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Remember the joke about the two M.I.5 men talking shop? One is saying to the other: "Booked any good Reds lately?" HORROKIWI hasn't booked any good Reds worth talking about, but it has read a few good books. And if you follow this editorial for the next couple of pages, perhaps you'll understand why I've labelled it

Andreby AND HIS GANG

Lately, an enormous (and quite inordinate) amount of attention has been focused on the activities of The Angry Young Men. Naturally, The Angry Young Men are cashing in on this publicity for every filthy penny their greedy little paws can grab. All over the place there are pseudo-Intellectual types getting on the band-wagon, writing Devestating Attacks on Modern Civilization -- AND MAKING HUNDREDS OF POUNDS OUT OF IT! Which is why my editorial this issue is going to be devoted to some Devestating Attacks on Modern Civilization...

Let's face it, Modern Civilization is ROTTEN. The whole face of World Affairs is ROTTEN, UGLY! You've only got to read a newspaper (any of the current newspapers) and you'll soon see exactly what I mean; every day, there are riots, wars, plagues, famines, floods, catastrophes, mutinies, rebellions, massacres... And if it's not an act of God, it's some horrifying new act just brought in by the Labour Govt..

In short, the course of World Affairs absolutely terrifies me, every day and in every way! I make it a practise to read the paper every night, but usually by the time I get to Pop on page nine I'm just about ready to dive for shelter under the carpet. Boy, am I SCARED! I shiver every time a plane goes over. I sit cemented to the radio every time a news bulletin is announced. I devour every issue of STUPEFYING STORIES and GEMZINE eagerly!

And where is this world of ours leading us to? Thanks to the mature perspective afforded me by my full seven years and ten, I can now see -- as clearly as this typer in front of me -- that this world of ours is ACTUALLY RUSHING HEADLONG FORWARD INTO DESTRUCTION! Yes, the signs are in the sky, and it's no joking matter! If events continue as they are continuing today in the sphere of world events, there seems little doubt that the END OF HUMAN CIVILIZATION is just around the next corner!

The problem, the big, soul-searching problem for people like ourselves is: What can we do to avert this terrible catastrophe? Apparently NOTHING. For many years I've been slaving to make this a better world. I've done everything, EVERYTHING in my power; I've written insulting letters to the editor of The Listener, left copies of RUR in bus shelters, even painted Belisha Beacons in the image of our Prime Minister. And where has it got me? Nowhere. Absolutely NOWHERE! After my many years spent in crusading, I am forced to come to the terrible conclusion that it is going to take more than an editorial in KIWIFAN to alter the terrible, hopeless apathy of T. Mits. He continues on in his blind way, totally oblivious to the world

situation or to my advertisements in the Personal column of THE HERALD. There is absolutely nothing that can be done to arouse the masses or make them aware of the grave danger.

Or to put it another way (this has got to run to at least 100 pages to get a mention in the TLS) I have perceived, with true insight, the real and awful evils behind society. I have attempted to civilize civilization. Civilization REFUSES to be civilized. It's all so very, very frustrating.

After all this, the only conclusion I can come to is that CIVILIZATION IS JUST NOT WORTH WORRYING ANY MORE ABOUT. It's doesn't care at all for me, and I think the feeling is just about mutual. I DON'T LIKE CIVILIZATION. In fact, I'm prepared to go even further and say that CIVILIZATION WAS THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO THIS EARTH, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF LIFE! It's not only worthless now -- it always has been worthless!

Look, I can prove my case... Uncivilized man was at least HAPPY. (Heck, you've only got to look up a few photographs of native peoples in their natural habitats; whether they're Fijians, Aborigines, or New Guinea head-hunters, or whatever, you can bet you're life you can see HAPPINESS written on every face! They're free -- unrestricted -- unencumbered.) Now take a look at CIVILIZED man. Look at him, today, anywhere -- and you'll see what a frustrated, worried, helpless little fellow he is! Afraid to speak when he wants to speak, so loaded down with COMPLEXES and NEUROSES that he is terrified of ever doing anything different.. On top of that, he is absolutely scared stiff of any concept that seems NEW (like Science Fiction, f'rinstance).

In short, civilization has been a colossal mistake from the very beginning. Oh, sure, civilization does have its attractions (here, list them for yourself: _____) but its defects completely outweigh any virtues it may have. We've been tricked into thinking that Civilization Is A Way of Life, that it is The Only Way of Life. To which I retort: Bah!

I refuse to be deceived, and I am going to do something for myself. I'M GOING TO LEAVE THE WHOLE FURSCHLUGGINER MESS TO STEW IN ITS OWN JUICE. I'm going to get right away from Civilization, see? I'm going to bust right out and leave all the degrading clap-trap of civilization behind. I'm going to take off for a suitable desert island (Barrett's Reef, Fanning Island, it doesn't matter where -- so long as I'll be well out of the way when the ICBMs start coming over), and there I'm going to start civilization anew...the way I want it!

It is indeed a Great Idea, as I'm sure you'll agree. And what's more, I'm going to be really BIG-HEARTED about the whole deal. I'm going to let YOU in on the project. Yes, I'm appealing to YOU (New Zealand fandom, that is) as the only group of sane, far-sighted, and intelligent people left in this place, to come away with me and start The New Civilization.

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Makes you kinda proud to be a reader of KIWIFAN, huh? But we must move fast. We musn't be tempted to delay our project any longer, because THE WORLD IS CRUMBLING DOWN AROUND OUR EARS! War is coming. Exchange rates are going up. Dianetic centres are breaking out everywhere. HURRY, HURRY, HURRY!

Don't delay: THROW AWAY THE ENCUMBERANCES OF CIVILIZATION NOW. This minute! Throw off those abominable 22" cuffs. Smash all your sister's Pat Boone records. Burn your collection of WEEKEND. Do in the radio just when Noeline Pritchard is going into her next commercial. Then pack your beanie, grab your duper, put on your best pink fanning suit, and meet me down at the wharf at midnight. (Synchronise watches -- it's now 0847.) We'll be off for the foem of perilous seas unknown, off to found our very own civilization!

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I knocked off for a few minutes to look up the Gollancz acceptance rates. Say, friends, I've been thinking this project of mine over pretty carefully, and have worked it out in some detail. You see, the primary (anthropological) consideration governing the success of any new society is THAT SOCIETY'S ABILITY TO BE SELF-SUPPORTING. Each member of the society sort of contributes his own particular talents to the welfare of the state in general. (And wow! what fun! our own state, own laws, own customs!..) But, anyway, I what I've dome is to make a list of all the potential members of Our New Civilization (I resist the temptation to label it Fandom's 5th Monarchy) noting down the particular skills and aptitudes of each member. The results seem so promising that I feel we can make a REALLY GOOD GO of our Great Project!

Take Tony Vondruska, for example. What a valuable asset he is going to be, with his knowledge of matters culinary! I understand that Tony can actually serve up 22 different adaptations of coconut (without once mentioning the word)!

Then again, there's old Mervyn Barrett -- an expert on hardware. In his practical aptitudes (which include the ability to put together any tape-recorder inside out) he can only be described as 'a bloody magician!' I've even seen Mervyn transmute hardware into a dozen bottles of DB. Besides all this, Mervyn is a player of the clarinette and will thus be able to provide our expedition with many a gay evening of musical entertainment.

And I musn't forget to mention Bruce Burn, another valuable member of the party. Bruce has been an important member of the N.Z. Film Unit for several years now. He is a young man of very great practical skill, as evidenced by the fact that he recently put together an entire car out of those funny little pieces that come in cereal packets.

Miss Lynette Mills will be another invaluable member, if only to provide that essential little 'feminine touch'.

Better add John McLeod, also, who is so interested in dentistry. John is a very methodical person, who runs a duplicating session like an operating

room... ("Stylus?" "Stylus!") ..and in short would be a worthwhile chap to take along with us.

The 'us', of course, includes me -- founder of the scheme. But strangely enough, I can't (and believe me, I've tried hard enough to) remember any particular aptitude I might have which could be of use to the expedition. Admittedly I have a flair for Latin (somebody like to try me on "The city is requiring to be captured, o queen" ?) and I can put together an above-average line of modern poetry. And I can fill up 3 1/2 spare pages with rambling editorials... But somehow, I just can't think of a single blasted thing that might be of use to the new civilization.

Suggestions, anyone?

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Before I pass on to the most important item on the agenda -- the latest news of N.Z. fandom -- I'd like to take time out to say a few words about N.Z. literary magazines. At least one overseas fan (James Gove III) has expressed interest in them, and in case there are others among you similarly interested, I have made out a short listing. (At least 2 of these magazines have run SF-slanted stories.)

- ARENA : Handcraft Press, Wellington (or, rather, P.O.Box 6188, Te Aro, Wellington.) 4 for 6/-; overseas, for 7/6.
- BROADSHEET : Brian Bell, also P.O.Box 6188, Te Aro, Wgton. (@/6p.a)
- EXPERIMENT : Literary Society, Victoria Univ. College, W'gton.
- HERE & NOW : P.O.Box 8571, Symonds Street, Auckland. (2/-; 12--20/-)
- IMAGE : Robert Thompson, 5 Taumata Road, Castor Bay, Auckland N2.
- KIWI : Students' Association, Auckland University, Auckland.
- MATE : Kevin Jowsey, 2 Earnoch Ave., Takapuna, Akd. N2.
- NUMBERS : Box 5121, Lambton Quay, Wellington. (5 -- 10/-)

This list omits some of the better-known publications (such as LANDFALL, NZ YEAR BOOK OF THE ARTS, NZ POETRY YEARBOOK) but if you're interested, I'd be glad to publish those addresses also.

ON TO NEW ZEALAND NEWS! First off, it's worth mentioning that the Waikato Scientific Association gave a 3-hour public demonstration on Wednesday, 10th September -- which particularly featured a film on space travel! Perhaps there's some SF interest in the old Waikato yet.

NEW ZEALAND FANS! The other day I received a very nice letter from Mr Bryan R. Trotter (2 RD Palmerston S., OTAGO) who is "very interested in joining a SF club" and would like to hear from other NZ fans and fan clubs. Why not drop Bryan a missive right away?

PEREGRINATIONS IN BLUE T.Von-

druska/POBox 3161/Wellington/NZ.
24pp.4to.

This, a first attempt & the offshoot of a £2 duplicator is really a remarkable piece of publishing. Its best features:- the artwork (excellent stuff by Lynette Mills and above-average stuff by Tony Vondruska) and the tremendous amount of personality that shines through. The contents include:- 2 long fmz reviews, a serious article on relativity (which has excellent aims but falls short of its mark because of insufficient knowledge of the topic) and a not-so-serious story written around Tony's experiences as a ~~bus~~ tram conductor. This latter is thoroughly entertaining and sports a wonderful LM illo. Considered in all, PIB (subtitled EGOBOO) makes up a very fine 1st issue. Admittedly there are a few boobos -- several stupid interlinos -- but in the main, the fanzine is heartily recommended. I'm sure you'll like it.

"Last week" reports Tony "I bought a van for deliveries and such-like when the business starts rolling. It's a 1950 Morris, in abominable condition. I had new rings put in the thing, but it still won't go much over 30-35 mph. Still, it's something to go around in and as you can imagine I'm not above converting it for private use. We (T & L) went to Pukerua yesterday, and made a lovely bonfire on a deserted beach in the late afternoon and roasted frankfurters, sausages, cooked coffee and 'etc.' It took us nearly an hour to do the 20 miles, but who is in a hurry..?" Um, smells nice. Tony is currently working on PIB 2, by the way. And Lynette now works on a zine of her own, named SLINK. Write to her about it

Wellington. Both T & L are now on the OMPA waiting list, and there are plans for some sort of a combined OMPA zine.

"I'LL DEFINITELY BE PUBLISHING a fanzine which should be out by the beginning of February, and have started to solicit material already." What that was, was John W. McLeod, of 33 Renfrew Ave., Mt Albert, Auckland SW1.

FOCUS 7 SHOULD BE OUT ANY DAY now, and I feel like a real heel for having failed to send Mervyn that contribution that he requested. I decided, however, to drop everything 'til I'd got KF9 out. FOCUS No. 7 "will more or less be Wellington seen through the eyes of various fen. It doesn't have to be about the town as a whole, each writer can concentrate on one particular aspect or thing. It may be about people or lamposts, attitudes or atmospheres, or anything like that. It may be straight or serious or tongue-in-cheek.." This sounds like a mag you must get. Write now to Mervyn Barrett, 6 Doctors' Commons, W'gton 04. And as for that contribution, Merv, let me stand up here in front of all the readers and promise you that if I dont get my piece to you in time for '7, I'll work you up a real gasser of an article for '8. Don't look so insanely happy..

TO MOVE FROM THE RIDICULOUS TO Roger (Phineas Fogg) Dard, the latter has asked me to mention that his FANTASTIC NOVELS CHECKLIST has already been pubbed (past tense, like). Also, says Rog, Graham Stone (of Box 4440 GPO, Sydney, NSW) is not the only Australasian agent, since

Dave Cohen of Blue Centaur Book Co. (Box 4940, GPO, Sydney) also stocks the CHECKLIST. I haven't seen the book yet myself, but I understand that it is incredibly cheap and hence I suggest that you all write for copies.

THIS WEEK'S "NZ TRUTH" CARRIES the headline: 'Turned into animal after Excuse-Me Dance.' Hey, fellers, who's been reading that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?

+++++
SPACE PROBE Harold H. Fulton,
+++++ 1 Nissan Place,
Onehunga, Auckland, SE5. 36pp.
4to.

This is not a fanzine. It is however a magazine devoted to matters extraterrestrial, and as such merits a mention in this column. (Even though the matters extraterrestrial refer 97% of the time to UFO activity...) I was somewhat overawed by the production of this zine; everything (even the illos) is printed. The material itself gets presented in a reasonably factual manner, and besides the UFO stuff there are several genuine articles on space travel (including one by Willey Ley). This mag is worth supporting so long as the editor continues to pub worthwhile space articles. Copies are 5/- each, but presumably exchange subs can be arranged.

MISS BETTY R. CHAINY REPORTS that Christchurch has a Psychic Library "which comprises over 2000 books on all aspects of Spiritualism and allied subjects". Goshwow. The Christchurch Interplanetary Society, on t'other hand, seems to be a goner.

"But he must be real. He's even got his name in Bennett's Fan Directory!..." #

GOTTA FILL IN THIS LINE SOMEHOW...

I WAS A TERNAGE STUNGER CUTTER for Fandom Dept. My comments about horror films in the last issue have certainly aroused some interesting replies. Many other films have been referred to, but as I haven't heard of any publicity stunts which top those of Louis Meyer as described in the book MEREDITH COLLOSSAL (read it, anybody?) Altho my main reason in publishing "Frankenstein Cursed" was to encourage audience participation (i.e. start up a few fights), I still feel that I have a legitimate complaint. Yes, I dislike censorship in any form -- but the present conditions in regard to NZ's import policy are even more distasteful. Overseas funds are at an all-time low in NZ and consequently many overseas goods have been prohibited from coming into this country. Among the items severely limited are American books (e.g. technical books), musical instruments, and any recorded music which could not be classed as 'popular' (i.e. -- much classical, modern, & jazz stuff). Scientific instruments have also been restricted. But perhaps worst of all, the Akld. Art Gallery is now no longer able to buy any new pictures or hire any new exhibitions from overseas, since her request for foreign funds has been turned down. Meanwhile, pop music & all manner of films (including horror films) appear to be flowing into the country without curtailment. Unless I have got the situation grossly wrong then a definite injustice exists here.

ANY NEW RAGS? ANY JAZZ? ANY SKELETONS IN YOUR GUNBOARDS?.. Remember, you natives, KIWIFAN is primarily the newszine of NZ fandom & its up to you to keep it supplied with news.

WHATEVER HAPPEN TO BLB LATELY??
 Dept. Names make news. Last week, beetle-browed TV magnate Burn arrived home in his modest Cadillac Runabout (gold-plated hostesses, portable Coca-Cola plant, etc.) after having visited far-flung outposts of his massive TV empire, which stretches from Barrett's Reef up to Fanning Island and back. Striking a suitable profile, Punch-chinned Bruce (IFA of '68) Burn alternately answered reporters' questions and urgent telegrams which kept blowing in now and then from Palmer and 4sj. Twittered newshen Mills, "Do you lead a normal s*x life?" Blushing slightly beneath his raspberry pink ermine necklet, Burn replied in the affirmative as he leered evilly in the direction of the spaceport waiting room, where sat 6th wife, cinemorsel Marilyn Miller. Bruce had just completed location work on his new 'Bruce-Zealand Film Unit' production THE RETURN OF THE MANTHEATING POLYMP, in which he took the title role. His plans for the future? "Well," shrugged Burn modestly as he lit another cigar with another filthy old copy of UNKNOWN WORLDS, "There's all the arrangements to be made for our titanic Century Turn KIWICON (i.e: carloads of D.B., cheesecake, oh, all the highlights of a typical *Burncon*). Naturally, everybody who attends (and naturally everybody who is anybody will attend!) gets a free ticket for the premiere of my new show, THE OCTOPUS MAN MEETS DAVY CROCKETT, (in which I play the title role)." Just then a minor disturbance arose when an unknown drunken bum pushed his way through the crowd of reporters and waved a dogeared fanzine at Burn, hissing through beetle-lipped lips, "Remember an old buddy!" Burn's squad of hired cops led the bum

away. Quipped Burn, slightly blanched by his ordeal: "Just one of those mad fans I guess. Never seen him before in my life." The assailant was conducted to the local Police Dept. (situated, ironically, at the corner of Burn and Von-druska Streets). He could utter nothing for his name but "Orrunks". Psychiatric report pending.

.....(which is one way of saying that I have n't heard from Bruce in many weeks, but that he is hoping to pub another issue of SIZAR fairly soon, and doubtless has paraFANalia 4 under way; write to Burn, 12 Khyber Rd, Wgton. E5.)..... Silly, isn't it?

AND THE ROCKET WAS NOT REAL either (says the Auckland Star for August 30th). It was just a cardboard affair made to interest the children during Children's Book Week at the Leys Institute Public Library. Children's librarians Miss V. Francis and Miss D Williams, who organized the week at the library, were told the theme should be "Books in your orbit". So they interpreted it rather literally and arranged a display of space travel books for children. "We have also started a space game in which children have paper rockets and move thru space to the moon by stages" said Miss Francis. "Each stage is won by a book read. It is all designed to encourage the children to read more...But not necessarily space books."

IN CASE LYNETTE MILL'S ADDRESS mentioned earlier on in this feature happens to be badly duplicated, here it is again:

LYNETTE MILLS, 138a Onslow Rd, Khandallah, Wellington, N.Z.

Before going on to the articles, let's go international for a few minutes, while Michel Boulet tells us something about the SF CLUB DE PARIS:

"During several centuries, France was the leader in literature, so it is natural we are interested in that new form of literature: Science Fiction. Remember one of the first SF writers was Jules Verne! At present we have several SF authors: Jimmy Guieu, Francis Carsac, Gerard Klein, Pierre Versins, and some others. But now we are entering the fandom. The first French Fan is Jean Linard, known all over the fandom. Then his wife join in. And in June we created the SF club de Paris. Its meetings take place at 56 rue Rennequin, Paris XVII. The President is myself (because nobody wanted this place and I am the youngest, so -- sob sob). The secretary is Ray Nelson (the fugitive from Chicago). Members are: Kirsten Nelson, Jean & Annie Linard. We have agents in many countries: Switzerland (Pierre Versins) England (Mike Moorcock) Netherland (Niels Augustin) Norway (Roor Ringdahl). We hope to publish soon a fanzine but that's "top secret" -- Wait and you'll see. But now you can see we have not only members in France. All the fans can join the International Section of our club. If you want to come with us write to Ray Nelson (56 rue Rennequin, Paris XVII, France) or Michel Boulet (195-bis rue Raymond, Losserand, Paris XIV). We are always pleased to meet the fans coming in Paris. We try to find a hotel for them. And if you can't come, drop us a card, we'll be happy to hear from our friends of the fandom. I'll write soon again. GAY PARIS IN 63!"

And now we hear from Alvar Appeltofft, Klammerdammsgatan 20, Halmstad, SWEDEN: "Yeh, we're many fans here, 13 current fanzines at the moment and if you count all the fanzine titles there have been you'd get 28, I think. There are two monthly series of PBs, one promag that's the best-looking mag in existence since SF+ folded and GALAXY will be out here in a few days (a lousy mag!); it's out in Finland, too. There are 3 series of PBs in Denmark and one small reprint edition of aSF. Some SF PBs in Norway and a flow of hardcover stuff everywhere. We've had 3 SF cons so far. I'm now Chairman of (the 4th) Scandinavian SF Union and Editor of our OO."

Roger, over and out

Roger

WRITTEN BY NEW ZEALANDERS

Considering the comparatively small number of novels written by New Zealanders, it is surprising how many of them, without too much strain, can be fitted into the tradition of early science-fiction and fantasy. Most of the first novels written in this country were pioneering tales, exploiting the wonders -- both real and imaginary -- of this newly-settled land, in the form of domestic and adventure stories for British consumption. Yet one strong strain of thought in the 19th century was of political and social progressivism, which saw New Zealand as an experimental laboratory for the working out of social reforms as an example to the rest of the world. This progressivism showed itself in a flood of pamphlets and articles, but it also spilled over into fiction. So we find that, in the last century, this small land made its own special contribution to Utopian and anti-Utopian literature, paralleling works like Edward Bellamy's Looking Backward and William Morris's News From Nowhere, and anticipating the critical Utopias of C.S. Lewis, Pohl and Kornbluth, and Kurt Vonnegut. Significantly enough, the first book ever to have its setting in New Zealand was a satirical work on the pattern of Gulliver's Travels -- The Travels of Hildebrand Bowman, Esquire, published in England in 1778, by an anonymous writer inspired by Cook's Journals. Hildebrand Bowman, wrecked in Queen Charlotte Sound in 1773, tells us of his weird adventures in imaginary lands forming New Zealand, all of which parody English laws and customs. This quaint satire is the parent of



all New Zealand fantasy. Two much better-known books, Samuel Butler's Erewhon (1873) and Erewhon Revisited (1901) are also set in this country. Erewhon ("Nowhere" inverted), a land in which British values and beliefs are satirically inverted, is located beyond a mountain range in the Rangitoto district. Butler, while sheep-farming in Canterbury, wrote the core of Erewhon as an article: "Darwin Among The Machines", published in the Christchurch Press in 1863, and when he returned to England worked up his famous stories from this, plus his knowledge of the New Zealand landscape.

This country, too, has an association with Jules Verne, the father of modern Science Fiction, for one of Verne's adventure stories is set here. This is Volume 3 of Voyage Round The World (1877). The Frenchman's aristocratic hero and heroine navigate the Waikato River, survive a Maori imprisonment and an eruption of Tongariro, and struggle through primeval kauri forests at Poverty Bay. Panagel, their faithful Maori guide, stuffs them full of information about the land, not always, alas, accurate. Moas are eighteen feet high, kiwis appear in whole coveys, and Panagel himself bears on his chest a tattooed heraldic kiwi with outspread wings! A lesser Verne, this story is in his adventure, not his science-fiction, category.

In 1867, Edwin Fairburn (an ancestor of the well-known poet, A.R.D. Fairburn) wrote a strange story under the pseudonym of "Mohoa". Called The Ships of Tarshish, it was a sequel to Eugene Sue's The Wandering Jew, and its chief purpose was to urge Fairburn's ideas about new designs for battleships. Although the story is incoherent, the writing poor and the whole book full of crack-brained ideas, the battleships proposed do foreshadow the later style of Ironclads. The story ends with Britain being defeated in a World War because of her lack of preparedness.

A much more readable work is R.H. Chapman's Miha-whenua (1888) which is a kind of early Lost Horizon. It purports to be a MS. found attached to a Maori kite near Lake Wakatipu, telling of the adventures of a mountaineering party in Western Otago, who, crossing a high range, discover a lost Maori tribe, the Ngati-moe, living an idyllic life in a valley, with moas as mounts. Its inventiveness makes Miha-whenua rank with Verne's adventure-fantasies.

Sir Julius Vogel, Prime Minister of New Zealand, also had a try at fictional prediction in Anno Domini 2000 or Woman's Destiny (1889), perhaps the most preposterous book of its kind ever written here. Vogel's heroine is Hilda Fitzgerald, Duchess of New Zealand, who, in an era of feminine equality, becomes a great statesman, marries the Emperor of Britain, reconquers the American colonies (New York becomes the capital of Canada) and institutes social security and Home Rule for Ireland. Al-

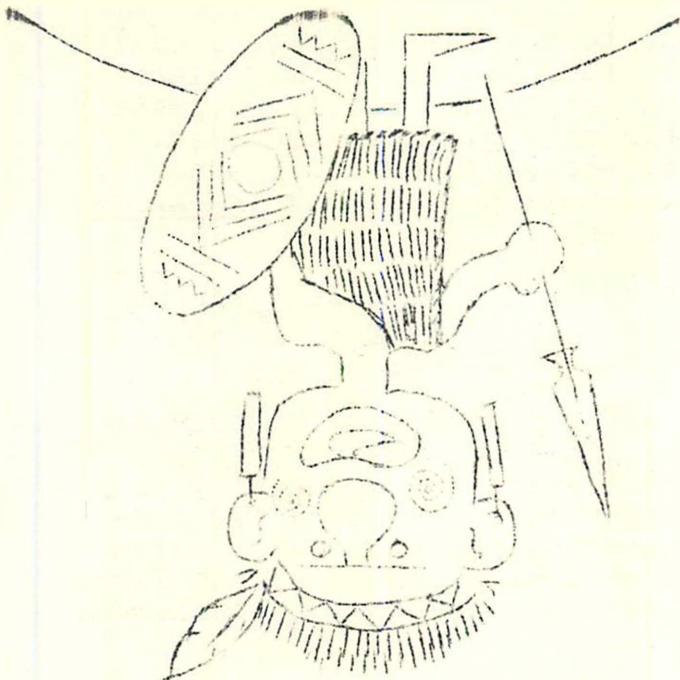
though dull and imaginatively weak, the story serves to set out Vogel's ideas on the emancipation of women and social reform.

The matter of women's rights produced a livelier book in Edward Tregear's Hedged With Divinities (1895), inspired by a female correspondent who wrote to Tregear to say that women would do without men altogether. "Apparently" says the author, "this lady really imagined that the human race could be recruited from gooseberry bushes." His novel is an entertaining skit on feminism, which tells of a plague destroying all men save one, who then finds himself plagued with the huge problems of multiple polygamy-- or not. In recent years, at least three other writers have used a similar idea to the one Tregear dreamed up over half a century ago.

Perhaps the closest New Zealand books to modern science fiction, although they are in some ways the least imaginative, are Rialloro and Limanora, published in 1903 by Professor Macmillan Brown under the pen-name of "Godfrey Sweven". Professor Brown, inspired by the potential of Victorian science, and by the 19th century ideas of progress, creates "Rialloro", an imaginary state, to satirise the obscurantists and reactionaries of thought, and in "Limanora", the Isle of Progress, shows a race dedicated to scientific experiment and replacing politics and religion by enlightened scientific humanism. The pattern of the latter book's ideas does in some measure anticipate modern scientism, and the writing in both is superior to that of most of their kind. The stories, however, are thin and poor in incidents.

Since the turn of the century, few books have been written by NZers which could be called, even by courtesy, "science fiction or fantasy". Our novelists are concerned too narrowly with the problems of growing up and living in our community to spare time for other fields. Only two books, The Angel of the Earthquake (1909) by Frank Morton, and The Scene is Changed (1932) by James Ray, both "catastrophe" stories, are likely to interest sci-fi readers. Satirical works tend to be realistic or semi-realistic, rather than fantastic and imaginative, nowadays -- like John Gillies' Voyagers In Aspic and Dermot Cathie's She's Right. To my knowledge, the only novel of the past quarter of a century which might be called fantasy is "Robin Hyde's" Wednesday's Children (1937), about a lonely woman and her imaginary family, Naples, Attica, Dorset, Limerick and Londonderry, and her island retreat rented from the Auckland Harbour Board at £10 a year. But this is fantasy in the James Barry or Walter de la Mere manner rather than in the more specialised sci-fi. sense.

However, although the stream of sf and imaginative writing of the kind discussed above seems to have dried up of recent years, the existence of so many precedents in our earlier writing should sooner or later inspire some young writer nourished on modern sf to carry the tradition a step further, and produce a genuine up-to-date example of the genre.



FANDOM IN NEW ZEALAND

With five fanzines in regular production and definite signs of another four --- with one New Zealander a member of OMPA and four others on the waiting list --- with plenty of SF and accompanying fan activity --- with all these it seems safe to say that even in this little isolated country of ours, way down under, fandom is here to stay. As part of an endeavour to develop a distinctive quality, local fanac has been given a name of its own, viz. KIWI-FANDOM. The main questions which will now be considered are: how long has there been fandom in NZ? who are the fans? what fanac is there? what else can I talk about?

A strict dictionary definition of a KIWIFAN would be "a flightless 'bird'". "one who flaps around ineffectually, dispelling hot air." But the definition would not really fit the facts. Some kiwifan have developed alarming powers of flight --- Boyd Raeburn off to Canada, Peter Jefferson off to Australia, Michael Hinge off to the U.S.A, and a whole contingent to England. Our only two additions have been Tony Vondruska (from Czechoslovakia) and Bruce Burn (who heard that our country was "critically underpopulated", so, on reaching puberty, migrated here from Great Britain). But on now to the subject of real kiwifannish origins; who were the stock from which our native kiwifan have sprung? It is a fact that some six hundred years ago, the Maoris sailed to NZ in big canoes. Way, way out, with a nice cool climate, it seemed to them the perfect place for conventions, and so the Maoris became the first major inhabitants of NZ. (There were previous inhabitants, but they were not of a fannish disposition.) The Maoris were definitely a fun-loving race who delighted in songs, dances, and tall stories (particularly the exploits of their great legendary gods who did off-beat things). Anthropologists may draw from this what they will..

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Now, as Dr Reid has shown us, SF has been a part (albeit a small and unimportant part) of NZ life for many years. SF magazines have been on sale here since 1929, so it is not really surprising that in 1936 the first real stirrings of kiwifandom are seen. The stir was created by Cav Nichols, who produced a large number of issues of a hand- and type-written fanzine entitled The Arrow (with illustrations provided by a friend).

It is interesting to note that even today Cav Nichols takes an interest in fanzines. Old fans never die, it seems. ~~Most~~ of 'em drop dead from over-work while they're young.]

With the exception of Cav's early efforts, there is no evidence of any real fandom 'til the fifties. In 1950, however, Boyd Raeburn produced a duplicated one-shot which was apparently very fannish in spirit but had nothing to do with SF-associated fandom. Hence it cannot really be counted as the first duplicated NZ fanzine. In 1952 Boyd emigrated to Canada, where he now lives a debauched life of Conventions, fast cars, and 40-page fanzines. New Zealand's loss is Canada's gain.

* * * * *

Hear ye, hear ye. Let it be known throughout the faniverse that the Auckland SF Club was the first of its kind in NZ! I hope. This club was formed 'over the counter' of Don Milne's SF Bookshop & Library in 1952. There were four founders: Don Milne himself, Jack Connell (who claims he re-introduced SF into NZ after the war), Frank Dodd (later to become Club Secretary), and Michael Hinge (keen SF fan and an artist of great ability). The counter in Don Milne's SF Bookshop & Library is marked for all time by cigarette burns, signs of the historic spot.

The club was soon under way. Jack Connell became President, Dodd put ads in the newspapers, Mike designed amusing advertising blurbs (one has come down to posterity: picture of bem landing in Queen Street saying "Uh-- could you please direct me to the Auckland SF Club?"...Aaagh! Help help!) Regular weekly meetings were held from '53 onwards. The main activities were reading, discussing, swapping, and buying SF. Various people came to give lectures -- astronomers, flying saucer enthusiasts, space travel authorities, and even scientologists. Although there were a few young people interested in joining, they were not encouraged to join for a vareity of reasons. The club shied away from any publicity of a juvenile nature.

Later, the Club became known among outsiders as "The Flub". Roger once asked Richard Paris what great inspiration had given him the idea for this name. "Easy, Roger. While typing out the last sten-cils for Focus 1, I happened to hit the 'F' key instead of the 'c' key which is only two-thirds of an inch away." Ingenious, Richard.

When in Auckland, Ted Carnell, Bob Heinlein, and A. Bertram Chandler visited the Club. Jack Connell tells an amusing story about Bert's first visit. One afternoon, this latter sauntered anonymously into Jack's SF Bookshop and engaged him in a discussion on the merits of A. Bertram Chandler.

There was (and still is) a very large amount of SF interest in Auckland as is evidenced by the fact that there are four bookshops which specialize in SF. Until recent months, SF mags, books, and PBs (including American PBs) were on sale in large quantities. New import restrictions have limited the number, however.

In the Flub there was plenty of SF interest; but the fannish interest was in the inverse ratio of this. Only one member showed any keen interest in fandom: Michael B. Hinge. Without any club support he embarked upon a notable project -- NZ's first pooka fanzine. From '52 onwards the lights burned late in the Hinge household. In '54 came the results of Mike's late nights: fanzine TIME, 55 pages of short stories, poems, interlineations, and colour-printed artwork. Save for a little assistance from Monica Naughton, fanzine TIME was a straight-out, flat-out solo effort. To appreciate this notable piece of NZ literature, it is necessary for you to realize that...

"the outside two dimensional surface of a three dimensional 'Time' factor studies you...the reader cannot comprehend until an overall absorption has tingled the science-fiction centres -- producing that mist in front of the eyes often called the Milky Way.." (Mike Hinge, fanzine TIME, 1954.)

Meanwhile, back in the .. Auckland SF Club, things were not so progressive. Out of the blue, a dozen members decided to emigrate to England, thus reducing the number in the club by half. After a few letters, the two halves of the club lost contact and to this day The Mystery of the Missing Flububs remains .. a mystery. [Maybe Eric Frank Russell can schedule an article?] After the loss of the British contingent the flub became less and less and less active and eventually quite dormant, until four and ½ paragraphs hence.

In 1955, a new independent Auckland club was formed by Roger Horrocks -- the independence was accidental, since neither club was aware of the other's existence. Roger discovered the flub some months after he had formed his own group, but by then the activities of the former had become somewhat erratic and no definite liason took place. For a couple of years Roger's club operated, first under the appalling title of The Auckland Junior Space Club, and later as the simpler Auckland Space Club. The club was run almost entirely by postal or personal contact, and there were no formal meetings. In this way, members discussed and swapped SF. From

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the beginning there was a club fanzine, which went through a bewildering series of changes of name and size (from Sfiction to Nova to then eventually to Kiwifan). Early issues contained news of local interest, occasional short stories, and odd articles on fandom and SF. Neither Roger nor myself had ever seen a fanzine when we produced the first few issues, hence they are charmingly unadulterated by the influence of any outside products. Nevertheless you will find that...

"we have included in the fanzine a number of articles on a diversity of topics, not only concerning SF. The general layout of the mag has been tidied up, and, unusual for a fanzine, very few typos occur!! Note the way that both ends of the line have been margined. (Judging from the number of headaches it's given the typist, it's not as easy as it looks!) It is pleasing to note that nearly every member of the club is represented somewhere in the mag. By the way, you may have wondered how this magazine is printed..." (John McLeod, NOVA 3, 1956.)

The "unusual for a fanzine" refers to the first fanzine we'd just seen (Focus).. In this same issue of Nova, Roger discovered fandom:

"FANDOMANIACS flock together and hold wild, irresponsible meetings called Conventions. For several days the fandomaniacs are immersed in an aura of childishness, fantasy, and cigarette smoke...." (Roger Horrocks, Ibid. 1956)

The magazine has never been quite the same again. The club, too, has undergone many changes. In September '57, representatives of the club and the Space Club met together to discuss amalgamation. This was unofficially decided upon. The name chosen for the new organization (into which were to be merged remnants of both clubs) was: Science Fiction--Auckland Circle (with the usual Michael Hinge punchline.... 'SFiction, 's fact, SFAC' etc.), the idea being to have a Circle in Auckland as well as in Wellington and eventually to set up an SF Circle in the four main cities.

Now that Mike Hinge has gone to the States ("to live!"), Roger and myself are the only two actifans left in Auckland. However, SFAC does exist in embryo form and it is hoped that Kiwifan may act as midwife.

* * * * *

Two or three years back, I read the following: "We do not know this club's address, but according to a Christchurch correspondent they are at least in existence." "This club" was purported to be The Hamilton SF Club, but what happened to the club, and what happened to the letter, indeed, what happened to the Christchurch correspondent?

For that matter, what happened to The Christchurch SF Club? But here we have at least some definite evidence. The following letter appeared in Authentic some years back: "Our club here is getting along very well; we now hold a weekly meeting in the hall, and exchange books and comments, and have a very enjoyable time". The letter was written by The Christchurch Correspondent. Membership was about "50", and their fanzine Spacedust (now "just about that!") was claimed to be Kiwiland's leading fanzine...by The Christchurch Correspondent. But for the last two years, silence.



The Wellington SF Circle sounds "much more interesting...than even the LASFS!" You don't believe this, of course, but nevertheless it was said by a Californian! The WSFC was the brainchild of Richard Paris, at whose place was held the first meeting in January '55. The most fannish group by far, the Circle started off with a flair of publicity, and weekly meetings. Activities included "much serious discussion...as to whether we should paint the club room floor, if we should pay for our own cokes, who was going to do the washing up, the cheapest way of repairing the cracked clutch housing of a Vauxhall, what we should do with the profits from the fanzine (Joke!) and why not shift the ping-pong table out if we're not using it, and why aren't there some chairs to sit on anyhow? Someone tried to drag SF into the debate but we soon put a stop to that." Vintage Mervyn Barrett, actually. The afore-mentioned fanzine was Focus, the club zine, though....

"At first it was just an idea. Then the idea was expressed vocally: 'Let's publish a Fanzine.' Now to find an editor.... A search through the W.S.F.C files showed only one man with the necessary qualifications (he must own a green eye-shade and a desk with a bottom right-hand drawer large enough to hold a bottle of whickey, a revolver, a carton of aspirin, and a years supply of rejection slips. He must be able to read and write, and know how to scream "Tear out the front page" in four languages: English, High Martian, American, and Lower Slobovia. Which explains how we got here." (Mervyn Barrett, Focus_1, 1955.)

The original burst of enthusiasm carried the club through the next year and the number of parties held at the club HQ showed how much fun an organized SF group could provide. In 1957 attendances at meetings diminished somewhat as original members found new interests. The Circle found it difficult to attract new members without something concrete to offer them.

The Circle has today the distinction of being the only SF club in NZ in which a third of the members play clarinet. [Until Michael departed for America, a third of Auckland Fandom played horn.] Of the members of the circle, it was once said:

"Perhaps it is not fair to call the club members 'activities' but whatever you call them, you can still get some entertainment from observing the various 'types' of people. For example, at the club, we have a brain-box type of person, and in the other extreme, a dumb-bell type of person. Then again, as an antithesis, we have the lover of music(?)al jazz and the -- shall I say -- disliker of this form of culture. One of these two is cheerful in his way and goes about his business and the club-rooms singing to himself and of course, this does not agree with the other person. Of course, the club has its wonder-man, who happens to be the Treasurer, who, by some peculiar coincidence, happens to be....." Bruce Burn, FOCUS 1, 1955.

There are four fen in Wellington who make up the backbone of the Circle. The first of these is Mervyn Barrett (who has edited 6 issues of FOCUS); second is Bruce Burn (the kiwifan, who edits para-FANalia and is a member of OMPA for which he produces Sizar); third we have Lynette Mills ("loaded with talent and interlineations... Handwriting shocking" but nevertheless a good fan artiste); and fourth, Toni Vondruska ("good man type fan. Excellent cook...good artist" also editor of Egoboo).

? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

Conventions? We've never had any...though some fen from Auckland and Wellington have visited one another at various times. These informal gatherings could hardly be called conventions, however.

z z z z z z z z z z z z

"CE N'EST QUE LE PREMIER PAS QUI COÛTE"

I have endeavoured to keep to a minimum wearisome details and give a general picture interspersed with quotes and anecdotes. Thus the article is by no means completely comprehensive (comprehensible?). Any additions, corrections, and criticisms of the foregoing are welcome, as are any queries arising from subject matter (or lack of it). My sincere thanks to the following people: Mike Hinge, Jack Connell, Bruce Burn, Richard Paris, Don Milne, Roger Horrocks, and particularly Mervyn Barrett -- who supplied me with much information which I regret I could not use more fully.

(JOHN W. McLEOD)

Addendum: Recent investigation indicates that Ted Carnell never actually got here. More information, anybody?

FANZINES

Year / Month	Name of fanZine	Editorship
1936	THE ARROW	Nichols
1952	(ONESHOT)*	Raeburn
1954 July	fanzine TIME 1	Hinge / Naughton
1955 May	ROCKET*	Horrocks / Crooks
October	SPFICTION 1 (KIWIFAN 1)	Horrocks / McLeod
November	MAGNITUDE 1 (SPACEDUST	1) Sarchett
December	FOCUS 1	Barrett/Burn/Paris
1956 January	NOVA 2 nd (KIWIFAN 2)	Horrocks / McLeod
February	MAGNITUDE 2 (SPACEDUST	2) Sarchett
May	NOVA 3 (KIWIFAN 3)	Horrocks / McLeod
	FOCUS 2	Barrett / Burn
	SPACEDUST 3	Sarchett
August	FOCUS 3	Barrett / Burn
December	FOCUS 4	Barrett / Burn
1957 February	NOVA 4 (KIWIFAN 4)	Horrocks / McLeod
March	KIWIFAN 5	Horrocks / McLeod
	paraFANalia 1	Burn
April	TWO HOURS*	Burn / Vondruska
May	KIWIFAN 6	Horrocks / McLeod
June	FOCUS 5	Barrett
	paraFANalia 2	Burn
August	KIWIFAN CIRCULAR*	Horrocks
	SPLUTTER 1	Burn / Bates
September	KIWIFAN 7	Horrocks / McLeod
	(LETTER REPLY-SHOT)*	Burn
December	SIZAR 1	Burn
	FOCUS 6	Barrett
	THE GREEN EXPRESSION*	Barrett
1958 January	paraFANalia 3	Burn
February	FANFARON*	Horrocks
	GIN A BODY*	Burn
March	SIZAR 2	Burn
April	KIWIFAN 8	Horrocks/Burn/McLeod
	MR MAGNU*	Horrocks/McLeod
May	EGOBEO 1	Vondruska
September	KIWIFAN 9	Horrocks/McLeod

NOTES: Oneshots are denoted by *.
 THE ARROW, ROCKET, and KIWIFAN CIRCULAR had only very few copies per issue and were not duplicated.

The months in which THE ARROW and Boyd Raeburn's ONESHOT were produced are not known.

Some confusion has arisen over the editorship of certain of the above fanzines. Where this occurs I have taken the editorship credit directly from the fanzine in question. However, to be as fair as possible, I have tried to give the editors' names in order of importance.

Was ich man nicht kann meiden, muss man willig leiden..

AMERICAN FANS!

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE ARE THREE HIGH-QUALITY S.F. MAGAZINES APPEARING REGULARLY IN BRITAIN? IF YOU LIKE GOOD S.F., THEN YOU'LL WANT TO GET THESE MAGS. THE CURRENCY PROBLEM PREVENTS YOU FROM GETTING THEM DIRECT, BUT YOU CAN STILL GET THEM THROUGH ME! I WANT AMERICAN MAGAZINES -- YOU WANT BRITISH MAGAZINES SO LET'S WORK TOGETHER!! IN RETURN FOR ANY AMERICAN SF MAGS YOU SEND ME (THE ONLY ONES WE CAN GET OUT HERE ARE GALAXY AND ASTOUNDING) I WILL SEND YOU BRITISH SF MAGS, IN THE SAME CONDITION AS YOURS. GETTING SF THROUGH A PROFESSIONAL SF BOOKSHOP LIKE MINE, YOU CAN DEPEND ON A FAIR DEAL EVERY TIME! WRITE, YELL, PHONE, CABLE, OR CALL FOR MORE INFORMATION, TO JACK CONNELL (SCIENCE FICTION BOOKSHOP), VARIETY LANE, BALMORAL, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND.

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THE SEATOUN SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY
(A DRAMATIC POSTSCRIPT TO OUR KIWIFAN HISTORY!)

-- Edgar Bates

It will come as a shock to all New Zealand 'fandom' to discover that there are two separate Science Fiction organizations in Wellington. The first-formed group is the "Wellington SF Circle", about which you have read in a previous issue of Kiwifan. But a newer and a somewhat smaller group has been born in one of the city's suburbs: The Satoun Society.

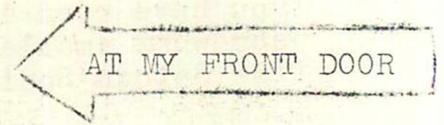
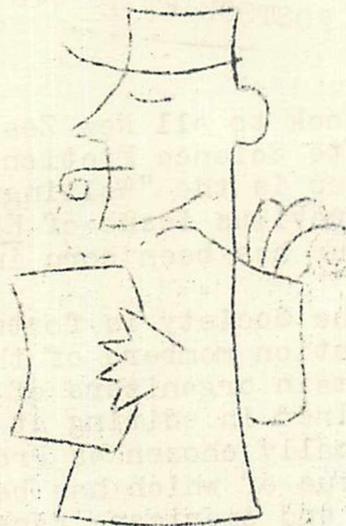
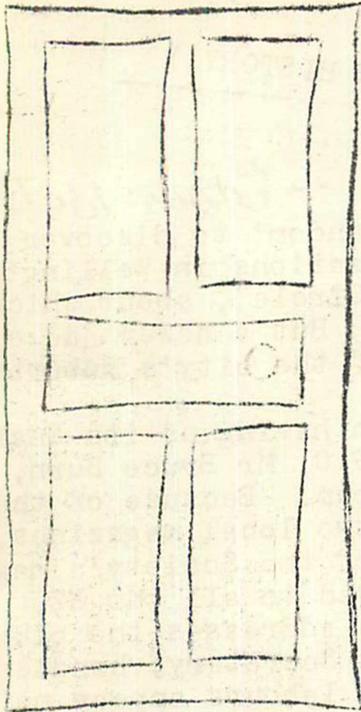
The Society is fortunate in having as its Secretary one of the foundation members of the W.S.F.C, Mr Bruce Burn, who has been one of the main organizers of the group. Because of the experience he has gained in editing at least two local magazines, Mr Burn was automatically chosen as Profucer of the Society's magazine -- the first issue of which has been posted to all the NZ, Australian, English, and American 'fans' whose addresses the club has in its large collection. Mr Burn also, as Secretary, handles all the Society's communications. Indeed, his labours appear never-ending!

My name is Edgar Bates, and I was elected Chairman of the Society at the annual election at the beginning of this year. I am the editor of Splutter, the Society's publication. (Splutter is a title that I do not endorse, but one which Mr Burn said would be more acceptable to the rest of 'fandom' than the title I suggested.) The intent of our group is to enhance the name of Science Fantasy in Wellington. We have dedicated ourselves to this task, and each member of the Society is truly convinced that there is a place for Science Fantasy in our present day Society. Science Fantasy has a subtle meaning and influence with which it can overthrow all the tyranny and wickedness that are ever-present in this world of ours.

There are three other members of the Society about whom you may wish information. The first of these is Mr Peter Cavendish. Mr Cavendish has been reading Science Fantasy since he was a nine-year-old. He has written a few Science Fantasy stories and I hope to be able to include them in future issues of Splutter. Mr Cavendish is the Librarian of the Society. Normally, meetings are held in his pleasant home on the hillside above Seatoun. He lives with his family, and so normally, an excellent supper is heartily enjoyed towards the end of our evening of discussion. Mr Cavendish's collection of Science Fantasy books is the largest of all the members -- containing at least 350 books and magazines.

Our second-youngest -- and, if I may be excused, most charming -- member is Miss Sharon Williams. Whereas Mr Cavendish is interested in collecting, and Mr Burn in producing magazines, and I in organizing, Miss Williams is most interested in Fantasy and Poetry. She feels that Fantasy can express the strange energies that are constantly in flow and flux within the Universe.

∟The Editor regrets that the rest of this article has had to be carried over to the foot of page 36. Breath bated, huh?∟



LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS LETTERS -- & MORE LETTERS!
 READERS SHOULD NOTE THAT ALL LETTERS ARE CONSIDERED SUITABLE FOR PUBLIC-
 ATION (OR, AT ANY RATE, OPEN TO PUBLICATION) UNLESS THE WRITER OF THE
 LETTER DEFINITELY STATES OTHERWISE. ...ANYWAY, ON NOW TO THE LETTERS..
 COMMENTS BY ROGER ARE INSERTED thusly

mervyn barrett

6 DOCTORS COMMONS, WELLINGTON C.4., NEW ZED.

I know how you feel about pubbing fanzines. I'm a bit that way myself. I like getting them but it's tough working up the energy involved in putting one out yourself. Of course when you do get one out and all the lovely egoboo starts rolling in it all seems really worth the effort. I dig being a fan and I have met a Hell of lot of nice and interesting people through fandom. I think that when you are a part of a thing - even fandom - you have responsibilities to that thing. You can't just take everything out of it and not put anything back in but even so it's still a drag sometimes. I have at times toyed with the idea of dropping my zine and concentrating on writing for other peoples' zines. If there are any people who want my stuff in their zines, that is. I don't know if it will come to that, though. I have though, I think, discovered the method of getting a fanzine out. You just sit down and work at it, until you have it finished. I think that to a great extent the purpose of Fandom is a social one. It fills a need in a lot of cases by bringing you into contact with people who think along the same lines as yourself and who you might never meet through ordinary

channels. People who you feel can understand the way you feel about things. That doesn't have to be on a high level of course. I don't mean that you go around philosophizing at each other they're just there. As for the purpose of living -- well I think the purposes of living is merely to be alive and enjoy living. That may not sound a Hell of a satisfactory, but then, what does? I know how you feel about school. You get the feeling that you're just being loaded down with a load of junk and that very little of the stuff that you are forced to assimilate has any real meaning for you. I know, cause I lost interest in schooling and left after two years of College. I could have done the work and I got good marks in those subjects I could work up some enthusiasm for but the rest of the thing and the place itself just cheesed me off completely.. Of course I suppose it would have been wiser to go through it all and then go out armed with my education, try and Be Somebody but that course of action never had much appeal for me. So here I am, an illiterate nobody, stuck with myself, and getting a Hell of a great kick and lots of happiness and enjoyment from being so. Hell, Roger, here I am getting all introspective etc. and not being any use to you at all as far as answering your queries go. I was quite amused by the fact that after your questions on the Purpose of fandom and life you noted that Billy Graham is coming here soon. There seemed to be a sort of air of urgency about your observation, sortof, "He'd better get here real soon or he aint gonna be much use to me," like.

/ REGARDS /

rick sneary

2962 SANTA ANA ST., SOUTH GATE, CALIFORNIA

As some one else has mentioned, Kiwifandom seems more keen on the Solacon than most State-side groups. This long-range egoboo is gratefully accepted. /Oh oh. I see that the man's got "excepted". In view of all the small bickering and feuds going on in the East, and general complaints on how things should be done --- it is nice to find someone still supporting us for the fun of it. We hope the Con will be that way too.. And I'm quite willing to support you for 2000. Though you better have your grandchildren do the work.. (The current issue of The Reporter carries an ad, suggesting India as a good place for a cool summer vacation --- so in 40 years N.Z. might not be so far removed.) But I can't really agree with Moffatt about the TOFF. As Burns /Sick!/? pointed out to me, it would take about three times the money to get a Kiwifan up /down!/? here, as one from England. This would mean no TAFFman for over two years. Better an especial fund for N.Z. and Aust., that could be added to over a number of years, till it was enough to bring someone. But you chaps will have to stay active.. /But it's not the money that counts..! TOFF would be run the same way as TAFF, except that candidates from any country could contest the Fund. More people would be interested, more would contribute money. If a candidate from, say, N.Z. won then he would be offered the contents of the fund for that year. If he was unable to pay for his trip, even with the help of the fund, then the money would pass on to the 2nd place-getter. NZer would receive deserved egoboo, if not the trip./

[...methinks we owe the man a signature.]

sid birchby / 1 GLOUCESTER AVE, LEVENSHULME, MANCHESTER 19.

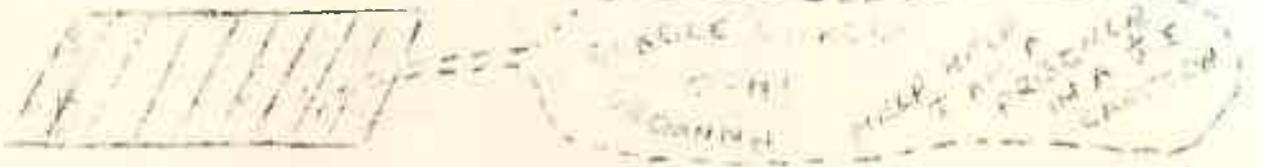
I was pleasantly surprised to get a copy of KIWIFAN from you. I had never seen it before...the fanzine generally, I mean, not that particular issue...well, actually, I hadn't seen that issue before...after all, there wouldn't be much point in your mailing out copies of the last issue, would there? Not that I had seen any of the previous issues, either.. Then I suppose I'm not to know that I wasn't the previous issue, am I? Of course, as far as I'm concerned, all issues of KIWIFAN would look alike, seeing that I've not had any before. I don't mean that you reprint the same material time after time and change the cover around, although you may do, and it's quite alright by me. I've paid nothing for this trial issue, so I lose nothing. If you want to use 100% reprint material each issue, go right ahead. I guarantee not to complain, so long as you don't ask me for a subscription. Subscription indeed! You've got a nerve, I must say. You print the identical same contents each issue, and maybe change the cover around a little, and expect me to pay over good cash coinage? I bet you even re-use the same stencils each time. This practically amounts to crime, and in my position as President of the Kettering Dawn-Watching Society, I cannot afford to hobnob with criminal types. There are those in fandom who want to drag me under, and why should I hand them a lever to use against me? You may think this is all very trivial. And so it may be. Very likely you thought little of it when you first joined my enemies. I suppose they told you it was all in fun. Fun...ha! You call it funny to join this world-wide conspiracy and spend half your time undermining the very foundations of our, not to mention the mental distress you cause to thousands of. Well, I can tell you that I shall have to consider reporting you to the Overseas Undermining Association, because after all, that is exactly the sort of underhand activity which they will not overlook. Or shall I play with my toes?

/ MRS. /

Let's eliminate the word "Contemporary" from the English language. The saving in space and money will be tremendous.

mrs. j*n*t ingh*m / 2 TAKU MATENGA GROVE, KORO KORO, NEW ZED.

I must admit that I had to chuckle at the letter by M*rvyn B*rr*tt in last issue of KIWIFAN, but the thought did occur to me: Just how does a drain laugh? The question so intrigued me that I went along to our local Sanitary Inspector who confirmed my doubts on the subject that indeed far from laughing, they shriek and groan, especially when affected by spring rains etc.



He suggested though that maybe spring rains affect M*rvyn B*rr*tt like a New Moon affects inmates of Mental Institutions and he might indeed laugh like a grain when subjected to spring rains, hightides and autumn floods. I wonder.

YOURS SINCERELY

Let's eliminate the word 'Fan' from the English language.
The saving in space and money will be tremendous.

len j. moffatt / 10202 BELCHER, DOWNEY, CALIFORNIA U.S.A.

My name all over the contents page and even in the editorial! Wow! I may even become a Big Name Fan if this keeps up. ..We are most grateful for your help and co-operation and do hope that you all latch on to a WorldCon even before 2000 AD [2000 A.D.!] and that we somehow can make it. Please don't plug the Moff for TOFF, tho, as I'd really like to see the idea take hold and since I am one of its backers, it would be better if someone else was the first candidate -- preferably, a NZ or Aussie fan brought to the States for a convention, to begin with. That's why I'm all for the TOFF idea: so you guys will have a chance to get in on the Fan Fund. [Moff for TOFF -- unplug.] Don't know if you have heard about the dispute and discussion as to whether Dave Kyle owes money to the WSFS, Inc. or not, but the stand of the SOLACON Committee is as follows. We feel that the folks who paid their dollars to the SOLACON (which is this year a combination of the Worldcon and the Westercon) paid them to get a convention and that is what we intend to give them. The basic purpose of the WSFS is to service the conventions, and that's the most important thing. Kyle has promised to co-operate with us to get the whole thing straightened out and settled and we have no reason to believe that he will renege on his word to us. George Raybin and the Dietzes have been very helpful to us in getting members, heading the travel committee, etc, but we cannot take sides in this dispute, as neither side has given us enough proof. We do not doubt anyone's sincerity but going to court is a risky business at best, and we do not intend to risk our membership's money in lawsuits and counter-suits and the like. I hope that sometime after the SOLACON (when we have the time for it) that we will be able to publish a paper giving all the details that we have and showing exactly why we have decided that going to court over fan troubles is not, in the long run, worth it. I still think the WSFS is a good idea -- as a service organization for the conventions, and that the By-Laws are as good as many a club's By-Laws but that they can stand improvement. We hope to do something about this by presenting a couple of amendments for the membership's approval at SOLACON. We want to be fair to everyone on both sides of the dispute and feel that our major duty is to the present membership. We are hoping to get the whole mess settled, of course, but without benefit(?) of court battles..

Best Wishes

tom mcwilliams / (c/o THE L*FT, AUCKLAND)

Im sittin in Emmanuel's barber shop see wait
ing for a oil change see the barbers busy witha spirrit levels and
all the other marlos got all the MANS and comic books huh aint nuth
ing left to read but this thing KIWIFAN. Thumbin thro this I lamp
this page: "Frankenstine Cursed". Yeah I recalls this pitcha what
a pitcha-chick dames jumpin-all over ya in these spok pitchas wow!
But hey this "Frankinstin Cursed" is knocking us cats. Wese knocked
by the johnies for blockin-up footpafs-outside-the Majestik and now
we get called "Juvenile thrill seekers and perverts". Whose this
Horrocks punk anyway writing in this rag what dont even use English.
I can just pitcha this punk I bet he wears grey suits and 22" cuffs
with a big part in his thatch h.h. I bet he goes to the Odeon. Hey
you out there you go for Johnny Mathis and clasical music huyah I just
bet. Uh lay off willyuh lay off or we guys gonna be callin to see
youse. A.E.Manning gave me six pages... /OK, I asked for it!7

boyd raeburn / 9 Glenvalley Drive, TORONTO 9, CANADA.

...All this chatter about Auckland is making
me nostalgic. One remembers the good things and tends to forget the
bad. I do think that Auckland is the nicest city in NZ.... Say,
are you still going to school? Ha, then you must be wearing short
pants. What is it worth for me not to tell fandom that Horrocks is
A Kid In Short Pants, so that everybody will think you are a leetle
boy? /Horrocks is 74" long and still has to wear short shorts...7
was interested to hear you on a tape I received a while ago from
Merv Barrett. I was a bit rough on some aspects of NZ in my reply
to Merv, and thinking it over, I hope I didn't hurt his feelings. I
have nothing but goodwill towards NZ fans, combined with commiserat-
ion towards them because they have to live in NZ (see, I did it
again)... /Say, what is it worth for me not to tell fandom that Rae-
burn is a Native Noozillander himself?7

REGARDS

mrs m. fancy / (ST DENYS, SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.)

I noticed your name /in the letter column of
EAST & WEST??7 and thought you might like a line from me, I am a
widow over fifty but I hope that does not put you off, at least we
are interested in much the same type of thing. I have been going
to Spiritualist places a great many years and am interested in all
that type of thing, and I take in FATE, and PREDICTION, and some-
times EAST & WEST. I wonder if you were born in New Zealand. I
have lots of cousins out there, somewhere, Aunts and Uncles, and
cousins of my Mother's Father and her Mother. But Mother never

know what part they went to as she was only four years old, at the time. All I know about them is that their names were "Anton" "Davis" and "Peters", Alfred Peters of Norton, Gloucester was my Grandfather. I believe you have a beautiful climate over there, but I should think a little too volcanic for comfort. We have had a great mixture of weather this winter, last week we had several days as cloudy and stuffy as summer which must be very unhealthy for this time of year, and will make the germs flourish. But today it is bright sun and sharp cold wind, but much more suitable for February. I have had several attacks of Phlebitis, and one of bile this winter, but I seem better again thank Heaven and think perhaps I will go to the films tomorrow. Have you got any Spiritualist Churches where you are, or any fortune tellers, or anything like that? I shall always be grateful for anything sent me, although the smaller papers and books are the most easy to manage. May I wish you all the good things which make you happy. Please don't put your name and address on the outside of the envelope only on the inside.

YOURS SINCERELY

Edward Ford

will j. jenkins / 5557 PEMBERTON ST., PHILADELPHIA 43, PA., U S A

...KIWIFAN is all kinda scrunched together..!"
[Will is dead right. You see, KIWIFAN is a dehydrated fanzine. The editor has discovered a method of eliminating all the unnecessary space in between the atoms. (Atoms, that is, not ATOMS.) To return KIWIFAN to its normal size, readers should remove the staples and soak in warm water for ten to twenty minutes. Gee! And suppose it doesn't stop growing.... Thanks for the rest of your letter of comment, Will, am looking forward to more. This is a Good Man, readers, why not send him some fanzines?]

Will

james gove III / GENERAL DELIVERY, CRESTLINE, CALIFORNIA, U S A

I was thinking that a group ought to get together and take many photos at the yearly worldcon, and then write up a lucid running commentary on what took place and between whom, etc. Then they should take the photos and have plates made from them and then take the plates along with make-up sheets and copy to a pro printer and have a professional zine made from them. The copies could be sold for 25¢ or some other unreasonable sum to fans, via the fmz and prozines. The profit thereby gained could be soaked into the TOFF funds. There would be untold problems to such an endeavour, granted. Some central organization would have to handle it -- for instance, some well-established fan club. They in turn would have either to travel to each con. or else farm out the work to the con-sponsoring fan club each year. The marketing of the material would probably be the least problem since all of the fmz and most of the pmz would give space to something like this. If done properly, this scheme would, I think, fulfill the idea behind the TOFF program." [A sort of official Worldcon souvenir booklet with photos, etc? That would be of tremendous interest to fans overseas. Maybe someone like George Fields could do the printing..? Perhaps there is such a project under way already???

BEST WISHES

James

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REPORT ON THE FIRST BANGKOK SF CON.

"The first Bangkok SF Convention, henceforth to be known as the BANGCON, was attended by one fan -- namely, me. The meeting was called to order in the bar of the New Plaza Hotel. (The Erawan was full of tourists, so that Samuel Butler can rest quietly in his grave.) Refreshments were served to each actifan. After a thoughtful discussion of geo-politics and the relative merits of Thai, Chinese and American culture, BANGCON Hq were moved to the bar of the Princess Hotel. More refreshments were served and a brief but heated panel debate about the rate of exchange between Yankee dollars and Siamese baht was won by the bartender. The BANGCON moved along to the Chez Eve night club. Here, as sometimes happens to the best of SF conventions, events became a bit confused and a young Siamese lady joined the BANGCON. Further activities would probably be of negligible interest to Fandom." (ART WILSON, c/o CAT, KAI-TAK AIRPORT, KOWLOON, BCC, HONGKONG. --Future Editor of "Scatalog".)

SOME-THING A LITTLE DIFFERENT DEPT.

HOCKSHOP BLUES!

HOCKSHOP BLUES may seem like a pretty strange sort of a title for a column out of an amateur science fiction magazine, until you realize that this column isn't about Hockshop Blues at all. It's about waves. Waves of experience, Waves of Life that come foaming and thundering in, one after another. Fortunately ol' Rog managed to capture some of the ebb before the whole furschlugginer mess drained away into the mud. Here are the remains -- now you too can be miserable and wet...

AMAZING NEW CONCEPTS. I happened to meet an old SF friend of mine the other day. "Hello" I said. "...Uh, hello." He fidgeted nervously. He is a tall, angular type of guy who always ~~xxxxx~~ seems too big for his clothes. He carries a copy of a SF magazine in his pocket when in public. After squinting at me for a few minutes, he came out with: "Haven't seen you up at the club lately?" I nooped aggressively. I was amused to see the suprised look that came on to his mug. "Well, I trust it is only a matter of illness" he countered, "I would not like to see you lose interest, Roger." (See? We even name the names in this column.) "You've been missing some very good stuff up at the club. We had a really great lecture Monday night, Mr Stewart from the local astronomical society came up. Next week we hope to have a flying saucer expert to talk to us." "Sorry" I replied, "I don't take much interest in much science fiction any more." "What? You!?" He squinted closer. "Hah! Rog, the budding young member of our club. Why, I can even remember you telling your parents (that time I was round at your place) how SF was so much more than just a childish hobby. 'No, mummy, I wish you wouldn't keep thinking of it in that light. SF is something much more significant. SF is my life's work' -- your very words." I considered this. "I don't read much SF any more."

He considered a new line of attack, sneered, and remarked, "And why not?"

"Well, I guess I just said to myself -- why waste all my time reading SF when there is much good, mainstream literature available... After all, what magazine SF can compare with Tolstoy, de Satre, Steinbeck, Hemingway, Algren, Tennessee Williams, Metellus..." He boggled. I let him have it all: "...Farrell, Dickens, or Vallins?" He countered desparately: "But what about that SF novel you were going to write? The sequel to Fahrenheit 451 -- the novel that was 'going to set the whole SF field at that time on its ears'?"

"To heck with it. SF writing is just a racket. The only stories that Campbell ever prints are the ones by his psionics pals. Crud. Hamilton -- he pulps his NEBULA manuscripts..." I started to walk away but the guy started tugging at my lapels. "Lissen, lissen," he mumbled, "You'd be a fool to give up SF...Scared of being different, are you?" (Sniff) 'Lissen man" he continued "SF is gonna be big...bigger than any of

us...look at Sputnik..." I looked him in the eye. "I say SF is kids' stuff. Only the small men stick with SF. Hanging around the pros like leeches, writing letters and lusting for a sixty nickel's worth of egoboo from Shaw... Me, I'm going with the TALL men... I'm joining the Bohemians -- the literary underground.. One of these days I'm gonna be GREAT, do you hear me? GREAT! Me, up there with the big ones, top of the OMPA popularity poll, up in shining lights alongside Rexroth, Keruocac, Wansborough..." I leered. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I got a film society screening to attend." Just then he noticed my companion, who was coming towards him out of the shadows. Gradually he took in my companion's padded shoulders, suede shoes, stovepipes, duffel coat, bicycle chain...

"I'll go, I'll go!" He backed nervously towards a nearby street corner. "OK, so OK.." He stumbled, clutched at the brick wall for support, turned, and shambled away gawkily.

Round the corner we heard him break into a run.

AN INTERVIEW WITH FUGGHEAD. Pardon me, Mr Fugghead, but I wonder whether you would mind telling the readers what the letter is that you are just typing?

Certainly, maan. As it happens, this is a satirical letter, to Walt Willis. It's about a trend that is running through nearly all of today's fanzines. They contain yards and yards of articles on this and that and almost no mention of Science Fiction itself. A fan enters the field through his interest in SF then forgets about SF altogether, giving himself up to to weird characters like Goon, Foo, Guig, and Heaven only knows wot. In fact, the cycle may even repeat itself when some real gone faned happens to re-discover Science Fiction! (I particularly like that last line which is, I feel, very funny and faanish..)

You mean, Elmer Fugghead, that that piece is in a letter to Walter Willis..? Look, Elmer, let's be frank about this. Just why are you so fuggheaded?

Well, Rover, several causes contribute, but I guess mainly it's my fanatical desire to say something that's quotable.

You know, Elmer, it's always amazed me how efficiently and reliably you manage to make all your stuff so unfunny. Tell me, how do you do it?!

Primarily it's my ability to distort humour. If a thing has some faint grain of humour in it (sometimes even if it hasn't!) then I twist and pull and squeeze and distort it out of all reality.

Oh, I see. But what, exactly, do you consider as the main source of your humour?

My humour, Rover, is all made up of puns. Puns are hilarious. I particularly like making puns out of people's names. I have developed a great knack for thinking up hilarious versions of their names on the outside of the letters that I send them.

Anything else you can tell me?

Well...yes. There is another side to my humour, a certain flagg... uh..flajjel..flajjel...well, "self-inflicted punishment" quality about much of my stuff. Like, I deliberately insult myself, just to raise a laugh from the readers! I call my stuff 'conrtributions' 'crudits' etc., and make frequent use of little interjections, such as "(!)" or "(joke!)" Of course, this goes over real big with the audience.

Now, Elmer, your fanzine GREAT GHU! was recently voted bottom place in the OMPA poll. I would be interested to hear the reasons for your consistent success in this field. What, for example, is your policy in regard to layout?

Layout?

And now a word or two about interlineations. Your fame for making up interlineations, Elmer, is unrivaled. How do you do it?

I find that interlineations are the easiest things to think up. Why, I just sit down for a few minutes then write down the first ridiculous (faaanish) thot that comes to my head (like, "Carr carr, black sheep", or "Let's abolish such-and-such a word from the English language.") I think, in the main, that that is how I have achieved my great reputation for interlinos.

Do you indulge in fanac while in public? I mean, are you always faaanish?

You bet I am. I quite often wear a beanie while in public, and if I see a fan friend on the other side of the street, I shout across to him "SOUTH GATE IN 58!!"

I see. And what (just for the record) are your pet aversions?

Neofans.

Very well, and have you any other -- shall we say -- bugbears?

There are two things, Roger, that I am very seriously concerned about. One of them is Sex in Fanzines. I mean, faaanish sex is OK, but there is too much outright pornography printed. This tends to give fmz a bad name, and have one fanzine packet ripped open, and you will have the others given a long hard look at. Also, I detest SF monster films. The censor would do well to wipe out both these things. Cut them out. Rip them out. Rip! Slash! Cut! Grrrrrowll!

Thank you, Elmer, thank you, thank you. How old are you, by the way?

15.

That's all for now, Elmer. Goodbye, and may your life in fandom be brief -- and eventful.

Don't be silly! I am fandom.

Roger

ADVICE TO THE
LOVELORN FAN
by Aunty Acky



DEAR AUNTY ACKY I am eighteen and for some time now I have been keeping company with a boy of twenty-two. We have been reading and swapping science fiction magazines with each other and I had come to believe that his feeling for me was more than just that of one science fiction fan for another. But recently he has changed. He has started publishing a fanzine and relations between us are becoming strained. Where once he would listen to my criticisms and compliment me on his intelligence he sneers at me, and, because I once let slip the fact that I thought ASTOUNDING better reading than his zine ETHDRWARP, he calls me, "one of those passive mindless sheep who, by their inaction, are stopping s.f. from assuming its rightful place in the world's literature." He is not interested in me as a girl anymore and nowadays if he refers to me at all it is only to hold me up as an example of "typical non-active fandom" to his friends. The only ambition he has left now is to become a b.n.f. but I still love him. What can I do? // LOVER OF S.F.

(Answer: Dear Lover of S.F, I suggest you forget the intelligence angle and concentrate on being more feminine and alluring. How far you want to go with this manoeuvre depends on how much you love him. Turn on the old S.A. Even a science fiction fan's human. Get ahold of some copies of HYPHEN and show him how a b.n.f like Walt Willis finds it possible to be happily married and still be an active fan. This may do the trick. Aunty.)

DEAR AUNTY ACKY I am writing this to you in desperation and in the hope that because you are a Science Fiction Fan you may be able to assist me. A week ago my boy friend completed an Hieronymous Machine that he had been working on and invited me to try it out. He said that he had been told that thoughts that are highly emotional will make it function and because I seem to be in such a highly emotional state over him

73

all the time I would probably have quite a bit of success with it. Well, he's right of course. Lately I don't seem to have any thoughts but those about him because you see Aunty I love him so much. At any rate, I tried the thing and got a terribly sticky feeling from it, in fact the plate is so sticky that I haven't been able to get my hand unstuck from the blasted thing. I want to hit it with a hammer until it lets go but my boyfriend won't hear of it. He says that nobody else has ever got such a good result from one of these things and that I should be only too happy to put up with a minor bit of inconvenience in the interest of psionics. I have thought that the only way I can make it let go would be to alter the way I feel towards the boy but that is impossible because I love him so terribly even in spite of the rather shabby way he has treated me with regard to this thing and the rather unsympathetic way he advises me when I complain to "stick with it." All my lovely clothes are ruined because I have had to slit them open at the side so that I can get my arm and the damned machine through the holes. I could never bring myself to disobey him but it is terribly embarrassing to have to walk around with an Hieronymous machine stuck on to my right hand. Please try and help me. // "DESPARATE"

(.(Answer: Dear Desperate, If as you say it is impossible for you to stop loving this boy and thereby reduce the emotional charge which is making the machine work so well for you about the only suggestion I can make is that you write to John Campbell and explain your predicament in the hope that in the near future he will be able to schedule an article for ASTOUNDING that will help you out of the sticky situation in which you now find yourself. Aunty.))

DEAR AUNTY ACKY I have met a girl with whom I have fallen madly in love but she does not read science fiction. Instead she reads books of the "Forever Amber" and "Lady Chatterly's Lover" type. When I try to tell her about science fiction she won't listen. Instead, she repeats how she likes "a story with a bit of real life in it and not that dry as dust space stuff." In spite of this I would marry her tomorrow if it were not for my parents. They are both B.N.Fs (Father once said hello to Sam Merwin outside a railway station -- Merwin didn't answer him) and they both want to see me get somewhere in the science fiction world. They would not allow me to marry a girl who was not a tru-fan but I love her. How can I bring her to see things in the correct light the way I do? Please help me.

// WORRIED FAN

(Answer: Dear W.F, your problem is a very difficult one indeed. The only thing I can suggest is that you try to win her over to science fiction by giving her to read S.F. stories that most closely approximate the type of fiction she is most familiar with. It is an unfortunate fact that there are relatively few science fiction stories of this type although Philip Jose Farmer's "The Lovers" and some early Richard Shavers might fill the bill and serve as a bridge between that sort of stuff and our own favourite literature. Best of luck. Aunty.)

BRIEF ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Secret Love of Wellington: You could probably address your letters to Ray Bradbury care of his American publisher, though I think it is only fair to warn you that to the best of my knowledge he is happily married and has a family.

Angela D. Rockerfeller: You say in your letter that you are considered to be quite beautiful and have a large bank account but find yourself mysteriously attracted by science fiction fans and wish to know what to do about it. This is a difficult problem and not one to be answered in the columns of a journal such as this. I'll probably call in and discuss it with you personally.

Aunty.

Social News

It is with much pleasure that we announce the engagement of our feature writer F.J.A. to wealthy socialite Miss Angela D. Rockerfeller. F.J.A. is perhaps better known to you as Aunty Acky and I am sure all his readers will join in this paper in wishing him the very best of luck and happiness.

Mervyn

MERVYN BARRETT

THE AMERICAN SCENE

XXXXXX Although this isn't primarily a review column I'd like to review, in part, a new zine named VANGUARD SF. It is in the style of the Fantasy House zines, VENTURE and F&SF (that is: same type and same paper, with no interior illos). The cover however is slick with about the same thickness and texture as used on the AME "ASF". In the features line, there are book reviews by Lester Del Ray, and a science column by L. Sprague de Camp. Blish (the editor) states that no editorials will be published in the future, but located near the beginning of each story is an informative 'blurb' about the author (after F&SF). The stories themselves are very good: 2 novellas and 3 short stories, none of them hackneyed, and all by well known authors. Without going into a lot of plot delineation, I'll just say that I liked them all (and at that, I am dreadfully picky and choosy!) Only one, the Cinderella-type story, did bother me.

XXXXXX There seems to be a horrible craze among American teenagers for "weird" records, with lyrics that would make anybody's stomach turn, and the inevitable rock and roll beat. The grusome is catching on and it sort of makes you wonder what sort of adults these kids will make. One film, entitled MACABRE, offered \$1000 worth of insurance to anyone who died of fear during the showing of the movie. A friend of mine who saw it said: "Too bad they didn't offer the money to anyone who was bored to death.."

XXXXXX Our local (let's face it, hick) library is not too experienced in the proper cataloguing of certain books, it seems, for way up on the top shelf of the Arts and Crafts section are all the flying saucer and satellite books. Adamski is rubbing jackets with HOW TO BUILD AN OUTDOOR BARBECUE. [Sounds to me like unintentional surrealism of the highest order.]

XXXXXX There seems to be a lot of feuds going on in fandom, and for a comprehensive report on the latest lawsuits, get FANAC et al. The "et al" refers to all the riders that come with FANAC, notably Dave Rike's RIR, currently warring with GMCarr; LE ZOMBIE, revived after 15 years or so, which --in the impossible case that you've ~~never~~ never heard of it -- is a product of dirty old pro, Bob Tucker; also THIS from Pete Graham, and a report of sorts from DAGrennell, all in this heap. This is a must for everybody. 25¢ for 6 to Ron Ellik and Terry Carr, room 104 (imagine! 2 fans in the 1 room!) at 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California. Or else 2/- to Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, N. Hykeham, Lincoln, England.

XXXXXX I'll have you know that this here is National Tavern Week in the States, and we want evahrybody to observe hit. A few weeks back it was National Baby Week. Need I say more?

XXXXXX New on the list of cons this year was the ILLWISCON, held in Chicago over the July 4 holidays. It was engineered by Dean Grennell, Lynn Hickman, and other prominent fans from what part of the US. Two cons in a row (the Midwescon was the weekend before) ghad!...this may be the start of a new trend toward more and smaller regional cons, in a more intimate atmosphere. I, personally, am in favour of small regional cons as opposed to Big noisy never-get-to-meet-the-person-you-want-to-see-the-most-and-came-to-see-in-the-first-place Cons.

XXXXXX BARBARIAN is out, and can be gotten from me for various commodities, say, 3 for 50¢, or for your own zine traded, or for Confederate money, contributions, etc. Sterling area pen...sub through Roger. /3 for 4/- or thereabouts./

XXXXXX The Grotted Greep (an old Amerifan dish) will be in danger from competition by the Wonder Bread people, I fear. It seems that these people have devised a few mouth-watering delicacies to entice people into buying their bread. All sorts of sandwiches of every known description are advertised on TV, and one such delicacy is the peanut-butter-and-banana-on-white-bread sandwich. Sounds mindrotting doesn't it? Proof of the full extent of the mindrotting properties of (fagh!) peanut-butter-and-banana-etc. came today, when out of sheer curiosity I read the latest article about old Elvis. Seems he's out on furlough, and as soon as he got leave he headed for home, civvies, and (you guessed it!) peanut-butter-and-banana-on-white-bread-sandwiches. Uck. Maybe the wriggles are just stomach cramps. On this thoroughly nauseating note, I say GOODBYE.

ROGER: SORRY TO BE LATE, BUT YOU KNOW ME. AM TRYING TO MAKE LATE AIL TODAY RIGHT NOW WITH THIS, SO GOOD LUCK, AND I HOPE YOU DONT GO BLIND READING THIS. THERE SHOULD BE MORE SPACE BETWEEN PARAGRAPHS AND, IF YOU WANT, A CARTOON FOR WAT' TAV-ERN ~~WEZ~~ MONTH CAN BE GOTTEN OK?

Barb

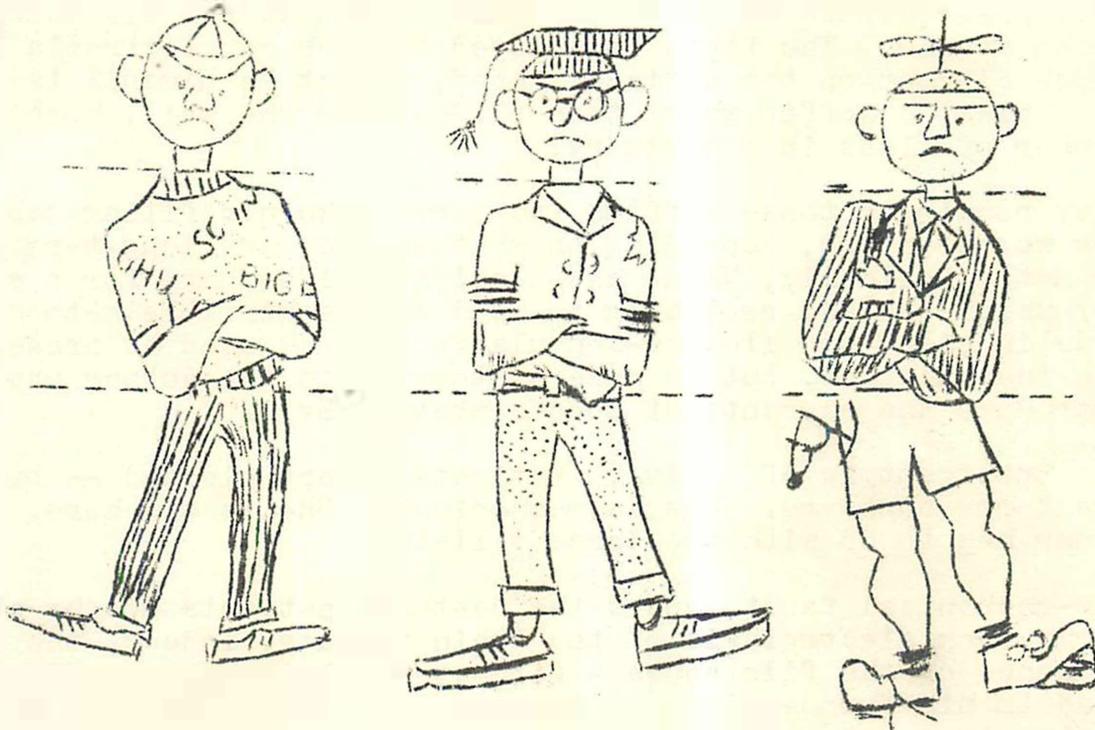
(SEATOUN SCIENCE FANTASY SOCIETY concludes here)

The newest member of the Society is also the oldest. Mr Robert Sims is the quiet but always helpful Treasurer of the group. It is he who first suggested that we publish a magazine. Indeed, without him there would be no Society.

And altogether, we are a happy group. The only radical amongst us is Mr Burn, and he is not the sort of radical to harm anybody. And we all share the same dedicated feeling: Science Fantasy has a Future in Our Country!

Edgar Bates
(Edgar Bates, Chairman SSFS)

Our Secretary's address-- 12 Khyber Rd, Wellington E5, New Zed.



DODDITIES

"Tired of the everyday life? Want to get away from it all? We offer you -- ESCAPE. E-S-C-A-P-E from the four walls of today for a half hour of high adventure..."

I wonder how many of you must remember William Conrad's droning voice with those opening lines from one of the classic radio shows of fantasy and mystery, Escape? I was reminded somehow of it by a new British science fiction film with a similar title: Escapement.

Escapement is the film Rod Cameron and Mary Murphy came to England to make, and the story is by science fictioneer Charles Eric Maine, whose previous film (Spaceways) brought Howard Duff and Eva Bartok together, in the story of the scientist who had to retrieve a satellite merely to prove that he hadn't murdered his wife and placed her body in it as "the perfect coffin". Escapement, however, is very much earthbound and has patches rather reminiscent of John D MacDonald's Wine of the Dreamers, with men locked inside glass cages into which unconscious dreams are pumped, via helmets. This creates for them a world of pleasure without worry since these victims (like the listeners of Escape) "want to get away from it all". In the private sanitorium of the film's title, they can do just that.

The leading doctor has created a super-imposition machine which uses pre-recorded dream tapes manufactured at (of all things!) a dream studio. The tapes are played through an electronic head-piece clamped on the patient's head, whilst he himself is placed in a plastic coffin which then slides into the wall, much in the manner of slabs in a mortuary!

They remain in these coffins (numbered like old filing cabinets) for weeks on end, depending on whether they are long-term patients or not. Basically, Maine has a splendid idea here for a cure for psycho-cases, replacing as it does the horrible methods of insulin shock and electro-convulsive therapy used at present. The idea is good, but to make a story of it the author has had to introduce the elements of Good combating Evil.

The treatment is effective. Patients depart pleased -- but there are three bugbears. One is mechanical. One is the hero. And the other has to do with the three villains.

The mechanical fault causes the death of patients months afterwards from electrolysis of the brain tissues; indeed, the opening sequence of the film shows a film-star belting along a European road in his Thunderbird, to inevitable destruction when his brain gives out. Where an ordinary film uses chords and strings to underline background for killings, here a shrieking throb from some indefinable instrument is used.

The villains consist of (1) a weedy psychopathic killer who doesn't look as though he has the strength to kill a fly, (2) a Nazi concentration camp doctor, and (3) monocled Mr. Zacon, who has twisted the dream tapes so that a brainwashing effect takes place, leaving the mind of the patient like a blank screen onto which an image of Zacon -- benevolent, generous and all-kindly -- is imposed. Zacon has his own plans for the patients' services, power and money; but when the the tables are turned this happens with the most screamingly hideous electronic sound ever calculated to empty a theatre..

The epic is remarkable for one sequence only. The sequence shows, incredibly, a seven-foot man uncoiling from a Volkswagen. This you have to see.



Having long been interested in the two British specialized fan-zines, BURROUGHSANIA and ERBANIA (which are devoted to the works of Edgar Rice Burroughs) I was tempted recently to buy a copy of a jungle book called No Moss For Me by Forrest Webb, prior to which I had been rash enough to decide that there were only three kinds of jungle books. I.e: Type No.1, the type which

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is usually portrayed by English character actors in Hollywood films. The modest. The stiff upper etc... ("When the leopard began to chew the memsahib's foot I began to think things were getting desperate...")

Type No.2, The Great Panjandrum type. ("Out there, on the Congo, the natives always called me Ewanabungelowa, etc... It means Mighty-White-Warrior-Great-Lord-of-the-Jungle...")

Type No.3, the Wondering type. ("Gad, Carruthers -- the natives seem restless tonight...")

But the one I bought wasn't either of the three. So how come?

* * *

"Wherever Man advances, the vultures follow," says the commentator of a new film which, like Romain Gary's moving novel The Roots Of Heaven, attacks the so-called forces of civilization which destroys all before it. As this film graphically illustrates, Man, like the Red Indian in North America and -- one suspects -- the Martian on Mars (if he exists), comes to destroy the once-rich game life of his planet. The bulldozer, the housing estate and the tarmacadam road rumble forward with relentless destruction in the path of the rifle, which destroys thousands of animals per year. None of the words on the sound track are minced. The scenes are brutal, poignant and overwhelming. The saddening future for the world is shown in the all-descriptive title of the film -- No Place For Wild Animals.

* * *

I suppose I've collected collections of everything collectable in the years past, ranging from stamps and cigarette cards to conjuring tricks and ending up with science fiction -- but I have never yet joined the cult of matchbox label collectors. I rather wished I had recently when a friend showed me a batch of Russian matchbox labels, containing a set of four for a start which show the Russian satellite circling the world. But there is a fifth also, showing Laika, the first sputnik dog. The legend (in Russian) reads: "The dog Laika -- first passenger in a Sputnik." So the first living creature to orbit the world and die in outer space is now immortalised -- on a matchbox.

* * *

In a recent issue of John Berry's VERITAS I remarked in my article Call Me Nero that noone had ever combined wrestling, that sport most connected with fantasy and out-of-this-world

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characters, into a science fiction story. Well, a pretty good substitute came along in a new SF film Bodysnatchers, (title that'll doubtless be changed from country to country to avoid confusion with the many previous Bodysnatcher films, which range from Jack Finney's Invasion of, Karloff's ghoul robber to Tod Slaughter's Burke & Hare film of the notorious Edinburgh grave robbers).

The setting of this new film is Mexico. A wrestler called -- not unreasonably -- The Vampire is killed by a mad scientist who replaces the wrestler's brain with that of a gorilla. A pretty fair exchange considering the outer appearance of some wrestlers these days (or has noone seen King Kong Cjags lately?!) His face masked, The Vampire enters the ring, his strength having increased daily since the operation.

The mask is not taken as anything unusual as it follows in the regular formula of genuine wrestlers like The Masked Phantom, Mr X. and the Ghoul. And apart from a fancy dress ball [or a SF convention?] the wrestling ring is about the only place where such a mask could be worn without attracting undue attention.

Now when the aforementioned gentleman had been unmasked previously in the ring, the face revealed had been human. But when The Vampire is unmasked -- his face has undergone a Hyde degeneration. And the crowd panics -- but not TOWARDS the ring as in most cases, but in the OPPOSITE direction.....

Which is quite a unique change when you come to think of it...

* * *

Forest J. Ackerman's Famous Monsters of Filmland came into a great deal of criticism recently. Through the generosity of a fan friend I managed to obtain a copy. I found it a rather elegantly glossy item in which many of the captions were amusing and the photos a decidedly permanent record of the SF horror films I'd seen in the past. In fact the production work is vastly superior to that of a little-known British mag I picked up recently: Screen Chills and Macabre Stories.

The first issue of this letter is smaller than Ackerman's mag and whereas the cover is the equally glossy combination of screaming girl and monster with outstretched hands, the interior is of pulp material. The contents are fictionalised stories of SF films, illustrated with stills from the films, plus the classified advertisements of the actual movies themselves. Interspersed with the film stories are fiction (possibly reprints) stories by well-known authors.

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I wonder, for instance, if Robert Bloch knows that his Them Ones is sandwiched in between the two film stories of Dead That Walk and I was A Teenage Werewolf, and SF film reviews that are (to say the least) somewhat lacking and give the impression of having been copied out from the publicity handouts..

Since the magazine is very little known I am inclined to think it was produced by a subsidiary company that has now been bought up by Dalrow Publications (of Dalrow House, Church Bank, Bolton, Lancs., England), and that it was not given very great distribution via bookstalls. The address given above will get you a copy, however, the price being 1/6 -- that is, ten cents less than Ackerman's mag.

* * *

One of the first ghost stories that ever came into prominence must surely be that of Banquo in Macbeth. I've seen three versions of this on film, so far -- Orson Welles' dark and stabbing classic of Shakespeare's story, the gangster parody of it with Paul Douglas (Joe Macbeth) and also a Japanese fantasy version (Throne Of Blood).

No one can touch the Japanese director Akira Kurasawa (of Roshomon and Seven Samurai fame) in the handling of a chase, of frightened horses, of haunting mists, of demoniac forests and shining swords. But the dialogue in Throne of Blood is such that an alternative title might have been Is This A Samurai Sword I See Before My Eyes?...

Another recent Japanese film is Mysterious Satellite. The aliens in this are from Outer Space, bored-looking starfish characters with a shining light in their stomachs, who come to warn the people of Earth of the approach of a comet juggernaut about to destroy Earth. H-Bombs bounce off the comet until a Japanese equivalent of the hero scientist solves the problem. The destruction scenes are, as always, impressive beyond measure. So they are, incidentally, in the supporting film Senkan Yamato (the sinking of the Yamato) which graphically illustrates the suicide trip of the Yamato, Japan's 80,000 ton 'invulnerable' battleship sent to stem the flow of allied ships at Okinawa. This time it is American dive bombers that come out of the clouds to dive-bomb and attack the Yamato which bristles with incredible armament. When the Yamato does go down it is with guns firing, eight torpedoes in her and the captain, shattered with bomb splinters, strapped to a stanchion on his bridge. The destruction of the Yamato is every bit as spectacular as that of the comet in Mysterious Satellite. Worlds apart -- destruction is still destruction.

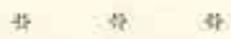
Associated Television which provides the British commercial television for London was recently offered the 52 film package deal of horror films that has been sold already to countless other television stations, but the managing director Val Par-nell (who also controls the London Palladium) TURNED THE FILMS DOWN with "Horror won't do anything except frighten viewers to death." Someone should suggest to this smugly self-righteous self-appointed censor to check the box office receipts of the British film The Curse of Frankenstein. Then let him decide whether horror won't do anything except frighten viewers to death. Thank heavens there is still a BBC...



"Dear old Jorge" says one villager, "He's such a nice, harmless old man." And Jorge IS, too. He potters around the little Spanish village of Calabuch doing good for all and helping everyone, though he's only been there a few months. Calabuch is a Spanish film and the star is Edmund Gwenn who plays Jorge.

He's a pleasant old fellow who even makes a special fireworks rocket for the siesta celebrations. But the U.S. Navy off the coast sees it and they investigate. And Jorge turns out to be a top H-Bomb scientist who had disappeared months before to get away from the rat-race of killing. But when the U.S. Navy tries to take him back, his friends the villagers, with old-fashioned muskets and a rusty cannon, hold on to him. This is the true art of fantasy. What a pity all H-Bomb scientists like old Jorge couldn't be allowed to find their own Calabuch. It'd save so much trouble in the long run.

There is another duel of kinds in the Swedish film The Seventh Seal. The setting is Medieval Sweden beset with a plague. Like the after-atomic-war stories, there are only a few survivors around, flagellants whipping themselves as punishment, starving people -- and a knight. It is the knight who is followed by a cloaked and cowled figure he must duel with. And it is a duel he cannot win, for the cowled figure is DEATH itself..



The Cold War is in its final stage. This is the brink of destruction for the world. In a last desperate attempt to save the country the American president is on his way to see the Soviet Marshal. But he has left it too late. The weather is hellish. And a Russian plane with an H-Bomb is already on its way while the President is in mid-air between Russia and the U.S.A. The scene switches from the President's Civil airliner to the control base at the Strategic Air Command station at Thule, in the far north. "We carved this out of the ice at a cost of

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over thirty million dollars " says one military character.

And what a useless waste of money all this is -- for the weather renders the base useless for the two planes attempting to take off in a blizzard. One skids on the runway while the second cartwheels into blazing destruction. The other Strategic Air Command Bases are either too far from the lone long-range Russian bomber headed for New York, or else they too are bogged down by weather against which there is no defense. The only plane that can possibly intercept the invader is the unarmed civil air liner the President himself is on.

The author, Arthur Hailey, poses this question through the mouth of the commander of Thule Air Base: Shall the President allow the bomber to pass and thereby sign the death warrant of all in New York? Shall they let it go to obliterate New York which, apart from the multitudinous deaths (including those of the families of people on board the plane) would shatter all faith in the grossly expensive defences ?

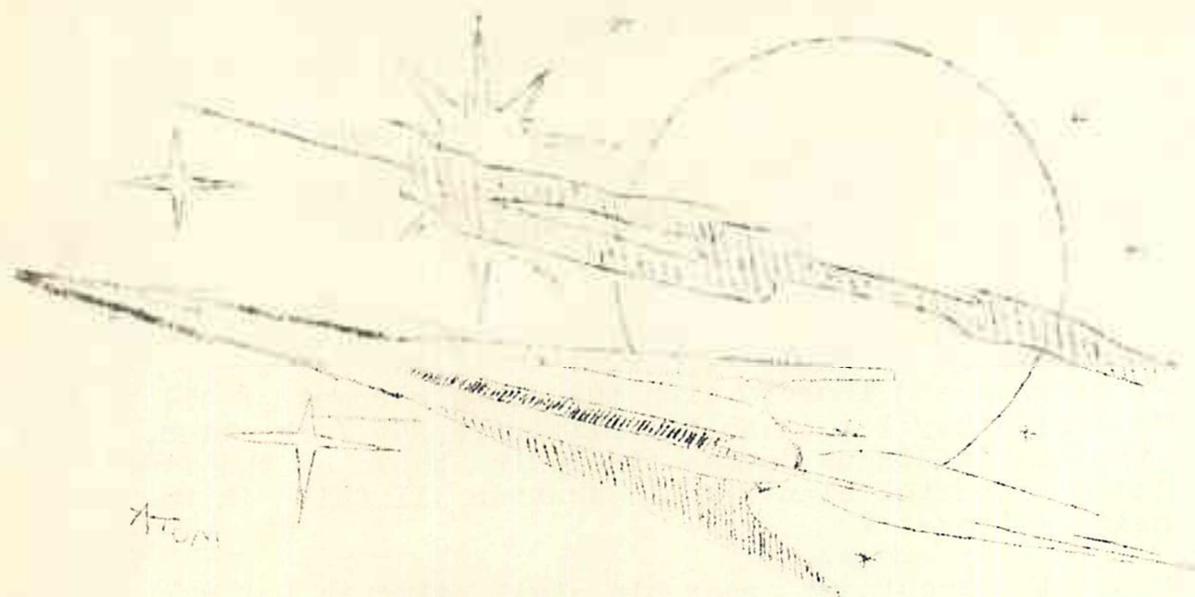
Or should the President order his civil pilot to RAM the Russian plane, which he has the chance of doing. The decision is his alone. He can sacrifice his own life and the lives of those on board the plane, and thus deprive his nation of a leader. Or he can let the bomber go to obliterate New York...

This play is Arthur Hailey's Course For Collision, of Canadian television origin. It was tele-filmed and shown in England. It lasts for scarcely an hour, but unlike most current SF films, it moves so fast that it is impossible for Doubt to get any look in.

In fact, it is the most incredibly powerful play I have seen in years.

In recent issues of the American fanzine Crifanac, Albert Jackson has catalogued his various experiments in amateur rocketry in the series Booms And Blunders, and it appears from research that Albert was not the only experimenter along these lines.

For every ONE rocket missile sent up from Cape Canaveral an estimated TWO HUNDRED others were sent up by amateurs ranging from kids to college professors. These missiles were fired at the moon, naturally, but many when they went off came near to sending their creators to a much warmer spot! About 45 basic types of rockets have been invented by the Alberts of the world, who have experimented with FIFTEEN different types of home-made explosive propellants. Many, lacking the modesty of Werner Von Braun's efforts (which frequently refuse even to start, much less explode), have detonated, killing, injuring, and blinding people.



Rockets of sizes from 2 to 20 feet in length have been hurtling moonward to heights of up to 1000 feet and more. Some could easily have reached low flying planes. Estimating 347 accidents as against 368 launchings, which is one set of reported figures, you'll see that unlike Bradbury's "The rocketeers have shaggy ears" -- they bear charmed lives also!

* * *

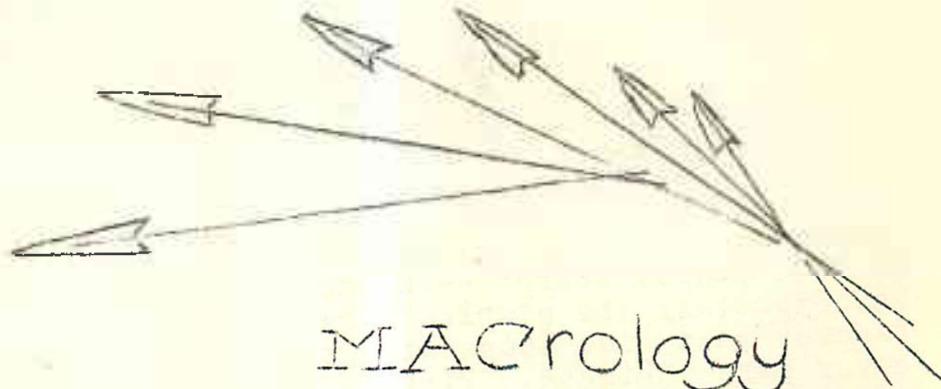
Here, a recent post-script to the Explorer was the group of students who dumped a metal container marked "U.S.A.A.F -- DANGER! HIGHLY RADIOACTIVE" in a public garden. They watched the object for six hours waiting for it to be discovered. Then a little girl came along, saw it, picked it up, trotted fifty yards down the road.....and threw it in the river.

You just can't win, can you?

* * *

(THIS WAS "DODDITIES", a doddering column, BY ALAN DODD of HOD-
DESDON, ENGLAND.)

Alan



MACrology

By kori, tat Roger fan man, he te slave driver. Chust pecoz I take his hand when he use te tooplicator he get wild and say: "Honi, you te pluddy pig nuisance. You cut te cover for KIWIFAN 8 te wrong size and now run off with my hand. I use your blood for te tooplicating ink and have too colour printing. You keep out te way and to te article for KIWIFAN 9 with te plurry local flavour. I dunno what to write about but anyway I put te Huhu bug in for te local flavour. Man what te crazy name. Tat fella Mac, he say he help me and so we call hit te MACrology -- which he say mean much talk about nothing. He got te right idea, eh?

You read te letter from Ron (TAFF) Bennett in KIWIFAN 8? Well, he go on to answer te question I ask him: "Yes, I've read about that ice-cream advert which was interjected between frames at an American movie. While I don't think much of the ethics of those responsible, I'm forced to admire their ingenuity.." Too right Ron. Te pakeha, he have te lowest idea, what you think?

You see te letter from Terry Jeeves in KIWIFAN 8, too? He write tat to me to, and go on to say: "Fanzine reviews always appeal to me, although I was dismayed too see TRIODE was not among them. However, I'll try to help you rectify that..." and what you know, te TRIODE 14 arrive last week. KIWIFAN he no have te fmz review column for te last too issue so I to te review specially for Terry. Te too colour cover by Eddie have te badlooking wahine. (She no fat, no have snub nose like jolie Maori wahine.) Eddie, he draw to real, she te frightener. You want to be te famous SF writer eh? You see te "mind shattering plots given away" by Eric Bentcliffe in te editorial. Te real killers. Crikey, you slam te PROFANITY, Eric. Give te guy a chance. You read te silly funny story, "Bun My Soul". He use te second lowest form te wit pretty good. "Subject to Debate" is te good idea but used all wrong. I think I argue better than those too. (Me use mere.) "Beloved is our Destiny" part 4, makes me think I wishe see part 3,2,1 (blastoff!) Cholly goot show, you chapses. Te letter column, she cholly interesting and te con report of Cytricon py Sid Birchby too. "Interlude" py Terry show he sport plenty interesting arero. Terry, he write me again, say: "Basically the BSF, [c/o Archie Mercer, 434/4 Newark Rd, North Hykeham, Lincoln, England] was cooked up at Kettering, with the idea of offering services to existing fandom, and a way in which the more serious SF reader may be introduced to fandom. At present, the s&c reader, may write for a fanzine, and wonder what the hell he let himself in for. Basic-

ally then, we aim mainly for the return of a certain amount of s&c stuff in fandom (currently lacking). Subs were rated at £1, in order to give us a working capital, rather than have to scrape along on the more palatable 5/-. Overseas members, are rated at 10/-, but are not allowed voting privileges..otherwise, full facilities..sorry, no library either..to expensive." But te BSFA is te plurry good idea, you join quick.

You know Archie Mercer from Adam Mercer? Tom Reamy he don't, me do. Archie write me to. Me poplar. He say: "This golden-plated cover's a terrific job -- how the hell was it done?" That te plurry secret -- noone guesse/yet. "Paint stays on, too. Unfortunately the staples were put in from the front, so it's the bacover that came loose altogether. So I can't say that the front cover came unHinged. Pity." /Congratulations, Arch, exactly No.100!7 "John Rolts'll be green /golden? with jealousy, anyway -- original looking covers are one of his specialities" (Specialities is English for the American word Specialties.) /The contents aren't at all bad.."

Hey, you. Everyone who read P.21 of KIWIFAN 8 take note: "On P.21" (says Archie) "you give the impression that I have a tape recorder, or easy access to one. For the record, I haven't - it was a pure fluke that when the Wellingtonians sent their tape that time, I was able to borrow one that same evening. I now have horrible visions of being deluged with tapes that I can't do anything about for weeks maybe -- if you could put a note in the next KIWIFAN or something that I haven't got a tape recorder, I'd be obliged. Tower."

I get te pl-
urry good fanzine te othermonth called GRUE No.29. GRUE, he have plenty much contents all very good. Nice picture of Redd Boggs and what you know! Redd's birthday is on te same day as mine and Mac's -- April 2nd. Py kori, Redd Boggs he te lucky fella. CHICAGO IN 59!

Let's eliminate the English Language. The saving in space
and money will be tremendous.

Te copy of THE INNAVIGABLE MOUTH 4 arrive te other day. Annie she much better now and Jean too though he not to do work yet. Nice to hear from our French amis.

The fanzine of France & Science Fiction is te unusual fella. Him have article on H. Rider Haggard and checklist of science fiction books translated into French. You send Pierre pulps and he send you F&SF. Te poor Switzer, he no have te one language to learn but three. Me stick to Maori (and his language)..

You got te CRIFANAC 6, eh. Tis fanzine got te goot artwork by Kelly Freas, and Jerry D. Hines, plenty short story. Tom Reamy say: Big 'D' in '59. You make one plue, Tom -- Bruce Burn (Ber) is te fmz reviewer in FOCUS, which make him your favourite fan. Py kolly, te next issue have te terrible story..



Only two or three days after I had duplicated the Editorial, the following news item was splashed across the front page of our evening paper:

"Carrying knives, knuckle-dusters and a stolen rifle, and with maps, charts, stolen provisions and bedding, six youths boarded a launch moored in the Tamaki estuary, intending to steal it and sail to a Pacific island. /But the police caught up with them first, and today in the Police Court four of them appeared on eleven charges and were sentenced to Borstal training (maximum three years). The others will appear later in the Children's Court. /Police Prosecutor Mr A.R.Mathieson said the gang raided three yachts for gear and provisions. Then Childs broke into a Panmure factory and converted a truck, with the others joining him and combining to break into three different stores for food and provisions. /They abandoned the truck at the water's edge -- it was damaged by the rising tide -- and rowed the stolen gear out to the launch they had selected for their voyage. But they were seen and the police were told. They were arrested..."

Our morning paper, The Herald, has also since run an Utopia story:

"About 60 years ago a party of Australian adventurers, led by William Lane, sought to establish their ideal form of civilization in Paraguay, South America. But that New Australia enterprises, as it was known, broke up after a few years and most of the participants, disillusioned, returned to Australia." The reporter, Leslie Gillett, goes on to say that a similar enterprise is now under way again in Australia. A group of paradise-hunters have taken off for Forbes Island, a lonely Pacific outpost. They are led by a Yoga adherent. Unfortunately, the entrance fee for "New Eden" is £250 (Aust.)

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1

The 2nd of September has dawned, and I notice that the world has not yet come to an end. Funny, I never thought that SG-58 could ever actually come and go like this.. But from all reports, it was a wonderful convention. Detroit in 59! /I'm sorry there isn't space to tell you about some of the things that happened to me during the school holidays, because those holidays certainly were eventful. In my spare moments I managed to fit in a 3-day course

on English literature, given by the local English Association; a week-end course on the effects of atomic radiation; several very interesting lectures on contemporary music, given by a visiting Fullbright scholar; not to mention several films and the Auckland University production of "The Family Reunion". Readers may also be interested to know that the last eight or nine pages of this fanzine were financed by the N.Z. Rationalist Society. Yep, that's right, N.Z. RATIONALIST Society. Unfortunately I haven't space to give you the full, embarrassing details, /

STOP PRESS NEW ZEALAND NEWS

Richard Paris, our Philosopher man and founding father of the WSFC, reports that he will probably be coming up to Auckland in the near future. Viz: "As a matter of fact, I might be leaving the OUP for another job concerning customs and transport work. It is an Auckland firm, offering quite good working conditions etc. If it is possible to do so I may be visiting Auckland -- if not via the job, then at Holiday time!" Richard seems pretty certain to get here somehow or other, since he later adds: "Last Thursday I took out the delightful and beautiful customs clerk of the firm -- and an Auckland girl -- who nearly enticed me to the Auckland branch of the business." Adds philosopher phan Paris: "Ah, women, the delightful downfall of mankind!"

BRITISH TYPEWRITERS Auck. Ltd, 37 Victoria St West. If you ever buy duplicating or typing materials, I suggest you put that address down in your notebook. For once here is a human-type firm who is not out to fox the amateur publisher and does not charge double price for any sales of under 10,000 stencils. In actual fact the guy on the counter was once an am-pubber himself. (This ad unsolicited.) /Interested in space travel? Then I heartily recommend you drop a line to Mr Binet, Secretary of the organizing committee of THE CANADIAN ASTRONAUTICAL SOCIETY (c/o Institute of International Air Law, 3644 Peel St., Montreal, P.Q.) This is a new little organization and deserves your support. /Barbara Lex lives in Nth. Shimerville Road, Clarence, New York. She publishes BARBARIAN. Write to her about it. /TERRY CARR FOR TAFF 1960! And how about Ron Ellik as TAFF candidate some other year? Ron is the only fan reviewer I knew who nearly always manages to find something good to say about a person's fanzine. And while we're on the subject of TAFF, how about TOFF? Then we can bring **JEAN LINARD & ANIE LINARD** over for a convention. /It was a one-eyed flying stencil eater, but it did perform its task very well. Thanks therefore to John Ewan for the loan of his typer. John hopes to contribute an article to our next issue. /Acknowledgements also to Nigel Horrocks, my seven-year old counterpart, who did much of our slip-sheeting and odd-job work. At the rate this lad is progressing, it looks as though Fandom will have yet another Horrocks to watch out for, in a few years' time..

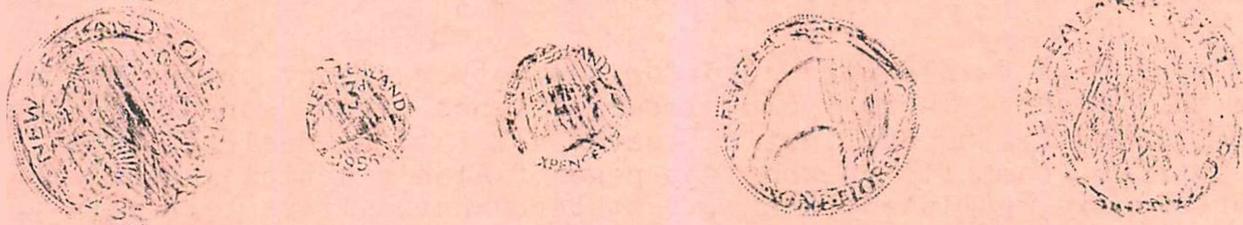
So many new fanzines have arrived that I just don't know where to begin reviewing them. Consequently, I won't. However I hope sooner or later to answering each of the fmz with a letter. In the mean time, thanks everybody, and here are the addresses. (This list was originally to appear on page nine, but unfortunately it became too large to fit in. A few fmz addresses are given on page forty-seven, but to avoid confusion, I have repeated them here.)

- * A BAS 10 = Boyd Raeburn, 9 Glenvalley Drive, Toronto 9, Canada.
- A L'ABANDON 2 = Jim Caughran, 2216 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif.
- * CAMBER 9 = Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts., England.
- * CANFAN 36 = William D Grant, 11 Burton Rd, Toronto 10, Ontario.
- COLE FAX 1 = W R Cole, 307 Newkirk Ave, Brooklyn 30, New York.
- CRIFANAC 6 = Tom Reamy, 4243 Buena Vista, Dallas 5, Texas, USA.
- CRY OF THE NAMELESS 117 = W Weber, Box 92, 920 3rd Ave, Seattle 4, EAST & WEST = P Campbell, Birkdale Cottage, Wn.
Brantfell, Windermere, Westmorland, England.
- * FANAC 24 = Carr & Ellik, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. USA
- F&SF 2 = Pierre Versins, Primerose 38, Lausanne, Switzerland.
- * FIJAGH = Dick Ellington, PO Box 104, Cooper Station, New York 3.
- * FLAFAN 2 = Sylvia Dees, Box 6738, Rawlings Hall, Univ. of Florida,
- * GEMZINE 4/20 = Mrs G-M Carr Gainesville, Florida USA
5319 Ballard Ave, Seattle 7, Washington, USA.
- GROUND ZERO = Dietz-Raybin, Apt 4C, 1721 Grand Ave, Bronx 53, N.Y.
- * GRUE 29 = Dean Grennell, 402 Maple Ave, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin USA
- HORIZON 3 = Brown-Dryer, 3313 Calumet, Houston 4, Texas, USA
- * HYPHEN 20 = Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, Nth Ild.
- INNAVIGABLE MOUTH = J&A Linard, 24 rue petite, Vesoul, HS, France
- * INNUENDO 7 = Terry Carr, 2315 Dwight Way, Berkeley 4, California.
- LARK = Bill Danner, RD 1, Kennerdell, Pa., USA.
- LE ZOMBIE 65 = Bob Tucker (c/o FANAC)
- MERDE 1 = Andrew Reiss, 741 Westminster Rd., Brooklyn 30, N'York
- METROFAN 9 = David McDonald, 39 East 4th St, New York 3, USA.
- NEW FUTURIAN 8 = Mike Roseblum, 7 Grosvenor Park, Leeds 7, England.
- OFF TRAILS 17 = OMPA (Bobbie Wild, 204 Wellmeadow Rd, Catford,
- ONESHOT TWO FREE FOUR YOU = Versins (v F&SF) London SE6.
- PAUCITY 2 = Larry Stone, 891 Lee St, White Rock, B.C, Canada.
- PERIHELION 3 = Bryan Welham, 179 Old Road, Clacton-on-Sea, Essex,
- PLOY 13 = Ron Bennett, England.
7 Southway, Arthurs Avenue, Harrogate, Yorks., England.
- POLARITY 2 = Mr&Mrs Busby, 2852 14th Ave West, Seattle 99, Wshngton.
- POT POURRI 1 = John Berry (v RETRIBUTION)
- PROFANITY 2 = Bruce Pelz, Box 3255, Univ. Sta., Gainesville, Florida
- REPORT FROM CLARENCE = P Skeberdis-Barb Lex, Nth Shimerville Rd,
- RETRIBUTION 10 = John Berry & Art Thomson, Clarence, N.Y.
31 Campbell Park Ave., Belmont, Belfast, Northern Ireland.
- * RUR 17 = Dave Rike, 2431 Dwight Way, Berkeley, California.
- SATELLITE 7 = Don Allen, 34A Cumberland St, Gateshead 8, Co. Durham,
- SCOTTISHE 15 = Ethel Lindsay, England.
6 Langley Ave, Surbiton, Surrey, England.
- SICK ELEPHANT 2 = G Wells, Box 486, Riverhead, New York, USA.

STAR DUST 1 = A Appeltofft, Klammerdammsgatan 20, Halmstead, Sweden
 * STEFANTASY = Bill Danner (v. LARK)
 STUPEFYING STORIES 35 = R Eney, 417 Ft Hunt Rd, Alexandria, Virginia
 TAKEOFF 2 = Alan Dodd (v. CAMBEER)
 TRIODE 14 = T Jeeves, 58 Sharrard Grovex, Intake, Sheffield 12, Yorks.
 UFO INVESTIGATOR 4 = Donald E. Keyhoe
 1536 Connecticut Ave, Washington 6, D.C, USA
 URVOAT 3 = C Wene, Finjavagen 26, Tyringe, Sweden
 VAMPIRE TRADER 7 = S Barnes, Rt.1, Box 1102, Grants Pass, Oregon
 VOID 13 = Greg Benford, 10521 Allegheny Drive, Dallas 29, Texas.
 WHEN A TRUFAN DIES = Jim Caughran (v. A L'ABANDON)
 YANDRO 68 = Mr&Mrs Coulson, 105 Stitt St, Wabash, Indiana, USA.

I hope you can follow the rather condensed addresses. The "4" indicates that the fanzine concerned is especially unusual and entertaining. But it doesn't mean a great deal and certainly don't be put off getting the others. The British zines, for example, didn't receive many stars because they are all a little too stereotyped; but at the same time they maintain a consistently high standard of material and are definitely recommended.

ONCE IN A BLUE MOON, which on account of my badly alluminized mirror is pretty often, a overseas fan write to us asking for an explanation of the New Zealand (i.e: The English) money system. Here are all the details for you, overseas fen, as illustrated by New Zealand coins:



Coin on extreme left is known as the penny (worth slightly more than a cent). This is the basis of the system. Next up is the three-penny piece worth, naturally, three pennies. Whereas the penny is copper, all the coins from three-pence up are silver. Next to the three-pence comes the sixpenny piece, otherwise known as the sixpence. It's worth six pennies anyway. Next, if I'd only had one on me, you would have seen the shilling, which is worth exactly twelve pennies. However, though you don't see the one shilling piece, you do see the two-shillings piece (which is also known as florin). Gad, these names are complicated. On the extreme right you see the largest coin, the two shillings and sixpenny piece (also known as a half-crown). Twenty shillings make up one pound which is expressed not by a coin but by a note. Twenty-one shillings make up a guinea, but this is so rarely used now (except by profiteering furniture companies) that there is no note or coin for it. Symbols of the system: "1d" = one penny. 12d = 1/- = one shilling. 240d = 20/- = £1 = one pound.

Here are a few sample symbols:

5/- = five shillings
7/3 = seven shillings and threepence
£5/13/6 = five pounds + thirteen shillings + sixpence

One dollar is worth in English currency about 84d (that is, 7/-).

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A few notes on contributors this issue: John Reid, M.A., Litt.D, is an English lecturer at the Auckland University. Is also President of local music society and past-President of Auckland Film Society. Dr Reid writes very good film reviews for the Auckland Star, and has a large library which contains many SF books. Alan Dodd is editor of CAMBER and TAKEOFF. One of the most prolific fan writers. Barbara Lex is editor of BARBARIAN and a most promising young fanne. John McLeod is/was on the editorial staff of KIWIFAN. Hopes to produce own zine, MACCENT. Mervyn Barrett is editor of FOCUS. Also likes films, music, sf. Art Wilson is employee of CAT airlines in distant HongKong. Working on own zine, SCATALOG. Wilber Bluenose is well-known psychologist and writer. We were just a little apprehensive about publishing his article this issue since when ~~wix~~ it first appeared in PSYCHIATRY TODAY, 28 people committed suicide.

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My apologies to all concerned for the rather sloppy presentation of this issue. There are a number of typos (read "gone" for "goon") and certainly the duplicating leaves a lot to be desired. The beautiful Atom illo on the last page of Alan's article has been barbarously mutilated (funny, Gestetener have always been very good for cutting); however, this will certainly make like Phoenix and rise from the ashes -- I hope to publish it again in the next ish properly reproduced.

I won't be doing any more fan publishing until December. In the meantime, however, BRUCE BURN, the good man of 12 Khyber Rd, Wgton E5, hopes to pub KIWIFAN 10 in my stead. Watch for it. But come December I will embark upon 11 and 12 -- only instead of hastily piling together fifty or sixty pages, I will publish smaller issues carefully prepared, stencilled, and duplicated. No more smudgy repro, inartistic layout, and badly stencilled illos! Happy now, readers? When I do pub again I have an excellent selection of material, thanks to the efforts of Art Wilson (art & article), Atom Thompson (art), Eddie Jones (art), ****MIKE HINGE**** (art), Pete Campbell (article), James Gove III (poetry, stories), and several other people -- you'll know who you are. Thanks to you all, and although I may seem awfully slow --- it'll all reach print one of these days!

Roger, over and out.