

WHAT THE GOOD EDITORS REJECT ----- WE PRINT!!!!!!

JUNE 30TH. 1953

# WASTE - BASKET

FIRST ISSUE!

BUT IT WON'T BE THE  
LAST!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE MOST STARTLING  
STORY EVER TOLD IN  
A FAN MAGAZINE!  
READ:  
"MISSION"



"ARE YOU SURE HE IS ONLY COLLECTING  
MATERIAL FOR UGH! ???"

# EDITORIAL

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Now look here. Let it be understood from the offset, sorry, mimeo, that this is to be a 'zine of a general nature, and will print, in the main, junk. Junk that is, to those whose minds dwell forever in the ethereal heights of pure s-f, and fall upon the hapless fans whose sole crime is to get a bit of FUN out of fandom. Praise be that these individuals form a very small minority of Australian - and, in some cases, world-fandom, yet they are so vocal as to make themselves not only a decided nuisance, but a minor deterrant to those who seek pleasure out of their small publishing activities. In getting a kick out of printing 'zines such as this, they are also giving others a ckick by reading it - and enjoying it.

So before Aussifandom gets corrupted by individuals crying for a more serious attitude, let some of us show that we can still get some fun out of our activities, for we are staunch advocates of FIFF. ( e.g.- Fandom Is For Fun!!!!) We are aware that there must be a certain body of persons who take the serious attitude in fandom, for it is through their efforts that the fans can take a rest and give vent to such wacky things as WASTEBASKET. But it is a sad affair when such people get to taking their position too seriously, and attempt to suppress other fans in the attempts at "fandom". Let us hope that these types will always remain in the minority, and meanwhile you can just sit back and enjoy WASTEBASKET, and if you get some enjoyment out of reading it, then we will be satisfied.

And if anybody does a serious review of us, well, we can just say they are plain nuts, and we look forward to brief enjoyments of any that might appear.

Thanks to the following fans for the material appearing in this issue and various cartoons :-

- To Hal Shapiro for MISSION, and cartoons on p.p. 3 & 6
- To Walt Willis for FANTHEM, GAFIA!
- To Jeff Taylor for cartoons on p.p. 7 and 9; also 12
- To Raleigh Evans Multog for ENIGMA and THE RACE.

This issue is mainly reprints, but if any Australian readers feel bursts of sheer poetic genius, then hasten the results immediately to the editorial address. And we want cartoons - plenty of 'em.

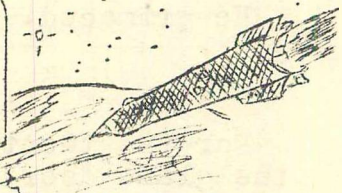
But remember, we will not deal exclusively in humour, the occasional light serious article such as Don Tuck's in this issue, ( shucks, I nearly went and typed a D) will also be welcomed. Remember, we are not snobs, and will even print GOOD material if we have to.

The Editor.

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WASTEBASKET is edited and published on the spur of the moment by L.J. Harding, at 510 Drummond St; Carlton, N3, Victoria, AUSTRALIA. Any overseas fans desiring copies, the sub rate is 12 issues for \$1.00, or in England, 12 for 5/-. Every 2-3 weeks. 'Sall.

# MISSION



[Perhaps s-f mag editors DO have more unusual experiences than the fan in the street. It's all in how you look at it.]

It was barely ten months ago that I received the summons from Victor Shel to meet him in his car outside my hotel, but I can recall it as if it was yesterday. It was the turning point in my existence.

"Ray", he told me, "Ray old boy, we've got to do something, fandom is at the cross roads; it must go on. But, as things stand now, our whole progress -- al we've ever worked for -- will be set back thirty or forty years."

"What!" I ejaculated, not knowing in the least what he meant.

"Yes, something must be done! If fandom goes everything goes. Fandom is the foundation upon which present day technology is built, the foundation upon which future hopes are based. If fandom falls, you can be sure that we will not make any great technological strides in anything but war fare."

"Um" I muttered intelligently, "Have a pe can?"

He ignored my interruption, went on bravely: "Fandom is the force behind it all. Fandom dreamed the first great dreams, and it is with Fandom and Stf that all hope for mankind lies! We can be gods, or we can be grubs!!!"

By this time I was so mixed up I couldn't follow anything he said. Assuming that he was mixed up along similar veins as myself, if not more, I calmly said " Now just a minute, did you get me down here just to tell me that? Every f-a-a-a-n knows that! What do you mean, our whole progress will be thrown back thirty years....." I stopped there, for then I did perceive it all, what he had been driving at, before he detoured at twenty-two.

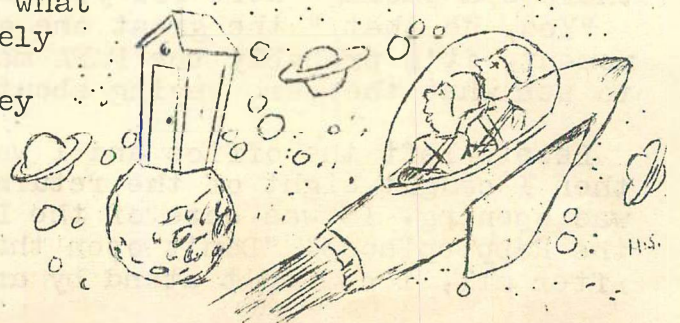
"Out Of This Sphere Adventures, that's what I'm talking about, " he yelled angrily.

I wiped off my face and asked foolishly, "But what can we do about it?"

It was the opening for which he had been waiting, and he seized upon it with glee. "I'll tell you what we can do!" he muttered subversively into my ear, "I've been reading THE IMMORTAL STORM. I know how they handled these things in the old days!"

"You don't mean...." My voice trailed off as I blanched.

"Yes! We'll give him fair warning first, though Gau knows he's



had enough warnings!"

"Don't mention that word!" I snapped. "But who's going to handle it?"

He grimaced. "Well now", he said, "it's this way...."

o o o o o

For the twenty-second time I read the sign that was painted on the glass door. It was a little difficult, since the glass was frosted and I was inside the office staring at the secretary. (Who wants to look at doors when there are so much more nicer things to do?), but I made it anyway : JOHN DROLLHEIM, Editor.

"Mr. Drollheim will see you now", Bessie, the secretary, smirked.

"I'll be seeing you too, kitten," I smirked right back.

The great Drollheim was sitting in a chair in the inner office, reading the latest issue of SPACESHIP, trying to get some new ideas. I cleared my throat.

Wiping it off his face with a clean handkercheif, he said, " Sit down Mr. Valid. What can I do for you?"

"You can jump right out that window there and take Out Of This Sphere Adventures with you, " I said wittily.

"You mean you don't like it?" he grinned.

"Well, I wouldn't say exactly that," I returned, "Let's just say I don't like it!"

"You have no literary taste," he objected.

"Neither have you," I countered, warming up my repartee, "but I can't say as much for the odour."

He smiled gently, "You must be a f-a-a-a-n!"

"How'd you guess?" I sneered.

"You've been setting up such a nice breeze since you entered", he said bitingly.

"I have to, it's the only way I can get any decent air."

He looked me over, then asked, "Is that the only reason you came in , to tell me that Out O f This Sphere Adventures stinks?"

"Not quite," I said.

"Well then, say what you have to say and get out. I'm busy."

"All right," I agreed, not sorry to dispense with merry remarks. After all, I'm no Laney! "My main reason....."

Just then Bessie stuck her head inside the door. "Mr. Drollheim, there's a package here for you. Shall I bring it in?"

"Yes, do that," the great one ordered. "You'll excuse me for a moment, it's probably the FAPA mailing," he said to me, " I want to see what they are saying about me now."

Bessie left the office and I would have followed her, but just then I caught sight of the return address on the package Drollheim was opening. It was care of the Detroit S-F League. I remembered the Rapp episode! "Don't open that pack..." I started to yell. After all, I couldn't stand by and let even a rat die. But it was

too late.

The package exploded, hurling Drollheim back against me. We toppled to the floor in a mess of blood, mostly Drollheim's. I got to my feet slowly and stared down at the still Drollie. He was groaning horribly, and my weaker instincts got the better of me. I bent down to try to help him, but saw that it was no use. In a few minutes - if not sooner - he would be beyond all help.

He gasped out, "Listen carefully. In the right-hand side of my desk .... a small drawer. Here's the key. Open it. There's a large envelope there. Get it and bring it to me.."

I did so, and he tore the envelope open hastily. There were some legal looking documents within. He took a pen and made a few hasty scribbles. Then he told me to put the papers back in his desk.

"As you probably do not know...few people do..." I had to bend low to catch his words. "I own this...company. I've just changed my..... will. When I die it's...yours." I gasped, but he went on. "I've got to trust you; you've got to understand. Listen carefully."

"First of all, I'm not quite human. I'm from Antares. I was sent here to undertake a mission, and that mission is unfulfilled. I'm leaving it to you! The story is brief, and I'll let you decide for yourself what to do. Men are not ready for space travel yet. They won't be for another few centuries, when they've learned to handle the apparatus and sciences they have now. They're too dangerous to galactic civilization. If they got free and started to use their weapons....probably the Galactic Federation would order So' made into a Nova! So for your own sake as well as ours, you've got to follow in my footsteps. I trust you."

"But how?" I demanded. "How?"

"Out Of This Sphere Adventures, " he gasped. That was all. He died.

But it was enough. I understood now. It had been Drollheim's mission to retard scientific development and dissuade the public from space flight; and the way he chose was to turn science fiction and Fandom back about thirty years. People would cease to be bombarded with plans for reaching the planets which might actually work. Nor would the government grant enough money for such projects if that government believed them to be impossible, unattainable. And Out Of This Sphere Adventures was doing just that, with its low standards!

Since then I have thought of three other plans, and have put them into operation. Oh yes, I knew Drollheim told me the truth about his being from Antares. The blood that poured from his veins was not red, but a very brilliant blue. And the doctor told me that he had two hearts.....

So now I'm here at the head of this publishing company, the most hated man in Fandom! Yet, I know their tactics, so perhaps I can succeed where Drollheim failed. And really, it isn't too bad. True, I'm always getting crank letters from Fans, and I have to be on the watch for things like the bombs that got Drollheim, but then, there are consolations.

Bessie, come here will you?

(Of course, she is a good secretary, when she gets around to working, but, er, well, I'll see you folks again, sometime, maybe!)

# GETTING AWAY FROM IT ALL!!

All of a sudden it's happened again,  
 A head stufed with cotton and nerves  
 made of rafia,  
 A look round the bookshelves gives  
 me a pain,  
 I wonder is s-f does drive me  
 insane?

This is another attack of GAFIA.  
 The postman knocks twice and the  
 letters float in,  
 Fanwit that sparkles like diamonds  
 or saphia,  
 Even a deaths-head can wear a big  
 grin,  
 Ghu! Give me a tonic without any  
 gin!

This is another attack of GAFIA,  
 A fanzine that's full of the latest  
 in feuds,  
 The one that I'd start would be worse  
 than the Mafia,  
 The point of that interlineation  
 eludes,  
 And what can they see in those dis-  
 torted nudes?  
 This is another attack of GAFIA.

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 L'envoi

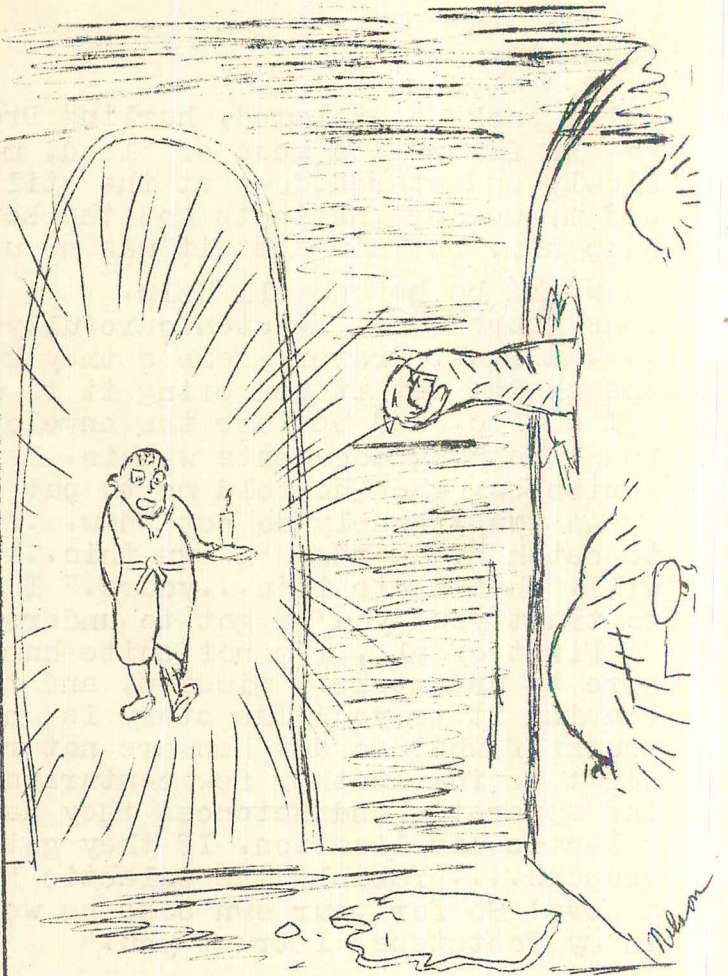
Prince, in the promags the corn's  
 getting chaffier,  
 Plots are more peurile, ideas grow-  
 ing daffier,  
 You collect your 'zines for years,  
 at the end whataffia?  
 .....GAFIA.

---A. Vincent Clarke.

o-o

The rocket came from the depths of space,  
 Speeding through the void at a terrible pace,  
 It was leading -but close- in a dangerous race.  
 The rocket hit the meteor at tremendous pace,  
 'Twas the end of that race.

---Dennis Tausendschoen.



"ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT  
 I'M COMING !!"

IDLE THOTS : If Aussifandom is to sink or swim, it would be a good idea to weed out the dead wood... They say that those who are worshipped as heroes have clay feet, well, maybe, but in Aussifandom it appears they have it in their head..... Since the moon without air and water is unfit for human habitation, why not make a night club out of it?.....

Stone thinks he stops the show, but he only slows it up..... The days' mail even brought a calender for 1954, so despite what anyone says there will be a next year.....

IDLE THOTS : Who says SF NEWS is not worth the paper it's written on?

# Reflections on TASMANIA and S-F

DON

TUCK

in General.

(This-er-article was originally intended for publication in the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST - it must have, no other magazine would publish such serious, critical, coldly cerebral material. Anyway, things must have got mixed up somewhere, so here it is, don't blame me, blame the flamin' editor. LJH)

When all is said and done, Tasmania is very much an outpost and science fiction is one of the many things that this state gets only very irregularly.

Actually I'm now speaking for Hobart as I understand one newsagen at Launceston gets most of the cheap science fiction, but then his trade is more direct with Melbourne.

What are we going to have for dinner, Dear? Dear? Oh Dear.. no..... NOT ME!!



For a few years before the war, American "remainders" were quite common though they never went back much earlier than 1935. When I started ins-f, late in '38, the last WONDER STORIES (late '35), WHIRLLING WONDER STORIES and AMAZING STORIES were quite common indeed, though one could never pick up complete runs of them. Astounding was never remaindered, though I believe this was so for all Australia; the only odd one I picked up was August '36 and it was only during '39 to the eventual banning of material from the U.S.A that I obtained others as current magazines; August '39 to May '40 of my collection being formed in this way. From then on I began to get all the other s-f mags currently over that period.

It was only a little after this that four of the interested Hobart fans produced the fanzine PROFAN after much egging-along from the Sydney group. Of these four only Bob Geappen, besides myself, is interested in s-f nowadays, and his enthusiasm is comparatively mild to that which he had shown in the early days.

It was in Melbourne in 1942 that I actually built up the backbone of my collection of pre-war ASF, AMAZING, and WONDER, since they were always unobtainable in my home town. During the war, British reprint editions of ASF and UNKNOWN appeared there comparatively regularly, but even so I've never come across any Tasmanian collectors with a complete set. I myself was absent from there during the war years, being in Melbourne, Sydney and other places north, but understand this was so, and also believe that TILES OF WONDER was regular there

until it ceased.

After the war was over and I was once again residing at home, I did not worry particularly about my s-f activities until a S.F Service (now Milcross) catalogue pulled me back into things. Everything progressed quite nicely until I had Customs trouble - but this is a story on its own, though not quite as bad as RogerDard's.

At the present time the Atlas reprints appear here, though they are never really regular and one never has a complete year of any of them. SUPER SCIENCE has only just started to arrive here in the past year, and BRES of the others are mere names to me. Whether the BRE GALAXY will be a regular item here is yet to be seen. I received my first only recently - about three months after it had appeared in Melbourne! AUTHENTIC I've never seen here though I understand it is obtainable in Launceston. All I ever see of the constant flow of British pocket-books are half a dozen Curtis or Hamilton Pbs every few months. The Cherry Tree books I usually endeavour to obtain from Melbourne to make sure I have them.

From the book angle, I'm now known by one bookseller here who always lets me know of the recent British s-f arrivals, but refrains from using up his dollar quota on such books - like some of the Melbourne bookshopshave been doing occasionally. (( Both Collins Book Store and MYERS', huge city emporiuhave been importing large stocks of U.S. hard cover anthologies recently, and have discovered a whopping market. Despite their terrific prices - e.g. : 32/6 for a \$3.00 book! - the shelves are offloaded almost as fast as they restock.....ED.)) As for inhabiting the second-hand bookshops, a well-known pastime of collectors, well there simply aren't any worth inhabiting. Thus, whenever I'm set loose in Melbourne I spend hours wandering around among them there, often finishing up by buying ghost books and the like-- which I never read, such is the collectors blood in my system.

Well, I have given you a rough idea on things and may as well let you know of a few folk I've met or heard about in Hobart. John Morrisby has most recent British books and borrows from me occasionally as does Jim Smith, but I would hesitate to call either fans. J. Leslie Greener, author of the juvenile "MOON AHEAD!" is Director of Adult Education here, but though I've been intending to meet him for some time I haven't been able to do so as yet. Recently, WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER made such a hit with Cedric Pearce, manager of the bookshop I deal from, that he based his weekly radio talk on science fiction, with that book as a basis. Unfortunately I never heard whether he gave a true picture of our hobby or not.

Amongst friends here I'm not known as a "nut" and it's really amazing (pardon the pun) how many of the older folk have read WONDER and AMAZING in their youth and confess they still rather like it but haven't gone into it further. I myself think that science fiction spread sanely in little doses will carry our hobby a long way, and British books and pbs, compared to the pulp media, are doing a lot of good in this respect. I'm rather pleased when someone says to me

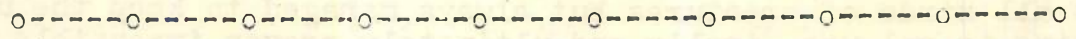


that there's an article of interest to you in such-and-such a magazine, because I know they accept my liking for science fiction as an adultish hobby and are more than just merely interested themselves. For instance, the special issue of "A.M." covering the rocket stations and the like was brought to my notice by about half a dozen people. However, don't expect me to form a Hobart society or the like; I do try and interest people but my own particular bent within s-f is on the compilation and index side, more of which I expect you will hear of in the near future.

Even though I consider Tasmania an outpost and myself along with it, with modern transportation I'm not that far away. Remember - Tasmania is THE tourist state ( "What!" you all say ), so if you have holidays, do think about dropping over. I'll be only too pleased to show you around. So far I've shown Bill Veney ( UGH! What a job...Ed) and Nick Solnsteff the sights around Hobart and am now wondering who will be next.

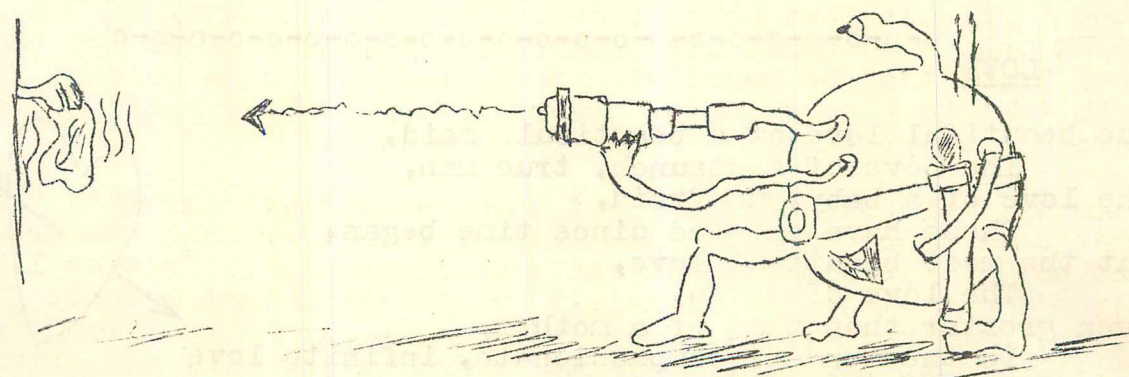
I'll be seeing you. (?)

--Don Tuck.



In case any of you may be interested, over the past few years Don has been busy compiling a vast S-F HANDBOOK, which, from what I can gather gives about all there is to know about any story. Just turn to the author you're looking for, and you find a list of all the stuff he ever wrote, turn to the story you want, and you'll immediately find the author. Complete lists of all mags and pbs are also there, and Ghu knows what else. It's a colossal work, the advance proofs I have already seen, and they are at least 100 foolscap pages, so it will be a big item in fan history. Anyone interested can contact Don Personally, at 17 Audley St, North Hobart. Or why not just write me? I'll give you all the dope as it becomes available, and arrange for you to get a copy when it finally appears, about the end of this year. You'll also get notified of price and No. pages etc. as it comes to hand. Here's hoping it saves Don a lot of correspondence !

The Editor.



IDLE THOTS : <sup>at</sup> Somebody's not going to like WASTEBASKET.....

# ENIGMA

DALRAY GREEN ??

Today is a great day. Man has finally succeeded in solving the secret of life and immortality. Allow me to give you a cross section of our history. The first discovery was fire, and the basis of all mechanical progress, the wheel, followed. Then came the telescope, steam power and electricity. After them came the first rudimentary flying machines, how ridiculous they look in our time. Atomic power, the supreme power in its day but finally outdated by thousands of years. And then the first moon base. It's still preserved now you know, and it may be viewed at very little cost and at a very small time lapse. The man really got going. (This was around 2800 AD ) He conquered the great planets of the system - Mars, Venus, Mercury and the cold outer worlds.

Man mastered them all. He built towns, cities, empires, nations, and even mightier empires arose thousands of light years from the planet of his birth. Prejudices were overcome, and with it the discovery of faster-than-light travel. In his conquest of the stars, man met all kinds of creatures but always managed to keep the upper hand. Time travel was finally and ultimately proven impossible a few years later. But then he really got his chance. Teleportation. Only ten years after its inception a way was discovered to enable it to be used without receiving stations. Thus man concluded the conquest of the galaxy.

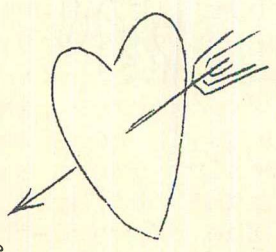
And he started on others, smashing all opposition before him. But the end was inevitable, finally there was no place in the universe that man had not been - and conquered.

That's why school will be let out earlier today children. Not so much that we have discovered the secret of life, but there remain no questions of riddles that man has not answered. All but the Question, of course. The Question that has plagued and baffled mankind since the dawn of history. If anyone ever succeeds in answering the Question, then he shall be made a wealthy man for the rest of his life, with the choice of a hundred Galaxies for his kingdom. He will be treated as the royal families of old were, and all his descendants. Now we can devote our lives to the Question, and perhaps someone may finally answer which came first - the chicken or the egg?

o-o

## LOVE

The beautiful love of a beautiful maid,  
 The Love of a staunch, true man,  
 The love of a baby, unafraid,  
 These have existed since time began.  
 But the most beautiful love,  
 The love of loves,  
 Even greater than that of a mother,  
 Is the tender, compassionate, infinite love  
 Of one drunken bum for another.



---Shapiro.





"Oh, it's functional all right, except that there's no mattress to press my pants under."

THE SHORT, SLAPPY LIFE OF A FAAAAAN!

By Roger Dard (Edited by Hal Shapiro)

Act 1 : Brooklyn. Faaaan and goil.

Goil : "Take ya crummy paws offa me, ya joik! (slap)"

Act 2 : Savannah. Faaaan and a Southern Belle.

Belle : "Take yo filthy paws off'n poh l'il ol' me, you damnyankee!" (slap)

Act 3 : Mexico City. Faaaan and Senorita.

Senorita : "Eef you do not take those 'ans away from Lolita, Lolita weel keel you!" (slap)