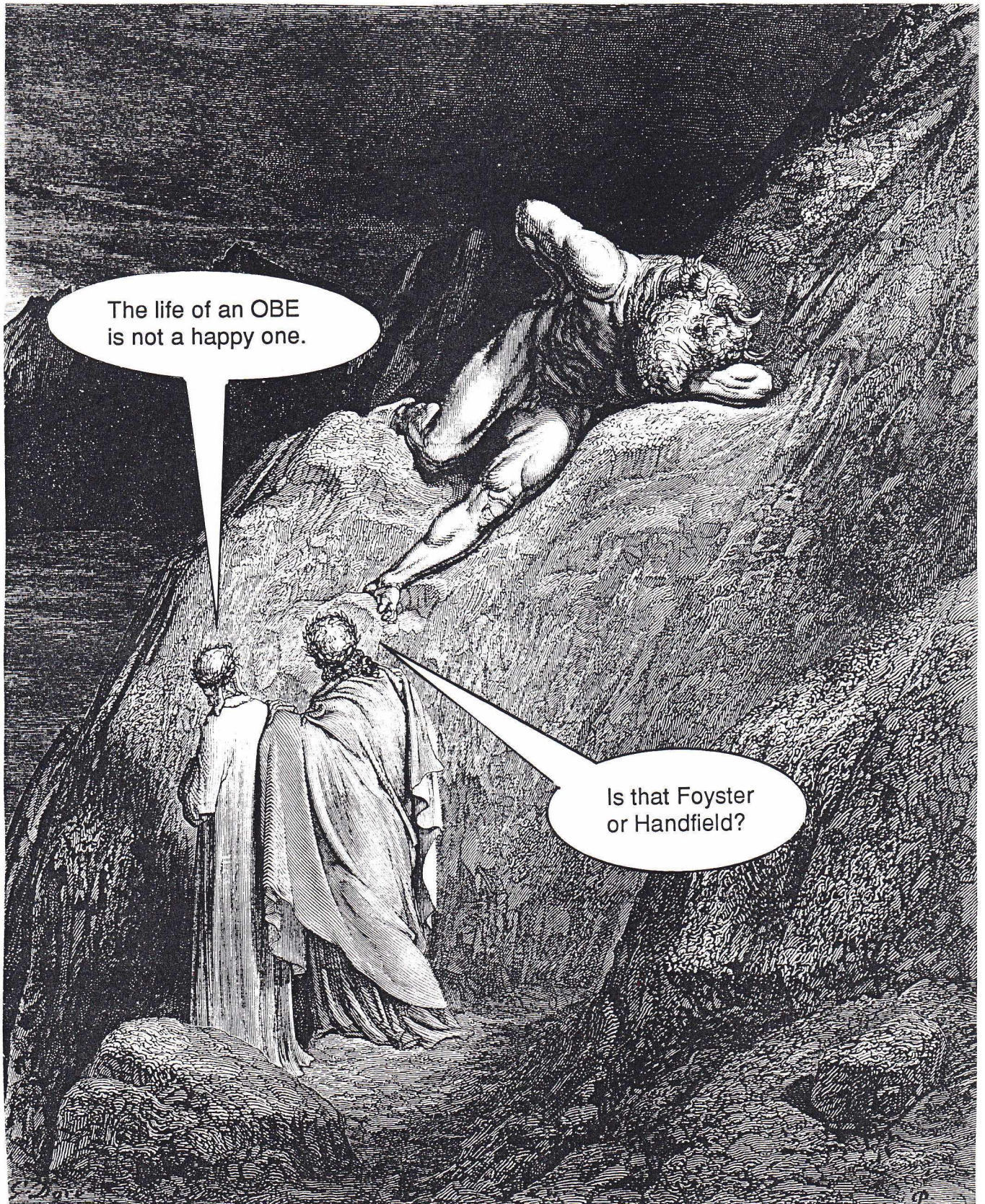


The Best Of ANZAPA
Volume 13
1980/81



The Best of ANZAPA 1980/81

Contents

Editor's Introduction	Perry Middlemiss	2
Long Live Anzapa!	David Grigg	4
Beautiful Bill Bounces Back 93	Leigh Edmonds	5
Module 39	Michael O'Brien	6
Apas and Why They Work That Way	John Foyster	7
Three Days in Search of Paris	David Grigg	8
Farewell to Susan Wood	Denny Lien Joyce Scrivner	12 13
Dragons and Morning Opals XI	Keith Taylor	15
Ten Ways to Get Your Creative Juices Flowing	Malcolm Edwards	19
Mailing Contents		22
Membership Statistics		28

President: David Grigg

Official Bloody Editor: John Foyster

Editor's Introduction

Perry Middlemiss

When I first spoke to him about my plans for these series of Best of ANZAPA volumes John McPharlin said: "Sounds fine, so long as you reprint lots of Frahm and Bangsund." Which will be pretty much on the mark, if you add in fair proportions of Edmonds, Gillespie, and Grigg, Mason, Foyster, and Swift, Weber, O'Brien, and Scrivner, Lindsay, In other words the full spectrum of contributors.

But John's statement raises the issue of people's expectations of these volumes. Expectations that I can really only guess at, unless, like John, they express them openly to me or have published their personal selections somewhere in the past.

Prior to this current project there have been two previous attempts to produce something in a similar vein. Or, more precisely, two attempts that I am aware of. The first was started by John Bangsund back in February 1977 with "The ANZAPA Book", which had the aim of being completed by the tenth anniversary mailing in October 1978. In his first instalment, called, reasonably enough, "The ANZAPA Book Part 1", John began a systematic outline of ANZAPA mailings, detailing their mailing contents (including the subject matter covered by each apazine), a list of the members with their addresses, and his comments on the background to the apa and related fannish topics. An attempt, in other words, at no less than a full and detailed history of the apa and its place in Australian fandom at the time. In addition, he mentioned his plans for Part Two of the book, which would "consist of an anthology of the Best of ANZAPA." I can only wonder at the John's energy and ambition in even contemplating such a project in the times before personal computers, with their ability to readily recall previously typed material, and plain paper copiers, which make the whole duplication process, if not a pleasure, then far less a chore than in the days of Roneo duplicators.

John's ambitious project continued in the April 1977 mailing wherein he changed his plans for the second part of the ANZAPA Book from a selection of The Best of ANZAPA to a collection of Memories relating to the apa's history. "The ANZAPA Book Part 2" published letters from Ken Bull and John Ryan, giving their impressions of the early history of the apa, a listing of publications relating to "The Stephen Campbell Affair", and details of the 1969 ANZAPO POLL. And there the endeavour petered out, with the reasons being easy to guess.

Then, in October 1978 as part of his contribution to the tenth anniversary mailing, Leigh Edmonds published "Dipping Into ANZAPA" and "Ten Years - Who Did What", a total of 96 pages. A huge achievement, to which, a year later, John Bangsund stated that he was still trying to come to terms. John probably finally saw the level of expectation he had set himself back in 1977 and was relieved he hadn't carried on with it all.

Leigh alluded to John's previous attempt in his introduction to "Dipping Into ANZAPA" when he stated that "a year or so ago John Bangsund suggested a 'The Best of ANZAPA' be prepared for this mailing but we all got carried away with the inertia of this thing and did nothing. Then, a couple of weeks back I thought it might be interesting to look at some of the old mailings and before I knew it I'd started on this project. To begin with I had the vain hope that I could work my way through until the 63rd mailing but a week and thirty stencils later it was becoming

obvious that it was taking a lot more time than it might... Hence the fact that we are only covering the first three years and a bit of ANZAPA - the periods under the control of its first three Official Editors/Official Bloody Editors. I tend to think of this period as the First Age of ANZAPA for no reason that I can really put a finger on." Already, after his first time at bat, there appears to be an element of weariness creeping in. After providing a full contents and membership listing for the first 22 mailings, a detailed alphabetical listing of contributors indexed under the member's name and his selection of the best from each of the 22 mailings listed, I'm not surprised.

John Bangsund didn't give details in his ANZAPA Book of how he would choose material to be included in his Best of ANZAPA, but Leigh Edmonds did. Again, in his introduction, he stated: "The method of selection of material for this collection is not particularly handy to making up a 'Best of...'. I decided to only take one item from each mailing, an item which would, hopefully, not only be representative of the kinds of things which were going into the mailings at the time but also the sorts of things that were going on in fandom at the time. I hope that while I am not likely to do a perfect job I do help to give people with no access to early mailings some idea of what the apa was like in those days." He succeeded in my view, but his selection criteria are different from the ones I have employed. I have attempted to choose what, in my opinion, is the best the apa has to offer. I haven't restricted myself to ensuring all members of the apa are represented at least once, nor have I felt compelled to include something from every mailing; indeed there are two mailings represented in this volume from which nothing was chosen. But, in the end, it all comes down to personal choice. Any other approach would just constitute a feeble attempt at guessing what past and present members wanted. An impossible task, and one I have no intention of trying to tackle.

Before starting on my own attempt to produce this continuing series of Best of ANZAPA volumes I knew of Leigh's work and decided to base my project on his. To later find that John Bangsund had also attempted to plough the same ground lent further credibility to the project, and both their efforts provided me with a sound platform on which to stand. I just hope I have been, and will be, able to do justice to the subject matter.

- OCTOBER 1993

Thanks for this issue go to all the contributors who gave permission for the reprints, David Grigg for his President's introduction, Marc Ortlieb as always for his invaluable document "ANZAPA INDEX The First Twenty Years" and for access to his back mailing catalogue, and again to David Grigg who beat the raw material for this volume into publishable shape. When he offered to provide help with laying out some of the volumes, David probably didn't expect me to give him such a difficult task. Fandom's like that.

⊕

Long Live Anzapa!

by David R Grigg

Perry Middlemiss tells me that I was President of Anzapa in 1980/81, and if he tells me so, then I suppose he must be right, and so I am obliged to write this piece to introduce *The Best of Anzapa 1980/81*, part of his on-going herculean (and no doubt sisyphean) effort to preserve endangered species of the fanzine genus.

I must say I can't remember much about my Presidency in those years, though I do recall that I nearly fell victim to the dreaded Presidential gafia, which seemed often to afflict Presidents in those days. Many an Anzapa President took up the sceptre only to lose all enthusiasm for publishing, and some even gafiated completely a few months later; not exactly the example which was intended by the constitution when it set down that the President's duties are to "encourager les autres".

I also remember that I used the Presidency to inflict my own version of the Anzapapoll upon unwilling Anzapa members, with the most complex and bizarre poll to date, with dozens of categories and each carrying a different weighting, allowing members to vote any number of points at all in any category; the idea of course was that I could use my newly acquired personal computer to sort all of this nonsense out. However, the complexity of the poll was such that only half a dozen people could work out the instructions well enough to vote, and so I didn't need a computer program after all - a rather self-defeating exercise, I suppose.

Somewhere in the bowels of our storage room must be stacked copies of the Anzapa mailings for 1980 and 1981, gathering dust or being eaten by hordes of silverfish, but it would take a stronger will than mine to go digging them out just so that I can comment more sensibly on those long-gone years. Doubtless Anzapa then was not dissimilar to Anzapa now or at any time since it was born 25 years ago, full of idiosyncrasy and self-doubt, humour and melancholy, the egotistical and the introverted, the elegant and the unreadable.

It seems incredible that Anzapa is now a quarter of a century old; and that I joined it for its 9th mailing, when I was only 18, before I even really knew what fandom was. I remember being in absolute awe and ecstasy that something like Anzapa existed - an institution that allowed you to write anything you wanted, and where people would read what you had written, and make comments on it. Throughout my fannish career, such as it was, I was always more of an apa-oriented fan than anything else. Though I published a number of fanzines for general distribution, I almost always ran copies through the apas I was in as well. Even now, nearly 25 years later, I still regard apas as an amazing, unique and wonderful creation.

I think I was probably a member of at least half a dozen different apas at the height of my activity, but Anzapa was always where my heart was. When I decided, a year or so back, that I needed to start publishing again for my own peace of mind, I immediately thought of Anzapa. "Does Anzapa still exist?" I plaintively asked Marc Ortlieb. Yes it did. And thank goodness for that. I fervently hope it is still here in another 25 years.



Beautiful Bill Bounces Back 93

Leigh Edmonds

The other evening I found myself in something of a quandary. I was looking through a book of pictures of the current crop of US jet fighters and admiring them. In particular I found myself studying a page which has three colour photographs (superbly reproduced) of McDonnell-Douglas F-15 Eagle aircraft. The largest of the three pictures is of one aircraft taken from about the 2 o'clock position, closeup. The aircraft is clean apart from a drop tank on the central pylon. The background is pure sky blue with a few fluffy white clouds. The aircraft itself is painted in the two-tone grey scheme with small but standard USAF markings and a "ZZ" tail code.

The second picture has been taken by the pilot in the back seat of the dual place F-15B. He has held the camera in front of himself and pointed it back so that his face is visible in the right hand side of the photo (but he is wearing a helmet, oxygen mask and his visor is down so that you would not recognise him). To the left are two F-15's flying in close formation, both grey with drop tanks on the central pylons, and seen from 11 o'clock. The aircraft are high above a solid ground cover of clouds so that the contrast is between the light grey of the clouds and the bright blue of the sky. If the two aircraft were flying a little lower than the photographer their colouring would make them almost impossible to distinguish from the clouds. The feeling of the picture is one of great empty space, solitude and beauty.

The third photograph compliments the second. The camera has been turned to face in the opposite direction to that it faced for the second picture. The view is forward, looking alongside the ejector seat of the front pilot so that the back of his head and right shoulder is visible. Beyond that there is a little of the instrument panel and then the view forward through the windscreen. That makes up the left half of the picture, the right half is simply a view of the outside world which is nothing but the blue of the sky and the light grey of the clouds.

I find these photographs to possess great beauty. I would not expect very many people to feel this way because not very many people are interested in the shape of aeroplanes.

My quandary is simple enough: although these aircraft have immense abstract beauty, their practical purpose is to kill and maim people, and there is nothing beautiful in that.

As I sat and looked at these photographs the other night I asked myself if the beauty which I see in these aircraft is actually worth the purpose for which they have been designed. I have had this thought before and no doubt it will trouble me again. I am not liable to resolve it and will no doubt keep on bringing it out from time to time to ponder.

Boiled down to its most basic, I ask myself: "In the sure knowledge that this beautiful aircraft is going to be used to kill somebody some day or other, would I prefer that it had never existed?" I finally decided that I would prefer to keep the F-15. More amazing to myself is the fact that when somebody brings out the argument about Beethoven against abortion I say, almost without hesitation, that I would live without his music.

Thus the whole business leads me to wonder about my perceptions about what is or isn't beautiful. It also leads me to wondering about the value of art in terms of human lives. One thing is for sure: if the day ever comes when I'm about to be killed by somebody dropping a bomb on me from an F-15, I hope the pilot has the decency to give me a good look at his machine before he kills me.

On the other hand, I can think of nothing worse than getting killed by a bomb dropped from a Cesna.

⊞

- from ANZAPA 78

Hello, I'M BACK. (Can you hear me in the back row?) After six months isolation from ANZAPA - the first since I joined with the third mailing - I am once more amongst those present.

I suppose you may be wondering where I've been for the last half year. Or for the last two years, which is how long it's been since I saw any Apa members except for Sally Bangsund on her visits to Tasmania.

Things have not been going terribly well this last three or four years. The mid-'70s weren't too bad for me - I had outgrown a lot of worries I had about myself and my post-adolescent personality, and things seems to be settling into a liveable routine.

But at the end of the '70s I began to run into some problems not related to any real or imaginary worries of mine. My father, often not an easy man to live with, began to get worse in both body and spirit. Always a dominant type, he began to suffer from spasms of violent and irrational temper. Not many months after that, his health began to deteriorate.

Watching Roald Dahl on TV describing the symptoms of a stroke suffered by his wife Patricia Neal, we became a little concerned at how familiar they sounded. We suggested the possibility to our doctors, but they seemed as interested in a layman's diagnosis as I probably would have been in their opinion of the new Heinlein novel.

As my father grew increasingly unwell, he was briefly hospitalized for a series of tests. He was not a very good patient, reported the nurses. Dad did not like being in hospital and we decided not to return him to one unless it was essential. In future we cared for him at home in his own room, where he was comfortable and secure. His health was up and down like a barometer in uncertain weather. After a long spell of good health he suddenly was taken ill last October. There seemed to be nothing in particular that he was suffering from, but he looked increasingly ill as time went on.

The doctors seemed hesitant but diagnosed a touch of bronchitis and ordered (unnecessarily) a few days in bed. By now he had become enfeebled and required a lot of help with what had been ordinary personal chores once.

Much as we disliked the idea, we were discussing the possibility of hospitalizing him again. My mother and I were becoming worn out trying to run the hotel and tend a bedridden patient week after week.

While we were talking about it as a family group that day, my father was in bed in the

next room. After half an hour or so one of us went in to check and see if he was still asleep.

We found that he had quietly and peacefully slipped into the longest sleep of all, a couple of yards from where we were sitting. Propped up on his pillows, eyes closed as though for a moment's rest, he seemed at first glance merely dozing. But there was no mistake; it was obvious at a second look that the spark of life had departed.

To this day I cannot say to anyone the words "died" or "death" in connection with my father. I always use a polite circumlocution

like "passed away" or something similar, as though by not using the actual words I am somehow keeping the event itself at arm's reach.

Michael O'Brien

Module 39

This was undoubtedly the end of a part of my life. Everything that happened to me since I left school will have to be divided in future into Before and After the event. For the first two months afterwards, I was too stunned to take any initiative in anything, commercial or personal. I felt as though I was acting as caretaker for somebody who might return at any moment.

But as 1981 began, I had to force myself to accept it. I had to decide things, choose alternatives and try and set some medium-range goals. For the time being, I have not made any long-term decisions; here I am, and here I stay for the time being.

Responsibility has descended onto me like a heavy velvet cloak. I feel weighed down and a little trapped by it. The difference between being the de facto manager of a business and being the fully-fledged proprietor is surprisingly great.

Not to be wondered at then that I have drifted out of touch with friends, conventions and fanzines. I hope to be able to devote more time to them in the Eighties but you will have to forgive me if I do not manage all that I should. I'm a tired old fan, at least as fans go, having been adrift in the fannish stratosphere since around 1967. Fandom, Robert Silverberg once said, is a place where you can become an Elder Ghod by the age of 16. So imagine how that makes me feel at 31.

⊕

- from ANZAPA #79

Gerald Smith commenting on Michael O'Brien's MODULE 39 from ANZAPA 79:

As yet death of someone really close to me has not been part of my life. So I find it difficult to imagine how you would be feeling though I have no difficulty in feeling sympathy. I can only hope that when the day does come that death affects me so closely that I will be able to bear up as you seem to.

APAs, and Why They Work That Way

John Fohster A year as OE of ANZAPA convinces me that there are a lot of folks around whose interpretation of what an apa is leads them to have awfully funny ideas about how an apa ought to be run. What follows constitutes some general purpose notes on the subject.

DEADLINES

When a group of people get together to save money on mailing their fanzines in a bunch, sometimes called a mailing, one of the first things they have to agree on is when the damned things will be mailed. It would be very frustrating to have your contribution mailed late because the mailer decided to send 'em out a day or two earlier than you expected. So the first thing to do is to name some days which will nominally be the deadlines - everything received by the OE/mailer by that day will be included in that mailing - stuff received later has to wait for the next agreed date.

So that's what a deadline is; it is, for example, the date on which everyone agrees to get their stuff to the OE to be included with the April-dated group of publications.

Then the OE mails the stuff to the members. Sometimes as soon as possible, sometimes not. The OE should mail quickly, but cannot do before the day after the deadline. (Constitutions rarely specify a time of day, therefore one is bound to accept contributions up until the moment the next day starts. Then you work on the OO, etc....)

In the past OEs of ANZAPA have made a balls of this by declaring a deadline for receipt of contributions, well in advance of the constitutional 'deadline', to give time to prepare the mailing. What happened, and will always happen under this system, is that a few late contributions will be accepted, making the efforts of the other members to get their stuff in early a complete waste of time. If the OE then mails late, things get really tough. Why?

Because what makes life difficult for members, and makes the apa itself either a drag or a joy, is the amount of time you have to work on your contribution between mailings. If the OE mails late, and then sets an early date for receipt of the contribution, the interval between mailings which is useful is substantially reduced. If the deadline for receipt is ten days before the notional mailing date, and the mailing doesn't actually hit the PO until a week after the notional date, then the mailing interval has effectively been reduced by 17 out of a constitutional 61 days (say) by sitting dead in the OE's hands. Makes life tough.

MONEY

It costs money to run an apa. You pay for postage, and you pay for whatever wrapping charges there are. In some cases you pay for production of the OO (I don't charge for that).

Like everywhere else, there are people who try to freeload. The members probably feel that they can in general get along without freeloaders, so most constitutions call for freeloaders to be thrown out. They get thrown out when they become unfinancial. In ANZAPA, everyone's dues become payable at the same time. That makes life easy; everyone can be warned at the same time and in the same way that their money is due. When some ANZAPANS decided to freeload last year I threw them out. Ortlieb in particular was incensed; I should have warned them he shouted in outrage. What he means, I suppose, is that I should have warned them again. Why only once? Why only the defaulters? Why do they get special treatment? Should we all then laugh at the suckers who paid on time, when they were asked both by the constitution and the OE?

No, I don't believe that some animals are more equal than others - so freeloaders have to go.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Apas exist for fanzine publishers, not fanzine readers. For this reason members are required to make contributions to mailings, as well as to pay dues, and these contributions have to be at a specified level and frequency. People who don't contribute are also regarded as freeloaders and get thrown out. Just what constitutes a contribution is sometimes hard to work out, and even the quantity is sometimes ambiguous. For example, ANZAPA requires 'a minimum of six quarto pages of self-written material every six months'. The usual gang of clotpolls from time to time reads this as defining the size of paper which must be used for contributions, rather than the amount of contribution one is intended to make.

All the time people make up excuses for not getting their contributions in in time, and it's very rare for an experienced OE to hear a new yarn. (Don't get off your bike, John Rowley, I believe you - or rather, I believe your mother...)

THE OE

All this means some organisation, and every so often a new ninnv is elected to look after the secretarial stuff. Those members who in their private lives are used to ordering the servants around can make life hell for the OE. Others are more considerate - and appreciated by the OE.

OVERALL

If one accepts a common sense notion of what apas are meant to be doing, most apa practices turn out to have some logical basis. But, as is the case worldwide, every group always includes a few members who simply never grasp the blindingly obvious. Oh well.

from ANZAPA 79

I suppose we couldn't expect to see much of the place in the time we had. But we had four days left free at the end of our tour of Europe ("If this is Tuesday, it must be Belgium...") and so we decided to get off the Thomas Cook coach at Calais, and take a train to Paris. Robin had booked us two nights at what sounded to be a reasonable hotel, and it seemed worthwhile to at least see a little of the city that has perhaps the greatest reputation of all.

Mind you, I was a little nervous about the whole deal. For one thing, the amount of French I can recall from five years study in high school would fit on the end of a croissant. And for another, we would be quite on our own once we got off the coach. We would have to find our way to the station, buy the tickets, and then our hotel at the

But when we got to the station ("Gare de Calais Marine"), we found that we had hurried for nothing. It was about 12 noon. And it seems the French like to take long lunch-hours. Everything was closed. Even the newspaper stand: all boarded up. The ticket office would not open until 1400 hours. The next train for Paris was scheduled for about 1500 hours. We settled down to a long wait.

At last, it was 1400. The ticket-seller slowly ambled into his office about a quarter of an hour later, and started slowly shuffling papers. After waiting all this time, I wasn't going to hang around to buy a ticket. I wanted something to do. So I stood outside the grill, waiting for him to take my money. But with true Gallic contempt, the papers were shuffled from one pile to another.

Three Days in Search of Paris

other end. All without speaking anything intelligible of the language of the country we were in.

This nervousness increased as the coach tour of Europe came to a close and we were driving towards Calais. When we had first arrived in Calais after the boring trip across the channel from Dover, I had busily looked about trying to spot where the railway station was. I couldn't see it. Perhaps it was not near the docks, where we had met the coach, but in the town itself? There were no signs I could see reading "Ici le Gare" or whatever. I fretted about this. I practised in my mind sauntering up to the nearest Frenchman and saying "Pardon, M'sieur, ou est le gare de la chemin du fer?" and hoping I wouldn't get directed to the WC.

I really didn't need to worry. When we climbed out of the coach, the Dutch coach driver pointed along the railway tracks next to which we had stopped. The station was clearly visible, though it seemed to be about half a kilometre away.

We struggled with our heavy bags all the way to the station. I was trying to rush, because I had, unfortunately, no idea whatever of the timetables of the trains. Ignorance usually gives you the feeling that you are sure to just miss the train, and so you hurry.

Finally, he looked up.

"Deux billets au Paris" I hazarded. No response.

"Two tickets to Paris". This time he nodded, took out two tickets and punched them. And then he told me how much. In French. Now if the French language has any idiosyncrasy, and it has several, it is the way the French name numbers. In French, you don't say 'seventy' you say 'sixty-ten'. You don't say 'eighty', you say 'four twenties'. And as for 'ninety-nine', in French it's 'four-twenties-ten-nine'.

Consequently, I didn't understand how much the tickets were. I surrendered in the way I suppose all people do who have trouble with the local language. I handed him a big note and expected change. But the ticket man looked cross and repeated his incomprehensible demand. Not enough. I handed over another large note. French money is large as a matter of course. Something that won't fit into your wallet will just about pay for an ice-cream.

At any rate, I had hit the right amount. The tickets were handed over, and we started to wait around for our train. Still there was no-one in the whole station. At about three (sorry, 1500), the people who ran the

newspaper stand came back and opened up. There were a few English language magazines - Playboy is very common - and I bought some chocolate.

Finally, the train arrived, and Sue and I climbed in. I found a good place to stack the suitcases, just inside the door. But then the boat arrived, for which the train had been waiting. In a few moments, the train was crammed full of English tourists on their way to Paris, or French tourists on their way back from London. Suitcases were shoved everywhere. Ours were buried under five or six others.

It took a very long time to reach Paris. About three hours, if I remember correctly. Most travel is boring, and this was no exception. And I was starting to feel nervous about whether we would arrive before dark or not. I had only a vague idea where the hotel was ("Opposite the Place Monotholon"), and I didn't relish having to hunt for it.

But we arrived at the Gare du Nord at about six, which was still daylight. Sue and I had considered trying to get a taxi, but there was that language problem. And it didn't look far along the Rue Lafayette to Place Monotholon. So we walked. And walked. Map distances are usually deceptive.

At last, following every street on the map, arms aching with our heavy bags - heavy even though we had left some very heavy parcels of books at Victoria station - we reached the Place Monotholon. There it was. Hotel Monotholon.

I walked in, waving my hotel voucher. The hotel seemed rather run down, though. Very dark. The man at the counter looked at us with suspicion. He examined the voucher carefully, showed it to another man, who was unshaven, in a dirty shirt. The second man shrugged. "Non," he said.

"Non?" I repeated, my heart sinking. If there had been a mistake in our booking, what would we do? Panic started to rise.

"La Hotel Monotholon Lafayette, c'est la." Not here. Non. This was the Hotel Monotholon. We wanted the Monotholon Lafayette. Around the corner.

With great relief, we picked up our bags and walked around the corner, to a really rather nice hotel. The man at the counter spoke excellent English. The voucher was fine. Yes, they has a booking. Terrific. We took our bags straight to the room.

We had arrived in Paris.

That night, we spent some time discussing our plans for our first full day in Paris. There

was a great deal to see, and not very much time. We decided that the best plan was to start with one of the guided tours around part of Paris, to get the feel of the place, and then we would find our way to the Louvre - there was no way that we were going to miss that.

The room at the hotel was great. It was rather old-fashioned in style (not at all a bad thing), but it had its own bathroom, with shower, toilet and the inevitable bidet. It was quite comfortable.

The following morning, on our way down to breakfast, I had occasion to try out my French. Standing waiting for the lift, a middle-aged lady came up and said something to us in French. I didn't understand a word. I made an attempt to say "Nous sommes Anglais", but the lady just looked blank. Sue said: "We're English," and the lady nodded and said no more. (We could have tried to explain that we were Australian but I thought that might be stretching comprehension too far).

All the English coach tours explain in great detail about how disappointing Continental Breakfasts are: 'No fried eggs and bacon, just bread and jam'. But we found that a leisurely breakfast eating magnificently fresh croissants with cheese, jam and marmalade, together with excellent coffee, was as much as we could ask for. English breakfasts are too heavy.

To arrange for the guided tour, we had to get ourselves to the Opera, and that meant using the Metro for the first time. We had very much appreciated the London Underground, but the few maps of the Paris Metro we had seen appeared to be amazingly confusing. Still, it didn't seem too hard.

One of the best things about the Metro was the superb Art Nouveau wrought iron entrances; they had an air of casual but strange elegance. It was impossible to think of such elegance in such down-to-earth use in say, the Flinders Street station. But it turned out that there wasn't any problem in using the system. You ask for a 'billet', which is a bunch of tickets, each of which is valid for one journey for as long as you like within the system. And the maps pasted up inside the stations were very much clearer than the pocket versions. The Opera was a simple journey, two or three stations down the same line.

We reached the travel agency which organised the tours at about 10am. The coaches were just about to leave from in front of the Paris Opera itself. We hurriedly bought tickets and raced for the bus. It took us, however, only a short way, to alongside the Elysee Palace. Then we were bundled out,

among much confusion. The young guides were stood along the footpath, trying to sort out hundreds of people into different buses depending on the language they spoke. After a longish and confusing wait, we ended up on a bus with the English and German speakers.

The tour was quite interesting, although we only saw a small part of Paris, which is a very big city. We didn't get anywhere near the Eiffel Tower, which was no disappointment. We did spend quite a bit of time inside Notre Dame. You really could imagine Charles Laughton swinging about up on the roof. But inside were some of the most magnificent stained glass windows we had seen. Finally, the coach brought us back and dropped us outside the Opera which is also a magnificent building.

We had lunch at a small cafe. I found that the only phrase in French I could say which was inevitably understood was "Deux cafes, s'il vous plait." For the rest of it, we just pointed to the right spot on the menu.

Then we walked off to the Louvre. It was a Saturday, but all the shops stayed open during the afternoon, and we took some time to thread our way through the crowds to reach the museum.

We spent hours inside the Louvre that afternoon, getting very sore feet indeed. There are apparently no less than 14 kilometres of galleries inside the Louvre, and it certainly felt like it. But the place was fascinating. We kept bumping into works of art which are so famous they are almost clichés. The Winged Victory of Samothrace. The Venus de Milo. Rembrandts.

And of course, in a room full of Japanese tourists, behind a glass covering, the Mona Lisa, La Gioconda. It sounds crass, but it is just a painting. Very beautiful, I agree, but no more so than some of Da Vinci's other portraits, which were also in the gallery, unprotected. The Mona Lisa is just the most famous painting in the world, not necessarily the best.

It was rather incredible though. In one of the second floor galleries, moving from one small room to another, suddenly we came face to face with Whistler's Mother (the painting, not her!). And the galleries in the Palace of the Louvre were themselves almost as fascinating works of art as those hanging on their walls. It was certainly too much to see all in one day. There were a couple of wings of the museum that we didn't get a chance to see, with some particularly interesting things marked down in the guide-book. There was no help for it. We would have to come back the following day. Oh my feet!

One's memory becomes confused so long after the event, but I think it was that night that Sue and I ate out at a small restaurant not far from our hotel. It didn't seem terribly fancy, more like a slightly posher greasy spoon joint. I ordered pepper steak, if I recall, which was pleasant enough. But Sue ordered the day's special (we had some trouble working out if today was Vendredi or Samedi), which was Paella. Sue expected something like fried rice. What she got was a magnificent mound of seafood on top of rice, crowned by a superb small crayfish (if we had been in Australia, I would have called it a yabbie). She ate it all with evident enjoyment.

The next morning we started out, not straight away to the Louvre, but to the Musee de Rodin, which is a house and garden full of the original works of the sculptor. I'm an unabashed Rodin fan, and I enjoyed myself greatly, seeing many works I'd never even seen photographs of before.

We returned to the Louvre and had lunch in a remarkably small cafe within the building. It was very crowded. On Sunday, there is no entrance fee. And unfortunately, also on Sunday they close some of the galleries, including the very ones we missed on the previous day. But we still had a lot to see.

Later on, we left the Louvre and walked a reasonable distance trying to find the Pompidou museum, which had been pointed out to us on the coach tour. This is where the modern art is kept. It was a grave disappointment. Not only is it one of the most unashamedly ugly buildings in the world., but it was also just about impossible to find one's way about within it. Not fun. Very confusing.

Finally, with extremely sore feet, we took the Metro back to the hotel. Our two days in Paris were rapidly coming to an end.

We discussed dinner plans, and eventually set off to the Gare du Nord, to see if we could book train tickets back to London in the morning. It turned out that we didn't have enough cash. I would have to cash some traveller's cheques first thing in the morning, as soon as the banks opened. We ended eating in a hamburger joint, where the service was terrible. It was rather a come-down from the meal the night before.

The next morning we debated our plans once again. It seemed silly to carry all of our heavy bags up to the station hours before the train was due to leave. It made much more sense for me to walk up there and wait outside the bank, cash the cheques, buy the tickets and come back, while Sue took her time in packing. That's what I did.

I found myself standing outside the bank nearest the Gare du Nord at 8.55am, with a whole bunch of other people, hippies, businessmen, families with children, of all nationalities; all there on the same mission, it seemed, as myself. We stood there, looking at our several watches, and eyeing the doors nervously. At 9.00am precisely (or 0900 hours, I suppose), the doors were flung open, and we rushed in. I am no gentleman when it comes to queues, but the French have never heard of the word. I took quite some time to come away with enough funny money to buy our tickets.

Then I struggled across the road to find the ticket office and buy the tickets, a straightforward process, as the girl behind the counter spoke excellent English and ignored my attempted French. I booked us two tickets on a train to Boulogne, to meet with the hovercraft across the English Channel to Folkestone. I'd always wanted to travel in a hovercraft, and this was my big chance.

We took the Metro to the station, saving a reasonable distance on foot, and finally, after quite a long wait, raced the other people to a seat on the train. Some time later, the train finally pulled out of the station, and we were leaving Paris behind.

But Paris had one more surprise for us. Just as we were leaving, an insect landed on Sue's hand. Suddenly she gave an agonised sound: it was a wasp, and it had stung her! In a good deal of pain, Sue nursed her hand all the way to Boulogne. Being a nurse didn't help either: it was the first time she had been stung by a wasp or bee, and she harboured anxieties about people who have allergic reactions to such things. But she didn't choke to death, thank goodness.

After another long boring train ride, we arrived in Boulogne, waiting to connect with high-speed British Rail and Hovercraft. The trip across the channel is only thirty minutes by hovercraft, and I was expecting a swift return to England. However, I had forgotten one thing: no matter how fast the transport is, you have to wait for it to arrive. We did. An hour and a half, we waited for that thirty minute journey.

The hovercraft trip itself was enjoyable, as I had expected it to be. The staff on board insisted on referring to the trip as a 'flight', and brought around duty free drinks and smokes. The latter event introduced me to a fact I had long suspected: Australians are by no means unique in having drunken louts who travel. We were very near a couple of English blokes, who smoked and drank to their hearts' content, and talked loudly even more than they drank. A snippet of conversation will do to finish this piece:

"Hey, Pete, didya learn any French while you were in Paris?"

"Yeah, yeah. Listen: 'Gimme two beers!'"



Mailing Comments

Marc Ortlieb commenting on John Foyster's APAS, AND WHY THEY WORK THAT WAY from ANZAPA 79:

Hmmn. I'm tempted. Okay, why not. I don't believe in constitutions. While I realise that certain rules may at times be necessary, I also believe that the best way to run something is by using the rules as guidelines rather than as strict operating instructions. Let us, for example, take a hypothetical case in which material for an apa arrived after the deadline, but before the official organ for the apa had been typed up. Under those circumstances, I feel that the editor would be right in including the material in the mailing, even though, by the constitution, he could throw that member out.

Similarly, if a member has been keeping up with contributions, and somehow allows the fact that fees are due in to slip his/her mind, I see that as a good excuse for a little leniency. As I mentioned in an earlier zine, even bureaucratic organisations like the gas and electricity company send out two sets of notices. When one also considers that ANZAPA hasn't been noted for its strict adherence to rules, coming down like a ton of bricks on otherwise solid members is not, to my way of thinking, a particularly pleasant thing to do. I don't class forgetting one's dues as freeloading, since, in all cases, as far as I know, said "freeloaders" were more than happy to rejoin the waiting list, and have rejoined. One exception didn't do so, because he was pissed off with the inconsiderate way in which the purge was carried out, thus we lost his writing. I don't think that has made ANZAPA a better apa.

So, I guess I don't grasp the blindingly obvious. Such is life, however, in a small group like ANZAPA, I feel that a certain amount of consideration would not go astray. Note that this is not a plea for jobs for the boys or whatever. It is not intended as a means of protecting a clique. I would support the use of compassion for any member, be that member a friend or not. Still, I guess we're not likely to agree on the basic idiocy of constitutions, so what the hell.

Farewell to Susan Wood

MURGATROYD 15 Denny Lien

Most of you know by now, and probably all will by the time this sees print in ANZAPA.

Six days ago Dave Wixon called me at work. I was harassed with some since-forgotten minor crisis; refused to talk to him at once, and promised to call back. I later called back, and Dave told me that Susan Wood was dead.

A couple of days ago I took out the file drawer that I use for apazines of mine waiting to be mailed. The file folder marked WOOD, SUSAN had two zines in it: my last contributions to ANZAPA and STIPPLE-APA. I took them out; reseeded the apazines in other folders, and ripped up the WOOD folder. Dead.

In the days in between, I accepted a bit, cried a bit, kept my tongue quiet among people whom I felt did not need to know; talked on the phone or to face of others; had bad dreams a bit. And bad daydreams.

I last saw Susan at Worldcon this year: not a good Worldcon for her; not one of the better ones for me. One of the days I saw her was Thursday: probably the best for her. I got off a work stint (badge checking at the con party) and wandered to other parties, including Baltimore's, where the second AntiFan movie was being shown. I ran into Susan and sat with her to watch it; we laughed together at the right places. Afterward I discovered that the party was out of beer and since Susan was also in the mood to partyhop she offered to take me to the SFWA party several hotels and several blocks away. After an overcrowded and oversmokey room, simply walking along dark and semi-deserted streets with a friend was a treat. I don't remember what we talked of.

I first saw Susan at Torcon in 1973. My first worldcon; I knew almost nobody except the Minneapolis fans I'd come with (I'd been in fandom for over a decade, but always as a hermit). I didn't even know enough not to go programming, and so went to the Hugo Awards, and so saw Susan dash up shrieking to receive her shared Hugo for Energumen. (At least I think I remember it--but I've heard about it often enough since then that it may be a false memory.) For a rather shy and rather overwhelmed semi-unknown fan, it was nice to see a Big Name Fan excited enough to behave like a kid at Christmas. I'd like to be able to react with child-like or adult-like responses as situations warrant, and try to do so. But Susan was always better at it. I was surprised, years later, to find she was a couple of years younger than me, but there was no reason to be surprised: she always seemed both older and younger than me or almost anyone else, at the same time. A chrono-chameleon.

1980: We got to the SFWA suite after several wrong turns. I made a rapid survey and decided I knew exactly one other person there well enough to do my barnacle imitation: Bob Vardeman. I attached myself to him long enough to let Susan circulate without feeling a need to play hostess/protector. She did, but kept checking back. I discovered there were in fact more people there that I knew, and talked to them while drinking the beer that Susan made a point of directing me to: she'd promised to find me some and had done so and I should drink it in good health. And so I did.

After 1973, I next saw Susan at Aussiecon in 1975. In the intervening two years, my self-confidence in fannish crowds had edged up from "poor" to "below average". As there were only some sixty North American fans flying down together and travelling together, it might be thought that it would be difficult for the shyest of fen not to rapidly get to know them all. Nonetheless, I managed: Susan Wood was the co-fan guest of honor; a Hugo winner; a genuine PhD in literature with a genuine university appointment who still managed to produce high-quality fannish prose for large circulation fanzines. I was a graduate school dropout with a civil service job who produced one apazine on ditto each month except the ones I didn't feel up to it. I tend to take myself too seriously, but retain some sense of propriety and one rule of fannish etiquette: don't bother the Important People. And I thought Susan was an Important Person.

Well, she was and, dead or not, is, to me and others. But unlike me, she was never self-important, and when the con was almost over and I was adding depression to my other hangups, sought me out, talked to me, made me feel comfortable talking to her.

1980: After an hour or two at the SFWA suite, Susan and I decided to leave. (I don't recall who decided; five years later, we were still comfortable enough so it didn't matter; old friends with a bit of telepathy operating between us.) We walked back to the main hotel hand-in-hand and talked. She told me a story from her childhood; of running away from a would-be attacker. I'd never before heard anything about her as a child, or conceived of her running away from anything. We said goodnight; hugged; separated.

In 1976 I published my Aussiecon report in RUNE. Susan wrote me about it, and sent me her fanzine, AMOR; I added her to my minute non-apa mailing list for my zines. She said, among other things, "You are a Funny Person." It's nice to be something.

Susan was also a Funny Person, and several other types of Person, as the need arose. Sometimes several types at once. Serious

Farewell to Susan Wood

constructive frivolity: very nice.

CYCLES 2 Joyce Scrivner

1980: I didn't see her on Friday or Saturday morning. According to later report, these were not happy times for her: she got into serious arguments, behaved erratically, antagonized people, and retreated to her room to hide and hold herself together.

Between 1976 and 1980 I saw her just six times: twice at Worldcons (Kansas City and Phoenix), twice in Vancouver, twice in Madison-with-a-stop-in-Minneapolis. We exchanged fanzines and occasional letters, and spoke on the phone at rare occasions. In Vancouver I visited her house, petted her cat and her Hugo, lounged with other fen on her sinfully thick shag rug, drank wine and talked. In Minneapolis I got to fix her a gigantic breakfast to combat her jet lag, and was told she had just had dental surgery done. At KC Con we started a Silly Tradition of seeing each other across a floor, jumping up and down a bit and running arms outstretched toward each other, only to swerve at the last moment and hug the people we were each with instead. As traditions go, it was even sillier than most.

1980: Early Saturday afternoon I headed for the auditorium for another stint of guard duty, and was overtaken by Susan calling out to me and running toward me. She seemed tired and unhappy and hyper, and when I said that I was happy to see her responded that I was probably the only person at the con who was. She wanted food and an ear to talk to but asked only for the former. I escorted her to a snack bar, told her I was late for the job I had promised to do, and would call her when I got off work three hours later. From anyone else, almost, I would have been concerned, but this was Susan, who was all things to all fans and who could take care of herself and thus could not possibly have been asking for help. Only slightly concerned, I left to guard for three hours a door that no one tried to steal. I never saw her again.

At Iggycon she told me about being happy Joyce and I had found each other; I began as usual to make a joke about it and became honest for a minute instead. I don't drop defences often; I'm glad I did so at least once around her. She made me want to do so. At Boston I didn't talk when I could have, and when I got off work and called her, she no longer wanted to. And when I persisted, was told to leave her alone and hung up upon.

No moral, no ending, only memories. Goodbye, Susan. Forgive me. Thank you for Being.

- from ANZAPA 77

By this time everyone has probably heard that Susan Wood is dead.

Denny called me at work one day last week and I babbled to him about getting a raise, he told me that Susan had died. I was stunned and rather than release my feelings and cry I coped by trying to find out what happened and called Jon Singer, Rick Mikkelsen/Lynne Dollis, David Emerson, Dave Wixon (who had told Denny), Robin Johnson, JoAnne McBride, Fran Skene, Dave Langford (who notified Malcolm Edwards/Chris Atkinson and Dave Piper) and Carey Handfield called me. Nothing I learnt satisfied me: she was being cremated and there was no funeral; there was no one in Vancouver who was there when it happened, so all the news was second (or more) hand; there was no one who knew very much or knew what was going on or what could be done to satisfy my feeling that SOMETHING should be done. Since then I've talked to Jon again and called other people and the feeling has eased, but I have not been purged completely.

Ghu, she was all the things I have wanted to be: lovely, productive, active, capable, a woman who got to the top in several fields without losing the sight of her femininity and sex, vocal, human, talented in writing. She was more, too. She was an ideal, someone who had overcome the things I see in myself and accomplished visible productions. She was my friend, she like me and I loved her. She mattered.

This year I have felt my ideas of myself needing to be changed and my positions in life failing me when I leaned on them. Since at least January I have felt battered by my concepts and needs and unable to react successfully to cope with my desperation and frustration. I would not put all of it on anyone or anything, I have wells of insecurity that overflow and this year they have done so many times. At Noreascon this year it was brought to me by Jon Singer and Robin Johnson that Susan had reached points of desperation as well. This brought me away from my problems and focused me on her and what was happening there. I will not say the facts but the person I was seeing in Susan there was not a recognisable figure to me. And yet I could perceive that she could be that despairing and frantic because I could empathize with pain in myself. I set out to discover if I could do anything for her.

I wrote to the people involved and talked to people who would know at cons and there was nothing they could recommend. These are people whose judgement I trust, these are people both close to her and more distant who had known her for years and ultimately

even I believed that there was nothing overwhelming that I could do. Even now I can see their and my logic, yet I am unhappy with it, because I have lost something I cannot replace, I have lost Susan.

I remember Susan as I first met her at Iggycon. She was so happy Denny and I had gotten together and she told me so. I remember her jumping naked into the Adams' swimming pool to 'liberate' it the last night of the convention. I remember picking her up at the Mpls airport at 6am and taking her and David Emerson home to the immense breakfast that Denny fixed and she couldn't eat due to her teeth being infected. I remember her being among the group at Noreascon who wanted to go out to the Dinner Party, a large feminist art work. And I remember saying goodbye to her because she had to be back for dinner herself and I did not see her again, but I was expecting I would.

Everything I heard of her since reminded me of the difference between the outer and inner person. No, I did not know the whole of Susan Wood and the part of her that I heard about was not what I saw when I saw her. But she was working on it and there was hope and I was willing to suspend judgement for a while, forever, so that Susan would be there. Perhaps I am hurt because I have never met death before, but it is not that totally. Part of it is that fans are my family, they are closer than my relatives, in many ways they are, to me, better than other people and Susan was one of the best of people, one of the best of fans. If we cannot save our best, what can we save?

Then again, what does this matter? I would be willing to work towards a memorial volume, or a memorial fund or do something, but that is only a relief to my conscience (I who had a letter to Susan lying ready to mail when she died); that will not help Susan, it will only satisfy my need to accomplish something as a gift to what I loved in her. And that is the problem, all my words are in the past tense, I cannot say anything to her and I wish I had, but the time is gone.

Susan is dead.

- from ANZAPA #77

Mailing Comments

John Foyster in his OFFICIAL ORGAN from ANZAPA 76:

THE OBE RULES, OK?

1. When in doubt, do what the OBE says and argue afterwards.
2. Read the official organ carefully - it's your membership.
3. The Edwards Case The prime bureaucratic rule for ANZAPA is to keep the roster as full as possible. I earned this principle out last mailing by applying it to ex-members who submitted materials and cash without formally asking to join. With this mailing Edwards joins under a similar ruling. Edwards' case is set out clearly on the first page of his fanzine. He was misinformed by Gillespie, but in the time available had no alternative but to act on the assumption that the information supplied by Gillespie was correct. The OBE could not take any action on Edwards' contribution until the mailing deadline when it was clear that due to inaction by Hughes and Don Ashby there was room for him as a member anyway; Edwards accordingly becomes a member as of the 76th mailing of ANZAPA.
4. Notes for new members Welcome, of course. Please note that the month and number indicate the next occasion on which you must make a contribution to ANZAPA. Earlier contributions, are, naturally, most welcome. Here's some terminology as I use it. A mailing is a bunch of fanzines which is mailed. (By contrast, a distribution is distributed). A mailing date is the date of the mailing, not the date on which the mailing is mailed. 'Mailing deadlines', in the constitution, is a misreading of what it's all about. Clearly the ANZAPA constitution cannot rationally specify that ANZAPA shall be mailed on days Post Offices are not open, but it can certainly specify formal dates (i.e. dates by which contributions shall arrive) and that's the way I read it.
5. Interpretation The second sentence of Item 2 in the constitution refers to a member's contribution to 'the following mailing'. Past OBEs have interpreted this to mean six pages must be contributed. I believe this to be wrong. The constitution cannot require members to behave as though they were members at a time when they were not; members must have six pages of credit for every six months when they are members in my interpretation, so some new members have until February to meet the six pages specification.

David Grigg commenting on John Foyster's Official Organ from ANZAPA 76:

⊕ Boy what a piece of sophistry! "A mailing date is the date of the mailing, not the date on which the mailing is mailed." After long introspection, I see what you mean, but... are you sure you're not a Jesuit?

Dragons and Morning Opals XI

Keith Taylor

*Don't come around tonight,
Or it's bound to take your life;
There's a bad moon on the rise!*

J.C. Fogerty

There is a cartoon of a bather, flat on his back on a beach, about one yard from the curling waves. He looks furious, for this reason; a water ski has passed up each leg of his trunks and out the waist-band, so that the curved tips are next to his ears. The skier, still wearing his skis, stands on the bather with a bemused expression while the bather abuses him roundly.

Caption: "There I was, floating out there on me Lilo, mindin' me own flamin' business --"

One other touch makes the cartoon great, and proves how well the cartoonist knows human nature. All around the pair, spectators are rolling on the sand, giggling hysterically.

Analysis spoils it. Still, I offer for your consideration the thought that the cartoon is funny because the bather is obviously, and improbably, unhurt -- and that relief forms a large part of the orgasms of mirth the witnesses are having.

There I was, floatin' out there on me Lilo, mindin' me own flamin' business --

Almost. It happened in May, when nobody goes to the beach in Victoria, but I certainly wasn't far from St. Kilda Beach. I was on my way to a Sunday night party at John Foyster's house, bearing a flagon of Kaiser Stuhl Hermitage affectionately in the crook of my arm. The time was about 7:15 p.m., but at the end of May it was already dark. Even so ... you couldn't call it late at night, and the car park I turned through for a short cut was lighted, open at both ends, and no more than eighty yards from Ackland Street. I wasn't expecting danger.

About half way through the car park, I heard running footsteps coming up fast behind me. I didn't look around, hesitate or even think -- or require to. I started running myself. Correct reaction, but about ten yards too low. I didn't get more than a couple of steps. The next thing I knew, a forearm was across my throat, and something sharp was jabbing my spine through my duffel coat and skivvy. A voice at my ear said, "Don't move, cunt, or

this goes in."

I was one docile fellow suddenly. I think very few people would argue with a knife point pricking their spine. I might have dropped the flagon, but instead my grip froze on it so that it staved where it was in the crook of my arm. Probably a good thing. Had the flagon fallen and smashed, the noise might have startled my mugger into doing something I'd have regretted.

"In here," said he, or something of the kind, and dragged me between two parked cars. Then he shoved me forward across the bonnet, and told me to spread my hands out wide on the duco. I'm sure you've all seen the kind of thing many times on TV. So, pretty obviously, had he. It may be corny, but it works. From such a spread-eagled, bent forward position, you cannot get moving quickly. You have no balance, no leverage. I must have put the flagon of wine on the bonnet, although I didn't remember letting it go; I saw it standing in front of me in its brown paper bag, a bit to my right.

The knife was at my throat now, pricking the right side of my neck, where the pulse beats. All he had to do was drive it in one little half inch and I was dead.

"Don't move. Just stay like that."

No conspicuous accent. Not high or especially deep. A voice like a million others, and I hadn't seen his face. I didn't think it would be clever to try.

If I wasn't panicked, it was because I couldn't really believe it was happening.

"Where's your wallet?"

I saw no reason not to tell him. It wouldn't be hard to find.

"Hip pocket," I said, or maybe it was the right trouser pocket; I forget. In any case, he found it for himself as I spoke, and lifted it. I assumed he was flipping it open one-handed to look at the contents, and if possible my blood ran even colder. My library card was in a transparent plastic pocket, with my name and address printed clearly on the front. As for money, I had ten or twelve dollars in twos. I didn't know whether to be relieved it was so little or worried in case he felt cheated.

- from ANZAPA 77

"Where's the rest?" he demanded. "What else are you carrying?"

Jesus. He did feel cheated.

"That's it."

"Come on! Where's the rest of your bread?"

"That's all I've got. I'm unemployed, for Christ's sake."

"Unemployed!" he spat. "What're you drinking?" He took a peek at the top of the flagon. "Uh huh. Hermitage. What's your name?"

What the fuck was this? I had a conversationalist! Why wasn't he making off with the wallet? Did he think I kept a hundred bucks in each shoe?

I told him my name, since it was on my library card and he could most likely read it by the car park lights. He wanted to know where I lived, and I jibbed at that, even if the address was on the card right under my name. Vague as I dared be, I said I had a flat down the street.

"Taylor, huh? I've heard of you."

I doubted it.

"Where's your car?"

"I don't have one."

There was no driving licence in the wallet, and he didn't push the matter, so I suppose he believed me. He interrogated me a bit more about this and that, trying to catch me in a lie, no doubt, not wanting to believe he'd taken the risks attendant upon a mugging for so little. Thinking back, I reckon he was expecting anybody who came into the car park to have a car, and so be at least well breeched enough to afford transportation.

As for me, the initial shock had worn off, and I believed in what was happening now, all right. I wondered seriously if I was going to get out of this alive. Why should he kill me? But then, conversely, why not?

He finally made up his mind to clear out. Dragging me sideways off the bonnet of the car, he shoved me down on the pavement. The point of his knife was at the base of the skull now. From the time he'd grabbed me and announced what would happen if I struggled, I don't think there had been one second when that goddamned knife hadn't been at some fatal spot. I doubt that it was his first try at armed robbery.

I partly turned my head, and got a vague impression of dark hair, a clean-shaven face and a height greater than my own -- but then I was on the ground and he was kneeling above me, so that's no use. He jabbed me with the knife and told me to keep my eyes down, which I did. Then he told me to

squirm under the car. I did that, too.

He stood up. "Maybe I'll mail this back to you," he said. "but if I see you in the next ten minutes ... you're gone."

Then he was gone. I wasn't sure of it until I'd glanced about for legs standing beside the car. I didn't see any. Then, nearby, I heard another car starting and taking off. His? I wriggled out from under the one he'd used as a prop, and there was nobody in sight. My flagon of Kaiser Stuhl Hermitage was gone. He'd driven away, all right; I couldn't picture him running down the street with that under his arm. Or even walking. Conspicuous.

I hadn't done more than partially glimpse him.

Walking on to John's party, somewhat shaky at the knees and numb of mind, I was aware of a strong need for stronger liquor. I'm afraid I didn't enter his house as a very gracious guest. I said, "Evening," and promptly asked where I could find the hardest drinks in the place. He indicated a corner in which stood a table of this and that, Jim Beam included. I poured myself a hefty tumbler of what was left in the bottle, and down it went, gurgle, gurgle. Then I poured the rest and drank it somewhat more slowly. It was wonderful; I could feel it doing me harm.

Don Ashby was there, with an injured foot he'd acquired by stepping out the door of B'Spell's workshop without watching for recent pavement repair work. He loved it. The excuse it gave him to lean on a silver-headed walking stick and limp theatrically was worth any amount of pain. I felt rotten about upstaging him with my story about being mugged in a car park by a sinister assailant who'd stolen my grog.

But it was cheap revenge for him to go around saying that I'd mopped down a third of a bottle of whisky, neat, in something like fifty seconds. One quarter of the bottle, at most, was left when I got my hands on it; more probably one fifth. I'll admit I finished it without wasting a lot of time, but I'm sure it took me all of three minutes.

Restored, it occurred to me that I ought to let the cops know, not that I expected results when I couldn't even describe the mugger. Alf and Karen Katz drove me around to the St. Kilda police station, where I made a verbal report at the desk and waited for an interview with a CIB man. I waited for about forty minutes, Alf and Karen Katz staying around with me, until the boy on desk duty told me they couldn't get in touch with any CIB personnel at that time of night, after all, so could I come back in the morning?

I did, and saw a Detective Senior Constable in an upstairs room, and made my statement, which he typed and I signed. Since it was a Monday morning, I'd rung the Section at

work and explained why I wouldn't be there (I was still with Information and Services, DSS, at the time).

When I did show up on the next working day, a beautiful surprise was waiting. The gang in the section, and a number of people outside it, had taken up a collection for me -- which amounted to five or six times what the mugger had pillaged from my pocket.

When Derrick heard this, he remarked that I'd have to get mugged more often. In the interests of clean, decent family literature and because I've forgotten just what I did say, I'll omit my reply.

Those who like their endings happy, pass this bit. Start reading again at the end. It was really good of Alf and Karen to drive me to the cop shop and keep me company in its depressing air when they might have been back at the party having fun, especially as they'd met me just once before, at UNICON VI; and it was terrific of my co-workers to have a whip-round for me.

(The first thing I did with the money was to buy a new wallet, better than the ratty, falling-apart antique I'd lost to that knife-armed thug! Which, incidentally, he did not post back to me as he'd said he might. No surprise. I'll bet he drove a couple of miles and flipped it down a storm drain.)

But the experience left me jumpy, edgy and boiling with hate ... and afraid to walk even a main thoroughfare in the city after dark. Sure, it might have been worse. That's what puts me on edge. The possibility that next time it will be!

As for the mugger, I hate him more now than I did the night he held me up -- far more -- and I'd like to kill him. If you want to believe I don't really mean that, do.

I once said to Christine and Derrick that I hope his next victim has a gun and blows his heart out. Shortly after it happened, I said so. Christine was disapproving and crisply logical about that. Having a gun doesn't save you from being taken by surprise, and once there's a knife at your spine, you'd probably surrender your weapon along with your wallet and liquor and the keys to your car ... provided you own a car. And then you have a mugger at large, armed with a gun instead of a knife.

Mind you, even that thought -- provided the mugger is as professional as mine seemed to be -- is better than the thought of hosts of civilians walking about with readily available handguns on their persons, ready to "defend themselves" at the drop of a hat, in the heady belief that they're Clint Eastwood ... or rather the fantasy image old quartz-faced Clint purveys. They have just that situation in the U.S.A., and idiots daily blow each other away by mistake, or for blood-chillingly trivial reasons.

Domestic quarrels are one of the great occasions for killing with a pistol. When no guns are around, someone may get hit; someone may even get knifed or badly battered. But with a gun around, it's far more likely that someone will end up dead. All you have to do with a handgun is grab it, cock it, aim it and fire it ... assuming it's loaded and the safety is off. If it happens to be a revolver, you don't have to worry about the safety, since revolvers don't have them.

The point is, a pistol takes no great strength -- or skill, at close range -- to use, it makes a loud, satisfying noise in a moment of passion, and it lets you keep a detached distance of several feet from the results of what you're doing. To do your killing with a knife or hammer means a ghastly intimacy that very few modern people could face, unless demented. I wonder how many killings wouldn't happen, if all civilians had to make do with knives and hammers?

Which is probably the flaw in the argument that "Gun control laws never keep guns out of the hands of criminals ... all they do is take 'em away from honest people."

I know for certain that in my present frame of mind I'm the last person who should be allowed near a gun. (As it happens, I don't want one. The delusion that I'm The Man With No Name is not among my forms of madness.) It's six months after the event, and I'm still so keyed up when alone at night that I'd be likely to draw, wheel and shoot some poor fucker who made the mistake of running to catch the tram.

For a while I thought seriously of buying a small combat knife and wearing it in a sheath strapped to my forearm, under the sleeve. The kind of hurried coat-and-trousers search that aims at money wouldn't likely to discover it there, and if I found myself in the same kind of situation again, I might be able to slip it free unobserved ... or if there were no such chance, leave it hidden ...

Then I happened to be on the street outside John Foyster's house one night. Running footsteps on the pavement behind me suddenly. Trigger-nerves and adrenalin took over, and I spun around with my hands open, fully prepared to go at someone's throat with my teeth if necessary -- and again, if you think that's only a bombastic figure of speech, you're welcome.

Jogger in a tracksuit.

He was considerably startled, said "It's all right," and went on at an increased pace, so I don't care to think what I must have looked like. But that was the end of any ideas about buying a combat knife. I'd either ram it in some innocent's visceral plumbing, or if I faced a pack of thugs somewhere dark and lonely, I'd probably freeze and be unable to use it at all, if the decision had to be conscious

Besides, as Christine pointed out, the law doesn't approve of people who go to extremes in self-defence.

I can't say that impresses me. I'd rather answer for a corpse than be one. It's all very well to say that a mugger isn't likely to kill you if he gets what he wants ... but how do you know? That's an argument for daylight and safety, not for a car park where a forearm is tightening across your throat.

So far I've been rational -- or at least I've been in there trying. Here I trash reason, decency and civilised standards and let you have my gut feelings. Not what I should do. Not what's appropriate or sane. What I want to do, and would if I had the chance and thought I could get away with it.

Forget weapons. No guns, no knives. I'd break fingers and thumbs until he was helpless, then, deliberately, I'd break both his arms to make sure. Then I'd tear him slowly and painfully to bits. And I would enjoy it.

You don't like that? Wait until he's holding a knife at your throat, prepared to kill you for a few lousy dollars. If you survive the experience, tell me your opinion then.

Losing dollars is nothing. It's the humiliation, the feeling of helplessness, and most of all the fear. The fear is what lasts.

Okay. We are now back in the real world ... and anybody who'll offer me five cents for it, can have my place in it. I'll never see that mugger again, or recognise him if I do, unless for some reason he pays me a visit. He has my address. If I do meet him for a rematch, I will be the one torn to bits. It won't matter if he's armed or not. Or if I am.

(No, I don't expect him to come here! I'm not that far over the edge yet! A thousand to one he never looked closely at my address, and another thousand to one that if he did, he's forgotten it within a week. But there are others like him.)

All right, says you. If it's chewing on you that hard, go take a self-defence course. The yellow pages are stiff with schools and instructors in all flavours -- judo, karate, aikido, tae kwon do, kung fu, and peppermint chip.

So there you are. I went the rounds to some of them, back in June. I told an instructor at the one that looked the best that I was off to spend a fortnight in Tasmania, but that I'd be around when I got back.

He hasn't seen me again yet.

One reason why not is that I was mugged on the last Sunday of May, and my job with the DSS finished on Friday the sixth of June, throwing me back on the dole. I've been applying for jobs ever since, and now, as at the ninth of November, I've reached my century with no results. That's an average of

twenty job applications per month, for those without pocket calculators.

I can't afford the weekly tram fares, never mind the tuition.

Besides, while winter lasted I was afraid to make the trip to Glenhuntly after dark, and the thought of waiting at a tram stop to come home a couple of hours later tied my guts in clove-hitches.

Last of all, it wouldn't have been the first time I've studied martial arts. I belonged to a dojo while at high school. I never reached the first grade. It takes balance, co-ordination and quickness. I didn't have those things and couldn't develop them no matter how I tried. The same applies to other physical skills. I spent three months once with a professional driving school and I still can't drive a car. I couldn't keep track of all the things you have to notice and integrate. The powers of concentration just aren't there. I'm not with it. My head slips away from me, and there I am with the near-side wheels in a culvert. (That was the incident that convinced me I should quit. It happened while I was trying to take a bend, slowly, and with not another car on the highway.)

Still, I do expect to have money before long -- unless the arrangement that seems solid now falls through without warning, as it may. And once I'm flush I will have to take that self-defence course whether I'm confident or not. I can't go on as I've been for the past few months. If nothing else I'll get some exercise out of it.

No. I can't be more positive, and screw you for asking.

⊕

Ten Ways to Get Your Creative Juices Flowing

Malcolm
Edwards

Looking back, I'd say that the last four weeks have been some of the toughest of my life. Reason? For the last four weeks I have been holding down two demanding jobs: freelance writing, and lazing around the house. I'm not alone in this madness, but I'd guess that few of the people reading this are in the same position, you poor, miserable sods. I cannot give you any password to get into a similar spot. What I'd like to try to do is pass on some of the things I have learnt which have helped me through those midday hours when snoring becomes a substitute for the clacking of typewriter keys.

The hardest thing any freelance writer has to do is get started: the day has only 24 hours and there are always so many things to be done that often it appears to find time for writing. Without self-discipline you can easily fritter your entire life away on a series of empty sybaritic pleasures. To counter this risk I've devised a list of ten daily exercises for the freelance writer. I find that once I've finished going through them my fingers are without fail itching to hit those typewriter keys and start right on in there, creating. Think of them as mental isometrics: regular practice and even the most constipated of writers will find the words starting to drip like honey (or whatever) on to those inviting blank white sheets. Okay, here goes.

1. READING THE NEWSPAPERS

The freelance writer must be aware of what is going on in the world, and thus his (or her) first priority each day (once he has opened every bit of mail which doesn't appear to contain a bill) is a close perusal of the newspaper, together with any important magazine published that day. News items are a constant source of ideas -- but beware, the most provocative are often buried away at the foot of the inside pages, so a very thorough reading is essential. A few minutes spent on the crossword puzzle may also be useful mental tuning-up.

2. FINISH YOUR BOOK

If you are like me, you like to relax after a hard day's writing by lying on the sofa in front of the TV with a good book in one hand and an extremely small drink in the other. If you are still more like me, you are likely eventually to go to bed leaving behind an empty glass but a book only half-read. Next morning your natural instinct will be to ignore

the book, because you are anxious to get on with your writing. This is a mistake! If the book is any good you will be distracted from your own work, wondering how its themes and plots are to be resolved; if it is lousy, the author's ineptitude will affect your own ability to write. So get that book finished! The lousy effort can then be erased from your mind, while the effects achieved by the good writer will linger in your mind and will inevitably enrich your own prose.

3. PHONE ROBERT HOLDSTOCK

A major disadvantage of most writers' lives is sufficient contact with the outside world. Other people go out to the office or the factory, mingling with one another, exchanging gossip, ideas, jokes and genetic material: writers sit at home talking to themselves through their typewriters. This is a real problem for most writers, but we in British sf have a big advantage: we pick up the phone and call Robert Holdstock. All human life is there: comedy and tragedy, laughter and pathos, triumphs and pratfalls: Holdstock experiences them daily, often hourly. As you hear about his latest accomplishments, chortle at his newest anecdotes, gasp at his most recent faux pas, curse at the idiocy of his publishers, cheer the beauty and brilliance of his agent, celebrate with him his latest (imaginary) conquests of beautiful women, sympathize at his latest (imaginary) rebuffs by still more beautiful women, persuade him that the pain he's experiencing as he talks is more likely to be indigestion than a coronary -- as those things happen, enough material for a sequence of Balzac novels flows effortlessly into your memory.

Occasionally you may forget to phone Robert Holdstock. Don't worry: on these days Robert Holdstock always phones you.

4. ELECTRIC MUSIC FOR THE MIND AND BODY

There is nothing like a brief dose of rock and roll for blowing away those mental cobwebs and leaving your synapses thrumming with vitality. However, the freelance writer must be very careful when choosing records for this purpose: a wrong selection (such as a German electronic group or a female American folk singer) can so clog the mental pores as effectively to rule out all possibility of working that day. Equipment and volume are also important. Headphones should be used (they

- from *SINGED
POSSUM, ANZAPA*
76

intensify the experience and you don't annoy the neighbours). I have discovered a handy rule of thumb for judging the volume. When listening to a record it is not impossible that the phone will ring (the freelance writer's concentration is often broken by calls from agents, groupies, the BBC, film companies, and the like): this will register within your melodic cocoon as a faint tintinnabulation which you will learn to identify as either the telephone or incipient brain haemorrhage. When you remove the cans, the phone may or may not be ringing. If not, carry on as before: either they've rung off, or you are about to die anyway, so you may as well go out listening to a favourite record. Otherwise go and answer the phone. If the caller comments on the noisy music in the background -- which you know to be no more than the residual leakage from the headphones on the other side of the room -- then you have the volume right.

5. EAT LUNCH

The creative writer functions best with a contented stomach. Starving in a garret may be all very well for the Gore Vids and Evelyn Waugh of this world, but how many Hugos did they ever win? Around 12:30 it is a good idea to break off your other exercises in order to eat. Here you will discover a great advantage in being a freelance writer: you generally eat alone, and can therefore cater to your every culinary whim (and incidentally keep your imagination stimulated). Feel like a plate of toast thickly spread with honey and chocolate sauce? Indulge yourself! Fancy a hunk of chocolate cake saturated in cream and topped with more hot melted chocolate? Start preparing! (Remember: it is a scientifically proven fact that thinking consumes more calories than any other human activity.) Although I occasionally indulge, I mostly find that a sparing meal suffices. One which I particularly recommend is the fried egg sandwich, made properly (i.e. the egg placed whole, the yolk still runny, between two slices of bread and butter). As well as being both nutritious and tasty these require considerable skill and manual dexterity to eat. If you can get through two of them without coating your chin in egg yolk you will find plotting a tricky novel child's play by comparison.

6. CHECK OUT THE TV

The television must not be neglected as a source of creative inspiration. Many of the most popular sf books of recent years were conceived while the authors were watching nursery programmes. Lunchtime news and current affairs items keep you abreast of the world. In some countries there would be a danger that a writer would simply slump in front of the TV all day and not get any work done; in Britain, however, the TV companies

are aware of this danger and rarely broadcast anything interesting during the day. It is incumbent upon the writer, however, to check each day's programmes carefully so as not to miss anything vital.

7. A QUICK HAND OF PATIENCE

These exercises in working up creativity are all very well, but they come to nothing if you are not mentally alert. This is where a quick solitaire game of some kind comes in useful. I find conventional patience a useful indicator in the area of logical thought: if I can get out, say, four hands out of five I know my mind is working well (and, equally important, my luck is in). For reflexes I tend to turn to an electronic TV game (I realize that not all writers possess such frivolities: if you don't, I'd suggest you learn to juggle). If I can get a few really good scores I know that mind, hand and eye are in perfect accord, and that the correcting liquid will rarely be opened that day. If I score zero I know the chances of typing two letters without entangling the keys are pretty remote.

8. TURN THAT FANZINE OVER AGAIN

If you are reading this the chances are that you generally have a few recent fanzines lying around the place. If, like me, you find fanzines as curiously compulsive as squeezing blackheads, you will not be able to settle to your work if any new ones are to hand. You should not fight this: resistance will only mean that your mind is not truly on your work. You will remain naggingly curious as to whether your name is mentioned, whether Joseph Nicholas has said anything sensible or Mike Glicksohn anything witty, whether any new controversy has sprung up that you don't know about. You will only achieve serenity by giving that fanzine a thorough reading. I also find it helpful to reread a few of the more recent fanzines, just to make sure I haven't missed anything. It's amazing how often you find a significant item -- an interesting address, an indistinctly numbered page, a familiar name in the WAHF column -- that previously eluded you.

9. EXAMINE YOUR SF COLLECTION FOR SIGNS OF AGING

When I get into my study, mind attuned to put words on paper, I'm surrounded by shelves full of the masterpieces of sf -- the 57 Poul Anderson books, the 21 Piers Anthony titles. These represent not only a rich cultural heritage but also a major capital asset. I find myself worrying in case something has happened to them: perhaps there's rising damp in the corner, perhaps the roof is leaking again, perhaps the cat has been sharpening her claws on my A.E. Van Vogt books? Well, anxiety is the enemy of

creativity, and I find a few minutes spent examining the shelves -- taking out a book here, stroking a spine there -- calms the mind immensely. As a bonus I often pick out an interesting book I haven't read yet, or an old favourite I haven't looked at for years. Leafing or reading through such a discovery is often an immense stimulus to the imagination. One returns to the desk refreshed and raring to go.

10. TIDYING YOUR DESK

Disorderly surroundings are the product of a disorderly mind and, in turn, reflect and amplify that mental untidiness. The successful writer therefore, is one who works in an environment which encourages and stimulates orderly, creative thought. Thus, when you finally sit at your desk it must be presentable: fanzines and old correspondence must be stacked neatly to one side, unpaid bills at the bottom (this process may necessitate rereading some or all of the items); pens and pencils must be neatly arrayed; the top of the correcting liquid bottle must be retrieved from under the bookcase in the corner; stationery supplies must be checked against your stock control list; the typewriter's keys must be cleaned (you will have to wash your hands afterwards, even though they have at no time touched any part of the typewriter).

It is a curious fact that however tidily you think you have worked the previous day, when you return to your desk it is as messy as ever. Furthermore, by some strange nocturnal process all your pens have metamorphosed into little heaps of paper clips and rubber bands, which can be found inching their way unobtrusively towards the edge of the desk. Left to themselves the little buggers breed with astonishing rapidity; however, they are totally dependent on photosynthesis, and you will find that if you trap them all and place them securely in a box they will quickly die and wither away, so that the next time you look for them there will be nothing there at all.

AND THERE YOU HAVE IT. I can fully guarantee that by the time you've completed these exercises -- with perhaps a short break for dinner, and maybe a movie -- you'll be 100% ready to get down to some real writing first thing tomorrow morning.

Mailing Comments

David Grigg commenting on John Bangsund's many fanzines in ANZAPA 76:

I'm sorry, but this whole thing confuses me. Maybe you're trying to lay down a bibliographical task for academics in future centuries which will be enough to keep them employed for decades. I can just see it now: "On the Multiple Inconsistencies in Numbering of the Bangsund Minutiae: "Philosophical Gas" - A Case Study of Bibliographical Detective Work" and so on. Beats me why you want to keep going with one title anyway. Changing fanzine titles is like changing hats for me. Mind you, I must confess that my own bibliography has some confusing parts to it - like the fact that I published two fanzines called 'Touchstone 4', or the fact that 'It's supposed to be automatic but you have to press this button #1' didn't have a title page, and therefore is recorded in Anzapa archives as something entirely different.

Gerald Smith commenting on Joyce Scrivner's CYCLES 2 from ANZAPA 77.

I only met Susan Wood once, at Aussiecon. I remember she saw me sitting alone on the first day and came over to ask me if I was alright. I remember being so awestruck that one of the notaries would actually talk to me that all I could do was mumble something like, 'Yes, thanks.' She still wasn't sure though and wasn't happy until she had made sure I had a cup of coffee in my hand and someone else to talk to. I have never forgotten that. So even though I never really knew her and I'm sure she had long forgotten me it still came as a hell of a shock to hear of her death. It was as if I had lost a life long friend.

Richard J Faulder commenting on Rob Gerrard's NOTES TO AND FORMING PART OF THE ACCOUNT from ANZAPA 77:

Not so long ago, in a city not so very far away, there was an apa in which, as a result of a decision by the OE, mailing comments were, in effect, discouraged. This apa, at least partly as a consequence, did die. Whatever their historical origin, apas have now become a means of holding a conversation between a number of people. Without comments one might as well be shouting into a void, not knowing if anybody was bothering to listen, or pubbing a general-circulation zine whose receipt no-one ever acknowledged. Commentzines would only be said to be worthless if they simply echoed what had already been said. However, if well-written, commentzines point the way down new paths which the communal conversation might follow.

Denny Lien commenting on David Grigg's WITH A STRANGE DEVICE from ANZAPA 76.

"We would have to find our way to the station, buy the tickets, and then our hotel at the other end." And people think that American tourists are all rich!!

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 76 - October 1980

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

PLENTY OF PANACHE 5	Irwin Hirsh	6
PLENTY OF PANACHE 6	Irwin Hirsh	4
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 1	Marc Ortlieb	4
JEANZINE 1	Jean Weber	6
FINGER PICKIN' GOOD	Bruce Gillespie	11
IL VOMBATO 12	Jan Howard Finder	1
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND THE ONE EYED FAN IS KING	Eric Lindsay	4
SLAYDOMANIA RETURNS!	Leanne Frahm	6
SINGED POSSUM	Malcolm Edwards	6
THE RETURN OF THE HOUR OF THE GREEN & CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	8
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE	David Grigg	12
TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL	Andrew Brown	2
CATCHING UP WITH ANZAPA	Andrew Brown	4
UNREASON	Mark Fraser	5
MECHANISED MIDAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	10
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	4
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 52	John Bangsund	5
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 51	John Bangsund	6
HANRAHAN No 5	John Bangsund	8
VOICE OF THE AUSTRALIAN FAN	Helen Swift & Perry	2
TITLE	Middlemiss	
THE SACRED COW	Sharon Robertson	2
TEA COFFEE COCOA No 1	Allan Bray	18
ELECTRONIC THUMB PIANO	John Rowley	2
OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Foyster	4
	John Foyster	4
		<hr/> 144

Members:

John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Malcolm EDWARDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Marc ORTLIEB / Sharon ROBERTSON / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Gerald SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Jean WEBER

Added: Sharon ROBERTSON, Jean WEBER, John ROWLEY, Bruce GILLESPIE.

Dropped: Terry HUGHES.

Invited to join: Rob GERRAND, Susan WOOD, Nick SHEARS, Keith CURTIS, Joseph NICHOLAS, Christine & Derrick ASHBY.

Waiting List:

1. Rob GERRAND; 2. Susan WOOD; 3. Nick SHEARS; 4. Keith CURTIS; 5. Joseph NICHOLAS; 6. Christine & Derrick ASHBY; 7. Valma BROWN; 8. Michael O'BRIEN; 9. Jeff HARRIS; 10. Catherine CIRCOSTA; 11. Paul ANDERSON; 12. Daryl MANNELL; 13. Gary MASON; 14. Helen SWIFT; 15. Alf KATZ.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 77 - December 1980

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Foyster	2
GUFF AWE 3	John Foyster	1
DUFF 1981 BALLOT		2
GUFF 1981 BALLOT		2
THE SACRED COW 3/2	Allan Bray	7
NEOTYPER 92	Leigh Edmonds	6
AN INTELLECTUAL CARROT	Malcolm Edwards	4
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 2	David Grigg	8
CHUNDER! December 1980	John Foyster	34
XMAS CARD	Paul Stevens	1
NOTES TO AND FORMING PART OF THE ACCOUNT	Rob Gerand	6
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	8
CYCLES 2	Joyce Scrivner	2
MURGATROYD 15	Denny Lien	2
SLAYDOMANIA 8	Leanne Frahm	6
A SINGLE PAGE MINAC CONTRIB CONSTITUTING A DESPICABLE TINY INTRODUCTION	Nick Shears	2
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS XI	Keith Taylor	10
EMBRYONIC JOURNEY	Joseph Nicholas	4
THE LUNATIC IS ON THE GRASS	Gerald Smith	12
JEANZINE 2	Jean Weber	8
(untitled)	Eric Lindsay	6
IL VOMBATO 10	jan howard finder	1
IL VOMBATO 13	jan howard finder	2
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 5	Marc Ortlieb	14
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
CURSE YOU JOHN FOYSTER	Derrick Ashby	2
CYCLES 1	Joyce Scrivner	2
I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY . . .	Derrick Ashby	7
		<hr/> 163

Members:

Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Malcolm EDWARDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Rob GERRAND / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Marc ORTLIEB / Sharon ROBERTSON / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Nick SHEARS / Gerald SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Jean WEBER

Added: Christine & Derrick ASHBY, Rob GERRAND, Joseph NICHOLAS, Nick SHEARS.

Dropped: Keith CURTIS, Susan WOOD (both invited to join but did not respond).

Invited to join: Valma BROWN, Michael O'BRIEN.

Waiting List:

1. Valma BROWN; 2. Michael O'BRIEN; 3. Jeff HARRIS; 4. Catherine CIRCOSTA; 5. Paul ANDERSON; 6. Daryl MANNELL; 7. Gary MASON; 8. Helen SWIFT; 9. Alf KATZ.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 78 - February 1981

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Foyster	5
COMMAND MODULE 38	Michael O'Brien	4
ANZAPA DECEMBER 1980	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	2
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	4
AN OPEN LETTER TO AUSTRALIAN FANS	Ken Ozanne	2
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 15	Marc Ortlieb	6
UNTITLED	jan howard finder	3
SLAYDOMANIA 9	Leanne Frahm	8
ONE MORE TIME . . .	Gerald Smith	8
KHALESPEARE 5	Irwin Hirsh	2
DUFF NEWSLETTER No 5	Ken Fletcher	2
CYCLES 3	Joyce Scrivner	2
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	6
JEANZINE 3	Jean Weber	10
SOME ROSES ARE ODOURLESS	John Rowley	4
PERRYPERNALIA 3	Perry Middlemiss	4
A QUICK QUIP or RANDOM THOUGHTS FROM A LOW MIND	Paul Stevens	2
THE BUSH, THE BUSH	Valma Brown	2
BEAUTIFUL BILL BOUNCES BACK 93	Leigh Edmonds	6
MECHANISED MIDAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	8
THREEPENNY PLANET	John Bangsund	4
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 53 and 54	John Bangsund	8
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 3	David Grigg	5
MINIMAL ACTIVITY	John Foyster	2
DRAGONS AND MORNING OPALS XII	Keith Taylor	2
THE CURLING PAPERS No 1	Sharon Robertson	4
DITMAR NOMINATION FORM	Allan Bray	2
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	6
SAMWISE SAYS . . .	Derrick Ashby	10
VERA'S INFORMATION PAMPHLET #3	Vera Lonergan	12
		<hr/> 145

Members:

Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / Andrew BROWN / Valma BROWN / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Malcolm EDWARDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Rob GERRAND / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Sharon ROBERTSON / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Nick SHEARS / Gerald SMITH / Paul STEVENS / Helen SWIFT / Keith TAYLOR / Jean WEBER

Added: Valma BROWN, Michael O'BRIEN
Dropped: John D BERRY
Invited to join: Jeff HARRIS

Waiting List:

1. Jeff HARRIS; 2. Catherine CIRCOSTA; 3. Paul ANDERSON; 4. Daryl MANNELL; 5. Gary MASON; 6. Helen SWIFT; 7. Alf KATZ; 8. Bill WRIGHT.

Major Event: distribution of ballot for election of OBE; no nominees.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 79 - April 1981

Official Bloody Editor - John Foyster

THE DARLING GUIDE TO POLITE CONVERSATION	Elizabeth Darling	2
OFFICIAL ORGAN	John Foyster	4
MODULE 39	Michael O'Brien	2
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 21	Marc Ortlieb	6
KHALESPEARE 6	Irwin Hirsh	4
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	6
ALF KATZ'S NEW ADDRESS IS 19 CLARENDON STREET FRANKSTON 3199	Gerald Smith	10
JEANZINE 4	Jean Weber	8
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	6
TOMAHAWK CRUISE	Joseph Nicholas	4
CYCLES 4	Joyce Scrivner	2
DUFF NEWSLETTER No 6	Ken Fletcher	2
NORTH OF HERTZSPRUNG	David Grigg	1
CHAQUERADE	Mark Fraser	6
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 55 & 56	John Bangsund	7
SPONGY 94	Leigh Edmonds	4
THE BUSH THE BUSH TWO	Valma Brown	4
COLLINGWOOD CAPERS	Bruce Gillespie	7
NOT REALLY CRICKET	Malcolm Edwards	2
APAS AND WHY THEY WORK THAT WAY	John Foyster	2
FOYSTER'S PLAYING FUNNY-BUGGERS AGAIN 12	Derrick Ashby	2

91

Members:

Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / Allan BRAY / Valma BROWN / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Malcolm EDWARDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Rob GERRAND / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Gerald SMITH / Keith TAYLOR / Jean WEBER

Dropped: Perry MIDDLEMISS, Sharon ROBERTSON, Nick SHEARS,
Paul STEVENS, Helen SWIFT.

Resigned: Andrew BROWN.

Invited to join: Paul ANDERSON, Catherine CIRCOSTA, Jeff HARRIS,
Daryl MANNELL, Gary MASON, Helen SWIFT.

Waiting List:

1. Jeff HARRIS; 2. Catherine CIRCOSTA; 3. Paul ANDERSON; 4. Daryl MANNELL; 5. Gary MASON; 6. Helen SWIFT; 7. Alf KATZ; 8. Bill WRIGHT; 9. John D BERRY; 10. Paul STEVENS; 5. Andrew BROWN; 6. Keith CURTIS.

Major Event: election of Derrick Ashby as OBE. 13 members voted but no distribution of votes was published. The ballot was conducted on a "write-in" basis, in that no candidates nominated themselves for the position. Derrick Ashby came second in the voting but was elected as OBE when the vote-winner refused to accept the position. No name was given.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 80 - June 1981

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

THE MEMORAZINE 29	Paul Anderson	6
UNTERM RAD 3 (THE MEMORAZINE 27)	Paul Anderson	3
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
THE MINAC WRITERS' DIGEST AND INTELLIGENCER No 1	Derrick Ashby	2
THE MINAC WRITERS' INTELLIGENCER AND DIGEST 2	Derrick Ashby	5
THIRSTY BOOTS No 10	John D Berry	4
THIRSTY BOOTS No 11	John D Berry	2
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED No 1	Catherine Circosta	4
SPONGY 95	Leigh Edmonds	8
THE WRONG STUFF	John Foyster	2
NOTES TO AND FORMING PART OF THE ACCOUNT 2	Rob Gerrand	7
NORTH OF HERTZSPRUNG No 3	David Grigg	2
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeff Harris	2
MURGATROYD 16	Denny Lien	10
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	4
TINY DARYL'S REVENGE	Daryl Mannell	6
PERRYPERNALIA 4	Perry Middlemiss	9
ER--UM--ER	Joseph Nicholas	4
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 29	Marc Ortlieb	6
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK	John Rowley	2
DIURNAL DILETTANTE	Gerald Smith	12
JEANZINE No 5	Jean Weber	5
		<hr/> 111

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND /
John D BERRY / Valma BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING /
Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Mark FRASER / Rob
GERRAND / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Irwin HIRSH / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY /
Daryl MANNELL / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB /
John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER

Added: Paul ANDERSON, John D BERRY, Catherine CIRCOSTA,
Daryl MANNELL, Perry MIDDLEMISS, Helen SWIFT.

Dropped: Allan BRAY, Malcolm EDWARDS, Keith TAYLOR.

Invited to join: Jeff HARRIS, Alf KATZ, Gary MASON, Bill WRIGHT.

Waiting List:

1. Jeff HARRIS; 2. Gary MASON; 3. Alf KATZ; 4. Bill WRIGHT; 5. Paul STEVENS; 6. Andrew
BROWN; 7. Keith CURTIS; 8. Jeanne GOMOLL; 9. Allan BRAY; 10. Keith TAYLOR.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 81 - August 1981

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

I MUST BE GOING SOFT IN THE HEAD 81 (O.O.)	Derrick Ashby	3
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENCIARY	Jeff Harris	2
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	10
ANZAPAPOLL	David Grigg	4
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 2	Catherine Circosta	4
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 38	Marc Ortlieb	6
THE ELECTRONIC MINAC MACHINE 1	Alf Katz	2
FRIENDLY FRACAS	Gerald Smith	8
FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK	John Rowley	4
THE I HATE PINK PAGES APAZINE	Leanne Frahm	6
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	2
JEANZINE 6	Jean Weber	14
THE KILLING ZONE	Joseph Nicholas	4
MECHANIZED MIDAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	7
THE MINAC WRITERS' INTELLIGENCIER & DIGEST 2	Derrick Ashby	5
MODULE 40	Michael O'Brien	6
THE SECRET FILES OF ANZAPA 27	Gary Mason	4
SPONGY 94	Leigh Edmonds	8
		<hr/> 101

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / Sally BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Valma BROWN / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Rob GERRAND / Bruce GILLESPIE / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Alf KATZ / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Daryl MANNELL / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / John ROWLEY / Joyce SCRIVNER / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER

Added: Jeff HARRIS, Alf KATZ, Gary MASON.

Dropped: Mark FRASER.

Resigned: Irwin HIRSH.

Invited to join: Keith CURTIS, Paul STEVENS, Bill WRIGHT.

Waiting List:

1. Bill WRIGHT; 2. Paul STEVENS; 3. Keith CURTIS; 4. Jeanne GOMOLL; 5. Allan BRAY;
6. Keith TAYLOR; 7. Kevin DILLON; 8. Judith HANNA; 9. Andrew BROWN.

ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1980/81

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Paul ANDERSON	2	1	2	2	9
Christine ASHBY	5	4	1	4	12
Derrick ASHBY	5	5	6	7	33
John BANGSUND	6	3	3	7	38
Sally BANGSUND	6	0	0	0	0
John D BERRY	4	1	1	2	6
Allan BRAY	4	3	2	3	27
Andrew BROWN	3	1	2	2	6
Valma BROWN	4	2	1	2	6
Catherine CIRCOSTA	2	2	1	2	8
Elizabeth DARLING	6	4	3	5	15.5
Peter DARLING	6	3	2	4	13.5
Leigh EDMONDS	6	5	5	5	32
Malcolm EDWARDS	4	3	3	3	12
Richard FAULDER	6	5	1	5	34
John FOYSTER	6	5	7	10	60
Leanne FRAHM	6	4	3	4	26
Mark FRASER	5	2	2	2	11
Rob GERRAND	5	2	1	2	13
Bruce GILLESPIE	6	2	2	2	18
David GRIGG	6	6	2	6	32
Jeff HARRIS	1	1	1	1	2
Irwin HIRSH	5	3	2	4	16
Alf KATZ	1	1	1	1	2
Denny LIEN	6	2	1	2	12
Eric LINDSAY	6	5	3	5	22
Daryl MANNELL	1	1	1	1	6
Gary MASON	1	1	1	1	4
Perry MIDDLEMISS	5	2	2	2	5
Joseph NICHOLAS	5	2	2	2	8
Michael O'BRIEN	4	3	2	3	12
Marc ORTLIEB	6	5	1	5	36
Sharon ROBERTSON	3	2	2	2	6
John ROWLEY	6	3	3	3	10
Joyce SCRIVNER	6	2	1	3	6
Nick SHEARS	2	1	1	1	2
Gerald SMITH	6	4	4	4	38
Paul STEVENS	3	3	3	3	11
Helen SWIFT	5	1	1	1	1
Keith TAYLOR	4	2	1	2	12
Jean WEBER	6	5	1	5	46

Others:

Jan howard FINDER	3	2	4	7
Ken FLETCHER	2	1	2	4
Vera LONEGAN	1	1	1	12
Ken OZANNE	1	1	1	2