

Interstellar Ramjet Scoop



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BY BILL WRIGHT

UNIT 4, 1 PARK STREET, ST. KILDA WEST, VICTORIA 3182

THE JOURNAL FOR INQUISITIVE READERS



GRAPHICS BY DITMAR

INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP (THE JOURNAL FOR INQUISITIVE READERS)
PUBLISHED BY BILL WRIGHT, 4/1 PARK STREET, ST. KILDA, VICTORIA 3182

for ANZAPA #250 - August 2009
and for subsequent posting on eFanzines

Pro Gloria scientiae fabulosae

Sarah Endacott, editor and publisher of Orb Speculative Fiction Magazine

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This Issue's Cover

The Blasted Heath

Image and text by Dick Jenssen

As readers of science fiction know, the heavens are harsh and inimical regions, from whence comets, meteorites, asteroids and other assorted debris can, and so often will, shower destruction on the Earth. Perhaps even a rogue star and its lone companion will obliterate our planet – events which are to be found in the historical written document *When Worlds Collide*¹, and its associated visual representation². Even if we are lucky enough not to suffer annihilation, our world may be torn adrift from our sun and captured by the wandering star – events also documented, as in *A Pail of Air*³. Science knows of such possibilities, and their occasional entelechy, and has postulated, and confirmed, that the mass extinctions about sixty million years ago – which saw the demise of the dinosaurs and the concomitant rise of mammals – were due to the impact of a large meteoroid.

But what cannot be confirmed, because all evidence of such processes has vanished (or seemingly so), is the life which was brought to Earth by the celestial destructor. Science has suggested, for example in the panspermia theory of Svante Arrhenius⁴, that spores, bacteria, viruses, and other such primitive life could be transported across the voids of interstellar space and finally make planet-fall on our world – theories which are given documentary validation in such expositions as *Seeds of the Dusk*⁵. An example of such evanescent life is displayed on the cover. The event which led to the extinction of the dinosaurs also deposited strange life forms on our world – life which is neither floral or mineral, but a wondrous admixture of both, and life which is today characterized as extremophile and which thrives – indeed can only exist – in milieus deadly to ‘normal’ entities. Here, on the cover, existing but for a few brief months can be seen what the asteroid brought. Only in the great temperatures caused by the impact can the living things depicted survive. Their time is transitory, and nothing of them will remain. But even though their existence is so tragically short, their influence pervades the psychic universe, and memories of their transitory effulgence have resonances even in our times. They can say, as did the poet⁶:

*Fools, for I also had my hour,
One far fierce hour and sweet,
There was a mist about my leaves;
My roots were bathed in heat.*

But now only such echoes remain, the dinosaurs are gone, the rodents have evolved and we are here.

Notes

- 1 The novel *When Worlds Collide* by Philip Wylie and Edwin Balmer is available as a Bison Frontiers of Imagination paperback (University of Nebraska).
- 2 The film *When Worlds Collide*, directed by Rudolph Maté, is based on the novel.
- 3 Story by Fritz Leiber.
- 4 See: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Svante_Arrhenius
- 5 Story by Raymond Z. Gallun.
- 6 **Grovelling apologies** are necessary here: the poem is *Palm Sunday* by G. K. Chesterton, and I have committed what amounts to near sacrilege in modifying it.

Technical notes

The strange life form was created using the software program *Groboto* (version 2.1.8) from *Braid Arts*, where a 3D form of it was generated (as a ‘plaster’ sculpture). This was imported into *E-on's Vue 7 Complete*, where it was texturised, shaded and somewhat tweaked. The dinosaur is from *Poser 7*, also imported into *Vue*, and the image generated therein. Final touches were made in *Adobe's PhotoShop CS3*.

Letter of comment

From **John Purcell**, editor of the celebrated U.S. e-zine 'Askance' (on <http://efanzines.com>) July 15, 2009...

Well, Bill, I hope this loc finds you in time for the next issue. Since it's now mid-July, that may be a moot point, but a brief loc to let you know that I really enjoyed the April 2009 *IRS* - instead of mailings FROM the *IRS*. Big difference, there.

Ditmar's cover once again is a wonder to behold. A very cool depiction of the Martian invasion of 20,000 years ago. Chances are this is exactly what a scene from that would have looked like. As for Ditmar's notes about the cover, I have yet to see the Spielberg version of *The War of the Worlds* - and probably won't, based on all the negative comments I have heard - but at least some of the background information remained intact. As for the updated storyline... *blegh* I think I read the original novel something like 40 years ago and loved it, just as much as the George Pal movie version. Thinking about it now makes me more convinced that Wells was a devoted pacifist who used his stories - these scientific romance/adventures - to promote his vision and mock mankind's propensity for violence. Many of his stories are quite anti-war when you think about it.

So you think my e-zine is "celebrated", eh? You are very kind. Since I'm at my loc, you really must pub some more of Tim Train's clerihews or other poems. Get on him for them!

Speaking of which, I enjoyed the Clerihew Corner on page 10. Fun stuff, and those cover scans of the Biggles books had me drooling. Dennis Callegari really should write an article about those books for *IRS*. Seems like a logical idea to me.

Very enjoyable rest of the issue. Dick Jessen's brief article on "Computers in Science Fiction before 1956" has me scrambling for my bookshelves and jotting titles down for dredging up in bookstores or on-line. Thank you, Dick. Now there's even MORE reading slated for weighing down that bed-side bookshelf. One of these days that poor thing's going to collapse.

Your closing comment on MDD was a good giggle, followed by the appropriate Rodney Dangerfield quote. Well played, sir. With that, I shall sign off. Many thanks for the issue, and someday I hope to wend my way Down Under to partake of the local shenanigans. All the best.

John Purcell

Thank you John. There is only one Tim Train. As you know, he's a young bloke in the prime of life (ie. early thirties), thin as a rake, who lives his life in compartments. The aspect he presents to me is as a disciple of Bruce Gillespie who attends the latter's 'Third Tuesdays' at a watering hole called The Standard where editors and authors meet to swap books for review. He also attends meetings of the Nova Mob, Melbourne's literary SF discussion group. Fans can find him via his blog at <http://willtypeforfood.blogspot.com>. I rather like his blog post dated August 06, 2009 - a mixed-metaphor poem titled 'Swine flu over the Cuckoo's Nest'.

You want me to publish more of his poems? Let me quote from last year's Christmas special pamphlet titled 'A Child's Garden of Hearses', which he distributed via an obscure outlet for creative expression called the Sticky Institute in Degraives Street Subway. Tim painstakingly bound each copy with a needle and thread.

The lead poem in 'A Child's Garden of Hearses' titled 'A Bedtime Gory' begins benignly enough...

| | |
|---|---|
| <i>Fit the first: In the land of the Ongly Donglies</i> | <i>Fit the fifth: And they TEAR out their victim's entrails</i> |
| <i>Where the purplish Puffdillies grow</i> | <i>And offer his still-beating heart</i> |
| <i>There live the Cudly-Wudlies!</i> | <i>To the Cudly Wudly Lord, the Almighty ZAGNORD</i> |
| <i>(I just thought you'd like to know).</i> | <i>And watch him rend it apart!</i> |

... but, as you can see, it gets gorier by degrees.

*There is a three-page article called 'Unnotations' consisting of prefaces to books that have never been written. My favourite piece is an illustrated epic poem called 'The Bathroom Beowulf' about a toilet cleaner, which was to have been the inspiration for a trailblazing exposition of Paruresis in *IRS* April 2009, but I chickened out and wrote about Roger Zelazny, Cordwainer Smith and the Cloaca Machine instead. **Ed.***

Iola Mathews - My Mother, My Writing and Me

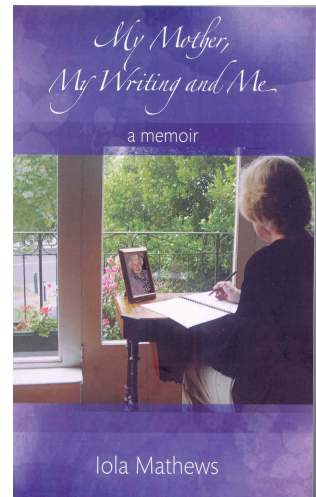
Iola Mathews is a former journalist and advocate for the Australian Council of Trade Unions specialising in women's employment for which she was awarded the Medal of the Order of Australia. Since returning to writing she has helped to establish writers' studios in the National Trust property 'Glenfern' in East St Kilda. She is married to Race Mathews, founder of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club.

Iola's latest book *'My Mother, My Writing and Me'* is a memoir of how her life experiences have affected her writing. After a busy career in journalism, advocacy and business, Iola found herself in her mid-fifties washed up. She wanted to leave her job in order to write but spent most of her free time caring for her elderly mother and helping with a new grandchild.

How could she cater for her own needs without neglecting her responsibilities to the people she loved?

The value of this memoir lies in its exploration of many of the issues that face women in their fifties and sixties. It was released in August 2009 in advance of a sell-out function titled *'Freefalling towards sixty'* at the Melbourne Writers Festival (21-30 August 2009), where she discussed those issues.

Older people will read this book as a way of reflecting on how they handled dark spots in their own lives and how to face up to issues like 'dying with dignity' based on Iola's account of her mother's decline.



'My Mother, My Writing and Me' is published by Michelle Anderson Publishing Pty Ltd and was released for sale in August 2009. It is available in bookshops for \$24.95 or online through www.michelleandersonpublishing.com. The author, Iola Mathews OAM, retains the copyright.

ISBN 978089972 (paperback)

Bill Wright

Conventions on the horizon

Australian conventions:

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------------|---|
| Continuum 5 | (Melbourne on 14-16 Aug-2009) | http://www.continuum.org.au/ |
| Conflux 6 | (Canberra on 2-5 Oct-2009) | http://www.conflux.org.au/ |
| Continuum 6 | (Melbourne on 26-28 Feb-2010) | <weblink not yet established> |

World conventions:

Aussiecon 4 (68th worldcon)

will be held at the Melbourne (Australia) Convention and Exhibition Centre on September 2-6, 2010.

E-mail: info@aussiecon4.org.au Website: www.aussiecon4.org.au

Mailing address: GPO Box 1212, Melbourne 3001 AUSTRALIA

Guests of Honour:

Kim Stanley Robinson: Hugo and Nebula Award winning author

Shaun Tan: World Fantasy, Aurealis and Ditmar Award winning graphic artist

Robin Johnson: Fan Guest of Honour



Renovation (69th worldcon)

will be held in Reno, Nevada, on August 17-21, 2011

E-mail: info@renovationsf.org Website: www.renovationsf.org

Mailing address: **Renovation, PO Box 13278, Portland, OR 97213-0278, USA**



Clerihew corner

It's always easier to write an obituary clerihew when the subject had died at an advanced age from natural causes. However...

*He knew he wasn't Anglo-Saxon
But Michael Jackson
Was at a loss
As to why he wasn't Diana Ross.*

For those who are unaware, there were once rumours that Jackson's excursions under the plastic surgeon's knife were his attempt to look more like his idol Diana Ross (ex-*Supremes*).

Useful chaps, postillions. Should have been equipped with lightning rods, if inclusion of the sentence "*Pardon me, but your postillion has been struck by lightning*" in language translation primers for tourists is any guide. The phrase demonstrates a total lack of sense of context. Who can have said this, to whom and in what circumstances? Gregory Parker offers this clerihew...

*This proud postillion, he sits aloft,
Upon his equine berth,
There's nothing like a nasty shock,
To bring him back to earth.*

Concerning postillions and their usefulness to travelers in a bygone age, it was when, in 1739, his lapdog, Tory, got eaten by a wolf that Horace Walpole began to have serious reservations about Mont Cenis. Swathed in beaver furs, he had been lumbering up the mountain path in a chaise accompanied by his postillion.

"I had brought with me a little black spaniel of King Charles's breed, but the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along, close to the head of the horses, on top of one of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of fires. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Toby by the throat, and before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain; for the road was so narrow that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is that it was but two o'clock and broad sun-shine. It was shocking to see anything one loved run away with so horrid a death.

Horace Walpole to Richard West, Nov 11th, 1739.
(*The Correspondence of Gray, Walpole, West and Ashton, 1734-177_1*, ed. Paget Toynbee (Oxford, 1915), 255-56).



His shock was understandable. Whoever would have imagined that when the poet Jame Thomson populated the Alps with "*assembling wolves in ranging troops descend*," he knew what he was talking about? Shaken, Walpole's travelling companion, Thomas Gray, commented that perhaps Mont Cenis "*carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far*."

Francis Payne has the last word with possibly the most groan-worthy pun I've heard this year, in form of the following clerihew...

Ode to a Dead Lapdog: *Not quite a 'jet setter' was Tory
A jet King Charles Spaniel was he
Till Canis met Canis on Cenis
A lapdog for afternoon tea!*

Francis Payne

The 165th birthday of the Reverend Doctor William Archibald Spooner (1844-1930) went largely unnoticed last week. Spooner was associated with New College, Oxford, from 1867 to 1924, including more than twenty years as Warden. He is better known as the man who ‘invented’ Spoonerisms (“*You have hissed all my mystery lectures*” “*A well-boiled icicle*”, “*Who has not nourished in his bosom a half-warmed fish?*” etc.).

It’s an interesting claim to fame, because Spooner did nothing of the kind. It seems that concept of Spoonerism became attached to him because of his general absent-mindedness and tendency to get OTHER things backwards – things like pouring red wine on a salt stain, or asking a visitor if it had been he or his brother who was killed in the war...

An albino, good-natured, and enormously eccentric, Spooner was regarded with affection by his colleagues and students, and was nicknamed ‘The Child’. (When he married Frances Goodwin in 1878, the pair became known as ‘Madonna and Child’)

Alas for Spooner, today’s clerihew seeks to add to the myth, not debunk it...

*The saintly Reverend Spooner
Would later or sooner
Have his lengthy sermons peppered
With slips of the tongue like "shoving leopard".*

or, to take it perhaps one step too far...

*The saintly Reverend Spooner
Would satyr or lunar
Have his lengthy sermons peppered
With tips of the slung like "shoving leopard".*



Spooner, William Archibald (1844–1930), by unknown photographer

Dennis Callegari

Dennis has drawn on some of these old chestnuts from Wikipedia...

| | |
|--|---|
| " <i>Three cheers for our queer old dean!</i> " | (dear old queen, referring to Queen Victoria) |
| " <i>Is it kisstomary to cuss the bride?</i> " | (customary to kiss) |
| " <i>The Lord is a shoving leopard.</i> " | (a loving shepherd) |
| " <i>A blushing crow.</i> " | (crushing blow) |
| " <i>A well-boiled icicle</i> " | (well-oiled bicycle) |
| " <i>You were fighting a liar in the quadrangle.</i> " | (lighting a fire) |
| " <i>Is the dean dizzy?</i> " | (dean busy) |
| " <i>Someone is occupewing my pie.</i> " | (occupying my pew) |
| " <i>Please sew me to another sheet</i> " | (show me to another seat) |
| " <i>You have hissed all my mystery lectures.</i> " | (missed...history) |
| " <i>You have tasted a whole worm.</i> " | (wasted...term) |
| " <i>Please leave Oxford on the next town drain.</i> " | (down train) |

The most famous modern example of a spoonerism is "*I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy*" variously attributed to W C Fields, Tom Waits and, most commonly, Dorothy Parker. It not only shifts the beginning sounds of the word lobotomy, but the entire phrase ‘frontal lobotomy’.

The phrase was further developed by Dean Martin, who said, "*I would rather have a free bottle in front of me than a pre-frontal lobotomy.*" His tipples on stage were part of the act, as was his sympathy for people who don’t drink. "*When they wake up in the morning,*" he said, "*that's the best they're going to feel all day.*"

Bill Wright

Stefan Zone



PIGS CAN FLY

There are so many stories circulating about the Swine Flu that I just had to dedicate an article to it.

Ever since Swine Flu became a big hit a few weeks ago, I've been waiting for someone along the lines of a Spike Milligan or Monty Python to come out and say, with a fake German accent, "*Oh, you Schwein*". The whole thing just sounds so fake! In fact, it sounds like someone's gone the whole hog.

The media have had a field day with the flu, whipping up batch after batch of horror stories and turning it into the next apocalypse. Not since Schapelle Corby's recent trip to hospital in order to wrestle back the media initiative from the leave-4-kids-at-home-while-get-drunk-overseas-and-abuse-police-after-stealing-a-bar-mat 'lady' has a story come along at such an opportune moment. The government must be so happy that working families like Mr and Mrs Joe Average, living on Struggle Street, are now more worried about catching the flu than losing their jobs in the recession.

Unfortunately, I'm so far behind the times, I've just caught the Spanish influenza. It may be some time before the Swine Flu infects me, although the good news is that statistically, I'm in the right state to catch it. Figures just released show that Victoria

has the highest rate of infection per population in the world! And people have complained that Victorians are only interested in sports, and grog, and bashing people outside nightclubs, and attacking Indian students, and stealing bar mats while drunk, and ...

The government response has been all over the shop. First they try to contain it, saying all the right things without doing too much. Once they realised their efforts weren't working, they just gave up. They remind me of Emergency Teachers. "*Now class, listen up. Jill, stop that! Greg, don't throw things! Jason, get off the phone! Melissa, stop talking! Penelope, turn around and face the front! Oh, I give up!!! Go do your own thing while I read a magazine.*"

If ever any one has said to you "*when pigs fly*" in response to something you'd said, then now is the time to collect as the pigs have well and truly flown. The old 'closing the gate after the horse has bolted' will become 'shutting down the sty after the pig has flown'. With so many pigs up in the air, we may need to seriously consider replacing Duck Season with Pig Season, although I'm sure that Daffy Duck and Porky Pig have already done that particular sketch.

VICTORIA – THE PLACE TO BE

Back in the early 2000's, Victorian number plates used to showcase the slogan "Victoria - the place to be". Everything worth doing was happening in Victoria at that time (if the unions allowed it).

While the blank slogan on current plates suggests Victorians live in a blank state of mind, there are some people that point out Victoria can still be considered 'the place to be'.

Just look around you and you'll see the evidence everywhere.

* What other state or country in the world can boast a higher percentage per capita of swine flu cases? We were the first state in Australia to abandon trying to stop the flu from spreading. In your face-masked face, NSW!

* How many other places in the world have murders where bystanders think it is just filming for the next series of Underbelly? USA has Hollywood, India has Bollywood, Victoria has Underwood, err, Underworld. Where, oh, where was the "Chk, Chk, Boom" girl when she was needed?

* What other place in the world erects an observation wheel that has to be dismantled within a year to fix? Was the issue a design fault based on the designer not taking into account Victorians had grown fatter or was the real issue that, while Victoria may be the place to be, it doesn't really

have anything to see, especially from an observation wheel located facing the Western Suburbs ?

* Where else are trains fitted with air conditioners unable to cope with a normal Summer day, let alone a heatwave; where seats are ripped up not only by vandals but by transport operators to extract another square millimetre to squash yet another poor commuter onboard; where the transport minister didn't want to receive complaints from the public about the poor state of affairs and where people feel lucky just arriving at their destination within 24 hours of the expected time of arrival, not bothering with those foreign concepts of reliability and timeliness.

* How many cities other than Melbourne can boast 24/7 fight nights outside nightclubs, train stations, pubs, etc, etc. The current marketing to Indian students has attracted international attention and looks set to give Melbourne another year as 'Fight City' titleholder.

* Let's not forget the '4-seasons in one day' weather pattern that still plagues Melbourne - nowadays, though, all seasons seem to be drought.

Those were just some of the recent examples showing that Victoria still is 'The Place to be'. Well, it still beats living in Sydney!

POSITIONS VACANT

The economy can't be that bad if there are still jobs to be had. Have a gander at the following that appear at Stefans-bob-a-job.com.au.

* Are you constantly losing your way when you walk from your front door to your letterbox?

* Can't read a street map to save your life?

Then a job as a Victorian Taxi Driver may be right for you. If you haven't a drivers licence, don't worry - quite a few of our drivers don't have one either. Call us now for an over-the-phone interview. It's no use us asking you to come in and see us - you'd just get lost.

* Want to earn millions without too much effort?

Why not join our experienced team of Pyramid Sellers, Fake Lottery Scammers and Chain Mailers. Despite constant warnings to the public about schemes like this, and the current recession, there are still millions of gullible people around the world just waiting for you to scam them of

their money. Work from home or make international calls from work - it's up to you how you operate. The use of fake names by our workers is a must. If you can't think up a fake name, one will be provided for you. The fewer details we know, the less we are able to pass on to the Federal Police when they come knocking on our door.

* Protestors-R-Us are urgently seeking people to fill the following roles:

An experienced protest leader is required for ad hoc protests in and around the Melbourne CBD. As usual, you don't have to have a clue about what you are protesting about, just have a loud voice. Only those who have thrown tantrums as a child will be considered. Preferred candidates will own a red shirt.

Five general-protestor positions are currently open. No experience necessary. All gear, including "What do we Want" song sheets, will be

provided. All successful applicants will be trained on how to sue the police.

Protestors-R-Us are an unequal-opportunity employer

* Druggies wanted. Inner city game venues require druggies to hang around outside their venues to recreate a 1990's atmosphere. Drugs not supplied.

* Immediate start! Connex are looking for two Temporary Aggressive Drunks to fill positions

outside Flinders Street Station. These will be based on a 12 to 18 months assignment, depending on whether the incumbents can get out of jail earlier with good behaviour. Hours are flexible. Your job is to greet people, especially overseas travellers, with inappropriate and aggressive behaviour.

If you feel as if any of these positions are for you, then log on and start your new career today.

STEFAN, THE GREAT DISILLUSIONIST

It is with great pleasure that I announce tickets go on sale today for one of the greatest shows on Earth - Stefan the Great Disillusionist is coming to Melbourne for one show only... err, only if he can be bothered turning up.

It has taken Stefan many years to reach the pinnacle of being the Great Disillusionist. He has extensively studied many sales staff and politicians who promised much but then never delivered (what were those election promises again?). He has watched many magic shows on TV to gain an understanding of what not to do. He has taken bits and pieces from the various disillusioned people he has met over the years without them realising that bits and pieces of them had been taken.

All this knowledge has been added together to form this un-awe-inspiring show that critics have acclaimed as "*an appalling waste of money*", "*Don't bother going*" and "*I thought it was going to be bad but it ended up being much, much worse*".

Here's a sneak preview...

* Stefan shows how to empty a full glass of water by tipping it out. He then makes the glass full of water again by filling it up from a tap.

* Stefan reveals the hidden cost of magic by looking at all the wooden boxes that are sawn in half or have had holes poked into them by swords.

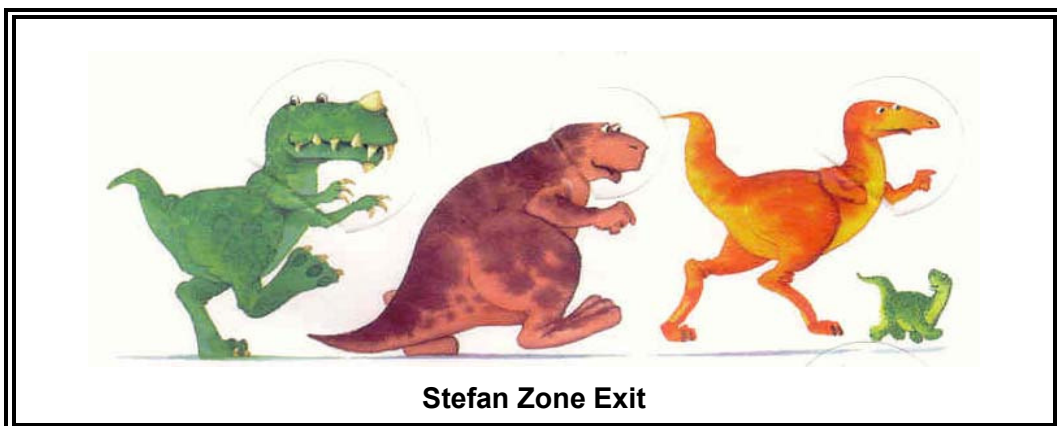
* While other illusionists amaze people by walking through walls, Stefan explains the concept of opening a door and walking through to the next room. It's also more economical as there is no need for special effects, hidden trapdoors or twins.

* Over the years, illusionists have made large items such as elephants and aircraft disappear. Stefan shows how a large amount of money can disappear on the sharemarket and how large companies in America can disappear overnight. Audience members may also experience their wallets being a little lighter after the show is over.

* Throughout history, there've been people of far reaching visions that have propelled their society forward. Stefan gives real-life examples of how some bigger visions were stopped by people who just weren't motivated enough to do anything.

* Stefan also will reveal how little effort is put into these articles.

But, one disillusionist to another, I think you already knew that.



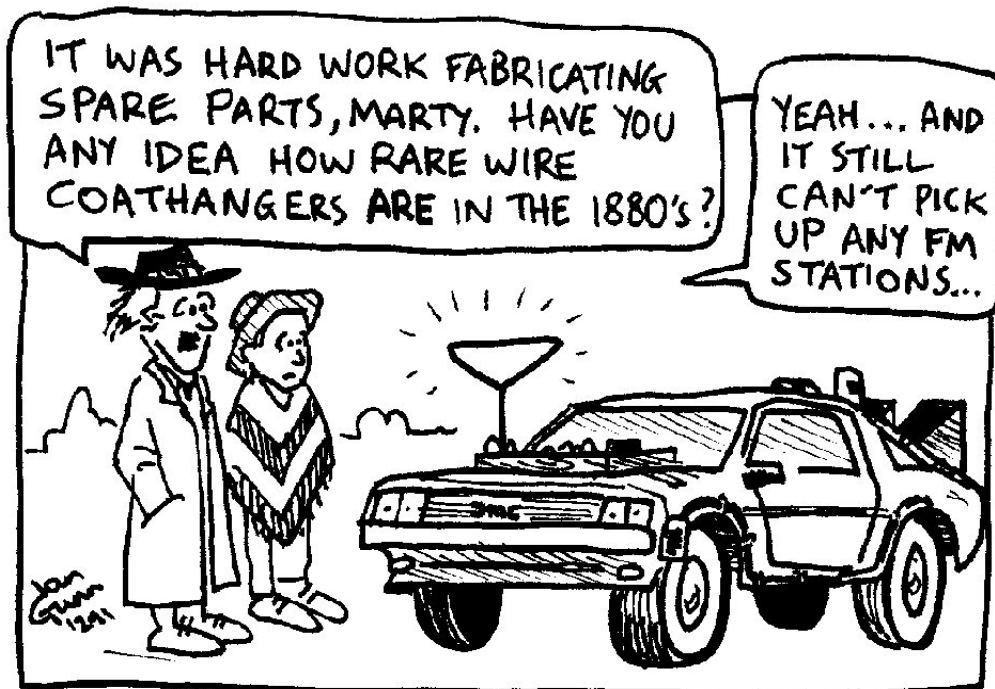
Communications technology – the Connectivity issue

Rivalry between Apple and Palm over access to its music and media store iTunes is intensifying.

Palm used to be the leader in hand-held personal organisers. With the Pre, they've tried to make them into communications devices as well, losing the plot so far as existing customers needing personal organisers are concerned. Apple hasn't exactly played fair, having taken steps to ensure that its iPhone is the only communications device that can link with iTunes. By doing that it broke standards put in place to foster interoperability between computers and devices using USB connections.

Palm responded by programming the Pre to trick iTunes software into recognising it as an Apple music player, allowing it to transfer files between the phone and a personal computer. Apple says that breaches standards set by the USB governing board. Palm rebuts that by saying that it is simply overcoming Apple's original breach in blocking Pre's access to iTunes in the first place. Customers are forgotten in this dialogue.

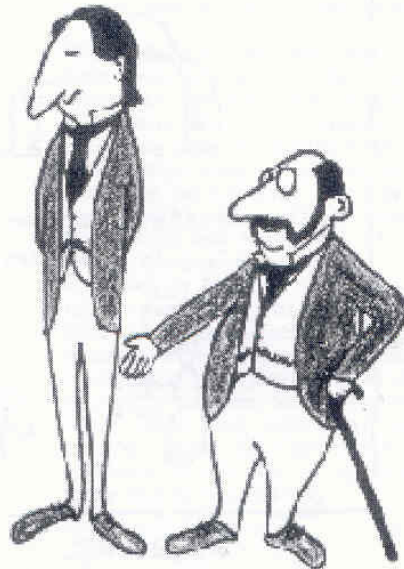
It looks as if Palm's traditional customer base is stuck with their old T5 Palm units until marketers and designers start listening to customers to find out what they really need. The way it's going, we'll end up with Swiss Army Knife technology where standards are compromised to make stuff designed to do everything for everyone that ends up doing nothing satisfactorily for anybody – as in one step forward, four steps backwards. Perhaps they think they're creating a market for upgrades.



What we need is savvy regulators enforcing connectivity, leaving it to customers to decide what peripheral devices suit them. President Obama has appointed the USA's first Chief Technology Officer, Anesh Chopra, who wants "to make a very dear friend of Silicon Valley." It's a start.

Bill Wright

Keats and Chapman



Keats and Chapman were dining with the noted philosopher Descartes in connexion with some research they were doing on word-play of an equine nature. "Shall you take a little wine?" Chapman enquired. "Wine?" cried Descartes, who knew poteen when he saw it, "I think not!" and instantly disappeared. The friends looked at each other (with a strange surmise). After a while Chapman said "How did he do that?" "Who? Do what?" said Keats, oblivious.

John Bangsund 2008

Early Australian Comics

The Editor joins Trevor Clark on the 'Early Australian Comics' panel at Continuum 5 (Melbourne SF convention on the theme '*Galaxies by Gaslight*' on 14-16 August 2009)

Arguably Australia's most talented graphic artist was Stanley Pitt (1925 – 2002)



Stanley John Pitt's first professional publication was 'Anthony Fury', published by Consolidated Press in 1942. In 1945 he started drawing comic strip advertisements. Associated Newspapers Ltd. liked his work and asked him to produce a science-fiction adventure strip. The result was '*Silver Starr in the Flameworld*', which ran in Sydney's Sunday Sun until November 1948.