



A Little LOW
wouldn't ya
say?



Forerunner

Quarterly

Number

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"FORERUNNER QUARTERLY"

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This fanzine is available to members of the SFFF (and we expect a donation from them with the receipt of the fanzine - this zine can not come out on nothing), selected trades and through subscriptions (the cheapest way). Of course, we won't knock back articles, artwork, columns, locs, etc. Unless there is an improved response in some way (financial or no) there won't be another issue. Please note that further issues will not be coming out as regularly as past issues. If the club wishes to replace me because of this I will try and understand, but will be disappointed. There will be four issues per each subscription - don't fear that at least. I will make my commitments. However, these will depend on whether or not my doctor will allow me to do anything like this for a while. Yesterday she threatened to put me in hospital for the whole of this pregnancy and if it is that important, the health of my baby and the one yet in the womb come first. I do hope everyone will understand, and realise, that if they release me from having to get it done on time, then this will be a lot better for me than worrying about deadlines etc. And this can be done as something I can take my time at and enjoy doing - instead of the hassle its turning out to be.

Well, people, look after yourselves and write soon. If I can't answer straight away, realise that I will eventually. All those visitors that write to me after Aussiecon, please be patient, I'll eventually get around to answering your letters.

Peace, Friends....
 (where's that damn conflu gone again-???? ALDERSON FOR DUFF JEEVES FOR TAFF)

For the lack of anything better at the moment, we shall call this section,
EDITORIAL: 1st December, 1975.

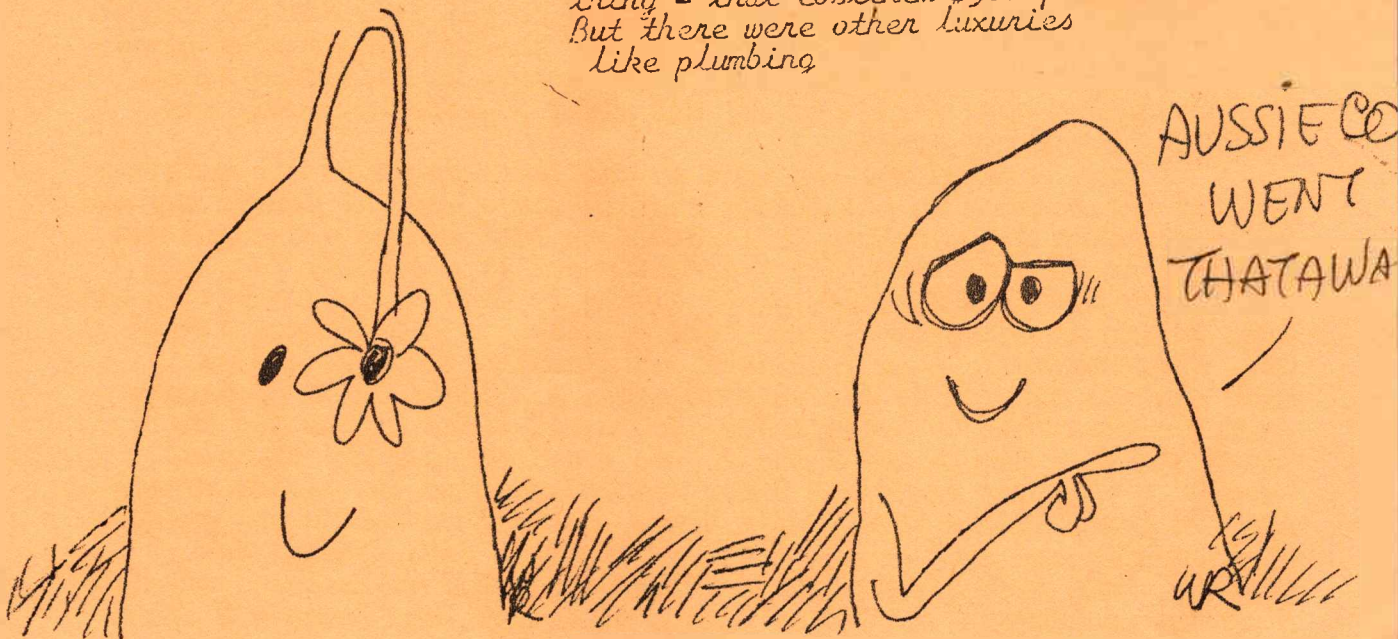
Well, here I am again with another fun-packed issue of Forerunner - this makes whole number thirty eight, which means I have edited, lets see ... *mutter* *mumble* ... fifteen issues in three years, as well as other Clarkezines. On of these days, I'm going to improve and people will say - that girl deserves a Ditmar - lucky Stocks, he's got one gracing his fireplace - look people, I'll even build a fireplace

How mundane can one get?

Onto more important things... this issue, I am actually going to "talk to my friends" as the old cliché goes. I'm actually going to write something more than just hello and goodbye, and if I can't think of what I am going to write I would get off this trivia...

Below is a Rotsler cartoon (anyone got his address????) that apply describes the situation for me in August ... Aussiecon just past us by. Little thing about moola and all. Now, before Leigh Edmonds beats me over the head (you should have saved, woman - what, Leigh, I am just a housewife trying to raze ends meet with my shrinking household money...)

I must point out that our house cost more than a thousand dollars in "little" extras whilst it was being built - little things like, in their quote (and apparently all builders rip you off like this) said that the bricks would be \$80 a thousand - now when we went to pick out these bricks we found that no brick could be got for that price - in fact the cheapest from the State Brick Works was \$125 a thousand plus cartage - so, there was a whopping great bill. Of course we caught them out on some of their hoaxes (like saying that an engineer had to inspect the piers according to council ruling - we rang the council who were incensed with the idea of the builder saying such a thing - that cost them \$300 from our bill.)
But there were other luxuries
like plumbing



and fittings and such - little details that make ones house a home. So, it was, we didn't make Aussiecon.

But this doesn't mean that we were in any ways left out. So much happened through the month of August that it is hard for me to put it into some sort of order in my mind. The new friends and the old we met. It was awfully full.

I think it all began with the production of Forerunner Quarterly which, turning to true form, looked as though it was going to be late again. Let's see, Mandi Radziwon (who love to contribute to get zines, it actually afford to buy them - so if you'd like to send a sample copy and note to that affect, I'm sure you'll be pleased with the work the young lady can turn out - her address is 1 West Avenue, Cammeray, NSW - and yes, gentlemen she is young, very pretty and quite unattached) came up that weekend.

Small pause here whilst I wipe off the dog food from my daughters face, and body, etc... needless to say, the dog seems quite disgusted at all this.

now where was I? Ah yes, anyway, we worked frantically all weekend (You remember how long that issue was... I had half of it already done and collated - but hadn't typed the second half) and managed to get it all run off at least and were trying to get it collated in time. Eric Lindsay kept on appearing from out of the woodwork with mutterings like "You'll never make it..." but he did loan us his stapler which saved the day since mine would never have coped with 104 pp. But he didn't collate anything! Admittedly, I think he was collating one at home himself. We told him to call around at five in the morning and get us up on his way down to pick up Shayne and go to the airport. He did. During that night, goodness knows what managed to keep me up and at it. I can remember being in something like a zombie-like stupor stepping over sprawled bodies. My husband I managed to get into bed (he needs the sleep), but I left Marri where she had passed out sprawled in one of the lounge chairs with her legs right across my collating track. I just stepped over them. And so, all night I just went round, and round and round and round....

I even watched the sun come up and Eric appear in the widening gold of the morning in his little whatsit car - with no petrol cap and other assorted accessories. He informed me that it was after six and boy, was he late and wow, did I actually get it collated. Yes, so I and loaded him up with fifty or so copies to take to Sydney for me and some to take to Aussiecon in the boot of Shayne's car (where, I might add, they remained). Then I stirred our sleeping beauties and we made our own way off to the airport after a suitable kind of breakfast. We were late (I haven't been to Mascot since I flew for the first and last time - and I was to live - and since I was official navigator - we got lost) and I was worried that we had missed everyone. In fact, it was beautifully timed so that we got to our group of Foundationers just as the first of the tour came through the Customs. Only recognised Michael Glicksohn, but I was recognised. How? I am now convinced I must look like a plain old Sue Clarke - I don't know whether to be amused or insulted.

CHINESE COMMUNIST
COMICS

A Review by Diane Southgate.

In an article* I speculated on the subject of Chinese Communist science fiction whether any was being written and what it was like. I still don't know about this, but have now had the odd privilege of reading a Chinese Communist comic. It is "The People's Comic Book", translated by Endymion Wilkinson and with an introduction by Gino Nebiolo. It doesn't contain any SF material, but as one of the pleasures of SF is speculation about other societies it might be legitimate to review it here.

Unlike most western governments, the Chinese government actively supports and encourages the sale and distribution of comics, which are even lent to travellers on trains. The government support is ^{not merely} due to their propaganda value, but because comics are an aid in the struggle against illiteracy.

Chinese writing consists of thousands of characters evolved from pictures -- unlike our phonetic alphabet of only 28 letters. It is therefore more difficult to become fluently literate in Chinese than in the use of Western script. As communist China is still a fairly poor country by Western standards and there is a great drive to educate the population, a phonetic western-type script is now being adopted. This is where the comics are useful.

Chinese comics are written like "Prince Valiant" -- no speech balloons (or very few), but a comment on the action is written below each picture, on both the old, traditional characters and the new phonetic writing.

A simple vocabulary is used so that the words will be easily comprehended by the "workers and peasants". Despite this, there is no impression that the comics are aimed at morons or small children; the story lines are fairly logical, the ideas, though simple enough, are at least developed through the actions and words of the characters, and a few complex words ("Class consciousness" seems to be a favourite) are frequently used.

The illustrations are quite attractive, though rather bland.

The style is rather detached, quiet and understated -- characters didn't often strike heroic poses, etc., visually. The background are drawn with much detail and the artists seem to delight in depicting plant life; this seems to be a convention of all Chinese art, no matter what the political view of the artist. There is surprisingly little visual violence in the comics -- when it occurs, it is understated. Occasionally there is a scene showing blood splashing out when a villain gets speared by an indignant peasant, but there are no close-ups and by Western standards it is quite tame.

Of course, all comics have a moral, which is, Communists are the Good Guys, and Mao is Wonderful. Actually, this does not really create much of a barrier to the Western readers' enjoyment, although I was rather amused and taken back to see the British depicted as looting, moustache-twirling villains deluging the innocent Chinese with opium and forever rushing off into the villages to rape women and steal oxen (or is it the other way around?)

However, if anything, the propaganda seems to be less overt than would be expected. In two of the stories Mao does not even get a mention. However, these two comics ("Red Women's Detachment" and "Hot on the Trail") were apparently taken off sale as not "following the Party Line" and the former was re-written with a few sentences quoting Mao's "little Red Book", etc.

The first story (the one with the villainous moustache-twirling "British pirates") is a historical tale set in the Nineteenth century: it describes the brave peasants rising in rebellion against the British and the corrupt Chinese government of the time. The peasants, armed only with "knives, spears, hoes and axes" defeat their well armed enemies (of course), but are finally fooled by dishonest "landlords and literati" who urged them to disperse.

The second, "Red Women's Detachment" begins: "It was 1930 -- the darkest period in Chinese History". A cruel landlord ill-treats the peasants: a mistreated slave girl, tired of being whipped and thrown in the dungeon, runs away to "join the Red Army to take revenge". At the end of the story she shoots her vile persecutor, but not before the cruel villains have foully done to death a kind, brave, handsome Communist officer, the heroine's beloved.

The next story, "Bravery on the Deep Blue Seas", concerns a rather unlikely piece of heroism -- the valiant Communists in peasants' fishing boats sink a Taiwanese warship. The story does show, however, how the Communists won the support of the local people -- peasants, fishermen, etc. Also, it has a rather amusing scene -- while out on the boat, the hero (a

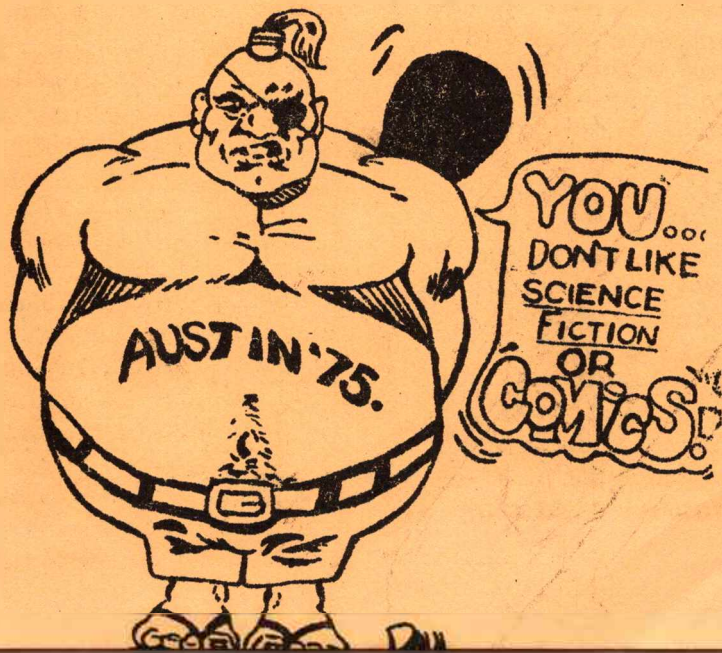
Communist officer, what else?) gets seasick and tries to cure himself by meditating on "class consciousness"; but the old fisherman thinks salted vegetables much more effective in such circumstances .

Some the details of domestic life/^{are} seen in the next story. It concerns the quarelling, separation and reconciliation of Li Shuangshuang, a hard-working, intelligent conscientious Communist woman and her more easy-going, lackadaisical husband, who is also something of a "male chauvinist pig". Some of the details of the organisation of communes, etc are also shown.

After this comes "Hot on the Trail", the detective story later taken off sale for not containing enough propaganda. Another thing which apparently annoyed the Establishment was that the heros of the tale, who foil the plans of foreign (naturally) villains and saboteurs are professional detectives, not loyal but average Party members, and most of the villains are depicted as weak confused people rather than as outright fiends-- a show of unfavoured tolerance.

"Letter from the South", based on a Vietnamese comic, proceeds with gusto and there are plenty of scenes of the enraged masses beating up dastardly Westerners and their "running dogs" At one stage a cultured, sneering and sinister American villain tries to bribe the valiant and loyal heroine, but she victoriously resists his depraved schemes and he shoots her. Fortunately, the wound is not fatal and she survives to chant the praises of "Uncle Ho" at the end of the tale.

The last comic "Lei Feng" is illustrated by photographs (probably stills from a film) rather than drawings. It is the only strip that gives large slabs of Mao worship, but this is to be expected, as it describes the life of a Maoist saint. Lei Feng a pure-hearted and loyal comrade, is inspired by his constant study of Mao's wise words, and goes around helping people anonymously, specially children and the aged, giving large sums of money to help the needy even though he can't even afford a pair of socks, and generally shows himself as an inspiration and example I was not surprised when he died in the end of the story as he was just too good for this world.



So ends a book which shows, although in a glamourized form, how the other half lives and the principles they are expected to live by.

Diane Southgate.

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Didn't recognise you, Sheryl Birkhead and was quite surprised to find out you changed your mind to come. In fact I'm very sorry we didn't have time to visit. Wish we had.

I knew that Jan Finder was going to stay with us, so I sought him out and was surprised with his very smooth line (Feelings of one at adequacy indeed, sir!). Obviously acquired during his stay in Italy - those continental are really something (Keep the line, Jan, it's good). I was being bombarded with names (I suppose everyone was like that) and faces and had to try and match up fanzine personalities - it's hard. Don Thompson - gee you're tall - not what I had pictured you as being. So, that's what a Cuyler Warrell looks like - I prefer Ned. You get the idea...

There was a bus ready to take the visitors to the accomodations, so Ron and I volunteered our services as escort to anyone who would like a ride - past the lovely factories and tenements - and were told that Sydney was supposed to be under 12 inches of snow. Snow? It's never snowed in Sydney! Why, I live in the mountains and still haven't seen snow! Admittedly, Sydney was showing its best that day - winter and a beaut 24 degrees celsius (we had a really mild winter).

Now, the Highgate (is that right?) that place is really something else. Plastic tower in a city of brick, if you can understand what I mean. Hug and confusing and expensive!!! Confusion seemed to reign - people got rooms mixed up (Jan changed sex), wings mixed up and people mixed up. Robin Johnson (oh shining light in all confusion) ushered people and gave orders that you Sydney people sit still until their settled in. Seemed a lot of work, to me, for just one night. But I suppose they had to make sure they didn't get lost. We Sydney siders sat around making cracks about only yanks would build a plush hotel in a red-light district (across the road was an all night strip-joint, on one side a porn shop and on the other continental movies), that needed interior lights day and night because it looked like a cavern. Given a stern warning about not getting guests lost, we finally managed to get up a party to walk about the city, ride the city circle, and go to a typical suburban beach - Marly - after a ferrie ride. It was all a great treat to me. I hadn't been to the (city for years. And they expected me to know about things (What is that monument? When was this church built? What kind of tree is this? errr???) - I was sorry then that the people around me had followed me instead of my husband who is a knowledgeable person and an entertaining one - a much better guide. Of course, throughout this I dutifully informed them as to what not to do (Don't go to Melbourne - Sydney's much nicer, don't drink that Yarra River wash called Fosters, don't carry fruit across the Victorian

P E A C E

Lyn-Lyeena cowered behind the nearest radio-phonic garden block, watching, waiting for those who followed. She was frightened.

Ahead, across the reserve perhaps, she could find a lee to hide in. Clutching to the plain gold cross about her neck, she ran to the trees. And ran on.

She ran heavily, wighed down by child and encumbered by the vines and bushes. It pleased her people to be reminded of what was primitive and how they had risen above it. Yet, as she moved beneath the boughs of the tranquil upon her planet, her limbs torn by their thorns, she began to wonder of it's truth.

The yelling of the mob echoed in her ears. They were her people yet she was not one off them. They beat savagely against her door, thirsting for one thing - death. Death to the strange, the unknown, the alien.

It had been the women first when Aaken had left. Her thoughts turned peacefully to the moment that she thought of him and her body glowed as she remembered the now. The essence of life which had passed between them in embrace. He and his people wore above the animal, their love was on an experience of spiritual depth. He had courted and won her in a day and now she would be his for all time.

And that was when it began.

They could not understand that their marriage was between man and woman; a bond, not a legal contract. To them, Lyn-Lyeena had sinned and she was bearing something black and evil because it was unknown and they could not understand it, or her.

And now, she could not understand them.

Outside, about her, the sound of her friends stalking her triggered an acute searing fear. She was mortally afraid of what they might do to her, but more importantly, of what they might do to her child.

She knew now of only one hope for them both.

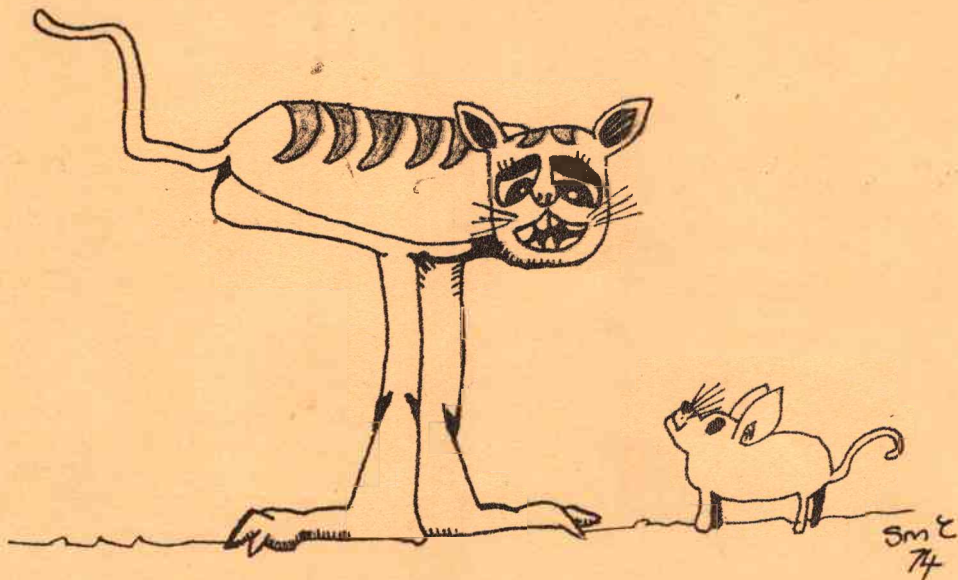
She ran towards it, knowing that her time had come in many ways. She prayed.

Suddenly, the woods stopped as abruptly ~~beg~~ they had begun and she was surrounded by the sweet odours of exotic plants, swaying to filtered music of the radio-phonio. And beneath her was an even cut of grass that would never grow or die. She lived in a paradise of luxury created by man. Even the mysteries of nature, he had fathomed yet he still could not accept, the unknown to come.

From beyond the quiet of man-made peace, she could hear them coming again. But she could not run any further. With deliberate steps, she walked through the sterilized peace and entered.

Here she would wait for her time and for the desecration of all she held dear.

by Susan Clarke



A L I E N M I N D S :

by John J. Alderson

THE LOUSY JAY

Why such a harmless and engaging bird such as the Jay should incite such hatred and disgust in humans, is beyond me. Yet I vividly remember one man, otherwise apparently quite normal, exclaiming vehemently, "Jays, I hate them." Nor could he tell me why, except that they were "lousy".

The bird to which I refer is variously known as the White-winged Chough, Jackdaws, Black Magpies, Black Jays, Apostle Birds and Mutton Birds. They are also called The Bushman's Chooks, and at least by Alec Chisholm (the ornithologist, and a Locally Born Man) as Chats. His words "Look at those Chats!" still puzzles me. He had been talking to me and had broken off at the sight of a coven of these birds gliding past: I still don't know whether he was surprised, delighted or disgusted. I have not heard the term otherwise used and it does not occur in Cayley's "What Bird Is That?" Finally I did mention that they were described by Vieillot and designated, Corcorax melanorhamphus (which is dog-Greek and means black-billed crow or raven).

They received the name Apostle Birds due to their habit of living in small flocks of a dozen or thirteen, though often in the non-breeding portion of the year several flocks may forage together in open ground. I suspect that this is for mutual protection, mainly from the magpie who is very jealous of his possession of this open country. Generally, the jays occupy the open bush and spend most of their time fossicking on the ground for insects and their larvae, though they do eat a little in the way of fruit too. I have seen them eat occasional berries of the bridal creeper. The interesting thing about their feeding is, firstly, their continual "small-talk" amongst themselves, and secondly, their co-operation. Their means of communications is highly developed, and at a call from one, enough of the others will come. For example, if a piece of bark is too heavy for one bird to turn it over, at its call enough birds will come to be sufficient to turn it over. Similarly too, a number of birds will co-operate in excavating the series of galleries where certain insects have left their larvae, and area

of up to several square yards. The equipment used for this is their bill, which is slender and curved, and used in somewhat the same fashion as a man uses a miner's pick to break up a surface rather than the heavy blows used for sinking. Whilst hunting thus their cries consist of a sort of soft whistling squark. On being suprised by an intruder the alarm is given in a series of harsh squarks vibrant with danger. At such times the flock flutter into the lower branches of the trees and give forth to peculiar piping of considerable melancholy. This virtually denotes an "all clear here" type of information. I have used these two different cries to discover where fledglings are hidden. When walking away from the youngsters the pipin notes are given, but upon turning towards them the harsh "alarm" notes are promptly uttered, and with a simple piece of triangulation I have walked straight to the youngster, who under these circumstances retains his silence. When feeding peacefully the youngsters give a continual short "kark" to tell the flock they are safe.

The jay is an observant bird and learns quickly. I once saw a mob on the road in a compact mob, having found some desirable food. Came a motorist, who, apparently, got some sort of thrill in driving through the mob, leaving several dead. The jays of course flew too late but when the car had passed, returned. But never again were they caught by a car. They flew off the road in good time. The local mob know that I will not harm them and allow me to walk through them whilst they are feeding, a priveledge I doubt they would extend to others. Last season, they brought their fledglings down to eat in the safety of my garden, and allowed me, with apparent unconcern, have a talk with the youngsters. These youngsters, incidently, have their oddest huge red eye. This red eye loses its prominence as they become adult which is apparently very quickly.

Communal in all things, they have a communal nes. This is built on a horizontal branch, sometimes in a fork of, if possible, the largest or highest tree in their territory. Usually the nest is about half way to the top, but this is dependent on the tree and branches being available. At first glance it appears to be of mud, but actually it is true "Egyptian brick", that is, composed of mud and grass, and is lined with grass or hair or wool, etc. But the jay also uses cow and emu dung instead of and as well as mud, and Harry Frauca ("Birds from the Seas, Scrubs and Swamps of Australia") suggests that the couch may not be able to distinguish between mud and dung. However cow-dung is an excellent building material and a mixture of sand, cow-dung and mud makes an excellent plaster which finished the interior of many a pioneer home. Usually only two birds will lay eggs and three youngsters is the most I have ever seen at a hatching, though there is often two hatchings and they are said to lay five

to nine eggs. In a mob of twelve there would be six hens of whom two would be immature and with two hens using the nest at once and two hatchings, each hen could breed each year. However, this is unlikely. It is fairly obvious that in most species only a few birds breed per year. Moreover I am certain that jays keep their population down unless sufficient food is available to form another coven. This happened here last season. With the wettest year on record and my tree planting extending the bush a little, the jays have multiplied and formed two covens. They had two hatchings and reared five or six youngsters. However, their extention of feeding ground has not gone uncontested.

This last season, they nested several chain from my house and close to where I walk continually. So I was able to observe closely their habits. In colder weather, two birds sit on the eggs (several by the way, if not all help build the nest), but in hotter eather one bird sits, and in very hot waether, they sit on the branch above or beside. Perched above the nest and a little way from it was a third bird which I took as a sentry. About a chain away four birds industriously dug in the dirt and used the dust to clean their feathers. They take some dust in their bills and place it amongst their feathers. These are guards. I discovered this because a young crow, disturbed as I walked past, blundered up into the tree, and worse than that, perched on the limb near the nest. The jay on sentry duty promptly hit the crow with a thump and knocked it to the ground. (I have been hit myself like this and know that jays pack a wallop for its size. It does not use its claws or beak.). By this time, alerted by the alarm, the coven launched their attack. They got the young crow on the ground and gave him a good drubbing and when released, he struggled away in a very battered condition. Drawn by the cries of the crow, the parent crow came flying and hovered over the battle on the ground, not daring to hlep. Amusingly, a pais of wag-tails nesting the same tree (and a fraction the size of the crow) swooped to the attack and drove the crow away!

Whilst studying another coven of my jays (which don't know me very well) I learned something of their tactics. Sitting down in the centre where they did not want me, they proceeded to try and intimidate me. This they did by a form of encircling movement, gliding silently and even closer in the branches around. At nesting time I have been hit on the head by one of the beseigers.

The jay is not a strong flier. The fledglings more hop up a tree than fly, and even the adult birds gain height mainly by fluttering and hopping from limb to limb. I have not seen them over tree-top height, but this they do obtain, and indeed perch

at night at tree-top height, gliding in at dusk. Their flight is sailingly gliding, their whitish rounded wings outspread most of the time without moving. When flying from one spot to another they follow the trees if possible, particularly here, where to gain another part of their hunting grounds they have to cross a peice of open ground ruled by a very cross magpie, who invariably tackles one of the mob, but who cannot cope with the whole thirteen (the usual number in the mob). Their encrouchments into the open grovns brings attack by the magpie, who lays claim to this, but the moment he is gone, they are back. It is a case of the meek inheriting the earth.

Apparently, they do hold 'courts' and punish all ill-doers. I have seen odd jays being scruffed, but for reasons I have not been able to discover.

Finally, a word about their lousiness. Communal birds do suffer from lice, and the jay is no exception, though at times of the yeas he is free from vermin. The lice however will not live on a human being and apart from having a lousy feeling for an hour or so, they are no real worry. It is true they do root up crop, but inadvertantly; they are after larvae. They fossick about my garden and chat away amongst themselves and give me a feeling og great peace. The come close to having the communal min science fiction writers dream of, and certainly they are very intelligent and have a highly developed means of communication. They are a true social bird.

John J. Alderson.

* * *

Border on they'll shoot you, don't believe anything a Victorian tells you, espeically concerning New South Wales, don't bet on blue flyers in the Melbourne Cup - little things that every tourist should know. Then Of course, I let them in on the do's, do come back to the Mountains - the true heart of Aussie Fandom, hold your nose when you walk near the Yarra (that river flows upside down you know), do eat meat pies in Sydney (but don't trust the ones they'd serve you in Melbourne), when going to the football remember to get chiko rolls and not pies unless you want second degree burns to the arm, remember to save your beer cans to throw at the umpire. Useful facts. If you want odds and ends, go to Woolies or Coles, medicines or films to the Chemist (and they don't sell soda pop), and avoid Macdonalds or Colonel Sanders... Manly looked its best - Alan Frisbie ran around trying to get 'natural' shots of everyone (unsuccessfully) and we finally met up with Ron's group. We walked the boulevard, and under the pines - to think this was once the most famous walk in New South Wales.

THE HOBBIT HABIT: The Lure of Lord of the Rings

Whatever one's views on The Lord of The Rings are, one can't deny its astounding success:

Tolkein Societies have sprung up everywhere, the first well known one was "the Fellowship of the Ring" set up at the 18th World Science Fiction Convention in 1960. Even this early other such, but lesser known, societies existed. Now there is even a "Prodo Society of North Borneo". Tolkein fanzines became numerous, and included such exotic Tolkeinish titles as : Amon Hen, Anduril, Belladonna's Broadsheet, Carandaith, Eldritch Dreamquest, Entmoot, Green Dragon, I Barad, Ilmarin, I Palintir, Mallorn, Mathom, Middle Earthworm, Minas Tirith Evening Star, Mojo Entmooter, Nargothrond, Nazgul's Bane, Niekas, Orcist, Palma Eldarion, Shirpost, The Eye, Tolkein Journal, Tolkein Tribune and Unicron. In other words, Tolkein fandom has reached proportions that have probably far surpassed Edgar Rice Burroughs fandom and H.P. Lovecraft fandom.

But most who have read Lord of the Rings and enjoyed it (which surely goes without saying) never entered fandom, but even with them its influence was present. One need only look at the University noticeboards to see numerous ads for small Glebe-type rooms described as "suitable for Hobbit" (which if you've seen then you'll know is quite an accurate description of them). Rock groups have adopted names like "Smaug", "Gladriel" and "Mordor", and apart from numerous individual pieces of music inspired by Lord of the Rings, there are at least four albums that are Tolkein inspired. An underground newspaper appeared called "Gandalf's Garden", and a Rock Club called "Middle Earth". Shops have adopted names like "The Hobbit", "The Hobbit Shop", "A Change of Hobbit", "Lothlorien" and "Bilbo's Bag End." There have been literally dozens of posters attempting to depict Middle Earth including some half-a-dozen maps. Tolkein T shirts are now common and Smials are far from rare. This is the non-fannish response to Lord of the Rings, the "Hobbit Habit" which has been with us for over a decade now, a tremendous popular response to just one novel. For any book to arouse such a response is truly remarkable.

While Tolkein has not yet broken any records as regards sales hit, is not doing that badly when one considers that he has only published four major works, none of which are by any means cheap, even in their paperback editions, which only appeared ten years ago anyway. Still his sales may be approaching half those of Haggards "SHE" (top selling fantasy novel of all time - about 90 million sold), which his translations may soon surpass in number of languages those of Isaac Asimov or

Arthur C. Clarke (fantasy writers who have^{been} translated into greatest number of languages - Tolkein has now appeared in Polish, Swedish, Hebrew, Dutch, German, Japanese, Portugese, Spanish, French, Rumanian and Vietnamese).

There has been, as well as a third response to Lord of the Rings, the scholarly. There are now a score of books dealing with the various aspects of Lord of the Rings, ranging from such excellent studies as those by Helms and Kocher, to the best forgotten. There have been Tolkein conferences, including at least two in Australia, which are far more academic than SF Conventions, not to mention (*shudder*) Star Trek Conventions.

All this is evidence of a tremendous phenomenon which Lord of the Rings has triggered off, but this success seems rather paradoxical. It was the vision of an old, conservative, indeed almost fascist, and deeply religious old man, yet its appeal is with the young, especially amongst the rebels against today's society. Academia has traditionally ignored fantasy because it is "escapist", which presumably relieves it of any literary value, but Lord of the Rings is a supreme and unabashed example of escapism, and academia's response to it is no less joyous than that of the Hobbitomanes world-over. The only place where its success would seem logical is amongst science fiction fans and here it was recognised as a masterpiece, before either scholars or the young had ever heard of it. It even won one of science fiction's most distinguished awards; the International Fantasy Award in the last year it was given, 1957.

The novel has a number of quite serious faults; the structure is flawed. Many find it slow to begin with and even slower to end, the exploits of Merry, Pippin, Aragorn, Gimli and Legolas are little more than an irritating, if at times interesting, diversion from the real events of importance, the exploits of Frodo and Sam. Characterisation is poor; the only convincing characters are the hobbits. No female character is developed to any extent, and the only ones that are at all satisfying are Lobelia and Shelob. Nor can the characters of the villains be regarded as satisfactory, even Golum is only a partial exception. Edisons' Gro is a far more adequate traitor than Tolkeins Sauran. Brunner's Trveler in Black and LeGuins Ged are more adequate wizards than Gandalf. Moorcock's Elric is more human a hero (even though strictly speaking, he's not human) than Aragon, as is also Leiber's Fafhrd or Grey Mouser.

There is no-one who can rival my personal favourite fantasy hero, Vance's Cugel the Cleaver, Gollum is the closest, but her hardly inspires sympathy, or even for that matter hatred. When it comes to the crunch, Tolkein can't even describe evil.

adequately, he doesn't even attempt to describe Sauron. Tolkein's own religious philosophy means that his view of evil is one that is not really satisfactory to many of us, the motives of the villains for acting "evilly" is simply that they are "evil". When it comes to creating an atmosphere of brooding menace and horror Tolkein is no Lovecraft, though some seems, such as Moria, are certainly memorable. Tolkein tells us continually of the despair his heroes feel, but he fails totally in conveying it to us. What all this means is that Lord of the Rings is far from perfect, and that from several aspects its success would seem rather paradoxical.

But Moria is memorable, and so is Lorien, and also the shire, Rivendell, Mt Doom, Shelob's Lair, Fangorn, Isgard, Minas Tirith, The Old Forest and much, much more. Lord of the Rings is really a series of memorable pictures. If Lord of the Rings has faults, it also has virtues and one is Tolkein's ability to ensnare his readers with the beauty of some of his scenes. Who would not like to linger in Lorien or Rivendell? Who doesn't share the hobbits' penchant for parties? For a life of eating and drinking and presents, where no-one seems to work and life is much simpler? Tolkein's elves may lack character, but certainly not beauty. The hobbits are heroes unique in fantasy literature. We are used to the Conan-type of hero with whom we would like to identify. Hobbits, however, are heroes with whom we can really identify. The natural reaction to danger is the same as ours -- to run in the opposite direction. We mightn't see ourselves holding the bridge against the Balrog, but we might take a wild swipe at a troll if Aragorn held the door.

Middle-earth is real. This is another reason for the appeal of Lord of the Rings. In Middle-earth, Tolkein has created in intricate detail a real world. It is not our world, it is a world of magic and mystery, but it is a thoroughly believable world. The 400 odd pages of appendixes are only a part of the realism. They provide a tremendous wealth of background material on history, languages, geneologies, calendars and so on, a veritable gold-mine for the cultist, but Tolkein ^{had} convinced us of the reality of Middle-earth long before we reach the appendixes. The credibility of Middle-earth is more attribute to Tolkein's powers of description throughout the book. He convinces us, for instance, of the existence of Ents to such an extent that it would not really be a surprise if we actually did meet one as the hobbits did. The memorable scenes and the travelogues that link them provide us with the geographical background to Middle-earth, but it is Tolkein's sense of history as much as his sense of geography that convinces us Middle-earth is real, and don't we wish to go there. Tolkien's very method of story-telling aids our "willing suspension of disbelief" on which all fantasy must rely. At the

start, we don't really believe in hobbits, but then the Black Riders appear, and we find these very hard to accept, but so do the hobbits and so we begin to believe in hobbits rather more than we did. Each new creature is shown to us through the hobbit's eyes and they tend to view them with the same scepticism that we would show, and hence we come not only to accept the existence of hobbits, but also through them, everything else in the book, and hence Middle Earth as a whole. Is it no wonder then that cultists have attempted to locate Middle-earth both geographically (easy-Europe, Tolkien admitted as much) and also chronologically (harder, Margaret Howes in Tolkien Journal III 2 suggests the Gottweig Interstadial period, about 80,000 years ago and makes a convincing case for it).

Like the hobbit's modern man has found himself with a Ring in his pocket, which he never noticed himself, put there. Like Bilbo's ring, ours gives up tremendous powers over nature but at a price that is beginning to seem even more tremendous. Our ring is modern civilisation; because of it, we have suddenly found ourselves in Mordor when we never noticed leaving the shore. Is it no wonder then that modern man should find so much pleasure in this parable of his plight (even if that wasn't its intention, it is the result), which seems to suggest so attractive an alternative. Lorien has faded and the Elves have left us, but who can blame those who still look for them. Lord of the Rings is unabashed escapism, but as Tolkien's friend C.S. Lewis once remarked; "the only people who see anything wrong in escapism are jailors."

When we realise this, we have come close to realising the reason for Tolkien's success.

J o n N o b l e

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Please note that the above article is from the Syncon Seventy Five Post-Con booklet. Unfortunately, it is the only thing in the booklet at present. I have been sending out pleas for transcripts of the talks, or notes, or something and black and white photos to be made into photo pages for literally mothes. (Come to think of it, that's another convention I didn't get to.

Former unner Newsletter (edited by our President Lady Shayne-McCormack

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- the former being a paid political announcement - the later being my own preference - gave the financial report of Syncon and final break-up. I shan't reiterate here what I have already said there. I just hope the report is repeated in some note-worthy paper like Farew Sletter. (Hi there Leigh!)



"Now Perhaps Somebody
Will Write The Book
Of The Film"

by

A. Bertram Chandler

One advantage of being at sea is that when one is away from home one can see film's that one's wife refused to see. Clumsy first sentence, that. Too many "ones" and that odd clashing of "sea" and "see". It could be that the very atmosphere of one of my unfavourite cities is having an adverse effect on my literary style. Windy Wellington... It's well named. I came barging in on Monday morning, before dawn. It was almost WAHINE weather although the wind was only (!) gale force, not hurricane force. It's my first time here for ten years. I rather regretted not having swallowed my pride and ordered a pilot. I was quite relieved when I fanally scrunched alongside.

Somehow, even when I was running here with some regularity, I never seemed to acquire any friends in Wellington. So I have been flicking. One film I went to see was JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR. Both Susan and I stayed away from the stage show, and both of us resolved to do likewise insofar as the film is concerned. My own resolve was weakened by Baird Searles' review in FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION. Now I feel grateful to Mr Searles. If those who made JCSS had cast somebody charismatic to play Jesus instead of a pathetic puppy with a soprano voice it would have been a great film. As it is, it is the fantasy film of the year. Judas was excellent. with King Herod and Pontius Pilate running a close second and third respectively.

I'll not bore you all by summarising the plot. After all, everybody's read the book. It was the deliberate anachronisms that made such a big appeal to me; the Roman Legionaires clumping around toting sub-machine guns as well as spears, the ladies and

gentlemen of the media firing malicious questions at Jesus as he is led into captivity, the honky-tonky pianist on Herod's raft on the Sea of Galilee, even the sun glasses worn by Herod and his court. And then there was the scene of Jesus driving the money changers out of the Temple. There was actually one money changer's stall - with a fine display of modern bank-notes. There was one of those revolving stands with pretty picture postcards of the Holy Land. Some stalls had rather ageless Middle Eastern merchandise for sale - but one had on display the wares so much in demand in the Middle East (and elsewhere) today - a heavy machine gun, a couple of small mortars hand grenades....

Especially effective were the terrifying intrusions of the Here and Now into the Biblical story - the flights of jet war-planes, the squadron of tanks roaring over the dunes. According to Baird Searles, they symbolised the future seen by Judas, a future in which a proudly independent and non-Christian Israel would be standing off vastly superior (numerically) enemies.

One thing I did like about the film was that it made Judas a good character, a man who, throughout, acted for the best, who betrayed his leader because he thought, quite seriously, that to do so was in the best interests of the Jewish people. That idea, of course, has been played with quite a lot lately. There was a novel I read recently - it may have been called JUDAS; I forget who wrote it, but it is very competent - the gimmick of which is the discovery of Judas' Gospel in a cave near the Dead Sea. Judas, apparently, did not commit suicide, but survived to write his story of what actually happened, showing Peter in a very bad light. Anyhow, all the archeologists but one are wiped out by mortar fire from a bunch of Arab guerrillas. The survivor makes his way back to England with the precious scroll, translates it, and then decides to sell it, for a very high price, to those who, when it comes into their possession, are sure to destroy it. The Holy Father sends his right hand man, an overly zealous Dominican, to the U.K. to do the dickering. The Dominican misunderstands his instructions (or does he?) and finishes up with the scroll in his hot little hands - hands responsible for the murder of everybody who knew about it, including the secretary of the Cardinal in the Vatican (he, the Cardinal, died of heart failure) to whom the archeologist wrote, enclosing the translation and a fragment of the scroll itself. Scotland Yard tracks the Dominican to Rome. The Holy Father throws him to the wolves. And then the Israelites publish their translation, they having found the scroll in the archeologists bag while he is unconscious in hospital, photographing it.

Whilst we're on the subject of the New Testament, I must tell you of the occasion when a priest, a young Marist Father, actually shocked me, of all people. For some reason, when I was Chief Officer in Shaw Savill, any priest among the passengers was put at my table. I always got on well with them. Well, this young Marist Father liked the good things of life. Every night after dinner we would mutually earbash to some Jesusless hour over port and cigars. One such evening we were enjoying the usual argument - agnostic v. professional Christian - and I brought up some gawdawful book that I'd read as a kid called WHEN IT WAS DARK, by (I think) Guy Thorne. It was mentioned a few weeks ago, as a matter of fact, in a review of a book about gawdawful books of the early Twentieth Century in, I think, the SYDNEY MORNING HERALD. Its gimmick was this. Some archeologists scrabbling about in the Holy Land dig up evidence which seems to prove that the Resurrection didn't take place at all. When the news is broken to the horror-stricken world, the collapse of civilisation promptly ensues. "Personally," I said, "I don't think that such a discovery would make any difference to the world whatsoever." "It would to me," said the worthy Father, quite sincerely. He went on to say that if such a discovery were made, he would make up for lost time, stepping up his boozing and adding wenching to the other fleshly joys. He really meant it. (In the novel, of course, further evidence is dug up to disprove the initial evidence, whereupon the world returned to normal.) (Nothern Ireland, of course, is a fine example of Christian normality.)

Having wandered many, many miles away from JCSS I'll return to it. I think that I was afraid that I, as an agnostic, would find it very annoying. (Do you remember THE SONG OF BERNADETTE? I recall the review in THE NEW YORKER. How did it go? "This film automatically puts one on one side or the other of the fence, Unfortunately I am on the wrong side, so cannot review it.") JCSS is more liable to annoy True Believeers, either Jews or Christians, than agnostics.

What I am looking forward to is JOSEPH AND HIS AMAZING TECHNICOLOUR DREAM COAT from the same stable. I saw it on ABC TV (ex BBC TV) the Christmas before last and have the LP. The music and the lyrics are good and it, too, is reeking with deliberate anachronisms.

A. Bertram Candler.



Write!



A FLYER FROM GUYING GYRE in re THE PROJECT

THE PROJECT is endeavoring to utilize the evaluative judgement of some of the most knowledgeable science fiction readers in the world --- those found in fandom. If you're reading this, you're most likely already a fan. Would you be willing to be of assistance by evaluating the SF/F novels you've read and remember. The process is sometimes enjoyable, often revealing.

Novels should be considered for use at the high school level where the students' ages ranges from 14 to 18. But all SF/F books are fair game since high schoolers tend to run the gamut from quite easy reasing on up to college graduate level. Generally, your reading counterpart can be found in a high school class.

I suggest we work only with novels this time around; doing the shorter works concurrently would be unweildy. Your book recommendations should not concern college courses; teachers there have their have their own special problems -- beyond my ken.

The purpose of THE PROJECT is to help the new high school SF/F teacher and the one who "got stuck" with the class and knows little about the reading in the field to do the best job je can. An evaluative list of the most "enjoyable/readable/worthwhile" books in the field would be a good start. It will be an enormous list, and, of course, not a required one in any sense. At times only some of the books will be available in print; that's another reason for having such a large choice. Basically I'm hoping the recommendations will provide teachers with an alternate approach to teaching an SF/F class: a reading class with some discussion/lecture/individual conferences. No tests and no book reports. It is being done and is having excellent results. Maybe in this way teachers can avoid the long lectures and the minute analysis of the lock-step "classics only" orientated programme.

But first we have to know the "good ones and the bad ones". There are no absolutes. So I'll take personal opinions from READERS OF THE GENRE -- which adds up to a concensus. I now have three sources of novel evaluations: fandom, my students, and reviews from pro/fanzines. Later these may be "combined".

Enough rationale. Now to the task. There are two kinds of evaluative numbers which I use in the classroom. Both attempt to get at the same thing-- the students' true attitude/feelings about the enjoyment they derive from a book. The key word here is ENJOYMENT; whether gained from plot action, character, ideas, or whatever, the value of the reading we are seeking is not "what is good for us" but what "lures us on". The first, THE PERSONAL PREFERENCE EVALUATION NUMBER, is quite subjective and is drawn from the chart which follows.

PERSONAL PREFERENCE EVALUATION CHART

- 95 -- one of the best books I've ever read
- 85 -- excellent/superior
- 75 -- good/enjoyable/recommendable
- 65 -- above average
- 55 -- average/satisfactory/ readable
- 45 -- below average
- 35 -- poor/weak
- 25 -- bad/terrible
- 15 -- I couldn't finish reading it!

FINE TUNING: Let's use 75 (good/enjoyable/recommendable) as an example. You may substitute for the second number (5), a 6, 7, 8, if you wish to suggest the story was extremely good, particularly good or highly recommended. Go downward from 5 (4 or 3 or 2) if the story was pretty, rather enjoyable or mildly recommendable. (Avoid using 0, 1, or 9 as a second number).
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

Since this chart was designed for classroom use, it was kept simple. The only description which hasn't worked well is the one for the 90's. But I can't think of a better one. The FINE TUNING instructions are particularly important. Almost all of the fans who have contributed their evaluation so far have used the PERSONAL PREFERENCE EVALUATION CHART (above.)

There is another number that can be obtained (if you wish to do so) which acts as a cross check. It comes from THE BOOK EVALUATION FILL-IN SHEET which I created to use in conjunction with the Personal Preference number. The Fill-in sheet is an objective as a subjective evaluation can get. On the sample sheet (flyer attached) you'll notice that there are two boxes in the upper right hand corner. I ask the students to put their Personal Preference Number in the left box before they do anything else. Later the Fill In chart number goes into the other box. The regularity with which these numbers are extremely close or coincide is astounding. The only thing special that you should know about the Fill In sheet is that all the numbers you circle below the double lines are to be added together -- except the 1's. All 1's are (-5) points and should be subtracted from the total that the other numbers make. Your Fill-in sheet total number goes into the box in the extreme right hand corner. On my student's sheets I average the two numbers.

So that's it. You may evaluate the books you've read using one or both systems. Fill-in sheets may be duplicated. When you send me the numbers, you might mention whether it's the Personal Preference, the Fill-in, or a combined average that's being sent.
Thank you for your help.
Gil Gaier.

FANZINE REVIEWS:

As a new feature to Forerunner Quarterly I have decided to add review done of the fanzines received in trade and then passed on by us to the club library (what happens then, I don't know) but it should act as a guide to those of you who want to sample other fanzines in a view to subscribing. I wouldn't trust on being able to always get the fanzine from the library - we all know that after a while things delapidate and disappear no matter how hard our librarian works. So, some are just listed (I haven't had time to read or reread them carefully), and some have full length discussions in them. Read on, McDuff:

THE EYE Number 2: S.U. Tolkein Society, Box 272 Wentworth, Sydney University, NSW 2006.

Available to members, contribution, for review, no price cited. spirit duplicated 60pp. Tolkein zine with an assortment of good to moderately good articles.

I'm glad that some-one else makes typos. I don't know about you Kim but I don't proofread anything I do - mainly because there's usually something on the stove boiling over or the washing to be attended to or the baby's crying - like right now. I usually type two lines, take the toast out of the toaster, type another two lines, butter the toast, type another two and turn off the kettle that is inevitably boiling over or rush out and grab you-know-who who has decided to throw her toys down the toilet or is playing with the dog's dinner much to the dog's disgust. I just don't have the time, or quite frankly, the patience. I like to be able to sit down somewhere quietly and study what I have typed. Unfortunately, there is always the budgie talking, the dog chasing the cat or the cat chasing the dog, the trucks rolling past on the hi-hway and the baby playing, usually noisily - if not, then I know she's up to mischief. What chance has a woman got? And of course Ron's in semi-gafia which makes life twice as difficult. If everything's not tidy when he gets home, it gets put away by him - and then I can never find it. You have no idea how many articles, letters and assignments that have been lost that way -- eegads.

AMOR Number 5: from Susan Wood. This zine is a personal jotting to all Susan's friends, so I really don't think you people out there will be getting one. However, I'll say something to Susan here - it was good to meet you. It's a pity we didn't get to meet properly and have a chance for a nice long chat or something - but as things turned out, everytime I saw a BNF I just kind of curled up inside - after all, what does one say to a person whose won a Hugo and all. I can't even win a Ditmar! Oh well, there's always next time.....

ASHWING Number 17: Frank Denton, 14654 8th Ave. S.W., Seattle,
WA 98166, USA

42pp, mimeo, available through trade (I think)... don't know about monies. Interesting issue - although each issue has been very interesting. Tales of his trip to England, comments on albums, reviews, a tale of koalas and intrepid American fan and *IOUs*

SOUTH OF HARAD/EAST OF RHUN Number 3 : Jon Noble, 26 Lucinda Ave,
Springwood, NSW 2777.

23pp, spirit,, available through trade (that's how I got this ish) ? monies. The fanzine dedicated to Tolkein and Dr Who - an unlikelier coupler you've ever seen. Since I didn't get Number One at first I had a little difficulty at first in getting used to Jon and the arguments popping up in the letters (do you have to quote them all - how about editing a little???), but Jon's article on Technology in Middle Earth is good..Jon was one of the lecturers we had at Syncon, don't forget, and now he has joined the mountains (Springwood is the next one down from Faulconbridge) group, so he'll become one of the Secret Masters of Fandom under our careful coaching. I think that Faulconbridge had the most active fans in Australia - four active regular editors, a mad letter hackall in a mile of two.... We will one day take over the world... hee, hee. Have a worldcon at our \$2 a day community hall - I can see it all!

SON OF THE WSFA JOURNAL Vol 29 Numbers 1&2: Don Miller, 12315
Judson Road, Wheaton, Maryland 20906, USA.

22pp, mimeo, news, reviews, cons, 10/\$2.00

FANZINE FANATIQUE Number 14: Keith A Walker, 2 Daisy Bank,
Quernmore Road, Lancaster, Lancs, England.

This issue was an emergency issue. From this fellow I keep on getting threatening letters - apparently he hasn't gathered that the Sue & Ron Clarke of ARK are the same as Sue Clarke of the SSFF. Mind you the Foundation is in good standing with the fellow. I wonder when he'll actually get around to reviewing a FORERUNNER. This issue was strictly fanzine review - depends on whether you find this sort of thing helpful or not - which of course depends on whether or not you have the money to ~~write~~ invest in fanzines. I think he's trying to expand his fanzine's scope, but like me, he's having trouble getting through thick heads who just read the fanzine, sitting on their butts, saying ah yes, must write that fellow one day - eegads, but you make me cranky. I might as well have a beef here whilst I can - I only got three - count them, three letters of comment - 104 pages, three months of hard labour, nights were I worked all night, and only three locs. Write for God's sake, write!!!!.

ALVEGA: Alyson L. Abramowitz, Box 3-C-4, 1060 Morewood Avenue,
Pittsburgh, PA 15213, U.S.A.

27pp, Offset?; available for 50¢. contributions of artwork or writing, letter of comment, trade, or editorial whim. Read this one from cover to cover and was impressed. I don't know how Alyson got Forerunner's address, but her zine is worth the trade - a fanzine with two really brilliant peices in it. You know I was really fooled by the Don D'Amassa article until he started pouring it on thicker towards the end. The second article was about contact lenses and Jodie Offut and was just brilliantly fannish.

SPELLING ACTION: Harry Lindgren, 40 McKinlay Street, Narrabundah,
ACT 2604.

Thin monthly newsletter of the Spelling Action Society. Except for the fact that I find it hard to shake old habits (do you realise how long it took my teachers to convince me to spell eny "any"???) I would remember to use SR1. I feel like a hypocrit as I realise (as most intelligent and reasonable people do) that english in its present form is inadequate for todays needs, inadequate for the easy learning of the language, or the adoption of new words or new 'doings'. I shall, henceforth try to remember to use my SR1. By the way, support for the society is \$2 per annum.

MAYA 8 Robert Jackson, 21 Lyndhurst Rd., Benton, Newcastle on Tyne,
NE 12 9 NT, U.K.

15pp, offset, contribution, trade or subscription (4 for\$3) Another threatening blotch. What do I do to deserve the sudden dismissal of all these fanzine editors. I often wonder if it is worth all the effort I put into it - after all, I hardly ever get eny locs eny more. Env way, having made this review column into an epitomy of self-pity (sorry to have inflicted it upon you) I had better continue - please note that if you want your zine reviewed you have to send to Malcom Edwards, 19 Ranmoor Gardens, Harrow, Middlesex HA1 1UQ, U.K.

KARASS: Linda Bushyager, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076
Newszinw - more fannishly inclined than Locus and definitely recommended.

IT COMES IN THE MAIL: Ned Brooks, 713 Paul Street, Newport News,
Virginia 23605, U.S.A.

Life through the eyes of a fan- what comes in the mail, is read and answered.

FAIRY FIELDS OF OLD AND GOLD -----

<u>Evenor</u>	by George MacDonald	210pp
<u>Beyond The Fields We Know</u>	by Lord Dunsany	300pp
<u>Don Rodriguez: Chronicles of Shadow Valley</u>		274pp

With beautiful covers and treasure to pick over, Carter could hardly fail to please me, but how to please a mass audience today with such as these? Ballantine faced a harder task than these heroes of quest in an effort to help a modern minded audience self-help itself if its toleration was not wide enough of earlier work -s in such cases as these two, the more dense Morris type of prose fairy tale, perhaps.

If you can slowly sample these two master, then rewards are there, aplenty.

MacDonald, in his time and place were what his audience expected. His other, Dickens-serious novels are not unlike his simple style storytelling here but few now know them, so perhaps may not expect a little strangeness. In 3 choices, Lin Carter shows variety of style deserving of attention and reading by a modern, newer audience. "Evenor" is from Plato's name for early man -n myth, Adam mankind in simple terms of telling to an audience who knew the terms of reference better than we.

Carter shows MacDonald's influences and friendships among the literary knowns of his day to now and there's a still a lot of his writing to be enjoyed by us who may. To those coming to an unknown MacDonald, as with Morris, it may be tough but, hopefully, worthwhile. True fairy tale is a rare and special breed of its own, as is all true myth and legend, grown in its own self-knowledge seeking.

"The Wise Woman" as first choice, is longest and most demanding to start but uses more MacDonald verse along the way, lightly and well. Two small children, an obviously moralistically treated spoilt Princess and shepherdess are changed by said Wise Woman in due time but not without pain, in expected vein.

"The Garasoyne" is more adult character treatment of Colin who battles the goblin and fairy of bleak, wild moor of true Scot legend. Taken from 10 volumes of collected MacDonald works, it tells more of his range and reads easily, with a small, proper use of verse to help it along, too quickly over.

"The Golden Key", third choice, is a search for the Rainbow quest off Mossy and Tangle, boy and girl, finding fish, Old Man of Earth or Sea, serpent, wonders and joys, and time itself, along the way. Would I were a child again just to enjoy this for what

it is and its promises but few indeed are so lucky.

MacDonald's writing shines with its own sweet light and many may not want so simple a solution to their needs today. He, Morris, Dunsany, Yeata and so many other masters told what they knew as they were compelled to and we may be much better for knowing of it - I would still like to think so, in this day and age.

Take Dunsany in small quantities for here is quality needing care. Not that you may want something different, more like Tolkein maybe - but many have learnt and may still learn rare art from Dunsany. For value, this selection could hardly be bettered, no matter what favorites you may know from the various books picked out to select from and spread like a feast or tapestry vast before our eyes here and now.

Seemingly all short pieces, all are far too few for me. Verses and plays are here too and note by Carter in comment. Much to absorbent all a delight to read.

Dunsany, as Carter says, was master of the right name and copiers such as Howard and Lovecraft, for two, never quite convince as he can. Zelazny and similiar moders achieve the same mastery, by truer means of seeking their own fields.

Richer in its own way the knightly quest of Don Rodrigues, Substantial in a traditional length of telling and satisfying to almost any need of audience, I'd say, these days, the style being poetically true and as appealing as Tolkein seems to be to more and more. As digestable as the best fare and as engrossing as true tale-tellers can make anything the realer for its need. to tell. Dunsany's expression of legend and story is as near the truest art of poetic prose painting with musical backing as anyone can hope to get and these two volumes prove it, if need be.

For all three books, I am truly grateful. Would there were more customers for such wares. Fairy myth and legend has always found its own. Witness "Lud-in-Othe-Mist", Ursula Le Guin and those still to come and recognise the right of it.

But for all of them, the mirrors of fairy shine, some merely than others, merely a reflection of differences to each other. So it is with legend.

Kevin J. Dillon

BOOK RACK

With Max Taylor

Welcome once again to BOOK RACK and a loud 'Thank you' to the indefatigable Clarkes for making it possible!!!

This time around, we must have a swag of fascinating paperbacks to discuss, and a few hard back jobs, too.

Australian literature is having a boom or so it would appear if the number of local titles can be taken as a yardstick. Not only much new fiction, but any number of handsomely produced critical and biographical pieces. For instances, we recently enjoyed Douglas Stewart's biography of the late painter and writer Norman Lindsay - the third volume of Hal Porters exercise in biography - and Norman Freehill's thoughtful outline of the life of a doyen of Oz Lit - Dymphna Cusack.

I don't suppose you'd find three more diverse subjects in a days march around the bookshops.

Let's look, firstly, at DYMPHNA by Norma Freehill (Nelson \$11.95 recommended). Freehill has known Ms Cusack over most of this.

The Cusack name first became known in literary circles in the '30's .. Her versatility is exemplified by the fact that it was a play and not a novel which first attracted attention - RED SKY AT MORNING (Freehill calls it "the best yet written in Australia") That was 1935 and a big year for Ms Cusack. Her first attempt at a novel saw light of day the same year, JUNGFRAU, a work which excited the Critics, and drew a prize in the Prior contest. Suffice to say that the stage had been set - there was to be no holding this arresting talent. She went on to write COME IN SPINNER, "Pioneers on Parade" (miles Franklin was her co-author on this and Florence James on the former) "Sun In Exile" and eight other novels going quickly, went into many languages (Ms Cusack is a big seller in most European countries.) plus an array of general pieces, "Chinese Women Speak", "Holidays Among the Russians".

Her plays, however, will find for her always a special place in the minds of most Australians. There's "Red Sky", "Morning Sacrifice" and many others. Why aren't they in production now I'll never know.

Freehill had some the job with a fine eye to detail - their travels are recorded, life in England, Russia, China, France - they moved around.

Here's the brilliant study of a truly great writer - who happens to be an Australian. I suggest you read it.

Freehill says "We will have returned enriched by our experience from our years of travel - feted in cultural circles of many countries ... she has come home to continue the work to which she has dedicated her life; the interpretation of her country and her people."

Hal Porter is a literary horse of a very different colour - a man with tremendous creative talent, but a somewhat cynical outlook on his world. Again in THE EXTRA (Nelsons \$9.95) he takes up the saga begun in WATCHER ON THE CAST IRON BALCONY and continued in THE PAPER CHASE.

Porter is a man unlike most Australian writers - he doesn't hold back with a comment, a wry grimace at Oz life styles. This hasn't always endeared him to his contemporaries. THE EXTRA is an important book - whether or not it will be a popular one is hard to say - perhaps not. But Porter is, without doubt, one of this country's most interesting observers - mainly, one supposes, because he's prepared to stick to his guns, say what he damn well pleases. But one sometimes wonders if Hal Porter likes himself... He's a man beginning to feel left behind, it would seem - unable to find much he enjoys in this trendy '70's Australia. He gets through the media mush, the trendy's - and wraps it up neatly.

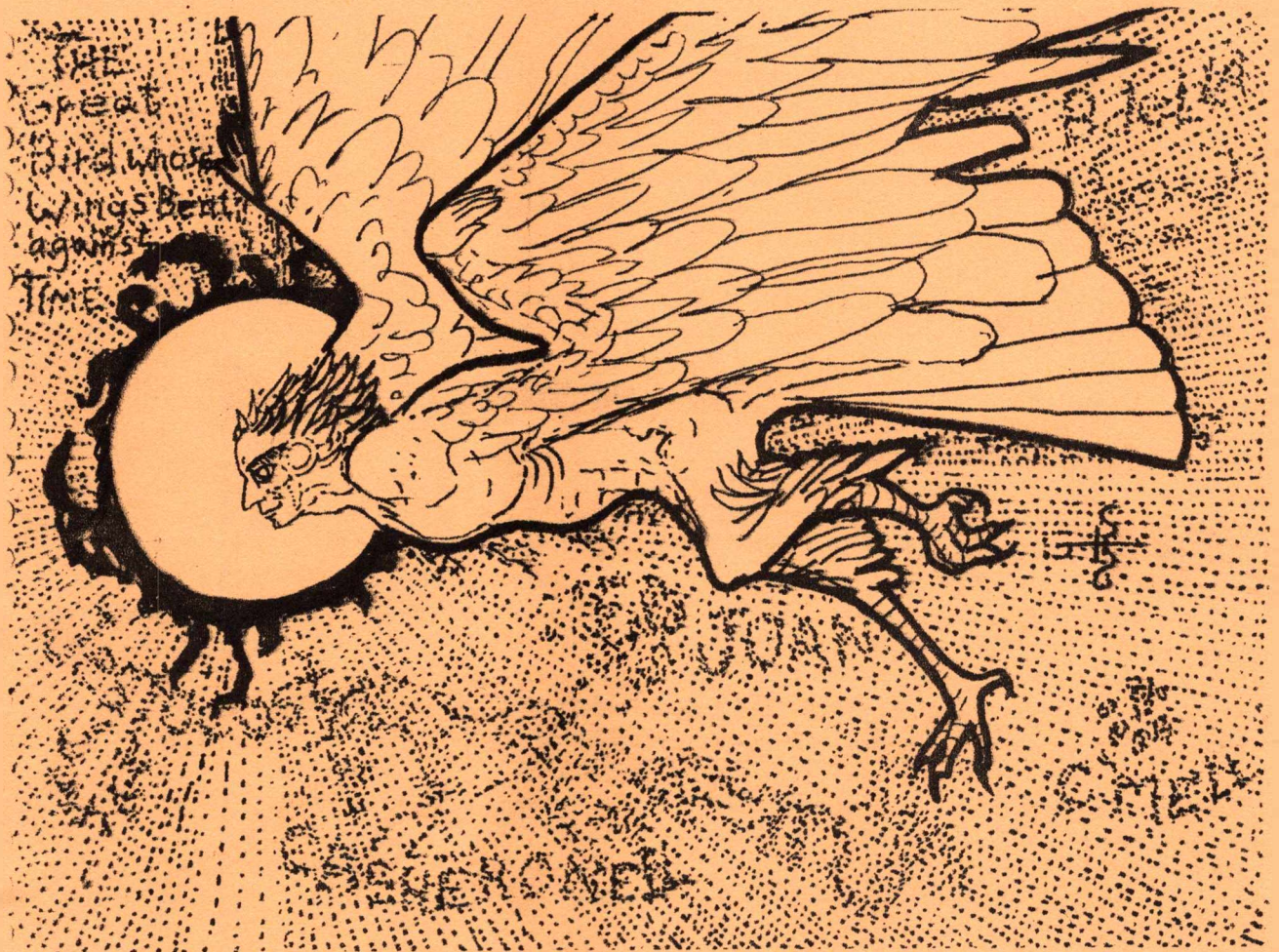
Douglas Stewart, as you'll recall, is distinguished poet and playwright, as an editor long associated with the old Bulletin Red Page, and later Angus and Robertson's. In his study NORMAN LINDSAY (Nelson \$9.50) he draws on more than 40 years friendship with the late artist - an informal portrait, disclosing much of Stewart as well as his subject.

For readers interested in Australian art by-ways and the people attracted to the so-called "bohemian" world of the '20's and '30's, this will hit the spot. The illustrations are great, too.

There are other portraits in words of Norman Lindsay - but this is the first taken from a day-to-day working viewpoint. There's a rich vein of information here other writers have overlooked. Stewart travels from Lindsay's Bridge Street (sydney) days to the busy Springwood era. He notes 'A good deal of my own autobiography seems to have crept in'. This is a fine bonus.

Lindsay was a man of many parts - painter, writer, sculptor - there seemed no end to his talents - even as a model builder (remember his ships?) he was outstanding. Stewart has created a frank picture of this controversial creature, drawing from the lives of the numerous Lindsay associates.

Now for a quick change... to the world of pop - and Bob Dylan. In paperback, two titles for the shelves - BOB DYLAN: WRITINGS AND DRAWINGS (Panther \$4.50) and Craig MacGregor's BOB DYLAN: A RETROSPECTIVE (Picador \$2.95). Dylan buffs will enjoy both - the former for its reprints of Dylan lyrics, not to mention the way-out art-work - and MacGregor's piece for its rich diversity/ Editor MacGregor has delved into essays by such folk as Nat Kentoff, Lillian Roxon, Studs Terkel taking material pertinent to Dylan's saga. It's a wide angled job - Dylan as seen by friends and enemies. Dylan the protest poet/preformer comes alive.



How- ~~to be~~ ~~to~~ mention another great in the music world... one Scott Joplin, pinned to the page by Peter Gammond in SCOTT JOPLIN AND THE RAGTIME ERA (Abacus \$3.85) ... Joplins music is far from forgotten (some of it was heard in the movie THE STING). He played the honky tonks - died in 1917, in an institution for the insane.

Joplin was called "The King of Ragtime". This is a bio of the great Joplin (with a complete listing of his ragtime discs and piaono rolls) and a shrewd focus on the effects his music had on Jelly Roll Morton, Duke Ellington and many others. The book is copiously illustrated.

So much for the music scene...

A quick look at Paul Kochers Penguin study, MASTER OF MIDDLE EARTH (\$1.35) which, as you've guessed is about J.R.R. Tolkien, the remarkable cult figure who gave us LORD OF THE RINGS, THE HOBBIT, etc. Kocher takes an overview of Tolkien's output. If you've had any problems making sense of Tolkien's amazing world this is the guid you've needed. For those with Tolkien titles of their shelves, it's a must.

I have space, I hope, for a run around a few more paperbacks ... UFOs AND OTHER WORLDS (Puffin \$1.90) a made-easy study of UFOs for youngsters - a very good idea - loaded with pics. There's THE UFO STORY: MYSTERIOUS VISITORS by Brinsley Trench (Pan \$1.50) who has been researching UFO's for decades, ex-editor of the mag FLYING SAUCER. It's well illustrated too. Some of Arthur C. Clarkes best pieces can be found in OF TIME AND STARS (again, Puffin, for younger readers, but with appeal for all age groups - a snap at 85¢) The story, "The Sentinel", on which 2001 is based, is included. Danikens GOLD OF THE GODS deserves a mention here, too ... (Corgi \$1.95) the author tracing mankind's history, and proving, naturally, the Earth hosted visitors from other planets - the first colonisers?

For readers who enjoy a good fright - two we've enjoyed - GAZETEER OF SCOTTISH GHOSTS collected by Peter Underwood (Fontana \$1.25) and NIGHTFRIGHTS (Peacock \$2.75). Ghosts have been trekking around the Scottish highlands for ages - usually found om the better equipped castle. NIGHTFRIGHTS contains stories by R.L. Stevenson, Poe, MR James, H.G. Wells, Agatha Christie, John Wyndham, Robert Bloch and Mervyn Peake... all of the shuddery variety.

Don't forget the new David Niven uarn, BRING ON THE EMPTY HORSES, in which the stylish actor looks at Hollywood and his life therein. Good Christmas gift material (Nelsons \$12.00)

That's it for this issue...

Book Rack, we hope, has entertained and informed. If you have any queries about current books - or old ones for that matter, let me know ... I'll do what I can to help. Write to me at PO Box 158 Strathfield, NSW 2135.

Bye for now....

Max Taylor

1

When I become a young mother
Will my life be centred in the kitchen?
Will I listen to the day's activities of my family
And have nothing to say about mine?
Will I dream about a career I could have had?
Will I lose my creativity and become bored with life?
When I become a young mother
Why can't I live the life I did before?

2.

DO IT NOW SISTER
After my babies grow up I'm going to
grow my hair again
and buy new clothes for myself.
I'm going to go back to school
and finish my degree.
I'm going to start my career in social work.
I used to want all these things
before I had my babies
After my children grow up
I'll become a person again.

3.

Men are told by society that they always have to be strong
and put on a tough exterior to block out all sensitive
"unmanly" feelings.

It is drilled into men from birth that they are leaders,
that they must achieve, that they must succeed in a career.
Men are judged their whole lives by the power they have
and how much they earn.

I would hate to have such overwhelming pressure
threaten my life.

4.

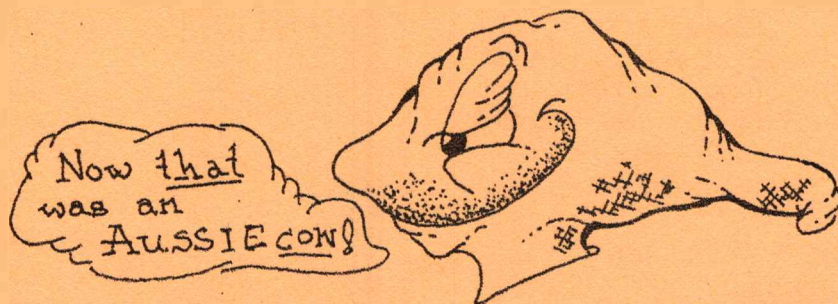
I want to do
What I want to do
I want to be
What I want to be

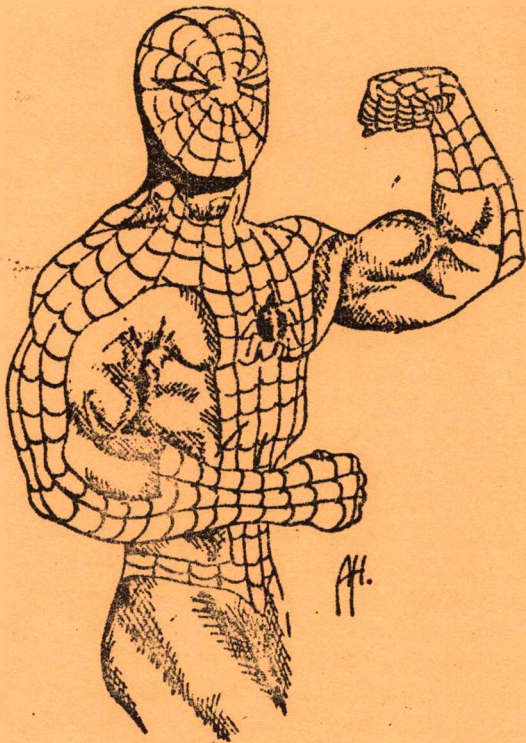
5.

What kind of person am I?
Am I good?
Am I kind?
Am I honest?
Am I loving?
Do I have talents?
Am I smart?
You should judge me on these things;
But, that I am woman
tells you nothing

Cathaline Petrini

Well, folks, I can't go on now, as it is stifling hot and the wax on these stencils seem to be melting all over the place. If the repro. here isn't the best, remember that it is nearly 40 degrees celsius today. Baby's red and hot and doesn't want to eat, just lay down with a bottle of orange juice with a fan and a wet nappy over it. Ron and I are walking around in the almost altogether (we refrain from walking in the nude since that got us into the local gossip for months at one stage - Last Christmas when I was about eight months pregnant I answered the door forgetting how I was dressed, or rather undressed, when the milkman came to call. The poor fellow blanched, then blushed and tried his best not to look embarrassed - how suave of him - but failed miserably - he never came to the door again.). I want to continue about Aussiecon, but find that at present we are somewhat short of furd in the club treasury (ain't we hayne?) and so the page number is restricted with this issue - of course if a lot of you people out there wish to buy copies, we'll be able to put more issues on time.





"You had
better Loc-
It-Lo-Me!"

or else

Margot D'Aubbonnett:

"I did like John Alder-
son's 'Them Lovely Koalas'
including his confession
about the first girl he
kissed. Being a koala
lover I can understand
Lesleigh Luttrell's
reaction but I do
suspect John of being
just a little bit cynical
when he calls them

'animated teddy-bears'. By the way John, I did pay back that
two cents I borrowed didn't I?

I am not familiar with the first myth he quotes but the
second is that of 'Koobah, the Drought Maker'. In this myth
after he had been clubbed by the medicine man who had succeeded
in throwing him from the tree, Koobah changed from a boy into
a koala. It is Koobah's law that koalas may be eaten for food
but the skin must not be removed nor the bones broken until
after he is cooked. Should this law be broken the spirit of
the dead koala will cause a drought and all save the koalas
will die of thirst.

Not having had the advantages of viewing overseas TV there is
little I can say about Shayne McCormack's article but I do agree
that Australian TV needs something; possibly an electronic blood
transfusion. Here, in Newcastle, we are in the main, restricted
to two channels; the ABC and one commercial one. Of the ABC I
will say nothing as everyone knows what is available there but
on the local commercial channel, well, take today as a typical
example. Forty-five minutes of news and news commentary. 'Return
to Peyton Place', 'Days of our Lives', 'The Young and the
Restless', 'Search for Tomorrow'. This later is a new one
judging by the trailer equally as dreary as the other soap
operas. The evening programme offers little better. 'Cash & Co'
'Matlock Police' 'Number 96' Not what one would call good
viewing by any means. Still, there is still that advantage of

being able to switch the durned thing off.

Karen Warnock's 'U.F.O.' sums up very neatly the reaction of the masses to a U.F.O. landing. The typical reaction of Man since the beginning has been to destroy anything he cannot understand. The Human animal has such an inflated ego that he would not concede that perhaps there could be a form of life with a high intellectual level. I could launch into a tirade here on the subject of extraterrestrial life, Man and religion but as I want to stay friends, I won't, too many people would want my head and as I have had it a long time, I'm fond of it. Or used to it, I'm not sure which. Probably the latter.

Re Brian Walls' letter. I only hope that the local TV channel gets to hear about these SF series, but, I'm not all that hopeful. Anyway I very much doubt that anything could equal, let alone surpass 'Star Trek'. Yes, Sue, I'm a Trekkie too. Have been ever since I saw Mr Spock's ears. Seriously, though, apart from the characters of Star Trek (who I think were delightful) the special effects of Star Trek were superbly presented. Britain's 'Space:1999' could possibly turn out to be quite a good show, the budget seems to promise something special, but as I said before I'm not at all hopeful of the local channel hearing about it. While on the subject of Star Trek, I seem to remember Blair doubting my sanity (along with about two hundred others) when I bought a Star Trek book from Eric at the last Syncon. When I informed him that William Shatner had been a Shakespearean actor in Canada he made some rude remark which I will delete here.

'Planning Ahead' (Forerunner Quarterly) written by Walter Aigner is rather frightening, but not unexpected. It is about time that more people realised/that unless something is done and done quickly, by the year 2000 this world is going to be in an even bigger mess than it is now. Rigid birth control on a world wide basis is one answer, but one which is impossible to implement due to ignorance, religious bias and political meddling. Increased productivity as advocated by Walter Aigner is one answer but how does he propose that that be achieved? This country alone, if it were irrigated properly, and undoubtedly could produce more, but where is the finance to build the very necessary irrigation systems. Dr Bradfield, designer of the Sydney Harbour Bridge, produced a wonderful system whereby the tropical rains could be channeled down into western N.S.W. and S.A., areas which needs water badly but the plan was shelved. Lack of foresight on past governments, lack of courage on present. Until we can get men who will have the courage to start on schemes which will lead to greater productivity I just can't see any chances if the pastoralist or the grazier has to rely on our notoriously erratic rainfall. To achieve a world brotherhood is, I'm afraid, a lovely pipedream. Man's greatest achievement has been in instruments of destruction. To hope that now, with atomic weapons in the reach of so many countries, for a united world I just cannot see it happening. Too much pettiness is involved. Pettiness on the part of countries of differing politics; pettiness on the part of Churches; pettiness on the part of the individual man. Man will wake up - when it is too late.

Capn. Chandler, as always, is delightful. Like him, I wonder what right the League of Light has to dictate its views. No one person has the right to dictate how another should live. By many standards I would be called a 'square'; in fact I remember being told by one of my son's school friends that I was not a square, I was a cube! That was because I was listening to Classical Music. But I will not allow any League of Light dictate to me as to what I can read, see or do. Nor do I like these people who come to the door and try and inflict their religion on you. The last for told that I was a Buddhist. I'm not, but it got rid of them.

The true story of the Melbourne garbo's strike should be proclaimed a classic. Did Kevin Dillon get to Melbourne for Aussiecon?

I have just commented on a few of the articles which I read and thoroughly enjoyed. If I commented on them all you would have a letter of novel size. Keep up the good work. But what was the matter with Ron when he wrote 'Decision'? Gloomy. Was it a Monday morning? Or just the after-effects of a harried weekend? On the whole, Sue, you have a great fanzine. The inclusion of fiction, verse, etc. is a great idea. It makes for easier reading, more comfortable reading, if you understand what I mean. The sort of zine that one can pick up in an odd moment and find something to fit the mood. And I am one of many moods.

K will be a quarterly fanz, edited by Bernie Peek and Dave Rowe, it was centre on fandom, fnz and the fans. The first ish of K will be (should be?) written by the Kitten Group. K will be available for LoC, Trade, Contrib or as a last resort, 25p. Samples will also be available - one per person.

Dave Rowe: The biggest trouble with my copy was it went from P25 to P30/31 to 28/29 to 26/27 to 32. Never mind spelling reform are you Aussies trying a new numerical system?

With the exception of his review of "The Last of the Tasmanians" and "The Great Movies", Max's reviews were for too short, even the two sided could have been much longer without becoming boring. Max is a good writer, but only gives us the barest most fleeting glimpses of the book under review.

As for British TV, we get tired of the British producers reminding us that our TV is considered the best. One critic

IN THE english papers wrote a whole book about it, but summed the whole matter up with his title .. "The Least Worst Television in the World".

Many thanks for Forerunner Quarterly which arrived hot on the heels of The Forerunner - a mammoth ish although I have one major complaint; you managed to get the poetry pages in the wrong order agin. Now you're really got me believing in Australian numerical reform.

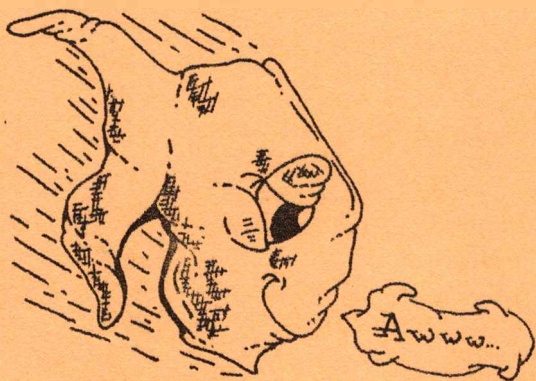
My Aussiecon programme arrived yesterday, all great stuff and it really looked as though a lot of thought had gone into the printing and designing, except pages 114/115, 118/119, 122/123, 126/127 were blank. Now leaving space for autographs is one thing but this is taking it a little too far I feel.

I collect ties too, or used to. Not that I ever wear them, apart to weddings and funerals and other 'festive' occasions. I suppose it comes of liking way-out things (I have two that have four different tartans, each and another which is a illuminous petunia) or from working for one company who puts ties as a side-line. I have a St George tie which I patriotically non-wear on St George's Day. But my favourite is "The Happy Farmer", being a drunken yokel, tankard in hand, on a galloping pig! However the most fannish tie I've ever seen belongs to Frank Arnold - its repeat motif is that of pink elephants!

John Alderson: I have just read Forerunner Quarterly which I have enjoyed. Of all fanzines I have encountered it certainly covers the widest field, with, in general, excellent material. I am not going to comment on Aigner's article "Planning Ahead" which does contain several errors in reasoning, said errors being commonplace Or even Bert Chandler's scandalous confession that Grimes is a "square".

The essay by Diane Southgate on "Two Lovecraftian Novels by Colin Wilson" is an excellent dissertation on the subject, and the essay by Sandra Miesel on the Saberhagen's berserker stories I found most welcome. I have hitherto had to content myself with the stories in various periodicals, read at diverse times and in random sequence. The outlining of a plan behind the series raises them considerably in my estimate.

Now I come to the material supplied by Amanda Radziwon. I do hope that Amanda expands "Springs" to the length the material deserves. The planet Klirandath is icebound, but warm enough to thaw in spring and the ice seems to contain copper



sulphate. Normally such a solution would absorb all the ammonia in the atmosphere and produce an intense blue liquid. Normally too an atmosphere of chlorine and ammonia would immediately form ammonium chloride which would take the form of dense white clouds that would slowly settle. Even more remarkable is the presence of 35% sodium in the atmosphere, which at the temperatures states would combine in the chlorine to form sodium chloride which would fall and dissolve in the ocean... except of course that sodium is usually a metal which would react very quickly with any water present in any form. More surprising still is the presence of carbon as a gas when normally it will not become a gas except under incredibly high temperatures. Also I note that physics as well as chemistry is affected, Normally the chlorine atmosphere would absorb all the light rays of a red star. Well I mean to say, a planet where such laws are suspended would make a fabulous background for a story.

However, I don't want to be too hard on Amanda because her work does have a beauty. It needs a little discipline, and in fact her prose is more poetic than her poetry. The prose abounds in colour but the poetry is dull, not only in the lack of "colour" adjectives but in a lack of meter, rhyme, indeed in almost all forms of music, and music is the essential of poetry. The uneven, staccato short lines merely make the reading difficult. I don't want to seem hard, it's just that she has talent and her work is worth criticising. I certainly will look forward to reading more of it.

Finally I must confess that I enjoyed "Book Rack" by Max Taylor. He writes of and reviews local history with a real feeling for the subject where most reviewers wish to give the impression that they could have written the work immeasurably better whilst they were doing a cross-word puzzle. Alas, that all these beautiful places disappear.

Keep up the good work**

**

**

**

I want to thank John here in print for taking the time out to criticise Mandi's work. I know that this is what she appreciates. Like me, she wants very badly to be able to write well - the best she can possibly write. In fact we often get together on weekends and write and criticise what we have written and talk things out. Together we have discovered the Thesaurus - and used it. In fact, that's something I must tell you about. We decided we wanted to finish some trekkie stories. Now, this seemed harmless enough, but we decided to do so and not sleep until we had. I forget how long it actually was, but we wrote, then consulted, rewrote, made coffee, read aloud and ~~and~~ worked some more (I've misplaced the conflu). Ron woke up one morning to find us both rolling all over the floor - somewhere in the night we had come up with the brilliant idea of reading the thesaurus - and we found the whole thing hysterically funny. Ron immediately checked his bottle of port and finding it still intact - decided that it must have been due to an overdose of caffeine through all those cups of coffee.....

"Tragic Magic"

Recall how we talked
in solemn columns
singing "We shall
overcome" - and
believed it.

But that
was before
Allende, Kennedy,
Cuba, Timothy Leary,
The Shrewsbury TW, PLO,
Dubcek and Sakharov, Cuba,
Charles Manson, George Jackson,
The Symbionese Liberation Army,
the CIA and Paris 1970, Prague
and Centre Point, Watergate,
Germaine Greer, Marcuse,
Angela Davis, Vietnam
and you....

Anon.

"Ad Astra"

What lies beyond this known realm
of Earth? An Earth that we have plundered,
Made Obscene with filth and noise and war.
What lies beyond?
The moon? Mars' fingers have but lightly touched
Little doves know of her.
Beyond the moon a Universe waits,
Silent? Still? Or is there life?
To us obscure, beyond our knowing?
A life that leaves us as babes
In evolution. Children still to learn.
What lies beyond these barriers
Of Space and Time?

Margot Verne.

"From Space"

Black-cold and vast, the Universe
Studded with the bright jewels
Of stars **
Below, the Earth,
Ethereal in all her beauty,
Of blue-green and gold.
A beauty that can be seen
Only from Space.
But here, on Earth
We see the scars, Man made
We see the bitterness and hate.
Would that Earth had the beauty
That can only be seen from Space.

Margot Verne.

FIFTH COLUMN:

"THE SCIENCE FICTION BOOK"

by Franz Rottensteiner
(Thames & Hudson 160 pp, 1975
\$7.50 p.b.)

Have you ever seen a "reference work" which dismissed EE. Smith, John Campbell, Edmund Hamilton and Jack Williamson in something like three quarters of a page of text and four illustrations? Where Jerry Zulawski gets as much space as Isaac Asimov and which describes James T Kirk of "Star Trek" as "a Horatio Hornblower of outer space"? Well, you have now good people.

Kurt Vonnegut Jr is thought of as a renegade because he "dared to criticise SF". Makes you wonder where Rottensteiner gets his ideas from. From the information which I have had access to I find that Vonnegut is not usually described as a renegade but as a parasite who having used SF and SF fandom to make a name for hi self immediately disowned it. SF has taken criticism from all quarters, but Vonnegut is the only writer who has used SF to make a name for himself and then disowned it like some unscrupulous social climber.

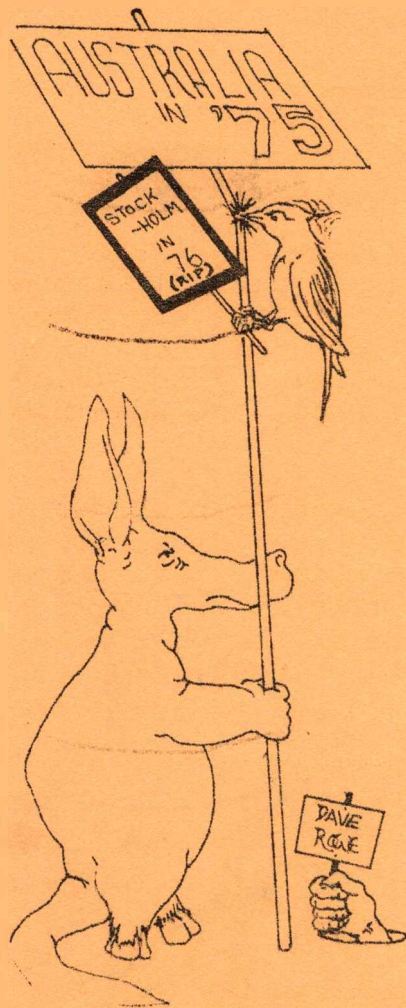
And isn't it great to know that Stanislaw Lem is "the greatest contemporary SF writer". Bet you didn't know that did you gentle readers? On the credit side "The Science Fiction Book" subtitled "An Illustrated History" contains such good artwork, magazine cover reproductions and film stills but apart from the pretty pictures it is a shallow pretentious book which does nothing for the cause of Science Fiction criticism. The fan who titled his apazine * "I have a Dream of One Day Hanging Franz Rottensteiner From a Sour Apple Tree" know what he was saying.

It is NOT worth \$7.50.

Blair S Ramage

*That's fan poet Alex Robb.
Sue.





Well, that's all for this issue - as usual it is nearly a month late because of moving house, and bouts of the raging chicker pox. This issue was supposed to have a theme - the Foundations view of Aussiecon, but as usual, I was whipping a dead horse - so, I will bow out now - if I don't get any more articles, poems anything, there just won't be any more issues, unless you like fanzine reviews only. Thanx again to John J Alderson (ALDERSON FOR DUFF!), Max Taylor, and Diane Southgate... it's nice to have friends you can trust to come through with an article or two. Please, we want to hear from people - not necessarily only Foundationers... I'd hate to see this fanzine close as it has filled a hole in my life left by the Clarkezine non-appearance due to our present state of financial collapse and Ron's semi-gafia....

I'll be sitting around my letter box waiting to

hear from some kind soul. Don't let Forerunner come to an end (and I was hoping for a Ditmar one day --- isn't it nice to dream....?)

Until the next issue (if there is one),

All the very best
of fannish
luck to you
all,

ye olde ed. ret.

