



THE WEDDING #2 is published by Sally and John Bangsund PO Box 357 Kingston ACT 2604 Australia. The first issue of THE WEDDING was published by Sue and Ron Clarke a couple of weeks ago to commemorate their experience of 25th August 1973, and to them this issue is affectionately dedicated. (29th March 1974)

'Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart...' Well, it seems that long, but it's only seven days since Sally and I decided to commit wedlock. In the mean time, in-between time, ain't we had fun! Oh yes. First advice to those about to wed: don't tell anyone. Second advice: you'll give in and tell 'em anyway, so try at least to hold out until the day before.

The first reaction by quite a few people to our news was 'Why? - is Sally, you know, patter of tiny feet and all that?' After a few days of attempting to answer this in a frank and dignified manner, Sally gave up and started saying 'No, he is.'

Another common reaction, by my friends, was 'You've been through all this before. Don't you ever learn!' Yes, I learnt a lot from my first marriage. This time I'll make different mistakes and learn a lot more.

'There is no regular path for getting out of love as there is for getting in. Some people look upon marriage as a short cut that way, but it has been known to fail.' Thomas Hardy, yes, and he should have known if anyone ever did.

The law's delay, the insolence of office... yes, we've experienced those in the space of a week. But marriage - the legal kind, with all its delay and insolence (which are the accidents, as the Schoolmen might have said, rather than the substance of marriage) - is a way of saying 'I love you enough to give you my freedom - and to accept yours.' It is the outward, visible, entirely unnecessary (and therefore more precious) symbol of a state of being.

You there! - yes, you! - you don't believe a word of this, do you! I thought not, cynic. Yes, I've heard the one about living in an institution.

* * *

'The whole wedding went off without a hitch...' (Sue Clarke: The Wedding)

* * *

The ceremony was conducted in a friendly yet dignified manner by Mr Roger Thomson of the Attorney-General's Department, on the fourth floor of the National Mutual Centre, Canberra City, about 8.30 pm.

The bride wore a purplish-bluish-greenish caftan of her own making; the groom, an elderly but serviceable dark grey suit. Both later reported feeling radiant, and a little nervous. The wedding was witnessed by Miss Rosemarie Bell and Mr Robert Lehane, public servants and friends.

At approximately 6.45 pm the party proceeded to the Bacchus Tavern, where a light repast of steak and claret, oysters and riesling (but not in that order) was provided by the management at only mildly outrageous expense. A fiery confection claimed to represent the bombing of Alaska was consumed by the ladies while the gentlemen discussed the imminent downfall of the Western Australian Labor Government (which event occurred the following day: the only prediction of the evening, so far, to have proved correct).

The bride and groom retired about 9.30 pm to their residence at Red Hill, where this disquisition and report was to be edited, printed and published - but the groom had a sudden onrush of common sense, and the stencil sat curling in the typewriter for 72 hours or so while more important things were discussed and engaged in.

Since Friday night Sally and I have driven to Melbourne, where we were feted handsomely by close relatives, most of our friends in Melbourne fandom, and a few friends who are not fans; I have returned to Canberra; and as I write, Sally is on her way by ship to Tasmania.

It is Monday evening, 1st April, and I am lonely.

Lonely, and yet happy, if you know what I mean.

Sue and Ron Clarke: This started out as a friendly send-up, and became something else. We don't envy your happiness because we have our own, but we certainly appreciate it more now. Thank you both for your consistently honest and interesting publications. Stay happy: you two, and everyone reading this. (And a special cheerio to Henry and Nancy in Acapulco...)