although many still find it hard to
believe. Well, John, if you and Barter and I could arrange to meet one day,
that's when and where the next Aussiecon will be held. Re the Dean Drive, see
Buz Eusby's comments in CRY 140. I agree, £1 price tag on a '43 ASF is pretty
steep, but, checking back on the US dealers' prices, I find most issues of this
mag between 1936 and 1944 are listed at \$1, not 50¢. Prices do vary, though; a
dirty copy of a certain mag I needed ((Was it that early Z-D "Fantastic" with
Spillane's yarn in it?)) was priced at 4/6, yet an almost mint one was obtainable
for 35¢ from the States; 1939 American ASFs were selling at 3/6 in a Brisbane
bookstore, yet the same issues were listed at \$1 each in the US catalogs. We
already have one "good, regular Australian fanzine" in "Bunyip". Let's not get
too greedy, Mr. Foyster. "Swung through the trees with the speed of a squirrel"
was, of course, said by Terry Carr, and referred to Ron Ellik's amazing ability.
Next question? If you, John, can buy "MC2", you're pretty damned good - I'm
still waiting for No. 3.// This is a very sad sort of letter from Dave Cohen,
and I am exceedingly sorry to see him pulling out. What is wrong with Sydney

Ach du lieber! Ist der
lettercolumn mit heading
by der Rotsler. Ghotter-
dammerung!



DEAR - JOHN -

Sapristi!
Another
Rotsler!

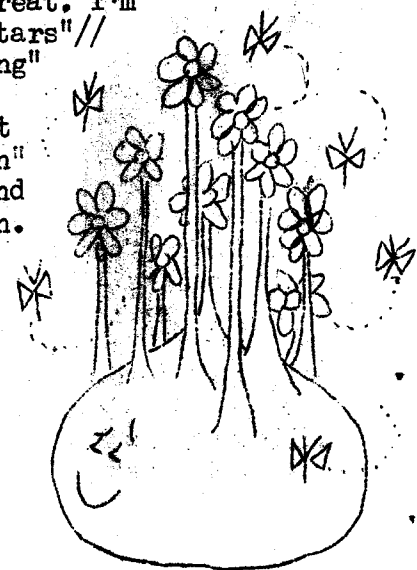


fandom? HMMMMM...((Well, it's a long story, and one which I'm not able to tell at this time. Libel actions are just too damned expensive these days.jb)) I'll pass over Bob Lichtman's remarks on "Etherline"// What was the Big Moment in my fannish career? Now, lessee... I think it was when I bumped into Australian fan Harry Brook in Japan in 1954, for the first time, and he unloaded a pile of fanzines onto me...that was when I really got bit, I guess. Then there was the time, some months later, when I received my first copy of "Peon" from Lee Riddle...ah, me. Seems to be quite a bit of fannish reminiscence in "Bunyip" 1, what with Lichtman and you, plus Burn, drooling over the first Big Moments. Yes, fandom is a Ghoddamn worthwhile hobby, I feel." ((And so say all of us.jb))

from CRAIG COCIRAN, 467 W. 1st St., Scottsdale, Arizona, USA.

"Etherlike" may get all the comments for "Quantum" 7, but I think Don Tuck's "Startling" review will get most space in this dinky letter. If Tuck did a review of the complete "Unknown" soon, it would be just fine, but I'd prefer seeing a commentary on the "Astounding" serials.((Another satisfied customer - that item's already been run, as you know. Don will probably write up UW sometime before the year's out, but I can't guarantee anything at present, because of the enormous amount of work that'll go into the review. It's my daily fear that Don will get sick of this eternal and unpaid for labour, and wipe me and "Bunyip". It's a sobering thought.jb)) I want to start off my comments on the review by disagreeing with Don. He doesn't seem to like the name "Thrilling Wonder Stories", and prefers "Wonder Stories" more. I think that the opposite is true, and that "Startling Stories" was better than them both.//Edmond Hamilton comes out with some mighty fine novels, but it just seems that so many of them have the same plot. Some present-day man finds himself all of a sudden in the far future. This happens in "Star of Life", "The Star Kings", "The Haunted Stars".((And "City At World's End" too, don't forget.jb)) The strange thing is that, even if they do have the same plot, Edmond manages to keep the reader's attention.// Is the US pocketbook edition of Murray Leinster's "Fight for Life" really scarce? I have two copies of it. I paid 13¢ for one and 20¢ for the other. Both of them are in good condition. If they were really scarce then I don't think I'd have been lucky enough to get them both so cheap.// I'll bet that John W. Campbell regrets that he refused to print "Against The Fall of Night" in "Astounding". I read it and thought it was great. I'm anxious to read its enlarged version "The City and the Stars"// Ace Books reprinted a lot of the novels in 1949 "Startling" but "Fire In The Heavens" was the worst of the bunch. I don't know why they picked on that one to repeat. I don't know what "mooted" means, but I imagine it means "sent in" or something in that line. Both "The Lovers" and "Moth and Rust" will come out in enlarged versions from Beacon soon. Another thing that Don didn't mention was that when G.O. Smith's "Spacemen Lost" came out in the Avalon and Ace publications, it was renamed "Lost In Space".

from KEN HEDBERG, Route 1, Box 1185, Florin, Calif. USA.
I didn't even know that there were any fnzs Down Under until I read about yours. In fact, I didn't know there were any fans there until I read a letter from Bob Smith in CRY. I'd like to get a copy of "Etherline" to compare



it with your send-up. That term "send-up" sounds rather odd to me. We don't use that expression here. However, we do have a similar slang term. To be "sent up the river" is to be put in prison. This originated because Sing Sing prison is on the Hudson River in New York. That's the one that all the gangsters go to in the movies. To be "up the creek" is to be stranded - like to be in a dilemma.

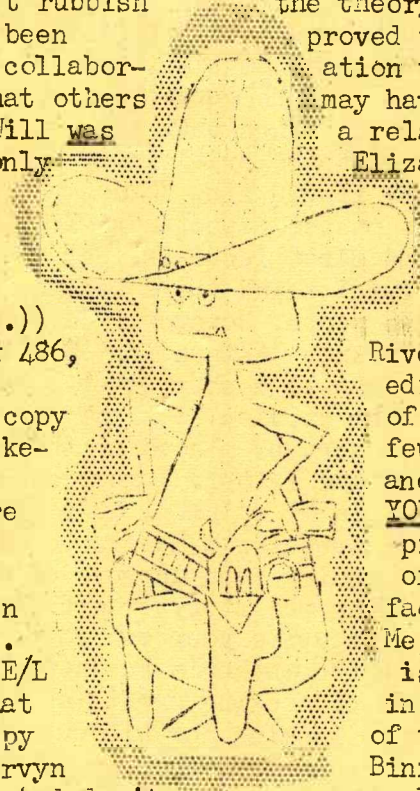
I don't know how Don Tuck manages to get all his information, but he does, somehow. The fact that amazes me is that he knows where he got all his copies of "Startling". I can't remember where I got my copies of anything. Maybe he writes it all down.//Your repro. was rather poor in places. Your cover and illos. were alright, but you need more interior illos. This you already know. It is odd. The editorial, I mean. You didn't really say anything, yet I liked it better than any other part of the mag. You have a talent for saying very little very well. Your parody of "Etherline" was amusing, but I don't know how close it came to the real thing. There seem to be more objects, people and institutions every year added to the list of things that are not to be criticised. I say that if anything is too sacred to be criticised, it is too sacred to be on this Earth. Speaking of criticism, if you like "Mad", you'll love "Sick". It's a new mag. which has just appeared on the newsstands. I think it's much better than "Mad" ever was. At least, the first issue is. Get it if you can.//I liked Don Tuck's "Startling" review, but I think there was too much of it for one ish. It could have been run in two parts. However, I'm glad I have the complete thing. I'm looking forward to that "Astounding" Serials Survey. Burn's bit is closer to a scene or sketch than to a short story, but he definitely shows talent. I hope he'll try longer stories. I think your comments in the lettercol should be spread out a little more or placed at the bottom of the letter. They break the train of thought of the letter. I must also throg you for altering any contributor's manuscript. In my opinion, it's completely unethical. The only excuse an editor has for touching a MSS is to edit mistakes or condense to a handier length. I don't really even approve of condensation, either. If you feel that the person writing the story or article has missed the point, send it back to him for revision, or write your own yarn. I am rather irritated at all those who presume to know the author's business better than the author.//The whole world has the fault of seeking something more than the author has put in his work. People are always looking for hidden meanings and psychological insights into the writer's personality. They never seem to be content to leave anything alone. Some will even tell you that Shakespeare's work was written by somebody else. Others will contend that Heinlein is gloryfying war in his book "Starship Soldiers". Sometimes there are hidden meanings, but let's not go off our rocker trying to find them. ((A nice long letter, with lots of meaty ideas. Thanks, Ken. About Don's miraculous memory for magazines, I gather he keeps a book in which all new arrivals are listed as they come in. This way, he keeps track of who sent what, and when. I read "Mad", of course, but it isn't a great personal favourite - not like "Esquire" or "Films and Filming". "Sick" hasn't come on sale out here as I write, although I've noticed one issue of a pseudo-Mad called "Cracked", which didn't impress me much./It did occur to me to split up the "Startling" Review, but serialising can lead to problems. For one thing, everybody would be on my neck demanding Part Two is the issue containing it was even a little late. Fans are impatient and suspicious, by nature./As you can see, I've learned my lesson about lettercol comments./No further statement on the Great Baldwin Brouhaha - what I did was right, and I'm sticking with my opinion./Your remarks on "hidden meanings" &c are valid enough, but represent a line which, if taken far enough, can cause you a lot of trouble. Current fiction - even science fiction - is full of symbolism. Unless you try to follow what the author is saying between the lines, the book may appear to

be so much gibberish. Because of this, an insight into the author's personality can be very valuable. Sometimes you can understand a writer's work far better after reading his biography, or at least studying a capsule history, such as that usually carried on the blurb sheet. For instance, read John Foyster's review of "Doctor Sax" earlier in this issue. If one wasn't familiar with Jack Kerouac's other work and his history in the writing field, much of this book would be gibberish; however, with a little preliminary reading, it becomes a sensible and well-written analogy of life. /I don't know much about the Bacon/Shakespeare feud, except that, whoever wrote the plays in question, the real author was a genius. Don't rubbish the theory that somebody else might have written them - it's been proved that at least a few of the plays are the results of collaboration with one or more writers, so is it so impossible that others may have had a hand in their execution? After all, Old Will was a relatively unlettered man, and his work, even if it is only Elizabethan Mickey Spillane, has a great deal of real quality in it. The attitude of most Bacon Supporters seems to be that type of healthy suspicion that a lot of fans felt when they read obviously Heinlein-by-line "Anson Macdonald".))

from GEORGE H. WELLS, Box 486,

"What the hell is the line"? I'd like to get a copy through your editorial fake- (getting together with each other's fanzine). Are line"? I wouldn't be sur- No, George, being the ed. ed among my many vices. In my career's great insults. The editorial address of E/L I don't appear to have that anybody really wants a copy drop a note and 15/- to Mervyn M18, Victoria, Australia. And don't from ALAN DODD, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts., England.

"What was I doing in Tangier last year? Ho - well, you know how it is with us rich fellows. We must idle away the time somewhere, so I popped a few thousand quids worth of diamonds in me pocket and just hopped down over the weekend to do a little business, dontcha know? Actually, I was on my holiday and we went on a coach trip across Spain and visited Morocco a couple of days. Fascinating place, really, full of arabs trying to flog you stuff made of camel leather, wallets, tiny Jap cameras, everything from a banjo with a turtle shell as the sound box to toy spiders from Hong Kong. They took any kind of currency, I believe, too. It's a hot, dry place. I visited the Caves of Hercules, Cape Spartel, where the Atlantic joins the Mediterranean, visited the Casbah, native quarter, saw a snake charmer, fire eater, market place, and you know what? The Casbah for most part was a darn sight cleaner than many streets in London! I also went by private car for about 50/- up across the border of Spanish Morocco into Tetuan, where we saw the Sultan's palace, the trade school with li'l kids chopping patterns in marble, making bronze things and girls weaving &c. Everywhere white buildings, the fex, the tarboush and where the women do the work and the men ride on the donkey. ((Hurray.jb)) A mixture of modern flats and in the



Riverhead, New York, USA. editorial address of "Ether- of that too. I could see feud, as I've tried that too. another fanned and blasting YOU the real editor of "Ether- prised" ((Ian Crozier would. of "Etherline" is not number- fact, that will remain one of Me, the editor of...! Ecceh! is that of Ian Crozier, and in my little black book. If of that scurrilous publication, Binns, 4 Myrtle Grove, Preston, say I didn't warn you.jb))

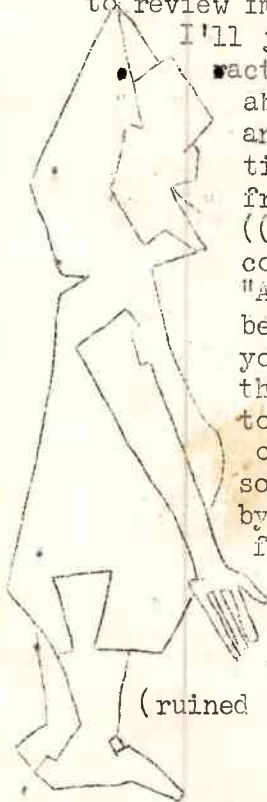
next field, a haystack-looking thing which is where someone is living. Strange sort of place, really - I walked for miles all over it, and got some pretty peculiar stares from several veiled Berber girls, for some unknown reason. ((Maybe they've never seen a propellor beanie before. jb)) This was just within a couple of days in Morocco - for the rest of the time I was through Spain, in Madrid, Barcelone, Valencia, Alicante, Malaga (which has the most beautiful women in Spain - not just one or two per street, but dozens of them coming at you in all directions), Seville, Granada - the whole lot, really. Very hot, though, and I had to keep drinking all the time which was the only problem. So much drink all the time... ((It must be hell out there. Er, one-way ticket to Malaga, please. jb))

from BOB LICHTMAN, 6137 S. Croft Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., USA.

"Actually, if you don't want to have a fanzine review column in "Bunyip" - and I quite agree with you that it's not really necessary - then just drop it. But if you do plan to continue it, you might as well do a better job. I don't know how wide an Aussiefan circulation you have, but I imagine it's pretty large compared with other Aussiezines (Etherline notwithstanding) and since some of these silent Australian fen might be moved to sending for American and British 'zines if you took two or three pages to give short to moderate length reviews of them, you might just expand that far. Three pages of reviews in a 30 page 'zine isn't too much. Psi-Phi doesn't carry reviews, because of the backlog of more interesting and comment-drawing material which is too large to allow for reviews in the limited pagecount, but if it did, it'd be at least 4 pages of reviews. And long individual ones, too, so that not too many 'zines would be reviewed." ((Well, I've surmounted this particular hurdle by obtaining the sterling services of Bob Smith as fmz reviewer. He does a great job, as you can see from his pilot column in this. I still feel that it's pointless to review fmz, for reasons I stated in "Bunyip" 1, but Bob likes the job, so I'll just leave him to it. It's unlikely that "Bunyip" is going to attract any new Aussiefans to the fold - at last count, I only send out about 25 issues within Australia, most of which remain unacknowledged and un-commented-upon. However, maybe Bob's column will do some good - time will tell. jb))

from JOHN M. FOYSTER, 4 Edward St., Chadstone SE10, Victoria, Aust. ((One of those few receivers of "Bunyip" who does acknowledge and comment on it. May the Chods smile down upon him. jb))

"AFPA will do the duping on my 'zine "Emanation", which I hope will be out early next year - January 1st, I hope. Why this date? Well, as you say, I want to make the thing regular and a date like this leaves the frequency wide open. Fiendish!! //For the first issue, I'd like to have something from you, if possible. I'll also have a good article on the demise of mainstream literature, based to a large extent, on some ideas in Heinlein's piece from "The Science Fiction Novel". Not by me, of course. I also hope to tap local pro author Wynne Whiteford for a short. //Just finished P.J. Farmer's "Flesh". Probably the best of his arguments against our present sexual mores, but a real pity that it came from Beacon, whence it will be ignored by some fans and castigated by others for its (supposed) sexiness. //Now to "Bunyip" 1....you'll be pleased to know that this has severely (ruined is probably the best term) my first editorial. ((Hell, why?jb)).

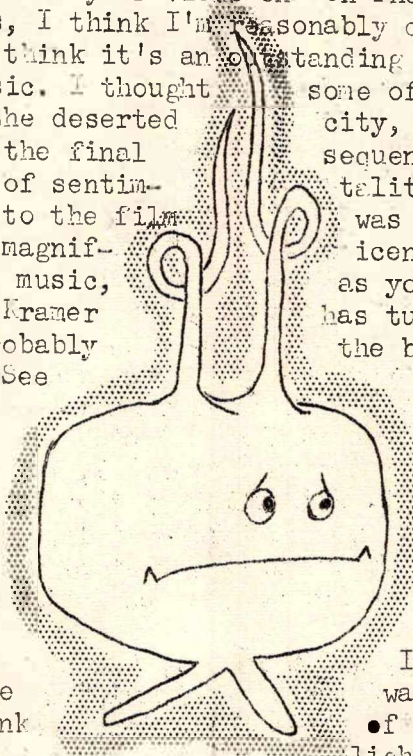


Quality is, I think, far above previous issues. That article on p.21 could have used a bit of cutting, though. ((He wrote it.jb)) The artwork was better than usual. Thanks for the Atom illo - "Improvisations" needed it. Even JMB was good. Cartoon on page 7 was best, of course.// The Tuck review was very good, very useful, but I would like part 1, John. You know how it is with us completists. "Have On" was also better this time. I agree with you that the present issue is down in material quality, but your presentation made up for this. About the departments in "Bunyip" 1. First, you were a bit soft on "Scansion", but you can't please everybody. More anti-Etherline stuff - good. Incidentally, I hear that the next issue of "E/L" will be out before the end of August. How about this? ((Hope, it's news to me, and, so far as I know, it hasn't come out up to now, and it's the 3rd September as I write. Incidentally, the "AFPA" that John refers to is Amateur Fantasy Publications of Australia, alias the Melbourne Sf Group. They commit "Etherline".jb))

from MIKE DECKINGER, 85 Locust Ave, Millburn, New Jersey, USA.

"I'm rather curious about your views on "On The Beach". Now, after having seen this film four times, I think I'm reasonably qualified to give my opinion of it - and I definitely think it's an outstanding film. In fact, it's deserving of being rated as a classic. I thought some of the scenes in it were excellently done, such as the deserted city, or the one with the crowd in front of the hospital of the final sequence where Melbourne is devoid of life. There was a lot of sentimentality, also, but I think that's important. Another asset to the film was the excellent music conducted by Ernest Gold, which so magnificently blended in with the story (I have the album of this music, as you know.) Now, what do you have against it? I think Kramer has turned out the finest film of his career, as well as probably the best film made in the past ten years. Your turn." ((See "Have On" for my views - if you didn't already notice them on the way in.jb))

from DON TUCK, 139 East Risdon Rd., Lindisfarne,



About your change "Bunyip", my thoughts convey a science unusual and, as you "Bunyip", though, has no ears dinki-di Australian. I can see nothing to really recommend it. If the name was mentioned in the course of a conversation, I would think of a magazine with writings by Australian authors in the lighter vein. The name could, of course, cover the supernatural Australian animal, but this meaning would have no use overseas, because it's unknown. I prefer "Quantum", but nevertheless, you are publisher, editor and worker-in-chief." ((I'm not sure about the "worker-in-chief" bit - Don does a lot of labour for "Quantum/Bunyip", all of it for free. The title change did give me a lot of worry, but I think I did the right thing in altering it to "Bunyip". My feeling was that many overseas fans were ignoring "Quantum" because of the sercon connotations and rather neish flavour that it carries. The fact that bunyips are unknown overseas is possibly the strongest reason in favour of the change, because many people now write me out of curiosity over the strange title. In this way, I can depend on a supply of letters, material and artwork that could improve "Bunyip" far more than any other scheme would have done. Again, it's a case of not being able to please everybody - the penalty of editorship.jb))

Here's some more from BOB LICHTMAN - a later letter this, but too full of fine comments to drop from the 'zine. Speaking about QUANTUM 8, and Doug Nicholson's views on fandom, he says:-

"It's a small wonder that I disagree violently with this Nicholson fellow, since he says that his views on fandom are the only opinion he has in common with Graham B. Stone. First, I ought to say that I consider Stone to be one of the all-time fuggheads in or out of fandom. Here is a man who, in the recent fannish magazines, comments (when he deigns to comment) that fanzines should be composed of serious articles on science fiction and stf stories by fans who aspire to be professional authors one day. Now this is all very fine and good. It reveals Mr. Stone to be a right-thinking SCIENCE FICTION fan, who thinks that the fannish orientation of today's fmz is bastardizing the field. But I had occasion not long ago to borrow a set of Walt Willis's SLANT, a magazine which featured with but little exception the sort of material that Mr. Stone is screaming for in today's fanzines. Not only that, but it was a neatly printed journal, with (in some places) coloured illustrations and to boot, of a hefty size. And every word of it was hand set, a process about as speedy as typing with one finger, as Walt put it. In issue No. 6, Walt mentions a letter he got from Stone. It seems that our Graham disliked everything in the issue he had seen, damned near. Not only that, but he made comments about the typeface. Now this would have been fine if SLANT had been a well-produced fanzine printing nothing but the most ghastly drud, as one finds in such mundane apas as UAPA, NAPA &c, but SLANT was one of the top fanzines of its day. Most of the stories in it were later reprinted in the prozines. I set forth the opinion that Stone would not like any fanzine in existence, past or present, unless he published, wrote and edited it himself. And maybe not even then!

But I believe I was discussing Doug Nicholson's opinions, and not Graham Stone. I will concede that, on some occasions, not all fans are brilliant - there are the dullwits among us, just as in ordinary society, who do go too far with things. In this case, it's the fanword repetition. Anyway, Doug said he would like to see a fangroup, probably (though he doesn't say this specifically) one centered around stf and nothing else, to "provide good company and intelligent conversation and correspondence". It is very obvious that Doug has had no contact with fandom, otherwise he would realise that he has described much of the current stf fandom. Look, Doug says that he wants to see people with "an intelligent interest in the subject matter of sf - the future, science and society". Now, gentlemen, I ask you if an "intelligent interest in sf" means that one must discuss it interminably and to the exclusion of all else in his letters, speech and magazines? To put it bluntly, hell, no! An "intelligent interest" in anything is not going so far out in it that you forget everything else. So fans discuss things other than sf in their magazines? So what? Fandom for this very reason is worth participating in for its own sake, because of this factor. Where else can you express your viewpoints on almost anything imaginable before a group of interested people without being censured or censored, or both?"

←(A loooong letter, but so facile and logical that I felt it worth printing more or less complete. Bob writes well under full steam, no? Never having seen SLANT, I can't comment on the typeface &c, but Stone's attitude to the venture seems typical of the man. It is his type, and not the goshwow neos, who give sf unpleasant connotations in the public mind. Adamski is another of the breed, though in a different field. I agree wholeheartedly with what Bob says about the Nicholson concept of a sci-fi club. Though I don't support the statement that one can "discuss almost anything..without being censured or censored, or both" in fandom. Sf fandom is no Journalistic Utopia, full of sweetness and light. There

is probably more unpleasantness inside fandom than in any other field of comparable size. Fan politics would make US senators go white under their Palm Springs tan. It's a savage little jungle - which is probably why I like it so much. So you can say it's fascinating, but, please, let's not get lyrical. jb)↓

ALAN BURNS, 6 Goldspink Lane, Newcastle on Tyne, ENGLAND.

"I argue the toss that no self-respecting abba ever compared a bunyip to the Golem, the Zombie or the Bogey Man. These three are dumb creatures, but the bunyip never is. A bunyip is rather like a North American Indian Wendigo, fond of violent jokes and liking, in preference to some wizened old stockman, a nice tender joey. Pressing on, I note that you refer to yourself as slightly overweight. 'tis a disease that I also suffer from, but who cares? Sometimes, I think I shall write an article entitled "Problems of the Fat Faan". The trouble with fat fen is that instead of being a target for mockery - which, through long and bitter experience, they can counter - they get regarded with a chill kind of curiosity which is hard to bear. Anent cartoons, my own artist, Ken McIntyre, is most obliging. Teach your art ed to drink Guinness Stout. It is soothing to the savage artist, and produces a complacent acceptance of editorial whims." ((Never having met a real dinkum bunyip, I know little of their appetites, mode of recreating &c. What I meant by comparing the bunyip with those other critturs was that it holds the same place in the popular imagination out here as they do in their respective countries. A bunyip is horrible but benign - the kind of monster you threaten the kids with so that they'll go to bed quietly. I chose it as the title of this 'zine mainly because it has elements of both horror and humour. Just like my mag - ain't this repro. horrible?/It is not so much the jibes that annoy we fat fen, I agree. It's those crummy jokes like "How come you can play golf, John? When you can see the ball, you can't hit it, and when you can hit it, it's out of sight again". Yuk, yuk./At the suggestion that he should drink anything other than his evening Pernod and large daily quantities of vin ordinaire, Jacques Philby, my art editor, flew into one of his uncontrollable rages and ran off into the darkness, screaming French obscenities. Which explains the lack of art on these pages. No more suggestions, Pullease! jmb)↓

RUDIGER b. (for "Bimbo") GOSEJACOB, 62 Moltkestrasse, Duisburg, GERMANY.

"Annemarie and I saw PSYCHO last week and were very, very disappointed. The only film by Hitchcock I saw before was "Der Unsichtbare Dritte" (translated word by word "The Invisible Third") but I think that one was three times better than PSYCHO. There is nothing really good in PSYCHO, although the ending was quite clever, indeed brilliant, after the first boring 20 minutes and the bloody main part of the film. I do not understand how Mike Deckinger could say it was the best of Hitchcock. Oh, this Deckinger. All fans in Germany are bitter about him because he wrote in NORTHLIGHT 10 "I hate all Germans". And I thought that fans are tolerant." ((It's a sad fact that fans are probably less tolerant than the majority of sensible ordinary citizens. All this talk of atomic war and racial suicide blinds them to the realization that it is their unreal and intolerant attitude which will actually cause the disasters they read and write of. There are, of course, a great many logical arguments in favour of racial discrimination, but I think the point is better left undiscussed until more sane times than this. jmb)↓

Running out of space now, unfortunately. Eight pages of lettercol, with few illos., is plenty for any 'zine of BUNYIP's size. Many thanks to all those who did right, even though I didn't have a chance to print all the juicy comments I received. A mention of Bart Milroad, Ken Cheslin, Chris Bennie, Roger Dard, Dot Hartwell and all the others whose letters, for one reason or another, are unprintable. The implications of this remark I leave to the analysis of posterity.

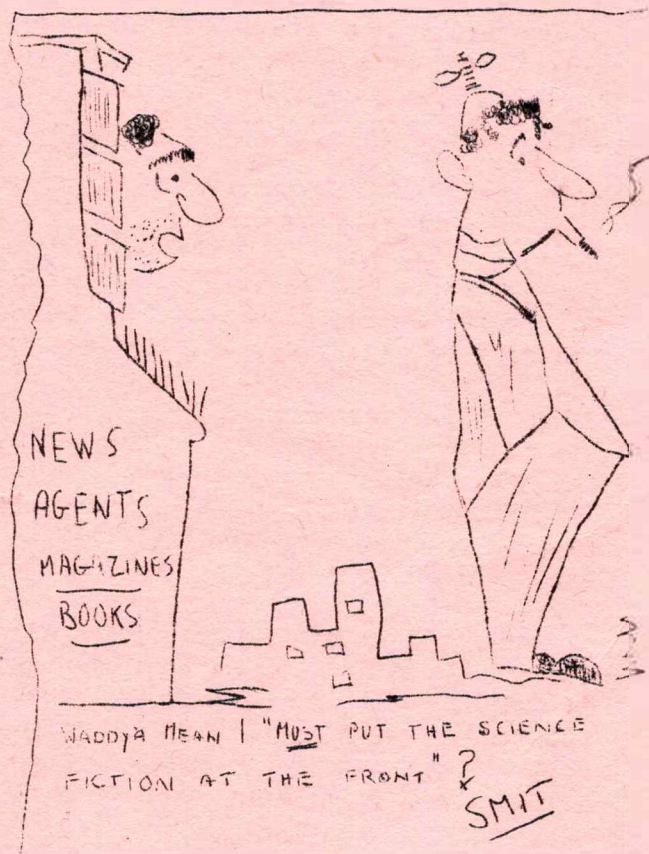
Is there some pubber who needs a book-reviewer? I know this particular form of writing isn't held in very high esteem among fen, but I feel a great urge at times to break forth on the subject of some story I've read. However, there is seldom any opportunity to put my views in print. So if some kind ed would care to consider some of my reviews for publication, I shall be glad, Muchly. It's fun to review and criticise a book, especially when one has strong ideas on the work being analysed. To me, this is a most important requirement. To review well, I must be either very hot or very cold about a story, possibly a hang-over from my admiration of demon knight. Incidentally, does anybody know if there is a savoury piece of gossip behind his defection from Fy&Sf. Bester's sudden appearance as book editor strikes me as being slightly suspicious. And aren't they lousy reviews to turns out? But returning to reviewing.....

One of the biggest projects I've undertaken in recent months has been a long analysis of James Bond's adventures, as they are chronicled by Ian Fleming. Most of you are familiar with the Fleming thrillers - DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER, GOLDFINGER, DOCTOR NO &c - and, whilst they aren't really sf-slanted or even sf-influenced, you have to admit that they hold a certain attraction to fans. Many of the guys to whom I write have mentioned how much they enjoyed the series. The review I am in the process of writing covers each of the novels (7, at last count), goes into the plot mechanics of each, analyses the characterisation, writing, dialogue, action and other aspects of the story, discusses the author's apparent attitude to his work and tires to discover just why these stories should have such an appeal to the average reading public. It's the sort of item I've long wanted to write, but no sf series has ever given me enough meat to chew on. Now, with luck, I'll be publishing this article in BUNYIP 3, but, unfortunately, I still lack information about the American printing of the Bond books. If there are any US fen familiar with the American firms which first published the Fleming thrillers, would they drop me a line? Also, would the others please mention what they think of using an item like this in an (ostensibly) sf magazine?

RIP VAN WINKLE WHISKY - Aged in the Wood.
Philby.

Short editorial this time - sorry, but that's a result of the short time I have to get this on the road. Next time, I promise a whopper, enough to make even my most admiring fans gag. (Sorry, Mum, but that's fanpubbing). Apologies also for the somewhat poor repro on pp.2/3 and in John Foyster's reviews. The paper I used there has an unaccountable tendency to offset. Don't ask me why - I must have got a bum batch.

In this last space, a bouquet to Ron Bennett, who gives me such consistently fine reviews in SKYRACK. Thanks, Ron. I doubt that BUNYIP deserves your praise, but it's certainly encouraging. To you other fans, how about some material, huh? Especially articles, fiction &c - for once, I'm well fixed as to art.



bunyip

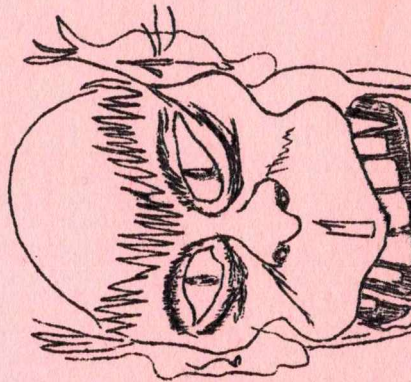
printed
matter
only

John M. Baxter, Esq.

29 Gordon Road,

Bowral, N.S.W. AUSTRALIA.

W
I
L
L
B



your zine is:-

your lastish was:-

MISTER

MISS.

POP

