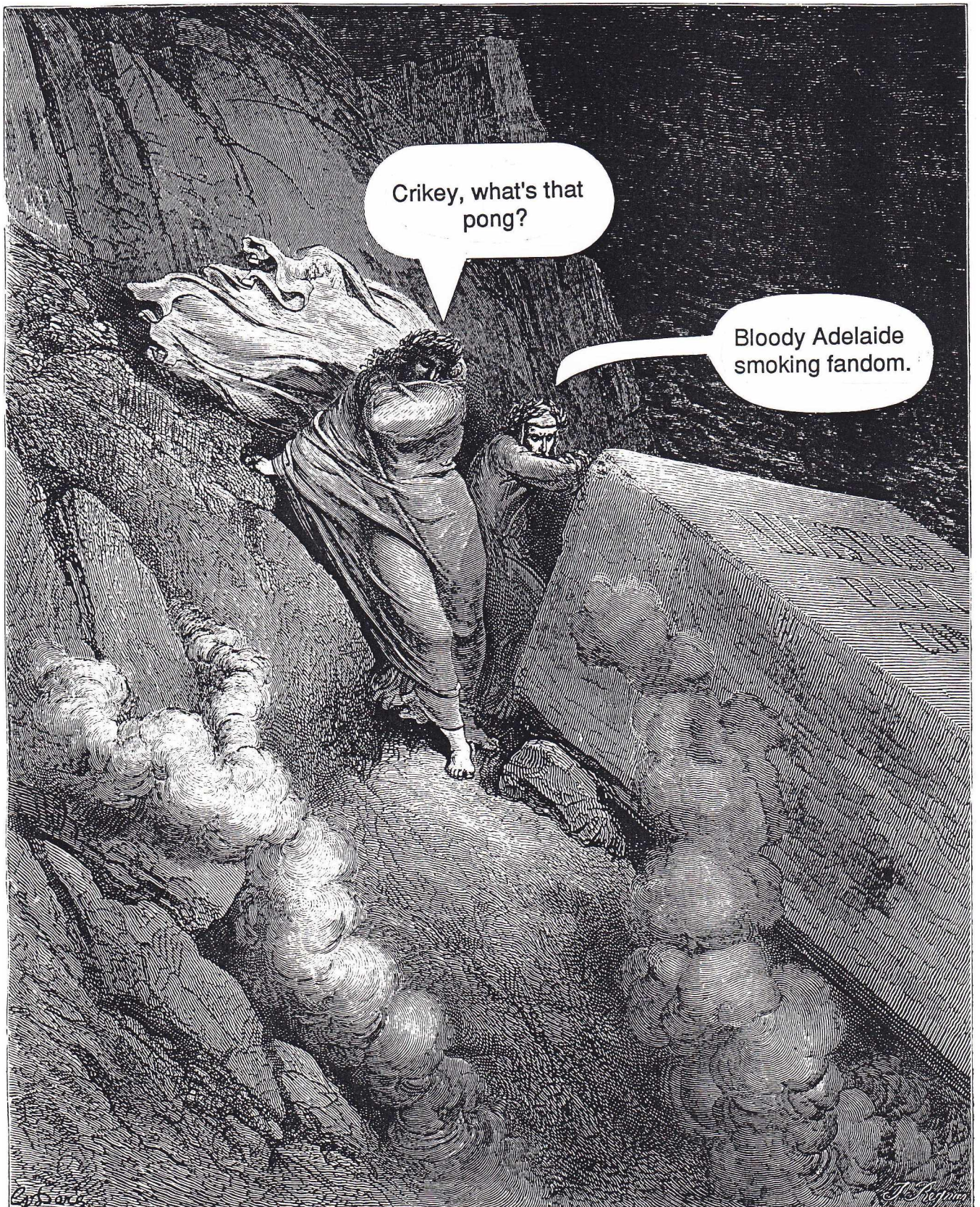


The Best Of ANZAPA
Volume 12
1979/80



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INTRODUCTION

Perry Middlemiss

A couple of weeks after getting back to Australia after living for a few years in London I woke one morning with the notion that 1993 was going to be the 25th anniversary of ANZAPA. A veritable milestone I thought and then went on to reminisce about the great time I had had at ANZAPACON in 1978. So long ago. "Wouldn't it be good", I thought, "if someone got together a collection of the Best Of ANZAPA for the past 25 years? Hmm.. I could do that. Sure I could. I've got nothing much else to do." And I went back to sleep.

But the more the idea kept coming back the more I came to realise that it really would be a good idea. Twenty-five years is a long time in anyone's language and there must have been quite a lot of very good material published in the apa in that time that only a small group of people had ever seen. Providing that material with a wider audience would not only be a good thing for Australian fandom but would also allow me the opportunity to read a lot of stuff I'd missed. So I mentioned it to Marc Ortlieb. "Good idea", he said. "You do it."

So I got to work and what you now hold is the first part of that Best of ANZAPA project. A project that will stretch to 25 volumes and which will probably stretch my patience and endurance to the edge before it is finished. Hopefully, it will be a fannish publishing project that will be of interest to past and present members of ANZAPA alike, and, maybe, even the general fannish community.

During the compilation of these volumes I have been publishing a small fanzine by the name of HARD YAKKA (whose title pretty much describes my view of the whole thing) which seeks to keep potential readers informed about my progress in this venture and to solicit views on various questions that have presented themselves to me. I suppose the question that raised the most discussion involved the period each volume should cover. I came to the view early - and it is a view that I still hold - that each volume should be based on an ANZAPAn year, namely October to August. Why? Well, simply because ANZAPA started in October 1968 and because each year an honorary President is elected, from amongst the membership roster, whose term runs from October to August. If I wanted to include an introduction from each year's President (where possible) it seemed only natural that I should choose the odd month sequence you now find yourself faced with. Several correspondents to HARD YAKKA expressed a differing view and stated that the period covered should be a calendar year with the first two mailings (October and December 1968) being included with the volume covering 1969. Unfortunately, for them, I wasn't convinced that such an idea had any merit other than neatness and had the disadvantage of raising the problem of who to ask for an introduction. A problem not faced by anyone other than myself. The argument relating to the possible confusion caused by my preferred option also failed to hold water - I tended to look on the thing as an extended cricket season, running from the start of one summer to the beginning of the next. A joyful prospect at the least.

But why start the whole thing with 1979/80? Well, simply because that was the year I was co-President of the apa with Helen Swift. It only seemed right to start with a time I knew, in a fannish era that I remembered with affection, and with a volume that I could produce

without having to expect too much from anyone else. It seemed as good a place to start as any.

Undertaking a project of this nature, however, is fraught with a huge array of pitfalls, not least the problem of flagging enthusiasm. So, in order to bring this whole thing to completion some time in the future, I will have to rely on the help and advice of others. Without them none of this could be even started. There are the contributors who have allowed me to reprint their original work, ANZAPA members who have made suggestions for possible inclusions, Helen Swift who kindly wrote an introduction with little or no knowledge of what to aim for, those fans who have acted as sounding boards and who have convinced me that the project has merit, and to my wife Robyn who has offered support and innumerable suggestions. Thanks to one and all.

And there we have it. A reprint sequence whose dates are skewed - though probably not as much as the editor's ambitions - and whose first volume covers an obscure year near the middle of the 25-year run. Peculiar? What the hell. This is fandom after all and it's there to be enjoyed. Anything else is an added bonus.

- AUGUST 1993

Perhaps it hasn't occurred to you but the constitutional amendment about first appearance of ANZAPAZines is nothing more than a symbol: it can easily be gotten around. If the editor of THE NEW YORK TIMES was a member of ANZAPA (s)he could run TNYT thru the apa and get page credit for it simply by having the words "First published in ANZAPA" on its masthead. Sure, FAPA began as a way that fanzine editors can post out their fnz for less than it would cost to send the individual copies out separately, but with the invention of mailing comments that idea changed, (genzines in FAPA tend to look out of place, nowadays). All I was asking for, when I supported the amendment was that other members of this apa speak to me as a member of the apa and not just as reader of what they are publishing. The thing about apas that is damn hard to get in genzines is that personal interaction. And I can't accept it when people say the reason they put some of their better writing thru more than one apa is to let more people see it (and thus, not let good writing go 'wasted'). If they were to put out a genzine, they would not have to produce as many copies of their 'zines to reach the same no. of people, the quality of response will be more pleasing, and they'll soon find out who really appreciates their writing.

Irwin Hirsh commenting on Allan F.J. Bray's THE SACRED COW from ANZAPA 74.

I dunno what I've done to offend you Paul, but if ever I find out, I'll do it again. Most ego boosting to be the target for your insults, you being such a nice fellow and all. And the rude comments are really high standard literature too. They also serve who only sit and wait to be hit by a Paul Stevens insult.

Marc Ortlieb commenting on Paul Stevens's THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION from ANZAPA 74.

When in doubt, do what the OBE says and argue afterwards; remember Carey Handfield?

John Foyster in OFFICIAL ORGAN (MAILING 74).

JUMPING ZAC FLASH

Helen Swift

I was delighted to receive Perry's invitation to put in something for the "Best of ANZAPA" series and, prompted by several old articles which Perry's remarkable filing system was able to produce for me, rapidly found myself reminiscing about how much I'd enjoyed being part of ANZAPA. The timing of his note outlining his "Best of" plan (which idea I think is terrific though, given the effort it will doubtless take, extraordinarily brave!) was wonderful for me as I'd just commenced a year off from work and was in the right frame of mind to do some reflecting on the past. I had been feeling for some time how nice it is that things tend to come full circle: for example, 1993 began for me in a New Year's Eve feeling blessed by the company of a very diverse group of treasured friends from various cities who I've accumulated over the years. So the reminder about ANZAPA days fitted my nostalgic mood well.

Of course, when I began to think about what I'd write, I was reminded in a less pleasant way of things that don't change. The old "What will I write???" syndrome struck rapidly, as I couldn't see myself producing witty anecdotes that could rival Edmonds, Ortlieb or Frahm standards, or acerbic insights of the Ashby or Lindsay schools, nor waxing philosophical at the supreme level set by Bangsund or Gillespie efforts. My still-considerable capacity to prevaricate led relentlessly to the old Imminent Deadline syndrome ... so here I am, in my traditional ANZAPA style, pounding away in haste - admittedly on 1990's technology rather than the original stencilling format, but the sensation is no different for all that. And I can't even fill up the page with mailing comments!! So I give you a few details about what I've been doing for the past decade ...

In the old 'zine that Perry sent me, I was rattling on about learning to cook something or other, reading Jane Austen, and my job. These things (including the rattling on, I fear!) still feature in my life. As does my luck in finding interesting jobs. When I last wrote for ANZAPA, I must have been only fairly recently into the Commonwealth Public Service and would (I think) have been working in the Tax Office after a brief stint in Primary Industry. Since then, I've moved through about 6 Departments doing diverse things ranging from being Operations Manager for the Canberra bus service, to writing World Heritage nominations for Tasmanian tall forests, and, most recently, running the Dept of Employment, Education and Training in SA. [Hence we've been living in Adelaide since late 1990.] So my negotiating skills now range from drinking beer with the Transport Workers Union to appeasing politicians about why their constituents can't have access to AUSTUDY or CES training programs for the long-term unemployed.

Outside work, I've learned other kinds of negotiation such as:

- * across alpine ski runs (admittedly something I do only every few years and with more enthusiasm than skill);
- * with builders (I'd need to be drunk to tell you my house renovation stories) and, most difficult of all,
- * with children. The title of this contribution is in honour of the latest addition to our family, Zac (short for Zachary) who was born on 23/2/93 and is now into the "bouncing baby" stage of jumping up and down when held on one's lap. He's a very cheerful little person and a wonderful complement to our first child, Stephanie, who's now seven - long-legged, literate and a wearer of her heart on her sleeve. My husband, Les (a freelance

systems analyst/programmer) and I also have a basset hound who is a year old - ie, engaging, affectionate but as thick as 2 short planks.

I wish I could now explain wisely and deftly how ANZAPA made a material contribution to this so-far short but happy life. I can't do that easily though it's clear that I still have some ANZAPA-warmed cockles in my heart, or I wouldn't have been so delighted by the prospect of another round of big packages in the mail box. Certainly the contact with a diverse range of people stretched my thinking as well as gave me pleasure - the thoughtfulness of people's contributions always impressed - and for someone as eclectic as I, that's important. But more than that, the sense of *contact* was a key. In recent years, I'm sure I've over-used the word "network" as most managers do; but the ANZAPA network stands out as having given me a sense of community and continuance that was inspiring and confidence-building during some years that had for me, as for many in their early-mid twenties, a lot of movement & change. I'll always be grateful for that friendship, for its support and all the laughs that went with it. So I would look forward with pleasure to the idea of another ANZAPACON as I have looked back with pleasure at my photos from the first. Meantime, I await the first "Best of" edition with keen anticipation of hearing news of and from ANZAPA's many good people.

With warm regards, Helen.

- MAY 1993

I'm tempted to ask how a person can chuck fandom when they don't contribute all that much in writing...but then I would be like the rabid Sydney neos of whom you complain. I suspect that you are one of the many people who manage exceedingly well in conversational fandom, with feeling part-(icularly) of "writing" fandom. Whereas I must admit that, to me, fans are people to whom I write, or who write to me, and whom I may sometimes see...but just as likely would never meet. However I suspect that it is far easier to take fandom when you are not already in a bad mood from work pressures, so I won't say the things I was thinking of saying. May you have lots of meetings with old friends, and much pleasure during the year.

Eric Lindsay commenting to Paul Stevens's THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION from ANZAPA 71.

Frightened to learn that you lack file copies of so many of your fanzines. How do you sleep nights brooding upon this gap? What opinion do you expect your eventual biographer to hold upon your carelessness which will so greatly complicate the work of said biographer?

Besides, they're worth money. I've seen a dealer ask \$25 or more for a copy of your JWC: AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE, and presumably once you break that sort of barrier for one JB fanzine, like prices for such others as the ANNUAL SAVE-BANGSUND-FROM-BANKRUPTCY SALE issue cannot be far behind. (I also recently saw a dealer asking \$3 or so for a six-page handout Sturgeon checklist that I did for the free table at the last Minicon ... since I still have 300 or so left, perhaps I can undercut him and still finance a con or two by selling it off ... next, my old report cards and notes to the water inspector.)

Denny Lien commenting on John Bangsund's PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 50 from ANZAPA 71.

OBSEQUIES POSTPONED

John Bangsund

16 April

It has been a moderately hectic sort of day: up at 7.30 to run off the Newsletter, feel a bit wonky from last night's overindulgence or maybe the flu's renewed onslaught, probably both, so not quite happy about driving yet; spend a couple of hours on Graeme Brewer's depressing book about poverty in Australia; ring PDK Electronics about the channel missing from the turntable, warn them that it's one of those complicated ERA 444s that no-one can get parts for, but that doesn't worry them; pack up stuff, remember to turn the dreaded answering machine on, then off to PDK at Clifton Hill, over to CSIRO in East Melbourne to leave the Newsletter with Paul Stapleton, find a parking spot only two blocks away, he tells me I should just drive in, the boss's spot is usually empty, we talk about the fight Sally and I had last night, which really had to do with the cat that disappeared six days ago; Paul's a good listener, sympathetic, I don't go into detail but go away feeling better, to Oxford University Press in St Kilda Road, where a parking spot appears from nowhere right opposite the office; back to Kew, where I do intricate business with post office and bank, and think fleetingly of calling in to the vet, to tell the ladies that we've lost their favourite patient, but can't come at that; go down Derby Street and back to Alphington, composing in my head a fanzine article entitled 'Requiescat: Dylan'. It doesn't seem right. I wrote a Requiescat for Grushenka when Carolyn wrote and said she had died, but we don't know that Dylan is dead. He just disappeared, last Thursday night. We saw him as it was coming on to dusk, then when Sally went to bring him in he had gone. He didn't come back on Friday, so we knocked on doors and met some of our neighbours, some of them so strange that we came away feeling anything but reassured. All weekend we were despondent, and I kept on feeling guilty about all the times I'd yelled at him for leaving pawprints on manuscripts and sleeping on the typewriters, clogging them up with fur, and all the times I've called him 'that whingeing little black bastard'. We made a fuss of Donovan, of course, since he was now our only cat, and because he was obviously wondering where Dylan had got to. He has never known what it is like to be an only cat, since the two of them came into our lives in October 1974, and he was pretty confused. Not knowing what had happened to Dylan was what really got us down: if we'd known whether to be sad or angry it would have been a lot easier to get used to the idea that he'd gone; if he decided to leave us and live somewhere else, and we knew that, or if he'd been run over and we'd seen his remains, or... or... We sat out the back on Monday night and tried not to talk about him, but both of us kept on looking round at the slightest bird flutter or rustle of breeze in the sweet-corn, thinking it might just be Dylan come home. Then last night we had a fight over something or other, the details are absurd, and after an hour or so it came out that it was really about Dylan and not-knowing, but by then I'd drunk more than is good for me and I knew I would not feel very well today. So I came home, not feeling very well, tempted to write something about Dylan for ANZAPA (I'd read most of ANZAPA 73 in the car outside Fairfield post office earlier in the day, and felt in the mood to write, as I do when ANZAPA arrives), but it seemed to make much more sense to go back to bed, so I did. Someone knocked on the door about 5 and woke me up. I was expecting a parcel of galley proofs, so I didn't rush to get up. Then I heard Dylan's voice. I flung some clothes on, rushed out, and there he was, sitting on the gatepost just where we'd last seen him, the whingeing little black bastard.

- from **THREEPENNY PLANET 1, ANZAPA #74**

STARTLING STORIES - ARCANES FEMALE RITUALS EXPOSED!

Christine Ashby

Women have a secret life. Men suspect as much I am sure - no doubt many of you have encountered a cosy female discussion of child-bearing, child-rearing, practical gynaecology or even husband-management, and no doubt you didn't hang about too long. These are the universal concerns of women, and as a woman passes life's milestones she is initiated into the appropriate mysteries, if that is not too fanciful a description of the breaking down of reserve that she encounters with other usually older, women, who on occasion may even be complete strangers. Engagement brings on a sort of sisterly welcome to the new lamb lining up for the slaughter - the implication is that you don't really know what you're letting yourself in for - and pregnancy, if I can believe my sister-in-law, marks your arrival as a grown woman and opens out all manner of confidences (which may have nothing to do with babies or where they come from).

This secret life is not confined to mere verbalising. It manifests itself in rituals and customs, which are not hidden from male view, but which men are not invited to participate in. Many of these rituals are connected with weddings, which as we all know are traditionally run by the couple's female relatives largely for the amusement of the aforesaid female relatives.

Surely the most arcane of these rituals, and one which need not necessarily be connected with a wedding, is the Tupperware Party. I use the term generically; all sorts of goods are in fact sold by this method, but Tupperware got in first in this country. I have been to parties for make-up, wigs, and household cleaning gear as well as plastic storage boxes. They all follow the same carefully planned format, one mandatory aspect of which is the banishment of all males over the age of five.

You are invited by a "friend", or sometimes a neighbour. Sometimes you may even be invited by your mother, who has been cornered into going along by one of her "friends" and wants moral support. The affair is presented as a jolly way to get together for a few hours of innocent amusement in the company of friends and neighbours, perhaps even with a view to raising money for the charity which is running the do - spending money is never explicitly mentioned, though it is made clear that the products to be demonstrated are just what you always wanted. Numbers may be anything from eight to twenty, depending on the size of the hostess's livingroom and the availability of friends and neighbours.

Participants sit in a semi-circle, facing a table on which the goods have been tastefully set out by the demonstrator. These ladies are always free to improve on the basic layout, and go to some trouble to procure just the right piece of purple velvet on which to display their wares to best advantage. Demonstrators, I should point out, are nothing like so much as members of the school A Grade hockey team - terribly keen, competitive in the sense of trying to do that little bit better than the other girls, but above all devoted to the team and ultimately the game. This analogy is not in the least far-fetched. One long vac in my student days Tupperware took over the Monash Campus for their national convention. We were amazed to find that the demonstrators were all organized into teams, each with a distinctive uniform of their own design (they looked like middle-aged Trekkies), and festooned like Girl Guides with badges of merit and long-service and whatnot. And they sang team songs! And they were all having such fun! It's a sort of fandom I suppose, of the FIAWOL variety at that.

Anyhow here we all are sitting in our semi-circle. Proceedings commence with everyone introducing themselves. You may even be asked to preface your name with an adjective beginning with the same letter - anything to get the giggling started. Pencils, paper and glossy catalogues are distributed. To begin with the pencils are used to play some particularly asinine children's game, with a prize for the winner of course, and a consolation prize for everyone else. The last time I won something it was a widget you attached to the steel wool so as not to damage your fingernails when scrubbing the pots.

Now that the ice is broken and we are all girls together, the real fun begins. The demonstrator starts to demonstrate. A carefully prepared patter, spiced with illustrations from real life, introduces each object on the table. They are not usually handed around - too distracting - but you can comment if you like, or ask for a closer look. The desirability of the products, and their superiority to anything similar on the market, is never in question; it is in fact frequently connected with the amazing success of the company founder, whose aura infuses in some mystical way everything that bears his name. If the product is make-up some victim may find herself plastered with cucumber-mint face cream or cocoa-butter mascara ("It's so natural you could eat it - not like other brands, they're really only boot polish. Do you realise you've been putting boot polish on your faces?"). If the product is brushes to scrub the bath or ceiling the demonstrator will go into an elaborate pantomime; at this point the as-yet unmarried may begin to have doubts about dooming themselves to a lifetime of worrying about whether the bath is clean enough, but the old hands all fall about appreciatively.

Throughout the demonstration subtle hints are dropped about buying things, though money is never mentioned. You are reminded that your hostess, or her club, will be getting a present, the magnificence of which depends on the volume of sales (clubs sometimes get a cut of the proceeds). Sample presents (which are not company products but the sort of things you win on spinningwheels like electrical goods and suitcases) are produced. If you hold a party, you could get one too, provided your friends buy enough. Of course you'd love to hold one - aren't you having a great time today? Who knows, you might even consider becoming a demonstrator; one day you too (if your hubby is willing to take out a second-mortgage) could be an area supervisor with your garage stuffed with Tupperware!

This is where you take off your engagement ring, if you have one. Of course it may be too late - your hostess may already have asked, at the top of her voice, after your fiancé. The traditional shower tea or kitchen tea is not such a bad thing. I didn't have one, and found myself for weeks after the honeymoon nipping round to the hardware store to buy baking tins and wooden spoons and all the trivial little things that you take for granted in your mother's house and suddenly find you must have. Unfortunately the shower tea is ripe for transformation into a Tupperware Shower Tea. The display table is decorated with a mock wedding cake made of graduated tiers of pastel-coloured bowls, and of course the guests all give the bride gift vouchers. I'm sure the cold sweat was visible on my brow as I protested that I wasn't going to have any sort of shower tea. Possibly this intransigence stood me in good stead when I later resisted buying anything other than a pastry sheet and a spill-proof jug (which I had intended to buy all along).

It's not easy to avoid buying. After the demo is over, while the kettle boils, you are invited to go through your glossy catalogue and mark off on your order sheet the items which you require. Feel free to come up to the table and handle the goods as much as you like - if it's jewellery try it on. In the meantime the demonstrator does the rounds - it will avail you nothing to hang back in the hope that you will be overlooked. It's no good leaving your money at home either; goods are to be picked up a week later from your hostess, and paid for then. Saying no to a lusty suitor is as nothing compared to saying no to a party-plan demonstrator. I have had some little success at jewellery parties by wearing my very best Emily Hope silver and opal things, even at the risk of looking overdressed, and protesting

that there really isn't anything in that style in the catalogue (and no, I don't know any little girls who would love an imitation pearl bracelet for Christmas). It's worth turning up to a make-up party with a shiny well-scrubbed face (well, you only came along to enjoy yourself after all) if you can cope with the observation that even people who don't use make-up may be facing the threat of Enlarged Pores. On the whole though, there is no escape, and you find yourself wondering what the cheapest thing on the list is - and nothing is really cheap - and which of your less-favoured relatives ought to get it as a Christmas present.

The really galling thing about the whole performance is that in the final analysis it has been carefully structured by a man or men (probably with a PhD in psychology), and it is all designed to benefit a man or men (namely the Glorious Founder and the fellows at the top of the pyramid). I have a fair idea of what the training manuals must look like. I once had a file which contained a large number of supposedly confidential documents which were the property of Drake Personnel (International) (this claim was in fact in dispute) and I rejoiced over the advice, which naturally had to be adapted for local conditions, on how to conduct yourself at a job interview; when asked if you have any further questions you reply "When do I start?" and when told that there are others to be interviewed you point out that there is no need as you are obviously the best person for the job. This indomitably positive thinking is exactly the sort of thing that has enabled a number of men (and maybe women) to make a lot of money out of a very large number of women. If only someone could provide women with a dose of the same spirit to enable them to turn up, have fun, and not buy anything!

- from **I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY... BY CARING ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK, ANZAPA #72**

Re. your previous issue with that lovely Tupperware Party description: it was, for Perry, most appropriately timed. He'd just been seconded from his section of Tax into the data processing part of same and would have found himself lost for words to describe the discussions (or rather "discussion" - I get the impression it's always the same) of the female punch card operators in that section, if he hadn't read your diatribe and known to explain it away as a continuous Tupperware Party. I must confess that my immediate reaction to his description was to roar with laughter and say, Wait till one of them gets pregnant!

Helen Swift commenting on Christine Ashby's I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY...BY CARING WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK from ANZAPA 72.

Your article on Tupperware parties revealed everything I never wanted to know about such events, but was very entertaining. The sad thing is that there really ought to be mystic female rituals which have some substance. Can't you invent something?

David Grigg commenting on Christine Ashby's I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY...BY CARING WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK from ANZAPA 72.

Ah, well now, I never said that women didn't have mystic rituals of some substance. But do you suppose that I would at liberty to reveal them if they in fact existed?

Christine Ashby commenting to David Grigg's comment above.

THE INFAMOUS FOUR GO TO YALATA or HOW I LEARNED TO DRIVE A 4WD TRUCK *Helen Swift*

I can't remember who I've told what about the work I was doing last year, so I'll explain it all, and you can skip the bits you know about.

Through an extraordinary piece of luck I landed a half-time job working on a trans-cultural psychiatry project, working with the Senior Lecturer in Psychiatry at Flinders (Rod) and an anthropologist (Maggie).

Collectively, we were the nucleus of what is known on all the funding application forms as The Western Desert Project. To quote at random one application:

"The Western Desert project was formed during 1978, with the aim of providing a multidisciplinary research-based advisory service for Aboriginal people and communities of the Western Desert region of Australia. It was formed with the awareness of the inappropriate nature, and indeed exploitative nature, of much previous research in Aboriginal communities, but in the belief that such communities should not be denied well-planned problem-oriented research. The Project only provides an advisory service at the explicit request of communities, and in providing the service, works with and for the requesting Aboriginal community."

The Project received funding from the Australian Institute of Criminology to look at the problems of the high adolescent offence rate - 'high' in this context being indicated by the fact that 80% of the 16 to 18 year old males at Yalata were in court at least once (and in some cases, up to half a dozen times) during the financial year 1978-9.

Rod and Maggie started doing this work i about August '78, which meant that they were spending about one week in five at Yalata, which is a reserve of about 400 people (plus white staff) some hundreds of kilometres along the Eyre Highway west of Ceduna. On one of their trips (in April, or thereabouts), the Aboriginal Council approached them about a slightly different, albeit probably related, problem which had developed in the community - petrol sniffing. It transpired that since about February of 1979 there had been a positive epidemic of kids sniffing petrol. The Council did not know what the medical effects of this practice were likely to be, nor were they sure about how to deal with the problem. This is where I came into the picture. By some means, Rod managed to get extra funding to pay me half-time for 6 months, under a set of job specifications which were, essentially, find out everything there is to know about petrol sniffing.

So I began the first of many hunts through the literature on the subject - only to discover that there is virtually no literature available. For the first 4 months, I buried myself in explanations of the production of petrol; discussions of the toxicology of its various constituents; harassed anybody I could think of to find out how much lead there is in petrol; spent hours poring through 1928 articles on lead absorption and distribution in the human biochemistry; reading sociological reports of similar epidemics in Indian communities in Mannitoba; reading medical textbooks in cerebellar dysfunction, and psychiatric texts on patterns of drug abuse among adolescents. For a while, it looked as though I was going to end up knowing a hell of a lot about glue-sniffing in New Jersey, but bugger all about petrol sniffing in Yalata. But eventually it all came together. To summarise what I think about

petrol sniffing:

Drug abuse among teenagers is so common as to need to be viewed as 'normal experimentation', and thus not to be worried about too much. This is fine in cities where the drugs which kids use are alcohol, cigarettes and marijuana primarily; but at Yalata (and other similarly impoverished and isolated communities worldwide) the only drug which the kids have access to is petrol. Whenever there's any sort of 'civilisation', there's also a vehicle, and therefore petrol. Locking petrol caps and careful storage of petrol drums doesn't stop the kids getting petrol: it just adds an extra level of complexity to the problem, since the base of sniffing is compounded by charges of breaking and entering, and thus court appearances. People don't like having their fuel lines cut. (Indeed, there's at least one Indian community where those who own cars routinely leave a saucer of petrol on the cars' bonnets, to prevent sabotage to fuel lines!)

Petrol is, medically speaking, probably the worst drug of abuse there is. There are several reasons for this: firstly, the hydrocarbons in petrol (such as benzene, toluene etc.) can cause rather ghastly effects, such as anaemia and, in high enough concentrations, probably leukaemia. These effects are rare in sniffers, because the concentrations of these hydrocarbons which the kids experience are low. But the one thing of which they get only too much is lead. This is where the whole issue gets cloudy. The lead in petrol is in an organic form, not the inorganic form which produces classical lead poisoning as seen in cases of kids eating leaded paint, or industrial accidents. Therefore, the type of lead poisoning which petrol sniffers get, is different: it affects mainly the central and peripheral nervous systems, and psychologically produces dependence and a type of hyperactivity. This causes the kids to perform very poorly scholastically (even assuming that, when they actually do go to school, they're not so hungover or so sleepy as to pay no attention whatsoever). The kids therefore tend to get put down (especially by white staff) even more than previously, and thus their tendency to escape from it all by sniffing increases accordingly.

What's more, whereas in classical (inorganic) lead poisoning, there are some types of medical treatment available, there is absolutely nothing that the medical profession can do to treat lead poisoning in petrol sniffers. The reason for this is as follows. Classical lead poisoning is treated by the use of chelating agents, which bind with lead in blood and (being water-soluble) carry the lead out when they are excreted. But the alkyl leads in petrol, being biochemically different, don't hang around in the blood for as long as does inorganic lead; therefore the chelating agents don't have enough time to bind them. And once the petrol leads cross into the brain/nerves/ whatever, there's nothing that can get them out again. Therefore, the psychological and physical effects of lead accumulation are irreparable. But because they're chronic effects, it's very difficult to convince the kids that they're killing themselves by sniffing.

The above is a summary of the manuscript for a research monograph on petrol sniffing which Rod, Maggie and I wrote in the last couple of months of my job. Fortuitously, the Institute of Aboriginal Studies has recently decided to get more into publishing "scientific" papers in their field; so when Rod approached them about publishing our ms., they were more than keen. So (when the final editing is completed, and when the ms. has been read by the Institute's authorities) with luck, it will be published late this year.

And what, you may ask, has my reading the Index Medicus got to do with a truck?

Well, since I was writing the bulk of the medical stuff for the monograph, Rod decided it would be useful if I went to Yalata on their last field trip in 1979, so that I could get some idea of the kinds of people to whom the text would theoretically be directed. (Essentially, we hope it can function as a sort of handbook for health care workers and other white staff

on reserves - most of the Aboriginal reserves in Australia have problems with petrol sniffing). Furthermore, the final 1979 trip was designed as a feedback trip, to explain to the Aboriginal community and to the whites what exactly we'd been able to find out about sniffing, and to report in a preliminary fashion on the work on the offence data.

In order that the information could get through to the Aboriginal community effectively, a fourth person came with us, to act as translator, Rod and Maggie speaking only very limited Pitjantjatjara. This person, John, is one of the most incredible (and I mean that literally) people I've ever met. In his early thirties, he's a lecturer in Aboriginal Studies at one of the teachers' colleges in Adelaide. Superficially, one might expect him to be an ordinary academic: he's married with 2 kids and lives in the city during the week but goes up to his country home over the weekends to be with his family. He majored in history and politics for a B.A., then taught at a private school before training as a social worker. This is where his look suburban stops: for the next six years, he lived on a series of Aboriginal reserves in the Northern Territory and during that time, was initiated as a full member of the Pitjantjatjara tribe. Hence his facility as a translator. John is consequently in possession of the most schizoid head I've come across: by blood, he's pure white; by philosophy, pure black. To say he feels stuck in the middle is a gross understatement.

For me, it was marvellous that he came with us, because that enabled me to get a more balanced view of what was going on at Yalata: a combination of the academic stance, first-hand impressions, and a wealth of information from one of the few people around who probably understands both sides of the whole thing.

A LITTLE TRIP REPORT:

We left Adelaide disgustingly early one Friday morning, and took it in turns to drive - our ability to stick religiously to the hundred kilometres each stretch was remarkable. Hence, I progressively got the hang of the truck - though the first 3 or 4 times I tried to put it into reverse, I simply could not.

The equipment for the trip astounded me. Not only was the cabin of the truck air-conditioned, but the selection of classical music tapes to be played seemed never-ending, and made the travelling really delightful, as did the selection of munchies in the glove-box. Mind you, it seemed that the air-conditioning did not reach to the glove-box, as the chocolate freckles were in a sad state by the time we hit Whyalla - it was about 38°C, although it was only mid-November. The other particular delight about the truck was the way in which the tray was packed. All the solid items were stacked carefully on one side, such that a mattress could be laid over their tops, and the non-drivers could fight over whose turn it was to have a kip in the back.

I'd never been west of Port Lincoln before, and I hadn't been north for years. Since I really love that sort of country (the drier the better), I found the driving and travelling in general to be great.

We took nearly two days to get to Yalata, for several reasons. Firstly, the fuel consumption in the truck doubles if you go over 100kph, so we drove obediently at 99.5 the whole way. Secondly, there is an enormous culture shock between Adelaide and Yalata, and so taking the trip in a leisurely fashion helps you to adjust. The nicer aspects of the trip were largely due to Rod and Maggie's having done it so regularly. They know all the good camping spots to stay out at overnight, and are familiar with the short cuts to Cactus and other good beaches en route.

I had felt incredibly stupid packing all my gear for the trip into a suitcase - it really did not seem consistent with my notions of 'going bush'. But I was in for a surprise.

Maggie had explained to me briefly before we left that they believed in taking a few creature comforts with them, in order that they did not end up absolutely hating each trip. This, I had innocently assumed, accounted for the Beethoven tapes in the truck. But there was one in store. The first night out, we camped at a place called Pt. Labatt (not very far from Streaky Bay). This was Rod and Maggie's favourite spot, and for good reason. It's totally deserted, and there is a marvellous windbreak of paperback trees, which protects one from the wind coming in off the sea, about 200 yards away. It's so solitary that we had to chase two roos out of the spot so we could pitch our tents. I had anticipated the army surplus approach to tents - but it turned out we each were provided with a 2-person tent, complete with floor, and zipped flyscreens ... the full bit. Into these we put our foam mattresses and super-down sleeping-bags (!). John, of course, found our antics in tent-assembling highly amusing. Not deigning to partake of these little homes away from home he'd bought his well-worn swag. By the time we'd got ourselves together (especially me, since I'd never assembled such a tent before), he had tossed down his swag (2 seconds), and had a magnificent fire going. Whereupon Rod pulled the deck chairs out of the truck, opened a bottle of sherry (we'd passed though the Clare Valley en route and had felt ourselves obliged to stop at Stanley's), and a tin of smoked oysters, before putting the steaks on the fire. God, I didn't eat that well at home. Maggie explained it all: apparently the funding allocations for field trips were paid at a rate equivalent to that paid to academic staff going to interstate conferences .. that is, about 30-odd dollars a day. Therefore, what would ordinarily be spent on hotel bills, we spent on petrol, food, and other niceties like videotapes etc. It certainly helps to make one feel positive about field trips, I can tell you! Some hours of discussion about Land Rights, anecdotes from John, and evil tales about the Department of Aboriginal Affairs (DAA) later, we went to bed, leaving John to organise his night log.

Some of the things I was told that night, I'm still mulling over. Rod (who worked for a couple of years on some of the outstations out from Alice Springs) was talking about the medical practices he'd seen. For example, the traditional healers he'd worked with. Apparently, the system adopted tended to be one in which any community member who was ill would see the healer first, and have the sources (in terms of spirit possession, etc.) of his/her illness elucidated, and then would see Rod; his western medicines being viewed mainly as an aid to symptomatic relief. Rod showed some of the healers how to use stethoscopes etc., and in this area, some remarkable things occurred. Although there would appear to be no common ground between tribal and western medical practices, although the tribal theories of disease are such that they would be scorned by the vast majority of westerners, Rod found that, upon showing a healer how to use a stethoscope, within a matter of minutes, the healer would be hearing things that it would take most medical students years to be able to identify correctly. And John's stories of how he's witnessed elders travelling hundreds of kilometres in unbelievably short times, without any apparent means to do so, were simply incredible. For example, on one occasion, John took the only vehicle in an isolated community to drive to another some 150 km away. Before he left, he was speaking to one man, who said (rather inexplicably at the time) that he would see John in a while. John left the man, and the community; drove at breakneck speed to his destination, only to find the man waiting for him. What can you say?

Anyway, we finally got to Yalata (having stopped to look at the Streaky bay seal colony, and to have a swim at Cactus and watch the surfers, en route).

Yalata is absolutely extraordinary.

It is beautiful and loathsome simultaneously. John's reception was really fascinating to watch. He'd never been to Yalata before, but within about 5 hours of his arriving and identifying himself by his relation to some northern relatives of Yalata residents, he was immediately accepted. For the next five days, he kept racing back to the visitors' quarters

where we stayed, to look at the family trees which Maggie had previously made, trying to work out some of the more obscure of his relationships, through the families in the north which had taken him as their son.

The white staff at Yalata are .. unspeakable, really that's the only way to describe the situation.

The history of Yalata, in a nutshell, is this. Early this century, those whites imbued with a missionary zeal (such as Daisy Bates) rounded up a whole lot of families and moved them south (from around the Tomkinson ranges and the NT/SA border) to Ooldea homestead, where the people were kept till about 1952.

At this stage, Ooldea began to be evacuated, due to its proximity to the Maralinga nuclear testing site. The SA government purchased the Yalata homestead and property (god knows how many thousands of acres) and the Yalata Lutheran Mission was established there in about 1955. (My knowledge of the dates is pretty inaccurate, but you get the idea.) The reserve remained a mission settlement until comparatively recently, since which time it has been run by D.A.A. The white superintendent has been there for several decades and appears (here comes the libellous part) a bureaucratic racist extraordinaire. As one telling example of his attitude, none of the people on the settlement gets unemployment benefits. The superintendent refuses to allow it (though obviously legally he cannot do so), on the grounds that they are not really unemployed, since, if they really wanted to work they could make artefacts to sell in the nearby roadhouse. Said roadhouse, incidentally, is owned by Yalata Community Inc., but there are no black staff in it.

Most of the staff there are genuinely well-intended. Their positions are mainly as teachers ... although these are standard Education Department appointments, the vast majority (I'd say, about 85%) of the teachers can only be described as being rampant Christians - probably they get the positions because no-one else had sufficient missionary or equivalent zeal, to make them apply to go to Yalata.

There a few good staff, but some of these never get the chance to put their ideas into practice, simply because the superintendent (referred to by us as "God") forbids them to do so. The only person who really wants to stand up to God and is in a position to do so, is the school headmaster, who is excellent. For example, he has introduced a new series of primers for the little kids to learn to read with. Instead of the typical Dick and Dora approach, the Head has encouraged his teachers and Aboriginal teacher aides to make their own primers. I saw on lesson in which the kids were learning prepositions, using a primer consisting of magnificent photos taken around the reserve. So the examples they were learning from were such things as:

Kugena is by the watertruck.

Girlie is in the wiltja.

And so forth. Superb stuff.

In terms of our feedback to the white staff, the main message which we wanted to get across was this. Any group of people who have been put into a situation of total powerlessness (not to mention gross poverty) are obviously going to drink/sniff when they have nothing else to do. The whites cannot help except by standing back; it simply is not going to work if you employ a YMCA officer to organise footy matches for the kids - the sniffers won't come. What the whites need to do is to admit that they've fucked things up incredibly badly (they or their predecessors), and all they can do to help is to try to aid the Aboriginal community itself to try schemes to fix the situation. For example, if the people at Yalata want to try to get their kids to stop sniffing petrol by taking the kids out to a camp away from the main settlement where the kids can be taught about traditional tribal practices and culture, the whites could help by organising regular water drops to them, or

whatever. This did not go down too well with most of the whites, whose attitude seemed to be, "Look things are so messed up now that we can't afford to let the blacks muck around trying to work out solutions: we need to import more white experts who really know what they're doing." Another of our findings which was not popularly received was about the comparison between sniffers and offenders, in terms of the psychological profiles that had been run on them. These tests suggested that the two groups were significantly different: that is to say, one could not predict that the kids who, at 12, were the heaviest sniffers were the kids who, at 16, would be in court most often. This conflicted too much with the apparent attitude of "once a bad one, always a bad one" to be popularly accepted.

The problems at Yalata are, in one respect, different from those at the Aboriginal reserves in the north, simply because the Yalata people historically have been increasingly kept separate from the rest of the Pitjantjatjara people. The secret hope of the Project members is that the Project might be able to be of assistance in re-establishing 'the northern connection'. The Yalata people are not involved currently in the land rights struggle, or in fighting the decisions of their superintendent, largely because they don't have access to the resources of the northern Pitjantjatjara Council ... they don't have sympathetic solicitors at hand, they don't have the pull to get appointments to see the Premier, etc, etc. And until they're in a situation to learn how to play the whites' games, they'll be unable to do much to work towards establishing any control over their own lives.

Going to Yalata caused me to feel sick to my stomach that I am white. I just wish I could describe better how criminally wrong the treatment of Aborigines by our bureaucracies is.

- from **CATCHING UP, ANZAPA #72**

Oh John, I do so much like your simple, abbreviated official organ. Gary used to put so much information in his official organs that we actually knew what was going on, he even went so far as to give us reason for his actions and explanations which gave us some insight into his mental processes.

I always used to think that Masons' (and Bangsunds' before him) style of official organ was de rigeur and said to myself "I could never do an organ like this and so could never aspire to be OE". Now however my eyes have been opened "I (even I) could do an organ like this" says I to myself (says I), I mean, making, changing and deleting rules is so easy, one just says let there be no rules and voila! With a clap of thunder there are no rules!

Allan Bray commenting on John Foyster's Official Organ of ANZAPA 74.

I guess there'll be an occasional scream of outrage from members (or ex-members) offended by my turfing out so many people just because they didn't abide by the rules of the organisation. I wonder how many of those offended will recognize, in the habit of retaining old friends and keeping out newer fans, that very elitism in Australian fandom which was the subject of much debate a couple of years ago, notably by Chas Jensen? I wonder how many of the offended will be amongst those who denied the existence of that 'elitism'?

John Foyster commenting on his own OFFICIAL ORGAN from ANZAPA 75.

I WONDER WHERE THE FIRE IS?

David Grigg

It was a Monday night, some weeks after our wedding. Sue and I were sound asleep in bed when we were awoken by the Research fire alarm. We have an excellent volunteer fire brigade because of the danger of bush fires in our area: everyone is always jumpy about fires for that reason.

Groaning with annoyance, I rolled over and looked at the time. It was 1 am. We lay there for a while listening to the siren moaning up and down. It seemed to go on for a very long time. By the time it finally droned down into silence we were well and truly awake.

"Oh well," said Sue, "I suppose I'll get up and have a look to see where the fire truck goes. I wonder where the fire is?"

I stayed in bed while Sue went to look through the front window. In a few minutes we heard the siren of the truck. "Here it comes," said Sue. "Isn't it frightening when you see it coming by, wondering if it's going to stop near you?" I grunted in reply.

"David!", said Sue. "It's stopping out front! I can see Ron (our next-door neighbour) waving at them! Get up, the fire must be next door!" Alarmed I leapt out of bed and started to fumble into my clothes as Sue ran in her dressing gown out the back. She came back before I was fully dressed. "It's not Ron's," she said. "It's US!"

With my shirt still flapping around me unbuttoned, I ran out the back. Up at the top of our yard, flames were leaping about twenty feet high. The little gardening shed that my father had built was blazing away. I grabbed the garden hose, turned it on, and ran like mad towards the fire. I got there about one minute before the fire brigade, who had driven their truck up into Ron's back yard.

It didn't take long, really, for the fire to be put out. But the firemen insisted on breaking up the smouldering debris in search of dangerous hot spots which could catch again. They poured gallons of water onto the ruined shed, while I stood around feeling stupid and making apologetic conversation with Ron and his wife.

It seemed that Ron had been awakened by some loud thumps (which we later figured out must have been caused by some sheets of asbestos cracking) and had thought it was his resident possum upon the roof again. When he got up to have a look, he saw the fire. He had attacked it with his garden hose - but has 'decided to leave something for the brigade to do' - so hadn't put it right out.

It turned out that the alarm had been raised by a young woman who had been baby-sitting in a house across the valley. She had seen the glow and the flames and thought it was the school which was on fire - the primary school is just up the road. Thinking the school had been arsoned, the brigade had sent two trucks and twenty men to the conflagration.

The cause of the fire was obvious on inspection: we had a compost heap right next to the hut, which had caught fire due to spontaneous combustion. Although the compost was insulated from the shed by tin, the boards used to partition off the compost at the front had caught fire, and spread the blaze to the shed.

Standing around looking at the wreckage, one of the firemen remarked to me: "There'll be a little lake in your garden tomorrow morning", nodding towards the streams of water issuing from the ruins. "Yes!" I said brightly. "It'll do the grass the world of good!" Fortunately this remark went down in the right spirit.

The whole event was really rather embarrassing. Within two months of moving in we'd managed to wake up the entire town in the middle of the night. It was all the more embarrassing because Sue and I were almost the last people on the scene. Certainly next time we hear the fire siren outside of practice hours, I'm going to be up and looking around our property in a flash.

Needless to say, we didn't sleep very well that night, and we've been a bit jittery ever since. Ah, the delights of home ownership!

- from **LOGODAEDALY #2, ANZAPA #72**

You fiend! - lending me Enemies of Promise! I'll probably never write another line! Connolly seems to have got a lot of his ideas from Lee Harding, have you noticed? I was plunged into despair when I read that 'the predicament of the humorist is that his sensibility, if it should go on developing, causes him to find things less and less amusing.' It could destroy my fan-writing career if ever I start to develop sensibility.

John Bangsund commenting to David Grigg in ANZAPA 74.

"There is no greater sin than putting foreign mcs through an apa." Hmm--a challenge. Burning koalas at the stake, after flaying them slowly, from a pyre made of 1923 WEIRD TALES issues in mint condition, referring to the latter as sci-fi, and blaming it all on the Labour Party?

Denny Lien commenting on a Derrick Ashby apazine from ANZAPA 70.

I love that title. Why hasn't anyone thought of that before? Come to think of it, when are Bangsund and Edmonds finally going to produce their fan opera, *Gestetnerdammerung*?

David Grigg commenting on Derrick Ashby's RONEO, RONEO, WHEREFORE ART THOU RONEO? from ANZAPA 71.

Perhaps I can no longer challenge your right to be regarded as the least reputable-looking member of ANZAPA for, winter and my failing blood circulation being what they are, I am now to be seen, on several days of the week, lurking within a suit.

John Foyster commenting to Marc Ortlieb in ANZAPA 74.

YOU'LL DO ME NINETY-ONE

Leigh Edmonds

Today is one of those days when you think all your birthdays have come at once. Not that I got given anything you might regard as being of material worth. Instead I just attended a couple of lectures at ANU.

This morning Manning Clark lectured on Henry Lawson. This is not the first time that I've seen him lecture; the first time was earlier in the year when he spoke on W.C. Wentworth.

Manning Clark is by now a reasonably old man, but he carries his age well. He has gone partly bald but has a good growth of white hair and a small white beard as well. He wore a blue three-piece suit and in every way looked to be the personification of intellect and civilisation.

His voice is quiet and has the marks of age. But it is the voice of great authority, of a person who has spent their life in the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom.

The lecture was given without notes, Manning Clark paced the floor before the lecture podium as he talked, rarely still, rarely pausing in his restless motion as he spoke. Occasionally he would stop in mid-stride as a thought came to him or would turn to his audience and stand poised as he recited a few lines of Lawson's verse. The restless energy of the lecture drew in the audience, the continual movement became almost a performance, the movements and the poise of the body also being an expression of the things that he was trying to say in the lecture.

Perhaps Manning Clark is fortunate in that he does not have to lecture full-time and therefore does not have to take part in what must be a mind-numbing routine. On the other hand, perhaps he has always been as exciting as he was today to listen to and if that is so it is no wonder he has such a great reputation. Most lectures that I have attended have passed on information - some lecturers are better than others - but as well as doing this Manning Clark also passed on to his audience a feeling of great emotional intensity. In expressing what he knows on a subject he attempts to not only speak on the facts as they are known and the relationships between people and events ... he expresses the humanness of a person.

In telling about Lawson taking his walking stick to as many windows of the office of THE BULLETIN as he could, Manning Clark was more keenly interested in helping his audience to feel the kinds of emotions which might drive a man to such actions. In discussing Lawson and his decline, the emphasis was not on the fall as such but on the personal tragedy.

The trouble which most of us experience is that we can only tell others about things; there are some gifted people who can make people feel things emotionally, they can pull at the heart-strings. Mozart used music, Roberts used painting, Lawson used literature and Manning Clark uses the study of history. In each of these fields these people are masters.

Listening to Manning Clark is not only an educational experience, it is a moving one.

The lecture concluded as Manning Clark described Lawson's funeral. Lawson is buried in Waverly Cemetery and in that beautiful place overlooks the great Pacific Ocean.

Manning Clark alluded to that ocean, drawing together with Lawson the great voyages of exploration which led to the gradual discovery of the Great South Land, called up memories of the great and dangerous journeys made by the earliest colonists, the convicts, the squatters, the diggers.

He then spoke about the significance of the hymn played at the funeral "Abide With Me", and quoted its final lines, inferring their relevance to the beliefs that Lawson had expressed and that love that he had expressed in his writing... Manning Clark then appended to this closure a two or three sentence statement of Lawson's great stature in Australian history and literature...a punch line of the most telling impact (which would be rather pointless quoted here) and he strode out of the theatre.

I could probably say a little more about Manning Clark, particularly the way in which he constructed his lecture as he progressed.

However, this afternoon as part of the Political Science course I attended an informal discussion session with Gough Whitlam. This person is still well enough known to most of you not to need a detailed description.

Whitlam is still a man of commanding presence but these days seems much more human, perhaps this is what comes of being without his political power. His voice is a little changed from its former glory and the power of his intellect is still massive. But he is a person who seems much more at peace that he used to be when he was in politics. When he comments in passing that "We introduced Medibank", or "We were the greatest reforming Government in the history of the country" or "My Government did" this or that, they are statements made by a person who is so aware of their monumental importance to Australia that they cannot be ignored but on the other hand they are no longer new enough to him to be items of great pride.

The format of the session was that he would speak for a short while and then we were free to ask him questions. In theory Whitlam was supposed to talk on the subject of "Australia in the Year 2000" but as it turned out he was more interested in talking about some questions which had been raised at a previous discussion, about the amalgamation of unions... and this and another subject kept him occupied for a full half-hour. Following this various questions were asked, each of which lead to a discourse which could last up to ten minutes. Each of these discourses took place as though the question had simply opened a tap in the Whitlam mind and from that small start came a whole network of ideas and arguments which neatly worked themselves into patterns as he spoke. This all happened so effortlessly that you would be forgiven for thinking that anybody could do something similar. And yet I know that in similar situations I would find it very difficult to speak with authority on even subjects in which I am expert, for that length of time and with that breadth of speaking skills.

To simply say that I was greatly impressed would be an understatement.

Since I'm getting towards the end of this page I'll indulge myself in a couple of comparisons between these two great men before I'm totally out of room.

I would find it difficult to say which of the two is greater...I have been in the presence of few such people that I have no experience and tend to become overawed.

Both are men of great intelligence, wit, speaking ability, understanding and so on. Both can call from their minds a vast array of intellectual and emotional discussions, arguments and questions. Both have physical presence (although Whitlam tends to display his socks).

The differences are that this evening Whitlam was not in his favourite element; he is a man who had become used to speaking in the company of powerful men, of using his skills to persuade these men to do as he believed right. This morning Manning Clark was in his element, doing the thing which he had spent a life perfecting.

Even so I prefer Manning Clark. He is an artist. But above that Manning Clark understands and displays the nobility of humanity.

- from **ANZAPA #75**

Perhaps it's your enthusiasm, or perhaps it is because of the fact that you are studying of your own choice rather than as part of a pre-defined education, or perhaps it is just the rather special conditions at the ANU. Perhaps, but for whatever reason you recapture the images of sitting at the feet of the great, grasping the pearls of wisdom as they spring fully formed from some convenient orifice. I'm glad, Leigh, that at least the part of ANU you describe lives up to the best idea of a place of learning.

Peter & Elizabeth Darling commenting on Leigh Edmonds's YOU'LL DO ME NINETY-ONE from ANZAPA 75.

RYCTo Leanne, The reason for people naming "their children after themselves." is that if they named their children before they named themselves, they wouldn't know what to call each other, and whilst Familiarity breeds contempt, you don't breed without familiarity. I hope I make myself clear.

Marc Ortlieb commenting on Irwin Hirsh's PLENTY OF PANACHE from ANZAPA 70.

Pardon my naivete, but I can't see why anyone would want to join the Mile-High Club. Apart from the notoriety - presumably the event can only be attested to by you and the other person - I can't see that having it off in the cramped and uncomfortable conditions available in an aircraft would be worth the effort.

David Grigg commenting on Robin Johnson's THE BUTTERFLY MIND STRIKES BACK from ANZAPA 71.

You are nominated for best typo: page 5, lines 2-3, one-snots. At first I thought it was an h that didn't print properly, but no, a genuine typo.

Jean Weber commenting on Marc Ortlieb's G'NEL 22 from ANZAPA 75.

SLAYDOMANIA V

Leanne Frahm

You'd have thought that two dogs, one cat, one budgie, eight chickens and the occasional caterpillar or praying mantis on extended vacation would be enough to satisfy one family. But no. Our compassion knows no bounds, and a mother's love can extend to embrace an indefinite number of children. Swelling bosoms, and all that. We are now giving home and hearth to around a hundred extra little visitors.

No, head-lice are not endemic once more. We have acquired an aquarium.

I hear a few writhes and the odd gasp of horror. Not, you are saying, a hundred vapid, vacant liddle goldfish, compleat with bubbling treasure chest, twee 'No Fishing' signs and garden gnomes in bathers? No! A thousand times no. (Count 'em. Written with great effort and expense in lemon juice along the margin of this page. Simply hold page over candle-flame...)

In the tropics, we do things the hard way. Even electing political representatives is terribly hard. Ours is a marine aquarium, which means, for those of you unfamiliar with scientific terminology, a salt-water aquarium.

Picture, if you can, a sea-scape in miniature. Imagine yourself on a small reef, the clear salt water lapping at your feet, peering into the limpid waters of a tiny rock-pool. Watch out for those oyster-rocks--Blast! Nasty cut, that. It'll infect, mark my words. Get full of oyster spawn, it will. Horrible death, body eaten away by billions of microscopic oysters looking for a bone to build a shell on...

...the clear salt water lapping at your sandshoes, peering into the limpid waters of a tiny rock-pool. Seaweeds wave languorously in the ebb and flow of the water as tiny gem-like fish dart in and out among the fronds. An anemone crouches, an anchored leopard, tipped and tinted tendrils inviting. In slow-motion movements a crimson starfish crosses the rocks, mouth sucking at the weeds. A striped pincushion urchin and a night-black beche-de-mer commune for a moment, then separate. Corals and tube worms flower shyly and colourfully, while the spotted nudibranch continues unwaveringly in its stately progress.

Now, imagine that in your lounge-room! Hot shit!

Well, it's not exactly in our lounge-room just yet, but we saw one just last week-end in someone else's, and being nothing if not enthusiastically impulsive...

The care and maintenance of marine aquaria is still very much in the experimental stage. Since so many tropical specimens may not even be identified yet, their reaction to and compatibility with aquarium life is likewise unknown, which is a roundabout way of saying the whole thing's a matter of trial and error, but some guide-lines are available.

For a marine aquarium, you need a tank (the bigger the better in Kerry's opinion), a thermometer, a heater which can be pre-set to maintain a steady temperature, a couple of filters to remove silt and such yucky stuff and also to provide a current, a hygrometer to indicate the salinity level (which is compensated by adding fresh water--even tap water, as

chlorine disperses quickly in the tank). Then there is the air-stone to aerate the water, the ultra-violet light for sun-tans, and various chemical test-kits to test the levels of various chemicals which Kerry loves because it makes him feel like a mad scientist brandishing test-tubes in all directions.

There is also a protein skimmer for removing (modest cough) urine and faecal matter, nets, food, scrapers, tongs, and the little beasties themselves.

First of all, the saltwater for the tank must be stabilised -- (here comes the scientific bit.) For some reason, away from its natural habitat, the marine aquarium, if untreated, develops a nitrate condition which proves fatal to life-forms. A nitrifying bacteria will eventually develop to counteract this, but in the process, nearly everything will die. So to avoid much wringing of hands and lamentations, not to mention hundreds of pathetic little mounds in the back yard, the salt-water is placed in the tank along with your shell-grit and rocks, whatever you're using to seascape it--but without any living creatures. Then chemicals are used to precipitate the nitrite condition, so that the nitrite-eating bacteria will develop, and the water will be already inoculated when you put the livestock into the tank, after about two to three weeks.

That is the stage we are at; at least we thought we were. Yesterday we walked a mile and a half from the carpark at a local beach to a small reef at low tide. We collected rocks and shells and dead coral. We 'oohed' and 'ah'd' over seaweeds and live corals, crabs and a huge beche-de-mer. We crawled back across the sand dragging buckets of shells and stones and coral, plus several kilos of sieved shell-grit. My vertebrae are irredeemably tortured out of their natural shape, and I developed an acute dislike of my seven-year-old son who ran ahead, gaily swinging a small bucket containing two small shells, and who stopped every ten yards to whine 'My legs hurt!', before bounding off to jump a jellyfish to death. Jenny, bless her, trudged stoically on with a bucket almost as big as mine. It was a pity, though, that she chose to fashion a softer handle from her grandmother's imported Italian soft-straw hat.

I would like to say, in the best women's magazine tradition of jolly archness, that all aches disappeared as we began decorating the tank with our finds. It would be a lie; I'm still bloody sore. However, it was very rewarding to see the tank attain some degree of natural beauty--in ways unforeseen.

Natural Law Number One: There is no such thing as 'dead' in the ocean.

Every scoop of shell-grit appears to have harboured a couple of hermit-crabs, ranging in size from that of a match-head to two centimetres, each dragging its shell in a frantic race to the other end of the tank. Then those 'clean' rocks and bits of 'dead' coral. There are at least six anemones that we can see, a few tiny tube-worms, several tiny crabs, a cosy family grouping of bivalves, and some patches of barnacles I'm suspicious of. There was a little brittle-star climbing up the glass last night and looking like a motorised snow-flake, but he's gone this morning, presumably overwhelmed by the hermit crab hordes.

Whether they'll survive the stabilising period is a moot point. It's generally believed by those with experience locally that the hermit-crabs will. The rest are doubtful. I'm preparing for a lot of little mounds.

Meanwhile, there's something about a tank full of little live creatures. Is it more socially acceptable for the family to break down through tank-watching rather than through t.v. watching? The pleasure of hearing the clatter of little claws...Isn't nature wonderful?

- from **ANZAPA #70**

1978 AND ALL THAT

Perry Middlemiss

My direct involvement with ANZAPA started way back in 1978. What a year that was. It was a time when I was just starting to find my feet in fandom; going to conventions, producing apazines, working on the Adelaide University Science Fiction Association club magazine and finding new friends all over the place. It was also the year when I attended two of the best conventions of my life: UNICON IV and ANZAPACon.

UNICON IV, held in Melbourne over Easter, was roundly criticised throughout Australia fandom as being an administrative nightmare, and so it was. Roger Weddall and Alan Wilson started out with something small which grew totally out of control in the year of its organisation. But if you were able to put aside the problems with the programming, the banquet and the Ditmars, it was also a great place to meet all those Big Name Fans I'd heard so much about. The Edmondses, the Gillespies, the Foysters, the Ashbys and the Handfields. They all seemed to be there. Or, at least, that's the way I remember it.

And then ANZAPACon in October, in Melbourne, in John Foyster's flat of all places sealed my view of Australian fandom. In particular, ANZAPA appeared to be the place where all the fun was and over the next three or four years I received an immense amount of enjoyment from the bi-monthly mailings. I didn't put as much energy into my contributions as I should have and consequently Helen Swift and I were chosen in the annual ANZAPAPoll as the new Presidents for 1978/79 purely on the strength of her work. I look back on that time now with a few regrets that I didn't do as much as I really should have. It was only later that I came to realise that an apa is only as good as the whole package; carrying members who are only along for the ride just hinders the possible enjoyment of the rest of the membership roster.

Both these conventions exemplified to me the two sides of fandom - the bold, big and brash, and the small and intimate. Both have their place and one without the other would result in a much-diminished entity.

Though I didn't realise that back then, fifteen years ago, and probably not even earlier this year. When I first started to contemplate the prospect of putting together these volumes for a Best of ANZAPA collection, or collections, I thought about introducing each publication with a learned article from the President, or Presidents, of the year in question. You know the sort of thing - an address to the fandom nation, an inquiry into the past and possible futures of our great apa, its place in the fannish world, and whether or not Harry Warner was ever going to get around to his history of sixties fandom so ANZAPA could get a guernsey. Give it importance, I thought. Gravity and none of that fannish levity. So I asked Helen Swift if she would write a piece for 1979/80, without requesting any specific subject matter, and she responded with the introduction you will find at the start of this collection. Deep and meaningful it isn't, chatty and informative it certainly is. And there, I thought, lies the essence of ANZAPA. It really should be a fun place to be and to be involved in. It shouldn't be taken too seriously or it would lose all contact with what it's really good at. It must be doing something right if it's been doing that for 25 years.

- AUGUST 1993

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 70 - October 1979

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 22	Gary Mason	6
ANZAPO POLL 1979: THE REPORT	John & Sally Bangsund	1
HEIGH-O!	John Rowley	2
STILL MORE OF THE SAME	John Rowley	2
PLENTY OF PANACHE 1	Irwin Hirsh	8
THE RETURN OF THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	2
BOTTLE FATIGUE	Eric Lindsay	10
TSFC NEWS No 2	Michael O'Brien	2
A LITTLE MORE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	2
PLENTY OF PANACHE 2	Irwin Hirsh	4
ANZAPA'S ANNUAL STATISTICAL REVIEW 1, October 1979	Derrick Ashby	4
MURGATROYD 11	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	2
ANZAPA STATISTICAL SUMMARY 69	Derrick Ashby	1
FINE FROGS - REASONABLY PRICED	Terry Hughes	6
IL VOMBATO 9	Jan Howard Finder	1
SLAYDOMANIA V	Leanne Frahm	6
PROCRUSTIAN PAPERS	John Bangsund	6
CONTENTS EIGHTY-EIGHT	Leigh Edmonds	8
NEW STRUCTURES IN FANZINE PRODUCTION THREE	Leigh Edmonds	6
HUGEIOUS 8.5	Derrick Ashby	1
THE BETTER HALF 5	Christine Ashby	4
HUGEIOUS 9	Derrick Ashby	3
AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT	Derrick Ashby	2
GALLIMAUFY 6	Derrick Ashby	5
A FABLE OF FAFIA	Peter Toluzzi	1
G'NEL SEVENTEEN	Marc Ortlieb	6
BACK COVER		1
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI

Added: Terry HUGHES.

Dropped: Bill WRIGHT.

Resigned: Margaret ARNOTT, Bruce GILLESPIE.

Invited to join: Robin JOHNSON, Terry GAREY.

Waiting List:

1. Robin JOHNSON; 2. Terry GAREY; 3. John D BERRY; 4. Richard FAULDER; 5. Donald ASHBY; 6. Linda SMITH; 7. John RYAN; 8. Gerald SMITH.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 71 - December 1979

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

COVER	Marc Ortlieb	1
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 23	Gary Mason	8
THE SEWERS OF THE STRAND No 1	John Rowley	2
PLENTY OF PANACHE 3	Irwin Hirsh	8
RONEO, RONEO, WHEREFORE ART THOU, RONEO?	Derrick Ashby	5
THE BUTTERFLY MIND STRIKES BACK 1	Robin Johnson	6
COMAND MODULE 36	Michael O'Brien	6
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 50	John Bangsund	9
HANRAHAN 1	John Bangsund	2
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 N5	John Bangsund	8
MURGATROYD 12	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	4
THE MEMORAZINE 25	Paul Anderson	12
A BIT OF A TRIP RIP	John Foyster	6
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS VI	Keith Taylor	10
G'NEL 18	Marc Ortlieb	10
LOGODAEDALY #1	David Grigg	12
PAGES DOTH NOT A PRESIDENT MAKE	Derrick Ashby	4
AYJAY ONE	Derrick Ashby	8
ANZAPA STATISTICAL SUMMARY 2A-1/5	Derrick Ashby	1
THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION, November/December 1979	Paul Stevens	11
CAT OUT OF ORDER 1.5	Paul Stokes	6
MECHANISED MINAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	11
UHH! - INVOICES	Andrew Brown	6
THE SACRED COW	Allan Bray	10
BEAGLE'S WORLD	Catherine Circosta	9
BRAMSTON No 30	Gary Mason	2
UNOFFICIAL OFFICIAL ORGAN No 7	Gary Mason	1
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSANAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI

Added: Robin JOHNSON.

Invited to join: Terry GAREY.

Waiting List:

1. Terry GAREY; 2. John D BERRY; 3. Richard FAULDER; 4. Donald ASHBY; 5. Linda SMITH; 6. John RYAN; 7. Gerald SMITH; 8. Rob GERRAND; 9. Susan WOOD; 10. Nick SHEARS.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 72 - February 1980

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

COVER	Gary Mason	1
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 24	Gary Mason	6
I AM NOT A NUT ELECT ME!	John Foyster	1
SLOOD BUCKING	Mark Fraser	2
MAILING COMMENTS FOR ANZAPA 72 ON MAILING 71	Eric Lindsay	5
MAILING COMMENTS FOR ANZAPA 71	Eric Lindsay	1
WHERE NOW?	Eric Lindsay	2
HANRAHAN 2	John Bangsund	4
HANRAHAN 3	John Bangsund	1
MURGATROYD #13	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	6
PERRYIPHERNALIA #2	Perry Middlemiss	4
CATCHING UP	Helen Swift	8
G'NEL 19	Marc Ortlieb	6
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS VII	Keith Taylor	2
SLAYDOMANIA VI	Leanne Frahm	6
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY No 3	Jeff Harris	6
LOGODAEDALY No 2	David Grigg	10
I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY . . .BY CARING ABOUT WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK	Christine Ashby	4
SOUTH MELBOURNE SCIENCE FICTION SURVEY	Derrick Ashby	2
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
KORREKTUR LACK FUR SCHABLONEN	Derrick Ashby	2
ANZAPA STATISTICAL DIGEST No 2	Derrick Ashby	5
SON OF WHY BOTHER? No 4	John Brosnan	6
BEAGLE'S WORLD No ?	Catherine Circosta	4
THE CONSTITUTION OF ANZAPA No 2	Gary Mason	2
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI

Dropped: Terry GAREY (invited to join but did not respond).

Resigned: Linda SMITH.

Invited to join: John D BERRY.

Waiting List:

1. John D BERRY; 2. Richard FAULDER; 3. Donald ASHBY; 4. Linda SMITH; 5. Gerald SMITH; 6. Rob GERRAND; 7. Susan WOOD; 8. Nick SHEARS; 9. Sharon ROBERTSON; 10. Jean WEBER.

Major event: distribution of ballot for election of OBE. Nominees: Gary MASON and John FOYSTER.
Nominated vote-counter: Leanne FRAHM.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 73 - April 1980

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

COVER	Elizabeth Darling	1
DEMOCRACY WORKS! ANZAPA PROVES IT!!	Leanne Frahm	1
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA No 25	Gary Mason	6
WOE IS UH ME BOP	Andrew Brown	4
WE ARE LOOKING IN ON YOU NOW . . .1	Mark Fraser	4
SIX ENTIRELY SELF-WRITTEN PAGES FOR ANZAPA	John Bangsund	6
PROCRUSTIAN PAPERS No 2	John Bangsund	1
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 N6	John Bangsund	4
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 N7	John Bangsund	6
LANGUE DANS JUOE	Andrew Brown	4
MEDVENTION - NOT A PROGRAM BOOK	Eric Lindsay	13
FIVE FROGS - NO WAITING	Terry Hughes	4
FIRE FROGS - HOT STUFF	Terry Hughes	2
GARLIC MILKSHAKE #12	Harry Andruschak	1
VOYAGER BULLETIN No 50	Harry Andruschak	2
THE 1980 DUFF RACE - MY OPINIONS AND CHOICE	Ken Ozanne	2
MECHANISED MIDAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	7
CAT OUT OF ORDER	Paul Stokes	2
BEAGLE'S WORLD	Catherine Circosta	2
LOGODAEDALY No 3	David Grigg	10
FINAGLE'S FILLY	Peter Toluzzi	9
COMMAND MODULE 37	Michael O'Brien	6
SLAYDOMANIA 7	Leanne Frahm	4
YAWNS IN HASTE, April 1980	John Foyster	1
G'NEL 20	Marc Ortlieb	6
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS VIII	Keith Taylor	4
A-CON 8 NEWSLETTER No 3	Marc Ortlieb	5
NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FARE EIGHTY-NINE	Leigh Edmonds	6
THE CONSTITUTION OF ANZAPA No 2	Gary Mason	2
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Joyce SCRIVNER / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI

Dropped: Kevin DILLON, John ROWLEY.

Invited to join: John D BERRY, Richard FAULDER, Linda SMITH.

Waiting List:

1. John D BERRY; 2. Richard FAULDER; 3. Linda SMITH; 4. Gerald SMITH; 5. Rob GERRAND; 6. Nick SHEARS; 7. Sharon ROBERTSON; 8. Jean WEBER; 9. Keith CURTIS.

Major event: election of John FOYSTER as OBE. Votes: John FOYSTER 7, Gary MASON 6.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 74 - June 1980

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

G'NEL 21	Marc Ortlieb	6
THE RUPERT MURDOCH APPRECIATION SOCIETY NEWSLETTER V1 N1	Terry Hughes	4
LOOKING FOR DR GOOD-BAA	Kevin Dillon	6
AND OTHER FRIGHTS OF FANCY	John Rowley	4
GAY INFORMATION No 1	Robin Johnson	16
KINGDOM	Eric Lindsay	8
THREEPENNY PLANET No 1	John Bangsund	6
HANRAHAN 4	John Bangsund	4
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 N8	John Bangsund	2
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 N9	John Bangsund	4
THE MEMORAZINE 26	Paul Anderson	6
THINGS ARE LOOKING BAD	Eric Lindsay	2
THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION March 1980	Paul Stevens	6
CAT OUT OF ORDER	Paul Stokes	6
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	10
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA	Gary Mason	2
BEAGLE'S WORLD	Catherine Circosta	4
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	4
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS RECENT	John Foyster	4
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS IX	Keith Taylor	4
LOGODAEDALY #4	David Grigg	6
RETURN OF THE BUTTERFLY MIND 2	Robin Johnson	6
PLENTY OF PANACHE 4	Irwin Hirsh	6
ANZAPA STATISTICAL SUMMARY 73	Derrick Ashby	1
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY 4	Jeff Harris	4
INTERSTELLAR PAJAMA PYTHON	Allan Bray & Minnie Hands	14
THE SACRED COW	Allan Bray	20
OFFICIAL ORGAN (Mailing 74)	John Foyster	4
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Joyce SCRIVNER / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI

Added: Richard FAULDER.

Invited to join: John D BERRY, Don ASHBY, Linda SMITH, Gerald SMITH.

Waiting List:

1. John D BERRY; 2. Don ASHBY; 3. Linda SMITH; 4. Gerald SMITH; 5. Rob GERRAND;
6. Susan WOOD; 7. Nick SHEARS; 8. Sharon ROBERTSON; 9. Jean WEBER; 10. Keith CURTIS; 11. Joseph NICHOLAS; 12. John ROWLEY.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 75 - August 1980

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

FREE AND EASY WANDERING	John D Berry	6
G'NEL 22	Marc Ortlieb	6
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	6
LEANNE WRITES	Leanne Frahm	2
IL VOMBATO 11	jan howard finder	2
ANOTHER INANE ANZAPA TITLE	Perry Middlemiss & Helen Swift	6
MURGATROYD #14	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	6
ANZAPA 75	Eric Lindsay	2
ROUGH WINDS TO SHAKE THE DARLING BUDS OF MAY	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	8
ALONG WITHOUT YOU	Gerald Smith	6
TWO PAGES OF...	Mark Fraser	2
PITIFUL LETTER	Leanne Frahm	1
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS RECENT 2	John Foyster	2
LOGODAEDALY 5	David Grigg	6
YOU'LL DO ME NINETY-ONE	Leigh Edmonds	2
SYDNEY OR THE BUSH	Valma Brown	3
THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	4
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 51	John Bangsund	6
PROCRUSTIAN PAPERS 3	Leanne Frahm & John Bangsund	2
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER V9 n10	John Bangsund	3
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS X	Keith Taylor	4
OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Foyster	4
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Members:

John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Terry HUGHES / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Marc ORTLIEB / Joyce SCRIVNER / Gerald SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR

Added: John D BERRY, Gerald SMITH.

Dropped: Paul ANDERSON, Christine ASHBY, Derrick ASHBY, John BROSAN, Catherine CIRCOSTA, Jeff HARRIS, Robin JOHNSON, Gary MASON, Michael O'BRIEN, Linda SMITH (invited to join but did not respond), Paul STOKES, Peter TOLUZZI.

Invited to join: Don ASHBY, Rob GERRAND, Susan WOOD, Nick SHEARS, Sharon ROBERTSON, Jean WEBER, Keith CURTIS, Joseph NICHOLAS, John ROWLEY, Bruce GILLESPIE.

Waiting List:

1. Don ASHBY; 2. Rob GERRAND; 3. Susan WOOD; 4. Nick SHEARS; 5. Sharon ROBERTSON; 6. Jean WEBER; 7. Keith CURTIS; 8. Joseph NICHOLAS; 9. John ROWLEY; 10. Bruce GILLESPIE; 11. Malcolm EDWARDS; 12. Christine and Derrick ASHBY; 13. Valma BROWN; 14. Michael O'BRIEN.

Major event: Foyster's Great Purge.

ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1979/80

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Paul ANDERSON	5	2	1	2	18
Christine ASHBY	5	3	2	4	14
Derrick ASHBY	5	4	11	14	44
John BANGSUND	6	6	7	18	63.5
Sally BANGSUND	6	1	1	1	0.5
John D BERRY	1	1	1	1	6
Allan BRAY	6	2	2	3	37
John BROSNAN	5	1	1	1	6
Andrew BROWN	6	2	3	3	14
Catherine CIRCOSTA	5	4	1	4	19
Elizabeth DARLING	6	3	3	4	14
Peter DARLING	6	3	3	3	13
Kevin DILLON	3	1	1	1	6
Leigh EDMONDS	6	3	4	4	22
Richard FAULDER	2	2	1	2	16
John FOYSTER	6	5	6	7	22
Leanne FRAHM	6	3	5	7	21
Mark FRASER	6	3	3	3	8
David GRIGG	6	5	2	5	44
Jeff HARRIS	5	2	2	2	10
Irwin HIRSH	6	3	1	4	26
Terry HUGHES	6	3	4	4	16
Robin JOHNSON	4	2	2	4	28
Denny LIEN	6	4	1	4	9
Eric LINDSAY	6	5	8	8	43
Gary MASON	5	5	5	10	36
Perry MIDDLEMISS	6	2	2	2	7
Michael O'BRIEN	5	1	2	3	14
Marc ORTLIEB	6	6	3	8	45
John ROWLEY	3	3	4	4	10
Joyce SCRIVNER	6	4	1	4	9
Gerald SMITH	1	1	1	1	6
Linda SMITH	2	0	0	0	0
Paul STEVENS	6	4	2	5	25
Paul STOKES	5	3	1	3	14
Helen SWIFT	6	2	2	2	11
Keith TAYLOR	6	5	1	5	24
Peter TOLUZZI	5	2	2	2	10

Others:

Harry ANDRUSCHAK	1	2	2	3
Valma BROWN	1	1	1	3
jan howard FINDER	2	1	2	3
Minnie HANDS	1	1	1	7
Ken OZANNE	1	1	1	2