

Quokka Quest #1

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and produced with the generous help of Bill Wright..

This is indeed QUOKKA QUEST #1, a shameless DUFF Campaign zine published by Mike & Linda McInerney, 83 Shakespeare St, Daly City, Ca. 94014-1053. ELANDEM@WORLDNET.ATT.NET. We need your votes, so get off your duff now and fill out and mail in the enclosed DUFF ballot. Today. Please? Your vote, together with at least the minimum donation of \$6.00 AUS (\$4.00 US), has to be RECEIVED before Friday 31 January, to ensure our election as the DUFF laureates attending **Swancon 2003**, the 42nd Aussie NatCon.



Mike & Linda McInerney, and Friends.

SEND TWO McINERNEYS TO AUSTRALIA !

How do you tell the story of forty-two years of friendship in a handful of paragraphs? Wow!

But I remember well the first time I met Mike McInerney. He was a pink-cheeked schoolboy from Connecticut. He drove his shiny Rambler convertible all the way from his home to the wicked metropolis, New York City, where Pat and I lived in 1960. Pat was nearly ready to give birth to our first child, but she welcomed Mike into our apartment and graciously accepted the box of chocolates he had brought as a gift.

We chatted politely for an hour or so, then Mike took his leave and his Rambler and went home. It was only later, after Ken was born, that Mike expressed his relief at learning that Pat had merely been pregnant. Mike had thought she was "just fat."

What innocents we all were!

Flash forward five years or so.

Everybody in fandom, it seemed, was experimenting with alternative lifestyles and ingesting peculiar molecules. The New York fan community, like so much else of this planet, had been rocked by change and by controversy. Fan clubs had come and gone, the second incarnation of the Futurian Society had morphed into the Fanoclasts, which in turn had spawned FISTfA – letters that stood for the Faanish Insurgent Scientifiction Association, if my memory serves – with Mike at its center. Mike had moved to New York, plunged into the local fan scene, and become a familiar, popular figure.

New York fandom has a turmoil-filled history stretching back to the 1930's but the 60's were an especially tumultuous era. The energy and the talent were incredible. People like Algis Budrys, Larry and Noreen Shaw, Bob Silverberg, Ted and Sylvia White, Lee Hoffman, Terry and Carol Carr, rich brown, Dave Van Arnam, Lin Carter, Andy Porter, Arnie Katz, Andy Reiss, bhob Stewart and Larry Ivie crowded club meetings and more frequent, informal gatherings. If there was a rhythm to the period, it was pounded out by a mixture of loud rock and roll riffs over the whirr and clank of mimeographs. Veterans of an earlier era – Jim Blish, Sam Moskowitz, Donald and Elsie Wollheim, Frank and Belle Dietz, George Nims Raybin – were still part of the scene.

Pat and I, in the meanwhile, had moved to larger quarters in a far-distant exurb, where we hosted frequent weekend-long fan parties. That is, in weeks when we didn't make our way back to the big city for concerts at the Fillmore East and other such events. Along with others in his generation, Mike had evolved from a round-faced Catholic schoolboy into a bearded guru in a Mister Natural robe. On one occasion, while visiting us in the town of Poughkeepsie, Mike found himself standing in the middle of a shopping-mall parking lot while a group of local yokels drove their automobiles around and around him, staring at this apparition, trying to figure him out.

Michael remained serene throughout the experience, although Steve Stiles and I proceeded to celebrate his evolution from naïve schoolboy to New Age guru in our short-lived comic strip, "The Adventures of Isidore." In this strip our fan friend was psychedelically transformed into three distinct personalities – Mike, Mac, and Ernie.

Steve drew up two full-page instalments of the strip and sold it to the old *East Village Other*, a radical New York weekly. The first instalment of the strip ran in the paper's tabloid comic supplement, *Gothic Blimp Works*, along with strips by the *crème de la crème* of 1960's underground cartoonists. The second instalment was apparently squeezed out, and I think the *Other* shortly ceased publication, leaving Mike, Mac, and Ernie stranded forever in cartoon limbo.

Stranded forever unless – Steve Stiles, are you there? What would you think of having Isidore and his trio or alter-egos re-emerge into the Twenty-First Century? If I write it will you draw it? Would there be a market? Let's give it a little thought.

Segue further into the future and Mike had joined one of the periodic waves of westward migration from New York, and was living in San Francisco. Pat and I and our three children landed in nearby Berkeley. The late 1960's and '70s were truly magical times for us, but eventually all of us came back in from the wonderland of psychedelia. Michael had married the wonderful Linda. She is warm, intelligent, funny, a joy to encounter and a superb asset to the community.

We got to know Linda in 1972, when the four of us drove from San Francisco to Los Angeles to attend the World Science Fiction Convention, a convention marked by Ray Bradbury's reading of his poetical masterpieces to a stunned audience and by Robert A. Heinlein's delivering the longest after-dinner address in the history of science fiction.

A memorable moment occurred *en route* to the convention when we found ourselves sharing a narrow bridge with a gargantuan truck marked with a huge advertisement for a popular brand of potato chips. I was at the wheel of our Volvo station wagon, and I remember my

terror at the realization that the slightest swerve on the part of the potato chip truck would leave Linda, Michael, Pat and myself smeared against a concrete abutment like four squashed bugs. Fortunately, the truck driver did not swerve.

And I find that I'm barely getting started, and I've already exceeded the planned length of what was intended as a brief endorsement statement. I haven't said anything about the long-enduring friendship and loyalty of Michael and Linda. I haven't mentioned my pleasure when I visit a bookstore for a promotional event and spot Michael's face in the audience, or my joy when I recently attended ConJose – my first Worldcon in nearly a decade – and found myself temporarily lost in a sea of strangers, only to be rescued by a happily smiling Mike McInerney.

Please forgive my verbosity. Pat and I urge you to vote for Michael and Linda. Australian fandom deserves the pleasure of their presence, and Michael and Linda deserve the honor of being selected for DUFF.

-- Dick Lupoff

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PUBBING A FANZINE

(filk song to the tune of *Waltzing Matilda*)

Once a brash young neofan camped near the BNFs
Under a chair in the consuite, 4E
And he wrote as he edited, and Burbeed til his zine was done,
"Who'll come apubbing a fanzine with me?"

CHORUS

Pubbing a fanzine, pubbing a fanzine,
Who'll come apubbing a fanzine with me?"
And he wrote as he edited and Burbeed 'til his zine was done,
"Who'll come apubbing a fanzine with me?"

Along came the Ackerman,
punning with the BNFs,
Up jumped the young fan
chortling with glee

And he quipped as he showed
Forry, Tucker's rag*
"Who'll come apubbing
a fanzine with me?"

Chorus

Up rode a Fanoclast
out on a Faanish Quest,
Down came the neofen
One, two, three.

Please write for OUR zines
and not for the Tucker rag
"Who'll come a pubbing
a fanzine with me?"

Chorus

Up sprang the neofan, turned down by ALL the BNFs,
"I'll pub my zine, by myself" said he,
And his zine can be seen even by the BNFs
"Who'll come a pubbing a fanzine with me?"

"Pubbing a fanzine, pubbing a fanzine,
Who'll come apubbing a fanzine with me?"

And he wrote and he edited and Burbeed til his zine was done,
"Who'll come a pubbing a fanzine with me?"

* Tucker's rag: - Bob Tucker's fanzine *Le Zombie*.

A RICH MEMORY

I'd like to urge everyone to vote for TAFF and DUFF this year -- early, but not often - and particularly to give the fans in Oz a treat by voting for Mike & Linda McInerney for DUFF because I'm certain of their ability and worthiness to represent U.S. fandom in the land down under.

I've known Mike since the world was young and Linda since I met her at the 1972 Los Angeles worldcon, which she attended shortly before they were married.

Now, egoboo is the coin of the realm in fandom, and the desire for egoboo -- unlike the lust for money in the mundane world -- does not in itself lead to bad things. In fact, the desire for egoboo motivates most of us to do things that are in fandom's best interests. At worst, striving for egoboo can lead to what *THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR* describes as a slight swelling of the head, but at its best it can also harness the desire to be admired by one's fellow fans to the accomplishment of some relatively lofty goals. That speaks to fandom's uniqueness; indeed, it's one of its major strengths.

I'm not going to claim my old friend is motivated any differently than the rest of us, but I am going to suggest that he fans his ax in a slightly different way. Where many fans have a tendency to self-aggrandize fannish accomplishments, Mike does his good and moves on. If people want to give him egoboo for it, fine, there's no doubt he deserves it...but I don't think it's ever been his primary motivator. Instead, he's seems to figure that if it's good for fandom, then it's good for him too, since he's a lifelong participant. So while Mike has done a great deal that he could brag about, he doesn't. He does list a few of his fannish accomplishments in his DUFF platform, but it's just a list and it's by no means complete; he doesn't explain, pontificate, go into detail or preen.

When he moved to New York City in the early 1960s, he started the Faanish Insurgent Scientifictional Association, one of very few clubs in New York that was open to anyone who wanted to attend. No litmus tests, no approval committees, no blackball. He was also instrumental in starting the very first weekly amateur press association, APA-F and co-edited *FOCAL POINT* with me, which -- I'll tell you, since Mike won't -- was one of the better fannish newszines of the day.

And, oh yes, one of those things he didn't bother to mention, but which I will, since it's about conventions and the whole DUFF thing is about bringing people to a convention: How many of you are familiar with the annual Lunacon put on by the New York Lunarians?

No, Mike didn't start the Lunacon -- or ever help run it, to the best of my knowledge. But he's largely responsible for the convention it is today.

How so?

Well, when he came to New York, Lunacon was a single-day event: They'd hire a hall in some inexpensive hotel, get a few writers and editors to give talks and/or take part in a panel discussions on science fiction, perhaps a few hucksters would show up to hawk their wares, the formal program would run maybe five or six hours -- and then everyone would pack up and go home. Heck, people would come from upwards of 50 or 60 miles away just to attend. Dozens of them.

Mike, with the permission of the Lunarians, but under the sponsorship of FISTfA (i.e., largely out of his own pocket), started the "Eastercon" to be held in conjunction with Lunacon. Eastercon was, in effect, a big open party for everyone who'd joined the Lunacon. It was clearly a complementing rather than competing affair, since it didn't open its doors until Lunacon closed theirs. This brought more people, from further away, to attend the combined Lunacon and Eastercon, and since the Eastercon party went on until the wee hours of the morning, it meant more of the out-of-town attendees booked a room to stay overnight. This,

in turn, led the Lunarians to expand Lunacon to a two-day event -- after all, if fans were staying over, there might as well be something for them to stay over for.

The rest, as they say, is history.

After a few years, Lunarians decided they were doing well enough to incorporate the party functions of Eastercon into Lunacon, and Mike stepped aside with his customary grace. He'd done his good thing and it was time to move on -- to publications for the NyCon III Worldcon committee, as it happened.

Now, I've only focused on Mike here, and then on something he did some time back. Mike and Linda have done their own good things together now for longer than I had been in fandom when I met Mike. My point, I guess, is that if you think of DUFF as a reward for fannish accomplishment, then Mike and Linda have earned your vote -- and the same can be said if your concern is to see the U.S. well represented down under.

But it seems typical that they are more concerned, in this race, that people vote for DUFF than that they vote for them. It's not that they don't want to win, you understand -- it's just the way they fan their ax. Which is why, this year, I've gone a bit beyond my usual of either voting and/or conducting an auction to benefit the fund, to recommend that you vote for them too. Please do.

.. rich brown

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THE McINERNEY CAMPAIGN SONG

(filk song to the tune of Davey Crockett)

“Mack and, Mack and Ernies, They're Our Candidates!”

"Born in Connecticut in '43,
Read SF since he was only three,
Raised on books just like you and me
Needs to pub fanzines in order to be free.
Mack and, Mack and Ernies, they're Our Candidates!

“Pubbed his first zine when he was 16
The worst damn crudzine that's ever been seen
Joined the N3F to make the fannish scene
His hectographed efforts were obscene!
Mikey, Mack & Ernie should've known to wait

“Moved to New York City and bought a mimeo,
He joined Fanoclasts and started to go
To Lunarians, ESFA and every fannish show
And created FISTfA as you already know!
Mike, Mack and Ernie, thought Fandom was just great.

“With APA-F, Focal Point and Nycon3 gone
He figured it was time to be moving on
So he headed out west toward the setting sun,
In California he met his Special One!
Linda, she's a honey, she's his lovely mate.”

.. Mike McInerney

VICTORIA BITTER - THE EXCLUSIVE AUSSIE BHEER

(remembrance of times past, by Mike McInerney)

*Bill Wright (editor of *Interstellar Ramjet Scoop*, the *Journal for Inquisitive Readers*) hails from Melbourne, the home of Australia's national beverage, **Victoria Bitter**. The following article might be written in the name of 2003 DUFF candidate, Mike McInerney, but the anecdotes came from antipodean sources via Bill Wright*

Victoria Bitter (or **VB**, as it is commonly referred to) is available only in Australia. To the rest of the world, **Fosters** is Australian for beer. I brought two bottles home with me from Australia in 1989. I gave one to a friend who had asked me to bring him an Australian beer, and kept the other for a suitable occasion. After drinking it I kept the empty bottle on my bookshelf like a prized statue for ten years.

Bill Wright (Melbourne-based editor of *Interstellar Ramjet Scoop*) informs me that it will do me no good to trumpet our predilection for VB at Swancon 2003. He says they're an insular lot in Western Australia. Approaching its capital city, Perth, via the Indian Pacific Railway (one of the world's great trains) one cannot avoid noticing vast billboards with the message "Western Australian Milk from Western Australian Cows" How parochial can you get?

Although they are not averse to VB, **Swan beer** (a potent brew that is strained through countless human kidneys in its progress along Perth's meandering Swan River) is what Western Australians are into, big time! As the DUFF laureates, Linda and I will inevitably have to interface with Melbourne fans for whom VB is the bheer of the ghods. In the interests of *fiawol*, Bill has kindly provided the salient facts of Australia's national beverage, as follows:

Victoria Bitter, commonly known as VB, is the only mainstream beer to successfully penetrate across Australia's culturally entrenched state beer obsession. It is on tap from outback Western Australia, to old Sydney town and the Northern Territory. The extent of its success is exemplified in Queensland where **XXXX** (pronounced Four Ex) once completely ruled the state's beer drinkers. Nowadays, you would be hard pressed to find a Queensland pub that did not have both XXXX and VB on tap for all to enjoy. VB is the top selling beer in Australia, accounting for a quarter of the total beer market. It is the most popular beer in New South Wales, Northern Territory, Victoria and the Australian Capital Territory, but not in Queensland, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania. Drinkers in those States remain stubbornly loyal to their local brands.

Television ads for VB target the heart of Aussie culture, depicting jackaroos, truck drivers and other working class Australians engaged in hard yakka. You would be hard put to find an Australian male who could not recite extracts from long running prose used as voiceover on the Victoria Bitter ads. Lines such as, "*A hard earned thirst needs a big cold beer, and the best cold beer's VIC*" and the other literary masterpiece, "*You can get it any old how; matter o' fact, I got it now*", have for years kept many a conversation going at three o'clock in the morning when filk singing tapers off at convention room parties. Australia's foremost filk balladeer is Melbourne fan, Marc Ortlieb. These days, his tastes run to fine wines, but VB was undoubtedly the inspiration for his dissolute, albeit fondly remembered, youth.

Bill Wright, in his capacity as secretary of the bid committee for the Aussie worldcon in 1975, attended the LA worldcon in 1972. There, he persuaded the Australian Tourist Commission to lean on the diplomatic corps for supplies of VB. More than a couple of slabs were despatched post haste from a supply cache at the LA consulate.

When chilled, VB has a crisp flavour that is perfectly suited to occasions such as the famous Aussie barbecue. An account of this quintessential Aussie ritual follows.

.. Mike McInerney & Bill Wright

WHY AUSSIES DON'T THROW A PIG ON THE BARBIE

(First published in 'Interstellar Ramjet Scoop, The Journal for Inquisitive Readers', February 2002)

Melbourne fan, John Straede, shares with us an hilarious incident in his life with his late wife, Cheryl.

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Cheryl and I spent Thursday and Friday nights at a friend's house in the Blue Mountains. Ron's guest of honour for New Year's Eve was to be a roast suckling pig, paid for by Ron's brother-in-law, to be cooked by Ron on the gas barbecue.

I was under orders to light the barbecue at 7.30 AM, there being no instructions and nobody else admitting to be technically minded. I did this without burning myself or anything else and Ron put the pig on at about 8.00 AM. But the lid wouldn't close as the pig was a bit too large. A little later fat started to pour out of the pig onto the hot stones where it caught fire. At this time the barbie was on the verandah. Ron was off feeding his chooks and I was getting worried.

Finally I turned off the gas, disconnected the gas bottle and removed it to place of safety. The pig continued to burn merrily. Eventually Ron reappeared and we used two boards to carry the barbecue away from the house.



The pig continued on its path to hell.

We found a small square of roofing iron which we cleaned and placed next to the barbie and tipped the whole thing over hoping that the pig would roll out. It didn't but the fire went out. Ron was then able, with the aid of a towel, to remove the pig which was then decarbonised and dismembered. The remnants were cooked in a conventional oven.

The meat was very nice - pity about the crackling. In the meantime I am trying desperately to keep a straight face while Cheryl and Ron's sister Robyn are just about wetting themselves laughing and Ron is threatening them with a meat cleaver. Eventually he could see the funny side of it."

.. **John Straede**

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A SPECIAL NOTE FOR AUSTRALIAN FANS

If you need to print additional ballot forms, please go to the DUFF website at <http://home.pacbell.net/jgelb/duff2k.html>

The deadline for RECEIPT of votes is Friday, 31 January 2003

We also recommend that you vote for TAFF. To see its platforms, goto <http://home.attbi.com/~vmgonzalez/taff.html>. The deadline is Feb 10th.



Guy Lillian (half of the other DUFF candidate, Guy & Rosy Lillian) with Linda & Mike McInerney.

We offer our sincere thanks to all our nominators and supporters for their help and encouragement during this short DUFF Campaign. We were proud to be nominated by such fannish Luminaries as Lee Hoffman, Ted White, Joyce Scrivner, Rose Mitchell, Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber.

We also appreciate the efforts and good wishes from our friends and supporters including rich brown, Lenny Bailes, Robert Lichtman, Pat & Dick Lupoff, Steve & Elaine Stiles, Joyce & Arnie Katz, Dan Goodman and Billy Pettit. Special thanks go to Bill Wright in Australia, original publisher in Feb 2002 of the *Pig on the Barbie* story in his fanzine "Interstellar Ramjet Scoop, the Journal for Inquisitive Readers." Bill was instrumental in pubbing this fanzine. Thanks to everyone!

We'd like you to vote NOW. Please don't wait. Time is running short.

Vote for **MIKE & LINDA MCINERNEY** for DUFF. This will most likely be a close race with a short window of opportunity to cast your ballot, so YOUR vote is very important to us. I feel that we are the "underdogs" here. Despite dreaming a fantasy for more than 30 years of going to OZ as a DUFF representative, we haven't spent years analyzing fan fund races, or planning strategy. I've never liked politicians, and now strangely enough, "I are one" as Pogo must have said when he ran for President of the USA! We want you to vote, even if you don't vote for us, because it is good for DUFF. It is truly an honor just to run and certainly we intend to be great representatives if elected. Win or lose, we will always remember the friendships old and new, and the generosity of those who have helped..

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PS. Quokka are small marsupials found in Western Australia. They look cute in photos, but early settlers thought they were rodents.

Mike