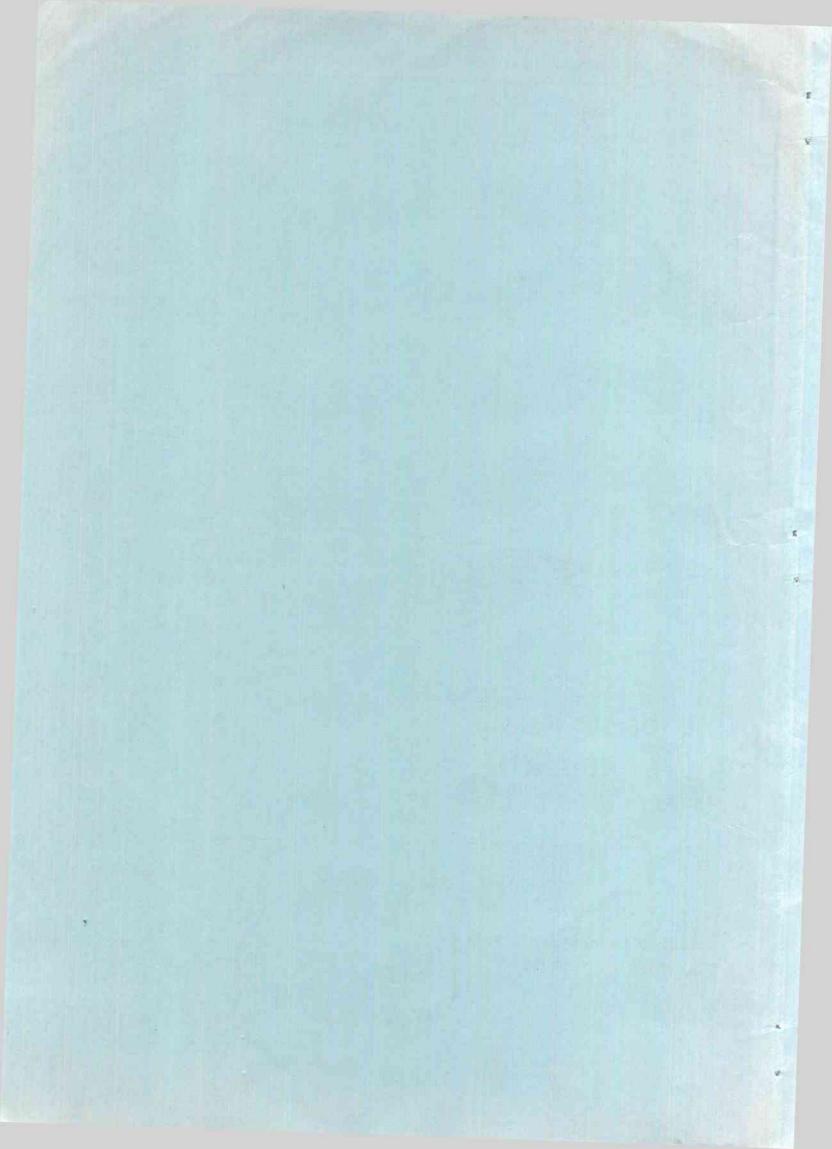


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Editor Marc Ortlieb
P.O. Box 46
Marden
S.A. 5070
AUSTRALIA

THE POWER THAT CLEARS AND DRIES - FAST

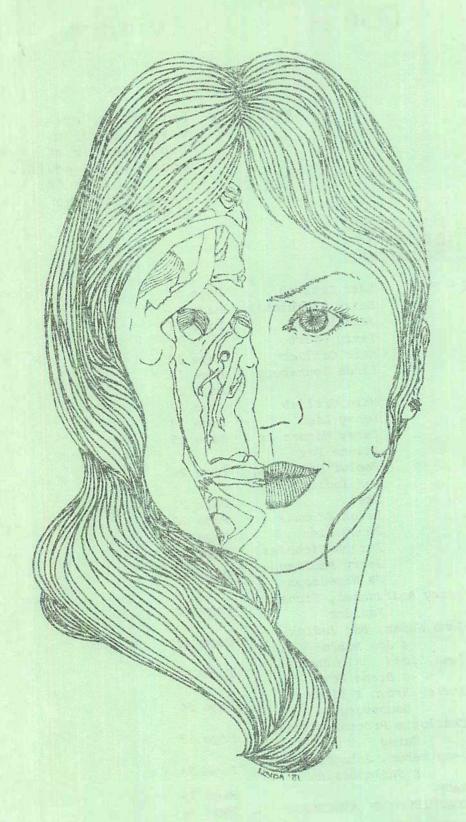
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THE POWER
THAT
CLEFRS AND
ORIESFRST!

by Marc Ortlieb

One of the basic differences between general fandom and media fandom, or specific author fandom, is that your trufan doesn't waste time writing silly bits of amateur fiction set in worlds designed by other authors..... Much.

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The little boy looked fascinated. "Mum," he said. "Why does that lady have red porridge all over her face?"

The embarrassed mother did her best to smother the remark, but Medea clearly heard it. She attempted to cover up the anger that welled from such comments, and, so accustomed was she to ridicule that she came close to succeeding. There was a

certain aloofness that the terminal acne sufferer had to develop in order to survive. This went hand in hand with a strict regemen of diet and cleanliness. Hiding her discomfort in her handkerchief, Medéa hurried out of the delicatessan. She should never have been there in the first place, she realised, but the attraction of pastries and sweets had been too much for her. It was only the child's unthinking remark that had saved her from an orgy of buying that she would have regretted in the morning. Strange that a cutting comment could have been her salvation.

On arriving home, she took stock of herself. Things really couldn't have been worse. First there had been the television workers' strike, which had forced the cancellation of the pilot episode of the new Star Trek series, scripted by John Varley and Stanislaw Lem. Then there was the air strike, which meant that she wasn't going to be able to get to the World Convention in Melbourne after all. Finally came the news that THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS had been postponed for another five years due to Ellison's dissatisfaction with the cover.

Medea walked to the medicine cabinet. There was only one thing left for her to do. She would have to get absolutely and thoroughly stoned. Bypassing the containers of Instant Lime Hekto Jelly, and acne ointment, she came to a sealed box labled "Ear Protectors". The fact that they came to a fine point left no doubt as to who the original owner had been.

She teased a tuft from the garment, and tamped it delicately into a long and delicate clay pipe. Using a box of Aussiecon matches, she lit up, and inhaled the fine blend of Nimoy's sweat and top-grade Angora wool. This was the best ever. The top of her head began to lift, and she found her attention rivetted by the commonplace objects around the room. Here was a photograph, pirated from one of the SPACE 1999 blooper reels, showing Barry Morse smiling. There was one of the original models of the LOST IN SPACE flying saucer. A complete set of STARLOG graced the bookshelves, and posters from dozens of STAR WARS' conventions filled what little of the remaining wall space that wasn't taken up by photographs of William Hartnell.

Above the desk lamp her attention was drawn to the shining silver halo from... from... It wasn't from anywhere. In fact, Medea had never seen it before. Neither had she seen the kind faced old gentleman beneath it. She suppressed a start, and smoothed her regulation length Federation Navy skirt over her thighs.

" No need to worry about that m'dear," said the apparition. " I never worry about such things. They came in too late for them to have been of anything but academic interest to me."

" Huh?" muttered Medea.

" Oh. Please allow me to introduce myself. Saint Fanthony at your service."

" Who?" asked Medea, genuinely puzzled.

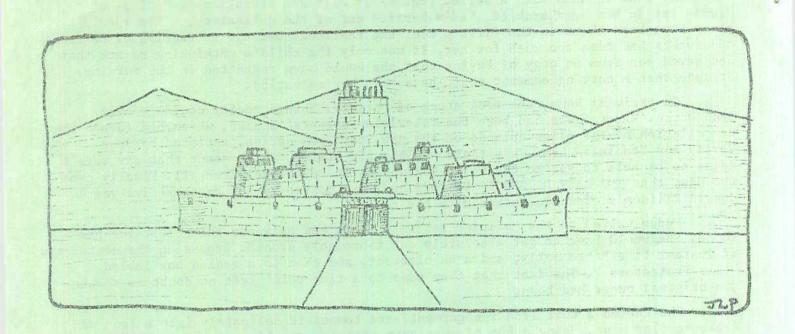
The aged phantom sighed. " I see that things are indeed as I feared," he said. " That fandom should have sunk so low...."

Medea's eyes rolled. She glanced over at the still smouldering pipe. "Far out!" she breathed.

She blinked a few times, but the venerable visitor showed no signs of disipating. Indeed, he seemed to be gaining in reality, while the room around her was growing less and less distinct. She felt as though she was sinking, and looked imploringly to what she realised was no mere dope conjured fiend.

"What's happening?" she screamed, as she sank through the tesselated linoleum.

"Have no fear child," replied the clear and steady voice of the saint. There is much amiss, and only you can heal it. I will be there when you need me."



Medea awoke on a strange and barren plain. The saint was nowhere to be seen. She staggered unsteadily to her feet in an attempt to take in her new surroundings. The desert landscape seemed to stretch out for ever, yet, in the dim distance, she could see what could well be mountains. Since nothing else held any promise, she set out towards them.

Hours saw her little nearer her destination, and hungry and thirsty beyond belief. Just as she thought that she was destined to die in this halucinatory terrain, she heard a strange noise - a whispered sound - and, not ten feet in front of her, there appeared a strange carpet, emblazened with the word WELCOME in large and friendly letters. Well, she thought, since it is a Welcome Mat, I should really step on it. No sooner had she done so than the carpet lifted from the ground, and sped off, carrying her towards the mountains.

It seemed barely minutes before Medea could see, in the fast approaching foothills, an imposing walled city. Unerringly the carpet swept her to her destination, the roof of the tallest tower in the city. Scarcely had Medea had time to marvel at the ivory arches, and the brontosaur inlaid mosaic at her feet, than she came face to face with a portly gentleman, with a golden chain around his neck.

"Greetings, and welcome to the big city," he proclaimed. "I am Ceem, and you don't know how pleased I am to see you. You must come with me. I will take you to your place among the novitiates."

Dazed by the reception, Medea followed him, and was led to a row of old men, each with cobwebs so thickly entwined with his beard that it was hard to tell where the one began and the other ended. Ceem appeared most apologetic. "I'm afraid you're going to have to wait here for a while, but it shouldn't take too long." As he left, he handed her a very thin piece of bread, with nothing what-so-ever on it. "That should keep you going for a while," he said, with the air of someone who is doing a very great favour.

Medea sat quietly for a while, trying to sort out in her mind exactly what was going on. She tried to engage one of the old men in conversation, but he sat stone still, as though he couldn't, or wouldn't hear a word she was saying. Then, suddenly,

there was an uproar at the end of the row. One of the old men had shaken the cobwebs out of his beard, and had started to rant and rave, though his distance from her, and his mumbling, made his words unclear. The rest of the row seemed oblivious to him, though Medea noticed that those seated closest to him had edged away from him, as though something distasteful were about to happen. Sure enough, it did. A huge black boulder materialised in the air above him, hung there for a moment, and then fell, squashing him flat. Medea would have investigated this further, but, before she could, the carpet, with the word WELCOME on it, this time in burnished gold lettering, landed in front of her. She stepped on board, and was whisked off to Ceem.

Though he was still wearing his gold chain, his stern visage had melted into a friendly smile. "Why, "he said, "had I known that you were a friend of Fanthony's I'd never have subjected you to that. I'd have fixed you up immediately." He nudged her in the ribs. "Know what I mean?"he sniggered. Without further ado, he led her to a well appointed apartment, and handed her a key and a set of rules.

"If there's anything you want," he said, "just ask. You're one of us now, and we look after our own."

" But where exactly am I? " asked Medea.

"Exactly where every fan would wish to be," replied Ceem, and, before Medea could ask anything more, he walked out of the room.

It didn't take Medea long to settle into her new apartment, and, although she occasionally suffered brief pangs of homesickness, the frantic activity within the walled city soon swept them from her mind, and she came to accept what Ceem had told her.

The one thing that held the city together, and which occupied most of the citizens' time, was the communal eating. Medea was told that she'd have to provide desserts every fourth meal, and was given the run of her own private kitchen, in which she baked delicious pastries, which she delivered to Ceem, who officiated at meals. And grand affaires they were too. The range of food was beyond comprehension, for each citizen was obliged to contribute, just as she was. Some produced elaborate iced confections, that melted to nothing in the mouth. Some sweated over nutritious roasts. Yet others concocted strange casseroles. There were also those, Medea eventually noticed, who were exalted citizens despite the fact that they rarely attended meals, and, when they did, they only ever brought thin biscuits, which they'd pass to Ceem with great ceremony. Sometimes these biscuits were morsels of the most exquisite flavour, but, more often than not, they were dry and tasteless.

Such was the dream-like quality of her life that Medea did not stop to wonder at the foods that she was eating - those very foods which, only days before, would have raised scarlet wheals upon her face. She did though notice that most of the citizens ignored her pastries, and few, other than Ceem and Aperaxe, ever bothered to talk to her. Aperaxe was an aging and yet spry character who was most erratic in his culinary presentations. Sometimes he'd provide half-baked cakes, but his regular provision was a weird conglomerate stew which seemed cobbled together from several previous meals.

One day Medea was busy working on a pastry so delectable that she was sure that it would win the Meal Of The Year competition. So intent was she on her work that she failed to notice Aperaxe entering her kitchen. He snuck up behind her, and, without so much as clearing his throat, he whispered in her ear "This isn't the only city in these parts you know."

Medea whirled around, and, seeing who it was, replied sharply "Really? And what makes you think that I think it is?"

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"Well, it's just that you've been here for such a long time, and you've shown no signs of getting on with your Quest."

Medea flushed angrily. "What do you mean my Quest? What do you know about me anyway?"

His eyes narrowed, and he assumed a cany expression. "I've been around," he said. "I've got contacts too. My father, Letteraxe, is an old friend of Brofan's, and Profan knows Saint Fanthony. Besides, even here it's common knowledge that things in trufandom are not well. Some of our citizens were trufen once, before they came here to eke out their declining days, and they tell of mighty fan feuds, and apathy, and of a general lack of purpose. Why, the Enchanted Duplicator no longer attracts the pilgrims the way it did in Jophan's day. It stands to reason that the situation must be remedied. The prophecies all point to you."

- " What prophecies?"
- " Why, the ones in the holy fanzines. What is your Worldcon membership number?"
 " 200."
- "Exactly. Just as the revered Ballard predicted in the Holy Scripts," Aperaxe said, pulling a tatty scrap of twiltone from his pocket.

Medea held it at arm's length. "Bletch?" she said. "It's not offset. It doesn't have any photographs, and I can't find a price on it anywhere. What sort of a fanzine do you call this?"

Aperaxe sighed. " Clearly you are not yet ready. But the truth will come to you in time."

And so it came to pass that, at one evening meal, Medea noted the presence of the one who had, so long ago it seemed, interrupted her stoned reverie, and had sent her to this place. He was sitting at the head table, and Ceem and Aperaxe were fawning over him. Ceem called her over.

- " Medea, the noble Saint Fanthony would have words with you."
- "Thank you Ceem," said the haloed legend. "You may go. Medea and I have much to discuss."

Medea looked around the room, and discovered that they were alone. Such was her suspension of disbelief that she didn't pause to consider this odd.

- " Now Medea, you've established yourself quite nicely, but it's time that you moved on. You already know that you are to play a part in important events."
- "Come off it, "she replied." What, with my acne? You have to be kidding. Why, the folk here don't talk to me on account of it. They won't even touch the pastries I prepare. I can't see myself doing anything important out there, where everyone will just stare."
- "Acne? What acne? " Asked Fanthony, holding to her face a gleaming shield in which she could see her face clearly reflected.
 - " Why it's gone," she said.
- "Yes, "replied Fanthony," for the food here contains that most essential spirit of fandom. You may have noted the strange birds in the fowl-yard. They are domesticated bo birds. Every city has them. They lay the famed egg-o'-bo, which cures collator's elbow, typist's finger, gummy tongue, and all of the evils to which fans are prone. It will even improve the looks of a fan, if the doses are regular."

The old man sighed wistfully. "Such a shame though. The domestic birds are all well and good, but the wild bo birds - Ah, the wild bo birds - they lay eggs of

such potency that but one of them will cure any ill permanently. Of course, they are not to be found in these civilized climes. They may only be found in trufandom, and the road to be travelled is fraught with peril. You would have to leave this place of comfort to journey across the Mountains of Complacency, through the Realm of the Techies, and through the lands of the Luddites and the Teevs. The way is not easy, but a matchless treasure lies at the other end."

A sideways glance assured him that Medea was hooked.

It was not long before Medea had convinced several of her fellow citizens to join her in a Quest - a Quest to find trufandom. Some of them had grown tired of the continual treadmill of cooking and eating and cooking again and again and again. Some had wearied of the meals, for what had seemed so exquisite on the first tasting seemed bland and tasteless on its one hundred and eightieth serving. Some had heard that the dwelling of Profan was to be found near the Tower that housed the Enchanted Duplicator, and they were desirous of making his acquaintance.

Naturally Ceem had mixed feelings about their departure, but such were the limitations to his Power that he could not stop them from leaving. He could prevent them from re-entering the city, but instead he spoke to each in turn, assuring them that, should they ever wish to return to the city, he could always find a place for them. He even permitted them to take a small quantity of bo bird eggs, but it could be seen that he was not happy, for, in this one party, he was losing some of the city's best cooks.

Leaving the city certainly wasn't as easy as it seemed, for the intoxicating aromas from the kitchens, redolent with the piquant perfume of egg-o'-bo, somehow became more compelling the further they walked from the city. The track leading up into the mountains became more rugged the more they climbed, and Medea noticed that her party was becoming smaller and smaller as individuals, and then small groups, lagged behind, and succumbed to the seductive lure of the city. Eventually she found herself with but three companions, Sisyphus, Tantalus, and Polyphemos. Roped together for safety, they headed for the single pass that led through the mountains.

It is best that we should pass over the hardships that Medea and her companions had to overcome in their journey to the ridge. This is not the place to mention the screes of discarded paper that seemed either black with ink, or almost virginally white with the faintest shadow of a message. Nor should mention be made of how they spluttered through enticing rills of icy ditto fluid and yet managed to keep a tenuous grip on the slick purple rock face beneath. Of the scaling of enormous sheets of postage stamps, which left their eyelids gummy, their tongues parched, and their hip pockets thin and wasted, this account will not speak. Suffice to say that they got there. They reached the top of Perspective Pass.

Before this none of them had dared to look back, lest the subtle pull of the city had exerted itself upon them, but, having reached the top, they felt that they could look back in safety. Medea gazed down upon the valley and saw, to her surprise, not one, but a multitude of walled cities, each so similar to the one that they had left that she could not say with any degree of certainty which one that was. A sudden revelation struck her. This was what Aperaxe had meant when he had said that there was more than one city.

Polyphemos was ecstatic. "Why from here," he chortled, "I could bombard each and every city with my rock cakes. Oh thank you Medea for having brought me here. I will build myself a castle, and rain my plenty down on the cities. I may even go back down and gather some bo birds, and a few like minded citizens. How can I ever thank you enough?"

Medea tried to speak, but the words stuck in her throat. She wanted to tell him of the vision that was trufandom, and of the wild bo birds that laid eggs of such

potency, but she could not. She turned mutely to Sisyphus and Tantalus, but neither of them seemed willing to speak.

Finally words came to Sisyphus. " Each of us Medea has his own rock to roll. We will leave him here if that is his wish."

Tantalus chipped in. " Yes Medea, for just as it is my destiny to serve children, so is it his to build his torturous future. We must leave him here."

Tears clouded her eyes, and the whole scene before her seemed to waver. She tried once more to speak, and squeezed out the words " Wait for me," before the Pass dissolved into an Angora wool scented haze.

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" Do you think she'll be alright Doctor?"

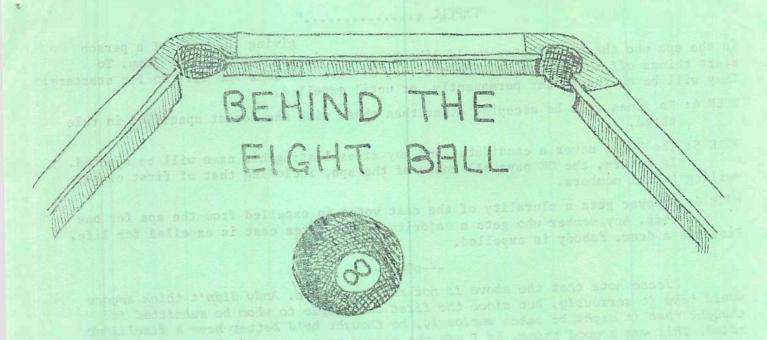
Medea's eyes focussed on the moon-shaped pink face in front of her. The remnants of her pipe still smouldered on the table, and that nice Mrs Davidson from next door was looking on with great concern.

The doctor frowned, obviously disapproving of Medea's condition. " Yes, I think she will. Mind you young lady," he said, turning to face her, " I've a good mind to have you see a psychiatrist. What you've done isn't illegal - yet -, but it won't help you at all. Why, one attack of the "munchies" could undo all the good that your regimen has done for your acne."

Medea gasped, and flung herself rather unsteadily from the chair towards the bathroom mirror. Sure enough her face was covered in the red lumps, and, try as she could, she was unable to find any sign of remission. Gingerly she reached into her pocket, but, to her intense surprise, she discovered only a neatly folded James T. Kirk pocket handkerchief.

Tears once more welled in her eyes, as she thought of the land of magic and clarity of skin that she had left. Looking at the remains of the ear protector, she vowed that she would return.





A MODEST PROPOSAL from Harry Andruschak

John Foyster, one of the best of the Australian fan writers, had a zine in APPLESAUCE (The Sydney based apa) in which he proposed, tongue in cheek, that the annual elections include a blackball provision, citing the clause in the FAPA constitution as precedent.

There is no doubt that fans like to blackball. They have created an underworld of "private", "secret, and/or "invitational" apas. I am now in five of these. Yes, I have applied the blackball to several fans, and in turn have had several fans blackball me. All part of the game.

For it really does seem to be an extension of those favourite fannish games that involve back-stabbing and treachery. What other reasons can you give for the popularity of DIPLOMACY, COSMIC ENCOUNTER and KINGMAKER?? Much of it is for the sheer thrill of doing the dirty on another fan.

The trouble with such apas, however, is that the blackball chances don't occur often enough, and, in the meantime, you are expected to contribute to the apa, do mailing comments, read long con reports, read dull book reviews, and indulge in all the other twaddle that makes up the majority of apa writing, including mine.

I have therefore decided that fandom needs a new apa, devoted to nothing but blackballing, treachery, hate and discontent. I hereby announce...

THE BLACKBALL APA

- RULE 1: The initial copy count is 30, symbolic of the thirty pieces of silver used in one of the more spectacular betrayals of history.
- RULE 2: The frequency will be monthly, with deadlines set by the Official Editor.

 The date for the first mailing is 25 December 1982. What better date to start an apa like this than on the birthday of the man who told you to love your neighbour?

RULE 3: The minac is one page every two mailings. The manac is two pages every mailing. All zines must have the title...

"EXPELL"

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giving the name of a person in the apa who the contributor would like to see nominated for the high jump. To start things off in mailing #1 I have a list of five (5) fans who will do for starters. They will be on the roster permanently, or until expelled.

- RULE 4: No zines will be accepted other than those with the format specified in rule three.
- RULE 5: The OE is never a candidate, and any zines listing his name will be ejected.

 In return, the OE pays all costs of the apa, including that of first class mailing to all members.
- RULE 6: Whoever gets a plurality of the cast votes is expelled from the apa for one year. Any member who gets a majority of the votes cast is expelled for life. Ties are a draw. Nobody is expelled.

---000----

Please note that the above is not really serious. Andy didn't think anyone would take it seriously, but since the first two people to whom he submitted it thought that it might be taken seriously, he thought he'd better have a disclaimer added. This was a good thing, as I was the second person to whom he submitted the article, and I thought he was serious. Andy goes on to say that he is not now, and would never be a member of such an apa. He also claims that the article is in bad taste. He's obviously never met Paul Stokes or John McPharlin, who could tell him what bad taste really is.

While I'm talking about apas, Australia has two fine functioning apas at present, and two that have been rumoured to have been seen alive in the past couple of years, much like the Tasmanian Tiger.

The two functioning Australian apas are ANZAPA and APPLESAUCE, which, between them, seem to account for most of Australia's fanwriting talent. If you want to get to know what's going on in Australian fandom, or who's feuding with whom, or which noted Australian neo-pro can expect a summons from the RSPCA real soon now, it could well be an idea to join one or the other. Prospective DUFF or GUFF candidates are advised to join both.

ANZAPA O.B.E. Derrick Ashby P.O. Box 175, South Melbourne Vict 3205 AUSTRALIA PRESIDENT Leanne Frahm. O.B.E. (elect) as of the June Mailing, Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 46 Marden S.A. 5070 AUSTRALIA.

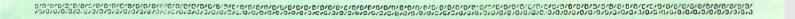
Minimum activity - Six pages per six months. Frequency - bimonthly. Dues - \$7-00 per year. Waitlist - Four, as of February 1982.

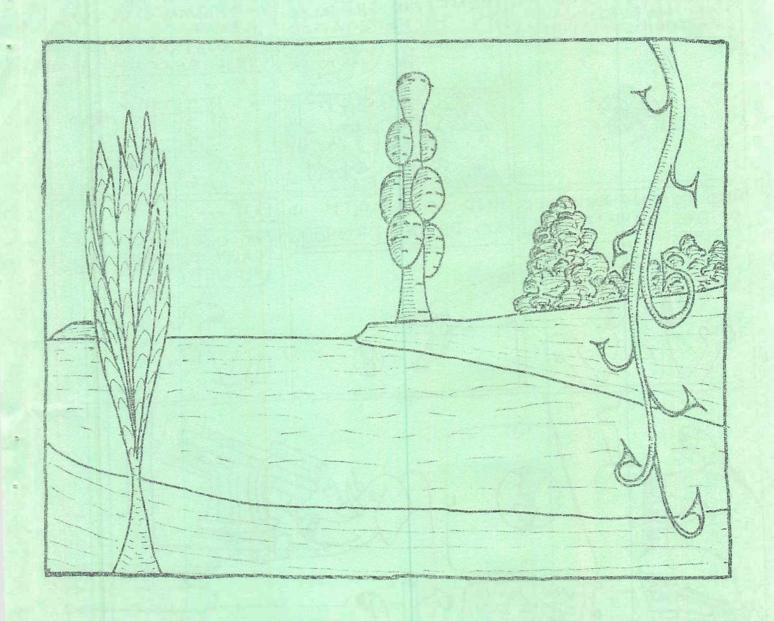
APPLESAUCE Joint FOE Jack Herman & Peter Toluzzi Box 272 Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, N.S.W. 2006 AUSTRALIA

Minimum activity -two pages per three months (four pages per six months for overseas members.) Frequency - monthly

Dues - under consideration. Waitlist - None as of the March 1982 mailing.

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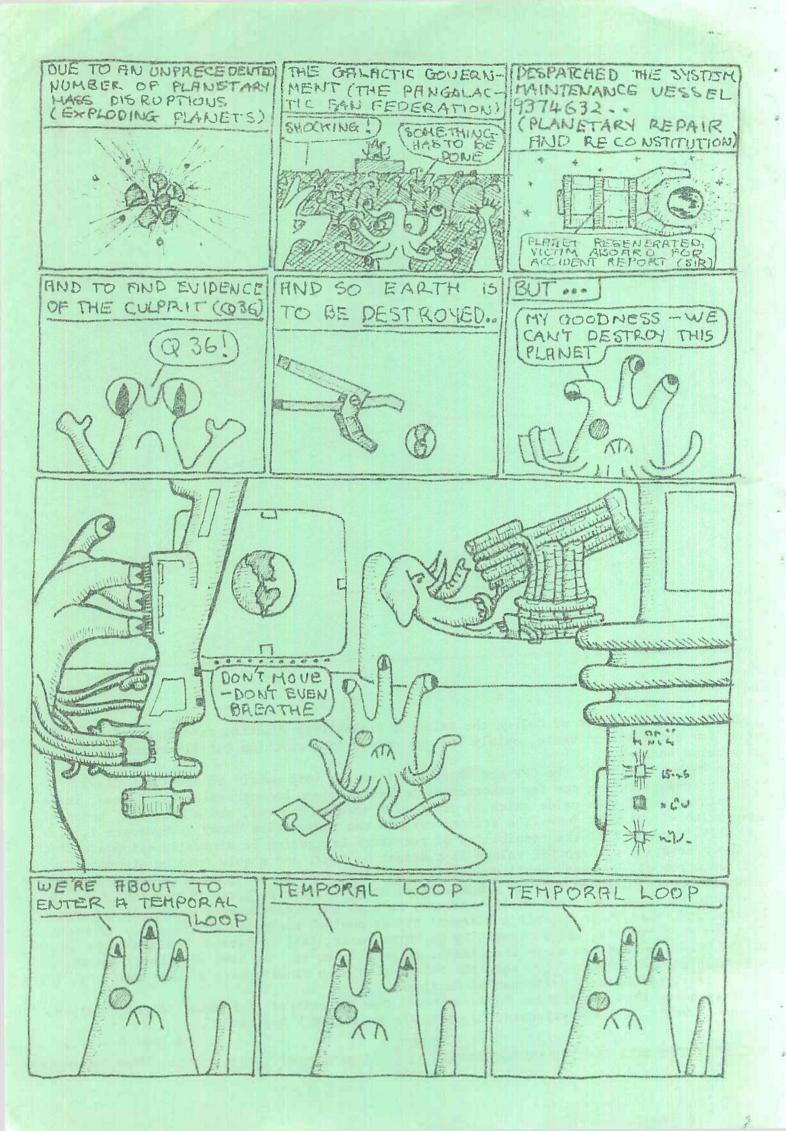
On the resort planet of Qwlrun the Galactic Probability Function reaches its lowest value for the whole universe, mainly because no one does anything but lie around on its sun-soaked beaches.

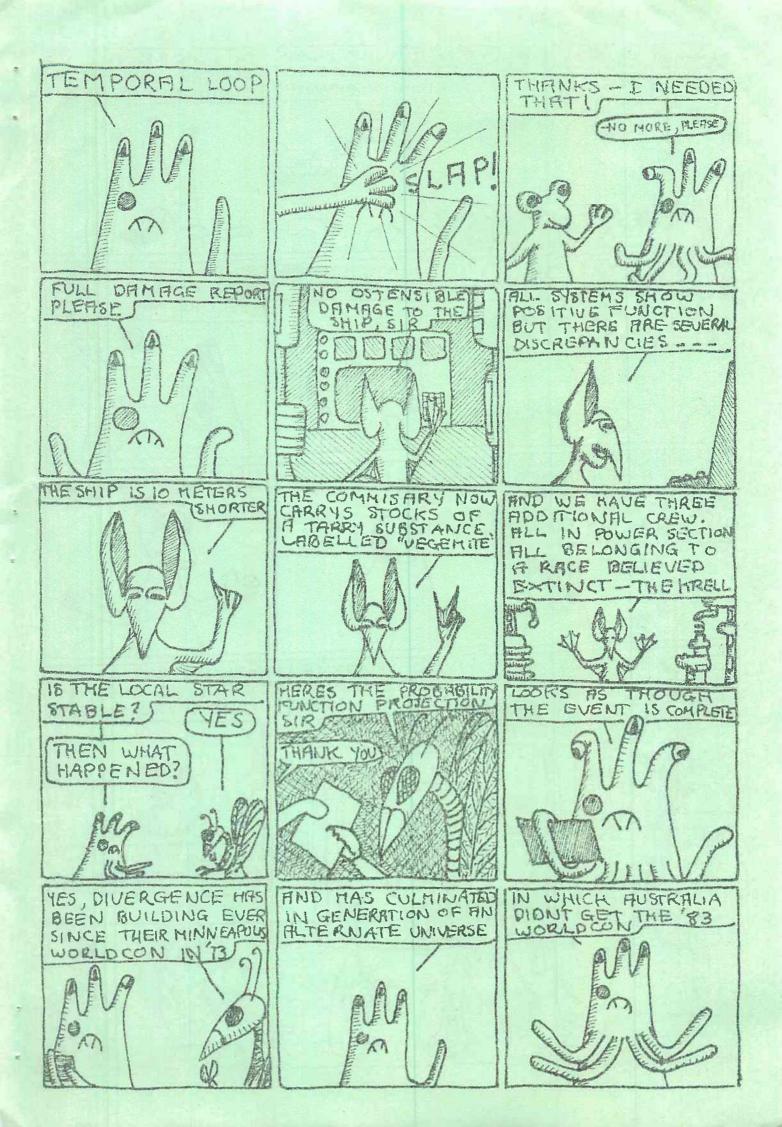
The highest value of the GPF now observed is in the jump matrix of a Goliath Class super transport during the few nanoseconds before it jumps between galaxies. Indeed, it is the relaxation of this value which is used, with precise control, and a carefully tuned trigger to effect said jump. (The trigger used is the radioactive decay of Hydrogen 1, such an unlikely event that the possibility of premature triggering is virtually eliminated.)

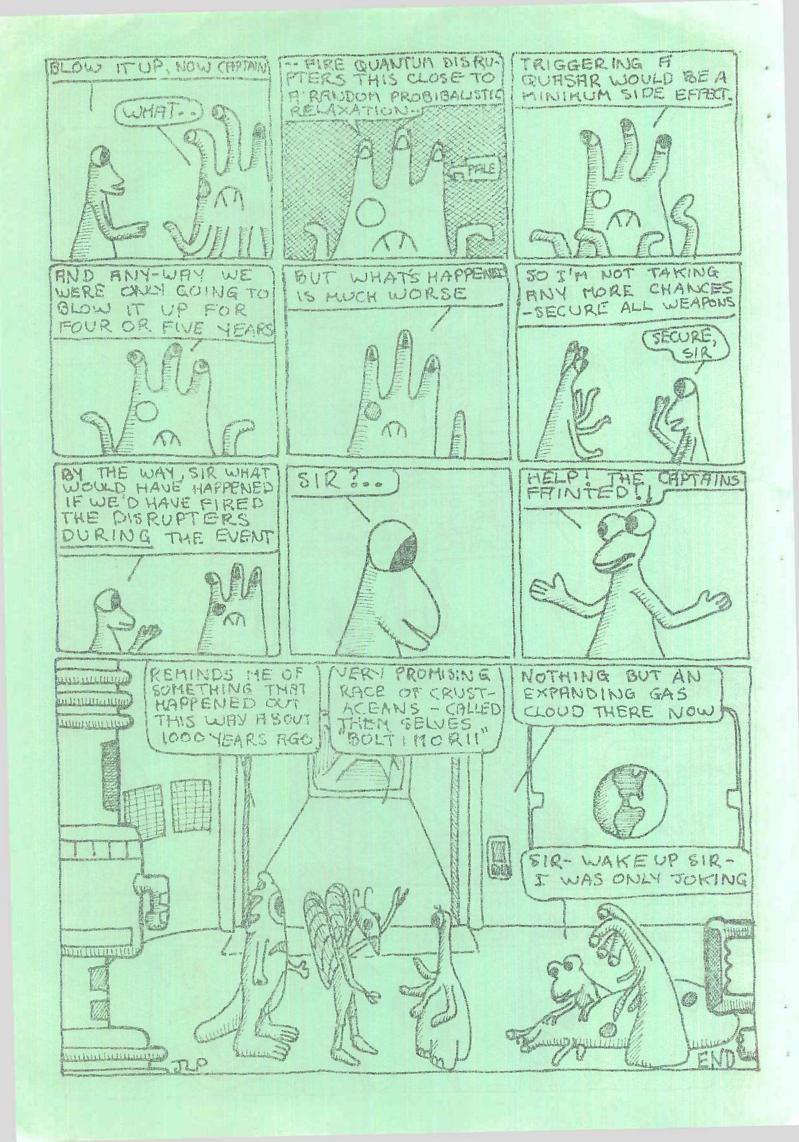
The generation of high GPF values is a dangerous task, and should only be attempted by skilled personel. However, small quantities can be created by being on time for an appointment, by betting successfully on a horse race, or by falling in love. Larger quantities are generated by absurd and impossible processes such as the occurrence of mammaloid bisexual bipeds, and, when those mammaloid bisexual bipeds publish books, in which people arrive on time for appointments, bet successfully on horse races, fall in love, or publish books in which ... but you can see where this leads. In no time at all you have an utterly phenomenal GPF which can be triggered by, say, the publication of a fanzine with a funny name, or, for that matter, by the very existence of fanzines.

It is noted that the highest known value of the GPF existed just prior to the creation of the universe, and was triggered to cause the so-called " Big Bang ".

Now read on







A GUIDE TO MELBOURNE

(In case they happen to get a WorldCon sometime.)

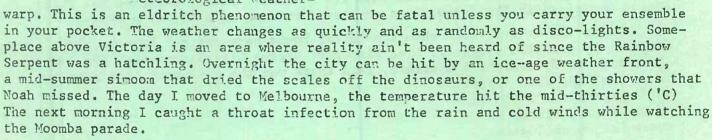
by Terry Frost.

Ava Gardiner once said that Melbourne was the perfect place to make a movie about the end of the world. Maybe it was in 1959, but, these days, the honour goes to a New South Wales town called Goodooga.

In the Egotistical Eighties, however, it's not that bad - on a par with Sydney even, if all utilities and transportation happened to break down in Sydney.

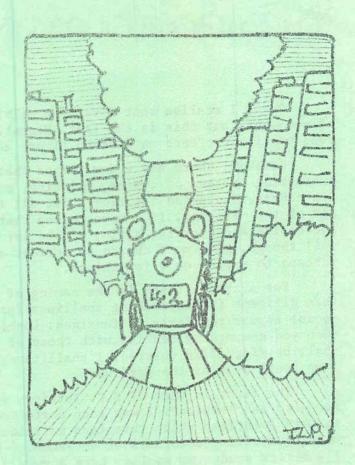
FIRST WARNING: About half the trains in Melbourne underwent a drastic mutation at about the time when Oueen Victoria was feeling her birthdays. They left their proper place and started blazing trails down the roads. So watch yourself if you're crossing the streets. Some rogue choo-choo could put your name on the page of THE AGE that only old people read.

SECOND WARNING: The Great Melbourne Meteorological Weather-



THIRD WARNING: Nobody from Melbourne has been anywhere else in the past ten years. They'll tell you that they went to Sydney in the year Menzies retired from the Prime Ministership, or that they went to Canberra in 1926 to watch the national capital's innauguration (Maybe the predictable weather elsewhere puts a supernatural dread into Melbourneans) but none of them have been further than the border since the last astronaut scraped his boots clean of moondust on an aircraft carrier. Therefore you've got to make allowances for them. Don't tell them that other cities have colour television and MORK AND MINDY, or that the people in Sydney really don't build mock-Vietnamese villages to try and get the American soldiers to come back to King's Cross and spend money.

Apart from these minor problems, Melbourne is a vital, modern city where you can get extensive life support systems if a tram hits you, inside plumbing, a fair price on a wide variety of clothing, and golden staph if you're hospitalised. So we'd like you to come to a WorldCon here. We're prepared to throw the streetwalkers and winos out of the best hotels, scrape the canine guano off the footpaths, and lay out poisoned baits for the rat plague. It really doesn't matter if the Arts Centre looks like a medieval Shogun's fortress, or if St Kilda looks like a set from a Gordon McRae musical. It's a really lovely place Honest it is.



The Lost Words of Q36 G

by Marc Ortlieb, aided by a few strongly worded letters.

Okay, I realise that I've been milking the trip for more than its share of comments, but this is the last. Honest. I won't write any more about it, unless some publisher offers me a seven figure advance....

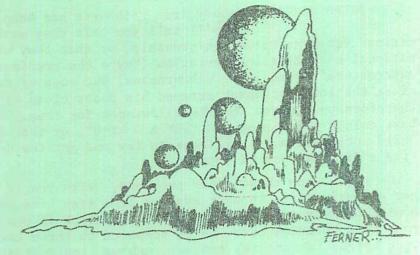
However, there are a few things that need clearing up. After the initial exhausting process of typing, printing, collating, stapling, and mailing had run its course, I started thinking about all the things that I forgot to mention, and all of the mistakes. If I were to say that I seriously considered ripping up all the copies and starting again, I'd be lying through my teeth. This brief article will though, give me a chance to correct a few of the more glaring mistakes, and perhaps to expand on a few things.

For a start, there is the naming of names. I will admit to having been less than diligent in researching spellings for the names which, for one reason or another do not appear regularly in fanzines. Looking back, I didn't do too badly, especially when you compare my results with those of a certain Advention reporter, whose name shall be with petited omitted. I shall though now address myself to those names where I was well wide of the ware mark.

The first is that of S.C. Torbjorn von Strokirch, whose name I phoenetically rendered as "Taubien". I was soon corrected by Mandy Herriot, and by a note addressed to Mark Aughtleab which threatens malicious attacks on my person by hockey stick bearing spelling reformers at SMOFFCON. (Said attack didn't eventuate, but I thought I'd better render my apology here anyway.)

Lalee Kerr was another at whose name I took a phoenetic punt. That Linda Lounsbury in Minneapolis corrected this for me didn't really surprise me. That Roelof Goudriaan in The Metherlands corrected me came as a bit of a shock.

Another aspect in the name confusion arises from those inconsiderate people who will insist on having the same, or similar names. Thus, in the interests of clearing my name with Jack Herman, allow me to state that the Cathy mentioned on page six was Cathy Circosta, not Cathy McDonnell. A similar confusion may be noted in the Minneapolis section of the report. The Linda mentioned there is Linda Ann Moss, except in



the sections relating to Fort Smalling on to the Viscott Smalling on the Sections of the Secti

the sections relating to Fort Snelling or to the Min-stf meeting. The Linda in the Denver section of the report is Linda Lounsbury.

Some things I can blame on the typewriter, thus Don Blyly became "Don Ulyly" and Kashia Curney became 'Kasnid'. I would like to blame "Eric Rome" on the typer too, but this typer doesn't transpose the letters "m" and "w". I certainly can't blame the machine for typing ISB instead of IDS for the Investors Diversified Services Tower in Minneapolis. Misnaming a building takes even more class than simply misnaming people.

But enough of these minor spelling mistakes. On to the real bloopers.

For a start there were two people who inadvertently were neglected in the report. The first was Pascal Thomas, a French fan who I met in Seattle. He was, I gather, doing roughly the same thing as I was, i.e. using the WorldCon as an excuse for catching up on people in the U.S.. I was first introduced to him at the party at Jerry and Suzle's place, and, in the course of nattering to him, I happened to mention that the only French fanzine I'd ever received had a description of the Bob Tucker "Smooocooth" Ceremony, which had amused me, while stretching my third year high school French to its limits. Pascal informed me that he knew the article, mainly because he'd written it. (The zine was A&A INFOS. It may still be going, but I haven't seen a copy in quite a while.) I continued to bump into Pascal every now and again, once in the Seattle Market, and later in Denver.

Then there was Alyson Abramowitz who I met at Denvention. Alyson is one of those people who is very different in read life and in her writing. I'd not pictured her as being anywhere near as small as she actually is. I vaguely recall nattering to her on a couple of occasions, and enjoying the conversations. However, the general hectic memory flow from Denvention washed her clear of my mind until after I finished the report.

There is one thing that worries me though, and that relates to the Birmingham part of the trip report. I've had two lovely letters from Birmingham people, Charlotte Proctor, and Julie Wall, apologising for not noticing that I was feeling depressed at B'Hamacon. I hadn't realised that my feelings about the early parts of that Con had come over so clearly. I also hadn't realised that anyone would feel guilty about that. Honest folks, it was certainly not the convention's fault, nor was it the fault of anyone at the con, except perhaps the technician in charge of the air-conditioning system, whose heavy hand contributed to my cold.

I tried to explain in that section that the small degree of unhappiness I suffered there was a combination of a large number of factors, a goodly proportion of which were either blameless, or my own fault. Let's face it, it certainly wasn't Southern Fandom's fault that I didn't know many of its members. That was mine. I really should have made the effort to contact a few more Southern fen before contemplating attending a Southern con. As for my slight financial shortage, again my fault entirely. Had I not over spent in other cities, and under-saved before the trip that would have been no trouble.

Besides, the incredible warmth that I encountered when I did discover the parts of Southern fandom that gathered at the dead dog parties more than compensated for any unease I'd felt earlier during the con. Believe me, I certainly wouldn't be touting Atlanta in '36 had I not come away from B'Hamacon feeling really good. I still do not feel as though Birmingham is the sort of place I would want to live. The city, on the whole, didn't impress me, but the countryside—that I got to see when Merlin was driving us out to dinner with Bob Shaw was really pretty. (The weather though, is something else again. Hot weather is my least favourite type of weather, and is one of the many reasons I dislike Adelaide. I'm certainly not impressed by the idea of living in a city like Birmingham where the temperature gets that high, and the humidity gets even higher.)

So take a bow Southern fandom. Despite my bad mood, and the cruddy weather, you managed to produce a tremendous time for this here "Aussie" lad. I just wish I was closer, and could get to another DSC occorrege

Finally, an afterword to the trip report. It's taken me quite a while to settle down and to look objectively at the entire experience, and, in-so-far as I'm ever likely to be ready to evaluate the experience, I'm ready to do so now.

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The first thing is that I now feel that I have "blooded myself". There's something in the Australian cultural experience that says that overseas experience is far more valuable than is local experience. (America suffered from this earlier in its history. See Henry James' European novels for examples.) Now that I've been to American conventions, I feel I can claim to be a real fan, without having to look nervously over my shoulder every time I say that.

There's also a marked advantage in being able to put faces to names when reading fanzines, or writing LoCs and apa mailing comments. To a lesser extent, it helps me to work out when a person is being less than serious in his/her writing. In some cases seeing the people in the flesh was a little disappointing after having read their zines, but that was a "first impression" reaction, and soon faded away as I got a chance to talk to those people more. In other cases, the person exceeded my mental picture of them by an order or two of magnitude. (Hi Sharee!)

Having met all these people is, as I surmised at the beginning of my trip report wonderful for name dropping, or for establishing that I am indeed one of Ghod's chosen. "And then Jerry . Kaufman said to me......"

Seriously though, the trip opened a number of friendships that I now value highly, despite the distances. Slowly I'm consolidating those friendships via the postal snail. The trip to Toronto, for instance, resulted in my joining TAPA, the Toronto amateur press, and, through that I'm starting to gain the appreciation of Toronto fandom that I should have had before I visited.

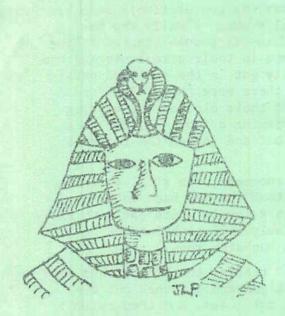
The exchange of letters with a few Southern fans has achieved a similar result with regard to that fandom. Receiving ANVIL, the Birmingham clubzine is also useful in that regard.

Naturally Minneapolis fans play a very large part in my new fannish ethos. Several of you might have heard of my "engagement" to Linda Lounsbury. At the risk of destroying a fine fannish hoax, please allow me to explain that a little better.

As I mentioned in the trip report, Linda lost her raincoat at Denvention, and I felt that I was partially responsible, and resolved to make amends. My opportunity came at Circulation, a regional convention held in Canberra a few weeks after I got back to Australia. There Cindy Smith was selling some lovely rings, including an opal. I remembered Linda's interest in opal from when she'd been in Australia, and so sent the ring to her. I got, in return, a letter asking if the ring meant that we were engaged. I decided that that would be an excellent idea, though we decided on an open engagement, or, to use Linda's words, that we were "engaged to be engaged". I'd like to see it as an Engagement of State, symbolising the close ties between Minneapolis and Australia. Besides, Linda writes excellent letters. The engagement has already provided an excuse for one simultaneous party, in Melbourne and in Minneapolis, and could well lead to other intercontinental phone calls.

Mind you, the fact that a cartel of Minneapolis femmefans has gotten together to send me a clean pair of underwear does lead me to wonder if this trip report bit hasn't been taken a touch too seriously. (They're blue, with a little green frog on them, but I don't show them on demand, unless I'm not wearing them at the time, and, if I'm not wearing underwear, what are you doing asking to see it anyway?)

So there it is. The last on the trip report, other than letters from the readers which will appear here, and could well be found in Q36I as well. I guess the next step is to work out when I can go again. However, in order to whet your appetites for the sort of thing you can experience at a U.S. convention, allow me to present my "fiance" Linda Lounsbury....





by Linda Lounsbury

(Editorial Intrusion: I gather that this particular series of conventions began when
Minicons became too large to be relaxing. The first was called
Anokon, and was held in Anoka, a suburb of the Twin Cities, which only just makes it
onto my Transport Guide to the Twin Cities. Since the others in the series have not
been held in Anoka, they have been dubbed Notanokons.)

And then there was Not-Anokon. Since I work, for all practical purposes, just across the street from the Holiday Inn by the Capitol, I took my luggage to work, and checked into the hotel during my lunch hour.

After work I dropped up to the second floor, where all the function rooms were located. These consisted of a small art show, huckster room, video room and con suite - two smoking and one non-smoking room. The pool was another matter, and one which I'll get to presently. I'd promised to help with registration, so accordingly reported to the con suite, but Floyd Henderson wasn't planning to leave for supper until 8pm or so. I hovered around a while and helped process some of the registrants, then went off to dinner at the Princess Gardens (Szechuan, small, with excellent food) with Dean Dierschow.

I relieved Floyd at nine. (The rest of his supper party had been late in arriving), and worked until we closed registration at about 10-30. This was partially due to some enquiries from the Schmidt Beer Dealers' Convention, whose members seemed quite willing to pay \$10-00 to attend our parties. We decided that this was not a good idea.

I circulated through the party suite, finally settling in the non-smoking one which, for a change, was not utterly devoid of all the people I wanted to see. We had a number of accusing conversations which, as usual, cannot be recalled to mind the next day. Like some dreams, convention parties cannot be recalled in detail, but only as a certain feeling. You'll have to take my word that the feeling was pleasant and witty.

The skinny dipping was scheduled to start at the pool as soon as the bar overlooking said pool had closed at about lam or a little after. I changed into my

bathing suit and went down to the first floor pool entrance. Mark Richards, our lifeguard and door keeper, opened the door. We had had exclusive use of the pool since
10pm, so there were already a few people there. The water was comparitively warm, as
pools go, so I waded around for a while, and then actually swam. Finally the bar
employees finished cleaning up and went home, and the Minn-stf people started taking
off their suits. We did have a couple of voyeurs who came in their street clothes and
just watched, and, of course, a few shy ones who actually got in the pool and participated, but who didn't take off their swimsuits. Then there were those like Fred
Haskell who went in for skinny lounging, i.e. taking off their clothes but sitting
around the pool. After splashing around the pool and swimming a few laps, one at a
time, I grew a little bored, and very cold, so I dried off and joined the ranks of
the skinny loungers.

When I was ready to go to bed, Erin McKee, my roommate, was still partying, so Keith Hauer-Lowe went back to the room with me, and took the key back to Erin. I reassured her cat, Rael, and got ready for bed. (Rael is a lovely white cat with silky fur, who is a good convention goer. She adjusted remarkably well to being put in strange hotel rooms or being petted by strangers in the huckster room.)

The party next door was still going, so I tried reading the MS that had come with the day's mail. Soon my eyes were crossing from fatigue and I turned out the lights and tried to ignore the noise. No luck. I waited until 4am, and then called their number to ask for a quick end, but with no result, except for an invitation to join the party. I might have accepted if I hadn't known that Fred Haskell and Steve Brust, two of Minn-stf's heavier smokers, were among the musicians. The smoke would have been unbearable on top of the fatigue.

Finally, at around 5am, Erin came back, and she, apparently, was able to fall asleep in spite of the noise. Since I had the key again, I tried going next door in person. My appearance at the door stopped the show. It was the nightgown I suppose. I said "Can we negotiate?" That made everyone laugh. I hadn't consciously intended that. I had some vague notion that perhaps I could trade rooms with one of them and so get a few hours' sleep. It worked better than I had hoped. They moved down to the con suite, not without warning me, however, that they planned another party for the next day.

I had to get up at 10am and go home to clean up some loose ends, feed the gerbil etc, which was one of the reasons I had needed to get to sleep. When I got back to the hotel I arranged to change my room to another one, on the seventh floor. ERin, Rael and I moved everything up there in time for me to go back and lead the proposed expedition to see the exhibit on Ignatius Donnelly at the Minnesota Historical Society, two blocks away. Donnelly was, among other things, Minnesota's first science fiction writer. Herman Schouten, Mike Putler, and Keith Hauer-Lowe were the only ones who turned up, but I think they had a good time. We got a little introductory talk and a guided tour, then wandered around the other exhibits. One by one the group departed until Keith and I were left to go through the State Capitol. There were no tours that day, so we just explored, and I told him what I knew about it.

Back at the hotel I joined a dinner expedition, as chauffeur, to the Lido Cafe, Italian this time, with Keith, Mike and Erin. If I am, according to Jean Weber, a fountain of information, then Mike Butler is an artesian well. He kept us entertained.

Once back at the hotel, I napped for a while. Rael decided that she wanted to keep me company, and crawled under the covers. It was nice to have such a warm furry body next to mine.

That evening it was back to parties and skinny dipping. It was much the same as the Friday night, but the con committee had gone next door to Sears, and had bought a couple of beach balls, so we played some informal volleyball in the pool. I then went to the music party while I was awake enough to enjoy it.

On Sunday, Erin and I checked out of the room by lpm. I hung around the con suite, and invited Karen Johnson and Jerry Boyajien to supper, in response to her proposal that we go out to a restaurant, then invited Keith to round out the party. I then went home to clean and cook. Everything in the con suite was pretty dead by 2pm. After supper we all went our separate ways, and eventually met up back at Floyd's house, where the con was declared dead.

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67,370,070,070,076;

SEE THE FANED, IN HIS SEE HIM FINALLY START WHY THE RUSH? ITS NATURAL ENVIRONMENT. 3 YEARS LATE? neh.heh paste SEE THE HARD WORK THE TRAUMAS, LATE IT INVOLVES. NIGHTS, CATASTROPHIES! RUMAIIN 6 FOR WHAT COULD POSSIALLY Too lousy -INISPIRE THIS FAN ?? No ideous face it - the SETCHA olease write m DUFF VOTING FORMS! an article, a Loc, draw an VOTE FOR ME! illo anything & VOTE FOR ME!

Anyone noting a resemblance between the figure above and himself will be deemed to possess a guilty conscience.

Though the results of DUFF 1982 will, no doubt, be known by the time this zine is out, please start thinking about future races. So far I understand that jan howard finder will be standing for the 1983 race, and Marty Cantor will be standing for the 1985 race. Jack Herman was talking about standing for 1984. Keep those nominations flowing. US Administrator is Joyce Scrivner 2523 15th Ave S Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A.

Listo mania

by Marc Ortlieb

Yep, a bit more editorialising, but don't worry, it's not far to the letter column now. (Mind you, if you were that desperate to see your name in print, why didn't you turn to that first off?)

Some of the letters in this issue are going to be more than a little dated, as they are on Q36F, which was my June 'ssue, but this is the first chance I've had to run them, what with missing the September issue, and filling the February issue with the trip report. I intend to do a lot better this year, now that this "catchup" issue is out of the way. Q36I will appear in June, and will be a special Aussie issue. I already have a piece from Jean Weber, explaining why she lives here and not in the U.S., and a story from Judith Hanna. Any artwork, or articles with an Aussie flavour which reach me by mid-May will be gratefully examined. (I can't promise to use them though, thus I prefer it if artwork is sent as a xerox. Similarly, please don't send your only copy of an article. Stuff-ups happen, sometimes in the Post Awful, sometimes in the writhing mass that is jokingly referred to as my study floor.)

My particular thanks once more to those lovely people who have sent me material for this issue, and my apologies for certain confusions. When Harry Andruschak first sent me the piece on the Blackball Apa, I thought he was seriously suggesting an apa and inviting me to join. John Packer returns in force this issue, and my deepest thanks to him. I phoned him up one night, and explained that I'd be dropping round to pick up some art he'd already promised me, and that I had a couple of things I still needed done. He was up to the task, and produced the pieces for Terry's article, for Linda's con report and for Harry's article without batting an eyelid. (He swore a little, and did a lot of rubbing out and whiteouting, but that's another story altogether.)

My basic need, when it comes to this zine, is for articles of a semi-serious or fannish nature, and for fillos. Please don't send covers without consulting me first, as I have a very definite policy on what I want in the way of covers. I can often use such material on the back cover, but I can't promise to do so.

You may have noticed in one of the paragraphs above, a reference to the state of the study floor. Well, I've decided that this is the year in which I get myself



organised. It certainly isn't an easy task, but it's helped a little by the fact that I love constructing lists. At one time I managed to make a complete listing of all of my sf books, and was well into indexing all the short stories when I ran out of index cards and storage space for them. By the time I returned to that particular task, I'd lost interest. However, my love for lists has surfaced once or twice since, with a brief continuation of David Grigg's ANZAPA index, and later with an attempt to work out which was the most common first letter for a fanzine title.

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My most recent foray into the field of list making has necessitated the purchase of three bright new exercise books. I love buying stationery. The scene in George Orwell's 1984 with which I most empathise is the one in which Winston Smith examines the diary that will lead to his downfall. My bank manager assures me that my buying of stationery may be the death of me too, but so it goes.

The first book is the one I use as my mailing journal. A few issues back, I explained that my system for keeping track of the people to whom I owed copies of Q36 was less then perfect. Well, it's still not that much better, but I'm getting there. The system is sheer simplicity. Every day I scrawl an account of what I've posted out and of what I've received. Sometimes I might include a few more details, thus an entry might read

19/2/82 IN Stipple-apa 15
Letter from Van Ikin asking for bio

OTT Letter and article to Irwin

however, the real fun comes at the end of the week, when I put together a summary of the week's mail. That way I know how much I'm slipping behind in my mail exchange programme.

Mind you, putting out a fanzine fairly regularly makes keeping shead relatively easy (If you can call putting out a fanzine "easy") As of the end of Week 24 of the journal, my running tally reads IN 262 OUT 603. However, there are weeks when the IN column is larger than the OUT column, and, at such times, I get strong guilt feelings, and sit down in front of the typewriter to address myself to the backlog.

Theoretically this system should cure me of my mailing problems, but a few slip through. Scanning through back entries the other day I noted that I'd sent two copies of Q36G to Marty Cantor. AS I said, no system's perfect.

The second book was sparked by a piece in Anne Laurie Logan's SHAMANA LIONESS 14, where she summarised her five years of fanzine publication. I'd been meaning to do so ever since having seen Leigh Edmonds' GOOD GRIEF FIVE HUNDRED, and so have started to do so. This requires going through my file copies, and noting them, and then going through the apas they appeared in and cross-checking. (There were some zines which never appeared in the apas for which they were intended, due to postal stuff-ups.)

My first summary, covering from September 1975 to March 1982 lists 217 zines, and a total of 1,671 pages, with an average of 7.7 pages per zine. This means that I'm producing zines at a rate of .7 stencils per day. I've a long way to go yet before producing my five hundredth zine, but it'll be fun trying.

Some statistics that interested me were that 20% of my zines have been produced for ANZAPA, as opposed to 12% for general circulation, and 19% for APPLESAUCE. Since APPLES is monthly, it could well be that it will take over first place real soon now. The statistics show clearly my allegiance, as 74% of my zines, and 56% of my page count have been for apas. Ah well, brand me an apahack and call me Conrad.

The final book is a book of power. It is the one in which I will work the arcane magic involved in keeping track of people's ANZAPA membership. I've got a little list. They never will be missed. From that I'll be able to compile all sorts of amusing and useful statistics, like whose zines arrive the latest, and which members make the most blatant attempts to avoid being minacced out. Ah yes. I may even auction that one for DUFF at the end of my year in office - if I last that long....

Ah yes, listing can be fun, It . gives one a totally different slant on things.....

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Q36 E

DEMNY LIEN 2528 15th Ave S. "Perils of Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A.

Joseph Nicholas' Pimlico was enjoyed. I'm not so sure about the

unerotic nature of having a badly soundproofed apartment directly beneath a rhythmically thudding bed and contents thereof. I've had such, and the damn bed jangled to boot, and considered it mildly erotic except when I had to get up early the next morning, which, unfortunately, was usually. I suggest Joseph look into doing what I always fantasised doing -

recording a tape of applause, wolf whistles, foot stamping and the like, and then cranking the volume up and playing it just as the panting above starts to reach the "Ohmigod!" stage.

Denny, you have an evil mind!!! (I would have suggested fighting fire with fire.)

I'm dubious about you thanking Jon Noble for his article "despite the fact that he isn't standing for anything." Even that noted curmudgeon and free anarchist spirit, Eric Lindsay, winds up standing for any number of atrocious and revolting things every once in a while. I'm sure Jon must do the same.

" It's often been said that the happier a person is, the less fanac that person indulges in." I've heard this too, but am not sure I quite believe it. I wasn't very happy during 1981 and didn't do much in the way of fanac, the Australia trip excepted. I think the missing factor is the kind of unhappiness. You have your basic Optomistic Unhappiness, in which you think the world is lousy because you are lonely/poor/overworked/horny/misunderstood/etc. but you believe that if your own state improved then your happiness would as well. In this state, one does fanac to advertise :- Hey! Look everybody! Here's a witty, clever, sane, sexy, brilliant, sensitive, poor-but-honest fan who only needs a lot of attention, fame, egoboo, sex and money to be one of the Beautiful People. Then you have your Basic Pessimistic Unhappiness, in which you think that the world is lousy because the world is lousy. The latter is not condusive to extreme devotion to fannish minutae, or, in fact, to much of anything, except sleeping a lot, and getting drunk at every opportunity.

The standard version of this . saw does though bring up the idea trip of a fannish network dedicated to going around to unproductive but promising fans and causing small unhappinesses for them in order to increase their productivity, and thus the fannish greater good. I can see Philip K Dick and Ted White collaborating on it...

A task of medium difficulty. Seriously though, what makes you think that this is not already being done??? Denny's letter will be continued when I get to the section on Q36F. He makes a few comments though on previous issues, including some compliments to John Packer. He draws far too much from my comment " I left my pingpong balls with Cathy Cirsosta." Denny, you do have an evil mind ...

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HARRY WARNER JR Hagerstown Maryland 21740 U.S.A.

Joseph Micholas is vastly entertaining in this description of his 423 Summit Avenue home and neighbourhood. There is the temptation to wonder why he isn't as stern with the neighbours as he is with fanzines, but that's beside the point. One purely personal reaction that nobody else could have experienced when reading the beginning of his article:-I kept wondering about a half-forgotten story, which was probably

in Argosy many years ago, about a fellow who acquired a batch of unusual stamps which, when affixed to letters, carried them into a totally unknown nation. I'm pretty sure Pimlico was part of that title, and I have been confusing the story with the movie. After reading this article. I looked up the movie listing in my films-on-tv book, and I find that its plot is totally unlike that of the barely remembered story, which must have made Pimlico the name of the fantasy nation. Anyway, Pimlico in real life, as described in this article, seems like something I've just seen a movie about, "hanks to the thorough description and its similarity to the settings for a lot of movies about people living in good homes converted into apartments in London.

I get the impression that many fans share this reluctance to pal around very much with neighbours. There was an old maxim in my mother's family to the effect that the best way to stay on good terms with neighbours is by keeping one's distance. It's easy for me to do here on Summit Avenue because there aren't any neighbours for whom I feel real interest or strong liking. Most of them are either young people who are too intent on alcohol and drugs to have anything in common with me, or elderly couples who are wrapped up in church or other special interests that are outside my own range of interests. So I nod at some of them, and exchange a few sentences with others and let it go at that, knowing perfectly well that being palsy-walsy now could pay off later if I should ever need a lot of little attentions due to physical problems. But it's paid off in lack of friction. About once every three or four years I yell at some kids for doing something destructive around my property. The only time I've directed harsh words at adults came about four years ago when an old man and woman living in a converted garage at the end of the yard next door fell into the habit of urinating in my back yard and shooting out my cellar windows.

I'm sure that at least half of the subtle references and concealed allusions in The Oneshots Of Conotel escaped my comprehension, thanks to the fact that I don't know Australian fans as well as I should and I forget most of the things I do know about them. But it seemed vaguely amusing even in my ignorance. And it leaves me feeling the same vague regret or frustration or something that I experience every time I see in a fanzine something which obviously required a lot of work to write and is destined never to be read with understanding, except by active fans. Most fanzine material has, at least in theory, a chance to appeal to a wider audience in the future, when fanzines will become the subject of appreciation courses in colleges, and their pages will be kept in a central computer from which any television set owner can call them up for display on the video screen.

Michael McGann answers most of the problems he brings up pretty well in his letter. In one form or another, this question of more recognition for fan artists keeps bobbing up, and I doubt that it has a brilliant solution upon which some fannish genius will someday stumble. Art just isn't capable of forming the topic for argument and debate as readily as is the written material in fanzines, and most fans who aren't artists have very limited ability to express their reasons for liking a fan's drawing. But the artsits should take heart from several things: - One piece of paper, containing a drawing, may sell for a greater price than that offered for several hundred pieces of paper bearing the manuscript for a novel, at a con auction - Fans put up on their walls artwork, but how often do you find a page of a fanzine article, framed, in a fan's den? - A prolific artist can get instant egoboo at a con by turning out little sketches during a banquet, but the fanwriter must wait months or years before learning that someone liked the con report he created for someone's fanzine.

The fanwriter can always try jotting down limericks on the serviettes.

DIANE FOX Very much liked the cover - most apt when one remembers how cracker Box 129 night was advertised for a couple of weeks before-hand this year, and Lakemba the apparent lavish sales of illegal explosive crackers. " Kids! Get N.S.W. 2195 your plastic bombs in time for Cracker Might! High quality hand grenades! AUSTRALIA Get them while they last!" I suspect that if fireworks are banned we will soon be getting underground papers with articles on where the best crackers may be surrepticiously bought, and instructions on how to make one's own gunpowder. (Roll your own.) Effectiveness of various brands will be discussed on the basis of power of explosion; amound of sound produced; whether or not it can be accurately aimed at a victim's eyes; whether or not the sparks will cling to and burn exposed flesh - napalm ability: suitability for insertion in the ears of cats, etc.

Personaly I doubt it. I don't remember exactly when Cracker Night was abolished in South Australia, but there wasn't all that much fuss made when fireworks, other than for licenced displays, became illegal. Mind you, fandom does shelter one of South Australia's illegal firework manufacturers, who was half of the Packburn company. They enlivened two very good parties that I recall. At one, Darryl Aesche, in his Tim the Magician outfit, was making small portions of the lawn jump into the air at the flick of a finger.

Dianne continues, in her letter, to compliment Joseph Nicholas, Jon Noble, and John Packer.

I agree with M.R. Hildebrand that BLACK HOLE wasn't too bad. I think it got so much flak because it was an expensive film, with a crummy script, and because of the hyped publicity. In other words, the audience was expecting more than an entertaining piece of nonsence.

ROELOF GOUDRIAAN I especially liked the article by Joseph Nicholas. It's one of Postbus 589 those old-fashioned pleasant articles without any literary pre-Lelystad tension, predictable yet amusing - in short, not unlike the average story in IASFs. I completely agree with you concerning The Netherlands fan artists. They should be inspired enough by fandom itself, not by money. That's why I'll charge you no more than \$5-00 for the enclosed piece of artwork - hardly the cost price, as I'm sure you can imagine.

Why did you print the artwork on page 18, which has already been printed in excellent offset by Neville Angove?

The reason for that was simple. I didn't realise it at the time, but Mike sends huge wads of photocopied artwork to lots of fans, not bothering to make sure that he's not sending the same thing to two different faneds. Thus I wasn't aware that Neville had also been sent that critter until I saw it reprinted in his zine. By that time I'd already used it.

BEN INDICK Teaneck NJ 07666 U.S.A.

Thanks for QEII, oops Q36E. Nice bright attractive zine with a 428 Sagamore Ave s.t.r.a.n.g.e comical strip. Joseph Nicholas huh? I think he's the curmudgeon who blew me out in WARP for not writing my ANDURIL article on "02" the way he wanted. In gratitude for his unpleasant obtuseness, I'm not even bothering with his "Pimlico" which name, as far as I'm concerned, applies to a horse-race track in Maryland

U.S.A..

I shall surely give THE HUNTING OF THE SNARK another reading. I recently read a biography of Carroll, and I suspect I goofed, although I did give a hard try to SYLVIE AND BRUNO and cannot retract my comments there. I had a great time with the two volume COLLECTED LETTERS - wonderful. I wanted to do a fantasy play on Lewis Carroll, but have abandoned the idea - for now.

If you do try re-reading THE SNARK, try Martin Gardner's annotated version. Gardner has a superb touch when it comes to annotating Carroll.

6/0/0/0/0/0/69

Offerton Stockport Cheshire SK2 5NW EMGLAND

One look at the clock this morning as I awoke to greet the day 25 Bowland Close revealed that it was 0615 and that the alarm was due to alarum. I should have risen there and then, but I felt a bit tired and so rolled over and cuidled Cas a bit ... and went back to sleep. Cas must have switched the alarm off in her sleep because I didn't remember it ringing, but the next time I awoke it was 0630 and I was going to be late for work. Cas, grumbling, agreed to get up and make me a cup of tea whilst I abluted, as otherwise I would have been

forced to go to work without one, and would thus have been in a foul mood. When I came downstairs I switched on the news channel - Radio 4 - as is my wont. Nothing except for the carrier signal on VHF. Nothing, after fiddling around, except the same on Long Wave. Terrorists bombed the beeb? Sodding IRA again? Then I accidentally glanced at my watch. Bleeding 0545 wasn't it? Mis-read the clock hadn't I? Got up a twatting hour early ain't I? Cas does not see the funny side. She says I'm a pillock. The radio now reveals that "Medium lambs at Banbury are down \$0.09" whatever that means. Maybe it's like those cryptic messages the radio used to broadcast in the war, when "Ingvi is a louse" might signal the uprising of an entire continent, to be followed by massed waves of landing craft... how odd the morning muse....

Anyway, the end result is I've an hour to kill and, as I've just read Q36E, and was meaning to write to you... Well, you get this totally sober LoC is how it turns out.

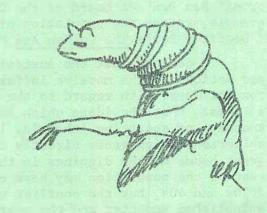
I thoroughly enjoyed your MZB pastiche, as I enjoyed the article on Alice in a previous issue, and NOTES FROM THE SPECTACLE CASE was well done, and Jon Noble's article was also appreciated, though I felt a bit "So what?" after it. John Packer continues to be an asset. Thus endeth the "Brief Notes" section of this LoC. Now let's get to "Back To The Drawing Board".

Are fan artists inherently different from fan writers? What is this obsession with prize money? "...lack of decent prizes...stops artists from displaying their work ... " Do they draw only for the chance of winning a prize? Do you publish only for the chance at a Hugo? Aerosols! When I write something, it is in order that someone might read it. When I've written something I'm proud of I can't wait to see it in print so that others might see it. I sent Marty Cantor an article for HOLIER THAN THOU but, unfortunately, too late for inclusion in his next issue. Now I'm on tenterhooks because I'm proud of that article, and I want it on display. The four or five months wait is going to be an eternity. It is the same with my own artwork. I suppose it may be different when you operate mainly in the cartoon medium, but I still feel pleased with some of my work, and, when that happens, I want it in print and on display ASAP. Do not fan artists want their work to be displayed for others to see and appreciate out of a sense of pride in their own work?

Pride has had a bad press. There's nothing wrong in justifiable pride in one's own accomplishments, provided it is not insufferably overweening. Otay, so it costs money to drag artwork to con artshows. So what? Does the artist think that fanpubbing is inexpensive? One has one's hobby, and one does not begrudge the expense of it whilst it provides one enough pleasure and satisfaction to justify that expense. Any artist who is discouraged from displaying his work because there's no prize is not a fan artist at all.

Climbs down from soapbox and pouts out cold cup of tea before Cas sees it. Makes another and sits musing for a while.

It's a glorious morning here.



LEIGH EDMONDS P.O. Box 433 Civic Square A.C.T. 2603 AUSTRALIA

(Hmmn, if I had any sense, I'd keep this for Q36I, but, considering Skel's comments in the previous letter....) (These letters are on Q36F)

I was going to ask you if this Don Boyd is for real, or if you have invented him just to stir me into commenting. Mever mind, I'll just make my comment and be on my way.

Actually, I was going to resist the temptation to pass comment on his assertations until I realised that he is the fellow responsible for FUTURISTIC TALES, and it is therefore important that he cease to labour under a few of his misapprehensions.

The most important point seems to me to be that any concept we may have of what it means to be an Australian comes to us directly through the writing of the Australian nationalists of the 1880s and 1890s. By this I mean that the conception which most people have of what life was like in this country in the first period of a great Australian nationalism is based upon what people at the time cared to write about. I, for one, am not really sure that what people chose to write about was, in fact, much to do with the ways in which people lived at that time. It seems just as likely to me that the writers were writing stories, poems and so on which people wanted to read.

One theory, which I have not looked into, but which sounds very plausible, is that, after the beginning of the 1890s depression, the migration of people from the land to the cities provided a ready market for stories which catered to the nostalgia of earlier days spent in the bush, and which made them feel as though they had been part of the great Australian development towards a separate cultural identity. In other words, they wanted to read things which made them feel good.

This is an important point as far as Don Boyd is concerned because it suggests that both the writers of the 1890s and the writers of his magazine have a great deal in common. They are both locking back to a past which never really existed, and which they are trying to turn into myth. I know that, when I read a copy of his magazine, it seemed fairly obvious to me that he was aiming to produce something which met his ideas of what the Sydney BULLETIN would have been like in its golden years. Oddly enough, and John Alderson points this out, not only is it possible that they are glorifying a past which is misrepresented, but they are writing for an audience which seeks to identify itself with the "bush" and the bush ethos despite the fact that they have little or no experience of it. This is something which bears a great deal of contemplation by people who are interested in trying to foster an Australian identity. (Just as an aside, it seems to me that the people that Don should be looking to for some sort of inspiration are the playwrights of the 1960s and 70s, in particular Williamson and Hibberd. These people write about urban Australians, and it is in the cities that the future of an Australian identity must be worked out.

Getting onto a more technically historical note, I would ask Don to back up his statement that every Australian historian and political scientist rests his observations of the Australian civilisation on convict beginnings. Proof fellow, where's your proof? Has Don not heard of the Gold rushes which commenced in the 1850s which, for example, raised the population of Victoria from 77,345 in 1851 to 540,322 in 1861. (Geoffrey Serle The Golden Age Melbourne University Press, p. 382.)

I contend that the Australian identity, such as it is, was based upon the ideals and actions of the massive influx of people to the diggings rather than the previous convict days. With regard to the land and its use, it would seem fairly obvious, to me at least, that the ideas which Australians like to hold about the bush come, not from the days of squatting (that is, linked to the convict era), but with the age of land selection, which grows directly out of the claims of the diggers for land after the great booms of the diggings in the 1860s. The great divisions between wealth and the rest of the population may have commenced on the squatting runs established in the 1830s and 40s, but the conflict which is remembered these days is that between the established squatter and the emerging class of free selectors. This, at least, is the material which Lawson, Patterson, and that whole mob wrote about. The area in which the convicts may have had some hand is in defining "mateship". The convicts were the

first white bushmen, and it is possible that the ways in which they learned to survive in the bush were passed on to the new chuns. On the other hand this is a tenuous link, and I have not seen any convincing proof on this one way or the other.

In comparison to Don's, I find most of John Alderson's arguments fairly persuasive. However, I am not sure about the blame he seems to attach to the convict system for the gross imbalance of the sexes in early Australia. The question seems to me to be whether the demands of pastoral industry encouraged this imbalance, or whether the imbalance brought about a pastoral industry, rather than a closer settlement using the family as its basis. Perhaps this has to do with the land which was being used. For example, South Australia always had a very close balance of the sexes, as was planned by its founders, and had close settlement, but perhaps this was due to the good land on which the settlement found itself, which meant that close settlement actually worked. I will retire to my hole while I think on this on.

I might just leave him there for the moment too. This sort of thing is far too serious for Q36. But, fortunately, here comes part two of Denny's letter, and not a minute too soon.

DENNY LIEN Minneapolis MN 55404 U.S.A.

I wonder about you including among the "usual" means of getting Q36 2528 15th Ave S. "a naughty in the bushes". I don't recall any great number of bushes around your apartment, and thus suspect that anyone who wishes to take you up on this method would have to bring their own bushes. Now, if Adelaide is anything like US cities, a strange-looking person, wearing a propellor beanie headpiece, and reeking of corflu, who

walks, or drives, down a public thoroughfare, with an expression compounded of various degrees of lust and/or penny-pinching cheapness upon face, while carrying slung over shoulder a huge number of up-rooted bushes - enough to conceal two thrashing bodies and perhaps carrying as well a pick and shovel, suitable for planting and then unplanting the damn things - can't just leave them in place you know. There's another fanzine editor a few miles down the road with an appointment for later that afternoon well, this aforementioned strange-looking person would probably attract the attention of the local constabulary and/or your landlord, who would probably have several questions for you upon hearing of this story, of which the first would be "What's a fanzine?" and you don't want to have to explain that to a police officer do you? Or to your landlord ... Or, for that matter, to the parks' inspector who will show up about then, having followed a trail of lost twigs, to reclaim the stolen bushes. No. Far better you forget this physical release nonsense and continue instead to make copies of Q36 available for a mere obscene phone call as usual.

The Cordwangler Schmidt piece had a laugh or three in it, but left me with the frequent sensation that I was missing the point. I enjoyed meeting Ec'les, the echidnaderived idiot Underperson, and started musing about a Disney cartoon version of the Instrumentality stories, with D'donald, M'mickey and the rest, and, from thence, A Bahshi X-rated version, featuring the seductive sheepgirl, S'sallywong, heroine of the Undiespeople ... but I digress.

I'm not as sure as Judith Hanna is that " the dragon's fire is clean, biodegradable bio-energy". If we presume that the energy powering that flame is derived solely from devouring knights and maidens, there are still impurities present, in the way of armour, chains etc. Indeed, if some revisionist fantasists are to be believed, there would be impurities present in the knights and maidens as well. In actual practice, I suspect that dragons in all but the most royalty-heavy locales would occasionally be reduced to eating a horse, cow, and/or churl to maintain its internal fires. I don't see how any beast who never brushes its teeth, and exudes a strong halitosis of churl-breath, can be assumed to be producing a totally clean and desirable energy source.

Andruschak was groaned at. Bedford was shuddered at. Your Ballad Of Mimeo Nell parody was mildly enjoyed, but it set me wondering. Just what is it with you and that poem? I don't know of any U.S. fans who are all that fond of/familiar with it, and,

so far as I know, the one ex-Alaskan fan in town has never heard of it, but you, a mere ex-Brit and current Aussie, have gotten milage out of this American chestnut several times now. (Of course, I should talk. I started the writing of MARSUPIAL FANDOM ...) (Joyce, by the way, informs me that Med Brooks is familiar with the original.))

Well Denny, it's like this. When I was at uni, I was a member of The Society for the Preservation of the Dirty Song, a sub-branch of the Society for the Confining of Immoral Impulses Among Engineering Students - it was run by the Medical Students which, I feel, accounts for my missionary postylon zeal in such matters.

While I am not all that fond of fan fiction (as opposed to faan fiction) myself, I am not sure that your assumption that any fiction published in fanzines is that which is not good enough to sell to O'MI, ASIMOV's etc quite holds true. In the special case of horror/fantasy fiction, the stuff that I've seen published in semi-professional magazines like WHISPERS, WEIRDROOK, and the British FANTASY TALES seems at least as good as the professionally published fiction of that ilk which occasionally surfaces in F&SF or TWILIGHT ZONE, or the revived and Lin Carter edited WEIRD TALES. I don't know if the same situation applies with amateur vs. professionally published magazine sf, but then I don't read much of either. In the case of horror fantasy, it may be partly due to the very limited professional markets, unless your name is Stephen King, and, perhaps, an editorial preference for modern urban horror, a la some of Ellison, rather than the more traditional English country house ghost stories of, say, the school of M.R. James. Not that I can't enjoy both, but only the semi-pro outlets seem to be willing to publish the latter.

Don't get me wrong. I have nothing against the semi-prozines publishing fiction. I think some of them do a reasonable job, and besides, I don't tend to read many of them anyway. What I don't like is the sort of fan fiction that appears in real fanzines, and clubzines, where the editor throws it in without really worrying about its quality. The sort of editor who puts out a semi-prozine is usually willing to do some editing, and this does show. While I don't like much of the fiction that Neville Angove has been printing, I will grant that it is legitimate fiction, and it's a good thing that he does keep doing it. I

Micholas' letter "science, sf's ostensible subject matter, is the province of the few--a self-selected few who, by dint of specialist training and intellectual dedication are privy to a brand of knowledge the incomprehensibility of which to the wider public effectively denies its appreciation by that same wider public." Aside from a quibble on my part about "self-selected", I am willing to grant Joseph this, and to insist, nonetheless, that, in this, science differs not a significant whit from any other body of knowledge. It seems a bit strange to see Joseph seemingly attacking sf, or at least the hard science variety thereof, for not pitching itself to the lowest common denominator, as the implications of this suggest that Joseph considers science fiction inferior to, say, American television situation comedies - x which are based on a brand of knowledge which focuses not on black holes or Einsteinian physics, but upon the nature of mothers-in-law, bosses, pregnant cats, and cute kids. All organised bodies of knowledge, beyond the trivial, are incomprehensible to "the wider public", the literature of which Joseph Nicholas approves being, presumable, based on such no less than that of which he disapproves.

I see Helen Swift also prefers writing epic poems to writing letters ... Amusing.

Whew! Did I say I was getting onto lighter letters? I can see that I'm going to have to make the general contents of Q36 more frivolous, if only to balance out the heavy letter columns. However, since Joseph Nicholas' name has already cropped up on several occasions during the course of this letter column, I thought it might be a good idea to have some words from the lad himself.

JOSEPH NICHOLAS Room 9 London SWIY 3QY ENGLAND

I have this here letter from Judith Hanna, in which she intimates that she sort of kneed you in the groin on your way 94 St George's Square through Sydney relatively recently and asked you what you'd said about us to Dave Langford, and you replied that you'd only complained about how unlike my image I was. Well, although you obviously didn't mean it as a serious complaint - I hope surely you didn't expect anything else. After all, a fan's paper

personality is always, in certain crucial respects, somewhat different from his real one; and, in my case, the differences are so extreme as to make it seem as though I were actually two entirely separate individuals. Or perhaps not ... because what is generally upheld as my "image", the role model to which I'm supposed to conform, the acquired reputation which is presumed to delineate what I've done and what I am, dates from my earlier years in fandom - about 1979, or perhaps even 1978 - and makes no allowance for the minor but cumulative changes that have swept over me, or, more likely, crept over me, in the intervening years. Or, rather, the people who view me in the light of my reputation make no allowances for the changes and, particularly in the States and Britain, continue to attack me for something or other that I said some two or three years earlier, presumably in the lunatically insupportable belief that, if I once espoused some opinion or other, then I must continue to espouse that opinion for ever more, world without end, amen. (If this is logic, then I'm a lemon.) I find this awfully frustrating, especially with respect to my writing, which I happen to think is a great deal more subtle than anyone seems willing to allow (as an exercise, you might care to consider the metaphorical and philosophical loads intended to be carried by the titles I choose for my stuff, especially in Mapalm, and then try tracking those titles back to their sources to see what aditional symbolic freight they might carry) - and thus I end up with such idiocies as Rob Jackson's review of my article in Marty Cantor's Holier Than Thou 9, which appeared in his "On The Carpet" column in the BSFA's clubzine Matrix, in which he complained that the title, chosen by Marty, and which I loathed as immediately prejudicing the readers against what I I had to say, and which belied the sober and restrained tone in which it was voiced, was unfair, because the piece contained not a single swear word that he could find. (The title Marty gave the article was YOU'RE FULL OF SHIT, MARTY) Leaving aside the sheer cloddishness of such a remark - I doubt that even Keith Walker could sink that low - it conveys the clear underlying assumption that, because I once filled my fanzine reviews with many frightful oaths and curses, then everything else I write should also be full of many frightful oaths and curses, which is too absurd for mere words to suggest, really, and if this is a representative sample of the level of thought and intelligence now at work within British fandom then it's time its perpetrators were all shot dead as public menaces.

Ho-hum. I seem to have got rather serious back there, what? Must have let my reflexes run away with me, or something. But I just wish that people would treat me as the human being I am, rather than as the terrible ogre I'm not. One of the oddest side effects of my trip to Australia is that I'm no longer prepared to put up with those who respond to the image rather than to me. I knew before I set off on my trip that I was flying into the country as someone almost unknown and hence couldn't trade on the reputation that I have here in the U.K., and so could play myself without having to worry about conforming to everyone else's images of me, and, in doing so, I discovered that I rather enjoyed it - in fact that I prefered it that way. So no more talk of image please. It was never more than a . facade, and one with which I was getting extremely tired.

End of long boring stream of California crap consciousness-raising session.

Joseph. I think that you've covered a lot of the things I feel about images too. The trouble is that they can be so much fun to create at times. It's rather like an actor being fascinated by a particular role to the point where the role becomes more real that the actor's own personality. I must admit to finding my super-decent role a little difficult at times. There though I have a fairly easy out - I could always expose myself while giving my toastmaster's speach at Tschaicon. 6),0,0,0,0,0,0

JERRY KAUFMAN Seattle WA 98103 J.S.A.

The lettercol is pretty lively, and the part of the zine that 4326 Winslow Place No. most interested me. Especially interesting was Anders Bellis' letter. In his list of acceptably fannish and literate fanzines he makes one small error, but, in doing so, reveals himself an insightful critic, almost psychic in his penetration.

I'm referring to his mention of "Suzy Tompkins Telos." The small error, as anyone would know, is that it's "Suzle" not "Suzy". The larger insight is that he is the first person in fandom to attribute the editorship correctly.

For a good year now, Suzle has allowed first Patrick and Teresa Nielson Hayden to sign themselves as editors of that fanzine, then Gary Farber, and finally Fred Haskell. She has never once allowed her own name to appear, though the fact that Telos was run off on her mimeo should have been a dead giveaway. After all, what selfrespecting fan editors would not own their own mimeo? Only Anders was dead enough to

A further cover that Suzle employed was to publish another fanzine (with me) at the same time. Who would have suspected that, while procrastinating on producing the calligraphed headings for our most recent issue (don't let the Teresa Nielson Hayden accreditation on our table of contents fool you), and thus delaying Mainstream for six months, Suzle was really producing for issues of one of the best zines of the, as yet infantile, '80s?

Really Marc, I'm not pissed, nor is Suzle. Patrick and Teresa are though. I just thought I'd have fun with the idea that Anders Bellis, Superfan, can't keep his editors sorted out, especially when he's praising them. Of course, if he meant Mainstream and not Telos he forgot me, and in that case I will be pissed.

You know how it is Jerry. All these Seattle fanzines look the same.....

Mentioning that this letter had a Western Australian postmark should, 8 Mount Evermist I feel, be unnecessary.)

Winedropland. The fiction printed by the much misunderstood FORBIDDEN WORLDS is, I believe, neither of the fan nor the faan variety. Somewhat peculiar, supposedly innovative, it offers a freedom lacking in all other publications. Mone of this manic emphasis on humour you find in the funny papers. FW provides a marvellous outlet for those whose interests lie in anarchic expression rather than professionalism.

Donne, Elliot etc are not, I believe, lesser writers simply because they lack the multiplicity of the Japanese, although they do qualify as lesser symbolists.

Anders Bellis is right. Fandom is dead. Mr Warner is also right. Mediocrity Rules. Why, take a look at Q36F. Seriously, comparing the convicts with today's Australians is like comparing Scandinavians with the Vikings of olde. A vapid and ridiculous point which takes us nowhere.

I remember John Alderson, in an old issue of ASFN, saying that any fellow who is ashamed of his country will never be worth reading. This blithe acceptance of Walter Scott's rattling nonsense left me somewhat annoyed. Had he never heard of J. Joyce, Herman Hesse, or Thomas Mann? It is an author's right to hate his own country if he so wishes, regardless of those who would shield their classical strictures under the heading "Nationalism". In Australia especially, nationalism is frequently little more than narcissism. I think your comments at the end of Don's letter were very apt. " Patriotism never did any country any good" (My comment there.)

John Alderson's letter in your publication is rather queer. To start with he gives us various reasons for hating Australia, and then proceeds to condemn those who hate it! The tone of that last paragraph is one of the most unreasonable condemnation. Precisely who is he trying to convince, us, or himself? "little cowering creatures" Sheesh. Beam him up Scottie - anywhere.

I think that Q36 is in danger of not being taken seriously by anyone, what with raving patriots, spoof articles, parodies and an editorial presence that displays an almost complacent subjectivity. I think that this is a real danger.

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Actually you have just re-assured me. I was worried that Q36 was being taken too seriously. Sure, it has its serious bits, but, in the main, I like it to be an entertaining fanzine. Providing a lettercol in which people can argue serious things is part of the entertainment. However, I hope the people who become involved in this aspect of the zine maintain a sense of proportion, and wear neat casual dress, otherwise the management reserves the right to evict said persons.

HARPY J.N. ANDRUSCHAK San Gabriel CA 91775 U.S.A.

The BALLAD was very flawed, in my opinion, because it made 6933 N Rosemead Blvd #31 out Hekto Dick to be a Trekkie. Okay, maybe Australian Trekkies are different from US Trekkies, but by that much? I know of no Trekkie, or even comic fan, who would touch Hekto with a Waldo, and that goes for ditto and mimeo. Offset is the standard method. This boo-boo ruined the ballad for

me. If ever you decide to re-print, please revise it. Perhaps make Hekto a pulp science fiction collector and reader - one who knows every story printed by PLANET, THRILLING WONDER and STARTLING. This is far more consistent, as well as giving you plenty of chances for jabs and pokes at modern sf, which, to a large extent, has lost that sense of wonder that was the legacy of the hekto period in fanzines.

Sorry. I didn't mean to imply that Dick was a Trekkie, merely that anyone who would stoop to using a hektograph might have other unpleasant habits, like buying photographs of Leonard Nimoy. I am aware of the Trekkie fanzine vhilosophy.

RICHARD FAULDER Research Centre Yanco N.S.W. 2703 AUSTRALIA

After a ho-hum cover last time around, John Packer has redeemed Yanco Agricultural himself with thish's front/baccover combination.

> Rob McGough's Cordwangler Schmidt was even better than last time. Ec'les and B'bottle ... brilliant. I take it that Rob thought that it was a bit too unsubtle to point out that the Underpeople were learning by Rote. The thing that surprises me is the revelation of

this marvelous streak of humour in Rob. The view of him that we saw in The Gonzo Journalist's Review (Rob's APPLESAUCE zine) was a much darker one.

Ah, but surely you saw Rob's DUNE SHOW, either in Perth or in Adelaide...

Judith Hanna's article was certainly tongue in cheek, but for the first four paragraphs we could only see the cheek and not the tongue, and I was inclined to wonder what her article was doing in your zine. That aside, the main problem I could see with the care and maintenance of dragons was in feeding them. While knights certainly used to get themselves killed fighting dragons, it was my understanding that their diet consisted of virgin princesses. In this day and age.....

Oh I don't know. You could solve yet another of Europe's problems there, i.e. the poor unemployed royals cluttering up the dole lines. Just get a gueen or two into breeding condition, and you could have all the virgin princesses you wanted. I'm sure modern genetics would be upm to the task of ensuring that the queens weren't burdonned with virgin princes. Besides, there's even a use for those opened up recently if I read the situation in tha Fa lkland Islands correctly.

Without any shame, I can claim to have never seen a hektograph in operation. Even if Ditto and Hekto did come from the Great Outback where many a crudzine's bord' and Ditto Pete used black (I don't think I've ever been so foolish as to use green) I thank you that the pair looked more like Ken Ozanne and Jack Herman than they do me. Pete was right though. You can't beat the older methods for depth of human feeling, even if spirit is bad for the eyes. I enjoyed the item more than anything else thish, and Jane's pictures complemented the text perfectly.

The continuing sage of the Galactic Fan Federation continues to delight.

Pf. 5126 D-6642 Mettlach W-GERMANY

HANS JUERGEN MADER I was surprised by the clean production, because I work mainly with an old duplicator. Above all I love the illos. They are more humourous than most you see in German productions. " The Nut Cracker Suite" was, for me, proof that it doesn't always take big art to make a pretty good comic. My compliments to the designer.

Your "Stairway To Cleveland" told me much about you and your intentions. Faan fiction is very seldom found here in Gerfandom. Most work on sf. and the fandom is very sercon. If you try something like this, everyone looks at you as if you were insane. So I liked reading "The Bil Who Bored Old Earth" by Cordwangler Schmidt. Don't try to do the same here with the well-known Perry Rhodan. The fans would have your scalp.

Hmmn. John Packer has already done a cartoon strip- Perry Rodent, which appeared in Jack Herman's WAHF-FULL - I wonder if it would be worth getting that translated and run through a German fanzine....

Judith Hanna's article on " The Dragon Considered ... " pleased me also. Do you think she'd allow me to translate it into German and publish it in a fanzine here? "On The Phyne Olde Arte Of Phearting" made me smile too. That's the thing I like in faanzines, amusement and laughter, and not all those serious speculations on the possibility of falling into a black hole, and other nonsense.

Well, maybe we can annex Germany after all. Learne Frahm mentioned that her stories in CHRYSALIS were being translated into German, and if we can get Judith's article published.... Today fanzines, tomorrow.....

BEN INDICK Teaneck NJ 07666 U.S.A.

Here in my dotage and semi-gafiage, getting few fanzines any longer, 428 Sagamore Ave and loccing even less, I probably get more Aussiezines than I do USAzines. Jean Weber just wrote, and Jack Herman, and ... I forget. So fandom still exists, and still generates sparks - don't give up Anders Bellis! It seems to me that, a few years ago, creeping pro-ishness started taking over. Fans wanted to do increasingly pretty zines, and,

to cover the costs, had to demand payment, often more than the prozines. Not only was it sometimes presumptuous, it also took away the free spirit which made fandom a special entity. So, for me, I don't do many IBIDS - 70 to 100, with 50 for an apa, but I do not seek or accept money (similarly to your policy) trades, locs or anything. I mimeo xerox and offset - the less of the latter the better, as it is the costliest. Of course it is also Caveat Lector - let the reader beware - of my typos. How they bedevil me. But IBID wouldn't be the same if it looked literate would it?

(Maybe not, but I think the articles therein would look good no matter how you printed them, so long as you didn't descend to ditto, or hektograph.)

Fanfic is an interesting phenonenon, often exasperating, often bad, however, the ilk found in prozines is often hardly less so. Nevertheless there are quantitative and, worse, qualitative differences. The kind you refer to as appealing to fannish interests is basically satire in content. Straight fanfic is a no-no. I do feel that fans who want to use fanfic as a LEARNING EXPERIENCE and hope to get helpful feedback are in error. If one wishes to be a writer, do NOT look for fan critics. The only fanfic they'll tolerate is in the satirical style you mention.

JON NOBLE While Judith's idea is, in theory, quite practicable, I can see several 97 Burns Rd problems, including that of getting the dragons to agree, and believing them if they did. I suspect that they would draw up the contracts with N.S.W. 2777 a skill that would make a used-car salesperson or even Richard Nixon AUSTRALIA look honest.

John Packer's cartoon is up to his usual standard, although I consider HORTICULTURALISTS OF GOR his all time best. I agree with your view on fan/faan fiction. SoHEoR stopped publication after publishing some fan fiction in issue 10.

Hawthorn Vict 3122 AUSTRALIA

I liked your comments on Don Boyd's letter. Overt nationalism is a 20 Ryeburne Ave killer in more ways than one. As far as I'm concerned, the only kind of nationalism we should have is pride in being part of mankind. We should all work together to preserve "us". If we don't, "we, us and company" may vanish altogether, not through lack of babies, as we always have the conceptually reckless among us, but because some

small, one-eyed, so-called nationalist country, with an overstuffed sense of importance will unthinkingly press the wrong button and wipe us all out. God tried that all before, and had a new start with Noah & Co, but they mucked it up at the start. By the sound of it, their first crop was grapes, to make wine. Noah was the culprit, not his son. So we had better look for another answer. My bet is on better and faster communication, and freer and cheaper travel. "Love thy neighbour" does not mean the bloke on the other side of the fence, but the people on the other side of the world; Even the being in the next galaxy.

Would John Alderson by some mere chance be a woman hater, or does his frustration show!! Poor John.

KIM HUETT Judith Hanna's idea to use dragons to drain away excess population and GPO box 429 aggression is excellent, but we would have to be careful to get the right dragons. After all, we would all look pretty silly if the dragons we N.S.W. 2001 rounded up turned out to be Chinese dragons, which, if my memory serves AUSTRALIA me correctly, are vegetarian.

It doesn't matter that much. Wyndham, in one of his short stories, explained that the Chinese dragon is merely the female of the species, thus, once you have the female, you don't have to look for the carnivorous males. They come looking for you.

I hope that Harry Andruschak has recovered from whatever it was that caused him to write what he did. Do you think that article had anything to do with us only getting 33% of the vote at Denver? John Packer's cartoon and covers were wonderful. He's one of our best humorous cartoonists.

I see you were willing to give copies of your zines away for a naughty in the bushes as far back as 1977. Makes me wonder how many offers you have got so far.

I don't feel at liberty to answer that question. After all, a gentleman never tells. Besides, I'm not sure that your mathematical education has progressed far enough to handle numbers of that magnitude.

I'm forced to agree with Joseph Micholas about hard-science science P.O. Box 129 fiction going with elitist politics. It isn't a necessary development Lakemba though. It just comes from the way the science fiction world splits N.S.W. 2195 into cliques. Of course, with political awareness more and more common, AUSTRALIA each generation of fans/readers grows more alienated from the conservative views of the previous generation, and hence rejects the kind of fiction they write, associating it, unfortunately, with the politics of the writers. This explains the swing to non-scientific sf and fantasy. (Another reason for the interest in ESP stories is that thie field is being investigated for use by governments. It's very hush-hush, much like the atom bomb, and sf is, as it was in the 40s, just slightly ahead, and intuiting what is likely to happen.)

I was also interested in John Alderson's letter which, while stirring, as described, held more than a few painful truths. The maturing of Australia as a nation, and the growth of national self-confidence has, and will, solve most of these problems, except for the apathy and resentment of the government, which are being reenforced by world trends.

Dianne also commented that she was particularly impressed by the artwork in Q36F. So was I. John, Jane, Chas, and the others really sent me some great material for that one. In reply to the above though, and anticipating a possible comment from Eric Lindsay, what's wrong with resenting the government. It's a necessary evil at its very best.

Andrew re-iterates a number of the difficulties with dragon fire 660 Swanston St that Denny considered in his letter earlier. However, he does have a few new wrinkles on the problem, so ... Carlton Vict 3053

Basically my concern is to do with the nature of the gases AUSTRALIA formed by the digestive cum incendiary system of your average dragon. I recall reading that belching cows are a major source of excess carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. What might a dragon with a touch of upset stomach, perhaps after a large Mexican meal (sombreros are a little indigestible, I believe) be capable of? And the problem is compounded by the fact that the number of dragon lunches has increased to roughly four billion since these creatures did their last tour of the provinces. Add to this the amount of synthetic material worn by said lunches, both internally and externally, and you have a real problem. I pity the poor dragon who gobbles some rotund American business person, only to suffer heartburn from his nylon tie and metallic pacemaker. When a drogon gets heartburn I'll bet it really burns. This is the type of problem that would have been less common, and thus of lesser environmental impact in the Middle Ages.

Of course, thus far I only speak of indigestion on the part of dragons. What then if we take Adrian Bedford's contribution to heart, or possibly to anal sphincter? Can you imagine a dragon, flying through the clear morning sky, trying to work off the effects of the aforementioned Mexican meal, its graceful flight interrupted by a volley of draconian farts? And you thought 747s were bad.

The mind boggles.

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LINDA LOUNSBURY Minneapolis MN 55408 U.S.A.

This is an official Letter of Comment from your overseas 3125 Third Ave S. #3 correspondent, trip report reviewer and #144/44. It was, in a word, wonderful. The fact that you spent fifteen pages out of sixty six describing your stay in Minneapolis (four more than the Worldcon rated) had almost nothing to do with it. It did have a lot to do with the way you wrote it. I could see the trip

through your eyes, and it was almost like being there, even in the parts where I wasn't. It was even more interesting being along on the parts where I was there, and having, in effect, binocular vision.

I was shocked to hear that you couldn't find a drink of water in Minneapolis. Really, the drinking water is quite safe here. I'm not sure what route and from downtown - it sounds as though part of it was along 8th St - but Nicollet Mall has drinking fountains as well as ornamental ones. You probably went within a couple of blocks of Stevens Square which still has one of two or three functioning public wells in the city. Plus there are the many non-McDonalds restaurants that ... litter the area, though I don't blame you for stearing clear of the bars. I agree that it is hard for a tourist to know where to find services. I still think that you missed seeing Nicollet Mall entirely - well, not entirely. I took you along about a third of its length when we walked from Peavey Plaza, the "pleasant little square with fountains", to the IDS Tower. Even her though most of the commercial activity takes place indoors. You can't have outdoor vendors half the year, so the only thing that's there regularly is the popcorn wagon during the summer. And I was not lost when we were wandering around Kenwoon and Lake of the Isles. I just didn't know how to get from where we were to where I wanted to take you - but I knew perfectly well where I was.

Re:Gerri Balter - what strange fetishes you have Marc. Re: Judy Cilcain - It could well have been that she greeted you with a kiss, but I do know that you hugged me at Fort Snelling - not that I objected, but I distinctly remember being surprised, so perhaps you had a different, persona for the trip.

A couple of minor additions to your chronology. The Thursday dinner expedition was to the Magic Pan, a crepe place, but I can't remember who else came along. I think the Saturday dinner was at Las Delicias, because I was there too that night. The New York and L.A. parties were almost certainly Sunday night, because I wore my red dress that evening, and that's the one I remember having on when I visualise those parties. Saturday it was a white dress. That was the evening that Cliff wanted to find a restaurant open at 3 am, and I eventually went with him. Might that have been the expedition you dropped out of? Of course, Cliff went to late night dessert places literally every night, so I can see why you might be confused.

 $9.00 \times 0.00 \times$

The consequences of losing my raincoat at Denvention have been delightful so far. It was well worth it. As for driving you around Denver and to the Rockies, shucks, 'tweren't nothin'. (I notice that you coyly mention the interesting ground cover, and how wet it was, then take pains to note that it was only our shoes and socks 'hat suffered from it. Still, I'm grateful for your efforts to protect my reputation.) Funny though that you shouldn't object to driving through the mountains alone with me but did object to going to a sauna with me. Since when does a sauna count as "any"? In Minnesota, saunas are just good clean family fun. You didn't miss much though. This particular sauna was dingy and depressing, besides having no shower, much less a snowbank, to cool off in. It was also dull, though that might have changed if there had been some people to talk to. As it was, I only stayed ten minutes.

Thank you Linda. I enjoyed your account of the events. They allow me to put together a far clearer picture of the events, and will no doubt help future fan historians, and me when I come to putting together that play and/or novel.

8325 7th Ave So Birmingham AL 35205 U.S.A.

CHARLOTTE PROCTOR Last night, at the club meeting, Jim Cobb gave me my copy of Q36G. What does Q36 G mean? Of course I ignored the meeting, especially the programme, to read it, starting with the B'ham chapter, then the last, then the beginning, then the Minneapolis chapter, because I was jealous to see why you left your heart "above all in Minneapolis". And I did see why.

Charlotte goes on to catch me up on assorted Birmingham gossiv. Q36, by the way is a reference to a Bugs Bunny cartoon, where the little Martian is going to destroy the Earth with an "Eludium Q36 Explosive Space Modulator" She also mentions the Atlanta in '86 bid.

The Atlanta in '86 bid committee has been undergoing change. I think all bid committees on big important things like this have to change and solidify after a while, when things get really serious. The biggest thing is that Penney (Frierson - the one with the booze at the dead-dog party) is going to be co-chairman. She will be our big rallying point. Since she joined, I agreed to be on the committee too. Penney has great organizational ability, has contacts, and knows what has to be done, and who can do it best. She is the type for whom people will work, and not let things slide, or feel put upon or anything. I feel really good about the whole thing.

This seems as good a place as any to mention my support for both the Atlanta bid for '86, and, of course, the Melbourne bid for '85. Minneapolis in '73 goes without saying, since my philosophy on that is "Who needs a Worldcon to visit Minneapolis?"

TERRY GAREY Daly City CA 94015 U.S.A.

To tell the truth, I had wondered how the cat litter got there, but 37 Skyline Drive no need to worry. It biodegrades, and no harm done. In fact that was a good place to put it.

> Just what is so horrible about jam and peanut butter together? Is it immoral or something?

Well, maybe not immoral, but it is one of the weirdest combinations of taste that I can think of. Mind you, at one time the household I was living in went mad on peanut butter and honey sandwiches, but you had to be in the correct frame of mind to eat them. They were terribly sweet.

I quite agree with you about American beer. I was used to English, and when I 60,0,0,0,0,0,0

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got back and went to my first college party someone offered me a beer and phehh! Horrible stuff. The best thing we have here is local, called Anchor Steam, and it is very good, but has only recently become even mildly available. The rest is all so much garbage, and it all tastes the same. At least we can get imports now, even if they are not as good as they should be. They refridgerate everything here, including guiness stout, which makes it weird.

Next time around I will introduce you to Ctein's brother Larry, who knows wine and beer, and will have him take you on a tour.

Thanks Terry. Sigh. Typing these letters is giving me a terrible relapse of "I want to go back." However, I'm off beer at present. My gut is slowly starting to retreat to a more strategically advantageous position behind my belt. (The bicycling doesn't hurt either.) What was that line about illegal, immoral or fattening?

JEAN WEBER Mike McGann's cover was brilliant. I was also most interested in your 13 Myall St comments on some of the things that most impressed the Americans you O'Connor visited - like long service leave. Did you tell them about leave loading? A.C.T. 2601 That, plus the typical minimum of four weeks annual leave, was enough to AUSTRALIA stun most people I talked to. Then I'd launch into my speech about how much more civilised Australia is. (Being still an American at the time, I could get away with it. As you say, starting sentences with 'This is the way we do it in Australia' is not necessarily a great conversational gambit.)

I'm not quite sure I'm delighted at becoming fannishly known for the combination of my non-functional toilet (since repaired) and my taste in liquor. What a pair! (That's not a complaint, because others, myself included, have remarked at length on those two items. It's because it's becoming a habit that I'm noticing it.) I see the Bundaberg got mentioned in the Antipodean Announcer too.

Sorry about that chief. Please let it be known that Jean Weber - THYME MAGAZINE'S Fan Of The Year - also puts out bloody good fanzines, and writes lovely articles, such as the one which will appear in Q36I. I'll allow Jean to say more next issue.

I'm surprised at your reactions to RoTLA. I saw it twice, and thought it very good - although you're right about the suspense. It's no kiddie's film. But then again, I'm a bit of a horror/thriller fan, and, after having seen (boring) Friday The 13th, Alien, The Exorcist, Deadly Blessings, etc etc, Raiders loses a lot of its menacing glow. You're probably right about Outland. I don't think being spaced would have quite that effect, at least not immediately. (Puts a new perspective on McGann's being "Spaced Out".)

In reference to Giger and Deborah Harry, I'm sure you read the article about Harry's \$20,000 spaceship chair, topped with two skulls, which she had done for her by Giger. All Sydney in '83 need to do now is borrow it for Harlan Ellison of JACK MATMANA

Hmmn. well, yes....

STILGHERRIAN A little while ago, Q36G arrived in the postbox. Now, methinks, I'd
P.O. Box 213 better pull all the fingers out and LoC this issue, or I'll never be
Prospect able to set foot outside into the public eye again. (How many cliches
S.A. 5082 so far?) So I reads this zine, and thinks " Good, over sixty pages. I'll
AUSTRALIA be able to find lots to comment on in this one." But dammit I've been
trapped. Q36G is nothing but a solid mass of Ortliebish ego-boosting,
name-dropping and place-name-dropping. Ah, all those exotic laundromats, and all those

descriptions of arcane and distant bus-routes! You know that I haven't been to a foreign laundromat. Why rub it in?

And then, to make matters worse, you actually have to go outside the country to make a fool of yourself, thereby giving our fine nation of bigots and anti-intellectual scum a bad name in foreign parts. Is nothing sacred.

Thanks Stilg. I thought for a moment there I'd never get my head out of the study door. Letters like yours are indeed a public service much needed by macrocephalic faneds... and, realising this, I will resist the impulse to suggest that you take your copy of this fanzine and shove it... sideways... staples first.

But enough of this subtle innuendo. On to the justly famous We Also Heard From Column, which, since I'm monarchist to the core, will retain the royal We.

Chris Priest; James Styles, who admits to enjoying DUKES OF HAZZARD, but then, since he also enjoys Aussie Rules Football, there's not that much hope for the lad; Gary Barber; Gary Mason; Nigel Rowe; Graham Ferner, who sent some of the artwork printed herein in the proverbial nick of time; Julie Wall who adds a few comments on my B'Hamacon report, and who says nice things about my body, though she didn't see much of it. (That could well be why she says nice things); Stewart Jackson; Richard Faulder, who finds it strange that a decent clean living fella like me could still offer my fanzine for "a naughty in the bushes", and who makes a couple of beautiful comments that I have no intention of re-printing, at least not until I have examined the libel laws a little more closely; LynC, who asks how she can get a copy of Q36. Sigh. It's times like this I wish I wasn't such a good guy; Bobo Gden, who sends what is basically a CoA, though I certainly don't believe that there is any such address as 4, Spotted-gum Way, Willeton, W.A. 6155 AUSTRALIA. Spotted-gum way sounds like some exotic new form of venereal disease; Guido Henschel, who sends me fanzines in German, and letters in good English. I wish some of my bloody English students could write the language as well; John B Noblitt who sent me a stamped self addressed envelope for Q36, only forgot that America had yet to annex Australia, and so sent the envelope with an American stamp on it. If I recall correctly, I posted it while I was stuck at Detroit Airport; R Laurraine Tutihasi who sent me a lovely birthday card; Eric Lindsay, who sent two very similar letters, both of which mentioned a collection of vulgar verse called Snatches And Lays, which I have indeed seen, though I've yet to purchase a copy; Gerald Smith, Joan Dick, who mentions her trip to Finland, and back by the Trans-Siberian Railway, which would, no doubt, be fun, but I wouldn't want to try it unless I could persuade fifty or so fen to do it at the same time; Gerri Balter, Joyce Scrivner and Linda Lounsbury, who, on deciding that I needed looking after, sent me a clean pair of underwear, along with socks and tshirt, all with a frog motif; and numerous others, whose letters had little to do with Q36, but which were enjoyed. I could mention the form letter I got from Spider Robinson, after I unravelled some riddles in a recent Analog, but that would look too much like listing a famous author in the WAHFs merely for the sake of his name appearing.

Of course, there were lots of letters from Cathy Circosta, but I'm not going to quote from them. Even a faned likes a little privacy every now and then.

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"Leigh (Edmonds) was a member of Minneapa around '75. I had thought that he had gafiated after Aussiecon, but am glad to hear that he is still active."

Blue Petal - Stipple-Apa 16

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036 G

Bill Brown 1031 26th Street South, Birmingham AL 35205 U.S.A.
Linda Cox Chan P.O. Box 138 Chester Hill N.S.W. 2162 AUSTRALIA
Richard Faulder Yanco Agricultural Research Centre, Yanco N.S.W. 2703 AUSTRALIA
Graham Ferner 2/16 Hollyhock Place, Browns Bay, Auckland 10 NEW ZEALAND
Wade Gilbreath 4206 Balboa Ave Pinson AL 35126 U.S.A.
Roelof Goudriaan Postbus 589 Lelystad THE NETHERLANDS
Mike McGann 194 Corrunna Rd Petersham N.S.W. 2049 AUSTRALIA
John Packer 12 Charles St Northfield S.A. 5085 AUSTRALIA
Bill Rotsler 2104 Walnut Drive Venice CA 90291 U.S.A.
Jane Taubman 2/ 2a Milner Crescent Woolstonecraft N.S.W. 2065 AUSTRALIA

Q36 H

Harry J.N. Andruschak 6933 N. Rosemead Blvd #31, San Gabriel CA 91775 U.S.A. Terry Frost 163 Hutton St Thornbury Vict 3071 AUSTRALIA Linda Lounsbury 3125 Third Ave S #3 Minneapolis MN 55408 U.S.A. Linda Smith 5/25 Clifford Ave Kurrulta Park S.A. 5037 AUSTRALIA M.E. Tyrrell 414 Winterhaven Drive Newport News VA 23606 U.S.A.

ELECTROSTENCILS

Allan Bray 5 Green Ave Seaton S.A. 5023 AUSTRALIA

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