

SUI! No. 2

APRIL 1961

SUI! is edited and published by Bob Smith, 1 Timor St., Puckapunyal, Victoria. AUSTRALIA. It appears whenever I feel in the mood, or on the rare occasion when something of fannish significance happens in Australia. You may consider SUI! worth a letter of comment, trade for your 'zind, or you may consider it worth nothing; please yourselves, for this is strictly a fun-zine, man!

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"What do you think of this idea for an Australian APA?"

"Fine...as long as you don't rely on Australians to keep it going!"

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A Fannish Holiday, or "Whose Got The Aspirin?"

Yes, indeed, my annual holidays this year were full of fannish frolic. On March 2nd the wife and I drove some 500 miles up into NSW to see John M. Baxter, editor of Bunyip and one-time subscriber to that grand old publication, Etherline. We spent a pleasant three days in the Bowral area; visiting places of interest and scenic spots, although anything less "scenic" than Baxter chuckling horribly as he goes through the day's mail would be hard to imagine. It was quite sickening to see the way he frothed at the mouth and tore strips from the front-room carpet when I pointed out that Chris Bennie had a full-page letter in Cry...tsk. When it became too much to bear the wife and I would drive out into the lush green mountains around Bowral and cleanse our minds of those exhibitions of fannish dementia.

My wife thought we should get the poor lad out into the sunshi for a while, although I did express the opinion that you could never tell with these queer editor-types; vampires never went out in the day-time, either... Anyway, early Saturday morning we called round to take John and his young sister Virginia to the beach for the day. Out came Virginia, looking fresh and healthy, carrying her handbag. Out staggered Baxter, blinking in the glare of the morning sun, carrying a large pile of fanzines...

Have you ever attempted to drive a medium-sized car up and down winding, torturous narrow roads with a young (but plumper) version of Sam Sneade (complete with that 'at) sitting in the back seat chortling over snippets of fannish humour in old SAPS'zines, and occasionally quoting bits from fanzines that you don't get because your not an editor....?

over...

"...I got disgusted with the stories they (astounding) were printing - quit reading it completely."

Deon 1953

On the Sunday I took the wife to Taronga Park Zoo in Sydney, where we observed certain species of the lower apes displaying their remarkable talents. Swinging wildly from corner to corner, checking each other for parasites, fighting and generally playing it up for the stupid Homo Saps watching. In fact, it all reminded me of certain conventions I had read about.

Well, anyway, I thought, at least one fan has ridden in my car, but little did I realise...

We left Bowral early Monday morning, drove back down the State to stay with some non-fannish friends just over the border. By Wednesday evening we were back in Puckapunyal.

"I had the strangest dream last night."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I dreamt that I received this fanzine, and there wasn't a dern thing by Mike Deckinger in it!"

"Crazy."

The Bennie Binge, or "what Time Is It Now?"

The following Saturday morning we drove down to Melbourne to stay with some more friends for a few days, and I naturally took the opportunity to contact Chris Bennie. This resulted in the impromptu "smallcon" held at Chris' house, chronicled elsewhere. At this little shindig I met for the first time Kiwi-fan Mervyn Barrett and Melbourne femme and artist Margaret Duce, and renewed acquaintance with the idiot of Aussie fandom, John M. Foyster. My fannish automobile ended up carrying them all...

"Ghod, Foyster, you have some kind of growth on your chin!"

AFTERTHOTS TO A SMALLCON...the sight of John M. Foyster leaping around the room, snapping his fingers and (no doubt) searching for inspiration...the Idiot hovering over me as I casually "doodled" something for the Smallcon Smudhe...the way that Mervyn Barrett and Chris Bennie could sit and quietly discuss music amongst all that fannish insanity... Mervyn Barrett, who plonked himself down in front of the typer, studied the stencil for a few moments, then left...the Idiot's keen ear, which caught every spoken word and usually put it on stencil within seconds... the red hair of Margaret Duce as she bent over the cover illustration for the Smallcon Smudge - like something out of a Leigh Brackett yarn... the Bennie cat, which stalked through the midst of all the fannish activity with an indulgent psneer on its face...two volumes of Lafcadio Hearne in the Bennie library which I almost snatched...the rather sobering thought that eventually I would have to go home and face the wife, and it was almost midnight...Smith who, still dazed from the amount of fannish activity crammed into a few hours, said goodnight to Barrett and the Idiot and promptly drove up a "dead-end" street...that damn typer which just sat there and expected us to do all the work!

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"Read your Fanac, man..." (the Idiot)

HISTORICAL NOTE...For one brief, insane moment I thought my er, fanzine might have had the distinction of being the only one with a Japanese title, but checking my meager knowledge of SAPS' history plus the Fancylopedia II soon cured me of that notion! American femme Nancy Share and her sister published a fanzine called Kabu back in the late 'forties and early 'fifties, and the Official Organ of SAPS, Spectator, for the Fall 1953 Mailing lists four pages of Mo Sukoshō Kabu ("A little More Kabu") from Nancy Share.

Kabu was a swell title for a fanzine. There were probably others with Japanese names, but I couldn't find 'em. I'm interested, if anyone does know of others, though.

"Perhaps we should erect a shrine to her on the spot where she first appeared." (Chris Bennie, Cry 147)

"Personally, the erection of a gallows would have been more suitable, and I have just the fan for the first test run..." (Bob Smith, Sui! 2)

LOCAL TV NEWS...Hey, I wonder how many local fen were watching "Professor Brown's Study" (GTV9) Friday 17th March last? The Professor gave a five minute talk on the Solar System, complete with Chesley Bonestell paintings!

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YES, believe it or not, some ~~idiot~~ good fellow decided to comment on the first issue of Sui!, and in the hope that we can encourage him into participating further in fandom I am publishing portions of this missive from... BERT WEAVER, Queensland: "...far be it for me to refuse to comment on your effort merely because I don't know what the hell you're talking about... Ah, you are too kind. bs/...as you know, it's just as easy for me to write a lot about nothing as it is for you. So that's what you were doing in the Cry letter column... bs/...the front cover is not much good and the back cover is lousy. Huh?/...too much sercon stuff. Are we talking about the same 'zine? bs/...why no letter column? Well, that's taken care of, anyway... bs/...so much for Sui!"

Uh...well, thanks, Bert, for that detailed analyze of my humble 'zine. Does this mean we can expect to see more of you in Aussiefandom, or are you still (sob) in a state of semi-gafiation? How about an article on "My Life and Pretty Rough Times in the Cry letter column" for the next Sui!? No? Ah, well.../

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