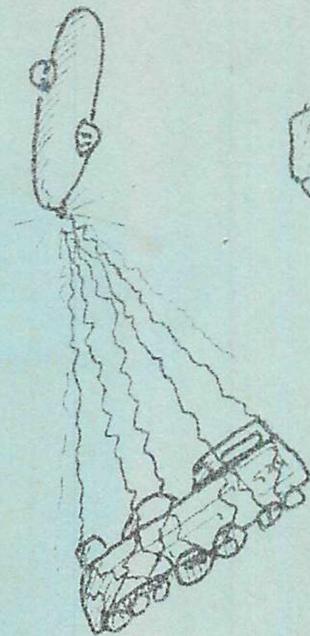
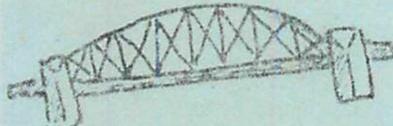
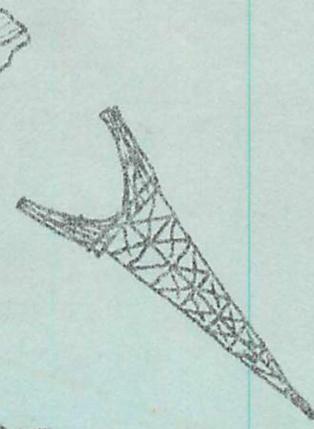
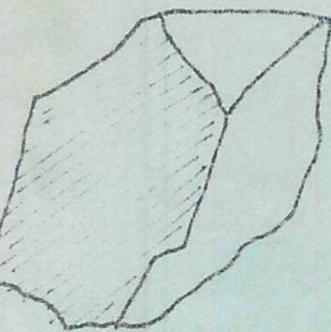
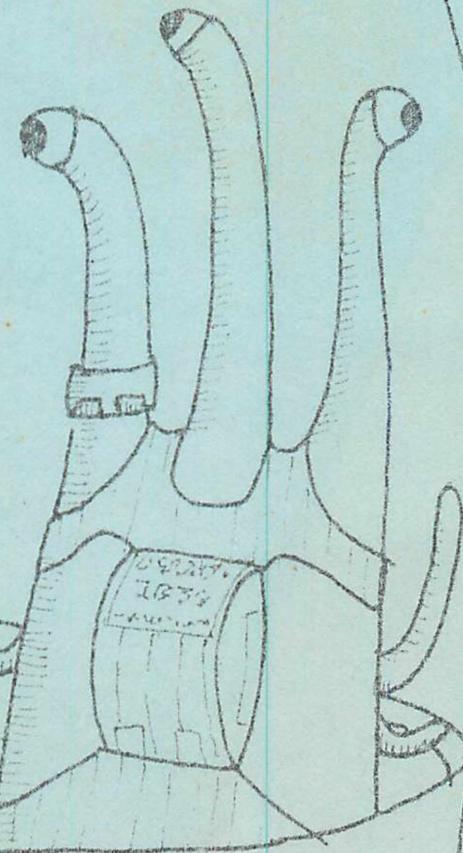
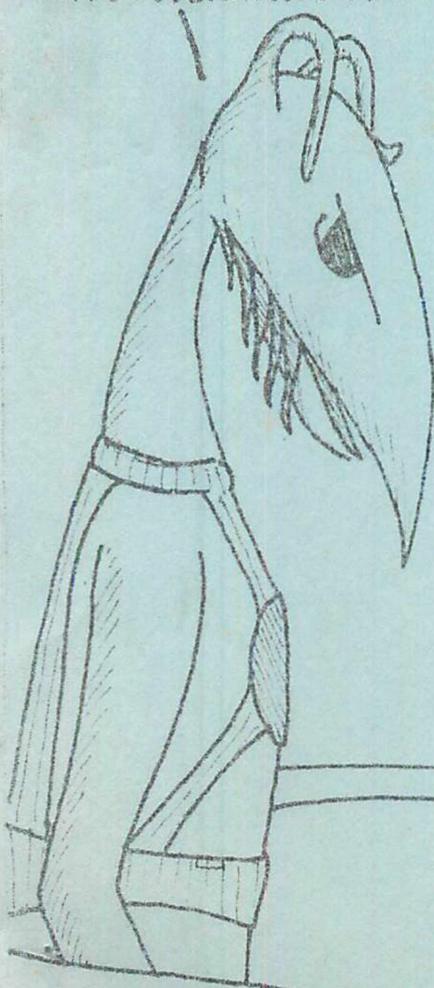


JULY 1982

Q361



THE SOLE SURVIVOR  
SAYS IT WAS A VERY  
QUIET PARTY TILL THE  
AUSTRALIANS ARRIVED



labeled



四  
卷之三

JULY 1982

Editor Marc Ortlieb  
P.O. Box 46  
Marden  
S.A. 5070  
AUSTRALIA

Art Consultant John Packer

Q36 is available for trade, artwork, contribution, letter of comment, at editorial whim, or for a naught in the bushes.

## CONTENTS

FAN WARS	Mike O'Brien	Page 2
THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAINBOW	Jean Weber	Page 9
KANGAROO FEATHERS	Judith Hanna	Page 13
SON 910	John J Alderson	Page 14
FIRST CONTACT	John Packer	Page 17
THE LIZARD OF AUST	Marc Ortlieb	Page 22
A SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE	Keith Curtis	Page 27
THE UNTRAINED LEG WRITER	Marc Ortlieb	Page 28
LETTERATURE	John D Berry	Page 36
	Cy Chauvin	Page 39
	Eric Mayer	Page 40
Roger Weddall & Ben Indick		Page 41
Brian Forte & Allan Beatty		Page 42
Skel & Dianne Fox		Page 43
Leanne Frahm & Peter Kells		Page 44
Brian Forte		Page 45
John Alderson & Joan Dick		Page 46
Ron Clarke		Page 47
Gerald Smith, Frank Macskasy & Jack Herman		Page 48
Richard Faulder, Ann Poore & Jean Weber		Page 49
Harry Andruschak & Linda Lounsbury		Page 50
THE SADLY UNDER RATED WAHF COLUMN		Page 50
CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES		Page 51
A STATEMENT ON THE 1982 DITMARS	Justin Ackroyd	Page 51

ARTWORK

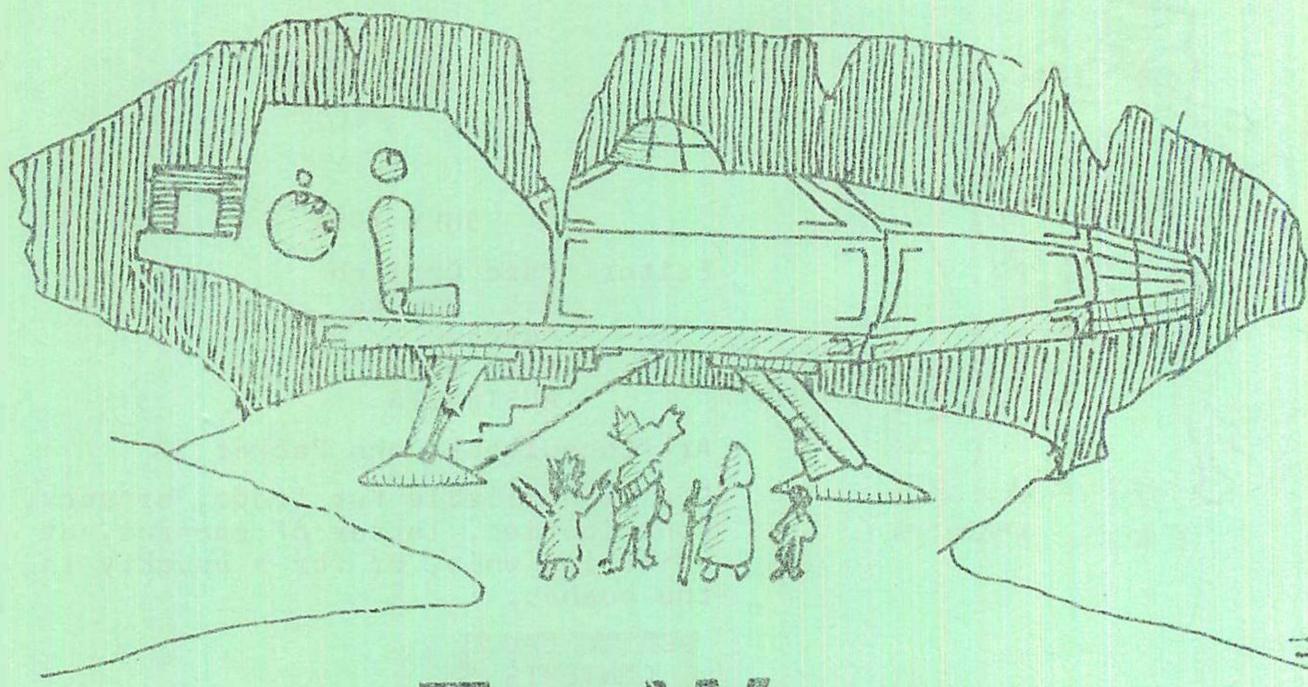
JOHN PACKER Cover & Pages 1,2,4,8,9,14,17,18,19,20,21 & 36

**GRAHAM FERNER** Pages 12, 28, 33 &35.

**RICHARD FAULDER** Pages 22 & 25.

**BILL BOTSLER** Pages 40 & 45

*Electrostencils from Allan Bray 5 Green Ave Seaton S.A. 5023 AUSTRALIA  
and Richard Faulder*



# Fan Wars

BY MICHAEL O'BRIEN (With apologies to George Lucas)

The other night I was troubled in my sleep, tossing and turning fitfully, plagued by strange dreams. This was odd, since I had not consumed any rich food before retiring, unless you counted my customary bedtime snack of a plate of welsh rarebit, followed by two chocolate eclairs and a glass of lemon sherbert.

Be that as it may, when I finally fell asleep, I had the strange feeling that I was not dreaming, but was somehow experiencing events that had happened a long time ago and far away....

It was out in the desert. A young fan named Leigh Skytracker had gone out into the terrible arid wastes, and he was being attacked by the most deadly enemy known to fankind on this or any other planet - rogue mutant Postmen...

" Rip up his fanzines." leered one creature, as it kicked him in the vandro.

"Lose his DUFF vote!" cackled another, as it swung a club at his hyphen.

"Send all his apa mailings via Hong Kong," chortled a third as it drew its knife and eyed the helpless youth's etherline with evil intent.

Suddenly, when all seemed lost, a figure appeared, and the wretches fled in mortal terror, the tattered remains of their Royal Mail Uniforms flapping wildly as they went. Skytracker's saviour was an older man, bearded, and with the expression of one who has experienced much in his time. "What are you doing out here, in this Ghu-forsaken wilderness, young man?" he asked.

"I... I was seeking Obi-Jon Sangbund. Do you know of him?"

"Indeed. In fact, I am he," replied the older man.

"But how did you drive off those ferocious Postal Raiders?"

"Ah, I have at my fingertips the mystic forces that binds together all Fanac," he answered, raising an ink-stained hand.

"What is this Force called?"

"The Cosmic Corflu," said Obi-Jon.

BEEP!

Obi-Jon turned, and lifted an eyebrow. A diminutive robot was trundling towards them across the sand.

"It's SA-B2," cried Skytracker. "I was searching for him. He ran away from my uncle's slipsheet farm, beeping something about having an important message for you."

" May I see this message then?"

BEEP!

" Uh, he says it's on video. Have you got a VCR?"

"Beta or VHS?"

六六六六六六六六六六六六六六六六

Back in Obi-Jon's cave, comfortably insulated from the howling desert winds by stacks of apa-mailings, they played the message through.

A lovely young woman appeared on the screen. Leigh instantly fell in love with every freckle on her face. She was wearing the insignia of FAPA, the Female Amateur Press Association, and the crossed duplicator handles of a high officer. She spoke.

"Obi-Jon Sangbund, this is the Princess Valma. The great fannish Republic you helped to create has fallen to the ravening hordes of Comorg. They have pillaged and destroyed every fount of fannish wisdom in the Republic. Even now my ship is being bombarded by Fanathema Gas missiles. Over half of my crew have breathed the gas, and have been reduced almost to vegetables." There was a catch in her voice. "They have become.... Mundanes. Help me Obi-Jon. I am the only one left, and I fear that I may be in the clutches of...." The tape went blank.

Leigh turned to Obi-Jon. " In the clutches of.... who? Who is it that she was so afraid of?"

" Only one fan in the galaxy is evil enough to use the Fanathema Gas, with its horrible effects," said Obi-Jon. " He wears a black cloak, and speaks with an evil rasping voice."

"Not...not...not..."

"Of course not. He wouldn't sink so low. No, I speak of.... Antifan!"

"Who?"

"Antifan. The implacable enemy of all that is fannish," Obi-Jon frowned. "And it seems that he has the Princess Valma."

大本山本門佛立宗

True, for, at that very moment, aboard the mighty starship RFS DESTRUCTION, Princess Valma was being marched into the Royal Suite. There, lolling at his ease on rich furnishings, was a dissipated figure in a black cloak, his black, broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his face.

What could be seen of his face was not pleasant. Most of it was covered by a greasy black moustache, which quivered slightly, revealing yellowing fangs. Antifan was smiling.

"Antifan!" snarled the Princess. "I knew it had to be you when I saw that your men used ground-up copies of Le Zombie for ballast in their space-craft." She looked away. "Not to mention that dreadful gas of yours."

"All's fair in love and war," smirked the black-clad figure. "Now that your ship is in my hands, your mission to warn the rest of fandom of my attack is a failure." He consulted a list clutched in one black gauntlet. "Incidentally, my inventory of loot fails to list a robot aide of yours - Special Android (Books) Mark 2."

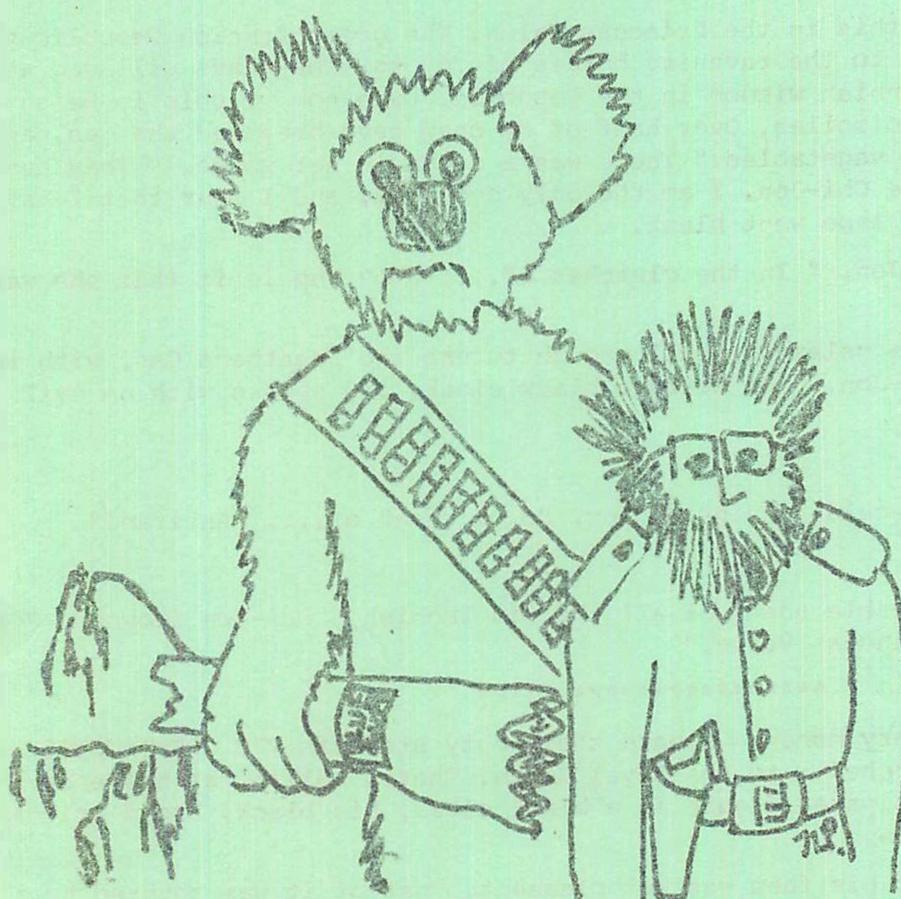
"SA-B2?" said the Princess casually. "I sent him to renew my subscriptions to STARSHIP and SF REVIEW, so that I'd have something to read during this tiresome incarceration. I want to keep my mind occupied until your trial as a war criminal after the SNOF fleet smashes your tin-pot empire." She drew herself up, steeling herself for one of Antifan's maniacal rages.

He merely smiled a little. "Bravely said Princess. I hope that you will speak out as frankly during your... ah... interrogation." He smiled again. The Princess shuddered and decided she preferred him when he was crazed with anger.

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, on the desert planet, far far away from the scene of the battle - so far away in fact that nobody there had ever received a Harry Warner LoC - Obi-Jon had taken his visitors into another and larger cavern where rested his mothballed spaceship, laid up these many years since he had gafiated.

"It's magnificent," breathed Leigh, mentally comparing it to all those models he'd built as a child. "What's she called?"



" The AYESSEFFAR - an old ship, but her Roneo Drive is still sound, and her stencils are in immaculate order." He patted her hull fondly, pretending not to notice the piece of metal that fell off one of the supporting struts when he did so.

BEEP!

" You're right SA-B2," said Leigh. " We'll need a crew."

"Fear not," said Obi-Jon. "I've taken care of that. An ad has been placed in the Help Wanted column of today's issue of Australo-Galactic SF News. The first applicants should be arriving....." He closed his eyes for a second "...now!"

There was a muffled tap  
at the entrance to the  
cavern (Have you ever

tried to knock before entering a cave?) and two strange looking persons walked in. The first was a scruffy bearded figure in a dusty army greatcoat, a laser pistol holstered by his side. "Hi there," he said. "I'm 'Hands' Beiltro, ace space pilot and unemployed soldier of fortune. This is my assistant." He pointed to the giant koala standing behind him. "His name is Chewgumleaf."

"Are there no other applicants?" queried Obi-Jon.

" Well, there were a couple, but they...uh...seemed to get a bit nervous with an eight-foot-tall koala standing behind them, and they left." He held up his hand. " One question I got to ask before I take the job. What fuel does your ship use?"

" Standard AFPA Mix - two parts ink to one part Beam," said Obi-Jon. "What makes you ask?"

"Nothing. Just so long as it's not Spirit Drive. I got a bad feeling about Spirit Drive," he said, and his voice seemed to quaver a little, hinting at some deep inner sadness. "I don't touch spirit duplicated zines no more," he said, and glowered at them. "Purple never was my favourite colour."

\*\*\*\*\*

Meanwhile, aboard the DESTRUCTION, the vile fiend was having a little chat with his royal captive.

"Now, my beautiful princess, you will tell me the location of your high command. Let us start from the top. Where will the next mailing of ANZAPA be collated?"

" I'll die before I'd tell you."

"I doubt it. What if I were to slice off your ears?"

"Do your worst."

"I'll blow up your home planet."

" I shall not be moved."

" I could have your entire family rounded up and shot."

" I am determined. Nothing you can say will change my mind."

" My men have located your copy of THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR. What say I tear it up, and set fire to the pages - one at a time."

" You swine!" sobbed the Princess. " No man could be so vile... anything but that..."

Fortunately for the Princess, at that moment, a klaxon sounded. A worried looking Irregular Dorsai swam into view on the visi-screen (as they called television sets in that part of the galaxy).

"Sir, an unidentified ship has evaded our defences and is closing fast. It must be piloted by somebody exceptionally skilled."

" Either that, or the crew are asleep at the switch again. Have the entire Starboard Watch executed, even if you have to wake them up to do it. Display the ship!" he snapped, and a view of the intruder appeared.

Artifan blanched. He took a step backward, and seemed to shrink six inches. The Princess watched him in amazement.

" The AYESSEFFAR," he shrieked at last. " Am I never to be rid of these Trufans?" He thumbed a button, and screamed at the duty officer " Launch the Type O Torpedoes!"

On the flight deck of the AYESEFFAR, Beiltro stared at the screen in front of him. He took off his glasses, polished them, and looked again. "Type O Torpedoes!" he yelled.

Leigh and Obi-Jon looked over his shoulder in horror as he yelled to his shaggy co-pilot "Evasive Action!" The ship threw itself into hyperspace for half a nanosecond, applied full reverse thrust, and then fired all its steering jets for a complete loop-the-loop around a passing comet.

"I think we lost them," said Obi-Jon worriedly.

"I think we also lost my stomach back there," said Skytracker, peering at the controls through bloodshot eyes. He clutched his powerful anZAPa gun for comfort.

*BEEP!*

"SA-B2 is right," said Obi-Jon. "There is one other...."

"Klono's Iridium Eyeballs!" swore 'Hands', "If that last Type O Missile hits us, our stencils will be ruined, and we'll have to shut down the main Roneo."

"Do not fear," intoned Obi-Jon. He made a strange motion with his hands, as if uncorking an invisible bottle. He passed one of his hands across the screen, and the tracking blip faded out.

"The Cosmic Corflu," breathed Leigh reverently.

"Hey, that's a neat trick," said Beiltro. "Can you do that again?"

"I fear not," said the old man wearily. "Right now I feel as though I had just duplicated and collated an entire double issue of SF COMMENTARY. I must have time to regain my strength."

"Then I'd better get cracking," said the bearded space pilot, throwing every lever in front of him to Full Emergency Thrust.

On Antifan's control console, a worried looking Regular Dorsai appeared on the visi-screen. "Sir, the ship has docked at the aft landing bay. We were unable to intercept it before...."

"Have the entire Portside Watch executed!" howled the ebon-clad fiend. "Call out my personal guard, and have them ready to attack. I myself shall lead them into battle." He wheeled, and leveled a shaking finger at his captive. "And have this traitor thrown back into her cell."

Two leering thugs, wearing sweatshirts emblazoned with obscene slogans relating to where Harry Warner's letters should be placed, were assigned to return the Princess to the brig. They none too gently hustled her into the cell, and slammed the door, then hurried back to their battle stations.

The Princess permitted herself a brief prayer to Ghu, god of fans, for the safety of Obi-Jon Sangbund. Then she turned and frowned in puzzlement. She didn't remember having a furry bedspread on her bunk....

The bedspread moved, and heaved itself erect. Two beady eyes, and a large nose stared at her. She choked back a scream, and clutched at a shelf for support.

BEEP!

"SA-B2! What are you doing here?"

"He's with us," said a young man who had been hiding under the bed with SA-B2. "I'm Leigh Skytracker, and I'm here to rescue you." From the bed, where they had lain concealed behind the furry giant, came Obi-Jon and 'Hands' Beiltro.

"Don't worry about Chewgumleaf," said 'Hands' casually. "He eats nothing but leaves and postmen's knuckles."

"Greetings Princess," said Obi-Jon, settling into the only comfortable chair in the cell. "I apologise for taking so long to answer your call for assistance, but there were... ah... obstacles."

"Thank Ghu you've arrived," she said. "We must leave at once. Help me pack. I'll take this trunk and you take those suitcases."

"Your Royal Rebelliousness," said Beiltro, irritably twirling his laser pistol round one finger. "We don't got the time."

She fixed him with a steely glance. " You don't expect me to leave without my complete set of Locus back issues do you?"

Before the others could remonstrate with her, there was a crash. The cell door was ripped from its hinges, and, in the doorway, silhouetted against the bright lights beyond, stood a figure clad in darkest black, his wide-brimmed hat pulled down rakishly over one eye. The other was fixed unblinkingly on them.

"So!" cried Antifan, with a distinct lack of originality. "When we could not find your gang I realised that you must be here. How convenient - all your eggs in one basket, and me standing here with an egg-beater!" He plunged his hand into his pocket, and brandished aloft a dark black sphere from which protruded a short string fuse.

"Great Ghods!" gasped the Princess Valma. "It's a Fanathema Bomb!"

" Exactly," hissed Antifan. " Which means that, in ten seconds, you may not be dead, but you will certainly wish you were!" He cast the grenade towards them.

The reactions of the inhabitants of the cell were varied. Skytracker threw himself on top of the Princess, something he'd been hoping to do later, in more suitable surroundings. 'Hands' dropped to his knees, reaching for the laser pistol which had slipped from his finger when Antifan had burst through the door. Chewgumleaf was considering how to react. Living up a gum tree during one's formative years does not make one a quick thinker. But it was Obi-Jon Sangbund who reacted most quickly of all. Before the bomb had even left the black villain's fingertips, Obi-Jon had launched himself forward. His flowing robes billowed out around him, making him look like some great bird of prey swooping onto its victim. Filling the doorway with his body and with the bulky clothing that he wore, Obi-Jon was exactly between Antifan and the others when the device exploded. There was a flash, and a cloud of mist rolled back into the corridor, momentarily blinding Antifan.

"Come on!" shouted Beiltro, who had finally found his pistol. He triggered off a couple of bolts at Antifan who scuttled off down the corridor, shrieking in terror. "Hold your breath and run for the ship." Chewgumleaf scooped up the unconscious body of Obi-Jon, and they ran down the corridor.

The Guards were disorganised by the inexplicable absence of their leader, and the group had little difficulty in shooting their way to the airlock where the AYESSEFFAR was berthed.

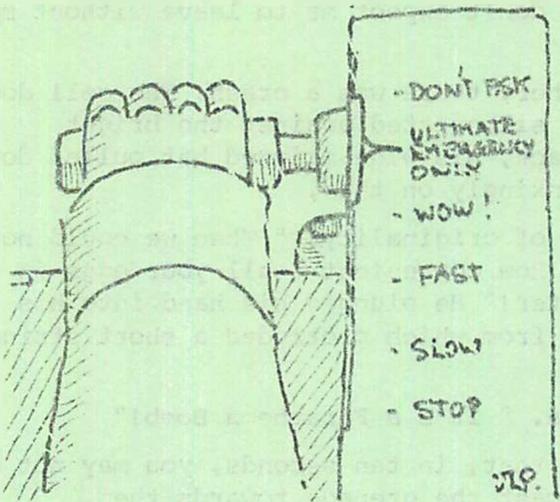
" Seal air-locks," shouted Beiltro as he grabbed the flight controls. SA-B2 wheeled through the doors just before they swung to, trailing a sealed trolley behind him.

"Good boy SA-B2!" said the Princess. You've saved the Ace Doubles!" Then further conversation became impossible as 'Hands' pushed every lever on his console through the safety stops into the red band marked "Ultimate Emergency Only".

The ship leapt forward, using as much energy in thirty seconds as the city of Melbourne customarily consumed in six months. Warning lights lit up all over the board, and needles sunk with alarming speed on every gauge, but Antifan and his evil minions were left far behind.

"Chewgumleaf took over the controls while the others clustered around Obi-Jon. "Will he live?" asked the Princess, half afraid that she knew the answer already.

" He took the full force of the Fanathema grenade," said Leigh in a low voice.  
" The Cosmic Corflu may have great powers, but even so..."



At that moment Obi-Jon opened his eyes. He looked around slowly, and stared at them unseeingly. Then his gaze fell upon the visi-screen, and something like animation passed over his features.

"What time is SALE OF THE CENTURY on?" he asked with child-like slowness, staring vacantly at the screen.

Princess Valma buried her face in Leigh's shoulder. Beiltro shook his head slowly. After a moment, Skytracker spoke. "I was afraid of this. His fannish consciousness has been obliterated. He'll never write another LoC, or drink another glass of Tucker's Beam, let alone join an apa or run a con. He has become..... Mundane." He choked back a sob.

BEEP!

"No SA-B2. You can't mean it!" cried the Princess.

"I'm afraid the little tin fellow is right," said Beiltro. "It's the only thing that can be done." His right hand flicked up. There was a flash of ruby light, and Obi-Jon fell, drilled neatly between the eyes by the laser.

"It was the merciful thing to do," said Leigh sadly.

Princess Valma clung to Leigh's arm, and stared off into space. (Literally. She was looking at the aft scanner.) She said sombrely "Do you think we've seen the last of Antifan?"

"No," said Beiltro, flipping through a sheaf of documents. "According to our contracts, he's signed to appear in both the FAN WARS sequels - COMORG STRIKES BACK, and REVENGE OF THE TRUFEN." He threw the contracts impatiently over his shoulder where his agent deftly caught them.

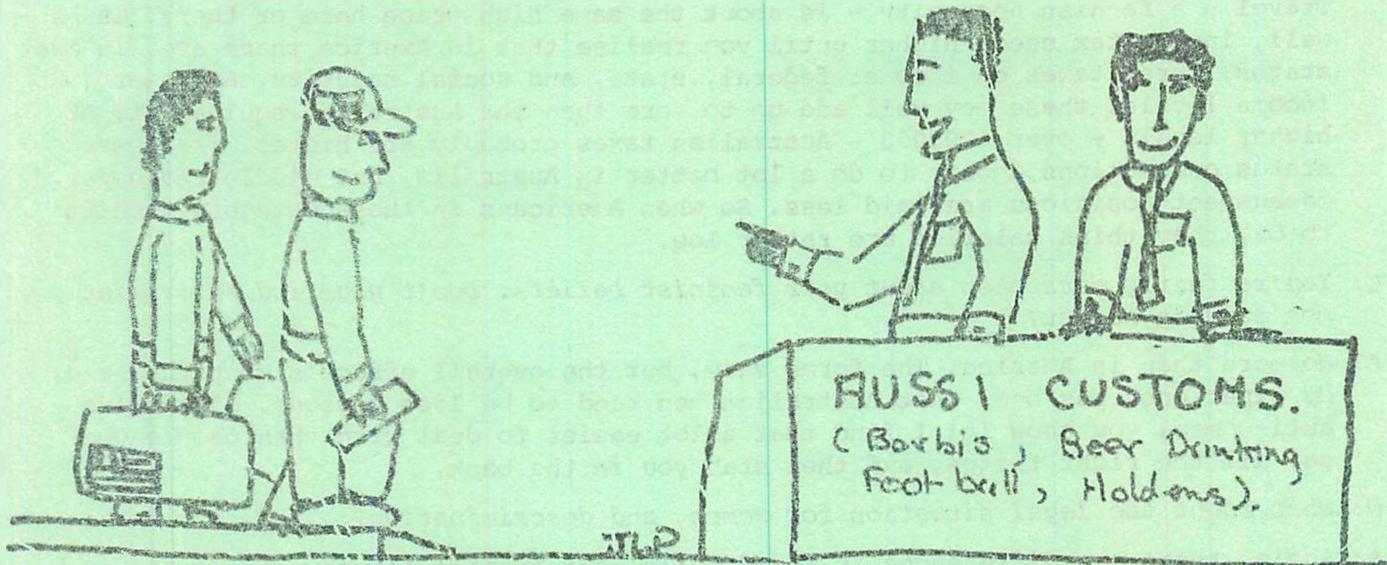
The last word was left to SA-B2. He regarded the racing planets and the firmament around them, then swivelled his eye to face the group. He was silent for a moment, then, with a mixture of resignation and quiet optimism, he said

BEEP!

## ATLANTA IN '86

Well, since Mike O'Brien is probably the most Southerly member of Australian fandom, this would seem the ideal place to mention that Q36 supports ATLANTA IN '86. If you'd like further information on the bid, contact the committee at P.O. BOX 10094 ATLANTA GA 30319 U.S.A. Southern fandom is one of the friendliest I've encountered, and I'm sure that a World Convention in the South would be a wonderful way to re-establish the hospitable WorldCon. (After Melbourne in '85 that is.)

STREWIN, BRUCE,  
HERE'S ANOTHER MOB



THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RAINBOW  
OR BETTER LIVING IN THE LAND OF OZ  
OR WHY AN AMERICAN FEMINIST WOMAN WOULD PREFER TO LIVE IN AUSTRALIA  
OR AN INTERVIEW WITH JEAN WEBER

Q: Why did you move to Australia?

A: Richard Nixon.

Q: Why did you change your citizenship?

A: Ronald Reagan.

Q: Why Australia?

A: Wide open spaces, and few people. Besides, I thought I could learn the language fairly quickly. And Canada's too cold.

Q: It must have been a pretty big decision to make.

A: Not really. I'd intended to come to Australia for a holiday but was finding the cost of travel a bit high. Then a friend asked me why I was bothering to come back (to America). For two weeks I tried to think of a reason. Then I applied for a migrant visa.

Q: Couldn't you earn more money in America?

A: Possibly, assuming that I could find a job in my field, which is scientific editing, in a part of the country in which I'd be willing to live. My experience over several years indicated that I couldn't. The competition's too great. Here in Australia there appears to be little competition in my field. Besides, in America, if I got a job, I'd have to work twice as hard to keep it. Who needs that?

© 1978  
JLP

*Q: A lot of Americans complain about the prices and taxes in Australia.*

*A: If your lifestyle depends on a lot of manufactured gadgetry, it's bloody expensive here - about one and a half to two times the price of similar items in America. My lifestyle doesn't depend on those things. Housing, food, clothing - the necessities of life - are much the same, or even cheaper in Australia, I think. Travel - a fannish necessity - is about the same high price here or there. Taxes - well, income tax seems higher until you realise that in America there are, in most states, three taxes on income: federal, state, and social security. At lower income levels, these may well add up to more than the Australian equivalent. At higher levels - over \$20,000 - Australian taxes probably are higher. The lower status occupations appear to do a lot better in Australia, but middle and upper management positions are paid less. So when Americans in those categories shift to Oz, they think salaries are rather low.*

*Q: You're fairly outspoken about your feminist beliefs. Don't you find Australian men awfully sexist?*

*A: No more than in America. The forms vary, but the overall effect's much the same. My experience has been that Australian men tend to be less devious. If they're anti-women, you know it! I find that a lot easier to deal with than people who say all the right things, and then stab you in the back.*

*Q: What about the legal situation for women, and discrimination?*

*A: Again, there are differences in the details, but overall I'd say things are much the same, at least in matters that affect me personally. Of course, I'm better educated than most men, and in a specialist field. Jobwise, I've had no hassles. The sorts of people I work with - scientists and computer people mostly - seem to accept females in professional positions quite readily, though they may be shockingly sexist towards, for example, the typists. Friends in the professional levels of administrative jobs report far more difficulty in being accepted. So maybe I lead a charmed life. As for finances, I got a home loan without any problems, but then again, I could be a privileged case, with a high income and no dependent children. It's really difficult to talk about discrimination except in generalities, or by quoting statistics. I know it's there. I've talked to plenty of women who've had problems, but I've had no personal experience. I will say though that, after talking to other women from the USA and Canada, I think there's a major difference between us and our counterparts in Australia.*

*Q: Oh? Do elaborate!*

*A: North American women of my age group - now in their late thirties, were, if middle or upper class, more likely to have gone to University than were Australian women of similar socioeconomic status. We've also been more used to acting assertively. The so-called 'new wave' of feminism started about ten years earlier in the U.S. than it did here. Thus, a North American woman in Australia is well ahead of her local counterpart. This is changing of course, and is far less true of younger women.*

*Q: When you say 'well ahead', do you mean professionally or personally?*

*A: Both. Professionally because our qualifications are good, so we can compete successfully for a job. Personally because we're used to being treated equally, and insisting on it.*

---

By 1990, with few exceptions, the government was in the hands of the women. Every cabinet minister was a woman, except the Secretary of Defence. Every ambassador and minister was female except the one to Australia. The Aussies, separated by thousands of miles of water from creeping femininity, had demanded and got a male ambassador - and a bachelor at that.

*Page 22, THE GIRLS FROM PLANET FIVE, Richard Wilson (SFBC, 1955)*

*Q: Don't you find that men are put off by aggressive women?*

*A: Depends on what you mean by aggressive. I'm talking about assertive, not aggressive, people. That means acting in my own self-interest, but in a non-offensive manner. I act as if men were reasonable people (by my standards) and usually they are. Those men who are unreconstructed sexists reveal themselves quickly and can usually be dealt with quickly. Other men may be astonished at my attitude, but, after they've recovered from the shock, they think it's great! An intelligent woman who pays her own way, doesn't want children, and doesn't confuse sex with love - what a find! If they're intimidated, that's their problem. But it's amazing how well people of either sex react if you treat them as competent and reasonable.*

*Q: What else about Australians do you particularly like?*

*A: The people I know take themselves and their country far less seriously than do Americans. There are exceptions on both sides, but, in general, I'd say that Australians are more easy going and enjoyable people to be with. Our government may be just as reactionary as the Americans' but at least they don't have any illusions that they're the world's policemen, or that they have the muscle to push anybody around. This appeals to me. Also, despite the tattered remnants of a "welfare state" started by the Labor Government of a few years ago, government regulations don't affect me very much. Obviously I have to pay my taxes, but otherwise I can do pretty much whatever I want to do, and nobody much cares.*

*Q: Could you give an example?*

*A: Before I moved here, I thought that Australians, being very family orientated, would have very negative attitudes towards people like me who are unmarried, have no children, and either live with a man, or have various lovers. But, except for a few Bible-bashers, who don't affect me personally, nobody cares. Unmarried couples, even with children, are more readily accepted here than they are in the U.S., and are treated the same in most aspects of the law. (There are some notable exceptions, but they're beyond the scope of this discussion, and don't affect me anyway.) The only thing that I am vaguely interested in that is far less acceptable here, at least in law, is the smoking of marijuana, and that's not very high on my list of priorities.*

*Q: Do you see yourself as an Australian, or do you feel as though you are still an American living in Australia?*

*A: I've always thought of myself as an earthling who happens to live in a portion of the earth called "Australia" by administrators and bureaucrats. Before moving here, I lived mostly in a place similarly termed "America". And yes, that is a serious answer.*

*Q: Finally, what advice would you give to other immigrants to Australia?*

*A: My rates for advice are available upon application... Seriously though, I don't think I can give anyone advice, beyond a few practical tips on getting a visa - which basically boils down to finding out what categories are being accepted, and then faking your credentials if necessary. And don't ever think that moving to a new country will solve your problems. You carry those with you. A new country may open up new opportunities, but that's a different matter. One last bit of advice though ~ Hurry! If you like it when you get here, you'll regret all the time you wasted making up your mind!*

*Thank you Jean. Now, from the other side of the coin, in a manner of speaking, we have Judith Hanna, who, having written the article, moved from Australia to England - a wise move, one is tempted to suggest, not because of the article, but because the move gives her the opportunity to do her justly famous Dormouse impersonations in a country that really has dormouses.*



A OK ROO!!! JUST MAKE LIKE I'M  
A JOE WHILE I GIVE YA CHEST  
A SHAVE ROO

GRAHAM PERNER '82 (GPF)

# KANGAROO FEATHERS

by  
*Judith Hanna*

Yair, we've got a kangaroo run down the country. Just a small place - hundred square mile or so. Runs about 12,000 roos. We reckon on about fifty acres to a roo. It's not bad country. Not really dry. One of the blokes remembers it raining about twenty years ago. Creeks sprung up all over the place. A real disaster he reckons. Couldn't keep the bloody water out of the beer. Laid all the dust too. A man couldn't tell who might be sneaking up on him. Nah, she's not too dry.

He was telling us all about it last shearing. Yair, we round the roos up once a year - have a big muster with choppers and motor-bikes and horses and all - and then we bring them into the shed. There's a big market for kangaroo down. We get a good price for it... What's that? You never heard that kangaroos got feathers? You're right though. They didn't used to. Marvels of modern science mate. Never know what those CSIRO boys will come up with next. Matter of fact, this is where the science comes into this yarn - bloody genetic engineering.

All started with this fashion for feather quilts - duvets they call them in the city shops. They fill them with a mound of feathers, y'know, fine soft eiderdown from those poor bloody endangered species, little eider ducks. Just not an economic proposition. You need bigger bloody ducks, so you can get more bloody feathers. So the CSIRO they tried crossing those ducks with emus. They got what they wanted alright - nice big body; superfine down; hardy; just right for our sort of country. But have you ever tried to wrestle an emu onto its back mate? Bloody impossible to shear!

Why'd we have to shear them? Well, how else would you harvest the fluff? Pluck it? Not bloody likely! You're not going to kill one of those miracles of modern science just for one year's crop. And you don't want those hard prickly quill-ends in your clip either. No, what you do is shear off the fluff; tie it up in bundles; bale up your bundles; and send it off to auction. There's already a song been written about roo shearing - TIE ME KANGAROO DOWN it's called. You might have heard it.

Where was I? Oh yair, they found out you couldn't shear emus - if they'd bothered to ask any shearer beforehand he could have told them that. But these city blokes reckon they know all about it. You can't tell them. So what did they do? They crossed their eider-emu with a roo. And what did they get? They got a roo with plenty of feathers alright. No trouble there. The blokes were a bit dubious about shearing them at first. But now they reckon they're not too bad, once you're used to them. More docile. So we stocked up with them.

They did have one problem with them at first though. Found they had to put out a Mark II model, and give the boomers a pouch as well as the old girls. You know how with emus it's the dad brings up the chicks. Well, they found out with these kangaroo-birds that when the doe, or hen, had laid her egg she'd just go off and forget all about it, leaving her old man to brood it and bring up the joey-chicken. The boomers were willing enough to mind the kids, but found it a hell of a job with nowhere to tuck them away. So they found they had to give the boomers a pouch too.

Where did I say this station was? Well, we're right next door to the Speewah, if you know where that is. Ever heard of the Speewah mate? The Speewah and everything in it are longer and better and bigger and taller than anywhere else. Sort of like Texas eh! The biggest things in Texas, they tell me, are the lies, and the tallest are the tales. Well, out round the Speewah we've got them even bigger and taller. You can take my word for it.

(Editor's Note:- The CSIRO is the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation.)



SON 910  
by  
John Alderson

*(In which John shows his ability to multiply while speculating on my ability to do the same.)*

A few years ago I mentioned to my late Uncle that he still owed three hundred and ninety quid on his truck, pointing to the number plate which said, plainly, and for all to see, UO 390. He replied, a little sadly, that it was bad enough owing so much without them telling everybody. Mind you, this was in the days before one had a sort of unofficial "official" credit rating. Naturally, as we Aldersons are always interested in justice, particularly as it relates to ourselves, he thought, as did I, and it was no little indication of the seriousness of the matter that, though I differed from him on almost everything else, I agreed with him on this, that it was, to say the least, pretty hard lines to have to carry with one one's state of indebtedness on the number plate.

( For the sake of the bloody foreigners who may be reading this, we Australians drive a machine which we call a car - and, unofficially, many other fearful things which are, to quote Burns,

.....so awfu'  
that e'en to mention wer'na lawfu'.

This machine is called, in Scotland, a "motor", and, in the United States of America, where the people are concise and no-nonsense, an "automobile". Of course, in England, only machines measuring six feet from the radiator cap to the windscreens wipers are called "cars", and, naturally, amongst the class I mixed with when I was there, we never mentioned the lesser things that infested the roads. In Australia we have ours numbered, hence the number plate referred to above. I hope this is clear to you aliens.)

There is one thing about number plates which worries me - apart from not being able to remember mine and most other people's - that is there sometimes ambiguous nature. In England (I stress the England) they have a committee sitting on all number plates to obviate any ambiguous numbers, on the grounds that hard porn does make an impression. Now you and I know that it doesn't, and that the advertising industry is getting its money under false pretenses, however, the idea of this committee is to prevent the use of any number to which anyone could possibly take objection. Imagine what would happen in England if the number plate TIT 000 were issued. There would be letters to the Home Secretary demanding that all TITs be covered, and, no doubt, others to The Times explaining that TIT should actually be spelt TEAT.

The committee sits only in England, and so it should come as no surprise that in a benighted place like Scotland (Put those pipes down Foyster!) in a downtrodden and oppressed place like Scotland, I saw a motor with the number plate VD 401. Now, everyone knows that number plates mean something, but what? Was this perhaps the particular strain of pox contracted by the owner/driver? Had he/she given VD to 401 others, or had he/she contracted this social disease on his/her 401st attempt? Did the word actually refer to the motor? Was the driver a Tasmanian in disguise? (Perhaps Mike O'Brien can answer that one for us.)

Another number plate that incited my interest was IOU 999. Now, once or twice in my life, I could have done with collecting that IOU... I add the "twice" in case my memory has slipped over some short occasion when I could not have done with the extra dough. But how do you collect such an IOU?...bowl up to the fellow and say "Hand over!"? I have so little experience in these matters.

Lest anyone should think that this article is getting hilarious, allow me to introduce a proper and sombre note. A certain funeral parlor had a hearse whose number plate - U2 - was their advertisement.

Now today I was in Maryborough, and, whilst I was walking up the street with an armful of groceries - my month's supply of salt, sugar, flour and tea - I saw a South Australian car. Now, let me digress again, for a little while, to enlighten uneducated foreigners as to our ways. Our number plates carry their own State's advertisements on them, eg. Queensland have "The Sunshine State" on them; Victoria has "The Garden State" and so on. So, when I saw the legend "The Crow-Eating State", I hardly needed to look for the tiny SA to tell me that it was a South Australian car. The number plate was SON 910. Now I ask you.....

My first and immediate response was to do some research. The issue of the Bet Bet Shire Express for 1862 carried on its rear page a list of stallions standing at stud. Now, Queenslanders are pretty good. I know this because several of them have told me so. As for the New South Welsh, their criminal protentialities are well known, and we Victorians are, of course, everywhere. But there wasn't a colt from South Australia listed. They just weren't in the race, and if they've come to anything since then surely I, of all people, would have been the first to know. So I immediately dismissed the possibility that this 910st Son could be the offspring of some South Australian "Sheik from Scrubby Creek".

Then it occurred to me that SA might have an ultra-feminist government which had decided to number the men as mere vehicles of convenience, like cars and bicycles, but when I queried a friend of mine, a student of out-of-the-way political developments, he told me that, although the South Australian government were "a lot of old women", they were not feminists.

Had it not been for that little phrase "The Crow-Eating State", I would have assumed that the SA stood for Saudi Arabia, where such numbers may be more common, but that was not it either.

But then I bethought me of a query raised by Kim Huett i.e. Q36H, concerning the number of times Q36 might have been given away in exchange for a "naughty in the bushes"

and I said "Ah! The Answer!" Now, although "numbers of that magnitude" may be beyond Huett's "mathematical education", I feel sure that I can deal with them, given the irrefutable evidence that you have 910 sons. I am certainly prepared to try. I have often heard it whispered "Alderson stops at nothing", and how right this is. The maths are simple....

According to the Commonwealth Year Book, the masculinity of live births registered in South Australia is 105.78, so the total live births would be

$$1) \quad 910 + \frac{910 \times 100}{105.78} = 910 + 838.1 \\ = 1748.1$$

To this we must add the percentage of still births in South Australia, which is 1.1%

$$2) \quad 1748.1 + \frac{1748.1 \times 11}{1,000} = 1748.1 + 19.2 \\ = 1767.3$$

However, according to the statistics available, eg those from the New York Gynecological Clinic, only one random "naughty in the bushes" in two hundred is fruitful (=disasterous) so, to get the number of naughties in the bushes necessary to achieve this birthrate, one must then include this factor.

$$3) \quad 1767.3 \times 200 = 353460$$

Now, this is a tidy figure, but it is only half the story ... er, well, nearly. Since Marc is the first one to point out that men and women should be treated equally, and assuming that he does so with reference to his subscription policy, we have to add to that figure that for males, by their proper percentage in the community. So we get

$$4) \quad 353460 + \frac{353460 \times 102.13}{100} = 353460 + 360988.69 \\ = 714448.69.$$

Thus, this is the total number of naughties that Marc has received in exchange for Q36. The .69 obviously represents a coitus interruptus. I wonder what the story behind that was.

Anyway Marc, you've certainly been doing some circulating, and it's no wonder there are not many bushes near your flat now. I challenge any of your bloody yanks to beat that!

## GUFP

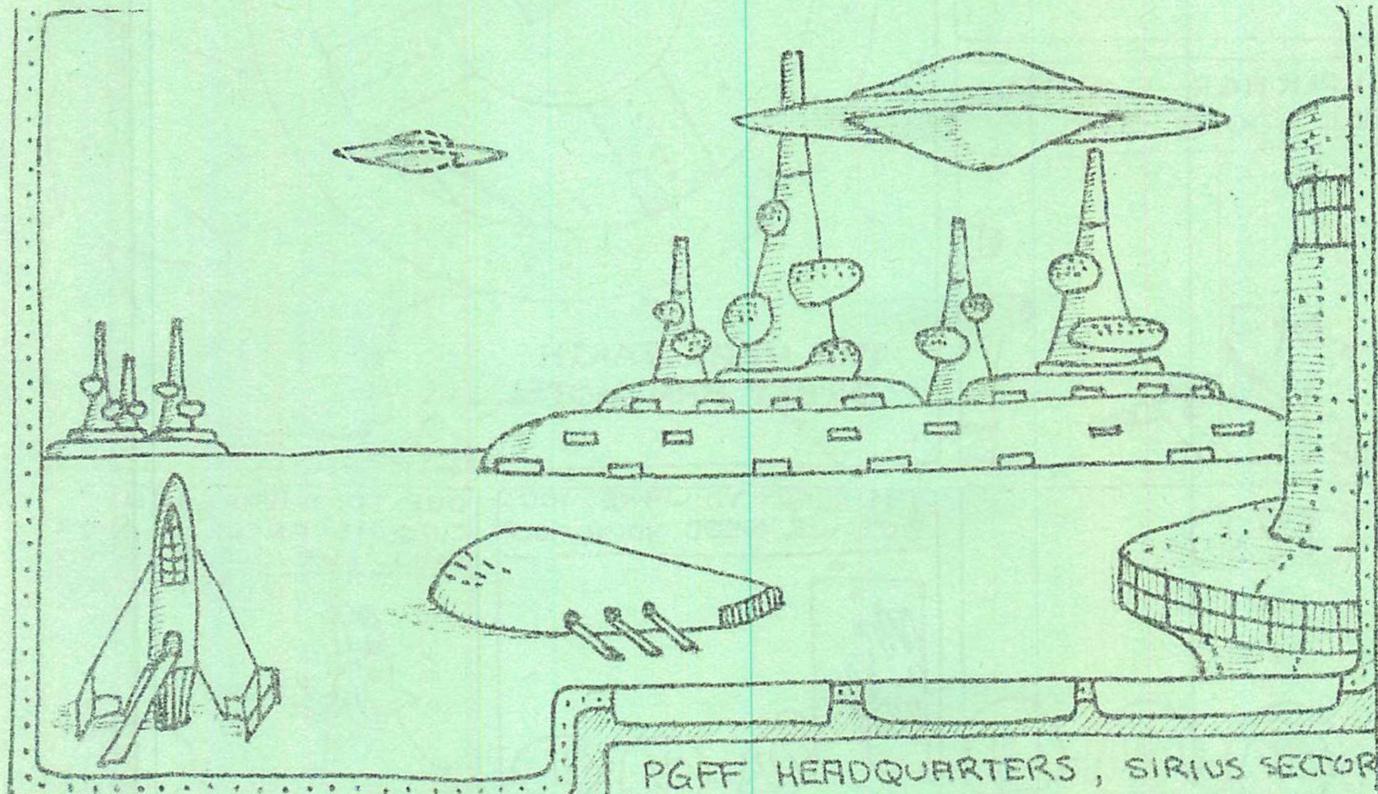
GUFP is a fan fund designed to exchange Australian and European fans. So far there have been two winners. John Foyster, the 1979 winner, attended SEACON, the British WouldCon. Joseph Nicholas, the 1981 winner, attended ADVENTION '81, the '81 Australian National Convention. Nominations are being called for all Australian fans who wish to contest the race to get them to the 1983 British Easter Convention. If you are interested in being nominated (You will need Australian and British nominators. If you feel that you could be a contender, contact John Foyster 21 Shakespeare Grove St Kilda Vict 3182 AUSTRALIA as soon as possible. I'm sure that donations to GUFP are also being accepted.

# FIRST CONTACT

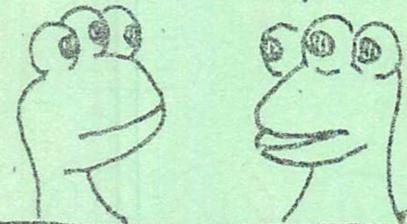
bu

John Packer

First contact with a new sentient race can be a delicate thing. Everyday xenophobia is usually enough of a problem, without having to run the risk of triggering morphophobic reactions. Obviously it would be foolish to send someone with an exoskeleton to visit someone who fears spiders, or, even worse, who is particularly fond of crabs.



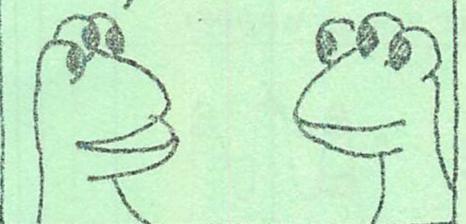
HOW IS COMMANDER  
QUERLLRN DOING?



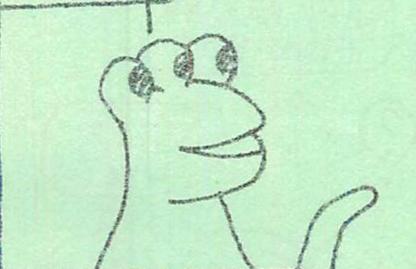
IMPROVING, BUT HE  
STILL TURNS PALE  
AT THE MENTION OF  
A PHOTON DISRUPTOR



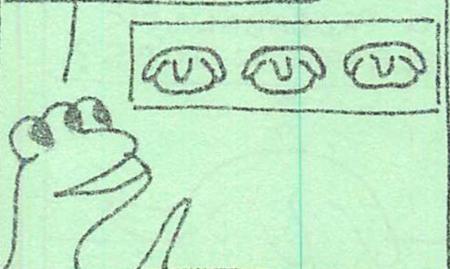
AND DON'T EVEN  
THINK ABOUT PROBAB-  
FLISTIC RELAXATION  
IN HIS PRESENCE.



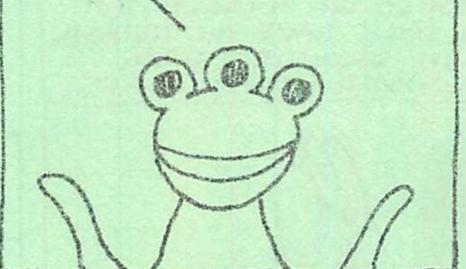
HE'S TEMPORARILY  
ASSIGNED TO CULTURAL  
SURVEY



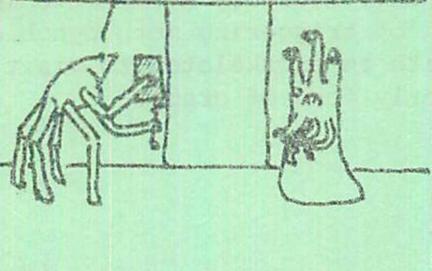
AND HAS FOUND A  
VERY LIKELY EMERGENCY  
CONTACT TEAM/



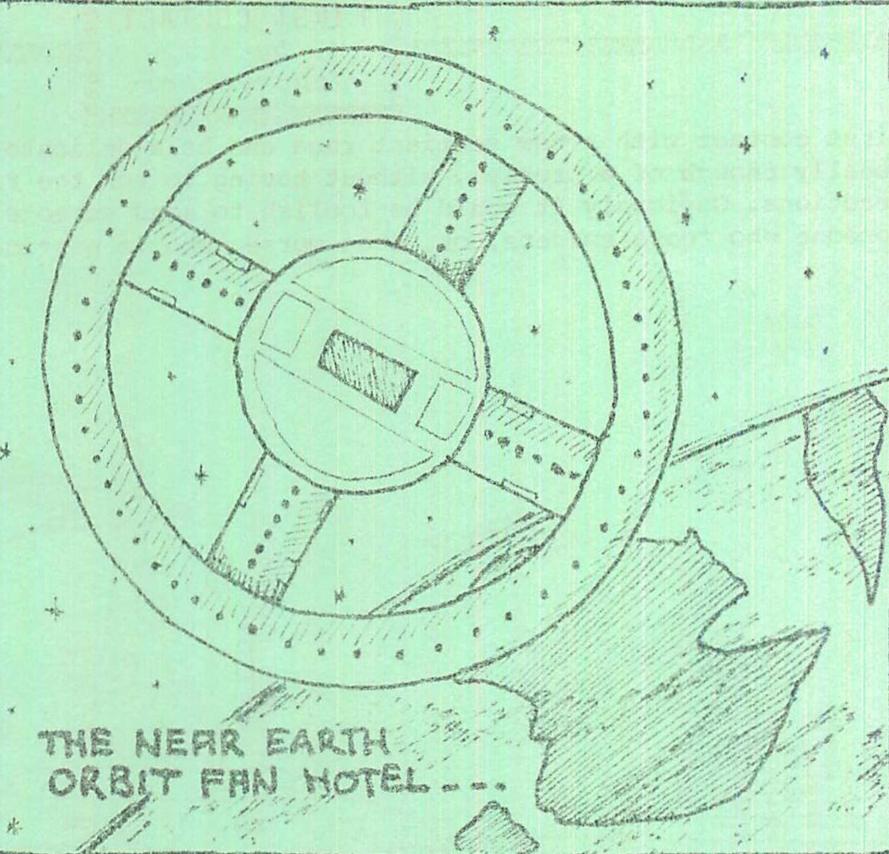
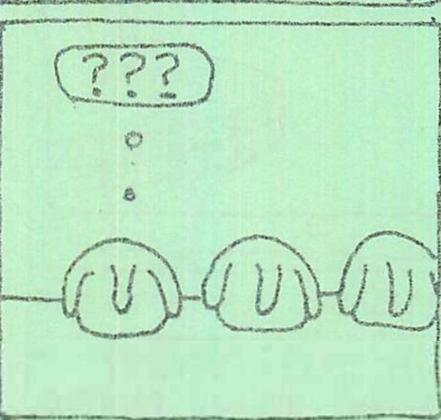
HE'S LOCATING THEM  
NOW



SORRY, SIR - THE ROOM  
IS PROGRAMMED TO  
WAKE THE OCCUPANTS  
AT A IN '83 - WHICH WON'T  
HAPPEN... BUT...

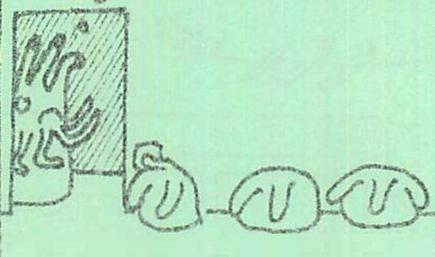


BLOCKAGE CLEARED -  
ALL YOURS, SIR

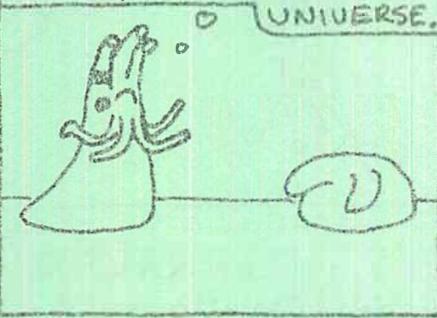


THE NEAR EARTH  
ORBIT FAN HOTEL ...

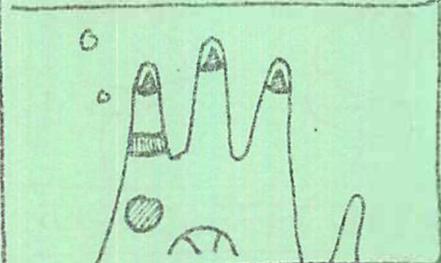
???  
I'M SORRY TO WAKE YOU,  
BUT WE NEED YOUR HELP



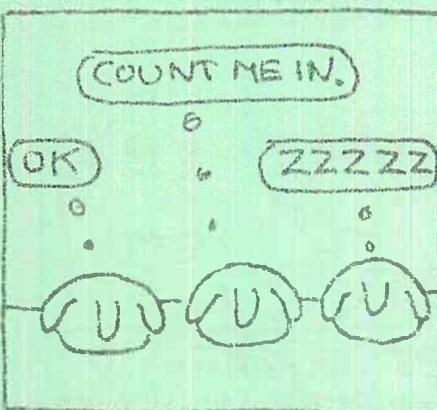
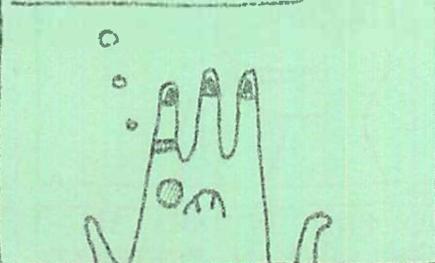
DUE TO UNFORSEEN  
CIRCUMSTANCES, A IN '83  
WILL NOT OCCUR IN THIS  
UNIVERSE.



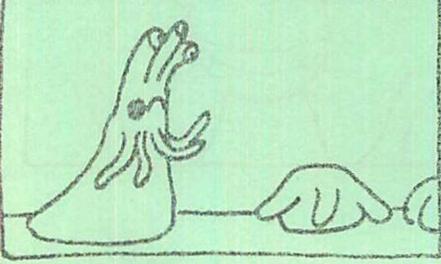
UNFORTUNATELY, ALL  
OUR ALIEN CONTACT STAFF  
ARE IN THE UNIVERSE WHERE  
IT WILL HAPPEN ...



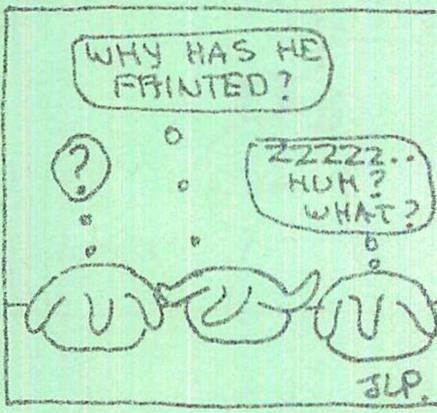
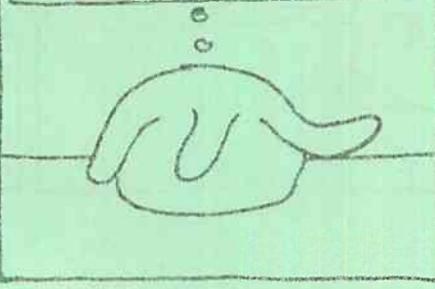
YOU, AS NATURAL TELE-  
PATHS, HAVE BEST CHANCE  
AS REPLACEMENTS ...  
HOW ABOUT IT?



I ENVY YOU - I WISH I  
COULD GO MYSELF, BUT  
I DON'T HAVE THE TRAINING  
- I'M SECONDED FROM  
CONSTRUCTION CORPS.



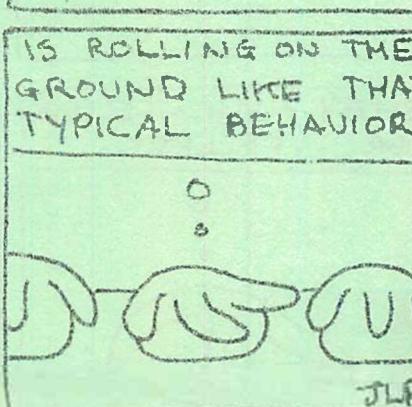
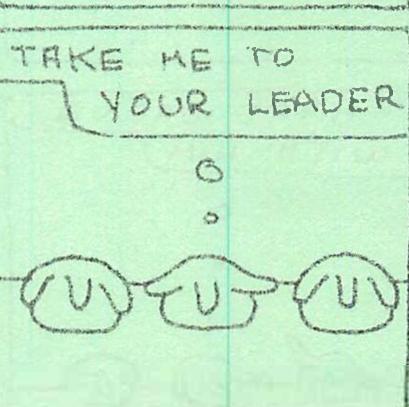
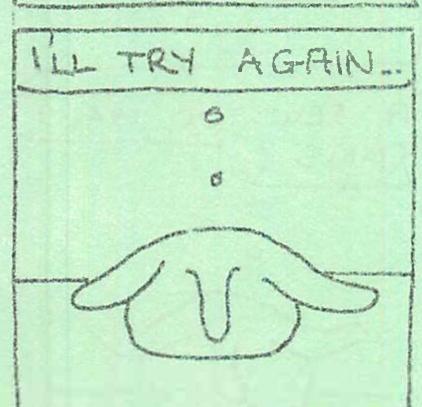
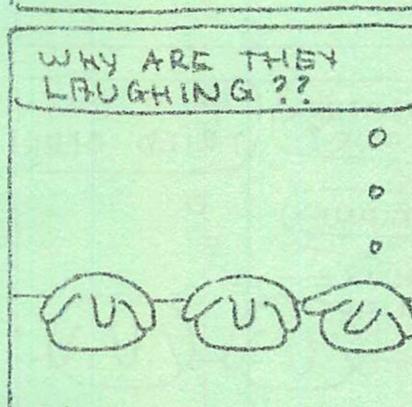
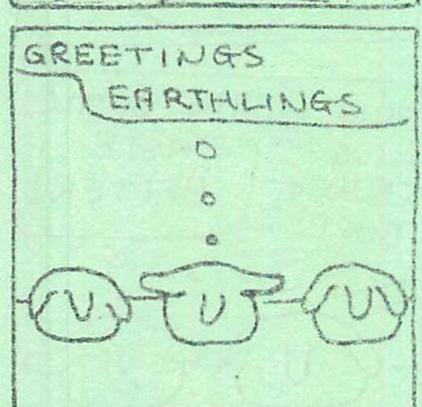
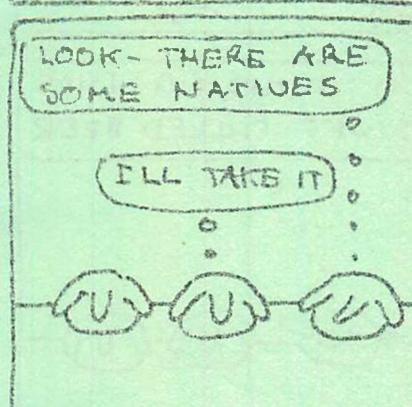
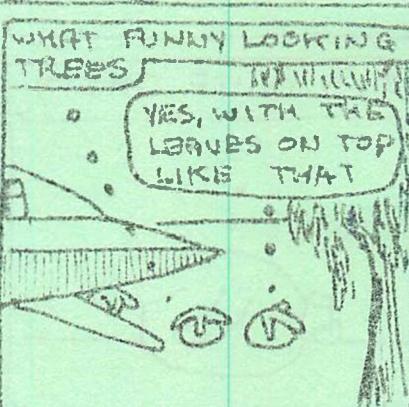
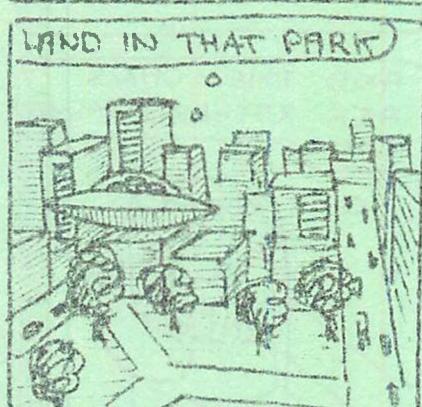
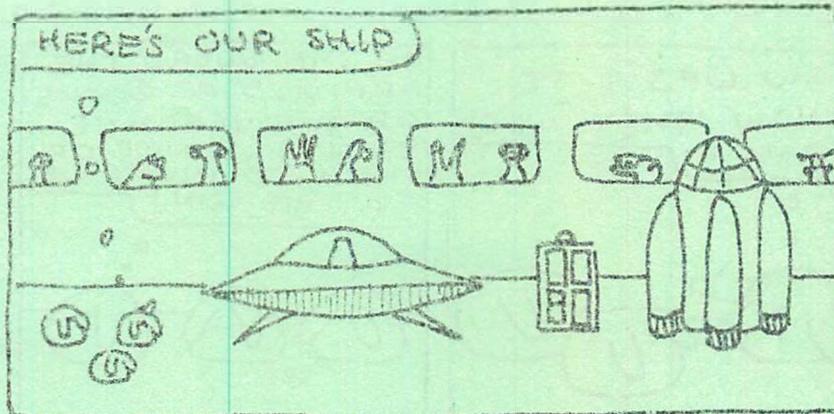
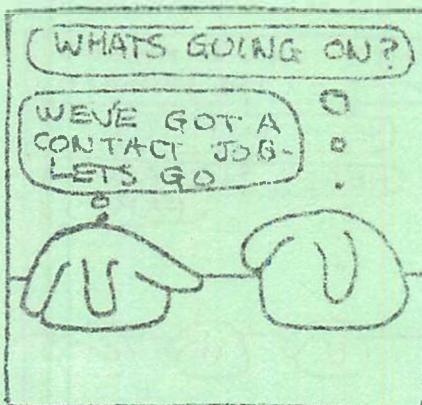
OH? - ONE OF THE  
BIG PROBABALISTIC  
RELAXATION JOBS?



WHY HAS HE  
Fainted?

ZZZZZ...  
HMM?  
WHAT?

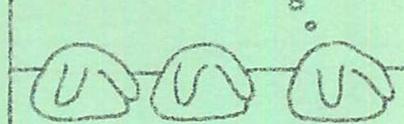
JLP.



HOW WAS I TO  
KNOW THEY WERE  
FANS?



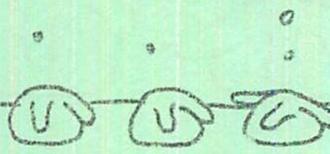
ON, THE SWORD, THE  
ARMFULLS OF BOOKS  
OR THE VEGEMITE  
BADGES ... NICE OF  
THEM TO INVITE US  
TO THE CON!



PITY WE'VE MISSED  
MOST OF THE PROGRAM

(YES - ISN'T IT)

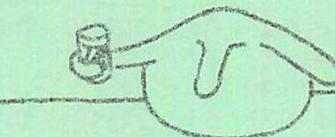
HERES THE ROOM  
PARTY



HERE, HAVE A  
BEER.



THANK YOU

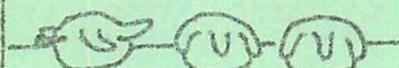


SNAP,  
GLUG GLUG GLUG

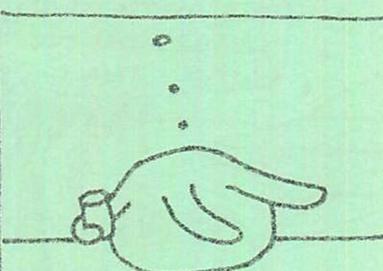
WHAT'S THAT?



I'M SAMPLING THIS  
STUFF CALLED BEER



IT'S QUITE TASTY



AND THE CANS  
ARE RATHER PLEASANT  
TOO



ANOTHER  
ONE?

HAVE YOU  
TRIED BEER

THANKS

GLUG  
GLUG

ANOTHER

SNAP

GLUG

GLUG

CRUNCH

ANOTHER

THANKS

SNAP

GLUG

GLUG

NO, BUT I  
DON'T ADVISE  
THE CANS.

THANKS

GLUG

GLUG

GLUG

GLUG

CRUNCH

BURP!

///

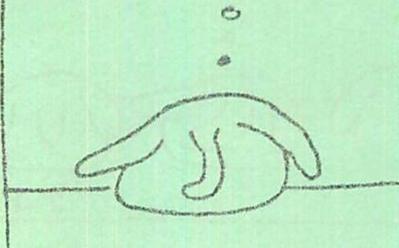
THE BOTTLES  
TASTE  
BETTER!

///

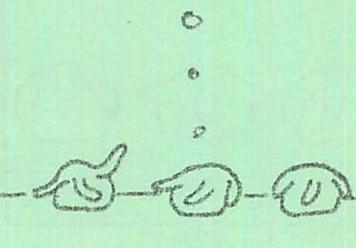
///

///

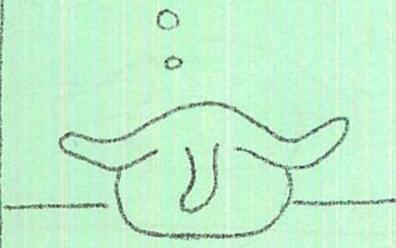
SHAY - HIC - FELLERS  
ER, ... FELLERS ...



WHAT'S WRONG  
WITH HIM



A FEW TOO MANY  
CANS?



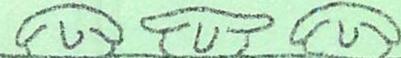
JLP.

THE NEXT DAY...

COME ON - LET'S DO  
SOME SIGHTSEEING

O

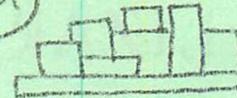
O



AND LATER ...

WHERE  
COULD HE  
HAVE GOT  
TO?

SALE



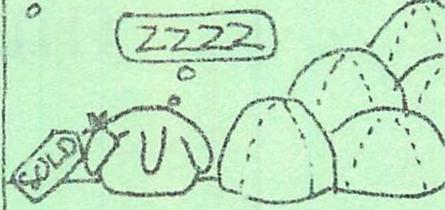
MUCH LATER ...

OH NO!

O

O

ZZZZ

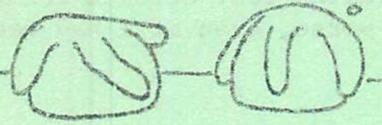


YOU REALLY MUST  
BE MORE CAREFULL

O

O

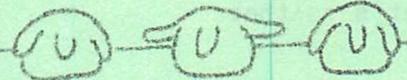
I KNOW  
I KNOW



I MUST HAVE DOZED  
OFF - I'LL NEVER  
TOUCH ALUMINUM  
AGAIN

O

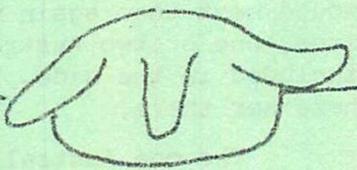
O



EXCEPT FOR  
MEDICINAL PURPOSES,

O

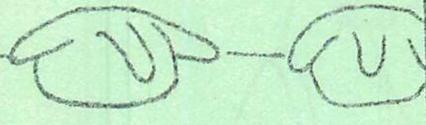
O



ENOUGH TALK  
YOU TWO ---

O

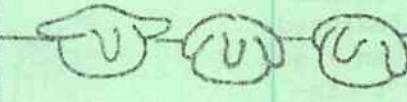
O



WE'VE GOT TO  
GET BACK AND  
REPORT CONTACT  
HAS BEEN MADE

O

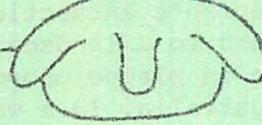
O



AND EVERY THING  
LOOKS GREAT FOR

O

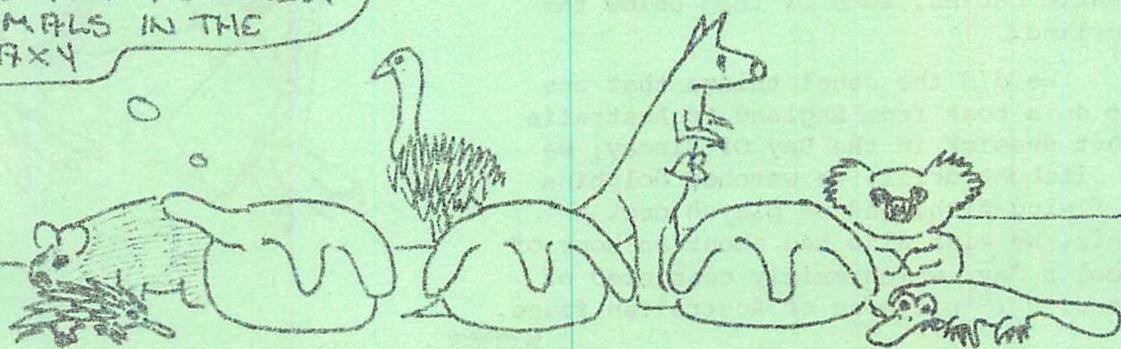
O



# MELBOURNE

IN '85

AFTER ALL THEY DO  
HAVE THE FUNNIEST  
ANIMALS IN THE  
GALAXY



JLP.

# THE LIZARD OF AUST

by Marc Ortlieb

I'd like to be able to say that, when I left England, aged eight, I didn't expect to find Australian backyards full of kangaroos, emus and kookaburras. However, at that age, I was far more trusting of the written word than I am now-a-days, and, since the natural history books, of which I was very fond at the time, stated that Australia was a country noted for kangaroos, I did expect to see the things fairly frequently. Mind you, I was more than a little naive at the time. I recall several extravagant childish promises to the friends I was leaving, including one that I would meet them again when I toured with some future Australian Test Cricket Team.... True, one or two Australian teams couldn't have done much worse, even if I had been included in the side, but that's neither here nor there.

The one Australian native with which I did become personally acquainted before leaving England was a plant. My mother took my brothers and me around Kew Gardens, in search of something that we might see in our new home, but all we could find was a large plant that looked rather like a cross between a palm tree, a pineapple, and a beer barrel. It was called Dickenson's Antarctica, and I looked forward to a landscape which featured these in plague proportions when I got to Australia. In a way I wasn't disappointed.

The trip from England to Australia was in a good cabin on the Sitmar Line's Fairsea, which, it appeared, was a converted U.S. aircraft carrier. At least, that's what I was told, and, as I've already mentioned, I was a very believing child. My father's firm, EMI, had paid for our trip out, and had arranged for us to have a cabin on the boat deck, with its own facilities. Those who were coming out under their own steam had what were, to me, far more romantic cabins, some of them below the waterline.

We did the usual things that one does on a boat from England to Australia. We got seasick in the Bay Of Biscay; we did lifeboat drill; we watched dolphins and flying-fish, and we played deck tennis. We kids also had about an hour of school a day, which mainly consisted of colouring in pictures of Australian fauna,



reenforcing my idea that Australia was basically a giant and exotic zoo.

The trip over did get a little boring, despite the occasional bright spot, such as the Crossing The Line ceremony, and my brother falling off the top bunk and splitting hit head on my other brother's cot, necessitating three very poorly administered stiches just over his eye. He recalls me pushing him off the bunk, whereas I clearly remember him leaning over the edge of the bed, and falling as the ship rolled. Amazing how one's memory can edit the truth. I sometimes wonder what really happened.

Anyway, we arrived at Outer Harbour, Adelaide's passenger port, at night, about a week before my ninth birthday. Other than a brief stop-over in Aden, which was still British at the time, it was our first encounter with dry land since leaving England about a month before. There was a bloke from Dad's work there to pick us up, and, as we drove along what I now realise was Port Road, I noted the presence of an old friend, in the form of several large beer barrel/pineapple crosses.

"Look Mother," I said, in my best schoolboy Pommie accent. "Dickenson's Antarctica."

My mother assures me that the bloke who had picked us up took one look at me as if to say "Jesus, what sort of whiz-kid have I picked up here?"

After a brief stay in the Thistle Hotel, we moved out to Elizabeth, a city which was, at the time, about five years old. It had been designed as a dormitory suburb, or satelite city. What it ended up being was a sort of a ghetto for Poms. Most of my school friends were English, other than one Scot, who would often declare in his broadest tartan accent "I'm not a Pom! I'm a Scot!" My father was working at the Weapons' Research Establishment near Salisbury, wiring up missile guidance racks which may, for all I know, be still in service in Argentina somewhere.

The thing that worried me though was the shortage of kangaroos. The Adelaide Plains have long since lost any large marsupials that they might have sheltered, and the clearing that went hand in hand with the extensive farming of the area took with the trees most of the possums. To see anything, one had to go into the Hills, or out bush, and, with more enthusiasm than judgement, my father bought an old Austin A40 in which to do this.

One of our first journeys was up to a wildlife Sanctuary, called Humbug Scrub, just above Elizabeth. It boasted, as I recall, a few moth-eaten kangaroos, one or two scruffy emus, and a wombat that never ventured out of its sleeping quarters. We'd take it in turns to be hoisted up by our father so that we could look over the wall into the enclosure, but, despite our extravagant claims, I don't think we ever really saw the wombat. Besides, seeing an Australian animal in a zoo wasn't quite the sort of thing to ensnare the imagination. We'd seen far more impressive animals in English zoos, and somehow a bedraggled emu doesn't quite compare with a full-grown Siberian tiger, though, of the two, the emu certainly does have the more malevolent eyes.

My first encounter with Australian fauna in the wild, if one discounts the ever-present flies, and the occasional bull-ant bite, was when we went on a fishing trip to a local mangrove swamp called Port Gawler. It was a hot day, and the A40 had boiled at least once. We were rumbling over the dusty dirt-track on the final approaches to the tidal river which was our destination when Dad stopped the car. I thought it must have boiled again, but Dad told us to get out of the car, and look at the thing he'd narrowly avoided running over.

There, in the middle of the road, was something that looked rather like an elongated pine-cone on legs. On either end there was stuck a smaller pine-cone, and the two would have been identical, were it not for the fact that the creature had its mouth open, and was hissing at us, and poking its flat blue tongue out. It was a sleepy lizard, one of the most common large skinks on the Adelaide plains. (They are also known as stumpy lizards or pine-cone lizards, the former due to their short stumpy legs.)

Dad had already encountered one or two of these at work, and so knew something about them. He rescued a stick from the side of the road, and poked it in the direction of the lizard's mouth. Quick as a flash, the little beast swung its head around and bit solidly into the stick. It clung on so tightly that Dad was able to lift it from the road just by raising the stick. Sleepies have incredibly powerful jaws, and, if they don't want to let go of something, they don't. Thus, despite the very small teeth, I determined not to put my finger anywhere near an angry sleepy's mouth.

After we'd looked at the creature, and had poked it a few times to hear it hiss, we allowed it to continue on its own way, and we continued on our's. I was fascinated, and determined to get to know the lizard a little better.

As it happened, this was not too difficult, especially once our family had moved to their current home in Elizabeth Downs, which, at that time, was at the very edge of Elizabeth. Within easy walking distance were the first rises of the Adelaide Hills, and the creek beds and scree there were ideal havens for sleepy lizards, and other assorted skinks. In summer, groups of us would regularly trespass on the sheep-farmers' properties, braving the displeasure of the farmers, who were reputed to have shotguns loaded with salt pellets that they used on kids who trespassed on their lands. I never saw any evidence of this, but was scared off by farmers' dogs on several occasions.

The sleepy was the easiest of the skinks to catch, because, as its name suggests, it was a fairly slow sort of a lizard, relying more on its pine-cone scales and vicious jaws for defence. Once one had cornered a sleepy, it was merely a matter of working out how to manoeuvre one's hand to grab the beast behind the neck without getting bitten. That accomplished, the lizard's only defence was to let rip with a stream of yellowish green faeces which the experienced lizard hunter soon learned to avoid.

The little drop-tail skinks weren't too hard to catch, as they were much more plentiful than the sleepies, though much faster. They were a chocolaty brown colour, and anywhere from half an inch to three inches long. Catching them in the open was not easy, as they were fast, and one often ended up with a twitching tail and nothing else in one's hand. The technique was to find a likely looking rock and lift it, hoping that it sheltered a skink or two rather than a scorpion, red-backed spider, or baby brown snake. The latter three are poisonous, the red-back being closely related to the black widow spider. I must have been fairly lucky in my hunting. I only once saw a brown snake, though the paddock opposite my parents' place must have had one or two, as we regularly found shed snake skins there. I will admit that I saw very little of that brown snake. As a kid, I was fairly fast on my feet.

The prize in any lizard collection was either a blue tongued skink or a bearded dragon. The blue tongues were of a similar size to the sleepies, but were slimmer, and not so thickly armoured. As a result, they were faster, but just as willing to use their jaws. I never did get around to capturing one. The bearded dragons were tree living lizards, with frog-like back legs, and brown sandpaper skins. Under their throats were pouches which they'd inflate when annoyed, thus giving rise to their name. I don't recall how I got mine, but, since I don't remember ever catching one, I must have swapped it for something.

As our family started to travel further afield, I got to see slightly more exotic lizards too. I remember spending the best part of an afternoon trying to dig a six inch striped skink out of a Murray river bank. I eventually got it, though minus its tail.

We kept the lizards in different enclosures, depending on the type. Drop tails, for instance, had to be kept in old dry aquariums, as they'd slip through the cracks in the home built wooden cages. The sleepies were easier. One merely constructed a rectangle out of four-by-twos, and covered the top with chicken wire, and plonked it on the back lawn with the lizards enclosed. The lizards would then get a certain amount of their sustenance from the bugs in the lawn, and the rest from the saucers

of mince-meat we'd put down for them. Looking after them was fairly simple, as the only thing that caused major trouble was tick-infestation. Some of these were real beauties though. They tended to attach in the "armpit" and sometimes became so huge that they looked like blobs of chewing gum that had been stuck onto the lizard. One was supposed to apply a lit cigarette to the tick's body to get it to release, though I don't know how much that was true, and how much it was an excuse for young teenagers to have a cigarette in the Hills. (The cigarette played an important role in such expeditions, as it was also supposed to be used on leeches that one accumulated while wading through creeks. Some of the Australian leeches are really something too. One that once crawled up my father's wellington boot while he was cleaning fish in the Murray must have been four inches long, and half an inch thick. It was striped brilliant orange and black.)

The real season for messing around in creeks was winter. By then we'd have released the lizards, as they found rocks to hibernate under during the winter. South Australian winters aren't particularly severe, but we do get the occasional frost, especially in the Hills, and such weather isn't really suited to lizards. The few attempts we made to keep lizards in heated terrariums over winter weren't that successful, and were far too much work.

The first step was to set up aquariums and old baby baths for whatever occupants we could find. Then there were nets - often old sieves attached to long handles - that we'd pick up for sixpence from Harry Hazel, a funny old bloke who ran a second-hand store in Smithfield, before such places became Antique shops with cute names and inflated prices.

There are few permanent water courses on the Adelaide plains, but any number of creeks, or winter pools, that would fill when the winter rains hit. About half a mile from our house was Smith's Creek, one of the larger creeks which would often flow well into the summer. We'd go there in summer and dig aestivating frogs out of the creek banks. However, during winter, we would continue in our attempts to raise frogs from spawn. In this we seldom had much luck, most of them dying at around the time they'd grown their rear legs. I must admit that I was slightly disappointed that there were no newts to be found. I never have found out whether or not there are salamanders native to Australia, but there certainly weren't any near where we lived. A pity, as I was fascinated by the newts I'd seen in England.

What was interesting though was the dry depression by the side of the Main North Road (between Adelaide and Gawler). During summer the only sign that it was anything special was that there was more of the browned greenery in it than could be found elsewhere. However, during winter it became a pond, about thirty feet long, twenty feet wide, and two feet deep. As such, it became a treasure trove of greeny-brown tadpoles, and the most amazing shrimps I'd ever seen. They were about three quarters of an inch long, and seemed to be composed of pink jelly. They were nothing like the freshwater shrimps that one found in the Murray River, which were more like small prawns. These things swam on their back, and used their legs like rows of little oars. I guess they must have been filter feeders of some kind. I never saw them eating. The tadpoles I could understand. I'd seen buried frogs. The only explanation I could come up with for the shrimps was that they laid special eggs which could withstand the drying out until the pond next filled up.



Quite a while later, when I was doing my teaching diploma in biology at Adelaide Teacher's College, I got a chance to confirm this. As a major project, Milos, a friend of mine, and I decided to investigate succession in irrigated dried lake material. Rather than use anything local, like the little depression by the side of the Main North Road, we decided on something more interesting, and with Darryl Aesche, another friend, we headed for the dry lagoons up near Mildura, a city close to the South Australian/Victorian/New South Welsh border.

This trip provided a number of new experiences for me. For a start, it was the first time, since arriving in Australia, that I'd left South Australia. (I came very close to asking a shop keeper in Mildura if he took South Australian money, but, fortunately, common sense got the better of me. I also learnt to order beer by the "pot" rather than by the "pint".)

It was also the first, and so far the only, time I'd ever seen kangaroos in the wild. We were camped in a dry lagoon on the New South Wales side of the Murray River, and the weather was so good that, rather than put up the tent, we just rolled out the ground-sheet, and slept in the open. That morning I was woken by the sun rising, and I saw, about a hundred yards away, across the dry lagoon, two kangaroos slowly hopping along, occasionally stopping to browse on some of the dried vegetation in the lagoon bed. It was one of those magic still moments that one doesn't experience often.

Anyway, we took our yoghurt containers of dry soil back to Adelaide, deposited it in other containers, filled them with water, and then conscientiously went in every day to examine the stuff under the microscope, noting everything that we found there. We even attached a camera to the scope, and photographed some of our findings. I remember one particularly fascinating microorganism that seemed to thrash its way through the water with the aid of an elephant-like trunk. It wouldn't stop in the field of view long enough to be photographed, and so, in an attempt to slow it down, Milos pipetted a drop of one hundred percent alcohol onto the slide. That certainly slowed it down. In less than a second, the thing had collapsed into an amorphous blob of protoplasm. I often thought of that little beast during later alcoholic binges.

The most interesting results of that expedition were though two crustaceans. The first whizzed around the microscope slide like a jet-propelled baked-bean. We later discovered that it was an ostrococ. The second was none other than a smaller version of the shrimps I had caught in the little pond by the side of the Main North Road. They were, I believe, called fairy shrimps, though I never noted anything in their behaviour that would have earned them such a title.

As a kid though, I really wasn't that heavily into the research side of things, and merely enjoyed looking at pets, and the status that came from having an unusual pet. Thus it was that Murray River turtles took my attention. By this time I was in high school, and had joined what was known as the Biology Club. Stripped down to its basics, this was a group that the biology master had conned into going into the bio lab at lunch times to clean out the mouse cages. We were also responsible for feeding some of the animals, including the pair of small Murray River turtles that lived in an aquarium jerry rigged from an old refrigerator chassis.

I decided that I had to have one, and spent the best part of five Murray River fishing trips wandering up and down the banks searching for the places where turtles had laid their eggs. (Reading Anne McCaffrey's DRAGONSONG struck a responsive chord in me.) All I ever found were egg shells, so, in the end, I was forced into that least noble of options, i.e. that of going into the local pet shop and buying a baby turtle.

It resided in a little aquarium on my dressing table, and was fed on bits of meat that I'd dangle enticingly from my fingers. Just swishing my finger in the water was usually enough to rouse it from its usual sleeping place at the bottom of the tank. It would then surface, blinking stupidly, and paddle over to the feeding hand, stretching its neck to grab the meat from my finger, usually attempting to take a bit of the finger with it as well, but, since it was only about an inch across the shell, its finger biting attempts weren't successful. I must have been a bit of a sadist at

the time though, and it used to be fun to see how far above the surface the turtle could stretch for its dinner. The poor little bugger would stretch its neck to full extension, and then paddle like mad in an attempt to get another half inch of its body out of the water so that it could get at the food.

Anyway, my sadistic streak, combined with my failure to raise frogs from tadpoles did combine into an idea. Actually, the igniting spark for this particular idea came from shortage of aquarium space as much as anything else. I returned from a fishing expedition with half a dozen tiny fish which we used to call mosquito fish, and, having no spare aquarium space left, I put them in with the turtle. The next morning the turtle was looking very smug, and wasn't at all interested in breakfast. The fish weren't there. I figured then, that if the turtle went for fish, it probably wouldn't be adverse to tadpoles. Next winter, my brother and I bred up a batch of tadpoles, and would release them one or two at a time into the turtle's bath. (It'd outgrown the aquarium by then.) We'd then watch as the tadpoles were hunted down and chomped. The turtle was a particularly messy feeder, and we'd often be treated to the sight of tadpole innards hanging from its mouth as it greedily went for the other tadpole.

The turtle was my last real experience with keeping native animals at home. We finally released him into the Murray during a fishing trip, and, by then I'd grown out of that sort of a pet. The Biology Club did still provide me with some interesting experience with native animals though, such as the time the school was visited by the owners of a small menagerie, and I got to take their baby wombat on a walk around the building. Actually, the use of the active tense there is not strictly accurate. I was given the leash, and the wombat proceeded to drag me around the building. They are extraordinarily strong animals, and solid in the bargain. They can, given time, tunnel through a concrete floor, and I have heard tales of cars being written off in collisions with fully grown wombats. (In one instance, the wombat is reputed to have walked away from the crash.)

So anyway, here I live, in an inner suburb of Adelaide, and it's been several years since I last saw a native animal, other than in zoos or wildlife sanctuaries. I guess it's part of being a genuine citified Australian, but I still rather wish that there were kangaroos and koalas in every backyard. It'd certainly give me something to brag about to those Americans who have terrible cute squirrels in every tree.

A SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCE BY

KEITH CURTIS

On a serviette commandeered from the Melbourne Town House, with an introduction penned on a piece of paper with an ANSETT heading.

Ever tried writing an article while minding a huckster's table and having your back rubbed by Jane Taubman?

What thoughts, fannish or otherwise, pass through the mind of one who has hammered in his last lot? What bon mots spring instantly to the lips of one who has forced, cajoled and persuaded the last bleeding cent or dollar from the wearied wallets of a clutch of con goers?

A long satisfied smile, and a quietly murmured Thank Ghu, Foo and Roscoe.

I don't think it is possible to write anything coherent without time away from the last day at Tschaicon. Any comments about the joys and calamities of a seven year stint as a fan-auctioneer would be fatuous at best. My feelings on "retirement" are fleeting moments of loss and gain. It is for others to decide whether my chequered career has been worthwhile. Perhaps notes from behind the hammer will be possible, but at 2pm Monday 12th of April, I'll just relax and offer to complete this non-article at another time.

Okay Keith. I have that in writing, but, for now, that's your lot.



THE UNTRAINED LEG WRITER  
Sort of an editorial  
by Marc Ortlieb

Well well, Q36I eh? Who'd have thought the old zine would have had so much ~~dead~~ blood in it. You may though have noticed that my plans to make this a special "all-Australian" issue have fallen a little short of the mark. I mean, Mike O'Brien and John Packer are both, as far as I know, dinkum, card-carrying Australians, but, despite her elaborately forged citizenship papers, Jean's accent gives her away, and I am still travelling on my British passport. Judith Hanna would have been granted dinkum status, had she not chosen to flit off to that land of eternal fog that is forever England.

Richard Faulder, whose last minute aid package of art saved this issue may well be Australian too, but his dignity and generosity make me doubt this. Still,

for local colour, one really can't go past John Alderson, and I must thank him for the article, in which he didn't insult women much at all. Otherwise, howdy to Graham Ferner, who, for a Kiwi, draws nice roos.

As a matter of fact, this issue, if one counts the letter column, seems to take in most of Australia, with the exception of the Northern Territory, which seems to have reverted to being a fannish wilderness. My thanks to all contributors, letter writers, etc, and very special thanks to John Packer, who continues to perform miracles to order.

But on to the nitty gritty. As I believe I mentioned in Q36H, the cost of posting this beast is getting a little beyond a joke. The Australian copies, thanks to my Category B registration aren't too bad, but the cost of posting the zine overseas is getting ridiculous, especially considering the fact that the post awful is taking as much as six months to deliver copies to the U.S.. Anyway, the point I'm getting to is, of course, that I'm going to trim the zine down a bit. This one will probably run to about 250 copies, rather than the 300 for the last two issues. People who trade are safe, as I'll continue to trade with anyone who puts out an issue or two a year, but thems who hasn't been writing lately..... ( And if that doesn't work, I'll start publishing in runs of 500, and won't stop sending people copies until they write. Gad the extent to which I'll go to ensure a full letter box.)

I don't have much of an idea what Q36J is going to look like, though it could well feature the next chapter in the story of Medea, and John Packer has promised a new triffid tale. What I'm after is material of a satirical, or pseudo-scientific nature, along with assorted fillos. If you are sending me material though, please don't send originals, and I'd rather if you didn't send your only copy. The deadline for material for Q36J is August 28th 1982. I hope to have another copy of Q36 numerical out in October too.

---

Salomon let it go at that until they were locked into his car and he had poured a beer for them - the authentic kangaroo kick for the surgeon, a much weaker American brew for himself; he had tangled with Australian beer in his youth and was wary.

p 57 Robert A. Heinlein I WILL FEAR NO EVIL ( Berkley, 1971)

" Author? Author? Did you write these legs?"

" Yes."

" Well, I don't like dem. I don't like 'em at all. I could ha' wrritten better legs meself. Did you write your legs?"

" No."

" Ahh. Sooo! You got some one else to write your legs, some one who's a good leg writer and den you write dis pair of crappy legs fer me, well mister, it's not good enough."

" I'll try and develop them with the plot."

" It's a dia-bo-likal liberty lettin' an untrained leg writer loose on an unspectin' human bean like me."

SPIKE MILLIGAN - PUCKOON.

It's amazing how Milligan can so neatly sum up the feeling that one has been written into a particularly badly written novel. It's no wonder that so many people turn to novel writing as their only opportunity to redress some of the terrible situations into which they've been written.

Me, I figure that my author is getting a little cliche ridden. I mean, identity crises as the major character approaches his thirtieth birthday are a little passe now-a-days. Besides, I think he's starting to get hide-bound in his use of characters. I mean, I'm getting bored with his predictability. Every time I go into the city, I encounter someone from a previous stage of my life. I'm due to run out of stages soon. Mind you, I will grant that my author has some subtltiy left, especially when handling the sub-plots relating to my father.

Dad, you see, is the bloke who sits outside the office of the South Australian Premier, and, the other day, he reported to work, ready to head off the latest bunch of loonies with ideas that the Premier "had" to see. On his list was a David Ortlieb, and, since, as far as we know, our family are the only Ortliebs in the country, my father was curious. When the bloke arrived and announced himself as David Ortlieb, my father noted the coincidence of names, and the bloke pulled out an address book, in which he had noted both Dad's and my phone numbers. He also was in the habit of checking the telephone book for Ortlieb s when visiting new cities.

As it turned out, he was an American, who was investing a couple of million in a local firm, and had come to discuss that with the Premier. Meeting my father there was merely a fortuitous coincidence. This then is where my author's subtltiy comes in. Had he been a real hack, he would have arranged the plot such that our family were related to this American businessman, and my brothers and I would have ended up with secure positions in a managerial capacity, at large salaries. You know, there is something to be said for a more direct approach in plotting.

But I bring up this matter to point out that, had I been in control of my own story, TSCHAICON, the 1982 Australiasian National Convention in Melbourne this Easter would have been a very different convention. Let's see now, the begining would have read roughly as follows:-

It was Thursday when Marc arrived in Melbourne. He'd really wanted to spend the day at school, as he really enjoyed teaching his year nine English students. Though they were not the most able kids in the school, they worked like Trojans to get their work done, and all were showing marked improvements since entering his class. However, the principal had insisted that Marc take the extra time off.

" Don't worry," he'd said. " We'll cover for you. Besides, the information you bring back will be most useful for the Matriculation science fiction course. Remember to tell Lee Harding that the money for his trip down here next month has been approved by the school council. And don't hurry back. We'll hold the fort on Tuesday."

As it is, my writer has this recurring theme, in which I meet people in the strangest places, and, rather than miss out on that, he arranged it so that I got no time off of school for the convention, and that I decided not to waste money on a room for the Thursday night, instead catching the first plane out of Adelaide on the Good Friday morning.

Part of the purpose was, of course, so that I could encounter John McDouall and Katrina Hennessey, whose flight from Perth stopped in Adelaide. Katrina immediately sold me a Swancon membership, despite the fact that we'd never met before. An under-handed trick that. I got a bit of natter before our respective flights departed.

On arriving in Melbourne, after my traditional in-flight hot cross bun, I made a fool of myself waiting for my guitar to emerge on the luggage carousel. At first I thought that Ansett must have re-routed it to Brisbane, the way T.A.A. had done after Circulation I. However, when I asked the bloke on the baggage counter, he pointed out the guitar to me. It had been off loaded first, to avoid it being damaged. I decided that I liked Ansett.

Pat, an Adelaide fan who had been travelling on the same flight, and I caught the bus into the city, and then annoyed a taxi driver by getting him to take us on the short hop from the city terminal to The Melbourne Town House, site of both the 1978 National Convention, and this one. On stepping into the registration area, my brain switched straight to convention mode, a condition in which the outside world is merely an unpleasant dream that one has between conventions. Reality is a great big hug from Peter Toluzzi.

Of course, one of the ramifications of switching to convention time is that chronological order is an instant fatality. At various times that day, I helped Transfinite Audio-Visuals carry assorted pieces of aluminium piping in a lift which existed in a universe where the limiting velocity is that of a Post Office Snail; I watched Andrew Brown, in his role as security guard, molesting women who walked into the hucksters' area without their name badges; I watched Shayne McCormack taking off her name badge before walking into the hucksters' area; and I nattered with all sorts of people all over the convention hotel, and in Spaghetti Graffiti, an all night spaghetti place across the road from the hotel. I won't list the people, as I'd likely to omit several, however, as I recall it, that first lunch was with much of the Adelaide Mafia, plus Cathy Circosta, Richard Faulder, John Newman, and Australian pro guest of honour, Leanne Frahm. Despite her GoH status, Leanne was exiled to the Coventry at the end of the table which had been established for smokers.

One of the real shocks for the day was discovering that the speech I was supposed to give as part of the Banquet was actually on that very night. I'd assumed that it would have been the Saturday or the Sunday. Fortunately it was written, so I forgot about it, and ended up listening to the Guest of Honour, Jack Vance, talking. I really can't tell you what he was talking about, as every time I tried to listen, I'd find myself nodding off to sleep, and I couldn't allow that to happen, because Cathy had already fallen asleep with her head on my shoulder, and, had I too fallen asleep, we both would have fallen off our chairs, and though that might have provided a minor diversion, I doubt that Mr Vance would have been that impressed.

After the speech was over, I woke Cathy, and we made our way down to the small bar which was open. Unfortunately the girl behind the bar was obviously new at the job, and hadn't mastered the concept that one moves along the bar, serving those who have been waiting the longest, rather than simply standing in one spot, and serving whoever fills that spot. Even Julia Ferguson's subtle waving of a twenty dollar bill in the air was not sufficient to move her. Mind you, part of the blame can be placed on Keith Tayler, who insisted on ordering exotic drinks, like black and tans. I mean, since the poor girl had no idea what stout was, his chances were zero. Some of Alf Katz's suggestions for bizarre cocktails did enliven the wait a little.

The Banquet at the Hon Moon followed. Now, I'd like to describe the quality of the food, but honesty bids me admit that I didn't notice it. I was getting keyed up

for my speech, and carefully noting who was there, and changing bits of the speech to suit the people who were and weren't in the audience. Unfortunately the bits about Leigh Edmonds were an important part of the speech, and I had to leave them in, despite the fact that Leigh and Valma weren't at the convention. They were being held captive in two rooms of their Canberra home while builders were "renovating" the rest. I do recall that I stopped eating after about the fourth course, and that Womble, who is allergic to fish wasn't impressed by the heavy fishy emphasis in the meal. Finally though, came the moment of truth, and I wondered if even my teacher's shouting voice could overcome the abominable accountics of the room.

There was an awed hush as Ortlieb finished speaking. Those who had been moved to tears by his words, sat, their eyes shining, and then, like the breaking of a thunder-storm, there arose a mighty roar. Appreciative and proud, Ortlieb bowed, and then walked gracefully back to his seat. As he passed the Overseas' Fan Guest of Honour, he heard Shaw mutter to him "Great job Marc. I couldn't have done better myself." He nodded, and said, with no trace of condescension in his voice "Of course you could have Bob." Then he continued to his table, where, rather than applaud, all the female fans, and not a few males, had thrown their room keys. "I'm glad I took seconds on the oysters," he thought to himself.

Well no, actually, I got through the speech with my voice barely intact, and swearing to myself that I'd never do that again, ~~unless someone asked me~~. Oh, it went over well enough, but I could see every rough spot, every indecipherable line, and every single quiver in my hand. I suffer very badly from stage-fright, and I had it in abundance that night, which is silly, as there were only 109 people there, and they were people I liked and respected. Still, all things considered, I think speaking to nine hundred plus school assemblies is far easier. I shook my way back to my seat, and Cathy held my hand until it stopped shaking.

We then returned to the hotel, and caught the last bit of the Stokes, McPharlin, McEwen Horror Panel, which had been scheduled for an hour before midnight, which rather spoiled the effect, though McPharlin was being as gross as ever. That was followed by a quiet nattering party in Tony Power's room, in which I got to natter to lots of nice folks, while watching Zyg drinking flaming O.P. rum.

The Saturday was spent with several die-hards at the business session. There were no real surprises. The amendment to include New Zealand in Australian National Conventions was repealed, largely in the face of underwhelming signs of interest from New Zealand. The motion that the Ditmars (Aust SF Achievement Awards) be biodegradable was soon amended to read roughly as follows (I didn't get the exact wording) That the Ditmars be made of biodegradable, black, radioactive twiltone, in the shape of a suppository, and covered in dripping, and that the first be administered to John Foyster. This was defeated on a second count of votes. As I recall it, on the first count, the votes were about even, with several abstainers, who weren't quite sure what in hell was going on, or whether or not the motion was serious.

I didn't get to the Medieval fair that was programmed alongside the business session. I'm afraid that I'm not that heavily into costumes, or recreating the past, despite having rather enjoyed the Renaissance Fair, in Minneapolis. Lunch was followed by a chance to catch the last bit of Leanne Frahm's talk. It was fresh, interesting and enjoyable. I found myself wishing that Leanne was the main GoH. I know that, for several of us, she was.

The afternoon was probably spent in the huckster's room, watching Derrick Ashby trying to sell Melbourne tram badges, and other assorted merchandise in support of the Melbourne in '85 bid. The badges went well, as did the t-shirts. Derrick was also running the Ramtid Awards, for the most vile novel, fanzine, artwork, you-name-it. One paid five cents per vote, and could vote as many times as you liked. Roman Orszanski and I almost went broke voting for each other's fanzines as worst crudzine, until we struck upon the easier solution, of forming a cartel, and both voting for James Styles' CRUX.

Much of Saturday was also spent searching for the ingredients for a reasonably good blog. (It is common knowledge that the recipe for real Blog was lost in the flood.) However, the search was in vain. Do you realise how difficult it is to find virgin's blood at a science fiction convention? I tried all the obvious people - Paul Stevens, Justin Ackroyd, Merv Binns, but they told me that Space Age didn't stock it any more. Thus I was forced to resort to St Paul Blog for the Minneapolis in '73 Party I had planned for the Sunday night. In a way, this was appropriate, as Minicon, the annual Minnesota Easter Convention, was being held in St Paul due to hotel hassles.

I did also get to speak briefly on the Australian Fandom panel, which was actually more like a string of speakers, plugging their favourite causes. I gave a spiel on the Mid-Atlantic Fan Fund, and tried to hustle up a few more nominations.

The evening's entertainment was the Masquerade, which, despite a couple of excellent efforts, didn't really spark. Melbourne and Adelaide National Conventions seldom do well when it comes to Masquerades. I guess it comes from them being places more inclined to serious sf criticism, and fannish foolishness than to dressing up. Nick Stathopolis went as a superb caliban, and Lewis Morely, happy to abandon the facial latex for once, had produced a hefty looking space suit. I liked Richard Faulder's outfit, all the more so because Richard isn't well known for that sort of thing. It's nice to see people who will try something different, and Richard's costume worked well. Naturally we had a couple of scantily clad women, and there were one or two males showing more flesh than males are wont to do on such occasions.

After this, Paul Stevens presented a couple of rather anaemic Golden Caterpillar Awards. The only new one was presented to Jean Weber, for her article on how to handle a man. The others were replacements for caterpillars that had fallen to pieces.

I have a feeling that it was this evening that my glasses fell apart. This may be seen as vindication of the opinions that I have a screw loose. Actually, there are two of them, and they are rather small. Fortunately John Packer was on hand with his trusty tool kit, and, after he fixed them, we set out for the last known location of the filk party, where Zebee Johnson was shredding her fingers on Andrew Brown's steel string guitar. Unfortunately, the assembled people there were too awed by our combined expertise to come forward and play anything themselves. Either that, or they were secret guitar wizards who were too polite to show us up. Anyway, we were allowed to play until my fingers were shredded too. (John Packer did help, but didn't play for anywhere near long enough.) Justin Ackroyd told me the next morning that he was in a room just across from the filk room, and he was lulled into sleep by my voice. I can only assume that he lived near a donkey farm as a child.

Of course, what Ortlieb didn't realise was that Melanie Safka was staying in the hotel that evening. Thus, he was rather surprised when, at ten the next morning, there was a knock on his door. He rose bleary eyed, throwing a towel around his waist, and opened the door. There she stood, the figure he'd last seen in The Adelaide Festival Hall. He still remembered the soft kiss she'd placed on his cheek on that occasion.

"Hi," she said. "My name's Melanie. Are you Marc Ortlieb?"

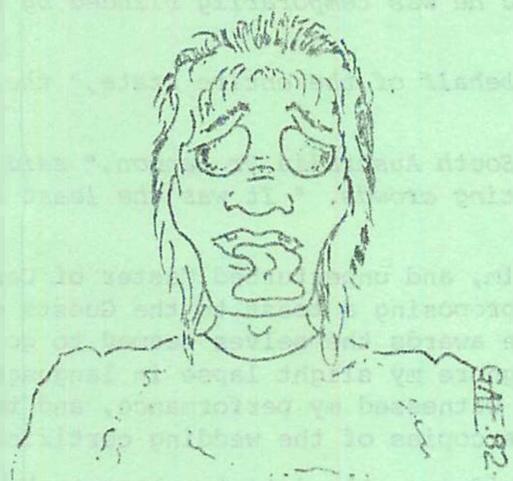
"Yes," he said, still unable to accept the situation.

"Well, I heard your singing and guitar playing last night. The girl, she's good, but the moment I heard you, I realised that we could really make some beautiful music together. What do you feel about forming a duet?"

Ortlieb was so staggered by the offer that he could only nod. She looked at him, and suddenly he recognised the nature of her stare.

"Mind you, if we are going to work together, we'd better see how well we work together. Take off that silly towel."

Ortlieb was late for the panel that morning.



-I USED TO SUFFER SO BADLY FROM  
HANGOVERS, THEY PUT ME ON A SOLID DIET OF  
ALK-A-SELSA AND DISPRIN... ONE DAY I JUMPED  
IN THE BATH AND DISSOLVED.

"frumpstiggle", "tangreese", and "mimimomomizolalimialomuelamironoriminos". I don't know about the audience, but I enjoyed the competition. The fact that we agents won convincingly certainly didn't detract from the pleasure. Mind you, that well known sour-grape merchant Terry Frost soon began spreading stories about how Peter, Sally and I had only won because we'd tickled the secrets out of Andrew Brown in a previous evening's "menage a quatre". ( All lies. Peter slept through the whole affaire.)

The rest of the day was livened up by Eric Lindsay's Fan Guest of Honour speech, which was almost as good as Leanne's, and a panel in which John McDouall, Sally Beasley and I managed to hog the microphones, and tell tales of forty gallon vats of strawberry jello and Denvention.

I also spent much of the afternoon hunting up people to accept Ditmars should certain books, people, or fanzines win them. As Master of Ceremonies/Toastmaster, I was in an awkward situation, as I was nominated for two of the awards myself, and so didn't want to see a list of the winners prior to the presentation. Thus I had to have every base covered.

I also had to spend part of the evening squeezing lemons and limes in crder to have a decent sized bucket of St Paul Blog ready for the evening's Minneapolis in '73 party. Somewhere in there I got around to eating, but I can't remember quite where or what. I know I had a few snacks in the hotel lounge, because it was there that Keith Curtis ripped off the table napkin upon which he wrote his piece for this issue.

The Transfinite Audio-Visual, featuring six slide projectors, a laser, and lots of under the breath swearing from Mark Denbow, Kim Lambert and Geoff Jagoe, was, despite Mark's later modest protestations, excellent. They've certainly gotten well beyond the point where an amateur like me can pick the faults in the system. I was particularly impressed by the travalogue they did based on some of Jack Vance's works. I was not though fascinated enough to stay and listen to the second installment of Vance's GoH speech, and so retreated to my room to set some things up, and to get myself together enough to do the presentations.

Actually, it was Sally Beasley who was late for the Sunday morning panel. What had been arranged was an S.F. What's My Word, in which the contestants were divided into two teams of three, and each team took it in turns to provide three definitions of a word. The opposing team had to guess which of the three definitions was the real one.

Andrew Brown was the chairman, and organiser. On one side we had the Tschaicon interstate agents team, with Sally, Peter Toluzzi and me, while the other team was the ~~drugs~~ rest, John Foyster, Terry Frost, and Perry Middlemiss. There were several impromptu sing-alongs while we waited for someone to drag Sally out of bed, but, at long last, we got going, in an attempt to define words like

Ortlieb descended from the plane, with his beautiful long-haired folk singer following close behind. The cameras clicked, and he was temporarily blinded by the atom-flash of the television cameras.

"Welcome back, and congratulations, on behalf of the entire state," the Premier said.

"Always a pleasure to be of service to South Australia Mr Bannon," said Ortlieb, as he smiled his justly famous smile at the waiting crowds. "It was the least I could do."

Well, so much for Ortlieb the smooth, calm, and unperturbed Master of Ceremonies. I even forgot to do what I was hired for, i.e. proposing a toast to the Guests of Honour. So much for Ortlieb the ToastMaster. The awards themselves seemed to go quite well, and the con members were good enough to ignore my slight lapse in language. I would though, like to apologise to everyone who witnessed my performance, and to the parents of those people. No, I don't need to see copies of the wedding certificates.

The Minneapolis in '73 party, for me, divides neatly into two parts: the first, while Cathy was still there, which I enjoyed; and the second, after Cathy had left, which saw the convention starting to catch up on me. I like offering my room for parties, but sometimes I find myself wishing that people wouldn't stay so long.

One thing that didn't stay too long was the bucket of Elog. Despite the fact that Terry discovered its secret ingredient - Colgate Flurogard - it was all disposed of fairly rapidly, the combination of peppermint and citrus ensuring that we had the sweetest mouthed, least scurvey, party in the hotel. I spent a bit of time just fiddling with the guitar - not easy believe me - and nattering to Erik Harding. All sorts of people passed through and/or out, and I gather that the party eventually metamorphosed into a corridor party, that lasted until morning. I turned into bed instead.

Monday was Monday was Monday. The last day of a convention is seldom a pretty sight. It could well have been this morning when Alison Cowling, Kim Huett, Roman Orszanski, Zebee Johnstone and I made out coffee and cake raid on Lygon Street. Lygon Street has a reputation for the number of coffee lounges and restaurants along its length, but, despite walking virtually all the way up, and all the way back again, for much of it in chorus line formation, we didn't find a place that suited us, and so settled for the Paradiso.

The Paradiso is the place that shelters certain elements of Melbourne fandom of a Wednesday night. Somehow I don't think that they were ready for us on an Easter Monday. We started by settling down, noisily I'll grant, at a table, but we noted that the place wasn't well staffed, and so assumed that they would prefer us to go to the counter to order. Well, that was not received well at all. Despite several loud hints like "I wonder who one has to screw to get served in this place." the two people behind the counter went on making disgustingly healthy looking fruit salad. Eventually we got the hint, and left, fortunately before Zebee and Alison could carry out their threat to dance on the counter. It was a silly way to behave, and part of me kept saying "What the fuck are you doing?" while the other half said "You know, this is quite fun." Alison bought me a Mr Fan tie clip.

The rest of the day was divided between the hucksters' room, and the foyer, where Amanda Munro, Andrew Taubman and I taught Cathy to play Oh Hell. The only item that promised to be of interest was the replaying of the "favourite film of the convention". The two favourites were WOLFEN, and THE BUGS BUNNY MOVIE. WOLFEN won by one vote, so I didn't have the courage to mention that I'd forgotten to lodge my vote for the BUGS BUNNY MOVIE. However, a cartel of us managed to convince the projectionists to interpolate a reel of the BUGS BUNNY MOVIE in between reels of WOLFEN, so I got to see once more the little Martian talking about his "Eludium Q36 Explosive Space Modulator." Magic!

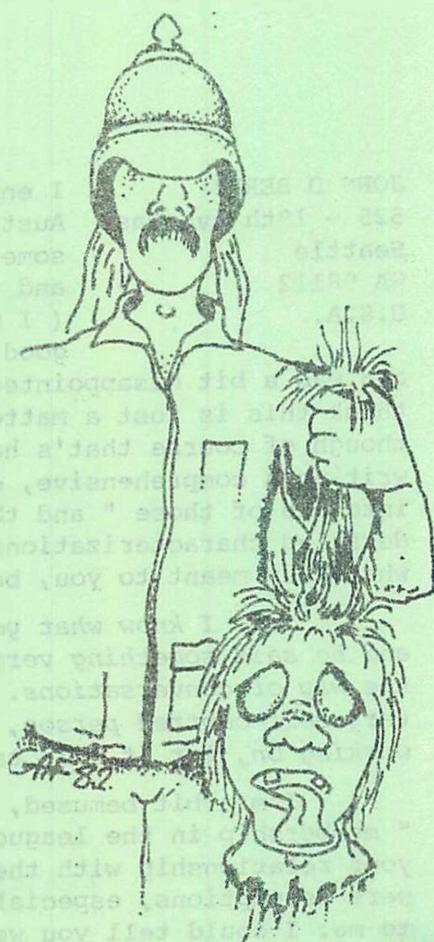
The convention ground to a halt later in the afternoon, as such things are wont to do. Justin presented the official gavel to Jack Herman, and Mandy Herriot presented Justin with his teddy bear Growler, to whom Justin has been attached for ages. Certainly before BRIDESHEAD REVISITED became popular. Then it was time for the rounds of goodbyes that customarily follow a convention. I don't like such things, and Cathy and I retreated to the Canadian Steak House, for dinner, before making our way out to the Bangsund/Yeoland residence for what time I could allow myself before catching the plane home. After a break to watch FAWLTY TOWERS, there were some nice natters, but I had to leave to get the last flight out to Adelaide.

Cathy took me to the airport, and mentioned that she was starting to see the way that fandom could become something very similar to a family. My author does occasionally write me a good bit or two.

In summary, I had a great time at Tschaicon. The hotel staff were no worry at all, and most of the people I would have liked to have seen I got to spend time with. (The fact that two of these - Darryl and Linda - lived in Adelaide, and I hadn't seen them since January, did seem a touch silly, but that is what cons are all about.

I must admit though that the programme was a touch skimpy. Not that I'm advocating the super-heavy Advention-type programming, but something a little more meaty would have been good. I'm afraid that Jack Vance did not strike me as the sort of guest of honour I'd like to see again. Future conventions would be well advised to check out potential guests for their ability to speak in public, and their ability to mix with fans. The latter could be considered as minor, providing that the proposed guest was able to give interesting talks, and to participate actively in the programme, but, unfortunately, Jack Vance was able to do neither particularly well. I was very disappointed that he was not present at the Masquerade, for instance, as there were people who had designed their costumes from his works. I realise that Vance is getting on in years, and that he doesn't like long-haired bearded types, but this should have been checked out prior to the convention.

My particular thanks though have to go to the folk who worked so hard on Tschaicon. While it won't go down in my books as a great convention, I had a good time. I'm certainly looking forward to the next National, though, if only to see how Harlan Ellison reacts to Australian fandom, and vice versa.

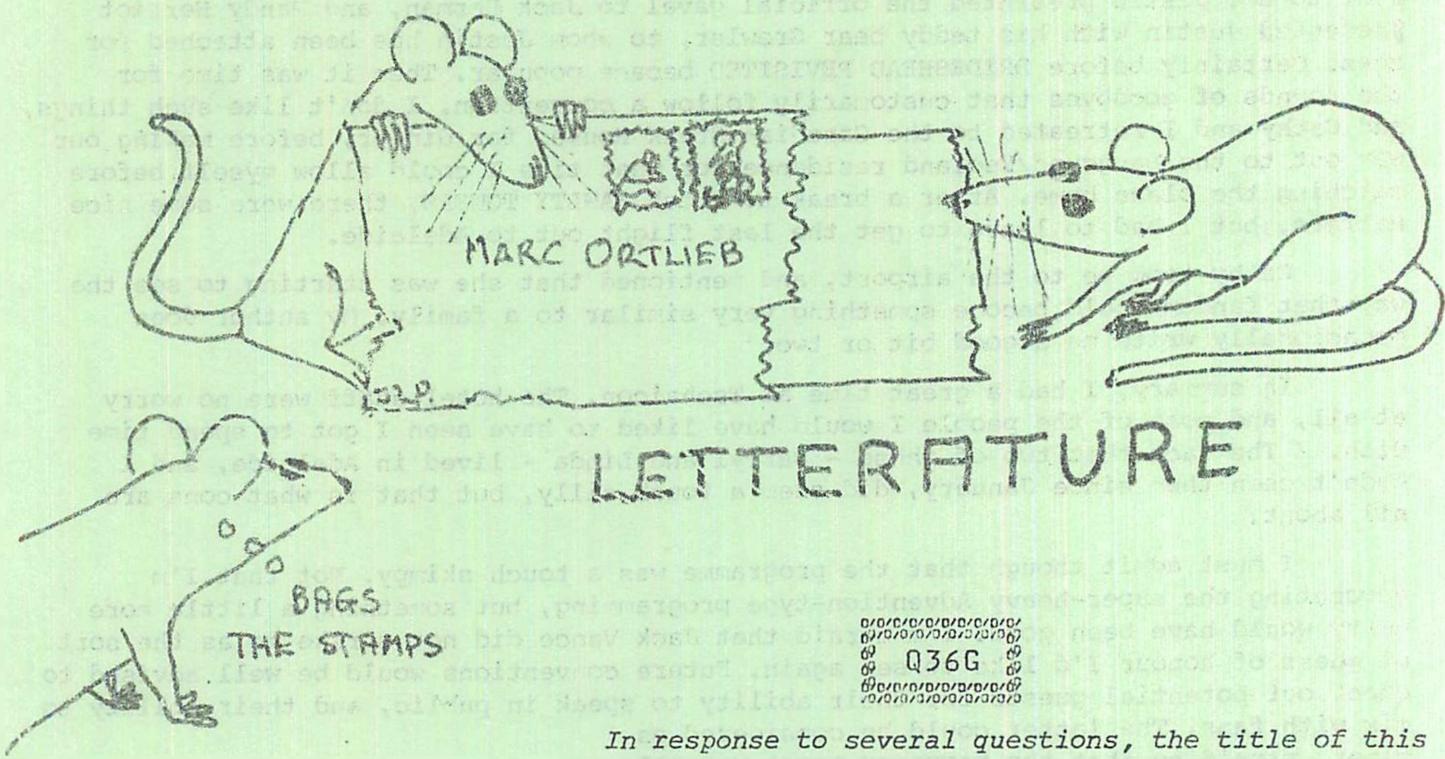


' "... The first people who came here were scientists, mostly sociographers and para-anthropologists. And most of them came from the University of Adelaide."

Travis nodded. Adelaide had a Federation-wide reputation for left-wing neo-Marxist "liberalism". '

P 131 H. Beam Piper FEDERATION

(ACE 1981)



# LETTERATURE

In response to several questions, the title of this fanzine, Q36, comes from the Warner Brothers' cartoon featuring Bugs Bunny, and the little Martian, in which the Martian plans to destroy the Earth, because it obstructs his view of Venus. The device with which he intends to destroy Earth is an Eludium Q36 Explosive Space Modulator. The letter following the title is the "number" of the issue.

JOHN D BERRY  
525 - 19th Ave East  
Seattle  
WA 98112  
U.S.A.

I enjoyed Q35G, and I hope you succeed in your goal of turning Australia into a centre for zine-length trip reports. It's got some good writing in it, though there are also passages here and there that sounded as though they lacked their final draft. (I wasn't taking note of which was which, but I did notice the good writing in the Seattle section, which I turned to first, pointed with the beginning, which I then went back to. I don't matter of zeroing in on my own name and familiar surroundings, it's hard to tell.) In general I think you did a good job of five, chronological trip report without letting it degenerate and then we went here" tales. The one thing lacking was more identifications of the people you spent time with. I got a good sense of you, but not of who they were, if I didn't already know them.

Yes. I know what you mean. On the bus last night, I was talking to John Playford, and he said something very similar, in that he asked why I hadn't included more in the way of conversations. I guess it comes down to the fact that I am, at present, a very self-centred person, and this reflects in my writing. It's something that I am working on, but it will take a while.

I'm a bit bemused, or perhaps confused, by the unspoken intricacies of your "membership in the league for fannish decency", the unexplained acronym TWAGA, and your relationship with the various women you encountered in confined spaces. There were assumptions, especially in the opening Australian section, that were a mystery to me. I could tell you were joking, but not where the joke lay and where reality abutted it. Is it a running joke in Australian fandom that you are constantly set upon by attractive women, and are constantly fending them off? As it was, without

enough context, I couldn't tell whether the series of joking references was a sequence of embarrassed, nervous laughs, or a set of subtle quips.

Hmmn. That has confused a number of people. Jeanne Gomoll mentioned it in her letter too. To be quite honest, I'm not quite sure where in the continuum between nervous laughs and subtle quips my comments in Q36G lie. It certainly is an image that I have built up for myself in Australian fandom, and one that has been taken up for its humorous value by a few friends, Peter Toluzzi and Judith Hanna in particular. If you must define my feelings about my voluntary celibacy, I guess you'd have to say they were basically "I don't take this at all seriously" with a touch of "nervous embarrassed laughter" underlying it. However, I figure that, as long as I have certain hang-ups about sex, and about relationships, I might as well extract some humour from my situation.

I was quite astonished that you went to the Deep South Con without knowing a soul in attendance. I can't imagine going to a con except to meet people I know and like, with the expectation that I'll probably meet some new people through them as well. It must have been very bizarre to have essentially the experience of one's first con, after you've been used to attending Australian cons where you're well known and have friends to see. The feeling would have been exacerbated at a Deep South Con, since Southern fandom has, for some reason, very few connections with fandom in the rest of the country. I was surprised at the number of names I recognised though, such as Lon Atkins, Hank Reinhardt, and Jerry Page. Although Lon Atkins was involved in fandom outside the South in the Sixties, doing some very nice stuff, none of them, to my knowledge, have had any contact with the rest of fandom in the last decade or so. It's an alternate fandom.

Your comments on the Southern climate surprised me too, after the descriptions I've had from fans in Melbourne of the summers there. Adelaide's climate must be much drier than Melbourne's. Before I visited Australia, I took to heart the comparisons with California, and assumed it to be largely hot and dry, but I was disabused of that notion by Melbourne fans and their descriptions of the summer heat and humidity.

For further information on the vagaries of Melbourne weather, see Terry Frost's article in Q36H. Adelaide is certainly hotter and drier on average than is Melbourne. Perth, I gather, outdoes both though.

Your disappointment with modern American hotels was the reverse of my delight at modern Australian hotels when I was there in '75. The idea of a fridge in the room, and one of those little electric jugs for brewing tea or coffee was a welcome innovation to me. Usually only expensive suites in American hotels have such things, though there are, of course, exceptions. Are these amenities common in older Australian hotels too?

It varies. I must admit to having had little experience with hotels, other than at conventions. Mind you, the Oberoi in Adelaide, which was used for Adventon, went one better, and provided a complimentary bottle of bubbly in every room. I think the front desk must have been overloaded by phone calls from the rooms asking if there was any extra charge for this.

Although I remember fondly the Australian wines I had when I was there, most of them were reds - not surprising, given the influence of John Bangsund. I like both red and white wines, though I think it's harder to find a good cheap white in the U.S. than a good cheap red, and correspondingly easy to find very bad whites. (And just what is a "Minnesota red"? I can't believe that they grow wine grapes in Minnesota. In fact, I've used Minnesota as the butt of a joke when poo-pooing the claims on the back of a bottle of Washington State wine - quite good wine, actually - that part of its quality depends on the latitude. Evidently Washington's latitude is about the same as that of the prime wine-making country in France - but so is Minnesota's. Perhaps Minnesota red is related to the awful plonk that Susan Wood showed me with a wicked grin in Saskatchewan - appalling things like Bright's Napoleon, and "Old Moose Jaw".)

I was thinking thoughts similar to yours on the "abomination" of American cocktail lounges during Norwescon last weekend. We've had to put up with obnoxious loud bands playing in the bars on the Friday and Saturday nights of cons here for years, and there seems no convincing the hotels that fans want to use the bars to talk, and that they'd make more money if they told the bands to take a walk on convention weekends. I was reminded of this because the fan guest of honour this year was Bob Shaw, and when I couldn't find him elsewhere I would have expected him, in British con tradition, to be in the bar - but nobody in his right mind was in the bar on Friday or Saturday night. At least if the Norwescon moves into the city next year, there'll be other nearby bars to adjourn to. In its present location out near the airport, there's little but more cocktail lounges and motels.

Was that a typo of some sort, or does "John...shouted me dinner" really mean that he paid for your meal? It's not a phrase I've ever heard before. (Is "me" object or informal adjective?) And is a "schooner" a glass of beer in Australia too, or was that a localism that you slipped into your remarks on the airport bar on page 24? It's a common term here in Seattle, but I'd never heard it until I moved here. Vocabulary varies a lot around the United States, as your remark on "white coffee" on the same page reminds me. I think that's a common term in parts of the U.S., and I do know that, in New England, you have to ask specifically for "black coffee" if you don't want them to put cream into it.

"Shouted" is a verb, derived from the noun "shout", as in "It's your shout. I'll have a beer." I'd guess that the word started as a noun, to describe the act of buying a round as part of a drinking "school". Since then, it's become used as a verb. And, while on the topic of beer, "schooner" is a term used to refer to a medium sized glass of beer in South Australia. As far as I know, the term isn't used in other States. In N.S.W., the same sized glass is referred to as a "midie". If residents of other States would care to send in the relevant names, I'll run a list of beer size nomenclatures within Australia.

I'd be surprised if the Lowenbrau you drank at the Deep South Con were any stronger than the local brew. A few years ago Lowenbrau licensed an American brewery to begin making a domestic version, as they do in various other parts of the world. The result was a somewhat better than usual local beer, but, because of licensing laws, a sudden inability to buy genuine German Lowenbrau in the United States. We do have some awful beers in this country, and a handful of good ones at most. You were in luck though in preferring lager, which virtually all American beer is. Even the so-called "dark" beers are mostly light beers with a little colouring added. I prefer ales and stouts, and these are almost impossible to find, except among the expensive imports. Lately I've been buying Norwegian beer when I can, since it's cheaper than most imports, and has a lot of flavor. Most of it, I suppose, is pilsner.

Beer strengths though often vary from state to state. Washington has very weak beer, which makes the standard disdainful comparison by Canadians of their beer and ours even more marked across the B.C. - Washington border than elsewhere. When I was visiting my family in New York last month, I had to remind myself of the greater alcoholic content of the beer there.

Either your idea of what "ajar" means and mine are different, or you were planning on hosting an open-door room party in Denver without either you or your roommate present. Leaving the door unlocked would have made more sense.

No. The situation was that the person with the key was supposed to arrive back in the room first, and, having crashed, was supposed to leave the door ajar so that the other could get in. The doors in the Marina were of the type that automatically locked when closed, so they had to be left ajar.

As Clifford Wind or someone may already have pointed out, the correct spelling is "geoduck", but it's pronounced, as you said, "gooeyduck", and as one word, not as two. I share your love of the Market, though, as a native, I get blasé about it. I was there the other day for the first time in a while and noted all the new places

that had opened up, and the section that's currently being renovated or reconstructed. The most interesting recent addition is a little food stall featuring Malaysian food - a first for Seattle as far as I know. The doughnut shop you found yourself in has been closed down, and the owner is no longer out of prison.

Thanks for the letter John. Mind you, I wish it weren't so interesting and informative. I'm a third of the way into second term at school, and am acutely aware of the fact that, at this time last year, I was preparing to leave for Melbourne on the first leg of the trip. Sigh. But while talking of Seattle, and people I met there,

CY CHAUVIN  
14248 Wilfred  
Detroit  
MI 48213  
U.S.A. I just read your trip report in Q36 and really enjoyed it. You write in your introduction that the report is about all the beautiful people you met and stayed with on your journey, but actually it is about you. Perhaps the dislocation caused by a long trip causes fans, if they write a report, to be more articulate and more revelatory, or maybe it is simply the sheer mass and length of the observation required that makes them more interesting. I certainly feel as though I know you a little now, rather than being as much a cipher as your fanzine title. (Paradoxically, perhaps fans should publish their trip reports before they make a trip, so we can know them all better.) I marvel at your stamina, since my own three week trip to Seattle and Denver wore me out and made me psychologically weary of traveling. I'm not sure how worthwhile traveling is for me. I had the horrible feeling while looking back at New York City on the ferry crossing to the Statue of Liberty that I took Michigan with me wherever I go, and I couldn't experience anything different. I also found it hard to meet all these people and preserve any meaningful contact with them afterwards, but perhaps this contact isn't as necessary as I feel. Did you feel anything like this when you got back home? How do you keep in touch with your new friends? I'm sure publishing a fanzine helps a lot.

Despite my early fears about the trip, I found it quite easy to adjust to being "on the road". There was a Captain Beefheart song which Andrew Brown recorded for me which summed up the situation rather nicely "My Head Is My Only Home Unless It Rains". Given access to a typewriter, music, and a reasonable selection of books, and I can live anywhere. External conditions are not exceptionally important to me, as is obvious from the pig-sty I live in.

Keeping in touch with people is more difficult, and there are times when I wish I could just hop onto a plane and visit again. I'm a compulsive letter writer, which helps with those people who share this, and then there's the fanzine, and the North American apas to which I belong - four at present, if SPINOFF is still going. Then there's the occasional phone call. I was wiped out totally and absolutely when the Birmingham con committee phoned a couple of weeks ago. Charlotte Proctor explained that they'd been having a meeting, and had sent out for pizza. They couldn't think of anything to do, and so phoned me. It was beautiful, and the accents over the phone were really magic. But then I got more than a little melancholy. Hearing someone over the phone tends to put one in mind of visiting, and that was right out.

The complaint that your hotel rooms didn't have refrigerators is one that North American fans would never think to make because it would never occur to us to expect a refrigerator in a hotel room. I've only attended one convention at which I had a refrigerator, and a stove, in the hotel room. That was in Toronto. The hotel was also a residential hotel, which explained the conveniences. I remember sitting in the lobby and hearing Moshe Feder remark that it seemed more like the sort of thing he would have expected of a hotel in England. Perhaps hotels in Australia are geared towards the average family rather than the tourist or the businessman who can afford to eat out more, or order from room service. It's possible that American motels may commonly have refrigerators. I haven't stayed at one of those in years. Searching for ice (to fill the bathtub) has become such a fannish tradition at conventions that it is hard to imagine life without it.

*I have a feeling that the Australian habit of having refrigerators in hotels*

has something to do with the way we tend to carry our beer with us. It means that the hotel maids don't have to trip over Eskies while making the beds.

Re: your "body shyness". There are a lot of fans who are body extroverts who I wish were not. There are a lot of ugly or even gross bodies in fandom, and one friend remarked to me that he thought that these people should be issued tents after they arrived at the convention. Then he started making whale sounds at them.

I suspect that the vegetation looked much more lush and dense once you crossed from Canada into the USA simply because they cut the grass along the freeways in Detroit much less often.

Yep. That was the conclusion I reached too.

ERIC MAYER  
1771 Ridge Road E  
Rochester  
NY 14622  
U.S.A.

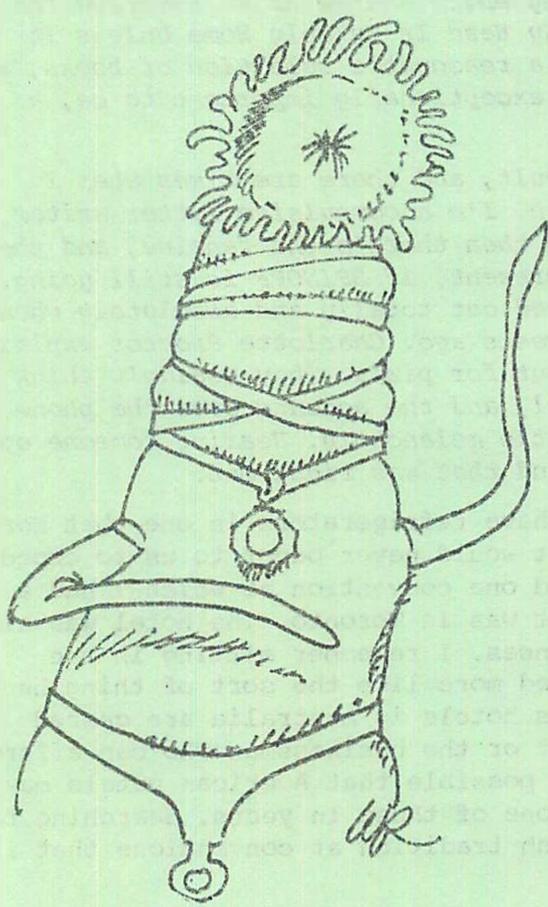
I think I must share many of your attitudes. I have no desire to chat with pros at conventions because I have good reason to feel it would prove uncomfortable. The only pro I ever talked to was Linda Bushyager, at a NY fan meeting. She was holding forth on some unlikely experiments she'd attempted to try to get herself into a bird's brain, or something, in order to heighten the characterisation in her book. I had the temerity to attempt to "talk shop" by mentioning a few thorny problems I'd encountered in my own humble unpaid scribblings. "That's just because you can't write," she told me, helpfully, and then proceeded to explain how she imagined what it would be like to be six foot seven. I was unable to approach a typewriter for weeks, and, when her novel appeared and I read it, I had a relapse. So I'm afraid my puny ego would simply not stand up to a meeting with the likes of Harlan Ellison or Isaac Asimov.

Then too I sympathized with your nightly expeditions to various strange toilets.

This would bother me also. When Kathy and I took day trips to New York City, I used to use the restrooms in Port Authority. It isn't easy to accomplish anything when you're waiting to be mugged from behind. Now I would have an even more acute problem than you had, since I'm taking blood pressure medication. This stuff is designed to lower the blood pressure by taking water out of the body, which seems pretty crude, as if you were a sort of balloon overfilled with water and about to burst. Anyway, it does its job day and night. I suppose I could stop taking the stuff for a few weeks if I had to stay in strange houses, but then it would be pretty gauche to have a heart attack while visiting, not to mention embarrassing. (I can't imagine I have any excess fluid in my scrawny frame. Maybe it's all coming out of my brain fluid. I also agree wholeheartedly with your passing up saunas and whatnot, though for the opposite body-shape reasons I gather.)

While I don't regret passing up the saunas, I must admit that there are times when I wished that I hadn't passed up the whatnot.

I guess in all your American beer swilling (I use the term advisedly) you missed out on that Philadelphia brew - Ortlieb's. "Try Joe's Beer" was how it



was advertised in Brooklyn. Not "Joe's beer is great", or "Joe's beer is potable", or even "You'll like Joe's beer." Nope. Just "Try it"... as in "Come on. I dare you." It sold for 95¢ for a six pack. Since I had crazy neighbours and no money, it was the perfect price. I drank it in great quantities for a while and lived. (There is the blood pressure... true). I haven't seen it since, but if I come across some, I'll send you a latel, or ask someone from NY or Philly.

Actually I have seen a can of Ortlieb's beer. After I got back from the U.S., I decided that it was time I got myself a little exercise, so that next time I visited I would have the sort of figure I wouldn't be ashamed of displaying in a sauna or at a skinny dipping party. I bought a bicycle, and, when I signed the sales dockett, the owner of the shop said "Did you realise that there was a beer named after you?"

It turned out that this bloke was a beer can collector. The next time I dropped in to get a new inner tube for the bike, he had a can to show me, and he gave me the address of a place in Sydney that sells it. The price is a lot more than 95¢ per six pack, but I'm getting some next time I'm in Sydney. I mean, it's not everyone who can walk into a room party with personally monogrammed beer cans.

ROGER WEDDALL You can lug records around in a backpack, but not two. Try eighteen 106 Rathdown St of the lovely things. That's what I was more or less forced to carry Carlton for about a month while in Europe, having spent up big in Hungary. I Vict 3053 do not advise doing this. I merely report that it is possible. AUSTRALIA

You were talking about being "down" at first at B'Hamacon. I had an almost identical experience when traveling from London to Sri Lanka. The last stay in London lasted for just over a month, and I did there as I had done anywhere that I stayed for more than a few days; I began to get to know people - to fit in. In London I began to live a "normal" life, and I really began to enjoy myself there. If it had been possible, I would have stayed, maybe not for good, but at least for the next few years.

Facing the fact that I would have to leave sometime (in order to arrange to stay there permanently I would have had to have come back to Australia first) I headed off to Sri Lanka, the island of my dreams (sort of), on my way back to Oz.

I don't know why I have always been fascinated by the place, but I have. There's not any one thing about the place I could ever have said I desired, or admired, but there was always "something" about it. I was hyped up about going there for a week beforehand. I hardly caught any sleep in those seven nights. The fact that I was leaving Europe was totally obscured by the fact that I was going to Sri Lanka.

Well, was I in for a shock. I won't go into a description of what I found there, but basically I found a real place, with real people, and this was somehow a letdown. If I had expected something of the place it would have been easier, but somehow not knowing what it was that was missing was utterly defeating. I was terribly depressed. More to the point, I was also alone in a strange land again. I had just left a place I was trying to call home and many people I loved, after having travelled around Europe for months on end prior to that. It was a bitter disappointment. I did recover however, and ended up enjoying my two month stay there, but, for some reason, Sri Lanka is not quite as special to me as it was before. If I had gone there on a holiday, from Melbourne or London, I might have had more energy to tackle the task of a new land, but this was not the case.

BEN INDICK You are a trufan. Yes. Imagine coming all the way to the USA and 428 Sagamore Ave Canada, and all you saw or wanted to see, were fen. That's devotion. Teaneck The great American Southwest - not so far after all from Denver; NJ 07666 the American and Canadian Northwest - not far from Seattle, Vancouver U.S.A. et al; and, worst of all, you listened to that "Jim Gilpatrick" who was fortunate enough to be allowed to move to New Jersey (viz. his "lament" on page 51) so that you missed out entirely on our area here.

Anyway, I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. Now find a nize goil and settle down... in "a town called Alice" or anywhere else. It was a good, enthusiastic, even loving report.

Sorry Ben. I really didn't get that close to the Eastern Seaboard. North America is a bloody big place. Sometime perhaps.

BRIAN FORTE  
15 Buchanan Grove  
Reynella  
S.A. 5161  
AUSTRALIA

The little snippets of poetry beginning each chapter were much appreciated, as they gave me my first opportunity to read any of Sandy Denny's work. ( Does anyone know of any volumes of her poetry. If so please let me know.)

As far as I know, the only way to get Sandy Denny's lyrics is to buy her four solo albums, the Fotheringay album, and the Fairport Convention albums on which she appears. There are a couple of her songs in the Fairport Convention song books that I have, but that's about it.

The point you make about not being really keen on Runner is on solid ground. The Dragon 58 tells of a nineteen year old man who was shot three times by a policeman while he was playing a similar game called Killer. The basics of the incident are that he and a friend were in a place they should not have been, carrying M-16 rifles that fired rubber bands. A policeman came upon them and ordered them to "freeze". His lady-friend did this. He however turned and aimed his nasty looking M-16 rifle at the officer who replied by firing three times.

( The following section is to be read from high on a pedestal in a suitably echo-rich chamber) Let us act now and stamp out these so-called "live" role-playing games before they become associated with real role-playing games by an ignorant press, and force us to return to the underground hovels from whence we have only so recently risen. Articles in "Awake" condemning D&D as anti-christian can be ignored, but a CBS news report to the effect that " this and other role-playing games such as Dungeons and Dragons can sometimes get out of hand" will invade the minds of mundanes and parents alike, and D&D and its ilk will be condemned for crimes that they have not committed. ( you may now leave yon echo-filled chamber.)

Yeah. Besides, D&D was invented for weaklings like me what was never good at sport and phys'cal things like that. If they start making it all participation orientated, the jocks and the ockers will take over, and I'll have to go back to reading science fiction, and picking grains of sand out of my eyes.

ALLAN BEATTY  
PO Box 1906  
Ames  
IA 50010  
U.S.A.

I must say that apparently I haven't properly appreciated the laundromats of my native country. I've never been in ones as interesting as those you described...Space Invaders? Attendants? Since I am sure that you did not find Hire's Root Beer in a laundromat vending machine, you haven't tasted any root beer that is worth bothering with.

I sampled some Vegemite at Denvention, but don't remember what it tasted like. I do recall that it looked like avocado flavoured shoe polish (The size of the tin was particularly suggestive.) I'd like to have a three month leave one of these decades. I get two weeks paid vacation per year, with a third week one year out of five. Unfortunately 1985 will not be the fifth year, so I don't see how I'll manage to get to Australia, but if I do, I'll see you in

MELBOURNE IN '85.

Thanks for the good wishes. And after we were nasty enough to introduce you to Vegemite as well.... you Americans certainly are forgiving people. Are you sure though that it was in a tin? The only Vegemite I saw at Denvention was a jar that I auctioned for DUFF, and a jar that we had at the AUSTRALIA in '83 parties. Still, I can understand your memory blanking out at the thought of the stuff. One's memory tends to know what is good for one.

The laundromat with the Space Invaders is on the corner of Lake and Chicago in Minneapolis.

SKEL  
25 Bowland Close  
Offerton, Stockport,  
Cheshire, SK2 5NW  
U.K.

I hate people who publish special trip reports as part of a regular run of their fanzine. I file all my trip reports together for easy access, but Q36G means I've got to make a decision, dammit.

You missed one of the best (and most appropriate) song lyric quotations:- Jimmy Buffett's "Miss You So Badly", which incorporates the following lines:-

"I'm staying in a Holiday Inn full of cone-heads  
I guess they meet here once a year.  
They consume vast quantities of fibre-glass,  
And get drunk on cheap-ass beer."

Hmmn. Had I not been limiting myself to female lyricists, and had I ever heard of Jimmy Buffett, I might well have included that.

DIANNE FOX Your advice to the black fan who was interested in visiting Australia, P.O. Box 129 i.e. to avoid Queensland, is, at the moment, more apt than ever. Lakemba Apparently the cops have been told to crack down on all interstate N.S.W. 2195 travellers, due to some drug scare, and they've taken this as a licence AUSTRALIA to harass and search anyone who looks vaguely like the hippy stereotype. One bearded man told the cops he was a monk, and was rudely told "If you're a monk, I'm the bloody Pope!" But of course he was a monk returning to a local monastery, and the monks raised a real stink about that particular incident. There were probably a few officers raked over the coals by their superiors that day. If such is the cops' attitude towards white tourists, I shudder to think how their bigoted little minds would react at the sight of a black tourist wandering in.

Dianne also makes nice comments about the artwork in Q36G. As a matter of fact, several people have stated that they feel that the cover is one of the best Mike McGann has ever done. Lots of people were impressed by Linda Cox Chan's artwork, particularly the back cover.

But while I'm talking about trip reports:-

## DUFF

DUFF, the Down Under Fan Fund, is a fan charity, designed to exchange fans between Australia and North America. American fans are usually brought over to attend the Australian National Convention in the year of their win, while Australian fans have attended world conventions in the U.S.

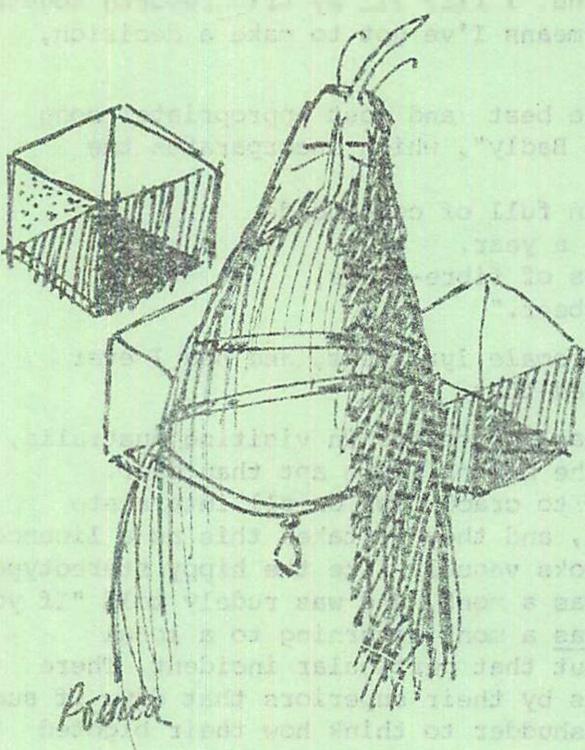
The 1982 winner, Peter Tolazzi, will be attending CHICON, the World convention in Chicago, after which, he will return to Australia, and take over the post of Australian DUFF administrator. Nominations are, from that point, open for the 1983 race, which will bring a North American fan to Sydney for SynCon '83, the National Convention for that year.

Of course, DUFF is always in need of money, and donations can be sent to either of the Administrators, whose addresses appear below. DUFF also needs people who are willing to stand for selection. This process requires you to get nominations from the U.S. and from Australia. For further information on that, contact one of the administrators. As a matter of fact, why not just write to them anyway. They like getting letters, especially those with money pinned to them, preferably in the form of a money order.

AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATOR Peter Tolazzi 12 Georgina St Newtown N.S.W. 2042 AUSTRALIA  
AMERICAN ADMINISTRATOR Joyce Scrivner 2732 14th Ave S, Lower, Minneapolis MN 55404

U.S.A.

Q36H  
Q36H  
Q36H



LEANNE FRAHM  
272 Slade Point Rd  
Slade Point  
Qld 4741  
AUSTRALIA

As for Q36H - are you trying to ruin the fine reputation of the Australian fanzine? For goodness sake, look at the size of Q36H. Look at the number of articles, the artwork, the overall production. Where are the ink-smears, the spots, the illegible reproduction that we all know and love so much? Tch,tch, tch. I can see a power-grab looming, Ortlieb.

Thanks Leanne. I was wondering who got the good copy. However, it's not the size of the zine. It's how you use it...

Gosh, everyone's getting Very Serious Indeed in their letters. Very serious that you're too serious; very serious that you're not serious enough; very serious about themselves; very serious about someone else... So serious

that I can't think of a single serious thing to say about the contents, so I'd better not say anything, except I enjoyed them, which is totally frivolous and hence to be condemned by all right-thinking LoC-writers.

Ah! One serious thing... Congratulations on your engagement to Linda, but surely you should be more circumspect in your comments on your fiance. Take the phrase 'simultaneous party' for instance. Well, we all know what else is referred to as 'simultaneous' don't we? Orgasms, that's what. God you write a perverted fanzine.

P.S. to Charlotte Proctor: Q36G is a strain of sugar-cane notably resistant to Fiji disease, and yielding approximately 1.8c.c.s. Now why Marc should use that title when there's never been a stick of sugar cane planted in South Australia I don't know, unless it is coincidentally also his waist size...

Yields 1.8ccs eh? Nope. That can't be me. That's 1.8 times the average, and I doubt that I even manage that.

PETER KELLS I was pleased to receive Q36H in my post box. This is the first of P.O. Box 1670 Marc's publications I've seen, other than the numerical listing. Q36H Southport appears far more fan-orientated than anything else I've received. Being Qld 4215 quite new to the fan world however, much of the subject matter was of AUSTRALIA little significance to me - though many of the letters made good reading. In particular I liked the ones that seemed to annoy Marc, and also those he considered too serious.

Having seen Marc's story - 'The Power That Clears And Dries -Fast' - I think I am now able to understand more fully the basis of his strident opposition to fan fiction; i.e. so long as the fiction doesn't attempt to be serious, but remains at the level of lightweight fatuous humour, it's OK. Is that right Marc?

Yep. You've hit the nail on the head, except that I wouldn't use the word "fatuous." It has too many value connotations with which I don't agree. I prefer the

word "whimsical". Mind you, that restriction applies only to fanzines. When it comes to reading professional stories, I like to mix in serious material. One of my favourite short stories at present is Sylvia Plath's *JOHNNIE PANIC AND THE BIBLE OF DREAMS*. My point about fiction in fanzines is that, with amateur writers and amateur editors, one has to wade through an awful lot of crap before one gets to anything with any merit. The prozines are quite bad enough in that respect, but at least they pay enough to attract a decent writer once in a while. I agree that amateur writers have to practise before becoming professional, but they should send their stuff to editors who are paid to sort the crap from the good stuff.

Fan fiction of the sort that I like to read in fanzines does not necessarily rely on the writer's ability, as the reader can usually pick out enough topical references to make it funny for him/her. It's rather like the feeling of camaraderie that one might get in a college revue.

Marc has every right to run his zines as he sees fit, but I think his policy of censoring letters, or portions therefrom which clash with his opinions, or offend his much-proclaimed sense of fun, is a singularly artificial exercise, and can only decrease the vitality and spontaneity of his zines.

Gees Peter, I like this letter. It gives me the chance to explain all sorts of things about Q36, to the readers, and to me. I do not censor letters when they clash with my opinions. I censor letters when they insult, or poke fun at people who I value. I will also cut pieces that are obviously just malicious stirring, unless I can see them leading to a reasonable discussion. I do edit letters. There are a lot of things that get repeated by different writers, and what I'll do is to pick the piece that says it best, and then leave that section out of other letters, unless the other letters can throw a fact or two into the pot. I'll also tend to cut the "I liked the zine..." type introductions, unless doing so seriously weakens the paragraph I wish to print. I'm actually far more likely to print letters that point out faults in the zine than I am to print letters that praise me. It's the natural modesty that so endears me to all those who meet me.... I print the parts of the letters that I consider to be interesting and entertaining, because I do see the letter column as providing some of the seriousness that you see as lacking in the zine.

Marc states, on page 33, that he wishes to produce an entertaining fanzine - but has it occurred to him that a continual emphasis on fun,fun,fun might eventually become counter-productive - possibly even boring?

In view of the foregoing, I am driven inexorably to conclude that Q36 is a 'humourzine' assuming such a term is current in fandom. Indeed, how could it be otherwise, when the fanned claims to be 'monarchist to the core'? For everyone knows that the monarchy is a joke....

You shouldn't over-generalise. There are several politicians in both the U.K. and here who would say that what the monarchy gets away with is no joke whatsoever.

BRIAN FORTE      I was about to write you again (Aha! So he's the one who's doing 15 Buchanan Grove it!) ( I've got a new pedestal) when Q36H arrived in my letterbox.  
Reynella            Had an interesting time seperating the contentw from the envelope.  
S.A. 5161           I must waterproof my letterbox.

AUSTRALIA           But on to my pedestal. In the December issue of "The Comics Journal" ( sorry to sully your science fiction fanhouse with such a name.) there was a little notice in the news column which said basically this:-

Fiorucci S.p.A of Milan Italy, a high fashion clothing manufacturer, has filed for a trademark on the word fanzine. It appears that, since no opposition was filed by the time the filing period elapsed, the company does now indeed own the aforementioned trademark.

Gosh wow! Does this mean that using the word fanzine is illegal? FANZINE, FANZINE, FANZINE. What fun! Just like during the moratoriums!

JOHN J ALDERSON I notice my name taken in vain several times in Q36H, and in reference  
Havelock to things so long ago that I couldn't track down the originals. Now,  
Vict 3465 you may tell "Mr Winedrops" that I have heard of the authors to whom  
AUSTRALIA he refers, and furthermore I have at least read some of Joyce's books,  
which, it appears from his comments, he has not. Joyce could not have  
written Dubliners and Ulysses without having a great love for Dublin/Ireland. It is  
not an author's right, and I doubt that it is anyone's right, to hate his own country.  
The most passionate patriots are usually their country's most vigorous critics, and so  
they should be. They should care enough to want to tear away the humbug, the jingoism,  
the falsity, and the craving for "foreign gods" that might afflict their country. When  
a writer has nothing to say that might improve his country, then he has nothing to say  
that will either enoble himself or his country.

As regards Leigh Edmonds' comments on the sex imbalance in early Australia - 1788 to 1800, if that is early - it had nothing to do with the pastoral era. Immigrants to Australia fell into four categories : The convicts, who were sent here as virtual slave labour, and to get rid of socially undesirable types in England (and partly Ireland); The free settlers, whose migration here was financed largely by land sales - these included large numbers of wives, husbands, and children of convicts; Scions of the "wealthy" classes, hoping to become richer, or, often, merely solvent; and the miners, who paid their own way. The convicts were predominantly male, and their descendants are many. The free settlers were of both sexes, and considerable effort was made to redress the balance of the sexes. Those squatting (actually not all this class were, or became, squatters) were almost all male, and most intended to return home. In fact, most did, but many of these returned, usually married. This was usually due to their inability to readjust to their birthplace. The bulk of the miners were men, and most wished to return rich, but instead drank themselves to death. However, the fundamental Australian identity was already well established before the mining era, and the pastoral industry, like the timber getters, merely influenced it.

Now it is not true that the "nationalistic" writers of the '80s and of The Bulletin that they had "little or no experience" of the bush. Most of The Bulletin writers were bushmen, born and bred, and the firm actually sent Henry Lawson to Bourke for outback experience. No, the bush, and city experience of The Bulletin writers was quite genuine. The cities were nowhere near as articulate as the bush.

*Actually John, what Leigh said was that it was the audience who had little or no experience of the bush.*

I must protest loudly on the implications of Joan Dick's comments on Noah's family lousing things up from the start by planting grapes to make wine. What is wrong with making wine? If it were not a worthy occupation, sanctified by the Lord himself making wine, then I would not be a wine-maker. And to infer that getting drunk (in the privacy of one's own tent) is reprehensible is being most sanctimonious.

I would indeed be classed as chauvinistic if I admitted part of a truth - that I hate women. I don't. I HATE EVERYBODY. Still and all, after reading Joan Dick's commiserations, I have mellowed a little. I hate everyone except Joan Dick.

I am down with foot-and-mouth disease. Hope you are the same.

JOAN DICK This week was the final episode on TV of THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. The  
20 Ryeburne Ave condensing of a book into three episodes makes for some difficulties  
Hawthorn I suppose, but I must say I was impressed by the special effects  
VICT 3123 department's efforts. Over the last few years, "special effects" have  
AUSTRALIA really begun to get their act together. A believable alien certainly  
makes a story more enjoyable. I suppose my sense of believing in  
backgrounds and aliens dates back to the first time I saw STAR TREK on TV. Then of  
course STAR WARS arrived. There have been other shows of course, but recently I saw  
DRAGONSLAYER. I was most impressed by the effects department's ability to show the  
young dragons actually eating the body of the dead princess. Perhaps showing things

as they really are is a step forward. Realism in films - not just sf realism, but life itself - is one way to blast us all out of our smug complacency and make us all realise that life elsewhere is not quite as nice as we would like to imagine it to be.

I'm not quite sure that I can agree with that. I tend to see special effects as something that has taken over sf movies to such an extent that any trace of a plot is subordinated to the requirements of the effects team. *TRIFFIDS* was an example of a production where the effects were not permitted to take over, but were kept in their place. As a result, if one ignores the terribly condensed third episode, one has one of the most faithful adaptations of a book into media that I've seen.

As for special effects bringing people into reality, well, I'm not so sure about that. While one is a spectator, one is always editing reality to suit oneself. The ultimate in "realistic" special effects would have to be the Roman Games, and I doubt very much that the patrons came away thinking deeply about the state of the empire.

RON L CLARKE 'Tis unfortunate that you can't get a better black out of that  
6 Bellevue Rd Gestetner of yours, or is it the electrostencils you use? I thoroughly  
Faulconbridge enjoyed The Power That Clears & Dries - Fast though you seem to be  
N.S.W. 2776 under the impression that Trekkers are pimply teens, when, though they  
AUSTRALIA are not into their early thirties as are the mundane fans/faaans, they

are certainly not teens - more likely late twenties. Another matter is the opinion you appear to have - as do the majority of faanish fans - that offset production of zines is mightily more costly than mimeo. Now I don't know how all those fans who say it is much more costly obtained their opinions - likely by word of mouth, as the facts don't stand up to close scrutiny - for instance, it would cost, under the same circumstances, about \$64-00 to duplicate a 200 copy run of a 50 page zine. To offset the same sized zine would be about \$69, and I can give the figures to prove it.

On the Trekkers hit, yes, I am aware of the age average that you mention, but it is far easier to use stereotypes when writing parody, and so I do. Hell, why spoil a story with fact?

As to the offset information, yes, I'd love the figures, and would be willing to publish your analysis of comparative costs if you'd like to send it. Personally I won't use offset, because, despite the whirring and swearing at the Roneo, I like to have all stages of the production of Q36 under my control. This is one of the reasons why I intend to get myself an electrostencil machine one of these days, as I'd like to experiment with the thing to get the sorts of results I want. Allan does good stencils, but the machine should be capable of even better, as I found out when running off the cover for Q36 #1, which had been electrostenciled on Victoria Vayne's machine.

It is interesting to note that, a little over ten years ago, it was the comics' fans who were the outcasts, with the sf fans/faanish fans throwing the mud at them. How things change! Tell Gary Mason at the time that he would be GoH at the National Aust Con and he would have died laughing. I think that trekkers are in the position that Gary was in ten years ago. After all, the things going for them are - a) They are more active and enthusiastic than the average fan today; b) They are willing to spend more on their zines, both in time and money; and c) The sexes are more evenly balanced in trekkerdom than they are in general fandom.

I really do think that you should mention to the overseas fannefans, before they take you up on that novel way of obtaining future issues of Q36, just what also can be found lurking in Australian bushes - i.e. those lovely little things called ticks - including blue cattle ticks....

Just a couple more things. Gary has not, as far as I know, been GoH at a National convention, though he was GoH at a Sydney regional. The second thing is that fannish fandom has established its own customs and habits, as has media fandom, and the two are not likely to mesh comfortably unless changes take place. There is an underlying "Pure Family" thing in trekdom that I find distasteful for instance. I like to be able to say FUCK in my fanzines,

GERALD SMITH Terry Frost is going to have to watch his step if he continues to talk  
8 Frawley St about Melbourne in such terms now that he lives here. This time around  
Frankston though we'll let him off with a reprimand. He obviously misunderstands  
Vic 3199 the true nature of what he speaks about.

First off, the celebrated quotation from Ava Gardner was not referring to Melbourne as such, but to one of its outlying suburbs, Frankston. I do not intend to enter into an argument over the merits of her statement at this time, other than to say that, if she came back today, she would find that things have changed quite a lot.

Melbourne is never dull. Our forefathers (.....Insert obligatory quip) saw to that. In fact Mr Frost has pointed to two of the things that help to keep Melbourne from being dull. It is no accident - no "mutation - that has resulted in trains running down the road. It has been deliberately calculated to keep pedestrians and motorists entertained. It is a well-known fact that no one is more entertained than when their life is at stake.(Tell that to the Marines!) Add to that the constant puzzle of the weather, and there is no way that a Melbournian's life can ever be dull.

Finally, I dispute Terry's contention that nobody has been anywhere else in the past ten years. I personally visited Phillip Island not five years ago, and, contrary to popular opinion, that is not part of Melbourne.

All this talk in your letter column about the ways of getting Q36 serves to make me realise that it has been a while since I did anything constructive to merit receiving Q36H. I certainly do not recall any naughty behind the bushes, but you have me worried Marc. There are several nights at conventions that I don't remember at all well.

Aha! One out of 714448.69. The rest of you can own up now.

The Packer strip continues to delight, and I also enjoyed very much Linda's Notanokon report. It's good to see that Q36 is remaining above such things as publishing stories set in worlds devised by other authors.

**FRANK MACSKASY Jnr** Denny Lien tries to knock your system of trading a zine for "a naughty in the bushes", but has he succeeded? Methinks not. After all, has he considered the use of inflatable rubber bushes? One could carry these "aids" around until the need arises, then simply blow them up - easy for any fan to do with a few good breaths, or a con speech or two - and use. No tale-telling trail of dirt and leaves, or pissed-off parks inspector. Very clean to use - just hose off afterwards.

See Denny. Nothing's beyond the Cosmic Minded fan!

JACK R HERMAN  
Box 272  
Wentworth Building  
University of Sydney  
N.S.W. 2006  
AUSTRALIA

Attempting to write a fanfic piece with reasonably serious undertones set partly in the created universe of Willis and Shaw is a daunting task. Your piece is partially successful. This may be a result of the subsumed message, or of the fact that the characters are composites, rather than tuckerisations of known fans. ( I might add, parenthetically, that it took me a while to see Medea phonetically, and I still cannot work out the fannish relevance of the three companions at the end, although I saw at least one obscure mythical reference.

*Hopefully the meaning will develop in the remaining two stories. If not, I may have to write a second trilogy.*

I liked the HITCH-HIKER's tone to the intro to Packer's cartoon, but it made no sense.

Terry made a little sense, but his parochial narrowness is showing. I've seen the arsehole of the universe, and it is nowhere near Melbourne. It is a small town in the middle of Queensland called Boulia. Goodooga is interesting by comparison. Melbourne is a galactic centre... 0000000000

In addition to Leigh Edmonds' good rebuttal of Don Boyd's assertions on Australian history: as a professional historian, I might point out that Australia's most insightful historian, Russell Ward, traces our influences not from the convict origins, but from the ethos developed by the migratory bush workers of the mid to late 19th Century. I direct your readers' attention to THE AUSTRALIAN LEGEND in particular. Ward argues that it is from here that we developed such traits as the mateship ideal and our concepts of egalitarianism.

I would like to be able to say that Q36 has slipped and there is an obvious need for improvement.

*Sorry Jack. You can't say that. It's far too serious, and doesn't fit the basic mood of the zine.*

RICHARD FAULDER Terry Frost seems to have captured perfectly my perceptions of Yanco Agricultural Melbourne, except that he forgot to mention the Frank R. Paul Research Centre, Insurance company building in the middle of the city. It's just Yanco, opposite the fountain commemorating one of the worst disasters N.S.W. 2703 of Australia's exploring days.  
AUSTRALIA

Huh?

Yeh. Well. Maybe I wouldn't find the thought of joining the skinny loungers so distasteful if I were one of the skinny loungers. On the other hand, maybe it's just as well that I'm not, otherwise I'd have no excuse.

Skel's Radio 4 sounds like the local ABC radio station. Just because I work on an agricultural research station doesn't mean that I really want to hear about the latest prices for lambs at Shepparton, or the current value for wool futures. Fortunately, in this neck of the woods, I'm spared from having to listen to, as I did at Bathurst, what time the fruit train was due to arrive and be unloaded in Sydney.

Your problems with a serious lettercol remind me to some extent of the problems Marty Cantor (For DUFF in '85) seems to be having with his genzine HOLIER THAN THOU. Like you he's aiming at a humourous zine - though a founder member of the L.F.D. like yourself can't expect to specialise in putridity the way he does - but somehow he manages to have these serious arguments starting in the LO CNESS MONSTER that spill over into the rest of the zine.

Linda Lounsbury needn't have worried about your ability to drink Minneapolis water. After all, you manage to tolerate the stuff that comes out of the taps in Adelaide, complete with all the DDT, 2,4,5-T and salt washed out of our agricultural areas. Just tell yourself that you're safe from any bacterial infection mate.

ANN POORE So what if Melbourne's hospitals have Golden Staph? Every other big Unit 5 hospital in Australia has it. It's part of an Australia-wide plot to 15 Cardiff St keep people in hospital so as to keep the medical profession in North Adelaide business. Seriously though, *Staphylococcus aureus* is a real problem, S.A. 5006 especially the Methicillin-resistant strains, and it's going to get AUSTRALIA worse. It doesn't pay to get sick in Australia.

*Well there's the solution to the problem. Sluice down all of Australia's hospitals with Adelaide water. The Cosmic Mind strikes again!*

JEAN WEBER I do wish you or someone could convince Leigh Edmonds to write more - a 13 Myall St continuing column perhaps - on Australian history. As a new Australian, O'Connor I have no "intuitive" feeling for the origins of Aussie self-views, but A.C.T. 2601 I've found rather dis-satisfying the emphasis on the convict origins of AUSTRALIA the country. As Leigh points out, the percentage of present-day Australians with convict ancestry isn't all that great, and other cultural imports of more recent times may well have had a far greater effect on today's ethos. America's "national self-image" has changed in two centuries - surely Australia's would have too, even if our respective myths of the wild frontier persist in both countries.

HARRY J.N. ANDRUSCHAK Back to the lettercol and Kim Huett's comment " I hope that  
P.O. Box 606 Harry Andruschak has recoveredd from whatever it was that  
La Canada-Flintridge caused him to write what he did."

CA 91011  
U.S.A.  
Oddly enough I am. Since 1974 I have had bouts of irrational behaviour, temper tantrums, moodiness, depression and all the symptoms of great stress. I put this down to the hectic pace of working at JPL. In the last couple of years, it got worse, and finally my doctor ran a full battery of tests.

The key was the blood test. I'd had it taken several times, but this time an anomoly appeared. " You seem to be dehydrated." And further questioning brought out some more facts, like excessive sweating, bouts of thirst etc, all of which led to a Glucose Tolerance Test.

Yup. I got diabetes. In the last two weeks I have had to entirely restructure my life. I am now on a diabetic diet, and will be until the day I die. At the moment it is 1,500 calories a day, as the doctor wants to get me down from 180 to 150 pounds. At the moment I am 170 and falling slowly. I am also hungry all the time.

Andy also mentions that he is considering running for DUFF, or at least, that's how I interpreted his statement, though he doesn't say when.

LINDA LOUNSBURY I see you are continuing to publish pictures of me (bacover of 3125 Third Ave S #3 Q36G and page 2 of Q36H) - and nude ones too! What do you mean Minneapolis it's just the artist's name? John Packer's cartoon was funny, MN 55408 especially my delayed reaction chuckle over "Boltimorii" as was Terry Frost's piece. My con report... well, it seemed sketchy, U.S.A. especially toward the end - a result of being done rough draft of an informal letter. I like your characterization of our relationship as an Engagement of State, but don't those usually lead to Marriage by Proxy? I suppose I could designate... No, that wouldn't be fit to print would it? More parties and phone calls - and exchanges of hostages - will undoubtedly result. I'm still investigating the prospects of having Marc Ortlieb as Fan Guest of Honour at Minicon some year. You don't get seasick in small open boats do you?

*Ulp! Even the thought of it... I'd better move on to*

THE SADLY UNDER-RATED  
W.A.H.F. COLUMN

Carey Handfield, who claims that I owe him for a trip to the U.S. since, after reading my trip report, he wants to go back; LynC; Roger Weddall, who says of Joseph Nicholas Painted as a sort of spastic Lee Harding, he seems quite a pleasant chap, but then, people who swallow whole such hearsay-reputation-garbage deserve what they get.; Richard H.E. Smith II, whose name had me flummoxed until I realised that it belonged to the Dick Smith I'd met at Denvention; Anne Laurie Logan; Phil Palmer, who announces a CoA to 62 Beaufort Mansions, Beaufort St, Chelsea, London SW3 U.K., and who took advantage of information from Q36 to greet Judith Hanna as "Dormouse" without having ever met her before; Graham Ferner, who continues to send lovely, if slightly bizarre, artwork; Leslie Robertson, who, being bed-ridden due to a motorcycle accident, had to suffer the added discomfort of receiving a copy of Q36; Nicholas Craven, who asked nicely for a copy of Q36, and The National Library of Australia who did not ask at all politely; Jack Herman, who invited me to his coming of age party; Joyce Scrivner who mentioned the CoA to be found on page 43; Jeanne Gomoll, who received the trip report six months after it was posted; John D. Owen, who wasn't sure whether his zine would reach Australia or the Falklands, and who said far too many nice things about the trip report to get printed in the lettercol; Kevin Dillon, whose letter probably contains all sorts of interesting comments, if only I could work through his writing; Marc Schirmeister, who not only spells his name the correct way, but who sent me a superb bacover for Q36J, and Cathy Circosta, to whom I'd dedicate this fanzine, if I thought it was worthy of her

CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES  
in order of appearance

JOHN PACKER 12 Charles St Northfield S.A. 5085 AUSTRALIA  
MIKE O'BRIEN 158 Liverpool St Hobart Tas 7000 AUSTRALIA  
JEAN WEBER 12 Myall St O'Connor A.C.T. 2601 AUSTRALIA  
GRAHAM FERNER 2/16 Hollyhock Place Browns Bay, Auckland 10 NEW ZEALAND  
JUDITH HANNA Room 9, 94 St George's Square, Pimlico, London, SW1Y 3QY U.K.  
JOHN ALDERSON Havelock, Vict 3465 AUSTRALIA  
RICHARD FAULDER Yanco Agricultural Research Centre Yanco N.S.W. 2703 AUSTRALIA  
KEITH CURTIS P.O. Box J175 Brickfield Hill N.S.W. 2000 AUSTRALIA  
BILL ROTSLER 2104 Walnut Drive Venice CA 90291 U.S.A.  
JUSTIN ACKROYD G.P.O. Box 2708X Melbourne Vict 3001 AUSTRALIA

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT  
CONCERNING THE 1982

DITMARS

It seems that some rumours regarding the nominations for the 1982 Australian Science Fiction Achievement Awards (Ditmars) in the category of Best Fanzine are circulating. To clear up this situation, we would like to publish the details of the nominations in this category, and to state that:-

- 1) No fanzine nominated was ineligible.
- 2) There were 103 nominations.
- 3) Some nominations were received after the deadline, published on the nomination form. These were not considered in the final count.

The nominations were as follows:-

Q36 - 19  
THYME - 17  
SF COMMENTARY - 15  
AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS - 11  
WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE - 11  
SCIENCE FICTION - 8  
DATA - 8

There were nine other fanzines nominated which received three nominations or less.

We hope that these facts will remove any misconceptions concerning this matter.

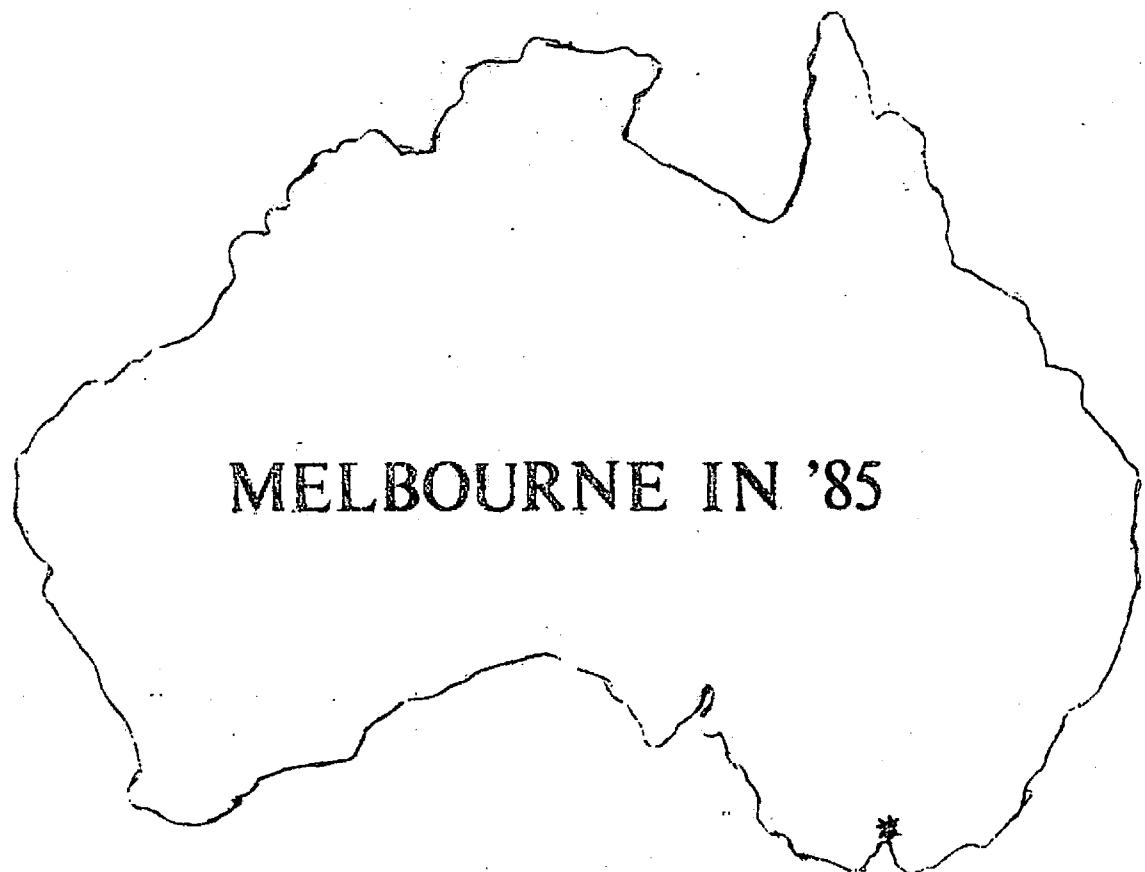
Mandy Herriot      Awards sub-committee  
Phil Ware

Justin Ackroyd Chairman

On behalf of Tschaicon.

GROVELING APOLOGY

I'd like to apologise to Linda Smith, for failing to list her name on the Contents' Page of Q36H. The cartoon which appears on Page 21 of Q36H is, of course, one of hers.



## MELBOURNE IN '85

Australia may be Down Under to people who live in the Northern Hemisphere, but when it comes to running enjoyable and unusual conventions, Australian fandom is On Top. That's why we're confident that we can run one of the best Worldcons ever held.

1985 is the year we're bidding for. The place is Melbourne, Australia. Let's make it Melbourne in '85!

Science fiction fans have good reason to remember Melbourne and the conventions it can run. Melbourne is the city where AUSSIECON, the extremely successful 1975 Worldcon, was held, a convention widely regarded as one of the best in recent memory by those who attended. Many of the same people who were on the AUSSIECON committee are now on the bidding committee for Melbourne in '85.

We can promise you a Worldcon that will be different from any other you may have attended before, including AUSSIECON. Different... and better. It will give non-Australian fans the chance to meet a range of friendly and interesting Australians. Australian fandom is quite different from fandom in the United States or Britain, with its own distinctive character, not to mention distinctive characters.

The best way to support the bid is to subscribe to KANGA RUSE, the bid newsletter, which costs \$10 for two years. Send the money to

Melbourne in '85 Bidding Committee  
G.P.O. Box 2253U  
Melbourne  
Vic 3001  
AUSTRALIA

=====

LATE CoA:- Peter Toluzzi 33 Mount St Coogee N.S.W. 2034 AUSTRALIA

=====

They gave him real Norstrilian beer to drink, which they had brought up to one hundred and eight proof by the simple addition of raw spirits.