



STUNNED MULLET 3

November 1975

In this issue ...

BEN INDICK,
JOHN BERRY, LEIGH EDMONDS,
URSULA LEGUIN, SUSAN WOOD,
CAREY HANDFIELD, BOB TUCKER,
JACK CHALKER, MIKE GLICKSOHN,
SHERYL BIRKHEAD, WALTER
BURLEY GRIFFIN, NED BROOKS,
STU TAIT, JOAN SERRANO, JAKE
WALDMAN, BOBBY SAXBY,
ROSEMARIE BELL, RUNE FORSGREN,
ROBIN JOHNSON, FRED PATTEN,
DON FITCH, GRACE & DON LUNDY,
PAUL STEVENS, GERALD FORD,
* NORMAN GUNSTON *
TERRY SOUTHERN, MIGUEL DE
CERVANTES, TOLLY SAVALAS,
RUSTY HEVELIN, PETER KNOX,
SAMUEL R. DELANY, BRUCE
GILLESPIE, BOB SILVERBERG,
GOUGH WHITLAM & ENOCH POWELL
are mentioned, among others

POSTSCRIPT

Regular readers of the stuff I contribute to mailings of FAPA and ANZAPA will be accustomed to the silly things I have said in this issue. They know that most of my stuff is composed on stencil, that I drink too much while composing it, that I have a tendency to exaggerate, that (above all) what I write for my friends in the amateur publishing associations is not necessarily my last word on any given subject. When writing for a wider audience I usually take rather more care in what I say and how I say it.

This issue of STUNNED MULLETT started out as a contribution to the November mailing of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association. Somewhere along the line I decided it would also be a contribution to the October mailing of the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association (our seventh anniversary mailing: three cheers for Leigh Edmonds and ANZAPA! Ta.). Then I thought I should run a few extra copies, for people who haven't heard from me lately and recent correspondents who have never heard from me. Suddenly there were 200 copies of this thing, and therefore a lot of readers who are not used to the way I carry on. Hence this introductory PS.

STUNNED MULLETT is not for sale, and not normally available to anyone not a member of FAPA or ANZAPA. This issue is therefore an exception. If you crave further exceptions, you will have to convince me somehow that I should send them to you. Money, alas, will get you nowhere.

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS is my regular (or thereabouts) gazette. You can get that in trade for your fanzine, for letters of comment, or for \$4.00 per year.

And I am reliably informed that early next year I shall be resurrecting AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. I am editor, printer and publisher; John Foyster is Review Editor. ASFR will not be included in FAPA or ANZAPA mailings. With very few exceptions, it will not be available by way of trade. There will be no payment for contributions, but contributors will remain on the mailing list for as long as John and I think they deserve to. The subscription is A\$4.00 per year. If you want to see ASFR, and if you are a member of FAPA or ANZAPA, or if you do not receive any further notice of ASFR by 1 January, say, it's up to you to tell me you want it. Please don't send money: I'll send you a bill. (Then you can send money yes.)

On Friday morning I swept all the bottles, food scraps, fanzines, cats etc. into a neat pile in the lounge room where Sally would find them without any trouble when she came home from work, and noticed while doing this a figure resembling Carey Handfield asleep in the room. I poured myself a stiff coffee. The figure roused itself. It now looked like Carey Handfield in pyjamas, which further alarmed me. Fans don't wear pyjamas. I poured myself another stiff coffee, and Carey came back into the room and asked if he could have some. 'Handfield' I said 'Is it true that you are here in my lounge room in pyjamas?' 'It is' he said. 'Is it

possible that Susan Wood and John Berry are somewhere in this house?' I asked politely. 'They are' he said. I opened a bottle.

I forget exactly what we all did that day, apart from talking a lot and walking all over town looking for string, post offices and toy koalas and having lunch about 3 and driving up Mount Ainslie to look at Canberra. Ah, it's coming back to me now. We found this bloke up Mount Ainslie who'd locked his keys in his car, and I said I'd ring the NRMA when we got back down. I did. They asked me for his membership number, and I said he'd locked his card in the car; they asked me for the car's registration number, and I said I'd forgotten to note it. The NRMA bloke sort of sighed and said he would send a service van up the mountain real soon. I suspect he didn't really believe me. If you're ever up Mount Ainslie and you see this bloke looking hungry and confused outside a brownish Ford Escort, would you mind telling him that I rang NRMA for him? Ta.

About 5 we sent Carey out to the airport to pick up Mike Glicksahn and Sheryl Birkhead. I didn't believe he would come back with them, especially since I'd given him a map of Waukegan, Illinois, instead of Canberra, A.C.T., but he did. I keep on forgetting that Burley Griffin came from Illinois. Suddenly we had a house full of fans, and I felt a strange sense of deja vu (that's Latin for 'When does this convention end!').

About 9 we were all miles away in the depths of sinful New South Wales, eating unpronounceable Yugoslavian food at one of my favourite little restaurants in Queanbeyan. Ask John Berry what the stuff was called: he made a note of it. It wasn't cevapici, alas, but at least John achieved one of his other ambitions: we had a 1966 Kaiser Stuhl J426 (and a few other distinguished Australian reds that just happened to be lying about the place). When we all rolled home we found a note under the door that confirmed my fond imaginings of the previous evening. I quote: 'Ve was here but you was not, so it goes. We are at the Lytham Flag Inn. Ned Brooks, Chalcker, Stu Tait, Joan Serrano, Jake Waldman.' We consulted maps of Canberra (and Waukegan, Toronto, Vancouver and Gaithersburg) and could find no place called Lytham Flag, or even Lytham, so we decided it was all a hoax and got down to some more serious talking and drinking.

Saturday morning: a bright, sunny, unseasonable Canberra day. Beside me on the back steps is John Berry. We are drinking Guinness and there is between us a profound sense of communion of mutual fondness and respect, of wonder, well-being and hangover. We do not speak. Behind us, on the porch, Carey and Mike are playing table tennis. Occasionally one of them steps in the cats' food and there is a polite, gentlemanly oath muttered. Sheryl, Susan and Sally are on the lawn before us, playing with the cats and talking lady talk. If fandom did not exist I think again to myself, it would need to be invented, if only for idyllic moments like this.

During the afternoon we all sat around listening to an incredible record sent me by Rune Forsgren, a Swedish fan. If you see this, Rune, we would like you to know that we loved Lundsten's 'Nordisk Natursymfoni nr.1'. Thank you for sending it to me, and I promise to write real soon now.

Then some of us went off and invaded the Private Cellar Club (the only liquor business ever to have its stock list in FAPA?), where I picked up a few dozen bottles to replenish my dwindling post-convention stores, and Mike failed to convince the cellar-master of the virtues of Canadian wines. Susan was back at 4 Hartley Street, writing her con report for Locust, and Sally was there, too, wondering whether she was cooking enough beef stroganoff and kitsch lorraine (in France it's called quiche lorraine, I know, but we only have the Australian stuff) to feed seven. Mike, John, Sheryl and Carey agreed with me that we should drive up Red Hill to look at Canberra from the back end, but the Renault (which has a mind of its own) developed a flat tyre, so we didn't.

We were just about to settle down to dinner when Robin Johnson, Fred Patten and Don Fitch arrived. Sally panicked, of course, but I knew we could rely on her lovely heavy hand. Most of the ten of us had second helpings. About 8 we were joined by Bobby Saxby and Rosemarie Bell. (Ms Saxby stood unsuccessfully for the local Assembly election some months ago, and I'm sorry I didn't vote for her; the musty corridors of power could do with some fans of her capacity. Rosemarie is one of my trusty unsung collators; she learnt the art two years ago by helping Sally put the Campbell book together. While I supervised, yes.) Twelve isn't a large number for a party, but even so we split into at least three sub-parties before long, with sercon fandom in the livingroom, fannish fandom in the dining-

room and dish-washing fadom in the kitchen. I dimly recall talking until all hours with Bobby and Rosemarie in my junk-room (or study, as I sometimes call it) long after the others had departed or gone to bed.

Sunday was sad. We didn't want all these wonderful people to go. There were hugs, kisses and wild promises all round ('See you in Kansas City!' for example), and Don Fitch appeared in the far distance just in time for all of us to wave to him. (He had stayed at the Canberra Youth Hostel. A man of great fortitude, is Don.) Then Carey, John and Susan set off for Sydney, Robin, Fred and Don for the Snowy Mountains, and Sharyl, Mike, Sally and I for the airport. I hate leave-takings, and shall gloss over our feelings at this time.

Fred and Robin stayed with us that night, and we learnt a lot about all kinds of things we never knew we were interested in.

On Monday, confident that the last North Americans had dribbled out of Canberra, we found ourselves dead tired and attempting to play host to Grace and Don Lundry. A delightful couple they are, too, and we enjoyed their company. I forgive them readily if they did not enjoy ours: we were not exactly at our sparkling best by then.

On Wednesday I came down again with the dreaded Canberra lurgi with galloping irrits. On Thursday Sally conducted her first marriage ceremony. It is now Sunday 31 August and the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention seems a long way in the past. If only I could get over the lingering suspicion that Don Fitch is still out there at the hostel, and that forty-seven American fans who missed the flight are going to ring our doorbell tonight...

* * * *

4 October: The above article, only slightly unrevised, appeared in Leigh Edmonds's *Planet Sletter* 42, 23.9.75. If this means you have read it twice, my apologies. If you haven't seen it before, and you are Australian, I'm not sure why you are getting Stunned Mullet. All Australian trufans, and all really aware fans throughout the five corners of the known globe, subscribe to Leigh's rubbishy little newzzzine. Two miserable dollars for ten issues (that's cheap, dammit!) from Leigh - PO Box 74 Balaclava, Vic. 3183. (In America, \$3 for ten from the Luttrells, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703.) Ends free advt for worthy cause.

I wasn't joking about the Canberra lurgi and galloping irrits. I seem to get a cold about Easter each year here, and I'm stuck with it until about November. During those seven months or so I am easy prey for any wog around, and this year's flu has been quite nasty. There were two kinds, both with the usual cold symptoms, one with sore throat and foggy head, the other with diarrhoea, and I've had both, off and on, separately and together. I'm not sure how I got through the convention. Certainly since the convention I've been really crook (do you want a translation of that Australianism, overseas readers?); this past week is the first full week I've put in at work since mid-July. I've been going to bed much too early and too often for months. I've started writing letters and typing fanzines often in that time, and given up from sheer exhaustion and listlessness. Sally's job requires her to conduct marriage ceremonies at all sorts of hours in all sorts of places (last night she had five, today another four), and we haven't quite got used to this yet. I admire her immensely for the way she's coping with her very demanding duties, but no amount of admiration makes up for the dishes I haven't washed, the laundry she can't wait for me to do and so on. We'll adjust before long, I'm sure, but in the mean time I've left many letters unanswered, fanzines unposted or unpublished, and all kinds of duties, domestic and fannish, undone. For the first time we have said no to a friend who wanted to stay with us - my oldest friend in fadom, Paul Stevens. (You would have had a miserable time, Paul, if that's any consolation.)

To complete my list of woes: I traded-in my three typewriters (two IBM Executives and a Hermes) on an Optima portable and a reconditioned Executive three months ago. The IBM hasn't turned up yet, and I have been utterly frustrated by not having an electric typer. I hired back the old IBM for a couple of weeks before the convention, and I've had this strange Imperial manual on hire for the last few weeks. The Optima is fine: it does all the things I want a portable to do. But I feel discriminated without the IBM. I can't get down to any serious stencil-cutting. I don't feel like starting a fanzine when I know there's a good chance I won't finish it before the hired machine is due to be returned.

In short (and to conclude this weary stuff): grump, grizzle, harrumph, sch.

ISN'T IT EXCITING!

Some Impromptu Thoughts about Toastpersons, Prime Ministers and Multi-media Personalities

DEPENDING on who you are and where you live, today's most controversial subject is not inflation, oil, relations between Arabs and Israelis, the Irish Question, nor even attempts on the life of President Ford; it is Norman Gunston, the pronunciation of 'kilometre' or my performance as toastmaster at Aussiecon. Since the latter are healthy subjects, even if less lasting in 'importance' than the former, I shall say a little about them here. There is even some dimly-perceived connexion between them, but I doubt my ability to establish it in these first-draft jottings.

Ursula said, when I mentioned him, 'I keep on hearing about this Norman Gunston. Who is he!' I tried to explain, but without seeing and hearing him you can't possibly understand, nor explain. If you're not an Australian reared on pale imitations of American 'Tonight' shows, it's pretty hard to understand, too.

In 1956 television started officially in Australia. (I recall seeing this marvellous invention at an exhibition in Melbourne about 1949, and any decent historian will tell you that it was invented before I was born - but not, I suspect, before science fiction writers had thought of it.) (That was a serious-constructive note for my more earnest readers.) My first memories of tv include the Olympic Games, 'Have Gun, Will Travel', 'I love Lucy' and 'In Melbourne Tonight'. IMT, the most successful show of its kind, was based (probably still is: I haven't seen it for years) on the American 'Tonight show', with interviews, musical spots, variety acts, lots of advertising and a few gimmicks (the barrel girl - remember Panda? - and so on), the lot held together by the personality of the compere. Since 1956 those comperes have come and gone, come again and gone again, but the format of their shows has remained pretty much the same. As well as running these dreary entertainments, the comperes usually make a little on the side by appearing in cigarette commercials and so on. They are 'television personalities' - a nice not to be confused with people.

Some minor genius at the Australian Broadcasting Commission came up not so long ago with the idea of satirizing these dreadful 'Tonight' shows. And the only way to satirize something that is really bad is to do something even worse. At least, that's the theory. (How many people who read CANDY realized that Terry Southern was sending up the pornographic novel? The theory has its faults.) So a gifted actor named Garry McDonald suddenly burst on to Australian tv screens as NORMAN GUNSTON - 'the worst interviewer in the world' (according to a critic) and multi-media personality extraordinary. Norman is pathetic, hopelessly inept in any situation, forever dropping clangers that resound in the head of even the dumbest viewer, entirely lovable and (if you're with it) utterly brilliant.

Once upon a time there was a man named Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. He was tired of the most popular literary entertainment of his day, and he set out to satirize it mercilessly. The object of his satire is now lost (unless - are you listening there, dear serious-constructive readers? - it lives on in sword-and-sorcery novels) but DON QUIXOTE remains a best-seller after four hundred years. 'Norman Gunston' has 399 years to go, and he'll never make it, but he is the Don Quixote of Australian television.

A quote from his recent interview with Telly Savalas: 'He's got a bald head - and he's only 23. He went bald when he was six! He got on really well: I'm his best friend now.'

Charles Race Thorson Mathews, foundation member of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club and Member of Parliament (let's get our priorities straight), introduced the 'notables' in the first official session of the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention. He omitted to mention that most of Melbourne's first-fandom bought books and old magazines from a shop that was part of the old building pulled down to make way for the Southern Cross Hotel, where he was speaking. He also omitted to mention me, but that's life. And he talked far too long, but that's politics. After the official opening all of the notables came down from the platform, except Mike Glicksohn and Rusty Havelin. I went up to join them for a panel none of us really looked forward to, on 'How to really enjoy yourself at this convention'. I met Bob Tucker on his way down from the platform. He looked awful serious. He said to me 'God, that's a cold audience!' Cheered me up no end.

Well, Mike and Rusty and I looked out on that cold audience, and we were worried. I could feel it. So did Mike and Rusty: listen to the tape and it shows in what they said. It wasn't so much the floodlights that blinded us and made it hard to see the people out there: it was mainly that we could see some of them and sense the rest and from what we saw and sensed we knew that here were five hundred or so alert, concerned, serious-constructive science fiction enthusiasts, along with a few score fans, and we were expected to tell them how to enjoy themselves! Good grief! - all that these people wanted, bless their eager young souls, was in-depth talk about Sexism in the Novels of Samuel R. Delany or Heinlein's Concept of the Cultural Elite or the Function of the Third Aorist Fluperfect in the Writing of A.E. Van Vogt, or something like that - and we were not prepared for anything like that. We talked away about fandom and stuff, and everyone seemed awfully polite but bored - you know what I mean? Then I started talking about Norman Gunston... and I got the first lot of feedback anyone experienced at that convention. It was incredible. They came alive. They cheered and clapped. After all the foreign talk about 'fandom' and such, here was someone who spoke their language, even if it wasn't about science fiction. It was an incredible breakthrough. They relaxed. If Aussiecon was a success I claim some credit, for establishing a comfortable cultural atmosphere within an hour of the convention's beginning.

If you were wondering why I lapsed into a Wollongong accent at times during the Awards Banquet, and said things like 'Isn't this exciting!', now you know. It was a reference point, a reassurance to all those eager young fans (most of them born after Graham Kennedy and Bert Newton first appeared on television) that, despite our strange customs and allusions, Australian fans are Australians and know what's what in this Brave New Australia of 1975.

Norman Gunston, you little Aussie bleeder, take a bow!

It's crazy, isn't it. Look at this week's TV Times: there's a story about the wife of an actor who plays the part of a Tonight Show compere. What she thinks about her career and children and cooking and all that kind of stuff. Okay, you expect that kind of article about the wife of a famous tv personality, but this is the wife of a man who acts the part of a famous tv personality! Crazy!

The Don Quixote of Australian tv. I said. And our Monty Python, too. A very special kind of humour, a very special kind of fantasy - and that word, I think, sums up the strange reaction of the Aussiecon audience to my bad imitation of Norman Gunston, because Norman Gunston is fantasy, and in my remarks and antics these kids recognized the two things they know and love best: Australia (like it or lump it) and fantasy.

That's my theory anyway.

The ABC began its Sunday Night Radio 2 program on the convention with about one minute from the two hours of the awards presentation. And the first words spoken in their program were: 'Isn't this exciting!' For the rest of that minute I rattled off some of the major Hugo awards. Some people felt that I rattled off the entire thing...

Dear John,

Congratulations on your Philosophically Gaseous Toastmastership of the 1975 Hugo Awards. It's about time an element of bungling amateurism was injected into these award ceremonies.

I mean, phrases like 'I don't know anything about this award' and 'I haven't got a clue what this one is for either' (or words to that effect) could well become part of Hugo Award tradition; your mumbblings may have been the beginnings of a new Rosebud in Toastmastering.

Perhaps at future conventions attempts will be made to break your World Record For The Fastest Hugo Presentations and, eventually, this time-consuming officiation (the Awards, after all, have nothing whatsoever to do with the rest of the convention) may be eliminated altogether.

Yours sincerely,

Peter Knox

PO Box 225
Randwick NSW 2031
6.9.75

Peter (whom I have not met) and others have an attitude towards the Hugos which I find rather alien, and a little disturbing. They seem disappointed (to say the least) that I did not present them with something like the grave demeanour of King Arthur allocating places at the Round Table - or Gough Whitlam announcing his

latest Cabinet reshuffle. You might think I was handing over the Holy Grail rather than a toy rocket! Oh hell, of course it's more than a toy rocket, I know that, but it's not what Peter seems to think it is, surely. Or am I wrong? Was my levity, my occasional witticism, my apparent nonchalance, grossly inappropriate? (I deny, by the way, saying the words Peter quotes, but admit readily to attempting to set a record for the fastest presentation. I think I failed. It took two hours after all.)

From Locus 179 (27.9.75) one learns that Chip Delany's DHALGREN has sold a quarter of a million copies. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies: just think about that. One learns also that Harlan Ellison got his Hugo for Best Novelette 1974 because 121 people voted for him, that Dick Geis got his Best Fanzine award because 127 people voted for The Alien Critic, and so on. Ursula LeGuin got more votes than anyone for anything: THE DISPOSSESSED was an easy winner in the Best Novel category with 306 votes.

I would not presume to suggest that sales are more a criterion of excellence than Hugo awards. I would suggest however that fans - certainly the fans that vote for Hugos - make up a very small proportion of science fiction readers, and that the awards they choose to bestow upon writers and their fellow fans should be accepted for what they are: an honour, but not the ultimate honour.

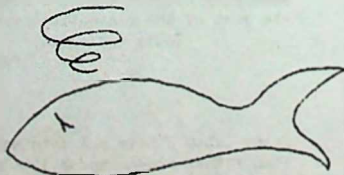
Now ask me what the ultimate honour is. go on. I'll probably say something like 'the love and esteem of one's peers' - and you'll demand that I define my terms and we'll go on arguing forever. The hell with that. I'll just say that the love and esteem shown by the fans at Aussiecon for two people who did not win Hugos - Bob Silverberg and Bruce Gillespie - meant more to me than any award I could have given them. That's all very well (you may say), but how do Bob and Bruce feel about it? How do the many other Hugo nominees who missed out feel about it? I can only answer for myself, and I think I've given my answer already.

Need I comment on Peter's remark about 'bungling amateurism'? I wouldn't have been at the convention if I weren't an amateur (in every sense of the word), and I wouldn't have been presenting the awards if my fellow amateurs had chosen someone else for the job. I'm a born bungler - everyone knows that - but they chose me (or were lumbered with me: it depends on which committee member you're talking to) and that's how it was.

Now, about the pronunciation of 'kilometre'...

No, dammit, I've written enough for one day.

IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF STUNNED MULLET
or maybe not, depending on my mood:
How all Australia was plunged into war!
How Enoch Powell rebuffed Cough Whitlam!
Billy McMahon claims to own dictionary!
How the kilometre was devalued!
And: The ultimate on the antepenultimate!
ALL THIS AND LESS - MUCH LESS!



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

THINGS FOR SALE

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Look, I'm not here at this World Convention to flog things, but while I'm here I might as well, eh? Right? Right.

If you didn't get a free gratis copy of Philosophical Gas 32 when you came in, that's tough. Ask me for one. I might have a few left.
The entire idea of PG 32 is to get you enthusiastic about subscribing to this fanzine. If you don't subscribe to fanzines, and don't do anything else to get them, please replace this sheet and leave quietly. Ta.

As well as PG, I have a few things lying around which might interest you. And they're cheap, too, oh yes. Awful cheap. Ask anyone.

On this miserable sheet I would like you to note the things you want to buy from me. It is especially important that you fill in your name and address legibly, partly because there's at least a 10% chance I've never met you before, partly because I have a lousy memory, partly because I can't supply everything I'm about to list to everyone likely to want it.

I don't know where I'll be at any given moment during the convention, so I am asking Leigh Edmonds to help me with this flood of subscriptions and things. If you can't find me, look for him.

Orders will be marked numerically as received, and allocated in the same order. Some things I am listing I have only two copies of, you know; others, 500.

They're all good things, of course, so you can't really lose, but the numbers are there in case you are a collector or something.

If you want your order posted, tick the spot for that and I'll charge you a bit more. Cash is preferred, but cheques are okay. Receipts will be issued all round.

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PHILOSOPHICAL GAS

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