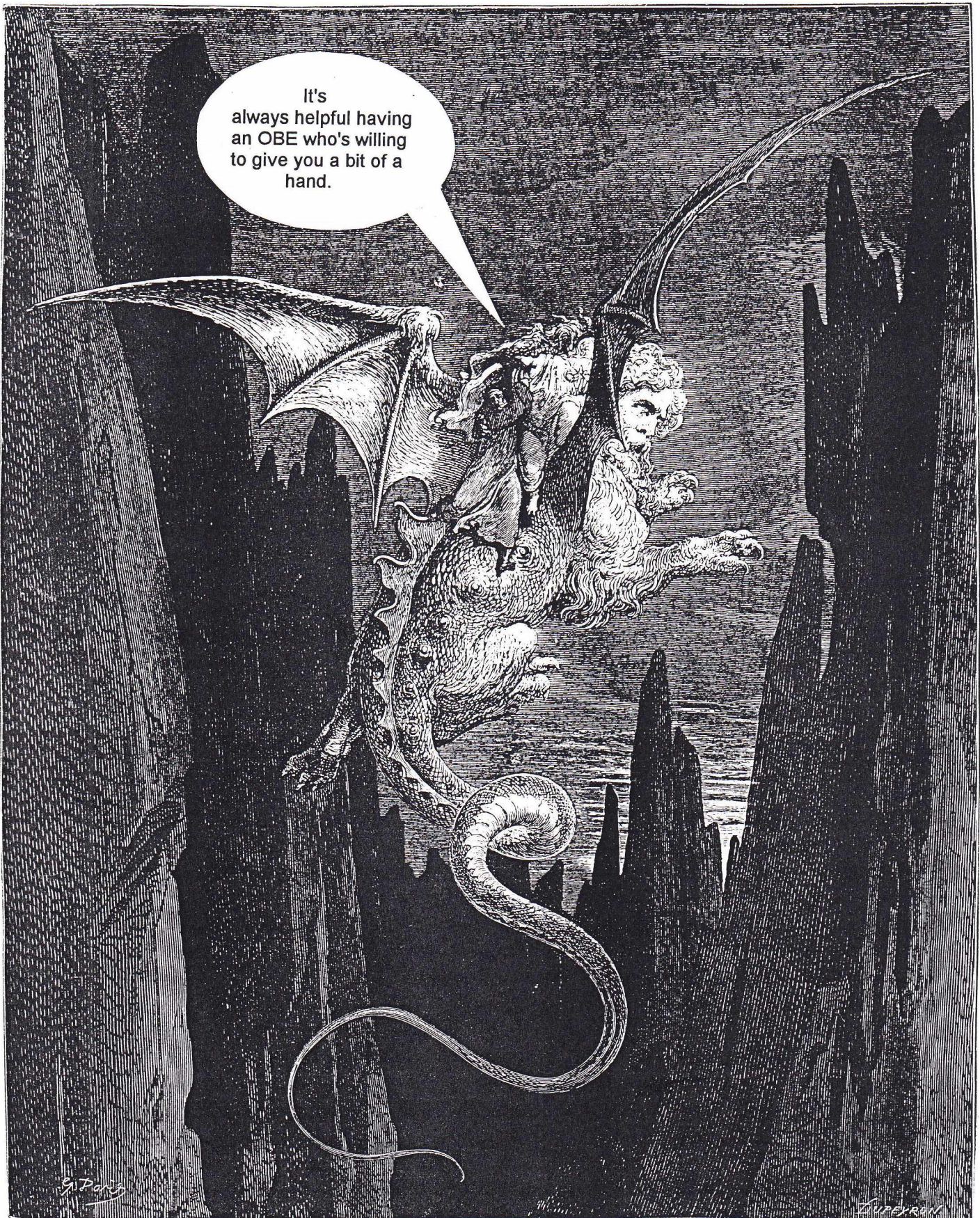


The Best Of ANZAPA  
Volume 15  
1982/83







# THE BEST OF ANZAPA

## 1982/83

### VOLUME 15

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# Editor's Introduction

This is the sixth volume in the series presenting the Best of ANZAPA (the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association) from a production sense but the fifteenth if you want to get pedantic about chronology. It also very nearly marks the end of my first stint in the apa (which lasted for only one more mailing beyond those represented here) and also, in my view, marked the beginning of the end of a golden era for the apa. Building up from Aussiecon in 1975 and getting a huge lift from the first ANZAPACon in October 1978, the apa attracted the best of Australia's fan writers as well as a substantial contingent of overseas fans eager to experience the humour of Bangsund, the oftentimes depressing worldview of Gillespie and the personal fannishness of Edmonds, amongst others. But times change. Aussiecon 2 was on the horizon, other things were starting to demand the time of Australian fandom and the fannish energy of the late seventies had started to dissipate.

**Perry  
Middlemiss**

It is interesting to note the contributions of the three longterm apa members mentioned above in the 1982/83 ANZAPA year as a pointer to the general health of the apa. John Bangsund had started to move away from the general fannish world by shifting his attention to his main occupation, editing. Hence the appearance of his "other fanzine" - The Society of Editor's Newsletter - generally enjoyed by the apa members but also just as generally criticised as not being the genuine article. Bruce Gillespie contributed only twice during the year, and although he did manage to produce a more-than-adequate 36 pages it was becoming obvious that his thoughts were elsewhere. And Edmonds was finding his studies were taking up more and more of his time with the result that none of his work appears in this volume - there was just nothing there that grabbed me for any reason.

I suppose it would be safe to say that the average age of the apa was increasing with each passing year with little new fannish enthusiasm emerging to stimulate the older fans. Maybe it was just reflective of Australian fandom as a whole as it reached the end of cycle and searched for a renewal that might have come if the fallout from Aussiecon 2 hadn't split the old-guard from the new, and the old-guard down the middle. It is interesting to sit back here some 13 to 14 years down the track and theorise about what was going on in the early eighties, what was influencing fandom at the time and what was about to happen. In any event, the 1982/83 ANZAPA year contained sufficient good material to fill over forty pages. That should be enough.

- July 1996

The **Best of ANZAPA** series is edited and produced by Perry Middlemiss of GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA. As far as possible I have sought and obtained permission to reprint the articles that follow. Needless to say, this publication is not intended for profit; merely as a celebration of the wonderful fannish writings which have appeared in ANZAPA over the years. And all rights are returned to the authors upon this publication.

The artwork in this issue was produced by Gustav Dore (cover), John Bangsund (page 4), Richard Faulder (page 10), David Grigg (page 24) and Leanne Frahm (page 39). I would have liked to reproduce other apa covers but either they didn't seem appropriate (ie no artwork) or the artwork that was featured was so faint as to be almost impossible to copy.

Longterm plans are to make this and previous volumes in the series available on the World Wide Web with the first to be found at <http://ncc1701.apana.org.au/~larrikin/sfandom/apas/a77-78.html>. When time permits I will attempt to add further volumes. My thanks to all contributors, past, present and future.



# 1982-83: ANZAPA and Me

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I've always enjoyed my stints as ANZAPA OBE. I prefer working on things, on being a part of them, as opposed to simply being there. That's why I don't really like going to conventions, but I do enjoy helping things like working the registration desk. 1982 was my first year as OBE.

In 1982, Adelaide was somewhere where interesting fannish things were happening. The year before, we'd had Advention '81, the NatCon with Frank Herbert as GoH. Looking through the OBO for #88, I note that there were still a number of Adelaide fans actively involved in ANZAPA. On the membership roster were Paul Anderson, Alan Bray, Jeff Harris, Gary Mason and me, with Roman Orszanski invited to join and Terry Morris, Ann Poore, Brian Forte and John (Nick) Playford on the waiting list. That was before the great Melbourne exodus though Perry had beaten the rush by moving to Canberra. I note that, of that group, only Terry, Perry and I are still in ANZAPA, and we're all living in Melbourne. Ann, also now a Victorian, I last bumped into at this year's Fairport Convention concert. Nick, similarly Victorian, is being a writer and looking pained every time I refer to him as John. (Mind you, he was the butt of several of John McPharlin's and Paul Stokes' less pleasant jokes and so I'm sure has reasons for not wanting to be associated with Adelaide at that time.)

1982 was the height of my fan writing and publishing, if nothing else, in quantity. I was in the middle of a spate of Ditmars and was publishing huge fanzines, all without the aid of computers - though, later in 1983 I did have experience helping to edit a school magazine assisted by an Apple II linked to an IBM golfball typewriter and was using the computer to help me keep track of mailing lists. I was still offering to run off Roneo stencils for people. Ah, them's were the days. I was quite a correspondent then. Looking at

## Marc Ortlieb

my correspondence journal for the week that ANZAPA 88 went out - yes, I kept correspondence journals - I sent 46 items, and received 25. I suspect that Australia Post has lost a lot of ground since those heady days - not that they don't deserve their losses. The cost of maintaining correspondence at that level was horrific and certainly something that I couldn't maintain in my current financial circumstances.

The day I sent out ANZAPA 88 I also sent out a letter and some article corrections to Irwin Hirsh; congratulations to Mike Wallis & Susan Madison (since divorced. The last I heard was that Mike had moved from Toronto and was living in San Francisco. Cheryl Morgan saw him this year and he passed his regards. I even got some e-mail from him); a letter to Cathy(sic); an Antipodean Announcer to Joy King and a TAPA contribution to Mike Wallis. I received a party invitation from Barry & Nanette (two Adelaide friends), copies of Gobstopper & A'AAKa from Seth Lockwood, two letters from Jack Herman, copies of QVC and Kanga Ruse from Derrick Ashby and a letter from John D. Owen in Britain. Yep. I was still interested in helping to run WorldCons in those days.

And who did I throw out of ANZAPA that mailing? Justin Ackroyd and John Foyster for lack of activity, Richard Faulder, who hadn't paid his dues and Andrew Brown, who decided not to rejoin after all. That's why I like being OBE The Power!!!

It had a cruddy four-pager in the mailing, in which I mention pieces of equipment in my flat that were working - a television and a fridge respectively. The fridge is still working. It lives under the house and keeps the Coke cool. My parents had bought me a television

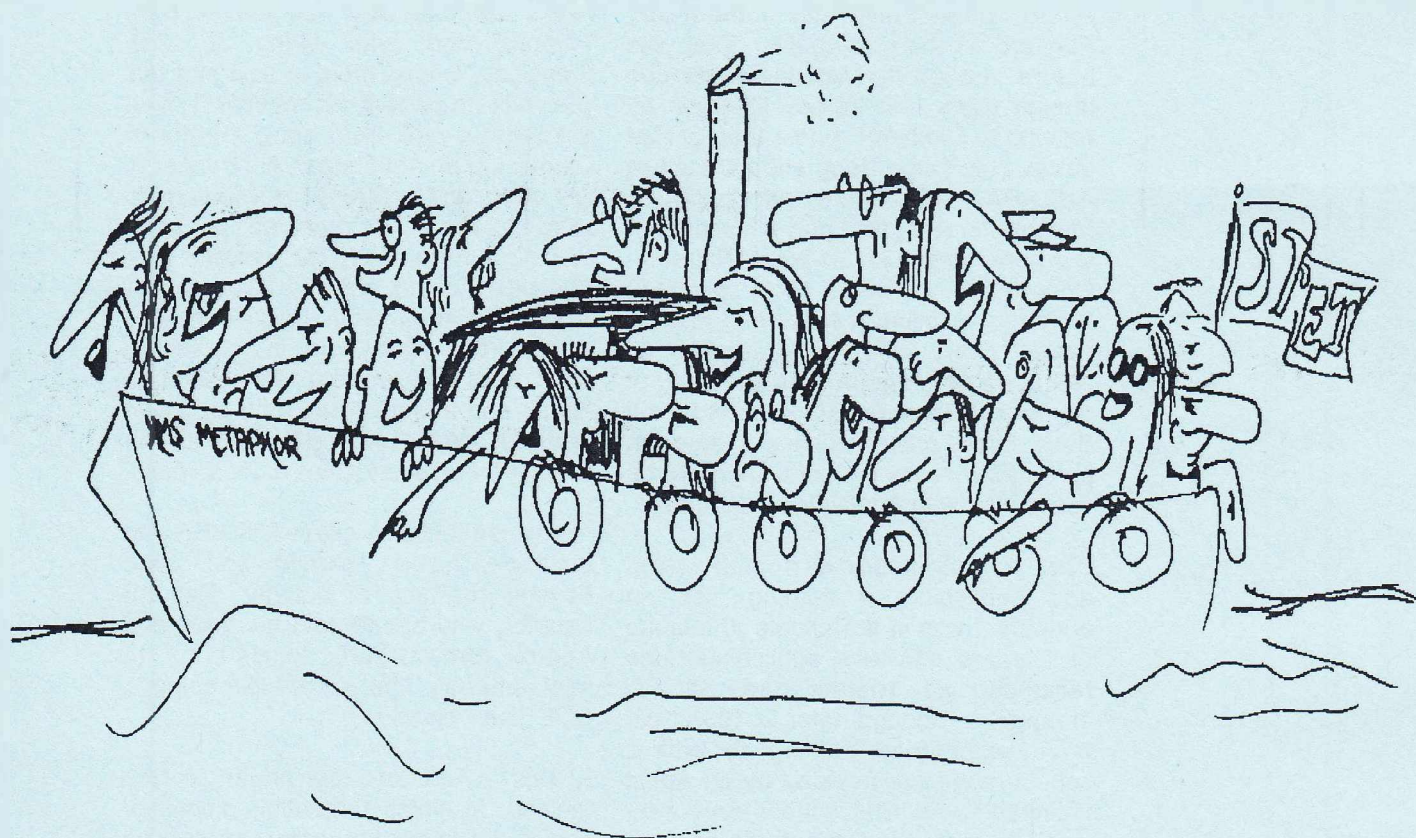


because they figured that I couldn't be adequately normal without one. It must have worked. Less than two years later, I was married and was well on my way to becoming a mortgagee.

So that was 1982. And what am I doing in 1996? I'm ANZAPA OBE. I'm avoiding involvement with the 1999 WorldCon bid and I'm hiding in the study, typing this on a computer with

almost 100 times the RAM of the Apple I used at school, while Michael and Natalie are creating havoc in the house with a school friend of Michael's. I'm thoroughly enmeshed in the administrative structure of the school where I'm teaching, to the point where I'm typing the introduction to Perry's latest "Best of ANZAPA" while I should be working out the school's semester two timetable. Doesn't time fly.....

July 1996





# The Future of Fanzines

---

David Grigg

Those of us who are fond of nostalgic reminiscences are never likely to forget publishing their first fanzine. In my case, I fondly remember standing in the back room of the Clifton Hilton while John Bangsund swore and sweated as he tried to **run off** the stencils of the first issue of GHOP?, stencils which had been typed without the typewriter being set to the stencil position, and which were therefore barely bruised instead of cut. Ah, the smell of the ink, the sound of the duplicator!

That first fanzine of mine, co-perpetrated with Carey Handfield, was perhaps fortunately quite illegible. But that was besides the point. It enabled me to join ANZAPA, and that was quite literally, a fundamental turning point in my life.

I went kind of crazy when I first joined ANZAPA. It was as though a whole new world had opened up before me, because suddenly I found it was possible to write anything I liked, and have people read it! And, what is more, write back about what they thought of it. It was a sudden release for a rather repressed creative urge. I published pages and pages of stuff, all of it now forgettable.

What I want to talk about here is the nature of that urge, and the uniqueness of fanzines.

The average, non-fannish, person has very few outlets for verbal self-expression. Letters, once a major and important means of putting one's thoughts on paper, are declining with increasing postage costs and the with the increasing availability of that most ephemeral of communication methods, the telephone. Besides letters are usually addressed only to one other person. We might say, though, that two people who correspond regularly form a kind of two-person apa.

The joy of fanzines is that they enable the publisher, without any great cost and certainly without formal journalistic training, to carry on what is in effect a many-person correspondence. This is

particularly so with apazines, which are usually entirely self-written. An apa is like a circle of people who all write regular letters to each other.

Why is it such fun? Because we all like to express ourselves, to think on paper, to flatter ourselves that our ideas are worth showing around. Many fans who are too shy to say very much in person write long and fascinating fanzines, revealing aspects of themselves or their lives that would be impossible to get across in conversation without embarrassment or boredom.

Certainly, not everyone in society would want to publish fanzines, even if they had the opportunity. Many fans, know all about fanzines, never publish one or join an apa. But that the urge to say and be heard is very common at all levels of society may be evidenced by the extraordinary popularity of CB radio, which enables anyone with the equipment to get on the air, usually under the cover of anonymity, and say what they please. The result, all too often, is a great deal of profanity - some people, when given the chance to express themselves, have nothing at all to say. But the urge and the pleasure of being free to communicate, often with total strangers, is there to see.

When I first joined ANZAPA, for at least the first three mailings I would say that I was in effect, a fanzine addict. I was hooked on the apa, and would wait in the agony of withdrawal symptoms for the next mailing to arrive. No doubt being a rather lonely, emotionally repressed teenager had a lot to do with that, but I have a feeling that that first rush of pleasure in just knowing that fanzines and apas existed is common to many fans.

About a year ago, however, I came across a book which to my amazement showed me that the same symptoms were common in another form of communication, a form of communication which I believe



represents the fanzines of the future. The book was "The Network Nation" edited by S.R. Hiltz and Murray Turoff, and it was about computer conferencing. (Grit your teeth, Leanne!)

Computer conferencing is a new and still rather experimental method of communication. Basically, users type on a terminal just like an ordinary typewriter keyboard, with the words displayed either on a roll of paper or on a tv-type video screen), connected over the telephone lines to a central computer or computers. But the users need know nothing at all about computers. All they need to be able to do is to use a typewriter. Using the terminal, the users can type out short or long messages and direct them through the computer either to all the other users taking part in the conference, or to particular users only. These messages are stored until the persons or persons they are meant for connect themselves to the computer and call them up from a kind of "mailbox".

The similarity between this and an apa should be obvious. The messages which go to all other members of the conference are like apazines in a mailing; the messages to particular users are like ordinary letters. The big difference is that the conference is continuous, extending over days or months. Users can reconnect whenever they feel like it, and get the messages they have accumulated since they were last connected. No users need to be connected at the same time; alternatively, many may be connected at the same time. In our terms, there is no mailing deadline, and the apa is "mailed" every minute.

"The Network Nation" gives many examples of correspondence through this computer conferencing. The examples are fascinating for the similarity to fanzines, to mailing comments in particular. Users adopt pen-names, or sign themselves "Anonymous"; there are petty fights over trivial issues; some use four-letter words, and there is great argument about this; and some declare that they have become "addicted" to the system, unable to wait until they get back on the

terminal and receive their latest messages. Subjects range from personal emotions to Chinese restaurants.

The fascinating thing about all of this is that it showed me that the fanzine urge is in a sense latent in all people. The people using the computer conferencing facility came from a variety of professions, and they all fell in love with the idea of such freedom to express themselves.

And this is where I think the future of fanzines lies. The biggest deficiency of apas, is the delay between mailings. It's hard to carry on an exciting correspondence when your thoughts are only published every two months. Those apas which I have seen which were weekly (APA-L, MINNEAPA) were absolutely fascinating and vital. But the work involved in collating and distributing a weekly apa was horrendous. With computer conferencing, the work vanishes.

Already, organisations like THE SOURCE and THE AUSTRALIAN BEGINNING allow users with terminals or microcomputers to send messages and put them in an "electronic mailbox" for other users. The PRESTEL system in Britain allows very similar things to be done.

But when will we see the first true, fannish, electronic apa? Perhaps, despite my ignorance, such a thing already exists, probably in the States. Even without using telephone lines, it would seem fairly easy to set up a system among users of the same kind of computer whereby each month a cassette tape did the rounds of the members, the tape containing text submitted by each member and dubbed together by the Official Editor.

But it won't be the same as smelling that ink and cranking the stencils through the duper, will it?

- ANZAPA 88



# Thirsty Boots 14

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## John D. Berry

At Orycon we managed to buck the usual trend and have a fanzine panel that wasn't boring. I generally dislike being involved in the programming at a con (even to the extent of attending it), but I let myself be talked into participating in "the fanzine panel" when Sam Butler, Orycon's programming person, called me up and asked me. At the time I talked to him, the only other person committed to being on the panel was someone named Stanley Blumenthal, whom I'd never heard of; apparently he comes from somewhere in Oregon and publishes a fanzine called PARSEC. Sam said that he'd asked Jerry Kaufman to be on the panel, too, but wasn't sure if he was going to the con. The panel topic was to be "What Are These things Called Fanzines?"

Boring. Just another of those idiotic panels where a few people ramble on about how to cut a stencil, and try to make some impression on a small sea of faces who might or might not give a damn about mimeographing small journals of their own. Only there might not even be any sea of faces, since the panel was stuck into one of more out-of-the-way crannies of the program, at six o'clock on Saturday evening.

I couldn't see any reason to go along with a boring idea. I had no idea what Stanley Blumenthal might have in mind for this panel, but I was pretty sure I could persuade Jerry, if indeed he was going to be on it, to go beyond the "this is a fanzine" approach. Gradually the rest of the panel coalesced, as people kept mentioning to me, "Oh, I guess we're going to be on the same panel at Orycon," or "Isn't so-and-so going to be on it?" In fact, by the beginning of the con I was wondering if Sam had asked everyone who had ever published a fanzine to be on the panel. And each person who talked to me about it got my enthusiastic reply: let's throw out the explanations, or cut them to a minute or two, and talk about something interesting. What makes for good fannish programming? If you've got to

have a panel, let it be a panel on some subject that's currently being bruited about in fanzine lettercolumns; let it be an extension of the in-print conversation, not stale but immediate. Weave this in with enough basic information for the newcomers in the audience -- perhaps most usefully, with suggestions on how to go about writing a letter of comment and how to do a first issue: that is, how to participate in fandom -- and you might get something that won't bore people.

The panelists ended up being me, Stanley Blumenthal, Jerry Kaufman, Clifford Wind (who has only published a couple of fanzines, but is about to start a new one -- and whom some of you may know from his time in Australia), and Steve Bieler (who has newly discovered the pleasures of fanzines, and said that mostly what he was going to say was that I'd never told him he had to edit letters (he found out when he sat down to do his second issue)). Since I was the one with the strongest feelings about what we ought to do with the panel, I found myself moderating it. When the panel started, the audience was only about twice as big as the panel, and most of it consisted of fans we knew.

Stanley Blumenthal, who turned out to be a nice man in a suit and tie, was bemused by the situation, and found himself obviously talking at cross purposes to the rest of the panel. In my role as moderator, I tried to keep some balance of the fannish discussion and what he had to say, as well as weaving a lot of comments from the audience into an ongoing dialog. I found myself drawing not so much on my very small past convention-panel experience as on the techniques I've learned for facilitating meetings at the local food co-op, even to such things as pointing to people who are waving their hands to speak, "Okay, you, then you, and then

you." Stanley's fanzine had been originally an imitation prozine, publishing amateur science fiction; he gave that up after a while, and now publishes PARSEC as a fanzine for would-be scriptwriters. It's full of would-be scripts. This didn't intersect at all with what any of the rest of us were doing with our fanzines.

Local Portland sf writer, fringe-fan, and sf poet Gene Van Troyer, who was sitting in the audience downing a sixpack of beer can by can, offered an awful lot of obstreperous commentary and pointed questions; but, except for his tendency to ramble as he consumed

focusing on personal writing about essentially nonfannish topics in a fannish way. The articles in the 1982 Fanthology exemplify this in the main. I might as well quote the relevant part of Terry's letter (which I couldn't do in Portland, since I hadn't thought to take a copy of IZZARD with me):

"The new fannishness': It isn't really new, of course; fans have been writing about their jobs and other mundane activities since before Bob Shaw made it into a fannish artform. But people like Teresa, and Chris Atkinson, and Eric Mayer, have done such excellent writing of this type in recent years that I guess we've all gotten the point that fannishness is an attitude rather than a style or a set of catch-phrases. Even Ray Nelson's "fandom as a part of life" seems to be simply the other side of this increasingly valuable coin; we're interested in the ways fans see things of all kinds, not just their reflections on the minutiae and nuances of the strictly fannish scene. Bosh said in MOTA some years back that when fans write about their everyday activities they bring to the subject a particular depth of perception that's more pleasing than the personal essays of most currently famous writers of the 'real world,' and I agree. There's something to be said for writing that's given away more or less free: fanwriters don't have to feel they owe us anything for the two dollars or somesuch we'd be paying for the ATLANTIC, so they don't have to lure us with trendy subjects. Thus we don't have to wade through non-books and non-articles written to make a buck by sticking to 'safe' subjects about which a given writer may have nothing new or interesting to say. Instead we get pieces written out of their writers' enthusiasm, and the results are often delightful -- when they're not, we can stop reading. Writing-from-personal-interest is a decent definition of fannishness, I think."

We didn't actually get into so much of a debate about whether this was the newest thing in fannish writing, as digress into a general discussion of what made fanzines unique and interesting, what made them something in themselves rather than an imitation of something else. I strongly backed

### Mailing Comment:

Denny Lien commenting to David Grigg in ANZAPA 89.

"The benefit of being an apa member is either: 1) That you get your fanzine distributed cheaply; or 2) That you get to read the mailing". Or both, of course. My own feeling tends toward number 2 out of that choice, but really I find the main benefit to be something else: that I am encouraged to write regularly for people whom I have reason to believe will mostly read and (and/or?) enjoy it, on my choice of a large number of pre-set topics (i.e., comment hooks). I find it very difficult to do any other sort of fannish writing these days (apawriting can be difficult too--): things that can be put off tend to be; essays tend to frightened me out of starting at all (especially if I have to pick my own subject), and the idea of writing anything that will be read by people I don't know and who don't know me is vaguely frightening. In other words, an apa is a nice warm womb.

more beer, he gave us a good counterpoint, and provided the panel with a closing theme by asking each us how we got into fan publishing and why we did it. Hyperfannish Gary Farber, sitting in the front row, kept raising his hand to answer Gene's questions, thus moving the give-and-take into the audience as much as on stage.

What was the topic that would kick the panel into something original? It was Terry Carr's assertion, in a letter in the latest issue of IZZARD, that there seemed to be a "new fannishness,"



Terry's description as a good indicator of what was best in fanwriting. Clifford spoke of fannish writing as art and as communication, then withdrew the "art," in the sense of static works hanging on the wall to be admired. I countered by pointing out that the fault of much fanwriting lies not in imitating artsy essays too much (Gene Van Troyer's point had been that fannish essays were a helluva lot more interesting than most of what he saw in little magazines -- and he'd edited little magazines) but in sacrificing any art to immediacy and "communication" -- just what I was talking about last issue on the subject of apazines and apa writing. This allowed me to emphasize one of the points I'd wanted to make all along: that fanzines are not a passive hobby, that we are not fans of something, and that what we write or publish is not done in adulation or imitation of something else, but for itself and for us.

Fandom is a place for people with a love of words, and those who would participate must love not only reading words but writing them. No one need be good at it, but I assume that part of caring is trying to do it well. And, since the currency of fandom is letters of comment, it seemed appropriate on such a panel to talk about how to write good letters of comment. What better way for anyone in that audience who did not already know all about fanzine fandom to get involved?

The two main kinds of letters of comment are the analytical one (criticising the fanzine, saying what was done well and what didn't come off, preferably with some insight into how the thing is done that will seem worthwhile not only to the editor but to the readers if it's printed in the lettercolumn) and the kind that finds a few comment hooks in the issue and then hangs from them either an argument or an anecdote taking off somehow from that starting point. Probably the best letters, at least from the standpoint of getting them printed, consist of a couple of paragraphs on one or two central points (in either of the two styles), plus a little opening and closing chatter that isn't aimed at publication. Keeping it short and succinct, though not necessarily simple,

is certainly the best way to get me to publish a letter of comment -- though admittedly not all faneds have the constraints of space that I have in WING WINDOW. No one, of course, minds getting letters that just say in detail how much you liked the issue, but they probably won't print them. And getting a few good letters of comment published is a good way to get into the give-and-take of fanzines, and to get your name recognized.

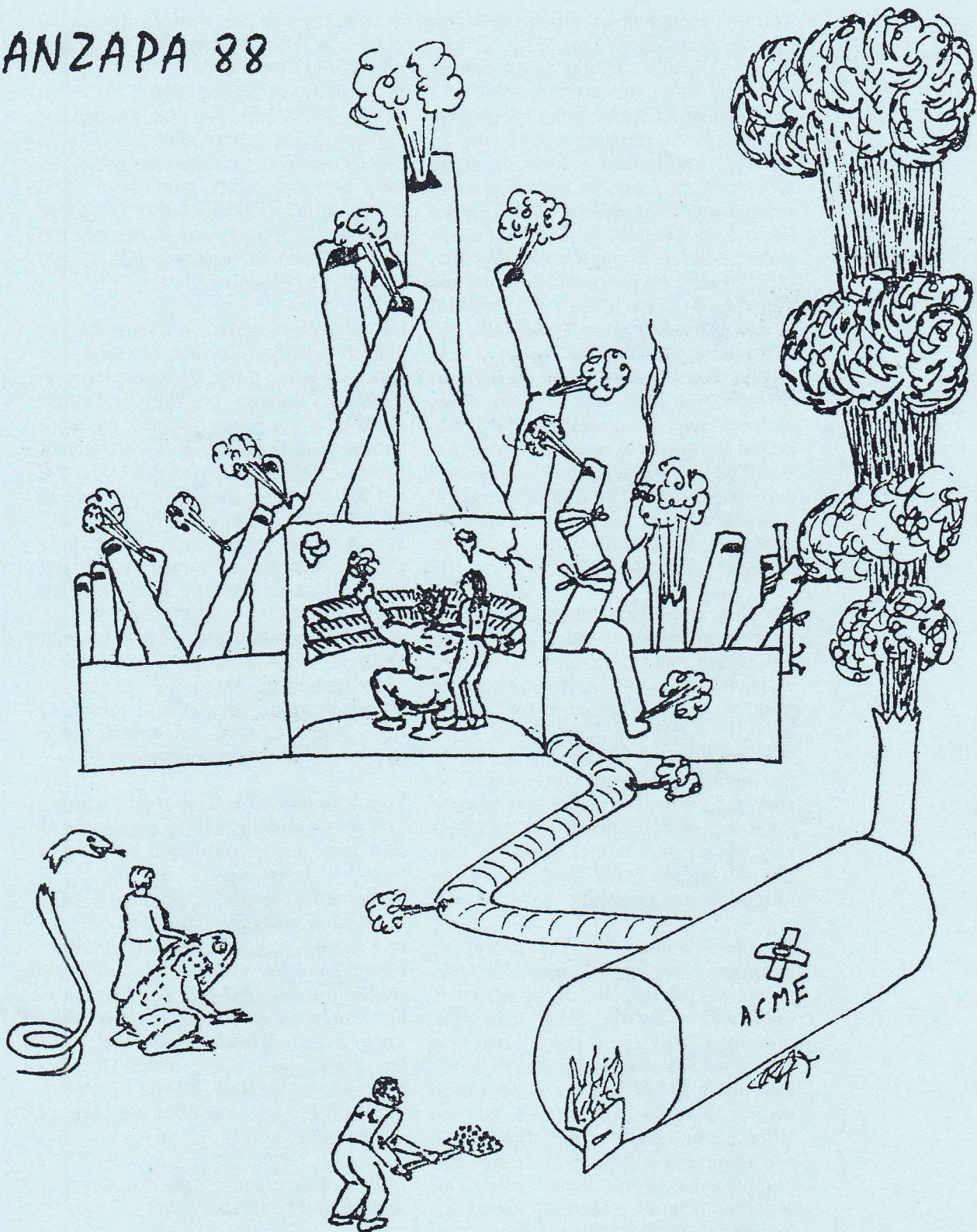
By extension, when you're about to publish your first fanzine; the best way is not to imitate a big, thick genzine with loads of articles on this and that. Getting one or two articles by well-known fans might be a useful way of catching the attention of your readers, but the core of a new fanzine ought to be the editor. Write most of it yourself, keep it fairly short, and present it all as cleanly and straightforwardly as you can. you need not set out to introduce yourself (age, occupation, how long you've been reading sf, all the standard stuff) in order to do it; writing about almost anything that matters to you will introduce your personality, which is what really counts. After that, what matters is keeping on publishing.

That was the content of what I wanted to say on that panel. By combining it with the jumping-off point of Terry's "new fannishness," we got a freewheeling panel going that kept virtually everybody interested and in fact gained people as the hour went on. (The last ones were undoubtedly showing up for whatever was on next in that room, and I wonder what they made of us.) Stanley Blumenthal, after the panel was over, asked for my address and wanted to send for WING WINDOW to see just what we were all talking about.

Goddam! A fanzine panel at Orycon, and we had fun! What next?

- ANZAPA 89

ANZAPA 88



THE MIGHTY WURLITZER???



# For Sale

---

In the year of our Lord 1880 and the 43rd year of the reign of good queen Victoria, Frederick Johan Franz Zachow, with the blessing and financial assistance of his family left the duchy of Schleswig-Holstein in North-Western Germany and emigrated to make a new life for himself in Australia.

He was a well favoured man physically and a hard worker. He travelled in the rural countryside picking grapes and fruit and working on road construction projects and on two of Adelaide's early reservoirs.

Being a frugal man he saved heavily and became reasonably based financially. He moved to Adelaide and obtained a job as a master cabinet maker (he had trained in Germany) with the Pengelly furniture factory in Adelaide's rural suburb, Edwardstown on the South Road.

He was an excellent craftsman. my home contains the pieces he made for himself, solid polished cedar, drawers that still slide as if on oiled ball bearing rollers with solid timber bottoms tongue and grooved into the sides, bentwood chairs, a carved mirror fronted wardrobe with cupola about eight and a half feet high and more.

On a date unknown to me he bought 5 acres of land in what was then a quiet country lane surrounded by fields, Angus Avenue, Edwardstown, within walking distance of the factory and just five miles from the centre of Adelaide city.

Sometime towards the end of the 1880s he met, courted, and married Louisa Young, a maid in service to the household of a doctor in North Adelaide. these were the days when domestic service was an honourable occupation and doctors still held a respected place in the community.

Louisa's parents had emigrated from Devon in England some years earlier, date unknown to me, but I do have a photograph of them.

## Allan Bray

To make a home for his new bride Frederick built on his five acres a bluestone cottage in which they were to live for over sixty years.

Louisa bore four children, Elsie May, Wilfred Francis, Ernest Frederick and the youngest Mabel Louise.

Elsie May died in 1970, unmarried and childless, Ernest Frederick died in 1958 as the result of a car accident when crossing the South Road. Wilfred Francis married twice but had no issue, there were however some step children from the second marriage to a widow.

Mabel Louise however married in 1935 a dairyman and widower who had, in the classic sense, run away from home (Mewton Heath, Manchester, UK) to emigrate to the colonies at the age of sixteen. His name was John William Allan Bray and in 1937 they were delivered of an only son Allen Frederick John, Frederick Zachow therefore, for the first and only time, became a grandfather, mine.

My mother had discovered in the short time that she had been married that my father was an improvident drunkard. My mother was a strong Methodist with a teetotalitarian attitude to alcohol and, as I have discovered in later years during sharp verbal exchanges, a puritanical attitude about, and aversion to sex. All in all I can't see how they could have got more incompatible.

When my father decided that my mother should run their house out of her savings from her office working years and that he couldn't afford to contribute because his flagons of sherry were taking all his income she decided that it was time to call it a day and so, shortly after I was born, she left him and returned to my grandfather's home.

Thus it was that I also came to my grandfather's house to stay for six years.

The house itself as I came to know it was composed of four Bluestone rooms and three lean-to galvanised iron rooms. It was approached down Angus Avenue, a pot holed metalled lane, narrow, overhung with Boxthorn bushes and Almond trees. There were other houses on this lane but not as now, they were set on large blocks and behind hedges but this did not make them country estates. They varied from timber framed galvanised iron through to complete stone construction with wide return verandas.

This lane was, to a young child, a real adventure playground, there were passages through the hedges and Boxthorns that only I could negotiate and cubby house spaces that only I could inhabit. I seem to have been the only child in the lane, at least I recall no other. This made me monarch of all I surveyed, there were high fences under which I could crawl and low fences I could climb and holes in the hedges through which I could pass. I used to get very dusty in the summer and very muddy in the winter.

Proceeding further through this enchanted landscape one came upon a large iron five-bar gate with two diagonal reinforcers joined in the center at a decorative boss. I recall opening and closing this gate and swinging on it so it must have been smoothly pivoted because I still have it and it's very hard to move. Another thirty feet and one came upon a matching person gate directly opposite the path leading to the front door.

The main gate opened onto a dirt driveway strengthened by having fist sized stones pounded into its surface, I recall seeing my grandfather doing this, he had a large heavy cog wheel welded onto the end of an iron bar, I couldn't lift it. To the left of the driveway was fifty feet of kitchen garden stretching to the boundary fence, this was surrounded by tall almond trees as was the whole perimeter of the property. Further down the drive opposite the rear of the house to the left was another bluestone structure with a lean-to iron roof. This was used as storage during my sojourn but had apparently been the early laundry, its floor was three feet above

ground level and a small set of steps led up to the door.

Immediately to the left of the drive and in this same structure a set of stairs led down to a cellar in which stood a food safe with butter and milk standing in bowls of cold water and covered with embroidered doilies with bead weights around the edges. Along the beams of the floor above hung smoked meats and various examples of European sausage. Refrigerators existed then, but seemingly not for my grandparents.

If you turned left around this structure there were chicken runs on the right hand (about six if my childish memories serve me well), while on the left there was one chicken run followed by a woodpile, a kindling shelter and a large chopping block. This latter decorated with peculiar brown stains. These stains had a very simple explanation; if anybody ever uses the phrase 'running around like a chicken with its head cut off' I know exactly what they mean because I saw just that scene many times. These were the times when Sunday chicken dinner was a special treat and Colonel Sanders didn't exist, these delicacies were plucked and drawn in the kitchen and roasted in a metters wood stove and if anybody thinks these sights are not for delicate childish eyes, let me tell you it was a case of 'mum granpa just killed a chook! It was fun I chased it'. I don't really feel any ill effects.

Continuing on between the chicken runs and turning right one came upon a large and mysterious galvanised iron building with many strange things inside. I know now that it was the stable and implement store, the left side was a car port style cover for the four wheeled horse drawn trolly, then a division wall and a looming interior with space for the stabling of two horses and storing a plow, a harrow, a scarrifier (don't ask).and a huge pile of grape boxes.

Running to the right of the stable was a path leading to the windmill on one of the three bores on the property and some way behind this was the Cyprus tree. This tree was one of the big things both literally and figuratively about the



place, it was a game so it seemed to find the number of distant places from which this tree could be observed.

There was also the story of the argument about where it was to be planted when it was first obtained and the subsequent laughter when it grew to about forty feet and the problems that would have eventuated in some of the originally considered locations were contemplated.

It's still there and on a clear day it might still be visible from Windy Point - there are not that many high things across the plain in that direction - Mount Lofty however, which was one of the claims, I doubt, maybe on a Sunday morning after a windy Saturday night and three days of no petrol and with a strong telescope, otherwise there's too much gunge in the atmosphere these days. Bear in mind that the claims were for the unaided eye.

On the opposite end of the chicken runs was 'the shed' this was my grandfather's sanctum. Timber and galvanised iron of course, it contained much of a mysterious and arcane nature. The entrance was a sliding door shaded by a large pomegranate tree under which hung 'cocky's cage' in which 'cocky', a venerable and imposing Rosella, perched, regarding all passers with a beady and critical eye. I was told not to touch cocky because he would nip me and that was one rule I didn't seem to have an inclination to break. Grandfather however used to indulge in the standard tickles behind the ear and I never heard of him being nipped. Cocky expired during a heatwave despite being sprayed regularly with a garden sprayer an event he always seemed to appreciate. I was told that he was eighteen but how old he was when captured was not known.

Next to cocky's cage was a foot operated grindstone mainly used for the sharpening of axes. It had a reservoir covering the bottom third of the stone to hold water to cool the stone and whatever was being ground.

Just inside the shed door was the carpentry bench I still have this, I won't

say it's as good as new because it's not, but will say that it's a lot better bench than I've seen in most shops today. The top is solid jarrah with a row of rectangular holes along the front. These take steel pegs with wedging springs on the long side, at the right hand end is a vice extending from the end of the bench containing two more of these holes. The idea is that two pegs are inserted an appropriate distance apart and, with the vice acting as adjustment, long flat lengths of timber can be held for planing. The left hand end was the most worn but also the most interesting and has excited the most comment from people who have seen it. On the front is a large wooden vice about two feet wide, the bench acting as the fixed jaw and a large piece of jarrah as the moveable jaw, the sliding bar in the boss, the boss itself and the drive thread are the most interesting parts however, being composed entirely of wood. The moving jaw slides in and out on two square wooden bars going through holes in the side of the bench and the drive screw is a two inch diameter square section thread seemingly lathe cut in some type of hard wood.

Opposite this bench was the door into 'the office'. This was a small room containing a desk, shelves and numerous storage boxes all containing paper work concerning the running of what was essentially a small business.

In one of these boxes was a double barrelled, cap lock, muzzle loading shotgun. I still have this and it's in perfect working order; mind you I got clobbered when I was caught looking at it then.

Further into the shed one came upon many mysterious boxes, bags and tins. These contained Bran, Pollard, grain and shellgrit for the chooks. Then there was the tool chest. Grandfather came of the era when one of the first things an apprentice tradesman was taught to do was make his own tools and I think he had made a lot of these. Again I still have all these and they are still in good condition but one would have to be a lot more skilled a craftsman than I am to use them. Just one example, there are about eight different types of wood

plane and they are made of wood. They are the type in which one inserts the blade with a shading plate attached and then a specially shaped wooden wedge to hold it in place. The cut is then adjusted by hand by tapping the top end of the blade until the cutting edge protrudes out the bottom by the right amount.

There were also several planes with sets of sculpted blades for hand planing decorative beadings; the sort of stuff you now buy by the metre from Lloyds

cabinet fittings, hinges, you name it and it was there. My grandfather was a handyman packrat and I have inherited the disease.

The floor of this shed was dirt and through all the time I lived there and stayed on visits later, whatever the weather the floor was never wet. It was either well built or it had a dry spell on it.

In between the shed and the rear of the house was the underground tank. It was about ten feet in diameter, domed and of unknown depth - still is because although it still exists I've never got around to measuring it. It still holds water but now there is no way of getting it out. Then there was a classic cast iron village pump mounted on a stand and the water used to come out sweet and cold on the hot summer days. I used to get told off for running up on the dome, 'it'll break and you'll fall in' was the argument. It still hasn't broken but the outer concrete is crumbling revealing the dirt sandwich covering the inner dome, I wouldn't run on it now.

Beyond the tank was a row of small buildings, in order from the rear, a brick toilet and timber and iron laundry and bathroom. These were newer than the other buildings; they were erected when deep drainage was installed in the street at about the time that I was born. Interesting, is it not, to come into the world at the same time as deep sewerage?

Washing machines though, there were not. There was a cast iron and copper cloths boiler outside on the brick paving, and inside, galvanised troughs and a hand wringer. The bath was a free standing cast iron one bearing the traditional lion paw feet, a marble topped Wash stand with bowl and jug, shaving mugs with brushes and a metters chip heater completed the picture.

This whole was draped externally with a sultana vine of surpassing antiquity. More antiquity on the main house however for it was just spreading to the newer constructs. This vine still grows and still bears fruit. Eat your heart out Old Lion Hotel. Yours has only got ten

### Mailing Comment:

Gerald Smith commenting to Allan Bray in ANZAPA 90.

Your story of your early days in the big, rambling old house was, for me, the most interesting read in this mailing. Interesting but difficult to comment on. I reminded me, in style, somewhat of one of my favourite books, Cider with Rosie.

It also served to take me back to my times at my Grandmother's old house in Brighton. This was a wonderful old solid stone, two storey place with a huge back yard (at least it seemed huge to a little boy like me). It also had this bungalow out the back. A lone boy like me could always have a great old time playing in 'the jungle' of trees, fighting my way back to the 'safety' of the 'depot' (bungalow). I remember well, the lovely almond tree in the centre of the yard - it was an extra delight to be there when the almonds were ripe. The house itself was so big (lounge, family room, dining room, big kitchen) that there was always somewhere to play without the 'grown ups' getting in the way. That house was old after Nanna died, and is now a block of units. Therefore, great to hear of the reprieve for your old place.

or whatever the eastern states version of retail hardware distribution is called.

There were also, hanging from the roof beams, hoses, fencing wire, rolls of hoop iron, coils of rope, hanks of string, rolls of chicken wire, rolls of insect screen wire and much more, while scattered on the bench and on other tables were boxes of all shapes and sizes containing nails, screws, coach screws, coach bolts, nuts, washers,



years on it even if your claim of 100 years is true. Sorry, eight, it was planted with the house which makes it ninety two years old.

The main house was entered by a heavy solid wood and panelled front door bearing a knocker with a cherub blowing a trumpet. The key looked like it came from the Tower of London. A short narrow passage was the first thing seen, this had a room on each side: left my grandparents', predominant features a brass four poster and the wardrobe I have mentioned; right, Aunt Elsie. The only memory of this room that I have is of something which is still there, a beautiful polished and mirrored fireplace surround and mantelpiece.

The passage led into a large airy dining and living room with what is still a considerable brick fireplace. Leading off this room to the left was the bedroom I occupied together with my mother, it has, of all strange things, a varnished (or polished I am not sure which) washboard ceiling.

The rear of the house was a timber and iron lean-to, the floor was bitumen laid on the ground. To the right the kitchen, in the centre a porch, to the left a small room in which my uncle Ernest slept.

Outside, rows of vines, dark grapes, light grapes, lady fingers, fig trees, almond trees, bee hives and at the front oranges, lemons, roses and a fruit the spelling of which I don't know and can't find but which is pronounced lowcut. These trees were there before I came, they are still there, they still bear copious amounts of fruit, I don't know how old they are.

You have had a description of a typical early Australian small holding but a bare description does not give the memories that go with it.

I remember, for instance, smearing my shit on the back bedroom wall. I am told this is a thing that almost every child does at some stage or another. I remember quite distinctly doing it but not my feelings at the time, I wish I could remember, I would like to know why. Some people I have casually mentioned it to have said 'oh yes, I did

too, it's just fun'. I guess it must have been I don't know. I do know the kalsomine came off the wall when it was cleaned. A pity, it was a nice duck egg blue, oh and I got smacked, I don't know how old I was.

I remember my grandfather using the wash copper to process sultanas for drying. I don't know what the process was but he used to heat them in some solution or other before putting them to dry and I used to fetch wood for him.

I remember him looking something like an astronaut in a bee veil, canvas coat and trousers and heavy boots, armed with a smoke puffer taking fresh honey comb from the hives, himself covered in somnolent gently droning bees.

I remember the almond knocking, long poles to knock the ripe dry almonds off the tall branches onto the canvas ground sheets and small legs trotting around the outside of the sheets and small hands picking up those that had flown too far. And long evenings beside the kitchen stove gently cracking the shells to get perfect kernels for sale to the buyer.

I remember my uncle Ernest or my grandfather with two Clydesdales in hand, plowing between the long rows of freshly pruned vines and being told to stand clear of the horses unless they kicked, but then going close enough anyway to be smelled by a large wet nose.

I remember bunches of sultanas with brown paper bags over them to keep the birds off, and hot porridge and fresh eggs on frosty mornings and playing rivers and dams with the hose around the lemon trees in the front garden and finishing up looking like a mud crab.

I remember the night of the storm that blew the turkey fig tree down, and almost eating myself sick on loquats (I've just found the spelling) and being smacked for stealing strawberries from the garden before we were supposed to, and the chicken incubator with dozens of little cheeping balls of yellow fluff, and hiding behind the stairs in the cellar and saying it was a secret cave, and the big steel banded barrel in the

shed that the eggs used to be dipped in preservative in.

I remember going for spider hunts in the stables and climbing up the windmill tower and getting stuck, and trying to help pick grapes on hot days even though my hands could barely hold the snips because they were so big. And I remember when Nipper our dog, a gullumphing labrodorish type, got severe constipation from being given crushed bones and him running alongside me when I first tried to ride a pushbike and him chasing cats in the moonlight, and when he used to wake me up by poking me with his nose and when he dragged himself home with broken back legs after a car accident and I put a wooden cross almost as big as me on his grave.

I remember dropping stones down the well and getting stung by bees and slicing my left shin to the bone on a rusty drum and running madly down the path in excitement to jump into the middle of the ash heap only to discover that it was still red hot in the middle and not being able to walk for a fortnight with a blister the size of a golfball on the sole of my foot.

I remember the day a distant relative came to visit in army uniform with peaked cap and putty and I wanted to be noticed so I threw all my toys out into the dining room while he sat very straight and disciplined on the polished couch opposite the fire place and then hiding under the bed when they did want me to meet him.

I remember wanting to know how things worked so I took a clock apart and I took the water meter apart - with a rock, and I couldn't put either of them together again and I remember lying in bed with the blind down and looking at the "tars", that is the sun shining through the holes in the worn blind and saying that it was it "dardickapar", which is an interesting variation in any language. And I remember ice on the horse trough and even icicles hanging from the gutterings.

I remember the wonder of the pedlars trunk in the old wash house. A German pedlar of trinkets had emigrated to

Australia with a trunk full of stock but there was no market so he got other employment, leaving his stock with my grandfather and he never returned for it. There were gilt pictures with imitation pearl surrounds, cherubs pulling small gilt carts with tiny ruby coloured glasses in small baskets, multicoloured inkwells, sheaths of gilt flowers with cut glass blooms, hat pins, rings, ear rings, decorative combs, tiny mirrors, it was an endless treasure trove.

I remember when the truck came from the winery to pick up the grapes that the mice would run in confusion as we moved the stacked crates of grapes and I would go stalking mice with clods of dirt, and I stunned one and picked it up by the tail and it recovered and arched up and bit me.

I remember one day we killed a chicken and when it was cleaned a big unknown growth was discovered inside so we didn't eat it. And I remember going for long walks right down the back of the five acres. It was so far away I couldn't see the house anymore and I was out in the forest and I could see the Cyprus tree and the windmill but that was the faraway tree and a wizard's tower.

I remember running screaming to my mother when my grandfather came around the side of the house wearing a large black hat pinstriped trousers and his frock coat and smoking a big cigar, he was a large scary looking stranger. And I remember feeding cocky with a spoon and feeding the chickens and falling off when trying to ride a push bike three sizes too big for me and spiders webbing between the lemon trees and crawling into the opposite house's cellar through a broken ground level window and getting trapped.

I remember the mysterious cupboards in the house that were never ending Alladin's caves and the big trunk in the kitchen that had rusks and biscuits in it, and I remember lying in bed at night with the window open and being able to hear quite plainly the sound of late night goods trains whistling their way up the hills line to Melbourne. It was quite quiet at night then and I knew where the tunnels were and I knew which whistle was for which tunnel. The sound was a



lonely sound giving me a tingly feeling something like a dog howling, but also a deliciously tingly feeling, the tucked up in bed in a storm feeling. Whenever I hear a steam train whistle now or smell coal smoke I'm back in bed in my grandfather's house with the moonlight streaming through the window and a late night goods train chuffing and wailing its way towards the Blackwood tunnel.

But then we moved to Port Wakefield. We would come back at school holidays but things were changing and then my grandfather at 89 said he felt a little unwell and would have a day in bed. Four days later he died peacefully in his sleep. My grandmother after going gently unbalanced for about two years followed him to the same grave - they had been married more or less happily for over sixty years.

My uncle Ernest could not manage the property alone, my uncle Wilfred was a clerk at country Highways department depots and could not help so the garden was sold. Then the house was sold but my uncle Ernest, suddenly realising that he was without a roof added his own funds to his share and repurchased it.

Aunt Elsie lived with him for a time but, being a somewhat wispy creature at the best of times, found herself incapable of coping with Ernest's increasing eccentricity, bolted and plonked herself on mother. Then Ernest died from the car accident and Wilfred retired, he took over the house which, because of Ernest's Intestate death was in my mother's name as administrator.

Elsie then died of a stroke, leaving her third share of the property to mother. Wilfred's wife died and he continued to live in the house, he will be 89 next year and is now in a nursing home as is Mother. And I, as power of attorney for my mother, now find it necessary to sell the old place...

How can I explain how I feel about this? Or have I said enough already?

I feel as if I am selling a part of me. Every time I go there the memories flood back in my mind's eye. As I stand

there I can see superimposed upon the surrounding smart cream brick, an earlier and more concrete reality.

I see green rows of vines penetrating transparent brick walls and tall proud almond trees overtopping chimneys. I smell wet earth and hear the sounds of chickens and bees and taste strawberries, figs and eggs.

To me the whole place exhudes its past. But what do others see? Is it slowly crumbling bluestone cottage, saltdamp, flaking paint work, an overgrown garden, nothing more? Have ninety two years of devotion, pain and work left no impression at all on stone and mortar?

I would have liked the feelings of others, nothing or -- something? I asked several for whom I care if they would like to see it, one has. Did this person see any of what I see? Yes, perhaps, a little. Others did not come. I was saddened, I thought a little of what makes me what I am might have been made visible but it was not to be and now the time has passed. It is 2.30 AM, at 11.00 AM the auctioneer's hammer will rise and fall and a much loved part of my past will pass into oblivion.

But maybe not completely. We've already had an offer within \$1000 of the reserve price I have set from someone who wants it as a residence.

Rebirth? Who knows? Maybe, let's hope so anyway.

- ANZAPA 89

{{Editor's Note: Allan added a handwritten note to the end of this piece stating that the property had been sold at the auction as a residence.}}

# London Life

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## Getting Around London

**Judith Hanna**

It's almost impossible to go anywhere around Central London without tripping over some evocative name, and once tripped over, the bare name turns into a real location. For someone who'd read a lot of London names over the years, finding out how they all fitted together and what they looked like on the ground has been a continuing wonder. I was fascinated to find that although the real London is much more complicated than a Monopoly Board, you really can almost follow a Monopoly path. If, for instance, as I have done a couple of times, both by myself and showing others around, I walk up past Victoria Station or across St James Park to Buckingham Palace, then across the Mall and Green Park up to Piccadilly where all the terribly expensive shops are (as distinct from all the others which are merely expensive), I can follow Piccadilly down past Regent St into Leicester Square where all the fancy West End cinema complexes are, then sort of nip through the back of Leicester Square to Trafalgar Square where the giant bronze lions guard Nelson's needle and whirling storm-clouds of pigeons mob crowds of tourists. The Strand runs east off Trafalgar Square until, somewhere around where a couple of silver dragons mark the boundary between the City of Westminster and the City of London, it turns into Fleet St. All that walking is a hard way to get around London, and I think it most obliging of them to have put St Paul's Cathedral just about where my feet give out.

The Tube is the quickest and easiest way to get around in London. It's the way the locals use, it's liberally laced with handy little maps and signs to tell the tourist hordes where to change to each line, and Piccadilly Line stations support superb buskers. Tube stations and carriages are nice and warm (except in the crowded peak hours when their temperature rises to tropical heat) which is quite a consideration at this time of year. The only drawback to the Tube, apart from the expensive

fares (40p/80c the cheapest) is that you can't see the sights from it. You go Underground at one point, and you emerge at another with no idea what may lie between. In that respect, as in its expensiveness, it's a bit like flying only less so: it doesn't take quite as much money, and you don't miss quite so much scenery on route.

Busses are slower, especially in rush hour, and I have had to wait up to ten minutes for one to come along, but from the front seat up top, you get a good comfortable view of the passing scene. Route 24 (Hampstead Heath/Camden Town), a real, bright read, double-decker London bus, just like in the travel ads, runs right outside our front door. If we time it right, we can nip across the road while the bus is stopped for the traffic lights on the corner, swing aboard through the always-open rear door, and be carried off up past Victoria Station, down Victoria St past new Scotland Yard to Westminster Abbey (now almost all cleaned up), then swing round past the Houses of Parliament and a glimpse of the statue of Boadicea (who is rumoured to be buried under number 9 platform of Kings Cross Station) which stands at this north end of Westminster Bridge, up Whitehall with its lining of grandiose piles which house the Ministry of Defence (they say there's as much of that concrete bunker-like building underground as above), Admiralty, Foreign Office, the Inigo Jones designed Banqueting Hall, a Horse Guard or two at the gate through to St James Park and a bobby, some crowd control rails and a gaggle of sightseers at the end of Downing St, Commonwealth Offices, Cabinet Offices, old Scotland Yard, and a gaggle of gaudy souvenir shops, and then we're sweeping around Trafalgar Square, past the arch which marks the other end of the Mall, under the classical portico of the National Art Gallery, up around the corner between the National Portrait Gallery and the



church of St-Martin-in-the-Fields, past the statue of Edith Cavell and into Charing Cross Rd where all the bookshops are. That, of course, is where we usually get out. The bus stop for Tin Pan Alley (Denmark St) where Forbidden Planet, London's sf and comix shop sits among the rock music shops, is outside Foyles, London's biggest bookshop - but since shopping at Foyles is ideologically unsound, we don't: it's been declared black for sacking staff who join a union and might try to challenge its policy of relying on temporary staff, like students, and paying them low wages. From Charing Cross Rd, the bus crosses Oxford St and continues along Tottenham Court Rd past the British Museum and Library and University College London and the Courtauld Collection, and off to whatever lies north of Bloomsbury. Yes, taking our local bus is quite a scenic tour, past a good dozen of London's prime tourist spots.

- ANZAPA 90

## February is the Coldest Month

"Fourth mildest winter this century" announced The Observer last Sunday (6 February 1983). and indeed, it has been a disappointing winter. After all, England is famous for its bad weather, and John Gribbin predicted that last year's severe winter meant even worse this year. "You should have been here last year," people keep telling me when I complain. I'm glad I wasn't. But, as it is, I'm sure I've been colder in Australia than I have been over here.

Back in high summer, in July when Maureen Gell came over from Perth and in August when Joy Window came over from Sydney, I asked them what the weather was like back home then. "Oh, pretty much the same as here," they said. Mind you, it was a very warm summer over here -- the day Maureen and I spent in Edinburgh, for instance, the tobacconist who sold us a biro and a packet of tissues mopped his brow and told us it was a stinker of a day ("Must be ninety degrees in the sun"). We didn't tell me that we Aussies get

higher temperatures in the shade.

It feels as though there's about the same difference (or perhaps a little less) between summer and winter temperatures here as there is in Australia. Average temperatures, that is. But whereas there might be twenty degrees between a day's maximum and minimum temperature in Australia, here the difference seems to be about two degrees only. It's the humidity in the air, you know. That's what keeps the temperature so equable. Nor do we get wild fluctuations of hot spells and cold spells. The chill has set in gradually, a few degrees cooler one week, then once we're used to that a few degrees more, so that's there's no sudden shock to the system. You just huddle a little further down into coat and scarf and gloves and woolly hat and legwarmers and woolly boots. (My other boots have space technology thermal insoles developed for the US Space Programme, sold by Boots the Chemists.) With all the gradualness, it doesn't feel nearly as cold as it is.

Bust, just as all the papers and the newly-unveiled Breakfast TV (which, not having a TV set, we don't watch (and wouldn't watch even if we did have a set -- JN)) were congratulating themselves on the nice warm, winter, the temperature dropped several degrees. And it snowed!! Whee! The first fall was ten minutes of rather large flakes, rather few of them, floating about on eddies of wind rather than falling, and melting before they touched down. Next day, it really snowed -- especially in Kent, where a foot of snow on the ground stopped all the trains. In London, it started at about 5.00pm, while I was working in a nice centrally-heated office as temporary part-time Circulation Manager for the World Association of Girl Guides and Girl Scouts quarterly magazine Council Fire. These flakes were smaller, tiny crystals, that still floated rather than fell, but they kept on falling, building up on the roofs and bonnets of cars, on roofs and footpaths, and (especially) they covered over parks and gardens, catching on branches and leaves, falling through to the ground beneath, just like on Christmas cards. I was astounded to see that snow builds up

just like the frost on the insides of refrigerators; I shall never feel quite so blasé about defrosting freezers again.

icebox! It's ever so pretty. But if only it weren't so cold.

- ANZAPA 91

Oooh, I think snow's quite enchanting -- fancy living in a world that's like a giant

## Melbourne Life

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And Sally and I have just ended the career of the first redback (*Latrodectus hasseltii*) we've encountered in this house. The first, in fact, we've seen at any of the places we've lived in in Melbourne, except for one that Sally thought she saw in the boot of the car not long after we moved from Adelaide, that seething hotbed of vicious arachnids. I spotted one in the Gents at a Chinese restaurant in the Fairfield, and wondered at the time whether I would prefer redbacks in the garage to the fearsome-looking thing we had there; we still don't know whether they were wolf spiders or particularly robust common black house spiders. What concerns us somewhat is that the redback we've just despatched is the first we can recall seeing inside the house, anywhere. In Canberra and Adelaide we could always expect to find them in the garage and laundry, but if they came inside we never saw them. This one had settled down in a nice dark spot at the bottom of bookcase, and I might have found it earlier if I'd had the urge to read the *Colloquies* of Erasmus or Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

It's not that we haven't been warned about Australia's dangerous wildlife. Recently we watched the first half-hour or thereabouts of an appallingly bad film called *Earthling*, in which an American schoolboy lost in the outback is menaced by mopokes and ravaged by crazed bandicoots. In the space of five minutes the boy is alternately bemused and scared silly by kangaroos, koalas, wombats, echidnas, a water snake, a tree snake and a medium-sized goanna. Kookaburras and countless other unseen strident

## John Bangsund

birds yack and scream at him. Quite charming, actually. Jan Finder would love it. But no sign of redbacks. I'll take my chances in the bush with crazed bandicoots, but redbacks in the house is another matter altogether.

There was a goanna used to visit the vacant block next to a house I lived in at Upwey. The one in the film wasn't three feet long, but this one was twice that. I watched it a number of times. But the biggest goanna I ever saw was at least ten feet long and maybe three feet tall. I was driving along an unsealed section of the Great Ocean Road, somewhere to the west of the Otways, and I rounded a bend and saw this enormous lizard crossing the road some way ahead of me. It was whitish-grey, so it stood out against the dirt road, and from where I was it seemed to be as long as the road was wide - a trick of perspective perhaps, but it certainly was a big goanna. That was about twenty years ago. I don't know whether they make them like that any more.

- ANZAPA 93



# Precious Time

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**Marc Ortlieb**

The character in CATCH 22 who claimed that if one were bored enough one could live forever was right. I'm sure of it. At least the converse of his theory, which is also explained in the book goes someway towards explaining the fact that my life has been flashing past my eyes at a rare old state of knots.

It seems to me that your average fannish life can be divided up into several stages. The first stage is that of neohood. At this time, our archetypal fan engages in a prodigious fannish output. This fact was driven home to me when I received a copy of the first volume of the SFC reprints, which only covers one year, and yet includes eight issues of SFC.

Bruce Gillespie is not the only fan who started his career by an incredible explosion of written fanac. Many have sought to explain this in terms of the extra energy that neos have when compared to old and tired fen. However, the real explanation is far more wonderful. You see, when you are a neofan, you get so bored by the things that you don't understand that you have to do something to use up that extra subjective time, and what better what to kill time than to sit in front of a typewriter and pound out fanzines???

As the fan grows older, and more experienced in the ways of fans and fanac, he/she becomes more and more interested, or drops out entirely through sheer boredom. Now, as we have seen from CATCH 22, being interested in something makes the time go faster. The initial symptoms are quite minor, and can go unnoticed. The time between apa deadlines seems somehow to shrink. The plans for a monthly zine go by the boards, the fanned starts to think about a bi-monthly schedule which he/she is all too aware is unlikely to be met. Copies of quarterly fanzines appear in the mail before the previous issue of that zine has made its way out of the "to be LoCced" pile. The fanned finds that the

convention that seemed so far away last Easter is just around the corner, and that he/she has still not made a room booking.

The results of this are easily noticed in older fans. They slow down in their zine production, considering an annual zine to be an ideal format, while expecting the readership to be able to follow arguments stemming from an obscure comment in the editorial of the issue before last. Such fans desert the monthly and bi-monthly apas, and are found in the FAPA membership list with ATM next to their names. When they do contribute, it's usually the require eight pages, six and three quarters of which are taken up with explanations of why the member missed the previous three mailings. This is the sort of fan who takes great joy in remembering the details of the last three issues of SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY.

Its quite understandable of course, as, for the deeply committed fan, it seems mere months between issues of SFFY. The time dilation effect has taken such a hold that the mind has difficulty in relating to mundane time scales.

Of course this effect tends to telescope time for the inflicted fan, so that the last five years take up as much memory space as the three years prior to that, and so on, until one's first year in fandom can take up as much space as the last ten or so. Thus it isn't surprising to find that some of the more elderly fen consider fen who have been around a mere seven or so years to be Johnnie-come-latelies.

Of course, there are those young fen who will unkindly write-off these phenomena as advancing senility, but it far more than that. If you look at the symptoms described here, they bear marked similarities to the time dilation effect observed when objects approach the speed of light. Now, although this

seems obvious enough once pointed out here, it's not a concept that comes readily to the mind, because, when one looks at these aged fen, high speed is the last thing that one thinks of.

The mistake here is in using the outmoded concepts of fifties science fiction, which emphasised outer space rather than inner space. Each of us, you see is travelling life's path, towards some unimagined goal. It's just that the older and more involved fen are further along the path than neos, and, having a better idea of their destination, can travel far faster than the newer voyagers.

### Mailing Comment:

**Marc Ortlieb** commenting to Eric Lindsay in ANZAPA 89.

On bidding for the Worldcon, you seem to suggest that people set out win such things for such noble purposes as improving local fandom, or encouraging local writers, and so on. You suggest therefore that the '85 committee are martyrs to a hopeless cause. It seems to me rather that people bid for Worldcons for rather less altruistic reasons, such as ego gratification and the exercise of power. Of course, having your arm twisted is a rather pretty good excuse, too. Actually, it beats me why the heck we're doing it? I suspect we're all crazy.

I guess that this still though hasn't explained how a metaphorical concept relates to good solid physics like the time dilation effect. To do this one must go to those scientific theories that show how, at the moment of death, the body loses a few grammes in weight - the soul.. If we are travelling towards our goal, the surely it is the soul's journey, thus it is the speed of the soul that is effected by this time dilation effect.

Further confirmation of this comes from what might otherwise be considered a snide comment from neo to bnf. Older fen are often accused of being "big heads", and rightfully so, because one

of the consequences of the increased velocity of the soul is that it gains weight as it approaches the speed of light. (All right purists, I know that, strictly speaking, mass is the correct term.) This also explains why some experiments chosen to determine the mass of the soul have failed. The souls were obviously not travelling fast enough, and so were of negligible mass.

That fanac does indeed help the soul to reach its eventual destination is clearly documented in fanspeak, where encouragement is referred to as "egoboost". This obviously sets the soul in motion.

Naturally there is still a great deal of research needed in order to determine the implications of this discovery for the science fiction world in general. Is it, for instance, possible to slow a fannish soul down to the point that the frequency of the fan's publication schedule can be increased to something more relevant to younger fen. Recent data from Puerto Rico suggests that this may indeed be within the realms of possibility. If it can be done for Bergeron, then we might yet see a favourable prognosis for Bangsund, Gillespie and Willis.

In the meantime, it behooves we younger fen to perhaps to take a little more notice of the infrequently appearing fanzines, for in them, we may well see our own fannish futures. Boredom is, after all, merely a stop-gap measure, and, given the quality of Australian fandom, it's not easy to get bored at a convention. Even if one is bored, not every convention features Jack Vance or Frank Herbert as GoH, so sooner or later, one is going to get to an interesting convention, and the rot will set in. I guess we're just going to have to face it; the sands of time do tend to get into everything, especially at beach parties.

- ANZAPA 89



# Slaydomania 14

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**Leanne Frahm**

I would, with the utmost modesty, really hesitate to call my stories 'Art', but nevertheless, a funny thing happened the other day.

One of my stories, (the one that's sold to Charlie Grant for a FEAR anthology, not TERRORS as I previously erroneously reported), is about a fishing trip to a local mangrove swamp where a fish-, crab-, man-, --in fact everything-eating jelly has grown from 'the evolutionary soup of the mangrove mud'--(good stuff, huh?)--and threatens the fishermen. (All right: It's been done before. But the setting, and the emotional content, and the ponderous style are all unique.)

The first imitations of its lethality occur when one of them begins to pull in the anchor rope, (they're fishing by night,) and the jelly which has clung to the rope covers his hands and arms--and spreads rapidly.

Well, last Monday we all took the boat out in the river for a fish. Myself, I love fishing. I would, as Kerry often says, fish in a bathtub. Unfortunately, Jenny doesn't quite share my enthusiasm. In fact, after a quarter of an hour she becomes extremely rambunctious about the whole thing, and consequently extremely annoying. Picture the scene. There I was, playing my line for dear life with a reluctant fish at the hook and trying to make up its mind to nibble again, my eyes glazed, my face contorted with concentration, my hands rock steady--when she leaned across and BIT MY LINE WITH HER TEETH--TWICE!! Now we're not talking about a fractious toddler here, but a 12-year old teeny-bopper who was school captain last year and who enters high school this year--if she lives that long.

"Shit-a-brick!" I shouted at her.

Yes, I did. At a 12-year old. In front of her 10-year old brother. I was almost ashamed.

Anyway, that wasn't the funny bit.

The Pioneer River which flows through Mackay is a tidal river, salt for several miles inland, and we were near the mouth, fishing the turn from low. The turn is the best time to fish, with all the fish running in from the sea, gobbling as they go. We caught several rock-cod, moses perch, grunTERS, about half of them legal size. But an hour after the turn, nothing. No more bites, no more catches. The light was fading as thunderheads came up from the south. It was time to go, I began to pull in the prow anchor rope, hand over hand.

Oh, I said to myself, as I pulled the rope in. We've picked up a stray fishing line. Um, said I to myself, as more rope left the water. We've picked up several lines. No, we haven't, said I to myself a flock of jellyfish threads depended from the rising rope. "I'm not pulling that in!" screamed I to anyone within ear-shot. "There's tentacles on it!" (This was no time for petty grammatical rules.)

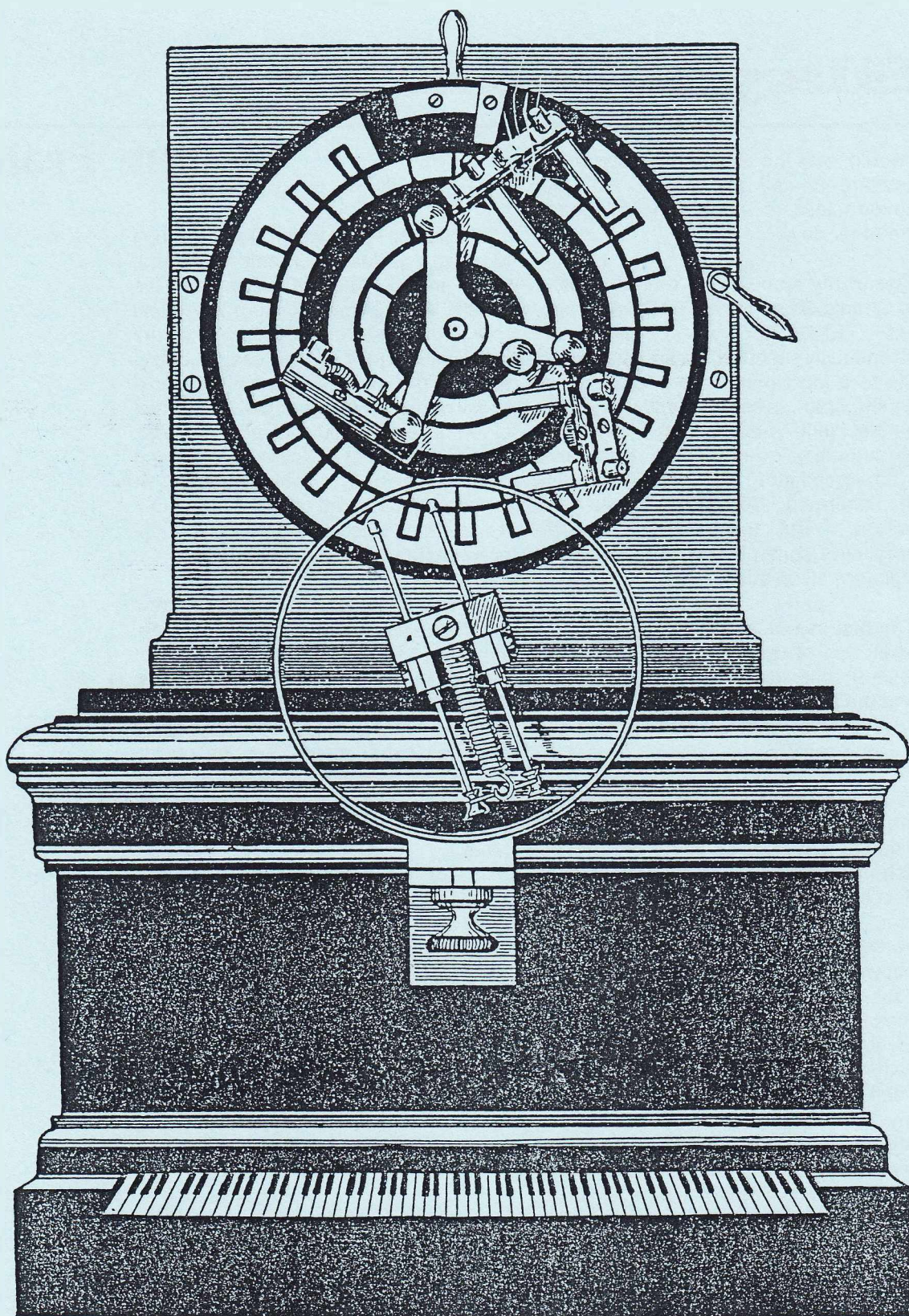
It was indeed a clutch of jellyfish tentacles that festooned the rope, caught by the swiftly-incoming tide. Very long ones. The surrounding waters are notorious for the infamous Sea-Wasp or Box Jellyfish -- Chironex fleckerii -- and its deadly stinging threads. If I hadn't been watching the rope, or if it had been slightly darker. . .

Anyway, that was the funny bit.

- ANZAPA 90



ANZAPA 89



THE MIGHTY WURLITZER



# Mellow 4

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On 26 May 1982, Elaine and I travelled to the Mt Buffalo Chalet, which is on the edge of the Mt Buffalo Plateau. We're still not quite sure what we found there, except that it has little to do with anything to be found in downtown Melbourne. Is Mt Buffalo an alternative Australia or even, the real Australia? Or is it just a way of getting away from the real Australian wherever that might be? The Mt Buffalo region is a mountain plateau in north-central Victoria. To reach it, we travelled by train from Spencer Street Station, Melbourne, to Wangaratta. There a man from the Chalet picked us up in his station wagon and drove us for more than an hour to Porepunkah. From there he went up a mountain road which led to the Chalet and the Mt Buffalo National Park. This sounds like a simple process, but it was not. Shedding the mantle of Melbourne is not easy especially if you do not realise how thorough going the transformation must be. For a start, I did not realise that train-travelling in Victoria could be a comfortable experience. The trains on the Bacchus Marsh-Ararat line in the late 1950s were not comfortable, not even in First Class. The carriage in the Wangaratta train was open and air-conditioned. It was difficult to read, as some frightfully articulate country gentry set up base a few seats from us and talked pompously until Benalla. That mattered little, since most of the scenery was new to us. Green had disappeared from much of the drought-stricken vegetation, but there were still trees along the Divide, and each town sported a vast, wondrous relic of a country pub. Some pubs looked like weatherbeaten palaces. We saw little of Wangaratta when we arrived there (sorry, George), as the bloke in the station wagon was in a hurry to be home. He was not very talkative and gave us an incorrect first impression of the sort of people we would meet at the Chalet. However, he did tell us that more than seventy people worked there. (Where they hid, I'm not sure.) He and his wife actually had a 'flat' there (which looked as if it had been

## Bruce Gillespie

built to brave an Antarctic blizzard), but most people commuted from the 'valley', which could be anywhere from Bright and Porepunkah at the eastern end to Wangaratta at the western end.

I need a map to give an accurate idea of the location of Mt Buffalo. Wangaratta is more or less north of Melbourne. The road to the mountains goes east up a long valley which rises gradually until it reaches the bases of such mountains as Hotham, Bogong, and Buffalo. A railway line still lies beside the road; at one time, it carried passenger traffic, but has now fallen so badly into disrepair that it cannot even be used for goods traffic. At Porepunkah, the road to Mt Buffalo rises quite steeply.

Even before we began to climb the mountain, we realised that we were living in a country where the rules had changed. I had never seen hops farms before. I had never realised how ugly pine plantations can be. These have been planted to replace the native forest which has been clear-felled for woodchipping. In that valley, the poppet-like pines look obscene, with their neat lines and no undergrowth. Travelling to the Bright valley would make anyone an enemy of woodchipping. The bloke who was driving us saw nothing strange in the transformation of the hills.

The road climbs from Porepunkah to Mackay's Lookout, performs an abrupt S bend, and heads steeply up the side of the valley. The road follows the path of the access track which was first blazed in the early 1900s. Another dog-leg bend and the road grinds up to the beginning of the plateau. Here the mountain forest disappears and is replaced by snow gums, which look more like ti-tree than anything else. For the first time I realised that this was snow country, even if it happens not to snow for much of the year. We had

reached foreign territory.

Another bend, and we had reached the end of the road. Much dragging of luggage up the long steps, and we stood on the verandah of the Mt Buffalo Chalet. It's called that because it has some resemblance to a European snow chalet. Apart from that slight similarity, it is unique. The advertising leaflets talk about the old-world atmosphere of the Mt Buffalo Chalet. It feels old-world because it is old. The first section was opened early in the century and has been kept together by paint and maintenance. Like everything else on the plateau, it is built to nestle into the granite, not stand out from it. Extra bedrooms have been attached over the years but all extensions follow the shape of the ground, stretching back from the main building. We seemed to walk half a mile to reach our bedroom, which had the highest number in the building. The walls of our bedroom were thin, as we found out soon enough. Two people were next door, and we could hear them much too clearly (Thin bedroom walls - the only resemblance between the Chalet and the average motel room). Suddenly I felt a bit too far from home, and wondered whether I could survive a week away from our nice little house in Collingwood and our five smarmy cats. Elaine, of course, was all ready for adventures, whatever they might be.

The Chalet had a way of taking us by surprise. People had told us about the 'marvellous meals' there, but we had never found out marvellous compared to what? Most motels and hotels skimp on meals, and we did not expect the Chalet to be very different. But it upheld its reputation, even on the first night. When we went to the dining room, we were welcomed by a fetching young lady with a dazzling smile who, it turned out, was in charge of the dining-room staff and arrangements. She showed us to a table, where we had particular seats, and introduced us to the other people who were there. We tried to make friendly noises, even while admiring the complete dinner service which lay ready for our meal, and such nice extras as silver salt shakers and peppier pots. I don't think I've ever been in a restaurant which has served dinner

in quite the same grand oldfashioned style. The food was good, and plentiful. The desserts were wonderful. (The kitchen had a separate desserts chef who seemed to be better than the usual chef.) We began to talk to people at the table. Two of them were the 'honeymoon couple'. They were next door to us, and were going home the next day. A pleasant ordinary couple were beside me, they seemed a bit younger than my parents, but had lots of family to talk about. Two older ladies were across from us. Despite the problems of talking across a table, we soon found that they were the most interesting conversationalists. They were Dorrie and Kathy, and we found out more about them during the next few days.

I should mention the efficient, almost too fast service, and the fact that we could ask for refills of anything. And the fact that we could buy good wines at the bottle shop. And the desserts - ah! But what we liked most was the overall impression of having slipped back fifty years to an Edwardian dining-room, to a time when important matters like eating were not done on the cheap, but were done with style. The staff even gave the impression of being glad to see us; although new people arrive at the Chalet every day.

Dorrie, one of our older friends, looked in her late fifties, but turned out to be seventy-eight. She had been coming to the Chalet every year for fifty years. She still drove from Melbourne; so she spoke a bit offhandedly about the 'oldies'. The 'oldies' are the pensioners who arrive in buses every day during the off season as part of package tours from Melbourne or interstate. Later in our stay, they occupied most of the rooms in the Chalet. Travelling to the Chalet changed my view of old people somewhat, especially as I don't meet many of them usually. The pensioners at the Chalet were there to have fun. They didn't have to worry about work anymore, or other petty matters. They walked; went for trips, played games, drank, and made friends. The only anxious people we saw during the week were ourselves or people younger than us. (One couple who sat at our table during the weekend where obviously a



Young Business Couple, and they did not seem to enjoy life at all). Dorrie seemed to resent that the pensioners gained concessions on the price of their trips) while she paid the full rate. Without the pensioners, however, the Chalet could not keep going.

After dinner, we went looking for diversion. (After all, I'm not too good at this 'having fun' business.) We found what we were looking for in the games room. The honeymoon couple, Bruce and Jill, played some table-tennis with us. I could not hit the ball, so I retired. The other people were playing pool on the large billiard table. I went over to watch. The bloke was an affable, languid Tooraky type, who asked me whether I wanted a game. I said that I'd only seen the game (since I did not know the difference between pool and snooker) played on television. 'I'll show you how to play,' he said. And he did, except that I was a hopeless pupil. He kept trying to get me to bend the right way over the cue. He did not get irritated by my incompetence but I did. Meanwhile, his girlfriend, Judy showed Elaine how to play pool on the small table. Elaine began to pick up the trick of it. Chris gave up trying to teach me. We had some beers and yarned for awhile, and agreed to call it a night. They went home the next day, so I could not tell Chris that his instruction worked after all. Next day, when Elaine and I tried again. I found that I could get the right arm movement. After a while, I began to win some games against Elaine. Our games became quite short by the time we left the Chalet. We learned snooker right at the end of our stay, when a funny little fellow with a pinched face, high voice, and deadly skill with a billiard cue showed us the main points of the game. We realised that snooker had become an addiction with us when we returned home, and stayed up to 2 am to watch the final of the World Snooker Championship when Alex Higgins won with a break of 36.

I still can't hit a pingpong ball, though.

The Mt Buffalo Chalet seems like the whole world when you are stuck inside and it is a very cold black night outside. The mornings, however are quite different. When we had arrived the

night before, we had scarcely noticed the surroundings of the Chalet. When we woke up the next morning, our first sight was of the sunrise emerging over the rim of far mountains. As the light penetrated into the valleys we gained some idea of our real height, and the grandeur of the whole place. Before breakfast, we walked out to the verandah, down the long flight of steps that leads to the road and across to the lookout. Careful not to slip on iced puddles, we clambered up to the railing looked over, and found ourselves staring 1000 feet or more straight down. I shuffled back from the railing, and tried to think clearly. I don't like heights, I don't like heights! I looked again, I had to. The cliffs are lined with rock-

### Mailing Comment:

**Marc Ortlieb** commenting to Bruce Gillespie in ANZAPA 90.

Wow! A most enjoyable account - even if you coyly refrain from describing what sorts of things that you heard through those thin chalet walls - or is that what's called "subtly"? I never did quite get the hang of those litcrit terms.

pigments, and form columns which drop away as far as one can see. We were on top of the world; at last we had really separated ourselves from suburbanite ordinary Australia.

We gaped, and gasped (the temperature did not go much above 10°C the whole time we were at the Chalet), and went into breakfast. Which was voluminous, of course, with choices of toast, and cereals, and various types of eggs. I don't eat such luxuries at home. That's what I told myself until I started eating then. At the same time; we could look through the large front windows and take in more views of the valley.

Our first walk. Our first Walk! We had travelled to the Chalet to walk, and we wanted to see everything. Several people told us that the first walk should be the trip around the lip of the Gorge. We were right to follow their advice. Thursday, 27 May, our first complete day at the Chalet was also the last clear

day until the afternoon of the Sunday. If you think that the weather is changeable in Melbourne you haven't lived through mountain weather. To judge from the skies on Thursday, perfect weather would stay with us for the rest of the holiday. This did not happen. For some days, we had to content ourselves with the hermetic, tree-gladed view of the plateau, and remember that the Gorge was still there. The Gorge path followed the rim, with lookouts every few hundred yards. At the Crystal Brook, we looked directly down the falls as the water disappeared 1500 feet below. Of course, I looked down for a minute or two, while Elaine hung over the fence and took photographs. (Instead of reading this memoirs you should look at Elaine's photos; come around sometime to 59 Keele Street, Collingwood.)

Many readers of this tale would hardly describe our perambulations and peregrinations as 'walking'. Our idea of walking is to amble so slowly that sometimes we seemed to be going backwards. Often we did go backwards, when Elaine spotted a plant or tree which I had failed to notice. A walk of a few miles around the Gorge took us a few hours. Elaine could give you a better account than mine of the animals, plants, birds and rocks which we saw. I was content to put one foot in front of the other, breathe unpolluted air, and feel better than I had for months.

Our first luncheon at the Mt Buffalo Chalet was nearly as spectacular as our first dinner. The desserts were still wonderful. But how could we eat a three-course hot meal in the middle of the day, and not return to Collingwood mountainously heavier than when we had left? We could hardly refuse such foods could we? Especially as we were paying for it. Still, there are right and wrong ways of dealing with such a demanding eating schedule. On our first afternoon, we chose the wrong way. We felt sleepy so we retired to bed for the afternoon. When we arose we felt only just ready for the night meal. We had yet to learn how to play the Chalet eating game.

After we had gone to bed on the

Thursday night, it rained heavily. We hoped that the rain would clear next day, but were prepared for the worst; being confined to the Chalet for the day. At least, that was the cowardy-custard Gillespie idea. The brave and noble Cochrane idea was to ignore any weather short of a torrent or a snowstorm. Elaine had come to the mountains to walk, and walk we would. A few days before our holiday, I had bought a Tasmanian bluey. This garment is so thick that it would be too warm for any Melbourne weather I've ever experienced. It was just right for Mt Buffalo. Elaine wrapped a scarf around my neck, and I put a beanie over my ears and head and gloves on my hands. Elaine rugged up just as securely. Looking like two Eskimoos, we went out to face Mt Buffalo with courage, dignity, and cold noses.

Our notebooks say that it rained, off and on, all that day. I don't remember getting wet. It didn't really rain at all, you see. A cloud would sweep past and around us and leave some of itself on us. A space would part between clouds, and we would see grey rocks, grey-green leaves, and the mysteriously striped trees which can be found every few yards along the paths. All these emerged out of the fog, then sank back into it. We kept to the path, and had no troubles finding the way. We came close to being left out overnight, though. We went down to Lake Catani, a man-made lake a mile or so from the Chalet. We went to its end, and were going to walk back the alternative path. I quite forgot that we had to make an hour's trip before nightfall which was only half an hour away. Fortunately, laziness won. We went back the shorter way, and still reached the Chalet only just before dark. There are no streetlights on Mt Buffalo plateau.

On our second day we solved the problem of What To Do About Overeating at Buffalo - you walk the rest of the time. The important thing is not to sit down to relax after the midday meal - that way fatness lies. Instead, we took up an invariable routine of walking three hours every morning and three hours every afternoon. In this way, I lost 4 kilos in a week (although I've put them on again since), and



Elaine lost weight as well. Between walking and playing pool, much of my back pain disappeared as well.

One vital piece of equipment we had left out of our luggage: gumboots. We discovered this on Saturday, when we set out to find the Monolith. We had thought the day might turn out clearer than the day before. At 7 o'clock when Elaine went out the front, the weather was much improved. She saw a lyrebird come up to the Chalet. (The Chalet was that kind of place, where lyrebirds are not afraid of humans.) Baby parrots and currawongs flapped around the verandah. They were tame and expected to be given breakfast. The weather was still tolerable when we began our walk to the Monolith. We never did reach it. We followed the lower paths according to the signposts. Water still lay around after the rainstorm of two nights before. The path to the Monolith was impassable without gumboots. We retreated to the main path.

We decided to try Lake Catani again, this time from the other side. A path crossed the stream just below the weir. We clambered up the rocks on the other side, and followed the narrow path. We enjoyed the peace of the place. No other walkers, no unpleasant distractions. Light and reflections played across the lake. Unfortunately, so did the drizzle. A cloud sneaked across a break in the hills, and puffed across the lake, bringing drizzle. Our clothes kept us protected, but water underfoot was still the problem. We thought we could circumnavigate the lake by crossing a squishy plain of reeds and rivulets, but more and more streams crossed the plain until there was no way we could go forward. We ate our apples and orange juice, and returned to the Chalet the way we had come. In the afternoon, we tried to reach the Monolith from the 'top path' with no more success. The path became lost among boulders which themselves formed many entrancing shapes.

The Monolith is the weirdest of that bunch of tame performing animals called rocks, which form the main natural attraction of the snow country.

They cannot really be rocks, or they would all tumble over. For instance, the Monolith sticks up in the air, balanced on an impossibly small base. It should have toppled over some millions of years ago. Another rock is squat and round, and balances on two points of rock underneath. Elaine has a picture of me standing underneath it. I look nervous. Dorrie, our seventy-eight-year-old friend, said that many of the rocks were revealed for the first time only after the 1939 bushfires. Much of the forestry work on the plateau has been put into designing paths which will show off the more famous of the rocks.

Even so, the people we met were sometimes more interesting than the rocks. Some of them were odder. The population of the Chalet changes daily, with a vast crowd of pensioners turning up once or twice a week. We found ourselves on one of two tables reserved for ring-ins - people who had paid full tariff and who had driven to the Chalet; or had been collected at Wangaratta Station. At any time but the ski season, the Chalet is nearly empty during the weekend. On the Saturday night, our table included quite a few people there for only one night meal. One couple was well-to-do and from Brighton. 'And where do you come from?' she said to us, 'From Collingwood,' said Elaine. 'From Collingwood?' Ah well, it is not often that we are reminded that Collingwood is down the list on some people's social registers. For those two, making their pile and retiring at the age of 50 to Brighton was the most important thing in their lives. (Hear that, Rob?) Another couple were much less snobbish and easy to talk to. Suddenly we could not believe our ears. Joh Bjelke-Peterson was wonderful; there should be someone like him in Victoria! We sat silent and choked on our lemon meringue pie. (At one point, I did not shut up but began to argue the point. Elaine nudged me under the table, and I said little during the rest of the meal.) Sun-Herald politics, which is what we heard, really had little to do with the Chalet. That's what I kept telling myself. Later in the meal, several of these people began to play a fascinating game of cliché pingpong. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody no good', said one. 'Yes' said another. 'The darkest hour is

just before the dawn.' 'But there is a silver lining to every cloud,' said his wife. I forget which matter of grave economic importance was being discussed in these terms. Gustave Flaubert, and Roger Weddall, would have been delighted. So would John Bangsund; I can imagine him making up new clichés and throwing them into the game, just to liven it up.

The trip to Mt Buffalo might still yield a novel or two. It is a suitably cut-off location for a murder mystery. Assemble the suspects, reveal that M. Poirot is travelling Australia disguised as Peter Ustinov, and voila -- a fine brouhaha. Lots of odd people to present in the book, including the victim. This was a distracted, vaguely irritating chap who sat at our table, and never quite heard the point of any conversations so at times he seemed to be talking to himself. Everybody wanted him dead at one moment or another. Everybody could be the suspect. And there would be many a little old lady who would provide the vital missing clue.

Lots of people were good to us. Again I mention Dorrie and Kathy. Several times they invited us to afternoon tea in Kathy's room when it seemed that rain would stop us walking for the afternoon. Dorrie had outlived two husbands, both of whom it seemed, had been rich. Dorrie had that pleasantly insouciant quality of someone who has never had to struggle to make a living, but who has always enjoyed experience for its own sake. Kathy had had a long professional career in teaching and librarianship, and she was more careful in expressing her views of the world. She also had a good sense of humour. She reminded me much of a favourite aunt of mine.

Dorrie was upset that we might miss out on visiting the Horn - the actual Mount Buffalo - just because we did not have a car. On the Sunday morning she bundled us and Kathy into her small car, and we rode the 7 miles to the Horn. A pity that the weather had not yet cleared. A cloud bank covered the whole area. We climbed the steep path which leads eventually to the highest summit of the plateau, but it became very steep, and there seemed no point

in going on. All we could see was a cloud barrier. My parents always said that the best views were at the Horn; one of these days, we will find what they were talking about. On our way back, much of the cloud had disappeared from the road. We saw the Monolith from the distance, but no closer did we get. Elaine pointed her camera at the Hump, a vast hunk of rock which pokes about 400 feet out of the plateau. Elaine took photos, a few seconds apart. In each photo, the cloud covers a quite different part of the Rock. It seems to break out of the sky.

Back at the Chalet, we enjoyed yet another relic of oldtime Chalet hospitality - the traditional Sunday dinner, even more mountainous than the usual luncheon, if possible. We really needed a walk after that exercise in too-much-foodmanship. We set off for Manfield's Lookout. The fact that we set out for any lookout shows that the weather was clearing rapidly. Manfield's Lookout proved to be one of the few that gave a good view of the plateau itself. From it, we could see most of the way round a circle. There was the Monolith still in the distance. The Chalet nestled into the side of a hill. There was the Horn, but it was still covered by a scudding band of clouds. Back to the Chalet, to a traditional high tea, which seemed like a glorified Devonshire tea to me. Only a few of us were left at the Chalet. The next invasion was next morning - enough busloads to fill every bedroom.

On Tuesday, the weather had cleared so well that we could set out on our major walk for the trip - down to Mackey's Lookout and back again. The Chalet was willing to pack us a light lunch, since we would not be back in time for the midday meal. The weather seemed so sunny that I left my bluey at home and wore only a heavy jumper.

Mackey's Lookout is halfway down the mountain. To reach it by car, as I've said, you follow elbow bends down the valley. To walk there, you follow a zigzag path which crisscrosses the cliff, and drops 1300 metres in 6 km. When we set out at 9 o'clock, ice was still in the path - not on it, but in it. Ice crystals burst up under the pebbles and pushed



them up as if they were on stalks. We nearly slipped on some parts of the path. Soon we were striding down a path which wound down the mountain under trees. This seemed a very easy walk. We did not realise that eventually we had to cross the cliff itself. When we came out on the open cliffs we found a path which had been carefully built across the sheer face of rock. We would have needed climbing gear without that path to follow. Again we should have worn gumboots. Water was still sluicing down the cliff in several streams, one of which nearly stopped us. We just had to get our shoes wet and hope they would dry out quickly; which they did.

At Mackey's Lookout we had our picnic lunch, and enjoyed a view of the entire snow country. By then, all the famous peaks, such as Bogong and Hotham, were covered in snow. Elaine took a series of photos which, when set down side by side, show the view that we saw. A jet vapour trail unrolled slowly from the horizon and crossed over our heads. A few cars passed us, only just rounding the bend, but most of the time we were alone, munching our sandwiches, gathering strength. At least we would not need gumboots for the next stage.

If someone suggests to you that you should walk six hours a day, in Melbourne, on asphalt paths, pass up the invitation. If you can find a bush track somewhere near Melbourne (say, at Studley Park); accept the invitation. Don't ever do what we did: walk 10 km uphill, on a hard surface, when you have a cold. We had been fighting off colds for several days, and we might have succeeded if we had not embarked on our epic journey. After less than a third of the upward trek, we were gasping. Our feet were sore. Worse, the weather changed rapidly. The sunshine disappeared, and the all-too-familiar clouds began to saunter up from the valley. My thick jumper was useless against the cold weather which overtook us. At the end of three hours, we were quite exhausted and we had severe colds. But we had enjoyed the downward trip greatly.

Next day, we had no intention of

walking or exposing ourselves to the cold. But even if we had been feeling well, we might not have ventured out the door. At midday, the temperature on the verandah was 2°C. If the clouds had stayed overnight, we would have had snow. That was the day we watched Jim and the other old hands playing snooker, and even managed a game for ourselves. Kathy and Dorrie

### Mailing Comment:

Bruce Gillespie commenting to Allan Bray in ANZAPA 92.

I wish I could say something about my grandparents, but I know virtually nothing about them. My mother's parents died when she was quite young, and my father's mother died when I was in early childhood. I have only the vaguest memory of my father's father, who must have died in 1953 and 1954. I remember my father coming in the back door at 50 Houghton Road, Oakleigh, looking very glum, and saying that he had just heard about his father's death. I remember feeling just a bit guilty that I couldn't feel anything about the occasion, since I had hardly ever seen my grandfather. We visited our grandmother quite a bit for a few years, but then my parents received the impression that boisterous young children had got too much for the old lady. I do not have the interest in the origins of the family members which, say, John Bangsund has about his family. I suppose it's because I have no illusions about their origins, abilities, or aspirations. Pleasant mediocrity on my mother's side, and a sort of puritan quality on my father's side, a turning away from the world which expresses itself in fanatical interest in hobbies. I am a true Gillespie, it seems.

went home in the afternoon. We exchanged names and addresses with them, but we have not seen them again. Do people ever stay in touch with nice people they meet on holidays?

The next day we went home. It was painful coming down the mountain because my ears would not pop. We boarded the train safely, and at 4 pm, walked onto Spencer Street Station, only to feel that we had walked into some hellpit. We are breathing poison,

people! Go to Mt Buffalo for a week, return to Melbourne. and you will be able to feel every little toxic drop as it enters your lungs. We did not climb back on the train and wait for it to take us back upcountry. Instead, we caught a taxi home and relieved Roger of his cruel and arduous duty of cat-minding. Home. At last.

Yes, I was glad to get home. Of course. But sometimes I wonder why. Mt Buffalo is an ideal community, an alternate Australia, a place where people are people and nature goes unharmed. The air is clear, the people are various, and the pool table is often free. There are about twenty paths left to explore, as well as all the other seasons in which to see the mountains.

However, I remember the words of a girl we met on the journey home. She had been visiting the girl who organises the dining-room (I think she was called the Hospitality Host). She had been part of the kitchen and waiting staff, but had risen quickly to her present situation because she had 'gone to the right school, and knew how to control the other staff.' Even when we were at the Chalet, we realised that some people were treated slightly more favourably than other people. Could that favour have something to do with the suburb from which the favoured had travelled? Why were there no people with Mediterranean surnames staying at the Chalet? Somehow I glimpsed an Australia which has disappeared in Melbourne and the other major cities - an Australia where everybody has his or her own place, must stick in it, and must acknowledge the natural rights of his or her 'betters'. Maybe it is a world that still exists in many country towns. It is a world foreign to me, and rather chilling. I might have noticed it more if it hadn't been for the irrepressible 'oldies'. They did not stand on ceremony. They were there to enjoy life. Maybe meeting them was the best part of the journey.

Did I say what I wanted to say? I don't know. I did not say, for instance, that the Mt. Buffalo Plateau is a dream-landscape, rather like Hanging Rock or Jung's Switzerland. It's the only place about which I've had dreams while I've

been living/staying there. The plateau is a place created by an idea, an ideal, a conservation ideal which predates the conservation movement by sixty years. It could be threatened by the loonier ideas looping around the Liberal Party these days. When you visit the Chalet, you are often met by a porter wearing a uniform - that of a Victorian Railways station guard. The Chalet is run entirely by the Railways. When the Chalet began; visitors travelled all the way up the valley on the train. At Porepunkah Station, they caught a horse-drawn 'bus' which took seven hours to reach the Chalet. I suppose the place really was privileged then. But the privilege is now based on hard cash. Some years ago, the Chalet management had to put its prices up abruptly, as it had to pay its own way. It has done this by playing host to pensioners and by charging people like us enormous sums. But the quality of the place does not seem to have fallen, as it would, I am sure, if it ever fell into the hands of a private entrepreneur. Despite my reservations, there is a quality embodied in the Chalet, a quality of interdependence, which the suited terrorists of our society, the takeover merchants and best corporate customers, would like to take away from us. I don't know when or if we will ever have the money again to travel back to Mt. Buffalo. But to know it is there is one of the few signs of hope that I can see today.

- ANZAPA 89



# A Watershed for Everyone

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Most political commentators agree that the 1983 general election was the nastiest-fought they'd ever seen, and possibly the nastiest general election since the Second World War. Neither the Parties nor the media ever really got to grips with the issues around which it was supposed to revolve -- defence, unemployment, industrial decline, the future of the welfare state -- and indeed showed little willingness to do so; instead, they spent most of their time mounting smear attacks on each other. The Daily Mail, edited by a man who owes his knighthood to Margaret Thatcher and who is frequently censured by the Press Council for his cavalier attitude to the truth, set the tone early on with a front-page story claiming that if Labour won and carried through its manifesto commitment to withdraw from the EEC, Nissan would cancel their plans to build a factory in the UK -- a story denied by Nissan the day it saw print but whose denial was buried on an inside page where it could be conveniently overlooked. (His own journalists later made a formal protest against his penchant for printing propaganda rather than news; they were simply ignored.) Labour, struggling to present a united front after four years of bitter internal dissent, began to self-destruct when certain of its leaders and former leaders publically repudiated the manifesto commitment to unilateral nuclear disarmament; then, as though it knew it had nothing left to lose, it tried to embarrass the Tories with an attack on Thatcher's conduct of last year's Falklands campaign but ended up embarrassing itself instead. (The only embarrassment the Tories suffered in respect of the Falklands, in fact, was at the hands of a Bristol housewife on a TV phone-in, who turned out to know more about the Belgrano incident than the Leaderene herself.) The Tories, however, were undoubtedly the worst offenders: with more money in their election fund than they knew what to do with (£20 million

## Joseph Nicholas

to Labour's £5 million and the Alliance's £2 million) -- and having been admonished by Thatcher to fight cleanly -- they devoted it not to reasoned and persuasive expositions of their policies but downright ugly attacks on their opponents, buying double-page newspaper spreads unfavourably comparing Labour's manifesto to the Communist Party's and, elsewhere, in a supposedly lighter but intellectually no more defensible vein, offering ten bottles of claret as a prize for the person who made the best guess at the Alliance's policies. (If this is reasoned debate, it was said, then the Tories have lost their reason altogether.) And the Liberal/SDP Alliance itself, striving to remain aloof from all this, was in consequence pushed from the headlines and robbed of its remaining impact.

The outcome, as the election entered its final weekly was never in any doubt, and the emphasis of the reporting switched to the likely scale of the Tory victory with, as the opinion polls showed them making a late run for second place, subsidiary speculation on possible gains by the Alliance. In the event, they lost seats -- of the 41 Labour MPs who had defected to the SDP, only 6 were re-elected; but the Liberals, stronger on the ground and rather better organised, nearly doubled their Parliamentary representation to 17 seats. Labour plunged to 209, nationalists and Ulster MPs collected 21 between them, and the Tories emerged with 397: an overall majority of 144. But this breakdown hardly represents the way the votes were actually cast: the Tories in fact took only 42.4 percent of the popular vote while Labour took 27.6 percent and the Alliance got 25.4 percent. In other

words, 12.9 million people may have voted for the Tories but 16.2 million voted against them, and only our ridiculously unbalanced "first-past-the-post" system could have produced so anomalous and unrepresentative a result. The Electoral Reform Society have called it the most unfair result in the history of universal suffrage, and even those (mainly Conservative and Labour) MPs who have previously opposed any changes to the present electoral system have been forced to

### Mailing Comment:

Denny Lien commenting to Jean Weber in ANZAPA 94.

I like your description (to Joseph N.) of the "three important facets to a fanzine" (content, presentation, and quality of writing) but after a bit of thought I'm not sure that I find any of them important enough to forgive much for. I think the most important things to me about fanzines I receive is the communication of a generalized gestalt sense of belonging (however trivial the content or writing in any one given fanzine fulfilling this might be). I sometimes think that the most important thing to me about fanzines I produce is how much closer it gets me to the impossibly receding day when I will pay back enough karma to fandom as an entity and to each fan editor as an individual to balance the books and let me gaffiate with a clear conscience. (Tote that barge, lift that bale, comment on those mailings.) Given those three facets, however, I can find either exceptional (to my taste) content or writing enough to make something memorable, while I have to consciously remind myself to pay attention at all to presentation (short of unreadability). As a rule of thumb, I find the presence of illustrations in a fanzine an indicator that the editor is probably wasting time and money on ephemera, while colour illustrations, heavy slick paper stock, etc., is the kiss of death.

concede that there's something wrong with it; and so, if nothing else, this result has made the strongest case yet for its replacement with a system of proportional representation. (An all-party "Campaign for Fair Votes" has now been launched on the back of same.) One hopes that the arguments will now revolve around what kind rather than (as in the past) whether, but

with such dedicated proponents of the present system as Thatcher and the "new look" hard-line Tories who now dominate the Parliamentary party (all of whom equate "compromise" with weakness) firmly in power for the next five years any argument at all about it will be dismissed out of hand as irrelevant to the so-called principles of "strong government". (Never mind the usual claim that any change from the present system would remove the traditional links between an MP and their constituents -- a claim which rests on the quaint idea that MPs are factually elected to represent the interests of their electors, when they are instead chosen on the basis of the party to which they belong, and sidesteps the obvious objection that a Tory MP (say) can hardly be said to serve the interests of those of their constituents who voted for some other party.) The only change likely to be introduced is that mooted some months prior to the elections to the effect that the deposits required of each candidate should be raised from £100 to £1000, supposedly to discourage fringe candidates from cluttering up the ballots but in practice making it difficult for those parties which are not as well off as the Conservatives (meaning every other political party) to fully contest future general elections.

So what, then, does the immediate future hold for each of the parties? The Tories, with no effective Parliamentary opposition to counter their proposals, will continue their steady drift to the right, not only "rolling back the frontiers of the state" (to use their 1979 catchphrase) but attempting to turn the clock back as well. In office for just under seven weeks, they have announced two rounds of cuts in public spending which fall heaviest on the health service, education and social security -- cuts which, in the case of the first-named, will lead to staff reductions in the Family Practitioner Service for the first time ever. The hypocrisy of their pre-election pledge that "The health service is safe with us" should be obvious even to the dimmest knee-jerk Tory voter -- a hypocrisy compounded by their refusal to implement the recent Greenfield report on generic substitution of certain drugs (thus



saving the NHS a small fortune now spent on branded drugs) on the grounds that such would harm the profits of the drug companies (and never mind that the profit formula worked out between the companies and the Department of Health gave them an excess and unexpected profit of £30 million last year which they will not be asked to repay). Hypocrisy has also raised its head in other Departments: the new Minister for Trade & Industry, former party secretary Cecil Parkinson, has called off an action (commenced in 1976) by the Office of Fair Trading against the restrictive practices of the Stock Exchange and is rumoured to be considering amendments to the Restrictive Practices Acts to retrospectively exempt the Exchange from their provisions. That the government is now chummier than ever with the City of London's financial institutions and doesn't give a damn for other sectors of the community seems confirmed by the new Chancellor's, Nigel Lawson's, attempt to get away with the announcement of the sale of a further chunk of BP shares in a written (rather than spoken) Commons answer - a disdain for the concept of Parliamentary accountability so arrogant as to be breathtaking.

Perhaps more disturbing than any of the foregoing, however (although as a member of CND I find the planned deployment of cruise missiles here later this year more disturbing than everything else put together), is the rumoured prospect of Britain's refusing to resubscribe to the International Labour Convention when it comes up for renewal in 1985. Such an action, if carried through, would enable the Tories to intensify their attacks on the living standards of the working class by sweeping away a whole range of measures and institutions (which the Convention obliges Britain to maintain) designed to ensure, among other things, minimum levels of pay and safety at work and equality of treatment regardless of race or sex. To say that a million or more people would then fall into the poverty trap is to state the obvious...although it's quite possible that such a repudiation of the Convention could backfire on the Tories. Whether Margaret Thatcher

likes it or not, a sizable proportion of the working class -- who, as a group, are most resistant to social and political change -- has always voted Conservative, and to attack them too openly would be to run the risk of losing that vote. Nor should it be forgotten that Thatcher's victories in 1979 and 1985 were founded on a large swing away from Labour of working class sympathies, many of them voting Tory for the first time in their lives; and while, in the first instance, they might have bought her claim that they had become too greedy and powerful for their own good (a typically paranoid fantasy of the nouveau riche middle class, who know they can't rise any higher in society and are desperate to separate themselves as much as possible from "the workers" lest some one day rise up against them) and then, in the second instance, accepted her claim that massive unemployment was all the fault of the world recession and nothing to do with her (despite the fact that one of her main weapons for bringing down inflation was using the fear of unemployment to force people to settle for lower pay increases than they otherwise might, thus depressing their standard of living), they're unlikely to stand still for any further (and more sweeping) insults to their self-respect. (Besides, there'll be no "Falklands Factor" to help sway the working class - who, as Orwell pointed out long ago, are much more patriotic than any other -- in favour of the Tories in 1987 or 1988.)

In theory, then, the Labour party should find itself presented in the next few years, with a golden opportunity to recapture the working class votes that it lost in 1979 and 1983 -- but such a statement ignores both long-term sociological changes in the nature of the Labour vote and shorter-term changes in the composition and outlook of the Labour party itself. In the first instance, "the working class" as Labour politicians and left-wing theory understand it simply no longer exists. Generally rising standards of living since the Second World War, coupled with greater levels of state intervention in such basic fields as health, education and housing, have acted to erode what might once have been termed its "class solidarity" to the extent that, as a group, it has largely ceased to regard the Labour party as its natural mouthpiece. Most of what the Labour party promised it in the 1945 election, and again during the Wilson years of the sixties, has been achieved, and it

now expects rather more than retreads of the old rhetoric about equality and the redistribution of wealth. The Tories, under Thatcher, have not been slow to cash in on these expectations their two biggest vote-catchers of the last two elections have been the promise to council tenants of the right to buy (at heavily discounted rates) their own homes, and promises to curb and reorder the undemocratic practices of the trade unions -- electoral pledges so populist that they could hardly have failed to win votes. Labour's manifesto promises to reverse these policies were net vote-losers, and major contributing factors to the scale of its defeat. "Labour" wrote ex-MP Philip Whitehead in The Guardian for 22 July 1985, "has become identified with the remoteness of municipal landlordism, with the bureaucracy of social welfare, and with a protectionist attitude to the public sector which has more to do with job preservation than public philosophy." By contrast, as Peter Golding phrased it in the Child Poverty Action Group's pamphlet Thatcherism And The Poor, "the strength of Thatcherism is its ability to ventriloquise the genuine anxieties of working class experience. The declining economy and reduced living standards are explained by the expensive burden of public services, as the economics of the state are reduced to the accountancy of the kitchen in a compelling and credible simplicity. Frustrations with unresponsive and undemocratic welfare services are equated with the overweening bureaucracy of socialism. The (current Tory) ideology is no longer a sheepish nostalgia for an entrepreneurial capitalism indistinguishable from social democracy except in emphasis, but a full-throated affirmation of some simple dichotomies: welfare state, collectivism, socialism (vs) freedom, liberty, choice."

The Labour party therefore faces an uphill struggle to recapture the votes it has lost, and to do so will have to drastically transform its current image -- but the signs are that it will do no such thing. Unbelievably it appears to have learned absolutely nothing from its election defeat; instead, influential elements within the party -- notably those on its left, in particular Michael Meacher, a candidate for the deputy

leadership -- are hailing as some sort of victory the fact that 8.2 million people voted for the socialist policies espoused by the manifesto (the most avowedly socialist policies ever put before the British electorate, in fact), and never mind the fact that the message from the electorate as a whole was that such policies were of little interest to them. Nor, more ominously for the party's future, that its share of the total vote fell from that gained in 1979 and is now lower than at any time since the watershed election of 1945. That the party is in decline, and that the decline will continue unless it reverses the policy adoptions of the last few years, is inescapable; but such policy reversals are vanishingly unlikely. The Bennett faction, although now bereft of its Parliamentary leadership with the failure of Tony Benn to obtain reselection in his marginal Bristol constituency, still remains firmly in control of the party's policy-making institutions through its effective proxies -- the trade unions, who have 40 percent of the votes in the electoral college that selects the party leadership and a significant input (through the MPs they sponsor, who are hence their appointees) to the party's National Executive Council, and who are now falling increasingly under the sway of left-wing leaderships who are repudiating the moderate, centrist policies of their predecessors in favour of those espoused in the Labour election manifesto. It is on the larger and more powerful of these unions -- those concerned with such older, less competitive and now declining industries as iron and steel, coal mining shipbuilding, textiles, and motor vehicles -- that the Labour party depends for the bulk of its funding, and it would be no exaggeration to say that the longer it remains in their power the less relevant it will be to the country at large. It is these unions which are responsible for a good deal of the party's centralised, protectionist, anti-EEC outlook, and although it's obvious that in today's Britain such an essentially old-fashioned, isolationist perspective has few adherents the message has still to penetrate the party's upper echelons. Pleas from the grass roots that it's time to stop dumping policies before the electorate



in a take-it-or-leave-it manner and start paying attention to what the people really want seem destined to be ignored. All attention now is focused on the leadership contest in October and the candidates who are gearing themselves up for it, with the result almost a foregone conclusion: Neil Kinnock, who is on record as saying that he sees no reason to amend (except perhaps in very minor ways) the policies as set forth in the manifesto, has most of the trade unions and over a third of the Parliamentary party behind him, leaving Roy Hattersley -- who on a pre-election TV programme was forced into admitting that he didn't support all the manifesto's proposals, and who is closest to the centre of the party -- struggling to attain a creditable second place and completely eclipsing, on the right of the party, Peter Shore, the current Shadow Chancellor of the Exchequer. The left, after four years of struggle, will then be firmly in the driving seat, and the stage will be set for yet another round of the wearying doctrinaire divisiveness that so damaged Labour's credibility during the past four years, this time with the right in retreat and looking less like political leaders with every passing month.

On this analysis, there's obvious scope for the Liberal/SDP Alliance to move into the centre ground vacated by the other two parties, picking up the votes and support of disaffected Labour and Tory supporters repelled by their parties' extremism; but such a supposition ignores the composition of the votes the Alliance garnered in this election. Terming its support "a protest vote" is not too far from the truth -- in the first place because the Liberal party has been on the political sidelines since the thirties (its last major electoral performance, in fact, was in 1929 -- the last three-cornered fight before this one) and, despite its long and respectable history and the cogency and credibility of its policies, is no longer taken seriously by the majority of the electorate (it almost always does better in by-elections and local elections than in general elections, when it can exploit the immediate issues of the day or the area rather than make a stand on general principles); and, in the second place, because, two

years after its founding, the SDP has still to make clear exactly what it stands for. To a certain extent, the SDP brought this failing upon itself: formed in 1981 as a reaction to Labour's "drift to the left" by disaffected Labour MPs fueled more by principle than by ideology, it then found itself caught up in a wave of popular and media euphoria that forced it into the alliance with the Liberals before it had a chance to establish an identity of its own. In

### Mailing Comment:

**Joseph Nicholas** commenting to David Grigg in ANZAPA 89.

Having read my political diatribes, you (and no doubt everyone else as well) will probably be astounded to learn that I am in fact a member of the SDP. Mind you, I came into it out of the Labour Party, having grown sick and tired of its endless internal squabbling over minor points of dogma that were of no interest to anyone but itself and were (and still are) threatening to tear it apart, so I'm pretty confident that they will gain sufficient seats in the Commons to hold the balance between the other two parties and hence force through a few desperately-needed reforms of our antiquated political system -- the introduction of proportional representation, for one, which the two main parties implacably oppose because it will sweep away their traditionally "safe" seats and end forever the ludicrous anomaly of a political party forming a majority government with only a minority of the electorate behind them (cf. The present bunch of thugs).

formulating its policies, therefore, it had to concentrate more on reaching compromise with the Liberals than with giving voice to its own concerns; a process compounded by the attitude of its then-leader, Roy Jenkins, who -- after several years in the political wilderness as President of the EEC Commission - saw an alliance with an already established political force rather than the building of a new one as the quickest route back to power. His stepping down in favour of David Owen in the wake of the election result has now reopened the whole question of the alliance, not least because Owen was

never other than lukewarm about it: he saw it as expedient, the better to present a united front to the electorate, but in order to prevent the SDP from becoming permanently overshadowed by its senior partner now wishes to concentrate more on building the party in the country at large, establishing and refining its own particular policy objectives. To this end, he has to keep the Liberals at arm's length and resist the rising clamour from within the SDP for a formal merger with them the latter an idea which, if carried through, would make nonsense of the SDP's claim to have identified and motivated a hitherto disregarded "constituency". But this in itself simply begs the question of whether, in the light of its failure to make the break-through on which its future as a viable political force partly depended, it will retain any (let alone all) of the share of the votes it received on 9 June. There will always be a protest vote, of course, but whether it will ever be as large again as it was this time is open to serious doubt -- quite apart from which, a protest vote will not be sufficient to sustain the SDP as well as the Liberals. It can be cautiously predicted that if the SDP does not grow rapidly during the next few years then it may not grow at all.

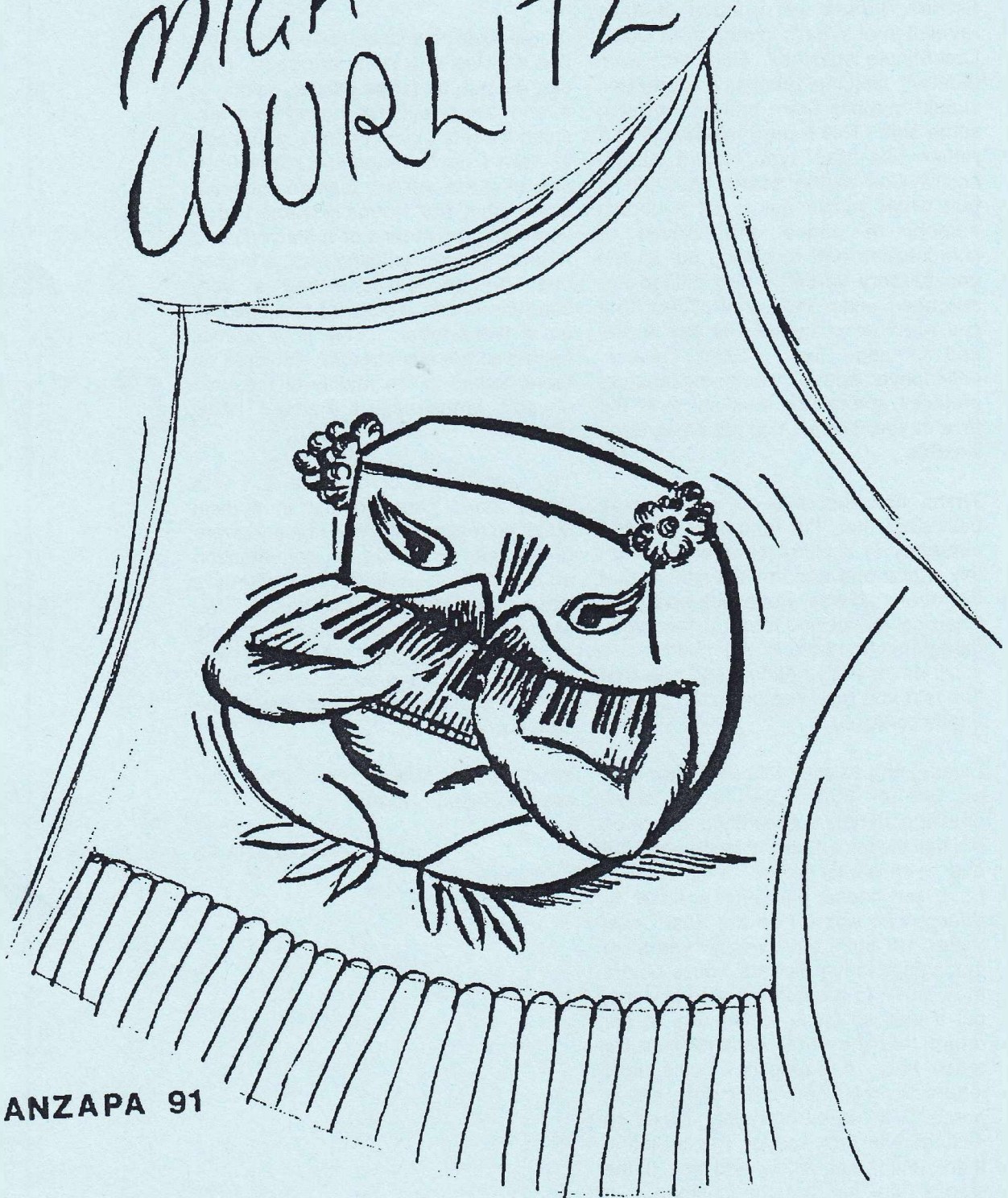
Interesting times indeed, as the old Chinese curse might have it -- but what's even more interesting is the question of whether or not the country as a whole thinks the British political scene matters any more. Analyses of the election results, and of the immediate future for the parties in the election's aftermath, have tended to overlook the fact that, as a percentage of those eligible to vote, the number of those who actually do vote has been steadily (if gradually) declining since at least the sixties. In this election, slightly less than three-quarters of the electorate bothered to turn out on polling day, and a high proportion of those who did not were the young, those eligible to vote for the second or third time, who as a group gave as their main reason for not doing so the fact that they did not consider either the election or the policies espoused by the parties relevant to their immediate needs and concerns. The idea that politics as a whole holds no meaning for

them, and that as additions to their ranks in future years results in a spreading of such attitudes, is one that politicians have not even begun to address -- just as they have yet to address the reasons for the falling of the across-the-board electoral turn-out. The suspicion that people other than the young might also be embracing the view that party politics is irrelevant to their immediate needs and concerns bulks large in the minds of those who have considered the problem, and it's possible that the unrepresentative nature of the present electoral system must take some of the blame -- why bother to vote, after all, when the odds against your vote having any discernible effect are nine million to one against? The staggering unfairness of this result will likely add to the numbers of those who feel that way -- as pointed out earlier, there is now no effective opposition to the Conservatives in the Commons, and the government (subject to the approval of the Lords, who are likely to adopt a more cautious demeanour) can thus get away with almost anything it likes. Large numbers of people, effectively robbed of a voice in the day-to-day business of the country's affairs, are likely to feel that the concept of representative Parliamentary democracy has failed them, and could instead turn more and more to extra-Parliamentary action to put their message across. "They can listen to popular TV or read the tabloids," wrote Tony Benn in The Guardian for 27 June 1985, "...but neither will permit all shades of opinion to be reflected. The proprietors and the editors are out to mould thinking, not mirror it. So, for many, the choice is to shut up and accept their lot or to take some action to change things. Then they must be ready to be denounced for taking extra-Parliamentary action, and if that fails the police are ready, armed with new powers and CS gas. Apocalyptic, as one would expect of Benn, but containing several grains of hard truth -- despair runs rife in the country, and that will make the next few years more interesting than ever.

- ANZAPA 93



# THE MIGHTY WURLITZER



ANZAPA 91

# Thirsty Boots 15

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John D. Berry

Every six months, just about the time I sit down to do another issue of this fanzine, I have yet another startling revelation of What's Wrong With Doing Last-Minute Apazines. Each time it's a different startling revelation; perhaps I should compile them into a booklet or some sort. This issue's mid-boggling (I rather like that typo; let it stand) contribution to the search for truth is that when you've got to fill a certain number of pages, the virtues of compression and of cutting out all the unnecessary verbiage and foliage are swamped under the wave of fear that you won't have anything to say by the end of page five. Extra clauses, descriptive asides, whole explanatory prefaces sprout like mold all over the face of your prose. You get paragraphs like this.

There, now that I've got you set up, believing that I'm going to ramble aimlessly in a pitiful attempt to fill up the pages and confirm everything that I've ever said was wrong with apazines, I can go ahead and insert a few pithy, thoughtful treatises in the middle and you'll never even notice. And now that I've told you this, I've probably got you totally confused.

I was going to start this the other day, on one of those days when small amusing things kept drifting down on me like discarded cherry blossoms. If it had been earlier in the week, I would have put these bits into a letter to Eileen, who was off on the East Coast trying to sort out twenty years of belongings in her parents' house before they move to a smaller house in June, but it was so close to the day of her return that the letter couldn't possibly reach her. (I suppose I could write letters to her when she's right here at home. It would certainly save on postage. In fact, maybe I could leave them under her pillow and see if the stamp fairy left me the postage.) It started off when I saw a bumpersticker on a parked car that said, "I'd rather be collating." Just so there could be no mistake about what was meant, the end

of the bumpersticker featured a little line drawing of a stack of paper. (The car, did not, as far as I know, belong to a fan.) Then, as I was driving up a very steep hill with a park on the top in a part of town I don't frequent, I came upon one of those yellow, diamond-shaped, street signs that normally warns you of something by means of a black picture (a leaping deer, a falling rock, a broken beer bottle); this one had a very carefully drawn picture of two children on a teeter-totter. This is a special hazard of the city streets? Children on teeter-totter in the middle of the road ahead? Is that what it means? I saw nothing.

That very night, or one like it, I was sitting alone eating dinner in a local Mexican restaurant, only vaguely aware of the ebb and flow of conversation around me, when suddenly a woman's voice right behind me said loudly, "You want me to go to see a movie that's six or seven years old? And that was probably filmed two years before that?" Her companion's reply was lost in the hubbub.

What's that? What? Oh. Well. I'm easily amused. Sorry.

- ANZAPA 92



# High School Madness

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**Marc Ortlieb**

Yes, I know that we teachers are always whinging, but there's something about the job that would try the patience of a saint. I guess it was easier in the days when teachers were told what to teach, and when kids were so frightened of authority that they did what they were told immediately, but it's different now. As a teacher, I seem to find myself the focus of flak from kids, parents, the Education Department, and, above all, the school administration system.

My current whinge has to do with accountability. This is very much an "In" term, and I do agree that the education system should be accountable to the people that it serves. However, in practice, the way it works is as follows. The Education Department doesn't accept responsibility for what goes on in schools anymore. For the last ten years it's been off-loading its responsibility onto the schools, calling this "School Autonomy" which looks so attractive to Principals that they accept it, without really seeing that, with the extra freedom that they gain, they also get a shitload of responsibility.

Now, in South Australia, the system isn't really designed such that good administrators become school principals. To advance up the promotion ladder, one needs to be a good teacher, with the ability to parrot the currently fashionable education jargon. Thus, at the top of the school, one finds a person who often has very little training either leadership or administration, but who has survived in the system for long enough to know what to do when the Education Department asks them to account for their school's activities. Said Principal organises eight committees to examine this, and then passes the responsibility down to the subject seniors, with a request that they prepare appropriate documents to prove that the school is doing meaningful things.

Here is where the buck may stop, if the subject senior is a good one. Again, with the promotion system, a subject

senior is not necessarily a good organiser. Said person merely needs to have passed an inspection that concentrates on how well they control a class, and how much of the current education jargon they have absorbed. True, sometimes, through sheer fluke, a good organiser may become a subject senior. In which case, said person, upon being asked to prepare a document, does so with the least possible fuss, has a quick word with each of his/her staff, and then presents the document to the Administration person responsible. The faculty then ignore that totally, and go back to what they were doing before the ruckus started, i.e. teaching the kids.

Unfortunately good seniors are not all that common in State Schools in South Australia, as most people with any amount of ability and common sense realise that teaching conditions in private schools are far more attractive, as private schools, in general, have more ability to pick and choose their clientele. Thus, in the case of a faculty with a dithering senior, the entire document preparing process becomes a frantic exercise in the chasing of definitions, the spouting of polysyllabic terms the meaning of which changes according to which article digest the senior has most recently read, and the faculty find themselves spending interminable hours sitting in meetings where the waffle isn't subjected to even the bare minimum of control from the senior who is, supposedly, chairing the meeting. I'll give you one guess what sort of senior I am at present serving under.....

Right the first time, which is why the English faculty found itself presented with a colossal document, which we were to read, prior to a "most important meeting to consider the philosophy of the English Faculty." We were warned that the meeting was going to be a long one, and staff members who

anticipated missing the meeting were told to prepare a written assessment of the document, to be given to the senior before the meeting. The temptation to do just that, and to paraphrase John Bangsund by presenting a piece of paper with the words "Philosophical Crap" on it was very strong. Unfortunately, a few weeks earlier, in a fit of misguided generosity, I'd volunteered to help supervise a group of kids going to the zoo on the day of the staff meeting. Thus, short of being eaten by a lion at the zoo, I had no excuse for missing the meeting.

Halfway through the meeting itself, I realised that the lion option didn't look that bad at all in retrospect. . It was probably one of the worst run meetings I've ever seen. For a start, the senior, absolutely certain that none of us had read his masterpiece - a bastardisation of three trendy Teaching Texts and the Regional Office's pet theories - insisted on reading the whole thing out to us. This was soon stopped though, as a couple of the faculty members started quibbling over the grammar and punctuation. Indeed, at that point the whole thing could have evolved into the sort of nit-picking that one gets at business sessions at the national convention, but one or two people, wanting to be out of the school by midnight, put that down as quickly as possible.

The really interesting bit was watching the rest of the English Faculty react to the meeting. I hadn't picked out the exact analogy until Marj Smith mentioned it the next day. I'd just figured that each member of the faculty had chosen his/her own way of expressing boredom at the proceedings. It was more than that though. Jenny, for instance, was sitting saying very little, but passing the occasional snide comment that the senior could only just hear. Cath was a bit hard of hearing and would go into ten minute raves that were at a tangent to the discussion based on something she thought she'd heard the senior say. I was sitting fairly quietly, reading a book on how to play the dulcimer, and was throwing in the occasional absolutely non-constructive comment. Grace was sitting quietly in the corner.

Frank, who is on probation, was doing his best to contribute, but seemed aching to throw in a few sarcastic comments.

Well, at about the time my fingers were aching to actually get around the fretboard of a dulcimer, a regional consultant, who had been invited by the senior to contribute to the discussions, turned up. He tried to defuse a few of the bombshells being flung at the document, but without all that much success. The fact that our senior seemed to have forgotten that said gentleman was turning up amused me.

Anyway, at about ten to five, the farce ended, and I shot out of the door as fast as my little legs could carry me. Grace offered me a lift up to the shopping centre, and allowed me to bash her ears on the subject of the ineffective nature of our senior. To top off a miserable afternoon, there was nothing in the postbox.

Anyway, the next morning, said senior came up to me, and asked me why I had shown such a negative attitude at the meeting. By this time, I was sick of the subject, and lost my temper. I told him exactly what I thought of his philosophical document. He was trying to defend himself when the bell went, and I set off determinedly for my morning class-period.

Since then, he's been gradually bringing himself to talk to me again, which is rather a pity. For three days, he avoided me totally. I must admit though, that I'm a little ashamed of the childishness of my parting shot in that early morning discussion.

"well, do what you like with your precious document. I only have to put up with it for another two terms."

For a moment I found my voice sounded just like that of my least favourite year nine student.....

- ANZAPA 93



# Slaydomania 16

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The Highlight of my Life occurred at Syncon '83.

Now that claim might seem a touch high-flown, considering that there have been several events in my life that people would term 'highlights' in the ordinary course of mortal events.

Fr'instance, and in chronological order: I won the Mackay State High School Poetry Prize in 1960, with a science fiction poem, and followed that the next year with the Short Story prize for a science fiction story, called, as I remember, "Popple's Proof" in which I expounded a brand new philosophy. (Imagine my dismay to learn later that it had already been thought of, and even had a name: solipsism.)

In 1963 I won a scholarship to University. In 1964 I landed my first job in an attempt to escape from University. In 1966 I married Kerry Jan Frahm (whose mother had wanted a girl) (and I'll kick the first one to add 'in an attempt to escape from work.')

1970 and 1972 saw the births of Jennifer Anne and Kerry Michael. (By the way, if any man out there is thinking of naming a son after him, don't. Not only does it lead to constant and repetitious confusion, it also lends a cruel irony to personality differences between father and son. And this being an Equal Rights Apazine, I should add that if any woman out there is thinking of naming a son after her, the results could be even more traumatic.)

As you can see so far, the highlights came in fits and starts. There's a hiatus now of six years, and then the highlights arrive at an astonishing rate, one after another, tripping over each other's feet. Modesty precludes my mentioning them all, but included among them was my first con--Anzapacon--my first 'real con--Syncon '79--the writers' workshop, meeting live authors, my first fiction sale...all somehow to do with fandom and my concomitant attempts at writing.

## Leanne Frahm

Ta, John.

Where else, you might wonder after a quick jog through the above list, is there left to go? (Shut up about Hugos, Marc; let's be realistic.) Well, some of you probably already know what this Highlight to which I'm alluding so cryptically is: I told about 258 people at Syncon--in fact, anyone in earshot.

(There are dapper businessmen in three-piece suits striding the hallowed halls of finance who know, and who are not sure that it means. There are pert receptionists and dark-eyed cleaning women, the hotel automatons of Sydney who know, and who couldn't care less what it means. There are currawongs who raucous rowdily in the pines beside the Shore Motel who know, but who can't put it into words.)

What It is, (throwing modesty gaily to the wind's four quarters), is: Harlan Ellison said I write good schtick! (No, I don't know how to spell it, either; do I look Jewish?) He has read my stuff, and Ed Bryant thinks highly of my work, also!

Now let us not delve too deeply into those few idly-tossed-off sentences. Let us not try to visualise Harlan Ellison having the time to read every small anthology and each small magazine and remembering one small name out of hundreds. Let us not try to picture Harlan Ellison pawing through scores of amateur anthologies by mostly amateur writers to be struck again and again by some alien artistic gem. Let us not imagine Harlan Ellison determined to endear himself to his Australian fans in the most gallant way possible.

Let us just repeat those few gracious words again--forever--and die happy.

- ANZAPA 93

# Mailing Contents

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October 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
FUNCON PROGRESS REPORT	Terry Frost	1
FFANZ INFORMATION	John Newman	1
WINDYCON PROGRESS REPORT	John Newman	2
JEANZINE 13	Jean Weber	6
THE CIVILIAN GENERAL BOOTH	Sally Beasley	6
THE GREAT ANZAPA BACK MAILING SALE	Marc Ortlieb	4
G'NEL 29	Marc Ortlieb	4
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER	John Bangsund	9
SPONGY NINETY-NINEc	Leigh Edmonds	10
FUNCON PROGRESS REPORT	Terry Frost	1
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 9	Catherine Circosta	9
PEREGRINATIONS	Graham Ferner	2
THE STRAIGHT ONTO STENCIL ELECTION REPORT	Leanne Frahm	3
ANOTHER NECESSITY	Jack Herman	8
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 62	John Bangsund	14
PERRYSPHERNALIA 7	Perry Middlemiss & Helen Swift	8
OPEN	Kevin Dillon	6
MODULE 44	Michael O'Brien	4
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 7	David Grigg	6
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### Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / Jeanne GOMOLL / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Mike HORVAT / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Joyce SCRIVNER / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Sally BEASLEY, Graham FERNER.

Dropped: Justin ACKROYD, Richard FAULDER, John FOYSTER, Andrew BROWN  
(invited to join but did not respond).

Invited to Join: Alf KATZ, Roman ORSZANSKI, Nigel ROWE.

### Waiting List:

1. Alf KATZ; 2. Roman ORSZANSKI; 3. Nigel ROWE; 4. Teresa MORRIS; 5. Gerald SMITH; 6. Roger WEDDALL; 7. Ann POORE; 8. Robin JOHNSON; 9. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD.

Major Event: Leanne Frahm, as out-going ANZAPA President announces Joseph Nicholas as the new President for the 1982-83 ANZAPA year. In doing so, Nicholas becomes the first non-Australian apa member to hold the post.



# ANZAPA Mailing 89

December 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	8
MINAC-ATH	Elizabeth & Peter Darling	4
THIS BUSY RAY	David Grigg	15
MAFF VOTING SHEET	Marc Ortlieb	2
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 8	David Grigg	12
MAGGIE'S LITTLE BOY	Joseph Nicholas	4
UNTITLED	Eric Lindsay	2
A NATAL NECESSITY	Jack Herman	6
JEANZINE 14	Jean Weber	8
DUFF '83	Peter Toluzzi	4
TUPPERWARY	Teresa Morris	2
THIRSTY BOOTS 14	John D Berry	6
MURGATROYD 19	Denny Lien	6
SPONGY NINETY NINEc-1	Leigh Edmonds	8
MELLOW 4	Bruce Gillespie	10
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 10	Cathy Circosta	2
G'NEL THIRTY	Marc Ortlieb	6
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeff Harris	16
I'M BACK	Alf Katz	4
CLOVEN GARLIC HOOVES #1	Roman Orszanski	6
SEX AND VIOLENCE	Allan Bray	8
BUT DON'T ASK	Kevin Dillon	2
ADVENTURES IN RONEO #8	Gary Mason	6
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## Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Teresa MORRIS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Alf KATZ, Teresa MORRIS, Roman ORSZANSKI.

Dropped: Jeanne GOMOLL, Mike HORVAT, Joyce SCRIVNER (invited to join but did not respond).

Invited to Join: Nigel ROWE, Gerald SMITH, Roger WEDDALL.

## Waiting List:

1. Nigel ROWE; 2. Gerald SMITH; 3. Roger WEDDALL; 4. Ann POORE; 5. Robin JOHNSON; 6. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD; 7. Ygor REGA; 8. Terry FROST.

# ANZAPA Mailing 90

February 1983

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	4
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	4
LIFE IS LIKE A POINTILLIST JIGSAW	Judith Hanna & Joseph Nicholas	4
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	3
JEANZINE 15	Jean Weber	16
IL VOMBATO 16	jan howard finder	2
THERE AND BACK AGAIN IN 160 DAYS	Nigel Rowe	16
SLAYDOMANIA 14	Leanne Frahm	6
PEREGRINATIONS 2	Graham Ferner	5
AUCKLAND IN 1984 BIDDING REPORT	Graham Ferner	1
THE MEMORAZINE 35 (?)	Paul Anderson	6
ANOTHER ANZAPA CONTRIBUTION	Gerald Smith	10
UN AUTRE NECESSITE	Jack Herman	6
A.S.F.A.A. NOMINATION FORM	Jack Herman	2
G'NEL THIRTY-ONE	Marc Ortlieb	6
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 11	Catherine Circosta	7
SPONGY NINETY-NINEc-2	Leigh Edmonds	4
NOT THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER	John Bangsund	1
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE #9	David Grigg	6
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER	John Bangsund	6
'HANDREW MINAC	Elizabeth & Peter Darling	2
MODULE 44	Michael O'Brien	2
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## Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Teresa MORRIS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Nigel ROWE / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Nigel ROWE, Gerald SMITH.

Invited to Join: Roger WEDDALL.

## Waiting List:

1. Roger WEDDALL; 2. Ann POORE; 3. Robin JOHNSON; 4. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD; 5. Ygor REGA; 6. Terry FROST.

Major Event: Ortlieb announces that he won't be standing for a second term as OBE, notes that no nominations for the post have been received and calls for an open ballot. That is, the members get to choose who they would like to have as OBE without an actual ballot paper being prepared.



# ANZAPA Mailing 91

April 1983

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
LIFE IS LIKE AN UNPOLIFILLED CRACK	Joseph Nicholas & Judith	8
	Hanna	
MODULE 45	Michael O'Brien	7
G'NEL 32	Marc Ortlieb	8
THE SWITCHING PLACE	David Grigg	14
TUPPERWARY II	Teresa Morris	8
SLAYDOMANIA 15	Leanne Frahm	8
JEANZINE 15-5	Jean Weber	12
ANOTHER BLOODY SALAD	Jean Weber	6
CSIRONET	Jean Weber	4
THE AUSTRALIAN FANANCIAL REVIEW OF BUSINESS AND AFFAIRS	Eric Lindsay	8
ERIC B. LINDSAY	Eric Lindsay	2
TRIP 78 - CHAPTER #7	Eric Lindsay	22
THE 1983 STATE OF THE WOMBAT MESSAGE	jan howard finder	2
SYNCON '83 PR	Jack Herman	3
EASTER CARD	Kevin Dillon	2
MURPHY'S LAW 1, AUSTRALIA 0	Kevin Dillon	10
THE CESPOOL	Dave Luckett	4
SWANCON 9 PR	Sally Beasley	1
THE CIVILIAN GENERAL BOOTH	Sally Beasley	8
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 12	Catherine Circosta	5
PERRYPERNALIA 8	Perry Middlemiss	6
NORTH OF HERTZSPRUNG #4	David Grigg	2
SPONGY NINETY-NINEc-3	Leigh Edmonds	6
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS' NEWSLETTER	John Bangsund	14
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 64	John Bangsund	6
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## Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Dave LUCKETT / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Teresa MORRIS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Nigel ROWE / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Dave LUCKETT (joint membership with Sally BEASLEY).

Dropped: Roger WEDDALL.

Invited to Join: Ann POORE.

## Waiting List:

1. Ann POORE; 2. Robin JOHNSON; 3. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD; 4. Ygor REGA; 5. Terry FROST; 6. Mark JOINER.

Major Event: Gary Mason is announced as the new OBE of the apa.

# ANZAPA Mailing 92

June 1983

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

HERE WE GO AGAIN	Gary Mason	4
THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER Vol 12	John Bangsund	10
No 9		
G'NEL 33	Marc Ortlieb	6
KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	4
JEANZINE 16	Jean Weber	10
TWELVE O'CHOCOLATE HIGH	Jean Weber	4
JEANZINE 17	Jean Weber	10
THE FATE OF THE EARTH	Joseph Nicholas	4
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE No 10	David Grigg	10
MURGATROYD No 20	Denny Lien	4
BACACH II	Elizabeth Darling	4
SHARK-INFESTED CUSTARD 1	Bruce Gillespie	26
THE MEMORAZINE 36	Paul Anderson	8
THIRSTY BOOTS No 15	John D. Berry	6
THE CRONIC-APA	Ann Poore	2
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 13	Catherine Circosta	4
MICROWAVED O.J.	Roman Orszanski	8
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## Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Dave LUCKETT / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Teresa MORRIS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Nigel ROWE / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Invited to Join: Ann POORE.

## Waiting List:

1. Ann POORE; 2. Robin JOHNSON; 3. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD; 4. Ygor REGA; 5. Terry FROST; 6. Mark JOINER; 7. Steve ROYLANCE; 8. Glynnis CHALMERS.

Major Events: Gary Mason reveals that only ten votes were cast in the OBE ballot, that he placed third on the original counting and that he was offered the job only after the first two place-getters declined the invitation. He estimates he won the post with no more than two votes to his name. He gives the impression that neither of those two votes were his. Mason points out that October 1983 will mark the 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the apa and proposes another ANZAPACon to be held in the Barossa Valley of South Australia to celebrate the event.



# ANZAPA Mailing 93

August 1983

Official Bloody Editor - Gary Mason

THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA	Gary Mason	4
ANZAPA POPULARITY POLL	Joseph Nicholas	2
DUFF 1984	Marc Ortlieb	2
MODULE 46	Mike O'Brien	2
BACACK III 'Handrew, 3	Elizabeth Darling	6
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeffrey Harris	8
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE #11	David Grigg	6
SLAYDOMANIA 16	Leanne Frahm	4
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	4
JEANZINE 18	Jean Weber	10
SINGING OUT OF TUNE	Jean Weber	6
IL VOMBATO	jan howard finder	2
G'NEL THIRTY FOUR	Marc Ortlieb	6
THE MEMORAZINE 37	Paul Anderson	10
A GENUINE NECESSITY	Jack R. Herman	8
BANG THE ROCKS TOGETHER GUYS 1	Derrick Ashby	2
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	4
MODULE 47	Mike O'Brien	2
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 14	Catherine Circosta	8
DJIN AND TONIC	Allan F. J. Bray	6
THE BUTTERFLY MIND FLITS ON	Robin Johnson	4
AT THE GATES OF DAWN	Ann Poore	4
IMPERIALISTS FROM BEYOND	Joseph Nicholas	8
DAILY TRIFFID 5	Allan Bray	18
NOT PHILOSOPHICAL GAS	John Bangsund	8
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## Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BEASLEY / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Graham FERNER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Robin JOHNSON / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Dave LUCKETT / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Teresa MORRIS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Roman ORSZANSKI / Marc ORTLIEB / Ann POORE / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Robin JOHNSON, Ann POORE  
Dropped: Nigel ROWE.

## Waiting List:

1. Brian FORTE & John PLAYFORD; 2. Ygor REGA; 3. Terry FROST; 4. Mark JOINER; 5. Steve ROYLANCE; 6. Glynnis CHALMERS; 7. Andrew BROWN; 8. Grant STONE; 9. Alan SANDERCOCK; 10. Joyce SCRIVNER.

Major Events: The proposal in the previous mailing regarding a second ANZAPACon is shelved through lack of interest. Given Gary Mason's obvious unease in the role of OBE Jean Weber offers to take over the post.

## ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1982/83

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Paul ANDERSON	6	3	1	3	24
Christine ASHBY	6	2	1	3	12
Derrick ASHBY	6	1	1	1	2
John BANGSUND	6	5	4	8	68
Sally BEASLEY	6	2	2	3	14
John D. BERRY	6	2	1	2	12
Allan BRAY	6	2	3	3	31
Catherine CIRCOSTA	6	6	1	6	35
Elizabeth DARLING	6	4	4	4	13
Peter DARLING	6	2	2	2	3
Kevin DILLON	6	3	4	4	18
Leigh EDMONDS	4	4	1	4	28
Graham FERNER	6	2	2	3	8
Leanne FRAHM	6	4	2	4	21
Bruce GILLESPIE	6	2	2	2	36
Jeanne GOMOLL	1	0	0	0	0
David GRIGG	6	6	4	8	71
Judith HANNA	6	2	2	2	6
Jeff HARRIS	6	2	1	2	24
Jack HERMAN	6	5	6	6	33
Mike HORVAT	1	0	0	0	0
Robin JOHNSON	1	1	1	1	4
Alf KATZ	5	1	1	1	4
Denny LIEN	6	2	1	2	10
Eric LINDSAY	6	6	5	8	53
Dave LUCKETT	3	1	1	1	4
Gary MASON	6	3	3	3	14
Perry MIDDLEMISS	6	3	1	2	10
Teresa MORRIS	5	2	1	2	10
Joseph NICHOLAS	6	5	6	6	24
Michael O'BRIEN	6	5	1	5	17
Roman ORSZANSKI	5	2	2	2	14
Marc ORTLIEB	6	6	5	13	64
Ann POORE	1	2	2	2	6
Nigel ROWE	3	1	1	1	16
Joyce SCRIVNER	1	0	0	0	0
Gerald SMITH	4	1	1	1	10
Helen SWIFT	6	1	1	1	4
Jean WEBER	6	6	5	11	92
Sally YEOLAND	4	0	0	0	0

Others:

jan howard finder	3	2	3	6
Terry FROST	1	1	2	2
John NEWMAN	1	2	2	3
Peter TOLUZZI	1	1	1	4