

ELECTRONIC THUMB PIANO

October 1980

Published for the 76th mailing of the Australia and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association by John Foyster, 21 Shakespeare Grove, St. Kilda, Victoria 3182, Australia.

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Ain't life grand? Twenty-four hours ago I had never heard of electronic thumb pianos, and now I'm publishing a magazine with that title. I take it that members of ANZAPA are entirely familiar with thumb pianos; it's that electronic addition which will seem strange.

Last night, against my will, I was dragged off to a live performance of of music and dance, and the first performance was as you will by now have guessed, electronic thumb piano. Also implicated in this performance were a couple of cassette tape recorders, four speakers, an eight-track mixer and some feedback loops. And Ernie. Ernie was the one who twiddled the knobs and thumbed the piano. It was an impressive performance (Leigh Edmonds please note) - especially the way feedback was controlled, live.

The second item consisted of Jenny playing oboe while one of her friends danced. As it turned out Jenny had 'flu during a crucial stage in rehearsals so only a tape of her playing was used.

The third and fourth performances were substantially by male dancers, although both had female partners. The fourth (and last) involved what seemed to me to be fairly spectacular Greek dancing by someone who was very close to being the lightest on his feet of any male I've ever seen.

And that's how this fanzine got its title.

IT'S THAT TIME AGAIN

According to this morning's newspapers the ALP is way ahead of the LCP in the public polls. That's an anticipation of October 18 not shared by me, or by many people where I work. This week I mused one lunch-time about what would be necessary for the LCP to lose the elections.

'Suppose Malcolm Fraser were shown, in an authentic film-clip, screwing one of Queen Elizabeth's corgis, at a prime television time.'

'You mean during World Of Sport?' someone suggested languidly.

'Wouldn't do much good if it were one of the bitches,' someone else surmised gloomily.

And at about that point the conversation trailed off and we all drifted off into a local Slough of Despond.

Remember, you read it first in these pages.

MAILING COMMENTS (on Mailing 75)

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

And from where I'm sitting at the moment, it looks as though a couple of people on the August roster are about to become ex-members.

Free and Easy Wandering: Welcome back to ANZAPA! I hope your stay this time around is a long and comfortable one. Seattle obviously is good for films, and from what you've said elsewhere, good for books. But just how good for books is it? (I suppose it would be easier to ask Irwin Hirsh who, as Emergency Officer, is meant to handle all crises like this, but JDB's info will be more up-to-date.) And unless I receive a pleasant surprise at the last moment, someone will be joining ANZAPA this time around in just the reverse of your experience!

G'nel 22: I now look forward to this as the neatest of the Aussie fanzines in ANZAPA. John Bangsund cuts stencils better than you do, Marc, but he doesn't (yet) use colour illoes. (The (yet) results from my inside knowledge that the old boy has got a Roneo 750 in his hands again after all this time, so who knows what miracles will result?) Do you really believe that fandom is non-competitive? Perhaps it is by comparison with the rest of the world (or most of it), but there's still a lot of competitiveness around.

Ant Zapper: Yes indeed, there is often, a tie lurking beneath the beard. Usually when I'm wearing the suit. My fellow workers have now developed an aversion to my regular (denim) clothing, and I have to put up with a lot of static when I wear it. More significantly, and horribly for anyone panning a repetition of the Foyster-cloning trick from last year, I'm now a slender (well...) 79 kg - down 20 pounds (this is for the imperial cruisers) from my weight of three months ago. I hope to nudge this down to 75 kg over the next few months. Naturally, the suit doesn't fit too well any more... No, I wasn't thinking of that as the next line.

Leanne Writes: Hmm. Creditable, but no credit.

Barker To Boston Fund: The notion of a fan fund for TAFF losers is something about which I am uncertain. Each particular case seems to have merit, yet what, in such a case, was the point of the original race? This fanzine supports

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of course, and hopes that most readers will back the GUFF candidate of their choice. (Ballots in the December mailing, but in other fanzines before then.)

Another Inane A.N.Z.A.P.A. Title: Thanks for not screwing up the ANZAPO POLL, folks. Hope I get the results in time... Arrangements to clone your membership are being made even as I type these words.

Murgatroyd 14: Isn't your line 'worth it to serious collector and scholar types' at the bottom of the first page/top of second even more of a put-down than the comment from Buck Coulson you quote in the middle of page 1? The Copenhagen fans I met at SEACO² were far more sensible than the Swedish ones.

This is a handy place to remark

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ANZAPA 75: Most people have agreed with the notion of desexing the constitution, I was pleased to see. Of course there are always a few diehards... // Your bet that Faulconbridge existed in 1848 is interesting, in that it leads me to wonder just what it is that you think constitutes 'Faulconbridge' - a chunk of land? If so, what about those many places which have had several names (even Australia is old enough to have 'em)? Do these coincident-in-space distinctly-named objects also coincide with respect to existence, despite the fact that they are non-contemporaneous?

Darling Buds: Come now, Henrietta is a perfectly reasonable name in its own right - unless you want to be upset about names like Georgina, Emmy, Louise, Alexandra, Patty, etc. etc.....

Along Without You: Sorry I gave you the wrong title in the last OO. Chunder! is sleeping for the moment while its editor tries to resolve an internal contradiction; how can he continue to produce a fanzine about Australian fandom, aimed at Australian fans, when the greater part of the readership, and the most responsive readership at that, lies outside Australia? Your comments, and those of others, are invited. // Your comments on what can be run through ANZAPA (based on a misreading of the second paragraph of item 3 of the ANZAPA constitution, as you almost immediately recognised) nevertheless identify a matter which it is in fact impossible for the OBE to police. How can the OBE rule on 'apparently intended'? They're meaningless words. If the constitution-mongers had amended the first para to 'a member must publish for ANZAPA a minimum of....' then there would be no problem. If you publish for anyone other than ANZAPA then you don't fit the requirement. A bit tough, of course.

Two Pages Of.....: 'The Quest of the Holy Grail'? Don't know it. Is this the same as 'The High History of the Holy Grail' or something out of Monty Pythan?

Logodaedaly: I see that the roads up your way have gotten worse since the photo was taken. // Tell us more about the skylight; Jennifer and I need something of that kind, but we had assumed that it would be monstrously expensive, whereas your \$320 doesn't seem too bad. Size? Materials? Roof problems? // A fullscale computer typesetter can cost you less than \$20 000, although every font over the basic supplies comes to around \$150. Hobby computers, on the other hand, are spreading through fandom like wildfire - I mean fandom in Australia, of course. If people didn't buy those things they'd be able to go to overseas worldcons and assist the A in '83 bid, and stuff like that. I can't afford either at the moment.

The OBE of ANZAPA is meant to regulate the behaviour of ANZAPA's members, not the contents of those member's publications. Hence sexist publications will, no doubt, continue to appear in ANZAPA. // By turning around I can glance at the map of the Paris Underground (Not a Religious Organization) which Rob Gerrand let me have a few months ago. I therefore look forward to reading about your adventures in Paris and/or France.

You'll Do Me: There's one ghastly thing Gough Whitlam has done, and it was brought home to me especially strongly a month or two ago whilst listening to Humphrey McQueen, and that is to have provided a dreadful model for would-be orators. As I listened to McQueen spouting what might very well have been sensible but was rendered senseless by his delivery I eventually twigged to his model. Whitlam used a technique which makes some sense in terms of television and commercial radio, but which doesn't lend itself to the conveyance of information. In this style the speaker produces a series of phrases which are arranged to end a reasonably regular intervals, regardless of grammar or sense or punctuation, so that the listener with a short span of attention will feel that something important and high-sounding has been said. It sounds dreadful, if you try to listen to the whole thing. The only way I can imagine people getting much satisfaction would be to jump up and flush the toilet every ten or fifteen seconds. 3RRR, the student FM station in Melbourne, uses the same technique when presenting 'serious' programs. Knowing that most of the members of its highly intellectual student audience can't cope with more than three or four minutes of concentration on anything, they break up speeches at roughly that interval with station announcements and a minute or so of nothing music. I'm not suggesting for a moment that most tertiary students today are incompetent and ignorant nerds, of course.

I had better mention here that Joyce Scrivner is a DUFF candidate, and that she is the candidate you should vote for, if you haven't done so already. (I haven't, but then I haven't seen any DUFF ballots. Voting closes Real Soon Now, whereas GUFF votes close February 14.)

Philosophical Gas: I enjoyed the few days you dropped in to VISE. I suspect that I've been back to Kenneth Hince's only once or twice since those days. I have been a trifle flustered at work lately - I mean, I have to do that proofing stuff too, you know, except that I'm not paid for it - and over the next few weeks I'll be tripping all over the place visiting schools. Not quite sure how ANZAPA is going to get mailing, to be blunt. Elaine has recently changed the brand of chocolate she buys for the Cafe Bar, which will mean I lose more weight, since the new stuff tastes terrible.

Speaking of terrible taste, TELECOM screwed us up this week. Our 'phone ceased operating last weekend, and our various agreements to be available at home to receive TELECOM folks were ignored by the other side. Finally they did make it when Jenny was home on Friday pm, and quickly established that the fault was not inside, and that it could have been repaired without reference to us. And one day that might happen, too, but not just yet because the cable men are awfully busy right now. I wonder how much profit TELECOM would make if it ran an efficient system? (Peter?) Enough fun and games - on with someone else's fanzine!