

The Best Of ANZAPA
Volume 10
1977/78



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President: Keith Taylor

Official Bloody Editors: John Bangsund
Gary Mason

Editor's Introduction

If I was dealing with any form of endeavour other than fandom I might find it odd that, 17 years after the period covered by this volume, I am able to contact all but 6 of the 37 people who were members of ANZAPA during 1977 and 1978. A number of those members I can contact haven't replied to any of my correspondences, but that's another story. The main point is that once someone gets involved with fandom they tend to stay in contact, no matter how peripheral that contact may be. Which has made at least one of my self-imposed jobs easier - that being to provide as many ex-ANZAPAs as possible the opportunity to reassociate themselves with the apa via this anthology series, and to supply copies of each volume to each year's members.

Perry
Middlemiss

But it's the odd ones that stand out amongst the missing. The one I'm thinking of specifically in this instance is Keith Taylor.

Keith was quite a well-known fan around Melbourne in the mid- to late-seventies and into the early eighties, he published a number of fantasy novels over the years - either in collaboration or on his own, with the last of these being released sometime around 1991 - but now seems to have faded from view. Various people have tried to steer me in his direction to no avail, with letters being returned from the one and only address I've been given. Maybe he wants it this way, or maybe he's just moved on to some other interest that consumes his time these days. In any event, he appears to be the exception rather than the rule with Australian fandom. Whether this says anything about fandom in general or simply Australian fandom in particular I have no idea. I just find it a blessing that so many ex-members are still contactable. They may not, but I do.

On a slightly darker note, I know that at least four ex-ANZAPAs have died (Michael Jolley, John Ryan, Susan Wood and Roger Weddall) and there may be more - I hope not. But again this strikes me as being rather unusual; given the number of people who have been members over the past 25 years.

There isn't much that needs to be said about this volume, as the contents should speak for themselves, but a few sharp-eyed readers might notice a possible inconsistency or two amongst the contents pages and membership statistics. In particular I refer to the entries relating to Jan Howard. In the main body of the statistics table he has an entry with no credits for the two mailings when he was a member but an entry in the secondary "Others" table. This was brought about simply because he only supplied a contribution to the apa after he had been dropped through lack of activity. Confusing, I know, but it seemed the best and most accurate course of action. Similarly the issue of half-page credits arises with Deborah Knapp, Brian Thurogood and Eric Lindsay all falling prey to this aberration. The explanation is that I have split contributions equally between members of a joint membership with no regard to how much or little each of the members actually produced - that would have been too much effort for too little gain in my view. Eric Lindsay's half page arises from his joint contribution with Minnie Hands in Mailing 61.

As is usual I have to thank all those members who gave permission for the reprint rights to their work, to Gary Mason for his introduction, to Marc Ortlieb for allowing continued access to his back mailing collection and for his huge ANZAPA index which has proved invaluable. Thanks also to Robyn Mills for her help as graphics design reviewer - I learned early to take in good stead such remarks as "That looks awful!". I hope the final result is pleasing enough.



OBE's Foreword

Gary Mason

Why ANZAPA?

Why not?

Those words were written by Peter Darling, as he set up his Toshiba notebook computer for me to compose this introduction. Peter was a founding member of ANZAPA, and (with his wife Elizabeth) was a member of ANZAPA on a number of occasions over the years — including 1977/78, the year with which this volume of *The Best of ANZAPA* is concerned. Peter also happens to be my oldest, well, most long-standing, friend.

Peter's questions were questions very much in all our minds during that tenth year of ANZAPA, as we took stock of the apa's longevity, and perhaps our own, and prepared for our first major face-to-face celebration of ANZAPA, which was being planned to take place in conjunction with collation of the tenth anniversary mailing.

I must say that most of the sf and related conventions I have been to in my life are now something of a blur, but ANZAPACon was something special. I suppose that most readers of this foreword will understand that extremely well, because these words are written less than six months after ANZAPACon II, which aroused very similar feelings that we were attending something special, even for me, a person who has been gaffiated for more years than matter. It was evident to me that, equally for many young fans of whom I had never heard before (much less met), an ANZAPACon is not just another convention.

After being a foundation member of ANZAPA, or APA-A, as it was initially called, I had dropped out in, I think, early 1972 after completing my first period as OBE when Dennis Stocks, a Brisbane fan, took over. I believe I was persuaded by John Bangsund to re-join in about 1976 or 1977, when my life was entering a new phase and John and Sally were living in Adelaide. John was then serving as OBE. I don't think I had been a member for very long when a new OBE was needed. Although Derrick Ashby was also standing, I for some reason ran, and was elected. Without being able to find my mailings of the period (I'm sure I still have them somewhere), all I have to go on to refresh my memory is a set of my own zines, and they probably tell a one-sided story. I think I first decided to stand before I knew Derrick was also interested, but I can't be sure.

Anyway, for better or worse, I was elected OBE in April, 1978, halfway through the year covered by this volume, assumed office in June and stayed for two years on that occasion. (I did serve yet another spell later, which abruptly ended in December 1983 — my last fanzine until my current run of ANZAPAZines.) 1978 was a very interesting year to become OBE, because the idea of a convention to mark the tenth anniversary had already been mentioned, and eventually it was decided that it would be held in Melbourne, because that was where the majority of members lived and long-distance travel (even within Australia) was still stressful to the financial resources of most members. John Foyster volunteered to host it in a fantastic area he and Jenny Bryce had (I suppose it would be called a rumpus room by many) at their home in St Kilda, just around from Luna Park. Better still (for me!), Leigh Edmonds, as foundation OBE, volunteered to take over again, just for the tenth anniversary mailing.

That mailing, of course, was No.64 — which is not in this volume, but should be the first mailing to be covered by the next annual volume of Perry's *Best of ANZAPA* reprints. I mention it here because during the period covered by this volume, as the tenth anniversary loomed large before us and the ANZAPACon with it, there was a perception of heightened enthusiasm and activity among the membership, and lots more people were interested in becoming members — particularly people who had been members

previously. For example, in June 1978, the waiting list stood at 15, one of the highest it has been, although it stayed fairly high (as did mailing page counts) for some time after the anniversary. The calibre of writing selected by Perry Middlemiss from the 1977/78 mailings for this very volume well reflects the excellent standard of many contributions during that period and, I think it is fair to say, the health of Australian fandom more generally.

I'm not entirely sure why it has fallen to me to write the OBE's introduction to the mailings from October 1977 to August 1978, because John Bangsund was actually the OBE of ANZAPA for most of them (four out of six).. Because we were living in the same city at the time (although the Bangsunds were on the move back to Melbourne shortly afterwards), the transition from John Bangsund to me as OBE was quite smooth that year. Things went on pretty much as they had been, although clearly I was a much less easy-going person. But there was not the major trauma there was a couple of years later when John Foyster took over and promptly repudiated the leniency with which I was indulging members (extensions on minac and extensions on finances), and threw half the membership out with his first mailing. But there were a few other differences between John Bangsund's approach and mine. For example, I always took the view that the OBE does a lot of work getting the mailing together and preparing the official organ, and I always felt that the OBE should be allowed to count the official organ towards minimum activity requirements. I did this in respect of myself (as I had earlier in the late '60s or early '70s, when I was first OE, and did again in the '80s), whereas most OBEs, and certainly JB as my immediate predecessor, had charged the apa treasury for the production costs of the official organ and complied separately with minac requirements.

This meant that my official organs may have tended to be a little chattier than some, but it also meant, I probably should concede now, that I didn't participate in the life of the apa as fully as I might have. Nevertheless, I see that I wasn't too shy at one stage to tout for votes for GUFF, although in the event I was unable to secure enough support even to submit a nomination! — and as a result, have not to this day been outside Australia except for a subsidised egg producers' conference in Bangkok for a few days in 1990.

I did seem to think I knew a bit about Big Name Fans in October, 1978, however, when I wrote a 6-page nostalgia piece for the annish, not being burdened by the obligation of the official organ on that occasion. I blush now at the naked big-noting in that nostalgia piece, just as I notice, ironically, that I expressed embarrassment then at things I had written ten years earlier. I guess that in 1978 most of the more active members of ANZAPA were still under or around 30 (I was 29), and those of us who had been around at the launch of ANZAPA in 1968 thought that was pretty good.

And perhaps it was. Spending ten years (on and off) out of a thirty-year life on a particular activity or association is a fair proportion. Then again, 25 years (more off than on, now) out of a 45-year life is much more impressive. But how impressive? How worthwhile is a 25-year association with an amateur press association, really? So what that the apa itself has lasted for 25 years — I guess a few other apas have, too, by this time. Does it really mean much more than that some of us are getting older (not all; ANZAPA, happily, has always been able to keep regenerating, a bit like Doctor Who)?

Well, that just about brings us back to the questions Peter Darling asked at the top of this foreword. But I don't seem to have answered them in 1978, nor do I feel I can answer them now. All I can say is this: a lot of people have found ANZAPA worthwhile enough to hang around it for extended periods — of up to 25 years. It seems to bring a lot of pretty unlikely people together very pleasantly, for short or long periods. It seems to give a lot of people a lot of pleasure. Gee, I think that's probably good enough. Anyone who wants a better understanding could not do better than have a look at the material in this volume.

1st April 1994



If It's Friday, It Must Be Canberra

JOHN BANGSUND

Well, it's just barely Friday in Adelaide (11.57pm, Friday 31 March, to be exact), and Canberra - where Brian Aldiss has spent most of today - is now almost half an hour into tomorrow. Last night he looked just a little apprehensive at the thought of two days in Canberra. I explained to him that Australians rubbish Canberra for two reasons: the people who don't live there hate it because it represents government and overpaid public servants and so on; the people who do live there have mostly come from somewhere else, and they've taken some time to get used to the place, and now they wouldn't want to lie anywhere else, and they know it, but they keep up this pretence of hating the place - partly because they don't want thousands of outsiders moving in and turning their neat, well-ordered little town into another Sydney or Melbourne. I think that's roughly what I said to Brian Aldiss last night at the Botanic about Canberra.

We talked about lots of things last night at the Botanic - that grand old pub on the corner of North and East Terraces that looks like an architect's idea of a wedding cake. And the night before we talked about lots of things at the Norwood pub, a place I like to take visiting sf authors to, partly out of sentiment, partly because it's right opposite the Norwood post office, where I have my box; if there's anything in the box, and the conversation gets boring, at least I have something to read. I can report that on the three occasions I have taken visiting sf writers there I have not been bored. I took Vonda McIntyre there on the hottest day of 1977, and Bill Rotsler on one of the coldest days; Brian Aldiss was delivered to Sally and me there by Kirpal Singh, a cheerful Sikh with a green turban who is doing something interesting at the Adelaide University's English Department, and whisked away

from us by Michael Tolley an hour or so later. Michael is a senior lecturer, I think, in the same English Department.

Aldiss is a marvellous bloke. I felt as though I'd just met an older cousin who'd made good in the Old Country but was still kin and a good feller for all that. I'd seen him briefly on tv the night before (Tuesday), and he looked old and sententious. That's what tv and a long weekend in Melbourne can do to you. He came bounding in to the Norwood pub, looking fit, young and fannish, pointed at me, said 'Aha, Bangsund!' (or something to that effect), and within three minutes Sally and I felt we'd known him all our lives. I said to Aldiss 'How do you like Australia where do you get your ideas from what are you drinking?' and he said 'No, what are you drinking?' - and was over at the bar buying drinks for us before we quite knew what was happening. When he came back he said he couldn't remember the last convention he's enjoyed so much, and I said tactfully we'd heard things hadn't gone altogether smoothly in Melbourne, and he said he'd had the time of his life and that Australians were bloody marvellous; Mervyn Binns, Paul Stevens and others had gone to the airport to see him off that morning, and he was quite touched. So was I. Even if he was lying through his teeth, this man made me feel proud of being an Australian and a fan.

I can't describe the feeling of rapport we got from this man. It was instant, it grew, and I think it will last. I hadn't expected it. I had expected some fencing and parrying, some kind of shyness or even suspicion on both sides, but that didn't happen. We just got right down to talking like old friends, as though we'd known each other for a dozen years or so (which we have, but not face to face), and it was delightful beyond expression.

And last night we did it all over again. We thought we'd said goodbye to Brian there at the Norwood pub, but John McPharlin cunningly arranged to spirit him away from his official engagements for a relaxed dinner at the Botanic, so we saw him again. One more meeting, I swear, and Aldiss and I would have been ribbing each other mercilessly. We were working up to it at the Botanic last night. I almost had him cornered on the subject of 'C.C. Shackleton', but the company allowed him to get away. At Norwood he told me he'd kept on missing Bruce Gillespie at the convention in Melbourne; finally he'd grabbed him by the shoulder and insisted he talk - and as he said this he grabbed my shoulder. I said 'This shirt will never be washed again.' He said 'It looks as though it never has been.' Childish humour? Not really, not ten minutes after you've met a man so eminent in his field that you feel you should really be discussing something important like usuforn robots as symbol of cultural attrition in science fiction.

In fact, mostly we steered clear of sf as such. We talked mainly about the people and ideas and incidents behind sf - and some of the talk was libellous and most of it hilarious. I can report though that I pinned him down on The Malacia Tapestry and elicited the confession that that book will have two sequels. For the first time, but not the last, Brian the fan gave way to Aldiss the writer, and Sally and I just sat there and listened to him in awe. But mostly, while we were with him, the writer was taking a well deserved break from the heavy literary-academic stuff and relaxing as a fan and a friend amongst fans and friends.

During Brian's visit I got thinking all over again about the relationship between sf and fandom. I thought about it so much that I've proposed to Michael Tolley the idea of discussing the subject on a panel at the Adelaide convention in June. Fandom can sound so awfully childish at times, and at times it is, but then, so is politics. I got Brian talking about Yugoslavia; he told some gorgeous stories and we discovered a shared enthusiasm for the writings of Rebecca West and

Alexander Kinglake (no, let's be honest: one book by each). What the hell have Eothen and Black Lamb and Grey Falcon and Yugoslavian politics got to do with science fiction? A lot, as it happens, but you discover it only in the kind of fannish atmosphere that prevails when Aldiss and seven other fans get together in a pub in Adelaide to relax and talk about anything that interests them.

In the next issue of Parergon Papers (published before this one) David Grigg talks about why he gave up publishing fanzines. I hope I've given you some idea here why I go on publishing them.

- from ANZAPA 61



Mailing Comments:

Denny Lien commenting to Roman Orszanski in ANZAPA 60.

"A progressive dinner is one of several courses, each of which is held in a different place." When I lack a table, I usually hold my dinner around waist level with my left hand and use my fork in the right. If I had to juggle several courses that way, holding each in a different place, I'd probably spill a lot. Just how many hands do you Australian-types have, anyway? (Or maybe it's just that one course is held by the ears, one around the midsection, etc. Fine if you are having game hens or the like, but difficult when you get to the pudding as puddings--other than Magic ones, of course--have no ears or midsections.)



The Ballarat North Fan Society Newsletter 80

The title of this issue is so named because I hope to fill up the rest of this issue reporting upon the first meeting of the Ballarat North Fan Society. There have been one or maybe two gatherings of fans in Ballarat before, the most notable being the meeting of the N3F (Notably Famous Frozen Fans) the day after Aussiecon but the event was rather short.

Just about the last day of June Valma and I happened to be walking past our letter box and noticed that it contained a rather waterlogged contribution, and since we don't often use the letterbox outside our front door and hence rarely look in it the letter may have been there a couple of days. The letter turned out to be from the Ballarat Permanent Building Society informing us that settlement on the "security" at 197 Humffray Street had taken place and that we were now home owners (not to mention mortgage owners to boot).

We decided that we would spend the following weekend camped in our new acquisition just so that we felt as though we owned it before we handed it over to an agent to have it let out for the next year and a half. We also decided to invite a few people up to warm the place a little. We would have loved to invite all our friends but since the house contained absolutely no amenities except electric lights, a stove, a heater and hot water we limited ourselves severely and all in all there were only ten people at the first meeting of the BNFs (killjoy Derrick Ashby, or was it killjoy Peter Darling, pointed out that in fact the house is in East Ballarat but we won't let that stop us).

We asked those we were able to invite to arrive on Saturday afternoon but

Valma and I left the previous day with the intention of getting ourselves set up before the hordes arrived. We took with us a carload of kitchen and household utensils and tied to the top of the car were two old mattresses upon which we intended to sleep. I lashed these items down as well as I could and off we drove, stopping at the letter box wherein, by happy coincidence, we found a letter from Vonda McIntyre describing the delights of her new house. We drove as far as Keilor and stopped for lunch and I relashed the mattresses to the car, the flapping of loose ropes having become very annoying.

We drove on and soon were zooming along the lovely freeways which now cover ninety percent of the route between Melbourne and Ballarat. It was very windy that day and with the mattresses tied to the top of the car I was not surprised to find that the performance of the car was effected. However when we found ourselves zooming up one slight grade at twenty-five miles per hour (must get the speedo converted one of these days) it seemed a bit much. A while later a man driving a tractor by the side of the road pointed at us and laughed as we chugged past with the engine revving and the car barely moving. We drove on and it wasn't until some time later that I happened to glance out the window and see the shadow the car was casting - the mattresses were tied down firmly at the back but the force of the wind had lifted them up at the front and they were presenting more area as an air-brake than any self-respecting aircraft would want to carry. We pulled over and tied the whole thing down again and then continued on with far less strain.

Although we had to go to the agents to pick up the key we drove by the house just to make sure it was still there. Valma pulled up the car and I leapt out, vaulted over the fence and rushed up to the house embracing it and crying "At last, you're all mine, mine..." or something like that. Anybody who has

Leigh Edmonds

attempted to embrace a structure as large as a house will recall that it is a singularly unrewarding activity.

Next we fell to our knees and ran our fingers through our very own soil and Valma beat me for making up such stories besides which the weeds have such a stranglehold on the soil that it will be a long time before anybody will be able to run their fingers through it or even see it (I hope there's plenty of gold).

We drove into the city and picked up the key and returned again, to the first time in fact to the house as we owned it. It looked a lot as it had the previous three or so times we'd been inside but whereas the other times the place glowed as if by magic this time it seemed rather less exciting. On the OTHER hand, everywhere we looked we saw virgin material to be shaped into the PERFECT HOME.

Then we started wondering about all the bird dropping we found in the sink, on the stove and in the other place and soon enough we found a dead bird in one of the fireplaces. Apparently the little creature had somehow got down one of the chimneys but had been unable to get out again and had flapped around for days before passing out from thirst or starvation or exhaustion or all three. So instead of spending a reasonable relaxing afternoon in our house we went off to buy up on cleaning materials to get the house in a worthy condition before our guests were to arrive the following day.

I shall not mention how I vacuum-cleaned the house while Valma took her beauty sleep, perhaps there are some things she would not care to mention either.

It was bitterly cold that evening and our shopping took us to some of the more exposed parts of the town where we were chilled through and wondered why we had ever chosen to eventually shift to such an arctic place. Later in the evening, as we walked along the main street and found the footpath swarming with happy more or less jovial school kids we had a fair idea why. We went into one shop and the man there was

selling his stock up after fifty-three years in business and assured us that Ballarat was a marvellous place to live.

I mentioned the cold mainly because it bought on a severe case of toothache which stayed on mildly the rest of the weekend and really bloomed on the Monday (but that is another tale for those who like stories filled with gore and stuff which I may tell later).

Having more or less got the place into a livable state we collapsed into bed around eleven o'clock and didn't sleep very well because the gas heater had made the air stuffy, because we couldn't open the window (in the morning I discovered that was because the previous owners had drilled a hole through the window and stuck a dirty great nail into it making everything unmovable until you pulled out the nail and because we were unused to the mattresses.

The job for the morning was the painting of the dunny. The place has an outside dunny and apart from being miles removed from civilization it was a black and dusty grott-hole. Before breakfast I set to and cleaned out the collected grime, dust and cobwebs. After breakfast I started giving the walls an undercoat, a task which was supposed to take a very short while but which took about three hours.

In the meantime Valma went off and did the shopping for the evening meal, she arrived back in fine time to find me still at my painting but as it turned out she said I had done a fine job and wouldn't need to give it a second coat, something I was not sure of but which I was not going to argue with.

The time drew near for our visitors to arrive and after a while we began to get bored with just waiting and put on our warmest clothes and went for a walk. We had hoped that the weekend would be a fine one so that the people who were coming up could walk around the city a bit but as it turned out most of the Saturday morning had been not only cold and windy but rainy and at times I had felt very odd being inside a little wooden box painting away while outside the elements had been beating away at

my wooden box. (Talking of which I should mention that as with most outhouses the boards which form the interior of the dunny are also the exterior ones and there are sometimes cracks between the boards so that while I had been slapping the paint on the inside wall some of the paint had managed to get to the outside and trickled down the walls giving the exterior of the dunny a rather curious appearance - something to be fixed when we take up permanent residence in a year and a half).

Mailing Comments:

Denny Lien commenting to Leigh Edmonds in ANZAPA 60.

Do you really desire immortality? Think how dull it would be after a while: doing mailing comments on the 42 trillion billionth mailing of ANZAPA (or being 42 trillion billionth on the Waiting List, even if we do raise the membership limit to 35); getting an automatic civil service merit raise for every thousand years you've spent on your job; seeing the MacDonald's hamburger stand sign reading "Over One Googolplex Sold," watching Labour-Country win its four thousandth straight election. . . (sorry about that). Of course, it would be one way for those of us who are completist collectors to have a fighting chance to fill our collections though maybe not. (I'm sure there aren't as many runs of say THRILL BOOK in existence as there are collectors who want it, and in another million years or so the situation can only get worse.) And would you want to have to buy the 99 billionth issue of PERRY RHODAN or the GOR series to keep up a collection anyway? No, no immortality for me, thank you very much. (Immortality, on the other hand. . .)



We arrived back from our short walk just before the first of the people arrived, Elizabeth and Jillian, Peter came with them but did not arrive on the front doorstep quite so quickly as the car radio was saying things about Telecom and he wanted to hear it all - an admirable sentiment and I will of course inform the Minister the next time I see him.

Later still Sue and David arrived and then later still came Christine and

Derrick and Chris Johnston and I believe that that was the lot. I remembered to offer them all cups of hot flavoured water but forgot the nummies. Later still some of us braved the intense cold and began to force a path through the thick undergrowth up to the crest of Black Hill which looms just in our back-yard almost but a landslide blocked the path and thwarted our attempt to reach the summit.

Mostly the meeting passed in a rather unstructured form, at one stage Elizabeth and Chris were drawing dirty pictures or just pictures and most everybody was talking with everybody else and the main thing I noticed was that with ten people lying on my loungeroom floor the room seemed very much smaller than I had at first thought it to be.

There was a spot of stew for dinner and for afters everybody had bought some sort of nummies so you could take your pick. Peter, Elizabeth and Jillian did not stay on into the evening and left some time after sundown taking with them a good third of our jolly company.

With the sun gone down we discovered that it was a bit difficult to see yourself in the dunny (some people are said to go there with their eyes closed tight, but apparently not fans) and so I fished the torch out of the car to put some light on the manner. The batteries in the torch were quite dead and so I strode down to the corner shop to get a recharge and arrived back to find Derrick lounging around outside the back door, not normal in the freezing cold wind. I stopped and looked at him with puzzled brow. "Have you taken up lurking?" I asked and he replied that he had not. I had also heard him talking to himself as I came up the driveway and asked him if that was yet another habit he had picked up. "He's out here looking after me you silly man," came the voice from the depths of the dunny.

"Is that you there in the dunny Christine?" I asked. "Who else?" she replied. "Gosh, it's dark in there, you need a torch or something." But she informed me that they didn't have a torch so I went and got ours for them but the batteries were quite dead so it was

just as well that I went down to the corner shop to get some.

Not long after that I ran out the extension lead from one of the power points in the back of the house (there were none in the bedrooms - yet) and we plugged in a couple of radiators to warm up a couple of the rooms that David & Sue and Derrick & Christine were to sleep in. Both had bought along fan powered heaters and after a bit of untangling wires we got them plugged in and happily puffing out their hot air.

Later, after we had sent Peter, Elizabeth and Jillian off into the wilds somebody commented that the radiators in the front room were not working and I rushed off all in a flap to see what was wrong. As far as I could tell from expert observation there was nothing wrong with either of them, they simply were not working. Wondering what in the hell is going on I took the plug out of the plug hole and marched with the cord trailing behind me into the lounge room to try my luck there. As I plunged the plug into the socket I plunged the house into darkness.

"Fuses blown!" exclaimed David, who knows all about such things. Fortunately the glow from the gas fire was enough to light the main room with cheering rays but the rest of the house was in pitched darkness. Fortunately there was the torch with its fresh batteries and after a little while we found it where the last person to have been to the dunny had left it and marched off to the fuse box to see what was what. What was up was that both the light and power fuses were blown, the drain of two fan radiators had been too much for the aged wiring. Proving that sci-fi writers and fans are not useless when it comes to everyday events David deftly took the two fuses apart and with the ends of the broken bits of fuse wire made up one piece long enough to get the lights back in operation. With that done we could then hunt around and find the car keys so that Valma and Chris Johnston could journey off into the night in search of some fresh fuse wire. They were not gone long and when they returned David again proved his deftness with difficult stuff like electricity and fixed the fuses up properly in a jiffy.

All this was very nice except that it then meant we had to be careful to only run one heater at a time, except that on the way up David had stopped off at his parents' place and they had given him his Birthday present, which turned out to be a nice long extension lead. So we ran one heater from each electricity socket and Chris Johnston all alone by himself froze.

The evening was rounded off by a series of games of Cheat in which Chris won the title of "Man you would not want to buy a used car from" with some remarkable triple and quadruple crosses.

In the morning everybody more or less got up and went home, not quite so quickly as that but Sue had to be at work early in the afternoon and Chris wanted to have a look in the local art gallery. Valma and I spent most of the rest of the morning in the act of tidying up and in planning the massive renovations that will take place as we win Tattsлото. Then we drove home. We had a very enjoyable weekend, we're sorry that we couldn't have had you all up. Next time...

- from ANZAPA 63



You know, when I was younger, there were three things that fascinated me: space travel, archaeology and jigsaw puzzles. True, I did occasionally allow myself to be drawn away for a short time by Sunday School or BILL AND BEN THE FLOWERPOT MEN, but somehow I always returned to one of the three above.

Space travel was probably my first love. One of the few books that followed me from childhood to adulthood was

Patrick Moore's BOY'S BOOK OF SPACE. At one time, I could recite the names of all the planets backwards, and knew such vital data about each as the number of moons, length of day, distance from the sun and origin of name. I was also certain that, one of these days, man was going to visit other planets. Mr Moore had made this more concrete by

assigning a timetable to the exploration of the solar system. (I really wish I could find that damn book. That last time I remember using it was in a science class at Naracoorte.) Indeed, it was this interest in space travel that led me to sf, via the Eagle magazine and Dan Dare. (Or it may have been Dan Dare which led me to an interest in space travel. I'm not quite sure.)

My other two interests interlocked quite neatly, for, in my mind, fitting together a jigsaw puzzle and fitting together an ancient civilization were very similar processes. It was a matter of putting the easy bits together first; the houses, the sailing boats and the people; and then trying to fit enough sky bits together to join the whole lot.

Naturally, I didn't see myself as a reconstructor of pots or ancient fortresses. That sort of work was for those gifted with their hands but short on brain. No, I was to be the intellectual genius who transcended logic to discover the vital link between the

Hittites and the Mycenaeans. I was going to prove that the Homeric legends did indeed derive from earlier Hittite writings. I was going to fling Schliemann's Troy into the same grave as that of the Piltdown Man.

Well, it didn't quite work out that way. We moved from England to Australia, and, whilst I found fascination in the civilizations of Greece and Egypt, I couldn't work up much interest in Aboriginal burial sites. They didn't have the grandeur of the lost cities and tombs of the Mediterranean. They seemed somehow ordinary. Perhaps it was just that the Aboriginal life style hadn't undergone many changes or perhaps it was the major battles and such, a luxury for which the Aborigines had no time. Anyway, my interest drifted over into my first love, space travel.

The Satanic Mechanic 2

Marc Ortlieb

Somehow though, even that had lost its shine on being transported to Australia. My handy BOY'S BOOK OF SPACE was useless here because it contained charts only for the Northern Sky. Equally useless were the HOW AND WHY WONDER BOOKS which I collected. When I then discovered that Astronomy was not a major university subject, I lost interest and progressed to chemistry.

However, my brief love affair with chemistry didn't last long. A basic fact of life smashed it well and truly. I discovered that to get on in chemistry one had to be capable of (gasp!) mathematics. I frantically transferred to biology only to find that vast areas of that discipline were also dominated by mathematics. So it goes. However, I can't help but wonder whether or not I might have continued with Archaeology had our family remained in England.

Enough of this background waffle. You can see from the above the type of

mind I developed. I tend to rely far more on intuition than on logic. (Another sign of this being my admiration for the hero in Asimov's story SUCKER BAIT.)

Unfortunately, there is seldom call for an English teacher to utilise jigsaw puzzle type mental processes. True, it does occasionally help one work out exactly who has that missing copy of THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK, and it does at times enable one to locate the fault in the school's 16mm movie projector, but, all things considered, English senior masters tend to prefer it if their teachers use the plodding type of logic which leads to reports being handed out on time.

That's all very well, I suppose, but it still leaves several of my carefully developed mental pathways with nothing to do, and I'm sure there must be a law of psychology which states that an unused mental pathway will find some way of forcing its way into use. The above mentioned little band certainly did. They formed an alliance and forced my brain to specialize in trivia.

Now, as Michael O'Brien will be able to tell you, the study of trivia is no small topic. Only one with a photographic memory can span the entire field of trivia. Most triviologists are willing to limit ourselves to one or two inter-related disciplines within the field.

There was a time when I thought that sf was my field. Darryl Aesche, John Packer, Dave Halleday and I could amuse ourselves for hours quoting obscure passages from sf books and challenging the others to identify source, author and page number. True, doing this at parties tended to get us rather weird stares from other attendees, but it is a proud and lonely thing.... Besides which, it gave us something to do, since none of us were particularly adept at picking up women. (A claim which, I am sure would not be received favourably by the other three worthies named but....)

It wasn't until I collided with fandom that I realized that we were rank amateurs. Coming up against Michael O'Brien in

the BofCon trivia quiz gave me an inferiority complex which lasted all afternoon. (Source Mike?)

So I carefully slunk off in search of new disciplines to conquer and make mine. I didn't do too well. I was tempted to major in comics trivia, but then I met Paul Stokes and John McPharlin. Hell, they not only knew the stories, they could tell me who inked the Thing's left big toenail in panel forty-three of THE FANTASTIC FOUR 56. I developed a certain limited ability in underground comics trivia was a minor consolation. I note for instance, in the latest NOUMENON that I dug up a couple of Bode illustrated stories that Ned Brooks missed in his Bode index, but such are minor triumphs, on the level of the pot reconstruction that I despised in my youth.

Mailing Comments:

Marc Ortlieb commenting to Denny Lien in ANZAPA 59.

Blast, now you've got me worried. After blaming me for comments about buying Niven which I didn't make (I think they were Mark Lawrence's) you say I look like the last pages of a Carey Handfield fanzine. True, at the moment my skin does have a greenish tinge, and I feel distinctly crumpled, but I don't really look like a Carey Handfield fanzine. For a start I'm much taller.

More fruitful to me has been sf rock music trivia. Here, the competition is less fierce, because to find a trivia maniac who is into both rock music and sf isn't easy, especially when one takes care to focus down onto one specific group of musicians. Indeed, my first remotely fannish activity was to write a letter to S.F. MONTHLY complaining that their sf and rock music article omitted mention of Jefferson Starship. (The letter appeared in the AussieCon issue of S.F.M. I guess they thought they'd use as much Aussie content as possible for that issue.)

Specializing in Airplane/Starship trivia has, to a certain extent satisfied my

desire to find out things that other people haven't discovered. Thus, I discovered the fact that the words to the track CROWN OF CREATION were taken verbatim from John Wyndham's novel THE CHRYSALIDS and I discovered proof that BLOWS AGAINST THE EMPIRE was directly based on Heinlein's METHUSELAH'S CHILDREN. (It was suspicion of that very fact which induced me to buy the album in the first place. The proof lies in the track MAU MAU which includes the line "Push the button. Pull the switch. Cut the beam. Come on, make it march." which is a direct paraphrase of Heinlein.)

Other sleuthing has revealed direct quotation of A. A. Milne in THE HOUSE AT POONEIL CORNERS. (Not particularly surprising, but what the hell. If I'm going to specialize in trivia, the facts are supposed to be trivial. You never know when you're going to be asked to do an article on A.A. MILNE and AMERICAN MUSIC. If I'm asked I have an Airplane track and two Melanie tracks to start from.)

Unfortunately, specializing in sf rock music trivia is getting to be trendy. Indeed, Brian even runs a column on it in NOUMENON. I had thought of specializing in GOON SHOW trivia, but her again the competition is mighty fierce. Even in ANZAPA, I'm up against the likes of Eric Lindsay, Denny Lien, John Rowley, Roman and Allan Bray. (Mind you, if we could all get together, it would be fun to put on a GOON SHOW; perhaps the SCARLET CAPSULE.)

I suppose the very ultimate would be to specialize in trivia regarding me. I can only see one problem that could possibly arise. My mother would win every time.

- from ANZAPA 60

Mailing Comments:

John Foyster commenting to John Rowley in ANZAPA 63.

In your comments to Kevin Dillon you note the problem of the fixed-membership apa - that whenever someone new gets in it is necessary for someone else to be thrown out. In one sense I strongly agree, and for that reason I'll be interested to see how the new unlimited membership apas (like APPLESAUCE) make out: while searching for something else recently I uncovered a fanzine which makes clear the length of time Australia's first unlimited apa, APA-M, lasted. There was a ninth issue of a David Grigg fanzine. (APA-NOVA may actually have been earlier than APA-M, but it only lasted about three mailings/collations, as I recall - corrections, JB, BRG?)

On the other hand I don't quite agree with your description of the process: new members get in only when old members are so little interested in the apa (either financially or through contribution) that they can be thrown out. It isn't really very helpful to have fabulous deadwood in an apa, though of course every now and then they might snap back to life.



John Foyster commenting to Leigh Edmonds in ANZAPA 63.

I'm not sure that one becomes a fuckwit just by proposing a constitutional amendment: as I recall, being a fuckwit is a pre-requisite for proposing the amendment, and the amendment proposal is merely outward evidence of one's inner fuckwittedness. But I don't want to be dogmatic about this.

DOWNTOWN WITH THE ZELAZNYS

Knowing that Roger Zelazny and his family were due in town sometime Wednesday afternoon and knowing which hotel they were staying at (I'd recommended it to them) I thought I stood a fair chance of locating them. Hoping they'd be in the Tourist Bureau next to the hotel, I made that my first port of call.

No sign of them. Then I turned and Bingo! There was the familiar Hugo-winning face of Zelazny peering at a rack of postcards in the shop across the arcade. I walked over and slapped him on the back lightly and said "Hello Roger". (Undue familiarity perhaps, but I had spent a bit of time with him and his wife Judy at Unicon IV a week before).

He turned and goggled at me. "Hello" he answered, "What are you doing here?" "I knew you were in town so I thought I'd just drop up and see if there was anything I could do to help you find your way around," I said. "Are you headed anywhere in particular?"

Judy Zelazny said that they'd been told they just HAD to take the kids to see Cat & Fiddle Arcade. I worked out we had fifteen minutes to get there and we set off down Elizabeth Street with Roger, his son Devin, and Judy pushing little Trent in his stroller. After a pause to buy some apple juice for the two children, we took our places with the crowd waiting for the 4 p.m. chimes to strike.

The kids were duly entranced by the audio-visual clockwork illustrating the nursery rhyme Hey Diddle Diddle. Little Trent's eyes bulged and he flung out his arm with an exclamation, pointing at the musical puppets. "No dear, he won't do it again for another hour," explained his mother. "The cat's got to have his rest," explained Roger gently, "he has a very strong union."

We walked on into Murray Street to a bank where Roger could cash some travellers cheques. The children started on a tin of apple juice while I talked to Judy, whose maiden name turns out to be Callahan - "I'm all in favour of the Irish therefore," she quipped.

Out of the bank, we crossed over to a bookstore. Discomforted only slightly by being warmly greeted by a passing wino. Took the Zelaznys in to the OBM Book Arcade so Roger could check for a book he was after, Brody's biography of Sir Richard Burton. Couldn't find a copy of that, but Devin was very pleased at finding an enormous stack of HOW & WHY books for 79c each. His father flipped through them to check they weren't duplicating any of the dozens they already owned and bought about fourteen of them. Judy contented herself with a copy of THE IRISHMAN and I picked up a second-hand copy of an Edgar Pangborn novel I didn't have.

Faced with a stack of children's books to lug home with them, the Zelaznys opted to mail them back to New Mexico and we crossed the street to the marvellous piece of colonial grandeur the Hobart GPO. The HOW & WHY books were dispatched and we walked off down towards the wharf.

Devin had seemed rather indifferent to me, but as soon as he learned I was a fellow Doc Savage fan he immediately warmed to me. "What's the most recent one you've got?" he asked and after a moment's thought I answered THE FLYING GOBLIN. "Ah, that's number ninety on the series," he nodded. I shot a startled glance at Roger: "Your son remembers all the Doc Savage books down to their numbers!" "I know," said Roger, "I can't think why but he does."

We walked on, discussing Doc Savage. "Devin's got all the books and I've got the comics," grinned Roger. "I'm

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halfway through reading FANTASTIC ISLAND to him." I nodded and said "Yes, that's a real good one." "One thing about those old Doc Savage novels," he mused, they've got great narrative hooks....." His writer's brain turned over a little; do you suppose I might be responsible if the next Zelazny novel starts off with a slam-bang violent opening?

When we reached the docks, the wind was becoming a little gusty. Trent was standing up in his stroller letting his hair stream straight back. "Trent loves wind," said Judy "but Devin doesn't like it at all." (Devin was putting on his waterproof jacket at the time.)

I pointed out the docks where the QE2 had berthed and showed them the ferries that had been essential during the three years the Tasman Bridge had been knocked down. "Oh yes, we heard about that on the news," laughed Judy "and I thought WHERE'S THAT? at the time!" We walked on to Constitution Dock where the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race boats tie up and Judy photographed us all standing by the water's edge. (Devin was a difficulty; he tends to play to the camera and strike poses at the photographer. "Do what your mother says," urged Roger, "just this once".)

The sky had clouded over and I suggested walking back towards the hotel before the rain started. We set off after some difficulty in tearing Devin away from the docks.

"You'll get wet," warned Roger.

"Don't care! I'm waterproof!" he answered, slapping his jacket proudly.

We walked up Elizabeth Street as we discussed the trip the Zelaznys were taking tomorrow to Port Arthur. "I feel I've really GOT to visit the Isle of the Dead," smiled Roger. I took a second to catch the reference and then burst out laughing. "I never thought of that! You should try and get a photo of yourself taken there..."

We stopped at a take-away food shop ("We called them Carry-Outs before we came to Australia" said Judy) and got

some sandwiches for the kids and the inevitable tins of Coke and fruit juice. Walking towards the hotel, they looked up at Mount Wellington and said it reminded them of their home in Santa Fe amidst similar peaks.

"Some places you just feel as though you want to stop and live there forever," said Judy. "we felt it when we first went to Santa Fe and I feel it about Hobart." She smiled. "I have a theory that happiness improves the further you get from New York City."

"We got the globe out once," explained Roger "and worked out the furthestmost place on Earth from New York. I think it was Perth in Western Australia. But this would do equally as well, I'd think!"

We speeded up a bit, both because it was raining and because Devin was complaining that he needed to go to the bathroom. "You went before we left," his father reminded him sternly. We finally arrived in the hotel lobby and buzzed for the lift while Devin crossed his legs melodramatically and looked at us in mock-anguish.

All too soon we had to part. "Perhaps we'll see you in the Sates one day if you're not at SEACON," said Roger. "Anyway, we'll probably see you in '83 at the Worldcon!" I didn't say goodbye to them. I shook hands and said "Au Revoir." And I sincerely meant it.

Two nicer people than the Zelaznys I have yet to meet. If I could be assured that all my neighbours would be like them, I'd move to America tomorrow. They were fine human beings. I hoped they liked me; I like them a lot.

- from ANZAPA 61



Warm Champagne #9

And here I am, Late as Usual, trying to save my ANZAPA membership and wondering if my 35 copies will fly to John Bangsund in a week. I've spent a fair bit of time recently marking Formal Reports from my technical writing class, on such thrilling topics as "Proposed Modifications to the Chambermaid Training Programme at the Vancouver Hyatt Regency Hotel," "Proposed Modifications to Fish Sampling Methods, Department of Fisheries," and "Safety Conditions at the Kin Pool, Nanaimo." My favorite report, so far, has been one on the sorting procedures at the Vancouver main Post Office, compiled by a woman who worked for a year sorting incoming mail, at some ludicrous salary. Apparently, mail coming in from Vancouver is given priority-- then from B.C.-- then from Canada. "Foreign" arriving mail is given lowest priority, and it is, apparently, quite normal for bags of overseas mail destined for people like ME to sit around for 3 weeks or more, during "slack" seasons. Bloody foreigners, they don't have anything interesting to say anyway, mumblemumble...

I confess to feeling Guilty when the Anzapa bundles arrive, quite promptly, bearing outrageous amounts of postage. It seems ridiculous to me that Canada has a printed-matter rate to Australia, while the US doesn't; but that Australia only has a printed-matter airmail rate to the US. John, do you want to go back to sending my bundles to John Berry, or do you figure the treasury is healthy?

Alas, even with such speedy delivery, you behold WARM UNBUBBLY all commentless. THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY PAGES? Lord save us, that's a novel... or two, if you're writing for Ace or Dell. Yesterday, when I could have been typing stencils, I marked a set of second-year Canadian literature essays instead. The average grade was C-,

or a bare pass, and at that I was being generous; you have seldom seen such a collection of disorganised and undigested facts, lack of logic, and poor grammar I got so disgusted that I simply couldn't write. Instead, I went for a hike down to the beach, after realising that I hadn't been for a ramble in my neighbourhood since, oh, May I think. (Bruce, I have decided that The Wood Hotel is actually a boon; the last time I saw my surroundings was when Joan Baker was visiting. The sense of Hassle I seem to feel each fall has everything to do with school, and the Fall Bleccies which replace The Februaries in more temperate climes than Ottawa and Regina. At least when people visit me, I get away from school, essays and \$/*!&?% Administration, and look at the occasional tree and scenic wonder.)

Winter has arrived. I dug out my heavy wool coat, and a scarf, and my heavy boots. Not to mention my thick purple socks. Muffled up, I strode past bare trees, berry-covered bushes, late-blooming roses, and whitened grass touched by frost, it was late afternoon, and about 6°C below freezing. The air was very still; the sky deep blue; the air, completely clear. You could almost see individual trees on the mountains north of English Bay. The nearer mountains were snow-dusted, with heavy white drifts in the valleys; already there's more snow than we had all last year, and the skiers are delighted. (Personally, I lived for 21 years in a marvellous ski region and never had the slightest urge to strap slippery wooden boards to my feet, don \$500 worth of fancy dress, and hurl myself down a wet, cold mountain. Mountains are very pretty to look at, and (in moderation) they are excellent things to walk up, admiring flora and fauna as you amble. But ski down one? Yer crazy.)

Susan Wood

I looked at the Howe Sound mountains, up into the interior, all sharp-edged and white

Mailing Comments:

Denny Lien commenting to Paul Stevens in ANZAPA 63.

"In the old days of Anzapa I used to spread his private all over the pages for everyone to see." Let's see, assuming at least a hundred pages in a mailing and an average width of a bit over 8 inches or height of say 11 inches, that means mutter mutter compute compute WOW! John Bangsund's private must be either 66 feet or 92 feet long! Must be rather flexible too. Sounds like one of the more amazing sights I failed to see when I was down there in Australia. Ayers Rock could easily be outdone as a tourist attraction if the government plays their cards right and nationalises Bangsund and charges admission.



like a Japanese print; there were slowly turning pink, as the sun set. I watched the colours change, and slowly fade; watched the water ebb; watched the trees. My head cleared.

I think that's the most peaceful moment I've had since term began.

I froze my nose, and came home to mark tech. writing reports...

Since I last did CHEAP CHAMPERS, I have: been back to Berkeley, where I delivered my paper, saw Ursula Le Guin, and had dinner with her, Lizzy Lynn and Terry Carr. Also got to see Dignified Ursula (sitting cross-legged in a Thai restaurant, all of us a little giddy after a day of Academic Serconity) using the skewer from her barbecued beef to flick grains of rice at Saintly Terry Carr. (You wondered what Pros do when they aren't signing autographs?) The nadir of the sercon-academic Stuff came when an earnest and rather dense Jungian critic, the young man (she said, patronizingly) who organized the seminar, tried to get Ursula to pin down the Meaningful Symbolism of her work. "Trees, you use a lot of trees. They seem to represent Good." "Well, yes," said Ursula, with her usual tact. "I do like trees, yes." "And rocks, now, Rocks are

Bad." Ursula, straight-faced, "Why, no. I never met a pebble I didn't like." Academic, undeterred, asked her how she celebrated the Vernal Equinox; did she strip and dance on the lawn to the fertility goddesses, or what. Ursula, still deadpan, left a meaningful pause, then replied, sweetly: "That's none of your business."

I giggled, clutching Lizzy (an ex-English lit-M.A.), and we both pretended we'd never been near an Academic.

I spent a marvellous 10 days in Berkeley, reading people's manuscripts, eating, and carousing... then came home, and Did Administration. Then I went to Portland, where Vonda was staying with the Le Guins, had more dinners and late-night conversations (punctuated by the invasion of the Le Guin garden by 4 racoons think of smart wombats, with Teeth and Claws and Cute expressions hiding menace. What, you can't imagine a smart wombat? Oh, never mind.) I collected a pile of essay-manuscripts, for (fanfare of trumpets) the collection of Ursula's essays on sf, fantasy and children's lit I'm editing for Berkeley Books (got the contract, got the money, no I haven't heard one word from David Hartwell, oh giants of Norstrillia Press, how about you? Now, I got to get The Time.) Came home, put the mss. in the drawer, and there they have stayed since the end of August.

- from ANZAPA 59



Mailing Comments:

Leigh Edmonds commenting on James Styles's GNERKS OF THE DREAMTIME in ANZAPA 63.

Gadzooks - a multi-coloured dittozine. My eyes are already at straining point and he goes and does this to me (what's the point of having a Selectric if you don't use it?). The title is nice though.



No John, This Isn't Rataplan 77

Actually, I was going to type this minuscule fanzine yesterday. Melbourne fans will be conversant with the regularity with which we have transport strikes, and yesterday was just such a day for having a transport strike. They picked a very nice day for their holiday too, the sun was out and the weather was warm with just a slight breeze which stopped it from becoming just a touch over warm. I happen to know what the weather was like because I also took the day off.

But don't ask me why I didn't get to type this yesterday because, quite honestly, I haven't got the faintest idea. I sort of got up and did nothing particular in the morning, waffled around a bit in the afternoon and read some stories from the most recent issue of ANALOG in the evening. A very pleasant time was had by all thank you.

The reason that I didn't go to work when there was a transport strike on is not as simple as it sounds. The bright ones among you, Peter Darling for example, will suggest that it was because there was a transport strike. Others, less inclined to logical thought but still inclined to their own kind of logic will suggest that I simply did not feel like going to work that day.

Both groups of people are only half right. The trouble with Brunswick, well one of the troubles anyhow, is that it is close to the city but unfortunately not quite close enough. When we were living in Carlton it was a twenty to forty-five minute walk into the office from the front doorstep depending upon how fast one felt like walking. From the front doorstep here to work is a walk of something like one to two hours, once again depending upon how fast you feel like walking.

I happen to know it takes an hour at the

Leigh Edmonds

minimum because there was a transport strike about three weeks ago and I walked into work that time. I thought that the exercise would do me good, perhaps it did but I haven't noticed any of the good effects yet. After I had done all the walking all I was feeling was bad effects and so I was not keen to repeat the effort very quickly.

The walk into the office took me, actually, about 55 minutes, which is not too bad. It was a nice sunny morning and since the walk is down Royal Parade with the Carlton Footy Ground on the left hand side and all the parks and then the colleges and then the university it was actually a pleasing stroll. But since I was not strolling it was not actually pleasant, still, it was novel and it didn't dull the senses. And it only took me half an hour to recover when I got to work. The trick in making the walk in an hour is to keep up the pace to just a bit over what is comfortable.

The walk home took me about seventy minutes, which is fifteen minutes longer than the walk in and I can only attribute it to exhaustion after a hard day at the office (being the only clerk in the section is no fun), that fact that I'd seen all the sights before and also the snarling menaces along the way. When I'd walked into work there had been no people out exercising but on the way home there were many many people running, jogging and sprinting as the mood took them. I guess that most of the people were with the University Athletic club and lived at the various colleges. Perhaps some also lived in the neighbourhood since while I cannot see colleges letting their inmates harbour snarling menaces whereas some private citizens may well do so.

Ever since I acquired my phobia of dogs at the beginning of the year I have stayed well away from them. The walk home was dotted with many moments of hysteria as I would squint into the distance and discern that the person running in my direction also had a dog with him (or her). Having discovered that another snarling menace was coming in my direction I would then make it my business to be well out of the way as the person and their four legged friend trotted past. And if the dog was particularly big and vicious looking (and most of them are) this might mean a

of me when I was a little person clutching the neck of this dog which was supposed to be my pet - which just goes to show you how incautious and foolhardy little people can be.) Doglovers tell me that if you are not afraid of dogs they will not jump up and down and terrorise you. That's what they say but I don't know whether it works or not because, unless the dog is very small or very old, it terrorises me before it even does anything. Nasty noisy animals, dogs!

Before the beginning of this year I simply didn't like dogs very much. But one day I went down the street for a loaf of bread and a carton of milk and bumped into a particularly noisy and energetic dog. I t saw me coming and ran down to greet me. I remembered the doglovers advice and decided to brave it out. My main feeling was one of annoyance that I should have to steel myself mentally to fend off this dog when it was such a nice day to relax on. However all my steeling was for nought and the dog did not ignore me, it came right up and started yapping around my legs. I pretended to be brave but I guess the dog wasn't fooled. It got a bit more excited and then it bit me. I was, to put it mildly, slightly surprised. I was also now even more annoyed. I turned around to the dog and yelled, in a loud voice, "FUCK OFF!!". Just to make sure that the dog got the message I shot across the road to the safety of the other footpath and hoped that the dog didn't follow me.

Thankfully the dog hadn't broken the skin and although the muscle cramped up I hobbled on down to the milkbar. But I went home another way.

The other day I came across the same dog as I was on my way home from work. But this time I saw it coming and, not wishing for a repeat performance, dashed to the other side of the road before we could catch up on old times. I didn't take much notice of what cars were on the road so I was lucky that there were none. I guess that I would rather have been run over by a car than have to face up to that dog anyhow.

Which is all a very round about was of explaining why I didn't go to work yesterday and why I stayed home with the intention of doing this little fanzine. It

Mailing Comments:

Leigh Edmonds commenting on Christine & Derrick Ashby's I TOLD YOU SO... in ANZAPA 63.

There may indeed be something wrong with ANZAPA, definable or not. It seems to me that we have a couple of alternatives, we can either revamp this old and creaking edifice or we can leave it alone and go off and play in any brand new building we care to create. The members are liable to decide what should happen by either staying on in droves or quietly leaving the sinking ship. However, if waiting lists are anything to go by this apa is better off than just about any other and maybe we will wait and see what happens for a little onger (try "longer") before whipping off our clothes and leaping into the waters of chaos to save the dear old lady.



quick nip out through the traffic to the median strip in the middle of the road where I hope that the dog wouldn't get to me.

So that is why it took me so long to get home last time and also the reason why I was loathe to walk into work this time.

I have never been a dog lover, in living memory at any rate. Apparently, before I got a living memory, I used to have a dog. But I was little then and don't remember a thing about it except that I'm told that the dog disappeared one day in to the railway yards and was never seen again. (There is also an old photograph

still doesn't explain why I didn't get around to typing it up all the same, does it?

Perhaps it's just as well that I didn't. I had the title all planned and ready to put at the top of the front page. I was going to call this something like "Horrible Yellow Slimy Stuff" and that's not a very good fanzine title, is it?

The other thing that has been happening to me recently, in the last five or six years at any rate, is that I've been getting fat. Some of you may have noticed while others of you may have had the decency not to notice. More recently than five or six years ago, say five or six weeks ago, Valma and I went on a driving holiday of the Murray Valley from Mildura to Echuca. We had a good time.

We stayed in motels in the evenings and since these motels had colour TV sets we spend most of the evenings gazing at them. It is amazing what you will look at on the little screen when it is in colour.

But as I was going to say, these motels had large mirrors plastered around the rooms so that no matter wherever one stood one could get a good eyeful of what one looked like, very unnerving and certainly not a good thing. Since the mirrors were so evident and so large I could not fail but to finally realise why my belt had been let out to its last notch and finally discarded so that my pants held themselves up okay. I decided that this was not a good thing and that **CHANGES WOULD BE MADE.**

Valma suggested that one gets fat because of the food that one eats and that perhaps I should not eat so many peanut butter sandwiches, toasted cheese and pickle sandwiches, pasties, pies, sausage rolls, vanilla slices, cream puffs and that I should not drink so much coca-cola.

As I stood and perused my vast bulk in the all revealing mirror I decided that she might well be right and thereafter things **WOULD BE DIFFERENT.** And so they have been, I haven't consumed any of the above for the last five weeks and may never do so again. Would you believe that I don't miss not eating them?

Astute readers of ANZAPA will recall that in the mailing a year ago (and because this mailing is the ninth annish that must have been the eighth) I sort of announced that I had given up smoking. I have since continued to give up smoking with a 100% success rate and that may have, in some ways, lead to the world shattering announcement in this issue. Anyhow, if you want to know what I eat instead of all those fine foods I will often reply that I eat salads (which are just as easy to prepare as toasted cheese and pickle sandwiches) and other

Mailing Comments:

Leigh Edmonds commenting to Marc Ortlieb in ANZAPA 63:

I don't really believe in doing things like buying houses and life insurance either but you wake up one morning and there you are with a mortgage and an insurance to pay the thing off if you die. It's called getting older and its something that I regret to say keeps happening to me all the time. Recently I was doing the pays (being the paymaster gives me the right) with my new assistant and in a slow moment we were having a conversation about nothing in particular and I happened to mention how many "little girls" there were getting paid. Gasp and Horror, I hadn't realised that she was perhaps nineteen and therefore a bit younger than some of the people I was referring to as "little". It is fortunate that she still talks to me.

generally healthy foods. I pack myself a salad to take to work for lunch and this has sparked off no end of comment amongst those who had, only a few months earlier, wondered out loud how I could possibly eat two pasties and drink a can of Coke for lunch.

Recently one of them asked me if I had lost any weight from my diet. After I had put him right with the information that I was not on a diet but that I had changed my eating habits, I concluded by mentioning that my pants have evolved the tendency to want to fall down these days.

Valma suggested to me that not only should I eat healthy foods, she suggested to me that if I really wanted to lose weight, I should take up exercise. The

idea was quickly knocked on the head. It might be, as I said at the time, that she is right. However, there is no need to go overboard about anything and anyhow, not eating pasties and drinking Coke is enough for one person to have to cope with at any given time thank you.

While giving up smoking is a matter of stopping doing something and changing diet is a matter of substitution which requires neither more nor less energy, taking exercise in daily doses is a positive addition to the workload and to be avoided. Of course I am now bound by tradition to make some kind of announcement about positive steps I have taken to improve my lifestyle and to make that in the October mailing next year (which will be the tenth annish) so you never know what I will be doing then.

The way I see it is this: Sometime in the next couple of decades they are going to invent immortality, if we are still alive that is. With the prospect of life dragging out ahead of us for millions of years it would be a pity if I penalised myself right at the beginning by having fucked-up lungs and a fatty blood distribution system. If one wants to live forever one has to forget a few of the earthly pleasures, but not others thankfully. Some of you might disagree with me on this and I will be interested to hear reactions. However, there's not much you will be able to do to get me to believe some other little fantasy.

It was somebody or other who suggested that the thing about immortality is not so much that people want to live forever but that they are not too keen on dying. Now that I think about it, the person who said it might have been John Breden and even if it wasn't the statement applies to myself a great deal. Also, while I'm not too keen on the idea of living forever I am a bit annoyed that I can expect (with current technology) only about another 60 years of active life. I do have a lot of interests and it does seem to be a pity that I'll be cut off well before I've got the lot of them well and truly sorted out.

Still, that's the way the world goes...

- from ANZAPA 58

Mailing Comments:

John Foyster commenting on Derrick Ashby's ASHBY'S SCRABBLERS' ALMANACK in ANZAPA 61.

At first I thought this a possible top contender for most boring ANZAPAZine of the year (if not the decade) but as I pawed my way through it I began to discover its rich potential. Perhaps, lurking deep inside, is a successor to THE UNIVERSAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION, INC. J. HENRY WAUGH, PROP.

&

John McPharlin commenting on the same contribution in ANZAPA 61.

Thank you for what I found to be a most interesting contribution. Doubtless you will be as interested to read my own forthcoming volume " An Anthology of Great Dancing Competitions" which is nearly ready for publication. By the way, if anyone can tell me the names and home states of the second and third place getters in the "Brahma Lodge to Broken Hill Cross Country Boogie Championship of 1936", it will enable speedier completion of the above-mentioned volume. Any information on the "Tantanoola Tango Titles (1947-1953)" will also be greatly received.



Son Of Why Bother 1

John Brosnan

Those ANZAPAns who know of my drinking habits no doubt think that the name of my street - Lushington Road - is very appropriate. But while the name may conjure up a picture of the quaint, tipsy charm the reality is quite different. Lushington Road is a bleak, featureless little street in one of West London's most depressing areas. In fact, it's such a grotty place that some residents have painted COME BACK LUFTWAFFE. ALL IS FORGIVEN on their roofs. As the inhabitants are predominantly coloured immigrants there is always a feeling of vague tension in the air, largely created by the older white residents who resent their presence. Naturally it's become a focus for the National Front's activities (the National Front is Britain's fascist party) and last year they fire-bombed a black bookshop in the nearby Harrow Road. Muggings are also rife in the area - the muggers either beings gangs of black youths or gangs of white youths (please note your colour preference on a card and send it to the NW10 Mugging Service).

It's all Mervyn Barrett's fault that I'm living here. He introduced me to his friend Jill and when he left England back in 1975 I took over as Jill's official cat minder whenever she went away. At that time Jill lived in a large, rambling flat on the top floor of an old building in St John's Wood, one of London's most pleasant inner-city areas. The flat was run-down and the neighbours below were appallingly noisy, but its main advantage was its roof - a great spot on which to spend summer days, with much of London spread out below, and a great spot to get drunk on summer nights... The flat was also ideally suited for underground stations, shops and, most importantly, pubs (my favourite local became the Abbey Tavern run by a fellow West Australian expatriate). At the beginning of 1976, after a spell in Ireland, I moved into the place on a full-time basis and for the next year or so life was relatively pleasant apart from the running battle with the neighbours (they were all in the entertainment business - out of work musicians, out of work singers and one actor - and made noise round the clock. I particularly disliked the actor who had the habit of getting up and thumping the piano whenever he had achieved a satisfactory orgasm, which was often. I was overjoyed when he left to go on tour as Basil Brush's partner but apparently even that awful fox couldn't stand him and he returned after only a few weeks. Basil Brush, I hasten to point out, is a glove puppet in the shape of a fox and has his own TV show over here.)

But then, at the end of 1976, Jill, who works on a BBC TV film program, decided that the time had come to burden herself with a house and mortgage. I tried to point out that living in a low rent flat in a posh neighbourhood was more desirable than paying a fortune for a house of her own in a less attractive area but her mind was made up and a few months later she announced that she'd made an offer on a ground floor flat, complete with garden (for the cats) in NW 10. My first sight of 23 Lushington Road was not a happy one and this feeling of doom was reinforced when we actually moved in. For one thing it's not near any tube station - instead one is serviced by a

primitive little surface line that eventually links up with the underground if you're very, very lucky. And the nearest pub, which is a good 15 minutes walk away, can best be described as incredibly gruesome.

Of course, no sooner had we moved in that Jill decided she hated the place and immediately put the flat up for sale. That was almost a year ago and as you can see we're still here. After months of being plagued by cretins coming to

last couple of months on assignment for the BBC in America she hasn't yet had the opportunity to look for another flat and so the situation is in limbo at the moment.

One of the many drawbacks of living here is that we have a pair of mangy, unpleasant old-age-pensioners living above who are constantly being visited by hordes of their noisy little grandchildren. I've discovered that I prefer to have noisy neighbours below me rather than on top (admittedly I'm not the most tolerant of people to share a house with). And I'm also getting worried about the guy who drives around on a motorbike and side-car wearing a full World War 2 German soldier's uniform complete with square helmet. When I first saw him I thought I was having an attack of the DTs, then I decided that he was a movie extra returning equipment to the big theatrical hire company in the Harrow Road (called Bapty's - it specializes in hiring out guns and military equipment to movie companies) but I've seen him in the same gear since then, and on one occasion he had a woman and child in the side-car, so I can only presume he's a Nazi buff.

Jill's disillusionment with the place grew in leaps and bounds, particularly after an incident that took place just before Christmas. I'd been away minding John Baxter's flat while he and Joyce were in America (when I'm finally forced out of writing I shall become a full-time flat and pet minder) and dropped back on Christmas Eve to say goodbye to Jill before she left for her parent's place in Bognor. I arrived to find her looking flushed and excited. At first I assumed it was the result of Christmas good cheer but it turned out she had been mugged right outside the front door a few hours previously. She decided the best thing to do was scream and drop her bicycle on the guy's foot, which resulted in him running off. Later she called the police and they actually succeeded in picking the guy up, who turned out to be a drunken teenager - a drunken teenager with a stiletto in his back pocket. Now when I come home I always examine the bushes in the front garden before opening the front door.

Mailing Comments:

Denny Lien commenting on John Brosnan's SON OF WHY BOTHER 1 in ANZAPA 63

My sympathies on living in same building as "out of work musicians" etc.--though I suspect the in-work ones make just as much noise. The people living above me (well, not directly above, there's four feet or so between us) used to play disco music rather endlessly on their stereo while the fellow next door to me played jazz and soul and the fellow next door to them taught himself to play country and western amplified acoustic guitar. The folks above me also had the world's squeakiest, jangliest bed and most insatiable sex drives this side of a gerbil orgy. Didn't get much writing done at home that year. . . . (most have since moved out). Ah well, at least there's only been one murder on this block in the last few years, there's that.



look the flat over every weekend we finally found a buyer (actually that was all my own work - Jill was away at the time - I lied and lied to a tall, attractive blonde who came around one evening and succeeded in persuading here that it was an ideal place to live in. She never saw it by daylight). Then Jill found a suitable flat in Kilburn, which is fairly near our old neighbourhood, and made an offer which was accepted. But the months then passed without anything seeming to be happening and eventually we discovered that the owners, despite accepting Jill's offer, had sold it privately for an extra £5,000! So naturally Jill had to call off the sale of her place and we're now back to square one. Since Jill had to spend the

Speaking of minding John Baxter's flat - John happens to be a collector of objects d'art and while I was there I was worried that sooner or later I was going to accidentally wreck havoc on some valuable piece. But I lasted the three weeks or so without doing any obvious damage - or so I thought. I had just turned on the TV set to watch an obscure sf movie based on a short story by John Wyndham (the movie was called QUEST FOR LOVE but I can't remember the name of the short story) when there came a knock at the door. It was the girl in the next flat (John has a basement flat) who asked if I would mind keeping an eye on her place as well while she was in Canada over the Christmas period. Of course, I said, hoping to quickly close the door to get back to the movie. It wasn't that the movie was any good - in fact it was rotten - but as I'd never seen it before I thought it would be a good idea if I at least had a glimpse of it before writing about it in my book on sf films (in the past, I must confess, I've often written about films that I've never seen, only to later discover that they bear no resemblance to my descriptions. Then she said - Come and have a quick look at my flat, so I went out into the hall and immediately the door of John's flat slammed shut, leaving me locked out.

While this stupid female was pointing out the security flaws in her flat to me I was pondering on more important matters - how to get back inside John's place. I kept muttering to her - I'm locked out, I'm locked out - but she failed to appreciate the enormity of my predicament, showed me to the door and then hurried off on some romantic errand, leaving me to my own devices. After trying the windows, which were all locked, I sat in the flower bed for awhile watching the TV through the front window and trying to lip-read Joan Collins but without success (if you wonder why I didn't devote much space to this film in my forthcoming book, this is the reason). Then it started to rain.

After standing around getting wet for some minutes I decided to wander down to the local police station and ask for assistance. A wasted journey - all they could offer was the number for a 24 hour locksmith and I didn't even

have enough money for a phone call. So I returned to the flat, getting angrier and angrier. There was nothing for it but to unleash my brute strength and break in. First I launched myself at the front door but bounced off like a rubber ball full of water, then I picked up a large brick that was lying in the hallway and acting like a doorstep. With all my strength, and with a hand over my eyes, I swung it at the pane of pebbled, wire-reinforced glass at the top of the door. It too bounced off without leaving a mark. Then I tried pushing my arm through the letter box flap in order to reach the latch inside but though thin my arm wasn't quite thin enough. What next, I wondered as I nursed my flayed arm. Then I had an inspiration!

Using the key of Jill's front door I began levering the front of the letter box away from the door. Finally I had enough of a gap to enable me to get my fingers into it and I then wrenched the whole letter box out of the door. This, of course, left a much bigger hole in the door than before and I was then able to put my arm through and reach the latch inside. With one bound I was back in front of the TV set watching the end credits roll by. Needless to say, the letter box was a total write-off. I made a few temporary repairs to the door, planning to reimburse John for the cost of a new letter box later, but didn't really think much more about it. It was only when he returned that I learned the letter box was a very valuable piece of art deco and virtually irreplaceable.

(Only John Baxter would have an irreplaceable letter box.)

Ironical Footnote: My use of the key to Jill's front door to pry off Baxter's letter box resulted in the key being so badly damaged that when I returned home a couple of weeks later I was unable to open the front door...so I had to go and have a duplicate key made before I could get in. Talk about irony!

- from ANZAPA 58



PARERGON PAPERS 2

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Keats and Chapman attended a seminar in Adelaide on intergalactic frogs, and having nothing better to do when the auction of first-edition toads and cruddy tadzines came on, accepted an invitation to go for a drive through the hills with Rotsler and the Bangsunds. There was a lot of good-natured banter about the dullness of the seminar and the incompetence of its organizers, about waiting around for hours for the elevators (or lifts, as these Australians called them) and then finding that the hotel didn't even have any, about skinny-dipping in the pond with those luscious femfraugleins ('I don't know what you see in us,' said Sally, coyly, reminding the men that she was still there and had fantasies of her own), about the lecturer in applied amphibiology with no apparent sense of humour who seemed to speak only in webbed -footnotes - and about all the pleasant and mildly irritating things that go on at any such gathering.

It was a mild, slightly overcast sort of day, with the chance of snow or fog at Stirling, but there is always that chance at Stirling, even in high summer, and this day was in mid-winter, the seminar organizers having gone to some trouble to arrange this.

'If you look back,' said Bangsund, 'you can see the Mile End railway yards and other beauties of Adelaide.'

'You watch your bloody driving!' said Sally, then blushed, but Keats was pretending to be asleep and Chapman was apparently absorbed in the fine detail of the Renault's interior appointments, and Rotsler kindly assumed the look of a man who is used to bad language and heard everything.

'I never look back,' Rotsler said.

Assuming the look of a man who can easily concentrate on driving and talking at the same time, Bangsund said, 'This little place up ahead is called Eagle On The Hill, and I've never been

able to find out why.' He then lurched into a prepared speech, which Sally had heard before, about the possibility that it had something to do with the Latin word for church - ecclesia - ('Greek,' murmured Chapman), which was often corrupted in English place-names to 'eagles'.

'Actually,' said Rotsler, 'it really does have something to do with an eagle on a hill. Back in 1843 when Tom (later Sir Thomas) Fitch was opening up this area, laying the foundations for his ruthless rise to power as absolute dictator of the timber trade - and eventually, as you well know, Premier of South Australia five times, but that was after he had got into shipping and banking, of course, and thereby become respectable in the eyes of the Buffalo crowd (who had only arrived here three years before him - but, my! they were the First Settlers, and they really thought they were something special!) - one day, probably a day much like this, since it was about this time of year and there was fog and snow just over the hill, Fitch was out blazing a bit of a track with his friend Jack Norton (actually the Honourable John Eardley-Norton, though Fitch did not know that at the time, later Lord Thornbury), and suddenly Fitch caught sight of something, and he stopped what he was doing, and he said "Damn my eyes, Jack! if that's not an eagle over there on that hill!" Norton suggested that it might be nothing more than a trick of the light - perhaps a bird-shaped rock or something like that - but Fitch was insistent. "It's an eagle, dammit!" he said. By a pretty natural process that place became known as "Fitch's Eagle On The Hill", and that's all there is to it!'

For a moment there was silence, except for the well-mannered ticking of the Renault's clock, then Bangsund said 'You just made that up Bill.' 'Why sure I did!' said Rotsler, and chuckled. The three passengers in the back seat joined in the laughter, and from that

moment on all five set about constructing an alternate ('Alternative,' murmured Keats) history of South Australia, largely based on the exploits and dirty deals of Fitch, Norton and a shadowy figure named Lord Garth. When they reached Hahndorf, they all adopted German accents and told anecdotes of the much revered and entirely fictitious Pastor Nitschke, who by faith alone almost succeeded in having South Australia annexed as a colony by Prussia. At Marble Hill, surveying the ruins of the old Governors' summer residence, their imagination soared as they vied with each other in explaining the origin of this strange and beautiful place.

'It's just too much!' said Bangsund, chuckling despite his urgent need for a gentlemen's toilet as the party headed back down the freeway. 'I never thought this seminar - what's it called again? - 'A-Con,' said Sally. 'would turn out to be such fun!' 'Your turn, I think,' said Keats to Chapman, and Chapman said, 'From little A-Cons great hoaxes grow!' and wet his pants laughing, again.

- from ANZAPA 58



Mailing Comments:

John Bangsund commenting on his own PARERAGON PAPERS 2 from ANZAPA 58.

Some readers have taken me to task for an apparent spatio-chronological inaccuracy in the second issue of these papers, namely my account of a visit by John Keats and George Chapman to Adelaide. Keats (I am told) died fifteen years before the colony of South Australia lurched into existence, and Chapman died 161 years before Keats was born. There is just no accounting for the literal-mindedness of some people, and there are time when I wonder whether they've ever read science fiction or Ben Jonson in their lives. Ben Jonson? Yes, sir, immortal author of Timber: or, Discoveries, in which (as most of my readers will not need reminding) he said: 'For to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and a suspension of his own Judgement, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity.' A wise saying, that, and one engraved on the hearts of politicians and sf readers everywhere.

But as it happens, I have good authority for Keats's being in Adelaide, so there!

...the view over the plains, with Adelaide in the middle-distance, and the Gulf in the background, is, according to the poet Keats, "a joy for ever".

- Cyclopedia of South Australia (1907), vol.1, p.498

Besides, Rotsler was with us at the time. Frankly, I find it harder to believe that Bill Rotsler ever visited Adelaide. Probably he does, too.



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Dropped: Stephen BATES.

Added: Allan BRAY, Roman ORSZANSKI.

Declined membership: Bob VARDEMAN.

Waiting List:

1. Michael CLARK, 2. Kevin DILLON, 3. Ken FORD, 4. Mark LAWRENCE, 5. Mark JOINER, 6. Paul STEVENS, 7. Stephen CAMPBELL, 8. Sue PAGRAM, 9. John RYAN, 10. James STYLES, 11. Anthony PEACEY, 12. John BROSNAN, 13. Francis PAYNE, 14. Roger WEDDALL.

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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / Don ASHBY / John BANGSUND / John D. BERRY / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / jan howard finder / John FOYSTER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Robin JOHNSON / Deborah KNAPP / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Kitty VIGO / Susan WOOD / Bill WRIGHT.

Dropped: Carey HANDFIELD, Mike HORVAT.
Invited to join: Michael CLARK, Kevin DILLON.

Waiting List:

1. Michael CLARK, 2. Kevin DILLON, 3. Ken FORD, 4. Mark LAWRENCE, 5. Mark JOINER, 6. Paul STEVENS, 7. Stephen CAMPBELL, 8. Sue PAGRAM, 9. John RYAN, 10. James STYLES, 11. Anthony PEACEY, 12. John BROSAN, 13. Francis PAYNE, 14. Roger WEDDALL, 15. Margaret ARNOTT, 16. Leanne FRAHM, 17. Perry MIDDLEMISS.

Major Events: call for nominations for candidates for the position of Official Bloody Editor - Bangsund indicates he won't seek re-election. Constitutional amendments are proposed as follows: 1) that ANZAPA's membership limit be increased from 30 to 35, 2) that the number of copies required from each member be increased to 38 or 40. Special Rules are proposed as follows: 1) Persons on the waiting list shall be entitled to receive copies of the official organ, and shall be required to pay a fee of \$A1.00 on joining the list, and to acknowledge receipt of the official organ. Persons who do not acknowledge receipt of two successive official organs will be considered to have lost interest in joining the association, and their names will be removed from the waiting list. 2) Until such time as a constitutional amendment to the same effect is either accepted or rejected by a majority of members, the OBE shall interpret the 'six pages every six months' rule as meaning six pages in the mailings from February to June and six pages in the mailings from August to December. Bruce Gillespie was nominated as returning officer for voting for both the Constitutional Amendments and the Special Rules.

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Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / Don ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / John D. BERRY / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Deborah KNAPP / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Kitty VIGO / Susan WOOD / Bill WRIGHT.

Dropped: jan howard finder.

Resigned: Robin JOHNSON.

Added: Michael CLARK, Kevin DILLON.

Invited to join: Ken FORD, Mark LAWRENCE.

Waiting List:

1. Ken FORD, 2. Mark LAWRENCE, 3. Mark JOINER, 4. Paul STEVENS, 5. Stephen CAMPBELL, 6. Sue PAGRAM, 7. John RYAN, 8. James STYLES, 9. Anthony PEACEY, 10. John BROSAN, 11. Francis PAYNE, 12. Roger WEDDALL, 13. Margaret ARNOTT, 14. Leanne FRAHM, 15. Perry MIDDLEMISS, 16. Terry HUGHES, 17. Mike HORVAT, 18. S. ACKERMAN.

ANZAPA Mailing 60 (continued)

Major Events: The Constitutional Amendment proposed in the previous mailing failed. While a majority of those voting (9 for and 3 against) supported the increase in membership a majority of members was not achieved so the amendment lapsed. The Special Rule regarding waitlisters was adopted (12 for, 0 against). The Special Rule regarding interpretation of the 'six pages every six months' rule was defeated, 3 for, 9 against. Derrick Ashby and Gary Mason nominate as candidates for the position of Official Bloody Editor. Bill Wright was appointed as returning officer for the election.

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Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 61 -

April 1978

Official Bloody Editor - John Bangsund

OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Bangsund	8
PARERAGON PAPERS 7	John Bangsund	16
PARERAGON PAPERS 8 (ASFR 12th Annish)	John Bangsund	36
ANZAPPARATUS	John Foyster	6
KHALESPHEARE	Irwin Hirsh	34
NEWSPAPER TAXIS 5	Irwin Hirsh	4
THE UNICON TOO SHOT	Eric Lindsay & Minnie Hands	3
THE SATANIC MECHANIC 3	Marc Ortlieb	5
THE MEMORAZINE 16A	Paul Anderson	8
MAY GHOD STRIKE ME DEAD 78	Leigh Edmonds	8
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE CONVENTIONAL KIND	Michael O'Brien	7
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	3
HUGEOUS 9	Derrick Ashby	3
UNICON IV: A POLEMIC	Derrick Ashby	7
BIONIC ARMADILLO 1	Roman Orszanski	4
THE BIONIC ARMADILLO 2	Roman Orszanski	4
THE BIONIC ARMADILLO 3	Roman Orszanski	2
THIS HUMBUG IS PATENTED	Roman Orszanski	4
PNYTIP (OR ANYBODY)	Allan Bray	5
BAYCON	Allan Bray	3
WORDY-GURDY 2	Bruce Gillespie	6
KOSMIC KIWI 7	Deb Knapp & Brian Thurogood	3
HOW TO DRAW ON STENCIL	John McPharlin	20
A LEGITIMATE ANZAPA CONTRIBUTION	Mark Lawrence	2
SCRUMPY TALES II	Sally Bangsund	4
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA 13	Gary Mason	4
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Deborah KNAPP / Mark LAWRENCE / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Susan WOOD / Bill WRIGHT.

Dropped: Don ASHBY, John D. BERRY, Kevin DILLON, Ken FORD (did not respond to invitation to join), Kitty VIGO.

Added: Mark LAWRENCE.

Invited to join: Mark JOINER, Paul STEVENS, James STYLES, Tony PEACEY, John BROSAN.

ANZAPA Mailing 61 (continued)

Waiting List:

1. Mark JOINER, 2. Paul STEVENS, 3. James STYLES, 4. Anthony PEACEY, 5. John BROSNAN, 6. Stephen CAMPBELL, 7. Sue PAGRAM, 8. Francis PAYNE, 9. Roger WEDDALL, 10. Margaret ARNOTT, 11. Leanne FRAHM, 12. Perry MIDDLEMISS & Helen SWIFT, 13. Terry HUGHES, 14. Mike HORVAT, 15. Mark FRASER, 16. John RYAN, 17. Paul STOKES, 18. Shayne McCORMACK, 19. Don FITCH.

Major Events: Gary Mason was elected OBE. Votes cast were as follows: Gary Mason 14, Derrick Ashby 5. A Special Rule was proposed to enable meetings of ANZAPA members to be held as follows: "a) Notwithstanding anything in section 8 of the Constitution to the contrary, a meeting that complies with this rule may propose and pass an amendment to the Constitution, provided that a majority of the number of members for the time being votes in favour of the amendment.; b) Members not living in the State or Territory where the meeting is held (or, where the meeting is not held in Australia, the country where the meeting is held) may vote by proxy at a meeting that complies with this rule ; and c) A meeting complies with this rule if two-thirds of the members for the time being are physically present at it, and all members have been notified of the meeting at least 28 days prior to its being held." Irwin Hirsh was nominated as returning officer for the vote.

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Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 62 -

June 1978

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

COVER	John Bangsund	1
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 14 (Official Organ)	Gary Mason	8
ARE EYE GEE AITCH TEA No 2	John Rowley	5
A LETTER FROM UNICON	Minnie Hands	3
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND THE ONE EYED FAN IS KING	Eric Lindsay	14
SON OF WHY BOTHER No 1	John Brosnan	6
KHALESPHEARE No 2	Irwin Hirsh	18
WITHDRAWAL No 1	Gary Mason	1
IT COULD ALSO BE IN THE AIR	Irwin Hirsh	1
DECIDEDLY DECIDED	Irwin Hirsh	1
A MOVING STORY	John Bangsund	1
LISTS ANONYMOUS 1	Paul Anderson	2
THE MEMORAZINE 17A	Paul Anderson	12
MY PINK HALF OF THE DRAINPIPE	Marc Ortlieb	6
NOT <u>THAT</u> MAN AGAIN No 79	Leigh Edmonds	4
THE JOURNAL OF MICHAEL VALENTINE SMITH 1	Andrew Brown	6
I TOLD YOU SO . . . No 1/ HUGEUS 10	Christine Ashby	6
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS No 1	Keith Taylor	2
DUFF 1977 - 1978 -- ADMINISTRATOR'S REPORT	Christine Ashby	1
THE RETURN OF THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	4
GNERKS OF THE DREAMTIME	James Styles	4
KOSMIC KIWI 8	Brian Thurogood	4
ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS No 2	Michael Clark	16
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ANZAPA Mailing 62 (continued)

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Deborah KNAPP / Mark LAWRENCE / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Tony PEACEY / John ROWLEY / Paul STEVENS / James STYLES / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Susan WOOD / Bill WRIGHT.

Added: Mark JOINER, Paul STEVENS, James STYLES, Anthony PEACEY, John BROSNAN.

Invited to join: Mark JOINER.

Waiting List:

1. Mark JOINER, 2. Francis PAYNE, 3. Roger WEDDALL, 4. Margaret ARNOTT, 5. Leanne FRAHM, 6. Perry MIDDLEMISS & Helen SWIFT, 7. Terry HUGHES, 8. Mike HORVAT, 9. Mark FRASER, 10. John RYAN, 11. Paul STOKES, 12. Shayne McCORMACK, 13. Don FITCH, 14. Rosemarie BELL, 15. Jeff HARRIS.

Major Events: the Special Rule proposed in the previous mailing was defeated. The votes cast were: in favour 0, against 5.

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Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 63 -

August 1978

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

COVER	Elizabeth Darling	1
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 15	Gary Mason	8
ARE EYE GEE AITCH TEA #6	John Rowley	6
THE BOOK LIST TRIP REPORT 30.1	Eric Lindsay	22
CLOCKWORK RADISH 2	Anthony Peacey	22
NEWSPAPER TAXIS 6	Irwin Hirsh	8
SYA-DASTI-SYA-NASTI-SYA-DAVAK-TAV-YASKI 5	Denny Lien	6
THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	6
KOSMIC KIWI 9	Deb Knapp & Brian Thurogood	3
PARERAGON PAPERS No 9	John Bangsund	7
AN INVITATION	Leigh Edmonds & John Foyster	1
MY PINK HALF OF THE DRAINPIPE 2	Marc Ortlieb	4
ZAPP 1	John Foyster	6
THE BALLARAT NORTH FAN SOCIETY NEWSLETTER 80	Leigh Edmonds	6
INNOCENCE ABROAD	Elizabeth Darling	7
SCRUMPY TALES III	Sally Bangsund	4
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER Vol 8 No 1	John Bangsund	4
MINADOR 5	Marc Ortlieb	26
CEDOONA HAIR 1	Paul Anderson	8
BEAGLE'S WORLD	Catherine Circosta	7
C.A.S.A. NOVA No 3	Gary Mason	10
AN INDEX TO ANZAPA Mailings 51-60	Marc Ortlieb	17
A REMINDER AND A CHANCE TO VOTE	Leigh Edmonds	2
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ANZAPA Mailing 63 (continued)

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Deborah KNAPP / Mark LAWRENCE / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Anthony PEACEY / John ROWLEY / Paul STEVENS / James STYLES / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Bill WRIGHT.

Dropped: Mark JOINER (invited to join but did not respond)

Resigned : Roman ORSZANSKI, Susan WOOD.

Invited to join: Francis PAYNE, Roger WEDDALL, Margaret ARNOTT.

Waiting List:

1. Francis PAYNE, 2. Roger WEDDALL, 3. Margaret ARNOTT, 4. Leanne FRAHM, 5. Perry MIDDLEMISS & Helen SWIFT, 6. Terry HUGHES, 7. Mark FRASER, 8. John RYAN, 9. Paul STOKES, 10. Rosemarie BELL, 11. Jeff HARRIS, 12. Kevin DILLON, 13. Peter TOLUZZI.

ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1977/78

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Paul ANDERSON	6	6	4	9	62
Christine ASHBY	6	3	3	5	13
Derrick ASHBY	6	2	5	8	36
Don ASHBY	3	1	1	1	12
John BANGSUND	6	6	6	16	159
Sally BANGSUND	4	3	1	3	12
John D. BERRY	3	1	1	1	6
Allan BRAY	6	4	2	5	18
John BROSNAN	2	1	1	1	6
Andrew BROWN	6	3	3	3	16
Catherine CIRCOSTA	6	2	1	2	20
Michael CLARK	4	2	1	2	28
Elizabeth DARLING	4	2	3	3	14
Peter DARLING	6	1	1	1	6
Kevin DILLON	1	1	3	3	15
Leigh EDMONDS	6	4	7	7	32.5
jan howard finder	2	0	0	0	0
John FOYSTER	6	2	3	3	12.5
Bruce GILLESPIE	6	2	2	2	96
Carey HANDFIELD	1	1	1	1	2
Irwin HIRSH	6	6	7	11	118
Mike HORVAT	1	0	0	0	0
Robin JOHNSON	1	0	0	0	0
Deborah KNAPP	6	3	1	3	5
Mark LAWRENCE	3	1	1	1	2
Denny LIEN	6	4	1	4	24
Eric LINDSAY	6	6	5	6	69.5
John McPHARLIN	6	2	3	3	26
Gary MASON	6	6	7	9	44
Michael O'BRIEN	6	2	2	2	10
Roman ORSZANSKI	5	3	5	7	20
Marc ORTLIEB	6	6	6	9	86
Anthony PEACEY	2	1	1	1	22
John ROWLEY	6	5	4	7	31
Paul STEVENS	2	2	1	2	10
James STYLES	2	1	1	1	4
Keith TAYLOR	6	3	2	3	38
Brian THUROGOOD	6	4	1	4	9
Kitty VIGO	3	1	1	1	5
Susan WOOD	5	2	1	2	6
Bill WRIGHT	6	2	2	2	16

Others:

jan howard finder	1	1	1	2
Minnie HANDS	2	2	2	4.5