



LARRIKIN 20, January 1989, is edited and published by Irwin Hirsh (2/416 Dandenong Road, Caulfield North, Victoria 3161, AUSTRALIA) and Perry Middlemiss (GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA). This fanzine is available for written and drawn contributions, letters of comment and your fanzine in trade (one copy to each of us, please). Thanks go to our contributors: Shep Kirkbride (art, this page), Craig Hilton (art, last page), Pam Wells (our UK agent) and Cath Ortlieb's husband (mailing labels). We would like to thank the Australian cricket team for providing us with another summer of fun-filled cricket. Will Australia ever win a Test when the series is still alive? Roll on the winter of '89 and another Ashes losing series. If there is a red 'X' on your mailing label be warned: this is your last issue unless you Do something. Congrats to John Berry, DUFF-winner.

## A RURAL TOUCH

- Linda Gowing -

When I was still living at home my parents were hobby farmers, on a four acre block of lands. This may not sound like much but the property was near New Plymouth on the West coast of New Zealand's North Island, where the average annual rainfall is 100 inches and the climate is temperate allowing for intensive utilisation of land. Our four acres had everything - a large garden, swimming pool, a patch of native bush, a patch of pine forest, a few paddocks, and a stream of substantial size which fell down a twelve foot waterfall before passing through a tunnel under the road. The animal life was as diverse as the landscape with chooks, ducks, sheep and cattle in permanent residence while pigs and turkeys were temporary residents, staying until large enough for the freezer.

At the time of this story the cattle population was down to two steers, Murray and Hugo. Hugo was 'mine' in that I chose him from the calf pen of a local dairy farmer, paid \$10 for him, and introduced him to his foster mother, our cow Snowball. In return for this investment my mother would pay me about 10¢/kg when Hugo progressed to the freezer. Thus I had a vested interest in the health and bulk of Hugo.

The story begins one Saturday in August, 1980, the day after I returned from university for a three week holiday. Hugo was discovered to have fallen down a small but steep slope. He was sitting in an awkward position, leaning against a fence which was bulging precariously over a four-foot drop down to a ledge from which the land fell away a further twelve feet to the base of the waterfall. No matter how much we pushed, coaxed, bribed, swore, Hugo would not from this spot. In fact his lack of interest in the various delectable morsels we proffered to try and coax him away raised our concern.

The vet diagnosed a non-functioning rumen, suggested possible liver damage and worried about spinal injuries resulting from the fall down

the slope. The recommendation was to nurse Hugo either until he recovered or euthanasia became preferable.

The non-functioning rumen was the easiest problem - Hugo was dosed with enough strychnine to kill a dog, this apparently being the best way to kick start the bugs that inhabit the rumen. The next problem was to move the beast away from the edge of the waterfall. By midday Sunday Hugo was still refusing to help himself so we had to resort to brute strength. Now the technique for pulling animals in excess of 300 pounds up slopes involves a large tractor and a strong rope. The rope is tied into a noose round the neck of the animal with the knot under the jaw-bone. The tractor is moved forward slowly until the rope is taught with the tension applied along the length of the spine. You then 'plant boot' to pull the animal to safety as fast as possible, ie before strangulation occurs. The technique becomes complicated when the tow angle is awkward and when the rope keeps breaking. Each time the rope breaks someone has to dash forward and loosen the noose to allow the animal a breather. On about the third attempt we succeeded in moving Hugo to a flat part of the paddock where we propped him up with bales of hay and provided him with bowls of food and water. He seemed totally unconcerned by the experience and was left happily chewing.

However, when checked a few hours later, Hugo was lying on his side, eyes rolled into his skull, looking mildly bloated. This brings me to another piece of information which is that cows, like all ruminants, must belch frequently to clear the rumen of gas and they can only belch when in an upright position. If stuck on their sides, the gas builds up leading to bloat and, eventually, death. Hugo's inability to sit up unassisted strengthened the vet's suspicion that he had damaged his spine in the fall. With much heaving we managed to push him into a sitting position whereupon he belched vigorously and returned to contentedly chewing his cud.

On Monday I was forced to assume sole responsibility for the nursing of Hugo while my parents went to work. By this time Hugo had recovered his appetite and the nursing duties resembled the feeding of a bottomless pit. There was still a question of possible liver damage which meant that he could not be fed lawn clippings cut with a motor mower because of petrol fumes potentially contaminating the clippings with compounds that would require metabolism by the liver. Consequently I expended considerable time and effort on the collection of grass using a push-mower and shears. To the grass was added mash, chopped carrots, bamboo, fern and any other tempting morsels I could find. I would swear that animal listened for the sound of the push-mower, or possibly my heavy breathing, to alert him to the coming of his next meal. He would lift his head, prick his ears and watch my progress, eyes alight with anticipation.

After several days of treatment, Hugo still showed no sign of being able to stand. I put a lot of effort into one persuasive attempt and did succeed in getting him onto his front legs for a few seconds but he simply ignored subsequent attempts on my part. The vet was by now convinced that Hugo had damaged his spine with the hind legs possibly paralysed. To test this on Wednesday he produced some electric cattle prodders. The application of the first shock to his hindquarters caused Hugo to turn his head to see what was happening but did not elicit so much as a muscle twitch. The second, greater, shock he ignored totally. The vet left, discouraged, shaking his head and muttering about reassessment in a few days time.

The dedicated nursing continued, with Hugo eating all offerings, until Friday when I had to go into town. I left Hugo with a substantial amount of food and promises of replenishment as soon as I returned. I was away no more than two hours and my first action was to look over to Hugo's spot. He wasn't there. I raced over to the paddock with visions of him managing to walk far enough to fall down the bank again. But, no, Hugo had arisen



without disturbing his supporting hay bales, stepped delicately over his food and water bowls and wandered over to the water trough to get a drink of fresh water.

The vet returned on Saturday to find Hugo looking fit and healthy. By this time the results of blood tests were through indicating a viral infection. Basically Hugo had had a dose of bovine influenza causing him to feel weak and shaky. As with human flu, a restful seven days resulted in a cure. The moral of this story is obvious to me - never spill a male, it will just make him lazy. Fortunately in this case my efforts were rewarded - Hugo's final bulk was substantial and his fillet steak delicious.

CAPRICE      Bookkeeping 2. Did you get sent a copy of PSR, the new newszine published by that semi-famous semi-gafiate Andrew Brown? I didn't. Perry didn't. There was I, thinking that PSR was going to be another of Andrew's Still Borne Grandiose Ideas and all that happened was that Andrew didn't send us copies. And it is all Perry's and my fault.

When drawing up plans for his new fanzine it occurred to young Andrew that a vital component would be an audience. He mentioned this to Perry, who suggested that as a starting point he could use the Australian LARRIKIN mailing list. "It is held within Marc Ortlieb's computer. Ask him to print off a set of mailing labels for you," Perry told Andrew.

But the problem is that the LARRIKIN editors don't need to send copies to themselves, so guess which Aussie LARRIKIN readers didn't get a copy of PSR?

Reminds me of the time when we first started using the Marc Ortlieb Mail Label Printing Service. Marc made a printout listing everyone in his files and I placed ticks against those who were to get LARRIKIN. Marc made the relevant notations in his data-base, printed off the mailing labels for us, which we happily stuck to copies of our fanzine, and that, I thought, was that. A couple of weeks after mailing out the first issue I'm talking to Marc and he asks me if he is going to get a copy of our fanzine. I looked at him quizzically and after some discussion we concluded that the reason Marc Ortlieb didn't get LARRIKIN is that he never had reason to send himself fanzines.

Not that Marc has ever received a copy of LARRIKIN. Cath (#234 in The Great Scheme of Things) is the Ortlieb that receives it. Must be something wrong with Ortlieb if he gives his wife such a low number, though.

Endinz '88. So, how did you bring in the new year? Wendy and I had a pleasant time. With eight of our friends we had a progressive dinner. It was my first time with this form of meal, where each course is served in a different home, and I'm not sure how I feel about such an endeavour. We enjoyed the evening but it was terribly rushed and tiring. The whole night consisted of arriving at someone's place, sitting down at the dinner table, eating, getting up and moving on. The schedule was so tight there was no time to relax or to properly digest the food. At about 11.30 I was wondering if I'd be awake when the new year came in and when midnight rolled around I was overcome with a great sense of relief - for it was only then that I realised that the next time I had to get up and move on it would be to home and bed.

Wendy and I did receive an invitation to a new year's party, which promised a lot of good things. Great hosts, music, food, drink, good company, the promise to "get blasted". However with the invite came a number of

barriers preventing us attending. For one thing the 'how to get there' section wasn't very helpful. People were told how to get to the party if they were arriving via rail or by bus but not if they were arriving via the airport, which is how we would've had to get there.

There was the 'don't bring' section, which while not actually restricting us, was inclined to alienate us. I can appreciate the politics involved when asking that children be left at home, but, well, you see, Wendy and I are pregnant. Here we are, all excited by what is happening in our lives and watching friends and relatives get excited for us, and before my child is born someone is casting aspersions at my ability to correctly assume my responsibilities as a parent or at my child's ability to act socially acceptable at a drunken party. Maybe when I next throw a party I'll ask everyone to leave their left legs at home - 'Sorry, haven't got the facilities, not much floorspace for all those legs'.

Finally, there was a problem with when we received the invite. At first I thought I'd gotten an early invite for this year's new year's eve. Had the invitation arrived just one mail delivery earlier we could have made it over to Birmingham, England. A science fiction fan I am, an owner of a time machine I'm not.

Martin Tudor, you did want us to attend your party, didn't you?

Moving on. This is the last fanzine to be published at my Dandenong Road address. In mid-February Wendy and I are moving to 26 Jessamine Avenue, East Prahran, Victoria 3181. Please take note of this new address and let's see which of you will be the first to send some fannish mail to my new home.

#### PANDA-MANIA

One thing Denise and I never expected to see - short of a fantasy vacation to China - were the Giant Pandas. So we were overwhelmed with excitement with the news that some promoters were on the verge of signing an agreement with the Chinese government to open a temporary Panda exhibit here in Detroit, on the Michigan State Fairgrounds. Not only would we be able to see these near-extinct animals but we wouldn't have to leave town to do so.

Hardly had the hub-bub of that announcement settled than promoters in Toledo announced that they were also on the verge of signing an agreement with China for a panda exhibit. Now, unless you live in the midwest, you probably don't see the irony of the situation - certainly the officials in China hadn't. While Detroit and Toledo are in different states, and one might expect them to be in different parts of the country, they are only 60 miles apart. For Denise and I this was no big deal. Now we'd have two panda exhibits in our lifetime and (practically) in our backyard. Not everyone felt that way, especially the promoters of the two venues, so I was expecting a round of legalistic and legislative maneuvers as one group tried to screw the other. I wasn't expecting the World Wildlife Federation to chime in, opposing both sites. In fact they claimed themselves opposed to all panda exhibits because they "exploited" the pandas.

That left me a little bemused because I'm not sure what's so wrong with exploiting the pandas? It's not like they're being slaughtered or anything. The WWF's objection was that by transporting mating pairs of pandas around the world they risked traumatizing these shy giants into infertility. And there are so few pandas alive and they aren't very fertile to begin with that one shouldn't be risking even one mating pair. To the credit of the Chinese one should note that the proposed admission fee was to have been a nominal \$2 and would go towards maintaining and expanding the panda breeding



compounds in China. Ultimately the federal government sided with the WWF when they declined to issue the import license necessary to bring the pandas into the US for the Detroit exhibition group. Toledo lucked out in a couple of areas. They had had a head start on the paper work and the exhibit would be in the zoo - part of a conservation, preservation mission. Detroit's planned use of the fairgrounds was far too commercially orientated.

Denice and I had talked about doing a day trip to see the pandas with John Benso, a trained zoologist. Since our car seats four we asked Cy Chauvin to join the party. So one pleasant Monday morning found the four of us playing hooky from work and off for a day of fun and adventure.

We arrived a few minutes after the zoo opened as John had warned us that pandas were "crepuscular" animals. That's the power-word of the day, meaning they are most active at dusk and dawn. Pandas also like cool climates and the midwest was on its way to having its hottest summer of the century. We hoped to get there early enough for them to still be active.

Over the weekend the WWF had won another round in their campaign to end panda exhibits. The courts had ruled that the Toledo Zoo could not charge a separate admission to the panda exhibit. By tradition the Toledo Zoo charges no admission fee on Monday mornings, so we could've seen the pandas for free. The judge had allowed that the zoo could collect voluntary donations, so we added a couple of fivers to the donation box.

The exhibit struck me as thoughtfully designed. There was a large zigzag area under a tree outside the exhibit where people could queue in an orderly and compact fashion. Inside the exhibit, which was designed like a Chinese fort, there were more zigzags, followed by a marshalling area in an inner courtyard, and from there one was finally ushered in to see the pandas. Groups of about a hundred were sent in for 10 minutes at a time. Despite our early arrival we still had to wait half an hour for our turn.

The panda's outdoor pen was long and shallow, fitted out like a woodland meadow and shaded over by a tall elm. I noticed that the elm had been fitted with a large metal collar presumably to discourage adventuresome pandas from climbing. A viewing stand had been built along the length of the pen so that if one couldn't crowd in by the moat, one could step back and up a riser or two and see over the heads of the people in front of you. No one had to put up with bad sight-lines. John and Denice quickly shot off a roll of film, using telephoto lenses to get some nice close-up shots. Then we were herded into the indoor exhibit. Ours was the last group of the day to see Non-Non and Le-Le playing together. Non-Non was taken inside and we watched Le-Le play for a bit before leaving the exhibit. Once outside we walked straight into souvenir tent. John joked that the gift shop was larger than the panda exhibit and he may have been right.

The sales tent was filled with a wide selection of t-shirts, sweatshirts, jackets, jewelry, notecards and posters. Avoiding the more egregious forms of souvenir gimcrackery we all overbought, except for Cy, who had been as quiet as a churchmouse, and as frugal as one.

Staggering out into the hot, mid-day sun with our booty, I noticed it was only an hour since we'd arrived. Our mission accomplished and the day was still young. I looked at the enormous queue waiting to see the pandas and blessed our fine, slannish minds for having come so early.

So what's it like, seeing the pandas? To be honest, a bit anti-climatic. They look pretty much as you see them on tv and from plush toys. After all the work involved in driving there, arranging the time off and so on, they seemed kind of ordinary. The only surprise was that they were not as big

as expected, being only the size of a large dog. That's small for members of the bear family.

They play rather boistiously, which is why they're allowed to play together for only one hour a day. They looked like little kittens the way they rolled around on the ground - except that they each weigh over one hundred pounds. They could really wear each other out in just that hour. So we were pretty lucky to see them together and to see them active. But they played about 40 feet from the moat, making them seem remote and all that much smaller. Or maybe it was just the way we were hustled in then hustled out of the exhibit that lessened my enjoyment of the pandas.

We spent the rest of the day visiting the rest of the zoo, taking our time going from exhibit to exhibit and though the characters were all familiar and typical of zoos, in some ways it was as enjoyable as seeing the pandas.

Still, it had been worth it, seeing the pandas. We came home hot, tired and happy. It had been a good day.

COLDITCHED!

- Lyn McConchie -

Wellington Zoo has become notorious over the years for an inability to retain its animals. Not quite so much in the last few years, but certainly up to 1980 or thereabouts.

Back in the 1950s baby monkeys were the scourge of the Newtown area. They were small enough to squeeze between the bars and tour the surroundings, and as they became accustomed to the great outdoors they travelled further and further afield.

As a twelve year old, my friend lived a couple of streets away from the zoo. Early one Saturday morning she heard odd noises coming from the roof of the house and went to investigate. Her squeals of excitement brought the family out to discover a baby monkey sitting, with a smugly superior look, on the roof. Ginger's father ascended the roof and cautiously captured an indignant simian. I don't think my friend and her sister have ever quite forgiven him for refusing to let them keep the monkey.

Several years later one of the dingos vanished. Owing to the existence of a club for children at the zoo, many of the animals were more than used to people. The dingo family were one lot that were often put on a leash and taken for walks around the zoo grounds.

As a result 'Red' knew people, the area, and was obviously confident of his chances for survival out in the big wide world. He was right! All Wellington knew he was on the loose, and he was frequently seen but never caught. After a couple of months the expected change in attitude took place and people began to feel sorry for him.

Food was left out, those who found him in their backyard paused to say "hello" and offer a titbit, and children played with a sandy-coated visitor when he condescended to permit it. The months passed and Red was still at large. The papers commented once a week and left it at that, it was no longer real news.

Then the winter moved in and Red must have started to think of a warm cage and his abandoned family. After thinking it over he decided... and the 'dog-run' keeper, returning to duty one cold early morning found a hopeful sandy-coloured dingo waiting at the gate of the run to be let back in. Red was back! He mated, sired several large families and died many years later, probably still telling his descendants of his adventures in the



wilds of suburban Wellington.

All was quiet for a few years, until by a mischance the pride of the zoo, a pair of young tigers escaped. This was most unfortunate, had they been roaming the area at a different hour they might have been re-captured. Unluckily they escaped early afternoon on a weekday.

The police, council and zoo officials stalked the tigers keeping them in the immediate area while they waited for a capchur gun to arrive from Auckland by urgent plane. At this stage Wellington Zoo had no dart gun of their own. The time wore on and the tigers became more restless. Eventually when it was almost time to let the school-children out of school the police moved.

There was no way, they said, that they could be sure all children would stay out of the area and the idea of some six year old being slaughtered in front of their eyes was not on. The armed Defenders squad was called in and the tigers reluctantly shot. They were eventually replaced by others, which were kept in very tight security.

What very few people knew was that this was not the first time big cats had been accidentally freed. I had a friend who worked at the zoo who kept me abreast of the goings-on. A keeper on the cat run had returned after a half day off just to see that his 'babies' were settled in for the night. It was just as well that he did! On walking towards the cages he was confronted by a lion looking equally startled. The zoo was shut and no-one was about and instinctively he glared at the beast, asking in a loud voice, "What ahe hell do you think you're doing? Get back inside at once!"

The lion, bewildered by the outside and still by the open door, obeyed and the keeper walked up and slammed the door shut. I never heard, but I bet the relief keeper got hell over that (as he should have). It was lucky that both the lion and the keeper were old friends, the door was still wide open and the lion was right by it. Had he been some distance away or confronted by a stranger things could have been lethal.

For several years animals stayed put. Security after the tigers had become fanatical with double padlocks and combination locks abounding. The monkeys still made their voyages of discovery, but everyone was used to that. A cockatoo escaped twice, but she wasn't a man-eater, and a pair of tortises went missing to be returned by the irritated mother of a small boy. One of the donkeys got out and returned pregnant to the bemusement of the staff since she was about 30. Otherwise all was peaceful.

Just as it looked as if the great escapes were a thing of the past... the male Emperor penguin vanished. He didn't get on well with his neighbours but often managed to levitate over the fence and wind up with them anyway.

This time they objected strenuously and he scaled their fence as well and disappeared into the shrubbery. The keeper went to look but found no sign. Since three foot of black and white penguin is a bit hard to miss this meant he had travelled on. A search of the zoo revealed that he certainly has as he was nowhere to be found.

By closing time everyone was worried about him. The police had been notified and keepers had toured the nearby roads to no avail. At 11pm that night an elderly couple returning from the movies were halted by a very large penguin standing in the middle of the main road and refusing to move.

Realising with a lighteninglike grasp of the situation that he must have escaped from the zoo, and not wanting him to be run over, they endeavoured to get him into the back seat of the car so he could be returned.

The penguin was quite definite that he didn't accept lifts with strangers and the couple were both beaked in the process. Just as they were debating what to do a police car appeared. The police, stalwart men in blue, sprang to action and attempted to persuade the, by now outraged, penguin that he should assist with their enquiries at the zoo.

The penguin was equally definite that he was being gratuitously kidnapped and resisted arrest. In the struggle both policemen were bitten and received solid wing blows. Eventually the penguin was bundled into the car and delivered to the zoo, panting and glaring at his captors.

This was only last year and it looks as if the zoo intends to keep up the tradition of vanishing inhabitants since even as I write I hear from my keeper friend that the cockatoo has gone missing again and that judging by the count they are also short a wallaby somewhere! So nice to hear of old traditions continuing....

RECOMMENDED READING      Fanthology 1986, the best fan writing of 1986.  
                                  Edited by Mike Glycer and published by Dennis Virzi,  
 it is from Dennis at 618 Westridge, Duncanville, TX 75116, USA. And it..  
 will cost you just US\$3.

And from Jerry Kaufman (c/- Serconia Press, PO Box 1786, Seattle, WA 98117, USA) comes the following volumes:

The Incomplete Terry Carr. Edited by rich brown and Arnie Katz, this is a second printing made for Corflu 5 and is available for US\$5.

The Portable Carl Brandon. Edited by Terry Carr, and also published for Corflu 5, this is available for US\$2.

Kaufman Coast to Coast. Jerry's report of his 1983 DUFF trip to Australia. It will cost you US\$6. 20 copies have been sent to Australia, to be sold to benefit DUFF's Australian coffers. They should be here soon.

THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

- Perry -

You could have been forgiven for believing that Australian fandom was rather quiet at the end of 1987.

Comatose would have been too kind a word

for it. Maybe the first six months of that year wore out the ageing participants or maybe they decided that they just couldn't give a stuff for a while. Whatever the reason, the prospects for 1988 looked about as good as a horse with a broken leg. There was really two things that could be done with it - put it out to pasture or put it down.

But such a depressed view of Australian fandom could not have been farther from the truth. The January issue of Sage (the newszine now edited by Link and Bernie Pearson) gave us an immediate indication of the fun to be had within fandom, when, in the one issue, it published the first shots in two fannish feuds that would amuse and abuse Oz fanfom for most of the year - 1) the Plank for GAIFF (the Get Away from Reality Fan Fund), and 2) the Susan Ford Trout photos.

Boy, did the brown stuff ever hit the fan over the Plank. Originally the product of a drunken night of debauchery from the Rigid Street Commune, the campaign for write-in votes for the Plank rapidly began to take on a life of its own with all sorts of fans coming out of the woodwork (so to speak) to decry its existence. Warwick Richards and Michael Longshanks - the main



perpretrators of this wonderous piece of silliness - could hardly control their glee at all the fuss they had caused. "But why a Plank?" we asked. "Well, with opposing candidates with names such as Trevor Woodpin and Karen Corkwood, how could we resist?" came the stern reply. I would have thought a cup of tea, a Bex and a good lie down probably would have done the trick. But it was not to be and the ever-increasing level of paranoia and vilification only seemed to amuse the boys even more. The editors of Sage were pretty chuffed as well given that the bulk of the verbiage expended on the general bad-mouthing and character-assassination was printed within the pages of their newszine. Better ways of increasing circulation and output are hard to imagine.

Yet, contrary to the beliefs of some, the Plank's candidacy did not cause the splinters envisaged, not did it drive a wedge between Australian fandom and the rest of the free (and not-so-free) world. It did, however, cause endless amusement to those on the outer and provide them with the opportunity to inflict atrocious puns on fandom as a whole....

On the other hand, the Susan Ford Trout business really brought the hubris to the surface. How this could come about by the publication of several pictures depicting an elegant looking woman in evening dress cooking under water is beyond me. As far as I'm concerned, what people do in the privacy of their trousers is their own affair and I don't really want to know about it thank you very much. But the acid-filled pens came out in force - many of them still dripping after laying into the Plank. From a distance the feud seemed to revolve more around the eternal Sinney-Mairlbin conflict (which seems to have been running since Jack Linchpin first thought up the idea of Australian fandom) than anything else.

While the scandal-cum-feud index of Oz fandom reached what can only be considered an all-time high during 1988, fanzine production was evident mainly due to its absence. At least for the first half of the year. As indicated above, the Australia newszine Sage found much to publish but many of the previous year's regular publications continued to put in a non-appearance. In particular, those old stalwarts of the fanzine scene, Mike Roundlove and Gerald Mander, had laid down their wordprocessors in favour of a more gentle, less mind-numbing existence. Many a fanzine editor secretly envied them.

All that changed somewhat when Barry Gallipoli finally put the finishing touches to his huge issue of The Paranormal Examiner which was dragged kicking and screaming into the cruel light of total bewilderment. Weighing in at just under five kilograms with hundreds of contributors this duodecimally multiple issue astounded all and sundry, not least Australia Post who saw in it an easy way to substantially reduce the national debt even with a diminished postage rate. Wano however, barely knew what to do with the thing (which is hardly surprising) and many were overheard to be in heated discussion regarding which door to lean it against. In contrast, Gallipoli was seen at various times later in the year sitting quietly, staring blankly into the middle distance and muttering "Why me? Why me all the time?" Unfortunately for him, nobody else knew either.

This unprecedented outburst of fannish energy galvanised several other fanzine editors into some level of activity - sleeping mainly. Gerald Mander decided his best course of action was to leave the country, thereby ensuring that Sinney fandom presented all the symptoms of a painful death that many Mairlbin fans believed it had undergone some years ago.

To fill the gap, Irving Washington and Peter Mansn got off their collective bums and began the process of resurrecting their low-fat, high-alcohol content fanzine Yobbo. While not achieving the prune-regularity of 1987, Yobbo compensated by adding several paragraphs an issue to their previous

policy of only publishing colophons. The fact that these paragraphs consisted mainly of what the two editors had eaten and drunk in the previous week, or faintly libelous stories they related about overseas fans who were in no position to respond, seemed to faze no-one and many were actually happy to see it back. To include Mason and Washington in that number might be stretching the truth just a tad too far.

All things considered, 1988 was an interesting year, fandom-wise. With the dubious celebration of the Australian (make that Sinney) Boat and Tent Festival well and truly out of the way and hopefully forgotten, Oz fandom in 1989 can now look forward to a rewarding year of blue paper-plane making, ink-sniffing and beer-swilling. As a vessel it looks decidedly shaky.

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LARRIKIN 20

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