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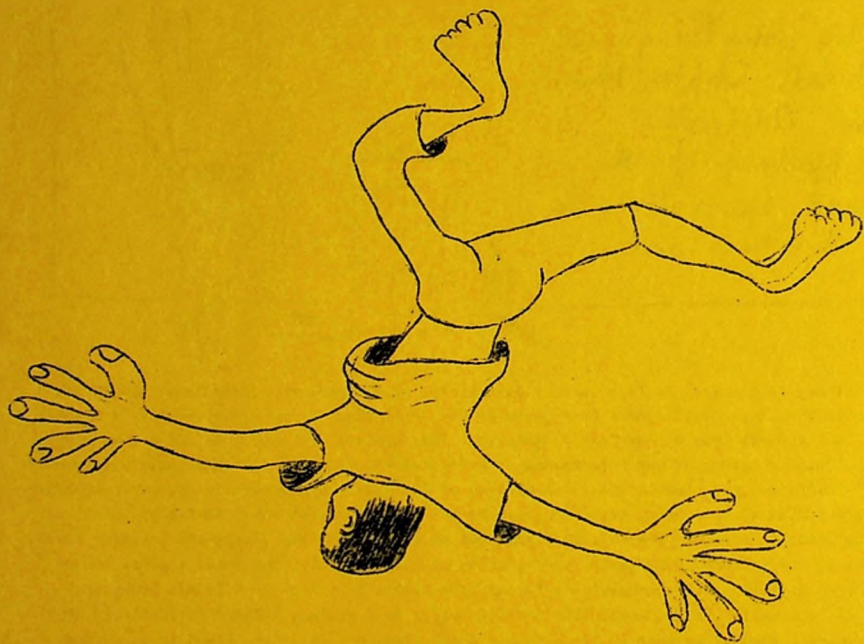
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Monday morning, the first day of Summer. As is my wont I take up the morning papers to read over breakfast. And how is the world, this fine day? Well, there is a photo on the front page of The Age showing a Vietnamese gentleman being thrown to his death from an American helicopter. The Russians are trying to get a naval base on Mauritius, to the distinct annoyance of our Government. New Zealand has returned its Nationalist Government for a further term (but that's not reported in the first 6 pages of The Age). Sir Horace Petty, retiring after 5½ years as Victorian Agent-General in London, says "People have called me a racist - but that's a lot of bloody rot." Sir Horace doesn't object to the Colombo Plan, "but we don't want them living and breeding here". In New South Wales, home of the free and Gary Mason, the majority of the population has voted against Sunday hotel trading, and a poster depicting Michelangelo's David has been seized by police in a Sydney bookshop. Well, everything seems to be normal with the world this morning, which is a relief. After President Nixon's decision to ban germ warfare I thought we were in for a really tough time, but that has proved to be a momentary aberration and the world is still safe from sanity.

ANZAPA members may feel that there is something familiar about this typeface, and there is. This machine I am using is no other than Paul Stevens's TOF - The Optometrist's Friend. I can't quite decide whether I've gone out of my mind, but I have exchanged my classy little Optima portable with the 14-pitch type for this monster. I have to admit, though, that I fell in love with this Remington when I first saw it in an Adelaide shop last year. Having just bought the Triumph I couldn't afford the Remington as well, but, with its long carriage, microscopic type and carbon ribbon attachment, at \$60 it was awfully tempting. When I got back to Melbourne (we were living at the Redan Street slanshack at that time) I described it to Paul, and we ended up getting it sent over. The financial arrangements we entered into in order to negotiate this deal for Paul are just too complex, and I think I want to forget about that sort of thing. The Optima is worth, at a guess, about four times as much as the Remington as a trade-in, but my need for a microtype machine is desperate; remembering the principles of Value Engineering (which I read about in that fabulous fanzine, The Professional Engineer), I have decided that to me the Remington is worth more than the Optima. I hope Paul is happy with his side of the deal, and that you, gentle readers, have good eyesight, since I suspect you will be seeing even more of TOF in the future than you have in the past.



IT'S A MAN'S LIFE

Saturday nights I usually sit in the back of Don Symons's Tempo Metador panel van behind the Windsor reception rooms at Dandenong, developing and printing photos. On Saturday 22nd November I sat there as usual and I was pretty annoyed because Don was working with me that night and he'd promised to have his Seythrop article with him but he didn't. I decided to write an article myself to fill the blank pages I had left for Don, and I decided to write something about Norman Lindsay, who had died two days earlier. Well I sat up until 2am or something reading about Lindsay and realizing for the first time the immense influence he'd had on Australian literature, realizing too just how difficult it would be to write anything worthwhile about him in my ignorant state.

Sunday I straggled out of bed about 10, typed a stencil or two, read Saturday's papers, and then Diane dragged me off to the beach - despite our both having been badly sunburnt the previous Sunday. I took BUG JACK BARRON with me, but didn't read. Later in the afternoon we drove up to the Gully, and when we got home, about 6, I just flaked out. A wasted day, fannishly speaking, but pleasant, what I saw of it.

On Monday I was up at 5.30 and typed and ran off four pages of booklist before breakfast. I took BUG JACK BARRON with me to read on the tram, but didn't read. After work I visited McGill's and Mervyn lent me Norman Lindsay's SCRIBBLINGS OF AN IDLE MIND. I sat up reading it all night. An infuriating book.

Tuesday I lunched with Damlén and John Foyster at the Wool Exchange. I said to John some time ago that the Wool Exchange is nothing much to look at but the food's lousy, and I think he believes me now. Being only a minute's walk from the office, I can't get out of the habit of going there. A nice motherly waitress there has memorized my standard order and sometimes undercharges me. Tuesday night is a blank. That night have been the night I tried to write about Norman Lindsay. I can't remember.

Wednesday night Diane worked late. Before I could start getting tea or typing stencils, whatever it was I had in mind to do, I heard a cat squealing outside and reached the front door in time to see a bunch of Hilton Streeturchins trying to fish something out of our 2x6 garden; one of them, a spott and sneaky kid of about six named Joey, was leaning over the brick fence trying to reach something. That something proved to be a tiny black kitten, and when I picked it up it bled all over my shirt and looked so close to dead it didn't matter. I didn't know what to do with it. I tried to find out from the kids who owned it and got miscellaneous confusing answers. I took the kitten inside, set it up on the kitchen sink with a saucer of milk and warm water, which it attacked enthusiastically if unsteadily, and I wondered what to do next. I have no instinct for first aid. (My father did - a great surgeon was possibly lost in him - but the trait petered out before it got to me.) Fortunately Diane came home about then, and in no time she had me ringing vets and driving off to visit one. Mr Nemeč didn't seem very concerned one way or the other about the kitten. Did we want to keep it? We did. He shrugged, as if to indicate it was all one to him and if we hadn't wanted it he could have disposed off it quite efficiently and hygienically. He jabbed it and swabbed it and yanked out scads of matted fur and rammed a thermometer up its sad-looking arse and said he'd see what he could do, ring him tomorrow night.

Thursday there was a power strike. And Friday. I started reading, probably on Wednesday, I forget, Hal Porter's THE PAPER CHASE. Excellent, as I expected. It only took me an hour to drive the two or three miles from Bourke Street to Clifton Hill, and then I set off for Dandenong. A shotgun wedding to judge by the photos, but some of the small party were trying to be cheerful and saved the night by buying up generously. Nine shots sold of the bridal table alone. Incredible. I wonder if they ever find out that our prints fade after a while if they are exposed to daylight? I arrived home about 2am, more exhausted and tired than I've been since I had my nervous breakdown or whatever six months ago. The headache that started about 9 that night perslated steadily until Sunday afternoon.

Friday I felt like hell. My convenient if awfully expensive parking spot of Thursday was gone, and after driving around the edges of the city for forty minutes I ended up parking illegally on a bus stop in North Melbourne. Logic would indicate that since the buses weren't running it should be okay to park on the bus stops, but logic we are not strong on in Melbourne and I felt sure I would be booked. I wasn't. Leigh and I had tea together at the New Texas after work, then picked up Diane. We had been home for about fifteen minutes when Paul and Mervyn arrived, and we sat up until way after midnight talking and drinking and smoking.

(This page I'm experimenting to see whether two sheets of plastic over the stencil will stop the Gs cutting through. The black dots all over the page are bad enough, but the myriad bits that stay on the drum of the Roneo are infuriating. You might have had the O fixed before we swapped, Paul.)

(Can't really say I've come to love that maverick I ether, Paul.)

The only things I did worth mentioning at work that week were - reviewing the Public Service Board's Annual Report for 1969 (very promising - we look forward to their next offering), rearranging my office so I don't fall in the wastepaper basket every time I answer the phone (and I'm too tired to explain that right now), and working up courage to ask for a few days off at the New Year so I can see Gary again.

Saturday morning we drove to the vet again to pick up the kitten, if she had survived. She had. A very civilized little kitten, the vet said. Bring her back next Tuesday for another injection or three (hell - bang goes tomorrow night already) and here are costly unguents to anoint her withal. Then we went shopping, leaving Leigh to keep his eye on her while running off his APA 45 zine. The Kuhn-Kan Klub met over lunch (Diane 500, Leigh 235, me 165 - which just shows how unwell I was), and before we had a chance to do anything else Dimitrii descended upon us.

Dimitrii explained, at some length, what the two drawings he had brought were about and how he had done them and what size brush he had used and all that, for about three hours more or less. At one stage, with Dimitrii expallating loudly about something or other, Diane playing her transistor and Leigh doing something with the vacuum cleaner, possibly vacuuming something but more likely trying to drown Dimitrii out, a rather useless exercise, I nearly allowed my splitting headache, splintered nerves and general nausea to get the better of me, but I heard Dimitrii out like the gentleman I am. About 4.30 we drove him home. Well, almost home. I don't know whether it is that something gets lost in the translation when conversing with Dimitrii, but from time to time there is a certain lack of communication, for all the words that are getting about. I imagined we were near Dimitrii's place and asked him if I should let him out to walk the rest of the way. He got out, and it seemed to me he was walking in the same direction we would be taking. Maybe he was going to buy an icecream or a no.3a brush or something, I reasoned. About a mile up the road we passed Dimitrii's place. I recognized it immediately, though I had approached it from an unfamiliar angle. We looked at each other with a wild surmise, debated turning back to pick him up, for fully 1.5 seconds, then said the hell with it.

During the afternoon I had demonstrated to Dimitrii how you go about drawing directly onto stencil, using a plastic front sheet, and my demonstration appears on page 1 of this issue. I am not about to start illustrating anyone's fanzines but my own in this way, so you can get that enthusiastic look off your face, Gillespie! But if anyone feels the urge to photostencil 1,437 original sketches of a 1951 3-litre Alvis, done from divers angles, I'm your man.

Before Saturday was out we had visited Diane's friend Miss Harvey, dined with Diane's parents, slaved for hours again in that dismal van at Dandenong (me), listened to several hours of rock music (Leigh) and slept with a kitten (Diane); I had also instructed a cut-price petrol station attendant to fill 'er up, before realizing I hadn't a cent on me; and we learnt later how narrowly we had avoided being visited by Gary Woodman. A normal sort of Saturday, on the whole.

Sunday passed in a kind of fog. I typed some stencils, played cards, listened to Benjamin Britten and other new enthusiasms of Leigh's, slept, and proof-read the galleys for the December Professional Engineer. I seem to recall driving Leigh home at all hours and talking to Paul about making a film. I might have dreamt that part.

Monday night - tonight - I arrived home at 5.45, looking forward to a couple of quiet hours by myself before Diane came home. I had time to make a cup of coffee, but not to drink it, before Paul Anderson rang me. He talked to me for about an hour. I must ask Nervyn to give me some lessons in how to tell a good customer to go and get knotted, without losing his custom. Why am I so nice to people? Am I a coward, deep down? Why have I sat up for hours typing this, with a sore throat, a throbbing head and nerves nearing screaming pitch, when I know damn well I probably won't score one decent comment on it all? Go and get knotted, you parasitical Buggler off, d'you hear me! Love to all. JB