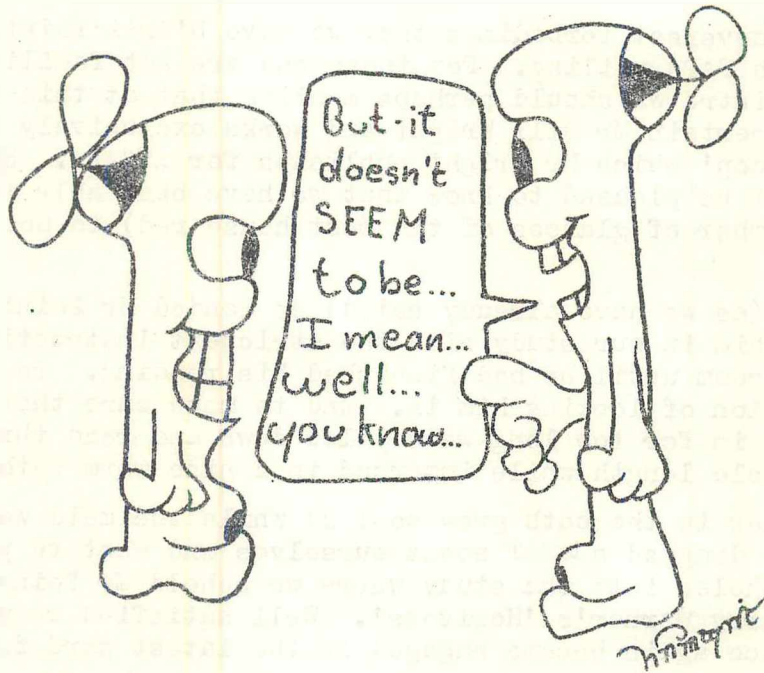


RATAPLAN TEN



Just like it says up there, this is RATAPLAN 10, tenth in a series of Genzines which I have published but this time in a different guise.

RATAPLAN is produced for the Fantasy Amateur Press Association by Leigh Edmonds of PO Box 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183, AUSTRALIA. RATAPLAN is also available for trade, contribution, letter of comment or money (40¢ an issue or \$1.60 for four issues) or the usual. It will be published on a quarterly basis.

CONTENTS:

GEORGE - Page 2, THE COLLECTOR - Page 3, AGATHA -
Page 3, A LITTLE BIT OF AUTHORIZATION - Page 5,
THE EUROPEAN TYPER - Page 9, A SOBBING WASTE - Page 10,
COMMENTS 140 - Page 10, HOW TO IMPRESS PEOPLE -
Page 15, THE CONTINUING STORY OF BUNGALOW AGATHA -
Page 18, DEPARTMENT 85 - Page 19,

The cast (in order of appearance): Jeff Schalles (cover), Leigh Edmonds, Harry Warner Jr., Darrel Schweitzer, Jeff Glencannon, Mike Glickshon, Paul Walker, Ed Cagel and Tony Waters.

Howard DeVore for TAFF!

AUSTRALIA IN '75!

GEORGE

It was not without the severest forbodings that we gave D'Arti Pointre the job of reading the 140th FAPA mailing. For those who are not familiar with the works of Mr Pointre we should perhaps mention that at this time he is on contract to a certain Mr Bill Wright and works exclusively for 'Interstellar Ramjet Scoop' which Mr Wright publishes for ANZAPA. However Pointre's admirers will be pleased to know that we have been able to convince him (over a number of glasses of the best house red) to moonlight in this publication.

With severe forbodings (as we have already noted) we handed Mr Pointre the 140th mailing and shut him in our study with the strictest instructions not to emerge from the room until he had finished his reading. To this end we took the precaution of locking him in. And to make sure that we did not keep him locked in for too long we settled down and read through a SAPS mailing of comparable length while immersed in a nice warm bath.

Time passed and the water in the bath grew cool so while the maid was drawing a fresh bath we draped a towel about ourselves and went to peer through one of the peepholes into the study where we beheld Mr Pointre happily engrossed in Harry Warner's 'Horizons'. Well satisfied we went back to our bath and once again became engaged in the latest word from Burnett Toskey.

It must have been several hours later that we came to the end of the SAPS mailing, dressed ourselves in our finest dressing gown and went to see how Mr Pointre was doing. On peering through the peephole we were somewhat surprised to discover that we could not see our honoured columnist, nothing in fact except the empty chair and a side table upon which rested the mailing and a half consumed glass of white burgundy.

With the greatest haste we rushed to unlock the door to the study and, throwing the doors wide we beheld a most horrible sight. Crouched in a far corner was the esteemed Mr Pointre, a delicate soul to be sure, white and shaking with terror and cringing from a copy of 'Richard E Geis' which lay in the opposite corner and which appeared to have been flung there in a fit of terror.

It took us many hours to clam the poor man, who, even now, lies under heavy sedation in the psychiatric ward of the Prince Alfred Hospital. This in itself is bad enough, the medical expenses we mean. But what is even worse is that we now have to explain to a certain Mr Wright what has happened to his ace columnist. And of course, this also means that we are without a columnist ourselves.

The upshot of all this is that we have decided there is too much of this bearing of the soul in fandom these days, far too many people writing about their hopes and fears in the most disgusting manner. We have consequently resolved that we will have no part of it and that, in this

fanzine atleast, not one word of what we think about ourselves will be printed. We hope, most fervently, that others will follow our lead back to a better class of fanzine.

THE COLLECTOR

When I sold my book and fanzine collection a while back I thought I had given up the collecting bug, but my subconscious knew better. Just the other day I was proudly gazing over my record collection and fondly stroking my latest asset, a copy of Bellini's 'I Puritani', planning ways of getting all the Bellini operas when I realised what I was up to. Nobody in their right mind would want even one Bellini opera let alone the lot.

And so, with the realization that for the last two years I've been a record collector I have resolved that if I have to collect records I had better collect good records. Now I'm planning to get my hands on all the Beethoven piano sonatas and string quartets, I already have the symphonies, piano concertoes and operas. I wouldn't mind having all the Verdi and Britten operas, but it's going to be a slow and painful process.

I'll tell you something though; I'm worried about something. Worried about "Quadraphonics", that's what. I can see myself way off in the future hunting through stacks of old records trying to find that rare stereo record. I'll be a stereo, 33 and a third Harry Warner.

AGATHA

Valma and I are the owners of a motor car, a lump of slowly rusting metal which can sometimes be made to move in a forwards (or backwards) direction by the subtle expedient of swearing at it. Due to the extreme advancement in age of this car we have given it a name which seems to befit a lady of such vintage - Agatha.

This old maid of ours (we have not been able to find out whether she is a virgin or not because we don't know which end cars reproduce from) is sometimes a very faithful car and then other times she is very contrary, like the time we left her parked outside the garage and went out later to start her and put her in the garage but she wouldn't start. We tried coaxing her with bribes of getting the dints taken out or some nice car polish for her complexion but it was no use at all so in the end we gave up and left her there to sulk. I came out the next day after she'd gotten over her mood and she started without any trouble.

She tried the same sort of thing on us a few months ago when we wanted to take her down to the Goodyear place to get her brakes adjusted. She must have overheard Valma and I talking and didn't like the idea of some strange man playing around with her private parts so she decided not to start. But we were smart this time, we just went back inside and rang up the RACV so that they would have a man come around and have a look at her.

Now, Agatha knows that the RACV man is 'bad news' and as soon as she saw him she decided that it was best to pretend not to be sick and she started straight off. Valma and I pretended to be very embarrassed about calling the RACV man but beneath our acting we knew that our ploy had succeeded. However Agatha won the round because by the time we got down to the Goodyear place it was too late for them to be able to look at her.

Sometimes Agatha is almost vicious in her moods and how they effect her. Some months ago we were driving back from visiting my parents. Valma was driving her and we were going up a hill just this side of Gordon when the engine stopped. We were in the middle lane of a three lane road and there we were stuck without any engine and cars behind getting upset when they had to pull over into the outside lane. They all tooted their horns and tried to make Valma and I feel bad about stopping in the middle of the road but we knew that it was not our fault and we just hoped that Agatha felt bad about her silly little stunt.

Anyhow we managed to get her to roll back down to the edge of the road and sat there quietly cursing. A car stopped and we asked the driver to report our breakdown to the RACV at Bacchus Marsh and then we had a look at the engine to see what was wrong. Luckily I had spent a bit of time with my father looking over the engine the day before and so I knew a little bit about what an engine in working condition should look like and I spotted a little black wire which had broken and stopped the ignition system from working - I even knew where it should go to make the engine work again. However I was having a lot of trouble getting it fixed but a nice man in a GT Falcon stopped and had a look at what I was trying to do. He said that he had a few tools in the back of his car and maybe we could use them to fix it. So he opened up his boot and there was a veritable automotive workshop inside.

After about ten minutes he got it fixed and said that he would wait for us to drive over the top of the hill to see that we were okay and then go on. So we got into Agatha and started her up and then we discovered that she had gone and run herself into a ditch when we had backed her off the road and got herself stuck there. So we went up to the man in the Falcon and lo-and-behold he produced a tow rope and helped to pull us out. But before he got to pulling us out we found that in all the excitement Agatha had gone and broken her hand-brake, but there was nothing we could do about that.

So after having been stranded for almost an hour we finally got moving again. I drove from there to Bacchus Marsh where we rang the RACV to tell them that we were mobile again and we hoped that we hadn't caused them too much inconvenience only to discover that our breakdown hadn't been reported in the first place. So, a plague upon some man who drives a little off white VW somewhere out there in automobile land and Good Luck to the nice man in the Falcon GT.

Agatha, by the way, is an old 1958 Holden (manufactured by General Motors Holden - the Australian subsidiary of the US Corporation) and even though she is old and her shape is out of fashion these days, Valma and I still

think that she is very pretty. We must, we tell her that all the time.

A LITTLE BIT OF AUTHORIZATION

For the editorial of RATAPLAN SEVEN earlier on this year I took as my subject the gradual organization of fandom. I took as my inspiration a fanzine review column by Jeff Glencannon and went on from there. I was meant to be a little and amusing idea but it seemed that certain people didn't seem very amused by it and I got a nice stack of letters from it. And who am I to complain about letters of comment, no matter by what low means they happen to come to me.

Anyhow, instead of just wasting them I thought of perhaps making a big deal out of them and wonder. out loud if indeed there are persons about the place who want to Authorize fandom.

The first comment came from Harry Warner (naturally):

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown
Maryland 21740
US of A

Your editorial makes me wonder if you are on the mailing list for the New England Science Fiction Association's news bulletin. If you aren't it's just as well because you would be alarmed by what you would notice on the address panel: right under the return address on the most recent issue, for instance, are the words: "Fanzine Control Number 7268837". I'll admit that I don't remember seeing an explanation of this and I'm not certain if it's a joke or an effort to create for fanzines something like the Library of Congress system of numbering currently copyrighted new books and recordings.

L.E. At first glance that number could just be a number cataloguing the fanzine but the title before the number suggests a far more sinister implication, a telephone number. It could just be that this number is the telephone number of the newly formed and dreaded FCC, Fanzine Control Commission.

A dark figure in a trench coat and an oversize hat steps into a darkened telephone booth and dials. There is a quiet burring for several seconds and then the connection is made, "FCC."

"This is agent 204. I have a report to make of an unauthorized fanzine which has been sighted in sector 35. Instructions?" "The usual procedure - Liquidate." Click.

The following evening a tired but honest fan arrives home only to find that his duplicator has been smashed with an axe, his fanzine collection set on fire and his correspondence file has been smothered in duplicating ink. Oh Horror! He feels a crushing pain in his chest, his heart beats its last and he expires.

The next letter begins with a novel solution to the problem which seems to

be facing us, a solution which is so simple that at first glance you might think it would work. How unfortunate it is then that history has taught us of the cruel fate suffered by those who practice laissez-faire.

D Schweitzer
113 Deepdale Road
Strafford
Pa 19087
US of A

Which brings me to your editorial in 7. The way to avoid this stifling of fandom is to ignore it. You know, publish uncertified fanzines filled with material by uncertified people. And wait. Faannish Fandom, which is of course a reaction against Geis and SFR and is more often than not motivated by jealousy, is now dominant in the US. What people are discovering to their dismay is that this particular specimen, like so many other movements of liberation, has its own set of rigidly adhered to standards. In other words, it's a conformist non-conformist movement. The idea is for everybody to do their own thing, but interestingly enough, everybody's "thing" is nearly identical and woe to those who try to be different. One problem I always have with fannish fans is that I can't tell them apart in print.

So just wait and it'll go away. I've heard grumblings of a revolt already, and the fannish fans, whose most prized virtue is apathy, are getting bored with the whole thing and dropping out. These trends never last more than a few years anyhow. Who knows, we might look back and say that 1971 was the peak year for fannish fandom. I'm told that the Brooklyn Insurgents are floundering, though I've had no contact with them myself. (I even attempted to subscribe to FOCAL POINT, but Katz simply kept my money and did nothing. Be warned.)

((L.E. Having had this much contact (holds up two fingers one millimeter apart) with Faannish Fandom and Arnie Katz since the days of QUIP it seems very strange that such a hotbed of authorized fandom should have escaped my attention up until now. Thank you for the information, I will look into the matter now even though I had been concentrating my attention on fandom as a whole so far.))

As for Lapidus and Glencannon, they are just signs of the times. Since many fans are no longer interested in science fiction, reviews of fanzines are "in". Glencannon is a classic case of the immature person who utilises his position as a reviewer to stroke his own ego by putting down others. The concept of criticism never occurred to him. All he knows is personal abuse. He is simply too irresponsible to be taken seriously.

Lapidus, on the other hand, has always had a much higher level of integrity. He doesn't have to prove himself (Glencannon's attempts at fannish writing are dreadful, and at times nearly illiterate) and is a more honest reviewer. He doesn't insist that people follow his standards. You can take him or leave him. He's secure enough emotionally to realise that he isn't the ultimate authority.

The "Arnie Katz Approved

Neofan" is a joke. It is hardly a stamp of approval, and those who lack it aren't hurting too much. You're reading too much into it.

((L.E. It is just possible that I am reading a meaning into a joke which is not there but I have read enough quack psychology books to know that a joke just isn't a joke, it stands for something. In this case anybody can see that fans have made a joke of something to hide from themselves a sickness in fandom. You say that unapproved neofans aren't hurting much from it, but are you sure. Wouldn't you like to be one of the Katz circle? If you say that you wouldn't like to be then I know from my books that you are only saying it out of jealousy.))

Jeff Glencannon
4059 Tacoma
Phila.
Pa 19144
US of A

What do I see in the editorial of Rataplan 7 but a blast at your not-so-humble fanzine reviewer, me. An interesting blast but one which, dammit, misses my entire purpose in reviewing fanzines. Damn it, if I were doing the sort of thing that you mention, I would gafiate, first, however, writing a blast against the idiocies of Jeff Glencannon. In fact, with my comments on graphics and another article due for submission shortly, I am trying to do exactly the opposite. I don't want "approved" fanzines, that's why I have come down so heavily on Jerry in places. As a critic, I reserve the right to blast what seems to me to be a crudzine, and I have in several cases. But this hardly makes me a "new breed of fanzine critics." Fanzine fandom has always had both the kind-hearted-say-a-good-word-for-everybody critics and the fire-full-blasts-at-everything critics. I reccomend that you reread some of Franklin Ford's work, or some of the stuff that A BAS used to run in the fifties, or Jim Sanders criticisms that ran for a short time in TAPEWORM or any of a large number of others. I don't want my targets to gafiate at once. Damnit, I am just a little-known fan writing from The Hermitage on Tacoma Street, and all I am giving is my opinion, my view of the situation, and while I occasionally sound like my real address is Mt. Sinai, that's just my tone.

And no, damnit, I have never written pages and pages about what a good fanzine is and how to produce it. In my current column, which isn't out yet, I did spend some space on what I liked in a fanzine, but I prefaced it with just that. In fact, I have said some of the nicer things I've written about fanzines such as PHANTASMICON which, while having excellent material, had relatively poor production methods. I've even had much good to say about BURGER, a very sloppy zine which had good material, and recommended people getting PGHOENIX which was almost unreadable in spots.

Damnit, the only things I have blasted are poor writing (or writing which appeared poor to my eyes) no matter what topic it was, and occasionally people who have seemed to show no improvement over a great period of time, or who, like B.D. Arthurs, have gone down paths already travelled (the crusade to introduce sf readers to "good literature") and who come

across with a bad attitude. But as for what sort of things should be in a fanzine, I care only that it is well done. I've praised book reviews, fan fiction and poetry, "faanish" pieces and anecdotes, editorials and just about every type of fannish writing, when it has been done well.

((L.E. Point taken. I was not saying that you are a lousy fanzine reviewer, all I was doing was suggesting that you could be in league with the secret masters who were using you to influence fandom to the stage where they could make it authorizable. And, anyhow how do I know that with everything you write about fanzines you are not telling people what they should do to produce a good fanzine. You yourself have just said that you "did spend some space on what I like in a fanzine" and it is quite irrelevant whether or not you say that it is just your humble opinion because people are going to read it and be influenced just the same.))

Enough defending myself, but I will agree with your fears that fandom is becoming too rigidified in some ways. I don't like conventions turning into copies of conventions of professional societies. I don't like professional con managers. I don't like fanzines and fan writers who seem to proclaim that the only way to get into fandom is their way (see my comments on the White/Pauls feud in GRANNY 13). I don't like fanzines run for the sake of making money, the super slick idiocy of LOCUS. I don't like anything that hinders the free-wheeling anarchy of fandom. In short, I DON'T LIKE SECRET MASTERS!!!!!! (And I ain't one meself, nope.)

((L.E. Awww, cummon Jeff, how many murderers plead "not guilty" even though they still have the blood on them. I mean, it is reassuring to have your word for it that you aren't in with the secret masters but can you prove it. I'm willing to believe you, for myself, but there are larger issues at stake here and we just can't let personal feelings get in the road. No, you'll have to go.))

Mike Glicksohn
32 Maynard Avenue
Apt 205
Toronto
Ontario
CANADA

I don't know you or know enough about you to know whether or not your editorial in No. 7 about "approved fandom" was facetious or a serious concern over the fundamental issues here. I don't think that the fanzine reviewers are necessarily trying to show fandom what the only true path to the proper fanzine is, but certain individuals have acted in the belief that they and they alone can dictate the proper way to fan.

((L.E. My intention with that editorial was a little bit of both, to be amusing and thought provoking at the same time as you might say. The editorial of this issue is a little the same way inclined. Both are comments on trends, the method of fanning commented on in this issue can become just as much the focus for 'Authorization' as faannishnes or serconism or any one of the number of other ways of fanning. Since Dick

Geis began the last wave of 'sf fanishness' with SFR I don't see any reason why he can't set a whole new trend going with his 'psyco fanishness' in RICHARD E GEIS. You can see the beginnings of it now.))

Jerry Lapidus has very strong feeling about the design of a fanzine and he'll expound them at the drop of a crudsheet. But as he's said often in his column in ENERGUMEN, his ideas are simply that, his own feelings and he's not trying to force others to follow them. He is hoping to get others to be as conscious as he is of the visual aspects of fanzine production, but he doesn't proselytize for his won particular applications of graphic awareness. (By the way, Jerry has written more negative reviews of ENERGUMEN than any other fanzine reviewer but we're still struggling along despite that.)

((L.E. Hang in there Mike, don't let them get to you. Very fortunately Jerry has never written anything about RATAPLAN which I've seen. He probably has blue fits whenever he gets to see a copy and I'd probably have a fit if I ever got to read a review of it that he wrote.))

On the other hand, Arnie Katz did set out to mold promising young fans into little images of himself. He consciously and openly attempted to take neofans under his wing and create good little fannish fans out of them. He succeeded with several, lost out with others. There may or may not be anything wrong with trying to influence the fannish development of new fans, but where Arnie sinned as far as I'm concerned is that he refused to accept that some neofans wouldn't want to emulate him, and those who failed to become part of his little in-group were rather roughly treated.

I'm scarcely a neofan (although I haven't been around all that long either) but Arnie tried to wean me over to his own concept of "fannish fandom". He made no bones about it, telling me that he was "setting me on the proper path". The strange thing was, I wanted to be a fannish fan; I'm much more interested in fandom than in sf. But I didn't want to be an "Arnie Katz Approved (Neo)Fan" and Arnie couldn't take that. I was friendly to him, but maintained my other friends in fandom. I published what I wanted to publish, not what Arnie would approve of. I didn't join the exalted inner circle and worship at his alter. As a result Arnie and his friends excommunicated me from "fannish fandom". They did their best to convince me that no "fannish fan" would ever have anything to do with me again, and claimed I was a failure as a human being. It was rather a sick scene. If Katz had his way, a licence to fan would be required.

THE EUROPEAN TYPER

The European typer is a wonderous object. This here Optima I'm using now I got from John Bangsund in 1968 and it's served me boy and fan for the last four years. It hasn't given me any trouble except that sometimes one of the keys will stick for a day or so, I guess that I should get it cleaned one of these days. In fact I have no complaints about it except

that sometimes I go and try to buy a new ribbon for it and I say to the girl at the counter, "I want a ribbon for my Optima portable." She looks at me and I look at her, gaze into her deep blue eyes. "A what?"

"An Optima portable," And as I take in the sensuous lips, the delicate curve of her cheeks and her long wavy auburn hair she crinkles in puzzlement, "I've never heard of such a machine."

"Well, I've got one."

"I'll go and ask the boss." As she turns away and walks over to her boss I see and wonder at the shape of her body, the rounded breasts pressing out against her jumper, her legs and the way her thighs merge and become one with... the way her flesh presses tightly against her pants, going down and in and I... GET A HOLD ON YOURSELF... $1+1=2$, $2+2=4$, $4+4=8$, $8+8=16$, $16+...$ er... ah... "What was that. I'm sorry. They don't make them any more. Are you sure?"

"No, but we haven't seen one around here for years."

"Oh well, never mind. Thanks anyhow." And so I gather myself together and go back to work.

"Hello Valma." "Oh, hello Darling." "Uh, do you reckon you could knock off a type writer ribbon from work for me?" "Okay, but why?" "I went out to try and buy one today but they didn't have any, they say that they haven't heard of my typer and they haven't got any ribbons for it." "That's silly." "I know. But anyhow I've got to get on with work so I'll see you later." "Allright, will you get the cats some foo on the way home." "Okay." "See you then, goodbye." "Hold on Valma!" "Yes?" "Guess what?" "I don't know... what?" "I'm incorrigible." "oh, you are bold." "Okay, goodbye." "See you later." Click

A SOBBING WASTE

It seems that atleast I'm a member of FAPA. I was invited to join a few months ago but the 140th mailing arrived only recently and now I feel just a little like a real FAPAN. However I really can't say that the idea of having to contribute to FAPA as well as SAPS, APA 45 and ANZAPA is really attractive. I wouldn't mind putting in my usual stuff (first draft right onto stencil) but I sometimes get the impression that FAPA is a place where you have to write good material or be doomed to the sobbing waste.

I suppose that we shall soon find out one way or another.

COMMENTS 140

Gregg Calkins: I have been given to understand that my grandmother is trying to figure out some kind of family tree. I even seem to remember having seen a big sheet of paper with names written all over it one time. However the project doesn't arouse any violent interest

in me. The little I know of my ancestry seems to be that my fore-fathers and mothers came to Australia as migrants thank god I'm spared the indecency of a Convict background though I understand that in some circles of Australian society it is becoming the 'in' thing) back in the 1800's some time and I am also given to understand that none of them came out here in the gold rush. I suppose that it proves that I come from a fine upstanding lot of christian ancestors. The train had to go off the rails sooner or later and I have this feeling that I am as good a derelict as you will find.

Norm and Gina Clarke: They've been showing "All In The Family" over here of late but so far I've had the good fortune not to see an episode of it yet and I hope that things continue that way even though I suspect that it could broaden my outlook some - mostly about learning what some people in the US can do to a perfectly respectable idea. They tell me that 'All in the Family' is an American version of 'Till Death Do Us Part'. Now that telly show is one of my favourites, I especially am fond of Alf Garnett and his attitudes. One of the funniest and sadest shows of theirs I ever saw was a Christmas one, Alf was listening religiously to the Queen's Christmas Message while everybody else was busy ignoring it and feeding themselves. They then played the National Anthem and Alf stood rigidly to attention and everybody else ignored it. Then they got into another of their arguments and even though Alf can be a silly twit most of the time I really dig the reverence with which he says "Her Majesty". I guess I'm just a royalist at heart.

In the latest issue of the BULLETIN (a sort of Australian version of TIME) somebody has written an article about a possible design for a new Australian flag and, horror of horrors, they left the Union Jack out of it. Luckily however they did the design in such a way that there is a big hole in the middle with nothing there except gold. The outside of the flag has stars and stylised versions of boomerangs and stuff and it looks so funny just to have a big blank area in the middle. Anyhow I figure that since this hole in the middle is flag shaped you could fit a Union Jack in there or, more appropriate, the flag of whichever country happens to hold a majority of shares in Australia. So you could have the Australian flag on the outside and "Old Glory" (or whatever you want to call it) on the inside. The way things are going these days it might not be long however until we have to put the "Rising Sun" there instead.

Jack Speer: An article from the latest issue of the BULLETIN: "Taking the Mickey".

"On the verge of New Zealand's general election campaign, parliament administered a setback to one of the most attractive candidates running. Mickey Mouse representing the Mad Hatter's Tea Party, was standing for the Palmerston North Seat, having changed his name from something more mundane. But he ran into a hastily passed electoral amendment act blocking anyone campaigning under an assumed name.

Another casualty was Jesus Christ who had hoped to do well in Karori against Prime Minister Jack Marshall.

Support for the bill came from both government and opposition who feared chaos at the polls. In Wellington Central, the National Party candidate Kenneth Mark Comber had been rung up by his organisers and told that someone had changed his name to Kenneth Mark Comber and was planning to stand against him.

From Auckland came news that Labour's finance spokesman, Bob Tizard, was about to face a newly-created Bob Tizard, and in Tamaki no fewer than fifty Robert David Muldoons were poised to contest the seat against the deputy prime minister of the same name.

Immediately, Prime Minister Marshall and Labour's law expert Martyn Finlay sat down and scribbled out a bill designed to stem the impending chaos. The bill went through all its stages in less than half a day. It provided that no candidate could be nominated under an assumed name less than six months after the close of nominations if his or her intentions were frivolous."

Killjoys! It's amazing how fast they can move if they want to. What would happen tomorrow (as I type this) if the American voters were faced with choosing out of 23,000 Richard Nixons and 21,000 McGovern's?

Sam Martinez: Tomorrow, as well as being the day of the Presidential elections is also Melbourne Cup Day, and that means it's a public holiday. The Melbourne Cup is the only horse race that I take any notice of and even then I'm only interested because everybody else is talking about it and you can't help but overhear some of it. Melbourne Cup Day is also the only day of the year when I go out and bet on a horse, one horse. I look at the names of the runners and pick out the one that sounds the nicest and put my 50¢ on it. Last year it worked pretty well since the horse with the nicest name ran second and the horse with the name Valma liked ran third and since we both betted for a place we came out with a profit. With great helpings of luck the same system will work again this year and once again I won't have any losing TAB tickets to send over to Ron.

I do seem to have one losing pari-mutuel ticket to my name. When Bill Wright (the well known Melbourne fan and punter) was in the US recently it seems that he attended a race meeting in Albuquerque and put some money on a supposedly famous quarter-horse race. He lost and somehow managed to find his way back to Australia despite financial insolvency (which he must have been suffering from after that) and put a ticket in each copy of the 25th mailing of ANZAPA. There are forty copies of each mailing and my mailing had a two dollar ticket so I guess that Bill must be one of the big punters.

Richard E. Geis: Coming upon this publication hidden away in the mailing we suddenly remembered our promise which we made in the editorial. We are afraid that over the days during which we have been working on this publication we have forgotten ourselves and perhaps lapsed back into our old habits and revealed ourselves. We certainly hope not for we believe, most strongly, that some force must be brought to bear in fandom which will undo the unspeakable damage which you are creating. If we cannot hold out against your uncouth influences, who can?

Having said that

we suppose that it is only the right thing to do to pass some sort of comment upon your scurrilous journal, even despite the loathsome task it promises to be.

Our more animal natures are eagerly looking forward to your promised writings about masturbation and we find ourselves more or less in agreement on the subject of oral sex (a most depraved habit to be sure, but most enjoyable).

On a more lofty plane we found ourselves impressed by your honesty in the "Nature of the Beast" segments to be praiseworthy even though they did cause us a great deal of distress and embarrassment. On a yet higher level we found the description of your new commodious living quarters most enjoyable and we are sure that they must be very agreeable to you.

We hope that you realise that in trying to combat your evil influences in this apa and elsewhere you are forcing us to write in a most unnatural style, a style to which we are not accustomed, and to use words which are not normally in our vocabulary. This means that we have to look up our dictionary more than is usual to see if we are spelling the big words correctly and this takes up a lot of our time.

We just want you to know what a nuisance you are causing us.

Roy Tackett: Due to circumstances entirely beyond my control I seem to be reading more stf these days and enjoying it more too. My main sources of enjoyment are ANALOG and AMAZING, the latter because they seem to print a good story every now and then and the former because they seem to print good stories all the time. I got hooked on ANALOG through Harry Harrison's "The Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah!" which was one of the most entertaining stories to have been printed for ages and since I had paid my money I decided that I had better get the most for it and read the other stories as well and was very surprised at their quality. Up until then I had been trudging through the IF and GALAXY turgid tales and not enjoying it very much.

Dick Eney: The closest I've ever come to seeing a sword film has been to see the preview of one and very impressive it was too. After having sat through literally hundreds of Westerns you become pretty fed up with gun fights and bar fights which are over too quick and without much show (gunfights that is) or are just plain stupid. Men flashing swords and performing all sorts of marvelous feats are far more interesting and exciting and I'd go and see them almost any day.

Harry Warner: Australian dollars have a very simple inscription concerning what they are good for, "Legal tender throught the Commonwealth of Australai and the Territories of the Commonwealth". That really doesn't say much does it. I seem to remember that the old pounds had something on them to the same effect that the US notes have but the change to decimal was almost seven years ago and my memory just doesn't go back that far for fine detail. With Papua and New Guinea going independant in a little over a year they will soon have to rub out the bit about "Territories of the COMmonwealth" as we will only have a few square miles of Territories left. So much for the once proud and powerful

Australian Empire.

FM Busby: Fudge! You go and drop out of SAPS just when I had got to the point in my reading where RETRO had to be in the mailing or I would go white and start shaking from deprivation and now you go and drop out of FAPA just when I had hoped that SERCON'S BANE would serve as a substitute.

Milton Stevens: The sections on crime detection through the use of computers makes me more than just a little glad that I'm not a criminal by trade. The major fault that your robber made was in holding you up, if he had instead just held up a nobody they may not have noticed all the things you did and you might not have been able to find out who he was.

If it had been me who had been held up I would have put up a very bad show, fainted or something. Either I am a fearless soul or Melbourne is a fearless place because on several occasions I've been visiting somebody and have walked home, a matter of about seven miles in one case. Admittedly that most of this was through suburbs, but even so...

Steve Stiles: If my record collection were completely destroyed the first thing I would do would be to die of a heart attack. After the medical profession had brought me back to life I would go and buy as many records as possible, they are insured but I can only insure them at re-sale value which means less than \$2 a record. Even so a thousand or so dollars would make for a good start on a collection and I'd leave out a lot of junk which I've bought but haven't the heart to get rid of.

The ten records I'd get first would be, (1) Mozart Piano Concerto 23, (2) the Beethoven Symphony 9, (3) the Shostakovich Violin Concerto 1, (4) Mahler's "Des Knaben Wunderhorn", (5) Britten's "Peter Grimes which is a three record set but I'm being liberal, (6) Stockhausen's "Flight Towards the Sun", (7) Mozart's Symphony No. 40, (8) a record of Schubert leider, (9) the Shostakovich String Quartet No. 4 and (10) "The Essential Beatles.

If I were to take the time out to write about why I would choose these records it would take about six pages, I did it recently for APA45 and that is how long it went. One of the members of that apa said that it was the best thing he had read in several mailings which made me feel good so maybe I'll get around to reprinting it in RATAPLAN some time. Those of you who are in APA 45 will notice that only about five of the records listed here were on the other list. It just goes to show how tastes change in even just six months.

All the othere FAPAns: There is a lot of good reading in this mailing but most of it I just couldn't comment on. I could have forced the issue and thought up something but seeing as how this is my first contribution to FAPA I'm just going to take it easy and ease myself in.

I am, at the moment, in three other apas aside from FAPA, they are SAPS, APA 45 and ANZAPA. I found commenting on my first mailings of these others much easier than commenting on this FAPA mailing. Maybe I'm just overawed by being in FAPA.

HOW TO IMPRESS PEOPLE

I walk up to some fan who thinks he's seen it all and say to him, almost as if it were nothing and not worth mentioning, "I went down to Frankston beach with Lesleigh Luttrell and Bruce Gillespie and we threw meat pie at the sea gulls".

Sometimes they just look at me and their mouths slowly droop open. The more seasoned of them, the ones I really suspect have seen everything, usually say something like "Oh, I remember the time....." and I have to be very careful to make sure that my jaw doesn't act of its own accord. There is nothing worse in fandom than seeing a fully grown fan gaping, especially when it is myself.

The simple truth of the matter or, "It happened like this" as some would say, is that Lesleigh had been in Melbourne for almost a week and I hadn't had the chance to talk to her. She had even slept at our place a few nights but what with work and all I had hardly seen her. Anyhow, I took a day off from work and arranged to go somewhere with her and Bruce to catch up on some talking.

On the morning of the 'special day' Lesleigh rang and said that she was going to be spending the morning at the museum looking at old bones so Bruce and I met a little earlier, being layabout fans with nothing much to do. We sat and discussed Graham Stones sex life until the time rolled on to twelve o'clock and we rolled ourselves up to the Space Age where Lesleigh was busy waiting for us with exciting tales of bogus bison bones from Missouri. For a moment we stood and pondered what we might do and then Lesleigh said that Elizabeth Foyster had suggested that it might be a good idea to go to one of the beaches around Port Phillip Bay and she had even named Frankston Beach by name, which was quite cluey of her but we expect no less these days.

So off we went down to Flinders Street Station where we boarded a train bound for Frankston and soon enough we were on our way. As we rattled along Lesleigh tried to explain some of the intricacies of US politics. What I wanted somebody to explain to me was the difference between the Democrats and the Republicans in the sort of language which I could understand. The difference is, for those who are interested, that the Republicans are the Liberals and the Democrats are the Labourites, sort of.

I had it all worked out and firmly implanted in my brain and then Lesleigh decided to confuse me some more and launched into a long and thoroughly confusing tale of elections. I got lost at the primaries and it got worse as we went along. Mind you, I don't think that it was Lesleigh's fault, it seemed to have more to do with the system which is either insane, or I am.

All the time that this was going on Bruce sat there with a rather puzzled look on his face which indicated to me not that he was puzzled by US elections (he knew all about it, understood it

perfectly intact) but that he couldn't figure out what was confusing me. Ah well, he should have realized that some of us just don't have the brain capacity of the people in his class and we need to have things explained to us in words of one syllable and, of course, politics just doesn't submit to such treatment.

After an hour and a bit of maltreatment at the hands of the Victorian Railways - and I might mention for the information and interest of overseas readers that the Victorian Railways is run and financed by the Victorian State Government which just might explain why the carriages we travelled in were built in 1927, why the service is so bad and why you have to yell to make yourself heard above the rattle from the loose rails and the squeaking of the unciled bearings. But back to our narrative. We got off the train at Frankston, we had to as it is the end of the line, and walked towards the water. We stopped at a telephone box to ring Valma and let her know what was going on and where we would be meeting her that evening. I entered the telephone box and then began to look up the number of the place where Valma was working and then I discovered that some vandals had been having fun at the expense of the telephone book. Never mind, I put the book back together and found that there was just one page missing and that page just happened to be the one I wanted to look at.

We continued down towards the water but before we got there I did something to Lesleigh which I had been wanting to do ever since I'd met her - I bought her a pie and pasty with sauce. She didn't seem to be impressed but I really couldn't blame her for it since the pies were home made and tasted of wholesome goodness and fresh pastry which is most certainly not the mark of the good meat pie.

A little further on we came to the beach and walked along its golden expanse for a short distance until we came to a lump of concrete which the Frankston City Council had left there for our pleasure and use. I learned many interesting things about the US like what public holidays they have and what they celebrate and I seemed to amuse Lesleigh a little when we were talking about holidays in Australia. "And we have a Queen's Birthday holiday sometime in May... it celebrates the birthday of Queen Victoria" - and Lesleigh was laughing her head off. Sometimes I think that people who are not citizens of countries which are part of the British Empire don't have a proper respect for the Monarchy.

Talking of the Monarchy, sometimes we had a little trouble in communicating. Lesleigh mentioned the War of Independence and I sat there for a moment looking puzzled and then asked, "Do you mean the American Revolution?" and she said "No, the War of Independence". "1776 and all that?" "Yes." "Then you mean the American Revolution." "I do not."

I don't think that we ever resolved that little point.

We also talked a little about fandom so that now I know about 500% more about American fans than I did before we had that little chat. And of course all the Australian fans won't be able to get away with anything when they write to US fans because what Lesleigh didn't see for herself, I told her.

After a couple of hours we had finished eating our pies and throwing the bits we didn't like at the seagulls and had buried our paper bags in the sand and we moved on. We walked on further down the beach until we came to a jetty on which we walked until we came to the end where there was nothing but water so that we stood there and watched the kids on school holidays casting their lines into the murky water and talked about radio and television. It was at that stage that I learned the most astounding thing about Lesleigh, so astonishing that I still can't get over it. And it is this, Lesleigh can't remember a time when there wasn't any TV to look at. I leave your imaginations to boggle for themselves on what that means.

Back we walked to the station and within an hour and a half we were back in Melbourne - not that we had ever left it - and we went down to the Degraives Tavern where Valma was sitting and along came John Foyster and a couple of others and we talked a lot more and then Valma had to go off to a rehearsal and John, Lesleigh and I walked to John's place along the bank of the Yarra which looks quite nice when it's dark and you can't see how murky it is or the scum on it. We stopped off for a second or so so that I could show them where the bombing sequence of the AUSSIEFAN film had been shot.

At the Foyster residence we walked in to find Elizabeth and Jillian painting which was rewarding as far as I was concerned because within a minute or so Elizabeth had captured my likeness in paint and you are invited around any Saturday afternoon between the hours of two and three to look at it tacked up on the notice board. Jillian favoured us with a little recital on the piano-forte and then I exhibited my lack of ability on same to Lesleigh and then it was time to be off home and so we leave this happy day to go and stand in the cold night air waiting for a bus.

BUT THE END IS NOT QUITE YET IN SIGHT: Lesleigh departed Melbourne on Friday, which was only a couple of days after the beach at Frankston. So that the people from Melbourne might have one last fling with Lesleigh, Robin Johnson cleaned up his flat and held a little party.

David Grigg and I have piano lessons on Thursday evening at the same place so after we had done with that David drove me home and we arrived to pick up Valma but we found that she was not there. I knew where she was, I know her habits fairly well. She was up the road with some friends of ours and I went up to collect her but when I got there we seemed to get engrossed in reading selected passages from 'What You Always Wanted To Know About Sex' and stayed far longer than we had intended. The next thing I knew it was just about eight o'clock and so I dragged Valma out and we ran down the street and there was David pacing up and down beside his car and so we jumped in and off we went. Actually we did get such vital things as the booze and a cork screw first, but we were quick about it.

"Hello" we said to everybody and Valma went and sat on Lee Harding's knee which seemed to bode ill but left me free to concentrate my attentions on Lesleigh, lucky Lesleigh. We all sat and talked and drank, John Foyster doesn't drink but seems to take

great pride in making sure that other people do, to excess. Meanwhile a small group of people were standing at the window and giving a running commentary on a fireworks display that was happening a couple of miles away.

We got to see the AUSSIEFAN film a couple of times which was, seeing as how I had already seen it a couple of times before, just a little too much. We sat and talked some more and drank some more and I began to think that I could treat Lesleigh to a bit of real conversation so I launched into a bit of Strine and after a while David Grigg let us have a few words in true English (Robin Johnson wasn't around at that moment) and Lesleigh threw in a few words in a St. Louis accent and I was quite enjoying myself and Valma had to remind me that I was being sickeining so I lapsed back into my normal refined Australian accent, whatever that is.

But the time goes so quickly and soon it was time we had to leave and so I gave Lesleigh a big hug, and seeing as how she is so huggable, another and another and once again and a kiss and "Goodbye - see you in '75 or something" and another hug and out the door and down the stairs and home.

And I feel quite sad.

THE CONTINUING STORY OF BUNGALOW AGATHA

There we were driving down Hotham street in search of foo after having delivered our rent cheque. Valma was commenting on how the little red light that indicates the generator isn't working properly was flashing on even though Agatha had had two visits to the Garage about it and which cost us \$22. So we came to the intersection of Hotham Street and Inkerman Road and stopped at the lights and Valma announced that not only was the light for the generator on but so was the light for the oil. I leaned across and had a look and that was exactly the state of affairs.

Using my vast knowledge of automotive engineering I deduced in a second of high powered reasoning that the engine of the car had stopped because, well, that's how the lights go when the engine isn't going.

So I said to Valma in a calm, cool voice, "The engine isn't going! Start it!" Valma tried to start it and all that happened was that the starter motor made it's usual sound and that was about it. As far as I could tell we were stuck in the middle of the road. When I say the middle of the road that's what I mean because we had been driving in the middle lane and now we were just sitting there holding up the traffic and while it wasn't heavy traffic, it was what I think of as embarrassing traffic.

What happened after that was that we sat there for a while while we twiddled knobs and things and tried to start Agatha again but she wasn't going to be in it. In desperation we

pushed her around the corner and parked her there and I looked under the lid of the machine at the engine but apart from getting muck on my hands I did nothing worth mentioning.

We decided that this was yet another job for the Man from the RACV and we set off in search of a telephone box and when we found one we didn't seem to have a five cent piece to put in the slot. Uh, did I mention that this all happened at about twelve o'clock at night and you know what happens to shops in the middle of the night and that's why we had to walk about another half mile to get some change. But there was some small consolation to be had because the place we got some change was also the place where we got a pizza, and Val likes to call pizzas foo.

While the pizza was being cooked I went and rang up the RACV man and he said that he'd come and have a look at our dilemma and so we walked back to the car - it started to rain while we were walking. We sat in Agatha and waited for the RACV man to come, Valma eating her foo and I sternly resisting her siren like temptations to have a bite for I know for a fact that I don't like pizza, even though I've not tried to eat any for the last few years.

The RACV man came at last and he had a look under the lid and decided that he'd like to have a go at starting Agatha and I'll give you just one guess what happened - the same thing that happened the last time we called the Man from the RACV. And, boy were we ever embarrassed and did we ever think up some new and exciting names for Agatha.

DEPARTMENT 85

Paul Walker
128 Montgomery Street
Bloomfield
N.J. 07033
US of A

How did I suddenly become so popular in Australia? There's fen in the next town who wouldn't speak to me. I know, you've taken to reading Gillespie's mailing list. He should have warned you - I never respond - too lazy, too buzy - Tell the truth, I haven't read your zine yet but if I don't write this now I never will - letters stacked everywhere, stories, interviews, articles - I work for a printer and this time of year the local school year books are done and collated and put together - a week's work, dull and arduous and unending and this is one of the last free days I will have for a while. Anyway, I see that you're talking about rock in this issue: can't stand it. Worked in a warehouse one entire year where there were loud speakers all over and rock blaring eight hours; drove me nuts. I developed a real hatred for it. Unfair, true.

When I got the zine I tried to undo the staples and the whole thing fell apart in my hands - fine thing.

((L.E. Fine thing indeed Paul, the next step from me sending you fanzines and you LoCing without reading the thing is for you to LoC a fanzine that

I don't even send - an admirable scheme to save time and money as far as I am concerned and an activity which will stretch your imaginative ability to near its limit.))

Got a circular today asking me to work for George McGovern. I doubt that he needs my help. Looks like he's going to win in the California primaries which is the big one - Humphrey is fighting hard. No one here can believe that Edmund Muskie, the Vermont candidate, lost so quickly. He ran with Humphrey as the Vice Presidential candidate last time and was considered a sure fire winner with McGovern the sure-fire loser, but it didn't work out that way. In any case, with Nixon's successful trip to China and Russia, McGovern will probably still lose. (Does any of this mean anything to you?)

((L.E. Sure does - I read TIME.

Oh boy, I sit on letters for a long time. Here you are writing a letter before McGovern even became the Democrat Nomination and here I am typing it onto stencil just a couple of hours after McGovern has conceded defeat in the Presidential Elections. Shame on me and a pity for him.))

Ed Cagle
Route 1
Leon
KS 67074
US of A

Lesleigh Luttrell, whose work I always enjoy, should be encouraged to note that my wife, a blossoming (or is that blooming?) women's libber, approves of my conduct as it concerns her minute campaign for women's rights. My exact qualifications as a Liberated Man, as viewed by a Liberated Woman escape me, but if she likes the way I ignore her when it suits me to do so, there must be something good about the whole thing. (No, I don't find anything about women's desires unacceptable.....).

Bruce
the Gillespie mentioned that he had not heard "House of the Rising Sun" until the recent revival by the Animals, and that prompts me to ask if he would be interested in acquiring some of the other songs from that particular era of folk blues. It's quite a rich period, if a bit basic at times where the lyrics are concerned. As for "House" sounding harsh to his ears, it sounds even harsher when sung by a whiskey-fuzzed bass with one battered guitar. It always did. It's the song, not the treatment.

((L.E. I've had the pleasure of a couple of times hearing "The House of the Rising Sun" sung by a woman - which is the way I understand it should be sung, from the point of view of a prostitute working for the House and not as a man who visits the House. These songs were not at all rough. They were certainly gutsy enough but not so violent as the male versions I have heard.

Of course, the Animals version of "House" was the first blues-rock version that people like Bruce and I had heard and since we were both far more involved in rock than blues it was only natural that we would find more to appreciate in it than in any normal blues version.

While I can appreciate blues I still like rock far more and therefore find much more enjoyment in the Animals version.

A long time ago, when I was just getting into fandom, Paul Stevens lived in a rambling house in South Melbourne with a lot of folky-hippy types and I used to visit him there quite often. Most of them used to play guitars and sing and they used to all get in the hall and sing "The House of the Rising Sun" and "It's All Over Now, Baby Blew" for hours on end. One night I remember that they got in the hall and started singing these two songs at about nine o'clock and were still going strong when I left a couple of hours later. They were still going just as strong when I came back about ten hours later, a feat of endurance and singlemindedness which I found hard to understand.

In those days I knew so little about drugs that I was equally surprised when one night I witnessed one of the members of the household crawling around the lounge room floor with a toothbrush sweeping up something or other. Paul explained to me that this gentleman was sweeping up something which you rolled into a cigarette and smoked and I must admit that at that time I really didn't know what he was on about.))

Tony Waters
3223 Nash Avenue
Cincinnati,
Ohio 45226
US of A

Through the good works of a third party (and it's only Tuesday!) I was able to see a copy of RATAPLAN 8.

Quite frankly, when I saw this ish I said to myself that I probably wouldn't be able to finish it. I mean it was all black and white, big hunks of text, falling apart - I had to restaple it myself - and generally not too inviting looking.

So I read the editorial and liked it well enough. But then I usually like editorials - they're newsy.

And then I started into page - uh - well the page after that. I liked it too (girls make good fan writers).

Then I got to your TV review section. Things looked pretty bleak. I hardly ever watch TV, and read TV reviews even less frequently than that. Part of the reason for the latter is that I find it hard to get a good idea of the picture - the actual product under discussion - from the printed text. But L.A. 2017 did pretty well. Well enough, infact, to give me the will to read the next two. (I needed it, as it turned out.)

Then I got to the long, very long article on rock. I truly thought that the end had been reached. But - let me be brief - I was able to read the article, skipping the ends of paragraphs here and there, with minimal pain and boredom.

Since this is the only issue I've seen, I can't very well give general comment on the zine. However I do suggest that you use different colour paper for the covers.

The front cover was rather ugly; and there was a lot of show-through towards the end. All in all, though, I'd like to try the whole thing again, if your willing.

((L.E. I guess I could be talked into it but as you can see I am not about to change my ways and this issue probably looks worse than any previous ones though I hope it reads better.))

Harry Warner Jr
423 Summit Avenue
Hagerstown
Maryland 21740
US of A

Lesleigh Luttrell's column in RATAPLAN 7 is excellent. I wish I could share her belief that liberal teen-age voters will improve government by their votes for local officials. But she overlooks one terrible thing that is happening in this nation. You hear a lot about the way federal government exercises increased control over the individual's life and action but you hardly ever learn how the same federal (and to some extent state) government is grabbing ever greater power over local government's capabilities. This county is run by five elected officials known as county commissioners. They freely admit that nowadays, they have little but administrative functions because almost everything they used to decide is now in the hands of federal or state authorities. Examples of very small matters; the commissioners wanted public welfare employees to make some of their inspection trips to homes of people receiving welfare money in the evenings because there were so many reports about unmarried mothers living with men while drawing welfare payments to support themselves and their children. It couldn't be done, state welfare authorities said; some kind of state regulation forbids workers to make house calls after office hours. The county supports the local SPCA, which has dog catching functions, looks into cases of neglected animals, picks up carcasses of dead wild animals, and so on. Just recently federal authorities told the SPCA that it was engaged in interstate commerce and therefore must pay the minimum wage to employees on 24-hour call, even during the time when they were undisturbed during a good night's sleep. The interstate commerce business results from the fact that one town in the northwestern corner of the county is reached by a road which swerves for a couple of thousand feet just over the state line into Pennsylvania. Local authorities last year lost all control over construction of new schools; the state has taken over that function. The city can't enforce its law against railroads blocking grade crossings for more than five minutes because the Pennsylvania Railroad which admits its guilt repeatedly is in bankruptcy and a federal court issued an injunction against any action which would interfere with the railroad's operation during the years which will be required to complete the bankruptcy proceedings. The county can't include in its income tax the revenue people receive from investments in federal securities because of federal law. A county highway washed out by a recent flood and repairs can't be made because the National Park Service owns land on both sides of the road and won't permit its own property to be touched. Fisherman have lost access to a favourite pool

because the federally owned O&C Canal and a new federal highway have blocked the usual route and only an eight-mile walk through fields enables the fisherman to get to its banks. I could go on and on, particularly about the way federal authorities try to force local government into obeying things set out in its planning studies.

((L.E. Being on the other end of the stick - working for a federal authority which builds airports and stuff allied with them I hadn't really thought about it from the way you have. Poor old federal authorities have enough trouble trying to get something constructed or planned while upsetting the minimum number of people for the minimum time and they certainly can't please all the people all the time.

As cities get larger and larger it becomes more important for federal or state authorities to be involved and while I am sure that some of the rules and regulations they dream up can cause very irritating situations at times they haven't been thought up just to annoy people, it's just a pity that they do at times.

I get just as annoyed about things like this as you do, except that I don't come across as many cases as you, but I work in a little engineering cell where people seem to spend half of their time not trying to upset too many people instead of getting a job done as well as possible. They are trying to find a site for a new airport for Sydney, the old one is hedged in by suburbs and water and it can't really expand that much and it will be saturated in another year or so. So these engineers have to try and find a new site and the only suitable places are twenty or more miles out of the city and most inconvenient from a transport point of view. But they just have to accept that so that the airport won't cause any noise nuisance to people in the city. Even way out in the country there are still a few people scattered around and they are now embarking on a fantastic big study which will cost a million or so just to see how they can upset the least number of people and still get something worth having. You can't say they don't try.))

Bill Wright spent a few hours here two weeks ago and this enabled me to find out what Lesleigh Luttrell looks like. This is a complicated way of achieving such a feat, one that could happen only in fandom where an American girl is chosen for a trip to Australia and an Australian man is delegated to propagandize in the United States and the former arrives in time for the latter to get numerous pictures of the former and show them to hermits who rarely emerge from their isolated valley homes.

((L.E. "... is delegated to propagandize..."? I would much prefer to say something like "... visits the United States to spread goodwill..." which is a much nicer way of expressing it. We try not to be that blunt.))

Mike Glickshon
(address earlier on in this issue)

...and with 'Killjoy's Complaint' John Bangsund has merely proved what everyone's been saying about him, namely that he's one of the best damn writers we have. That article has to rate as one of the top fanzine contributions of the year.

Bring 26th to 30th
Your December
Own 1972
Convention Melbourne

Bruce Gillespie and I have been suffering from brain storms of late and the result of one of these sessions is that we have decided to run a five day convention in Melbourne in the days between Christams and the New Year at the end of this year.

Don't look at us like that now. We won't be running five days of solidly programmed convention, we will be running two full days of convention and three evenings of it. Even then we probably won't have a program.

"What will you be having then," you ask and we reply, "What indeed!" Let us let you try this on for size:

Tuesday (Boxing Day): Festivities on Bruce Gillespie's back lawn.

Wednesday: Dinner at Degraives.

Thursday: Something a little more serious perhaps, perhaps not.

Friday: A Nova Mob Meeting.

Saturday: A pic. nic in one of Melbourne's gardens or boozing at the Golden Age, or both.

PRINTED MATTER

That looks nice, we think it will fit you well. Now try on this Guest of Honour:

We are making arrangements for an extra special Guest of Honour, we might even go so far as to say a "fabulous" Guest of Honour. But this is our secret for the time being.

That looks good too. Now have a look at our really special membership fee:

Five cents a day! Yes, you read right, just five cents. That means only twenty-five cents for the whole convention. Where else could you hope to find a price like this.

We hope you will come, but, B.Y.O.C.

SENDER:
Leigh Edmonds
PO Box 74
Balaclava 3183
Victoria
AUSTRALIA