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ally. In the meantime, "Perseverance will further." I'm not getting much writing done, of any sort, and in fact I seem to be hibernating in many ways; I'm getting used to living in Seattle, but I've had to put off exploring more of the city until I have more time.

I have, however, found myself a place to live, as you may have surmised from the new address listed after my name in the OBO last mailing. I'm living now in a basement apartment under an old house, on top of Capitol Hill, which is one of the most lively neighborhoods in the city. I knew I was getting settled in when I couldn't find things under all the piles of miscellaneous paper in the apartment. Most of the essentials of furnishing and so forth are here now, and I am thoroughly enjoying the feeling of having a place of my own once again. How can a bear hibernate without his cave?

If I'm going to carry on anything more than a hurried monologue this mailing, now is the time to begin.

log commentaires du mailing 48:

DEB KNAPP: Glad to see you and Brian in a mailing, at last!

Is the grass all burned white and dry on your island now? I've had it at the back of my mind to write you a letter for months, but it seems that this fanzine will have to do.

You have a macadenia nut tree! What luxury! The only place in this country that macadenia nuts (or is it macadamia?) are grown is Hawaii, and they're hideously expensive and hard to come by anywhere else. But thoroughly delicious. The only times I have a chance to eat them are at expensive parties, if I attend any, and sometimes on commercial airline flights (the first time I tasted them was on my first flight to the West Coast, when I was eight or nine years old and my whole idea of the West Coast was Disneyland). Your land produces an amazing variety of edibles.

Do you have to contend with zoning laws in determining what kind of house to build? As I'm sure you know well, innovative architecture here is often hampered by restrictive building codes and zoning laws, which were enacted with the intent of maintaining standards of decency in housing, but have the effect of restricting variety; even when your land is outside any town, where you would think you'd have complete freedom, it often turns out to be county zoning laws that bind you. Does New Zealand even have counties? (Does Australia, for that matter?) What administrative divisions or authorities apply to Waiheke?

Yes, I can envisage a gathering of sf fans in tents all over your farm, and I'd love to be one. I've been waiting for somebody to stage a small regional con along those lines--probably in some place like California, where, if you chose your

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season, you could be pretty sure it wouldn't rain on you--but so far no one in North America has had the nerve to escape from the environment of hotels and motels for a con.

BRIAN THUROGOOD: I'm eagerly awaiting the 5x3 full-colour posters of Carey Handfield (with circles and arrows on the back of each one, explaining what each one is?).

CHRISTINE MCGOWAN: No, you never did^{TELL} us how you came to be on the Aussiecon committee. It's all Carey's fault, you say? Tell us the true tale!

I'm curious about the train of thought you alluded to and then refused to pursue, all about "the modern obsession with concrete images and the decline of abstract thought." I also wonder what you do mean by "wickedness." (Evil I can comprehend, especially in the sense of the banality of evil, but the term "wickedness" only conjures up an archaic image in my mind, something along the lines of the sermon we all studied in high school English, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," by Jonathan Edwards, the last of the New England Puritan fire-and-brimstone preachers.) I suspect that I would disagree with you if I had a better idea what you were trying to say.

What a lovely line! Describing Canberra: "It is altogether a Most Unnatural place and full of politicians to boot." The capitals of both the United States and Canada were similarly chosen--or rather plunked down on top of hitherto unsuspecting towns (now that's probably not true; they probably vied for the chance)--to be midway between two antagonistic sections of the country: in Canada's case, along the Ottawa River, the boundary between French Quebec and English Ontario; in the US's case, along the Potomac, roughly between the North and the South. In both cases, the new capitals were situated on mosquito-ridden swamps. Both cities have a certain amount of character, and can be interesting places to live if you ignore the fact that they're the capitals. Canberra, although younger than either, seemed to me to have a small amount of character and texture in its older part; give the city time. At least it's located in what looks like very nice country, and not on a swamp.

Another lovely line: "...you know what it's like when you get the itch to leave home even if it does mean eating your own cooking...."

LEIGH EDMONDS: First, an old comment I meant to make months ago: my mind was, indeed, befuzzed with alcohol and/or lack of sleep when you asked me if I'd been talking about you when I wrote about The Run-On Sentence in Australian Literature; at the time you asked, I forgot the original context of my own remarks, remembering only that I was bugged by the lack of commas and semicolons in your writing. Really,

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it's not just you; the only reason I pick on you is that you do write interestingly and well, enough so that I'm bothered by this one discrepancy. But no one has ever answered my original question: do you think this kind of comma-less prose is characteristic of Australian writing? Is it sloppiness, or a national style? (Nobody ever responded to the rest of my questions and observations prompted by Hemisphere, either, although John Bangsund at least intended to.)

Why are you bothered at the prospect of Australian fandom becoming more fan- and fandom-oriented? It strikes me as an odd quail, because I've always identified myself most strongly with precisely that tendency in North American fandom: I consider fandom's worth to be in itself, not in any connection it has to science fiction. Actually, in recent years I've gotten less interested in such former passions as fan history, and more interested in science fiction--and I've always been annoyed with people who get deadly serious and exclusive, whatever their tendency--but my focus remains simply on fans, some of them, as people, and on fandom as a community. What's more, it was precisely that sense of community and fannish consciousness that first attracted me to Australian fandom.

Yes, indeed, Seattle is a fascinating and marvelous city. Did you get to the Pike Place Market when you were here? (I should dig out EMU TRACKS and look, I suppose, but it's buried around here someplace.) The Market is my favorite place in the city.

DON ASHBY: "The Magic Puddin': Better Than Protein Biscuits!"

I would hardly call you the most illiterate person in ANZAPA; at the risk of sounding repetitious, I'll say that I was bugged by your sloppy punctuation because it got in the way of my reading your stuff, which I enjoyed highly. Your ANZAPAZines are fast becoming some of those I look forward to the most. I feel that I have a great deal to talk to you about, but as I scan all the checkmarks I scattered through your pages, I realize that almost every one of them requires time, space, and a typewriter with a more fluid action to be responded to properly. Perhaps by next mailing I'll have a chance to sit down with Susan's Selectric (or possibly an even closer one, if either of the Seattle fans who're talking about it really do get them) and write at more length.

This is all I have time for. There was quite a lot more I wanted to write about, inspired by the last mailing, but it will have to wait. I only hope that these pages do make it into the upcoming mailing, and that they're not too illegible. As I finish this up, it's the evening of April Fool's Day.

--john d. berry