

The **M**ove To **MELBOURNE** NEWSLETTER **No.1**

\$148 to Melbourne
KING ISLAND

All fares quoted are one way Economy. Land fares are by bus, the fare across Bass Strait is by air.

\$33 to Melbourne

\$41 to Melbourne

\$80 to Melbourne

x BIRDSVILLE

x THE ALICE

x MACKAY

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FITZROY

AUSTRALIA

Showing Main and Mythical Settlements

x KATHILGINE

\$245 to Melbourne

SOUTH

ACTEALUA

DEVILS

NORTH

(MORE DEVILS)

The MtM Newsletter is edited by Michelle Muijsent, Amelia Underwood, Lucinda Lewis and our Aunty Emily Birdsfoot. It is produced by Mark Loney. The Newsletter counts as the June 1987 issue of The Space Wastrel, is numbered semi-consecutively 7.5 and, as such, is open for LoCcing, blank stares of amazement and other forms of criticism; including Moving Down Here and talking to us about it. We are contactable at:-

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We take no responsibility for any adverse effects caused by acting on the information contained herein.

AIMS OF THE MOVE TO MELBOURNE CAMPAIGN

So why are conducting this campaign? Why are we about to introduce you to the delights of Marvellous Melbourne? Mostly, I guess, it's altruism. Having some experience of living elsewhere in the Big A - not to mention the Less Big NZ - the Campaign Committee knows that fans who don't live in Melbourne are Missing Out. For persons with sensitivity and discerning tastes, there really isn't anywhere else in Australia to compare. The Committee feels sad every time it thinks about all those sympatico people in other places whose lives could and should be enriched by living in the genteel and rarified but nonetheless vitalising atmosphere of Melbourne.

Then again, while we have heaps of nice people already in Melbourne, the Committee always bears in mind the wisdom inherent in a certain old aphorism. The more the merrier.

Our theme song is that famous Beatles number, "All You Need Is Melbourne". Hum it in the shower or bath.

EARLY SUCCESSES

The Campaign is quite obviously **an idea whose Time Has Come**. I base this statement on the empirical evidence that a number of people in Australasian fandom have succumbed to the Campaign in anticipation of its existence. Strong vibes, man. I could bring in names of people who have already moved here in the last two to three years - Marc Ortlieb, Mark Loney, Michelle Muijsert et al, Greg Hills (two times!), Perry Middlemiss and others - or even longer ago - Mandy Herriott, Mark Linneman, Ali Kaya, Cath Circosta, etc. - and have happily and contentedly remained ensconced; however I think it is probably more appropriate to contain my observations to more recent voluntary nominees whose decisions have obviously been influenced by forward vibes from the Campaign. That fannish Master of Rats, John Packer has been waiting patiently for a governmental transfer for at least a year, and has been observed on a number of occasions nipping down to Melbourne to make advance experiments on the local public transport. Onya, John.

Perth's fannish fashion expert and Gordon Blue cook, Ms Joanna Masters, is also champing at the bit in her desire to MtM. In fact it's got to the point where she's had to disappear off to Britain for a bit to cool down. But then Melbourne can have that effect! Not for wimps or wowers.

Of course, the planned moves of Terry Frost and Karen Vaughan (from Sydney), and Julian Warner (from Perth) to Canberra are sure signs of the centripetal attractive force that emanates from Melbourne.

Melbourne has the lowest unemployment of any capital city in Australia at 6.7%

SPEAKING OF FORCES THAT EMANATE FROM MELBOURNE

Melbourne is good for your health. You can tell because bad things happen when people leave. Look at John Foyster. Moved to Adelaide and was nearly booked to death within a month of arriving. Then there's the case of poor old Roger 'Sex Symbol' Weddall. Roger went on extended holiday to Egypt and ended up spending weeks in an Egyptian Hospital with a broken pelvis. These are just two (rather serious) examples of an easily observable trend. I don't say it's fair - obviously it's rather insidious and nasty - I act merely as a collater of the facts.

People from other parts of Australia often complain that Melbourne is grey and dirty. We have news for them - that's the way cities are supposed to be.

Since I moved to Melbourne my washing has been whiter and brighter.
- An Unsolicited Testimonial from Mark Linneman.

FIRST PROUD MOVE-TO-MELBOURNITE

The MtM Campaign was first mooted at that most salubrious of fannish Cons (held in Melbourne, natch), EasterCon, in the hearing of an established but nonetheless friendly Sydney fan, Gordon "Does That Feel Good?" Lingard. For some time after the initial discussion Gordon was heard wandering around the Con muttering, "tempting, tempting". Some may have thought he was talking about chocolate flavoured massage oil, but here at MtM we know he was talking about Melbourne. It is now our pleasant duty to report that Gordon has decided not to resist temptation and will be arriving in Old Merveilleuse (as the Big M is sometimes affectionately known by its inhabitants) early in July. We're proud to be able to take this golden opportunity ~~IIIVe/IWd/STIeCYA~~ to say, Welcome to Melbourne, Gordon.

A common criticism of Melbourne is that it is a very conservative place. Not so! During the recent AIDS phone-in campaign, Victorians made by far the most enquiries of any State, easily outstripping the larger and more sensationalist 'Premier' State. {Premier at what, may we ask?}

MELBOURNE - AUSTRALIA'S UNDISPUTED FANNISH CAPITAL

This, of course, is the main reason you should move to Melbourne. There are a number of fannish activities which for some years now have been regular, reliable, organised and well attended ~~IW/dIYedY/ddwYIAsY/Ib/sdY/edYIYd#/I/dIYdY~~ ~~ANsYIAlAsIaW/IANNISY/dEAYIeA~~: - the 'Old Guard' diners on Friday nights starring Ditmar nominee waitress, Jessica Aldridge; Friday night Melbourne SF club meetings; monthly Nova Mob meetings; monthly fannish dinners at real restaurants; the Dandenong Valley SF Club Meetings. Most of Australia's fanzines are produced in Melbourne: - The Space Wastrel, Thyme, Larrikin, Aust SF Review, Tigger, Secant, Sikander, Ethel the Aardvark, Cathseye, Untitled, StunGun, Starkindler, etc., etc. Melbourne is the home of T.R.O. Carey Handfield, fannish voting solidarity, superior fannish numbers and Kinkons. In recent times it has hosted hoax fanzines, fake fans, various controversies in the pages of Thyme and some very good Parties.

Melbourne fandom has a history of fannish activity second to none in the Antipodes. The present generation of Melbourne fans are building well on this solid foundation. Why not come feel our muscles? Oops! Sorry. I mean, well... you're welcome, any time.

A Subjective Fact {from someone who's in a position to know}: Melbourne has the best bookshops in Australasia. And if you don't believe me, just come and check it out for yourself...

DON'T ALL RUSH IN AT ONCE - YOU'LL TIP AUSTRALIA UP

Time for a disclaimer. If, after reading the newsletter, you decide to MtM please call us or drop us a line and the committee will arrange a welcoming party and a place to sleep while you're initially in Melbourne. We are not, however, able to organise long term accomodation or jobs, although we can assure you that both are pretty freely available; the former at around \$45 or \$50 per bedroom per week for inner city living. I say this in particular to our overseas readers, having seen 3 North American resumés in the MtM Chambers in recent times. Sorry, mates and matesses, the proper outfit to see about immigrating^g the local Australian embassy/consulate. This, of course, applies to Queenslanders too, but not Aotearoans. (There's a clue to something in there, I'm sure.) Anyway, if the Powers That Be are unfriendly, all we can suggest is that if it's possibly to fly a plane 900k and land in Red Square without being detected, then it can't be that tough to get into little old Melbourne!!!

Since I came to Melbourne I hardly ever get Housemaid's Knee anymore.
Mark Linneman, Fannish Yoga Expert.

INTERESTING PEOPLE TO MEET IN MELBOURNE - I

22 Waltham Street, Richmond

Don't be alarmed by the armed guard outside, he has strict instructions that anyone wearing a propellor beanie is to be admitted with no questions asked. Be warned that you may be risking injury to life and limb by entering, for it is here that Jeremy Adler's menagerie of sentient socks reside, which explains the armed guard outside. Jeremy is under contract to a multinational arms corporation to care for his socks, for possible use in biological warfare. How do you think he can afford all those books? Books in the living room, books in the dining room, books in the toilet until that dreadful night when a drunken Melvin Bunns finished his business with a signed Arkham House Robert Bloch novel. You could stand in the living room for hours looking at all the signed John Norman first editions. I wouldn't advise it, though. The sentient socks do get a little peckish at times, and the purple worsted pair is just getting its baby teeth... well, fangs, actually.

- Intrepid roving MtM Reporter, Andrew Brown

MAKING AN IMPRESSION

Konrad Lorenz discovered the idea of imprinting years before Anne McCaffrey decided that it would make a delightful metaphor for the realization of writing talent. The role of imprinting in human psychological development is not fully understood, although if psychologists were aware of the reasons for rough carpet eliciting a warm glow in what romance novelists and biblical scholars would refer to as my loins they might be at least part of the way towards an answer.

What has not been adequately documented is the massive psychic trauma caused by a potential science fiction fan's first encounter with fandom. Jean Weber started to examine this in her first two fanzines - the Aussiecon Memorial Fanzines - but she became more interested in other aspects of the fannish psyche. It is my contention that something akin to imprinting occurs at the moment that the incipient fan breaks through the mundane cocoon. Take, for instance, the following comments, written in the first flowering of fannish awareness.

"Cue 31:- Lights fade up on a greatcoated figure standing by a microphone. His heart is thumping the shit out of his ribs.

ORTLIEB:- My God! I've done it. I'm standing here where everyone can see me. Shit. My head is spinning, my stomach is burning, the shaking of my hands is the only thing stopping the sweat building up. My God. I've done it. Made a real fool of myself. Acting was never this bad."

Compare them to this quotation from Anne McCaffrey's DRAGONFLIGHT

"A feeling of joy suffused Lessa; a feeling of warmth, tenderness, unalloyed affection, and instant respect and admiration flooded mind and soul."

The symptoms differ slightly, but the mood is the same. What happened to me the very first moment I got up to speak at a convention - albeit only to ask a question from the auditorium - was that fandom imprinted itself on me.

There are certain consequences of imprinting. One is that one's sensations during imprinting are forever associated with the imprinting experience. That is why, whenever I think of fandom, my mind drifts back to the Southern Cross Hotel and, by association, to Melbourne. Aussiecon was my first visit to Melbourne and certain memories stick - walking along Bourke St with my great-coat and rucksack; my first ever tram ride along St Kilda Road; finding the

corner music shop where I bought my first steel-string acoustic guitar; meeting Allan Day.

I never really shook the idea that Melbourne was where fandom was. It was three years before I attended a convention outside Melbourne or Adelaide and my brief flirtation with Sydney as a possible site for Australian fandom I ascribe more to overactive hormones than to any true sense of where things were in a fannish sense. Melbourne was where the real fans were, when they weren't making brief forays into other states, in order to set their fannish houses into order - as Bengard did in Adelaide.

Melbourne was where Fanew Sletter came from, documenting all sorts of fannish tarring do and institutions like Degraives and the Magic Puddin Club. Melbourne had Space Age Books.

A certain lethargy crept into my interest in Adelaide. I'd speak apologetically of the place. My bank account shrivelled as the airfares sucked it dry. It became a standing joke that there were Adelaide fans I only ever saw at Melbourne conventions.

It was only a matter of time before I foresook the fannish desert of Adelaide for Melbourne. It was my destiny, programmed into me that first moment at Aussiecon. Rumours that it had something to do with a rather beautiful woman of Italian descent can be ignored. She didn't even have a rough lounge carpet.

- an Unsolicited Testimonial by that famous and popular MtMite, MARC ORTLIEB

INTERESTING PEOPLE LIVING IN MELBOURNE - II

4 Harold Street, South Melbourne

From the outside it looks unassuming, perhaps exhibiting a touch of prior Mediterranean inhabitation in the great quantities of concrete that infest the front porch and backyard. But don't be fooled. For it is here that Kristin and Dink McGavin lie recuperating after the massive traumas of Opsiecon II, the 43rd Interstellar Skiffy Exposition. Although the doors of this sanctuary remain firmly shut to all but the valiant cohort of the Gang of 22/7, this cenotaphic edifice remains a must see for the enthusiastic tourist or newcomer.

One last thing. You may be wondering about that bearded figure with the deer-stalker hat who keeps wandering around with a metal detector, making mystic incantations under his breath. The more adventurous of you may even venture close enough to distinguish cryptic phrases like "ASFF", and "The books must be around here somewhere". Stay cool: it's just Jock Heimwald, distinguished Sydney bureaucrat, searching for the fabled Opsiecon slush fund. At least it keeps him from inventing new Broopkick award categories. Some of the more conservative of us are still feeling from "Best Third Generation Australian with True Fifth Fandom Panache to Utter a Momentous Statement, 1985".

- Again, Andrew Brown

MELBOURNE'S CLASSIC MOVIE HOUSES

It seems that the last outpost of overt filth on the streets of Australia is Narvullus Melbourne. King's Cross?? Ha! While waiting for a train out of Sydney just before Easter I wasted two very boring and expensive hours in the supposed smut centre of Australia. What a huge pile of poo.

A smoothly dressed sleazy and shiny spruiker (the guy that stands on the footpath trying to convince passers by that he offers the greatest show on Earth) put a fraternal arm around my shoulder. I had a feeling that he could tell I was a tourist. It seemed that "HOLIDAY PAY" was written all over my face.

"Come inside mate," he said in a low voice as if he was making me party to an important confidence, "Movies... fuckin' greaaat movies, live fuck shows on stage..." he was now talking into my ear, "Escorts upstairs..."

The last detail didn't interest me, but the chance of some real honest depravity after years in Queensland! Oh voyeurism! Ooooh! Ah! Zoom. In like a shot I was. Slavering and sinking closer to the gutter each second. I was stopped short.

"Eighteen bucks thanks pal."

"Whaaaa... eighteen???" [Thinks (foaming at the mouth): This is going to be UNREAL!!!] "Yeay yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah!" (Why did I think that expensive must equal excellent? Why didn't the possibility of ripoff enter my head just once?) Zoom.

I was the only one in the place apart from two tired looking "escorts" and the "fuckin greaaat movie" wasn't even playing (I had to wait for them to plug in the video). When the movie did start there was no sound - I had to go and tell them to turn it up - and it was the lamest of the lame 'R' rated bag full of farts I have ever seen. The entertaining part was that a couple of minutes later one of the "escorts" had the gaul to sit herself down next to me asking if I would like to come upstairs. Like fuck. I would never, ever anyway but at the level of excitement that I was, I had to laugh.

I was there for forty five minutes or so (determined to somehow get value for my money) and no "live show" had appeared. Then it struck me that they wouldn't bother with just me there and the whole thing was giving me the shits anyway so I pissed off to catch my train.

But Maarrvvullus Melbourne! City of the Wowser! Nah... Even the really garish and overt smut houses in the middle of the city offer more for the dedicated pervert than the Cross. Cheaper too.

The Barrel Adult Cinema: Right in the heart of the city! (Which to be honest is a bit tasteless). It is lit up like a Xmas tree (day and night) and its front is covered with gaudy and very obvious signs. There was no spruiker out the front when I visited (for me he wasn't necessary - to be honest I was in a bit of an altered state of consciousness) and the admission was \$7.50. Cheap (and the standard price in Melbourne) and the movies were XXXX as promised.

They were good quality US porn movies and not the silly ones that you too often see. As for the "GIRLS GIRLS GIRLS" naaaahh... I'm afraid that the art of striptease has been lost. I won't bother reviewing any of the "live acts" at any of these places. All the same. Crap.

The seating at the Barrel was fine. The reproduction quality on the big video screen was good and the audio - if you need it - was OK. The dunnies were revolting and smelly.

The Shaft Adult Cinema: The Shaft is two doors down from the Barrel. Hmmm. Thinks it might be owned by the same crowd. I recognised one of the "live" acts from the Barrel.

The Shaft is smaller and the movies are of the same quality. It was very crowded and the theatre is very smelly (I didn't visit the dunny). They seem to allow smoking there - there were people smoking there anyways - which was a bit yukky. The repro quality of the videos wasn't as good as the Barrel but there was one particular movie that was HOT. I won't go into detail but Oooh! Oh phew! I'm... Utr... mmph!

The seating was OK - it's just that getting to one was a problem. One had a tendency to trip over people (and the people there seemed to want to think of themselves as non-people for the time they were there, which is a bit hard when you are being tripped over, so they got a bit annoyed).

The Crazy Horse Theatre: There is an "Adult" bookshop in the foyer and the cinema is nice and spacious but give the place a big miss (I hope they don't send the boys around). The repro quality of the video was horrible and so was the movie. I mean it was really silly. I was there with four friends - including two women - and they all agreed. The "live" acts were dead and I would

have had more fun with a 1967 issue of "Playboy". I didn't visit the dunny. All of the above places have rear exits for anonymous leaving (too bad if you're seen entering) and they have no off-street parking of their own. If you're into that sort of thing Melbourne is the place to come.

May they all be big scratchy ones in the morning.

- Found in a little pile in the corner after the departure of Exiled-In-Queenslandite and good mate BERT DURGLAR from the MtN Chambers

INTERESTING PEOPLE 2027 FOUND IN MELBOURNE - III

Flat 9, 62 Grosvenor Street, East St Kilda

Before you even see that den of iniquity that forms the nightly habitat of Alvi Burns, the sound will pin you to the pavement. From the top floor of an otherwise unassuming block of St Kilda flats, the piercing shriek of feedback echoes down the street. Alvin is shaking out the nightly dose of cobwebs from his brain. It certainly is remarkable how green those cobwebs are.

People visiting this residence are advised to take two things into account. If the recorded sound of electric guitars in high octane death throes isn't your musical cup of tea, tough. And if you're a little asthmatic, entry into Alvin's smoke hazed living room may have serious consequences for your health, both physically and mentally. Alvin himself can be a little peculiar. Perhaps you should avoid visiting on nights with a full moon, for it is then that he conducts mystic ceremonies involving ritual disembowelings of basketballs and burning of the Harlem Globetrotters in effigy. Watching him put on Cabaret Voltaire and practicing his limbo dancing can be pretty alarming too. You'd swear he was having an epileptic fit, but no, he's just trying to get in some practice so that he can really knock off Amelia Underwood's socks at the next fannish party with dancing.

- The Return of Andrew Brown

'Melbourne is a fantastic place to be.'

- the unsolicited statement of a new arrival

The initial response to the 'Move To Melbourne' campaign has been very encouraging - it's clearly an idea whose time has come. I've been asked to speak to you, then, in my capacity as someone who has had every chance to move from Melbourne - but who has not.

It's a question not only of why you'd want to move to Melbourne (as I'm sure you do, if you haven't already) but also why no-one would want to move to - or remain living³ - any other place in Australia.

Twice, on my return from lengthy periods overseas, I've had the chance more or less to pick and choose the Australian city in which I'd live. Twice, I've chosen Melbourne. Oh, I admit a brief flirtation with the city of Sydney, back in '82 when things fannish were cooking; and the first time I visited Adelaide I was enchanted both by the city environs and its inhabitants... but if anything's cooking in Sydney these days then it must be on a very slow boil indeed; and as for Adelaide, well, how many fans are there now left in that silent city of churches?

But Melbourne isn't just a fannish hub. It's a city famous internationally for the excellent quality and variety of its restaurants, its splendid botanical gardens and its art gallery. The Colin Mackenzie Native Fauna & Flora Preserve on the outskirts of the city (Healesville) is unique, and the Melbourne zoo is world class. You're simply looking at a city that is an attractive and lively place to be. And then there's fandom.

Look where all those fanzines are coming from; look at where all those Western Australian fans moving East are finally ending up (with more on their way seemingly every day); listen to that gossip - where did the story come from and

where did it all happen in the first place? You know the place where they hold those parties: you know the place they get together to perform the Human Orrery, and each year organise what's going to be on the final Ditmar Ballot. You know the place, so what's holding you back - get off your backside and join in the fun - move to Melbourne.

- A not quite Unsolicited Testimonial from ROGER 'machismo' WEDDALL

INTERESTING PEOPLE TO PERVZ/AT SEE IN MELBOURNE - IV

2 Rogers St, Richmond

Female visitors to Rogers Street are requested to make an appointment at least two weeks in advance with Rambo Hoddle's social secretaries, Amelia Underwood and Marco Lono. The writer cannot give a full account of Rambo's undisputed charm because he is of the wrong gender to have experienced the full warmth of Rambo Hoddle's welcome. Let's hear what visiting Californian fan Lizzy Hinkley had to say:

"There was something about his eyes... that little twinkle that seemed to belong with that devilish grin. And he presents himself so well - the stylish way that his sneakers remain as pure white as his devastatingly fannish WorldCon bid T-shirt collection. Rambo is the living proof that machismo has a valid contribution to make to the dialogue between the sexes - and we did some serious talking..."

Those lucky enough to wake up with Rambo in the morning can experience the delights of Rambo's cuisine nouvelle breakfasts in bed. He's one of those people who have mastered the intricate art of toasting bread so that it remains just a little on the safe side of being thoroughly carbonised. Even masters of Zen have a little trouble with that one.

- Globetrotting Fannish Journalist, Andrew Brown

INTO THE WHIRLPOOL

Melbourne sucks.

I say this in the nicest possible way. After all, I chose to move here back in January. Nevertheless, the closest analogy I can find to explain Melbourne's attractive power is that of water swirling down a plug-hole.

Take my own case. I came to Australia from New Zealand briefly, in mid-1981. I entered through Sydney, went to Adelaide, and returned to Sydney - via Melbourne. Then I went back to NZ for two years. But I came back in 1983, entering through Sydney but soon moving down to Melbourne. After six months, I spun away, again returning to NZ. 2½ years later I came back again, through Sydney, to Melbourne. And here I seem likely to stay, for now.

My motions call to mind the actions of an object floating in the bathwater. It starts at one end of the bath, approaches the plug-hole closely, then spins quickly away. Soon it returns, maybe spinning away again once or twice, but eventually achieving its destiny as it enters the centre of the vortex.

One should not follow this analogy too closely, of course. Melbourne's attraction is positive, not negative. Those entering the heart of the whirlpool find themselves in an environment very conducive to fannish activity and healthy socialising; they do not, as does the object in the bathwater, vanish from sight, never to return.

So, from one who has ridden the whirlpool, here's another voice saying - "Move to Melbourne". You ~~probably~~ won't regret it. And moving to Melbourne is easy. Follow the line of least resistance. After all - Melbourne sucks.

- An Unsolicited... Thing from Recent MtMite, GREG HILLS

Since I MtMed I no longer get dishwash hands.

- Mark Linneman, Satisfied Customer.
