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A Journal Celebrating the Mach Mrch Maach Mrrch Much Mirch Morurch Mulch the um MRRCH dammit! *MARCH* of Mind (*Chorus: Boots boots boots boots mrrchin' up and down again!*) (*et cetera*) and published for fellow-minded lead-fingered typists in various parts and crannies of this octangular globe by John Bangsund, PO Box 171, Fairfield, Victoria 3078, Australia Regis, PHILOSOPHICAL GRASS has some claim to be the wrrld's last bastion of frrr sprrrrch and rr rrrrrrr rrr rhrrhrhrhrh. Some would say the only claim.

21 March 1981 But first a special cheerioh to our readers Charles and Diana, whose recent engagement has brought tears of joy and lactations of happiness to all their friends in Waukegan, Illinois, and indeed in many other places. To our ever-dear, ever-faithful Ethel Briggs, whose letters of comment have given us many hours of delight and amusement over the years, we can only offer condolence. Ethel, as most readers will be aware, has for thirty years or more lived next-door-but-one to the handsome and extremely eligible Charlie. Bear up, dear Ethel, our hearts are with you. And if it's any consolation, we have struck the bastard from our mailing list. After all, we only sent him PHILOSOPHICAL GORSE because he was a freind of yours.

22 March 1981 How time flies, does it not! It must be at least a year since this trpewiwyter had a service, not that you'd notice, for example. Why, goodness gracious, only recentlyryryryryryryryryrrrrr Himm.

recentlyryryryryryryry

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quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog 1234 quickbrownorororororororororo

ro ro ro yr boats gently down the stream
merrily merrily merrily merrily
life is just a dream

22 March 1981 As I was saying only yesterday, I've been having a bad trot lately with my car. Car, yes. The Renault, you remember the one. Everything going wrong at once sort of thing. Like light globes, or bulbs as some claim to call them. Hry Warner Jr had a theory about that, I seem to recall. I don't know whether he has a theory (*what the hell is wrong with this IBM!*) (pardon) theory about Renaults all going at once. Just a week or so ago I was looking with some pride at our car, thinking how lucky I was that I had a regular job so I could afford the \$750-odd it had cost to put new tyres on it and a few other things needed to make it generally roadworthy, and next morning Sally busted the driver's seat, just like that. I spent another \$150 putting new seats in it, and I refuse to discuss the matter. Let's talk about something else.

4 April Well, I didn't like the last issue much, except that it was short, I'll say that for it. Part of the trouble with this horrible little journal is that I don't like it enough to send it to anyone outside anzapaflapanfapa, so I never get any letters of comment to make the thing interesting. When I look at other fanzines, with their great long sparkling letters from Chas Jensen, John Alderson, Ken Ozanne and the like, I could almost believe I do this deliberately, not wanting to be shown up for the dreary writer I am by my correspondents. But I miss the letter column. And I do get things in the mail, so why not have one, just for once?

LETTER COLUMN

Rodney Davidson The President of the Friends of the Baillieu Library
26 Lansell Road and Mrs Davidson request the pleasure of your
Toorak company at a Late Afternoon Reception at 'Tahara',
26 Lansell Road, Toorak on Thursday, 23rd April 1981,
6 o'clock/8 o'clock. RSVP Executive Secretary, Friends of the Baillieu
Library, Melbourne University, Parkville 3052. On acceptance entree
cards will be forwarded. Donation \$15.

::: Fifteen dollars! Is that for Sally and me, Rod, or per each? What the hell, the 23rd is payday, we might just pop in for a few minutes to see how the other half of one per cent lives. It's given us some ideas, too. Sally and I reckon we'll hold a little Late Afternoon Reception outside Fairfield Post Office in aid of the Friends of the Bangsund Fanzine Collection - all you can eyetrack in two hours for \$15. Or we could have it in the gracious grounds of 'Boomdeyay', 144 Fulham Road, Alphington, and lay on a bit of ping-pong for gracious paying guests who don't care for fanzines.

Government Printer If you go boating on Port Phillip Bay - this is
?A Parliament Place for you. *A Guide to Safe Boating in Port Phillip*
East Melbourne *Bay*. Price \$1.50, posted \$2.00. This publication
is recommended to every boating enthusiast by Mr
Frank Y. Turley, Director of the National Safety Council of Australia,
Victorian Division. BOOK OF THE MONTH

::: Well, golly gosh and great galloping gunwales, chaps, if I'd just published the Book Of The Month I'd be asking a sight more than \$1.50 for it. Besides, I can't remember the last time I went boating on Port Phillip, unless it was with the VRI Camera Club and Carolyn back in 1964. Big boat, mind, and I still reckon it was the one that later became the Argonaut, the floating restaurant. As direct descendant of the master of the Reliance, I should know much more about such matters, but I don't. The sea in my blood must have leaked out somewhere, I guess.

Sally Bangsund I did not bust the seat! It just happened to fall to
'Boomdeyay' pieces while I was sitting in it, that's all. Who is
Alphington this Carolyn?

*Adrian McCabe
McCabe House
56 Neridah Street
Chatswood 2067*

'YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE RICH TO MAKE MONEY IN REAL ESTATE!' On this quality cassette I spell out in detail my new guidelines for investing in Real Estate today. ... (and) ... (and furthermore)... These properties and others like them were often financed on DEPOSITS OF ONLY SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS. Rentals from the properties meet most of the repayments on the balance of the purchase price which is borrowed. This leaves only a small amount of subsidy which is met by the investor. The CAPITAL APPRECIATION on these initial investments has often been quite UNBELIEVEABLE. Give me a chance and I'll show you how Real Estate Investment can work for you.

::: Well, hell, Adrian, I'd like to be in it, you know that, but I just don't seem to have 'only several thousand dollars' left after I've paid the rent each fortnight, you know? Mr McCabe's bulk-mail letter came to my Kew box, not to my Fairfield box. Students of Relative Junk Mail Distribution may care to note this. Fairfield is one of the areas where you can make a fortune in real estate. Kew isn't. Someone on the radio the other night was saying that we in Australia must get used to the idea of paying more for 'shelter', which is the cant word for housing. And of course we must. If houses were so cheap that anyone could afford one, rent would be so low that it wouldn't amount to much of a decent unearned income, and there'd be no growth in the Real Estate Investments, and old Adrian would be out of business and the economy would fall apart. Can't let that happen, can we? I demand the privilege of paying more rent! If Fairfield is to become a Truly Great Investment Prospect and trendy as hell, we can't go on letting people have three-bedroom houses for \$65 a week, it stands to reason.

*R. Alistair McAlpine
10 Aquatic Drive
French's Forest 2086*

By kind permission of The Royal College of Surgeons of England, Genesis have produced a limited, facsimile edition of Charles Darwin's Autograph Journal of his momentous voyage in the Beagle. The original of this most important 19th-century document, held at Down House, Kent, has been painstakingly taken apart and photographed page by page. ... (etc) ... (and etc) ... only 500 copies ... printing plates are now to be destroyed ... \$595 ... Bankcard accepted.

::: Jesus, Al, you shoulda let me know about this before I stupidly sent off my sub to Adrian's newsletter!! Now I'll have to wait for the paperback, damn.

*Book Club Associates
14 Mars Road
Lane Cove 2065*

Take any 3 for \$1.00 each (plus postage and packing) when you join Doubleday History Book Club. SEND IN YOUR APPLICATION NOW TO JOIN THE MANY THOUSANDS OF CLUB MEMBERS PURSUING THEIR INTEREST IN HISTORY.

::: Couldn't find three I wanted, fellers, sorry. Do you know, by the way, that some of your fantastic bargain books have been remaindered all over Melbourne? I would ask Adrian and/or Al to look into this if I were you. If any of your members ever called into a bookshop they could get awfully annoyed with you.

There have been other book offers in my junk mail lately, of course, but whatever fun there might be in pretending they're LOCs has gone, for me anyway. One outfit, Resolution Press (PO Box W7, Neutral Bay 2089 - is it just coincidence that all these special editions seem to be done in Sydney?), offers me for only \$75.00, plus \$2.00 postage and handling, a limited edition of Sir George Young's 'proposal for a colonization of New South Wales'. I'm not tempted, partly because this is the second copy I've had of this leaflet in six months (how can they fail to sell 250 copies in six months?), mainly because I already have two copies of Sir George's proposal. One is in the large set of Mackaness's monographs reprinted by Bill Hornadge at something like \$95 the set, \$2.50 the volume - still in print, if you're interested, and amazing value. The other is in the *Historical Records of New South Wales*, vol.1, part 2, price \$35.00 or thereabouts. Some people have wondered why I laid out \$350 each for the *Historical Records of Australia* and its predecessor the *HRNSW*. To tell the truth, even that staunch companion of mine and all-round jolly nice person Sally wondered why I wanted the damn things, when there was rent to pay and suchlike. I wanted them, and keep them, and treasure them, because they contain a lot of the raw data about Australia's beginnings. Mostly they're not fun to read, being mostly official as hell, but they're fun enough to keep me fascinated for hours on end when I should be doing something else. *HRNSW* runs to 7 or 8 volumes, depending on whether you count the two parts of vol.1 as one or two, plus an index and volume of charts, which the reprinters haven't got round to yet. *HRA* runs to 33 volumes, and I was very lucky to get the second-last set in 1978. I've seen it advertised since at \$1500. Not sure where that ranks on the McCabe scale, but as an investment it's academic anyway: I didn't buy it as an investment. If I had, I know what I'd do with it. I'd reprint bits of it in expensive little limited editions for the suckers in Kew and Toorak. Anyone out there want to go into business? All we need is money for printing and publicity - there's no copyright to worry about. But what a despicable sort of business that would be! I'd rather chance going broke with a line of \$2.95 paperbacks.

Neville J. Angove
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keeps on sending me his fanzines, bless him, though I can't think of anything offhand I've done to deserve them. *The Cygnus Chronicler* vol.3 no.2 whole number 8 March 1981 is pretty boring but beautifully produced, and contains the usual quota of comments by the editor specifically designed to offend readers devoted to all that is Good, True and Beautiful in Life (like myself), such as the ALP and the writing of George Turner. I don't know why Neville does this. Maybe he's a fair-dinkum unreconstructed Friedmanite and Moskowitzian who pines for all that was accepted as good form before the war, like the United Australia Party and Vargo Statten. An issue or two back he blasted Damien Broderick's *Dreaming Dragons* mercilessly but said we should read it anyway. This time round he says George Turner's piece in *Stellar Gauge* is 'a well-written but badly flawed idiosyncratic diatribe'. I'm not convinced that Neville knows much about good writing, or even what a diatribe is, but he's got a good practical grasp of idiosyncrasy, I'll say that for him. Also he probably represents the current generation's view of sf. If you aren't frightened enough yet about where sf is thought to be heading,

you should really have a look at Neville's stuff. There's a story in this issue, for example, by Paul Collins (a bloke I've heard a lot about but never met). It starts like this.

John Hart's rugged but amicable face twisted as a mild frustration worked within him. He was seated at a table in the communal room, head cradled in the palm of his right hand, flicking through Bradford's dossier. The answer had to be there somewhere.

Now, I've read that before. The beginning of John Russell Fearn's *The Intelligence Gigantic* creates exactly the same mood as this beginning of Paul's story. The main difference is that I don't recall Fearn's hero being left-handed. Jesus, Neville, is this where we're at? Can you expect us to take your evaluations of people like Broderick and Turner seriously when you choose to publish garbage like this?

There was a whoosh as Eilea, the team's doctor, came into the room and sat opposite him.

Well, don't mind me, read on, find out why there was a whoosh when Doc Eilea came in. And do let me know if you find out. I read on for several hundred words and found no clue to that whoosh and sort of lost interest.

*Damian Brennan
21 Gold Street
South Fremantle 6162* kindly sent me the 6th issue of *Bionic Rabbit*, which by 1986 standards looks a pretty interesting and nicely produced fanzine. In other respects, too, it reminded me of that old-time fandom we used to get before Aussiecon. In a word, unpretentious. Just fun. In a few other words, it's the kind of fanzine we'll be relying on to continue the grand tradition if we have another World Convention here in 1983 and another influx of Angoves and Collinenses.

Having made that awesome statement, I now understand how Graham Stone felt about the 1966 Melbourne Convention and the influx of Foysters, Hardings and Bangsunds. Gosh. Now, here's an article entitled

POMMY CHABLIS TREATED

from a fan who's older than the rest of us put together. Pay attention there, Ortlieb. This is what fan-writing was like before the war.

*John Berry
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Herts AL10 8LY UK* During March 1981 my son Colin drove us northwards from Melbourne to the triangle of Wangaratta, Swan Hill and Bendigo. I noticed that generally the countryside was flat and brown, and an alarming number of dead trees were present, white branches starkly fingering upwards. However, there is an area just south and to the west of Wangaratta, where the infamous Ned Kelly used to roam, which is a wine-growing district, and Colin said that it would be very informative for us to visit two or three of the local vineyards and perhaps buy a few bottles.

The first vineyard we visited was established in 1870. Smiling triumphantly, Colin swerved onto the dirt road, through the rows of vines, to the 'tasting section'. A lady arrived with five small wine glasses, which she placed on the counter, and then splayed out her

hands to indicate the rows of bottles available for tasting. I know nothing about wine, except that it's a mark of good breeding to drink red with fish, but my son is quite knowledgable on the subject, so when I saw him fill his glass with Chenin Blanc I confidently expected him to permit a delicate dribble to seduce his tongue, do sensuous things with his lips, then emit a terse but accurate comment on the bouquet and acidity of the wine. In fact, he is so fantastically expert that all he needed to make his prognostication was an abrupt inward swing of the glass, precipitating the entire contents down his cavernous throat. 'Nice,' he said. 'I'll have a dozen bottles of that.'

I immediately perceived that this was the way a real expert demonstrated his knowledge, and I speedily attempted to emulate Colin's technique to impress my audience, but after the fifth different wine sample in as many minutes my stomach felt as though a nuclear explosion was imminent and my limbs became unco-ordinated. I went outside for some fresh air, except that it wasn't fresh, it was burning hot, and I have to report frankly that my wife also had so much wine that I had some difficulty assisting her to the car.

I certainly recall the second vineyard we visited in Milawa, because I shall never forget that raucous Aussie voice shouting 'Don't let that Pommy blowhard in here!' Was he referring to me? I vaguely wondered. If he was, I outmanoeuvred the officious oaf by crawling in on my hands and knees behind him. I felt it necessary then to lie under the counter, behind the hessian sacking, and surreptitiously reach up when no-one was looking and whip away a quick sample. I don't know how the hessian came down, but I do think it was very undignified of them to drag me away from the place by my ankles.

I understand that we visited a really nice vineyard in Rutherglen or New South Wales, or that general area, but by then I was officially hors de combat. And no matter what you might hear, it is utterly untrue that I was tied down in the car with three seatbelts.

::: Nice meeting you, John, even if it was only on the phone. You would have gone back to England with a really bad impression of Australian fandom if Sally and I had passed on to you our variable viraemia with galloping collywobbles. I've still got it, actually, so for godsakes don't touch this page whatever you do.

7 April Pushing ANZAPA's deadline again, and if I'm not mistaken, past FLAP's, and there's barely a ream of old-fashioned quarto in the house (none at all at good old Norman Bros, stationers of this metropolis), so this will have to be it.

Except that I had a letter from a former colleague in Canberra who tells me in passing that my dear old workmates and friends Alf Blair, Arthur Cosford and Ted Angell have all died. Sally and I had been thinking about visiting Canberra at Easter, but not now. Some other time.

Gosh, I seem to have run out of room for mailing comments again. Is it true, Derrick, that anyone who goes two mailings without publishing mailing comments will be chucked out of ANZAPA? Just room to say howdy to Ed Cagle and all muh frainds in Loov'l, and that's it for this time.