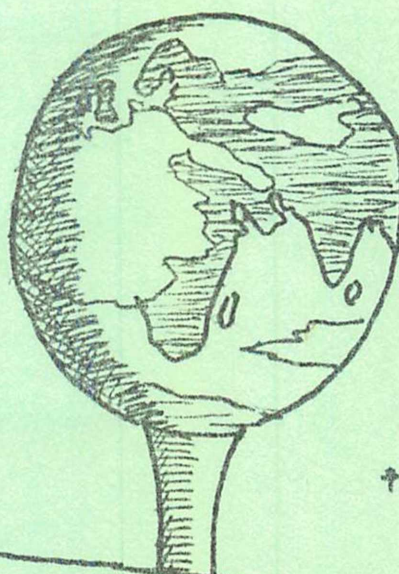
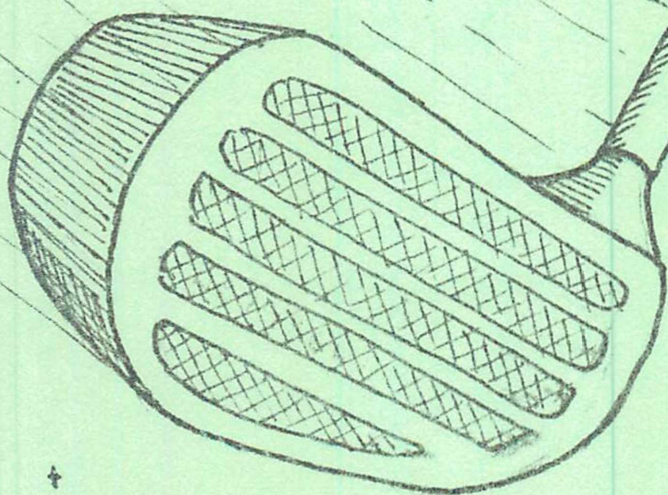


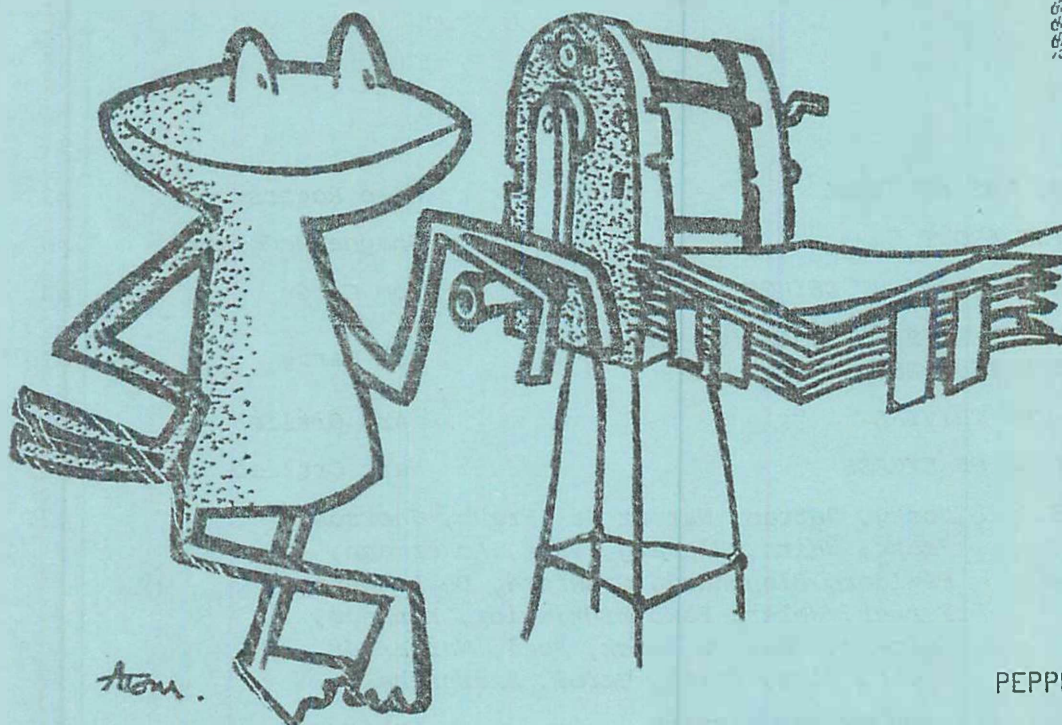
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SPORTS ISSUE

AUGUST 1983

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Editor - Marc Ortlieb
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The editor grudgingly accepts responsibility for any otherwise uncredited material in this issue, and even more retiscently will admit that all the typographical errors, grammatical glitches and other assorted fuck-ups are also his fault, if only through being too bloody lazy to check other people's spelling.

The editor would also like to thank the following people for their contributions to this issue:-

John Packer, for producing art to demand.

Tahnia and Marilyn, for putting up with my lack of enthusiasm with regard to household chores, social events, and the other mixed joys of share households. (Additional thanks to Tahnia for the restoration of my perspective about this fucking fanzine, even if it was at the expense of an added typo on page forty nine.

Catherine, who is probably going to have to put up with a lot more of the sort of bad mood that I customarily develop when putting out an issue.

My typing finger, for endurance above and beyond.

Me, for getting this far.

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ART CREDITS

Terry Frost	pp 49, 28, 19, 12 & 6.
John Packer	pp 46, 38, 32, 27, 20, 5, 2 & cover
Wade Gilbreath	pp 43, 22 & 16
Alison Cowling	pp 40 & 31
Cindy Riley	pp 34 & 15
Brad Foster	pp 25, 18 & 3
Mike McGann	pp 23
Graham Ferner	pp 21 & 17
Arthur Thomson	pp 14 & 1
Tom Cardy	pp 10 & 8.

---oOo---

This white - or, to be accurate, blue, space is for artistic doodling, or to rest your wine glass on.

No. Let's use this space for something more useful.

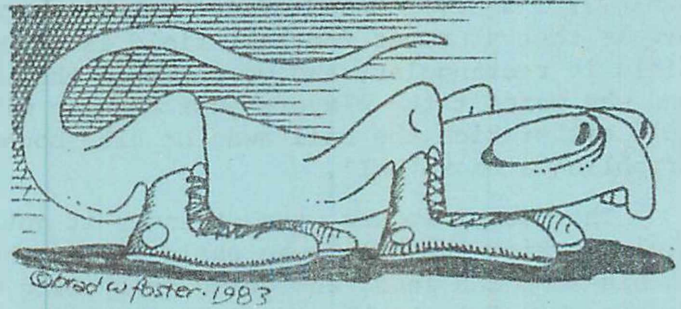
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WHAT IT WAS, WAS FOOTBALL

by
Mike Rogers

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The changes wrought in the world by new technologies are truly awe-inspiring. Think of the communications satellite. We place a relay station in geo-synchronous orbit, and any human being can visit the far reaches of our planet and gaze at sights which otherwise could only have been imagined. We can sit in our easy chairs in America or Australia or wherever and watch the puffs of smoke signal the election of a new Pope. In my country, we received a first-hand view of the horrors of guerrilla warfare in Vietnam. The body bags usually came onto the screen as we were about to put a forkful of food into our mouths. The rest of the world got to watch the U.S. at its worst and best simultaneously as we forced our President to resign during the Watergate affair.

The communications satellite has also led to an explosive growth in cable television networks. Those areas which have cable TV are no longer limited to three or four channels of least-common-denominator network programming. The local cable TV company can import programming from all over the world for the cost of a satellite earth station. There are even specialised cable networks which offer almost anything the discriminating viewer would care to watch.

One of these specialised networks is the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network (ESPN). The name implies general programming. In practice, ESPN is the world's first twenty four hour a day sports network. Any time you turn on your TV, you can see some kind of sports event or a newscast devoted to sports.

Now your average American SF fan regards sports with a horror reserved in most countries for plagues, wars, and depressions. To like sports is to be at least partially (shudder) mundane, but a few of us still honour the old traditions. Like other people, we have to have our regular fixes of baseball, basketball and football; even boxing, if it comes to that. (We do tend to draw the line at arm-wrestling though. We have to keep some shred of self-respect.) If there is any difference between us and mundane sports fans, it must be that our tastes are more eclectic than most. I have developed a taste for soccer from watching replays of old German National League matches on our public TV network. Some of my acquaintances have even developed a love of ice hockey, and finding an ice hockey fan in the Southeast U.S. is something like chancing upon a nudist colony south of the Antarctic Circle.

Anyway, this brings me to a recent television experience. I was visiting my mother for the weekend, and had driven for two and a half hours to get back to my hometown. It was around 1:30 a.m. and I was tired, exhausted, worn out, strung out, wired, whatever you want to call it. Mother had just installed cable TV, and I sat down fascinated as I scanned the various channels. Eventually I landed on ESPN. What I saw was not easy to take in my unusual state of mind.

"Australian Rules Football," said the announcer. Well, it looked a little like football. The players were kicking around an oval-shaped pigskin, and they did seem

to be moving toward one side of the field or other. The fans were properly enthusiastic too; they obviously considered it a major sport. - but my Ghod!!! An oval field??? I'd never heard of such a thing. Someone must have forgotten to tell these people that a proper football field is supposed to be a rectangle. Even a soccer field is rectangular, and we all know the kind of furrinners who play that sport. And why weren't the players just running with the ball? If someone ran for a while, he'd either kick the ball away or else bounce it on the ground as if he were dribbling a basketball.

The more I looked, the stranger it got. Here was a poor fellow trying desperately to kick the ball away while two or three defenders were hanging on him, pulling on his arms and legs, and doing everything they could, short of a punch to the head, to stop him from kicking. Didn't the kicker have any legal protection at all? Why, if you tried those stunts in our game, you'd get nailed for roughing the kicker and cost your team fifteen yards and possession of the ball. Then I saw the treatment the defenders gave the dude who was trying to catch the thing. It looked as though you could do pretty near whatever you wanted to keep him from catching the ball. And what was this? If he managed to catch it, he got a free kick at goal. Huh?"Taking the mark" it was called. What's a mark?

The next order of business was the free kick itself - so why was a defender trying to block the kick? Wasn't that illegal? Apparently not. Every once in a while the kick was actually blocked, and play went on. And what kicking! The ball in flight looked uncannily like a game fish being reeled in while fighting for its life. It went one way; it went another way; it wobbled all over the place. Haven't these people ever heard of a proper punt or even a drop kick? This "torpedo kick" would be the laughing-stock of American Football if anyone dared try it. I could understand such ridiculous kicking while the kicker was being pulled down, but even the free kicks looked like that.

When the ball went through the two middle poles, that was a goal for six points. If a kick flew between an outside pole and a middle pole the announcer called it a "behind" for one point. Behind what? I also couldn't understand why the announcers never gave a simple score. (I could barely understand them at all, for that matter, what with the unusual accents and the strange terminology.) It was always " x goals and y behinds for 6x+y points". Surely it would have been easier to say "Carlton leads North Melbourne 54 to 39."

I next noticed the officials. The field officials looked young enough to be players themselves. That's not right. They should have been at least in their thirties. These guys weren't a day over twenty five. Why weren't they playing? Well, the physical demands of their work were great. That field was huge, and these guys were constantly running from one end to the other. Plus they had to conduct the "ball up". Do you know how silly it looks when the official brings the ball over his head, kneels down, and slams the ball into the ground as hard as he can? WHOMP! I swear the ball must have gone twenty five feet into the air. Perhaps thirty was too old for that kind of work.

And then I got a look at the goal judges.

I have seen many sports from many different parts of the world, but I have never seen game officials wearing such garb in my entire life. For a moment I thought I'd changed channels and hit upon an old episode of *The Twilight Zone*. Those guys looked as though they'd just returned from a drive in their 1922 Model A. I mean, really! Waistcoats?? Rake-hell hats?? You wear an outfit like that in this country, you either get the shit beat out of you, or you get arrested for impersonating a pimp. The "brothers" would be looking for your pink Cadillac. No doubt about it... those threads were funky..

As the match ended, I lay on the couch in a daze. " So this is what drugs feel like," I thought. I stumbled off to bed with visions of ball ups and waving flags and torpedo kicks coursing through my Southern-fried brain.

But I was intrigued. I wanted more. On another visit home, I came across another match. I watched this one with a clear head, and the surrealism gave way to appreciation. Lord, these guys were athletes. The game offered plenty of action. I got excited when a player actually caught one of those damn kicks. Those dying-quail free kicks sometimes wobbled through for goals. I cheered. And hey, what was that routine the goal judge used to call a goal? Why, it looked like a gunfighter drawing his guns. No, "funky" wasn't the word. "Jaunty" fitted better. Especially that flag routine after drawing the guns. "Hot damn," I thought. "This is fun!"

When I could, I'd look through the TV schedules to see if another Aussie Rules Football match was on, and now I'm hooked. By jove, you blokes have got something there. I may never get this monkey off my back. In fact, I'd be grateful to receive a primer on the sport so I can learn the rules, and know what to watch out for.

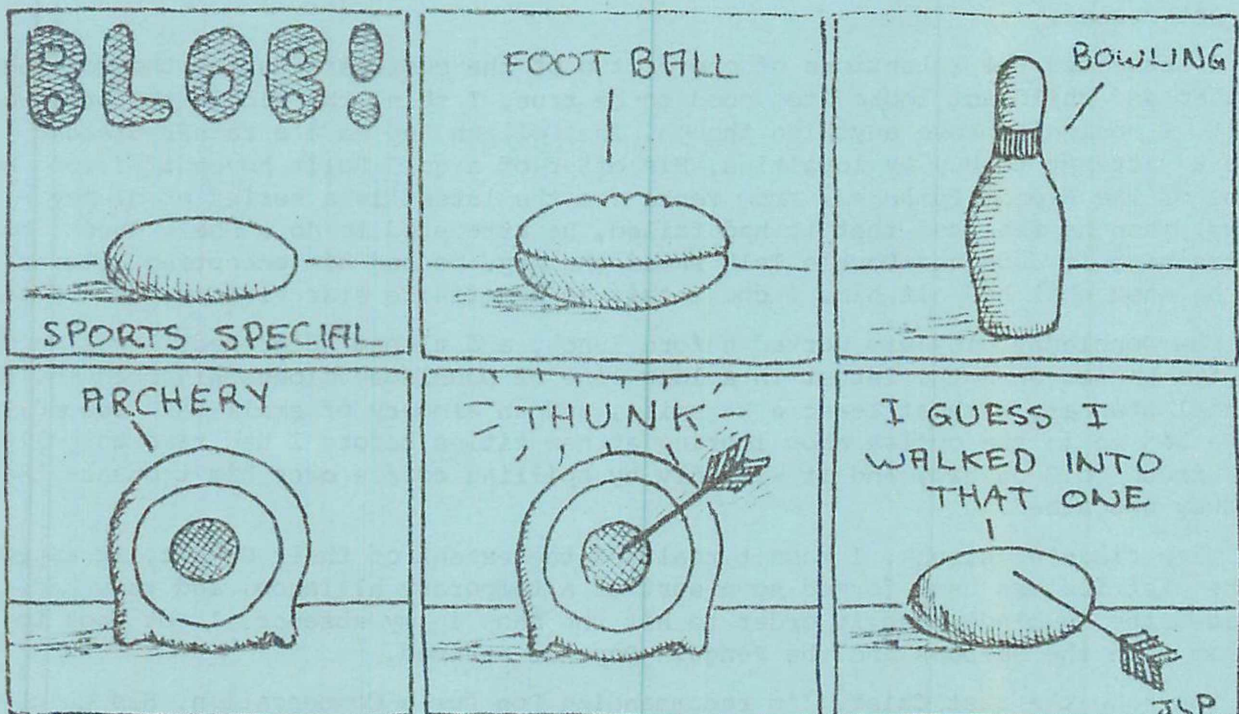
Maybe it's time for a cultural exchange programme. You send us Australian Rules Football, and we'll send you baseball, the sport cricket should have been.....

---oOo---

Yes, well, thanks Mike. I'll see what I can do about that Footy Primer, but may I suggest that you watch yourself if you ever visit Australia. There are those of us who don't take kindly to rude comments about cricket. You're likely to find your balls mashed by a large flat-bladed club.

Considering that there are Australian fans with sufficient bad taste to enjoy Footy, I might see if I can get one or more to provide you with a reply in the next issue.

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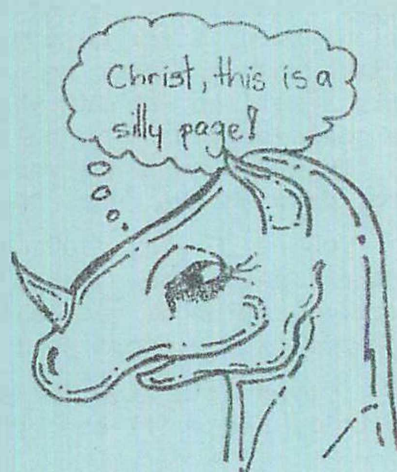
NEWS FROM THE FRONT

by

Shayne McCormack

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It was a day much like any other - it started when the sun rose, and went downhill from there. I opened the front door as usual, after doing the proper checks, and discovering no obvious bombs. There was a suspicious looking letter from Transworld, but it was only scare mail - the wires weren't attached to anything, and the ink came up negative on the contact poison testing. I was, I admit, a little concerned about the brown-paper parcel from Gordon & Gotch, but it was only a consignment of three Barbara Cartland novels - their usual flabby attempt at psychological warfare. We're hardened to that now, but they keep trying to chip away at our morale.



Ron was already in, and had run a detector over the premises, just in case. He checked the vacuum cleaner as instructed. You can't be too careful. Those Reps are masters of the Slight of Hand (as well as the Quick of Tongue). The first customers were, by now, starting to enter and I switched on the sensors. They don't usually try anything funny that early, but ever since the guy in the punk outfit spilled his milkshake all over the new U.S. titles I haven't taken anything for granted.

I received a tip-off from one of my moles at 10-14 a.m.. Doubleday were sending in a Rep disguised as a normal human being. I told Ron to go to Yellow Alert. Doubleday are becoming worthy opponents. They've got some good people on their team, and sometimes even I get fooled.

I suspected the intentions of one or two of the customers during the morning. The mother and child act looked too good to be true. I think the kid in the pram was a midget. I couldn't prove anything though. The Collins Rep made a rather blatant "up-front" attempt to buy my loyalties. His offer of a gold Rolls Royce if I took six dumpbins of *The Blonde Bombshell* from Venus was the latest in a series of clumsy attempts. When he realised that it had failed, he attempted to do a Shelf Check, but Ron's training in Judo and Double Talk saved the day. We had him accepting Returns before he knew what had hit him. I count this as a definite star victory for our team.

The Doubleday ploy was worked before lunch, and almost succeeded. I was on my way to the Ladies when the latest in a long line of Doubleday Clones hijacked me. He was a real stunner, with at least a B+ smile, and an armoury of small talk second to none. He had me in the coffee shop looking at new titles before I had time to pull Reflex Excuse No.2 on him, and it was only by spilling coffee over his trousers that I got away unscathed.

Then disaster struck. I hadn't realised the extent of their Gambit. It appears that the Distributors have formed some sort of a temporary alliance, and they had sacrificed the Doubleday Rep in order to hit the shop in my absence. I got back to find that both the Nelsons and the Penguin Rep had arrived.

You know the rest Chief. I'm recommending Ron for a Commendation. His quick footwork had the backroom stock falling on the Penguin Rep before he could do much damage. I fouled up badly with the Nelsons Rep though. He'd found the six U.S. titles before I could camouflage them, and I had to balance their Declaration of Intent to

[illegible]

It could have been worse I suppose. They didn't find the shipment of U.S. paperbacks in the hidden compartment, and I did manage to plant a bogus invoice on the Penguin Rep while he was still unconscious. Besides, their minor victory should have them feeling secure for a while, which means that we could slip in a few shipments while they're feeling cocky.

Anyway, tomorrow may be better. I doubt it, but this war can't go on forever...

—○○—

Thanks Shayne. I'm sure that there are lots of science fiction fans who don't quite appreciate the effort that you filthy rich booksellers have to make to bring us our regular fix of the stuff.

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ASSORTED PLUGS

ANZAPA (The Australian & New Zealand Amateur Press Association) is healthy and, despite the general lack of interest in running the thing evidenced the last time the position of Official Bloody Editor was up for grabs, the members seem to be producing quite interesting stuff still. The current waitlist stands at five, so if you think that you might be interested in joining the elite of Australian fandom, send a letter hinting at your interest to Gary Mason P.O. Box 258 Unley, S.A. 5061.

—○○○—

Although the voting will, no doubt, be over by the time that most of you read this, I'd like to register my support for the Austin bid for the 1985 NASFIC (the WorldCon that the Americans have when they're not having a WorldCon.) The bid seems nice and friendly, and have started to put out a nice Texas Newszine, the Texas SF Inquirer. If you're interested in receiving this - I hope that they will continue to publish after the announcement of the '85 NASFIC - then send money to FACT, P.O. Box 9612, Austin, TX 78766 U.S.A..

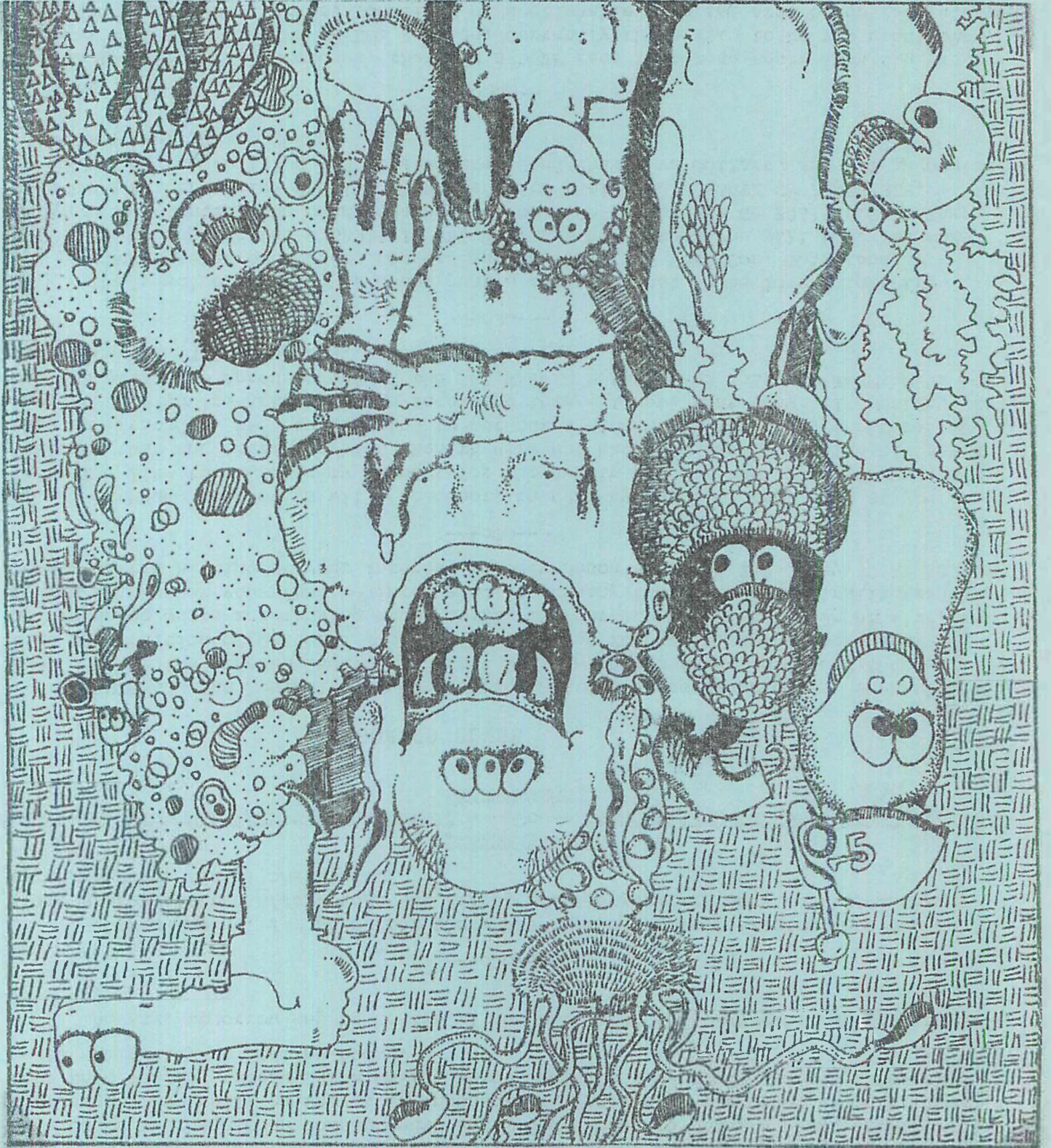
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While we're thinking of bids, just a reminder that those lovely folk from the Southern States of America are bidding for the 1986 WorldCon. This fanzine continues to support the ATLANTA IN '86 bid, and hopes that you will too. For more information, contact the committee at P.O. Box 10094, Atlanta GA 30319 U.S.A. They also have rather a nice fanzine connected with their bid - SOUTH ON PEACHTREE, - co-edited by Sue Phillips and Mike Rogers. Send them five dollars, and get in contact with some really nice folks.

—○○○—

Speaking of good causes, there is a DUFF race to get an Australian fan from here to the 1984 WorldCon in Los Angeles. Currently there seem to be two candidates, Jack Herman and John Packer. Donations of auctionable material are, of course, always appreciated, as are outright donations. Keep those cards and bank drafts coming in. The current administrators are Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle WA 98103, and Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 46 Marden S.A. 5070 AUSTRALIA. If you are interested in the fund, contact one of us. There will be a race to bring an American to the major 1985 Australian convention- which should, with any luck, be the '85 WorldCon. It's also not too early to start thinking about the '86 race to the U.S.

HOW TO PICK UP SENTIENT BEINGS
by
Tom Cardy



THIS BOOK GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A SENTIENT BEING IN TWO WEEKS.

Here is a book that not only teaches you exactly how to pick up other sentient beings. It guarantees you will pick up sentient beings. In fact, we guarantee you will pick up and date at least one interesting sentient being within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't, or if you are dissatisfied with this book in any way, just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK TRILLIONS OF SENTIENT BEINGS HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see/hear/sense/grok/taste/smell/eat thousands of interesting/aesthetically pleasing/delicious even sexy sentient beings you'd love to pick up - beings with long lean tentacles and large rounded areas composed of inert gases. The problem has always been how do you break through the icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers - short of attempting to melt it down with a laser? HOW TO PICK UP SENTIENT BEINGS has well over 1,000,000 answers - each one of them absolutely foolproof! (Unless, of course, you are actually interested in picking up the several varieties of stupid and incomprehensible races which populate the known galaxy, e.g. humankind.) You don't have to be rich, though it does help. You don't even have to be good looking. There are many civilizations where being ugly isn't a handicap. Some do not even use wave-lengths of light and optic nerves to get horny!

These techniques work for all sentient beings. All you have to do is walk/swim/jaunte/fly/crawl/float/burrow/vaporise up to a being you have your eye/leg/mouth/claw/slime/tentacle/wing/manipulatory organ on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick the being up. There is simply no way the being will refuse you. (Though watch out for those icy walls!)

WE GUARANTEE IT !

Here are just a few of the more than 1,000,000 sure-fire techniques that you will learn and master:-

- How to be sexy, repulsive, or just reasonable
- Best places throughout the galaxy to pick up beings
- How to make an overabundance of purple slime work for YOU.
- Why a sentient being doesn't have to be good-looking (See purple slime)
- How to sing/radiate/flatulate musical notes from successful flying saucer movies in a seductive manner.
- Why sentient beings get horny (Particularly the intelligent unicorns of Propolactic VII)
- Five thousand great opening lines (All known languages and modes of communication.)
- The greatest pick up techniques in the known galaxy.
- Why sentient beings are dying to get picked up (Necrophiliacs only)
- How to get sentient beings to pick you up.

INTERVIEWS WITH 25,000 INTERESTING BEINGS.

HOW TO PICK UP SENTIENT BEINGS contains in-depth interviews with 25,000 interesting beings - ones just like the cover on this book. They tell you, in their very own words/saliva/brain waves/gas/crunchy bits, exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn how to communicate with them; where to meet them; and how to detect those subtle little signs that mean that a being is dying for you to pick it up. (Again for necrophiliacs only.) Rest/Decompose/Mutate assured, trillions of beings want YOU to pick them up. Once you know who they are, the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE BEINGS IN A MONTH THAN MOST BEINGS DO IN SEVERAL LIFETIMES

If you don't pick up at least one interesting being within fourteen days of

receiving this book you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump/beam/fly/wobble on all the other sentient beings. While you're standing/sitting/floating/sucking/growing on the corner watching/smelling/tasting/touching/scanning/eating all the beings go by, YOU'LL be the one who knows how to move into action.

HOW TO PICK UP SENTIENT BEINGS costs only 800-95 Galactic Groats - less than what you'd pay for a night out with the triple-breasted whore of Eroticon IV and yet so much more of a help when it comes to picking up sentient beings cheaply! In fact, if you love interesting sentient beings, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

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AND, by the same author:--

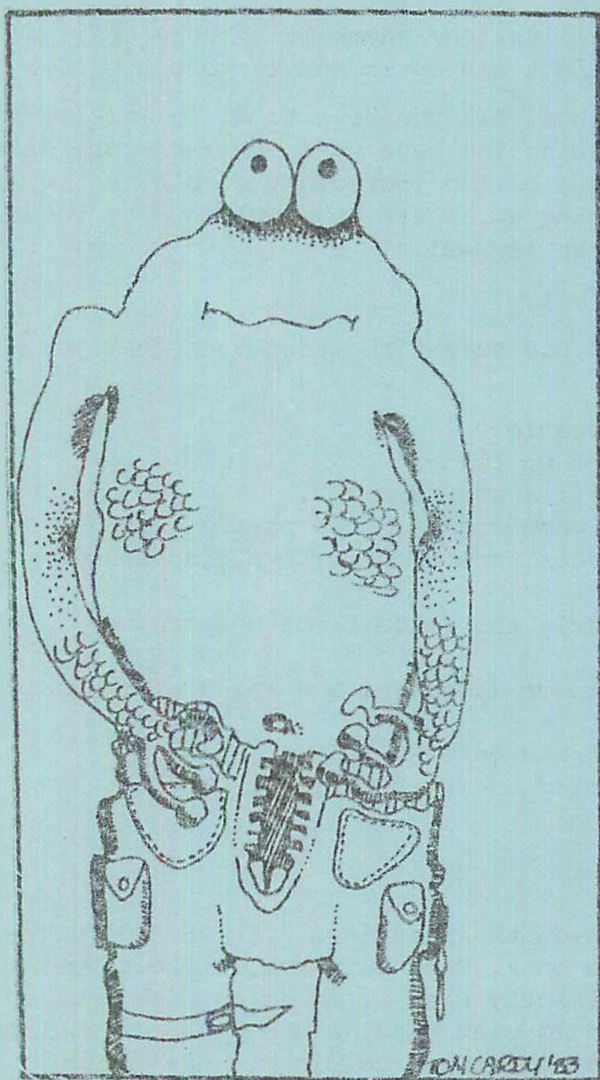
HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS

IMAGINE BEING SUCH A GREAT
REPRODUCER THAT BEINGS CAN
SEE/TASTE/SMELL/READ/TOUCH
IT IN YOUR EYES/LEGS/SLIMY
BITS!

Here is a book that can turn you into such an exciting reproducer that beings will sense your powers the instant you walk/fly/swim/beam into a habitated area. The book is called HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS: A Picture Book Of Reproduction. And it's guaranteed to turn you into the kind of reproducer beings can't wait to get into bed/dirt/plasma/molten lead/kitchen sink/vacuum with.

OVER 160,000 LUSCIOUS PHOTO-
GRAPHS!

HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS contains over 160,000 photographs, each one just as clear and exciting as the one on the left. These photographs are large, interesting, and incredibly frank. (Frank is our chief model.) They show you, step by exciting step, exactly how to turn on a being. (This also applies to those interested in seducing household appliances.) And today that's more important than ever before. After all, today a being expects a lot more from a being. By the time



it's three hundred and fifty, it's probably been to bed/dirt/plasma/molten lead/kitchen sink/vacuum with at least half a thousand beings. It knows when somebeing's a good reproducer... and when it's not so good.

That's why HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS can be such a help. It's chock full of millions of techniques that, over twenty four hours, can turn you into an expert at turning on a being (or, if you prefer, a toaster.) Here are just a few of the techniques you will learn and master:-

- How to get a being to let itself go (e.g. to the bathroom.)
- MAGIC caresses (telekinesis experts only.)
- The technique of touch (for those with manipulatory organs.)
- Stimulating a being (not advisable for the intelligent granite structures of the Froom system.)
- Building being passion (particularly important for architects.)
- The development of reproductive power (engineers take note.)
- Special reproductive motions (of special interest to committee enthusiasts.)
- Dozens of exotic positions (for those fed up of being where they are.)
- Dozens of exotic positrons (for those fed up of being.)
- How to take off its clothes/fur/mist/soggy sort of mash.
- Rocking motions (recommended by the Froom system.)
- The magic of warm baths (for those who want to expand beyond household appliances.)
- Building sexual control (for electronics' wizards.)
- Best ways to generate passion (engineers - advanced.)

AND MILLIONS OF OTHER FANTASTIC TECHNIQUES - MOST ILLUSTRATED WITH
TRULY LASCIVIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!!!

Most beings think that you have to have good looks or money to attract lots of beings. NOT TRUE! (It's better to have both.) HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS will teach you how to thrill beings so intensely they'll see it in your eyes/legs/slimy bits, recognise it in your walk/jump/breast-stroke/hover/slither/large neon sign hanging around your neck.

So don't just think about ordering HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS. Really go ahead/a"other area of the body" and do it RIGHT NOW! After all, in just one week it can turn YOU into a vibrant, exciting reproducer. Beings will look/listen/rub/chew at you in a whole new light/lights off.

BALONY PRESS Inc Dept 666, 890 W. Cleavage Ave Venera, Ursa Minor 696969.

- ☐ I've enclosed 120-95 GG plus 78650-45 GG postage and handling.
Rush me HOW TO PICK UP SENTIENT BEINGS.
- ☐ I've enclosed 789-54 GG plus 100,000-78 GG postage and handling.
Rush me HOW TO COPULATE WITH A SINGLE (OR LARGE GROUP) OF SENTIENT BEINGS.
- ☐ Both books, only 673367-95 GG plus 450,000,000-60 GG postage and handling/
squeezing/ rubbing a lot.

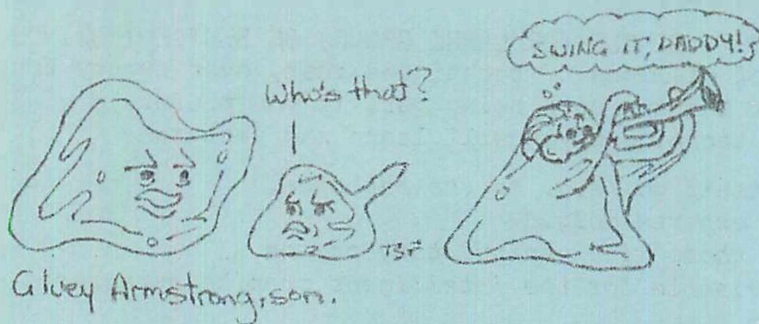
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(Books come in plain, hygenic, easily washable wrapping. So should you.)

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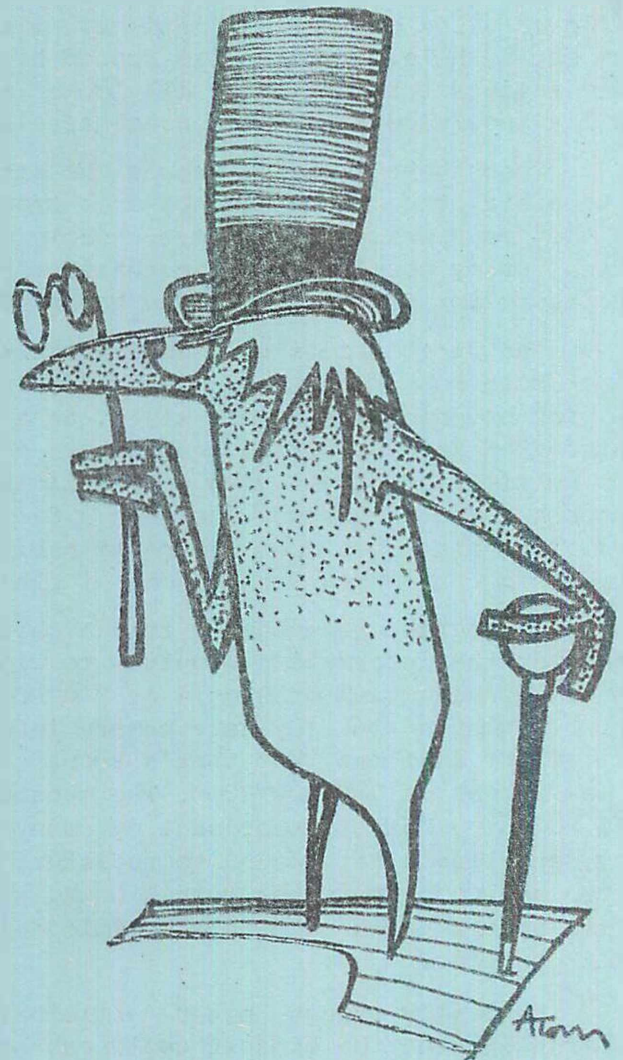


ACCENTUATE THE TRIVIAL

Marc Ortlieb

I take a certain amount of warped satisfaction in being able to tell people that, although Jefferson Airplane's SOMEBODY TO LOVE is attributed to "Slick" on the album cover, it was not written by the band's female vocalist Grace Slick, but rather by her then brother-in-law Darby Slick, who was the lead guitarist with The Great Society, Grace's previous band. Perhaps that doesn't mean much to anyone else, but I love trivia for trivia's sake.

SHAKESPEARE AND SCIENCE
FICTION



- 1) In the Callahan's Crosstime Saloon Stories, who is "Lady Macbeth"?
- 2) In TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE, who is "Lady Macbeth"?
- 3) In TUNNEL IN THE SKY, who is "Lady Macbeth"?
- 4) What Shakespearean play is performed for the Corviki in THE SHIP WHO SANG?
- 5) What is the punchline in the Isaac Asimov story THE IMMORTAL BARD?
- 6) What Shakespearean play does Rod McBan view when he visits his secret treasures in NORSTRILIA?
- 7) On which Shakespearean play is the film FORBIDDEN PLANET allegedly at least partly based?
- 8) From which Shakespearean play did Harry Warner Jr take the title for his first book on the history of science fiction fandom?
- 9) In Clifford Simak's SHAKESPEARE'S PLANET, what happens to the Shakespeare?
- 10) Who describes Shakespeare as "The kind of man who counts his change and leaves a nickle tip..." and then says "One of these days I'm going to read his books, but I've never had much time for reading"?

---oOo---

The idea of basing a set of questions on Shakespeare has fascinated me ever since Roman Orszanski allowed me to find out what the initials of his fanzine NIBWIN stood for. The Lady Macbeth questions seemed to flow fairly naturally from one to the next. Of the three, I like best Spider Robinson's reasons for using the name. The TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE Lady Macbeth doesn't seem to fit at all.

The MacCaffrey question was also an easy one, though I was very tempted to ask a more specific question, such as "Who played the part of the Nurse in the Shakespearean production in Anne MacCaffrey's THE SHIP WHO SANG.

The question on FORBIDDEN PLANET had to undergo abrupt modification during the convention itself, as, for some reason, the film got a mention in a discussion, and Jeff Harris made the point that the explanation of the debt that the film owed to Shakespeare was largely one of Kingsley Amis's little jokes. The other questions were easy to devise, except for the Simak one, where I laboured under the burden of having not read the novel. Thus I skimmed it until I found a decent question, a technique that I often use in preparing reading comprehensions at school.

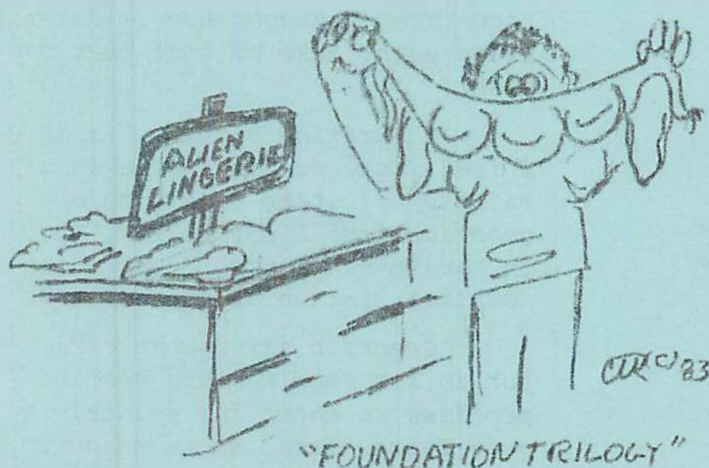
KIDS

- 1) In which novel do you find a little girl called The Leewit?
- 2) What is the name of the boy who considers catching a flock of eagles to carry him to the top of THE WALL AROUND THE WORLD?
- 3) What is the name of the little girl who steals Gummitch's soul in SPACE TIME FOR SPRINGERS?
- 4) Name the son of F'lar and Lessa in Anne MacCaffrey's DRAGONQUEST
- 5) In which John Rankin story do a group of students linked to a teaching machine become a gestalt entity?
- 6) Name the narrator in Alexei Panshin's RITE OF PASSAGE.
- 7) In Robert Heinlein's METHUSELAN'S CHILDREN, what is strange about Marion Schmidt?
- 8) Which story centres on a box of children's toys being sent from the distant future into the year 1942?
- 9) What is the name of the child who isolates an entire village in Jerome Bixby's IT'S A GOOD LIFE ?
- 10) In Piers Anthony's SOS THE ROPE, what name is given to Sos's daughter?

---oOo---

Wow! I managed to do this entire section without mentioning John Wyndham once! Naturally, I was tempted to throw in questions from THE MIDWICH CUCKOOS or THE CRYSLIDS, but I managed to limit my Wyndham questions in this quiz. I was far less successful with the Heinlein and MacCaffrey questions, but I justified my use of those on the basis of their popularity.

You might begin to note from these questions that I have a strong interest in the names of characters. This, I guess, is my answer to Paul Day's habit of using titles of books in lots of his questions. It's no accident that some of my favourite books get mentions in this quiz. I warned you that this was going to show more than was wise about my taste in books. I'm very fond of the works of James Schmitz, thus question one. I was most tempted to throw in a question about Telzey too, but, on the whole, I prefer the novel from which this question comes.



You will also note the paucity of media stories and references in this quiz, though the Rankin question almost qualifies, as, before I actually read the story, I saw it in one of the British science fiction anthology television programmes. It may well have been OUT OF THE UNKNOWN.

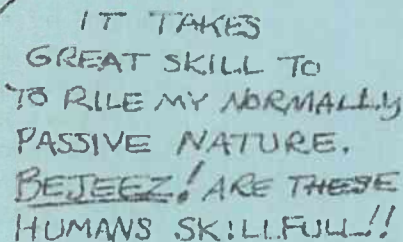
As a teacher, a reference to the Bixby story was also pretty much compulsory. That story contains the sort of child that W.C. Fields and most teachers would consider representative of the breed.

ALIENS

- 900 —

instance, how I've avoided any mention of Ursula LeGuin. Now I'll admit that I enjoyed reading THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, but I can't remember much of it. I certainly don't feel inspired to re-read it. On the other hand, I've read Anne MacCaffrey's dragon novels several times each. Make of that what you wish.

Question six was specifically put in for John Packer, who had promised to enter for any trivia quiz I organised. He piked out. Still, that should be enough of a clue for anyone who hasn't read the story. (and the answer isn't "triffids".)



AUTHOR, AUTHOR

-
- FUGGHEAD!
FAAN ZINE WRITTEN
IN FAN SPEAKY?
- FILTHY
PRO
- Q36K
- G. FERNER.

All right. I'm guilty, but trivia quizzes are supposed to have questions about pen names. At least I didn't throw in my usual favourite, i.e. Name a science fiction author who has written a book in collaboration with himself.

Once more, my own preferences in reading material become fairly obvious. With the exception of the Chilton, which I own, but haven't read, and the Binder, I'm rather fond of the works of all the authors mentioned here, though I won't profess to understanding much of Alice Sheldon's stuff. I was surprised by the fact that the team who got this set of questions didn't get the first one correct. I suppose I could have asked for one of his other two pen-names, but I thought that that would have been too easy.

Looking back over the quiz, I note a marked lack of questions on Australian science fiction. I think I only used one, in the ROBOTS' section. Perhaps that is the sign of when a country's sf is adequate, i.e. when someone can use Australian sf in a trivia quiz without feeling as if it's a token gesture.

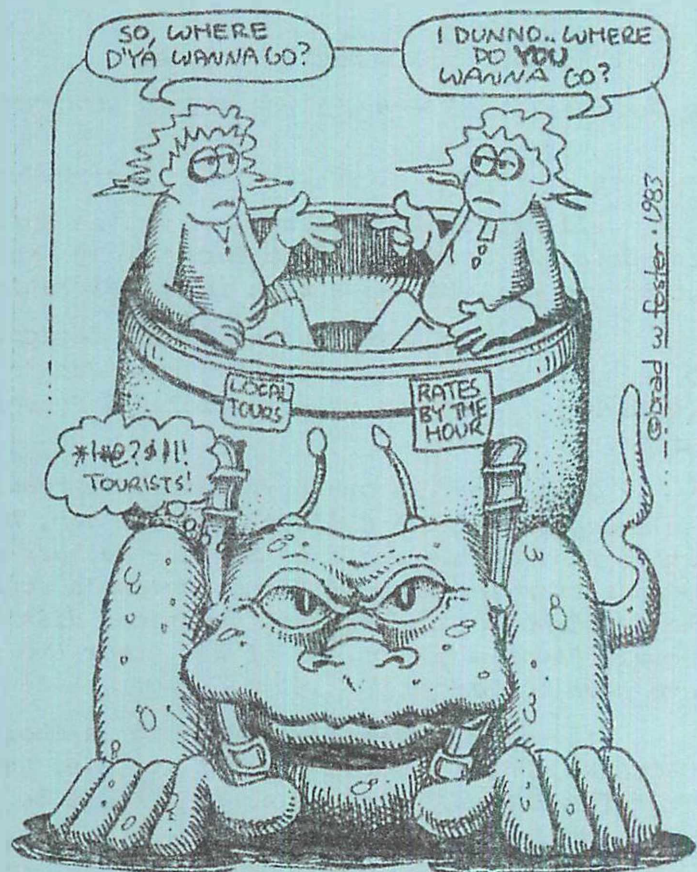
SPACE SHIPS

- 1) In Lee Hoffman's THE CAVES OF KARST, what is the name of Captain Rotsler's spaceship?
- 2) In Anne McCaffrey's THE SHIP WHO SANG, what is Helva's code name when she is partnered with Jennan?
- 3) Name the spaceship that carried Valentine Michael Smith's parents to Mars in STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND.
- 4) What is the name of the spaceship which suffers from difficulties with its offog?
- 5) What is the name of the Martian Spaceship in DUCK DODGERS IN THE 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ CENTURY?
- 6) Name at least two of the crew of the spaceship Muddling Through.
- 7) The spaceship used by Louis Wu in RINGWORLD is called The Long Shot. Who gave it that name?
- 8) Name the spaceship in James Tiptree's HOUSTON HOUSTON DO YOU READ.
- 9) Give the name of the spaceship drive in A Bertram Chandler's stories that works using precessing gyroscopes.
- 10) In which novel will you find a spaceship drive derived from a sewing machine?

---000---

As I mentioned in the introduction to this piece, half the fun in designing trivia quizzes lies in finding some trivial fact that no one else has noticed. The first question in this section is an example of that. I guess that, knowing how much fun fans have in identifying "in" jokes, fans-turned-writers can't resist tuckerising fans in their novels, and Hoffman is no exception to this. Rotsler's spaceship is, in a twisted way, named after his fanzine.

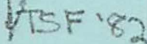
Question five is one of the few media type questions that I allowed to creep into the quiz, but I make no apology for this. Indeed, were it not for the paucity of material, I'd be tempted to start my own fandom based on Duck Dodgers. Can't you imagine it? Costume parades full of characters in duckbills or fat pink flesh, or pseudolegionnaire outfits.. Then there would be the fanzines, with short stories in which Porky has it off with Dodgers... The possibilities are endless.....



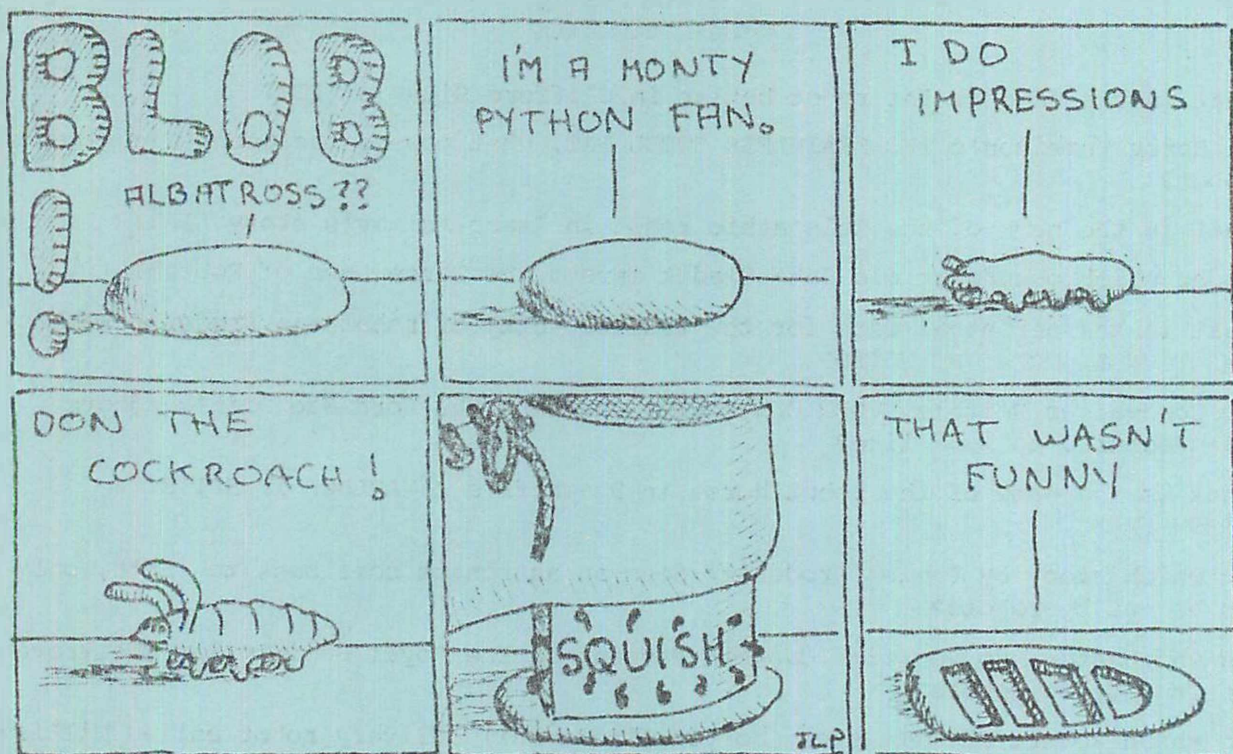
ROOTS

-

One question I was going to throw in was about the robot that was designed by a drunken scientist, who wakes up in the morning to find the robot, but he can't remember what he designed it for, and the robot itself refuses to answer. The punchline was that the robot was solely designed to open bottles, but that it was to vain to admit it. The trouble I had was that I couldn't remember where the story came from, nor who had written it. I spent fifteen fruitless minutes searching my bookshelves. If anyone can identify the story, please write.



Naturally Asimov had to have a place in here, and again I had to stop myself from filling the section with questions from I ROBOT and THE REST OF THE ROBOTS. Even so, I feel that throwing the Sladek question in was a little unfair, especially as there is another question from the same collection in another section of the quiz. Still, as I said earlier, I like funny science fiction, and, when he's in the mood for it, Sladek can be superbly funny. (I'm still not sure about RODERICK. It has its moments, but strikes me as excessively artsy-fartsy. Had I read it before I wrote this quiz though, I would probably have put in a question from that.)



QUOTATIONS

Identify the source of the following quotations - story and author please.

- 1) Look baby. Food, lovely food.
- 2) It's a cook book.
- 3) Violence is the last refuge of the incompetant.
- 4) Yngvi is a louse.
- 5) A coffee table! Well I'll be damned.
- 6) Mr Maclean, a cup of tea?
- 7) Just a dream Beloved. You cannot die.
- 8) Then he laughed, and made her laugh with him, and they were merely human.
- 9) Gently, her forty-foot sphere of fabric bulging with hot air, the new Bree lifted from the plateau and drifted riverward on the light breeze.
- 10) Release warrents for Ensign Harris are part of our standard equipment.

---oOo---

Yes, this is what you could call real trivia. I will admit that three of these I wouldn't be able to identify myself, but I was running short of quotations that wouldn't give readers of Cordwainer Smith, James White, or Lewis Carroll too much of an advantage. If I recall correctly, the incorrect answer given for question nine was RIVERWORLD. Question two could be considered another token for the media people. I first saw it, I think, on the Twilight Zone. Then I read the story.

LANGUAGE!

- 1) In Tanith Lee's DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE, what does the term *faraihoom* mean?
- 2) What is the Galactic language in Harry Harrison's STAINLESS STEEL RAT novels?
- 3) In Damon Knight's story CABIN BOY, how does Tommy communicate?
- 4) In the Eric Frank Russell story AND THEN THERE WERE NONE, what is the meaning of *myob*?
- 5) In the Vonnegut novel THE SIRENS OF TITAN, what does the Great Wall of China mean?
- 6) In STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, what is the literal meaning of the word *grok*?
- 7) What is strange about the alphabet of the people of Labrador in John Wyndham's book THE CRYALIDS?
- 8) In what language is the expression *I seem to be having tremendous difficulty with my lifestyle the most dreadful insult imaginable*?
- 9) In H. Beam Piper's story OMNILINGUAL, what provides the key to the translation of the Martian language?
- 10) In Zenna Henderson's story SUBCOMMITTEE, what is *shreeprill*?

---oOo---

Those of you who know the answer to question one will be fully aware of why I put it in there. I was hoping that someone prim and proper would have to answer it. (I was tempted to make the word *vixaxn* instead.)

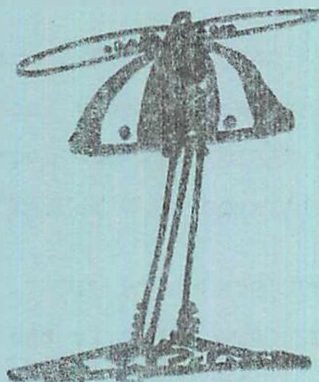
Of course I'm sure that you can all come up with your own favourite language questions. One I was tempted to add was "Why is it that all the creatures in Dr Who speak English?" but I'm told that there is some rationalisation for that one.

Naturally, had this been a fantasy trivia quiz, I could have thrown in all those lovely LotR questions, like What was Bilbo Baggins real name? and How should Sauron be pronounced? (Very carefully.)

Note that I didn't ask any questions on *faanspeak*. I'm not that much of a sadist.



ORTLIEB'S ASSORTMENT



Listen, Ortlieb,
FANDER IS A
WAY OF LIFE,
AND I'M LIVING
PROOF!

- 1) In William Tenn's THE LIBERATION OF THE EARTH, who are the chief enemy of the Dendi?
- 2) In which novel do you find the colour varm?
- 3) What is the symbol of the First Galactic Empire in Isaac Asimov's FOUNDATION series?
- 4) What is the first component that Aldous Worp obtains for his anti-gravity device?
- 5) Give the full name of the Heinlein cat particularly fond of ginger ale.
- 6) In which Katherine Maclean story does a cat become the Captain of a spaceship?
- 7) How do snarks react to puns?
- 8) Who created THE BIG POND FUND to get Ted Carnell to an American WorldCon?
- 9) To whom is Brother Parvus, in Poul Anderson's THE HIGH CRUSADE, a tutor?
- 10) What does Duckworth, in the Eisenberg story HOLD YOUR FIRE, invent that prevents rifles from firing?

---oOo---

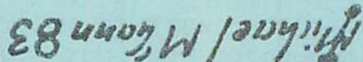
These questions were those that were left over from categories for which I couldn't find ten questions, plus a couple of extras that I snuck in. I had the idea that I could also have HEROS AND VILLAINS, DOGS AND CATS, and SYMBOLS as categories, but, with the time I had available, I wasn't able to flesh out those categories sufficiently. Perhaps later.....

Anyway, that was it. The general reaction to the quiz was "Fuck Ortlieb, where did you dig those out?" Paul Day was threatening to do me bodily harm, and so I feel that I have gotten my own back. It was fun to devise, and was particularly interesting to see people's reactions to the questions. I've also found that the sadism of setting questions is just as much fun as the masochism of answering them.

But while I'm being sadistic, no, I don't intend to publish the answers in this issue. I will though run them in Q36 L, whenever I get around to publishing that. I'm not soliciting answers. If you wish to prove what a clever dick you are by sending me your answers, I'll look them over, and will publish the answers that strike me as the funniest. However, I'm not offering any prizes. If nothing else, this will make sure I publish the answers, and thus Q36L before the next major convention.

---oOo---

This blank space is provided for those who have burnt out their brains on the quiz.
Just stare at it and relax.

[illegible]

In a radical departure from their usual policy, Nostrilear Press have chosen to publish a novel by American author Noman Spunrod. This is unusual not only in the fact that Spunrod is unable to trace his ancestry back to the First Fleet, but also in the fact that the book is a re-print. The original edition was published by the now defunct Savaloy Press. However, in all other respects the book conforms to the fundamental characteristics of the Nostrilear Press stocksheet, in that it is both obscure and boring, with more than a pinch of pretention.

MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR RIGHTER is, of course, interesting in historical context. It is, after all, the novel which led to Spunrod's expulsion from the United States of America, and his subsequent move to Australia, where, along with German exile Stanisreich Leom, and local authors Lee Edmunds and Daffyd Grogg, he founded "New Wave" science fiction. (Several Historians have seen in Spunrod's expulsion, the seeds of the fall of the Hardline Administration. Particularly significant in the furor over Spunrod's expulsion was the fact that the illustrator of MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR RIGHTER, Adolf Hitler, was not punished. This was seen as evidence of the corruption in the Hardline Administration, as Hitler was an old friend of Hardline's, and the two were known to share many common political views.)

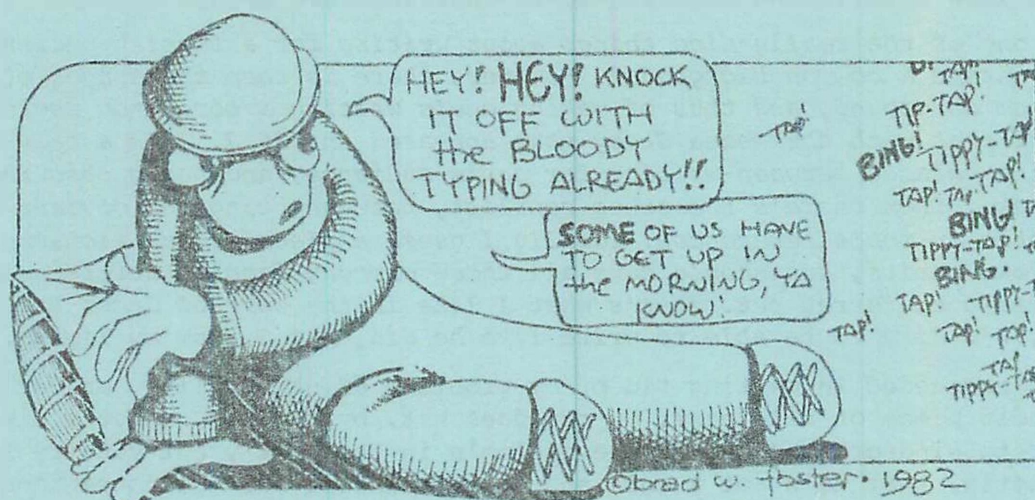
As a novel though, MCROR is an exercise in excess. To write it, Spunrod immersed himself in the writings of ex-U.S. President Rupert P. Hardline, in order to write the sort of novel that Hardline might have written, had he chosen to go into writing, rather than politics, after being invalidated out of the navy. The result is not pretty.

The format of the novel is rather strange, as it is, essentially, a novel within a novel. Spunrod has a bogus literary critic, one Alexei Panshin, introduce the "Hardline" novel, which is actually entitled INTERSTELLAR MARINES. In his introduction, "Panshin" places INTERSTELLAR MARINES in an opus of Hardline novels, including SEVENTH COLUMN, 666, and I WILL FEAR NO RUSSIAN. He basically lampoons Hardline's political career, suggesting that, had Hardline not managed to create the sort of world that he wanted, through the U.S. Presidency, he would have sublimated this into novels, in which military heroes were glorified, and in which Immortality was an accomplished scientific fact. (Hardline's insistence that U.S. scientists concentrate on the development of anti-geriatric drugs, rather than maintaining parity in biological warfare is cited as yet another reason for his eventual impeachment and later execution.)

The "novel" itself is a clear parody of the reforms that Hardline forced upon the United States. In it, a naive farmer's son by the name of John Wain enlists in an elite unit in the Spaceforce of the United Planets, a thinly disguised analog of the United States. The U.P. are at war with a disgusting octopoid race, which are hell-bent to take over the United Planets. Said race even have the potential to control human minds, unless said minds have been subjected to military basic training. Thus only veterans of military training are permitted to vote or to stand for office. The U.P. have an alliance of convenience with metallic creatures known as Ferrics, which illustrator Hitler depicts with rare sensitivity.

In the course of the novel, Wain progresses through the ranks, performing desultory acts of individual heroism, and winning the love of assorted competent but malleable females. Throughout the book, emphasis is placed on the service kinship which, in real life, Hardline played upon to keep his power. The depiction of females leaves no doubt as to the reasons Spunrod attributes to Hardline for the latter's promotion of the I.R.A..(Inequal Rights Amendment.)

The climax of the novel, in which Wain discovers that he is immortal, and the rightful ruler of the Universe, though perhaps improbably predictive of Hardline's eventual descent into megalomania, is typical of Spunrod's heavy-handed political allegory. One can't help but see this novel as an example of a good idea that has fallen apart through poor handling.



LETTERATURE

by you mob

---o0o---

I can't really see myself getting around to a real editorial for this issue. Most of things that I want to say are prompted by letters that I've been receiving, so my comments will appear here. It looks as though the discussion of the nature of fandom continues to spread its tentacles. I'll try and keep it down to a bare minimum, but it certainly will form quite a large part of this lettercol, so **YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!!**. But before we get into that, what about some nice civilized pre-Q36J LoCs, one of which would have been in Q36J, had it not gotten itself lost in the kipple on my desk.

BERNADETTE BOSKY The discussion of the problems of trading for "a naughty in the bushes" in the LoC by Denny Lien was very amusing and enjoyable. 819 W Markham Ave It was clearly mis-directed though. I would assume that, instead Durham of the botanical meaning of "bush", you had in mind the anatomical, NC 27701 slang, term. Hence the declaration was not of preferred location U.S.A. (venery's venue, so to speak), but of your heterosexual preferences. Since one dictionary meaning of the word "bosky" is, as Arthur (Hlavaty) has pointed out, "having luxuriant bushes" I'm very much aware of that particular terminology. The only thing I can't figure out is why, given that trade-option, you get any LoCs from females at all ~~unless they get orgasms from typing~~.

Hmmn. Perhaps you are being a little presumptuous in assuming that all of my female readers have that much bad taste..... Still, re the slashed out comment on typing, an electric typewriter does vibrate rather nicely....EEK! What am I saying? After all, this isn't **HOLIER THAN THOU**.

KEVIN RATTAN **FAN WARS** caused mild amusement, and I suspect that if I'd 23 Waingate Close, understood more of the "in" references, I'd have appreciated Rawtenstall, Rossendale it more. I do though think it was over-long. Some in-fannish Lancs EB4 7SQ piss-ripping pseudo-fiction can be entertaining, but not U.K. when it's taken to excess. This piece didn't go too far, but it did lose my attention towards the end.

Sadly something of the problem above was also true of the Jean Weber article. I had never heard of her, and though her comments were interesting in themselves

for the light they shed on her, on Australia and on America, this is bound to make the interview less interesting than it might otherwise have been.

To me, one of the really nice things about writing for a fannish audience is that one can assume a common background. However, there is then the danger of assuming too great a common ground, and thus of making one's writing a touch too esoteric. I was accused of that with the Medea Story that appeared in Q36 J. It's a fair cop. There is a fine balance between writing for one's audience, and being obscure for obscurity's sake. Then there's the other conflict, between being too obvious and being too subtle in one's references. Ideally I guess a piece of fan fiction should stand on its own merits, but should have all those crunchy fannish references for the trivia freaks to ferret out. That's what I like in the work of James Branch Cabell, and, ideally, I'd like to be able to write like he did, but I know my limits.

SON 910 succeeded in getting rid of my problems of nationality, and emboiled me in a splendid piece of silliness. My car does not, by the way, measure six feet from radiator to windscreen (in fact the engine's in the back), but you try telling Roland, my beetle, that he's not a car, and I won't answer for the consequences.

Something else splendidly silly was FIRST CONTACT. Not exactly fine art, but the scene where the aliens say "Welcome to the Galactic Federation" amused me greatly.

HARRY WARNER JR When the momentous time finally arrives at which I am destined to
423 Summit Ave see STAR WARS for the first time, it's doomed to impress me as a
Hagerstown parody of itself, thanks to all the satires, pastiches and jokes
MD 21740 I've read about it while failing to go and see it. In fact, I
U.S.A. sometimes must stop and think carefully to be sure I haven't seen
that particular movie because all the characters and many of the
climactic scenes and other aspects of the movie have become so familiar from other
sources. Michael O'Brien's parody is amusing and even created something new for me
to think about with his reference to a location so distant no Warner LoC had yet
been seen. If intelligent creatures on other solar systems have the scientific know-
how to view happenings on Earth, I wonder how many planets around other suns are now
capable of watching me type LoCs. Presumably their viewing equipment would depend on
information arriving at the speed of light, and there must be a fair number of suns
situated fewer than forty five light years from Earth, so my sphere of influence must
be getting quite large by now.

It was a pleasant change of pace to find John Alderson writing an article which won't inflict upon him the outraged contradictions and complaints at considerable length that usually follow Alderson material. Maryland's passenger car license plates also consist of three letters followed by three numerals (although a car owner may obtain any set of not more than six letters or numerals he wishes by paying an extra fee.) and the luck of the draw brought me CAT 955 a year ago when my new set of five-year tags was issued. This prefix can be useful in several ways. I can point it out to visiting fans as proof that my admiration for fandom's favourite animals somehow became known to the State Motor Vehicle Authorities and that they gave me something appropriate. Or, if a Lewis Carroll enthusiast happens to see my motor, I can explain the tags in a different way:- "See, a tea!" which Alice might have said when she noticed the Mad Hatter's tea party, in the unlikely even that she had been confined to three syllables. Yet again, if Blake Edwards should start to produce sequels to "10", entitling them "20", "40", and so on, I might be able to claim a commission from him for publicizing the third sequel, since people might think that my tags exhorted them to - "See "30"!"

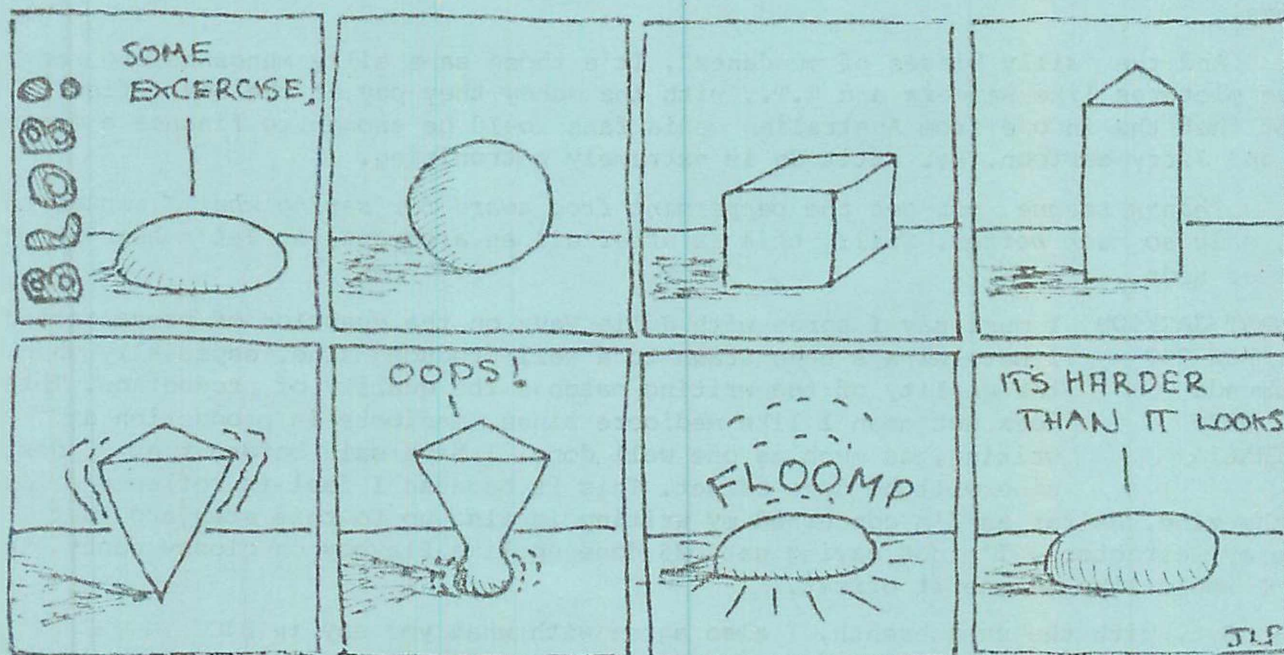
I consider myself one of the few people in fandom to have taken genuine action to solve the problem you describe with reference to having Jack Vance as a convention GoH. I've taken to refusing invitations to be a fan GoH, after reaching the decision that I'm just not the right sort of a person for the role, as a non-drinker, an

introvert, a member of an elder generation, and a what-ever-the-opposite-of-insomniac may be, since I am no longer able to lose much sleep without suffering severe physical and mental consequences. Curiously, when I was fan GoH for the first Noreascon, the thing I dreaded most, the talk at the Hugo Awards banquet, wasn't so awful after all. I stumbled once at the start, but my voice held up, and so did my kneejoints. I had been sure ahead of time that there would be complete failure in one of those three critical points.

Actually, the problem wouldn't be in you being GoH, but in the sort of con where you would be GoH. I have a feeling that you'd be great at a small fanzine fan type convention where people could just gather in a comfortable room and natter. In fact, Vance might well have been okay in those circumstances. However, at larger conventions, GoHs are expected to be entertainers performing before groups of a hundred. This is where those GoHs with the desire to be stand-up comedians score points. Harlan Ellison was superb at SynCon. He took the podium like one born to it, and performed schticks that would have made Lenny Bruce proud.

You were lucky when your family encountered another Ortlieb family. In the United States nowadays, whenever accident brings together strangers who discover they possess the same seldom-found family name, at least one of the pair is almost certain to be a family tree enthusiast, and will proceed to brainwash the other for every speck of information he can remember about even the most remote relatives, in the hope of finding relevant information for genealogical research.

I wonder if anyone has ever made a hobby of identifying family names that have become extinct, or are limited to a few surviving people. Lovecraft is supposed to be an example of the former category. There are several people whose last name is Dahlhamer in the Hagerstown area, and they claim to be the only ones anywhere in the world (although the same name is fairly common in Germany with other spellings like Dalheimer). My paternal grandfather's last name was Klipp, and his wife insisted to her dying day that this was the only genuine Klipp family in the United States, accusing others who went by that name of having changed the spelling from Clipp to Klipp.



Ted and I have, I think, generally agreed to bury the hatchet, and agree to differ over the matter of fanzine artwork. In reply to John's comments on Ted's book though, Ted notes

... it wasn't Secret of the Killer Satellite but Secret of the Marauder Satellite, and it's a book I'm moderately proud of (five printings in hardcover, picked as the best juvenile sf of the year by ANALOG, etc.)

Ted also comments on the FAPA exclusion rules, and also passes a comment on the fan-writer Hugos.

Finally, a note to Ann Poore: In addition to the raccoon I had in my bedroom ceiling (reported in ENERGUMEN 16) I've had some of those "terribly cute squirrels" up there too -- in fact, the raccoon got in by enlarging a hole squirrels had made. Right now I think a mouse or chipmunk is up there; I hear something making noises, but haven't caught sight of anything when I pop the trapdoor and poke my head up there. My parents used to have trouble with flying squirrels in the attic, but I gather that the breed has vanished from these parts now. Possums are also common around here, but stay on the ground, thank god.

I can't help it. There must be more to this life than coincidence. You mention possums in connection with Ann, and it was after dinner with Ann, Danny, and assorted other Adelaide SCA type folk that I ran into a possum that was almost as cute as the squirrels I encountered in the States. I was walking back from the Kiku restaurant through Elder Park, by the banks of the Torrens, when I saw a couple stationary on the footpath. My own sense of social decency was about to force me to walk straight past, when I realised what they had stopped for.

There, sitting on a bin, and looking rather like a cross between a squirrel and a cat, was a ringtailed possum, obviously caught while looting the bin. It seemed quite unperturbed by the proximity of the couple, and by my own presence, but since it lived that close to the city, I guess it had become accustomed to people. I rather wished that I had a bit of left-over tempura to feed it. Still, perhaps it's a good thing I didn't. I gather that those little creatures have a way of taking food that often removes half the finger as well.

ARTHUR D HLAVATY On Julie Vaux's letter: It's occurred to me that the term "media
819 W. Markham Ave fan" is a red herring. Do we really want to use a phrase that
Durham implies that watching sf on the tv or in the movies is somehow,
NC 27701 in itself, ritually unclean or corrupting? I'd rather look at
U.S.A. the positive approach: Some of us are literature fans. We enjoy
 reading the stuff and/or writing about it. Of course, some
people write better than others, but it would seem to me that our love for the
written word, especially as it relates to sf, is the bond between us.

There are some people who found fandom through media presentations, notably STAR TREK, and turned to writing amateur fiction about their favourite media presentations. I'm sure much of that stuff is Godawful, but I know some extremely interesting people in fandom who started out that way, and so would not like to stigmatise all of them just because they didn't start out in the approved manner.

Yep. I agree totally. The correct reason for stigmatising people is because they don't grow into the sort of fans we think they should be right???? After all, I wouldn't associate with the sort of fan I was when I first started putting out fanzines.

But it's the written word that's important. To me, the essence of a fanzine is its words. (I like illos, and you're printing some very enjoyable ones, but, to me, the words are paramount.) I judge the medium in which a fanzine is produced by whether or not it enables the words to be clearly perceived; that's all. Those who favour the supposed warmth and fannishness of mimeo and those who want the professionalism of offset are entitled to their opinions, but they are talking about something I don't care about.

I now do my zines in ugly dot-matrix. That's because that way I can take advantage of word processing to make my words as finished and well-crafted as possible. I'd be disappointed in any zine that sacrificed verbal quality to appearance. Of course that choice does not always have to be made, but placing primary emphasis on the prettiness of the zine would seem to mean that you'd sacrifice the words if it came to a choice.

I'm not sure that any faned would deliberately sacrifice words for prettiness, but I must admit that I find zines like TIME LOOP, that use one sentence paragraphs so that people of any literary ability can read it, to be a touch disturbing.

Okay, a few words from the person whose letter has done such a wonderful job of swelling my letter files.

JULIE VAUX "As fans we can do what we want".
14 Zara St Still Marc, we should strive to do
Willoughby what we do do in a whole hearted
N.S.W. 2068 way. If we must have an elite of
AUSTRALIA "trufen", we must truly be the best
of fandom. As any student of history
can tell you, aristocracies and oligarchies that
are not truly made of the best of men and women fall before the oppressed rabble
that they despise.

You are, of course, assuming that your hypothetical hierarchy of trufans actually rule something or someone, which, from my observation, is not wholly true. Most of the trufen I know spend much of their time avoiding running things. In fandom there should, ideally, be no leaders or followers, there should merely be fans doing their own things. That is why most fannish organizations are evanescent structures, designed to do one thing, e.g. to run a convention, after which they fade back into the woodwork. Perhaps in media fandom where clubs seem to occupy a more important position, things are different. I, naturally, have a preference for fanarchy.

So, "Fandom is me and me mates". Sorry Marc, but that's not good enough. I mean, even the yobbos on the Hill at the Test Cricket can say that too.

So they can, and good on 'em. I, for one, will not venture the value judgement that fandom is any better than the mob on the Hill. I prefer fandom, but that doesn't make it better.

You state that Jack Herman believes that media fans are less critical of that which they admire. Admittedly there is a higher percentage of under-twenties in media fandom, but there are adult fans who are critical of their love because of that very love. They may start out somewhat infatuated, but they grow out of that phase.

The responsible media fan writes stories about his or her favourite characters to affectionately parody them, or to write those stories they would have liked to have seen or read. They grow to appreciate the complexities that go into producing special effects and makeup and costume design. They criticise it when it is not up to standard, believe me they do.

I notice in there that you don't mention plotting, or storylines....

For instance, the fans of BLAKES 7 will tell you that they don't just admire Paul Darrow for his dark handsomeness, but also for his acting skills, much as we might admire a writer for his professionalism in addition to his personality. The love and care that the team of actors, designers and producers put into BLAKES 7 allowed

Fanzines prove
that Fan care
about each other!
- even if only
to criticise
each
others
work!



it to rise above the limits of budget and story line. BLAKES 7 is, in many ways, more realistic than STAR TREK in that it acknowledges that a Federation might not be bound together by motives of idealism, and that we may well take our mistakes to the stars with us.

Sorry Julie, but you've lost me. First, I admire a writer for his/her writing. I may like them on the basis of their personality, but that has nothing to do with their writing. To be properly critical, you must ignore the writer's personality, and look instead at the work. (Aspects of the writer's personal history may impinge on that work, but it is always the work that is important and not the writer.) ((Mind you, I'm fast coming to the conclusion that, when choosing a GoH for a convention, one should ignore the work, and concentrate on the writer's personality.))

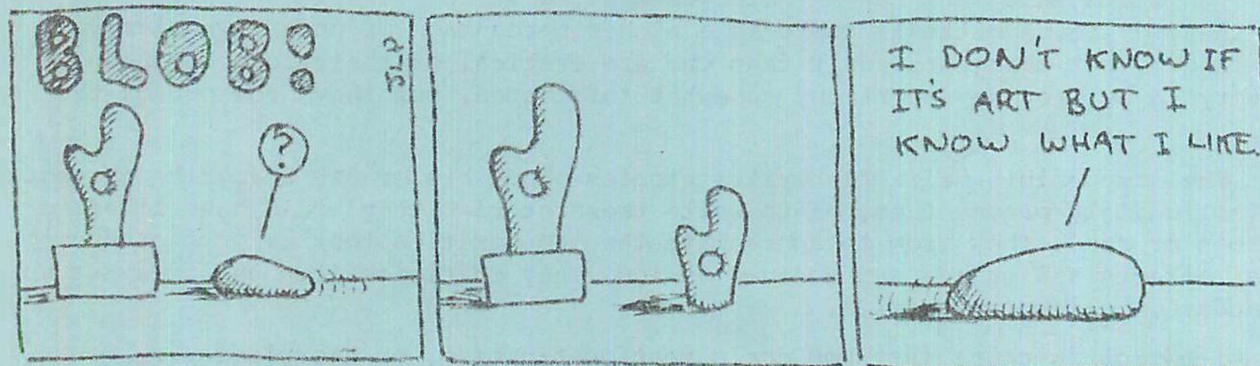
Your basis for praising BLAKES 7 above STAR TREK should, logically, lead you into preferring written sf to media sf, as the things that you talk about here have been done to death years ago in written sf. It's just that media sf is, perhaps, starting to catch up with written sf. STAR WARS, as has been pointed out on several occasions, is a wonderful example of late thirties/early forties space opera. Perhaps BLAKES 7 is starting to creep into the later forties, though, unfortunately, without the aid of an editor like John W Campbell Jr.

Methinks you do protest too much Marc! You state that fandom is only a hobby, not a way of life, but your attempt to deny this catches you out. If it is only a hobby, we are certainly taking it very seriously. Why else are we wasting so many trees to fight, argue and define it? Fandom - a hobby as a way of life!

I don't see any contradiction here. Most people work only to support their hobbies, though some of those hobbies are a little silly, like building model railways, getting laid at discos, or producing fanzines. In many ways, a hobby can be taken more seriously than life in general, as one chooses one's own hobby and does it through choice rather than because one has to.

One final comment to stir those people who like to label media fans as irresponsible adolescents - what about irresponsible trufen who, with their conception of fandom as a cosy exclusive private club prove themselves to be as much caught up by middle-class values as the mundanes they claim to differ from?

Who claims that fans are not middle-class? Sociological surveys of fandom have shown it to be firmly rooted in the middle-class. Private clubs, on the other hand, tend to be an upper-class phenomenon. Perhaps this then is the significance of fandom - it is the middle-classes way of breaking into the upper echelons....



JULIE ACKERMANN

408 Columluana Rd #51

Homewood

AL 35209

U.S.A.

What are you trying to do Marc? Start an argument in your zine? I know all about that, and it's a dangerous business. The only way we got people to stop bloodying the pages of ANVIL with discussions on nuclear power was to start a new topic for debate - American Cultural Imperialism. Once it starts, well, you know about the snowball effect. About the only thing you can do is switch mountains. At least we stuck to nice mundane topics. This one of yours hits too close to home. "What a fanzine 'should' be"! Whew! UH oh, I don't think I'm being serious enough for Julie Vaux. I will say that she has a nice ideal, but I won't say that she is in any way right in her approach to the matter. A fanzine should be what ever its editor(s) want it to be. FIJAGDH! even if it is a way of life. Maybe that doesn't make too much sense, but it's exactly what I mean. Sure, life would be pretty dull without fandom, no matter what kind you like best, but that's the whole point - it's a HOBBY. It is something to do when you're not out there making a crust. It is something that is fun, that you like to do despite all the work it entails. If you take it too seriously... it just ain't no fun no more. It's been said over and over, but there just aren't too many people who can make a living at their hobbies - especially ones associated with "art" - and most of the people I know wouldn't want to. Then it would just be so much more required work, deadlines, stress, the whole bit.

I know what you mean by the dangers of arguments in fanzines. One such argument killed an earlier fanzine of mine - MINARDOR. However, this one I'm enjoying, for exactly the reasons you mention up +here in your spiel. I'm not taking it too seriously. It is though interesting to see people's reactions.

Julie Vaux reminds me of the Moral Majority. She seems to think she knows what is best for all Australian fanzines. I also think she confuses 'creativity' with 'seriousness'. As far as reproduction goes, I'm sure that each editor uses the very best method he feels he can afford.

RICHARD FAULDER

P.O. Box 136

Yanco

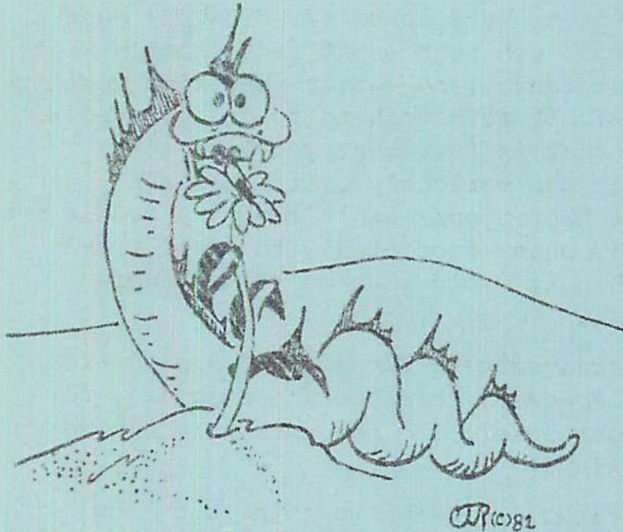
N.S.W. 2703

AUSTRALIA

You, rather than Julie Vaux or David Grigg, did more to strike at the heart of what fanzines are about in your comments explaining why you use mimeo rather than offset. Having seen some of the beautiful issues of ENIGMA that Van Ikin produced on his tabletop offset, I have some sympathy with the points Julie makes. However, possibly because she is not a faned herself, I think that she misses the point that you, implicitly, make - that fanzines, in the sense that most of us see fanzines, as opposed to magazines, are amateur productions. (Indeed, this is basically what the debate about the fanzine Hugo comes down to) As amateur publishers we must use whatever means comes conveniently to hand. Certainly I would like to produce my "Journal of Science Fiction Biology" by offset. However, my nearest offset press is in Griffith (Yes. That Griffith!) about forty five minutes drive away, at 120kph. In any event, the idea of losing that control over my production doesn't appeal. As for buying myself an offset, if it comes to a choice between a new car, which I need, and an offset, which I don't, I know how my choice will go. Basically I haven't gone offset because I can't afford it.

Leaving that argument, and going on to the wider one as to how one should, or perhaps could, approach fandom, I must say that your espousal of the FIJAGH approach has some value in it. However, I feel that to identify Fandom as Just a Ghoddamn Hobby is, in itself, a little rigid. Do you really compartmentalise yourself to that extent so that you can switch on and off Marc the Fan, Marc the Teacher and so on when required? I doubt it. For my part I don't. I am many things - fan, cook, arachnologist, and so on. Each of these things meets some part of the needs of my personality, so that I am all of these things at once, even though, at any one time, I may be actively being one or another. This, I guess, is where we concur in seeing the FIAWOL approach as unhealthy. By its nature, it results in the exaggerated development of one part of the personality at the expense of others.

hed on when I get a zine that I feel isn't living up to its potential. Some of my fanzine reviews in Q36 numerical bear a striking resemblance to report cards. Then there's my "teacher voice" that gets switched on when I'm on panels, of when I'm trying to clear my room of late-night partiers when I decide it's past my bedtime. Then there's the temptation to turn on my "teacher voice" in order to add weight to a verbal argument. I also have to switch off Ortlieb the Fan when I'm at school. He's far too human to survive in the classroom situation. There I have to switch on Ortlieb the Shit.



interesting first because I have a computer I've wanted to hook up to a network. However, I haven't had money to spare for the modem required as I've been spending it all setting up for word processing. Also, I've been afraid that if I hooked up to Compuserve or some such, I would get addicted, and, at the rates they charge per hour, that's very expensive.

While I was stationed in Iceland I had occasion to break into every circuit they had and talk once a day. A few of these were with natives in England and Scotland and I always got a thrill out of talking with those folks from another country. (Charmed, always, by the different words we used for the same things. It's so refreshing to read thoughts written in other than plain American.) I even chatted on the weather circuit to my good friend across the base from me.

But this was real-time natter, different from fanzines and from electronic mailboxing. The real-time stuff is somehow more exciting even when you're not voicing

well-thought-out opinions on deep subjects. The fun is in the anonymity, which makes it something very different from fanzine fandom.

Science fiction fandom is a very small, close community. We all have each others' addresses so even if one isn't a convention goer there's the possibility of meeting through a visit when one's in town. But the convention is the centre, and, if nothing else, most fans have one or two other fans around them, so we all know each other as real people, rather than as words on a screen. In a live, faceless network where you can't be sure who is on the other end - it could be your best friend across town, or a gorgeous woman in another country - there's a lot of room for play, which is somehow more fun.

I'm a little intimidated and nervous about publishing. I mean, fanzine fans keep these things for decades and re-read them -- what I say now can easily come back to haunt me later, and I'm always nervous that, no matter how precisely I try to express myself, someone will misunderstand, and a feud will ensue or I'll lose a friend. With the electronic media, where you can sign in in under pseudonyms, and your path cannot be traced. You don't have to worry at all about what you say, except when the FCC catch your four-letter words. Mind you, if the electronics buffs start having their own conventions.....

Meanwhile, at work, I'm the only one who anxiously answers a line every time a bell rings, hoping it's some other operator who wants my attention so we can chat a bit. Usually it's just something gone wrong with the line, or another computer ringing mine, but I always look anyway, and sometimes get a chance to talk to someone in some distant place. To me, that communication is a very special thing, and it's part of what makes the job I do worthwhile.

For all her self-depreciation, Linda puts out a really good fanzine, currently called EGOBOODLE. Thus she has no reason to feel nervous about publishing. Linda also comments on the double meaning of the term "bushes" which I'd never considered at the time I started offering Q36 for a "naughty in the bushes." If I can be terribly sexist for a moment, it reminds me of the old folk saying "A bird in the hand is worth a ball in the bush."

GLEN CRAWFORD 6/57 Henry Parry Drive Gosford N.S.W. 2250 AUSTRALIA	Communication I feel is the one word that would best describe what I get out of my side of fandom. I joined the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation in 1979, but didn't get involved until Jack Herman sent me WF 9 with the dreaded "X" on the cover. I had a good think about fandom at that time, and decided that it was something that I should get involved in for a number of reasons:-
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- 1) As a married man with a family, I don't get out much to meet new people. Fandom could introduce me to many new and interesting folk, who share a common interest.
- 2) Mental exercise: Conversation at work is limited. I'm certainly not one to lean over the local bar and discuss sex, fuddy or politics, and, while Debbie and I have an excellent relationship, some outside stimulation wouldn't hurt my brain. I also need to polish up my usage of English, and to learn to type.
- 3) Passive interests: I have never been a 'fan' of anything before. Cricket bores me. I detest football, and get the jitters watching television, so I do rather than watch. (I once said the same to a bloke trying to sell me tickets to a porno night. He wasn't impressed.) I surf, fish, skindive, jog and try photography - all great, healthy, outdoor sports... Bloody impossible to do when it's belting down rain though.
- 4) Writing: All right. I admit it. Deep down inside me somewhere is a frustrated filthypro itching to get out and carve itself a niche in the world of immortality. Funny thing though, just as you say in J, fanac is getting priority at present.
- 5) Egoboo: Don't we all?

BARB DE LA HUNTY I took the greatest offense at Julie Vaux's arrogance - having the
3/63 Fairway gall to tell you that you should be going pro, or semi-pro, for the
Nedlands express purpose of making money to pay her for her time, to support
W.A. 6009 her as an artist.... Sorry. I believe that "craftswoman" was the
AUSTRALIA term she used. This implies that the burden of professionalism
should be on you - so that she could give up work and spend more
time making beautiful things for us, the readers.

Julie has been producing artwork for fanzines for a long time, and her skills have improved a bit, but most of the changes I have seen have been yet more complicated renditions of the same old theme, and yes, before I go any further, I do realise the limitations of artwork produced for fanzines, and yes, I have seen the artwork that Julie attempts to sell at conventions.

I haven't criticised Julie's work before because I believed that she was still developing and learning how to draw, and I am mildly interested in watching talent develop, but before she calls herself an artist worth monetary maintenance, she'll have to learn a few basic lessons on perspective and anatomy. When is she going to learn to draw hands, and limbs that attach and move in a believable way? She doesn't have to draw humans for me to appreciate her art, but how about expressions? Big eyes and tiny noses and chins in appealing cat-like faces with big pointed ears are all very well, but I'm used to seeing that sort of artwork inside the back-covers of High School students' exercise books. Just because she has created an intricate mythos to support the never-ending procession of cat-like humanoid races all living on the same planet does not make it art.

Julie, and many other aspiring artists like her, seem to think that they have a God-given right to be financially supported by others just because their creative talents are expressed in a visual field. If she wants her art to sell then she will have to produce something that the people want to buy. She may think that I'm advising her to prostitute or "commercialize" her art, but really, if someone wants to be a professional then they must develop their skills to meet the interests and requirements of the audience. Just because people aren't prepared to pay much for your work doesn't mean that there is anything wrong with their tastes. If they don't like it, they don't have to pay for it.

And, by the way, just because there are tits and bums in a picture, doesn't mean it isn't art. Julie should sneer less at salacious artwork. It touches important parts of the human psyche that many of us still haven't come to terms with.

Barb has managed to say most of the things about the artist vs buying public argument that I wanted to say, but could never quite put into words. Art for art's sake is all well and good, but any artist must realise that he/she is working for a public, and that the public's tastes must influence the art if it is to sell. If the artist wants to say "Bugger the public, I produce this for me," then that's fine but he/she has no recourse if people don't want to buy it. Julie seems to want the best of both worlds, and it doesn't necessarily work that way. (I'd be interested in hearing Marilyn Pride's feelings about her rocks. I know that I like them, and there are a lot of other fans who have shelled out money for them. Are these an example of an artist doing what she wants, and the public's taste co-inciding with hers, or does Marilyn produce them because she knows that people like them?)

While talking about salaciousness, Barb explains that she is, due to marital commitments, unable to offer me the "naughty in the bushes" option in exchange for Q36. Don't worry Barb, keep writing letters like that, and there'll be no problems.

GRAHAM FERNER
2/16 Hollyhock Place
Browns Bay
AUCKLAND CITY
NEW ZEALAND

Your friend Julie Vaux should note that there are plenty of high-quality fanzines capable of publishing her artwork professionally - such semi-prozines as THRUST, SFR and The CYGNUS CHRONICLER, to name but a few, so why should every publication strive to be a slickzine? The more amateur a fanzine, surely the less commercial it is, and the more

[illegible]

JEAN WEBER I continue to use mimeo for much the same reasons as you: since a
13 Myall St machine lives in the same house as me, it's convenient for me to use
O'Connor it. It also sounds like more hassle to use an offset machine, e.g.
A.C.T. 2601 cleaning it after each use, and I'm lazy. I now get Ron Clarke to
AUSTRALIA print my covers, because of the extra quality I can get for a large
piece of art, but I doubt that he'd be interested in printing an
entire zine for me. Besides, if he did it, it would cost more than the mimeo. But
mostly it's a matter of convenience for me.

And well no, it doesn't worry me at all that fanzines aren't sold in shops. I don't think that's an appropriate outlet, as most of the fanzine editors whom I know prefer personal feedback to mere money. Semi-prozines are a different matter, or even prozines. I'm not against anyone who wishes to sell their zine, and I can appreciate why so-called "media fans" choose to do so, but their zines don't appeal to me, so I couldn't care less whether they have salable outlets. To me, it's a non-issue. Julie appears not to appreciate the diversity in types of fanzines, and the diversity in interests and priorities of their editors.

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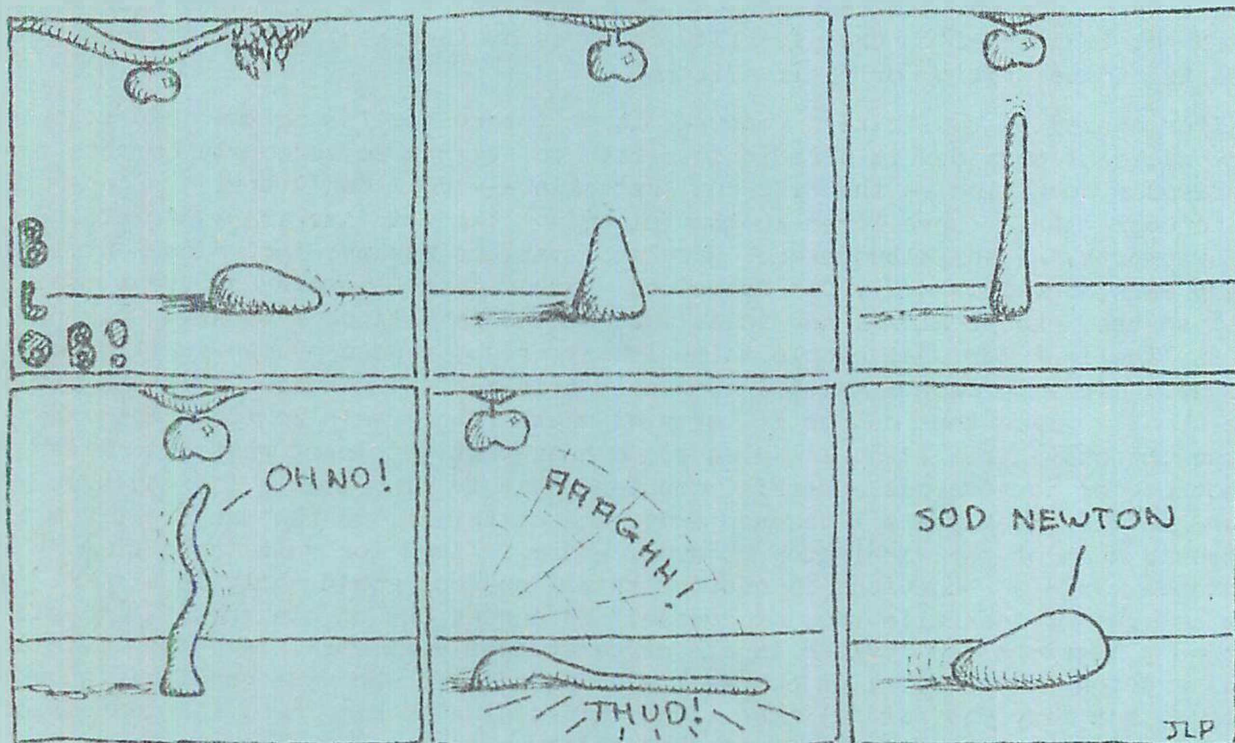
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rave from Party Center in HOLIER THAN THOU #14 against the concept of "American Cultural Imperialism". I agreed with the gist of it, but felt that he waxed rather too defensive. When people get that way, I wonder if perhaps they know that there's a lot of truth in the accusation, but they don't want to admit it.

I too would like to hear more views on whether Americans "take themselves so seriously". What I had in mind, mostly, was the intensity with which many people I knew approached everything. It was Very Important that whatever they did got done. I'm not suggesting that all Americans are that way, or that no Australians are like that, but there was, to me, an aura of tension in America, on both a public and a private level, that is much less evident here (to me). Why I don't know - it is, no doubt, a combination of many factors, but the "aura" here is far more relaxed.

In many cases, once such persons had found out something that was Important to them, it was Very Important that other people try it too, because it would make the others so much more happy/prosperous/whatever. I mean, have you ever talked to the sort of person who thinks that if only enough people would meditate the crime rate would drop, and therefore, if you don't help out by meditating, you're Part of the Problem. Americans - many of them - have a real missionary spirit about almost anything you can think of.

Fans, fortunately, seem to fall less into this than a lot of other people I knew/met, but here also you have the advocates of fannish pressure in favour of the space programme, and the agonizing over the apathy thereto. Joseph Nicholas complains of "that California crap self-analysis". I simply find it an aspect of the over-seriousness I mention. I, of course, consider a lot of serious stuff, including self-analysis, worth discussing, and publish a fanzine to do so, but I have no illusions that I'm going to make any impact on fandom or the world, or that I should try to do so, or that it matters a whit whether I discuss serious stuff or not. I do it because I enjoy it, and I think it's important for those who wish to to have such



[illegible]

Personally I'm a science fiction reader who occasionally watches science fiction films, though I'll make quite clear that the films seldom appeal to me. I certainly haven't gone out of my way to see either E.T. or the second STAR TREK film, and I'm not even sure that I'll bother to go and see THE RETURN OF THE CHEDDAR. I wouldn't say that I despise media sf, but I don't like it much, and I certainly refuse to kowtow to films. They don't mean that much to me. Hell, if I don't even acknowledge the godhead of film, how the hell can I be a film pro, why should I be forced to like films?

PanGalactic Smartie
Blaster!

Mix White Wine,
Strawberries,
Apple + Blackcurrant
Juice, Dry Ginger
ale and 10 million
Smarties!
Share and Enjoy!

Firstly, you seem to hint that all media fans scorn/hate/despise all mainstream fen. We do not! If I did, would I be writing this? If it were true, why are most media fen avid mainstream convention goers? If you go to meetings and gatherings, you'll find that media fans discuss much more than just their favourite characters. Most fans read a comparatively large amount of 'true' SF, because there's only a certain amount of literature concerned with media fandom. Not to say that we only read SF as a last resort - No! We're all SF fans. You have to be, or you miss out on a lot in your favourite shows. If you check out the typical media newsletter or letter or fiction zine, you'll see the SF content of programmes is often a point heavily discussed - I, at least, think that the best episodes of DW or B7 are the ones that can reconcile good characterisation with good SF or fantasy. I get terribly disappointed when script writers resort to SF cliches. We are just as critical as mainstream fans, and letter columns and reviews particularly, reveal this. Trouble is 'lit' fans (if you don't mind me using the term) - and, unfortunately

many TV and film producers - don't think we are, so we're often forced to accept the third-rate or nothing. So we take the third rate, especially if mainstream fandom is too intellectual for us.

Now don't start to tear this letter up in protest - let me explain. Fear of excessive intellectualism and fear of taking things too seriously keep a lot of media fen away from mainstream fandom. I've found though, in your zine at least, that 'lit' fandom's not like that, so why can't 'lit' fans see that all media fen are not frivolous silly flibberty-gibberts? Joe Haldeman, for example, has realised the worth of media fandom, as his original ST novels prove, so why can't those who admire him do so? What about Blish, and Tanith Lee?

I must admit that, because of the deficiencies that many SF programmes possess, media fandom does tend to revolve around characters, but is that all that bad? After all, our lives mainly concentrate on people, not on theories or concepts (unless you are a mad mathematician). I think there must be something missing from a lot of mainstream SF if people have to turn to media fandom to get interesting characters.

And, as for media fandom thinking their fandom is something - don't we all? I think you're being unfair in accusing just media fans of it. In every sort of fandom there are people who consider fandom just a hobby, while others support the FIAWOL cause. And media fen don't make friendships with only other media fen - there aren't enough media fen, even if you'd like to do that.

I found this letter interesting in the perspective it gave me on media fandom, though there were a few points that immediately came to mind.

1) If a fan puts out a fanzine devoted to a particular television series or film, then, if someone is to read and enjoy it, then they must agree that the object of worship is intrinsically worthwhile. Thus, to my way of thinking, media fanzines are limited. I recognize that there are zines that discuss many different films and television series, but those that I've seen still go into it with the feeling that the stuff they are talking about is worthwhile. Since I prefer to judge each television series or film on its own merits, I get rather sickened by the sycophantic praising of a television sf programme just because it is television sf.

2) I would not accept third-rate just because that was all that was offered. I'd abandon the field altogether. If I, for instance, discovered that all television sf was crud, then I wouldn't watch it. There is some television that isn't crud, for instance THE KENNY EVERETT VIDEO SHOW, and LIFE ON EARTH. I'd watch stuff like that, rather than watch third-rate sf just because it was sf. I certainly wouldn't put out a fanzine devoted to third-rate sf.

3) Haldeman, Blish and Lee would, I assume, have had a very good reason for producing books on popular TV series. Money. The interesting one though was when Vonda McIntyre tried to write a ST novel as she thought it should have been written. I wonder what the TREKKER reaction to that was.

4) Mainstream SF does have interesting characters. It's just that no one in mainstream fandom is interested in making cults of them. (Mind you, I guess the way that particular authors come into critical vogue might be, in some respect, similar to character cults. LeGuin, for instance, was very much in vogue a while back, and Dick and Cordwainer Smith have had their moments too.)

5) It's nice to see that, though you do follow crud television, at least you have the good taste to pick BRITISH crud television, which is several orders of magnitude better than American crud television.

Lucy wrote a reply to my reply to her letter, and, though I don't have the space to quote all of it, there are some bits that are worthy of inclusion here.

I never said mainstream fandom is intellectual: in fact I said the reverse didn't I? (I hope I did!) It's just that a lot of media fen think so. I did, until I

actually met a few mainstream fans. Anyone less intellectual than my fannish friends would be difficult to find outside of an abbatoir! Admittedly though, most of the mainstream fans I like are those who have a certain tolerance to media fandom.

Your belief that media fen go overboard on one character is also annoying. There are those who do so, but they are a rarity. I detest zines full of wish-fulfillment and "wallow" to quote Star Trek fandom. Why do you ignore the thoughtful zines with careful documentation of a variety of characters other than the author/editor's favourite? Many zines focus more on the episodes themselves, and on the concepts that they deal with. I wish that you'd give up your belief that all media fen are Spockies, or Bakerites. We're not! A minority has spoiled the image of the majority.

The reason that I ignore the thoughtful zines that you mention is that I have never seen one. I will admit that I haven't gone out of my way to get one though, as most media zines have this nasty habit of asking for money in exchange for their zines, and I figure that I'm putting enough money into my hobby already through putting out this zine, and by attending conventions.

The reason why there is "science-friction" as you so aptly put it, is because certain people from both spheres of fandom try to influence and even force members of the other to change their own way of thinking. If I remember correctly, this is what you yourself said in your editorial, but one might doubt it from some of the things you said in your letter.

Okay, clear-up time again. I like my sort of fandom, and tend to judge any fanac on the basis of the stuff that I enjoy. While I'm not going to tell and media fan not to do their own thing, I am going to comment when I don't like their fanzines, and I'm going to discuss it, because I like discussing fandom. Besides, Christine Ashby, back in the days when she was Christine McGowan, told me that the best way to ensure the success of one's fanzine was to keep one or two good arguments on the boil, and an argument with no right or wrong, but in which people's egos are on the line is always the easiest argument to perpetuate.

Thanks for the letter though Lucy. I figure it's just the sort of thing I needed to clarrify my own feelings on the mainstream vs media issue.

PAUL KENNEDY Mainstream vs Media seems to be a continuing argument that people like
13 William St to wage. It appears that, no matter what one does, someone else wants
Cambridge Park to classify it. QUESTION: If a mainstream SF writer suddenly has his/
N.S.W. 2750 her work turned into a movie or series, does that author and his/her
AUSTRALIA work become media SF, and do all the loyal fans of this author either
become dreaded media fans, or stop reading said author and go find
themselves another mainstream author.

Sorry, but I feel that the question is a non-starter. For a start, I am not a fan of particular authors. I'm a science fiction fan, who likes several authors. The fact that a ratshit movie was made of Zelazny's DAMNATION ALLEY in no way changes my opinion of his work. Neither does the fact that Tanith Lee has written an episode of BLAKES 7 change the fact that I really enjoyed DRINKING SAPPHIRE WINE.

The mistake you're making here is assuming that mainstream sf fans are (a) devoted to science fiction and (b) "Claim" authors. For most mainstream sf fans, science fiction is something that drew them to fandom, but, once they are there, it's the other fans who make them stay. I could give up fandom - gafiate completely, and I would still read science fiction. Indeed, I'd probably read a lot more of it than I do now. Science fiction is not central to mainstream fandom in the way that media science fiction is central to media fandom. It's something that's always there for a fan, but it's not central, other than for those whose fanzines are filled with critical works about science fiction, and even here the personalities come out as being as important as the science fiction. When SF COMMENTARY was at its best, it was the combination of the criticism and of the insight that it gave on Bruce that made it a great fanzine.

[illegible]

Again though I have a disagreement. I don't love science fiction. It is the major part of my voluntary reading, but I don't love it. I like some science fiction. Again, I see this as a major difference between your average mainstream fan and your average media fan, whatever these mythical beasties look like.

JUDY CILCAIN
2416 - 25th Ave S
Minneapolis
MN 55406
U.S.A.

I found the article "The Future of Fanzines" by David Grigg interesting. Your comment at the end read "In response to David's question about the electronic apa, as far as I know, a number of Minneapolis/St Paul fen were using a PLATO network for something like that at one point." I have asked David S Cargo about this, and he said that apparently Denny Lien, Don Bailey, Blue Petal, and perhaps John Stanley had been in communication on the PLATO network.

Why I am mentioning this is that David subscribes to SF DIGEST on the ARPANET. This is a countrywide newsgroup, run like an apa. David said that mail can be sent to individual subscribers, or exploded to a mailing list. One notable on the ARPANET is Jerry Pournelle. Every now and then I read the DIGEST and I find it enjoyable. A lot of discussion is done regarding SF movies. Any further inquiries on this could be directed to David at 3040 Harriet Ave S, Minneapolis MN 55408 USA.

You might let David Grigg know that Minneapa is not a weekly. Perish the thought! It comes out every four weeks or so, and the collating part of it is usually enjoyable since it almost always turns into a party afterwards.

Anyway, the real reason I am writing is Vegemite! I don't know if you remember, but when you were intending to visit the U.S. you were going to bring me some Vegemite, and you forgot.



AMERICAN FAN
BECOMES CRAZED
AFTER EATING
HIS FIRST AND LAST
VEGEMITE
SANDWICH.

Not long ago, in a LoC to another fanzine, I complimented the creator of a parody of THE RAVEN and mentioned in passing that it was the first time I'd seen a revision of the Poe poem in a fanzine since Al Ashley did it back in the 1940s. Al's poem was particularly arresting because Claude Degler was his new incarnation of the raven. I think THE ALBATROSS is at least as amusing as the other. The creator and place of publication I no longer recall. The two know a lot of English poetry.

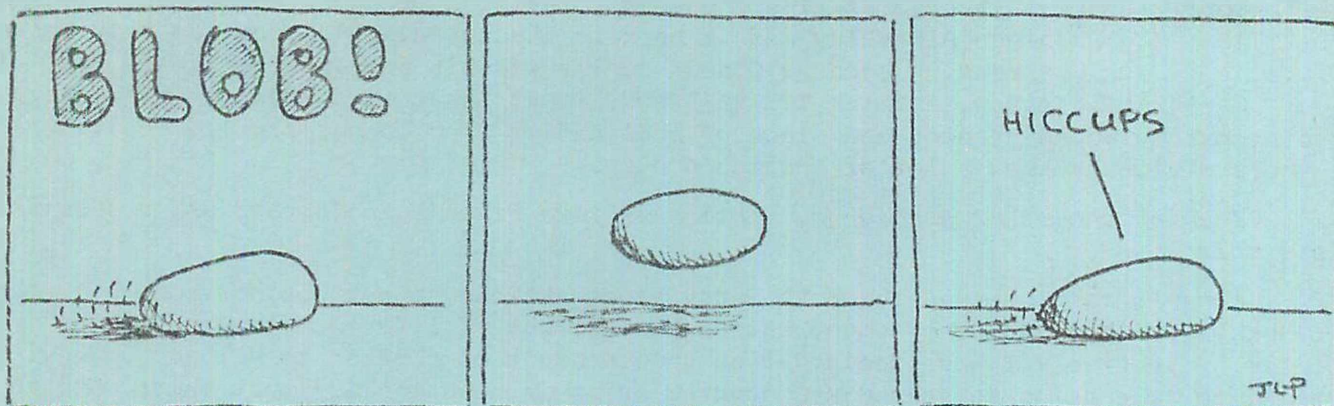
I can't wait to read the next Terry Frost article, about his new home - "Dubbo or Nothing" - because of my enjoyment of his account of life in Melbourne in the winter. Tentatively I have decided that snow doesn't come often to Melbourne and its residents make trips to nearby snowcovered areas in much the way that United States residents spend weekends at the beach.

I feel pretty much as you do about fanzines in this semi-dispute with Julie Vaux, but there are a couple of ways I react which you didn't mention. One is a purely personal foible which most fans probably don't experience. I feel more comfortable with a fanzine that isn't too perfect. I appreciate the excellence of the fanzine that is superior in every way, but I'm half-afraid to handle it too much for fear of damaging it. If the fanzine has some typographical errors or some illustrations that aren't the height of excellence, or smears on a few pages, or arrives with the staples half-loose, I feel more relaxed when I read it.

Besides, if every fanzine editor strove successfully to produce improvements in all aspects of his fanzine, issue after issue, the world's output of fanzines would be so much better than it is today, but it would discourage the neofan from putting out the first issue of the fanzine he had been dreaming of publishing. The way things are today, the young fan with only a few months experience in fandom, very little money, and modest editing skills can easily find a fanzine or two that will bring the response "Hey, I can't do much worse than this!" If all existing fanzines looked semi-professional or better in appearance, who would have the heart to publish a fanzine in the customary way, by starting with a bad first issue and working up from there?

There's a human tendency to want to do things the modern way when an older way is easier. I never cease to be amazed at office workers who type a page and then walk over to the copier and make one copy of it - at least thirty seconds or so of work which could have been accomplished in five seconds by putting a piece of carbon paper and a second sheet into the typewriter.

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0/0 0/0
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KIM HUETT
G.P.O. Box 429
Sydney
N.S.W. 2001
AUSTRALIA

I don't care that John Packer isn't an artist because, as a cartoonist he is one of the best I've seen, and yes, I do consider a cartoonist to be something different from an artist. The cartoonist hasn't usually the technical skill of the artist though there are exceptions, like Dave Simms - pro cartoonist who produces Cerebus The Aardvark. However, the cartoonist makes up for this with his ability to be funny on paper.

With his latest epic, John has reached new heights in his cartoon writing/drawing ability. I think that everyone living here has read THE NUMBED BEAST and I should know as they have been keeping me up at nights with their laughter. In fact I am seriously thinking of hiding both copies in the house so that I can get some unbroken sleep.

John's work reminds me of something said about Jonny Hart's BC cartoons. It says roughly that a rivetman, i.e. somebody who puts every leaf on a tree, need not be too precise as he can always fill the blank spaces with the above mentioned tree, but when your drawing consists of two unwashed cavemen with a line as your only background you have to place them right. This is as true for John as it is for Jonny Hart in my book.

Sorry Kim. I think that that lost something in the translation. Would you care to run that past me again, only slower. I think I get your point, i.e. that when you're doing simple line drawings, you have to worry more about the position of each line than you would if you were using thousands of lines, but I don't quite see how that applies in this case.

When I opened the envelope and pulled out the zine, I first thought that the latest HOLIER THAN THOU had arrived.

Yep. The bastard is getting big ain't it. And further on that...

COLIN FINE
205 Coldham's Lane
Cambridge
CB1 3HY
U.K.

More and more when I receive a zine one of the first things that conditions my response is how thick it is. I think it's probably Bergeron and Steffan's fault - to say nothing of White, that a thick zine is now a turn-off. It sits there daunting me, challenging me to read it. Thank god you can still do a thick zine which is enjoyable reading. Well, mostly. I'm afraid I didn't particularly enjoy LUD FOULS BAIN - beyond looking for the meanings of the names. It didn't excite me. You have to be very good indeed - and very light-handed - to get that sort of thing to work, and you've never struck me as - how shall I say - delicate.

[illegible]

Actually, I'd tend to agree with the Scot, though it certainly does depend on how the word is said. There was a shortlived television programme here called RATBAGS, which had something of the atmosphere of NOT THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS, mixed in with bits of Milligan's "Q" series, and a touch of earlier Australian humour programmes such as THE MAVIS BRANSTON SHOW and AUNTIE JACK. Mind you, a Pom had better not go around in Australia using terms like "ratbag" unless he wants to wet his wellies in the Harbour. I've been here for over twenty one years, and I have to be careful.

to ensure a certainty that the prediction will be correct - whatever it may be - by serving up all four seasons in one day?

Whilst willing to overlook his other transgressions, it is not possible to forgive Monsieur Frost when he dares to cast aspersions on the great Melbourne religion of Foody. For this he will be railroaded out of the state and banished to someplace even worse than "the back of Burke" - somewhere like Dubbo.

AVEDON CAROL I was noticing this little business between, um, Joe Nicholas and
4409 Woodfield Rd Ted White and so on and thinking about the difference between the
Kensington paper Joe and the in-person Joe, and I have to say that, quite
MD 20895 frankly, the Joe Nicholas I met in Britain was quite the same
U.S.A. fellow I expected to meet and with whom I'd been carrying on a
written exchange for some time. That is, I didn't think the paper
Joe was substantially different from the other one -- but then, I've never had the
same impression of Joe that Ted has. The Joe I know has a sense of humour, for one
thing -- most noticeable, I think, in those great exaggerated sweeping gestures (both
verbal and physical) that he makes. Ted's Joe Nicholas is dead serious and utterly
humourless. But Ted and I started off with the same information about Joe, and formed
two separate images -- this is clearly less a sign of Joe's Image than of the fact
that some people are less likely to find Joe's kind of humour to their taste than
some other people are; and, clearly, for those who don't enjoy this kind of humour,

it does not exist. I know that when Joe runs around the place foaming at the mouth, this is not a stone serious form of expression. Ted, on the other hand, takes it all at face value. Ted is not the only person to have done so, however, so it's not as if it's all totally subjective either. I mean, some people think of Miles Davis' BITCH'S BREW as music. This interpretation is lost on the rest of us...

On the other hand, anyone who writes for fanzines has no business, at this late date, complaining about seeing their letters in print months, or even years, after they were written, and then being all outraged when people judge him on the basis of what they have read. It happens that way all the time. Get used to it.

I'd, uh, just like to point out, for the benefit of people who have failed to notice it, that when a person responds to an old statement by saying that it was said a long time ago, "...and I've changed since then," it means "I've changed my mind" or, to put a finer point on it, "I was wrong." It is, perhaps, a kinder way of putting it -- it also assumes that the listner is both intelligent enough to know that's what's being said, and gracious enough not to worry the scar. Joseph has already said for all the world to see that there's no use arguing at him because he's already argued himself out of that very position you're trying to argue him out of -- and instead of just quietly shutting up and accepting it gracefully, you all have to keep arguing with him. He politely admits that perhaps his earlier statements were ill-considered without bothering to flagellate himself, but this isn't enough for you. "See!See!" you all shout like gleefully idiotic and sadistic two-year-olds. Poor old Joe. No one was kind enough to tell him that, in fandom, to admit that one has indeed changed one's mind convincingly requires one to run out into the Mojave sun crying "My god, I'm such a fucking stupid worthless asshole! Beat me! Kill me! I'm not good enough to live!"

".. up that like a rat up a drainpipe"? Oh, that's just lovely, really. Where do you men get your crazy ideas? I mean, that's right up there with another classic "Sex is a bit like death." What is it that you men have against sex?

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK I laughed my head off at the comment on page 52, where Robert P.O. Box 606 Teague feels that my Blackball Apa article was good enough for La Canada-Flintridge Marty Cantor's HOLIER THAN THOU, because I submitted it to him CA 91011 first, and he rejected it, claiming that too many fans would U.S.A. take the thing too seriously. So you go and print Ted White's LOC and prove that Marty was right.... some fans, like Ted, would take the thing too seriously. It WAS a joke...with obviously a lot of foundation. With all due respect to Ted White, I think I know more about the current apa-activity field than he does, and, in all honesty, the article was not too much of a joke, in spite of the sarcastic allusion to thirty pieces of silver.

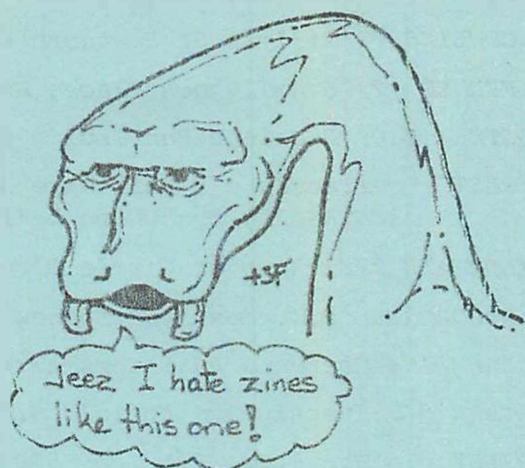
If we want to come down to the nitty-gritty, even Harry Warner Jr was defensive. FAPA can expell a member. It requires a petition endorsed by either two thirds or three quarters of the membership, but such a petition asking that a person be expelled from the roster, not the waitlist, is perfectly legal. It exists in the constitution. It can happen. It has not happened, but that does not mean that it could not happen.

Actually, having just carefully re-read the FAPA Constitution circulated with the May '83 mailing, I can't find any such clause, though the clause about refusing admittance to waitlisters is clearly stated in the Special Rules - Clause 9.2 to be accurate. The only loophole is in clause 9.1 which states, among other things, that a special rule to expell members may be adopted at any time, provided that a majority of the members endorse that rule. Currently there is no such special rule.

WHEW!!! Other than the justly famous WAHF Column, that seems to be the end of the LOCs. This has ended up being far larger than I'd intended, and thus far later, but what the hell. It's my fanzine, and I do it when I want, if that's okay with the Post Awful.

or

— 000 —



KARIN JANEZIC 46 Eighth St, Gawler, S.A. 5118 AUSTRALIA who says that she finds the thought that most of my friends are fannish disturbing. I can't say that it worries me all that much. Fans understand the manic desire to get one's ish pubbed. Sigh. There are times I wish I could explain that desire to my mundane friends. JOSEPH NICHOLAS 22 Denbigh St, Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER U.K.. STEVE ROYLANCE 1542 Malvern Rd Glen Iris Vict 3146 AUSTRALIA who, for a relative new-comer to fandom has managed to accumulate a lovely collection of convention photographs. DAINA PILYPAS 3/40 Le Hunte St, Wayville S.A. 5034 AUSTRALIA who tried to ruin my amateur status by sending money. SALLY BEASLEY 21 Gold St, South Fremantle W.A. 6162 AUSTRALIA who has finally dispaired of producing her genzine, and who sent me the Packer artwork that was to have appeared there. BRUCE BURN 128 Fox St, Gisborne NEW ZEALAND who sent a frictionless bearing, but it must have slipped out of the envelope. LYNC 276 Cardigan St, Carlton Vict 3053 AUSTRALIA who comments on John's artwork, saying that she doesn't feel that his characters are interchangeable, and who feels that I should have delayed the printing of Q36J for long enough to tell the U.S. fen that Australia won the Ashes. PETER LEMPert P.O. Box 310 Smithfield N.S.W. 2164 AUSTRALIA, who figures that Ann and Joanne must be reincarnations of Edgar Allan Poe, which is, I guess, as possible as anything in his stories, and JOHN J ALDERSON Havelock Vict 3465 AUSTRALIA who wrote a long and involved LoC on the Australian history question, which I'll send straight to Leigh Edmonds. Oh yes, and Brad Foster, who wants to know more about triffids.

CONTRIBUTORS' ADDRESSES

TOM CARDY P.O. Box 5516, Dunedin, NEW ZEALAND

ALISON COWLING 1 Gillman St Hawthorn Vict 3123 AUSTRALIA

GRAHAM FERNER 2/16 Hollyhock Place, Browns Bay, Auckland City NEW ZEALAND

BRAD FOSTER 4109 Pleasant Run Irving TX 75062 U.S.A.

TERRY FROST (currently c/o Phil Ware & Mandy Herriot 57 Park St Abbotsford Vict 3067. AUSTRALIA, but where he'll be by the time this gets out Ghod only knows)

WADE GILBREATH 2731 Hanover Circle Birmingham AL 35205 U.S.A.

SHAYNE McCORMACK P.O. Box A491 Sydney South N.S.W. 2000 AUSTRALIA

MIKE McGANN 194 Corrunna Rd Petersham N.S.W. 2049 AUSTRALIA

JOHN PACKER 9/3 Eversly Ave Enfield S.A. 5085 AUSTRALIA

CINDY RILEY c/o B.S.F.C. P.O. Box 57031 Birmingham AL 35259-7031 U.S.A.

MIKE ROGERS 2429-D Old Stone Mountain Rd, Chamblee, GA 30341 U.S.A.

ARTHUR THOMSON (ATom) 17 Brockham House, Brockham Drive, London SW2 3RU U.K.

Q36 AND THE FUTURE.....

As I keep telling everyone, I'm finally getting out of dull and boring Adelaide to go to wet and horrible Melbourne, and my first year there will be as a terribly impoverished student. Now, considering the fact that Q36 costs me upward of three hundred dollars per issue once I've taken into account postage and the like, I'm afraid that it will be a luxury that I won't be able to afford.

Thus I'm going to spend the rest of this year winding the zine down. There will be a Q36 L, but it will be a collection of my own filks. I've been threatening to do that for a while, and I figure that I might as well while I've got the money. There will also be a Q36M, which will consist primarily of LoCs, so please do write. However, there won't be any articles. There also should be a Q36 #5, which will clear out my backfiles of fanzines to be reviewed.

I would like to put out at least one issue of Q36 in 1984, but I can't see myself managing anything more than that. I'll just have to spend the year writing LoCs and articles for other fanzines, plus trying to scrape together enough money to keep up minac in ANZAPA and FAPA and, perhaps, APPLESAUCE.

In connection with that move, if you're sending me fanzines via that terribly slow Post Awful Seasnail, please direct them to Marc Ortlieb c/o Justin Ackroyd G.P.O. Box2703X Melbourne Vict 3001 AUSTRALIA. (My Marden address will hold until mid-January 1984, but I thought I'd better get in early with that.)

As for 1985, well, that depends on my employment situation at that time.

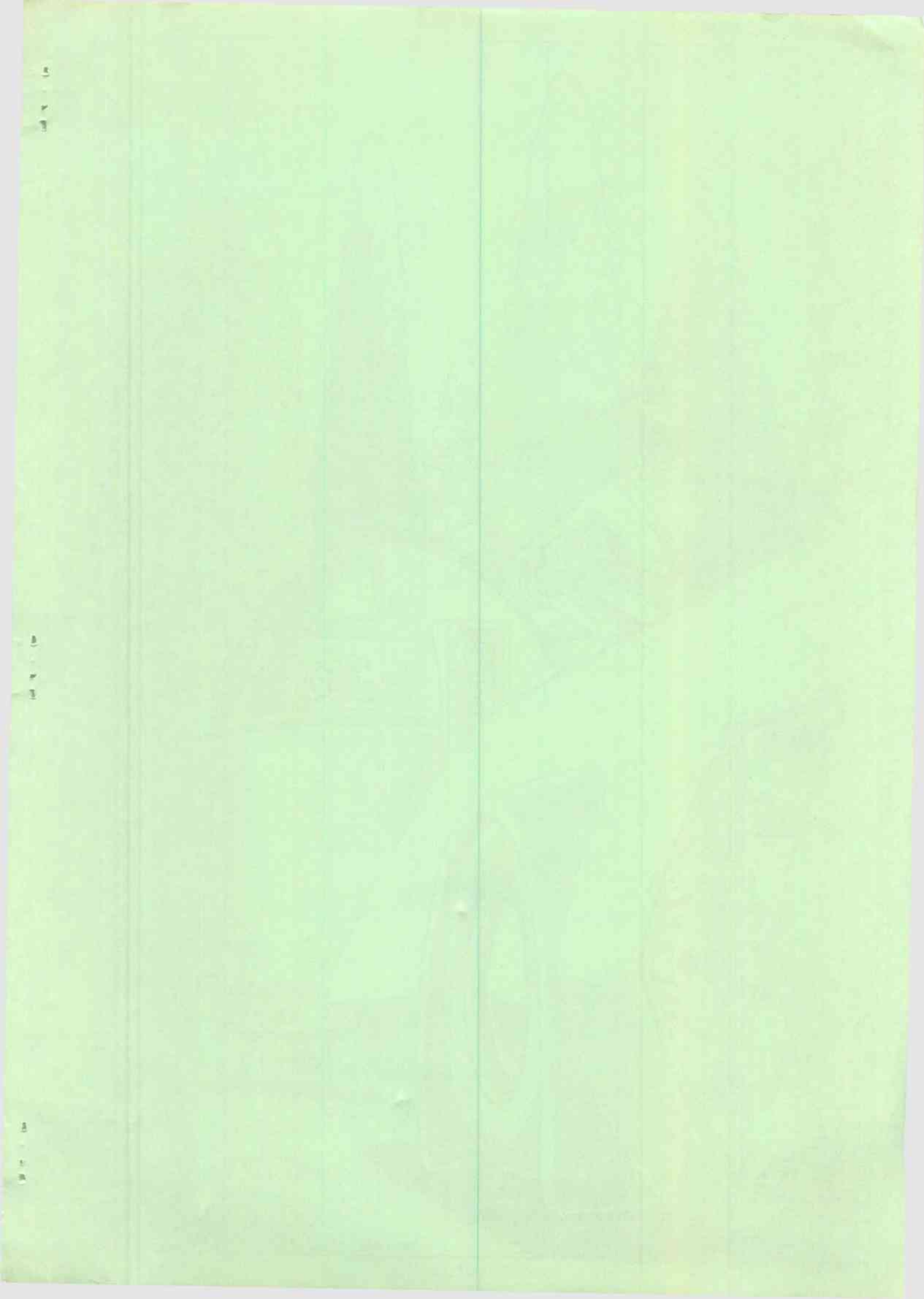
Whatever happens though, this fanzine considers the following to be BLOODY GOOD IDEAS

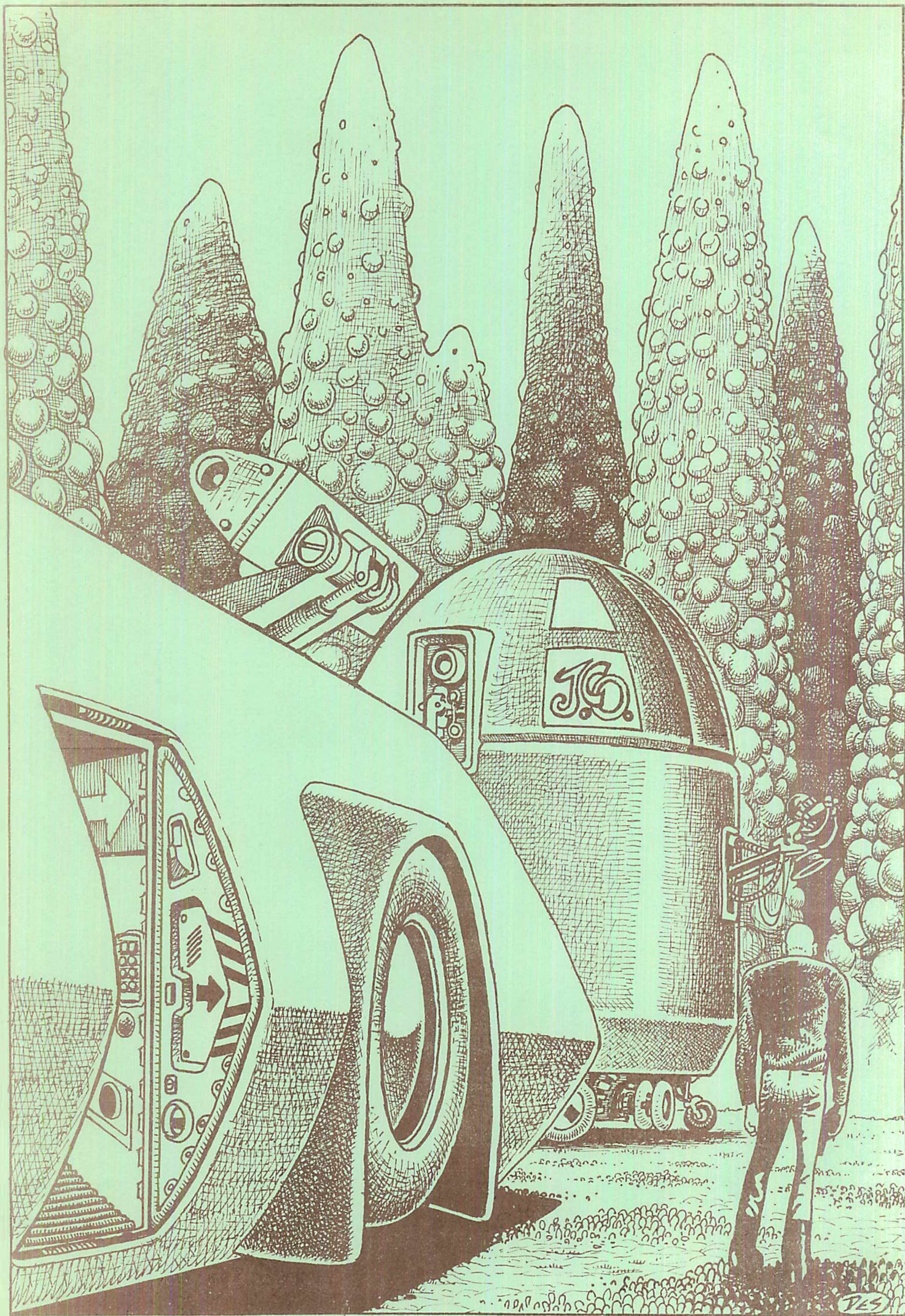
ATLANTA IN '86 - ACKROYD FOR GUFF - PACKER OR HERMAN FOR DUFF - FUN

---oOo---

I also look forward to seeing lots of you in Melbourne in '85. Hopefully, by the time you get this zine that will be a confirmed dead cert.

PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS 1983





"IT'S A FUNGUS FUTURE."