



tigger

NUMBER TWENTY TWO

OCTOBER 1986

Registered by Australia Post - Publication No VBH6727

TTTTTTTTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTTTTTTTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTT	III	GGG GGG	GGG GGG	EEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGG	GGG	EEEE	RRRRRRRRR
TTT	III	GGG GGGG	GGG GGGG	EEEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGG GGG	GGG GGG	EEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRR RRR
TTT	III	GGGGGGGGG	GGGGGGGGG	EEEEEEEEEE	RRR RRR

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

OCTOBER 1986

Registered by Australia Post - Publication No VBH6727

AVAILABLE for trade, contribution, LcC, editorial whim, or, if you insist on sending money, on an issue by issue basis for a \$2-00 money order made out to DUFF, GUFF, or FFANZ plus a fifty cent Australian Stamp. I'll post the money order on to the fan fund of your choice. (If you want to send your donation to TAFF then send it straight there and send your cheque butt and a fifty cent stamp.)

The views expressed herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor even if he himself wrote the article. Upon publication, the copyrights to all materials enclosed herein revert to the artists and writers.

Tigger is the official organ of the Australian National Science Fiction Association and a fwantic fanzine.

EDITORIAL ADDRESS Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vict 3131 AUSTRALIA.

A PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS PRODUCTION
In association with Eccles the Microbee

---cOo---

"Hallo, Piglet. This is Tigger"

"Oh, is it?" said Piglet, and he edged round to the other side of the table. "I thought Tiggers were smaller than that."

"Not the big ones," said Tigger.

THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNER A.A. Milne

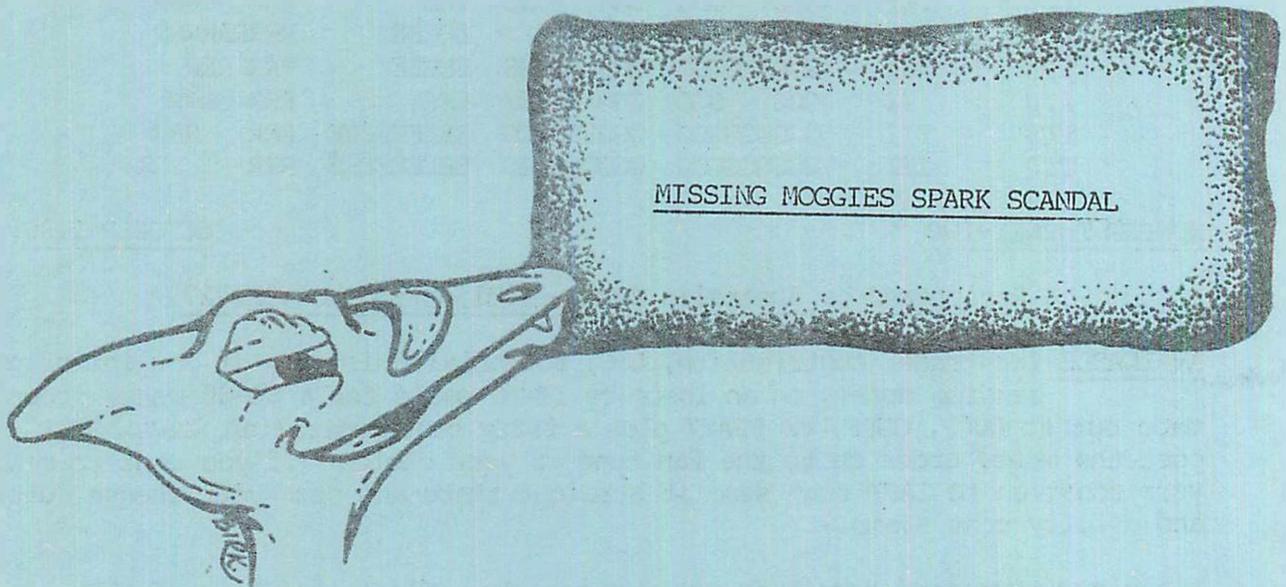
ARTWORK

COVER Artwork Peta Little

Logo Sheryl Birkhead

ATom pp 6 & 23
 Wade Gilbreath pp 7 & 21
 Bill Rotsler pp 15 & 17
 Sheryl Birkhead p 2

Graham Ferner p 4
 Aliscn Cowling p 10
 Shep Kirkbride p 12
 Cindy Riley p 20
 Terry Frost p 22



Ali Kayn

Concern is mounting within the scientific community over the recent spate of cat disappearances around various universities and other scientific institutions. In the past, these have been attributed to the ruthlessness of a group of cat fur traders. Substantiation of this appeared in a certain fondness for cat fur collars among faculty wives. Further concerning allegations surfaced when a well-known breakfast show host noted that all of the faculty wives in question were related, by marriage, to the Biochemistry Department of the University of Melbourne.

What, you may ask, is the link?

The plot thickened when the science fiction connection was discovered. It appeared that members of the University's Science Fiction Association were joining the biochemists in secret experimentation. Rumours ran rife concerning the leaking of vital S.D.I. information to the Soviets, disguised as pulp science fiction.

These rumours have subsequently been denied categorically by a White House Spokesperson, but no explanation was offered for the sudden demise of three popular Comic Books, a Blakes 7 fanzine and the impounding of a number of episodes of Sesame Street.

Meanwhile, giggles and furtive whispers behind closed laboratory doors aroused the curiosity of a maintenance man, who mentioned it to a reporter for a student newspaper, from which it was picked up, exclusively, by SIXTY MINUTES.

So what do we have? A pattern of purloined pussies, a flurry of fat cat faculty wives in fur collars and a lot of locked laboratory doors.

Our intrepid reporting team visited one of the implicated laboratories and swung into action with our most successful technique, a frontal assault, involving a suntanned reporter in a fashionable suit, two camera persons, a boom operator, a sound recordist, two lighting technicians, a make-up artist, a hairdresser, two lawyers and a psychic who attempted to force their way into a laboratory. While the wild-eyed laboratory personnel attempted to repel the assault, a small camera assistant stole the waste paper basket, containing a 1948 copy of "Astounding Science Fiction" and a pile of back issues of TIGGER, which were later discovered to have nothing relevant to say but they did have cats on their covers.

Several days passed before any further developments. Our chief researcher, J. Smithers, was having difficulty in evaluating the accumulated data. Each time she attempted to sit down to do so, the office cat was found to be occupying her chair. When she removed the cat, it inevitably plunked itself down on the pile of papers germane to the next stage of the investigation.

After gruelling days of cat removal, she was ready to give up when, upon moving the cat's right hindpaw to read a little more of the magazine page on which the cat was washing itself, she was struck by a dreadful thought.

No matter what she did, the cat always sat on the paper she wanted to read immediately before she knew she wanted it. If she went for a coffee break, the cat occupied her chair seconds before she returned! The cat, furthermore, persisted in demanding to be let out just when . . . (Excuse me - I'll just let the cat out) . . . Didn't it persist in being - DIFFICULT at the most crucial moments?

What was it, she asked, that gave the cat this frustrating ability?

A nasty suspicion formed in her mind. Why is it that a cat only ever throws up on the unread magazines that you intend to read? (or on "dry clean only" clothing that you can't afford to take to the cleaners until three days after you need to wear it.) How do cats find the most inconvenient place to rest seconds before you need access to that particular location? Why will a cat only walk over a computer keyboard, treading carefully on the reset key, moments before backup?

Smithers was unable to contact her editor with her suspicions for twenty four hours, due to the fact that the editor's cat had knocked her telephone off the hook seconds before Smithers tried to ring her.

Today officials of the Cat Protection Society are strangely silent. Society funded research has revealed that the feline brain contains a substance which gives cats this ability to sense human actions before they occur. Studies on this substance, nicknamed feline thiotimoline, began to go terribly wrong three seconds before its dehydrated form was about to be added to water . . .

---oOo---

Three kinds of blood vessels are arteries, veins and caterpillars



THE GOOD OIL

An irregular fannish commentary column by Perry Middlemiss

Over the past couple of months, I have come to realise that there are a few gaps or deficiencies in the fannish publishing scene in Australia. The one that immediately comes to mind is the area of fanzine reviews. The problem is that, not only are very few published, but there seem to be practically none which get right down to the nitty-gritty and criticise a fanzine in depth, rather than just a general review, which only contains details of production style, size, publishing schedule, availability, etc.. That's a pity, because a solid critical column of fanzine reviews is certainly warranted and would be heartily welcomed.

As a lot of you probably already know, Irwin Hirsh and I publish the fanzine LARRIKIN. It's a small publication (only eight pages an issue); it's issued monthly; and it attempts to be fast, entertaining and amusing. Irwin would have his own reasons for being involved in the fanzine and I obviously have mine. Those reasons are many and varied but, in essence, they have to do with considering it a good hobby, which differs markedly from my full-time employment, and which offers me a ready outlet for material I want to write. But, deep down, there is more to it than that. There is the need and the ambition to improve the pieces I write: the choice of material, the style and the way the pieces are presented are uppermost. There might even be further reasons, for which I don't feel like delving at this time.

Every writer alive wants to improve. You don't want to keep putting out the same crap week after week, or month after month, without the prospect of getting any better. But the question presents itself; how do you get there?

Journalists have a mechanism built into their workplaces to give them the feedback they require - if the editor doesn't like what is presented, it is sent back for a rewrite, or is bucketed out of hand. The professional writer has something similar in his book publisher's editor - if the book isn't good enough, it won't be printed. In comparison, the fanzine writer is in a rather invidious situation. Most fanzine editors are either

(i) not professional in their outlook

or

(ii) not possessed of the necessary skills to provide the help required. (That is not to say that they don't try; it's just that the expertise is not there.)

So where does a young lad go for his critical feedback? From his peers and betters, that's where. And, in the fannish community, that is usually provided by way of fanzine review columns.

That's all well and good, so long as the fanzine reviews are being published regularly but it is my contention that they are not. As you read this, Irwin and I will have published the sixth issue of LARRIKIN, some forty eight pages in total, and it might be interesting to check on what has been written about the issues so far.

A quick browse through recent Australian fanzines I have received (and I'd be pretty pissed off if I sent my fanzine to someone who reviewed it and then didn't send me a copy of the review!) reveals the following: neither TIGGER nor THYME have reviewed it; Jack Herman, in WAHF-FULL, reviewed the first four issues in four lines; the first two issues only were reviewed in THE SPACE WASTREL Vol 2 No 4, three lines on the first issue and two on the second; and, in almost a surfeit of riches, Leigh Edmonds talked about the first issue for nine lines in THE NOTIONAL 15. All in all, not a good line-up.

I suppose some readers might consider me to be rather petty to be focussing on the length of the reviews rather than their quality. Maybe. But I really don't see how you can say very much about a fanzine in four or five lines - regardless of how good a reviewer you are. And that is the guts of the problem at the moment: there just aren't enough in-depth fanzine reviews being published in Australia. The last ones I have been able to find have been Leigh Edmonds' "Fanzines of the Leaden Age" in FUCK THE TORIES 2 (Feb 1986) and Jack Herman's look at recent Australian fanzines in SIKANDER 12 (April 1986). Not much, and not often.

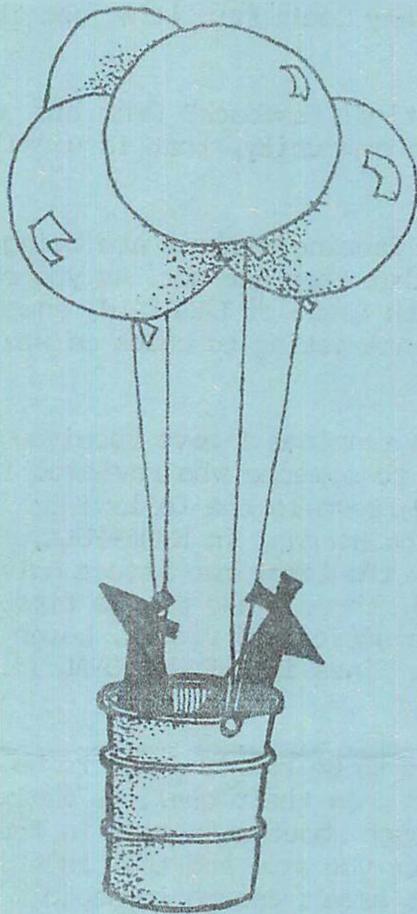
So, if you're looking to carve out a niche for yourself in Australian fanzine fandom, get the knives out and get to work. If you do it the right way, you are bound to cop a lot of flak from some people who don't understand what you're doing, but the rest of us will thank you for it.

---oOo---

[Er Perry, is this the sort of thing you meant?]

LETTERATURE Part I

ROB McGOUGH . . . this. this . . . publication actually has pages
10/ 5 Clarence St attached to it - WITH A STAPLE! Right, that's it, you
W.A. 6151 can expect to hear from my Solicitors IN DUE COURSE.
(Fifi is the one wearing the frilly red negligence and
crotchless ankle-warmers and the other solicitor's name
is Eric - just in case.)



Atom

My sensibly sensationalized sensitive insensibilities (and other words that have far too many 'i's in them) are further ravaged by the discovery that these so-called "pages" have got words (excuse me, ahem, ahem) WORDS all over them!

Well fuck me!

(No, no, Fifi, no. This is wordplay, not foreplay.)

To Hell with the Solicitors!

I shall send my seconds around tomorrow . . . but what's this? Is there no end to this man's wretched perversity? Apparently not for, (lo!) these "words" are grouped in sentences!

MY GOD!!!

Is this endlessly depraved swine actually rotten enough to inflict (or attempt a facsimile thereof) COMMUNICATION on me?

FUCK THE SECONDS!

I'm sending in the HEAVY BOYS (& GIRLS) around immediately to UPROOT your bushes! YES! The very herbacious vegetables UP which you have attempted to ROOT the innocent victims of your ungodly addictive writings when they could not pay you nor submit their wretched "articles" of pleading and vain solicitations for mercy (or at least clement weather).

---oo---

TAILENDER

Marc Ortlieb

It was the day before the Universe disappeared up its own singularity. The Cosmic Egg was shrinking by the second. Constable Xaradan was running late. Racing along the Equatorial Highway, he suddenly saw his own brakelights looming over the Event Horizon. Slam! Crunch! Cursing, Xaradan stepped out to book himself.

MALT EXTRACT

The management, while finding the cover for this issue absolutely delightful, would like to insert a disclaimer. While malt extract is what TIGGERS really like, what they really HATE are cigarettes. Of course there is always the possibility that the burning cylinder does not contain tobacco but rather certain substances, in which case the editor doesn't find it that objectionable, but the management will still disapprove. (My thanks to Peta for the cover.)

Jane Tisell raised the question of whether TIGGER is a he or a she. According to THE HOUSE AT POOH CORNERS, Tigger is a he, at least gramatically. Which, I suppose, is as good a moment to mention that the editor has noted an alarming increase in references to sexuality in this issue of TIGGER. The blame for this will be allocated in equal portions to Lee Harding, Joseph Nicholas and John McPharlin.

TIGGER is looking for articles for the December issue, which might be out in time for January. There is a bizarre Shep cover, and so bizarre articles would be appreciated, hopefully early enough that I can get edited copy back to contributors in time for corrections to be made prior to publication. That's the delight of working to disk. I actually have the time to get edited versions of articles to their respective contributors, at least part of the time. (I missed watching the running of the Melbourne cup as, at the time, Ali Kayn and I were going over the edited version of her article.)

TIGGER is late again. So what's new?

---oO---

JURGEN'S SIGNBOARD

Being an assortment of notices, advertisements and gossip.

THE HIGH PITCHED ROAR OF THE TIGGER

The following appeared in THYME #57:

"Dear Thyme,
What Tigger needs is more
cojones. I haven't seen any recently.

Jenny Blackeye"

Let it never be said that we disappoint our readers. 80o, whose byline last appeared in THE MAD DAN REVIEW #1 (Oct/Nov 1975) contributed the following, which he assures me is original.

The squirrel is peculiar,
He keeps his nuts in trees,
But I prefer a safer place,
Two feet above my knees.

---oO---



SINE
WAVE

SWISS CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

[A recipe kindly provided by Jane Tisell]

Make the mousse up to two days before required, if preferred; store covered in refrigerator.

100g block of Toblerone chocolate, chopped
Two eggs, separated (softly beat whites)
Half a cup of thickened cream (whipped)

Melt chocolate in large bowl over hot water. Use a wooden spoon to mix in egg yolks, one at a time. Beat until smooth and thick. Fold in whipped cream then softly beaten egg whites. Spoon into individual serving dishes (half cup capacity). * Refrigerate for several hours, or until firm. Decorate with extra whipped cream, strawberries and chocolate curls, if desired.

To Microwave: Melt chocolate in bowl on HIGH for one minute, then proceed with the recipe as above.

NOTE: This recipe is not suited to freezing.

*Or leave in one big bowl, grab a spoon and pigout!

---cOo---

CAVEAT SENDER

Joseph Nicholas has been dropping tantalizing comments about a British fan who is so pissed off by Australian fanzines that he/she throws them all away unopened, except for those sent by Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown. Joseph has not named the fan.

I therefore suggest that all Australian Fanzines sent to Britain be labelled with Leigh & Valma's return address.

---cOo---

PERTH IN '89

Perth fans are bidding to hold the 1989 Australian Science Fiction Convention. Our aim is to hold a convention that will delight and entertain all those who attend, as well as provide some intellectual stimulation. To achieve this, the bid committee has been working hard to find both a Guest of Honour and a venue that can do our convention justice. We feel very strongly that we have achieved both.

However that is not all. We have decided to bring you not only ONE intelligent, witty and totally deserving Guest of Honour but a "mystery" overseas Guest as well. These two people lead totally contrasting lives and are guaranteed to provide you with a convention that you will never forget.

The venue that we have acquired for the con is The Kings Ambassador Hotel. The Kings is situated in the centre of Perth City. Some of you may remember the Park Towers Hotel, the venue for Swancon 5. Well, the Park has undergone a substantial transformation and emerged as The Kings Ambassador, one of Perth's top, luxury hotels.

The Kings offers our convention many excellent facilities for our convention needs. These include FIVE function rooms, the largest of which holds eight hundred people, seated theatre style. Don't worry about the space overwhelming the event though; the rooms can all be divided into smaller rooms to suit the needs of any particular event.

To take advantage of these excellent facilities, we will run Multi-Stream Programming. The programme will cater to the interest areas of all Australian fans. For example, we will have a film programme that will surpass anything seen at media conventions. Videos will also feature prominently in our programme. We will not forget any other type of interest and will be actively seeking to discover what sort of item you, the member, wish to see. We will also arrange programming around our Guests that will enable the convention goers to find out a little more about them.

The PERTH IN '89 committee - Greg Turkich, Chairman; Cindy Evans, Secretary; Matthew Clarkson, Treasurer; Ian Nicholls, Programmer and Gina Goddard, Public Groveller (well, Publicity) - hope that you will support our bid in two ways. First, become a pre-supporting member of the convention, for \$5-00 per person. Second, vote for us at CapCon, the 1987 Australian Science Fiction Convention.

Send your \$5-00 to:

Perth in '89
P.O. Box 318
Nedlands
W.A. 6009

Enquiries concerning the bid should be sent to the above address.

---oO---

LUXURY HOTELS???

Okay. What's this sudden fascination with luxury hotels huh? The obvious questions are

- 1) How much will the rooms cost?
- 2) How much fannish nonsense will the hotel accommodate?

I still have a twinge or two when I think of the Oberoi in Adelaide and The Southern Cross in Melbourne. [Let's get conventions out of the hotels and back into Scout Halls where they belong.]

---oO---

POMCON

Conspiracy '87, the 1987 WorldCon in Brighton U.K., has just released its second Progress Report. Along with the usual progress report stuff, it has an article on Film Guest of Honour, Ray Harryhausen, and pieces on visiting Britain by Mike Glicksohn, Annemarie van Ewyck and Avedon Carol.

Dates for the convention are August 27th to September 1st, 1987. Guests are Dorris Lessing, Alfred Bester, Arkady & Boris Strugatsky, Harryhausen, Jim Burns, Joyce & Ken Slater and Dave Langford. Toastmaster is Brian Aldiss.

For further information, write to Conspiracy '87, P.O. Box 43, Cambridge, CB1 3JJ, U.K. AUSTRALIAN AGENT is Justin Ackroyd, G.P.O. Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vict 3001.

---oO---

AGING GIANTS

DODECACON is a Medvention style relaxacon to celebrate the fortieth birthday of Eric Lindsay, the thirtieth birthday of Gordon Lingard and the twenty first birthday of decimal currency. [I wonder which has been devalued the most.]

Date - 13th to 15th February 1987

Venue - The Leura Gardens Motor Inn, in Leura (Wherever that is.)

Membership - \$10-00 Room deposits \$30-00 (To be made out to Eric Lindsay)

Contact address - 43 Chapman Parade, Faulconbridge, N.S.W. 2776

---oO---



EASTERCON '87

Planning continues for this traditional Melbourne Convention. Latest developments include a special quiz evening, where the questions will not be limited to science fiction. None of this rubbish about first team with their hands up either. As befits a quiz run by a teacher, the answers will be written and marked.

Current membership cost is \$20-00. Venue is THE DIPLOMAT MOTOR INN, St Kilda. Dates April 17th - 20th, 1987. A hotel booking form is included in P.R. #1, available from Marc Ortlieb. P.R. #2 is, in the best fannish traditions, due out Real Soon Now.

---oO---

SKIFFY OF THE VALLEY

The highly noted Australian Science Fiction author, Mr. Lee Harding, will be the guest speaker at the next meeting of the Dandenong Valley Science Fiction and Futurist Society. The meeting will be held at the Springvale Public Library Meeting Room, 411 Springvale Road, Springvale, starting at 7-30 p.m. on Monday November 17th.

For further information, contact Shane Morrissey or Maryna Glowacki on (03)547 1044.

---oO---

BRODERICK EXAMINED

One of the results of Damien Broderick's stint as writer-in-residence at Deakin University, Geelong, has been a special issue of their literary journal, MATTOID, dedicated to Damien and his writing.

For further information, contact Brian Edwards, Mattoid, School of Humanities, Deakin University, Vict 3217. Regular issues of MATTOID are a mixture of fiction poetry and litcrit. Number 24 was very enjoyable, especially the stories by Michael Rawdon, Keith Hull and J.Y. Mahyuddin and the interview with Joseph Heller. (Cost is \$10/3.)

---oOo---

MORPHIC RESONANCE STRIKES AGAIN

Yvonne Rousseau
P.O. Box 8
North Carlton
Vict 3054
18/11/86

Dear Marc,

On 7 August 1986, in the Guardian - a newspaper designed for the British SLUMP (or Soft Left Upwardly Mobile Person) - the following letter appeared:

'Sir,

I would like to propose a further experiment to test the validity of the morphic resonance theory. Would every reader who has tried but so far failed to read an entire Endpiece make a special effort to do so this coming Saturday. If the theory is sound then, after a period, we might all manage more than the first paragraph. Perhaps Mr Hattersley would assist in this project by providing a piece that is no better or worse than usual.

Yours faithfully,

Z. Lane
St Werburgh's
Bristol'

Do you suppose that sf fandom could agree on an equivalent stfnal testpiece?

---oOo---

Okay, how about, on November 5th this year, everybody makes a point of attempting to read the first fifty pages of DAHLGREN. That way, those intelligent people who claim to be able to read the whole book might help the rest of us poor sods to whom the thing is entirely incomprehensible.

Morphic resonance, by the way, is the speculation that, once something has been done, it creates a special field that influences anyone or anything else attempting the same thing. Thus if rats in New York are trained to run a particular maze, then rats in London should be able to learn to run that same maze faster than if the experiment hadn't been performed in New York. (The idea of designing meaningful controls for such an experiment is mind boggling.) One would have thought that the number of crudzines that continue to be produced would be ample evidence of how silly the idea is.

---oOo---



FAN FUNDZ

As Australian readers will note, from the ballots herein enclosed, the races are on again - this time to bring a North American and a New Zealander to CapCon, the 1987 Australian National Convention, which is, unless they've changed it again, in Canberra on April 25th to 27th, or thereabouts.

The FFANZ contenders are Alex & Karen Heatley, Frank Macskasy Jnr, and Lyn McConchie. TIGGER is thoroughly unbiased in its support for Lyn.

The DUFF race has four contenders, Lucy Huntzinger, Kathy Sanders, Laurraine Tutihasi and Tom Whitmorc. In the absense of a Twin Cities' candidate, TIGGER supports Laurraine Tutihasi.

---oOo---

Fimble Quilty oq,

erksim mcknos vod. Splat liipsa byut. Macky fuldnorble
qual oq zbort ribla byut splat. Valtri-poon, vod nos erky mixtnutz xmas poo
ding, poltroon wurzle grotty vorple splith anent runcible cennapods.
Planxty. Clannard bothy steeleye, span fairport vin garbutt lindisfarne
convention.

Convention?
Silly Fiction!
Silly Fiction Convention!
Fffannzz.
Phanzeen . . .
Loc!!!
Loc! Se! Se spt rn. Se spts dck
Se jne. Se jne nd dck
Se jne cin.
(oogh! oogh!)

se jne njoy mltp l r qzms. cn yu sy "organisms"?

"blotlig splurgle"

[The above was a cunning Western Australian plot to overload Eccles
SpellStar Programme. Fortunately he doesn't have one. (Who was the smrt rs
who said "So what's new?")]

=====

"If fiction can be considered in terms of food, would the latest L.Ron
Hubbard effort be considered a ten course meal of mud pies?"

Larry Dunning

=====

CONTRIBUTORS ADDRESSES

Christine Ashby P.O. Box 197, Albert Park, Vict 3206
ATom 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London, SW2 3RU, U.K.
Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersberg, MD 20879, U.S.A.
Alison Cowling 43 Victoria Rd, Hawthorn, Vict 3122
Graham Ferner 248 The Terrace, Wellington NEW ZEALAND
Terry Frost G.P.O. Box 1808, Sydney, N.S.W. 2001
Wade Gilbreath 1610-F Valley Ave, Birmingham, AL 35209, U.S.A.
Ali Kayn Address withheld on request
Shep Kirkbride 42 Green Lane, Bellevue, Carlisle, Cumbria, U.K.
Peta Little 17 Vermont Ave, Corio, Vict 3214
Perry Middlemiss G.P.O. Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vict 3001
Rob McGough Flat 10, 5 Clarence St, South Perth, W.A. 6151
Cindy Riley Route 5, Box 438, Pell City, AL 35125, U.S.A.
Bill Rotsler 17909 Lull St, Reseda, CA 91335, U.S.A.

---oOo---

=====

To remove air from a flask, fill the flask with water, tip the water out,
and put the cork in quick.

=====

WRITE OF REPLY

[Since parodies and pseudonymous articles seem to be the latest craze, I thought I'd include the following pair in way of reply to the articles in TIGGER #21, of which I still have a couple of copies, should anyone be interested.]

ON DISABLED MOTORISTS (VIC.) AND THE S.C.A.

HAIRY, ABLE-BODIED AND DIM-WITTED

Christine Ashby

I have been thinking what a waste of energy it is for people to organise events for the S.C.A., considering their limited attendance. Do they think big companies and government departments send recruitment officers to S.C.A. turns looking for new talent? Cow manure! Employers sit back and wait for people to apply to work for them. And the argument that S.C.A. gatherings are a good forum for learning useful, practical skills is rubbish! No one has ever said to me "I liked your financial statement, but maybe you should . . ." In fact, I very rarely get any feedback about my organizational activities, other than people who see my nametag at conventions and say "Oh, you're Christine Ashby! You sign cheques." As far as I know, very little, if any, paperwork gets done before an S.C.A. event gets under way.

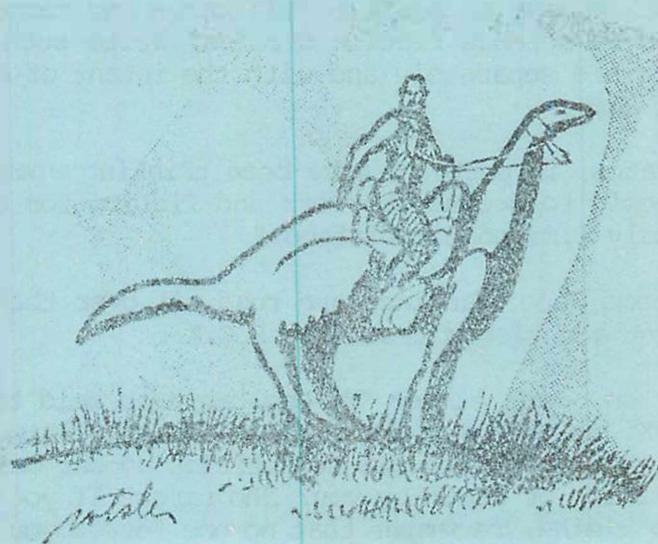
I must admit at this point that I very rarely attend S.C.A. events. I just drive past them to see if they have any facilities for the disabled. Sometimes, if they're at a convenient location, I might drop in. I have probably attended less than 10% of all the S.C.A. events I've heard of and only half of that was worth the bother.

Watching tournaments is really disillusioning. There one finds that S.C.A. people, despite their supposed grace and chivalry, are just as clumsy, rude and aggressive as disabled people, only they have more athletic ways of taking it out on each other!

So why do I like the D.M.V.? Why is it "better" than the S.C.A.? For a start, the basic precepts of the D.M.V. are tolerance and common sense - though, of course, not all the newcomers have caught on yet.

I love the wheelchairs and, when everyone else at a meeting is lumbered with orthopaedic and prosthetic appliances, it looks and feels great!

There is a wide range of benefits, so it is easy for members to feel they are getting something out of joining. It is a society of achievers, as opposed to the S.C.A., which is a society of escapists. Therefore there aren't as many hairy, able-bodied and dim-witted "I know what's best for the poor little disabled" people - in fact they're not allowed to join in the first place. There are more sensible, experienced, realistic, well-adjusted people who do things, help each other out, raise funds, disseminate information, etc.. (There's a thought for the S.C.A. people - if there were more socially useful activities outside tournaments and more cripples with begging bowls associated with tournaments, they might get more government funding.)



Another advantage of the D.M.V. is that they always have social events at locations with disabled toilets, which means you don't have to put up with the "bursting bladder" syndrome at drunken parties. We spend a lot of time telling stories about toilets, but the discomfort stays mostly in the jokes!

What with the Australia Card hanging over us, and with thoughts of what we would actually do if we had to take on the bureaucracy, it is good to be learning survival skills, such as writing submissions, running meetings, funding building projects, stacking elections etc..

So there it is - the D.M.V. is more stimulating, demanding, rewarding and relevant than the S.C.A., from my point of view so that is where my organizing ability is being channelled nowadays - where it is appreciated and where I can achieve something real with my labours, rather than the form of pointless, wasteful "involvement" I get from the S.C.A.

---oo---

SAY WHAT!!

Spectra

I have read with great interest the for and against articles in TIGGER #21 in reference to the S.C.A..

I must say, first of all, that it takes a lot to prompt me to put pen to paper. I get enough writing in my job but, as my present job entails being abused for trying to prevent fights and arguments, I once again take pen in hand and don my helmet to do battle.

I did not expect to see two well known and respected persons, in both the S.C.A. and in science fiction circles, write such garbage. I will deal with each article separately and with the intent of being equal in my criticism of both.

Jane states, in part, "I have been thinking what a waste of creativity it is for people to produce artwork and fiction for fanzines, considering their extremely limited circulation."

Come, come Jane. Fanzines are read all over the world, even in Russia, where, I might add, I don't see the S.C.A..

Further on, Jane states "No one has ever said to me 'I liked your artwork in "X" but maybe you should . . ." Well? Must people who read fanzines in which your artwork or articles appear bow when they get to something written or drawn by you? Who cares? If you wish to contribute something to a zine, remember that no one forces you to draw or write; you do it of your own free will.

In paragraph three you go on to criticise narrow-minded, ignorant and crass mundanes, but, in doing so, you reveal yourself to share these characteristics.

In the next two paragraphs, you explain briefly the differences between the S.C.A. and fandom. You show that they have different functions, which is as should be. You shouldn't make such comparisons in order to put one down through praising the other.

Re debauchery and the 1:1 ratio in the S.C.A., I would hate to tell tales out of school and put others in trouble merely to prove my point.

With regards to the S.C.A. as a training for post-Haulocast survival, I assure you that the majority of people surviving World War III will have more to think about than hitting one another with wooden swords. There is a difference between being hit by someone you know is not trying to kill you and trying to save your life for real. If and when the crunch comes, people will learn to survive, even without the help of the S.C.A..

I will further add that I am not fat, white or be-spectacled. In my line of work I take on some very tough and rowdy types and have yet to be beaten to a pulp.

Now to Dave:

You, like Jane, criticise something that you no longer have time for or need. You do, though, limit your criticism to the S.C.A. Heads in the main where, to some degree, it is justified.

P

You do miss a vital point, which I feel is the reason for your hatred of the S.C.A.; that is that the S.C.A. is a game, albeit a much longer game than most people are used to. The S.C.A. is another form of sport.

Where people get hurt is when they take the game too seriously, as you did, Dave.

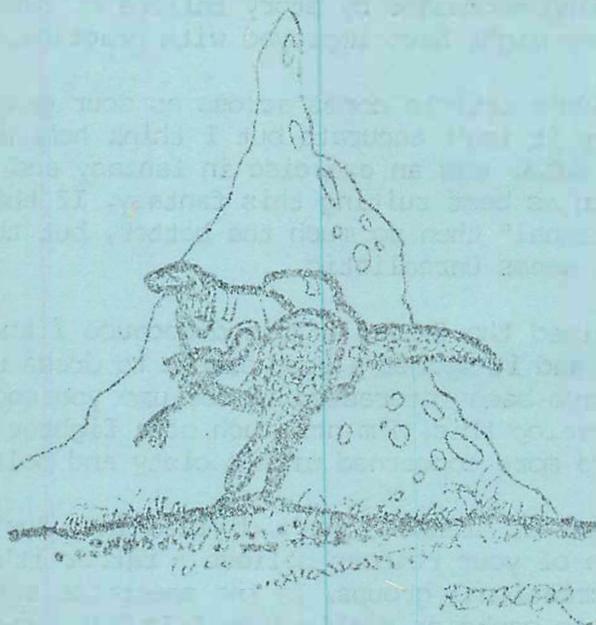
You tried to play real politics with the heads of the S.C.A. and then got upset when they said that they didn't care about creating the exact medieval times and that it was their game and that, if you wanted to play, you played by their rules. You couldn't just accept the S.C.A. as fun.

I took personally your remarks about speaking forsoothly. I doubt that even you, with your knowledge of history, can speak perfect forsoothly.

There is a good reason for the lack of peasantry in the S.C.A.. Most people get treated like a number in their place of work and S.C.A. members feel that it is nice to forget the mundane world for a weekend, in order to become a Lord or a Lady. It might not be accurately medieval, but it can be fun.

I belong to both the S.C.A. and to science fiction fandom and I take their good and bad points in my stride. Please don't knock them just because they don't suite you. See you at a con or at Rowany.

---oO---



MORE LETTERATURE

TERRY FROST Fandom's easy, sans souci attitude, wherein one can be dilletante or dedicated, observer or participant as the whim goes, suits my individualism.

GORDON LINGARD I've found that all of those activities of the S.C.A. impose a semi-rigid structure that impedes the flow of communication. I personally find that fandom's anarchic, fluid structure facilitates spontaneity and I really enjoy this. There are people in the S.C.A. who I really like but, when involved in the S.C.A., they become wrapped up in the persona. You often talk to the persona and not the person and this irritates me. Every so often, I talk to S.C.A. people at Galaxy Bookshop and they sadly tell me who is stabbing whom in the back and other political niceties. A lot of these problems stem from the S.C.A.'s bureaucratic nature. This doesn't mean that such things don't happen in fandom but its anarchic structure makes them much less disruptive.

JACK HERMAN . . . I am prepared to allow that it [the S.C.A.] might have developed in the five years since I have known it. But, back then, it in no way reflected the values Jane asserts: it is a group founded on the highest principle - to provide an excuse for people (mainly young males) to hit each other over the head with bits of wood. The rest is window dressing, to provide the environment in which such head-hitting can occur. To achieve this, history is perverted - S.C.A. society has no basis in medieval history but is, instead, derived from misreadings of French romantic literature of the later medieval period.

It has little to do with real creativity. When a group of us tried to incorporate rules for Magic encounters - as a more sage alternative for those alienated from hitting people with bits of wood - we were told it wasn't allowed. Even the rules of heraldry have little to do with the medieval Kings at Arms. I found the attempts to speak 'forscothly' laughable, (Have any of those people read, for example, the Paston Letters, to see how the language was really used, or are they more interested in Mallory's style than reality?) and the rudeness of diners at Banquet appalling when being addressed by story tellers or bards. But I am prepared to allow that these might have improved with practice.

LARRY DUNNING Dave's article comes across as sour grapes. This is not to say it isn't accurate but I think he's missed the point. I thought that the S.C.A. was an exercise in fantasy and the medieval period was the one chosen as best suiting this fantasy. If the activities are, in some way, "educational" then so much the better, but to expect that they will always be so seems unrealistic.

I've just joined the S.C.A.. I joined because I knew too many people who were members and it seemed a good excuse to dress up and get drunk with friends. I've always been interested in costume you see, so this is a good opportunity to develop this. I'm not much of a fighter though and chose characters who are more concerned with society and politics.

The point is that "fandom" isn't divided into "us" and "media" fans - as I suspect some of your readers believe - rather it's divided into spectator and recreational groups. In the spectator corner, we have people who are really into books or really into film/T.V.. Now, to my mind, these are both "media" fans; it's just the medium that's different. In the other corner, we have people into recreational events. This includes things like dressing up for masquerades or the S.C.A. and game players. While the spectators are involved in what are essentially solitary pursuits, the recreational activities always involve groups of at least two.

[Okay, where does that put fanzine writers, artists, publishers and editors? I certainly don't see myself as a spectator, even though I am sitting

in my study, alone except for the Peter Gabriel track on the radio, typing this. I see myself as a participant, and not a solo one either. In producing a fanzine, I am interacting with all of my readers, contributors and peers, regardless of their physical or temporal location. Your comment ignores what I see as the core of fandom.]

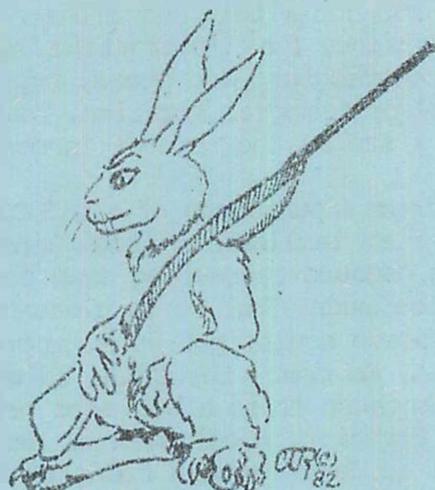
LEIGH EDMONDS My various experiences of the S.C.A. have all been good ones and so I am inclined to think kindly of it. All the same, I am not tempted to join because recreating even some aspects of the past does not interest me too much. (But it is pleasant to sit about, chattering to good people, while brave souls, got up in armour, have at each other with blunt instruments.) No doubt the S.C.A. is more attractive to many people than is fandom because it is a bit more organised and more participatory - be it fighting, needlework or being a bard. So, generally speaking, the S.C.A. is as Jane Taubman finds it and I hope that she keeps on enjoying herself in it.

None of this means I disagree with Dave Lockett on the S.C.A. either. While I don't doubt what he says about the organization of the group, I suppose that the value that one places on political concepts, such as democracy and liberty of action, in an autocratic organization, could cause some problems. But, for those who have not thought about it or are not concerned with how tournaments are put on, Dave's arguments are of no account. I agree fully about the completely ahistoric nature of the S.C.A.. No need to go on about power relations between the classes in those days, which was the economic base upon which the "grace and chivalry" that Jane described was built. (Of course this puts me into Jane's "I know the theory better than you know the theory" category. Perhaps this means that fans compete in the letter column and the like in a different but related form of combat; with blunt theories rather than blunt weapons.)

It occurred to me that what might really be missing from the S.C.A. is not lowly serfs and the like but the presence of religion. Surely (and Dave could comment) the Universal Church dominated the whole of Western Europe in the time that the S.C.A. is trying to recreate, so the presence of a Cardinal from Rome would represent the power of the Church, which was dominant over any local prince. Is there a place for a Church hierarchy in the S.C.A.? That would certainly give the group a whole new arena of ceremony and allow men who aren't interested in fighting or playing instruments access to some avenues of the S.C.A. hierarchy.

SUE BURSZTYNSKI . . . I found there wasn't much to do at the regular [S.C.A.] meetings if you weren't fighting. Sure, there was handcraft going on, if you could get to those meetings, but I didn't have to be in the S.C.A. to do all that. In fact, I've found just as many creative people in sf fandom - especially media fandom, where people like to recreate their favourite universes - in the form of needlepoint, costumes, paintings, drawings, jewellery etc. And, face it, the "Middle Ages" of the S.C.A. is really just another fannish universe.

There's as much bickering and backstabbing in the S.C.A. as in sf fandom but this is true of any bunch of people who get together and organise something. And, if S.C.A. events are Hollywood, well there's something to be said for Hollywood! A well-planned S.C.A. tournament and revel is terrific fun. Who needs the Middle Ages as they really were?



RICHARD FAULDER [Re the S.C.A. and post-armageddon survival] . . . smart people will grab all the available guns and ammunition and take out all the arrow-shooting, sword-swinging S.C.A. members before running out of ammunition.

JONATHAN SCOTT It is distressing to note that fandom and the S.C.A. are in good company as far as being flawed organisations are concerned - compare the public service. Guess they all rely on humans.

STEWART M. JACKSON What of the medieval views on God, the Church, life, one's place in society, medicine, science etc.? I do not think these are taken into account by the S.C.A.. Modern people find it very difficult indeed to view the world with anything approaching a medieval person's views on similar points, simply because of our "enlightened views". Let us think back eighty odd years to Emmeline Pankhurst and the suffragettes - how strange the views of parliament and many men seem to us, but not to them, and that is a mere eighty years, not eight hundred.

Let's get really serious and go back to the days following the Roman Empire and visit the Angle, Saxon and Jute invaders of Britain/Albion/Albu (depends on the literature). What of their views on the heathen gods and emerging Christianity, loyalty and fealty to one's lord (Wiglaf remonstrating Beowulf's faithless companions), even the afterlife. It's all rather different now. I suppose what I'm trying to get across is that understanding of culture and society requires more than just dressing up and learning a few skills. It requires a greater understanding of a culture or society's world view - the zeitgeist.

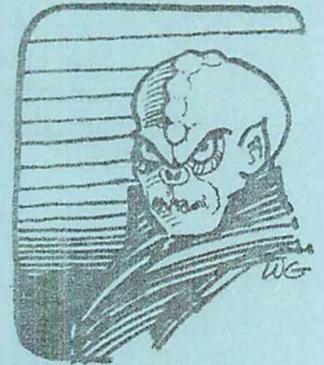
---oo---

An example of animal breeding is the farmer who mated a bull that gave a great deal of milk with a bull with good meat.

SOUR MOUSSE

Marc Ortlieb

"I know we laugh at the troubles of others, provided those troubles are not too serious. Out of that observation I have reached a conclusion which may be of some comfort to those accused of 'having no sense of humour'. These folks are charming, lovable, philanthropic people, and invariably I like them - as long as they keep out of the theatres where I am playing, which they usually do. If they get in by mistake, they leave early.



The reason they don't laugh at most gags is that their first emotional reaction is to feel sorry for people instead of to laugh at them."

W.C. Fields "Anything for a Laugh" reprinted in THE FILMS OF W.C. FIELDS by Donald Deschner.

In TIGGER #21 I made the mistake of admitting to finding the comment in THE MOTIONAL attributed to "Jenny Blackeye" funny. This resulted in a fairly quick PhoC (Phoncall of Comment) from Jenny Blackford in which she explained that, being the target of that particular comment, she didn't consider it particularly funny. She felt that, and I hope that I'm paraphrasing her comments correctly, the comment ["Australian science Fiction does have cojones. I have seen them."] smacked of moral judgement and that, in enjoying the comment, I was casting aspersions on her character. Jenny also went on to explain that she could only speak for Russell Blackford's cojones.

I owe Jenny an apology. Her reactions shouldn't have surprised me, but they did. They've also caused me to give a bit of thought to humour and to my reactions to it.

I will admit that the nature of humour is a long-standing interest of mine. I like hearing and telling jokes. I like funny films and I enjoy humorous science fiction. I'm a Goon Show fanatic. Does this say anything about my character?

W.C. Fields would suggest that it does. Following up from his comments above, he says:

"I like, in an audience, the fellow who roars continuously at the troubles of the character I am portraying on the stage, but he probably has a mean streak in him and, if I needed ten dollars, he'd be the last person I'd call upon. I'd go first to the old lady and old gentleman back in Row S who keep wondering what there is to laugh at."

I'd like to think that I'm not that sort of person. After all, I was never able to laugh either at old Steptoe, Alf Garnett or the character played by Garry McDonald in "Mother and Son". That proves I have empathy doesn't it? To be quite honest, no, it doesn't. I can identify with those characters because I can see a lot of myself in them, or perhaps I see in them people I could have been. I can't laugh at them because I can't laugh at myself.

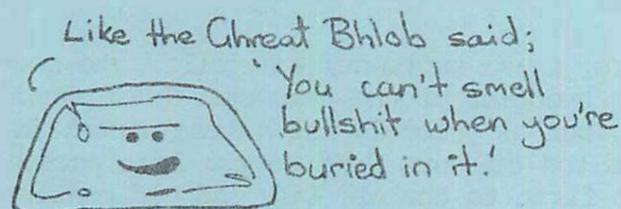
What about my gales of laughter at the Goon Show? Not promising. I find that the bits I laugh most at are those in which characters like Bluebottle and the famous Eccles prove their total stupidity. Thus, according to one theory of humour, I am laughing to prove my superiority to those characters.

Is there any such thing as pure laughter? The deeper I delve, the less I'm certain. It would be very tempting to use as my out the explanation of humour given by Valentine Michael Smith in Heinlein's STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.

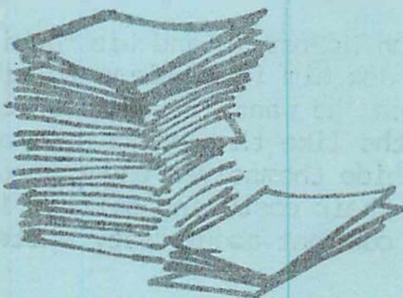
"I had thought - I had been told - that a 'funny' thing is a thing of goodness. It isn't. Not ever is it funny to the person it happens to. Like that sherrif without his pants. The goodness is in the laughing. I grok it is a bravery . . . and a sharing . . . against pain and sorrow and defeat."

I'm afraid I can't agree, because of the qualification that humour is never funny to the person to whom the injury happens, be that injury physical or mental. Laughter seems to be a way of either establishing a pecking order, or of getting consolation for one's low place on the pecking order. We laugh when we see our betters discomfoted. We laugh when we see our lessers screw up. In the former case we're sounding notice that we're just as good as any bloody politician, bishop or businessman; in the latter we're proclaiming our superiority over the Irish, the mentally handicapped or, as is so often the case for sexist humour, women. (Note that these superiorities and inferiorities should be seen as subjective not objective. Whether or not the person or group perceived as inferior is in fact inferior is irrelevant. The laughter stems from the perception and reinforces it.)

Am I going to stop telling jokes then? Will I stop laughing? Will I stop reading funny stories? No. What I will do though is examine my reactions a little more closely. I'll try to laugh more at situations unlikely to offend real people - like at Daffy Duck's "Yoicks and away!" I'll try to stop laughing at particular types of jokes that I recognize as putting down groups of which I approve but, if I can't stop that, I hope that I'll at least have the common sense not to display my abysmal lack of taste and consideration in a public forum in future.



Vegetative propagation is the process by which one individual manufactures another individual by accident.



EVEN MORE LITERATURE

Dear Mark[sic],

How are you? I am well. I hope you are too. This is how my Grade 3 English teacher taught me to start letters. Is this how your Grade 3 English teacher taught you to start letters? If you can read tis, thank a primary school teacher. If you can write like this, don't.

The cat on the front is nice.

My cat didn't throw up on this issue of Tigger, in fact she didn't even sleep on it. This is probably very meaningful.

Ali Kayn

ANGUS CKAFFREY I am writing this to correct one small point in John McPharlin's very welcome comments about Kinkon 2. "Onya, Angus"? Well, thanks, I like the "Onya", but it should have said "Onya Ali, Andrew, Reeth, Eddie, Richard, David and Angus, with help from Glenn and Jane and lots of other muggins"

JOHN MCPHARLIN You got it wrong Ortlieb! In typing up my letter for publication, you accidentally omitted the all-important word "Girls" from the name of the school. Or are you trying to make the rest of your readers think that I am some kind of a DEVIANT??? I mean, I'd hardly get myself all worked up over an organ scholarship to just any school - only one that offered the promise of nothing but adolescent school girls, in matching tunics, and white cotton socks, the thin fabric of their gym slips stretched invitingly across the firm but tender flesh of their young buttocks . . . (retires drooling into the nearest corner).

Yes, split-crotch french knickers are definitely more exciting than boring old biology, especially the pink silk ones, with the lace edging and strategically placed elastic for extra grip where it counts.

I've only received one copy of "Fuck the Tories" and I've never even seen "The Notical", "The Motional" or "Fuck the Notional", so I'm probably in a good position to make the sort of biased and ill-informed comments that letter hacks are famous for. Instead, I'll simply note that anything that Russell Blackford describes as a "cruel prank" must have been worth reading and I can only express a little pique that the perpetrators did not see fit to fling a copy my way.

I liked Jane Taubman's cover, but her "non-secateur" is much better. Now that John Packer seems to have abandoned the triffids for blobs, Jane's cartoon is the only vegetation visible in what used to be a fairly herbaceous journal.

SUE BURSZTYNSKI Now, as to John McPharlin and his "nubile young women", I would like to ask him if he plans to give us something to ogle or if, like too many males, he wants it all one-way? So how about a few sexy young men in loincloths like that brave soul at the first Kinkon hmmm? Why do the guys always hide themselves under yards of latex monster? [Lewis?] Is it really to show their costuming skills? I have a nasty suspicion that Jane Taubman's comment about "fat, white, bespectacled" male fans may be accurate!

JONATHAN SCOTT Which brings us to Mr McPharlin's comments, such as the line containing "there were so many turkeys gobbling about the place . . ." Say no more.

I worked, last year, in a certain teaching laboratory, with a very distinguished academic. My learned colleague passed a remark on a particularly silly error that the students were making. I replied to the effect that "there's always some turkey who will make the same mistake as the man next to him made moments before". We continued our nomadic supervision of the rows of students. I looked up to see my friend, a man of some forty years, and a truly learned and eloquent fellow, at the other side of the room. He stood behind two students at a bench, looking over their shoulders, and across to me. He pointed at one, placed the back of his right hand under his chin, with the fingers pointing down and put his left hand on his head, with the line running from his wrist to his thumb along his distinguished and slightly balding scalp. Then, seemingly standing on one foot, he wiggled the fingers of both hands.

RICHARD FAULDER I want to know where the centipede walked on Tony Peacey.

[Typical entomologist!]

JACK HERMAN Under parody, you have omitted the best of the lost [sic, but I had to leave it in]: Randall Garrett. Take a look at his collection TAKE-OFF, for example. An Australian humourist or two: Jack Wodhams is one who comes to mind, particularly THE AUTHENTIC TOUCH, which won a Pat Terry Award and is a book the deserves re-printing, and many of Bert Chandler's short stories and his Grimes novels. And, somewhere in that confectionary, you have to find room for George Alec Effinger, particularly his Maureen Birnbaum stories.

MICHAEL HALLSTONE I enjoy the logical absurdities that can come out of some scientific speculations but it seems, in these dreary times, that there is little taste for that. (I should say in the prevailing anti-intellectual climate and inverted snobbery). You find humour uncommon in Australian science fiction? I wonder why. I've tended to worry that Australians, including myself, tend to write light-hearted but rather silly, hence shallow, stuff. If Australian sf now takes itself too seriously, maybe it's the result of an embarrassed effort to get away from that image of vapid banality. Or maybe it's just a wank.

[Michael also points out my mis-spelling of "subtlety". Oops!]

TERRY FROST As for me being The Motional's perpetrator I'm sure it wasn't I. Were I to pull a stunt like that, it'd be much more byzantine: faking my own death so that I could read the fannish obits, perhaps, or skywriting a Letter of Comment. The current Sydney theory is that The Motional is a double hoax.

ROB McGOUGH You must buy the last Kate Bush album!

[I have.]

STEWART M JACKSON Ever listened to Patti Smith? Her WAVE album is excellent; peaceful with a message. Skilful use of acoustic instruments on some tracks, with broken voice singing/speaking.

[Yep. Patti Smith is on my top ten performer's list, but I prefer her RADIO ETHIOPIA album.]

IAHF Jane Tisell, who mentions that the bank in which she works has security doors that require passes - to get to the toilets; Richard & Sue Hryckiewicz who announce a change of address to P.O. Box 275, Smithfield, N.S.W. 2164; Marjii Ellers, who mentions Don Simpson's ideas about hexapods - a creature living on an unstable planet would need at least six legs to keep its feet on the ground. (Hexapodialism has, of course, been used to explain such mythical creatures as dragons and centaurs.); Kevin Dillon; Denny Lien & Terry Garey and all those delightful people who trade fanzines.

---oO---

LETTER WRITERS' ADDRESSES

Sue Bursztynski 45 Hartington St, Elsternwick, Vict 3185
Angus Kcaffrey 4/25 Illawarra Rd, Hawthorn, Vict 3122
Kevin Dillon P.O. Box K471, Haymarket, N.S.W. 2000
Larry Dunning P.O. Box 111, Midland, W.A. 6056
Leigh Edmonds P.O. Box 433, Civic Square, A.C.T. 2608
Marjii Ellers 9344 Hilrose St, Sunland, CA 91040, U.S.A.
Richard Faulder P.O. Box 136, Yanco, N.S.W. 2703
Michael Hailstone P.O. Box 193, Woden, A.C.T. 2606
Jack R. Herman Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney NSW 2006
Stewart M Jackson, P.O. Box 257, Kalamunda, W.A. 6076
Denny Lien & Terry Garey 2528 15th Ave S, Minneapolis, MN 55404, U.S.A.
Gordon Lingard P.O. Box A359, Sydney South, N.S.W. 2000
John McPharlin G.P.O. Box 3021, Sydney, N.S.W. 2001
Jonathan Scott Box 292, Wentworth Building, University Of Sydney NSW 2006
Jane Tisell 6/64 Studley Park Rd, Kew, Vict 3101

=====
Most of the quotations in this issue come from a collection of student howlers. Should one laugh at them? After all, we only laugh because we wouldn't make that sort of mistake don't we?

The dodo is a bird that is nearly decent now

The process of turning steam into water again is called conversation.

Parallel lines never meet unless you bend one or more of them.

The moon is a planet just like the earth, only deader.

By self-pollination, a farmer may get a flock of long-haired sheep.

If conditions are not favourable, bacteria go into a period of adolescence.

Thanks to Allan Dray, Peter Burns and Jack Herman for electrostencils and to Peter Burns and Roger Weddall for the paper.

HIRSH FOR GUFF - TUTIHASI FOR DUFF - McCONCHIE FOR FFANZ
HOLLAND IN '90 (See it before it sinks)

WHY YOU RECEIVED THIS ISSUE

You contributed
We trade
I'd like to trade
You LoCced
Editorial whim
It was either this or write a
letter
Carey Handfield said I had to
send you a copy

It seemed like a good idea at the
time
I had a spare stamp
Your last/only issue (Sorry, but
you're a victim of budget cuts)....
Death will not release you
I'd love to have a contribution
from you
Why not?

TIGGER

PRINTED MATTER ONLY

If undeliverable return to

Marc Ortlieb
P.O. Box 215
Forest Hill
Vict 3131
AUSTRALIA

May be opened for postal inspection