

The Best Of ANZAPA
Volume 11
1978/79



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Editor's Introduction

By any account, the year from October 1978 to August 1979 must be considered one of the most interesting and productive in ANZAPA's long history. The statistics speak for themselves: 49 contributors, 214 apazines and a total of 1431 pages for the six mailings. In the June 1979 mailing there was a full membership roster of 30 members and a waiting list of 14. An example of a healthy apa by anyone's standards. But beyond the numbers and figures there was a feeling that ANZAPA was the place to be within Australian fandom in the late seventies. The bulk of the best Australian fan writers were represented by the likes of Bangsund, Edmonds, Foyster, Gillespie, Grigg and Mason, along with the newcomers Frahm, Ortlieb and Swift, and overseas members Brosnan, Knapp, Lien, Scrivner and Thurogood. All produced very good material during the year, to the extent that it has been difficult to keep the size of this volume down to manageable proportions.

Perry
Middlemiss

Part of this resurgence can be put down to the occurrence of the tenth anniversary mailing in October 1978 (with 417 pages) and the concurrent ANZAPACon (which wasn't repeated until the 25th anniversary in 1993), but surely some of the enthusiasm must have resulted from original AUSSIECon in August 1975. I know a lot of subsequent Australian fannish activity has been attributed to this Worldcon and some of that has been unjustified. In this case, having attended AUSSIECon and having been included in ANZAPA for the first time in mailing 64, I can see a definite causal relationship between the convention in 1975, and the apa's health and vitality from 1978 through to about 1981. I think the arrival of the Worldcon in Australia and the general increase in fannish activity (conventions and fanzines) provided new fans such as myself with a bunch of role models in the form of "older" fans and an entree into the workings of fandom at large through the discovery of ANZAPA and the other apas that sprang up around that time such as APES and APPLESAUCE. At least one of these apas was formed as a direct result of the length of the ANZAPA waiting list, and the consequent time before an invitation to join was received. I don't believe there is any better indication of the strength of an apa than the number of people clamouring to join it.

I recently saw a note (I don't know who to attribute it to) stating that ANZAPA is now (1995) made up of a group of fans who do little or nothing within fandom outside the bounds of the apa. Whether that's true or not I will leave for others to argue; in 1978 it was definitely not the case. There was a vitality about the apa that made it an absolute pleasure to join. It was a good time.



This is the fifth volume of these anthologies to be published (although the 11th chronologically) and readers who have been with me for a while will have noticed a few changes creeping in from one collection to the next. This is as much a result of an attempt to keep myself interested as a desire to provide a greater understanding of what the apa was like in the year under consideration. Hence, the inclusion of copies of the official organ covers. Well, some of them anyway. I've found it difficult to copy some covers due to my lack of serious copying facilities and the condition and content of the originals. In particular, blurry black-and-white photographs on coloured paper would be fine if I had the primary layout sheets on white paper, but I don't, and chances are neither do any of the OBEs any more. So I've done the best I can and just hope I haven't made too much of a mess of the job. In this issue you'll find copies of the covers from mailings 64 and 65, both designed by John Bangsund. Hopefully there will be more in future.

Thanks again go to all those involved in this project, to those who have offered encouragement, the ANZAPAns who gave permission for me to reproduce their deathless prose, and to those who didn't; ie the mailing commenters whose permission I neglected to seek - I guess they'll forgive me.

- January 1995

Son of Why Bother? 2

**John
Brosnan**

Some months ago (June to be exact) the famous best-selling author John Baxter, rich young publisher Dez Skinn and freelance alcoholic John Brosnan gathered at Euston Station, London, to begin an epic journey that would take them across the Irish Sea to Harry Harrison's World SF Writers Conference. But first there was the little matter of the tickets to sort out. Each of us had bought 1st Class Return tickets but for some reason we had been each charged a different price. We thought this might be due to an error on the part of British Rail's staff but no - apparently it was all our fault. At least this was the impression conveyed by the charming British Rail employee behind the counter, but after much pleading for forgiveness and promising never to be so stupid again he relented and provided us with new tickets.

On the way to the platform we encountered the famous Jerry Webb and his girlfriend Anne who were also en route to Dublin. "Who was that?" Baxter asked me later. "That was the famous Jerry Webb," I told him. "Jerry was almost Britain's first astronaut and he's currently involved in something called Project Daedalus or Dildo or something. It's a scheme to ship twenty tons of frozen human sperm (male) to Alpha Centauri and thus guarantee the survival of the human race." "Jerry who?" asked John.

The train journey to Holyhead was uneventful and much of it was spent listening to Dez Skinn telling Baxter how his publishing empire would one day make William Randolph Hearst's look puny by comparison. Dez, I should point out, is the publisher of House of Horror magazine and Starburst (I don't know if they ever reach Australia - probably not, you lucky people). Baxter later had his revenge when Jerry Webb dropped into our compartment and proceeded to tell Dez the whole history

of his Project Daedalus and also that of the British Interplanetary Society. From time to time Dez would desperately try to rope Baxter and myself into the conversation but we would ignore his attempts and continue to stare out of the window, fielding his plaintive: "That's very interesting, Jerry...isn't it John? John?" with such things as "Crumbs, what a fascinating tree, John," and "Oh look, John, another cow!"

The change-over from train to ferry was interrupted by the inevitable interrogation by a Customs/Special Branch/Immigration Officer (I'm never sure what they are at Holyhead). I don't know why they always pick on me when I make the trip to and from Ireland but they do. Perhaps I look like Bernadette Devlin.

Once on the ferry I immediately made my way to the bar where I found my agent, Janet Freer, talking to a publisher called Peter Lavery. Janet looked pleased. "I've just sold him three books and the ferry hasn't moved yet," she told me.

It was a pleasant, calm crossing and I passed the time drinking and playing poker with Dez, and listened to him telling me how his publishing empire would one day etc etc. Within four hours we had docked at Dun Laoghaire and it was only a short walk from the terminal up the hill to the Royal Marine Hotel where the conference was being held.

Arriving in Ireland is always a disconcerting experience for me, mainly because it reminds me so much of Australia, particularly Western Australia where I come from. Dun Laoghaire, for instance, and its surrounds, is very

similar to Fremantle, due to both a similarity in architecture and the fact that the same colour stone - a dirty grey - has been used in the construction of so many of the buildings. The Dubliners themselves also remind me of Australians in their appearance, which shouldn't be surprising considering that so many Australians are of Irish descent. However it is unsettling to keep seeing people who look uncannily like various uncles, aunts, cousins and even a deceased grandfather. One also sees a lot of girls in Dublin who bear a more than passing resemblance to Robert Holdstock's wife Sheila, but that shouldn't be surprising either as the beautiful Shiela herself actually comes from Dublin. And seeing lots of Sheila Holdstocks in the street is preferable to seeing lots of dead grandfathers.

Officially I was attending the conference as the representative of Panther paperbacks (for whom I've been working for in the capacity of "science fiction advisor" for the past year) but I was also there to promote my forthcoming book on sf films FUTURE TENSE (but that's not my title, I hasten to point out). Knowing of my interest in the sf cinema Harry Harrison had asked - well, told me - to give a talk on the state of the field. "Actually I need you as a replacement for Forry Ackerman, who can't make it this year," said Harry. I was not happy to hear this. For one thing I'm not sure if I like being considered as a stand-in for Ackerman (I'm not tall enough) and the other thing is that I hate speaking in front of more than two people at a time. In fact I am almost physically incapable of speaking in public. But I couldn't really refuse Harry's request because he had done me the favour of writing the forward for FUTURE TENSE, and also because he would have no doubt presented me with a knuckle sandwich if I had. I knew that I would have to give the talk on the first day of the conference and my only hope was that it would be programmed late enough for me to get very pissed before going on stage.

Though the conference wasn't officially due to start until the following day a lot of people had arrived at the hotel that night and the place was oozing with

famous sf personalities and various parasites such as "science fiction advisers". Among the Big Names were Alfred Bester, Brian Aldiss, Joe Haldeman, Gordon Dickson, Ben Bova, Ted Sturgeon, Fred Pohl, Kelly Freas, Bob Shaw, James White and Robert Holdstock. There were also a lot of publishers, editors, foreign guests and even a few agents (hiss). I looked in vain for the beautiful Julie Davis who I've lusted after ever since she used to edit the hilarious SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY magazine. "She was coming," her then boss Tom Tessia of Millingtons told me, "but she remembered at the last moment that she'd booked for a package tour of Yugoslavia." "The sort of mistake anyone could make," I replied, "particularly Julie." Since then she has left Millingtons and now works for a Christian publisher, whatever that is. And Harry Harrison recently informed me, with great glee, that she was at present having a Deep and Meaningful Relationship with none other than Kyril Bonfiglioli, who also lives in Ireland, but I took the news with a pinch of salt, and half a pint of vodka. But enough of my morbid sexual fantasies - back to the con...

The first night is a bit of a haze...I remember eating reasonably good Chinese food at a Chinese restaurant, which is something of an achievement in Ireland, drinking a lot and playing poker. I gave up the latter fairly early in the morning but when I went to bed the game was continuing. The players included Joe Haldeman, Dez Skinn and an excitable young man called Bob Asprin who I understand is an up and coming author ("The Cold Cash War" etc). The next morning Mr Skinn was at my door with his luggage in his hands. "Mind if I use your spare bed?" he asked as he marched in and dumped his suitcase on said bed. He then told me that he had been forced to check out of the hotel as a result of losing most of his money in a certain poker game to a certain Mr Asprin. I would have laughed aloud but as Mr Skinn is an occasional employer of mine I merely chuckled quietly. From then on Mr Skinn's attitude towards Mr Asprin can be described as one of barely veiled hostility but as someone had told

Mr Skinn that Mr Asprin was heavily into guns and karate the bad feelings remained under cover.

That morning I accompanied Baxter, who had hired a car, into Dublin and followed him around various bookshops. Baxter can't really be described as an sf fan anymore and his main reason for coming to the conference was to check out the Irish second-hand bookshops. He's a big collector of first editions and it was educational watching him at work - within moments of entering a shop he would be clutching five or six volumes

able to see when I would be expected to give my speech. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw that I wasn't on until about halfway through the afternoon.

The conference officially began at 1pm and the first item was "introductions". For this Harry Harrison and Brian Aldiss sat up on the dais and introduced every person in the hall except me. There I sat waiting for Harry to mention me, and plug FUTURE TENSE at the same time ... and I waited and I waited ... Baxter, who was sitting on my right, was introduced, and Dez Skinn, who was sitting on my left, was also introduced but me? No. Later I complained about this to Harry and he told me I should have said something. Actually I was saying a lot but it was all under my breath.

Mailing comment:

John Brosnan commenting on the 25th anniversary mailing - ANZAPA 64.

Phew, what a big issue 64 was. It arrived accompanied by the sound of popping hernias (weedy lot these English postmen) and angry muttering. I was glad to see it. It meant I could postpone starting work for several hours while I perused thru it and wiped the occasional nostalgic tear from my eye. Ah it seems only yesterday when I was the guiding force behind Australian fandom, starting not only ANZAPA but also initiating the idea for an Australian worldcon. And before that I remember the day I rang up John Bangsund and said: "John baby, why don't you start an sf fanzine devoted to serious discussions of sf. You could call it Australian Science Fiction Review." "Gee," said John. Of course in those days John wasn't the erudite character he is today and I had to ghost the first five or six issues but he soon got the hang of things. Ah, memories.



and be telling me that he'd made a profit of fifty pounds or so. All I found was a 1954 edition of LIVE AND LET DIE and I was feeling pleased with myself until Baxter informed me that it was the worthless book club edition. All you can do with book club editions, apparently, is read them.

By the time we returned to the hotel the program had been typed out and I was

After the introductions (ha!), and while I was still fuming, Harry dropped a bombshell: "As certain people have not yet arrived we're going to have to skip the first few items and go straight to the talks on 'Science Fiction and the Media'". Needless to say my speech was included in this item. I let out a little yelp. Not only was I psychologically unprepared but I was still sober!

Moments later I was sitting on the dais flanked by Harry, Brian & Dez Skinn (who was to give a talk on magazines - his, of course - after me). There was also supposed to be a publisher of illustrated sf books on the panel but he hadn't arrived yet. In front of me was a sea of expectant faces. I decided to ignore them and concentrate on my speech which consisted of lots of little bits of paper stuck together with sticky tape. I resembled a toilet roll covered in graffiti. Basically it was a list of information about forthcoming sf movies and planned productions but peppered with little jokes and witticisms. At least I thought I'd peppered the pages with little jokes and witticisms but as I quickly scanned through it I discovered that they had all disappeared. I looked under the table, thinking that perhaps I'd dropped them but they weren't there either.

At this point Harry at last introduced me (but without mentioning FUTURE TENSE) and I began my speech, eyes

glued to the page and in a tone of voice that resembled a "Speak-Your-Weight" machine. Before long a foreign voice interrupted to ask me to speak louder. Not long afterwards another foreign voice requested me to speak louder. I continued on. It now seemed that my short speech was growing in length - the original few pages had expanded into something the size of a telephone directory - so I decided to start skipping certain passages. At last I found one of my little jokes - I unleashed it on the audience and waited for the reaction. There was none. Another foreign voice interrupted to ask if they could have printed copies of the speech afterwards as they weren't really understanding much of it in its oral form. I wondered yet again why it had been necessary to invite so many stupid foreigners to the conference. Then Aldiss interrupted to make what I thought was a particularly unfunny comment but the audience thought otherwise. Everyone roared with laughter and several people fell off their chairs and injured themselves. I continued on through gritted teeth (thus sounding like a demented ventriloquist's dummy).

Finally I came to the end. All I wanted to do then was run (sobbing) out of the hall and have a long piss and an even longer drink but unfortunately the missing publisher then arrived and I was obliged to remain on the dais while he raved on and on about his silly picture books. Needless to say I was not in a good mood by the end of the first part of the conference.

The evening was better. Having failed at promoting myself and my book I thought I'd better have a go at promoting Panther, so during an impromptu gathering in someone's room I announced that this was a "Panther sponsored Room Party". At the suggestion of someone that it might be a good idea if there was something to drink at this Panther Room Party I staggered down to the bar and asked for a bottle of whisky. They gave me one and asked for fourteen pounds. I almost opened my lunch on the spot but then remembered that Panther would eventually be paying for this folly and so I handed over the money. I think it was a good party.

The next morning saw the formation of the World Science Fiction Association, and event that ranks with the sinking of the Titanic as far as its intrinsic value to the human race is concerned (I am one of those people who doesn't believe that sf Holds All the Answers). Symbolically the chairs in the auditorium were arranged in a circle and then various people stood up and made fools of themselves. One got the impression that if the evangelical zeal got any stronger we would all be out overrunning Poland before the weekend was over. But everyone was effectively stopped in their tracks by Katherine McClean standing up and saying that sf should stop wasting its time dealing with human characters, and human relationships, and concentrate on providing a dynamic interface between the human race as a whole and the universe. At least I think that's what she said but I'm not sure because after listening to her for about 15 minutes my ears started to bleed. After Ms McClean had been carried out by several volunteers and doused with cold water things returned to a more mundane level and it was decided that the World SF Association would simply act as a clearing house for information, enabling publishers to keep up on what was happening with sf in other countries, etc.

I left at this point and retired to the bar where I joined Bob Shaw who was also dabbing at his ears with a blood-spotted kleenex. He wasn't too excited about the World SF Association either and was of the opinion that the less publishers knew about what was going on in other countries the better it was for sf writers in this country. I agreed. Knowledgeable publishers might mean the end of civilisation as we know it, and my job at Panther.

That afternoon there was an even more boring event. This was the speech by the three Russian guests and it was a foretaste of purgatory. It was so boring that birds and low-flying 'planes began dropping out of the sky in the vicinity of the hotel. Nor was there any way to escape - unlike an ordinary con this one was ruled with a rod of iron by Harry. If you tried to sneak out during an item and he spotted you he would subject

you to a great deal of sarcastic comment from the dais. Usually the guilty party would capitulate and return to his or her seat though a few brave ones, like Bob Shaw, would calmly ignore Harry and keep walking. All very ironic really, considering that in the past it's often been Harry (and Aldiss) who's enlivened many a boring con talk by creating comical diversions...

Anyway, because Baxter and I had been seen sneaking out of an item earlier in the day we decided to get back into Harry's good books by sitting

Mailing Comment:

John Brosnan commenting to David Grigg in ANZAPA 65.

I liked your description of your bush walk - it sounded awful. Jill belongs to the BBC rambling club and last year she persuaded me to accompany them on a couple of their little jaunts. They last all day and while the morning part is fine - it ends up at a pub - the afternoons are a real killer. I just can't see the fun in staggering around the countryside on a hot Sunday afternoon...it's boring, tedious, hard work. I'd much prefer to remain at the pub all day - the only problem is that they close at 2pm here on Sundays. One advantage that walking in the English countryside has is the lack of snakes and other creepy crawlies (though you do come across the odd angry bull). At least, that's what I thought until last June when I was on a holiday up in the Lake District and Jill told me she'd seen an adder nearby. Apparently there are only two adders in all of England - trust one of them to be following me.



in the front row during the Russians' speeches. This was a big mistake. It wasn't so much that what the Russians had to say that was boring (well, it was actually) but the way they said it. There were three of them, one of whom could speak Russian and broken English (very slowly), one who could speak Russian and French, and one who could only speak Russian. First the one who could speak fractured English fluently gave his speech. This was pretty dull and seemed to last three

days but was relatively bearable compared to what was to follow - the speech by the Russian who could only speak Russian. He would speak a few words and this was then translated by the Russian who could speak both Russian and French into French. This was then in turn translated into broken English by a fourth person - a Frenchman or 'Frog' as they are known over here. As you can imagine the whole process took a considerable length of time, and because the speech was so disjointed it was difficult to follow what was being said. One fragment that remains lodged in my mind like a broken piece of fish bone was that science fiction was used in Russia to ensure that young people developed normal ideas. At least that's what I think was said - I might be getting the Russians mixed up with Katherine McClean.

As the horrible ordeal went on and on I fought back the impulse to leap up from my seat and run screaming from the hall. Baxter escaped temporarily by falling into a deep slumber but was publicly snapped back to consciousness by Harry - "Baxter, wake up!"

I was very struck by the way the three Russians looked so much like Russians. One looked like Stalin and the other two looked like Kosygin. The two that looked like Kosygin were older than Stalin and all three were dressed in suits that looked as if they were Khrushchev's cast-offs. There was a lot of conjecture about which one was the KGB agent. I favoured Stalin but he turned out to be both a genuine sf writer and a Jew so I thought it was unlikely that he also worked for the KGB...the one who could only speak Russian was the head of the Soviet Writers Union so I guess that leaves the one who could speak both Russian and French...

I can't help thinking that they represented the thin edge of the wedge and that the Russian plan to take over Western sf. No doubt more and more Russians will be attending future sf conventions in Britain. We all know that some of the brightest minds in Britain regularly go to conventions - imagine the effects on these minds after a sustained exposure to Russian

speeches of the type we had in Dublin. Naturally the nation would soon collapse (a mentally deranged Jerry Webb, for instance, would mean the end of the British space program and his hopes of being the first man on the moon). and the Russians could simply move in. I have already written to Whitehall to warn them that there may be Russian tanks rolling through the streets of Brighton next August on their way to the Worldcon. We must be vigilant.

That night saw the presentation of two Ken Campbell productions (has Campbell's fame spread to Oz?). One was a shortish play about an immortal man being interviewed by a TV reporter. The latter was played by the beautiful Prunella Gee who is married to Campbell. She didn't give a very good performance that night but that was due to a number of factors outside of her control. One was that she was pregnant, another was that she had the mumps (if I'd known this at the time I would have moved my chair nearer the back - we potential donors to Project Daedalus must always put the fate of the human race first) but the main factor was that there was an Irish wedding reception taking place in the room above the auditorium, complete with a live band playing traditional Irish music very, very loudly. Despite several visits from an angry Harry the noise continued unabated throughout the first play. Pissed off with the situation, Baxter, Dez and I retreated from the hotel and went to a nearby restaurant, thus missing the second play - an adaptation of a Sturgeon story. Of course on our return we were told by everyone that we had missed the event of a lifetime etc etc. So it goes.

There were more room parties that night and later the inevitable game of poker, though thankfully without Bob Asprin. One of the players this time was a young American publisher called Richard Garrison who told me about the local Emergency Service he was a member of back in California. "It's great", he said, "I get to kick people's doors in."

The next morning Baxter drove Dez and I to the Dublin zoo to look at the

Siberian Tigers. The tigers were impressive but the thing that impressed me most was the large male orang-outang that attempted to form a meaningful relationship with Dez. As soon as it saw him it waddled to the front of its open-plan compound, squatted by the ditch that separated it from the outside world and proceeded to throw things at Dez - bits of stick, pebbles etc. Dez, being a typical publisher, picked these missiles up and threw them back at the ape. Immediately the ape went glassy-eyed with joy. "Dez doesn't realise it," whispered Baxter, "but he is participating in an elaborate courting ritual." This was borne out by the behaviour of the female orang-outang who watched the display of mutual affection with growing distress. As more and more people gathered to watch this remarkable relationship grow between Man and Ape Baxter and I, extremely embarrassed, made our excuses and left.

That night the banquet was held. Normally I don't attend banquets at conventions but seeing as how this one was different I thought it would be diplomatic if I did (in other words, I could charge it to Panther). Actually it confirmed all my worst suspicions about banquets, or con banquets at least, the service was slow (there's no way you can efficiently serve hot food to a 150 or so people without using a 150 or so waiters), the drinks scarce and the speeches mostly boring. The exception in the latter category was Fred Pohl's speech which was very amusing. When one of the Russians started to speak (the one who could speak a little English) I almost decided to open my veins with one of the blunt pieces of cutlery provided but mercifully his speech was short. And later, when Alfred Bester started to speak, the same Russian made what was almost an amusing quip. It didn't amuse Bester, however, who promptly sat down and had to be persuaded to stand up again and finish what turned out to be a very unfunny joke.

The awards were also presented and among the winners - surprise - was a pair of Russian writers called, I think, the Boroni Brothers. They won the

prize for a book called ROADSIDE PICNIC. I've read this - it's a rewrite of Algis Budrys' ROGUE MOON. I am now busily rewriting TIGER TIGER into Russian.

Dez missed the banquet because he was busily chatting up two giggly yank girls who were in the process of "doing Europe". Afterwards he told me that both had promised to visit him at different times in London (neither ever showed up...heh, heh). He also said they showed him the weapons they were carrying to protect themselves in Darkest Europe - one had a can of MACE and the other had a large Bowie knife. Both could bring tears to your eyes.

Later that night Dez and I finally managed to drag Joe Haldeman away to interview him, something we'd been

apparent just how pissed he was when the interview had long finished and we were about to return to the bar. For some of the time a French editor called Ann Marie (Marie Ann) had been in the room with us and contributing questions of her own during the interview but she had left about an hour before. However as we three were staggering to our feet Joe suddenly said: "She's been in there a long time", indicating the toilet. I looked at Dez, who said: "You mean Ann Marie? She left ages ago. She's not in the toilet."

"Then why'd she leave her shoes?" asked Joe triumphantly, producing a pair of shoes.

"They're awfully big shoes", I said, focusing my eyes with difficulty.

"They're mine", said Dez.

Joe looked hard at the shoes. "Hell, I thought she had big feet for a woman", he said.

By the following day it was all over and people began to wend their way back to their various countries - the Swedes back to Sweden, the Froggies back to Frogland, the Poms back to England, the Russkies back to Siberia, the yanks back to America...and so on (I think you get the picture by now). The Australian contingent, however, stayed on in Ireland for a while - Baxter and I drove down the coast on a sight-seeing, and in John's case, a book-buying, tour that lasted four or five days. We almost made it as far as a little town in County Kerry called Brosna but decided that there were some things that Man should leave undisturbed. Then we returned to Dublin and paid our respects to Harry and his wife Joan (who were just beginning to recover from the con) before catching the ferry back to Pommie-land. Naturally I was stopped by the Customs official on the other side - this time they wanted to know why my luggage was full of second-hand books. Baxter, whose books they were, of course, had long since vanished through the barrier...

- ANZAPA 65

Mailing Comment:

Paul Stevens commenting to John Brosnan in ANZAPA 66.

Rat Fandom lives! Project Daedalus sounds interesting but a few small problems spring to mind, like how are you going to bring the sperm to term? Impregnate any Alpha Centurians that happen to be handy? Then of course the Alpha Centurians could produce a film entitled INVASION OF THE SPERM MONSTERS, or TERROR FROM TERRA, or INVASION OF THE IMPREGNATION MONSTERS FROM OUTER SPACE..



threatening to do for days. The big problem was that we were all pissed as newts, especially me (it was around one o'clock in the morning) which made the whole thing somewhat difficult. But eventually I succeeded in finding the 'on' button and in the privacy of our room the interview began: "Tell me, Joe ... how mush of an inshiprashion wash STARSHIT TROOPERS in the writing of FOREVER WARSH?"

Actually Haldeman was amazingly articulate despite the amount of alcohol circulating through him and gave a good interview (you can read it in STARBURST 5 or 6) but it became



A Day in the Life of Me

**Helen
Swift**

On any other Wednesday it would probably not have mattered much that Perry forgot that this year my lectures start at 8.30am, not 9am as they have in previous years ... a perfectly innocent slip of the mind, really, resulting in his waking me as he left for work at 7.45am. Because on any other Wednesday, Perry does not usually start work until 8.30. However ...

This particular day, Perry had to start at 8am, so that by the time I had run between the droplets in the shower (instant person, just add water), he was well on his way. On any other day in this situation, my motorbike would have been its usually obedient self and started first kick. But due to an unforeseen fit of temperament on its part, I was not (it had clearly decided) going to be able to ride to the medical centre at breakneck speed, playing dodge the radars all the way, and thus making it in time for my first lecture.

Ordinarily, given a broken-down bike, I would have borrowed Perry's car: but, dear readers, as you will recall if you have not yet broken down under the weight of this all-too-true human tragedy, Perry had left. What should, therefore, have happened, is that I would have caught a bus to Perry's work (a couple of miles from our flat) and there borrowed his car to go to uni. Mind you, on any other day, there would not have been a 24-hour rolling strike by every bus driver in Adelaide ... a most inspiring thing to recall at 8.05am! But undaunted was I.

The weather being forecast to be 33C, I (dressed accordingly in T-shirt and skirt) strolled confidently to Perry's work, stole the car (even remembered to leave a note for Perry to that effect) and drove placidly towards my beloved Flinders Medical Centre. Actually I arrived about 9am and so did not miss too much of the lecture. That was the

first good thing for the day and so the fact that (as you would think I would know by now, having been in the place for several years) ((as some of you are doubtless muttering to yourselves even now ... heartless people)) the air conditioners in the medical centre were set to produce Antarctic conditions and that I was dressed in anticipation of 33C heat and consequently froze during the hour of the lecture I managed to get to ... this, I decided, was not worth quibbling over.

On any other day, the magical hot water producing device in the tea-room nearest to my study cubicle would have been going beautifully, and so the fact that I hadn't had time for a cup of coffee before leaving home would not have mattered. But today (yes, you guessed it folks) the hydrotherm was inoperable.

By this stage of the day, I was beginning to believe in paranoia as a way of life.

But I am eternal optimist (cries of 'Foolhardy child' from the audience will please be kept to a minimum,) and the optimist in me said, "Never mind, even if you can't grab your normal cuppa, you can at least sit in a little corner of the tea-room and have a quick cigarette before your ward round." Little did I know.

The hospital porters, for reasons known only to their devious little selves, had during the night perniciously caused to be removed from the tea-room several tables, and chairs accordingly. Now, ordinarily, our morning lecture would have been finished before, not after, 10am, so the students would have been first in the tea-room rush and would have secured the available tables. But of course today the lecturer ran over time and so I, excluded from the tea-room, decided to go back to my study cubicle and sit peacefully there having

a smoke.

Now, in any other week, the other smokers in my cubicle row would have been doing exactly the same. However, their desperate attempts to give up the evil weed (as a result of one too many lectures on lung cancer) had resulted in a general agreement that if I wanted to smoke, I should be considerate enough to go elsewhere to do so, in order not to tempt them back into the paths of vice and iniquity.

By this stage, it was 10.10am, and I gave up, being due in the Outpatients' Clinic at 10.15 for a session with my not-so-favourite Plastic Surgeon. Any other day in Outpatients, 4 other students and myself would have stood around watching stitches being removed, and operations for the removal of warts/skin cancers/tattoos being planned. Not today.

The one day I had not had a chance to put anything in my stomach since 7pm the previous night, the surgeon decided that an introduction to the more gruesome parts of medicine was in order. Now my stomach is never too strong at the best of times; and trying to watch the treatment (salvage?) being given to the remains of a leg possessed by some poor individual which had been trapped under a spinning tractor wheel, was really too much. Knees turning rapidly to jelly ((You know the old adage "Ladies glow, men perspire, and med students chuck")) I wrenched mask from face in an attempt to hang onto what minuscule of pride I could still muster, and departed gracelessly, my face a charming green shade.

When I, now blushing, returned to the scene of the crime 10 minutes later, the other students were very graciously waiting for me and most kindly did not suggest that I had made an idiot of myself (which I took as evidence that I had). It was not until several days later that I discovered the real reason why none of them had said anything incisive about my less-than-elegant exit ... they had all been waiting for someone else to leave first; and as soon as I had, they all fled in much the same state of approaching nausea as myself.

Believing that a white coat covers a multitude of sins, we returned to Outpatients. After several routine examinations, the plastic surgeon decided that we had not seen enough for the morning; and he himself having no more 'interesting cases' to show us, rang the Repatriation Hospital at Daw Park (about 10-15 minutes drive from FMC) and found 'a really good hernia' for us to examine.

Having told the Sister at the Repat. that we would be there in 5 minutes to speak to the patient, we all headed towards the car park, despite the clamorous hysterics of the Outpatients' Sister, who was trying to convince our intrepid leader that there were still 3 patients waiting to see him! He merrily assured her that the interns could manage perfectly well and shot through amid a flurry of white coats.

Six people crammed into one car is never too comfortable, but our physical unease was heightened by the stares we got en route. In retrospect, I suppose that one does not too often see a brand new top-of-class Mercedes with 4 hoodlums jammed into the back seat - especially when the driver is doing 85kph along a busy section of the Main South Road. (Echoes of St. Trinians).

The humour evoked in the onlookers relating to this sardined situation was nothing when compared to that when we finally arrived at the repat. ((I was amused to think that this was the first occasion a vehicle in which I was travelling was actually entitled to use the car park spaces reserved 'For Visiting Specialists Only' ... I've parked my bike there on more than one occasion.))

Endeavouring to appear vaguely professional, our collective attempt at this image dissolved promptly when one of my fellows discovered that he couldn't find his stethoscope; the debacle which ensues as we turned the Mercedes inside out until we found the offending article had to be seen to be believed!

The five of us managed to um and ah our respective ways through the hernia examination, despite the fact that I was

the only one who had seen that type of hernia before, and that was eight months previously. Damaged egos in hand, we were unceremoniously dumped back at the front door of the FMC, and scurried away.

It was by now 12.10am ((amazing the number of disasters which can be fitted into 4 1/2 hours if one really tries)) so we were already late for a case presentation scheduled to begin at noon. A quick dash back to my cubicle to dump my white coat and grab note paper was detoured by a message I found waiting for me en route:

"Helen Swift: Contact Dean's suite soon as possible: URGENT."

(The only other item for me in the mail basket was a notice telling me that I owed the powers-that-be still more money for yet again failing to return a textbook to the library on time.) Summoning what reserves of courage I still possessed, I headed for the Dean's office wishing that I was wearing jeans, not a skirt, so that the quaking of my knees wouldn't be quite so obvious.

Well may you imagine the sigh of relief I uttered upon discovering that the only reason I had been summoned was because the Dean's secretary wanted me to conduct a guided tour of the medical school for some Principals of secondary schools that afternoon. One more day without expulsion is always a good feeling.

I arrived at the case presentation about 25 minutes late and proceeded to be totally bewildered by the discussion, since I'd missed the initial run-through of the patient's symptoms and medical history. Oh well ...

Feeling just a wee bit flustered, I finally escaped back to the relative sanity of the tea-room; thank the powers-that-be, by now the hydrotherm was functioning again. A quick cuppa, and the spluttering of the day's first cigarette over, I headed back to the Dean's office to begin the guided tour. An hour later, I bade farewell to the Principals, and hoped that they would not remember for too long that half the things which I had tried to show them had been hidden

away behind locked doors ((bless the rules of the bureaucracy, even the ordinary tutorial rooms were locked! Maybe they're worried that the students might actually use the facilities theoretically available, if they weren't kept safely locked up)), while I tried to forget the rather ghastly contortions which had crossed their faces when I showed them the anatomical museum and dissecting area ... I mean, I had even checked first that no-one was in there dissecting at the time, but I'm afraid that it didn't occur to me that they might find a bucketful of spare limbs somewhat disconcerting.

The time was rapidly approaching 2.30pm, and I recalled that I had to attend a tutorial for which I had done no preparation (having intended to do it during the time that I had spent steering Principals around the med school). Another hour of frantic head-scratching with lots of ums and ahs, till I was released again, with a glorious 20 minutes of free time until my lecture at 4pm. A more pleasant cup of coffee I cannot recall, even though it was spent poring over someone else's notes from the morning's lecture, trying to fill the gaps in my own notes as a result of missing the first part of it. I have no idea whatsoever what the last lecture of the day was about, though I doubtless have a sheaf of notes from it filed away somewhere. At last, I headed for home and arrived intact despite having been trapped in the rush hour traffic.

By the time I got home, I didn't even care that we ended up having fish and chips for dinner because, during the frantic rush of that morning, I had forgotten to take the roast out of the freezer. Following this elegant meal, the rotted my brain for several hours in front of the idiot box and collapsed into bed ... mind you, it was a shame that I had reflexly turned on the electric blanket an hour before I went to bed, as the temperature had risen to 33C that afternoon, but, as I tried to explain to Perry, on any other day, we would have needed it on!

- ANZAPA 64



How Amateur Press Associations are a Pain in the Arse - Three Ways!

John
Fogster

Last year when I made a passing remark of a derogatory nature concerning apas someone took this to mean that I am opposed to them. So that those rising to the present bait know what sort of bait is offered I ought to start by saying that I have been a member of some scientifictional apa continuously since 1962, have been in seven different apas in all, and am currently a member of three. I'm in favour of apas, but this feeling doesn't block my vision of warts and pockmarks of various kinds. And now for the painful parts of this item.

Pain 1: Amateur press associations can encourage careless writing.

'Careless' is only one of the adjectives I think of in relation to the kind of writing I dislike and am thumping the table about here - others are 'boring' (and indeed 'bored', 'pointless', 'scatterbrained' - but 'careless' is the word with the most appropriate connotations).

One of the most disappointing aspects of some apa writing is the contrast between the effort which goes into the writing and that which goes into the reproduction; it doesn't matter how a fanzine is duplicated - a significant amount of work is involved (whether what is reproduced is spotless or messy, riddled with typographical errors and strikeovers or lexicographically perfect), and perhaps, now that I come to think about it, this might explain why some writers don't bother to take much time to think about what they are writing; so much has to be written by such-and-such a deadline, and duplicating the thing is a real hassle....

What is special about apas, and

distinguishes publication of a general fanzine from publication of an apazine, is that the apazine, possibly reflecting a wage-slave notion of society, has a guaranteed return. A member of an amateur press association may produce material of no interest to others in the apa at all - indeed, may not even attempt to interest the other members - but is guaranteed a return of other people's fanzines. In brief, the shortest way to get hold of other fanzines is to join an apa; and this requires production of a fanzine of sorts. What sort doesn't, as I've suggested above, matter.

On the other hand the publisher of a general fanzine takes a much greater risk. There is no guaranteed return - a hundred dollars may be invested for no return at all. For here the market is competitive - if one wants egoboo one has to produce a fanzine which grabs attention, which has something to offer. A fanzine with some content will receive letters of comment; a fanzine which is attractive will get contributions and trades and so on. The apazine publisher doesn't have to worry about this, for the apazine publisher's return is assured - certainly some trades, perhaps some comments.

In Australia at the moment the number of apazine publishers is probably nearly 100, while the number of people publishing general fanzines is about 10. Is this because the other 90 or so are unwilling to take a chance on the free market? Are they unwilling to make the effort needed to produce a commentable, attractive fanzine?

Pain 2: Amateur press associations can hide good writing.

What can one say when some of the best writing by Australian fans is restricted to distribution through the apas other than - I wish it were not so? Well, one can do as I did recently when I read Leanne Frahm's piece on the Sydney SF Writers' Workshop in the April ANZAPA. She told me more about writers' workshops than all the stuff I had previously read, and here it was, if I was not mistaken, about to be distributed to a little over 30 people. So I wrote to Leanne and asked her if I could reprint it in Chunder! As a result it will now be seen by about 200 people - still not the audience it deserves, perhaps, but still an improvement of an order of magnitude.

In the most recent APPLESAUCE distribution Jack Herman has one of the best conreports I've seen for some time - just the right blend of what has happened to Jack Herman and what has happened at the con - and that has had a distribution of 50 or so. I would really like to see that distributed more widely, and possibly Jack would too. But I've just devoted about a dozen pages to that con, and might be pushing my luck to print more on the subject. Jack can't carry pieces that long in his/the SSFF's genzine, and the other genzines are so infrequent that convention reports need to be written more in the styles of archaeological treatises than newspaper journalism to be interpretable by their readers. The absence of sufficient regular genzines means that good writing (like Jack's) gets buried in apazines.

No doubt there are other examples. What a limited use we are making of our best fanwriters when we condemn them to restricted circulation apazines!

Pain 3: Amateur press associations can be elitist.

Amateur press associations tend to limit fanzine activity to those who have access or inclination of cash flow to publish fanzines. How ludicrous this is! With but a single exception, the biggies in Australian fan art, for example, aren't active members of apas. The good

writers may not be members of apas, but in the absence of regular genzines they are invisible outside of the apas anyway. Apas give no encouragement to those who wish to write (whether set pieces or letters of comment) in the way that regular general fanzines can and do. How right are those who suggest that apas are elitist! And this elitism is not removed by having unlimited membership apas, for those do not address the source of elitism - access to reproduction devices and interest in using them.

Amateur press associations are fine and noble things, perhaps but they are not the beginning and ending of science fiction fandom. Some of their effects, as I have tried to indicate above, are harmful, particularly when participation in apas effectively excludes other kinds of fanzine publishing. Does this suggestion apply to you? Are you guilty of elitism in ignoring those not in apas? Do you hide your light under a bushel by publishing your best writing only for a small circle of friends? Or do you screw other members of apas by ceaselessly producing boring careless scribbles which no one ever takes the slightest interest in?

I hope not.

- ANZAPA 68

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Introduction to DIPPING INTO ANZAPA (Part 1)

by Leigh Edmonds

I was going to leave this side of the sheet blank just to give Gary Mason a thrill but then I decided that there was no point in wasting the area that I had, and besides there is no art or anything on the other side of the page to be spoiled by showthrough.

Gary Mason is the body who was responsible for awaking in ANZAPAKind an awareness of the evil of the blank page. At first I thought he was playing funny buggers but then it occurred to me that he really was trying to save postage money. When he was OBE of ANZAPA Gary would list (and does again in his second term we add) the number of blank pages that went along with a contribution, just to point out to all Mason fearing ANZAPAns that these were the members who were consuming more than their fair share of the ANZAPA treasury by putting nothing on pieces of paper we were all paying to have posted.

I don't think that too many people took Gary too seriously on this matter because there are still some people who insist on contributing blank pages. Having become older and wiser in the past ten years I now appreciate Gary's concern as not just another quirk of the Mason nature but a real concern of ongoing importance. To this end I have made it a point for some time now to try to put at least something on each page that I have contributed to ANZAPA, little though those few words might be.

The trouble with blank pages is that they are so much easier to produce than ones with words in them, and that is not only from a typist's point of view but also from a reproducer's aspect as well. On odd occasions when John Bangsund has been flush he's only printed fanzines on one side of the paper, to save time and trouble I suspect. It has always seemed to me to be a great time consumer picking up the bits of paper from wherever on the floor the duper has spewed them, putting them all the right way up and making sure that they are all still usable. Sometimes I have almost given into the temptation just to leave them lying there but as always I have had Gary's fine example to look back upon and I have taken the time and trouble and been glad of it (and expect a Hugo nomination any day now).

Everybody with a typer knows that it is much easier to just put a stencil in the machine, run it up to about the fifth line and look at it for a while, run it up a few more lines and contemplate what you could write on the virgin wax and so on and so on until you've contemplated the whole stencil. Why, if you had an electric typer like this one you don't even have to turn on the power (although the humming of the works adds a certain realism to the experience). Then, having contemplated the whole stencil and imagined the thousand and one witty one-liners or the other thousand and one hard words you feel like saying to some fugghead, you slap the stencil on the duper and run through as many copies as the apa constitution demands.

I'm afraid that Gary Mason does not appreciate such aesthetic activities, being brought up on the harsh reality of Walt Disney comix he likes to see black marks on the pages he puts into his mailings. I'm still not sure if he can make any sense of the marks...

- ANZAPA 64





ANZAPA 64

The Australian and New Zealand
Amateur Publishing Association

Tenth Anniversary Mailing

OCTOBER 1978

When I Grow Too Old, I Dream

During my recent Bad Years, I did not dream at all. I slept so soundly that, when I woke in the morning, I could never remember any of the dreams which psychologists tell me I did actually have.

Recently I have had a series of vivid dreams which I remember clearly when I wake up in the morning. One morning about three months ago I woke up at 4.30 in the morning and remembered the dream in such detail that I wrote it down immediately. Here is what I wrote down:

I was walking down the street of an English village (Harrow?) with Chris Priest when he mentioned that did I know which character in Jabberwocky is based on me. I thought that Chris was mocking me as usual. This impression was strengthened when Chris mentioned that I appear as Mr..... I said, "But I cannot have been lampooned so viciously in Jabberwocky. It was a book written by Lewis Carroll in the nineteenth century."

"Not so," said Chris, "Jabberwocky is in fact one of the great frauds of the twentieth century. It was written by a friend of mine, Jeff Morgan. You are in there because I found several aspects of your character so amusingly piquant that one day in a pub I was telling him about your peculiar antics, as revealed in the editorial pages of SFC and other fanzines, and conversations I've had with you over the years."

"Then I'm not happy with the way I'm portrayed in this book, via your account. How do you know I will not Tell All?"

"The story of Jabberwocky must be the best-kept non-secret of all time," said Chris. "The truth is that only those people whose characters are 'pinched' for Jabberwocky ever find out that the book was not written by Lewis Carroll. They are so dismayed by the unkind

**Bruce
Gillespie**

accuracy of the portrait that usually they never let more than a few of their closest friends in on the secret. And what if one of those friends made contact with newspapers or television channels to let out the secret? How many of the staff there, from executives to office boys, know the secret already, because they are in the book, and want to be kept quiet?"

"Not," said Chris, carrying the conversation onto the aspect which interested him most, "that writing Jabberwocky and collecting millions of pounds in royalties, film money, etc, has ever done Jeff any good. For you see his entire earnings have paid for the upkeep of a large and unkempt family, a gypsy-like crew named the Morgans. For awhile, they were freed by Jeff's genius from the toil which none of them liked and many of them had died from. But none of them could settle down to a life without the risks of running a circus. Jeff himself has let alcohol extinguish all the blazing lights within his skull. His father was put away for insane murder. Most members of the family are kindly enough. It's just that they continue to wander around England, blighted by ease, I suppose, but also by what they know about society, reflected as this knowledge is in the multiple prism of Jabberwocky."

As I realised only when I woke up, Jabberwocky is a poem by Lewis Carroll and a film by the Monty Python team, but it is not a long-famous novel by Lewis Carroll. During the dream, I did not question the assumption that Jabberwocky existed. Probably I had read it several times. It is a pity that passages from it did not appear in the dream so that I can tell you something about it. That's the sort of thing that

happens in dreams.

Since this is the most coherent (clearly remembered) dream I have had, its events could form the basis for an interesting story. I would have tried to write it myself if I did not know that I am not likely to get around to it until this time next year. Also, the person who writes such a story would be sufficiently familiar with Carroll to invent fake passages of a fake book by him. I cannot see myself doing that. Perhaps Chris Priest himself would be interested in this story idea. One thing's certain: even if every member of ANZAPA took such an idea and wrote a story based upon it, each story would be quite different from all the others.

* * *

It is unusual for a dream to have much coherency or clarity after the dreamer has woken up. While, asleep, though, you are quite convinced that it is all happening. The main differences between dream experience and waking experience include:

- * The sleeping experience often seems more vivid than most waking experiences, even when remembered vaguely in the morning.

- * All events in the dream seem inevitable while they are happening, although they seem incongruent after you wake up. You keep asking yourself, "Why couldn't I do something in my dream?" But you don't have free will in your dreams, and you are not much conscious of the lack of it.

Most theories about dreams do not take stock of what dreams are like while the dreamer is experiencing them. It is more than eleven years since Dr Christopher Evans announced in *New Worlds* magazine (and later in the regular scientific journals) his theories about the nature of dreams. He reported the results of American reports showing that "The purpose of sleep was to enable us to dream!" What, then, could the function of dreams be?

Perhaps dreams are a kind of "mental defaecation": "all data absorbed during the day could hardly be stored... so perhaps it was held in some kind of short-term memory store until the night

when, with sleep intervening to prevent further input, the day's memories could be scanned and the 'waste' material rejected. Dreams, I reasoned... take place when the mental defaecation or sorting process is interrupted by the sleeper waking. The material is then remembered, and the purpose of the dream forestalled."

Evans then drew analogies between the de-bugging and re-classification of computer programs and the process which, he guessed, was taking place during dreams. "Sleep itself is the act of taking and keeping the brain-computer off-line, in order to allow the re-classification and de-bugging to take place without interaction with the outside world; dreams are the actual running-through of the programs, a process which the individual is not normally aware of, unless for some reason he wakes (comes off-line) when the program segment in operation is interrupted."

Such a mechanistic explanation has its attractions (for psychologists, though not for me), but it begs more questions than it answers. The dream experience is very different in quality from any waking experience; how does the brain computer classify material from "ordinary" experience so that it always turns up as a dream? To say the most obvious thing of all - dreams are illogical, they don't obey any rules, they are not subject to theory. Perhaps they are not worth examining at all, unless they affect our lives in quite unexpected ways.

What, for instance, is the relationship between the dream described above and "ordinary" experience? Well, I've met Chris Priest enough times to say that I know him. He's good for having a long conversation/argument with, and that was the form that the dream took. Also, I admire his fiction very much and have been reading a lot of it recently, so maybe the dream takes the form of what the back of my mind thinks is a good Chris Priest story. But *Jabberwocky*? I haven't seen the film. I had not read *Through the Looking-Glass* for many years - although the dream prompted me to take out the book and read it again. About the only

explicable feature of the dream is the form the story itself takes: it's very much the type of alternative-worlds (in which everybody has read and knows this fictitious book by Lewis Carroll), ironic, paranoid story which I would like to write if I were as skilful as - say - Chris Priest.

So there's a neat explanation - but, in Evans' terms, it does not explain all the dreams I do not have. I do not have dreams about my closest friends. I do not even dream about Elaine. I do not dream about work or literary problems which I think about during the day. However, in recent months I have had five dreams (that I remember clearly) about the Carlton Street residence where I once lived. In several dreams I have seen myself breaking into it as taking over as a squatter (the flat which I was forced to leave was left vacant for at least a year afterward) and defending my squattership against all comers. In one dream, the flat had become a huge house which was situated on a hill and overlooking a valley of lawn and misty greenness. For some reason the house was in India (at least everybody was dressed in Indian costumes) and I knew that it was a transformation of 72 Carlton Street only because I lived in a huge apartment on the first storey, and Martin, who once lived downstairs at Carlton Street, had an apartment of similar sumptuousness.

What does all this mean?- since it is an assumption of theorists about dreams, whether Evans or Freud or Perl or whoever, that dreams have meanings. Choose your own meaning. Does it mean that the task of leaving Carlton Street was the single most emotionally violent occurrence of the last few years? I can think of others which occupied far more waking thought, including daydreams about some girls who have never featured in my dreams. No explanation is enough.

Many of my recent dreams which I have remembered clearly have made me shit scared. I am still recovering from - or have not recovered from - a dream which took the following form:

Some friends and I were watching what I can only remember as a slightly tatty

theatrical presentation (or, perhaps, an amateurish stage show of magic). I remember I was amused rather than amazed by the spectacle, pleased by the amiable confusion of the presentation, not really entertained by it. A man was standing next to me. His voice sounded like that of a ham magician or medium: the kind of voice that can say "You will meet a dark stranger" without bursting into giggles. I cannot remember what the stranger was saying exactly: it was a kind of running commentary on the show in front of me. He pointed out that the arrangement of stage props formed a series of crude symbols.

Wilted papier mache columns, faded green reeds in a bowl, and frayed fabric red couches were not just sets for the show, but parts of a kind of three-dimensional Tarot pack designed to Tell Me Something. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a new feature of the scene. A cardboard cockatoo had risen from its perch, and was flying lazily high above the stage. It looked quite grand.

"What's the meaning of that?" I asked the informative stranger.

"Tragedy," he said. "Your tragedy."

"I think I can take it," I said. "Things were so bad until recently in my life that I think I can take anything. Perhaps I could live through even so great a tragedy as the death of my father." (Perhaps my father, just turned 60 and only recently looking middle-aged, featured in the early part of this dream, Which I cannot remember.)

I found myself looking directly into the face of the stranger. His appearance was much like the sound of the voice: with his rakish moustache and top hat he looked like a Mysterious Stranger from a 1940s B movie. He lowered his voice conspiratorially and denounced me: "You say that you can survive anything. You are being merely complacent. The father will not leave the son; but the son will leave the father - on"

But I won't tell you the date. At that moment I woke up. I felt upset. The only interpretation I could think of for

the dream was that I had predicted the date of my own death. It is not far off. Immediately I began to work out how best to spend the last few months of my life.

Further thinking about the dream has made me slightly less apprehensive - but I will still feel troubled until after the fateful date. Perhaps it was just a silly dream, ha, ha.

However, the dream was so vivid, and I was so scared when I woke up, that I cannot help half-believing in the one theory about dreams which Evans rejects. "A...still shockingly widely held view," he writes, "is that sleep is a 'near-death' condition when the mind or spirit can leave the body; dreams are this entity's adventures during its sizeable period of freedom. The evidence for the existence of telepathic and premonitory dreams (aircraft crashing, uncles dying, etc) seems to bolster this view, and J W Dunne's hair-raising book, *An Experiment With Time*, seems to imply that temporal as well as spatial boundaries collapse during sleep." Evans does not like this theory because "the evidence for telepathy and precognition, once impressive, now looks pretty thin". Many other people, of course, believe that the evidence for esp becomes more incontrovertible each year.

When you wake from a dream, you feel as if you had been allowed into some other world. As I've said already, that world works quite differently. Perhaps it has some windows on the future of the "real" world. Not that I have much evidence that I have any precognitive ability. When I was at high school, a boy who was known to our group but not really one of us failed to turn up at school for several weeks and we presumed he had transferred to another school. I had a dream about him returning to school just a few days before he did return - nearly six months after he had left. I cannot remember any other dreams of mine that "came true".

Let us hope, for all our sakes, that none of my most recent dreams come true. Take a typical example. I had done some dreary job all day (in the dream) and stepped out of stale offices to make

my way home. The headline of the Herald caught my eye - you know what Herald headlines are like. "WORLD RUSHES TO WAR," it said. I felt sudden horror. I had had no warning of what was happening. Italy had been bombed into extinction some months before. I knew that, and also knew that, for some reason, that battle had not led immediately to a third world war. The then American President had made enough conciliatory gestures to keep a world peace. The newspaper I now held in my hand said that a rebel President had declared himself ruler of America; that his policy was to continue the world war against the enemy; and that USA was virtually in Civil War as large masses of people rushed to particular recruiting stations to join the forces of either President. I'm not sure, but in my dream my first thought was (I think) to wonder how all my friends in fandom were faring. And then I thought, "When does the actual War start? When does the first Bomb land near here?"

It is easy to see how this dream, and several others recently where a nuclear attack on Australia or Victoria (probably the Omega base in Gippsland) is expected any minute, arise out of my day-to-day thoughts. I have spent my entire conscious life, from about the age of five onwards, under the shadow of the Bomb. I still think it is a miracle that any of us made it to the 1960s, let alone the 1970s or even, perhaps, the 1980s and beyond. I still think my most likely death will be from incineration in a nuclear war, or from general radiation poisoning, and such a thought still makes me angry. But the fact of the matter is that I had not dreamed about future nuclear catastrophe for many years. And now there's this pall of apocalypse settles over my mind.

So let us hope that my dreams do not come true? And if they don't, what do I make of these brief times of perception which I would consider among the most vivid experience of 1978? Put them down to experience, I suppose.

- ANZAPA 64
from WORDY-GURDY 3



On the Joys of Publishing a Fanzine

I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

-- Coleridge

I suppose it's now a good five years since I gave up publishing fanzines, for no good reason other than that there were other things I wanted to do. I can't say that I miss doing it all that much, though from time to time there is a little twinge, and one part of me asks: "Wouldn't it be nice to put out another fanzine?" And another part of me answers: "No, you choose to do something else."

Yet given the opportunity to publish one last nostalgic fanzine like this, I find myself very happy to do so, given a reasonable excuse like the 10th anniversary of Anzapa. And sitting down to do it, I find myself pondering the virtues of fanzines, as well as their vices.

Fanzines, after all, are rather unique things: it's hard to find anything else that quite compares with them. Neither the 'little magazines' nor the writings of diarists are really comparable. Certainly nowhere in journalism or professional magazines does one find the kind of writing that make fanzines so interesting to read.

Let's not be mistaken, though: most fanzines are drivel. It's rather like the CB radio scene: given the chance to say anything at all, the majority of people have nothing to say, and if they had, would not know how to say it. The result is a flood of mindless trivia.

What is remarkable, I think, is that there is so much good and interesting writing to be found in fanzines. There may be a lot of mud to dig through, but the pearls are there for the finding. Though

David
Grigg

there are many fans who can only write the equivalent of "ten-four, rodger-dodger, over and out", still we have the Bruce Gillespies, the John Bangsunds, and the Leigh Edmonds' to keep us listening.

Perhaps what makes good fanzines so well worth reading is the fact that the authors quite happily go into print with their opinions on any subject under the sun. What's so remarkable about that? Well, in much of modern journalism, opinions aren't in. Oh, there's the Editorial in most papers, but even that is constrained by good taste, by conservatism, by the consideration of who buys the paper. Fanzines never have that problem.

The other thing, I guess, is that fanzine writing is so personal: like letter writing, you can't divorce yourself from the things you are writing about. Most modern papers and magazines try for the dry objective approach, avoiding emotion and judgement. That's understandable. But I'd rather read a fanzine.

My problem these days, of course, is that since I no longer publish a fanzine, I hardly ever receive one. I have nothing to trade, and can rarely be bothered sending money. When I was publishing Touchstone, I used to get dozens of the things landing in my mail. And there were the APAs. At one stage I was a member of, I seem to recall, five apas. Maybe it wasn't all at one time. But I've been a member of ANZAPA, OMPA, CANADAPA, APA-45 and MINNEAPA. I don't really miss writing a fanzine. But I sure miss reading them. And thinking on it now, it's the apas I miss most.

Why apas? Because of the dialogue that goes on in the mailing comments of the best apazines. I have a long-standing delight in argument for its own sake, but it seems to be a dying art. Where else, if not in apas, can you listen in and participate in such varied discussions on so many varied themes?

I do receive some fanzines, of course. John Bangsund is kind enough to keep sending me his publications. Susan Wood often sent me her Amor, but got lamentably little response to it. And any year now, there'll be another issue of SF Commentary out which I'll probably get. Some day there may even be the first issue of Giant Wombo, to which I contributed an article (don't all rush me, folks, I really don't have time to write fanzine articles!).

There's this conflict, you see: fanzines are essentially participatory publications. When I was publishing Touchstone and Fanarchist before it, I would rather have had a letter or an article than a dozen subscriptions. So to again be a part of the fanzine scene, I would have to be a participant. And every time I sit down at the typewriter to do something like that, my muse comes and hovers over me, berating me, telling me that I really ought to be writing a story or a novel. She's there now: -

"Go away, I tell you! This is only a oncer. I'll get back to writing that kid's book on the weekend!" Dammit, now she's gone and caught her wings in the venetian blinds. "Here you are, dear... whoops, sorry about that feather. You right? Okay, flit away until Saturday, there's a good muse." Whew! You have to be careful with muses. Offend them, and you don't see hide nor feather of them for months at a time, and then where are you, I ask you?

Now, where were we? Oh yes, the virtues of apas and fanzines. I must say (on this anniversary occasion) that of all the apas I've been in, ANZAPA will always be the one for which I have the softest spot in my heart. It was my first apa, of course, and Ghop?, which appeared in Anzapa #9, was my first fanzine. It's strange, now, looking back on that. When Carey and I joined

Anzapa, it seemed as though it had been established forever, and that we were johnnies-come-lately of the greenest sort. We were, of course. But now that Anzapa is up to mailing number sixty or seventy or whatever it is, mailing #9 seems like the very dawn of civilization.

Gary Mason was the Official Editor then. I seem to recall that it was on the basis of Gary's attitude to that position that it was later renamed the Official Bloody Editorship. Never mind. To me then, discovering Anzapa was like discovering sex (which at that time I had not discovered). I remember waiting with agonising impatience for each mailing to arrive. I ran long apazines, sometimes two per mailing. I carried out a labour of love and constructed an index to the damn thing. Greater love hath no man...

You see, I had discovered the greatest fanzine virtue of all: that you could write whatever you wanted, and people would read it, would listen to what you had to say, and discuss it with you. You don't find that kind of intellectual interest and excitement anywhere else that I can think of.

To be perfectly honest, though, I must say that I probably enjoyed being in the overseas apas more than in Anzapa. That was no fault of Anzapa, however: the overseas apas offered me the viewpoints of people in other countries, meant that my opinions, perhaps, had more weight in them. The taste of the exotic was delicious. And that's why ANZAPA should treasure its overseas members, even if they do cost more and have to be treated with more consideration. Their contributions are simply more valuable because they represent the alien viewpoint.

But my fanzine days are behind me. Now I collect rejection slips.

- ANZAPA 64
from TOUCHSTONE 4



Slaydomania II

**Leanne
Frahm**

One thing becomes noticeable in my stuff after a while: I rarely talk about science fiction. A lot of people write very knowledgeably about science fiction, authors, events--John Brosnan, for instance, Perry Middlemiss, Paul Stokes, Andrew Brown. John Bangsund writes very knowledgeably about nothing in particular, but my heavens, doesn't it sound knowledgeable! I envy them. I never had anything exciting to write about. I believe Robert Heinlein visited the Great Barrier Reef about 23 years ago, and maybe I'll get to Aust. in '83 (if it is)--but these aren't immediate topics, vibrant, relevant!

But surprise! I'm given the opportunity to write about an s.f. event first-hand, and a couple of famous people, and what happens? I'm blocked. I can't do it.

I've begun reports on the Sydney Science Fiction Writers' Workshop held in January several times. I've tried various styles--chattily conversational, impersonally objective, hilariously witty...nothing works. I wonder if it's because it had such an importantly personal effect on me that I find it difficult to talk about.

What the hell, here we go again. If this seems disjointed, disorganised, meandering, and doesn't seem to say much, well, you've been warned.

What motivates others to attend a workshop, I can only guess at. In my case, it was a determination to receive an objective criticism of my fiction. I have always been unable to evaluate my own writing, and unable to accept the comments of friends and interested people at face value. The occasional rejection slip when I did find the courage to send something off didn't help. I thought that at a workshop, quite anonymously, I would receive criticism which I could accept as unbiased, and

settle the question one way or another.

I had no idea what a workshop would be like, or what we would do at it. I suppose I had hazy visions of this group of quietly keen intellects engaging in esoteric exchanges of the loftiest kind, overseen by the powerful, brooding intelligences of the Mythical George Turner, or the Even-More-Mythical (because foreign) Terry Carr, while I scuttered round the outside, tongue hanging out, begging the odd word of wisdom to be tossed to me. Well, that wasn't quite the way it was.

I nearly left the first day. Everyone filed into the dining room of the decrepit private hotel which was the venue, sat in a circle, and looked expectantly at George Turner. I looked at everyone else. Oh god, I thought. I'm going to hate this. They were nearly all younger than me, except for those who were much younger. They all appeared to exude a mixture of confidence, diffidence, arrogance and more confidence that, combined with the nonchalance of cheesecloth caftans, ragged jeans and handmade leather sandals, seemed to me to exemplify exactly the way a writer should be. And I knew I didn't look like that!

However, I thought I'd only draw attention to myself if I ran weeping from the room before George had even opened his mouth, so I sat. He eased into things gently. The stories we had written to gain entry to the workshop were to be read, and a criticism of each prepared. In the following week, we were to write as many stories as we were capable of, including re-writes of criticised stories, each to be read by everyone, and each to be criticised by the group in two sessions daily. This

was greeted by blank silence. Everyone sort of felt that eighteen entry stories should last the week easily. Where was the work? No one really realised at this stage that when George Turner says produce, he means produce. So the first session ended on a confident, optimistic note, and in the following evening hours of camaraderie, I was surprised, and relived, to find that many of the other participants were as uncertain and anxious as I was, sandals and all. I felt a lot better, and decided to stay.

As the days went by, a sense of panic slowly developed as the initial stories were dealt with with increasing rapidity, and it was realised that if we ran out of stories, we would be wasting our time. The earlier feeling of light-heartedness vanished. The trips to the swimming-pool ceased. Typewriters began to sound through the night. Complaints about the food were heard less frequently, as food became more a fuel and less an object of enjoyment (which it never was there anyway). Everywhere the drawn faces and hushed voices proclaimed the fact that it is difficult to write to order. George Turner was seen to smile sardonically upon occasion.

The announcement by Terry Carr that he would continue with the same format dimmed the enthusiasm with which his arrival was greeted. More stories. More criticism. We left the normal time-stream--no news, no outside people. Waking hours were divided into time for writing and time for everything else. Somehow it came suddenly, with a shock, to an end, and everyone went home.

What do I think about the workshop, its worth? I'm still trying to sort that out. I do think there were some weaknesses in its structure.

Firstly, a large proportion of the attendees were as inexperienced in literary criticism as I was, so that criticism was of a superficial or repetitive kind at times, at least for the first week until we became more at ease with it. During the second week, another weakness emerged. People were by then so involved with writing

that it became a nuisance to keep up with reading the entire output, and criticism became more cursory, as often as not introduced by "It was pretty late when I read this," or "I've only had a chance to glance at this...". I know I was as guilty of this as anyone.

Consequently, I found, and I suspect most of the others did, that the most value came from the criticism of the two leaders, George and Terry. I wonder then, at the worth of a system of comment from each person on every story, although it could be argued that this forces the commenter to develop powers of criticism which can be applied to his own writing (hopefully) later.

Secondly, I feel that a format which requires the attendees to produce as many stories as possible in a two-week period is a bit rigid. The capability to do this varied tremendously from person-to-person. It was no trouble to me--I churned 'em out like sausages--but some people were naturally more meticulous, or found the pressure of having to produce inhibiting. This in turn led to a vicious circle for some people in that they began to feel inferior simply because they weren't producing quantity, irrespective of the quality. A fairer way of running such a workshop might be to require attendees to bring 5 or 6 stories with them to be worked over.

Some people left the workshop early, for both of the above reasons. They found the criticism of little worth, or they found it too difficult to cope with the intense programme. How to resolve these problems, or even to decide whether they're worth resolving, will be the prerogative of the organisers of the next workshop.

Enough of generalities: What about me?

The opportunity to concentrate on writing for a whole fortnight, to indulge myself with no outside distractions, no timing myself to other peoples' needs, no sudden household emergencies, was an incredibly happy experience for me. Seen simply as a holiday, it was invaluable. But I gained much more

than a nice break. I gained in knowledge and experience. I learned to look critically at a story and decide what is relevant and what is not (and doesn't that play havoc with reading for pleasure!) I learnt about technical things like 'point-of-view' and 'subjective tense' (which I still don't understand, but never mind). I learnt about style, and what types not to try. I learnt about markets, and typing manuscripts, and editorial preferences. But most of all I learnt confidence. Nothing earth-shattering, mind; there is no Tolstoi buried deep within this unauthorishly-robust frame. But at least I now have confidence to try.

Oh yes, the mythical beings. I found I admired and respected George Turner for both his depth of knowledge and insight, but the admiration came from a distance. He is a self-contained man, who obviously cherishes his privacy. Nevertheless, he applied himself to his task assiduously, and was most forthcoming at workshop sessions. Some workshoppers felt his criticism was too harsh and dogmatic. I disagree. I suspect he took the general level of experience of the attendees

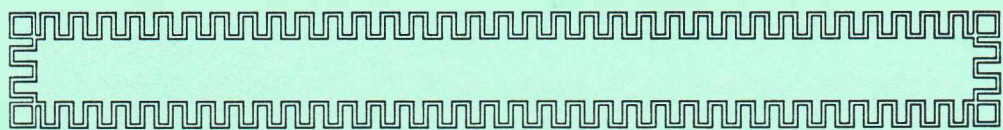
into account and was less harsh than he might otherwise have been.

Terry Carr was delightful. No matter the literary standard of the story presented, he was full of suggestions for improving or altering it. He was extremely knowledgeable on grammar and syntax, and a stickler for standards. His interest lay more in the saleability of the stories, as opposed to George's more abstract evaluation of literary values, and I must admit that this point of view comes closer to what I feel I can produce.

All in all, it was heady stuff--ye gods, the depravity of not even ironing my jeans!-and I'm still not back to earth yet. But whether this type of workshop would work for a more experienced or self-confident writer, I'm not sure. I can only say that for myself, it was, and will remain, one of the highlights of my life.

- ANZAPA 67

⌘



Mailing Comment:

Leanne Frahm commenting (sort of) to Gary Mason in ANZAPA 65.

You noticed, didn't you, Gary? Ten, count 'em, ~~ten~~ closely-written jam-packed, full (well, nearly) pages. Just look at them, no wasted space, no sneaky illos to cut down the wordage, I even reduced the conversation to space-and-half instead of double! I would have to say, in an off-hand and modest manner, that I would not be surprised if you decided to credit me with twelve or even fourteen pages on this occasion, and no-one would guess, would they, that I am desperately trying to think of things to write to fill up this pages so that no-one can call me a piker.

Please, is that near enough?

THE END

(Pant! Pant! Gasp! Wheeze! And her wavering form crumples slowly across the keys, as exhaustion claims her noble brain.)

⌘

The Secret Files of ANZAPA

**Gary
Mason**

Ten years seems to have passed rather quickly. I remember when Ron Clarke first floated the idea of an Australian apa, an idea taken up quickly by Leigh, who actually founded the thing. I recall being a little doubtful whether there was the interest and enthusiasm to make an Australian apa work, and I acutely remember being highly perplexed wondering what to write.

In the event, I chose the easy way out -- and wrote 8 1/2 pages on the subject of (you guessed it) the Constitution: the constitutions of various fannish organizations I was in being a particular passion of mine at the time. For a long time, in fact. The Constitution of CAPA-alpha, the international comics apa, at which I had been nit-picking away for something like two years by that time was my model, and reading those 8 1/2 pages back now makes me wince at the way I attacked (at length) every single trivial way in which Leigh's initial Constitution differed from CAPA-alpha's. Arghhh!

I wonder how common it is to be embarrassed at one's ten-year old apa contribution? In retrospect, now, I actually think the first mailing of APA-A was quite a nice little mailing, and it is amazing to look back to the very early fanzine attempts of some of today's biggest-name fans.

No, I take that back. The people in that mailing became the giants of Australian fandom (well, some of them) in a period subsequent to 1968, but I guess it's only my own myopic view of fandom in 1978 that makes me think that they are the BNFs of today. Most of today's fannish leaders, I suppose, weren't very much in evidence but then, in my consciousness, still aren't. (Especially the new generations of fan leaders in Sydney, whose names I always have trouble remembering - having met so few of them so rarely.)

In early mailings most members were

represented each time, unlike today when there are many minackers (including me, when I'm not OBE). I suspect that this annish will be the first mailing in a long time to have such a large number of members (and non-members!) represented.

All but one of the 11 launching members contributed to the first mailing. The exception was Bernie Bernhouse, who distinguished himself in another way, by also becoming the first member to drop out without ever having contributed, if I remember rightly. (Wasn't Lee Harding a later member of the select band who have achieved that honour?)

For the possible amusement of those who have not seen the first mailing of the AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA (as it was called until the third mailing), I thought it would be worth digging out my copy at this point and reviewing it briefly.

The first thing that might strike one about the first mailing is that it was stapled together, a practice that persisted for two or three years before it was dropped in favour of the current practice. Leigh Edmonds who, as I mentioned earlier, was the OE (not OBE) at the time, got around the problem of non-standard paper sizes by the simple expedient of putting items printed on the largest paper size (American quarto) at the back and front, stapling everything else in the middle -- with quite a pleasing result. The first item was the official organ (a mere 3 1/2 pages, including reproduction of the Constitution), which canvassed such problems as standardization of paper sizes, the sale of mailings, and constitutional amendments. Familiar, eh?

A surprisingly affable John Foyster followed the oo, gosh-wowing about the concept of an Australian apa and getting in early with a piece on the

subject of (Monash) university politics, which has since become a hardy perennial. I recall being unimpressed at the time with the standard of John's duplicating (a product, I think, of the antique typewriter he was wont to use in those days), and I suspect that I made a comment about it in the second mailing. In retrospect it seems quite unexceptionable -- obviously, in the intervening decade I have become less preoccupied with superficiality.

Not so much less preoccupied with superficiality, however, that I cannot still easily identify John Bangsund's inaugural issue of THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER as the best present zine in the mailing. The thing that delighted me with John Bangsund, then as now, and as other ANZAPans have found in the years of JB's uninterrupted membership (while addresses, jobs, and even marriages, have come and gone with gay abandon), is that the excellence is so much deeper than the presentation. As a belated mailing comment (but I think I said the same thing ten years ago): easily the best contribution in the mailing.

Peter Darling was next, with his very first fanzine, and a short comment on student apathy (more university politics?) and a plug for the ABC radio program, The World Tomorrow, about which I believe Peter's comments are still true (it recently celebrated its tenth birthday, too). ...Peter's standard pun-reply, whenever I refer to a plug for anything, is to say "It wasn't leaking!" That may be, but it seems fairly obvious (since the show's still going) that since Peter gave it his plug, the audiences must have filled up, no?

I could extend these puns indefinitely (and sometimes do), but I guess we'd all feel a bit drained ...

Anyway, having plumbed the depth's of Peter Darling's contribution, we move on to Ron Clarke (who I see was on his Ronl kick, even by then)'s QUICKSILVER, which had the distinction of introducing the subject of The Prisoner -- a subject that was the subject of more attention in the second mailing, when I devoted half my BUM (I

suppose you could call it a cheek) to it.

Gary Woodman, of whom few current fans will have heard, was next with a piece largely devoted to constitutional amendments. It was aptly titled MORE WOODMAN CRUDDINGS. Most of it I didn't read then, and I don't propose to read it now. But Gary also, in a sort-of afterpiece, had the distinction of initiating a subject that has, in varying degrees at different times, become a trademark of our apa: the ****true confession****. Seems that Gary, at 17 3/4, had, some 22 hours before he prepared his contribution, ****kissed a girl**** and, in common with some other fans at other times (including myself 3 years later -- but my social development was somewhat retarded by comparison), he was anxious to parade his heterosexuality as quickly as possible.

I hope that doesn't sound as though I, in subsequent years, have become too cynical and dejected about such matters. At the time when Gary published his "cruddings", I didn't have any appreciation at all of the matters he was talking about. And now? Ah, life ...

Next was what I suspect was another fanzine debut -- and a highly impressive one, even if it was printed upside down -- by the one and only Bruce R. Gillespie. It was the first contact many of us had had with the aforementioned BRG, and we were indeed impressed by his excellent piece on Peter Watkin's "tv-documentary-cum-cinema-entertainment", THE WAR GAME.

Bruce's MARSHIAN CHRONICLES (as they were called, for Bruce still lived at Bacchus Marsh in those days) was followed by Paul Steven's LITTLE SUPO DELUXE No.5, for the benefit of those of us who were good at spelling and wanted to feel intellectually superior. If I had paid less attention to such trivial matters and just enjoyed Paul's unabashed sense of fun (then, as now), I am sure that I would have been a much happier (not to mention, a nicer) person.

Paul's zine was the only one in the mailing that had a number higher than 1, as he had previously used the same

title for a genzine that was one of the most popular Australian fanzines of the time. I think he had cheated, though, and not used all the intervening numbers (I do not think there had been four genzine issues) -- an early example of yet another fine Australian fannish tradition!

Then there was my old friend John Ryan, still living at Fairfield in those pre-Syncon days, who published BONZER No.1, which was "named for Gary Mason who cannot understand my predilection for Australian titles and Noel Kerr who would be disappointed if the title did not start with 'B'". John turned in the sort of fanzine that he is rightly famous for -- breezy, light-hearted, good-natured, and immensely readable. In four short pages, he discussed such subjects as Alfred Bester and Gully Foyle, Noel Kerr, constitutional bush lawyers (guilty, your Honour), and my own dear sister-in-law, Zian Wilkinson/Leah Strahle/Anothermouse.

Quite coincidentally, I also devoted some space, in the same stern vein, to the matter that concerned John involving Zian. It all seems highly amusing and entirely futile in retrospect, but basically it was about the use of pseudonyms in Ron Clarke's THE MENTOR fanzine, and Ron's penchant for "censoring" (his term) his fanzines. (Ron worked for the Customs and, so far as I know, still does.) The matter was muddled by Zian's (and Ron's) insistence that on a certain occasion Zian had not used a pen-name, but "the person concerned's 'real name'", it being subsequently claimed that Zian had two (or was it half a dozen?) 'real names'.

The reason why I say that the whole thing seems futile in retrospect is that I know now that none of the names under consideration, not one, was Zian's "real name". If there are enough of you around who still remember the period when Zian dominated Sydney fandom, and you are sufficiently interested, remind me some day and I'll tell you a bit about the Zian that fandom never knew. A strange lady ...

Leigh Edmonds's own contribution, which rounded out the mailing, also

takes me back to those hallowed days of yore. In THE MECHANISM, No.1 Leigh instituted a "Quote of the month department", and his quote for October, 1968 was, "Sure a fanzine editor can print whatever interests him, as long as it is about science fiction -- Pat Terry."

There are probably a fair few among today's fans who have never heard of Pat Terry, and that is sad. Unlike the case with Zian, I have no deep special insights into Pat Terry -- in fact, I think it would be fair to say that when I came on the scene he took an instant disliking to me, which did not greatly vary for the rest of his life. Pat was not a particularly old fan (Graham Stone says he first came to the Futurian Society about 1964), but he was an old man (born 1883 and aged 84 when I first met him), and he was set in his ways and ideas, and was very dogmatic on things he believed in. (And although we named an award for humour in science fiction after him, he had very little that I would recognise as a sense of humour in general.) In particular, he didn't like people who hung around fandom but didn't read science fiction, and he especially didn't like comics fans (although I was probably the first one he met). I was both of those things, and made little secret of it.

Maybe I was a little insensitive to the feelings of people like Pat -- I did flirt briefly with the word "faan" that was then in vogue to describe people who were predominantly interested in the social side of fandom -- and Pat particularly disliked the use of that word. Anyway, he later grew perhaps marginally more tolerant of me, because I think he saw my NEW FORERUNNER as somewhat advancing the interests of Sydney fandom, but he never deviated from his statement quoted by Leigh, and he obviously would have preferred to see someone else (anyone) editing the SSFF's newsletter than me.

Australian fandom (and particularly Sydney fandom, which is less well documented) was very interesting in that late '60s period when we were taking the first hesitant steps towards Aussiecon, and when so many people were around who are barely known

today. It would be interesting to read other views of people like Pat Terry before memories become too hazy and too many of the prospective chroniclers themselves fade away. Unfortunately, so far as ANZAPA goes, a lot of the prospective chroniclers have already faded away -- as far as late '60s Sydney goes, Peter Darling and I are the only survivors. Robin Johnson is no longer a member (although I still have hopes that he might rejoin sometime), Ron Clarke is (and has been for some time) in a state of near-gafia, and John Ryan

contributions along the same lines.

Before the first mailing of APA-A, however, I can't help noticing that not one of the original members still has the same address as in 1968. In fact, with the exception of Bernhouse and Woodman (whose movements I have not kept track of), I can observe that everyone has had a minimum of two moves, with the norm being more like five or six (eight in my own case). That must say something for the mobility of Australians ...

Mailing Comment:

John Brosnan replying to Gary Mason in ANZAPA 65.

As for Pat Terry, I did correspond with him when I lived in Perth but I only ever met him once and that was at the Melbourne con in 1968 when I was making my way to Sydney. I'm afraid I found him a bit of a strain in person (I wasn't the most tolerant of people 10 years ago and am even worse now) but his letters were interesting. I remember him saying that he wrote to Mike Moorcock, who he'd been corresponding with for years, to tell him that NEW WORLDS was rubbish and would he please not send him any more issues until he pulled his socks up. Moorcock, however, thanked him for his comments and kept sending him NEW WORLDS (Moorcock still remembers Terry with a great deal of fondness). I don't think I ever mentioned to him that I was a comics fan...



Of course, in the case of Clarke, Darling and me (and Bernhouse?), it would still be perfectly feasible to contact us through the addresses given in the first mailing -- our parents (or, in my case, my mother, Dad having split last year) are still at those addresses.

Those original eleven are more stable in other ways, though. To take parenthood, for example, only one person who was not then a parent now is: me. (Again, I exclude Bernhouse and Woodman, whom I do not know about.) The number of marriages is about the same: Clarke and Darling have joined that list, but Foyster has left it. Bangsund got unmarried, but then (bless you, Sally) married again. I got married, but then unmarried again. Of course, that's not taking account of cohabitation arrangements, but let's not go into that ...

I wonder if Gary Woodman ever married his lady love?

- ANZAPA 64



is alive and well, but busy, in far-off Brisbane! Ah, I forgot John Brosnan, who lived for some time amongst Sydney fans at that period. As a man who was into both science fiction and comics, how did you get on with Pat, John?

Ah, nostalgia. ANZAPA's tenth birthday seems like a good time to give full rein to it, but I guess it can be overdone. It's probably a fairly obvious theme for the annish, so I won't be surprised if several other members have also worked their



anzapa

the sixty-fifth or post-anzapacn mailing
of the australian and new zealand amateur
publishing association december 1978



A Great Future Behind Us

A Hypochondriac a Day Keeps the Doctor in Pay

My trouble, of course, is that I have too much imagination. And I read too much.

**David
Grigg**

The result is that every time I have a sore throat, it is cancer of the larynx. Every bout of indigestion is a heart attack, every touch of colic is acute appendicitis, every cough a clear sign of tuberculosis.

The fact that Sue is a nurse doesn't help, of course, since she comes home with gory stories and terrifying tales about people who drop dead at the age of 25 with no more sign than a slight headache. Now, of course, every time I get a headache I just lie there waiting for everything to go suddenly black.

Not that I'm the kind of hypochondriac who tells everyone about his imagined illnesses, and goes running to the doctor every week. But when I count off my symptoms, deep down I know I'm doomed, and stoically keep silent. Stiff upper lip, and all that.

But not only does there seem to be a proliferating number of exotic things to die from, there is an incredible upsurge at the moment in advice on how to keep healthy, what to do and what not to do in order to live until the age of 103. And worse, since each piece of advice invariably contradicts every other piece, I am kept in a continual state of confusion.

Exercise is very important, so they say. That worries me a lot, since I have a very sedentary job, don't play sport, and sit around reading during most of my leisure time. So I've taken up doing a few push-ups and so on in the morning, and climbing the seven flights of stairs at work two or three times a day. As I sit there panting at my desk, with my heart trying hysterically to batter its way out of my chest, I keep telling myself

how much good it is doing me. Except, of course, that it seems a large percentage of heart attacks happen to unfit people like me trying to exercise.

Worst of all is what you read about diet. Everyone at least seems agreed that what you eat has a large bearing on your health and longevity. But as to just what you should eat... there's the problem. It seems that everything edible is sure to give you cancer, a heart attack, diabetes or galloping gastritis.

I stopped eating butter a long while ago. All that cholesterol and those poly-saturated fats. Very bad for the heart. I started using margarine instead, and feeling virtuous, spread it thick. Now the latest reports say that margarine is no better for you than butter: it seems that poly-unsaturated fats in your diet being good for you is a myth.

Then there's bread. Wholemeal, of course. You need all of that rough fibre to keep your plumbing in trim so that you won't end up with cancer of the bowel. That's all right. But you can't eat too much bread. It makes you fat, and obesity is dreadful for the heart.

Sugar, as I'm sure you know, is A Dreadful Thing. Too much predisposes you to diabetes. And besides, like bread, it helps make you fat.

Like butter, milk is out of the question. I used to drink a lot milk, usually flavoured, being encouraged by those obscene 'Big M' advertisements on television where all these fit and virile young people run around in swimsuits pouring milk over each other. But then

I read the statistical reports. Drinking milk can reduce your lifespan by ten years. It seems milk is all right for cows, but not for adult omnivores like us.

So imagine my problem, getting up in the morning, ready for breakfast. What to eat? Bread and jam? All that starch and sugar? No. Well then, eggs and bacon? Even worse: cholesterol in the eggs, fat in the bacon, not to mention the carcinogens in the form of nitrates used in curing the bacon. No. Cornflakes? With milk and sugar? No.

Well, then, at least I can have something to drink when I get up. A nice glass of flavoured milk? Oh, no, I'd forgotten that I'd stopped drinking milk. Well, then, fresh orange juice, terrific. Until I counted up the amount of sugar in every bottle.

Coffee, then. I had to cut out sugar in my tea and coffee, once I realised how bad sugar was. It was a hard struggle, since I used to take two and a half teaspoons, but I eventually did it. Having a sweet tooth, I would have been tempted to substitute one of those pills containing artificial sweeteners. But we all know what they do to Canadian rats, don't we? Zap! Cancer of the bladder after a dose of only ten grams a day.

But I've had to give up drinking coffee and tea all together. I came across a recent article in New Scientist which said, among other things, that if caffeine were being introduced today as a new drug, the US Federal Drug Administration would restrict its use and only allow it to be sold on prescription by a pharmacist.

So I eventually settled on drinking mineral water. I don't need to tell you I couldn't start drinking beer. Apart from all the calories, the alcohol attacks your liver. But I thought I was on to a safe thing with mineral water. I mean all it is is clean water with lots of bubbles, right?

"My God!" said Sue after watching me down my second glass. "I'd hate to see the sodium levels in your blood right now. All those bicarbonates!

Dreadful!"

I suppose after that there's nothing left to drink but plain water. But someone at work collared me last week and lectured me for an hour about the evils of fluoridation in drinking water. It pollutes your precious bodily fluids, you know.

At this rate, I could die of thirst.

- ANZAPA 66



Mailing Comments:

David Grigg commenting to Gary Mason.

Gary, I don't think that your constitutional amendments ought to succeed. I mean legislating that the only acceptable paper size for ANZAPA is to be A6 so that the whole thing will fit into a B5 envelope like an ordinary letter is all very well, but think of how many folds you'll have to make in John Rowley's foolscap then! And your complementary amendment to reduce the membership to 5 so that the mailings won't be too thick to fit the envelope is going too far.

And to Bruce Gillespie in ANZAPA 69.

I must say that filling your "I Must Be Talking to My Friends" column with letters sent to you by mediums supposedly written by H G Wells and Jules Verne with whom they are spiritually in contact is a bit much. Besides, I'm sure that Verne didn't speak English at all. I'm sure you only put them in because 'Wells' said your fanzine was the best thing he'd read since he died. And then to cap it off, you fill the rest of the magazine with an explanation of how this issue wasn't the 5000 pages SFC you'll need to publish all the reviews George Turner has written for you. It's not good enough, Bruce, and getting married is no excuse.



Descent From the Ivory Tower

**Helen
Swift**

I suppose the story really begins quite a few years ago, when I was about to commence the final year of my secondary schooling. The previous year I had studied maths, physics, chemistry english and history .. a course which produced results of boring passes in the sciences and distinctions in the arts subjects, a reflection of my determination to do no work at all whenever possible. Consequently, it was suggested to me that I would be wiser to drop all those science subjects and take an arts-based course for matriculation, which I did. I found that those students whose grades were below or about average were given any amount of vocational guidance, but that, for some reason, students like me whose grades were good were assumed to know what they wanted to do after matriculating. I, however, had absolutely no idea but applied to study Arts at Uni as that seemed to be what everyone assumed I would do. (I was very good at following along blithely on the path set for me by others' assumptions, in those days). Well, I found myself an undergraduate B.A. student at Adelaide Uni early in 1974 but it only took me about 4 weeks to decided that, even if I did not know what I did want to do, I did NOT want to bust a gut to become a teacher, only to have my own interest in Shakespeare and cronies gradually annihilated by having to teach his works to groups of students who really didn't want to know about him. I cannot say now if that is what would really have happened, but it seemed accurate at the time.

The upshot of this was that I promptly took a year's deferment from my B.A. and worked at as many different types of jobs as I could, to try to find something that I really liked. I was a waitress, kitchen hand, cook, domestic, clerk, factory worker on a production line and a laboratory technician, all within the space of one year. I thought at the time of my leaving Arts that

maybe I would like to apply for medicine, as I had good results and liked people (nice specific sort of reasons, weren't they? but above par for the course as reasons for entering medicine go). However, I did not exactly make that desire public from its inception, as I did not think many people would take too kindly to the idea of an arts drop-out blithely discussing whether or not she would consider medicine as a career. It seems I knew even then the type of reverence with which one is supposed to speak of that supreme calling 'medicine'.

I applied eventually and was more than a little surprised to find myself accepted, as I knew that the competition would be fierce, inasmuch as Flinders was the only med school at that time which would take students with a classical sciences background at secondary school level. And so we began ... with ideals flying high, and no thoughts of ever being hoisted on our own petards.

Flinders was a new med school; my year was only the second lot admitted to study there. We believed (oh, god, how we believed) that it was the chance the medical profession needed to get lots of different sorts of people into medicine. Of 64 students initially accepted, nearly 45% were women! And there were 18 of us without matriculation sciences. And lots of mature age students, even a jewish single mother. There were still a lot of the more traditional medical candidates .. you know "daddy was a surgeon and so was grandpa who of course was knighted for his services in the year that I started at the most exclusive/expensive college in Adelaide" types. But still, we were so

sure that the greater variety of people as undergraduates had to provide a better group of doctors in the long run. And how sure we were that in time we could help to change the arrogance of the medical profession and knock it off its damnable pedestal in society.

We took electives in children's literature and philosophy, we moved out from home and shared houses together, got drunk and stoned and discovered feminism and were sure we could help fight for the position of women in medicine. We kept studying (well, I did do a lot of last-minute cramming before exams) and took part-time jobs and kept passing exams (at the rate of up to 10 per term, plus continual assessment ... because it was a new school, the professors were not going to take any chances on outsiders suggesting that we didn't know anything) and began taking our lectures in the hospital, and got stethoscopes (courtesy of a drug company, naturally) and white coats and everything.

Some of us became a little deceitful too. Rather than risk the inundation of questions about how we were going to cope with a family and a job, once we'd graduated, which was so common when one said one was a female studying medicine, we began to say we were sort of doing this kind of science course. Then we learnt that not only did one have to face all those stupid questions, but that one was automatically categorised as being a particularly special sort of person if one was doing medicine .. and so we either kept saying we were doing science, or became defiant, and refused to talk about doing med., or simply got totally bored with the whole business, told the truth and tried very hard not to be categorised.

And we studied , and we forgave medicine for what it was doing to us, even those of us who were aware of that process. Because when the results came out, and we'd passed another year, we went to the pub and drank and laughed and cared for each other so much that we forgot the exhaustion, and the tears, and the nights with 5 or fewer hours sleep, because we were studying 14 or more hours a day before exams. And we were together. We

laughed about the times we ran out of coffee and cigarettes at 5am on the day of a 9am exam; and we talked about whether or not it was right to blame medicine for the fact that we had lost touch with so many friends and interests.

And we changed.

We could eat and smoke and drink coffee straight after dissection classes now; we'd stopped feeling nauseated very quickly. And some of us left ... failed out of the course, or just suddenly gone ... to do law, or masters of arts degrees, or to get a job and live a 'normal' life. And so many became enthusiastic to know about everything that was going on in the hospital ... as time went by, I watched people whose ideals had been as mine at the beginning become desperately interested in procedures, and less caring about people. There were courses which tried to stop the rot ... "Human Behaviour and Sexuality" for example, in which we argued about abortion and the difficulties in homosexuals getting decent medical treatment, and about what our personal lives would be like given that we were to be Doctors and thus very rarely home.

Lots were still confident they could cope; it seemed to me that most of these were becoming increasingly arrogant as time went by, especially when they discovered the fun of infra-hospital gossip. Which med student had finally managed to screw which nurse/intern? etc etc. The hierarchy was so strong, one could have awarded specific points to people given who it was this week that they were seen chatting to in which corridor. And those of us with non-medical partners began to find it pretty hard in some ways. One was rather ostracised for not going to medical parties, especially the end of term shows. But the non-medical partners so often found so many of the students to be narrow-minded egotists that we felt guilty for taking them. So we went to the fewest number of shows that we thought we could get away with, arriving late, without our partners, and leaving early (or drinking and laughing and behaving outrageously with a 'Fuck you lot, I can do it as much as you can'

sort of attitude ... 'it' being dressing appropriately and dancing vigorously and generally carrying-on). And lots of the relationships in which only one partner was a medical student began to show the strain and finally break. And some of us began to run just a little scared.

When you can see the changes in those around you, it's most unlikely that you aren't being affected by the process too ... and we knew it. It was the end of third year before anyone (to my knowledge, given that I wasn't very up on lots of the grapevine information) in our year attempted suicide. She didn't succeed, and told no-one till much later. But some of us began to feel the strain very badly. We began to want to get out, at least for a year, to see if we really even wanted to be in the medical school at all.

For me, the crunch came early in fourth year; at least that's when it really began. I shared a row of study cubicles with some people with whom I had been quite close in the past and thought I still was close to. Most of the others were in one particular ward round group which tended to have professors for its tutors, rather than common or garden clinicians. This group suffered from several personality clashes, and became intensely competitive as a result of it. Because I was not in the same group, but was near at hand, I was called upon to play mediator over various of their disputes. Initially, I didn't mind this, as I thought that some good would come out of it. But it didn't.

And I had my own problems. My mother was ill, and in hospital for several months. Now our family doesn't get on terribly well in many ways, though we came to be a bit closer for a while after my father died some years ago). And I was the only one who realised quite how ill Mum was. One of my brothers managed to precipitate yet another in the ongoing series of family arguments; and I found myself in the middle again, trying to placate everybody, as I knew it was no good for Mum, given the state of her health. The fact that I wasn't feeling very happy doing medicine, that I was beginning to feel totally out of place doing it as so

many of my fellow students seemed to be surviving only too well the very competitive nature of the course; these things just didn't seem to get around to being discussed as I was so busy all the time sorting out everybody else's problems. I didn't realise the extent of this at the time, but in retrospect I can see it.

Finally, it wore me down fairly thoroughly and I got sick with what initially appeared to be glandular fever. I was very concerned about this, as I had final exams to sit for in a month's time. Fortunately, I didn't have it, but just some vague viral thing which knocked me around for a week or so. However, sitting at home by myself for that time, and feeling very flat and depressed because of the viral illness, I managed to work myself into a rare old state, which was classified as 'acute situational stress reaction' .. ie, I freaked out. Finally I had the sense to realise that something was definitely wrong, and took myself to an understanding doctor who arranged for me to not sit for the examinations, but to have a medical supplementary examination in January, which I have just had (and it's that that I've just discovered I've passed, thank heavens). So I was able to stay home for about a month, getting myself back to being vaguely healthy before the commencement of the final term for the year. This term was only a month long, and was all clinical work (ie, ward rounds and outpatients sessions etc) which was the side of med that I most enjoyed. However, things weren't exactly better during this term ... I still felt no confidence in myself, and really out of place, and so applied for a year's leave of absence for 1979. The procedure involved in applying was a little tricky, as the last thing I felt like talking about was how miserable I was feeling. Having seen a staff member who was prepared to back my application, I then marched off to see the Dean of the school. He was not exactly enthusiastic to say the least, but finally got the message when I said to him: "Look, you give me a year off now and there's a chance I may finish this course. If you don't I will get part way through next year ('79) or the year after or the year after that, and be so overwhelmed and exhausted and confused that I will simply turn around and scream loudly several suggestions about exactly what you can do with medicine, most of which will be anatomically impossible.

He agreed that I needed a year off.

Now that I successfully passed fourth year, my application has been officially granted, and I have until December 21st this year to notify the Dean about my intentions to re-enrol or otherwise next year. I do not know if I'll go back.

There are some parts of med which I enjoy, chiefly psychiatry and related areas. But for so much of the time I feel like Alice in Wonderland with the Red Queen, running like crazy just to stay on square one. There is so much hypocrisy in medicine, that I have to fight just to hold onto my own ideals, much less to learn anything. I know that the only reasonable way to try to change a system of which one disapproves is from the inside, and that as such this

may sound like a cop-out; but that intellectual knowledge does not make it any easier to survive the process on a personal level. I think that for me to practise medicine (specifically psychiatry) the way I think it should be practised would require about 120% of my efforts; which is a pretty good recipe for instant insanity, as I see it, and hardly fair to Perry or myself. I suspect that there are a lot of things which I could be just as happy doing as I was ever happy in medicine; hopefully, this year will enable me to find some of them.

- ANZAPA 66



Keats and Chapman by John Bangsund

Keats and Chapman once went on holiday in Italy with a bohemian singer named Michael Balfe. In Milan they met another acquaintance, the famous campanologist Sir Nigel Batt, and the four spent many happy hours together in the sunny villages and vineyards of the north. Batt was investigating the local bells and belles (there was more than one string to this beau); Balfe was indulging an interest of his youth, looking at fortifications, earthworks, gun emplacements and the like; Chapman was doing a bit of research for some footnotes he was writing about the Roman census in Imperial Times; and Keats was just mooning about as usual, jotting down the odd rhyme, making the odd delicious moan upon the midnight hour (this was when he drafted his celebrated 'Lasagna Recollected in Tranquillity', you may recall) and that sort of thing.

At a pub in Cremona they fell in with Louis Bettson, an earnest drinker and gifted conversationalist of uncertain origin, who kept them amused with his witty tales of art, life and Italian politics for as long as they cared to ply him with grog. One drowsy afternoon Keats found himself alone, alone, all, all alone - and was about to jot that down until he remembered he had read it somewhere - and he began to wonder where his companions were. Sir Nigel is probably up a bell-tower somewhere, he thought, and Balfe will be looking at some boring old gun emplacements, and Chapman will be wearing his brain down to the knuckle deciphering old Roman statistics. Keats sighed, and wondered all over again what he wanted to be when he grew up.

Just then, Chapman stumbled into the room. He had obviously been drinking, and there was an odd gleam in his eyes. 'What have you been up to!' exclaimed Keats, 'And where is everybody?' Chapman paused for a moment, then said, all in one breath, 'Bettson the bar-fly says Batt's in the belfry and Balfe's in the battery!' 'Good heavens, man!' cried Keats, 'Have you taken leave of your census?' Chapman tripped over a pot of basil and lay on the floor, giggling his head off.

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- from PARERAGON PAPERS 12



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Added: Margaret ARNOTT, Perry MIDDLEMISS, Linda SMITH, Helen SWIFT.
 Dropped: Michael CLARK, Mark LAWRENCE, Michael O'BRIEN.
 Invited to Join: Leanne FRAHM, Terry HUGHES.

Waiting List:

1. Leanne FRAHM, 2. Terry HUGHES, 3. Mark FRASER, 4. John RYAN, 5. Paul STOKES, 6. Jeff HARRIS, 7. Kevin DILLON, 8. Peter TOLUZZI, 9. Robin JOHNSON, 10. Justin ACKROYD.

Major Event: 10th Anniversary Mailing coinciding with ANZAPACon; proposal of Special Rule by John Bangsund in order to extend the membership of Michael O'Brien, John McPharlin nominated as returning officer.

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Paul ANDERSON / Margaret ARNOTT / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Deborah KNAPP / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / John McPHARLIN / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Francis PAYNE / Anthony PEACEY / John ROWLEY / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / James STYLES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Brian THUROGOOD / Roger WEDDALL / Bill WRIGHT

Added: Michael CLARK (mix-up in dues payment), Leanne FRAHM, Michael O'BRIEN (Special Rule).

Resigned: John McPHARLIN.

Invited to Join: Terry HUGHES.

Waiting List:

1. Terry HUGHES, 2. Mark FRASER, 3. John RYAN, 4. Paul STOKES, 5. Jeff HARRIS, 6. Kevin DILLON, 7. Peter TOLUZZI, 8. Robin JOHNSON, 9. Justin ACKROYD, 10. David GRIGG.

Major Event: Special Rule proposed by John Bangsund in ANZAPA 64 passed (votes 13 for, 1 against, 1 absention) so Michael O'Brien's membership was extended.

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Added: Joyce SCRIVNER (joint membership).

Dropped: Deborah KNAPP, Brian THUROGOOD.

Invited to Join: Terry HUGHES.

Waiting List:

1. Terry Hughes, 2. Mark FRASER, 3. John RYAN, 4. Paul STOKES, 5. Jeff HARRIS, 6. Kevin DILLON, 7. Peter TOLUZZI, 8. Robin JOHNSON, 9. Justin ACKROYD, 10. David GRIGG, 11. Terry GAREY, 12. John D BERRY.

Major Event: as nobody offered to run as OBE Gary Mason decided to continue in the role.

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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Margaret ARNOTT / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Michael CLARK / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Francis PAYNE / Anthony PEACEY / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Roger WEDDALL / Bill WRIGHT

Added: Mark FRASER, Paul STOKES.

Dropped: Justin ACKROYD, Terry HUGHES (both from waiting list).

Resigned: James STYLES.

Waiting List:

1. John RYAN, 2. Jeff HARRIS, 3. Kevin DILLON, 4. Peter TOLUZZI, 5. Robin JOHNSON, 6. David GRIGG, 7. Terry GAREY, 8. John D BERRY, 9. Richard FAULDER, 10. Alf KATZ.

Major Events: distribution of ballots for voting on Constitutional amendments to (1) increase the membership from 35 to 40, (2) change the required paper size from quarto to A4, and (3) to delete the requirement for contributed material to be "self-written".

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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Margaret ARNOTT / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Bruce GILLESPIE / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Francis PAYNE / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Roger WEDDALL / Bill WRIGHT

Resigned: Michael CLARK, Anthony PEACEY.
Invited to Join: Jeff HARRIS, Kevin DILLON.

Waiting List:

1. Jeff HARRIS, 2. Kevin DILLON, 3. Peter TOLUZZI, 4. Robin JOHNSON, 5. David GRIGG, 6. Terry GAREY, 7. John D BERRY, 8. Richard FAULDER, 9. Alf KATZ, 10. Donald ASHBY, 11. Steve PALMER, 12. Linda SMITH, 13. Michael CLARK, 14. John RYAN.

Major Events: all three constitutional amendments balloted in the previous mailing were defeated. The results were as follows: (1) raising the membership limit - Yes 9 No 7; (2) altering paper size - Yes 9 No 7; and (3) deleting "self-written" - Yes 2 No 14. All were defeated as a majority of members eligible to vote (deemed to be 28) did not vote in favour of the amendments. The paper size requirements, however, were changed as a result of the decision to apply for Category B postage rates.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 69

August 1979

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COMMAND MODULE No 36	Michael O'Brien	2
IL VOMBATO No 8	jan howard finder	1
MURGATROYD No 10	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	2
SLAYDOMANIA IV	Leanne Frahm	8
WAITING ... No 7	David Grigg	4
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Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Margaret ARNOTT / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / John BROSNAN / Andrew BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Linda SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Paul STOKES / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Peter TOLUZZI / Bill WRIGHT

Added: David GRIGG, Jeff HARRIS, Peter TOLUZZI.
Dropped: Michael CLARK (from waiting list), Alf KATZ (from waiting list), Steve PALMER (from waiting list), Francis PAYNE, Roger WEDDALL.

Waiting List:

1. Robin JOHNSON, 2. Terry GAREY, 3. John D BERRY, 4. Richard FAULDER, 5. Donald ASHBY, 6. Linda SMITH, 7. John RYAN.

ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1978/79

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Paul ANDERSON	6	5	2	7	43
Margaret ARNOTT	6	3	1	3	46
Christine ASHBY	6	2	2	2	30
Derrick ASHBY	6	2	3	6	24
John BANGSUND	6	6	11	21	192
Sally BANGSUND	6	3	2	3	18
Allan BRAY	6	5	3	6	87
John BROSANAN	6	2	1	2	16
Andrew BROWN	6	2	3	3	17
Catherine CIRCOSTA	6	6	1	6	26
Michael CLARK	3	2	1	2	7
Elizabeth DARLING	6	4	2	4	15
Peter DARLING	6	3	1	3	10
Kevin DILLON	1	1	1	1	6
Leigh EDMONDS	6	4	10	10	139
John FOYSTER	6	3	6	6	47
Leanne FRAHM	5	4	1	4	34
Mark FRASER	3	2	2	2	12
Bruce GILLESPIE	6	2	2	2	12
David GRIGG	1	5	3	6	34
Jeff HARRIS	1	1	1	1	6
Irwin HIRSH	6	5	5	6	87
Deborah KNAPP	2	0	0	0	0
Denny LIEN	6	5	3	6	11
Eric LINDSAY	6	4	8	14	46
John McPHARLIN	1	1	1	1	1
Gary MASON	6	6	5	18	64
Perry MIDDLEMISS	6	2	2	2	12.5
Michael O'BRIEN	5	5	2	6	21
Marc ORTLIEB	6	6	3	8	56
Francis PAYNE	5	2	1	2	15
Anthony PEACEY	4	1	1	1	14
John ROWLEY	6	5	8	10	56
Joyce SCRIVNER	4	4	3	4	7
Linda SMITH	5	2	2	2	6
Paul STEVENS	6	2	2	3	10
Paul STOKES	3	3	4	4	32
James STYLES	3	1	1	1	5
Helen SWIFT	6	4	5	5	41.5
Keith TAYLOR	6	4	1	4	22
Brian THUROGOOD	2	0	0	0	0
Peter TOLUZZI	1	4	4	5	29
Roger WEDDALL	5	3	1	3	17
Bill WRIGHT	6	2	1	2	12

Others:

Elaine COCHRANE	1	1	1	4
Jan Howard finder	2	1	2	6
Minnie HANDS	1	2	2	15
Robin JOHNSON	1	1	1	2
Noel KERR	1	1	1	2