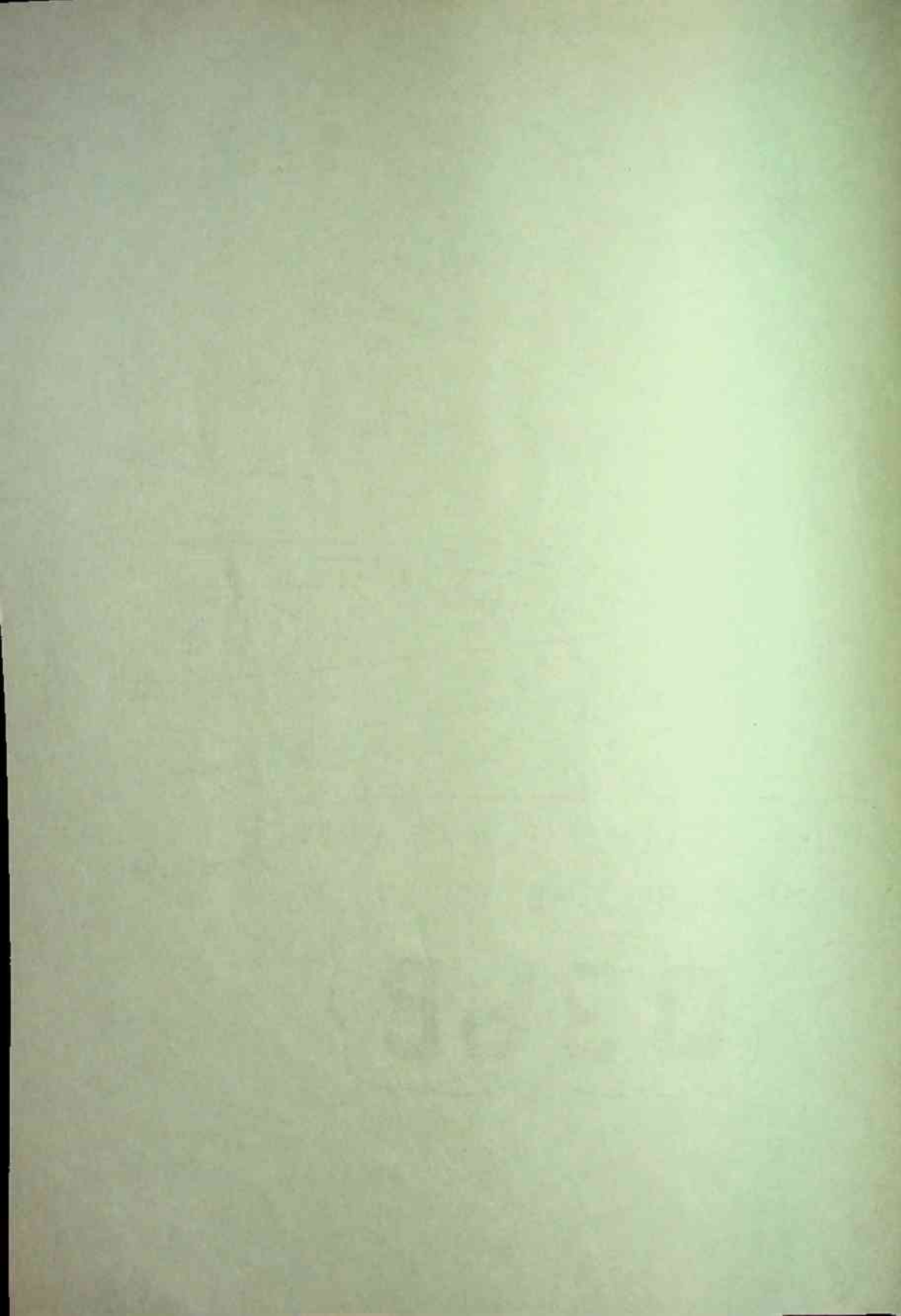
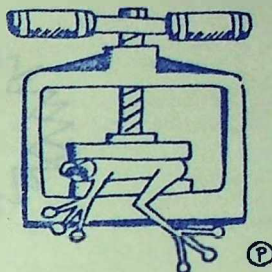


LOOK - ANOTHER EXPLODING PLANET
IT MUST BE TIME FOR ...

Q36B



Q 36B



PEPPERMINT FROG
PRESS

Edited by Marc A Ortlieb
8 Melanto Ave
Camden Park
S.A. 5038

All overseas correspondence to

70 Hamblynn Rd
Elizabeth Downs
S.Aust. 5113

Available for contribution, loc, art,
trade, a naughty in the bushes, or at
editorial whim.

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Electrostencils courtesy Allan Bray
5 Green Avenue Seaton S.A. 5023.

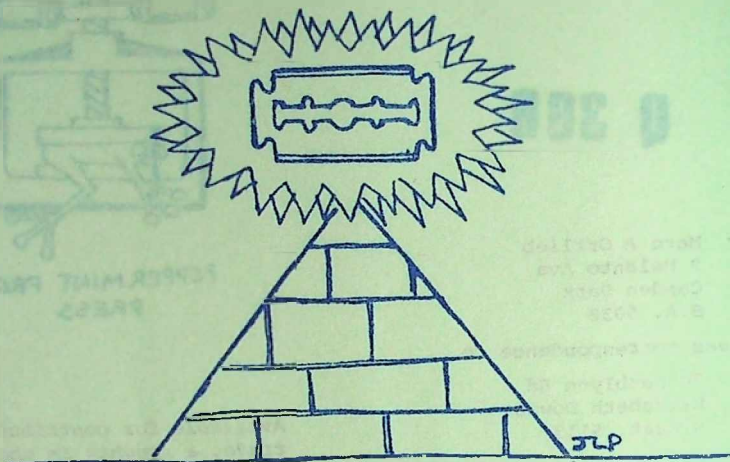
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Q36 is published three times per year.
The deadline for Q36C is the end of
April 1980. The editor accepts no
responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts
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FEBRUARY 1980



SECRET OF THE PYRAMIDS **REVEALED !**

by Manuel Velocipede

Manuel, who has been missing from our pages since MINARDOR 3, returns to examine that phenomenon so beloved of pseudo-scientists, pyramids. However, Mr Velocipede is perfectly capable of putting the charlatans in their proper places.

For many years now researchers have been investigating the preservative and rejuvenative effects of pyramids. Despite the efforts of well-meaning amateur entrepreneurs, it is sad to note that the phenomenon has not been commercially utilised on any significant scale. Also, these researchers have failed to generate any marked improvement in the human condition, this despite the sterling example set by my enlightened and inspired treatise on the effects of speed.

Indeed, I had hoped that pyramids might provide a solution to those problems that I posed in my article*, in that the claimed rejuvenative effects might offset the proven deleterious effects of speed upon the human body. Unfortunately, I myself have been unable to lend my considerable skills to the study of pyramids, despite the loss to that subject. However, in my brief skimming of the topic, I have located a fact that seems to have been missed by those fumbling researchers who claim sabotage by Gillette to cover their obvious incompetence.

The point missed by these so-called scientists is the lag effect in pyramid preservation. While the orthodox bound establishment have been frittering away their time, serendipity has been at work, and the real facts of the matter have been discovered by true scientists who have been forced to dissipate their findings through the medium of the popular film, since the established journals

* THE EFFECTS OF SPEED MINARDOR 3 August 1977.

have been closed to them by scientists who fear to have their incompetence openly demonstrated. Thus such tales as *CURSE OF THE MUMMY*, *THE SON OF THE MUMMY*, *THE RETURN OF THE SON OF THE MUMMY* et al have more relevance to the study of pyramidology than any current research of which I am aware.

The story usually starts in Ancient Egypt with a beautiful princess and an evil high priest. The evil high priest in some way causes the death of the beautiful princess who is mummified and entombed in the pyramid.

(I must digress here to comment on the irony of the Egyptian burial patterns. They had a workable system of immortality, but botched it by surgically mutilating the preserver to the point that the preserving and rejuvenating effects of the pyramid could not possibly work.)

The evil high priest is usually discovered, and then, to punish him for his greed or other unsavoury habits, he is wrapped up in cloth and shut in the pyramid alive. Naturally he dies from suffocation due to the cloth or the stone box they shut him in. It is here that the rejuvenation effects start to come into action. The net result of the suffocation and rejuvenation is that the body is held in a state infinitesimally below that of life, thus effecting preservation.

Millenia pass, until a professor, with or without beautiful daughter and/or evil guide arrives to remove the mummy from the pyramid. Now, according to theories advanced by orthodox pyramid researchers, this ought to result in immediate death for the occupant of the sarcophagus, but this is not seen. The story continues with the sarcophagus being opened, or the mummy being released in some way. Naturally, having been dead for some thousands of years, he does not jump up immediately. He gathers strength for a while before rampaging across the countryside, carrying or searching for the beautiful daughter, or in some deviant cases, the professor, sustaining damage from small arms in the process.

This gunfire does not slow the mummy at all, and here I feel is the clue to the entire matter. I mentioned earlier a lag effect, and we must return to that phenomenon to put things in their correct perspective. It appears that the removal of an object from a pyramid does not stop the rejuvenation. There is a lag period during which the effect is still in operation, that period being of the order of one hundredth of one per cent of the time the object has spent within the pyramid. Thus the resurrected mummy is still feeling the benefits of the pyramid whilst being struck by the bullets. However, this effect has a limited duration, and eventually five thousand years catch up with the mummy with somewhat dusty results.

I wish to apologise to those of my readers who could grasp the obvious immediately, but there are, I assure you, many who require such detailed illustration. The direction of further research is, of course, obvious. I regret that I am unable to follow this myself. I am, however, at present involved in studies of the anthropology of the Upper Finnis River, the disposal of nuclear waste, and phrenology as applied to a rare species of Peruvian frogs. I hope, however, that someone will take advantage of the leads that this article gives, and I eagerly anticipate reading further papers on the subject.



ARTICLES THAT NEVER QUITE GOT WRITTEN FOR THIS ISSUE #1

I WAS MARY WHITEHOUSE'S SEX SLAVE; AND GOD IT WAS BORING!

by Roman Orszanski.

SLIP-UP

by Marc Ortlieb

The Federation starship Mellow Yellow slipped into hyperspace with characteristic ease. From the bridge, Commander Loganberry smiled. He was proud of his ship, the first to use the new banana skin drive. There was a peal on the intercom bell, and Loganberry lifted the receiver. It was his loquacious engineer who spoke in a voice totally devoid of Scots accent.

"Captain," he said. " We've located the source of our recent atmospheric diffusion difficulty. It appears that some of the crew have been removing portions of the endodermis of the ship, drying them and smoking them, thus contributing to the lack of integrity of the hull, and lifting them a stage or two higher than the rest of the ship."

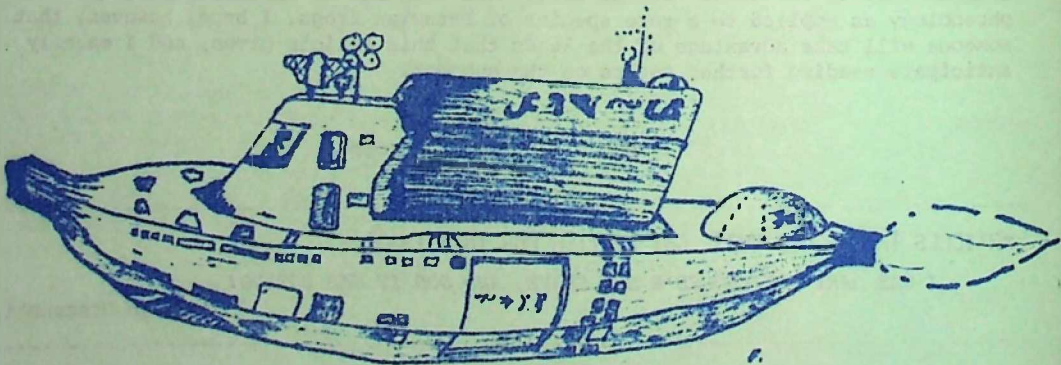
" Aha!" replied Loganberry, supressing a fruity chuckle, " and I thought the boys were fermenting discontent. I suppose that explains the poor attendance at my lessons on self defence. Pity ; I was just about to get on to grapes. Thank you Appleton, I'll follow that up."

Not even this latest breach of dicipline could detract from the glory of his command. The banana skin drive was one of those serendipidous discoveries that science makes every century or so. When the L5 colonists were looking for plants to stock their air regeneration systems, it was discovered that the banana plant gave the best air to weight ratio, along with providing a pleasant mess-free fruit. (Rancid citrus juices were the bane of many a life support system.) Freed from the tyranny of gravity, the bananas had gone on to achieve unimagined sizes.

From there it only took a chance discovery by a physicist who had Oded on old slapstick comedies to realise that faster than light travel was finally within man's grasp. Sadly the physicist did not live to see his ideas reach fruition. He frittered his money away in sleasy restaurants, and was found battered to death by a cheap tart.

Loganberry's thoughts were interrupted by Yeoman Rind. "Excuse me Captain, but our long range scanners have detected another ship in the vicinity."

"Thank you Yeoman. Put it on the screen."



There were three short pips, and the screen lit up. There before them was a banana of unbelievable dimensions.

"You have to hand it to them," muttered Loganberry. "That's some ship. I guess we're not the first after all."

"Well," remarked Yeoman Rind. "it's not that much of a surprise. Remember, one of the visionary poets of the seventies foresaw something of the sort. *That banana-shaped object is no banana/ It's just a bright yellow UFO.*"

"Patti Smith," grunted Loganberry. "She was nutty as a fruitcake, but it looks like she was right. I mean, even our ancestors had a soft spot for bananas."

There was a buzz from the intercom, and the engineer's voice burst through.

"Captain, our engines have frozen up. If that thing out there is hostile we'll be creamed!"

"Well," replied Loganberry. "We'd better hope for a cordial reception. Rind, try and raise them on the video."

"Have done Captain. I've got one on the screen right now. From the amount of fruit salad he's got spread over his shoulder I'd say he's head man."

"Does he sound friendly?"

"Sure does. He even speaks English, sort of."

"That's just peachy. Put him on."

The alien's complexion matched the Captain's metaphor, being peaches and cream, though the peaches were obviously badly in need of a shave. His hair was a bright orange, and his uniform put Loganberry in mind of a Chinese mandarin. His first words put Loganberry in a quandry.

"G'day cobber," he drawled. "You from God's own earth?"

"I'm not quite sure what you mean" replied Loganberry with as much dignity as he could muster. "I'm from England, Sol III."

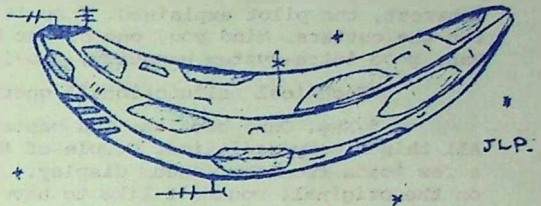
"A pom de terra eh?" intoned the alien. "Well, you are talking to Admiral Quondong of Her Majesty's Ship Banana Joh. Why don't you come over? I figure we've got a few things to talk about."

"Wait!" interjected Loganberry. "Would I be correct in assuming that you are natives of Queensland?" He ignored Rind's indrawn breath as the colonial replied.

"Well, we like to call it New North Australia, but I guess Queensland is close enough so to speak. We'll send out a pair of cutters to pick you up."

As the screen went blank, Rind peppered Loganberry with questions.

"Slow down Yeoman," he shouted. "You are, of course, right. Northern Queensland was thought to be destroyed when their government's attempt to destroy the cane toads once and for all went critical. However, later reconstructions of the event indicated that a slice of land containing half a dozen banana plantations was imparted with enough energy to attain escape velocity from the solar system. Said slice also included an American Communications base, and what they had there the CIA only knows, and they never told the Australian Government. It would appear that



the base held enough life support equipment to enable the Queenslanders to establish a decent ecosystem. We had better get ready for that cutter."

The cutters were of surprisingly conventional design. On noting their interest, the pilot explained. "Don't worry sports. We don't need the banana drive for the cutters. Mind you, one of our boys is working on giant peanuts which should have good intra-system capacity, providing we can get the bugs out of the system."

"Technical malfunctions?" queried Loganberry.

"Nup. Cane beetles. The bastards have adapted to eat just about anything. All this bloody radiation. Couple of the Siro boys have been talking about cloning a few toads from the museum display. Naturally have to make a few improvements on the original. Wouldn't like to haveta blow New North Orstralia off the map like we did the old sheila."

The cutter docked with the giant banana mother ship, and Rind and Loganberry were escorted to the Admiral's office.

"G'day" the Admiral drawled, gesturing them to seats. "Drink?"

He poured them each a glass of thin amber fluid. Loganberry took a cautious sip, and felt the liquid fire course through his veins, striking his brain cells with such devastating efficiency that he knew that none would be spared.

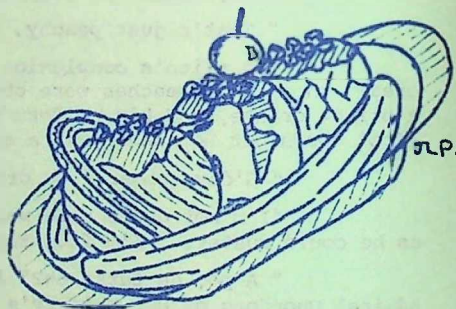
"Cheers!" cried the Admiral drowning out the Captain's sobbed intake of breath. "Fermented sheep dip. We call it Stroon. Guaranteed to take five years off your life." Rind took the opportunity to surreptitiously slip her drink down by her chair. "But we didn't come here to enjoy ourselves," the Admiral continued. "We were wondering how long you Earth jokers would take to discover the banana drive. We had a head start, what with being blown off the Earth. Fortunately there must have been enough banana mass on the chunk we got blown away on to put us into hyperspace, and we ended up in orbit around the planet which is now New North Australia. Since then we've been exploring the area, hoping to add to the Queen's domain."

"The Queen?" interjected Loganberry. "But my dear sir, Her Gracious Majesty, God rest her soul, passed on thirty years ago."

"I'm not talking about your Pommy Queen," Quondong replied. "We figured there weren't much point in keeping with the old system, what with not knowing what was happening on Earth, so we chose our own. I happen to be a direct descendant of Queen Leanne I. But that's by the by. In the course of our explorations we discovered that the banana drive isn't the only form of space travel. We've met races who use cherries when they pit themselves against the unknown, and others who swear that a prune will allow them to go for ever. However, there have been unpleasant rumblings in the ether, and they seem to emanate from the solar system, so we were sent to investigate."

"Well," sighed the Captain. "If you've explored most of the galaxy, I don't suppose there's much point in our continuing with our mission. May we accompany you back to Earth?"

As the Admiral was about to reply, an orderly rushed in with a message. The Admiral glanced at it, and went green. Shaking like a leaf, he looked up. "I'm afraid there might not be anywhere to return to," he sobbed. "Look!" There on his wall screen appeared what seemed to be an ice cream sundae, but Loganberry had never seen a dollop of ice cream with continents on it before.





Quondong regained his composure. "Quick," he cried. "Were there any other hyperspace drive experiments being conducted when you left?"

"Yes," replied Loganberry through pulped nerves. "I do believe there were. The Scandinavian countries felt that their national pride slighted by the fact that the faster than light drive was monopolised by a tropical fruit, and they had an extensive programme designed to develop an alternative using local produce."

"Scandinavian! Oh shit!" Quondong dived for the intercom. "Orange alert!" he shouted. "All engines in reverse! Run away!"

"What is it?" Rind asked.

"Look at the screen," Quondong stated, his voice quivering under the effort to keep sane. Rising from behind the sundae was a sight that rendered Loganberry a mindless vegetable in seconds. Rind tried to run, but it was as though her feet had grown roots, for there, hovering over the syrup coated ruins of the Earth was a Swede that dwarfed even the planet Saturn which had been incorporated in the banana split. And it had teeth.

"There's nothing we can do," sighed Quondong. "The fools. They never learn. All that starch is terribly bad for you. We'd better leave."

As if to second this, the entire structure of space shook to the sound of a huge tuber, and as the Banana Joh slipped into hyperspace, there was an Earth shattering raspberry.



SUDDENLY IT'S FILKSONG

To the tune of I WANT A GIRL

I want a zine
Just like the zine
That Terry Hughes puts out
It brings me smiles
It rolls me in the aisles
It makes me want to shout
A zine that's mimeoed
And fannish too
A zine that's right for me
And fine by ghu
I want a zine
Just like the zine
That Terry Hughes puts out.



ON THE NATURE OF FIRESTONE AND A POSSIBLE METHOD OF FORMATION

Darryl Aesche, from ideas by Dave Blackburn

The nature of firestone has been the subject of some discussion since it was mentioned in Anne McCaffrey's *DRAGONFLIGHT*, and this note is an attempt to gell the conclusions of these discussions. The conclusions expressed are the products of discussions by many people, and have not been subjected to testing, either by strict thermodynamic calculations or by experiment, and so, at present, remain open to further discussion.

Firestone is mentioned in the prelude to *DRAGONQUEST* as a *phosphine-bearing rock* that dragons chew to produce a *flaming gas*. This rock is mined from deposits on Pern, and these deposits appear to be natural, although the suggestion that the first settlers may have engineered their formation has been put forward. Natural or not, we have very little information on the exact nature of firestone, and until samples of the mineral can be obtained for testing, its exact composition and properties must remain open to speculation.

Phosphine (PH₃) is a colourless, faint smelling poisonous gas under normal conditions, and in its pure form is highly inflammable, but it will not burn spontaneously in air. The gas as produced by laboratory reactions is usually impure, and these impurities, in particular the unstable hydrides of phosphorous, cause the spontaneous ignition and the strong smell. The reaction of Calcium Phosphide (Ca₃P₂) with water is one of the methods used to produce the gas, and, at first, this substance was advanced as firestone, but further study ruled out pure, or nearly pure, calcium phosphide, and a mixed mineral containing only small amounts of phosphide was finally decided upon.

From the fact that phosphine and its combustion products are poisonous to most animals, we deduced that the gas produced must be diluted in some way to ensure the survival of both dragon and rider. The flame produced when phosphine burns in air is quite cool, and other compounds were suggested to ensure both a hot flame and dilution to a safe level. We suggest acetylene gas (C₂H₂) with 5-10% phosphine as the *flaming gas*, and, if this is so, it means that firestone must consist of calcium carbide (CaC) with a small percentage of calcium phosphide. The following method of firestone formation was advanced based on this hypothesis.

A short description of the reactions used by industry to produce calcium carbide and calcium phosphide may help to clarify the method. Calcium carbide, as used in carbide lamps, was produced by reacting lime (calcium oxide) with coke(carbon) at high temperature in a closed container to exclude air. Carbide so produced can be stored in dry conditions for long periods, and will produce acetylene when mixed with water, though large lumps must be broken up to prevent an inert coating being formed:

In a similar reaction, calcium phosphide may be formed by heating calcium phosphate with coke, but the phosphide thus produced is usually impure, and much of the phosphorous is lost. If silica is added to this reaction to react with calcium oxide to form silicates, then we have the normal industrial method of producing pure phosphorous.

If natural deposits of calcium phosphate (rock phosphate) in close association with either coal (similar to coal shales) or oil were to be subject to volcanic heating, then firestone could be produced by the above reactions. Firestone could be found in usable amounts if the heating had occurred in recent (geological) times, and if no water permeated the deposit after the heating. On a young volcanically active planet such as Pern, such conditions could well be found.

The firestone as formed would be a hard grey to black mineral which could be mined and stored for reasonable lengths of time in dry conditions, as in the hide sacks mentioned. The mineral, when chewed and swallowed, would react with the

digestive juices of the dragon to produce a gas which would ignite on contact with air to produce a hot, luminous flame and large volumes of grey, acidic and very foul smelling smoke. This smoke, containing amounts of phosphoric acid could itself destroy thread, and when it settled to earth, it would act as phosphate fertilizer.

Irrespective of the actual method of formation most people involved in these discussions have concluded that mining firestone would be very dangerous, and best left to the Miner Craffhall whose members would require bravery equal to that of a dragon rider.

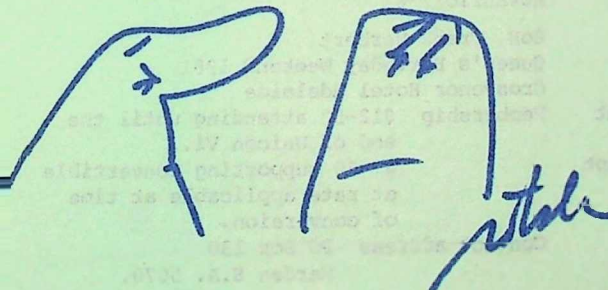


DUFF 1980

*the
aussies
are
COMING!*

*Well ONE,
ACTUALLY*

*ONE'S
ENOUGH*



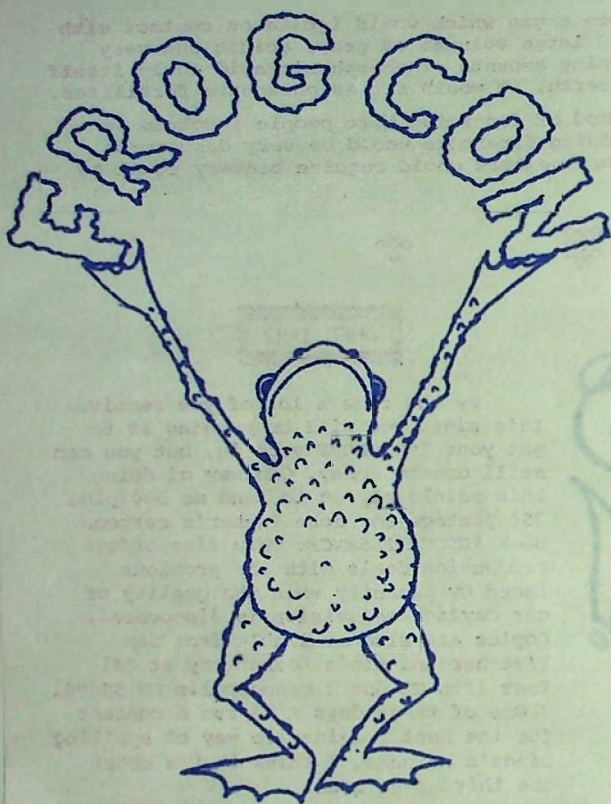
By the time a lot of you receive this zine, you will be pushing it to get your 1980 DUFF vote in, but you can still donate money. One way of doing this painlessly is to send me 50¢ plus 25¢ postage for John Packer's cartoon book *RECONNAISSANCE*. This fine offset production deals with the problems faced by humanity when the quality of our daytime television is discovered. Copies are also available from Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury at 341 East 19th St Apt 2 Minneapolis MN 55404. (One of these days I'll run a contest for the most imaginative way of spelling Linda's surname. I think that's about the third I've seen.)

Despite my offer, I've heard nothing from Keith or Bob, so Jack's spiel on hats will have to act as my sole plug introducing DUFF candidates to my readership. (Honest, the fact that I am one of Jack's nominators has nothing to do with this page monopolising. Bob sent me a nice Christmas card.)

In a LoC later in this zine Mike Glicksohn comments on the choice of DUFF candidates this year, and I must agree with his comments. It seems that we in Australia are running out of DUFF candidates who are well enough known overseas. There is no real solution to this problem, other than that of those people interested in an assisted passage to the States getting off their arses and publishing.

Oops. I revealed a preference there didn't I? I must admit that I see no way for anyone other than a publishing fan to gain the fame (notoriety?) necessary to get support from fen in the U.S., and if you're not really interested in the person you're voting for, there's not much point in voting is there?

CONVENTIONS
#####



A-CON 8 (FROGCON 2)

GoH Bruce Gillespie
May 17-19 1980
The Highway Inn Plympton S.A.
Membership:- \$15-00
Chairentity Mandy Herriot
Contact address Flat 2, 39 Hilltop Ave
Felixstowe, S.A. 5070.

SWANCON 5

GoH Anne McCaffrey
Fan GoH Shayne McCormack and Grant Stone.
August 15th to 18th 1980
Park Towers Hotel Perth W.A.
Membership \$15-00 attending
\$5-00 supporting convertible to
full membership at rate
applicable when bought.)
Contact address PO Box 225
Wembley W.A. 6014.

UNICON VI

GoH Joe W. Haldeman
Easter 1980
Victoria Hotel, Melbourne Vict.
Membership \$15-00 until 31/1/80
\$20-00 thereafter.
\$7-00 supporting.
Contact address Monash Uni Sf Assn
c/o Monash University Union
Wellington Rd
Clayton Vict 3168.

DENVENTION II

GoH C.L. Moore & Clifford D Simak
September 2-7 1981
Denver Hilton Denver U.S.A.
Membership \$25-00 attending (Until Sept
1980)
\$15-00 supporting (Until Sept
1980)
Contact address PO Box 11545
Denver CO 80211 USA.

It is important that as many
Australians as possible join Denvention II
as it is at this convention that the
voting for the 1983 WorldCon will be held.
You only need to be a supporting member
to vote. Join now!



ADVENTION '81

GoH Frank Herbert
Queen's Birthday Weekend 1981
Grosvenor Hotel Adelaide
Membership \$12-50 attending until the
end of Unicon Vi.
\$7-50 supporting convertible
at rate applicable at time
of conversion.
Contact address PO Box 130
Marden S.A. 5070.

MEDVENTION

February 8-10 1980
Hydro Majestic Hotel Medlow Bath NSW.
Membership \$10-00
Contact address PO Box 14
Blackheath NSW 2785.

BACK TO THE DRAWING BOARD

Sigh, it's editorial time again, and I can't think of anything to editorialsie about. It wouldn't be so hard, were it not for the fact that this issue looks like being on time. Thus I can't spend pages giving excuses for this thing being out late. I suppose I could try giving reasons for the zine being out on time, but they would be as boring as things are around here at the moment, which is the real reason for this zine being out on time.

One thing I must do is apologise to Blair Ramage. Honest Blair, I was going to print the review. I even got John to do me an illo. Then I lost the review. And while on the topic of contributions, I'm looking for material for Q36C. The sort of thing I like is fiction with a punnish slant, faan fiction (i.e. fiction about fans), spurious science, scientific exposes of science fiction stories, and fannish material. Deadline for the next issue is early May.

I should also say something about the proposed new postal increases, but if I did, I'd probably swear. What they do mean is that I intend to freeze my print-run at 250, and those people who never respond will be off the list.

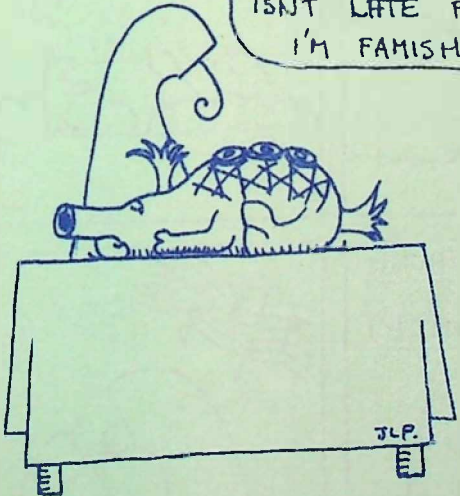


TRIFFID WARS

Artists seem to become irrationally protective of their creations. Thus, when Jane sent me the illo above, I knew that John would not let his Rotring rest idle. The next day I had the illo on the left, and within a week *THE DAY OF THE SCHNOZZ* was completed. I look forward to the next part of the battle.

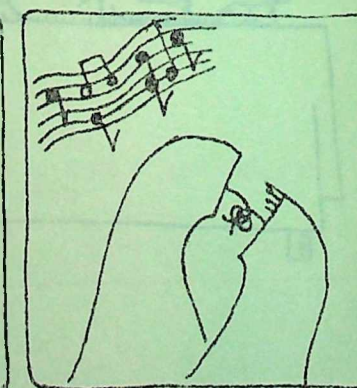
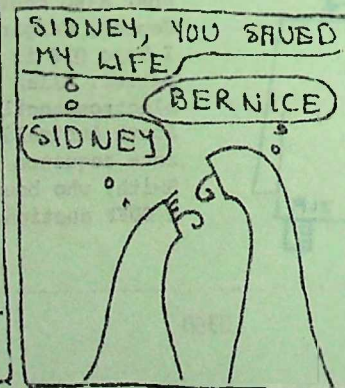
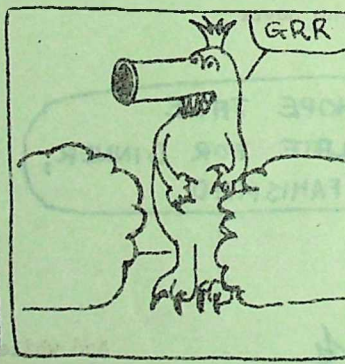
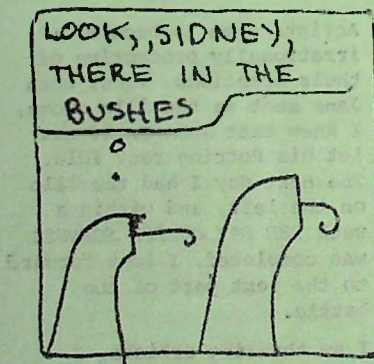
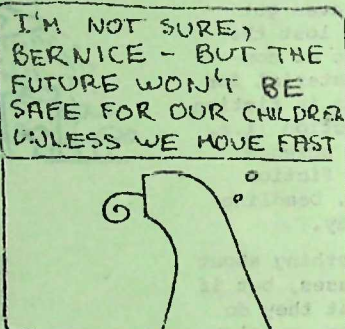
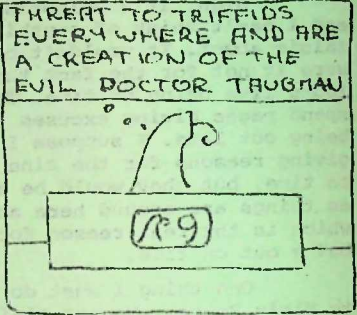
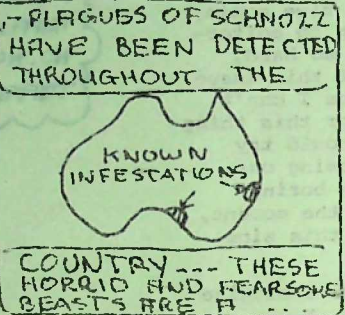
And while I am thanking artists, I must also mention Sheryl Birkhead, Chas Jensen, Margaret Sanders, and Ken Fletcher. I hope Q36 is starting to look a little better. Allan Bray's purchase of an electrostencil machine has been a boon to South Australian fandom. The chocolate cake sequence comes courtesy of Linda Smith, who bought it from Paul Stevens at a DUFF auction.

I DO HOPE JANE ISN'T LATE FOR DINNER, I'M FAMISHED.




THE DAY OF THE SCHNOZZ

©1974 JLP



LATER, IN A COTTAGE
IN THE COUNTRY.

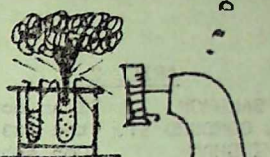
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING, DARLING



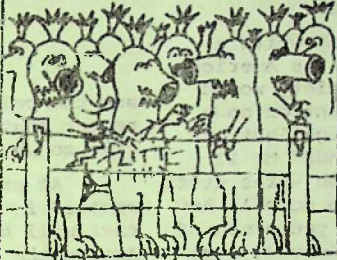

I'M TRYING TO FIND
SOMETHING TO FIND
SOMETHING TO KILL
SCHNOZZES




AND THIS COULD
BE IT.



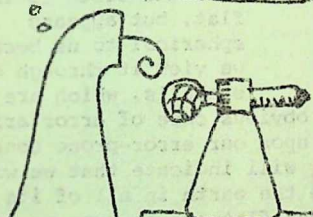
DARLING - THEY'VE
SURROUNDED THE
COTTAGE




DON'T WORRY -
THE ELECTRIC
FENCE WILL HOLD
THEM



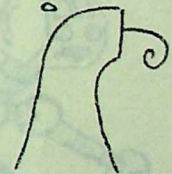
THE ATOMISER IS
FILLED - NOW
TO TRY IT OUT



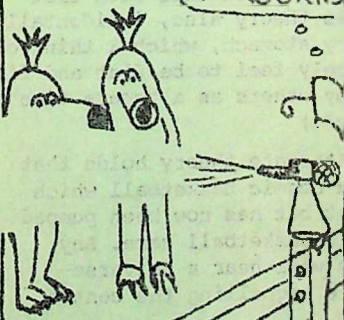
WHAT IS IT?



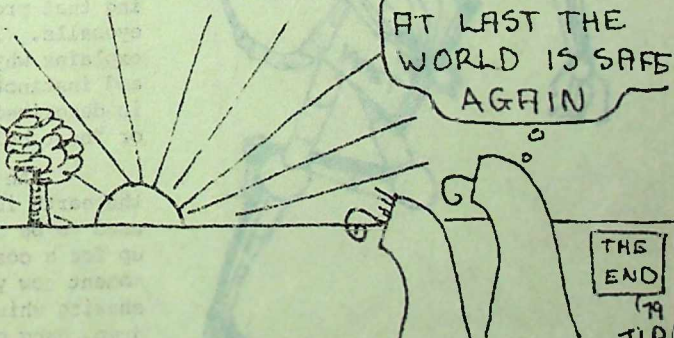
A MIXTURE OF
CORFLU AND
LIQUID PAPER



IT WORKS



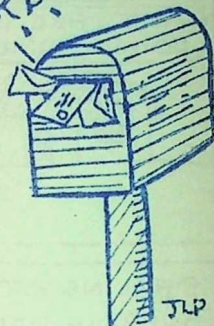
AT LAST THE
WORLD IS SAFE
AGAIN



THE
END
79
JLP

LETTERATURE

BURP



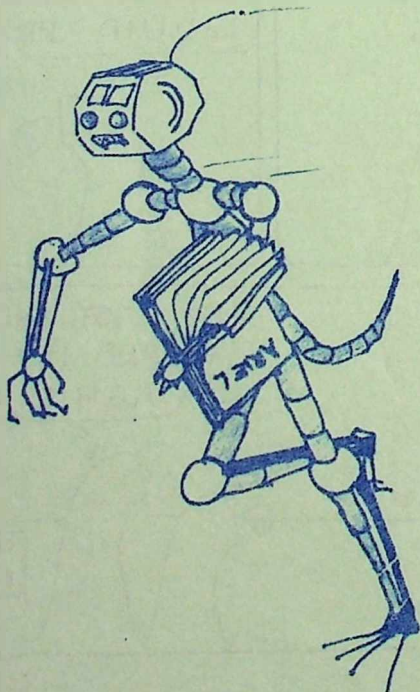
ARIEL 2

RON SALOMON I am confused. Where is
1914 CONCORD ST. the '83 Australian World
FRAMINGHAM Con scheduled to be held?
MASS 01701 I lean towards such a bid
USA already, since there does
not seem to be a good
Eastern U.S. bid in evidence, and I am
under the spell of Wombat Power.

Dave Blackburn do (sic) write a fascinating article. I'm sure the American chapters of the Flat Earth Society would be interested in it, not to mention some amateur skiffy writers. The highlight of the ish though was Leigh Edmonds' WW II remarks. Real meat and potatoes - the stuff they should have taught us in school. And just think- I bet the gallant young men of US fandom would volunteer in droves, were they only to be informed of current secret US military efforts in that field. No shortage in the ranks as a result. "Publish when ready, Gridley"; "Don't LoC until you

see the colophons of their zines."; I regret that I have but one stencil to give to my country."

At present the Australian bid is centred in Sydney. In all probability that will be the final venue selection. As for the military fanzines, can you imagine the impact the returning vets would have on the country. The Postal Services could certainly expect a shake up.



DENNY LIEN My personal theory is
2528 15th Ave S., that the earth is indeed
MINNEAPOLIS flat, but appears
MN 55404 spherical to us because
USA we view it through our
eyeballs, which are
spherical. An obvious case of error arising from reliance upon our error-prone senses. Pure reasoning will indicate that we will be able to see the earth in all of its right and proper flatness so soon as we can discover a method of genetic engineering that produces scientists with flat eyeballs. (This theory also, incidentally, explains why my stomach, which I think of and instinctively feel to be flat and firm, is described by others as a "spare tire" or "beer belly".)

An alternate theory holds that the earth is a cosmic basketball which used to be flat but has now been pumped up for a cosmic basketball game. Any moment now you will hear a universe-shaking whistle signalling the centre jump. Hang on!

Leigh's article on the fate of the only copy of the only issue of Adolf

Hitler's only fanzine explains something that has been puzzling me ever since August of 1975: just why it was that Bruce Pelz spent so much of his valuable vacation time trying to dig a tunnel to the rare book room of the War Museum in Canberra.

Favourite female character in sf? Like several other of your respondents, I don't think much in terms of favourites, but--the first one to come to mind was Joanna Russ' Alyx, and after a quick scan of my library I'll probably let that stand. Honorable mention to Greta Forzane of Fritz Leiber's Change War stories. If you'll accept fantasy under the sf heading I'd lean to Evadne from Pratt's *WELL OF THE UNICORN*.

Re DUFF folk: that's Lounsbury, not Lounsberry (and not Loundsbury, as *LOCUS* had it.)

I once bought an hour of Mike Glicksohn. A true completist will bid on anything, no matter how useless nor in how waterdamaged a condition. Well--maybe it wasn't water....

MINNEAPOLIS IN '73

HARRY WARNER JR
423 SUMMIT AVE
HAGERSTOWN
MARYLAND 21740
USA.

I like the cover very much. The woman looks as if she might have been drawn from life: that is, her face seems distinctive, not the all-purpose feminine face that appears in so many fanzine drawings. I'm uncertain about the symbolism of the flora which flourishes so well in her hands and droops so pitifully over her head, but maybe that's the fantasy element which is needed for a fanzine cover.

David T. Blackburn's article explains many things, particularly if we accept his theory with one modification, assuming that the earth is flat, but has acquired that flatness just recently. Life has seemed increasingly flat to me in recent years, and I'd been at a loss to understand the change until I modified David's contentions. Then there's the matter of how much more slowly fanzines have travelled to their destinations in recent years. Obviously more energy is needed to push them along on a flat world compared with the old ability to roll on a curved surface of the globe that was

downhill in all directions.

Once again, Leigh Edmonds is vastly amusing. Or maybe I should not laugh at his statements. Suddenly I remember how I lost my ability to run my mimeograph efficiently around 1960. This was when all sorts of suspicious other things were happening in the United States, like serious disruption of behaviour on college campuses and the full flowering of comics fandom. Could it be that saboteurs were on the prowl, and my innocent old mimeograph was mistaken for a secret weapon newly developed by the CIA in an unassuming camouflage?

The opinions on favorite female characters in science fiction were more interesting than I'd expected them to be. I had feared an outburst of praise for the more repulsively feminist characters in science fiction, since some female fans nowadays seem to judge the merits of a story on how well it fits their enthusiasm for women's lib.





I wonder if the fondness for medieval-type societies for fantasy fiction backgrounds could have something to do with the need for strong characters in places of importance. Government today is heading increasingly toward the type of super-bureaucracy in which nobody really is in a position to exercise a forceful personality. Nobody seems to have the authority to do anything nowadays because everything is governed by the findings of faceless committees and the precedents in huge law books. The medieval structure may have been hard on the common man, and dangerous for the people in authority, but at least it gave the strong individual a chance to accomplish things, for good or bad.

An interesting point. I've long been of the opinion that people can't relate to a group above a certain size. Thus, whilst it is perfectly possible to think of oneself as an Australian, it is far easier to think of oneself as a South Australian, easier still to think of oneself as an Adelaidian, and yet easier to think of oneself as a member of publishing fandom. The attraction of a medieval society is that it does work on a smaller scale, with fierce loyalties. Perhaps that is one of the main attractions of Tolkien's Shire.

Q36

Adrienne Losin
15 Lockhart Rd
North Ringwood
Vict 3134

Now, your little drawing on the contents page, depicting the medieval torture of some innocent denizen of the Cadiz

swamps... Is this what one expects from the avowed leader in amphibian liberation?

And what of that watershed in amphibian literature *WAR WITH THE NEWTS*? This novel shows the lengths that men will go in order to exploit these creatures.

Thank you Adrienne, but my drawing skills aren't quite up to that standard. The *PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS* logo was executed by John Packer. As for its ideological soundness, it fulfills much the same role as the crucifix does for the Christian Church. In being there, it reminds us of the triumph of frogdom over adversary. Adrienne continues to make nice comments about John's *TRIFFID* cartoons, and to suggest an article on pythons in space travel. It's up for grabs folks.

Marion Zimmer Bradley makes a very important point in her LoC. We are parochial in our views. Our experience is so personal that it is hard not to interpret things to suit ourselves. Today's youth is expecting stronger more independent female characters. Such stories are being written too. For example, Snake in Vonda McIntyre's *DREAMSNAKE*. I sympathise with Ms Bradley. Our society is nowhere near advanced enough to accept people as people. You are seen first as a member of a particular sex, who must then conform to a certain code of behaviour, dress, expectation etc. It's sickening! So far I have found that sf fans are less prejudiced and bigoted than non sf fans in all aspects. However the least prejudiced and least biased groups would be, in my experience, the *STAR TREK* fans. In any case we all have a duty to ourselves and society to examine our beliefs and try to work out how we came to hold them, then to evaluate them if we can.

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON
Box 5688 University Station
Seattle WA 98105
USA.

Marion's request that feminist expectations not be super-

imposed on Anee McCaffrey's or her work is a little odd. The "write your own book if you don't like mine" syndrome of many authors is purely defensive. The thing is, it can be the reply to any critic, and it really does not have anything to do with feminism. For my own opinion, I think McCaffrey's characterisation of Menoly is simply wonderful; Lessa, however was an outrageous bore. I wouldn't criticize McCaffrey on feminist grounds, but on the lack of growth and artistic credibility. Her "trilogy" is now, how many, six books? And contracts for more! What started as a fairly original idea has grown to ridiculous proportions. By *WHITE DRAGON*, every boy and his dog, and a few women to boot, have dragons; they're as common as flies in a shithouse, and I think the series has become simply parodic. Publishers have approached Vonda McIntyre to write a sequel to *DREAMSNAKE*, but thus far her artistic honor outweighs the lure of "money" to write the same thing over and over. Marion has done the same with *Darkover*, and, to a degree, Andre Norton has done it with the *Witch World*, though she conscientiously tries to limit the amount of time spent on "variations of the same theme." I think a lot of "successful" writers have simply failed to grow as artists. Perhaps there are authors who genuinely aspire to nothing more than soap opera sagas with no end; but most of 'em seem convinced they are artists. They won't admit they threw that potential away long ago. That's why I've stopped reading about Pern or *Darkover*; and that's why I've made no effort to read

every blamed Tarzan book or repetitious westerns! I don't ascribe to the idea that a good thing needs to be done again and again and again to the complete exclusion of evolution or originality. Perhaps these are the words of what Marion considers a "bitchy little aristocrat", but on my income I don't feel to aristocratic. It could be, instead the words of someone who finds it difficult to settle for less in terms of viable and artistic visions. And I thought science fiction was supposed to be visionary, not rooted in the 1950's concept of fascinating womanhood.

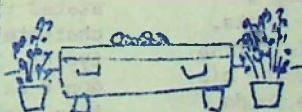
It could also be that I'm looking for adventure, not romance. Why is it that so many stories about men are filled with adventure, but the same theme from the point of view of a female protagonist turns into a mish-mash of emotional turmoil over a male lover?? I question the viability of such a vision; I question that these insipid romances are really the major "personal experience" of someone like McCaffrey or Bradley. I think instead that they are constructing personal "ideals" of experiences that never happened, and I think it super-valid to question the value or viability of such limiting and limited "ideals", whether the questions are framed in feminist dialogues or any other.

Lastly, Marion's dismissal of a hundred years of radical feminism is quite shocking to me. She would take full personal credit for whatever gains women may have made in this world (to quote, "Modern feminists (are) secure in the places which we won for them") There are some genuine superheros of previous generations; I make a habit of reading about their lives. I don't think there

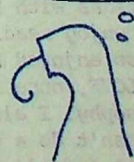
GEORGIE PURGIE,
PUDDING AND PIE
KISSED THE GIRLS
AND MADE THEM CRY



NOW POOR GEORGIES
RATHER RIGID



'COS HE TRIED
TO KISS A
TRIFFID



(P)

are very many feminists who have been "bitchy little aristocrats" to the fighters and philosophers who made whatever gains have been made in years past. And I don't think the real fighters in our history would condemn modern feminist activists as bitches and aristocrats "secure in their places". Secure with what anyway? Rising percentages of rape? The larger gulf between what men earn and women earn from twenty years ago? The smaller percentage of women authors than existed at the turn of the Century? Women have lost as much ground as we've gained. And in the United States, the idea of equal rights for women under the constitution is still considered a debatable issue, and the woman who drafted the original Equal Rights Amendment in the 1920s died in a nursing home two years ago, weeping because she had promised women that equality would be ours before she died and she was wrong.

I have the horrible feeling that earlier parts of this letter raise the old "commercial art as an abomination" argument, and while I'm not that keen on buying into that, I think Darryl's articles, both in this issue and in previous issues explain why Anne has written so many Pern novels. Pern is a fascinating place. Now certainly bowing to audience pressure may not be a good thing, but I do not think Pern fits this category. *THE WHITE DRAGON* does tie up a lot of problems that were posed in *DRAGONFLIGHT* and *DRAGONQUEST*. Thus as an artistic whole, the trilogy is justified. Certainly there are now six books in the Pern series, but they are composed of two trilogies. (Mind you, if I had my druthers, *DRAGONDRUMS* would have been replaced by a novel dealing with Menolly. It would also have been released before *THE WHITE DRAGON*. I have a feeling that McCaffrey didn't know quite what to do with Menolly. She has slipped very much into the background in *DRAGONDRUMS* and the *WHITE DRAGON*.) Despite any dissatisfactions with McCaffrey's heroines, I enjoy reading the books. Still, I also enjoyed Heinlein's *TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE*, once I'd ignored his basic philosophy. I also hope Vonda McIntyre doesn't do a sequel to *DREAM-SNAKE*. I have a feeling that such a sequel would destroy the impact of that book.



PERRY MIDDLEMISS
PO Box 98
Rundle St
Adelaide 5000
S. Aust.

Ms Bradley appears to take some of your criticisms personally which is a shame, but there's nothing you can do about it I

suppose. I can see nothing wrong in McCaffrey and Bradley writing about women from their own experiences, but the thing that gripes me is that that is all they do. It's quite reasonable to write about weak or non-convincing women characters some of the time - people like that really do exist - but to do it all of the time pushes credibility a little too far. I tend to partially judge a writer's worth by the range of characters that she or he portrays, and from that point of view, both Bradley and McCaffrey are sorely limited.

Which leads me, in a strangely convoluted way, to Peter Toluzzi's letter. I try in my own way to be as non-sexist as possible in my dealings with people, and I think I succeeded to some small extent. I don't believe that I will ever be completely non-sexist, and I don't believe that anyone else can be either. So I was a little taken aback when Peter stated that none of Varley's female characters suffer from sex-role stereotyping. If that is truly the case (and I don't believe for a minute that it is) then Varley's range of characters is limited in a similar manner to Bradley's and McCaffrey's. There are sexist men and women in the world, and there always will



be, and for Varley to totally dismiss those people from his fiction, as Peter implies that he does, must surely reduce the different character types he can utilise.

Perry, how would you like to write me an article for Q36C proving your contention that there always will be sexist men and women in the world?

LEANNE FRAHM
272 Slade Point Rd.,
Slade Point
Qld 4741

A loud "huzza" for the article "Great Horny Toads". HUZZA! Any article that promotes understanding

and tolerance between us and them has both my approval and Al Grassby's. You have to live among frogs to really appreciate their gentle, quixotic natures. Of course, cane toads, (on which I seem to be regarded, for some unspecified reasons, as an authority), are in a different category as far as amphiphilia goes, being ecological misfits, and therefore fair game for the well-aimed shovel blade.

I would quibble only with one piece of logic: "It may be that our dislike for frogs and toads contains an element of racial memory. Desmond Morris claims that there is a possibility that humans are descended from aquatic apes. An aquatic ape would be very frog-like." Leaving aside the fact that it wouldn't, it would be very ape-like, why on earth would racial memory make us dislike ourselves? If racial memory of our aquatic existence were factual, humans would in fact have a greater rapport and sympathy with the much-maligned amphibia.

I was surprised that Harry Warner found the cover of Ariel 1 a bit frightening. Still, where would we be if we all had identical ids simmering away there. (Maybe Harry is descended from an avian ape.)

A word of explanation. Al Grassby is the moving force in several anti-discrimination movements here. Other than that, I'm sure I could construct a huge argument for the racial fear of frogs, seeing as how we are descended from the aquatic apes who left the water. Naturally we would fear any creatures who had the good sense to stay in a nice comfortable environment, even if we did wipe them out. And there is no stronger spur to fear than guilt.

Leanne also comments that my title sounds like a weed-killer. Sigh. Still, I'm not changing it again. Not for at least another two issues.

SALLY UNDERWOOD
149 Melville Parade
Como W.A. 6152.

Have the Shakespeare plays been performed? I'd like to see Lady Macfan's part! For

instance:-

..... Why, worthy fan,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things: Go, get some water
And wash this filthy corflu from your hand-
Why did you bring these stencils from the
place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy editor with corflu.

The archetypal sf (well, nearly) author who treats frogs inhumanely is H.P. Lovecraft. Nearly all his monsters are "repulsively" or "horribly" batrachian. Have you seen an illustration on the cover of (I think) WIMMIN'S COMICS in which there is a mediaeval lady and a frog? The frog is making the usual suggestion, but the lady's reply is, "I can't see ruining a perfectly good frog."

The artwork was good. I love John Packer's triffids anyway, and the stuff by Ken Fletcher was also interesting. A good picture of you too.

Yes, I knew about the Lovecraft monsters, but when I came to look for some, I couldn't find any. There was only something that looked like Bugs Bunny, on page 23. Fnord.

JOHN FOYSTER You know me; I'm a soft-
 GPO Box 4039 hearted fellow, generous to
 MELBOURNE a fault and kindly towards
 VICT 3001. even the lowest school
 teacher. I'm not one to
 criticize others either, as my fanzines
 continually reveal through their sweetness
 and light haze. However, there's a remark
 in Q36A which might just mislead other
 people (not you or me, cobber) and I want
 to draw it to your attention. On page 18,
 in the first paragraph on the page you write

"Melbourne's bid was far more pedestrian,
 and Adelaide won by a large majority.
 When then they revealed that one of
 their guests of honour was John Foyster,
 or, to be strictly accurate, that three
 of their guests of honour was John Foyster
 in his capacities as author, critic and
 fan, Foyster's lack of enthusiasm in
 presenting the Melbourne bid became easier
 to understand." (emphasis added)

Now it is just possible that some
 people reading that might think that I
 ran dead in making the presentation for
 Melbourne - you and I know it isn't so,
 but others might not be so informed.

The Melbourne folks who put time and
 money into planning the bid - publicity,
 hotel, program, guests of honour, and so
 on - might possibly be unhappy with me if
 they thought I ran lame. The proposed
 guests of honour mightn't think too highly
 of me either.

My "lack of enthusiasm" is easiest of all
 to understand, as you were in a position
 to do, if you realise that I had a violent
 attack of flu that weekend which meant no
 sleep on the Friday night, and very little
 on the Saturday night; 'lack of enthusiasm'
 no; 'exhaustion' yes. But if I was so ill

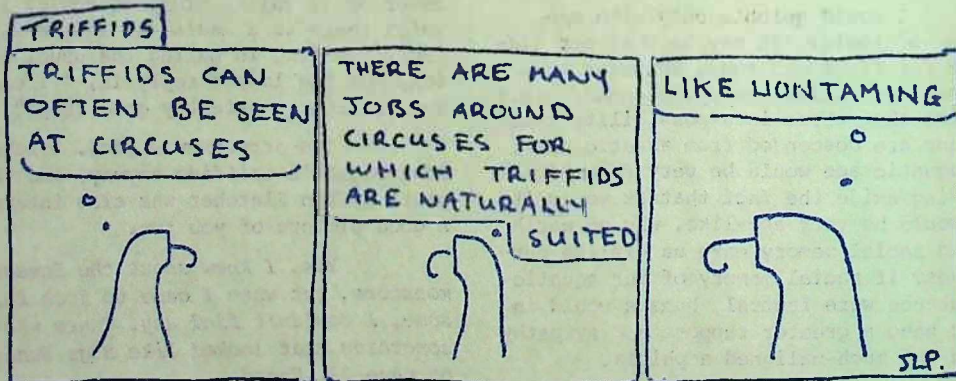
and was going off to the Worldcon the
 following weekend, why did I lay out
 money for an air ticket and hotel
 accomodation to attend SYNCON when I
 could have saved money and improved my
 health by staying in Melbourne? Let me
 tell you sir. I attended SYNCON solely
 to present the bid for which I am
 accused by you of having a 'lack of
 enthusiasm'. I'm flattered by the idea of
 what I might do for an idea about which
 I am enthusiastic, but back in the real
 world.....

Let me assure you that I would
 far rather have been involved in running
 EUREKACON than in being even three guests
 of honour at the Adelaide con.

*John is, of course, right, and
 had I one cunce of decency in my body,
 I'd make an abject apology. However,
 since there's no point in apologising for
 malicious stirring, I'll direct people's
 attention to a reply John made to a
 letter from Peter Toluzzi in CHUNDER
 September 1979.*

RICHARD FAULDER OK, so everyone picks
 P.O. BOX 195 on frogs (you didn't
 COONAMBLE really say whether the
 NSW 2829. other amphibians -
 newts and caecilians -
 are picked on), but given the contempt
 in which the newly revolting middle
 class hold the less successful, this is
 hardly surprising. After all, they were
 never very successful as a group. On
 the other hand, the bias against arthro-
 pods is far less forgiveable.

Certainly wombats and vegemite are
 a winning combination, although I tend to
 regard the latter as a doomsday weapon.



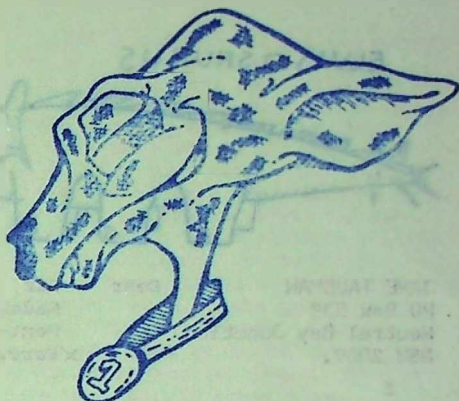
Marion Zimmer Bradley's comments raised some interesting reactions in me. No matter how traumatic her actions were for her, it was possible for her to force her way into what she regarded as masculine provinces. However, in what some people might regard as an ideal world, with most people being terribly self-assertive and getting what THEY want, non-aggressive people, like myself, of both sexes, are going to be left on the social scrap-heap. Why, oh why, do feminists buy the line that men in Western culture have the best of all possible worlds?

Joan Dick's concern about the conflict between modern science and von Danikenism is one which is felt by a lot of people. I suspect that many people prefer the latter because the former portrays an impersonal, uncaring universe, in spite of the claim that the strongest believers in the Almighty are the physicists.

I believe that my article on frogs did touch on newts, but I must admit to being unable to find an sf story featuring caecilians. Yet more evidence of media censorship.

JEAN WEBER I was particularly interested in the letters on THE INCOMPLETE HEROINE, and the various "favourite female characters" we sent in.

Marion Zimmer Bradley seems to be awfully touchy, although she's quite right in what she said. I didn't think a statement that feminism in McCaffrey's stories was insufficient, was a criticism of the stories so much as an observation and analysis. Obviously lots of women have been criticising Anne, and probably Marion as well, or she wouldn't have reacted so strongly. However, the whole exercise



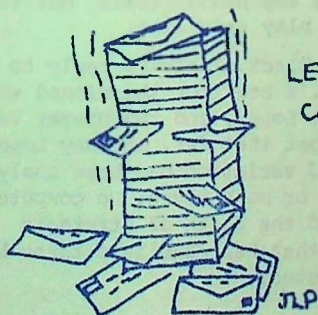
seems to have got some other people at least thinking about female characters and how they act and react - and that's a good thing. Of course, a feminist, like myself, is disappointed when a female character, who shows strength and initiative, doesn't carry through. I've written a rather lengthy rave on the subject of "new" stereotypes vs "warts-n-all" characters for GIANT WOMBOS, as a reply to something Leanne Frahm said recently, in Applesauce, I think.

SHERYL BIRKHEAD I didn't realise that there were that many heroines in sf - try reading the new Marion Zimmer Bradley book about ISIS - I'm

not sure of the evenness of it, but if you want to see what "might" happen when the shoe is on the other foot (females rule -- life companions are female-- sex happens only for procreation at ceremonies three times a year (I think I have that right)) -- it shows what happens when a married couple arrives and the wife is automatically assumed to be the dominant factor-- interesting personality shifts.

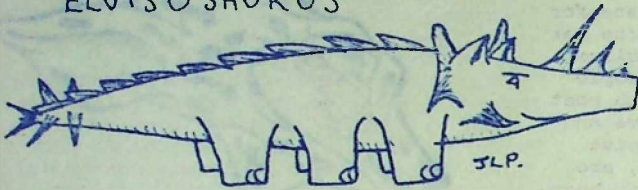
Good luck with the '83 bid.

Sheryl also mentions the joys of bookbuying for courses. Since she's doing entymology, I'll have to start a bug column so that she can compare notes with Richard Faulder. Now, which of you would like to start the ball rolling with an article debunking monster insects?



LETTER
COLUMN

ELVISOSAURUS



JANE TAUBMAN
PO Box 538
Neutral Bay Junction
NSW 2089.

Dear Sir
Madam
Next-of-kin
X Marc.....

I
We
X My husband and I would like to
Da boyz congratulations
send this letter of X comment
condolences
commiseration

in regard of the recent X publication
birth
death
marriage

of your latest child
law-suit It was very
X zine
wife

sad
funny I/we have sent
expensive
X fannish.....

X artwork
flowers
the undertaker and remain yours
da boyz

sincerely
faithfully
truly
X until my husband
finds out.

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK
6933 N. Rosemead Blvd
#31
San Gabriel
Ca 91775
USA.

I especially
noticed the comment
on page 7 about the
memory of Chess
Computers. As a
matter of fact,
that comment is

wrong, and I should know since I have one

myself. I don't know what you have down under, but here in the States we have three Chess Computers for sale under \$100 that can play a credible game: SARGON 2.5, BORIS DIPLOMAT, and CHESS CHALLENGER 7. I have this last set, and find it quite enjoyable. I win against all three computers, but I have to work for that win. They are not pushovers, and that is because they have a lot more than 100 bits of memory.

As a matter of fact, should you find yourself playing against one of these machines, here is some advice. The computer cannot be swindled at all easily. Its number one weakness is lack of strategic planning. The key to winning against the computer is to play absolutely sound openings with clear cut strategic goals.

As white, I always open P-K4. Should black reply P-K4, I head for the Exchange Variation of the Ruy Lopez. This gives white a better prospect for the endgame, and a better pawn structure. It gives black a better middle game and two bishops.

If black responds P-K3 to my P-K4 (French Defense) I play the Tarrasch Variation. This gives white a lasting initiative against the resulting black isolated pawn. (If black plays the Rubenstein Variation, white should be able to cramp him by dominating the centre.

The Sicilian defense (P-QB4 in reply to P-K4) is a problem. I myself go for quiet lines, avoiding such attacks as the Keres variation. Still, the Sicilian remains the number one problem for a player of the white pieces.

The Caro-Kan defense (P-QB3) is best handled by the Panov Attack, but few Chess Computers play this line.

As black, I always reply to P-K4 with P-K4. I head for the closed variation of the Ruy Lopez, and the Breyer Variation if I can get that far. The Ruy Lopez in the closed variation has been analysed out to twenty or more moves. No computer can understand the depth of strategic thinking that has gone into three hundred years of study.

Should the computer open P-Q4, N-KB3, or something else other than P-K4, I play N-KB3, and try to set up the King's Indian Defense. True, the Saemisch Variation may be a refutation of the King's Indian, but I have never seen a computer play that move P-KB3. It is at first sight a nothing move, and the strategic idea behind it, anchoring the centre, seems to be beyond the ability of a computer to deduce.

Once in action, the key may be summed up as follows:-

Avoid wild tactical games. A good computer can see through most of the lines. Go for the endgame where concepts are more strategic. At all times keep your position sound, especially the pawn structure.

The real weakness of the computer is that it feels obliged to do something, even if the situation is basically a waiting one. You can wait, but the computer does not seem able to. Let it try to attack your sound position by weakening its own.

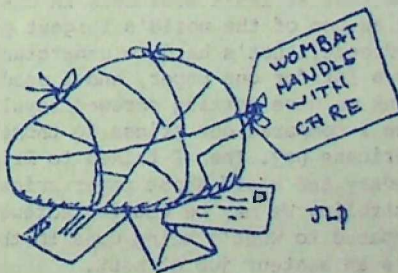
I think we have just witnessed the birth of a new gambit, which I will take the liberty of naming Andruschak's gambit. It consists of finding that you don't really want to LoC any of the issues raised in a particular fanzine, so you pick up a peripheral comment in that zine and expand it into a LoC on a topic you feel like talking about. I've played chess against a computer once, and this was a faulty programme on John Packer's TRS 80. I won, and so am quitting while I'm ahead. However, what I really want to know is how a computer would react to von Goom's gambit.

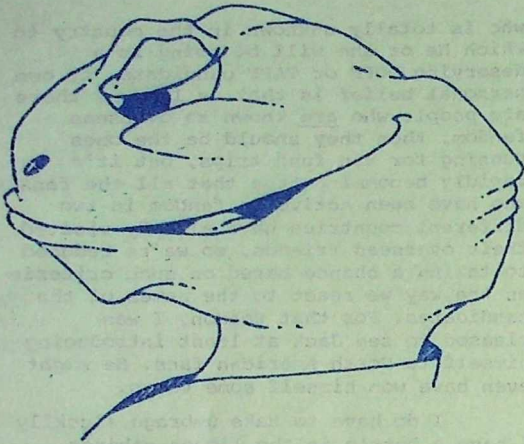
MIKE GLICKSOHN I have to admit that
141 High Park Ave I'd never heard of
Toronto Ont M6P 2S3 Jack Herman before, so
Canada when his name appeared
on the DUFF list my
reaction was primarily
"Who?" This article at least serves as an
introduction, and is therefore very useful.
And as someone who has become famous for
wearing strange hats at conventions, I
have to empathise with Jack. The main
question, though, as I see it (and as I've
expressed in CHUNDER and many other
similar forums) is whether or not someone

who is totally unknown in the country to which he or she will be going is a deserving DUFF or TAFF candidate. My own personal belief is that as long as there are people who are known to overseas fandom, then they should be the ones running for fan fund trips, but it's rapidly becoming true that all the fans who have been active in fandom in two different countries have already visited their overseas friends, so we're reduced to taking a chance based on such criteria as the way we react to the names of the candidates. For that reason, I was pleased to see Jack at least introducing himself to North American fans. He might even have won himself some votes.

I do have to take umbrage (luckily I have a bottle in the liquor cabinet) with your offhand reference to the "Glicksohn School of Fannish Thought". I'm delighted that you're familiar with my academy, of course, but I wish you'd get our philosophy right. We (that's royal you understand) have never been numbered among those crass pseudo-fans who brag about never reading science fiction. Rather, we are proud to admit that we still read the science fiction written by our friends, and we also belong to the school of 'read-one-sf-book-a-year-and-write-about-it-so-people-still-think-you're-a-real-fan' participants in fandom. Publicity is always appreciated, but please try and get it right: it's fanzines that I never read or admit to knowing anything about.

I've never had any trouble with my fanzine titles. I tend to pick simple ordinary, run-of-the-mill single word titles and yet none has ever turned out to be in use elsewhere so I've never had to cancel a title for such an unfortunate





reason. I really can't understand it, though. One would think FLOCCIPAUCINIHI-LIPLIFICATION would spring to just about everyone's mind as an obvious title for a fanzine.

Unless cultural backgrounds are entirely different, I'd have to disagree with your definition of "dolly mixtures". As an expatriate Englishman who first listened to THE GOON SHOW some quarter century ago, I have to go with dolly mixtures as being that candy which consisted of licorice shaped like little human figures. (Also called "dolly babies") The most fun was biting the heads off first, of course. Odd that in Australia they'd try to keep this fact of life from you. Perhaps they thought it would be too brutal for a group of people used to seeing John Alderson running around with ewes under his arm...

I don't know if Twiltone is an American invention either, but I do know that it isn't available in Canada and as one of the world's largest paper producers, that's hard to understand. We pay a lot for our paper, and I used to think we were getting screwed royally when I compared our prices to those that Americans pay. Then I talked to Eric Lindsay and heard about paper prices in Australia. We may be getting screwed, but compared to what's being done to the Aussies it's an amateur job at best.

Naturally I'm rather ashamed of mis-stating the old school philosophy. I can see I'm due for a refresher course. Re your comments about DUFF, I see the problem as one that is going to get worse. It's bloody expensive to maintain any sort of fanac in an overseas country. Were it not for the fact that I'm a rich teacher whose cents out-balance his sense, there's no way I'd maintain my present FAPA activity, and producing a genzine for US consumption would be out of the question. The same applies to US fen trying to run through Aussie apas.

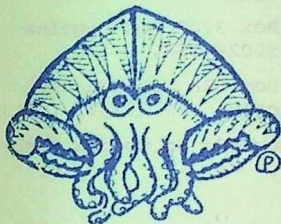
The other thing is that fanzines seem to be in a state of decline at the moment, both here and in the States. It's more noticable here, though, as there were never that many to start off with.

As for the dolly mixture question:- I also am an English expatriate, and though I cannot lay claim to having listened to the Goons for a quarter of a century, I am coming up for my twentieth anniversary. My father has had a copy of the Ying Tong Song for as long as I can remember, originally on a 78. Thus I feel my bona fides are just as solid as yours. (If you don't believe me, ask Linda.) Anyway, the sweets to which you refer are quite clearly the jelly babies so dearly beloved of Tom Baker, and subject to innumerable jokes about little girls who go in to the shop and ask for a quarter of male jelly babies so that they get more jelly. Besides, to put the debate on more recent grounds where the alcohol damaged brain cells can function more effectively, Jane Taubman once sent me a box of English Dolly Mixtures, Barrots I think they were, as a bribe before she realised that her artwork was more than enough incentive for me to send her fanzines. Thus, in conclusion, all I can say is Yah Boo Sucks. You're wrong!

IRWIN HIRSH
279 Domain Rd
South Yarra
Vict 3141

The other fault I found with this issue is one which I find with all your fanzines, and that is that they are not really your fanzines. Now, I know that you do the typing, the mimeo work, you pay for it etc., but what I mean is that you do not solicit particular articles from particular people, and instead you

have an "I'll publish anything by anyone" type attitude. What this means is that for you to put out a fanzine you have to hope that people get over their inferiority complex, and stop worrying about whether or not you will like what they wrote enough to not reject it. Or you have to write the whole thing yourself. Now, I know that you don't like the idea of writing everything in your fanzines, which means that what you are left with is publishing what your readers want to see, and not what you want to see in the fanzines you put out.



I realise that I could be wrong about this, but I don't think I am; the best thing that you have published has been Leigh Edmonds' Q-Con report, which was sent to you by Paul Stevens when he decided not to publish it. John Alderson's articles all appear to have been sent to you unsolicited, and Jack Herman's article appears because you said you would give space to any candidate who wished to further their cause. It is, of course, possible that you asked for the dragon and flat earth articles, but that is but a minority.

I know that with SIKANDER most of the contents are articles which I solicited, and that way not only will it be my fanzine, but my personality will be stamped on those articles because I asked for them. And I strongly suspect that I will enjoy the whole process of putting out fanzines a hell of a lot that way which means that I am more likely to publish for a lot longer time.

It would appear that we have differing philosophies on fanzine production. (Translation:-Bullshit) I really don't see that badgering people for articles guarantees that a

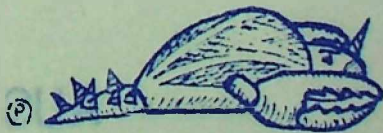
fanzine will be full of the badgerer's personality. Q36 garners material by several means. Probably the one I get the most enjoyment out of is when some ridiculous idea has been tossed around for ages, and someone finally says "Hey, Marc, if I wrote that up do you think you could use it?" Dave's, Darryl's and Manuel's articles often start out that way. Sometimes I guess I could be accused of soliciting articles. That's when I say "Hey, how would you like to write that up?"

Now, that technique isn't easy to use over long distances. The closest I get to it is a sort of organic growth. I run a snippet on German Armoured Mimesos, and Leigh gets an idea from that and so writes me an article. At least one of John Alderson's columns started that way.

Finally there is the "sit around and wait for people to send me articles" technique, but this does not mean that I lose control of the zine. I am the person who decides what I am going to publish, and what I'm not, and I am quite capable of rejecting an article because I don't like it. I may even get cocky, and ask an author to do a re-write, but the normal response to such a request is "Get stuffed! and rightly so."

In some cases, I'll ask someone for material because I like their writing style. What they choose to write on is immaterial, as I know I'm probably going to like what they write, and if not, I can always reject it. (This is why I am pestering Denny Lien for an article at the moment.)

The other aspect, of course, is that I am not a particularly pushy type of person, so if I tried to put a fanzine together by pestering people a lot, the zine would not reflect my personality, and I wouldn't enjoy it at all. I wouldn't even hazard a guess as to the best article I've ever published.





We Also Heard From

Greg Hills Re the amphibian article,
 PO Box 770 Gollum was a Stoor, a
 Wanganui variety of hobbit, not
 New Zealand a frog. And hobbits are
 related to humans. So
 calling Gollum nasty is an insult on
 humans, not frogs... Yes, but he was
 compared to a frog.

How can I persuade Aussies to
 attend WELLCON B in 1980? Well, for a
 start you could hold it in the school
 holidays.

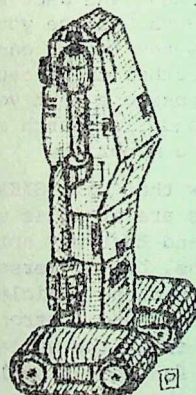
Graham Stone; Phillip McGregor; Michael
 Schaper; Donald Franson who sent a list
 of people guaranteed to respond to fan-
 zines; Michael Rodin with info on THRU
 BLACK HOLES, and the true nature of
 root beer; Leanne Frahm; John Foyster;
 Joseph Green; Roy Ferguson; adriar bedford;
 Peter Toluzzi; John Rowley, and Chas
 Jensen. (I have no doubt I've
 forgotten a few people too)

Just in case you've forgotten, this
 fanzine supports Herman for DIFF,
 AUSTRALIA IN '83, and an electric elk
 named Simon.

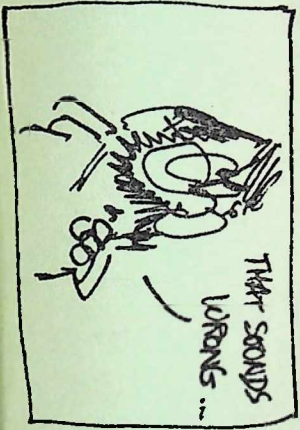
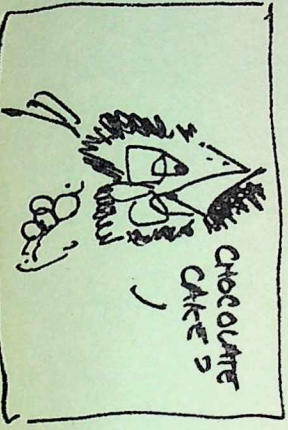
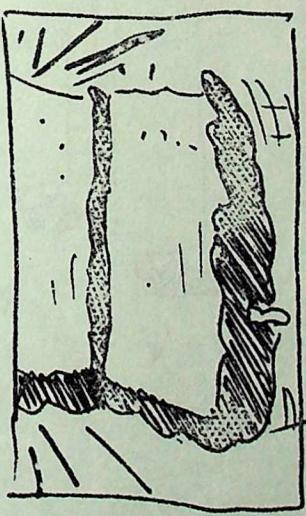
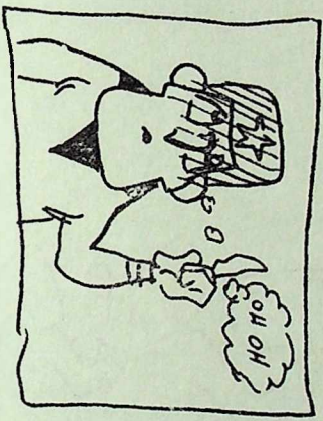
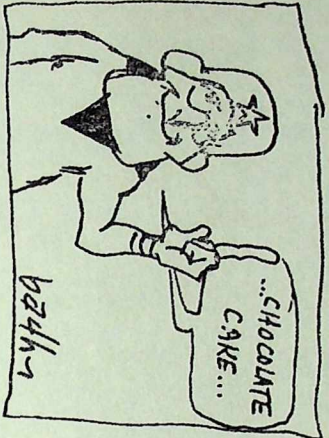
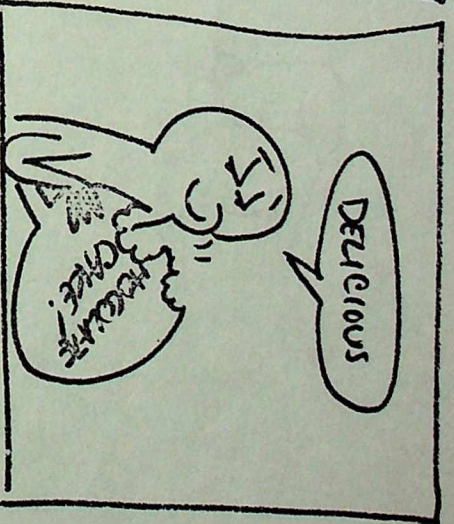
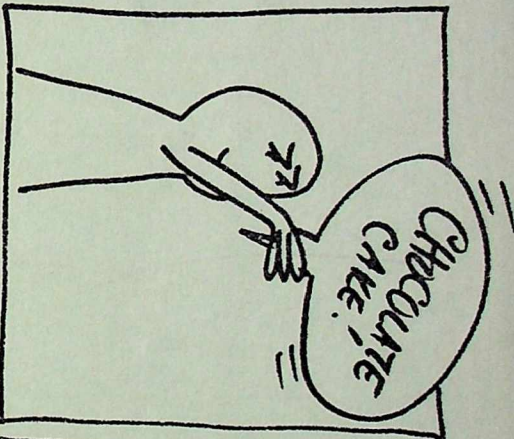
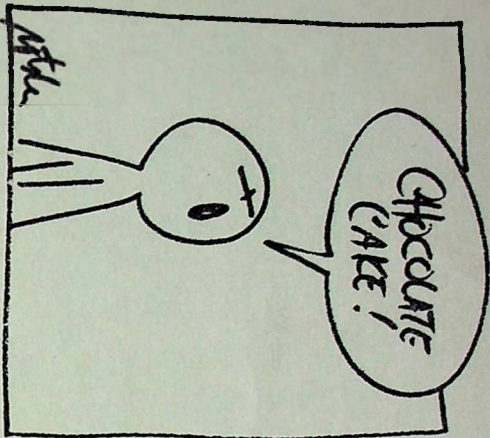
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ADDRESSES OF CONTRIBUTORS

- John Packer 12 Charles St Northfield
 S.Aust. 5085
- Darryl Aesche Flat 7, 71 OG Road
 Klemzig S.Aust. 5087
- David Blackburn 110 Rose Terrace
 Wayville S.Aust. 5034
- Ken Fletcher 341 East 19th St Apt 2
 Minneapolis MN 55404 USA.
- Sheryl Birkhead 23629 Woodfield Rd
 Gaithersburg MD 20760
 USA.
- Bill Rotsler PO Box 3780 Los Angeles
 CA 90028 USA.
- Jane Taubman PO Box 538 Neutral Bay
 Junction NSW 2039.
- Chas Jensen PO Box 434 Norwood S.Aust
 5067.



AUSTRALIA IN '83



DEEPA CHAKRABORTY

