

APRIL 1982

Registered by Australia Post
Publication no SBH2725

Q36H

PEPPERMINT FROG
PRESS

Q36 H

APRIL 1982

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

Available For trade, art-
work, contribu-
tion, letter of
comment, at editor-
ial whim, or for a
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bushes.

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Linda Cox Chan	Page 2
Graham Ferner	Pages 16,22,24 &40
John Packer	Pages 4,8,9,11,12,13, 14,15,19 & cover
Bill Rotsler	Page 27
M.E. Tyrrell	Page 1



[illegible]

Medea walked to the medicine cabinet. There was only one thing left for her

She teased a tuft from the garment and twined it delicately into a long and

Above the desk lamp her attention was drawn to the shining silver halo from...

" No need to worry about that m'dear." said the apparition. " I never worry

"Hub?" muttered Medea.

"Oh, please allow me to introduce you to my friend, Mr. [redacted]."

"Who?" asked Medea, genuinely puzzled.

The aged phantom sighed. "I see that things are indeed as I feared," he

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

She blinked a few times, but the venerable visitor showed no signs of discomfiture.

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

"Have no fear child," replied the clear and steady voice of the saint.

0/0/0/0/0/
0/0/0/0/0/

[illegible]

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 affairs 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?"

" 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 Profan'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?"

" 209. "

" 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

[illegible]

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.

"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.

[illegible]

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

"EXPELL!"

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.

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40/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0/0

69 BUT SERIOUSLY

[illegible]

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.

Particularly ~~embarrassing~~ strange is the fact that the Australia and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association has no New Zealand members at present, while APPLESAUCE has four. So who expects logic from fans???

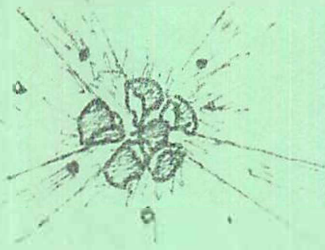
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10 5

05/05/05

0/0/0/0/0

DUE TO AN UNPRECEDENTED
NUMBER OF PLANETARY
HASS DISRUPTIONS
(EXPLODING PLANETS)



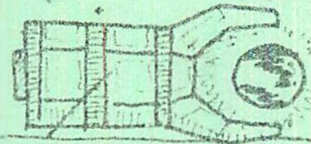
THE GALACTIC GOVERN-
MENT (THE PANGALAC-
TIC SAN FEDERATION)

SHOCKING!

SOMETHING
HAS TO BE
DONE



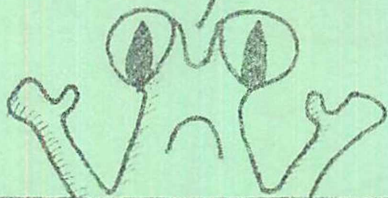
DESPATCHED THE SYSTEM
MAINTENANCE VESSEL
9374632..
(PLANETARY REPAIR
AND RECONSTITUTION)



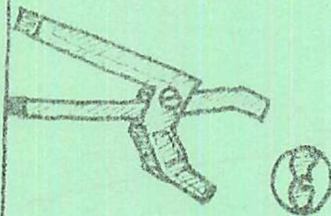
PLANET REGENERATED,
VICTIM ABOARD FOR
ACCIDENT REPORT (SIR)

AND TO FIND EVIDENCE
OF THE CULPRIT (Q36)

Q 36!

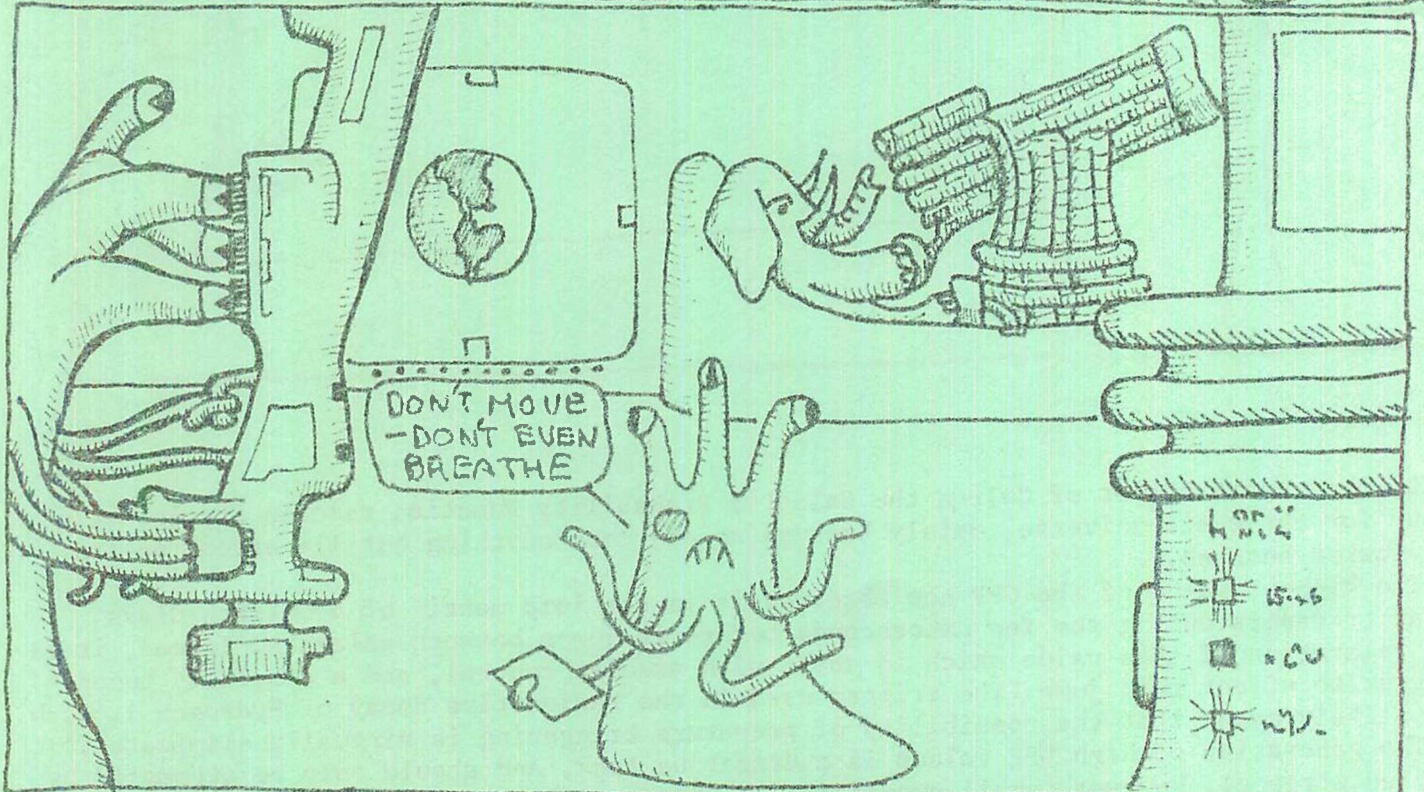


AND SO EARTH IS
TO BE DESTROYED..



BUT...

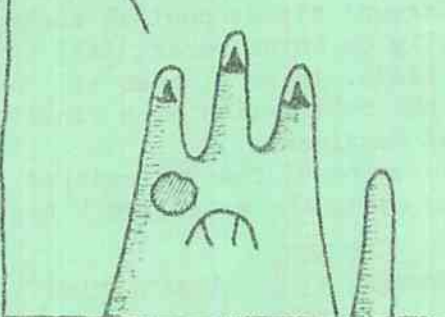
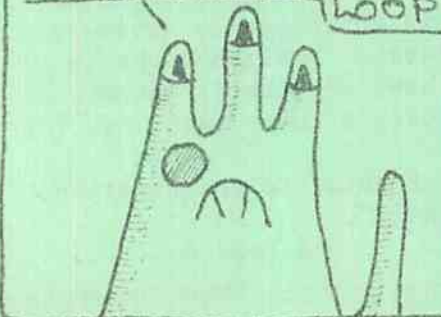
MY GOODNESS - WE
CAN'T DESTROY THIS
PLANET



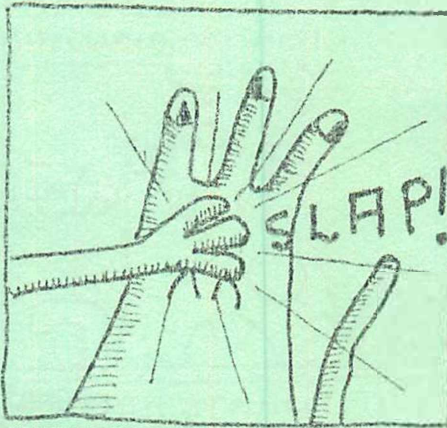
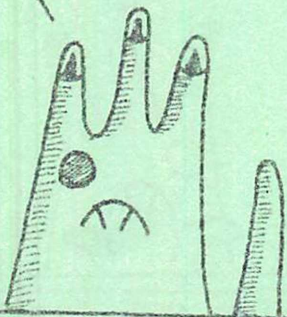
WE'RE ABOUT TO
ENTER A TEMPORAL
LOOP

TEMPORAL LOOP

TEMPORAL LOOP



TEMPORAL LOOP

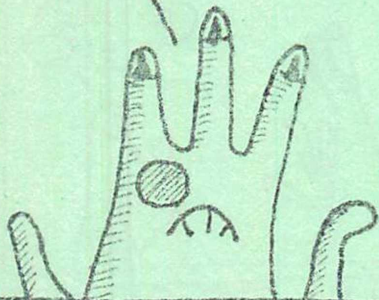


THANKS - I NEEDED THAT!

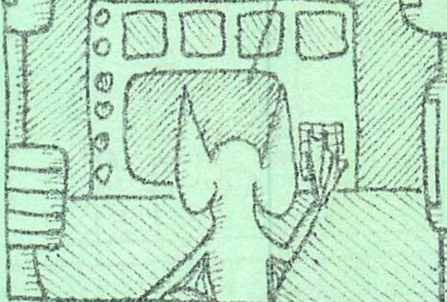
-NO MORE, PLEASE



FULL DAMAGE REPORT PLEASE



NO OSTENSIBLE DAMAGE TO THE SHIP, SIR



ALL SYSTEMS SHOW POSITIVE FUNCTION BUT THERE ARE SEVERAL DISCREPANCIES - - -



THE SHIP IS 10 METERS SHORTER



THE COMMISSARY NOW CARRYS STOCKS OF A TARRY SUBSTANCE, LABELLED "VEGETITE"



AND WE HAVE THREE ADDITIONAL CREW. ALL IN POWER SECTION ALL BELONGING TO A RACE BELIEVED EXTINCT - THE HRELL



IS THE LOCAL STAR STABLE?

YES

THEN WHAT HAPPENED?



HERES THE PROBABILITY FUNCTION PROJECTION, SIR

THANK YOU



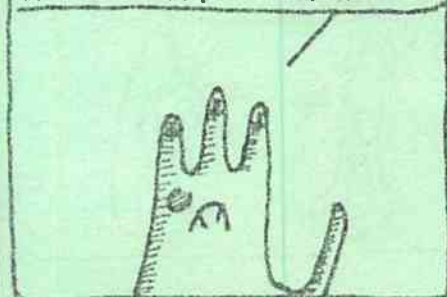
LOOKS AS THOUGH THE EVENT IS COMPLETE



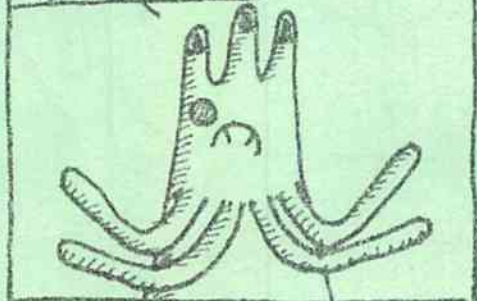
YES, DIVERGENCE HAS BEEN BUILDING EVER SINCE THEIR MINNEAPOLIS WORLDCON IN '73

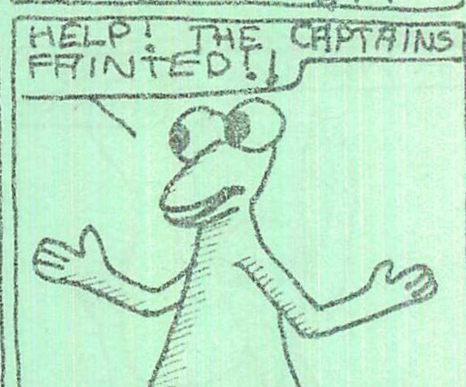
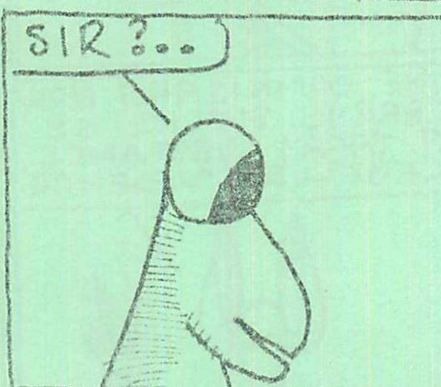
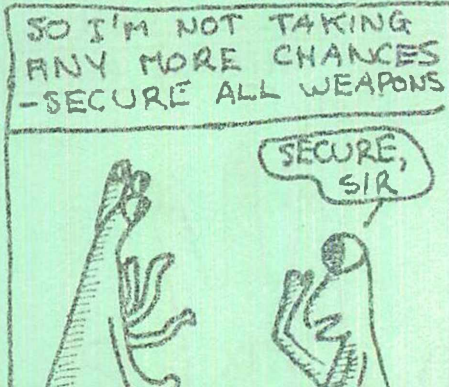
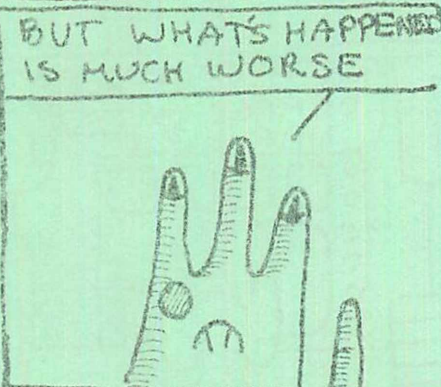
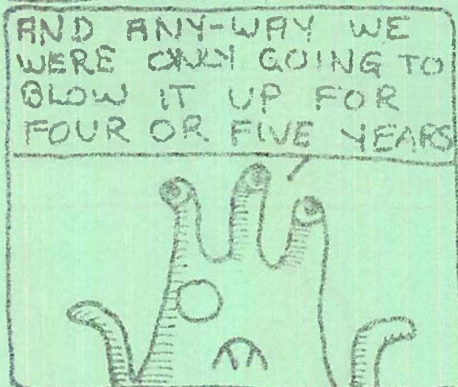
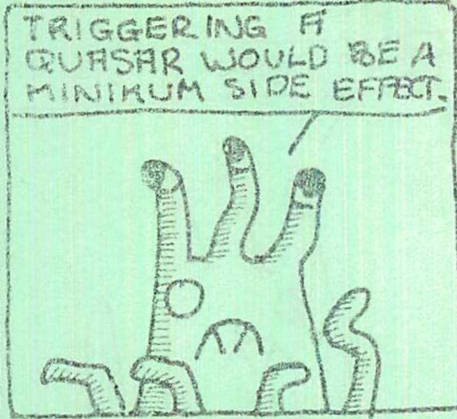
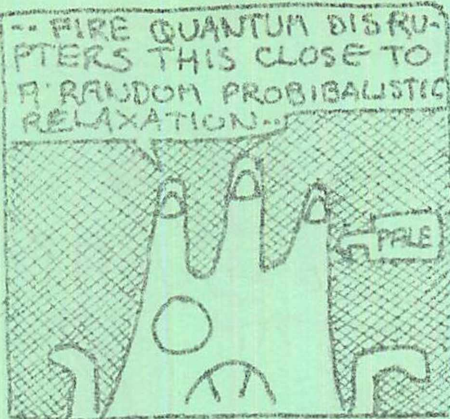
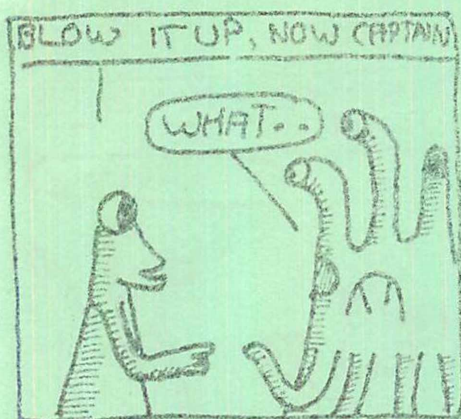


AND HAS CULMINATED IN GENERATION OF AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE



IN WHICH AUSTRALIA DIDNT GET THE '83 WORLDCON





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 Queen 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-

warp. This is an eldritch phenomenon that can be fatal unless you carry your ensemble in your pocket. The weather changes as quickly and as randomly as disco-lights. Somewhere above Victoria is an area where reality ain't been heard of since the Rainbow Serpent was a hatchling. Overnight the city can be hit by an ice-age weather front, a mid-summer simoom that dried the scales off the dinosaurs, or one of the showers that Noah missed. The day I moved to Melbourne, the temperature hit the mid-thirties ('C) The next morning I caught a throat infection from the rain and cold winds while watching the Moomba parade.

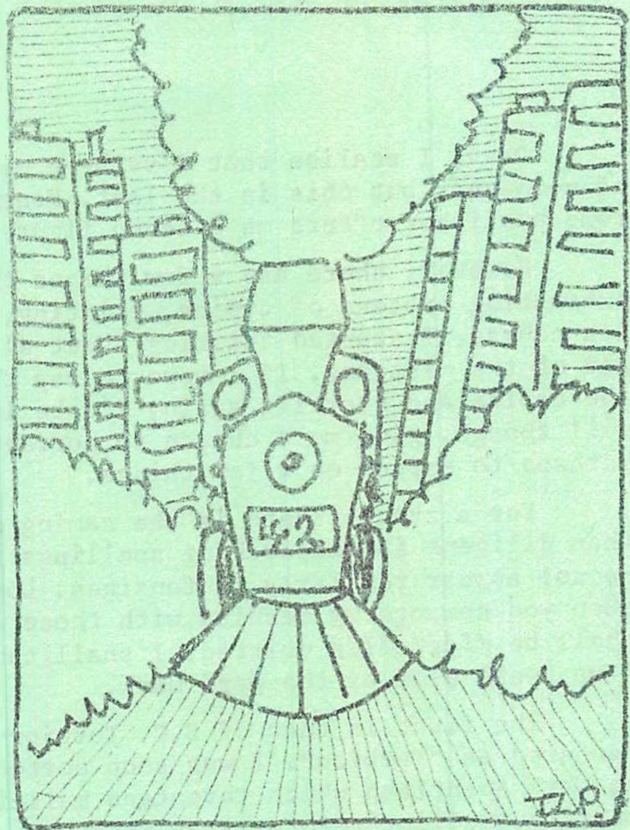
THIRD WARNING: Nobody from Melbourne has been anywhere else in the past ten years.

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.

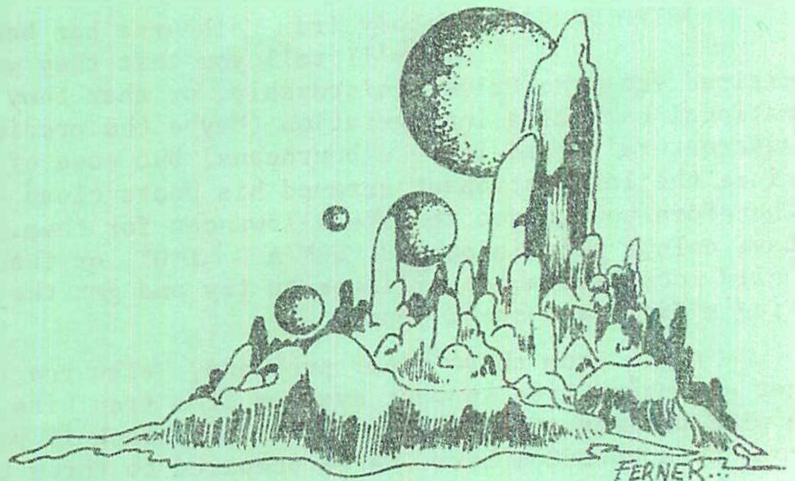
For a start, there is the naming of names. I will admit to having been less than diligent in researching spellings for the names which, for one reason or another do not appear regularly in fanzines. Looking back, I didn't do too badly, especially when you compare my results with those of a certain Advention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

There are others, from whom the letter-bombs have not yet been received. Somewhere in my frazzled synapses, Lise Eisenberg became Lise Eisenstein. Too much of those film study courses I'm afraid. Then there was the confusion that resulted in me spelling Jeff "Jeoff" on one occasion. I can find no excuse for either of those, so my apologies.

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 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 "Smoooooooooth" 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.

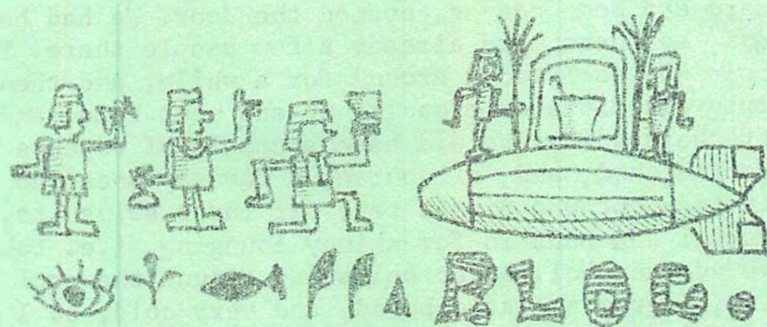
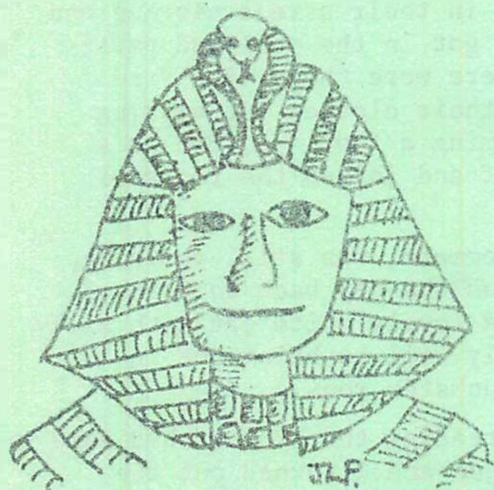
Then there was Alyson Abramowitz who I met at Denvention. Alyson is one of those people who is very different in real life and in her writing. I'd not pictured her as being anywhere near as small as she actually is. I vaguely recall nattering to her on a couple of occasions, and enjoying the conversations. 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 '86 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



NOTANOKON II.

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 amusing 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 1am or a little after. I changed into my

Listomania

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 'issue, 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 "catch-up" 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.



[illegible]

10/2/82 IN Stipple-apa 15

OUT Letter and article to Irwin

$\frac{1}{2} \cdot \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{4}$

Theoretically this system should save us of unsolved problems, but a few slip

The second book was published by the same publisher, and was also a success.

[illegible]

Some statistics that interested us were that 20% of our films have been produced

The final book is a book of power. It is the one in which I will work the energy

Abundance listing can be found in the following table. Total 1966 wet plant an

—○○○—

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 Night! 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; amount 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.

Personally 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 nonsense.

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
The Netherlands average story in IASFs. I completely agree with you concerning
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 13, 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 Thanks for QEIL, 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
Teaneck curmudgeon who blew me out in WARP for not writing my ANDURIL
NJ 07666 article on "02" the way he wanted. In gratitude for his unpleasant
U.S.A. 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.

25 Bowland Close
Offerton
Stockport
Cheshire
SK2 5NW
ENGLAND

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.

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?

It's a glorious morning here.

LEIGH EDMONDS
P.O. Box 433
Civic Square
A.C.T. 2608
AUSTRALIA

(Hmmm, 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. Never 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 assertions 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 looking 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

[illegible]

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 ~~position~~ 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 OGM, 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, WEIRDOBOOK, 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. 3

Nicholas' 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
94 St George's Square
Pimlico
London SW1Y 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 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 Napalm, and then try tracking those titles back to their sources to see what additional 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 preferred 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.

Thank you 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 than 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 speech at Tschaicon.

4326 Winslow Place No.
Seattle
WA 98103
U.S.A.

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 self-respecting fan editors would not own their own mimeo? Only Anders was dead enough to notice.

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.....

MR WINEDROPS *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. None 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. So there.

Donne, Eliot 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.

20 Ryeburne Ave
Hawthorn
Vict 3122
AUSTRALIA

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

GPO box 429
Sydney
N.S.W. 2001
AUSTRALIA

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.

DIANNE FOX
P.O. Box 11
Lakemba
N.S.W. 2195
AUSTRALIA

I'm forced to agree with Joseph Nicholas about hard-science science fiction going with elitist politics. It isn't a necessary development though. It just comes from the way the science fiction world splits into cliques. Of course, with political awareness more and more common, each generation of fans/readers grows more alienated from the conservative views of the previous generation, and hence rejects the kind of write, associating it, unfortunately, with the politics of the writers. s the swing to non-scientific sf and fantasy. (Another reason for the ESP stories is that thie field is being investigated for use by governments. sh-hush, much like the atom bomb, and sf is, as it was in the 40s, just ad, 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 BROWN *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*
Carlton *a few new wrinkles on the problem, so...*

Vict 3053
AUSTRALIA

Basically my concern is to do with the nature of the gases 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 h's nylon tie and metallic pacemaker. When a dragon 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.

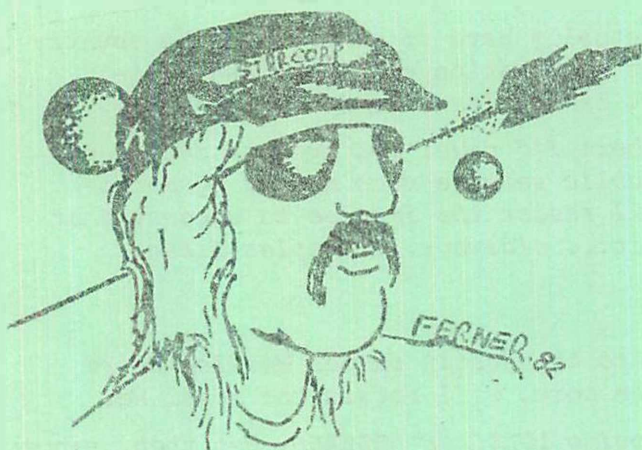
Q36G

LINDA LOUNSBURY
3125 Third Ave S. #3
Minneapolis
MN 55408
U.S.A.

This is an official Letter of Comment from your overseas correspondent, trip report reviewer and ~~friend~~. 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 you took to 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 steering 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 Kenwood 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.



CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES

Q36 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.W. 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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