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\*\* WHAT THE DORMOUSE SAID 3 \*\*  
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Produced by Marc A Ortlieb of 70 Hamblynn Rd Elizabeth Downs S.A. 5113 for FAPA. My apologies to those who have seen the photos before, but as I mentioned in APPLESAUCE, I'm not going to spend \$75-00 for offset printing just to run something through one apa. This zine is mainly a PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS production and supports AUSTRALIA IN '83.

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Last things first. The photographs you will find added to the end of this zine are selected from some shots I took at Syncon '78 and ANZAPACON respectively. Perhaps a little info on the persons therein contained might help put things in perspective.

Syncon '78 was a dry-run for Syncon '79, the national con next year. Unfortunately I didn't get as many photos as I would have liked due to my lack of familiarity with the camera I was using. (It was one I'd borrowed from the school.) The Sydney personae included are a reasonably representative sample. Jack Herman is one of the co-editors of APPLESAUCE, the Sydney based apa. (The other co-editor, Peter Toluzzi, may be found in the ANZAPACON photos.) He is noted for an amazing collection of hats, and the ability to get the most ridiculous motions passed at business sessions. He is also a resident of the infamous Moira household, one of Sydney's less choice slanshacks. (Come to think of it, it might be Sydney's only slanshack.) Tony Power is best noted for his polystyrene carvings, and his ability to entice little children into getting friction toys tangled in his hair. Also an ex-resident of Moira. Blair Ramage is a sincere cat fan and dedicated gamer, sf reader and panel organiser. Van Ikin is disgustingly serious and actually publishes sf crit and fiction in ENIGMA and his own zine. Michael O'Brien is, of course, the Tasmanian ex-Fapan of the same name. Keith Curtis, auctionaire extraordinaire got conned into chairing the thing. He's just about recovered now. Warren Nicholls is one of the many ex-presidents of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation. This is however no real distinction as it is difficult to find a member of the Foundation who isn't an ex-president. (They have an impeachment fetish).

There is a strong temptation to mention the more memorable parts of Syncon '78, but since I missed most of them, I'll resist the impulse. However, it was a definite success, and I'm particularly looking forward to Syncon '79. (By the way, I am available should someone out there want an Australian nominator for DUFF '79.)

The next set of photos come from one of my favourite conventions. It was decided that the tenth anniversary of ANZAPA should be marked by a convention, and, at UNICON IV the responsibility for planning the con was thrust at John Foyster and Leigh Edmonds. They rose to the task magnificently. The con itself was held at John Foyster's place, a veritable barn, well suited to such fannish activities as playing table-tennis, darts and Star trek games on Peter Darling's pet computer. Somewhere along the line, one shots were typed and duplicated, and a mammoth tenth anniversary mailing was collated. ( I gather there are one or two spare copies being sold for either GUFF or DUFF. Contact Leigh Edmonds if you're interested.)

Just prior to the con, there was a 'welcome home Paul Stevens' party at Space Age Books, and, had I any sense of chronological order, I would have run those photos before the ANZAPACON photos, however, since I believe in consistency...

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In the case of these photos there is less need for introduction, as many of the people therein are Fapans, ex-Fapans, future Fapans or well established fen. Less familiar to you might be Leanne Frahm, Queensland fan, writer and artist best known for the fact that the only time she gets to cons and the like is by having a good evening at bingo. (At least this is the story she tells. Playing bingo financed her trip to ANZAPACON, and is financing her trip down to Sydney for this year's writer's workshop.) Chris Johnson is best known for his artwork in Melbourne fanzines. He did most of the artwork in Paul Stevens' DUFFzine though seemed a little retiscent to acknowledge one particular cartoon. James Styles has been ~~ir~~responsible for a fanzine called CRUX. Paul Stokes is an ex-Adelaide fan with a way with words that has won accolades from censors all over the country. Being a teacher, he has just spent a year in the wilds of Victoria. Hopefully he will be returning to the more civilized regions in the near future. Peter Toluzzi is chairperson for Syncon '79. With Jack Herman, or without Jack Herman, as the case may be, he edits APPLESAUCE. (If anyone is interested in joining APPLESAUCE, Peter and Jack may be contacted via 29 Moira Cres. Randwick N.S.W. 2031.)

Anyway, I hope the photos at least go part of the way toward proving that Australian fandom is not too deeply contaminated by kangaroo ancestry. You might get further evidence of this if Paul Stevens ever completes his PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO AUSTRALIAN FANDOM. At least it gives you some idea of whom to shoot. (Get yer programme here. Can't tell the victims without a programme.)

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#### ENERGY

OO Well, not exactly a comment on the OO, but rather one to Leigh Edmonds:- Mumble. (Note:- Speaking on a strictly constitutional basis, is it possible to list votes for candidates not nominated?)

FANTASY COMMENTATOR Interesting and all that, but not much to comment on if one doesn't know thw works of Stapledon particularly well. However, thanx for running it. If I ever get around to doing the sf course at Flinders Uni I might need some obscure literary journals to quote from.

HORIZONS 155 Hmnn. Not sure that I can agree with your evaluation of THE NEW AVENGERS. I'll grant you that Purdey hasn't the impact of Mrs Peel, but Gambit isn't merely a Mother replacement. He acts as an excellent foil for Purdey, and acts as the legs for Steed. Let's face it, it isn't really on to expect Steed to do all the active heroics of his younger days. There seemed to be a really nice three way interaction going between the team. Mind you, some of the episodes were really abysmal. (In particular the two parter featuring the Russian army that had been put into suspended animatio<sup>n</sup> at the end of WW II and which was raiding France.) However, in general, I liked the series. (One fault however was the number of Steed's old friends who got themselves killed in the course of the action. It would seem that being a close friend of John Steed is definitely a health hazzard.)

MUMBLE GUTTER 3 I can't really understand why you re-printed the bust article, but I'm rather glad you did. You see, I've seen a similar thing from a slightly different angle. Our school is, theoretically, a progressive school. The students are given a large amount of choice in what courses they take, and there is a course which, as part of its curriculum, deals with drugs. However, earlier in the year the effectiveness of that course was shown to be rather less than satisfactory.

The first sign of this was when a couple of our students started walking

into walls, and falling asleep in class. Naturally the teachers in charge of the classes involved sent the kids down to the sick bay, and an ambulance was called in from there. It appeared that the kids had taken large doses of valium. The local police were called in, and the constable concerned treated the matter most decently. He had a word with the kids involved who were still conscious, had a natter to the principal, and shot through. (He was later carpetted for having made no arrests, but that's a different story all together.)

A week later, the principal set up a committee to look at the drug "problem" in the school, and I volunteered for it. There we got the complete story. It appears that a new kid in the school had raided his mother's drawer and had found a bottle of valium and some tryptanol, both of which are reasonably heavy downers. He'd then sold the pills at eight for a dollar. The kids who bought them had taken all eight at one hit on the assumption that they would get high.

The result of this was ten inch banner headlines in the Sunday paper. (HIGH SCHOOL DRUG SCANDAL), some very sick kids and a rather shocked staff. You see, very few teachers have had much contact with drugs, and there immediate reaction is to conjure up pictures of a depraved junkie shooting up in a dingy alley. Personally, I was amazed that the principal took the affair as well as he did. He spoke at a school assembly and gave full details of the event and then told the students that some time in the next week, the staff would be conducting a check of all student lockers. The students involved were allowed to return to school, though under more strict supervision, and little more was said. (Interesting to note was that one parent removed her child from the school. He had been involved and she decided that it was the school's bad influence that had caused him to be involved. Said student had been smoking marijuana for about six months, but mother either didn't know, or didn't want to know.)

All of which brings me to my view on drugs in school. First, they should not be taken in school. A school is a place with a specific purpose, and that purpose requires conscious participation of both teachers and students. You can't get that when one or other of the participants are stoned out of there minds. (This applies equally well to teachers with hangovers.)

Above all, however, a school is responsible for educating students on the effects of drugs. Valium is one of the most commonly available drugs and yet the students who wiped themselves out had no idea of what it was going to do. To both student and teacher alike, the moment the label "Drug" has been attached to a substance, that substance leaves the realms of fact and enters the realms of stereotypes. For the student a drug is automatically a good thing and a poke in the eye for authority. For the teacher a drug is an evil addictive substance that leads to death and degradation. This is something that must be destroyed before meaningful drug education can take place. As Tim's article points out, the clash of these two stereotypes tends to alienate the teachers from the students. In many areas, the students know more about drugs than do the teachers. The students know that marijuana is not a particularly dangerous drug. They've used it. They know people who have been using it for years, so the minute a teacher tries to regurgitate stories about "The Killer Weed", the students turn off and that teacher's credibility is destroyed. Mind you, I'm not saying that teachers should go around saying that grass is really good and everyone should get into it, merely that they should be careful when introducing material on drugs that will obviously clash with the students prior knowledge. (I must admit that one of the funniest discussions I ever had was with a year ten student, all of fourteen years old, who was trying to convince me that I should smoke

marijuana. Most of his reasons centered around the fact that it was groovey to do so, and that anyone with long hair and a beard would have to smoke to fit the correct image. When I explained that I wouldn't smoke because of the danger of being arrested and losing my job, he informed me that the pigs didn't bust users any more, they only went after dealers. I really wish I had been in a position to talk freely with the kid, but if I so much as hinted to a student that I indulged in illegal habits, I would be out of a job so quickly it would make my head spin.)

But anyway, with that said and done, my basic opinion is that, while drugs (and I include alcohol in that classification) have no place in school, the teachers you mention did rather over-react. As I see it, the school's responsibility is to educate on the effects of drugs, but to allow the students to make their own value judgements. (Hmmm. I got rather carried away didn't I?)

THE SPEED OF DARK 17 'T would seem that everyone's into computer games now-a-days. Peter Darling set up his computer at ANZAPACON which meant I had no trouble finding Linda at any time. All I had to do was wonder out to the computer and there she'd be. (Point of interest, to the best of my knowledge, I was the first player there to get fed up of the standard game and to go shooting star bases. They're far easier than Klingons as they don't shoot back.) David Grigg was wandering around complaining that no one would let him run "real" programmes on the thing. The more complex version sounds like fun though. I must show your account to John Packer (local computer owner). He might get some nasty new ideas from it.

Loved the Riverworld bit.

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN NOVEL It was pleasing to read Mr. McPharlin's last novel. At least, it is to be hoped that it was his last novel. :- ADELAIDE ADVERTISER 29th Feb 1979.

Anyhoo, enough is enough.

PHOTO CREDITS:- Printing Ralph Harrison  
Bromides and plates Joan Salmon  
Lousy photos and pasteup Marc Ortlieb.

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Australia in '83 - Australia in '83 - Australia in '83 - Australia in '83 -

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PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS

# SYNCON '78



Vice-chairman Jack Herman plotting his next coup. Tony Power in the background working out how best to steal Jack's hat.

*Thinks:- Wait till Keith discovers the Sennapods in his tea.*

*From left:- Blair Ramage, Van Ikin and Michael O'Brien.*

*Blair:- Mike, if you think for one moment that you can bribe me with these high class, fresh dolly mixture type sweets you're absolutely right!*





Chairman Keith Curtis selling the title deed for his grandmother at the Syncon '78 auction. Convicted on charges of aiding and abetting said crime were John Snowden (*left*) and Warren Nicholls (*right*).

# ANZAPACON

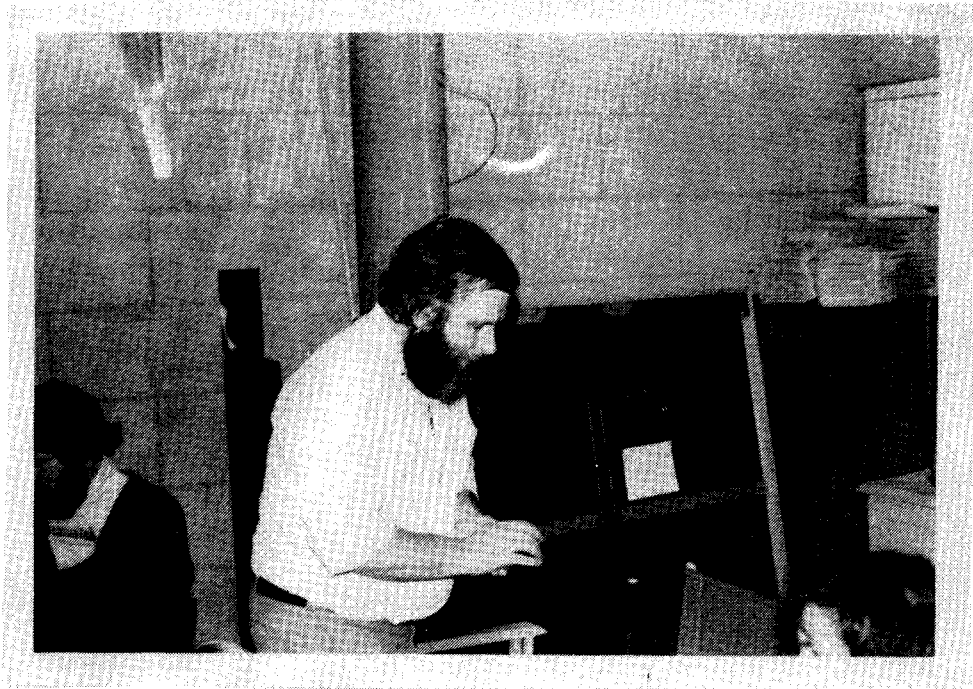
ANZAPA O.B.E. Gary Mason loading up a salvo of nostalgia.

*Thinks:- ...and in those days we didn't have to put up with lily-livered minacers either. Maybe we should bring back the lash.*



John Bangsund with bits  
of Peter Darling (left)  
and Irwin Hirsh (right).

*Thinks:- If I dealt  
Sally the three queens,  
Foyster must have had  
the straight!*



(left to right) Bruce  
Gillespie, John Foyster,  
Sally Bangsund, John Bangsund,  
Paul Stevens and half of  
Robin Johnson.  
(Background) Allan Bray and  
Leanne Frahm.

*Allan:- If the Chinese find  
out how many bnfs are here  
they might very well launch  
a pre-emptive strike on  
Melbourne.*

Kevin Dillon

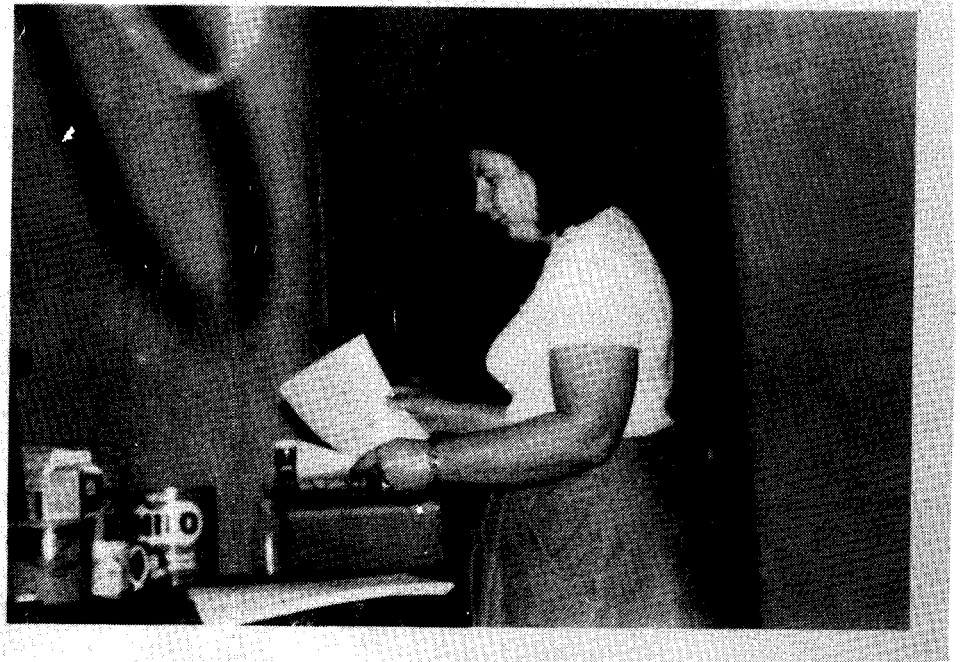
*"And then the  
naughty gardener..."*





Bill Wright

*"You mean they're not awarding a Hugo for dish washing this year?"*



Elizabeth Darling

*"No Bill. This year's special Hugo is for the most legible dittoed fanzine."*



Leanne Frahm and  
John Rowley.

*Leanne (Thinks):- I would have thought it would have been easier to use two fingers.*



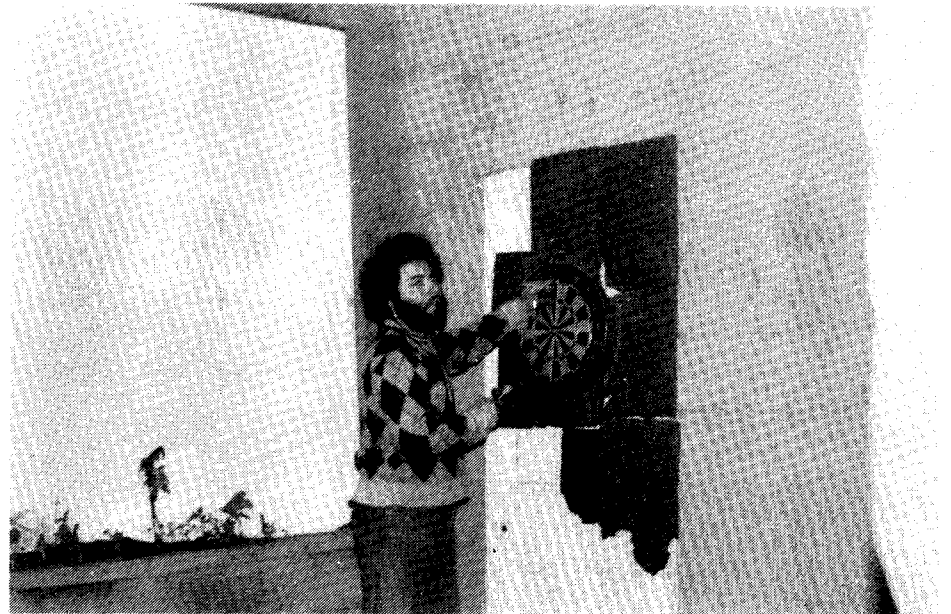


(left to right) Carey Handfield, Steph Campbell, Mich Cyn-Tang, Paul Stokes and Jenny.

Carey:- Amazing how your aim's improved since we put that photo of Mal Fraser on the dart board.

Peter Toluzzi

"Good shot Linda! Now will you come and help me get the dart out of my hand!"



(left to right) Roger Weddall (rear view), Sue Pagram, David Grigg and John Rowley.

David:- Hold it John. I thing page 296 should have gone before page 325.

*(left to right) James Styles and Leigh Edmonds.*

*James:- And if you say one more nasty thing about CRUX.....*



THE SPACE AGE "WELCOME HOME PAUL STEVENS" PARTY.

*(left to right) Leigh Edmonds and Chris Johnson.*

*Chris:- You mean you'll even provide a model for me if I do the next RATAPLAN cover?*



Merv Binns

*"Me? Holding a Welcome Home Paul Stevens Party? I must be mad!"*

