

# The Rubbish Bin(ns)

**Number 9 January 2001**

A personal zine produced by Merv Binns  
assisted by Helena Roberts Binns

23 Arawatta St. Carnegie 3163, Victoria, Australia  
Phone: (03) 9569 9240

Please address all correspondence to:  
P.O. Box 315, Carnegie 3163, Victoria, Australia.



*(From left) standing Noel Kerr, Peter Kemp, Alan Stewart, Irene Kerr and Tanya Kemp; kneeling, Adrienne Losin; seated: Merv and Helena Binns. (Invisible) Dick Jenssen - hiding behind camera. Race Mathews, Bruno and Keren Kautzner - camera shy. escaped early*

*Another New Year's Eve - or arguably the arithmetically correct New Millennium Eve, 2000/2001 - celebrated in the Binns backyard by the usual sorry assemblage of reluctant draftees, including those artfully depicted here by Dick Jenssen with his electronic camera, and presided over by MERVYN the GRINCH (see back page, photo and creative additions by Dítmar)*

**EDITORIAL: FRIENDS REMEMBERED**  
**THERE AND BACK AGAIN: TRIP REPORTS**  
**LETTERS AND FANZINES RECEIVED**



# THE RUBBISH BIN(NS)

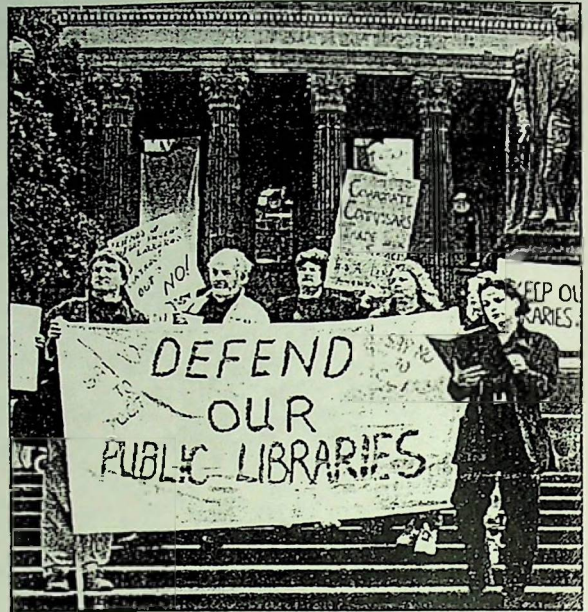
January 2001

## EDITORIAL

Dear Readers,

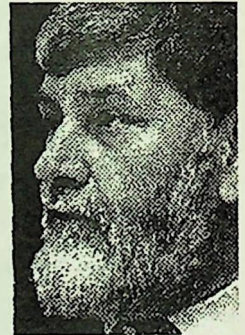
The best laid plans of mice and men..... I started putting issue number 7 together back in January 2000 and thought I had it finished by March, but after my assistant editor got hold of it, formatted all the photos and corrected all my goofs, it was finally completed late April. Some readers received copies in May but due to some pages not being available to print extra copies, other friends did not receive copies till much later. So I was determined to get the issue Number 8 out sooner. However #8 just kept growing and we decided to split it in two. As the articles about movies were complete, we decided to make #8 a special movie issue, which we did get out by Christmas. However I still wanted Number 9, with all the trip reports, letter column and all, out *poste haste*. Finally, here it is! In future we will be doing things differently, but more about that later. I initiate most of the content of RB, but thanks to Helena it becomes more grammatically correct and readable. Many thanks to Dick Jenssen for the hours of patient work he has spent copying and formatting photographs for us to include in this and other issues. Thanks also to Bruce Gillespie, who did the same for some of our earlier issues, including the Aussiecon 3 one. We hope that you all appreciated the movie issue but it will be just a part of future issues of RB. We did not send it to all our friends because it was just movies, which we assumed some people would not be interested in, but if you missed out and would like one, please ask us to send you one. We would be pleased to receive your letters of comment and anything you would like to add about movies.

It is unlikely that many of my friends reading this would have known a lady who was a very good friend to me, but I feel that I must mention her passing – Miss IRENE BOOTH, an sf reader, *Star Trek* devotee, cat-lover, and customer of mine for many years, both as a bookseller and mower man. She came to my rescue when I needed help and I hope that she regarded me as much of a friend to her as she was to me. Irene, along with her sister ADA, well known at Melbourne University and once a colleague of Dick Jenssen when he was ensconced in the Meteorology Department, were regular customers at Space Age Books, and Irene continued to buy books from me during my mail order period as Merv Binns Books and later asked me to mow her lawns. A surprise return of a supposedly cured cancer claimed her in July 2000. I will miss her!



COLIN WATSON (second from left) on the steps of the Victorian State Library with fellow demonstrators, including actress Sigrid Thornton, (far right) at a rally (date unknown) against the privatisation of public libraries proposed under the Kennett state government.

In the issue of RB #6 I wrote about our friend, librarian and sf fan Colin Watson, who passed away in August 1999. As an indication of the high regard in which he was held by his colleagues, the organisation called *Friends of Libraries Australia* have initiated THE COLIN WATSON MEMORIAL ORATION. The inaugural presentation was held at the Unitarian Church in East Melbourne on the evening of May 16th 2000, to which Helena and I were invited. The initial speaker was another old acquaintance, academic and politician Barry Jones. After outlining the work of Colin Watson and his great efforts to promote the growth and establishment of libraries throughout the country and the battle for funding by governments, Mr Jones went on to outline the situation now, quite clearly indicating that the fight is still on. He said he believed that despite the growth of the electronic media, the printed word is still very much alive and well and will remain so for years to come. Having missed Colin's funeral, we were pleased to have attended this evening and to pay our respects to Colin's widow, Marie Dowling. As an addendum to those remarks by Barry Jones, I saw Stephen King interviewed on an American TV show about a novel he is writing which he is serialising, as he writes it, on the internet. Just as an experiment he said, but it may have big implications for writers and publishers, and we will follow this with some trepidation.



BARRY JONES

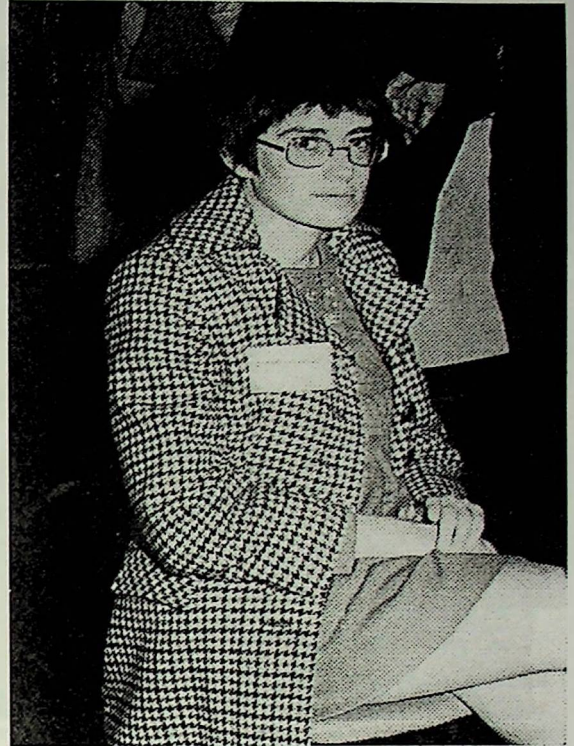


## CHERYL STRAEDE Memories of a Friend

When the Melbourne SF Club was established on the top floor of McGill's store I set about trying to get new members. Many new people came along, but many we never saw again, but that is another story. Most were blokes, but a few girls turned up including Myfanwy Foyster, John's sister who met Tony Thomas and they got married. Margaret Duce turned up and was pursued by a couple of club lotharios, but she subsequently married Kelvin Roberts, who was not an sf fan, and changed her name to Helena Roberts. Helena rejoined the Melbourne sf scene later, and she and Kelvin became two of my closest friends. After Kelvin died, Helena and I attended cons, movies and fannish gatherings together, and eventually we got married. A few other ladies joined, such as the late Joyce Wright, mainly to borrow books. A little lady named Cheryl, who was a very enthusiastic sf reader had difficulty getting about due to her physical problems, and was brought to meetings by her father. Circumstances eventually made it difficult for Cheryl's father to bring her into the club, and John Straede began ferrying her in and helping her up stairs. Their friendship blossomed and in 1971 they married. My father and I, and John's Best Man Dick Jenssen, and maybe some other club members, attended their wedding. John and Cheryl attended club film shows and lots of conventions, including AUSSIECON 3 last year. John became a computer programmer and eventually found himself working at the Anglo-Australian Telescope in New South Wales, and became an important cog in their activities.

Cheryl continued to work for the Department of Health, rising to section manager after commencing as an external student of the University of New England. She completed her first degree while serving as Executive Officer for the Ionospheric Prediction Service and gained a Master of Letters (the equivalent of an honours degree) in Psychology while working as the manager of Information Technology in the Chatswood branch of the Australian Taxation Office. Subsequently she won a much coveted Commissioner's Scholarship to do a full-time Master of Clinical Psychology course at Macquarie University and this eventually led to her last job as Therapeutic Manager at the Mulawa Womens' Prison where she looked after women at risk of self-harm and suicide.

Somewhere along the line Cheryl and John met Truda, an ecologist and cat breeder, with whom they shared their lives and home. They have been living in Maroota, NSW for about twenty years. but John was due to retire soon and they were planning to come to live in Carnegie, in a house that Cheryl had bought from her mother's estate, not far from Dick Jenssen, who has been a close friend of John and us for years. Alas that will not be and we will not have the pleasure of enjoying their company together.



*CHERYL at a convention in the '60s.*

On the 31st of August Cheryl was killed in a car accident, though John and other people involved were not seriously injured.

Our contact with them was limited over recent years, mainly with John buying books from me, and we said hello at the sf cons. We are very glad that despite Cheryl's fragile state of health they made it to Aussiecon 3. It is obvious that John took on quite a task caring for Cheryl but we know it was a labour of love in the fullest meaning, and we are sure they had many happy times together. Our heartfelt condolences go out to John, and we are sure that all the people in the sf fraternity who met them will join with us in this.

On Thursday 19th October 2000, we joined John and Truda, members of their families and Cheryl's, and some of our fan friends who knew Cheryl and John, for a memorial service at St Anthony's church in Glen Huntly. John, Truda, Cheryl's sisters Denise, Janis and Debra, and her friend Dianne read moving tributes to Cheryl. From there we went to Cheltenham Cemetery for the graveside ceremony for the interment of Cheryl's ashes, then to the Mentone Hotel for an informal gathering to share our memories of Cheryl and celebrate her life.



## TRIP REPORT



LEIGH & VALMA EDMONDS at home in Ballarat.

Being as impoverished as we are, Helena and I need to take advantage of the free once-yearly travel vouchers issued by the Victorian Government to pensioners, if we want to get away for a few days. In 1999 we went North to Bright and Mount Buffalo, following an invitation from Ian and Judy Crozier, and in 2000 we "rushed" to the old goldmining town of Ballarat. In February we attended Valma Brown's 50th birthday party with her spouse Leigh Edmonds and friends, held at a nice little Chinese restaurant in Clifton Hill, Melbourne. Leigh and Valma invited us to spend a few days with them and we jumped at the chance to see old Ballarat again after many years, which is where they are now living.

Leigh came from Dimboola, which is in Western Victoria on the way to Adelaide and South Australia. He was living in Melbourne in the 1960s and came along to the Melbourne SF Club, helped run conventions, produced lots of fanzines and shared a flat with John Bangsund and another domicile also with John's then wife Diane and Paul Stevens, and later with Paul on their own.

These associations I believe were the driving force behind his interest in fandom and fanzines, and producing fanzines such as *RATAPLAN*, *ORNITHOPTER*, *BOYS OWN FANZINE*, *ETHERLINE 2* and more, which he says led him into in his now occupation as writer and historian. When John B was living on his own in St Kilda, Valma I believe answered John's advertisement for someone to share the flat and in due course met Leigh, and they eventually got married in Dimboola. (Their wedding came after the movie, but I don't think Bruce Spence was one of the guests.) Leigh's job eventually took him to Canberra, where he was working for the Department of Civil Aviation, and his interest in aircraft eventually resulted in a thesis I believe on Douglas aircraft, which gained him a PHD. However he and Valma had to move to Perth in Western Australia to reach that goal. In due course he was contracted to write a history of the West Australian Department of Main Roads, and a very handsome volume it is, for which he received acclaim, resulting in other contracts and an overseas trip.

We spent an enjoyable time with Leigh and Valma, as well as beating them at Scrabble in the evenings. They took us to the sights we could not reach by foot, such as Sovereign Hill and the Botanic Gardens, where we saw the magnificent display of begonias, which is acclaimed world wide. The amazing colours and size of the flowers has to be seen to be believed.



Troopers on parade for the lowering of the flag in the main street at SOVEREIGN HILL.

Helena and I spent the next afternoon wandering around Sovereign Hill, which is one of those tourist traps which recreate some period in history, and this one is about the famous Victorian Gold Rush days. It was a bit of fun overall, but I particularly enjoyed the steam room with all the engines going, the lowering of the flag enactment by the red-coats, the shops selling wares packaged in the way they would have been in the Gold Rush days, and particularly one selling an amazing range of clothing. My main complaint was that everything was a bit expensive.



The way the whole town was laid out though, as it might have been during the gold rush, made it a very interesting and enjoyable afternoon. We finished off the trip with a visit to the Gold Museum across the road from Sovereign Hill, which had displays featuring many places and events in world history, relating to gold, plus numerous examples of gold artifacts and coins.



*A late-afternoon view of the reconstructed goldfields settlement and diggings at SOVEREIGN HILL.*

The next day we visited the Ballarat Art Gallery and we were fortunate enough to catch the National Gallery's touring display of 19th century posters by Toulouse Lautrec, Alphonse Mucha and others. But what made my trip to Ballarat and the art gallery in particular more than worthwhile was to see the Lindsay Family display there. An area recreating the family drawing room, laid out as it might have been last century, plus paintings by all the family's artists was great, but I just stood there transfixed by the two paintings of naked ladies by Norman Lindsay.

He would have to be one of my favourite artists of all time. I had not known that display was there, but I was very pleased we did visit the gallery indeed and saw not only the Lindsays' works, but the excellent collection of Australian historical paintings, many depicting the gold rush period. The statues in Ballarat's main street of royalty and other famous people of the 19th century, added to the old world charm of the city.



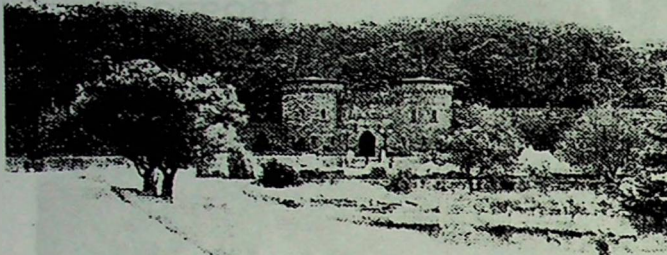
*The BALLARAT ART GALLERY, an example of Victorian colonial architecture. The signs on the left read "The Legendary Lindsay Family" and Ballarat Begonia Festival*



*"JOB" by Mucha, one of the 19<sup>th</sup> Century posters on display at the Ballarat Art Gallery, was done as an advertisement for "JOB" cigarette papers.*

*(All photos on pages 4 & 5 by Helena)*





*KRYAL CASTLE - a medieval fantasy in the Ballarat countryside.*

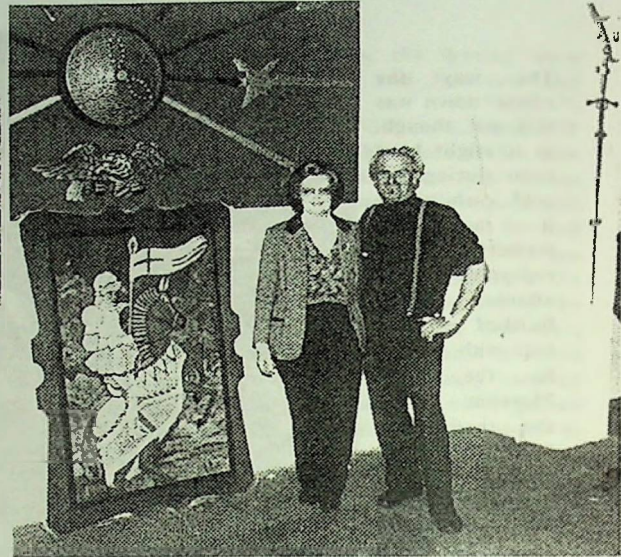
One afternoon Leigh and Valma took us out of town to see an edifice that I had heard a lot about over the years, Kryal Castle. Old friends in sf circles had been there and taken part in the activities and some came over to Aussiecon One and staged a sword fight. Set on a hill not far from the main Melbourne/Ballarat road, Kryal is a pseudo-medieval castle, a most incongruous but nevertheless an impressive sight which you would never expect see in the Australian countryside. Even up close, with battlements, turrets, moat, drawbridge and all it looks good, but the neglected garden running alongside the moat, paralleling the front of the building, gives a clue to what it might be like inside.



*KING KEITH OF KRYAL between bouts of swordplay, in Kryal's heyday in the 1970s.*

Helena had seen the castle many years before when it was relatively new, when she and her late husband Kelvin Roberts visited Kryal and got to know the guy whose great imagination led him to build it, Keith Ryall. It looked great then, Helena said, but the novelty of the venture, with the interior's colourful decorations, people in costumes, including those indulging in tournaments and

such, has worn off. Keith Ryall is still working on redecorating, intending hopefully to increase business a lot by operating as a motel and renting out the bizarrely decorated restaurant come food hall, for functions. The place still has a lot going for it, with the sheer brashness of it all. I was particularly impressed with the entrance hall displaying banners, suits of armour, weapons and of course the inevitable well stocked souvenir shop. Good luck to Keith in his endeavours to keep his dream alive and bring it to fruition, but I could not help but be reminded of myself and my own dreams of the past.



*Helena with KEITH RYALL. Kryal's founder and driving force To Keith, his brainchild is still a work in progress. His next plan for the Kryal Tavern's evening cabaret is to be a schlock horror show (featuring Keith, of course!)*

*(Photo by Merv)*

*(All other photos on this page by Helena)*

On the last day there we spent a few hours with another old friend, Margaret (Arnott) Orchard, who previously lived in Adelaide, and then worked in Darwin, where she met her husband, Ballarat son Bob. I met Margaret back in the 70s at Adelaide conventions, when she was a member of fandom there and a friend of the late Alan Bray, and she is still a member of ANZAPA. She took us shopping at Wendouree, near the lake and we reminisced a little. So seeing Ballarat and spending some time with our old friends, made it a very worthwhile few days.



*Merv with MARGARET (ARNOTT) ORCHARD on the shore of Ballarat's Lake Wendouree.*

Special thanks to Leigh and Valma for inviting us and looking after us.



## FANZINES & LETTERS RECEIVED

GRAHAM STONE has corrected details regarding A. Bertram Chandler visiting Australia, which I got very wrong in the last issue. I had the impression that Bob McCubbin, a founder and first Chairman of the Melbourne SF Club, was Bert's first Australian contact, then later Don Tuck; but Graham points out that he was visiting Sydney fans Eric Russell and Sterling Macoboy as early as 1945. It also occurs to me that he may have met Roger Dard in Perth about the same time. If anybody else can add their knowledge I would be obliged.



Merv says that everyone knows what JAN HOWARD FINDER (*THE WOMBAT*) looks like in his "I climbed Ayers Rock" T-shirt, so he prefers to use this photo of Jan with Marion Zimmer Bradley and Alan Sandercock in front of a different set of rocks, around the time of SEACON, the 1979 Worldcon in Brighton, England (Photo courtesy Alan Sandercock.)

JAN HOWARD 'WOMBAT' FINDER is alive and well and writing from his burrow in Albany, U.S.A. First of all Jan told me back in February that he has videos of the AUSSIECON movies, but here am I, even in the movies and I have been trying to get people to give me copies for the last twenty-five years. I kid you not! Maybe with Jan's help it might happen? In response to my comments in RB #6 about the Republic Referendum, he thought that the proposals presented "had been cobbled together at 3 am in some back room. I favoured the idea of Australia being a republic, but the presentation was the pits. I could have well voted against it due to how it was written". Being a fan of Arthur Upfield mystery novels and producer of a related fanzine *Marsupial Mutterings*, Jan was keen to travel around the outback and see, among other things, some of the places described in Upfield's stories. He did cover 35,500 km on his trip last year following Aussiecon 3, and though he had not, as I fatuously asked in my last editorial, been carried off by a dingo, he was, he said, attacked by a vampire frog. (What, no were-kangaroos!) He hopes to get back to Australia again, maybe in 2007, and there is talk of another Aussiecon bid for that year, but Japan fans are also in bidding mode for the near future.

"Hey you two, why don't you stand for DUFF? This may be the only way I'll get to see you on my home turf. 2002 is on the West Coast". Thanks Jan for this admirable suggestion! And I will follow up Greg Benford's new book *DEEP TIME*. I was a bit disappointed with the last thing I read of his, *TIDES OF LIGHT* but I did enjoy most of the other titles of his that I have read, but specially *TIMESCAPE*.

(I have finally received a video of the Aussiecon bidding films, courtesy Mark Loney in Canberra, and I have to thank Jan for it in the long run.)

MICHAEL WAITE sent me his latest FAPA contribution, *TRIAL AND AIR*. He regretfully notes the passing of artist Edward Gorey whose drawings graced the pages of such publications as *The New Yorker* and various other periodicals and books, and that was only shortly after the death of the producer of the *Peanuts* cartoon strips and more, Charles Schultz. I am often reminded of an old friend John Straede, who used to devour the latest *Peanuts* books, when I was working for McGills Bookstore in the 1960s. He would stand there laughing his silly head off while all the other customers were wondering who is that nut, but I am sure he was a great advert for the series. When I was in London on my first overseas trip in 1973, I spent a couple of days going through the bookshops in Charing Cross Road, an experience I share with Michael. I was stunned with the amount of Egyptian relics in the British Museum in '73, but it was not until my trip in 1979 to attend SEACON in Brighton, that I actually did much in the way of sightseeing, when my friend and now my wife, Helena joined me on a visit to the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, The Wax Works and The Planetarium. My father was born in Bradford, Yorkshire and I feel now that I should have paid a visit to York at least, but only got to Brighton and I visited bookseller and long time fan, Ken Slater and his wife in Cambridgeshire. My lucky wife got to see York, Bath and other parts of Britain, along with many famous edifices. I regret not seeing more of Britain, but I did see quite a bit of the USA, though that did not really make up for it. Michael noted his interest in model rocketry and that he is a fan of the late British comedienne Joyce Grenfell, and he is interested in any CDs that may be available of her monologues. Another funny lady we both enjoyed was Anna Russell, but alternatively I think that it was the James Mason and Ava Gardner movie *The Flying Dutchman*, that got me interested in Wagner's music. His music also worked very well in the movie *Excalibur*.

By the way, I have a full set of the seven issues of Hugo Gernsback's magazine *Science Fiction Plus*, bound in green leatherette, with gold embossed lettering. I am not all that interested in keeping it, so if you hear of anybody wanting a set, I would consider selling the volume for a good price.



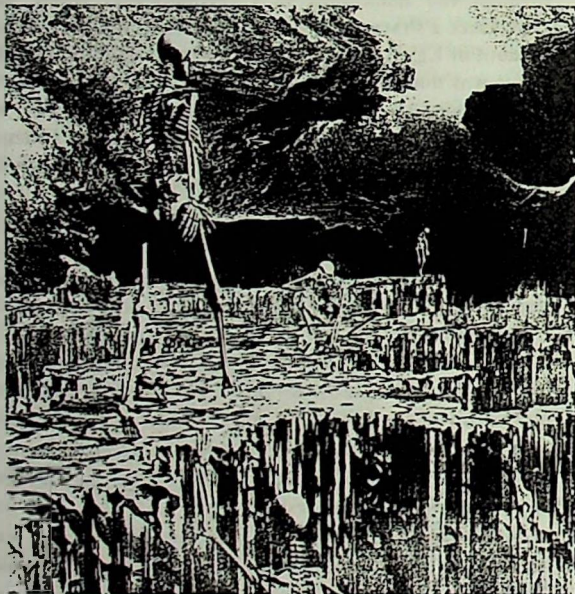
JOHN HERTZ, in Los Angeles, has been sending me his APA-L zine *VANAMONDE* for a few months now. Like Dave Langford's *Ansible*, it is a one sheet job and he has produced over 350 issues, mainly commenting on other people's zines or replies to locs, with some interesting anecdotes about sf fans and events. There are names of people I know or at least recognise as fans of note, and some I have even met such as Aussie fan Bob Smith, whom I have known for 40 years or more, Fred Patten, Mike Glicksohn, Bruce Pelz and of course the late Bill Rotsler, who did two name badges for me when he was producing and selling them for fan funds, and when he was in Australia as I think DUFF winner and con guest. A great guy who always went out of his way to say hello to me at the cons I attended in the States and Britain. I have quite a few of his illos and I am sure we will all continue to recycle them in our zines, so how could we ever forget him. Thanks John for sending me *Vanamonde*, as I am getting something out of it, even if I do not follow many of the references.

# W

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Digest

Number 13 ☽ Autumn ☽ May 2000

Written for the 21st mailing - The Secret Garden, May 2000 by Elaine Cochrane.  
77 Keele Street Collinswood, Victoria 3896, Australia, phone (03) 9419 4797, e-mail cando@mata.net

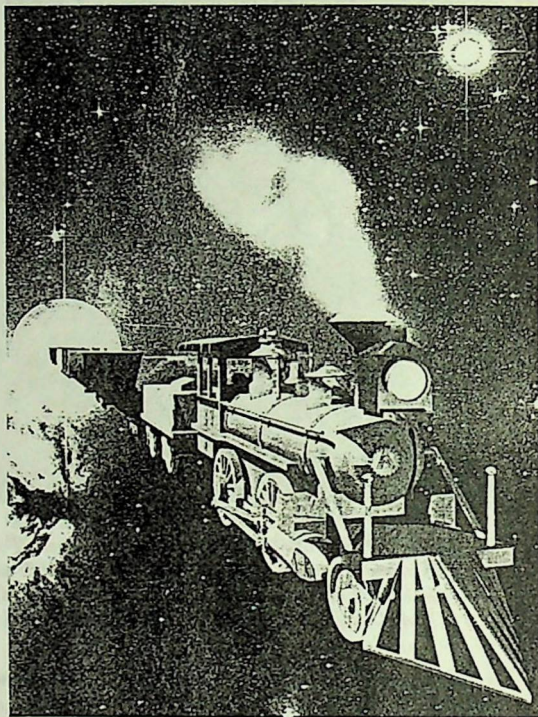


*Drawing by John Hertz, from the cover of the first issue of Weeders Digest.*

I do not belong to any apas, although I did contribute two or three issues of *Rubbish Bin(ns)* to ANZAPA years ago, when I first dreamed the name up, so I do appreciate friends sending me their contributions - such as John, Bill Wright and ELAINE COCHRANE, whose *WEEDERS'S DIGEST* is her contribution to *The Secret Garden*, which is an apa for garden fans, and I am one, as rough and unknowledgeable as I may be.

Our friend Ditmar Jenssen provides another cover illo for the May issue, and it is amazing how he can come up with such appropriate science fiction come fantasy subjects for them. I am learning a few things about plants from reading *Weeder's Digest* and although my aubergines, which I was given last season, never having grown them or used them very much before, are now gone, I will certainly keep a note of the recipe for Caponta. Thanks Elaine.

## Steam Engine Time



Issue 1

April 2000

Following BRUCE GILLESPIE's very comprehensive reports on Aussiecon 3, he gave me a copy of the first issue of a new zine, *STEAM ENGINE TIME*, for which Ditmar has done more beautiful and entirely appropriate cover illos. It contains a review by David Seed of a new edition of the Cordwainer Smith stories, *THE REDISCOVERY OF MAN*, edited by James A. Mann and the people at the New England SF Association publishing group. Fans will be pleased to see the tales in the correct order in which it appears that the author intended them. Paul Kincaid, on where sf is going. Bruce Gillespie on Olaf Stapledon, Elaine Cochrane on R. A. Lafferty, Paul Kincaid on British SF, Maureen Kincaid Speller on Ian Banks' novel *The Wasp Factory* and Bruce again on books received including the excellent SF Masterworks series from Millenium, Gollancz. As usual a very "professional" zine from Bruce.



LEIGH EDMONDS kindly sent me a copy of his SAPS contribution *WHERE WERE WE?*, in which he refers to another book he is putting together about road building in Western Australia, and describes how his and Valma's home in Ballarat is in a nice quiet area, except on Sundays, when the nearby church bells endeavour most inappropriately to try to wake the dead (luckily on our visit we were there mid-week), and various travels about the country. Thanks Leigh.

John Hertz, commenting in one of his mailings, on *THYME/ASFNEWS*, asked where is the news in *The News*. Well John, I started ASFN back in the early 70s and it was a "news" zine then, but I now leave the job to MARC ORTLIEB with his *The Australian Science Fiction Bullsheet*. Alan Stewart and I have kept ASFN going at least in name, just to keep up the tradition I guess. We are behind at the moment, but Alan has covered as much news as such as he could in the past. However Marc can do a much better job, mentioning all the sf clubs, conventions, details about new books written and published and what the fans and authors are up to, and he is publishing more regularly and more often. Subs to the Bullsheet are \$6.00 for ten issues or on e-mail a once-off \$10 fee. Marc's address is PO Box 215, Forest Hill, Victoria 3131.

THE MELBOURNE SF CLUB's zine *ETHEL THE AARDVARK* #90 is to hand, containing club news, articles and reviews, and reminds me once again how easy it is these days to produce a great, professional looking fan magazine. It is difficult for Helena and me to get to the MSFC, mainly because the meetings are held a fair distance from where we live and I cannot trust my rusty old wreck of a car to get us there and back. Editor Paul Ewins and assistants are doing a great job with *Ethel* and with Alan Stewart dropping copies off to us each issue, we are at least keeping in touch.

Despite my almost fifty years in fandom I have not had a great deal of contact with many fans who were active prior to the 1950s, Don Tuck, Graham Stone and Roger Dard come to mind, though such as Bill Veney, Arthur Haddon and Bert Castellari are only names to me. So I was surprised and pleased, to receive a copy of *Mumblings from Munchkinland* from CHRIS NELSON, of Invermay, Tasmania. Chris' 15th issue has a nostalgic interview with Bert Castellari, letters from Harry Warner Jr., and Don Tuck and a tribute to the late Bill Veney. Consequently Chris' zine helps me a little to fill in the gaps in Australian fan history. Today's fans should remember that we did not just get three World SF Conventions here out of the blue. The association that fans prior to the fifties had with overseas people was the foundation that fans of my era and later built on.

Yes, I did meet a lot of the early Sydney fans when I attended the 3rd National Australian sf convention there in 1954, but I was never a good correspondent or

fanzine producer myself, so I never kept in contact with people like my friend and *Etherline's* editor Ian Crozier did. However two mutual friends were Doug Nicholson and BOB SMITH. Doug I have not seen for many years, and I think the last time was at Aussiecon 2, and Bob contacted me earlier this year and again in a very nice letter which I must reprint as follows:

*Many thanks for RUBBISH BIN(NS) no.7 and it really is a delightful visual treat! The cover photo shows that time passes a lot faster than we all should hope, but makes me feel less cynical when I gaze in the mirror. I would like to think that, had I been at Aussiecon III, I might have been included in that photo...*



*From left: Back - Mervyn Barrett, John Foyster, Chris Bennie  
Front - BOB SMITH and Jill Dudding.*

*Sorry you couldn't be there for the FANHISTORICON photo at AUSSIECON 3, Bob, but we hope this one, taken in the early '60s with some of the folks seen in the Aussiecon photos nearly 40 years later, brings back some fond memories.*

*Yes, the Millenium celebrations were indeed spectacular, and now we look forward to the 21st Century which arrives officially on Jan 1, 2001. However, the celebrations didn't do much to ease world nastiness, did they? Had to chuckle at your description of how you - electronically - keep up with this new world: fingers crossed, our ancient VCR is holding up well, but there are times when I don't even turn the computer on, would you believe! Yes, the visual images are the order of the day everywhere, as you say, and I honestly mourn the times when a simple story, great photography, powerful music and direction and the minimum of "special effects" could scare the living daylight out of us. And a first rate story could do the same thing! (On my fourteenth birthday I was taken to see "The Uninvited" with Ray Milland and Ruth Hussey, and the implied fear of films like that was pure art compared with the later years of hitting you between the eyes and emptying your wallet). However, I agree with you absolutely about Robin Williams, and perhaps "Bicentennial Man" is a step in the right direction for original story adaption and subtle science fiction on the screen.*



With TV we look to great documentaries for that sense of wonder and imagination, and other tv dramas for fear, terror and atmosphere. I personally *do not* turn to any of the "sci-fi" (Ghoh! Forry Ackerman has a lot to answer for..) currently on the glass tit.

What a lovely memory-jogger to see the *ETHERLINE* cover, and It's almost exactly thirty years since I parted with my bound volumes. (Who wrote that take-off of "Gunner Cade" ?). I wrote to another fan, on the passing of A.E.van Vogt, one does not remember Coeurl with affection, but its creator left his mark on many older fans. Flip the page, and another nostalgic contrast between the old and the recent Jessen artistic handiwork. And still the visual treats continue! (Did I receive that *PERHAPS..?* I dunno because I was up to my ears in a Tokyo winter at the time..) I was in contact with Don Tuck in those days. (Paid for his first *HANDBOOK* with US paperbacks, as I recall) John Baxter, Mae Strelkov and I carried on a correspondence in the early 1960's: a remarkable woman.

Your *Aussiecon III* Report was certainly appreciated, and shows another aspect and view of that convention for the "stay-at-homes" like myself. (In the same mail was Bruce Gillespie's *A FEAST OF PEOPLE*, so my cup runneth over, as it were...)

Regards,

Bob Smith

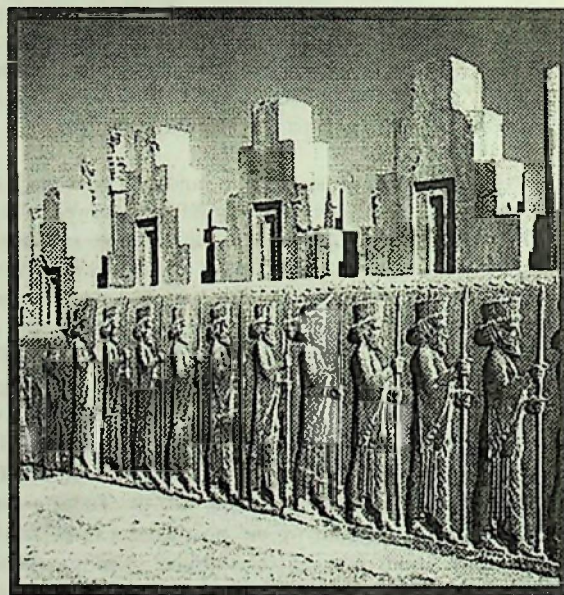
Thanks Bob! I must say that I am enjoying myself putting all these words together, and it is really great to know that readers are appreciative of my efforts. I have always considered *The Uninvited* as being one of the best horror films, along with *The Haunting* with Claire Bloom and Julie Harris, in direct contrast to recent "horror" films, exactly because they did not have all the blood and guts of this *Friday the 13th* style rubbish. Helena and I are devoted *Star Trek* fans and we also enjoyed *Babylon 5*, and I must admit I do like to watch *Stargate*, *Farscape*, *X-Files*, *Seven Days* and almost anything else that looks like sf, and Helena humours me. I cannot work out why people object to the term *sc-fi* describing sf movies, but it does annoy me when the media and publishers lump UFOs and similar bilge under the same heading. Sorry, but I do not remember who wrote the *Gunner Cade* take-off, but I think it may have been Kevin Wheelahan. It's great that the photographs can now be reproduced reasonably well and economically. Sorry you were not at *Aussiecon III* as we most certainly would have included you in.

Another old friend whom I met through the MSFC and sf fandom in Melbourne is ROSS COZENS, who had to move to the USA to find employment in his chosen field and has now been living there for at least twenty-five years or more. I stayed with him at Chicago University in 1973, when I was on my way home after *TORCON SF Worldcon* in Toronto, Canada. and he treated me to

the sights, including the top of the world's tallest building at that time, the Sears Tower. Ross, who now lives in Strongsville, Ohio, decided that he was going to see as much of the world as he could, so he has been travelling to various points of the compass on his annual leave, and I thought my readers may be interested in reading a report of his most recent excursion. So here it is:

December 1999

The big travel adventure this year was to Iran, the dream world of "Ancient Persia" having remained with me since childhood. Well, the place ain't no *Arabian Nights* any more, but the experience was totally marvelous. The trip was over three weeks, with the small group travel company *Explore* yet again, Initially, 18 of us traveled for two weeks through the larger cities, then 14 of us did an additional week trekking and camping and boating and driving through the rugged Zagros Mountains region. We started and finished in Tehran, which impressed me quite favorably, in spite of the inevitable chaos and traffic pollution. True to *Explore* principles, we stayed in smaller but comfortable hotels, centrally located from the tourist standpoint. In Tehran, it was possible to walk from the *Ferdosi Grand Hotel* (something of an overstatement) to the finest museums, delightful parks and the astonishing bazaar. We traveled to the glorious old city of Shiraz, (no more wines, though!) by ancient Russian airliner, but all further travel was by coach. Happily air conditioned coach, as the temperatures were extremely high even in September.



Low-relief sculptured wall frieze at the ancient city of PERSEPOLIS

Near Shiraz was the glorious 5th century BC Achaemenian city of Persopolis, one of the great historic sites of my travel life.



*From Shiraz, we drove to the desert city of Kerman - the only place we were not free to move about on our own, on account of recent kidnappings of tourists by Afghan drug dealers - then onwards to the truly amazing mud-brick Citadel at Barn, a fortified city continuously occupied from the 5th to the 18th century., still reasonably intact since there is little or no rain in the area! Then we moved on to Yazd, a fabulous rabbit-warren of narrow streets and alleys where part of the wandering experience was to get hopelessly lost and seek assistance to find one's way back out. Yazd is one of the world's oldest occupied cities . We finished the main tour in the relaxing, beautiful Isfahan, city of palaces, mosques, gardens and squares. The British tour leader, one other guy and I quite took to the Iranian "tea houses" where one could relax after a long day, drink the tea and smoke the water pipe...we did this almost every night - and it was a great way to meet and get into conversation with friendly locals. In fact, nobody ever had an unpleasant encounter with the locals, who were outstandingly friendly and curious. For the last week , our smaller group traveled the Zagros Mountains, meeting Bakhtiara nomads in their camps, and trekking and boating through some fabulous desert scenery. I bought some nice souvenirs along the way, including silk carpets (prayer mats - no, I didn't convert to Islam, they're for decorative purposes only!), miniature paintings, and my own water pipe complete with stock of Egyptian flavored tobacco. The Trip could not, however be claimed as a great culinary adventure, the food being about as bland and unvarying as was experienced last year in Tibet. Usual fare was kebabs, chicken or lamb, and the occasional lamb stew... the best meal we had was at a road-side "restaurant" with a sheep carcass hanging in the doorway, providing the nicest, freshest char-broiled lamb kebab I've ever eaten, along with freshly baked bread. Next year?...not entirely sure, but am strongly tempted by an Explore "Grand Tour of the Middle East" incorporating Lebanon, Syria and Jordan.*

Ross went on to explain how he is transferring his LPs on to CDs, and half his luck. At least I can play my CDs on the computer, but I would love a decent CD player. let alone be able to record, but with computers now operating more than ever just on CDs, we will eventually have to update. No Ross, I have not got on the net yet, so I cannot access all the rare book dealers, but best of luck in your Lovecraft collecting. Good luck also on your house renovation, and as for your '92 Cougar that has done 160,000 miles, I can beat that, a 1975 Ford wagon that has done well over 500,000 kms. The engine is just starting to play up, the transmission is crook, and if I kick it a pile of rust will result, but it gets me to my few lawn-mowing jobs and shopping, though I dare not take it on any long runs.

I received a letter from another friend. PETER LAWSON, who moved to Holland from here, about two years ago in his employment.

He and his wife Mei are now living in the Sultanate of Oman on the Arabian Peninsula. They are enjoying the life there, with Peter doing computer work for the Shell Company and despite the restrictions expected in a Muslim country. They are able to buy things at special shops within the "camp", even Australian ice cream and New Zealand lamb. Like Ross, Peter appreciates good food, which is very good there. Oman is "not quite New York, London or (even) Chadstone, but much better than Holland", he said.

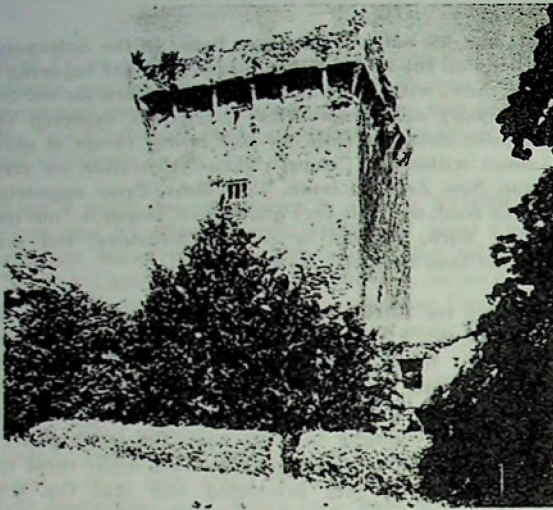
During the fifteen years running my bookshop, Space Age Books, I had the great privilege of making three overseas trips. (That is not the only reason I went broke!) Lots of people make overseas trips, including many sf fans due to the great Fan Funds, which I think have been running in some cases for thirty years or more, but we lucky people who have made these trips realise that we are privileged and that the larger majority of people do not travel outside their country or even their state. So I was pleased to hear that some old friends from the earliest days of the Melbourne SF Club, were about to make their first overseas trip. Val and Jenny MORTON flew off to Ireland to see their daughter Felicia and her husband Andrew, who was working there, making use of another great innovation of the age, Fly Bys. After flying to London via Bangkok, they changed planes in London and were off to Dublin, and I will let Val take it from there:

*Following.... a rest after our long, long journey half-way across the world, we were taken on a night tour of Dublin, seeing buskers, street entertaining, cafes, stores etc. - including the famous "MacDonalds". Most buildings are only 2-3 stories high (no skyscrapers) and the traffic is busy - and erratic. Cars whiz by everywhere and the cyclists don't wear helmets.*

The next two days.... we took shopping tours...then...Felicia took us to Malahide Castle and a tour which gave us a look at the castle's 800 years of history. Then, after lunch in the castle cafe it was off to Ardgillan Castle and afternoon tea on the spacious lawn overlooking the Irish Sea. That was followed by a visit to an ancient church at Lusk, where we toured the tower and read about its history of defence against attackers. Next, the long drive back to the family house and relaxation.

*On Sunday it was off for a tour of the Ancient Celtic Tombs at Newgrange, which date back around 6,000 years, and were only excavated in 1962. Next, off to another burial site of some 3,000 years old at Knowth and Dowth, before returning to the Tourist Centre where collective historical information was displayed. The return journey took us to a ruined castle at Slane, where the high tower battlements were only attainable by a narrow winding stone stairway. (Errol Flynn and Basil Rathbone would have found it very difficult to have their famous sword fight in such restrictive circumstances).*





Ireland's fabled BLARNEY CASTLE. (Sorry Val, we couldn't find a picture of any of the ones you mentioned.)

Next day we passed through the area where the famous "Battle of the Boinne" was fought. The story is related to Malahide Castle where, on the morning of the epic battle, fourteen members of the castle had shared breakfast before they went off to the battle, where all fourteen were killed, the same day. The next day, off to the city where, and while the others were shopping I took a short tour learning the history of the early Viking settlement in Dublin. During the following days we visited several parks and gardens and toured through the green Irish countryside, travelling through Wexford, Enniscorilly, and the four story high Johnstone Castle where, from the battlements the surrounding landscape afforded a view of very colourful scenery.

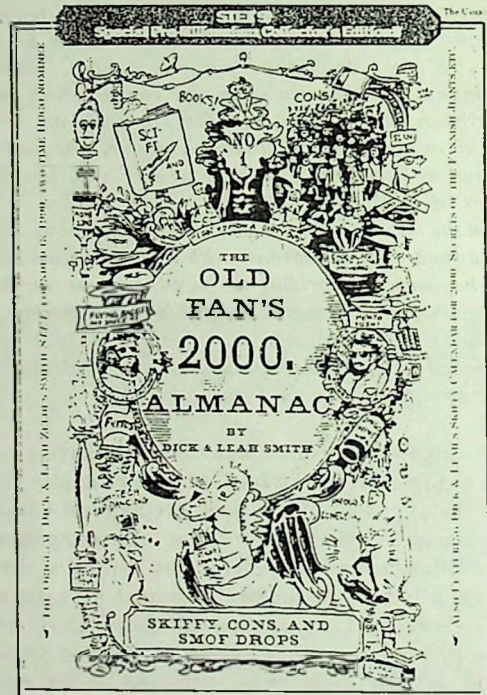
Back to Dublin.... and we were off again. This time on a tour around the the Southern part of Ireland, where we visited Kilkenny and Cahir Castle :The rock of Cashal: Charles Fort Castle: ( Is that related in any way to the guy who wrote about strange phenomena, Val?) : Kinsdale: Parkes Castle and off through Calverstown: Nenangh: Limmerick: Bunratty and Blakney Castle. We were booked into a bed and breakfast weekend at the Mohona Farmhouser and enjoyed several wonderful meals there. Then finally, off again heading back to Dublin.

After a few days relaxing with their relatives Val and Jenny were... finally off again, into the hills and mountains , up through Sally's Gap, around several lakes, through parks and past waterfalls, then back home again and relaxation. ....August 24 last year.... our last day in Ireland, we went shopping and took a brief walk along the beach..... and (next day) we were off to airport for the flight to London, where we would have another five days of sight seeing.

Thanks for that report. Val! I edited it a little and I hope you do not mind. You certainly got a pretty good

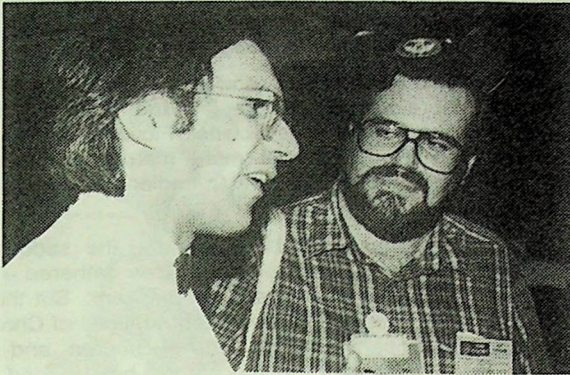
look at beautiful Ireland, which regrettably I will have to rely on movies and TV series like *Ballykissangel* for my views of it. Another friend of mine, Peter Kemp, visited there some years ago and I hope that he might have some appropriate comments to add to your report, after he reads this. I will include your report on your tour of London and environs next issue of RB.

I came across a great item that was passed on to me by a friend after AUSSIECON 3, which has been going for a few years, but I regret I have not had the great pleasure of perusing previously. DICK and LEAH ZELDE SMITH's *STET 9*, which is a special collector's edition. It has all sorts of fascinating fan information including lists of not only all the Hugo Awards, but many other awards also, a Lexicon of Fan Language, a list of all the World SF Conventions, lots of wonderful articles such as how to make absinth (and I actually have a wormwood shrub growing in my back yard ), Dave Langford's "Patent Juniper and Quinine Lemon Marmalade" (personally I make lots of cumquat marmalade, but this does sound very interesting), and I could go on.



However I particularly appreciated the 2000 Calendar with all the fannish events and the birthdays of sf and associated notables, both still with us and forever in our memories. I love it all! The calendar brings back embarrassing memories to me of a calendar I produced for 1983, to publicise the Sydney, Australia bid for the '83 World Con, in which I included fan events both here and in the USA, plus birthdates, but I screwed up a couple of the months dates. I don't think that was why they lost the bid and as we all know, Melbourne took it on for '85, so I do not think my efforts were entirely wasted.





Ben Yalow and ANDREW PORTER (Right, wearing Mickey Mouse beanie) at L.A. CON 1984

(Photo by Rick Hawes)

I was looking forward to meeting American fan, editor of *Science Fiction Chronicle*, ANDREW PORTER again at AUSSIECON 3 last year, but regrettably Andy's mother became ill when he was due to come to Melbourne for the con, so of course he could not make it. In a letter received from him in July he had this to say:

*Yeah, I'm really unhappy that I couldn't get to Australia, to meet all the other ancient characters that I'm increasingly becoming a contemporary of. Bill Wright, who slept on my sofa, John Bangsund, who apparently did his B. Traven impression during Aussiecon, you and all sorts of other characters. But my Mom and her illness came first, alas.*

*Now I don't know whether I'll ever get to Australia at all. I guess I'll have the money, eventually, and even time--- I'm not planning to stay with and work on SFC for the rest of my life, after all. But the coming together of all these people and Aussiecon itself was a once in a lifetime juxtaposition that may never happen again.*

Andrew Porter

Well Andy, I hear that local people are planning a bid for a world con here again in the near future, so you may make it yet. We have to thank you for starting the ball rolling in the late 1960s prior to our bid for the '75 World Con here, by publishing John Bangsund's cartoon of the Melbourne Arts Centre Tower and adding, "Australia in '75". We really did need to pay tribute to you here! But as you intimate, the opportunity to meet all our contemporaries and our idols, is steadily passing. The memories I have of seeing and meeting all the people I did at TORCON in 1973 and then at SEACON in 1979, will never be surpassed. As you probably remember, "everybody" was at Seacon almost, with the notable exceptions of Heinlein and Asimov. I saw Asimov at Torcon and spoke to Heinlein on the phone when he was ill in bed on a cruise ship in Melbourne.

All my personal friends were at our cons in '75 and '85, so although I did not entirely enjoy Aussiecon 3 last year because of the programming, and many of my friends were missing, though many friends were there, the memories of the past get-togethers will always endure. I still remember you taking me down to your local store to buy me a bagel and cream, and then down to the end of the street for a great view of the Brooklyn Bridge, when I was there in New York in '73, every time I see the bridge on *Letterman* or other TV shows. Thanks for the memories, Andy.

Accidentally I found the August 2000 issue of MICHAEL WAITE's zine *TRIAL AND AIR*, which had been buried under the mountains of printed material that we hate throwing out in this abode. Reading a letter to Michael from our friend Bill Wright, I found reference to a convention we had in a lecture building at Melbourne University, which Dick Jensen organised the use of. It was referred to there as *Galacticon*, but in fact I now recall that it was actually the 10<sup>th</sup> National Australian convention. We do refer to it as *Gelaticon*, because of the incident I have often mentioned in my reminiscences in which a little van selling gelati, Italian style "ice cream" turned up and interrupted the proceedings. It was miles away from toilet facilities and any food sources and I entirely agree with Bill, whose memory is far better than mine. If there were toilets nearby it may have been that they were inaccessible, because I believe that it was a holiday and most of the University would have been locked up. Consequently other people who attended along with Bill and me, I am sure will all agree with us, or Dr Jensen obviously did not make the situation clear. My memories of fannish and past events in my life in general, continue to be hard to put in sequence and in detail, but looking through old zines and con booklets, is helping a lot. Part one, up to 1973, of my Convention Memoirs will be in the next issue and part two, in a later issue, will cover my trip to Toronto, Canada for TORCON World Sf convention in 1973.

As Michael says in his zine, the cost of producing lots of colour is prohibitive, but he manages to include some in *Trial and Air*, including in this issue a reproduction of Bill Wright's magazine *Interstellar Ramjet Scoop's* cover, with Dick's computer generated illustration of a Saturn-like planet. Inside, he also reproduces the "Young Guns/Old Farts" photos of us that appears elsewhere in this issue of RB, but in his case the later photo is in colour. At least we can reproduce photographs in black and white, with the relatively cheap process of photocopying these days.

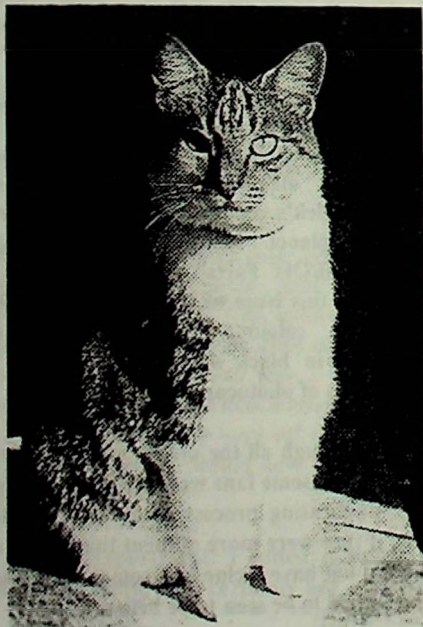
Browsing through all the old fanzines I have acquired over the years, some fans were able to make the best use of the duplicating process or even having their zines printed if they were more affluent than the average, but others did not have a clue and some of the cruddy zines produced had to be seen to be believed.



However it is good to see that us old fans are still producing in print, and that computers and e-mail have not entirely taken over.

Dick Jenssen is doing a great job for us copying and formatting photographs and providing cover illustrations. We will be asking him to do a lot more (sorry about that, Dick!) as I have hundreds of photos that I want to include in future memoirs bits. Helena also has thousands and she is a better photographer than I am, but we are more intent on catching people, places and events to the best advantage, while Michael, with his photos reproduced in *Trial and Air*, is more interested in the pictorial qualities of his great shots. I handled a few old zines by the way, produced by old FAPA members such as Dick Eney and Brian Earl Brown, when I was going through my collection and listing to sell.

Michael lost his old cat George about the same time that I lost mine, Susie. I'd never had a cat before, having been more of a dog person in my younger years, and too busy to keep a pet when I had my shop. Susie was a starving stray that followed a friend to our home and I adopted her. She was a grey tabby, with white head, front and belly, and I always thought of her as a very pretty cat. I found her a great comfort, particularly after my father died in July 1996, and she was always eager to get on my lap while watching TV. She got diabetes because I did not make her eat the food she should have consumed, rather than what she wanted to eat, and she died on Valentine's day in 1997, having cost me \$400 at the vet, that I did not begrudge, but found it hard to find during a very stressful period in my life. However, indirectly on the day I lost her, Susie contributed to the development of my association with my wife Helena, and as Helena points out, I did not need a cat now that we had each other, so I have not had another cat since. Looking after an animal is a responsibility that I do not want to take on again now.



Merv's cat SUSIE

(Photo by Merv)

## FROM YOUNG GUNS TO OLD FARTS

Reprinted courtesy of its author Dick Jenssen and publisher (of *Interstellar Ramjet Scoop*) Bill Wright.

In the last issue of IRS, and in the section "A Ditmar Life", there was a photograph of the *Young Guns* of the nascent Melbourne Science Fiction Club – which included two somewhat more mature pistols: Bob McCubbin and A. Bertram Chandler (reproduced on the next page).

Well, time has wrought changes – the saddest of which is that the older pair has been gathered – and the *Young Guns* have become *Old Farts*. But this is, of course, simply the natural depredations of Chronos and his propensity to devour his children, and thus must be expected. So much time has passed that there was a celebration yesterday (7<sup>th</sup> July 2000) to mark the advanced birthdays of both Mervyn Binns and Dick Jenssen: Merv was 66 years old the day after the photo was taken, and Dick was 65 the day before. Race is also 65, Bill is 63, and Bruce has a mere 53 years under his belt. Which means that the combined ages of those in the photo is a tad over 300 years. Which gives me – at least – some pause.

The celebrations took place at *Murasaki's* Japanese restaurant, and since Bill and Bruce and Justin Ackroyd and others of the twelve guests had brought far too many bottles of wine, Helena Binns thought it prudent to have the photo session before the heavy drinking started. Which may account for the look of delighted anticipation on Bill's face, and the sense of desperate urgency evident on Bruce's.

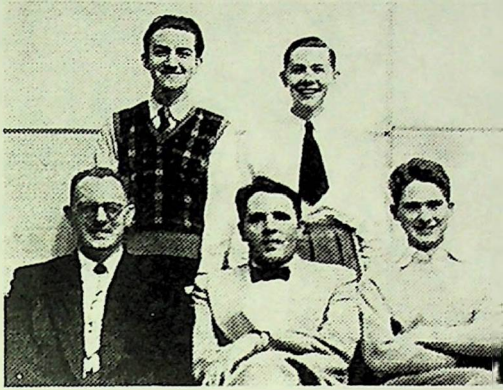
With the years, the bodies change. And so Merv suffers from hypertension and an incipient raised cholesterol level, Dick, too, is hypertensive but also has heart arrhythmias, Race is fitted with a pacemaker, Bill is now diabetic, and Bruce – well... being the youngster of the group, it seems that (touch wood) Bruce is free from unending medication or prosthetics

Now I cannot speak for the others, but swallowing pills every day is neither a hardship nor a source of worryment, but merely the concomitant of living as long as I have. And it's been a good life, by and large, and a very lucky one. In fact, I think I'd rather be me now than me at any earlier age – life seems to get better as I get older. Or perhaps it's that I'm learning the rules at last, or just that I have fewer expectations. Be what it may, this is a good time. And even better when little celebrations, such as this, are bestowed on one.

Dick Jenssen

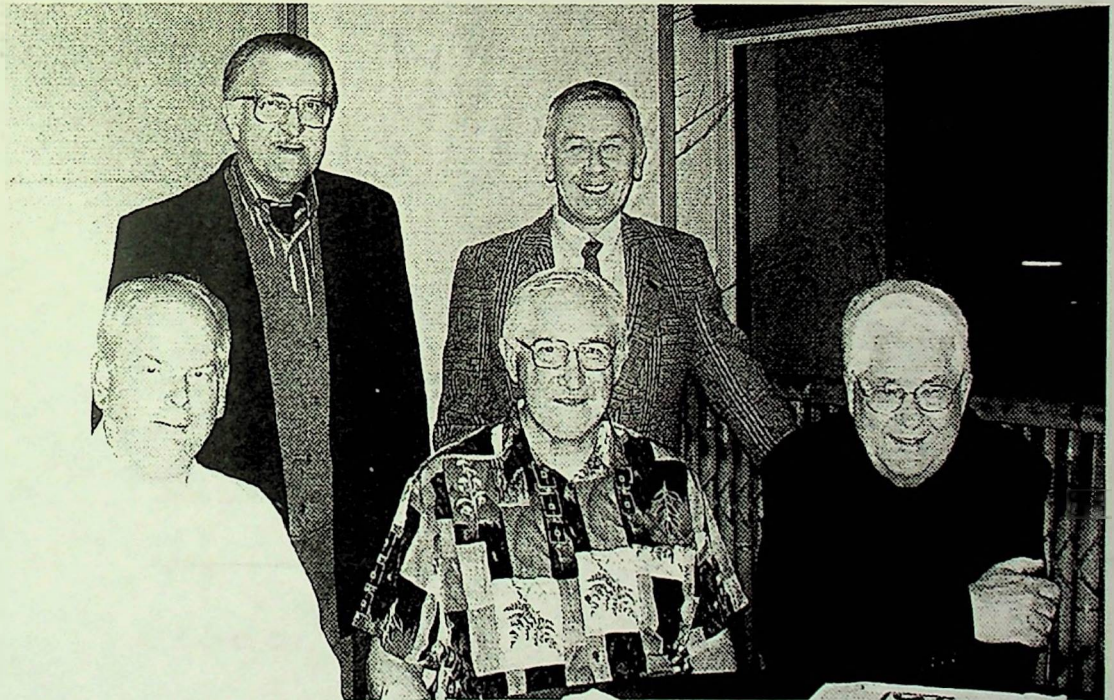
Helena wonders if perhaps this item should be followed up with one on fannish females – *From Young Hons to Old Tarts*





from  
Young Guns  
to  
Old Farts

Top: Mervyn Binns, Dick Jensen  
Bottom: Bob McCubbin, A. Bertram Chandler, Race Mathews  
Photo by Lee Harding. c 1952



Top: Mervyn Binns, Dick Jensen  
Bottom: Bruce Gillespie, Bill Wright, Race Mathews  
Photo by Elaine Cochrane July 7, 2000





What the ...