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WHAT THE DORMOUSE SAID  
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A "Who'd have thought the waiting list would have shrunk so quickly" production for FAPA. Produced by Marc Ortlieb of 70 Hamblynn Road Elizabeth Downs South Australia 5113. First stencil typed 23/11/77.

PART THE FIRST :- In which Ortlieb meets a FAPA and introduces himself.

I have it on good authority from my milkman that when meeting people for the first time, it is good manners to introduce oneself. Now, far be it for me, an expatriate Englishman adrift in the colonies, to ignore formalities. Besides which, since I am typing this in elite rather than in pica, I need a little something to pad out the pages.

Ladies and Gentlemen (or, should the sexual dimorphism displease you, Good People.) allow me to introduce myself. My card.

MARC A. ORTLIEB

REGISTURD CRUD MERCHANT

There, now that the formalities are disposed of, we can, perhaps, become a little more personal.

PART THE SECOND :- In which Ortlieb attempts to allow himself to become a little more personal, but, finding this difficult, lapses into the third person.

Marc Anthony Ortlieb is a twenty five year old teacher, living at present in Myrtle Bank, a south eastern suburb of Adelaide. Myrtle Bank you may recall is also the home of Gary Mason, comic fan, editor of THE NEW FORERUNNER, and personal friend of Mr. John Bangsund. Those of you with a degree in higher mathematics will notice that this does not correspond with the address appearing in the colophon. (Those of you specialising in British Humour Trivia will note that I have quoted or paraphrased the GOON SHOW three times to date. There's more where that came from.) The reason for this discrepancy lies in Ortlieb's habit of regularly changing his place of abode which serves to discourage creditors and keep the police off of his trail. The address quoted is that of his parents, a long suffering couple, who have reaped the result of introducing him to sf.

PART THE THIRD :- In which it is explained why Ortlieb is inflicting this material upon the delicate eyesights of the members of FAPA.

Ortlieb has been a member of Australian fandom for just over two years now, due to circumstances too trivial to be considered here involving a sinister ceremony known to the police as the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention, but better known as AussieCon. As a result of the aforementioned sinister ceremony, he published the first of a string of crudzines. This bought him into contact with one Don Ashby who suggested he join ANZAPA. This he did.

About a year ago, John Bangsund, clandestine free lance editor and bon vivant, mentioned that the waiting list for FAPA was at an all time low. Ortlieb happened to latch onto this information. Now, at first he was unenthusiastic, but when he was shown the membership list a little light flickered behind his eyes. Hooked! Within months he had posted a waiting list application to FAPA. He then settled down for the three year wait guaranteed him by older and wiser fen. Oh, several of them advised him to get started on some sort of a first contribution, but procrastination was his middle name.

PART THE FORTH :- In which Ortlieb attempts to return the raving monologue to a more rational level.

So that explains why I'm here. (Well sort of, anyway.) There were one or two other reasons for my joining FAPA, amongst which was the fact that I had never seen a Mike Glicksohn fanzine. In some ways, I do wish that the wait had been a little longer,; to be quite honest, the thought of the company I'm keeping does still hit me, but what the hell.

Despite the evidence presented in this zine, I am an English teacher and I am particularly interested in developing science fiction courses for students in the 14-16 year age group. This year I conducted a single term unit with mixed results. Some of these will be seen later in the zine. My apologies to those ANZAPANS who will already have seen this material. In future I intend to keep my apazines separate, but this mailing caught me on the hop.

My fanac obligations are as follows:- I publish a fannish genzine called MINARDOR which is available for the usual, a letter of interest or on editorial whim. I also publish, at very erratic intervals, a zine called ALICIAN FIELDS devoted to the works of Lewis Carroll. Material for either zine gratefully accepted. (Removes begging cap and resumes dignified stance.) I am a member in good standing of ANZAPA (c/o John Bangsund) and a small local apa called APES (c/o Allan Bray 5 Green Avenue Seaton S.Aust. 5023) There is no waiting list for APES. (Breathes a sigh of relief having fulfilled his obligation to Adelaide fandom.)

PART THE FIFTH :- In which parts of the official Education Department file on Ortlieb are aired in public.

INTERESTS (1) Science Fiction. Subject has read sci fi since age seven. At age twenty three he took two days absence without leave to attend a gathering of addicts at which he was hooked on fandom. since then he has produced items of pro-fannish propaganda. ("Fanzines")

(2) Music. His choice of music shows definite leftist tendencies.

Albums listened to regularly :- PETER GABRIEL; THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW SOUNDTRACK; PHOTOGRAPH, Melanie; FOR THE ROSES, Joni Mitchell; MARQUEE MOON, Television; THE RETURN OF THE COMMON MAN, Jackson Browne bootleg; AFTER BATHING AT BAXTERS, Jefferson Airplane; GUITAR AND VOCAL, Richard Thompson; RADIO ETHIOPIA, Patti Smith Band; BONNY BUNCH OF ROSES, Fairport Convention; RENDEZVOUS, Sandy Denny; SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND, Genesis; SIMPLE DREAMS, Linda Rondstadt; DON'T CRUSH THAT DWARF, HAND ME THE PLIERS, Firesign Theatre; WARREN ZEVON; AMERICAN STARS AND BARS, Neil Young

(3) Humour A GOCN SHOW addict who is likely to break out with Eccles imitations at the drop of a hat. (Note, the "in" word for this zine is "addict". Those of you who wish to do so may count the number of times the word appears in this zine, write the answer neatly on a stick of dynamite and mail it to Mr Joh Bjelke Petersen c/o Queensland Australia. Joh is Australia's answer to Idi Amin and Adolf Hitler.) Also listens to the FIRESIGN THEATRE, THE BONZO DOG BAND (R.I.P.) and MONTY PYTHON. Has the distressing habit of reciting vulgar limericks and dirty jokes given half a chance. Often seen at W.C. Fields film festivals and screenings of THE BED SITTING ROOM and BEDAZZLED.

- (4) Nasty habits. Plays Dungeons and Dragons, Poker, Diplomacy and Mah Jong. Publishes a small Diplomacy zine (THE DIPLOMATIC BAG) and continually threatens to publish a D&Dzine.
- (5) Theatre. Has been known to do lighting, stage managing, acting and directing for amateur drama clubs. Shows signs of losing interest in this type of activity, especially since he has been conned into doing the lighting for the Morphett Vale High School production of SALAD DAYS.

THUS ENDS THE OFFICIAL INTRODUCTION.

#### LITTLE HOUSE I USED TO LIVE IN

I was talking to Bill Wright at MelCon 13, the con held in Melbourne to mark Bill Rotsler's visit and he told me that, in order to ~~introduce FAPA to my style of writing~~ introduce FAPA to my style of writing, he had reprinted a short piece of mine on a house I used to live in. Anyway, he suggested that I might like to continue the series. It's all Bill Wright's fault.

One of the problems which most vexes the South Australian Education Department is how to staff schools in the country. The problem is tied to the fact that South Australia has one city and that is Adelaide. True, you will, if you look at a map of South Australia notice some places marked as cities, however, the South Australian definition of a city does not conform with what I think of as a city. Thus, in the south-east of South Australia you will find the city of Mount Gambier. Mount Gambier has one cinema which doubles as the city's only theatre. It has two secondary schools. There are about ten pubs. The "city" of Whyalla would be a little better off. It, for example, has three secondary schools.

Now, I'm not sure of the exact proportion ( WTDS, the inaccurate fanzine) but I have a feeling that about seventy five percent of the population of South Australia can be found in Adelaide and its suburbs. By the same token, most teachers are also found in this area, however, it seems that teachers are more often city bred than country bred. It is also an unfortunate fact that people in the country who wish to become teachers have to come to the city to do their training. During the course of this training, such people develop a taste for city living. Let's face it, it is nice to have the choice of a hundred movies rather than the choice of two that you get in country centres. The nett result of this phenomenon is that, at the end of training, most teachers apply for postings in or near the city.

There aren't enough to go round. The Education Department also found that it didn't have enough teachers to staff country schools. However, bureaucracy hath its ways. The first method used was to institute a scholarship for student teachers. This scholarship was offered to people who wanted to train as teachers. It paid them about double what the Commonwealth Government paid to students who had gained a University Scholarship. (This translates as a bare living wage) In return, the student teachers sold their souls to the Department for three years. Students finishing their four year course were invited to apply for the schools at which they wished to teach. The Department then told them where they were going to teach, and of Comuckaloo Area School was short of a maths teacher, then that was it, regardless of the fact that

you majored in Hindustani Literature. Oh, you could complain, however, the Department would then just say

"Either you go or you don't get a job, and you pay back your scholarship."

This situation led to a number of "let's beat the Department" type strategems. The easiest trick for females was to marry a man who lived and worked in the city. (The reverse did not apply to males. If you married a woman who lived and worked in the city, then it was assumed by the Department that she would throw up her job and get a new one in the country regardless of the fact that she was senior lecturer in biochemistry at Adelaide University or whatever.) Males normally got shot out into the country, and as a result, most country schools had a preponderance of male staff. They were also top heavy with teachers in their first year of service. One result of this was that more parents sent their kids to city schools and more kids got a taste of city life and round and round and round.

But enough generalities. I was caught in the above situation. At the end of my training, I realised that there was no way on Earth that I would get a city posting, so I examined the possibilities. (Pause for a quick lesson in South Australian geography.) South Australia's climate can be divided roughly in two. There are the parts where it is hot in summer and cold in winter, and there are the parts where it is bloody hot in summer and hot in winter. My thick English blood had not acclimatized to heat, so the thought of teaching at Ceduna High School or Woomera, both of which lay in the second type of climate was not appealing. I thus decided to apply for a school in the south east where it did get cold in winter. (Note:- By cold, I don't mean Cold there are only two places in South Australia where snow is found, and even then, when it snows in either of those places, it normally merits a front page story.)

I got my wish. In 1974 I was posted to Naracoorte High School. (The geography lesson part two.) Naracoorte is to be found in the South-East of South Australia. It is two hundred and twenty five miles from Adelaide. Indeed, it is about half way between Adelaide and Melbourne. The closest "city" to Naracoorte is Mount Gambier sixty seven miles south. The population of the town is about four thousand which makes it quite a large place by local standards. It had one secondary school, two primary schools, a drive in movie and four pubs. Major industries were sheep farming, dairy farming and meat packaging.

One of the advantages of having slave labour is that one doesn't have to worry much about the upkeep. There are plenty more ..... Bonded teachers are in a similar position. I arrived in Naracoorte not sure where I was going to live. A pathetic figure I must have been, standing on the platform with a suitcase and newly cut hair. I didn't even have a beard to keep me company. Anyway, I was hailed by a middleaged lady.

"You the new teacher?"

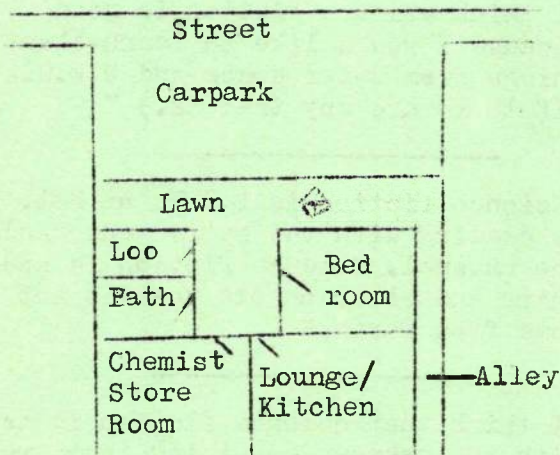
"Yes" I replied.

"G'day, I'm Dorothy Sachs. I'm putting you up. Car's just out there."

I was driven to a fairly new house where I was to board. The key was in the front door, but when I expressed my surprise, I was informed that no one in Naracoorte locked their doors. I'll skip over this, as, fortunately, I didn't have to board for long. One of our teachers was moving to more palatial accomodations, so I was able to take her flat. I'm afraid I am very difficult to live with, having, in a very short span, acquired some set habits which to most people are difficult to endure. (The best illustration of this being the time when my brother put a BLESS THIS MESS poster up in my bedroom. I didn't find it for a week.) I also have a love of loud music which I am sure would have driven Dorothy up the wall.

(Geography lesson three. Revision. Write down everything you know to date about Naracoorte. Now, do a quick population analysis and summarise its Efrelnheim potential. Finished? Good. We will continue.) Naracoorte had a central shopping area which served people in a fifty mile radius, so was reasonably large. One of the chemists had a flat built on behind his shop, and it was this flat that I was to rent for two years.

When people use the word flat, I automatically think of an integrated unit containing a bedroom, a kitchen, a lounge, a bathroom and a toilet. Indeed, this flat possessed each of these. The only problem was that they weren't connected to each other. There were actually four rooms, a bedroom, a lounge/kitchen, a bathroom/laundry and a toilet. Each room opened onto a verandah which in turn was open to the carpark behind the chemist's shop, which in turn opened onto the road which ran behind the shopping area. Add to this the alley which ran past my bedroom wall connecting the carpark to the shopping area and you will see the necessity for the diagram below.



There were of course advantages in the location. One of the local pubs was just across the road which made getting home after a drinking session no difficulty, provided that I could avoid the large number of cars which used the road. (I hasten to add that, having left Naracoorte I no longer indulge in alcohol. Thus I will never be able to say that I drank with Tucker.) Also, seeing that the flat was in a shopping area, there were no houses around and I could play my music as loud as I wished. Having a deli within spitting distance was also another plus.

As can be imagined though, there were certain unique disadvantages. Several evenings I was rudely woken by students running down the alley and banking on my bedroom wall as they did so. Year ten girls took unholy joy in walking past the scrap of grass which served as a lawn while I was hanging out my washing. (Year ten girls for some reason seem to enjoy telling all and sundry that "Mr. Ortlieb wears yellow polka dotted jockettes.") There was also the time when I walked into my year eleven English class and was asked the following

"Did you have a party at your place of Friday night sir?"

Me (innocently) "No. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I saw Mr. White throwing up all over your lawn."

The fact that the bathroom was not attached to the bedroom also led to some minor inconveniences. For instance, I had to get dressed before going out for my early morning shower. One morning I couldn't be bothered dressing so I just flung my army greatcoat on and skittered across the verandah. Despite the fact that I never did it again, I just could not shake off the title of The Naracoorte Flasher. Then there was the time when two inebriated year ten girls knocked on my bedroom door and asked me if they could come in. (The fact that I am still employed by the Department will tell you the response their request elicited. Pity, but I can think of several less traumatic ways of leaving the profession.)

When I left Adelaide for country service, I was told that privacy was non-existent and that my every move would be broadcast around the town via the grapevine. Somehow I hadn't anticipated quite the goldfish bowl existence afforded me by that flat.

# HIGH SCHOOL MADNESS

For ages now I've been meaning to run the following. What happened is after my first term course in sf, I asked the kids to write down what they thought sf was. The result shows two things, one is that, no matter what you tell them, students develop their own preconceptions and the second is that I am a lousy teacher.

"Science fiction is to do with the supernatural or something to do with space. Most of it is fiction, just storys or films, for eg, FLESH GORDON, LOST IN SPACE, THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN, THE SIX MILLION LADY, LAND OF THE LOST, YOYO AND HOLMES, STAR TRACK, CAPTAIN ZOONY and many more."

"Science Fiction is the exploration into the unknown, a mixture of future predictions and worlds of aliens, planets and ray guns. Characters play a big part in Science Fiction, for example Superman, Wonderwoman, Flash Gordon, Green Lantern and Aquaman."

"In my opinion I think Science Fiction is a very exciteng and misterious sort of a subject. Science Fiction is all about mainly things in space, monsters, esp and so on, for eg. flash gordon, The Marsians return ect. It tells about reading palms and things of mistery and excitement. It tells about aliens and there queer faces and things."

"I think Science Fiction was invented by a person or persons with very vivid and incredible imaginations. They must of to invent monsters from outer space and super human beings that fly around in space ships. The more you think about Science Fiction, the more it could scare you the more it could make you believe in it. Scientists have proven the there are super human aliens for instance like the abominal snow man of the Himalayen mountains and the being known as Big Foot that has roamed the Canadian forrest for centuries. One unknown place is the Bemuda triangle."

"Science Fiction is not little green men invading Earth from Mars, but that is what a lot of people think. Science Fiction explores the unthinkable things in life i.e. E.S.P., space ships and other U.F.O.s. Science Fiction is the science or knowledge of extraordinary

and unusual happenings and sightings."

"I think Science fiction is about space or space ships, sometimes it has to do with planets which we have never heard of."

"I think science fiction is good because I would like to learn about things from outer space and U.F.O.s (if there are any that is.)"

"Science fiction is E.S.P. or Psi. It is dealing with the extra sense and the unusual. Science Fiction is space-ships and other people that do not come from Earth."

"I think that science fiction is to do with the unknown and thing that are not normal. Science Fiction is the outer space stories and the witchcraft stories.....Sometimes science fiction can be confused with superstitions like reading tea leaves, palms and looking into a crystal ball. This is not proper science fiction."

" Really it is a hard word to define because what is Science Fiction exactly. Sure, we know what things can be called Science Fiction as I have mentioned above, but the actual word is hard to explain. I don't know any sf authors."

" All together science fiction is a good way to show what the future might become or anything like that."

" I think Science Fiction is things people do not understand and things they do not ne whether there are any of or not like people from other planets and life on other planets."

"To me, Science Fiction is something which could happen even though it has not happened at the time it is written. Many science fiction stories which are taken as rubbish do come true partly. For example, THE FIRST MEN IN THE MOON by H.G. Wells was written when flying seemed ridiculous, so flying that far seemed impossible. A Science Fiction book has to be enjoyable all the way through because if the excitement is stopped you will stop reading it."

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"Science fiction is fantasy things that don't exist to happen but could in years to come."

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"Science fiction is things to do in space and Science and space monsters and moust about esp, there are a lot of science fiction stories and movies the outerspace and the creatures."

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"The last point is mainly what science fiction is. The ideas from people's mind which are purely fictional and not fact. (Maybe based on fact) This does not mean that the ideas will not come true, as many old science fiction writers say that they are living in an age which they wrote about years ago."

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"Science fiction is a study of supernatural beings and things."

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"Science Fiction is a look into the future, past or at living things on a different planets. It involves many unexplained mysteries that writers use their imagination to solve."

(In the above cases, I've been preserving the anonymity of the students, but I can't resist the opportunity to mention that the above piece was written by a student called Michael O'Brien. Want me to pass anything on to your namesake Mike?)

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"Science fictions deals with imaganary life form, esp, space travel. Science fiction is in a book writer's mind. He can invent weared creatures in his mind and put them into a story. Science fiction allso deals with alian space craft Ufo which people have believed to have seen."

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"Science Fiction is the study of the future and things to come or things that might happen. S.F. can be far fetched and seem stupid or can seem feasible enoughto happen."

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"The meaning of Science Fiction is beleaving in aliens and other people in space. Science Fiction is reading books and reveiwing them and writing stories and making tape recordings on weird people on earth and in space."

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"Science Fiction is the study or writing of imaginative things connected with space, space travel, time travel or esp."

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"Science Fiction is a made up story using scientific facts ie a fictional story about space travel, time travel, esp, aliens and Ufos.... Sometimes the facts are stretched or no facts are used, and the writer just writes what he thinks it is like ie what aliens look like or what it would be like in the year 2001 or what it would be like on Saturn."

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"Science fiction is a made up story imagined by a man."

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"I think science fiction is about other planets and the life on them."

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"Science fiction covers the things like forgotten times, time travel, Space Travel, Aliens."

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"I think Science Fiction is something about the future or the past with an unusual twist to it."

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After reading the above, and the other material connected to it, I decided that some changes were necessary in my teaching of the course. But first a little background. (I may have covered some of this in previous zines, but please bear with me.)

The students doing the course were about fourteen. They were, in most cases, volunteers. (Though a

few were press-ganged, and a few discovered that the course wasn't quite what they'd imagined or hoped. "Yes, but I didn't think a science fiction course would involve reading.")

I set up three broad categories to be examined, those being Space, ESP and aliens. I was under the impression that I had explained that these were merely a few of the things that sf dealt with, but from the answers received, it becomes obvious that no few students took my word as gospel. Within those categories, we also looked at the supernatural, but again it seems that some students got the impression that the supernatural was science fiction.

It is very difficult to draw fine distinctions in a fourteen week course.

I am running the same course next year, but I think I'll abandon the thematic division. I must also use more film and television in the course. One of the most successful lessons we had was when I showed one of the old FLASH GORDON films and then conducted a competition to see who could spot the most errors. I'll also have to be more careful in drawing the distinction between what is sf and what is marginally connected to sf. (If I can work out that distinction myself.)

Anyway, teaching a unit in sf certainly is fun, if you've got kids who are interested, but then, that applies to all teaching. I notice a few of my regular English students are reading sf in their free reading time so I have hopes for next year.

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#### THE JOYS OF TELEPHONES

As I mentioned earlier, I have a series of unfortunate experiences all centred around that evil machine the telephone.

Now, through some form of divine intervention and lack of money, I had managed to survive twenty four of my twenty five years without owning a telephone. I had heard all sorts of things about the sinister devices which led me to the conclusion that my deficiency was no great loss.

When I moved back to Adelaide after my two year vacation in Naracoorte, I stayed at Rob and Cathy's place for about a month and their telephone confirmed all the horror stories I had heard about the beasts.

For a start, they had been assigned a number which had previously belonged to the Norwood Football Club. Thus one would be continually besieged by callers asking what time Redlegs' Bingo began. It was quite a sport. When the phone rang a visitor to the house would be asked to answer it and the rest of the household would have hysterics while the unfortunate visitor explained in great detail that this was not the Redlegs' clubroom and that the number had been changed and that this was a private house and yes, we're sorry we can't help you. The fourth or fifth time this happened, the visitor was one of the cognoscenti and would answer the phone with a curt "No! This is not the fucking redlegs' club." This in itself led to some funny situations when the caller was actually trying to reach Rob or Cathy.

So anyway, I figured I was well and truly immune to telephones. But then came my move to Ringarooma Ave, and Rob and Chris were both determined to have a phone and I bowed to group pressure.

We applied to have the phone transferred from Grivell Road and were told that the procedure would take about six weeks. We mentioned this to a friend, John Packer, who happened to work in Telecom. He said he'd see if he could hurry things along a bit. He came round the next evening with the news that Telecom had no record of our application. It was fortunate that we had John to check otherwise we would not have found out for six weeks.

Anyway, John remedied the situation and we had the phone about three days later. No worries says we, until the new phone book came out. Chris and I weren't listed. Rob was, but at the old address and with the old number.

Anyway, yesterday I was just in the middle of showering, and the phone rang. I waited for someone else to answer it while delathering myself. No one did, so cursing and wrapping a towel around myself, I padded out to the phone. It was Chris Finnen inviting us round for a record session. I hung up and went back to the shower. I'd just got back under when the phone rang again.

I give in.