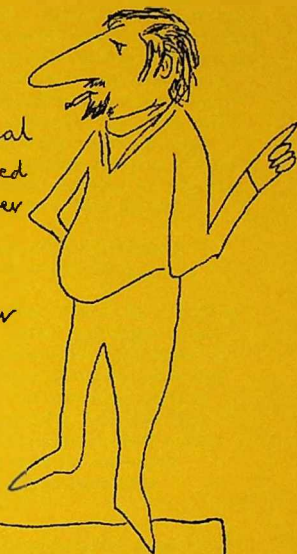
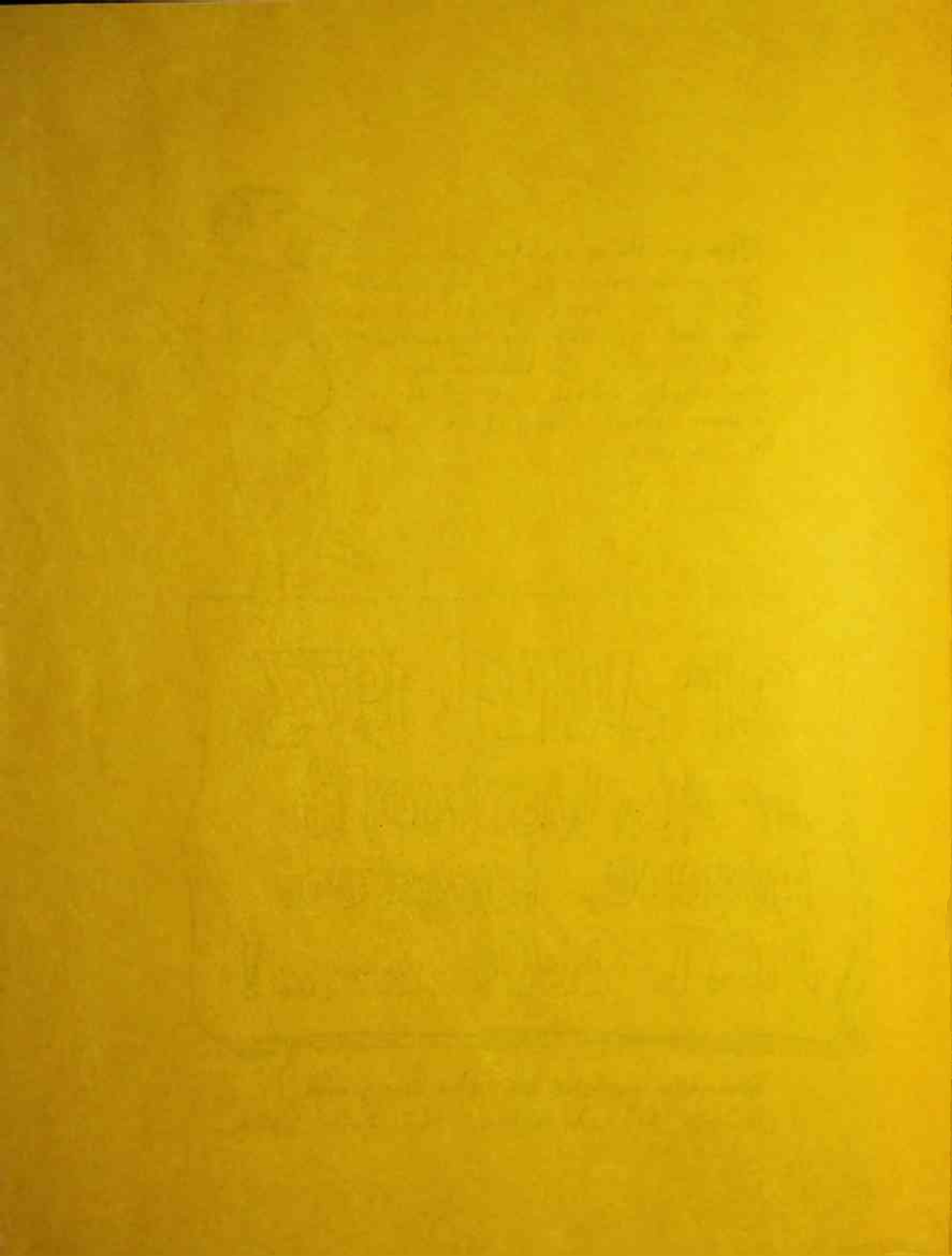


This um thing started out as  
an instalment of «Philosophical  
Gas», but some people turned  
up and got at my typewriter  
and it sort of became a  
one-shot, which we shall  
hervin and hereafter refer  
to as ~



21<sup>st</sup> JULY 1973  
at 46A Wentworth  
Avenue, Kingston,  
A.C.T. 2604 Australia!

Nominally published by John Bangsund  
PO Box 357 Kingston ACT 2604 Peru



21st July: Sitting there at the kitchen table, drinking my coffee and smoking a bracing cigarette, idly (and yet not without some amusement) I watched Leigh Edmonds in the next room modestly putting his socks on inside his sleeping-bag. 'You have strange friends,' Sally said. Valma burst into song next door and commenced to tickle Leigh. 'Uhuh,' I said.

The sun is shining bravely over the Printing Office. The driveway still has vast six inch deep puddles. Ken and Maria Ozanne and Eric Lindsay are in town and expected any moment now. Today Sally and I take possession of our house.

Things have become increasingly surreal these last few weeks. When Robyn rode her horse into the dining-room we just went on talking. Maybe it's just the way a Canberra winter can get to you.

Oh hell, here comes Edmonds. I think he's about to

Dear Friends, do not misjudge me from the slightly misguided introduction which John made for me, wishing as he did to put over the impression that I was about to do away with him or something equally as sinister. My friends, such as they are, will all tell you that I am quite incapable of harming an elephant let alone a person - especially such a one as John. I replaced him at the keyboard of this typer not by striking him over the head with an empty flogan but by thrusting a warmed up woman (and Roscoe knows there are enough of them about) onto his lap. Now that he is occupied I am free to put down in print my third Impressions of Canberra and the people who inhabit it.

Canberra is a city in the middle of nowhere, a site specially selected by the rulers of the land some decades ago as a political compromise between the citizens of Sydney and Melbourne. Nobody won and everybody lost.

(JB): Poppycock & Nonsense! Canberra is a State of Mind!

Sally is wandering around wearing Paul Stevens again. It's going to be one of those days, I feel. Sally wears Paul, not because

she particularly admires the fellow - in fact she has never met him - but because his handsome (if you go for that kind) features are imprinted on an otherwise quite pretty orange T-shirt. Sally likes orange things. Paul is garbed in his Anti-Fan rig, wielding a sputtering molotov bowling-ball. On his what-he-is-pleased-to-call face is what can only be described as a Wicked Leer - and I am not surprised. The same look often comes over my not unhandsome visage when I approach that part of Sally's anatomy presently occupied (in a manner of speaking) by P. J. "Bat" Stevens.

And now, folks, I have pleasure in introducing you to that leading hoax - Ken Ozanne!

In the background I hear the sounds of the Edmonds music synthesizer making sounds other than music. I imagine we might have heard something better had he not left a vital part of the thing at Melbourne University. (Anyone who refuses to believe that Edmonds would be allowed in there for any reason whatsoever is hereby entitled to disbelieve this.)

Perhaps I should make some things clear while I have this platform to address you from. Stop pushing the platform, John!

OK. So I don't have a platform to address you from. Let me make it clear that as hoaxes go, I am very substantial, scarcely ectoplasmic at all, you might say. No more so than the insubstantial Sally, or the legendary Bangsund.

But I feel a little insubstantial. That might have a little to do with the flagon of rough red we consumed last night, or even the bottle of burgundy. Although that Burgundy didn't bear a lot of resemblance to what I expect of the type, it was indeed rather superior considered as claret.

(JB): Enough of that talk about grog; Ethel Lindsay will castigate me again. Let's talk about, um, yup - baseball. Baseball was not invented by Abner Doubleday at Cooperstown, NY. Jackie Robinson was not the first Negro to play in the major leagues. The first night game was played in 1880 at Nantasket Beach, Mass. Eric Lindsay doesn't play baseball. Here he is:

In actual fact this is not Eric Lindsay: Eric Lindsay does not exist and never has, I have always been a hoax of Ken Ozanne's and in fact he has been writing Gegenschein for several years now. Unfortunately for Ken there has been so much egoboo directed at me that I suddenly started to exist and even attended a meeting of the Canberra Science Fiction (so called) Society, where some sixteen people talked about how schools did not educate children and how they should be replaced (the schools that is, not the children, although that was suggested also), and about how it is cheaper to ride a push bike and catch trains than it is to own a car. Naturally this led (SRI should be used in this if I don't forget) to a demand for parking places on trains for pushbikes. I remain unconvinced about how effective this would be since there don't actually seem to be trains in Canberra.

Background music\* is being provided by Leigh Edmonds' SynthA, which is currently producing repetitive sounds but not much else.

\*He says that it is the music of the future.

Back in 1860 M. Wagner claimed that he was writing the music of the future and look what he turned out (this is Leigh back again to clear up any misrepresentations that others may have been spreading about SynthA. These people are uncultivated and while they boast about having massive collections of books they turn away shame faced when one enquires about the size of their record collections. If they don't have big record collections what right have they complain about music which they don't understand... do you hear me rubbishing James Joyce or Robert Silverberg simply because I can't read their works. Of course you don't, I don't flaunt my ignorance in public.

(JB:) But of course you do, Leigh. I carefully explained that the righthand margin in this column should be about here and you've gone and extended it way out there. Damn.

Last night saw possibly the best and certainly the biggest mid-month (ie, informal) meeting of the Canberra SF Society, at Leigh and Helen Hyde's place. Sixteen people, I think, not counting children. Very little in the way of drinking, oddly, but lotsa talk - as Eric has already mentioned. Fun.

(I'll start off this column with the correct margins. Whoever gets the bit Leigh messed up will have to think carefully about what John Campbell would have done.)

Loose ends: Robyn, for a start. (How's that for a slogan, Robyn?) Last Sunday Robyn had Sally and me, a gentleman named Roy (also present at last night's meeting) and two ladies named Rita and Elaine, to lunch at her delightful rural retreat at Gundaroo. Lunch started about 1.30pm and went on for about eight hours. Great. No space or energy to describe that beautiful day here, but Robyn's riding Baghdad into the dining room was fairly typical of the feeling of the day. What I do want to mention before I forget it is that Robyn knew AlpaJpuri (remember him?) way back when he was a schoolkid in Canberra named Paul Novitski. She helped start the Australian Tolkien Society. Robyn is very lovely. One day I must write something about her, but not now. Someone is elbowing me in the ribs. I think it's

Me, Ken Ozanne here again. Trying to escape the spectacle of Leigh Edmonds and Eric Lindsay (the one that formed out of some of the ectoplasm that was floating around here) aiming cameras at one another. Indeed, as I write, they have taken simultaneous photographs of one another taking photographs of one another as it were. If you form the notion that atmosphere hereabouts is not precisely mundane, you could be right.

Come to think of it, the Shostakovich that is playing in the background is proof positive that Edmonds is the real thing and not the pale imitation that has been appearing here and there of late. I don't know if it is reasonable to claim that Shostakovich is fannish music, perhaps Edmonds would. Here he is to answer this vital question:

Shostakovich writes (and performs) good music, whether or not it is fannish is something I haven't stopped to consider but considering that around local fandoms one hears him played a lot he just might be fannish, you never really know.

But John earlier on in this stencil wrote about the Canberra folks meeting last night. I had thought of myself as a fan old and tired, but not last night which was really enjoyable.

(JB:) There are three ladies present as I write: Sally, Valma and Marea (whom I incorrectly called Maria somewhere back there). While I am running off the first two pages I hope that some of them will inscribe on this humming stencil something for Posterity (ie, Posterity ACT 2604).

I have now been sitting here for approximately five minutes thinking what the hell to write so I have now written just that. The next thing I have to do is to think what the hell to write next. Leigh and I (that is Valma) have now been up here in sunny Canberra for two days. From our journey we have learnt onevery interesting thing. Ken Ozanne is not a hoax. He and his wife are real. I can justify this statement by also telling you that they are both in this room with me at the present time. Whether that is justification enough for some people I dont know but when you consider the fact that I would never tell a lie it must be true.

Yours sincerely,  
Valma,

I have been asked to write something, so this is it.

Yours,  
Marea Ozanne.

This could get out of hand. Who said women entered the business world ass (but I meant as) typists - that the typewriter was the great emancipator of womankind. Whoever it was hadn't seen this lot. Look at that poor excuse for a first appearance in a fanzine by my wife.

In case you hadn't guessed, this is Ken again. I'm endeavouring to introduce our next guest, the famous Sally: Hi! I wasn't going to say anything this time, but after reading what a certain gentleman (if he deserves such a title :) has just written about us ( meaning us three females i.e.) I decided that I couldn't let such a comment pass unnoticed - which I haven't - O,K?

As I haven't been consuming any alcohol, just for a change, I can't think of anything else to say this time except that I seem to be surrounded by numerous people who have lots of

interesting things to talk about - so far it's been a rather fascinating Saturday, and the great part about it is that it hasn't ended yet - but I have, I think I've wasted enough space on the stencil this time. See you all later....."

(JB:) Fanfuckingtastic! (as I heard Val say not three hours ago) - here we are, seven of us, and only Leigh and I have used this tripewriter before, and all of this stuff is readable. I was about to say something about our new house, but Marea is kicking me in the shins and

Hello! It's me again, Marea. I suppose you're wondering what we're all doing here at John's, well we are all skoffing his booze and eating his food. At around lunchtime S Valma, Leigh, Ken and I were the only ones here (John and Sally having gone I know not where) and had a delightful lunch prepared by Sally. I must say it is the only way to eat. Food prepared by someone else who doesn't get to eat any of it.

(JB:) This house, yes. Canberra, you see, has some ekstremely ekskusive suburbs which are normally referred to as the Dress Circle. One of them is Red Hill. That's where Sally and I are in the process of moving to. Um, that is, we would be in that process if Leigh and Val and Ken and Marea and Eric weren't here. But we have a week or three yet, so not to worry. The house is a three-bedroom job, large sunny lounge room, big back yard - you know, typical suburbia. We love it. From the front windows we look out to the mountains north-east of Canberra; from the back you see Red Hill its very self. Bucolic, no end. If you're planning to drop in, the address is 20 Investigator Street, Red Hill. Like all Canberra addresses, it's hard to find (part of our reason for choosing it).

Sally (reading over my shoulder) points out that the food referred to above by Marea was prepared by "V\*a\*I\*m\*a". (Sweet kds, both of 'em.)

End of one-shot coming right up. Wish you'd been here. Pax vobiscum!

SALLY YEOLAND : VALMA BROWN:  
MAREA OZANNE : KEN OZANNE :  
ERIC LINDSAY : LEIGH EDMONDS :  
JOHN BANGSUND : (OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO)

(X)