





free and easy wandering--3

such and still be able to pick up again a little farther down the line, when I might have more time and energy, but I failed to get my name back on the list for several months. That may have been just as well, since I haven't found myself abounding in extra hours in the intervening period; but I did finally get back on the waiting list, and I seem to have worked my way effortlessly to the top. I've missed ANZAPA in that time, missed the people I had contact with and failed to keep up that contact with after I dropped out, and though my level of fanac is very low these days, I hope it won't sink below what's necessary to maintain this link with all of you.

I doubt I'll be a hyperactive member this time around (nor was I the first time), but I expect that I'll manage a little better than minac. If I can't do that, then I'll let the membership lapse again. (Let me correct that: I'll let my membership lapse again; "the membership," that is, all of you, are not likely to lapse en masse for lack of my pages.) I probably won't be sending you xeroxed fanzines typed on correcting Selectrics in the future; it's just that I have access to a Selectric at the moment, which makes composition much faster and first-draft material much neater and seemingly seamless, and that xeroxing is faster than trying to get someone around here to run off six stencils for me in time to get them to John Foyster by the tenth. And with mimeography I wouldn't find it so easy to play with the collages you'll find in these pages.

#### On Myself

For those of you who weren't in ANZAPA when I was before, I'll introduce myself as briefly as possible. I'm a white, male, heterosexual American, 29 years old. I've been a science fiction fan since I was fifteen or sixteen (with some contacts before that; my very first fanzine was actually an imitation of FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND that I published when I was eleven); I've published quite a lot of fanzines and written a good deal for others, but I don't do much of either now. I live in Seattle, where I settled four and a half years ago, though I grew up in southern New York and southern Massachusetts and I've lived in northern California, northern Virginia, Washington, DC, and various other parts for varying lengths of time. I'm currently cursed with a typewriter that wants to leave parts off or various letters. I've traveled a good deal, and in 1975 I visited Australia to attend Aussiecon. I don't know when I'll repeat that trip; maybe in '83.

#### Australian Film

Seattle is an excellent movie town, although I am not a particularly avid film-goer. I'm much more likely to spend a few dollars on a meal or a book than to use it to go see a film, but lately I've been to more movies than usual.



Seattle is notable as a film town not only because a lot of films are showing at any one time, but because of its penchant for foreign films--especially, for some anomalous reason, Dutch, German, and Australian films. One Dutch filmmaker had the world premiere of his film in Seattle, and German director Werner Herzog claims that his reception is more appreciative here than in Germany. I have yet to see the one Australian feature film that is playing currently in a local theater--My Brilliant Career--which has been getting good reviews, and, with one exception, good reports from friends of mine who've seen it; but recently I saw for the second time two Australian films I had seen before, and before that I finally had a chance to follow up on Clifford Wind's recommendation and see Picnic at Hanging Rock. I have no idea how representative this sampling is of the Australian movie industry, but I've been generally impressed by what has made its way to the Pacific Northwest.

Picnic at Hanging Rock is my favorite of them all, and when writing to Bruce Gillespie I counted it as one of the two outstanding films I saw last year. I'd like to see it again in order to pick out the many bits of dialogue that I missed on first viewing; Peter Weir seems to like to have his characters mutter a lot, but each mutter has its significance if you can catch it. The eeriness of the film worked for me; I walked out of the theater exhilarated, with a heightened sense of mystery and an acute pleasure in the skillfulness with which the film was made. The concentration on the land and its mysteries is something that I've come to expect as characteristic of Australian films, and since I'm attuned to a sense of place and remember reveling in the feeling of difference when I was in Australia I particularly appreciated the camera's giving me a chance to let that land-sense of mine have free play. That it was integral to the nature of the film itself gave it an inevitable appeal for me.

Is this theme of the land and its alienness to the newcomer whites a central one to Australian cinema? I know that it is to Australian literature, at least to one branch of it. Jeanne Gomoll asked me this question in a letter last year, after seeing The Last Wave, Peter Weir's second film. She saw a theme of distrust of the land by European culture, which had imposed itself on an alien land that might take back what had been stolen at any moment. The only people truly in tune with the Australian land are the aborigines. It's a theme that appears in North American fiction, too, with the native Indians being the ones to learn from in learning to be native to this continent, but I've seldom seen the same sense of distrust, of marginalness--perhaps because this continent is less different from Europe, especially in the areas that were first explored and settled, than is Australia.

Jeanne was thinking also of Walkabout, which is not Australian in its director, but which is filmed entirely in Australia and is thoroughly Australian in theme. It was those two films that I saw again recently (Walkabout for the first time since it came out), and the two directors' different intense focusings

on the land served the same theme. I was less impressed with Walkabout on second viewing than I was ten years ago when I first saw it--much of its impact on me then came from my complete surprise, since I had gone expecting some sort of "family" movie, knowing nothing about it, just wanting to go out to a movie that night, and instead I got a good, unusual film--but it holds up all right. The Last Wave impressed me anew with Weir's sure technique and fine sense of mystery, but the end disappointed me all over again, even knowing that it would be disappointing. The film promises a mystery, and delivers trivia. But the getting there is still magnificent.

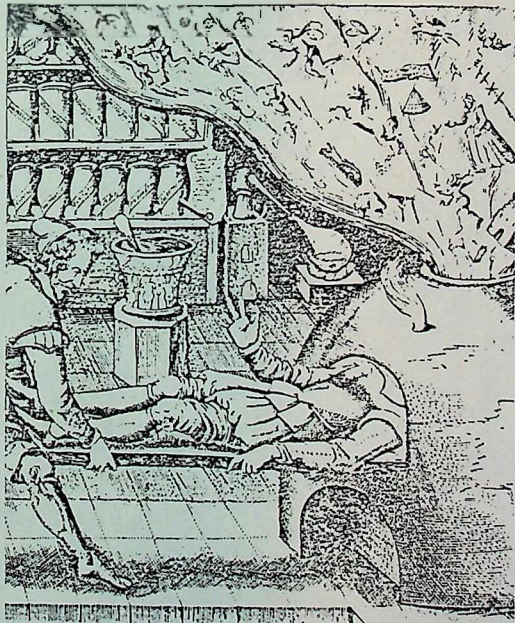
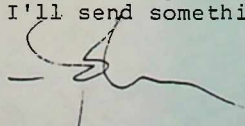
The Seattle International Film Festival was supposed to get Peter Weir's new film, but at the last minute they couldn't get it.

The least interesting film from Australia that I've seen is one that I forgot when writing my first paragraphs: News-front I believe is its title, although I keep wanting to call it Newsreel. It's a pretty ordinary film about two competing newsreel companies and their coping with the decline of newsreels in the face of television's competition. Yet it had its nice, uncommon touches; I was particularly taken with the way the two main male characters were both nondescript men, one of them wall-eyed, the other weak-chinned: neither of them a heroic-looking Hollywood actor. Otherwise it was mostly interesting to me for whatever cultural differences it showed me from this country.

I'd like to know how the Australian film industry looks from its own shores, and whether we just get the best stuff, the worst, everything there is, a random sampling, or what.

### Membership

There is some question in my mind as to whether I am now a member of ANZAPA or not. I hope than with this fanzine I'll have fulfilled whatever stiff requirements John Foyster may demand. Since Gary didn't write me to invite me, but relied on my finding out when my mailing arrived (over a month late), there was no way I could have a contribution in the last mailing. I only hope the mail is faster going west-bound across the ocean, and that you're reading this in June rather than in August. For August I'll send something more.



The Physician Giving Rantay (French School, Seventeenth century).



Official critical of judge in inmate's suit



CHIEF!  
 I LAUGH THE WAY  
 MY DOG KING YESTERDAY! BOY, DID  
 THE CHICKEN COOP FLY! BUT TELL YOUR  
 FEATHERS FLY! BUT TELL YOUR  
 SQUAW NOT TO WORRY ABOUT THE  
 POUITY, WE'RE PUTTING IN A  
 COLONY, SANDERS NEXT MONTH  
 AND DON'T FORGET  
 SUNDAY AT THE FORT, YOU HAVE  
 TO SIGN THE NEW TREATY

UGH,  
 "RED" MAN DO WHAT  
 WHITE BROTHER WANT.

IN 8000 UNTIL THE TROOPS AIRLIFT  
 GOING TO IN CUBAN, FIDE, THEY'S  
 WITH THE PROSPERANCE, DOGS AND  
 IN THE FUTURE HAS A STEWROT  
 UGH INDEED...