

WASTEBASKET

VOL. 1

NO. 2



In this issue:

How to Tell Your Friends
from a Planaria

TALES OF HOFFMAN

I. The Planaria

The planaria is a flat-worm, but then we can't *all* have money. He is a member of the phylum Platyhelminthes and that doesn't help either. In their natural state planaria are seldom bothered by crossed up engrams but in the hands of eager biologists have they got problems! It is very difficult to clear a planaria.

The planaria is cross-eyed. At least he looks that way. He has two eye-spots. This is very nice for the planaria and evolutionists. He has four directions, anterior, posterior, dorsal and ventral. He also has a proboscis and cilia which he enjoys immensely as they enable him to eat and wiggle around. Without them life would indeed be dull for the planaria.

Planaria have no pre-natal problems to speak of since they reproduce asexually. This may sound dull but the planaria doesn't know any better. Planaria show the phenomenon of regeneration to a very marked degree. Biology students are especially fond of slicing their (the planaria, not the student) anterior ends so that they grow two heads. The planaria does not appreciate this as he has enough trouble telling where where he's going with only one head... tho there is an old saying that two heads are better than one. It is also said that too many cooks spoil the broth. It's a good thing that planaria don't cook.



An interesting fact about the planaria is that he doesn't know up from down...or perhaps he doesn't care. He'd as soon swim around on his dorsal surface as his ventral one. At times tho...especially when being drawn by biology students... he becomes quite stubborn about which side should be up and usually prefers to present the dorsal side if lab instruction call for a drawing of the ventral surface and vice versa. Many lab hours have been wasted by students in futile attempts to keep opinonated planaria turned over.

The planaria has many interesting relations, probably the most interesting of which is the Fasciola Hepatica which is usually most interested in other Fasciola Hepatica. The Fasciola Hepatica is a more sophisticated worm than the planaria but then, aren't we all.

Lee Hoffman

PORTRAIT OF A
PLANARIA

— CONTENTS —

The Planaria	Lee Hoffman	2
Ramblings at Random	The Editor	4
The Talented Toaster	Stan Serxner	5
How to Build Your Own Spaceship: Part II	Norman E. Hartman	14
fantastic-LEE	THE HOFFMAN	17
Report from Australia	Roger Dard	19
The Blue Pencil	Shelby Vick	22
Fanzines		24
The Inferior Race	Rosco Wright	25

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RAMBLINGS AT RANDOM



From the Editor's typewriter...

With this issue WASTEBASKET inaugurates a radical new policy. We've gone legible! Well, at least fairly legible. We're not too happy with this issue. Any errors in text can be properly blamed on the editor, who evidently was guilty of both typesetting errors and faulty proofreading since all work on this issue was his. The printing is a different matter.

The editor, who had never before touched a press, was forced to take over the printing when the issue was about one-third done. Early results were not too happy, as can be seen most noticeably in page 18. (The peculiar alignment of pages 10 and 11 is due to trying to work late at night when the printer was sleepy -- not ye ed in this case.) Anyway, the editor concludes this issue a sadder and a wiser fan, where operating a hand press is concerned.

The alternating type styles in this issue were due, not to choice, but to necessity. The next issue will see the text face standardized.

We find ourselves in even more of a dilemma where material is concerned. Without any particular design on our part, WASTEBASKET'S editorial policy is being modified to fit changing circumstances. And we frankly like the looks of our new policy as it is beginning to shape up.

But finding material to fill this new policy is apt to be difficult. "The Planaria" is an excellent example of the sort of thing we intend to feature, provided we can find enough of them. We'd also like *good* critical articles on stf in its various forms (you won't find any examples in this issue). But most fans seem to have no conception of what critical writing is. They either constantly repeat the obvious or appear to have only two words in their vocabulary -- 'classic' and 'stinks'. While most professional writers, of course, can't ordinarily spare time for such items.

What little fiction WASTEBASKET uses should be either humorous or professionally handled - preferably both. This may sound a bit grandiose but we have plans under way to make it possible. More about this later, providing the plans bear fruit.

We will also continue to use limited amounts of comment on fan doings.

(continued on page 13)

THE TALENTED TOASTER

by Stan Serxner

Hannara came scrambling back from the preparing room with sooty black fumes following her.

"Again," she wailed. "Always at first repast time too. Why does it always have to happen?....." She trailed off into apron smothered sobs and wrung her hands.

Charallel dropped his recordogram at the first housewifely squeal, vaulted out of his easy chair and galloped into the preparing room. Whipping out a large square of plasticloth, he applied it to his wife's smudged features, his eyes watering at the smoke.

"Take it easy, honey," he said in a conciliatory voice, ineffectually rubbing at her face. "Did that old toaster let go again? Did you get hurt? I'll have to fix that darn thing before it....."

"No I didn't get hurt," she sniffled, brushing his hand away. "This time I put a vitadisc," she pointed to a thin oval of dough on the table, "in the toaster and set the regulator. Instead of chiming when it was done, the vitadisc shot from the toaster and smashed that beautiful carafe Mother gave us. She peered wet eyed thru the thinning smoke at the pile of fragments and a burnt vitadisc on the floor.

Charallel could not quite repress a surge of joy. That carafe, with its hand etched Martian Choola Birds on it almost gave him ulcers. It stood above the cooler and leered at him every time he ate.

Hannara turned in his arms and gave him a withering glance. She was about to say why-didn't-he-like-that-carafe,-Mother-made-it-herself,-it-was-beautiful-you-heartless-beast.

He averted this by muttering that he was sorry, kissing her smudged nose and resolving to fix the toaster after first repast.

The smoke swirled away completely by the ventilators, Hannara prepared a snack. She nibbled daintily at her carbohydrate free dessert, altho why she wanted to reduce, Charallel could not see. Three years of married life had made her figure even better. Oh well,

Turning reluctantly from these thoughts, he concentrated on getting down the Venusian Sand Berries, (Self liquefying. A product of the Venusian Agricultural Dept.) The absence of the leering Choola Bird carafe helped him considerably,

Repast over, he took the offending toaster into what he fondly regarded as his worksop. Brushing a pile of wood shavings to the floor, he set the gadget on the cleared space. (He thought of himself as a whittler.) Charallel Stevens focussed a light on the toaster and regarded it cautiously.

Oval, sleekly shining in the fluorite, self powered, with the slot for inserting the vitadough, it stared back at him.

Try to meddle with me, it seemed to say, and I'll squirt a spring into your face and shock the daylights out of you.

Charallel began to regret having promised to fix the thing. He had gone too far already and felt that his self honor was at stake. He started feebly to look for his screwdriver. He located it in a corner of his cubbyhole.

"Damn it," he mumbled. "The instructions say that this Chronometrized, Self Powered Toaster, (Model 952: Pat. yr. 2250) is so simple that even a child could recharge it. Why in Hades don't they send a child along with it?"

Finding a small screw on the bottom, he gingerly unscrewed it. With a triumphant squeak, the bottom sprang out and a regiment of heterogeneous parts poured forth.

Stifling a groan and plucking the end of a coil of wire from his finger, he pushed the jumble into a pile. Aggravated by his wife, the unfinished 'gram story and the Sand Berries, he put his head between his hands and cursed steadily for five minutes, gulping air between curses. Obscurely happy that he had not repeated himself, he tackled the job.

"Let's see. According to the instructions this wire goes here, the orange tube over here, hmmm..."

Being an assistant chemist in the biology lab hadn't quite made him a master electrician. Four hours and innumerable scratches later, he was done. One could almost hear the cheering as he triumphantly marched out, leaving the door open.

"Hannara honey, I fixed it! Hannara..Honey. ..HONEY! Where are you?" he shouted.

The noteboard over the visiphone informed him that Mrs. H. Stevens had gone shopping and would be back in time for last repast.

"Going shopping? My gosh. I bet she went to her mother to get another one of those damned carafes. I hope she hasn't anymore." Overcome by this thought, Charalle slumped into his armchair, accidentally flipping the toaster control to 'on'.

The tiny tubes warmed up as the current surged into them. Miraculously, Charalle's scrambled circuit didn't short. Instead, as the toaster rested on the arm of the chair, a faint red ray reached out toward a Martian Woofis wood ashstand. It impinged upon the stand and the semi-sentient

Venusian carpet on which the stand stood. The stand seemed to disintegrate. No, not exactly disintegrate. It stealthily disappeared into the vitadough slot, sinking into it.

Stevens, immersed in mourning the ways of mothers-in-law, did not notice this, so silently did it happen. The Venusian rug found itself beginning to vanish. Before more than a microinch of its tough skin was gone, Charallel came to himself. He unconcernedly shut off the toaster, muttering at his carelessness and went to the preparing room. He left a puzzled carpet and the faintest hint of singed Woofis wood.

He decided to let Kismet take care of his relative-by-marriage and stood the toaster upon its table. He took a fresh vitadough disc from the package, put it into the slot of toaster, set the regulator, and sat down. "Lessee," he muttered, lighting a cigaret. "Choola bird carafe...." Oops! What was that? Charallell's eyes refocussed just in time to see the vitadisc leap from the toaster and vanish.

With pop-eyes he regarded the object. I'm dreaming, he told himself. I fixed that with my own hands. Followed most of the instructions, too. Being a man of scientific training, Stevens inserted another wafer of vitadough, set the regulator and fiercely watched the toaster. Let that damned thing do anything now.

The disc leaped gracefully from the toaster and... vanished. With an amazed yowl he sprang back, knocking over the chair. His half forgotten cigarette jumped from his mouth into the field of the pale red rays and disappeared. Charallel doused himself with some cold quince juice (the only thing he could find in the cooler) and squirmed against the wall.

"What did I create? Good God!" he quavered. Girding his loins, he approached slowly and waved his hand over the infernal machine he had created. His Luna stone ring vanished. If Hannara had not come in at that moment, he would have passed out.

Bill Donovan eased himself onto the stool of the De Luxe diner. He smiled at Ellen, the waitress. "New calender, huh?" he said, pointing to the flashy 1951 calender on the further wall. It showed a band of wolves howling at the moon. "Whatsa matter, the other calender too riskay for Johnny?" he asked.

"Yeah, some customers didn't like it, so he changed it. That's my Johnny for ya." she replied.

"Hiya, John," Bill yelled at the figure in the chef's hat in back. It waved a large spoon at him and bent over a pot.

"Gimme a cuppa java and a piece of apple pie. Wait a minute, make that pineapple." he grunted.

"Yeah, say, you're kinda early aren't you?" she asked, slicing the pie.

"I made the Kingston-Passaic run faster than I expected. I gotta couple minutes to kill."

"Maybe you wanna look at something one of the characters who ate here last night left."

"Yeah, sure, might as well," he mouthed thru pineapple pie. Taking the wrinkled copy of Super Astonishing Stories, he gulped down the pie and guffawed heartily. "Looka this," he chortled, "a big bug squeezing a naked dame."

"Read what else it says, Bill," Ellen urged.

"If I can see thru this purple color stuff. Hmmm.. 'Are Flying Saucers Real? Are They From Another World? See inside back cover'" Bill flipped the pages and glanced over the article. "Lot of hooey. Some dame in Idaho has an argument with her husband and goes out seein' flyin' saucers. I think all of 'em are nuts." He finished his coffee. "Gimme another cup, huh, honey."

"Sure. Y'know, maybe there is son ethin' to it." she said, filling the cup. She turned to give Bill, who was finishing the last of the pie crust, his coffee. The cup dropped from her hands. She pressed her hand to her breast and stared out of the window.

Bill looked pop eyed at Ellen, who pointed over his shoulder with a horrified expression. Johnny the chef had come from the back with a large butcher knife and was glaring outside.

Donovan spun around on the stool to see. He gasped in disbelief, the luridly colored magazine falling from nerveless hands.

A dozen or so black, round objects whirled across the sky at about ten miles an hour. To Bill, Ellen, and Johnny, they seemed to emit blue sparks. Johnny dropped his knife and knelt, as if to pray. "Flyin' Saucers," he wheezed. "Lord help me."

A wave of heat swept over the three as the discs seemed to hurtle straight at the diner. They all fainted.

So the vitadough wafers, twisted into time by the toaster, heated by their temporal trip and the friction of their fall, disintegrated into fine white ash as they pelted the window of the De Luxe diner. But that went unnoticed by the three somnolent individuals inside.

Bill never did get his second cup of coffee.

THE END

"THE TALENTED TOASTER" APPEARED THRU COURTESY
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MANUSCRIPT BUREAU

"Darling, what happened? What's the matter?" she screamed, dropping a large package on the floor and pattering to her husband's side. Before Charallel could frame a coherent reply, his wife let loose another scream and pointed to the package on the floor. "Ooooo, now look what you've done! That was the only other Choola bird carafe she had had left." she wailed. "Now what can I do?"

Taken aback by this display, too muddled to care what she was going to do, Charallel finally passed out cold. He woke to find Hannara bending over him, cooing contritely in his ear. "I didn't know you were so concerned over the carafe. I thought you hated it. I'll see if I can get something like it at the Mart."

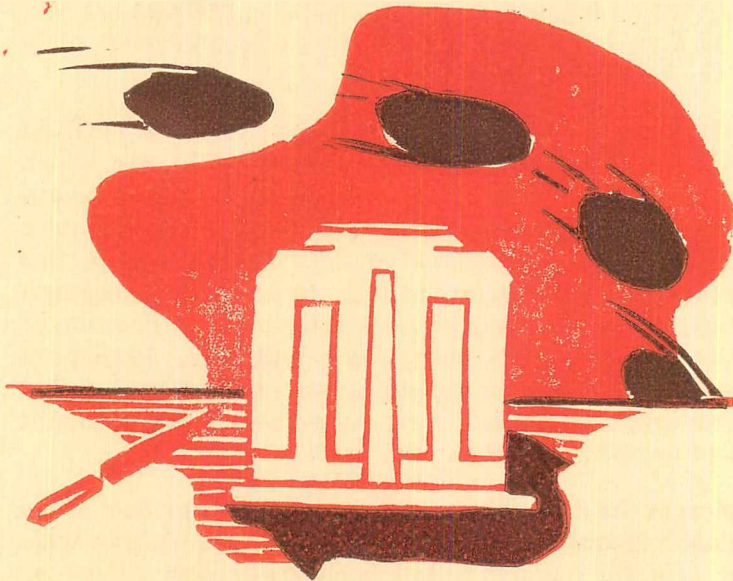
This was too much. Weak kneed as he was, Charallel groaned up and said, "I DO hate that pitcher, or carafe thing. Get another and I'll divorce you." Choking off an enraged cry by putting his hand over her mouth, he grabbed her arm with his free hand and propelled her to the preparing room from the bedroom where he awoke.

"I'll show you something, so help me.." He took his hand from her mouth and pointed dramatically at the toaster, which had not automatically stopped. It had dissolved a rectangular hole in the ceiling meanwhile. Hannara, rendered quite speechless, cowered against Charallel. Emboldened by this test of his manly fortitude, he picked up a box of vitadough discs and chucked them one by one in the general direction of the toaster. He didn't know why he did this. Perhaps to prove to Hannara that something was wrong, to show her what an inventive genius he was, or perhaps that he couldn't think of anything else to do.

Most of the discs disappeared into the strange field of the machine. Charallel wondered where in the system they were going. He was tempted to look behind the cooler. Between heavens at the toaster, he craned his neck. Nothing behind there. His wife had been hiding behind the doorway, watching him with eyes growing wider at every throw.

A wafer of vitadough hit the control of the toaster and shut it off. No evidence remained of anything. The toaster squatted smugly on its table. The hole above it had a perfectly natural appearance. Only two hysterical people remained.

Two hours later, with 21st century fortitude, smelling faintly of quince juice, Charallel blew the toaster to pieces with his blaster. He knew that not even his next door neighbor, who read those fantastic literature magazines, would believe him. As an Assistant Biologist, he had no license to meddle with electrical apparatus. He felt much better with the toaster gone and the hole in the ceiling patched up. Han-nara got a new fur coat, so the incident of the Choola Bird was dimmed in her memory. At times Charallel caught himself wondering where those vitadiscs went. They never did eat vitadough again.



RAMBLINGS AT RANDOM

(cont. from page 4)

Due to various difficulties, the magazine will probably appear only every three to six months. This makes us a poor outlet for a news column such as "Report from Australia" which we arranged for back when we expected to appear bi-monthly. We think it's a good column which should continue to see print, but in some other fanzine. Therefore, "Report from Australia" will not be in the next issue --- unless I get enough letters from you readers requesting it. In which case we'll acquire a number of similar columns to keep it company. And while you're at it, let us know what you think of the mag.

Incidentally, we've changed our subscription policy. We have decided not to keep a permanent mailing list. Instead, from now on we imitate MEZRAB. Contributors will receive copies. So will FAPAns. The magazine will also be available free to anyone else who *sends in a letter or card requesting the next issue.*

Notice to fan editors: we do *not* exchange! If we like your fanzine well enough to want to receive it, we'll subscribe. And you can get WASTE-BASKET for the cost of a penny post card.

Now for a little bragging. Our cover this issue has two features which, as far as we know, have never before appeared in any fanzine. Our cover illustration is a full color reproduction of an original oil painting by Rosco Wright which ye ed has admired mightily for a number of months. However, don't expect us to make a habit of publishing paintings in full color. This picture was unique in the manner in which it lent itself to low-cost color reproduction.

And to set off this painting, we are using the fabulously expensive Kromekote, the same as GALAXY's cover stock, except this is about four times as heavy and probably correspondingly more expensive. The cover stock alone ate up twenty percent of the total budget for this issue. So, we unblushingly proclaim ourselves proud of this cover. (This is known as going out on a limb, since the cover hasn't yet been printed.)

Our feature painting, also by Wright, was originally a EUSIFANSO department which we acquired several months ago after EUSIFANSO's demise. Since then, EUSI has been revived. But the feature remains with us, for the moment, at least. The difficult part here will be to find sufficient paintings worth the time and money necessary to reproduce them. Most fan artists do only line work.

Rosco Wright more or less inherited the job of staff artist since no one else in the house could even draw a straight line with the aid of two rulers, a compass, and seventeen Geiger counters. (continued on page 16)

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN SPACESHIP: PART II

by Norman E. Hartman

In the last installment I gave complete directions on how to build the power plant for your spaceship. This time I will tell how to build the hull, and install said power plant.

Since this spaceship is propelled by a form of reaction engine, it is obvious that the series of solenoids which forms the drive unit will have to be perpendicular to the floors or decks of the ship. Also, since such a small unit as the one under discussion, a mere pleasure craft so to speak, will not be too efficient, having an exhaust velocity of only twenty-five or thirty miles per second (a really large and efficient unit could have an exhaust velocity of at least four times that, but such a project would be too expensive for the average fan), the ship will be quite small. Since the minimum length is set by the solenoid drive unit at from ninety to one hundred feet, the only feasible design is something that looks like the traditional spaceship with a long, narrow hull.

In this case, since streamlining is of only minor importance, we will build the ship in the simplest form possible, a cylinder. As a concession to tradition we may taper the tail slightly and round off the top, but our ship will essentially be a cylinder one hundred feet high and thirty feet in diameter. The lower twenty feet will taper in slightly so that the tail is in the form of a twenty foot circle with the jet orifice in the center. The rounded dome will add perhaps fifteen feet to the height.

For such a small ship a hull six inches thick will be more than ample, but we will use that thick a hull as a precaution against meteors. This adds up to two hundred and eighteen cubic feet of metal, and since we are using an iron hull it will weigh only slightly over fifty tons. By using a hull that is thinner at the top than at the bottom and by adequate bracing this weight may be reduced about five tons, so we will use a figure of forty-five tons for the hull.

The best place for the atomic turbo-generator is in the dome at the top of the ship. It seems probable that it will not use all the available room there, so we can use the spare space for any supplies that are not likely to be harmed by a very small amount of radioactivity. Directly below this we will place the living quarters, about which more in a later article. It will suffice to say that two decks of ten feet each should be ample. This leaves eighty feet of hull room, minus the two foot well down through the center of the ship for the solenoid drive unit. After subtracting the volume used by the well, the taper of the hull, and possible additions such as a fuel hoist, the volume of the bottom part of the hull comes out at about forty-eight thousand cubic feet. That is enough room to hold eleven thousand three hundred and seventy-six tons of powdered iron. If the hull weighs forty-five tons and the power plant weighs one hundred and twenty-five tons, and you carry thirty tons of supplies, equipment, and general paraphernalia, the mass-ratio of the ship will be about fifty-eight to one.

Now for a little figuring on what the ship might be expected to do. With a mass-ratio of fifty-eight to one (V-2 is about 3 1-2:) and an exhaust velocity of about twenty-five miles per second (about ten times that of the V-2) our little craft can accelerate at four gravities for fifty-two minutes, or at one gravity for three hours and twenty-eight minutes. That is more than sufficient to take off from Earth, go to Mars, land, take off from Mars, go back to Earth, and make a power landing, even when the planetary positions are not too favorable. By refining more fuel on Mars you can make the trip whether the planetary line-up is favorable or not.

There you have the complete instructions for building a more than adequate space-yacht from common, everyday materials; iron for the hull and jet-mass, aluminum for wiring, and carbon and uranium and tin for the power plant. What more do you need?

Next issue will deal with the problems you will face on your trip through the void. I will discuss matters such as living quarters, air and food supply, space suits for outside emergency repairs, and how to manufacture alcohol during free fall. In the meantime, you doubtless will have availed yourself of the interval to construct your spaceship according to the specific instructions given above, and thus will be ready to immediately get on with the next step in the job of freeing yourself from Earth's gravity so you can spend your next vacation asteroid-hopping.

N.E.H.

RAMBLINGS AT RANDOM

(cont. from page 13)

All artwork in this issue was rendered by Wright in its final form, although the original drawings accompanying "The Planaria" and "The Blue Pencil" were by the authors.

This editorial column is devoted primarily to disseminating whatever news is necessary to accompany each issue. This is now done. Its secondary purpose is to fill up any leftover spaces. This is not yet done. So I shall devote the remainder of this to the third and least important reason for the existence of this department -- expounding my own views on various and sundry.

However, I see there is insufficient space left in which to develop my theme (which dealt with my increasing esteem for Clifford Simak, and especially my appreciation of his recent gem, "Good-night, Mr. James") so I'll simply say 'Be back next issue. No advance promises as to when it will be out; at the moment I dread even the sight of a type case. Meanwhile, let me know what you think of this issue.'

The Editor

fantastic-LEE

NOTE TO EDITOR: If properly re-arranged the words in this column can be used to make up many nice little articles and fillers for your fanzine. The author reserves all reprint rights and demands a by-line on all material in which these words are used.

Heheheheh. What are you hiding for? It won't do any good, you know. You can't get away now. Not if you've already read this far. You may put this down and walk away. You may even burn it but that won't help you. Do you know why? Because I have a little black box. And do you know what's in that little black box? No? Well, I'm not going to tell you. So there.

And now to the book reviews: First I shall consider a thrilling tale of the trials, heartaches, and frustrations of making corn liquor in the hills of Georgia. This heart-rendering novel is titled "In the Still of the Night" and is by Lucifer Hogfennel, or 4-575868 for the next two to five years. The story is told with such an impact, such an eye de clat (French) of words, and such a something or other, that it can easily be classed as one of the top ten books on the corn liquor industry in Georgia to appear in the past few weeks.

The story begins in the small but dignified town of Sour Milk, Arkansas where Lucy Bristleback, a woman of almost thirteen is desperate for a man - any man. "I want a man - any man." is the way she puts it.

Then along came Earthquake McStaff, so nicknamed because he gets the shakes every time he sees a lawman. He had everything she wanted in a man...except a brain...and she reminded him of the liquor stills which he loved.

And so they were wed and lived blissfully until the law came across one of Earthquake's stills. So they were forced to flee into Georgia. Here they founded a small town and set up a new batch of stills. Life for them was peaceful and uneventful until one day...

Here the story ends abruptly, due the fact that the last forty seven pages were lost in the printing of the book, which is probably just as well.

And that ends our first review, kiddies. What! You say that isn't stf? But it's fantastic, isn't it!

Now for another fascinating book review. Our second book of the month is an stfantasy classic written to appeal to both fan and non-fan and intended to carry stf literature to the non-fan world. The title of this literary masterpiece is "Through Extragalactic Space in Plaid Pajamas". It was written by well-known stf author Raserbach Hargg, who is known for such delightful stf novels as "Slarp", "Kingle-bonk", "A Mercurchrome Adversity", "Vacuumspanials of PDQ" and such non-fiction masterpieces as "The Sex Life of the Platyhelmenthes Fasciola Hepatica of Northern Indonesia" and "Earthworm Against Adversity: The True Adventures of Annelida in Ankor-Vat".

In his latest work, Mr. Hargg tells the warm hearted story of a young space hand working on the intergalactic express. Princess Zweikopf, of the planet Nixliebe, fleeing the murderous archdook, boards the ship incognito. There she meets the young spacehand and they fall in love.

When he learns that she is a princess he tells her that he cannot wed her for he is a commoner, a mere spacehand. He declares that he will help her regain her rightful throne. Then he dons mask and cape and goes forth as the gallant "Black Avenger of Space".

I shall not divulge the thrilling romantic ending of this novel. Suffice to say that the Black Avenger of Space discovers he is really the long lost son of the Emporer Foozle of Vacabeza and later the villainous Archdook is captured and the princess returned to her rightful place as ruler of Nixliebe. They are then in position to marry and live happily ever after.

HOFFMAN

REPORT FROM AUSTRALIA

. Roger Dard

Nick Sointseff, the secretary of the Futurian Society of Sydney, wrote your reporter and gave him this piece of news: that the Australian government had finally lifted the ban on all the promags except WEIRD TALES! Your reporter immediately went into the local Customs office but was unable to confirm this exciting piece of news. Since, however, Western Australia is the most isolated state in Australia, and since some Australian officials seem to have 'Pony Express' minds, and do not make full use of telegraphic facilities it is quite possible it will be a week or two before the news filters through to us hillbillies! However, if correct, this news will be the shot in the arm Australian fandom needs, and could see the revival of the dying fan movement Down Under. By the time the next "Report from Australia" sees print your reporter hopes to be able to confirm this news.

Hardly had I gotten over the excitement at the possibility of there being no more ban, when local bookstores and newsstands broke out in a rash of a new fantasy pocket book, "The Three Eternals" by, of all people, Eando Binder! Published by the Whitman Press, Sydney, the pb is cheaply priced at the equivalent of a dime. If this title is to be the fore-runner of a whole series of fantasy pocket books by such well known American writers as the Binders, then Aussie fandom will have no complaint.

The newly formed "Futurian Press" of Sydney, issued their first title, "A Checklist of Australian Fantasy". There was a ceremony, at which most Sydney fen attended, and some champagne was drunk to celebrate the successful launching of the new venture. The book is a sort of Bleiler Checklist, though in a much more modest way, of course. Many of the titles listed are not in Bleiler's Checklist, by the way. James

V. Taurasi has become American agent for the Futurian Press. American fans can now place orders with him.

Science fiction and fantasy continue to make some inroads upon prosaic Australian magazines. The AUSTRALIAN MONTHLY, a slick, came out with a wonderful full color cover by Chesley Bonestell. Inside, were more Bonestell pics, illustrating the article "Voyage to the Moon". Another magazine, CAVALCADE, ran an article, "Will Robots Rule the World?"

The Invincible Press, Sydney, now publishes two science fiction comics, drawn by Australian artists: "Silver Flash and the Frog Men", and "The Legion of Space". The science in the latter title is quite good, but the drawings are rather crude.

The Futurian Press announced their next title is "Blinded They Fly" described as a 'Fort-Lovecraft story'. Pre-publication price is six shillings, which is roughly about 75 cents- quite cheap considering that only 150 copies will be printed, and all will be numbered and autographed.

The first fanzine ever to be published in Western Australia finally appeared. Entitled STAR ROVER, it was photo-lithed, and edited and published by your reporter. However, it was forced to fold after the first issue.

With ish no. 6 the Aussie promag, THRILLS, increased its size, and also its price, from the equivalent of 15 cents, to 20 cents.

A new pocket book appeared on the newsstands on Feb. 8. It contained two stories, "Parasite Planet" by Stanley G. Weinbaum, and "Life-Line" by Robert Heinlein. It was modestly priced at a dime.

Gerald Heard's "Flying Saucers" report began serialization in the prosaic Australian journal WESTERN MAIL. It will be in 12 parts.

Don Keyhoe's "The Flying Saucers Are Real" appeared on local newsstands. This was not the original U.S. edition however, but reprint by Hutchinsons of London.

The wise guy who has been selling stories out of the U.S.A. prozines to THRILLS under a nom-de-plume, finally went the whole hog, and pirated a story of Ray Bradbury's. According to a fan who attended an LASFS meeting, Ray hit the ceiling when the pleasant news was conveyed to him.

Rumors that THRILLS INC. had folded were denied by editor D. Beard, who stated mag was going digest size.

March issue of Australian ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE featured stf story, "Crisis 1999" by Fredric Brown.

Gerald Heard's flying saucer book saw serialization in ten parts under the title "Is Another World Watching Us?", in local radio journal THE BROADCASTER.

Australian woman's journal WOMAN started stf serial, "The Revolt of the Triffids" by W. ndiam Martin. Brief glance your columnist has given it suggests story concerns invasion of man-eating plants.

Progressive move in Australian fandom was made by Sydney fan Graham Stone, who formed The Australian Science Fiction Society recently. The first issue of the club oo, "Science Fiction Courier" has already appeared, and is neat 8 page printed 'zine.

Sydney fan Stirling Macoboy (who drew that gorgeous "Snake Mother" cover for a recent FANTASY ADVERTISER) is waiting for his US visa. Stirling is head of THE LUX RADIO THEATRE, a radio soap opera outfit in Australia, and plans on doing video scripts in New York when his visa is cleared.

Rumor that English prozine will reprint stories - from - of all things- THRILLS INC.! How wacky can you get...

Is this a hint of things to come? A Ziff-Davis magazine, POPULAR PHOTOGRAPHY is now being reprinted in Australia. Now the intriguing question is-- will we soon see an Aussie reprint of AMAZING and FA? Keep your fingers crossed!

THRILLS are advertising themselves as the agents for the Hayden Planetarium Space Tours. Your reporter is one of those who filled out the coupon enclosed with each copy of THRILLS, and has booked his trip to the Moon, starting in 1975. See you on Luna, folks.

Rog



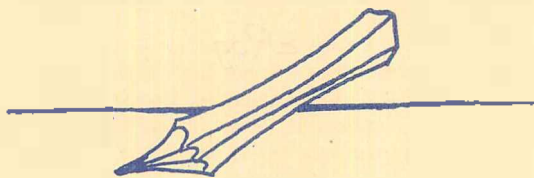
THE BLUE PENCIL

by Shelby Vick

Do you get WESTERN STAR? Do you have no. 4 handy? If you do, you might want to drag it out as reference, because the following outburst was brought on by a paragraph on page eight that needs quite a bit of editing.

The editor of WESTERN STAR, it seems, is prejudiced against the South. Many people are, of course, but they still resent the southern use of the word 'damnyankees'... But that's aside from the point -- what I'm censoring is the basis of his prejudice. Quote, 19 years in Texas prejudiced me indeed. Unquote. You know, that could get quite a few Texans a mite riled -- for one thing, they'll tell you never to judge the whole of Texas by any one section. Texas is too big for that. To which I'd like to add that it's far worse to judge all the South by one state -- especially when it's a *western* state; one hardly considered in the South, as the Texans will quickly remind you. And I wonder where he gets this stuff about 'the general sub-human level of most southern cities'. Maybe he hasn't noticed the slum areas -- the slum *cities* -- in other parts of the USA. It seems to be human to tolerate certain evils under one's own nose, but sniff audibly at those in the back yard of a neighbor...

By the way -- tho he may find this hard to believe, I have lived in the South all of my 22 years and have yet to see a burning cross, a Klan gathering, or even a bedsheet with suspicious-looking holes cut in it... And it's been simply *ages* since I lynched a negro...



Hey, you.

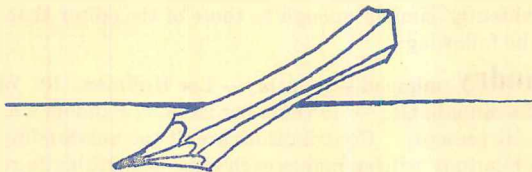
Yes, you!

You listen to the radio very often? Heard "2000 Plus", or "Dimension X"? Or maybe "Spaaaaaaaace Patrol"? Whatcha think of 'em, hmmm? Or isn't it printable? At least, you probably could suggest some improvements. Well, why not? A group of us got together and decided that it might do some good if we could write in and suggest improvements -- especially if a *lot* of us wrote in to the different networks with our complaints and suggestions.

For instance, "Dimension X" is now off the air. They've invited letters from those who would be interested in having it return. To them, we send letters saying we'd like to have it back, with certain changes -- a better program editor, for one thing; someone who could give us better science-fiction, but stories still acceptable to the common radio listener.

And take "Space Patrol". For those who are not too demanding about their literature, this can be quite entertaining -- has, in fact, had more than one story that topped many of "2000 Plus" and some aired by "Dimension X". If they'd change both opening and conclusion, it'd improve the taste -- even the sound of rockets whistling down would be better than the announcer blaring out: "Spaaaaaaaace Patrol!" It sounds like he's about to introduce: "Glaaa Whatsit, the All-Solarian Bem!"

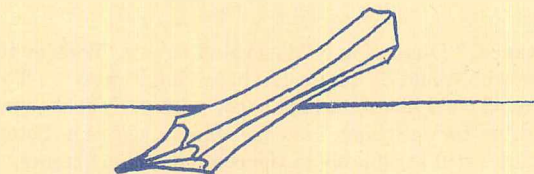
Like to do something about it? Got a few ideas? Well, my gosh -- don't be bashful! Drop me a line, quick -- Blue Pencil, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Florida.



Now, what's the idea of these guys who holler: "No fiction in fanzines! Articles, only. Stories, keep out!" As an editorial policy, it's okay, since it's then their own business. No one else knows more about what kind of zine they wish to issue. But why do some characters insist on forcing their will on others? An occasional story is an important part of the average fanzines make-up. There are certain stories that couldn't see print, if it wasn't for fanzines -- and I *don't* mean because of their quality; they are stories that could never be considered for pro mags, but still make interesting reading. Offhand I can name two good examples: "Black Bart's Re-

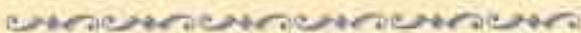
venge", in *SLANT*, by Geoff Cobbe -- straight from the cob... Corn squeezings, that is! It's a satire on mellerdrammer to top all satires. The other (and the editor should please not blush) is "The Spirit of Communication", in *QUANDRY*, authored by Vernon L. McCain. It's little more than a dramatized joke, but boy, *what a joke!*

There are plenty of others, but there's no need to go on and on. The point is that fiction should retain it's proper niche in the fanzine world, even if only for occasional gems like the preceding.



Well, it seems I'm getting down to the nub of this Pencil; time for me to mark '30' for this issue. Signing off...

Shelvick



FANZINES

No space for the detailed fanzine review we'd planned. But if you enjoyed the contents of *WASTEBASKET*, your' tastes are evidently similar enough to those of the editor that you'll like the following:

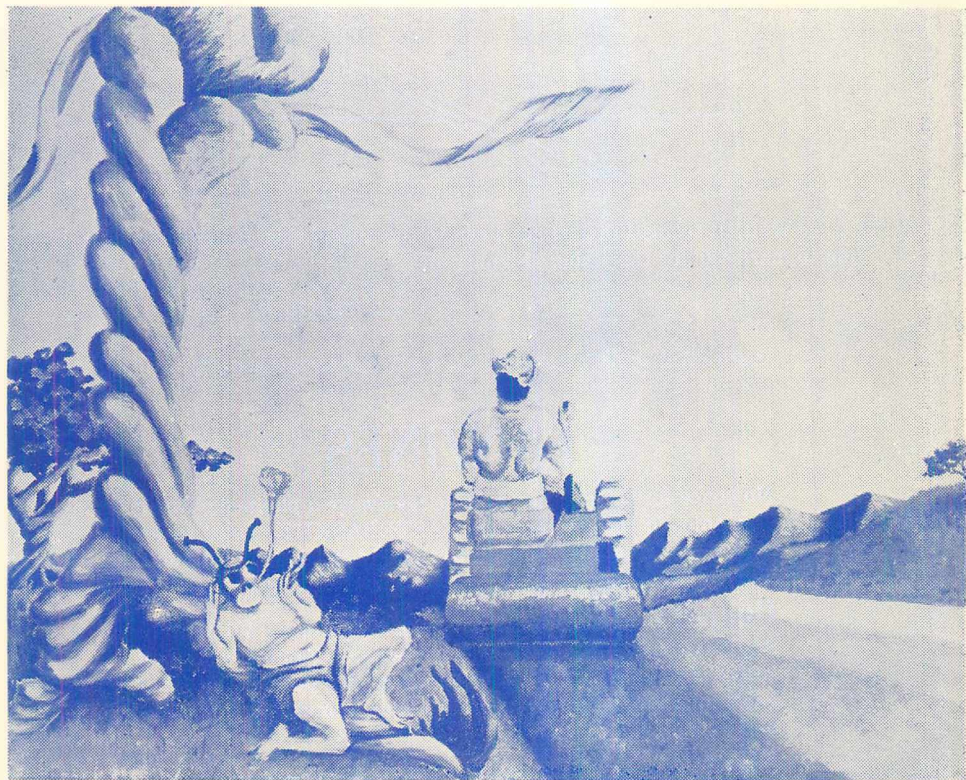
Quandry mimeod -- monthly -- Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. -- 10 cents per issue. Fandom's liveliest 'zine, at present. Contributions aren't too outstanding, but Lee's hilarious editing makes each issue something to remember ----

Slant printed -- Walt Willis, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland -- one current prozine for two issues. Better in writing, editing, and appearance than *QUANDRY*, it rates second only because of its infrequent publication --

Nekromantikon printed and mimeod -- 25 cents a copy -- Manly Banister, 1905 Spruce Ave., Kansas City 1, Missouri. Top-flight fiction garbed in the most painstaking layout yet seen in the fan field.

Feature painting of the issue:

"THE INFERIOR RACE"



from an original oil by REW

