

The Best Of ANZAPA
Volume 14
1981/82



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Contents

Editor's Introduction	Perry Middlemiss	2
President's Foreword	Leanne Frahm	3
Thirsty Boots 12	John D. Berry	4
Mellow	Bruce Gillespie	6
Philosophical Gas 57	John Bangsund	12
Spongy 97	Leigh Edmonds	14
Slaydomania 13	Leanne Frahm	17
On Life Considered as a Rubik's Cube	John Bangsund	20
It's A Conspiracy	Jean Weber	23
Alcheringa No 1	Jeanne Gomoll	25
With A Strange Device #4	David Grigg	29
Thirsty Boots 13	John D. Berry	33
How to Handle a Woman	Eric Lindsay	36
Philosophical Gas 61	John Bangsund	39
Slaydomania 10	Leanne Frahm	41
Mailing Contents		43
Membership Statistics		49

President: Leanne Frahm

Official Bloody Editors: Derrick Ashby
Marc Ortlieb

Editor's Introduction

From an editorial point of view, mailing comments are both a bugbear and a godsend. A godsend because they give you greater freedom in laying out the material for publication - they allow you to fill in all those niggly little gaps that appear at the end of articles. And a bugbear because of the amount of extra work that choosing them entails.

Perry
Middlemiss

I wasn't too keen on the idea of including mailing comments in these volumes when I first started planning them. I did not find at all appealing the prospect of reading through the six mailings for a particular year, deciding on the material, then going back and reading all the mailings again to try to choose mailing comments appropriate to the original article choices. Regardless of the level of my initial enthusiasm, reading the material once struck me as being quite sufficient. But, I was persuaded otherwise, and, I must admit, I have come to the view that the additional effort is worth the final result. I may not use the comments properly, or in the best editorial fashion but they do add a little light-heartedness to the proceedings. And as I mentioned they also allow for a better final look to the volumes. Well, at least I think they do.

On the downside I have found that it is actually necessary to read more than six mailings in order to fully cover the possible comments. I can pretty much skip the first mailing for the year as any mailing comments there will be in response to articles which appeared in the previous year. The end of the year is a different matter entirely. A number of ANZAPAns have the habit of leaving their mailing comments (when they publish them at all) until one great big batch that may appear almost a year after the original writing that prompted them. In other words, I have to keep reading more and more mailings in order to ensure I get the choicest comments. There has to be an ending to that and I have nominally put it down as two mailings after the last mailing at the end of the year. Anything further and these things will never get done.

Occasionally a real gem appears and some of the rules have to be stretched a bit. One such is printed in this volume and concerns a number of comments backwards and forwards between Joseph Nicholas on the one hand, and Leanne Frahm and John Foyster on the other. The "thread" (to use an appropriate electronic mail term) started in the mailing before this year's range with Leanne Frahm writing a con report, on her visit to Adelaide in 1981 for the National Science Fiction Convention of that year called ADVENTION '81. Joseph Nicholas was that year's GUFF winner and distinguished himself with a performance at one particular panel item that Leanne, at least, found worthy of comment. I was lucky, in this instance, that Joseph's response to Leanne's report was amusing from my point of view, so I included that, and then found responses to Joseph in the next mailing from John Foyster, and Leanne again, and then further responses from Joseph later. It would have been quite easy to have missed the whole thing. From just a few off-the-cuff comments of this sort you can get an idea of the characters involved very quickly. And if the mailing comments included in this and future volumes do nothing else, they will have served their purpose.

Now all I need to do is get ANZAPAns to write comments to fit specific column lengths. But not much chance of that I fear.

- November 1994

Thanks for this issue go to all contributors (either writers or illustrators), Leanne Frahm for her introduction and Marc Ortlieb for the use of his index and mailing contents file.



President's Foreword

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"If you recall, you were President that year..." writes Perry. Recall? Lordy yes. Not only recall, but every moment of that wonderful year is graven on my memory as sharply as... What year was that again?

1981-82.

It's funny how you keep track of the years, or don't as the case may be. I'm sure 1981-82 was a year of cataclysmic events in the world at large, but to be honest, Perry, I can't even remember who was Prime Minister of Australia that year, though I suspect it was probably Bob Hawke--and look where his memoirs have gotten him! I connect the passage of time to small personal (usually dismal) things: 1981-82 was two years after my brain surgery, four years before the embezzlement, three years before my disillusionment with Aussiecon II. Happily, though, it was the year of Jenny's primary school captaincy and Kerry Jnr.'s first making the rep side in junior soccer.

I would still have been cranking out apazines on the old Gestetner, kathunka, kathunka, kathunka... In fact, that may well have been the year the whole family pitched in to convert the back shed into Mummy's study and workroom--you can still see traces of bright fluorescent pink on the floor from when I dropped a bottle of correcting fluid and it smashed on the painted concrete... I'm gripped with sudden nostalgia; excuse me while I compose myself.

And of course I was very happy to be ANZAPA's president that year; I enjoyed the sudden rise to eminence immensely at the time, while still maintaining suitable humble gratitude to the members who voted for me...

Ah, yes, ANZAPA. What a tough tenacious old biddy it is. And 1981-82 must have been a vintage year in its life. Just look at the HFNs (Huge Fannish Names) and their total pages in the stats. (I won't mention individuals on the basis that anyone I don't mention will be miffed by my non-recognition of their own HFNdom.) (Not that ANZAPA members are petty-minded, you understand.) (Well, not many, and not very...)

But that's part of the glory of ANZAPA, isn't it? Whatever persona we present to the mundane world, ANZAPA allows us to be our honest selves, because we all understand how driven each of us is to be a part of something like ANZAPA. So, once every two months we come together like relatives at a wedding reception to squabble and bicker, to share highlights and lowlights of our lives, to celebrate great events and small, to wax philosophical and political and sociological, and sometimes just to wax. Often we even manage to entertain each other, as Perry's selection here demonstrates, which is more than you can expect from most weddings.

I can't conceive of what I would be or how I would be living now if I hadn't found fandom and particularly ANZAPA. It gave me the beginnings of what has grown into an almost healthy self-esteem. You can't ask much more from a relationship than that, can you? So thank you, Perry, for giving me this opportunity to pay my respects to an institution that changed my life and enriched it beyond measure.

- September 1994



Thirsty Boots 12

A cozy if somewhat cool house on a crisp fall night. Overhead, airplanes flying extremely low, sounding like giant motorcycles without mufflers; one of them had us wondering if it would clear the hilltop. ("Do airplanes have mufflers?" I asked Eileen. "Do cats have batting?" she replied.) The person Eileen talked to by phone at Sea-Tac airport suggested that perhaps the planes were flying lower than usual because of fog. There's been fog for days, though mostly in the mornings. (But there isn't fog tonight; what was that person at the airport thinking of?) For the past three or four days the fog has been thick on the hill when I've stumbled out in it to catch the bus to work--this morning the vast leafy maple a couple of streets over, one of the few trees around here to turn truly fall colors instead of a dying brown, was looming orangely out of a wet white blanket of fog--and there's still more fog swirling around the waterfront where I work, but by afternoon most of it has swirled away and there's bright sun and cold air to walk out in. They've been the kind of autumn days that make you feel alive when you're out in them, and let you thoroughly enjoy the smug coziness of a comfortable restaurant for lunch or your own livingroom in the dark after you've come home.

Stage-setting has always been a favourite pastime of mine when starting a fanzine. It may be a weakness, too; certainly it would be easy to parody. (Rich Brown once ended the prevailing practice in a small apa of describing the music one was listening to while composing a fanzine by encrusting his contribution to one mailing with incessant references to his wardrobe of pink dayglo ties and high-heeled combat boots and to the recordings of the Hallelujah Chorus played by 500 kazoos with which he got himself in the mood to write. I'm making up the references, of course, or plagiarizing them from other sources, but the ones he used were equally effective in putting a stop to a practice that

Rich felt had gone too far.) And reflecting on the art of creating the fanzine is, well, not peculiar to fannish writing but certainly endemic. My reflections on this fanzine shine more on the physical production aspects than is usual for me: the reason is quite simply that for the first time in twenty years of publishing fanzines (counting generously from the time I did my first eighth-grade imitation of Famous Monsters of Filmland, typed by my collaborator's mother and dittoed for us at my father's office) I am publishing a fanzine by printing it myself on my own mimeograph.

The assortment of mimeos that I've used to run off my fanzines is wide, and the only common factor is that they all belonged to someone else. One of the first was a Gestetner 160 belonging to Felice Rolfe, who was mentor to part of my early fannish career when I was a freshman at college at Stanford University at Palo Alto. During two different runs of two succeeding issues of my then-fanzine, that 160 broke down, and in both cases exactly the same thing happened: Felice took the machine in to the local mimeo repair shop (the only local mimeo repair shop) and while they worked on repairing it they loaned her another machine to replace it. An admirable practice. The only problem was that (in both cases, again) the loaner was not a Gestetner; it was, instead, a Rex Rotary, which used entirely different stencils. In both cases the repairs took a long time. Twice I had to buy a quire of Rex Rotary stencils, cut the nine-hole Gestetner headers off the already-typed stencils, and glue those stencils onto Rex Rotary headers in order to run them off.

Another fanzine of mine got run off at a party in St. Louis while I was on my way from one side of the country to the other. Chris Couch did the mimeoing, declining help even though he was using a hand-crank AB Dick, and once the fanzine was run off I

John D. Berry

got my first taste of collating with a group of people walking around a table picking up the pages. I was so impressed with that collating method that I tried to use it at every opportunity.

What almost all my fanzines had in common was that they were mimeoed in one or two days, all at once, because it would have been too much trouble to go back several times (often to someplace far from where I lived) and do it in smaller batches. I think the only exceptions might have been fanzines that I did while I was staying with Ted White, when it would have been easy

room, was a Gestetner 320. It was a lovely machine, in perfectly good condition. It had no cover, so there was a fine layer of dust on it, but in the surroundings it was in it couldn't have been accumulating dust for more than a couple of weeks to have such a thin layer. There was some lint in it that looked like sawdust, but that was easy to get at. It was an electric, but with an optional hand crank--the perfect combination; I plugged it in and it ran. The silkscreen was recently enough used that ink came off on my shirt while I was carrying the mimeo.

As it turned out, the inking mechanism didn't want to work right, and at this very moment the ink gun is soaking in some ditto fluid (it was news to me that this is the optimum solvent for old mimeos), but in a pinch I could ink the thing by hand.

That 320 cost me \$5.00. Right after that--it couldn't have been more than a couple of weeks--Eileen was checking out a rummage sale at a local church, and there she found another Gestetner, this time a 260. They wanted seven bucks for that one. Naturally I snatched it up. A 260 is more like the 160 I ran those early fanzines off on--all cast iron and steel, very solid, and very heavy--except that it's electric. This one, too, seemed to work, though its silkscreen was old and dried out; if soaking doesn't work, it'll need a new silkscreen.

After that I kept waiting for the third one to show up. I did happen on a 420 at a local theater's moving sale, but they had changed their minds about selling the office equipment. Just as well; what would I do with three mimeos? While Eileen and I were in the Bay Area earlier this month, I happened upon, in a Berkeley junk store, that legendary starting-point for so many fans, a Sears postcard mimeo--but I honestly couldn't see any reason to buy it.

Perhaps I wasn't born to be a mimeo magnate.

- ANZAPA 83



Mailing Comment:

Denny Lien commenting to John Foyster in ANZAPA 83.

I have no objection to "people who erect worldviews based on 'if only everyone were like me,'" so long as they do not confuse theory with practice. (A sometime friend once accused me in an apa of assuming that everyone shared my worldview; I was appalled. Obviously if that were so there would be no farmers, for a start, and we would all have starved together ages ago. I'm quite happy that there are blokes out there with different worldviews; I don't pretend to understand them, and think they're wrong, but as long as their existence is to my own good I am willing to issue them permits to go on breathing. SMOFish noblessee oblige, you know.)



enough to pop down to the basement and run off a few pages at a time on the QWERTYUIOPress. But those people who would speak of having their fanzines half run-off but not having finished writing the other half always amazed me. I'm looking forward to doing just that with my own Gestetner.

My own two Gestetners, actually. For a grand total of about \$12 for the two of them. First, the storefront next to where I work was full of junk cleaned out of a nearby building that was being sold, and in among the sinks and wooden doors and twisted sections of pipe, standing alone at the back of the

Mellow

**Bruce
Gillespie**

As usual, I'm working away at this magazine to save my ANZAPA membership. I'm also trying to save my reputation. Recently people (well... a very few people) have accused me of becoming mellow in my old age. This is a terrible thing to happen. That anybody should even think such a thing! So I will try to be unmellow wherever possible. I'm good at being unmellow.

Why did I bother to save my ANZAPA membership? I've asked myself this question several times during the last week. For the first time this year I have enough paying work sitting on the desk to keep me busy seven days a week. I've been busy seven days a week, but - at great cost, folks - have carved a day out of the dwindling few in order to Save My Membership. Okay, I'll answer that question. I saved my membership because I want to read what you have to say. To which you say: of course. No of course about it. Until a few weeks ago, I was a year behind in reading ANZAPA mailings. (No wonder people have kept saying to me during the year 'of course you'll be at x' and I would say 'what x?' and they would say 'you know, it was in ANZAPA' and I would go silent and pretend that I had heard about it anyway.)

Well, to get the story going again, and begin a new paragraph, I can report that I read an entire year's mailings of ANZAPA a few weeks ago and I enjoyed the material so much that I decided I really must Save My Membership. And now it's 8 October, and I might yet fail in this enterprise.

Already, I will break my resolve. I was going to be Very Unmellow. But gee I enjoyed the stuff in ANZAPA. I did not fill out my Anzapapoll this year because the deadline for receiving the ballot was after I finished reading the mailings. But I don't think I would have filled it out anyway - I can't decide whose contributions I liked most. I seem to remember best in general the magazines by Jean Weber, Gerald Smith, and Leanne Frahm. But that

implies that Leigh and Valma have lost their touch, which isn't true. They just haven't had as much time for contributing as in other years. And David Grigg's been as readable as ever. And so has John Bangsund. And so has... everybody. I liked Richard Faulder's stuff a lot, even when I had to strain my eyes to read it. I'm hooked. I must have my ANZAPA fix, even if the doses are far apart.

So now I must try to think of Things to Say for the next five pages. It's difficult. I did not take notes while reading the mailings, so I remember few specific points about individual contributions. I remember the truly astonishing statement by John Foyster about not being made of the 'right stuff' because he wasn't earning \$70,000 a year - but maybe I've misinterpreted him again. (Usually it's best when replying to John to say first what I interpreted him as saying, and then reply to that.) Perhaps I've fallen too much victim to the Foyster Legend - that he is a man of purity and probity, dedicated to the good things of life, and never concerned about mere gain. If I had a legend like that, I would try to discredit it at every turn. But... apart from the catastrophes which have struck John and Jenny during the last year, I would have thought they had their lives set up pretty well. Sometimes I think that I would like to earn as much as John does, but then I realise that, if I worked as hard as John, probably I would earn as much as he does. By the same token, if John really had his sights set on the Big Money, he might have to work twice as hard again. But what does this have to do with making money? People who work hard don't make the real money - we all know that. You have to be the kind of person who likes manipulating money itself. If John became that sort of person, would any of us be interested in knowing him any more?

As I say, it came as a bit of a surprise that John Foyster, yes, even John

Mailing Comment:

Joseph Nicholas commenting to Bruce Gillespie in ANZAPA 84.

Your reaction to the broadcast mouthings of politicians and other public figures sounds pretty much the same as mine, although on occasions mine has been more extreme -- I've actually sat there and shouted abuse back at the TV and radio! A perfectly lunatic thing to do, of course, but nevertheless a wonderfully cathartic one.... Have you noticed, though, how much the interviewers to whom the politicians are ostensibly directing their remarks allow them to get away with? Blatant misstatements of fact, gross errors of reasoning, unimaginably tawdry solecisms, outright contradictions of remarks made only a minute or so ago -- but instead of nailing the toad's ass to the wall the interviewer just nods his head and asks the next question, for all the world as though he was reading from a prepared script and the item was less a news investigation than a piece of government public relations or opposition propaganda. I obviously can't speak for Australia, but the British news media are so lacking in guts as to be of no value whatever, and their complete failure to inform and educate is nowhere more apparent than in respect of the government's plans to site American cruise missiles in East Anglia and spend £500 billion on acquiring Trident submarines to keep our so-called "independent deterrent" up to date -- decision taken by M. Thatcher and her cabal of hard-line cronies without reference to Parliament or even the full Cabinet, and which have been allowed to pass almost without discussion ("almost" because The Guardian so loathes the current Tory administration that it will use any issue it can to beat her about the head). And whenever discussion does surface, everyone else falls over themselves to give space to some flunky poo-pooing it on the grounds that the debaters are sadly unaware of the realities of power, or some other piece of contempt-ridden paternalistic crap.

Bollocks to the lot of them. Come the civil war, comrades, I'm gonna burn Fleet Street to the fucking ground....anyone got a squadron of A-10 ground attack planes they can lend me?



oyster, worries about ambition and mmaking money and all that sort of thing. (I thought he was mainly concerned about Saving Fandom from Itself.) And then I thought - of course. And then I thought: well, what has happened to all my platitudinous egalitarianism? (The platitude is a marvellous little cuddly Australian beast which seems to have moved to New Zealand after CHOGM.) I mean - I don't really believe that anybody should earn any more than anybody else, do I? Probably not - but I sure as hell would like to win Tattsлото. I can tell you in great detail exactly what I would do with the money if that happened. There's another worry: the current Australian government seems set on making sure that nobody except the top 2 per cent of earners has any income at all. In one way, the Government has failed, with incomes in all sorts of areas keeping pace with inflation. But at the same time, large groups of Australians are relatively poverty-stricken in a way they would not have been if Labor had stayed in Government. So I tend to say: aren't we lucky to be earning anything at all? Just wait till the crunch really comes (although a lot of it seems to have come this year). Maybe John merely wants to get above the crunch line.

Ho Hum. Probably misinterpreted John again.

This scheme of impromptu mailing comments seems to be yielding more pages of mailing-saving material than I had hoped for. A long time ago Jean and a few people had a discussion about rage. (Anybody remember such a discussion? - it must have been nearly a year ago.) Well, I have news for anybody who thinks I've turned mellow. I am an Enraged Person. Not just easily enraged, but quite often enraged. Most often I get enraged about noisy neighbours. I get more enraged because I never do anything about my rage. Several times over the last year I have very much wanted to pick up the crowbar out the back, walk through our house, through the front gate, march through next door's front gate, kick open the door, stride down their passage, and smash that crowbar deep into the vitals of their record player, and rip into their

horrible wall-smashing speakers, and... and... Get arrested, probably. But the sheer joy of that thought, as I've sat quivering with rage as the boom-boom-boom has pounded through the walls of our house. Having said that, you'll be pleased to know that those neighbours moved away before anything too terrible happened. Now we have new neighbours, and so far - we praise and beseech thee, Whoever or Whatever saves us from going mad altogether - they don't have a loud record player.

Maybe I should write a novel called Rage! It should be a long one. I have spent most of my life being ferociously out of sorts with the world in general, and never (at school, anyway) have the means to fight back. That's probably good for all the people I would have beaten to a pulp. Indeed, one of the great turning points in my life must have been when I discovered it could even be invigorating to be outraged, to roar for the sake of the red in the cheeks and the casting care away on other things. But I would so like to live a tranquil life as well. My rage about Australian politics never ceases. Every speech by Fraser or Lynch or Howard or Sinclair - or a whole lot of them - evokes in me the desire to jump straight through the radio receiver and commit all sorts of horrible tortures on these people. And if I don't hold out much hope for Australia, it's because I cannot do much about the debilitating effects of what seems like umpteen years of the current mob. When you're impotent in a situation, all you can do is be angry. And if I'm generally unmellow about life in general, it's because there are so few things which can be fixed.

You will gather from all this that Elaine must be the most wonderful, angelic, forgiving, calm person in the world (and perhaps also nuts) to put up with me. You are correct in assuming this.

If John Rowley still held a membership of this organisation, I could tell him that the young lady he saw with Chris Johnston at the Geelong Folk Festival was my sister Jeanette. Oh well - that's the only specific mailing comment that comes to mind.

I've thought of another. After visiting

Canberra, I can see why Leigh and Valma stay in the place. It was so pleasant to be in a city that has fine architecture. (Which reminds me of another source of distinct unmellowness in my opinions: The Terrible Things They Are Doing To

Mailing Comment:

Leigh Edmonds commenting on Bruce Gillespie's MELLOW in ANZAPA 84.

Apart from having written a very jolly little contribution, you have fairly well described my attitude to wanting to know more about the country in which I live and which is my home. Since going to ANU and being indoctrinated (the more I think about it the more I come up with the impression that the History 1A course is designed to inculcate a love of Australia in the students as much as it is designed to actually teach anything) I find it very difficult to go anywhere without wanting to know what sorts of people went to that place, what they did there and thought about the place... and so on. One of the most touching recent experiences was when Eric Lindsay took us to a little park on the other side of the railway line through Faulconbridge. In the park are trees planted by every Prime Minister since Federation. It is as though the stories of the great men are reduced to the levels of the lesser ones, to the simple act of planting a tree. It seems almost a disgrace that trees planted by such great men as Deakin, Curtin, Chifley and Whitlam could have to endure the company of trees planted by the likes of Menzies (who has two trees) and his mate McEwan. And then, just a little ways down the road is the Faulconbridge cemetery where Sir Henry Parkes is buried.



Melbourne, especially the excruciatingly boring and ugly skyscrapers which are replacing good-to-interesting/peculiar older buildings.) And it was nice to wander through the ANU grounds, go across the road, wander through a few streets of suburban houses, find oneself in the middle of a fine park, and see quite close the buildings of Canberra city centre. I still did not get the same feeling from Canberra as I felt from Adelaide the last time we visited, especially as there did not seem to be any people around in Canberra. But

Leigh has proved a point - the thought of living in Canberra is now not altogether horrible. But if there was any work in Adelaide (or if we won Tattsлото) we'd probably move there. Melbourne used to be fine and wonderful, but it has been really shafted in recent years by people who are supposed to take care of it.

While reading the ANZAPA mailings, I've noticed one aspect that does not bring to me such rage - perhaps just a hint of sadness. I refer, of course, to the disgusting Knowledgeableness (is that a word?) of many of my fellow ANZAPAns. People like Grigg and Bangsund and Foyster always have this disgusting amount of information which can be trotted out to fill page after page of an ANZAPA contribution. And they make it all seem so entertaining; aye, there's the rub. Then there is Keith Taylor when he gets going about ye olde times, and Derrick about libraries, and he and Christine about lots of other things... Sometimes I get to grungeing about the way these people have eidetic memories. Well, do they? I know John Foyster reads much faster than I do, and he seems to have an eidetic memory. It's hard to tell with John Bangsund. I suspect he has a very good memory, but also is simply interested in many aspects of the world which bore me. David Grigg? Again, he seems ferociously interested in many topics which inspire in me the reaction of: well, I'd rather like to know about that, but the time spent in studying it could have been much better spent in reading this wonderful novel by Laxness.

Maybe all I'm saying is that knowledgeable articles, especially in a fanzine, look more flashy than yet more articles about books (of the fiction variety) and records. Sorry, folks. I know it's de rigeur, and even forbidden, to talk about fiction, especially science fiction, in entertaining little ANZAPazines, but I really find at this stage of my life that the works of some fiction writers comprise the almost-sum-total of my book knowledge of the universe. I will just have to remain in the majority of one. Never mind; this is the usual majority I enjoy in most debates. The trick is to find people who

enjoy reading about the things I like writing about.

John Bangsund's speciality is Australian history, and I must say I enjoy those bits of Australian history which John relates in his fanzines. Which reminds me of that off-hand comment by Marc Ortlieb some mailings ago, about not finding Australian history very interesting. It depends on what you call history. School history tended to be dates, names, and battles, and I did not like that much better than anybody else did. Not many battles in Australian history, and the names and dates sent me to sleep during matric. Aus. Hist., which I failed. A pity I did not last the distance to university; I might have had the same pleasant experience with the subject that Leigh has had at ANU. It has been only since leaving university that I've acquired an interest in real history - the lives of individual ordinary people, and the landscapes and streetscapes in which they lived. I'm really interested in Australian history of this type, although I find myself with some kind of mental block about the subject that I find with almost anything else - the block against 'studying up' a subject. If it is the sort of information to be used in an Australian novel, it interests me. My vision of Eureka will always be Richard Mahoney's; likewise my view of Victoria Street during the late 1800s. My north of Australia is Xavier Herbert's; my central Australia is Patrick White's. Close to home, Collingwood is always Carringbush as well, although it doesn't take much looking at old photographs to show how far good old Collingwood has been destroyed by the widening of Hoddle Street, the freewaying of Alexandra Parade, and the gentrification of Clifton Hill. Still, Frank Hardy has moved back to his old territory, so things can't be too bad. I'm trying to remember where I read recently a chance detail of how the cable tram system once worked in Melbourne; somehow it gave me a much better idea of what it was like to live in this city than all the history studied at school. Marc seems to be in an odd frame of mind - of, I take it, still regarding Australia as a place he is still passing through. I don't feel I have the liberty to think in such a way. The rest of the world may be quite interesting,

but in the long run it is not my country. A host of other countries may be 'better' in some way, but they don't have anything to do with me. I'm not even sure I could endure a move from Melbourne, decaying though it is, let alone a move to another country. Anything I learn about Australia is something I learn about me; anything I learn about overseas countries, even one like USA which has so much of the variety of craziness which Australia lacks, is really only a piece of information about somebody else and his or her country. I could live in any other country for the rest of my life and it would still have nothing to do with me. That's probably why some of the best novels about Australia have been written by people living overseas; writers like Richardson and Johnson could see much more clearly their true country.

Am I starting to sound mellow? Even maudlin? Oops, sorry. I guess that turned into a mailing comment to Marc Ortlieb. Reminds me of yet another source of rage: the fact that M. Fraser, esq., is doing his damndest (and that's the correct word) to interconnect Australia with a world that can only pulverise her. There is no reason why there should be any American bases in Australia, except that some idiot politician (perhaps pre-1949 Labor, for all I know) allowed them to be here. And now there are B-52s, and aluminium plants, and a vast rage of imports all directly dangerous to Australia. Meanwhile the only imports who have done us any good - are still vilified or ignored. Ah well, we're all targets for Fraser and his merry band of New York investors and Washington bureaucrats and Pentagon loonies. I try to remember that every time I go outside and look up at a blue sky and around at the plants and the cats and the back windows which I still haven't cleaned, and look at them again and say to myself, 'Mr Reagan and his good friend Mr Fraser and all their good friends would like nothing better than to demolish these things, and me, and Elaine, and all of us, and leave it all a black smudge.'

Mellowness gone, altogether? Good. Anybody who is totally cheerful in

today's world is a blind, deaf idiot. Still there must be some people who (a) do not fit that description and (b) continue their lives with somewhat more equanimity than I bring to existence. True. I'm trying to keep up the reputation, as I say. Not quite. All things considered, things have worked out better for Elaine and me, especially when you consider how blockheaded I

Mailing Comment:

Denny Lien commenting on Bruce Gillespie's MELLOW in ANZAPA 83.

Your comment about Canberra seeming O.K. except that there "did not seem to be any people around in Canberra" strikes a responsive chord. I remember on my first trip there in '75 asking for a hotel near "downtown" and being unhappy with merely getting one near something called Civic Centre. It wasn't until this year's trip that I belatedly realised that Civic was in fact as close to downtown as existed. I also share your interest in living in Adelaide, based in my case on less than week therein (and most of that spent at the home of a fan who mutters about moving to North America.)

The obvious way out of the difficulty with your story (in which the main character must not pick up the clues but must not be stupid enough not to do so) is to provide him (you use the masculine pronoun) with some non-contemptible psychological twitch preventing him from doing so. Perhaps he is a xenophobe--no, that's not non-contemptible. Perhaps he is a brucegillespie, and something in the story means he can pick up the clues only if he is willing to believe that an American politician is telling the truth (even if only by accident). But on second thought, that is not non-contemptible either. There's a little brucegillespie in all of us.



can be at times. But I have reached that stage of saying to myself (shades of David Grigg here): Presuming the world does keep going - a slender premise, but one to keep in mind - what's my real place in this world? And I find, at the unlikely age of 34, that I still don't know. I would like to earn money for activities I like doing. This never happens. The last issue of SEC cost me \$1300. About \$700 could be covered eventually by subscriptions

and other sales. Currently I owe \$1000 on the most recent issue. SFC, although the only such activity that interests me, is not a likely career. I'm stumped as to what else to do that is interesting. I mean, I can typeset from now until February, seven days a week, but I would be more of a screaming loony than I am at the moment if I kept up this unlikely schedule. I can try writing fiction, but there are now an awful lot of bits of stories hanging around the house, and those bits refuse to extend themselves into real live stories. That's the trick, no doubt. If one of those stories really comes alive, then I might regain the inspiration which breathed 'The Wide Waters Waiting' into an uninterested world. Not that I like 'WWW' much, but it did kick along while I was writing it. I've got one story, told in the first person, where the main character really should be clever enough to get all the clues I've planted for the reader. If he doesn't twig, he's too stupid to be the main character of the story. If he sees what is obvious, there certainly isn't much of a story left. That story has been sitting around wounded for eight months. I didn't want to commit euthanasia, but...

Another story is a not-particularly-fictionalised version of the events of my 1976. I rather like the fictional world I invented to frame the events, and in sections the style worked well. I showed the piece to one of the participants in the 1976 events. He seemed to enjoy it, but agreed with me that publication of it would probably invite libel action from several of the other participants. The events need to be changed somewhat. Elaine read it some years ago, and thought the style was both dull and incomprehensible, and she couldn't see what it had to do with 1976. Ho hum.

Still, as Lee Harding and I were discussing last night, fiction is not exactly a life-and-death matter to me. It's not what I really want to do. Even publishing activities in the form of Norstrilia Press are not what I really want to do. SFC comes close (although I would like the magazine to look like Sight and Sound, and include articles by John Clute and Ian Watson and Tom Disch and Ursula Le Guin and John

Bangsund, etc, etc as well as the admirable articles which appear already), but the magazine is coming very close to folding. It is just too monstrously expensive. It would be no less expensive to go back to duplicating than it is to continue printing it offset. No solution appears.

Well. You'll see that really I'm never very mellow inside myself. There's a thread of infernal discontent which will hang me one day. It's a feeling that someday all one's dreams really will come true; even though in one sense they did come true when Elaine and I got together. Perhaps I didn't know I had so many other impossible dreams inside me.

Meanwhile, I'll probably get the ritual comments in ANZAPA about being 'depressing' again. Funny, but I don't feel depressed most of the time (although I have a bit during the last week or so, particularly when I step on the scales). No, I feel angry and discontented and enraged, but I see them as very positive virtues. They're the thunderhead virtues, the boiling-over virtues, those which actually lead to marvellous things happening. The only really depressing person is the completely contented person, someone who accepts all the garbage flung by hypocrites and evil-doers. The only difficulty in smashing through is that one is just as likely to smash oneself. I never quite get up the energy. Not mellow enough to decay altogether, but too mellow to really get things done. That's me at the moment. We'll see. We'll keep raging, and hoping. We, ie, me - um, that is, I - might even retain my ANZAPA membership. (Might even make the December mailing; ho ho ho). Seeyuz.

- ANZAPA 82



Philosophical Gas 57

25 April Anzac Day in these parts.

Celebrating the, um, well marking the inglorious defeat of the combined Australian and New Zealand forces at Gallipoli in 1915. That day in 1915, we have been told in school, and since we left school, in the media, marked our country's initiation into nationhood. Rubbish. We are not yet a nation. But if we ever went close to becoming a nation - it was on 11 November 1975. I say 'if' because I am not yet sure how that event will ultimately turn out. Equally, I don't know how future historians will treat it. But I think we went awfully close to becoming a nation on that day, however far we have drifted back to being colonies of the UK, the USA and Japan since.

There is a note towards the end of Percy Trezise's book about North Queensland (a book I haven't read yet: I just glanced at a few pages yesterday) that suggests that we modern Australians are rapidly going the way of the Aboriginal Australians. One day, not too far in the future, we will look at this land we thought was ours and know we have lost it for ever. I only have to think of the trips I made twenty years ago, driving through the more remote parts of Victoria, full at heart, awe-struck at the sheer beauty and incomprehensible wonder and grandeur of this amazing country we've fetched up in, and then think how much such a journey would cost today, at today's petrol prices, to realize that for most of us our country is beyond our means.

Twenty years ago I used often to go motoring around Victoria. I had some adventures. I have vivid memories. At times I went beyond the state boundary, up into Queensland once, in 1963, at a time when I was discovering science fiction, too, and often over into South Australia. I'm a bit too old these days, I think, to sleep in the back seat of a car. Maybe not: I just haven't tried it for a long time. There was a night at Swift's Creek, in Gippsland, south of Omeo, when I felt sure the wind would turn the

John Bangsund

car over, the way it was rocking, and yet I slept. There was a late afternoon near Port Campbell, when I drove off the road into the scrub and got bogged, and got out again by building a bridge across the sand: for some reason the place was littered with the tops of 44-gallon drums, and I built a bridge for the car with those tops, and got out. I had not then heard of John W. Campbell, but I think he would have been proud of me. And there were other windy nights at Peterborough, just west of Port Campbell, where I used to go as often as I could, and often parked the car on the headland, the great breakers from the Southern Ocean crashing at the base of the cliffs below me, and yet I slept. In 1966 (after meeting Brian Richards at Fremantle) I went out of my way to see Cape Leeuwin, at the bottom left of Western Australia. Doing that, I ran late to Albany, found my motel room let to someone else, and slept the night in a grotty waterside hotel. In 1963 my Uncle Arthur (who died a few weeks ago, and I hadn't seen him since then) invited me to come with him one Saturday morning to Kingaroy, from Jandowie, where I was staying with his daughter. The journey seemed endless. Mile upon mile of tall trees and winding unsurfaced roads. We pulled up outside a milk bar, had a milkshake, walked around the block, and drove back to Jandowie. Just so I could say I'd been as far north as Kingaroy - I think that was Uncle Arthur's idea - certainly there was absolutely no other reason for going there. Kingaroy? Good heavens! In 1975 I flew to Townsville from Canberra. I don't have a map to hand, but I think Kingaroy is less than halfway from Canberra to Townsville. The thing is that I got to Kingaroy by car, and however boring I might have made it sound, the trip was wonderful.

In 1958 I had a girlfriend in Berwick, which was then a country town and is

now a sort of suburb of Dandenong. I was a theological student, at Glen Iris. I didn't drive a car in those days: I had a motorbike. I was rather proud of my bike. I'd started out, in 1957, with a 1932 BSA 350cc single-cylinder sloper (with tank-mounted hand gear-change), and advanced fairly quickly to a 1948 BSA 500cc twin-cylinder. Then in 1958 my mother and father bought me a gleaming new 600cc twin-cylinder Norton - the loveliest bike I ever rode (there were three or four after that, before I settled down and bought a car). Often, on the long cold trip from Berwick to Glen Iris, I fell asleep on the bike. My fellow motorcyclists, past and present, will confirm that this happens. I survived, somehow. The intersection at Springvale, now a trial in daylight for the motorist, was where I usually woke up. One night I rode cross-country from Berwick to Upwey, where I went to live after I'd left college, and I turned a bend in the road, and there was a long, low building, for what purpose built I'm still not sure, but its roof was gleaming silver in the moonlight, and I just had to stop and feast my eyes and mind on it. In my memory it's like yesterday, it's so clear. A long galvanized-iron roof, shining in the moonlight, and all around the dark shapes of hills and tress, and the sweet cold scent of the Australian bush at midnight.

There were other times, almost as impressive, over many years. Somehow I've lost touch with that Australia. It's an Australia you won't find in the tourist brochures, and I wonder whether it's still there.

- ANZAPA 82



Philosophical Gas 59 by John Bangsund

One day, when I was a child, my father cut his hand open. I wasn't there when he did it, but not long after I was, and he showed it to me. It was a neat triangular cut on the palm (whether of the left or right hand I cannot remember, but I do remember thinking it was a good thing he was ambidextrous - a born left-hander who had been trained to do just about everything with either hand). It was Monday, because that was his day off, and on his day off he used to drive from Northcote to Murrumbeena - no Oakleigh - Murrumbeena was later - to spend his day off working at the Churches of Christ Old People's Home. The Home must have been a grand house once, in extensive grounds. I vaguely recall the stables. I recall well the long drives, the lawns, the gardens, the trees, the endless corridors of the house itself, and most of all Matron. It was Matron who prescribed a cure for my father's baldness: 'All you need to do, Leif, is grow a beard and pull your head in!' And the tea-cups rattled as we laughed, however often we'd heard it before, because when Matron laughed we all laughed. In the corridors there were large steel-grey prints of stags at bay and Scottish mountains wreathed in mist. The only place inside the Home that I liked was Matron's kitchen, where we had tea. Everywhere else there were old people and old things, and I didn't like that at all. Apart from the stables, which appealed to me in a way I have only lately come to understand, there was nothing much else outside for me. I sometimes wondered why my father went there. Of course he went there because he was a Christian and a good man and had to be doing things for others. All the time I knew him he was like that: he did things because they needed doing. And this day he cut his hand open, and he showed it to me, and I nearly fainted, because I had never seen inside a hand before.

- ANZAPA 82



Spongy 97

Changing the subject once again, I've just got back to the typer after having sat through most of the first day of the third Test - I've seen few horror films that have been worse, the sorts of things that I've seen today should never be seen by anybody ever.

But I don't think that anyone is going to want to know about that sort of thing so I think instead I will briefly mention the exciting time I had at work last week as the Acting Administrative Officer for the Airports Branches. In the old days this position was known as the Senior Clerk, but I can see why they changed it, the poor owner of the job has very little time to do anything of a clerical nature. The job is at Class 8 level which is quite good, but the poor occupant gets to do the sorts of things that nobody else does, a sort of hole into which all those jobs which don't have any other home find their way.

For example, one of the Branch Heads complains that his fan is missing. This instantly becomes the Top Priority job and off we rush looking for any homeless fans, ringing up the people who look after such things and generally feeling rather futile. Then there is the matter of the photo-copier which seems to have run out of paper. The Management Services people promise paper but it doesn't arrive and when I ring up to complain the person on the other end of the line tells me that he's only acting in the position. He doesn't know what's going on and whines a bit. I sort of feel that I don't do my case any good by informing him that I'm also acting and also don't know what's going on. After this problem is settled one of the clerks comes in and tells me that when the photo-copier mechanic was around a couple of days ago he took the key to the machine away, what am I going to do about it. After a lot of messing around over a couple of days (which sees nothing more than the machine running out of the toner stuff which makes the copies black in the right places) the mechanic comes back again and everything is solved. Then I learn that he didn't take the key,

somebody put it in somebody else's drawer and forgot about it. Just as well Edmonds is a mild mannered fellow with low blood-pressure.

This week was studded with all sorts of little traumatic experiences like this, I must say that it was interesting to sit behind the desk at which the administrative buck stops. I'm not sure that I would like it on a long term basis. My problems, well they weren't really problems of any magnitude, were also compounded by the fact that towards the end of the week the workload in my usual job became very heavy and I had to help out there too. Thus I would one moment be wondering about how to express the problems at Townsville Airport, next moment chattering to the workman who was banging away on the wall of one of the Boss's offices and making an awful din, and then going to figure out what the Minister is supposed to say to the people from CARD about the new airport terminal that's going to go up here in a few years time.

The other unusual thing about this week was that it's the first time that I've ever sat in my own little office. I'm not sure that I like the experience for while it is nice to feel a bit secure from people coming up and inspecting what you are doing, it also means that you are a bit isolated from what's going on around the place...you really don't know the sorts of rumors and the like that are going around the office. There is, of course, a reason why they provide people with offices which have doors, and this is because there are sometimes things discussed in them which are supposed to be confidential.

I must admit that I'd always been curious to know what sorts of things were discussed in such little offices with their doors closed, and last week I got to find out. Although my reactions were

Leigh Edmonds

somewhat coloured by the fact that I was only acting in the position, it seemed that the main thing that happened was that other people talked to or at each other and I sat there and sort of tried to look interested and intelligent. This was okay in most cases but there would be those odd moments when the other parties would look at me and obviously expect some sort of intelligent response to what was being said. My only defence was to try something like "Well, yes, that sounds reasonable. But what about..." and hope that I wasn't saying something totally silly.

Since all of these little discussions were on staffing matters I was almost always out of my depth. Since I'm fairly isolated from the general run of clerical staff I was even at a loss when somebody would ask me what I thought of the possibility of putting so-and-so in such-and-such a position. And with my terrible memory for names anyhow, it was all very careful sailing to make any sense at all.

The only thing I found to be worse than having several people in my little office with the door closed was when somebody would come along and shut the door after them when they came in. This meant that they had something to tell me which they didn't want anybody else to hear. As a lot of you will know, I'm not one of your people who is really keen to know what sorts of problems people are having, and although I had a little fling with the great and glorious world of *one-to-one up-front personal interaction* a decade or so ago I can, these days, think of many more exciting things to do with my time. All the same, I was very sympathetic and all that and kept a nice reign on my impatience.

It was, as I think I may have already said, an interesting and educational week. The main thing I learned is that I'm much happier in the job I've got writing letters, briefs and the like. As I said to Valma one night last week, the nice thing about paperwork is that you can write on it and throw it in the "out" tray.

There was one thoroughly enjoyable and rewarding thing that happened last

week. For the last year or two I've been complaining that the workload in my permanent job is far too high and that something had to be done. The solution they came up with was to create a Clerk 8 position in addition to my Clerk 6 position. So anyhow the new position was created last week and, being the Administrative Officer it was my duty to suggest to the boss "that we act this Edmonds character" in the new position until it is filled permanently. As I said, quite rewarding.

The last couple of hours in the job were, to put it mildly, hectic. As well as trying to sort out all the things that I hadn't got around to finishing off there was a panic in my old job and so I was writing a brief with one hand, sorting odd bits of paper with the other and hassling engineers and typists over the phone, all more or less at the same time.

Everything was more or less finalised a bit after 1800 but unfortunately I'd missed the bus and there wasn't going to be another one for an hour. So I rang the ever reliable Valma Brown Chauffering service to see what they could do. Valma can come in and pick me up in about ten minutes, she says that it's no trouble and it's very useful when it would take me forty minutes to walk home under the hot sun.

So when I got out of the office Valma was already there, the car parked on the opposite side of the road waiting. My eyesight isn't the best but I noticed that there was a vacant space behind the driver's wheel and the seat way down the street had a person with red hair sitting on it so, add the evidence together and you come to the conclusion that Valma's waiting on the seat and not in the car. Hoping that my deduction is right and that I'm not going to make myself feel very foolish I strolled up to the seat and it was indeed Valma taking her ease on the seat in the shade.

Following the usual friendly hello we sat and chatted about the state of the world for a little while, just relaxing. Valma was gazing off at the cars coming along the road and suddenly interrupted the conversation, saying, "Amazing! I don't believe it." What she had seen was a

man waiting on the other side of the road and then a car pulled up where he was. The next thing she noticed was that he was sitting behind the wheel and the woman was walking around the front to get into the front passengers seat. "Amazing!" Valma said again.

said. And so we got into Agatha and she drove me home.

- ANZAPA 84



"Let's show them how it's done," she

Mailing Comments:

Leigh Edmonds commenting on Joseph Nicholas's FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO in ANZAPA 84.

Sorry we didn't get around to bumping off the monarch for you, but she didn't seem to get up to Canberra. The actual Heads of Government did make it up here but there was a convention sort of thing happening and I'd forgotten to get the rocket launcher into position in the excitement. As you might imagine, there was all sorts of security precautions going along with the Heads of Government. But, as it so happened, there was a beautiful line of sight from my office window over to the Lakeside Hotel where they were all staying. Given a plan locating which person was staying in which room and an accurate rocket launcher we could have picked off a good dozen or so of them in their rooms before anybody knew what was going on. It would have been fun. (Even more fun to make sure that we weren't using any of your Communist rubbish but only the most sophisticated US Army issue stuff, fresh out of the crates.)

&

Reading your comments to me about my comments to you made me wonder if there is not some sort of basic difference between your Australian fan and your British fan - and even perhaps between your average Pom and average Strine. What I mean is your comment about the British fandom of the '70's having had its day in the sun and so on. It sounds as though you feel much the same way about your fandom as you might feel about your old empire. Or perhaps your attitude is quite natural for people who live in a European environment. On the other hand I don't imagine that Australians think of fandom in terms of cycles or such like. This might be because Australian thought has been conditioned by the environment and in ours things are "timeless". Sure, there are seasons and it is a bit colder in winter and hotter in summer, but the extremes in temperature are not reflected in radical differences in living conditions.

Thus, if you were to ask me, I would say that fandom in Australia hasn't changed that much since it was revived in '66, there may have been the occasional change in emphasis but nothing of any radical difference has been added. As neofans have come along they have either been absorbed or they have not lasted. It does not seem to be a great Australian preoccupation to think in cyclic terms, and we run our fandom accordingly.

So you see that my impatience at your attitude simply reflects a cultural difference which neither you or I can do much to change.. But I still don't see why the old British fandom had to wind itself up so profoundly and being looking for signs of decay...



Slaydomania 13

Not much makes me sit up and think nowadays. Not that I'm lazy, mind. I lie down and wonder a lot. Sometimes I slouch up to eat, and I often lie down and think my best thoughts, the ones you can never remember in the morning. But as for that strenuous stuff. . .

Anyway, I was prodded into both sitting and thinking by an item in Jeanne Gomoll's contribution last mailing. (And a fine contribution it was, full of life and colour. Good on yer, mate!) The bit that grabbed me was Jeanne's theory on the attitude of Australians to Australia, and after thinking for a while, I thought, by gum! I bet she's got something there! And I went on to wonder if I could possibly put into words my feelings about Australia the Land, the Island Continent, Terrae Australis and Incognito.

Do I--we--fear the land? Simply answered--sort of. But it's more than fear=fright. It's a fear=awe=respect=admiration=oh, lots of things.

I think I know what other people mean when they say they feel 'at one with the land'. You foreigners out there could probably tell me. Does it mean you're both comforted by and comfortable with the land? Does it absorb but enrich you? Australia, sadly, lets down the side here. There's no comfort in her barren womb, no enrichment in her arid breasts.

Our population perches around the edges of this continent, where the land is kindest. But this narrow strip of hospitality is illusionary. Even this well-watered rim was so different to the first settlers that they promptly began what proved to be vain attempts to turn it into 'a little bit of home', with introduced trees and introduced hedges, introduced flowers and introduced birds, introduced foxes and introduced rabbits, and the sheep and the cattle whose depredations tear at the thin top-

Leanne Frahm

soil and leave it lifeless.

(You'll be glad to know, though, that lately raised consciousnesses have been all the go, and people are starting to plant the natives [bushes and trees, you fool, not the human ones: that was done a long time ago.] in an effort to attract the flagging dinki-di avian populations back to the suburbs.)

The settlers found it very hard to face the realities of Australia. Today, Australians take tours of 'the centre'. More often than not Ayer's Rock is the destination, but no one simply flies in for a quick look at this dirty big rock and out again, like you do with the Grand Canyon. No, it's the trek itself, the overland journey, that's important. Day after day of bumping along ruts, bogging in sand, glazedly gazing at dust devils and spinifex and kangaroos, wondering at garish sunsets across scarlet sands, putting up with grit and sun and sweat and an aridity that curls your fingernails--that the pilgrimage Australians take. And after it's done, and they're safely at home amongst the roses, the Australian feels enraptured, elevated, awe-struck--and no more at one with the Australian land than the Japanese tourist snapping away with his Leica.

That's the frustration of Australia. It forbids propinquity. And that's why I believe there's a rather belligerent attitude in the Australian character. He's saying, "Look at the country I live in, you'd better believe it's special." And he's right, but he's frightened you might ask him why, a question he bafflingly can't answer.

I have this little theory about Australia. Forget Godswanaland. Once there was just a big watery hole, Pacific Ocean from Africa to South America, Asia to

Antarctica. And then some cosmic static happened, the way it does when you're running a cosmos or two. Suddenly there was Australia, popped out of a parallel universe, compleat, and the Pacific found itself bathing alien shores.

I mean, look at the animals, the flora. Count the ones without parallel in the rest of the world. There are grizzly bears and Himalayan bears and Polar bears and pandas, Kodiak bears and honey bears--but the Australian Bear? Even that interesting animal that's often mistakenly called a bear, the koala, has two opposable thumbs on each hand. That is alien.

People were already here, of course, when Australia popped. Today we call them Aborigines, and perhaps the Dreamtime recalls their original Earth, when all the world was like Australia is now, and they were decidedly happier. They seem to be 'at one' with Australia, but immigrant Australians will be damned if they're going to admit that, and call their comfortableness uncivilised.

So the immigrant Earthers live on in Australia, precariously teetering on the edges, their feet slipping on an alien interface, but their minds determined to call it their own. I can tell you it's a marvellous awesome country, but buggered if even I know why.

Actually I've never been Out West, as we like to call it. Nor have I lived in big cities. "My" country is here, on the tropical coast, and the parts I know best are the mangrove seafronts, sclerophyll forests, ti-tree swamps and rain forests, dune lands and coral reefs. But we're losing them. Very gradually, but they're going. I mean McKay's population is--what? Almost 40,000 or thereabouts, now. Lordy, don't things move along nowadays?

And the mangroves are giving way to marinas, and Mosquito Eradication Programmes, the sclerophyll and rain forests to sugar cane and grazing, the ti-tree swamps to Industrial Estates, the dunes to housing allotments, and the coral reefs to tourist resorts and/or oil drilling.

It's all progress, or so my stockbroker tells me.

- ANZAPA 86



Mailing Comments:

Marc Ortlieb commenting on Leanne Frahm's SLAYDOMANIA 13 in ANZAPA 87.

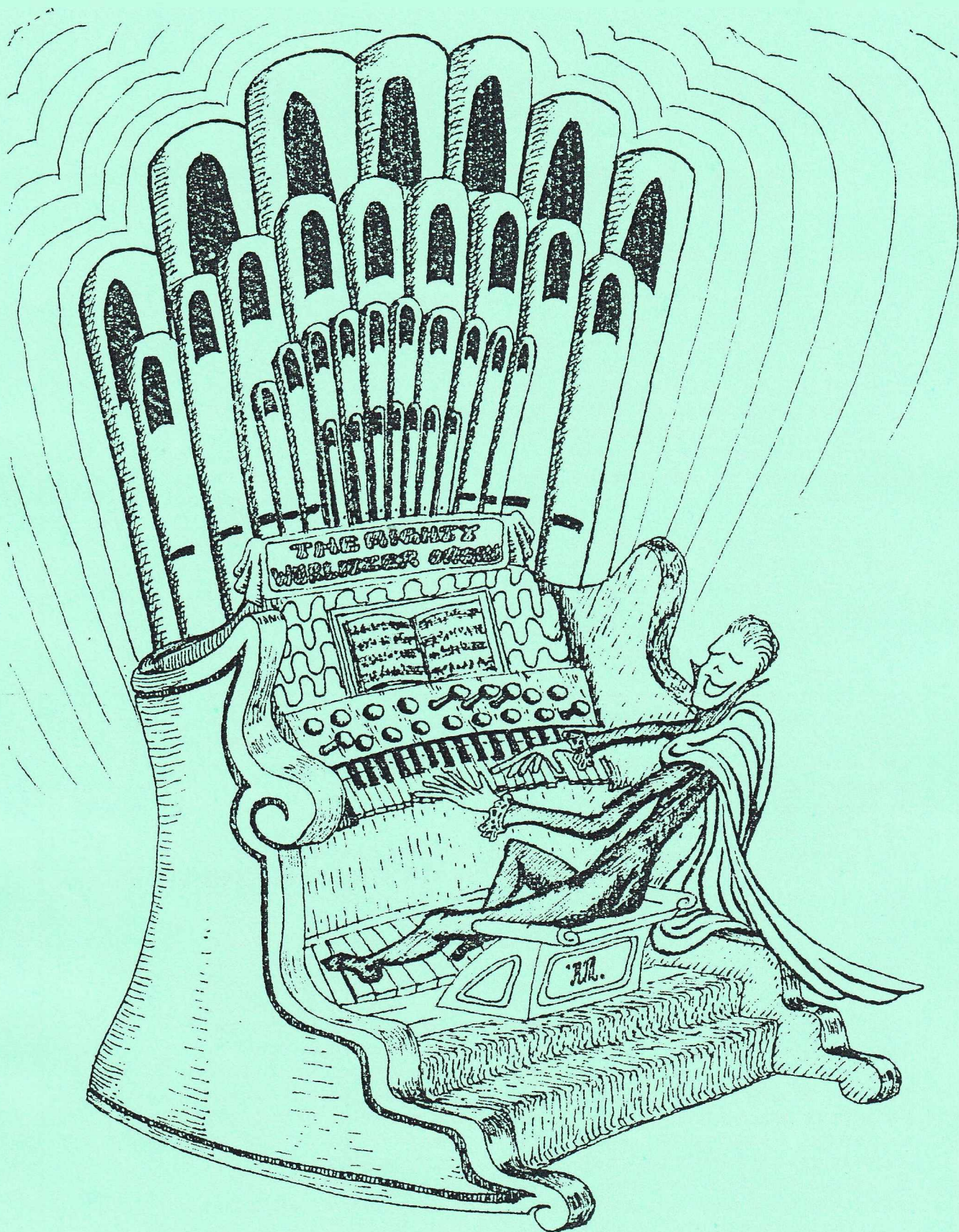
You've been reading A.D. Hope again haven't you? Shame!!! I must admit, as one of your exiled Europeans, I don't really find the land that fascinating. I'm a city boy, who considers the land that boring stuff between Adelaide and Melbourne. This might have something to do with my above stated opinion of Canberra. Too much bloody land there.

&

Leigh Edmonds commenting on Leanne Frahm's SLAYDOMANIA 13 in ANZAPA 87.

There, you're doing it too! I've been noticing a certain phrase in the vocabulary which I don't think has been used for a while and which may be becoming popular again. A couple of days ago, during a tutorial somebody said that something was "all the go" and then I heard it used again at work today. And now I find that you've used it right there on the front page of your contribution. I note that it's also slipped back into my vocabulary coming, I think, from that Paterson poem "The Man from Ironbark" which concludes with a line something like... (he revs up his memory to see what it can come up with) "And fullgrown beards are all the go out there in Ironbark."





ANZAPA 86

ON LIFE CONSIDERED AS A RUBIK'S CUBE

29 August Still some way to Spring.

Shall I tell you, indeed, how I nearly froze to death in St Kilda Road only two nights ago? I shall not. It was only hail, which is so much less interesting than snow that you would laugh at me instead of shuddering at my ordeal. But having mentioned it, it does illustrate my thoughts on Spring, doesn't it, and this happened after a couple of delightfully sunny days, making it all the more miserable.

I was, as it happens, on an errand of mercy when the bilzzard struck. Sally was to meet me at the office I am temporarily infesting in St Kilda Road, and I stupidly suggested to her on the phone that, since it looked a little like rain outside, I should walk the few blocks to the car park and bring the car round. 'No, darling, I don't mind a little drizzle, and the walk will do us both good' is not what she said; it was more along the lines of 'You'd bloody better!' So to save my wife a little drizzle I, Oates-like, plunged my plucky frame into the bilzzard. Mumbling 'This is a far far better thing I do than ever I have done,' I - I beg your pardon? Yes, bilzzard. You only get bilzzards with snow. I told you this was hail - a regular bilzzard of the stuff. I also told you, quite distinctly, that I'd lost the corflu.

Now see what you've made me gone and did: lost the thread, too!

Mumbling something about going to a better place, which wouldn't be hard, ask Foyster, I stood at the lights in Queens Road and shivered profoundly. My left eye seemed to have gone. I couldn't see with it, wasn't sure whether it was just gummed shut by the cold or whether the merciless bombardment of hailstones had untimely ripped it from its socket, and all I achieved when I tried to restore it with a vigorous knuckling was a frostbitten hand and a pocketful of water. For what seemed like a maternity I stood there in Queens

Road, the toxic wastes from a myriad motors funnelling into my chilled lungs. Idly I wondered what would get me first, pneumonia or sniffing lead. At last, for what seemed like a split second, the lights favoured pedestrians, and I half stumbled, half slithered, half swam across the road. I really had a time and a half of it, I tell you.

Did I get to the car park? Did I find the Renault sunk to its wheel arches in mud? Did I make it back to St Kilda Road? Did several more myriad motors go hurtling by as I tried to make a right turn out of Queens Road, their noxious fumes further befouling my innards and leaving nasty streaks on the upholstery? Did I think unkind thoughts, if only for a fleeting moment, about my wife as I sat there? Did it occur to me at all to wonder whether going to dinner at Rod and Maggie's place was worth all this travail?

Yes.

When, after a few more adventures of a similarly laughable yet depressing sort, Sally and I at last reached the warmth and safety of the Gerrards' living room, there was Elaine Cochrane with the biggest Rubik's Cube I had ever seen. In fact it was the first I had ever seen, so it was also the smallest. There were other people present, too, and I recall speaking to them from time to time, but the flashing colours of this thing in Elaine's hands fascinated and numbed what was left of my unfrozen brain. I caught myself drinking red wine, which the world knows I have given up for ever. After a couple of hours I caught myself not smoking. I realised that I was certainly ill. We excused ourselves and left early.

**John
Bangsund**

(The big question, I guess, is whether Mr Rubik and his infernal Cube can be cited effectively in a divorce case. Must ask Gillespie about this. Herself, a moment ago, had eight whites up, and I said 'Give us a look. Dead easy.' and lost three of them in seconds. Rubik's Cube, I have, decided is infinitely more dangerous to marital happiness, indeed individual contentment, than cryptic crosswords, televised Test Matches and fanzine production.)

Mailing Comment:

Leanne Frahm commenting to Bruce Gillespie in ANZAPA 83.

You refer to the 'disgusting knowledgeable (o.k. it's a word,) of . . . Bangsund and Foyster.' In his contribution, John is 'deprived' because he 'can't talk about Phil Dick's writing the way Bruce Gillespie does. . . anything the way John Foyster does.' (In his contribution, John Foyster maintains an enigmatic silence about just what he does know.) I am immensely cheered by everyone else's (except Foyster's) insecurities, because I don't know anything, and even if I did know something about something I'd still be racked with unhappiness about not knowing everything about everything, so it doesn't matter. And come to think of it, I probably know more than anyone about coastal birds of central Queensland (except possibly Foyster.)



I considered it an honour to be invited to Rod and Maggie's place for dinner. Man and boy, I have known Rob Gerrard for something like fifteen years.. In that time, I am fairly sure, he has been a guest in my house more than once, but I have never been to his place, until last Thursday. Rob tends to keep himself to himself, just one of his characteristics I wish I could find in myself. He married the lovely Maggie - when? two years ago? I'm not sure. And it's not that I'm uninterested, just that he's like that. They have a lovely little daughter. I saw her one night at Damien and Di's place, briefly, and

Maggie proudly (very rightly proudly) showed me her photo on Thursday. Up to a point I have nothing but admiration for Rod and Maggie.

Sadly, I passed that point on Thursday. Fortunately, from now on all we can do is get to know each other better, and I look forward to that. It'll be a challenge for the four of us, but what is life without challenge?

Maggie and I went wrong that night, she her way, me mine. (I mine, pedant!) At first we warmed to each other, literally. We stood by the gas fire and chatted. I had never talked to Maggie before, and I thought she was lovely - younger, perhaps, than I had thought of her before, but every bit as natural (a word my grandmother used to use of females she approved of - come to think of it, her strongest praise) as I could have hoped for. I have long since learnt that non-fannish wives of fans find fans a bit hard to cope with. They're on the defensive, me against them, and I didn't marry this silly bugger because he was a fan anyway, sort of thing. So mostly when I've met Maggie I haven't had much to say to her, or she to I (me! dammit! me!), and Sally knows this feeling intimately, but there's the need to protect one's spouse and one's self, and it can lend to no end of misunderstanding. I was aware of this feeling as I stood there enjoying Maggie's company and attention. I knew also that fandom came between us, that without it we would probably get on even better, but despite all that we were getting through to each other fairly well, and I was happy about that.

I don't know why it was that I didn't light up a cigarette during the first hour. Yes I do. Even as I write I know that it was because I was in a room full of non-smokers, and I felt like not making them uncomfortable. Even addicts can suffer for their friends, and here was a room full of friends. I sucked on a carrot, delicious divinely prepared, but no filter, and made a joke of it. The joke caught on. I have no doubt that the joke did not amuse Maggie. My hands, meanwhile, had gone tingly, and not long after, my feet went funny. I held out until everyone had stopped eating, some time after my head had gone fuzzy and

my blood ached for nicotine. In Rob's house I would have long since have asked permission to smoke. In Rob and Maggie's house, I now asked Maggie's permission. She said (qualified) yes in a way that meant (if you weren't my husband's friend) no. My head span. I didn't know what to do. I mumbled something, Sally supported me, we left.

If it was only a matter of smoking or not smoking, life would be so simple.

The thing is, life is at least as complicated as Rubik's Cube. You get all the colours right on one plane, but they're still as fucked-up as ever on the other five. If you are lucky (I was, just once, and I still wish Sally hadn't bought the silly thing) you get the second plane out, and you really think you are getting somewhere, but you aren't, because there are four to go, and life, really, is so short, and four out of six is a lot left over, however smart you think you are.

When I wrote that title (a lovely title, don't you think?) there on the last page, 'On Life Considered as a Rubik's Cube', I had some ideas in mind that I have now forgotten. But I do recall that I intended to introduce the piece by referring to a story that our minister at the Northcote Church of Christ used to tell us. It had to do with patchwork quilts. From underneath, it's pretty impossible to see any pattern in a patchwork quilt, but from above - you get the drift? I'm not sure why that story came to mind, but it's as good as any.

I didn't know that Sally had bought a cube. She didn't know how broke we were when she bought it. (I had no money from Telecom for a month, and when I got it - to be exact, when I went to collect it - it amounted to \$500 less than I had been told I should expect. The last fortnight has been excessively dismal because of this.) We came home from Rob and Maggie's and had a glass of port, because there was nothing else alcoholic left in the house, and Sally left the cube lying around, and I attacked it to get the latent anger and frustration and so on out of me, and I lost.

Elaine got the bloody thing worked out, right there in front of us all, at the

Gerrands' place. Is Gillespie aware of the powerful intellect he has married? Then she span the cubes nonchalantly into their primeval disarray and sat back and looked as inscrutable as ever.

As I went to bed that morning, what was left of my unthawed-Rubik'd brain grappled with the thought that the ten people at Ron and Maggie's place more or less paralleled a Rubik's Cube. Tonight I'm trying to remember those parallels, and not doing too well, and I'm aware that the conceit won't work out - which, depending on how you look at it, means there's something here worth pursuing or there isn't, like how good you are at the cube, and whether nine out of ten is as important as eight out of nine, and so on.

What I had in mind, roughly, I think, was this. There were ten of us, and nine were non-smokers. Nine of us were drinkers. Nine of us fairly regularly read science fiction. Nine of us were not vegetarians. Nine of us have been to university. And so on - I've just forgotten the other odd-man-out things.

It wasn't enough to write an article about 'On Life Considered as a Rubik's Cube', but at the time I thought it went close. And I still think there's scope for an article on that title. If you want to write it, go for your life. You will find me very understanding when it comes to copyright - but just a little tetchy when it comes to how much you propose to pay me for it.

At the very least I need \$7.00 to retain my Membership in ANZAPA, you understand. And \$3.90 for that silly cube. And this stencil will set you back a few cents, too, believe me.

- from PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 58,
ANZAPA 82



It's A Conspiracy

Now I know you've all heard this theory before: it's hardly original. But it's been a while since lots of things went wrong at once, so I thought I'd write about them. And while I was telling this story to Eric Lindsay, he thought up a new angle that hadn't occurred to me. I'll tell you about that when I get to it.

I'm not going to tell this story in order of occurrences (too boring) but rather in order of importance and relevance to the conspiracy theory. In that context, it all began last night at about 7:08p.m., just south of the Campbelltown exit off the F4 freeway. The car stopped. No, it was not out of petrol. It was rolling along at 110 (I was just beginning to slow down for the exit) and it slowed dramatically and did not respond to the accelerator. I found a suitable place to stop, found a torch with barely functioning batteries, and ascertained that whatever was wrong was not immediately evident, like a broken fan belt or a puddle of oil on the road, or a disconnected battery lead. Having exhausted my knowledge of roadside repairs (not counting flat tyres which hardly seemed relevant in this case), I sat in the car for a few minutes contemplating my options. During this time, no police cars came by (where are they when you need them?). I recalled there are supposed to be telephones every half klick or so along the freeway, so got out to look for one, but couldn't see any (it was well after dark and, despite a bright half moon, visibility was limited. I was not close enough to the exit to take advantage of the ramp light). I didn't feel like sitting in the car for any length of time, and figured there ought to be a service station not too far from the exit. So I started walking, keeping an eye out for the telephones. As I walked, I recalled there was nothing to the west for several klicks, so decided to head for Campbelltown. Turned out there was nothing in that direction either, but I eventually reached a shopping plaza, all closed up except for a restaurant where the manager took pity on me and let me use the phone to try to call the NRMA.

Jean Weber

(The Automobile Club, for overseas members.) The phone number in the book responded with a recorded message to call another number, this was busy for 3 tries, refused to ring on the next 2 tries, and finally connected. "How'd you get there?" "I walked." "You walked? There are phones along the freeway, you know." "I know, but I couldn't find any." "How are you going to get back to the car?" "Take a taxi."

The taxi driver was not too thrilled at being asked to drop me off on the freeway so I got off at the exit and walked back to the car, spotting two phones on the way, one hidden behind the exit sign and visible only if you were already past the sign or driving the wrong way on that lane. The NRMA road service truck came by within five minutes, the man took one listen and one look and said, "You'll need a tow. It's free to Campbelltown depot," and proceeded to explain my rights regarding repairs etc, and assured me that there was no way I could get any work done on the car until Monday (this was Friday night). The tow truck arrived a few minutes later and on we went. At the depot, the driver announced that anything I wanted out of the car, to take now because it would be locked up until Monday. I wasn't sure whether I'd be able to get a lift or be stuck on a train, so I took only my overnight bag and my knapsack, leaving a box containing an entire printed issue of Weberwoman's Wrevenge which I had intended to collate this weekend. I did transfer a few essentials, like a flask of Bundaberg, into the knapsack from a junk box in the car.

The depot allowed me one phone call on their phone (I felt like I was in gaol), so I phoned Ken Ozanne and asked him to go over to Eric's and ask Eric to come and rescue me. We arranged for me to

call him back later to find out if, in fact, Eric would be able to come. Then, feeling restless, I wandered off, having first annoyed some people (also waiting for a lift, but with two little children) by telling them that it really wasn't cold, in fact it was warmer there at 9pm than it was at noon in Canberra that day. They were not impressed. Fortunately I had my ski parka and lots of warm gear in the car, so would have been quite comfortable even had it been colder. So I wandered off through the town, finding the train station and ascertaining that there were plenty of trains into Sydney, until 2 am, and planning my alternative action, that of turning up on Peter Toluzzi's doorstep at midnight, begging a place to sleep. But when I rang Ken back, I learnt that Eric had in fact set off, map in hand, to collect me. Eric made good time, arriving only an hour and 10 minutes after he set out, having made a few wrong turns. We loaded up and I worked on the Bundy a bit as I poured out my tale of woe. By this time I'd walked the equivalent of about 10 klicks (earlier in the day I'd also ridden my bicycle to work and played softball at lunch, so I'd had an unusual amount of exercise) and was rather tired.

In the course of telling the story to Eric, I mentioned problems with the bicycle, primarily the lights not working (the wires having come off and my being too lazy to replace them) and then the kickstand getting stuck in the down position. This happened at home, so I got a hammer and bashed the stand into the up position, wrecking it in the process. Now it tries to fall and gets tangles up with one of the pedals, so I have to stop every now and then and kick the stand out of the way. One of these days I really must sit down and do a proper repair job on the bike, including raising the seat and handlebars, which I've intended to do for the last four or five years.

This then reminded me of the problems I had last weekend with the (new) lawnmower, which needed its spark plug cleaned again. (Why does it need to be cleaned every time I use it? Not fair!) This presented a slightly greater problem than it might have, because the spark plug socket wrench was in the

car, which was somewhere down the South Coast with my parents. I did manage to find an implement that worked, however, and removed, cleaned and replaced the spark plug, after which the mower worked fine. Still, it is definitely part of the conspiracy.

Winding up the tale, I remarked that, at least, the Gestetner had finished all 36 pages of my fanzine without stuffing up, and Eric remarked, "Yes, but if it hadn't worked, you wouldn't have finished the fanzine, so you wouldn't have had it in your car to be collated and it wouldn't be stuck in Campbelltown where you can't get at it." So you see, even the Gestetner was involved, but in an unusually sneaky and backhanded way.

- ANZAPA 86



Mailing Comment:

Marc Ortlieb commenting to Richard Faulder in ANZAPA 87.

I wouldn't say that I was the only active fanned that Aussiecon flushed out. True, I may well have been the first to raise his ugly head above the ground, but the post-Aussiecon enthusiasm flushed out others. While Jack Herman wasn't at Aussiecon, his activity in fandom can be seen as a result of Aussiecon, as can that of Jean Weber, Andrew Brown, Irwin Hirsh and Nev Angove. I think that a Melbourne Worldcon would give Australian fandom a real shot in the arm. I probably won't like what happens to Australian fandom after such a Worldcon, much as I gather many Melbourne fans were horrified by what happened to "their" fandom after Aussiecon. I'll guess we'll have to wait and see.



ALCHERINGA No 1

Sometimes it feels as if I live in a Philip K. Dick novel.

Take last Friday for instance. It was 3:00, only an hour and a half before quitting time, and my boss, Jim Treichel, rushed into my office and apologetically interrupted my inking of the Kickapoo River delta map. It turned out we needed 25 8½"x11" frames right away for the 25 certificates of honor I'd produced earlier in the week for Forest Rangers Management Trainee program. (Even that sounds Dickian enough, but that's not unusual at all; it gets much worse.) It further turned out that the only place to get 25 frames at that late time-of-day was at a new shopping center in the suburbs, called "Shopko." A car-owning co-worker was convinced to drive me to Shopko, where I bought the 25 frames and waited at the checkout counter. I noticed a bunch of very crazy looking people off in the far end of the row of check-out lanes. A man was dressed in full tuxedo; several shapely women were dressed like ballerinas with sparkly, net costumes; and two normal looking people were holding porta-pack video cameras. Several of them were gesturing at the area in which I stood. Determined not to get involved in any kind of weird publicity stunt, I moved down four cash registers, and waited my turn there. As I paid the bill and picked up my parcel, the tuxedoed man rushed up to me with two of the costumed women fluttering and smiling behind him, and the two camera people recording the whole scene.

"Congratulations!" he said. I looked blankly at him, gradually realizing that he was talking to me. "Congratulations!" he yelled, even louder this time than before, and smiling as if trying to display his whole dental structure. "You are the millionth Shopko customer!!!" One of the women took my bag and smiled at me

cheerfully. "Oh?"

"Yes!"

I waited.

"And how long have you been a Shopko customer?" he boomed.

"This is the first time I've ever been here", I answered in a normal tone of voice, hoping to stop him from yelling at me. But he didn't follow my lead, and in fact he wasn't really talking to me, but to the cameras.

"And what do you think of Shopko now that you've tried us?" he said with large gestures, that insane smile, and much drama.

I was beginning to feel rather stunned at the whole situation, and could only look at the bag that one of the ballerinas held and say, "Well you've got some nice, cheap frames."

This momentarily seemed to take him aback, but he recovered in no time, and seemed to decide that he was going to have to carry the ball in this commercial. They'd picked the wrong millionth customer, I think. He went on and on about how wonderful Shopko was, and at the end of the monologue, announced that Shopko was pleased to award me with a gift in honor of my being the millionth customer to buy something at their store. It turned out that I had a choice between a water softener, a clothes dryer, \$300 worth of clothing, and a color TV set.

I momentarily considered the \$300 worth of clothes. Because of the exercising I've been doing, I had lost a lot of weight during the past year, and was having to discard wardrobes and buy new ones at an alarming rate. But having seen the inside of Shopko, I

**Jeanne
Gomoll**

knew I didn't want to come back much less wear Shopko clothing. A few minutes later, my co-worker Dave who had been waiting out in his car, squinted through the car door window at the spectacle of me and the tuxedoed clown, followed by a bunch of ballerinas and a man with a loading cart and a color TV.

Later, when we finally got back to the office, Dave explained to Jim, who had been worried about why we'd taken so long, that I had stopped to get a TV. Jim looked confused. And eventually, I explained.

Sometimes there are things that even some Americans think are pretty strange and foreign about America. I only wish I could have tried spraying some UBIK at the guy in the tuxedo.

Yossarian found out in CATCH-22 that the only way to survive absurdities was to play along and contribute your own absurdities. I think that only makes things deteriorate more rapidly, PKDickian.

- ANZAPA 85



Mailing Comment Thread:

Leanne Frahm, in ANZAPA 81, in the midst of her convention report about ADVENTION '81 wrote:

But, as so many have said—in fact there's hardly any point in saying it again, but what the hell, six pages don't come easy—conventions is people. So many it was nice to meet again, so many it was nice to meet for the first time, and unfortunately so many I seem to have missed meeting. David Grigg for instance. I saw you at so many panels, and each time I thought hah! must go up and introduce myself, and each time in the fluffle at the end, I forgot. I am sorry. And Gerlad—were you there? Did I see you? Well, next time.

Of course, some poignant scenes will stay with me forever.

...

—The convulsively funny panel with Joyce and Joseph, who was blind out of his skull, in which the chief interest became counting the numbers of the audience who left abruptly, their faces flaming.

Joseph Nicholas commenting to Leanne Frahm in ANZAPA 82.

Now look, I was most definitely not "blind out of my skull" on that panel with Joyce -- just because I can't function at a convention until I've taken a few glasses of alcoholic substances on board doesn't necessarily mean that I'm drunk. Topsy, maybe, and slightly glassy of eye, but even so.... Still, your comment reminds me of trekkie Ron Clarke's comment about me in his most recent Mentor, a copy of the relevant page of which was sent to me by John Foyster. I quote: "At first glance, I was impressed by Mr Joseph Nicholas. He dressed well, his hair was a nice length, not bad looking. When he first opened his mouth I still thought that here was a man of culture. The accent was adorable, the voice melodious. However, when the man began to say something, my illusions quickly fled. Do you know the old saying of wash out a mouth with soap? In this man's case, carbolic acid wouldn't be strong enough. If this is the way that a British fan talks to a room full of listeners, I think I shall stay in this country contentedly." Well! Pardon my near-hysterical giggles, but whoever would have thought that just because someone has nice clothes and nice hair and a nice accent, it doesn't mean that they will always say nice things? (Or: if, in Clarke's eyes, that's logic, then I'm a lemon.) I wonder what I said to cause him so much offence? Something less than adulatory about Jerry Pournelle, probably. (Oh, dear, I think I have been

intentionally nasty again....)

John Foyster replying to Joseph Nicholas in ANZAPA 83.

GOSH! Joseph Nicholas, didn't I make it sufficiently clear that the little photocopy I sent you regarding your wondrous performance at ADVENTION was not written by Ron the Clarke, but merely reproduced in his fanzine? How awful - Ron will be worried stiff. I still think you wore nice clothes and had lovely hair...

Leanne Frahm to Joseph Nicholas in ANZAPA 83.

"I wonder what I said to cause him so much offence?", you ask innocently. (Giggle, giggle.) Firstly, it wasn't him, but a contributed article by a her in his fanzine--I forget her name. Secondly, what you said was. . . go on, someone, tell him. Me? I'm a lady.... Well, what you said was. . .blush. . .[(fuck)]. Lots of [(fucks)]--out loud. Of course, most fans, being extremely trendy and sophisticated and unconventional would have hardly noticed, but to someone gently reared. . .

Joseph Nicholas replying to John Foyster in ANZAPA 84.

Oh pooh, so it wasn't Ron Clarke who wrote all that stuff about me in The Mentor after all -- as various other people have also pointed out. I shall obviously have to write a loc to him and add my own two pen'orth to the discussion about my alleged language....the only drawback to such a contribution being, as I've stated before, that I can't remember what on earth it was I said to cause so much offence. Mind you, as Marc obliquely hints, the puritan morality of Australian (and British, for that matter) Trekkies would have more substance to it if they weren't at the same time given to compromising themselves by wandering around conventions in various stages of undress....

Joseph Nicholas commenting to Leanne Frahm in ANZAPA 84.

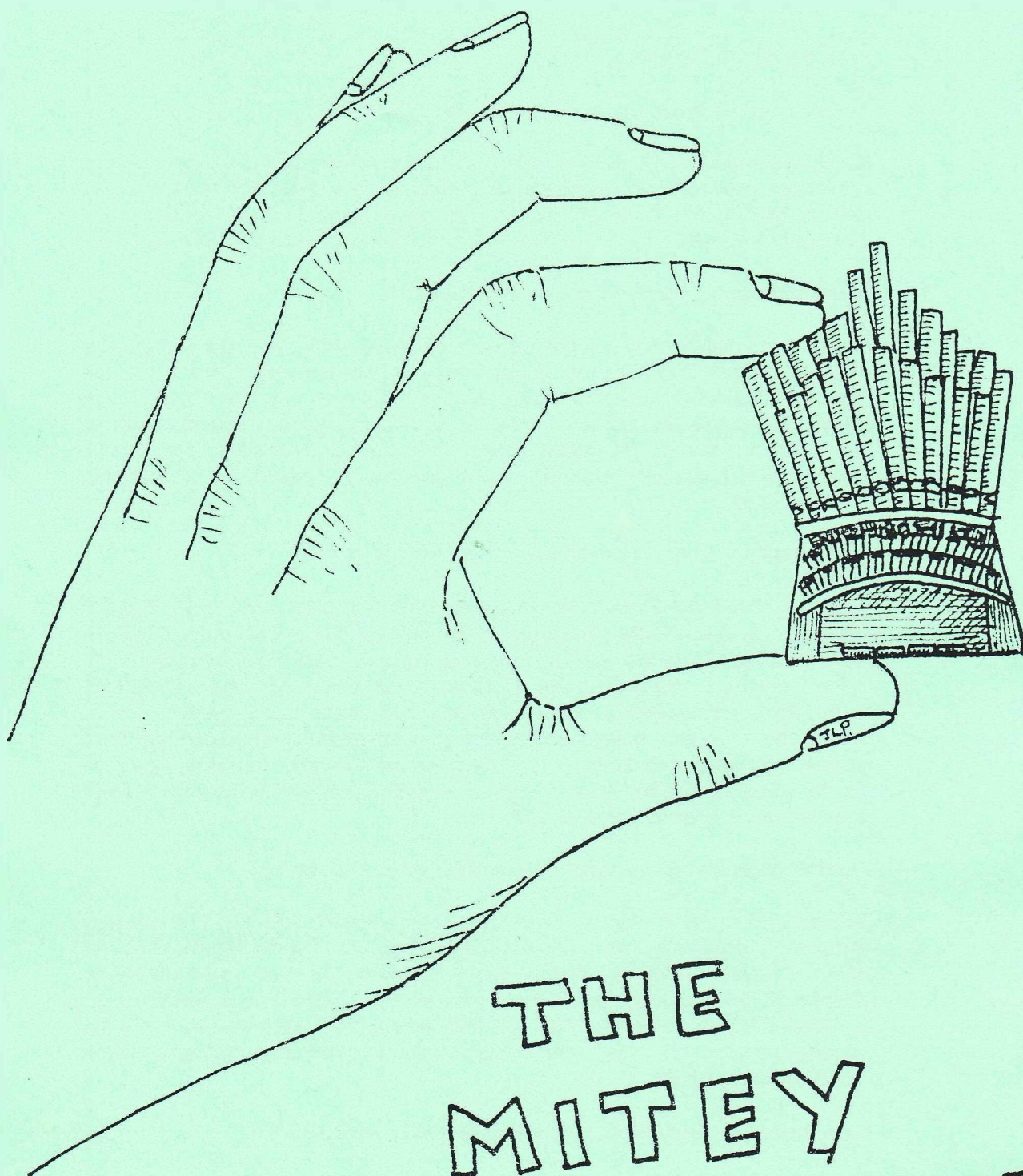
If (as I said in my previous appearance here) I was to structure these things properly, I could have linked this comment to you with that to John Foyster, but that's as may be. Anyway, thanks for the corrections to what I said about The Mentor; no thanks for not enlightening me very much about what I actually said. I mean I must have said more than just "fuck fuck fuck" -- weren't there any other words in between, or was I merely making another joke about the size of Rob Holdstock's faux pas?

Leanne Frahm commenting to Joseph Nicholas in ANZAPA 85.

I cannot believe, Joseph, that a person of your evident intelligence and wit could continue to claim such obtuseness in the matter of 'what you said'. You are being deliberately perverse. However, on the offchance that in some circumstances you really are a drongo, I will spell it out. What the lady of the article was protesting was not the substantiative line of conversation (of which she said nothing) but that you said the word 'fuck', in public, AT ALL! She found the use of it, that word, offensive to her morals. She made no comment at all on what you were actually saying, as opposed to the words you actually uttered.

IS THAT CLEAR ENOUGH?





THE MITEY WURLITZER

ANZAPA 87

With A Strange Device #4

It was rather like a scene from a movie: there's the expectant father, sitting on a bench in a hospital corridor, wringing his hands in worry, and looking up expectantly at every person who comes out of the big double doors marked "Restricted Entry - Authorised Persons Only". Except that it wasn't a movie, it was real, and the expectant father was me. And somewhere behind those forbidding doors Sue was being prepared for a Caesarean section.

We had decided about a year ago that we both wanted children, and that we would like to start now, after two years of marriage and seven years of having lived together. And when Sue became pregnant in April 1981, we were both very happy. But during the long months since then, it at times had become rather like a dream: at times both of us found it hard to convince ourselves that it was really true. Oh, we believed it intellectually, all right, but deep down, emotionally, it still sometimes seemed unreal. But now here I was, two days before Christmas, sitting in a hospital corridor, and there Sue was, in the operating theatre, and I was waiting for them to come and get me at any moment so that I could be there, too.

I had been sitting there no more than about fifteen minutes, I suppose, but it seemed like an eternity. During that time, all sorts of worries and fears had had the chance to boil up again, though of course they had occurred to me often enough before. Would the baby be all right? How would I react if there was something wrong with it? What were we doing, bringing a child into the world anyway? What kind of world was it to bring children into, with the constant threat of nuclear war, of environmental catastrophe, a world full of violence and

hate? But without children, there is no future, no hope. To decide against having children just because the world is imperfect is to give in to despair. These sound very philosophical thoughts to be having in a hospital corridor, but nevertheless, I had them there, though perhaps they weren't so well articulated then. I was worried, too, about the operation. Though it had taken the uncertainty out of WHEN our first child would be born, there were plenty of other uncertainties and worries.

Sue had had a largely uneventful pregnancy. She had been very lucky in that she had had no morning sickness, and no other real discomforts. Her doctor had been very happy with how well she was doing, but she had referred Sue to a specialist gynaecologist anyway, because, as she said, "You're a nurse, and if anything ever goes wrong, it's inevitably to someone who knows exactly what it is that's going on." It turned out that she was right. Two weeks before Sue's due date (as established by ultrasound), the baby still had not dropped, or "engaged" in the pelvis. There had been some earlier alarms, too, in that the baby had taken a long time to settle into a head-down position, and at one stage a week earlier, the gynaecologist had her whisked off by taxi to the ultrasound machine because he thought she might be having a "placenta previa", which is when the placenta is delivered first, and deprives the baby of oxygen. Fortunately, that was a false alarm. But the baby had still not dropped. So X-rays were taken. It turned out that Sue had an unusual bone in her spine, which increased its curvature near the base, and which also restricted the amount of room the baby had to move down into the birth canal. On Friday 18th December, "Dr Max" told us if the baby hadn't dropped within the week, he would do a Caesarean section. Sue

David Grigg

had to front up at the hospital the following Tuesday night, or earlier of course if she should go into labour.

Suddenly, it was all very real. One way or the other, within seven days we would be parents!

By Tuesday night, nothing had happened, so Sue got her bags together, and I drove her in to the Preston and Northcote Community Hospital (otherwise known as PANCH). Somewhat to my surprise, we had to go to Casualty, and stand in line with screaming kids with cut-heads, drunks who had been hit by trams, middle-aged men who thought they might be having heart attacks, and teenagers having nervous breakdowns. At last, we reached the counter, and Sue's details were recorded on the compute system (very modern, this). Then we had to carry the bags up to the first floor ward, and I had to leave Sue there. The following day, Dr Max would come and see her, have a feel what position the baby was in, and decide whether to go ahead with the Caesarean. Sue or the hospital would ring me at home to tell me what was going on.

Naturally, I was in a fine state of nerves the next day, waiting for the crucial phone call. I had taken the day off work, of course. So when the phone rang at 8.30am that morning, I leapt out of bed and raced for it. It was my mother, wanting to know if I'd heard anything yet. Somewhat annoyed, I told her no and put the phone down. Then, in the middle of breakfast, the phone rang again. This time it was Sue's father. No, I hadn't heard anything, I'd let them know. With my nerves even more shattered, I returned to breakfast. Sue finally rang at about 10.00am. The doctor had seen her, and yes, it was going to have to be a Caesarean birth, and it would be sometime that afternoon. The doctor was arranging for theatre time and an anaesthetist, and she would have to ring me to tell me exactly when it would be.

You can understand, then, that I was even more tense, waiting on the next phone call. I was out in the garden, tying up the tomato plants and trying to keep my mind off its worries when the

phone rang again. Fortunately, we have an external bell for the phone, so I heard it without any trouble, and went racing in to the house.

"Hello, Mr Grigg?"

"Yes, yes?"

"This is Rob Jerram, of IBM, about your service agreement..."

I very nearly said something rude to Mr Jerram. But I got rid of him, and went back into the garden. Half an hour later, the phone rang again. Once more, I came racing in. It was the man from IBM again. It's lucky for him that it isn't possible to strangle someone over the telephone.

Finally, however, at about 11.15am, Sue rang. "Twelve thirty," she said.

"Twelve thirty? But that's... I guess I'd better leave right away."

"Exactly. You'll need to be here at about twelve." It takes just over half an hour to drive from Research to PANCH. We know, we timed it carefully in the weeks leading up to the expected date. That day, I made it in twenty-five minutes flat. I raced up to the ward to find Sue lying in bed in some discomfort, having had a catheter and an intravenous drip put in since I had spoken to her on the phone. At about 12.10pm, the porter and a nurse came to take her off to the theatre.

We had agreed with the doctor that Sue wanted to be awake during the birth, and that I wanted to be present, too. These days, hospitals are only too happy to make arrangements for fathers to be present during the birth of their children. Only about ten years ago, the father was lucky if he even got to touch his child before it came home from hospital, never mind getting within cooee of the actual birth.

So I went up in the same lift as Sue to the floor with the operating theatres on it. But there we were parted. I had to sit and wait in the corridor while Sue was prepared for the operation. "they'll come and get you when they're ready, don't worry," said the nurse. Don't

worry! What else did I have to do? So I sat, and worried, for an endless time. But one of the people who got out of the lift after I had been waiting for about a thousand subjective years was Dr Max Haverfield, Sue's gynaecologist, who would be doing the surgery, so I knew things couldn't have started yet. "Hello, father," he said, "are you going to come in and see things happening?"

"Yes, I hope so...they keep telling me

I followed. Through the door, and into what seemed to be a huge complex of theatres and associated rooms. I was shown into a tiny changing room, full of lockers and doctors getting changed. I was handed some white clothes and told to put them on, together with a mask and a cap, not to mention cloth overshoes. By now, as you can imagine, I was to the stage of trembling and having a dry mouth. One of the men waited for me and led me through to the operating theatre.

Mailing Comment:

David Grigg commenting to Derrick Ashby in ANZAPA 84.

I see I haven't made any comment so far on your revised constitution. I'm still in favour of Leigh Edmonds' maxim that the OBE does all the work, so he or she gets to make all the rules. I said this to Gary Mason, who with his lawyer's mind immediately pointed out that a decent definition of what was meant by "all" in that maxim would take up five pages, but never mind. The one rule that gripes me at present, though I was foolish enough to vote for it when it came up (now there's an admission!), is the stupid one about only getting credit for fanzines which appear (define "appear") to be intended (define "intended") for circulation outside ANZAPA if they bear on their covers the words "First Published in ANZAPA". One can see the admirable intention behind this (and the intention was what I was voting on), but as it stands it is a useless paper tiger. Nothing in the rules says that the words "First Published for ANZAPA" have to be TRUE! I could put a sticky label with those words and my name and address on the front cover of "Time" magazine and frank 35 copies through ANZAPA, and gain credit for them, according to the rule. The trouble is, I think, that it is impossible to legislate morality.



that they'll come and get me, but they haven't yet."

"I'll go stir them up", he said.

About another thousand years later, a short man in theatre greens poked his head out of the door. "Mr Grigg? Follow me, please."

In movies, operating theatres always seem to be totally enclosed and lit artificially. But this one at least had one wall which was all window, letting bright natural light stream in. There seemed to be dozens of people there, and poor Sue, looking even more nervous than I felt, though she says that she was feeling rather doped out, as the anaesthetic was having a fairly profound effect on her. It was a spinal anaesthetic, designed to cut off feeling below her waist, but it was also making her feel very sleepy. She kept on yawning. But, being a nurse, she also thought to herself, as they were giving her the anaesthetic, "I could end up paralysed for life with one of these", as indeed she could, if the anaesthetic had been given wrongly. Not a nice thought.

But there I was, and there Sue was, and while they were organising a place for me to sit, Dr Max was swabbing Sue's swollen tummy with something that looked like iodine, but which was something a bit more sophisticated. They finally put a seat for me on the right hand side of the table, near the anaesthetist. I held her hand, and she gripped mine tightly. The nurses erected a screen of cloth over Sue's middle, mainly to stop her being able to see what was going on. It must be a bit disconcerting to see a surgeon making an incision into your stomach and not being able to feel it. The same screen also stopped me seeing the same thing. I wasn't too unhappy about that.

And then, no more than a matter of minutes later, a nurse said to me, "Stand up, you can see the baby now."

I stood!

Dr Max was saying "It's a little girl..." And there she was, in his hands, a baby, with what seemed to be an enormously long umbilical cord, stretching up and away from Sue, it seemed to be about ten foot long, but it could only have been a couple of feet at the most. And at the end of it, my child! It was amazing, it was indescribable, but it was a very good feeling indeed.

They lifted her over the screen, to show Sue and I reached out and touched her head, still covered with a thin film of blood. She was crying already, no need of a spank. The only thing Sue says she remembers about that first glimpse is her perfect kissable mouth.

"What's her name," asked someone, it could have been Dr Max.

"Kathryn Rebecca", said Sue, and I echoed it. It was a name we had chosen within days of knowing Sue was pregnant: it had taken us another eight months to think of a boy's name we both agreed on.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Kathryn Rebecca!" announced Dr Max. Then she was taken over by the paediatrician, who examined her in minute detail for about ten minutes, and then declared that she was perfectly normal, and quite healthy. All the time, she was giving a lusty cry. Finally, they bundled her up into a humicrib, and set off with her to the intensive care nursery - standard procedure in case of Caesarean births. The nurse wheeling the crib asked me if I wanted to go down with her, but I felt that right then Sue needed me more, so I stayed with her. She certainly did need me there, because with the major burst of excitement over, she had to lie there with her legs still numb, still not really knowing if she would be able to move them again, and she began to have the irresistible desire to thrash around and try to move them. I managed to get her to start some of the breathing exercises she had learnt, to take her mind off it. She did, and it seemed to work.

At last, they wheeled Sue off to the recovery area, and I went to change out of my theatre garb.

I made a mistake, then, and thought that they would take her straight back to the ward, but of course they needed to keep a close eye on her for the first half an hour after the operation. Consequently I ended up in the ward with no Sue, and no way to get back in to where Sue was. To tell the truth, I was in a state of nervous shock, and I wasn't entirely sure what I was doing. Then it occurred to me that I should ring someone up. I grabbed a handful of change and rang up my parents (having to make a trunk call) and then Sue's, at their shop. I tried to ring Sue's sister Irene, but I was ringing the Lincoln Institute, which had closed for the holidays the week before. Those calls made, I was in no state to think about ringing anyone else. I stood around uncertainly. I was half-way up the stairs to the theatre floor when a nurse came out of a door and said "Mr Grigg? Would you like to come and see your daughter again?" Would I? You bet.

She led me down to the intensive care nursery, and I washed my hands and put on a gown, and went in to see my daughter, Kathryn Rebecca. There she was, quiet now, but still awake. She was perfect, and beautiful.

"Would you like to hold her for a while?" asked the nurse. I would.

And so I sat there in a chair, holding my baby daughter, and feeling very strange, and very happy with this tiny new creature in my arms. Can men feel clucky and motherly? I can vouch for the fact that they certainly can.

The whole thing was a most fantastic, terrific experience, certainly one that I shall never forget. Sue and Kathryn are home now, and Sue is very well, and so is Kathryn. And still, when I hold my daughter in my arms, there is an experience that words fail to describe. Perhaps it is as Ionesco said: "Not everything is unsayable in words, only the living truth."

- ANZAPA 84



Thirsty Boots 13

I had big plans for this issue of THIRSTY BOOTS, I'll tell you that. After looking over the last one, I thought what a half-assed, unbalanced mess it was, and I resolved that this time I'd first-draft everything, with a measured, balanced set of mailing comments set off by a series of short, general bits at the front of the fanzine, and generally produce the kind of exemplary apazine that I'd like to see. Yes, that was my plan. As you all know, even the most exemplary of you, plans are things that come long before the deadline, and apazines are things that are done right up against the deadline. In the end -- that is, now -- what you get is this quickly-done first-draft fanzine, exactly six months after the last one, and not a line over the required six pages. But isn't this always the case?

Not always, no; but generally. Even when it's not done at the last minute, and when it runs much longer than the required minac length, an apazine usually consists of a load of first-draft "conversational" one-liners and short little quips, interspersed with a few paragraph-long monologs on a newly-discovered aspect of the author's inner self. Very seldom indeed are the mailing comments drafted, or crafted, in an effort to make them finished pieces that are worth reading in and of themselves, rather than in reply to something someone said in the last mailing. The rules of minac do drag material out of reluctant or busy fans, but since the material is judged only by its quantity and the deadline is arbitrary, this is no guarantee that the apa member will have anything to say when the deadline comes around again. When the faneditor's experience of fanzines is almost entirely confined to apas, with all these habitual faults, there's not much incentive other than vague qualms or personal ideals to do something better. (I don't know if this last is a common problem in Australian fanzines -- though some of the recent fanzines that I've received from Australia would suggest that it is -- but it's been a pervasive and debilitating

John D. Berry

problem in North American fandom for several years.)

The fact is that I don't like apazines. There are exceptions; there are wonderful exceptions, some of them in ANZAPA. And there are many different ways of doing an apazine, depending on the person doing it, the apa it's being done for, and the patterns that the author has in mind while producing it. There's the kind, for instance, that's seen as a series of personal letters to friends, all of whom happen to be in an apa together so they get to read all of the letters, not just the one to them. That works if you write interesting letters, and if you exercise restraint in choosing just how many of those irrelevant little asides that you might stick into a letter you actually commit to stencil. There are kinds that don't focus on mailing comments at all, but present one or more essays that you want the other members of the apa to read. There are apazines which are indistinguishable from genzines, except for the note in the colophon that they're published first and foremost for some apa, and except for a section of mailing comments in the back. There aren't many of the last type these days, though they used to flourish in FAPA. Most apas these days are smaller and more frequent than the older ones like FAPA, and are almost entirely focused on the quick give-and-take of mailing comments; there are no fan editors in that sort of apa. Even ANZAPA, though large and more structured than the little personal apas, has rules about distribution that militate against an ANZAPAZine done for more than the membership. Most of the best apazines are entirely editor-written and share a certain part of the author's life and thinking with the readers; less frequently will they do so in the form of mailing comments.

I waver in my feelings about apas and apazines, just as I do about fanzines in general. Right now I'm most interested in reading, and publishing, fannish fanzines, ones whose focus is fandom itself and the people in it, ones whose humor is rooted in fandom and whose analysis reflects fandom. A few years ago I was more interested in producing a fanzine that was only incidentally centred on fans as its readers, that took as its field the social changes in progress at the time and the ways they reflected our personal lives. In both kinds of fanzine, I try to make them comprehensible to anyone who picks them up and is willing to figure out unfamiliar terms; the fannish ones, of course, are less self-explanatory because the context is one known only to fans. In the first issue of WING WINDOW, where I had a bunch of things I wanted to talk about that were based on things other people had said recently in other fanzines, I had the same problem I would have in doing mailing comments: creating the feel of give-and-take by assuming, in print, that my readers were also familiar with the subject I wanted to talk to them about, while making sure that I referred to all the background fully enough that whoever read the fanzine could understand what I was going on about. (Even if your readers have read everything you're referring to or commenting on, you're making an awfully big assumption if you assume that they'll remember it without prompting.)

The best ANZAPazine is embedded in its context (ANZAPA) and depends for its effect on being written for the members of this apa and read by them. This reflects my current, very fannish preference in fanzines. There's another best kind of ANZAPazine, and that's one that works as an essay, or series of essays, on a subject that's going to interest the other members of the apa, but that doesn't refer to them or depend for its effect on being published for ANZAPA. (Despite what I just said about preferences, this fanzine is probably an example of both. But then I never claimed it was the best ANZAPazine. Some of the things I've put into past issues weren't specific to ANZAPA, or even fannish at all, but for

me they were particularly appropriate to this group because they had to do with Australia, and I'm not Australian and have only ANZAPA as a truly Australian context for writing about them.) The best fannish ANZAPazine, however, does not have to have any mailing comments in it at all. In fact, I've long suspected that if you're going to writing mailing comments, the best way to do it is to find a central theme and then write on it, making all the comments you want to as points within it, in the manner of a fanzine-review article by D. West or Joseph Nicholas. (A "Kill-the-fuckers" style is not mandatory.) But you could write an essentially fannish fanzine using the personalities of the members of ANZAPA and the ideas in the last mailing or two without once making a conversational reply to anything said by anyone in their fanzines.

Well, okay, if I'm so sour on apas and apazines, what am I doing as a member of ANZAPA? I have trouble even reading all the way through the mailings -- not from any special quality of ANZAPA that renders it boring or tedious, but because I don't like getting fanzines in a big bundle like that. It detracts from each of them. (What would an apa be like that had no official editor and no deadlines, or at least no bundles of commonly-mailed fanzines, only a common membership list and perhaps a minimum requirement? I'm inclined to think that it would be superior to what we've got.) You might think, from my complaints and my resolutely minimum activity, that I ought to drop out of ANZAPA and be done with it. Yet no matter how many times I miss a deadline and get thrown out, I keep getting back in, which shows a persistence that's at odds with all the rest of what I've been saying. What keeps me in ANZAPA?

John Bangsund keeps me in ANZAPA. Or more accurately, it's his inability to get around to sending out single copies of any of his fanzines (despite, I'm quite sure, the very best of intentions) that keeps me in this apa, since the only way to be sure of getting his fanzines these days is to be a member of either ANZAPA or FAPA. (ANZAPA is more interesting, even if it would be much

easier for me to get my minac to an American official editor by the deadline than to one an ocean away.) Thanks to John, of course, I've acquired a predilection for the writing of various other members of this august group, and I'd be hard put to give up the pleasures of reading what David Grigg, Leanne Frahm, Bruce Gillespie, Leigh Edmonds, Christine Ashby, Derrick

Of course, John may not appreciate this responsibility. In fact when I was reading over some of his recent fanzines and thinking not of the common good of ANZAPA but of my own selfish interests, and perhaps John's, it occurred to me that what John Bangsund needs is a good acolyte. He could use several, in fact, but there's got to be a chief acolyte to keep things in order. The acolyte's task would be to send out his fanzines, maintain a mailing list, and keep him in typewriter ribbons and whatever else might be required for the production of writing. This is in accord with the Neofan Theory of Fandom, which as I recall Terry Carr propounded in the late Sixties to explain the basic hierarchical structure around Towner Hall in New York several years earlier. (It may once have been only an observation on the lengths to which hardened fanzine publishers will go to impress their younger acquaintances, but Terry never could let a dozing mythos snooze.) "Here, fetch me a Pepsi," he'd say, or Ted White would say, or Pete Graham would say, or whoever could be self-defined as a non-acolyte (or who simply wouldn't take the hint) would say. Of course, the prolonged consumption of all that junk food led to the extinction of fandom and the present proliferation of small mammalian creatures, all very sercon and given to baring their pitiful hairless breasts to the elements, all of which will be explained satisfactorily any month now by burgeoning fan historian Martin Morse Darwin (who has a contract to do so). (Am I getting carried away?) But those of us who survived extinction and graduated (cum laudano) from the Sixties do not, of course, consume such junk food as "Pepsi"; we all send our fawnlike acolytes off in search of organic sprouts and saltless "natural" corn chips and suchlike healthy foods, and when we have these things of course we recline in our custom-made teak-wood jacuzzis and "get mellow". Don't we?

Mailing Comment:

Leigh Edmonds commenting on John D. Berry's THIRSTY BOOTS 13 in ANZAPA 87.

The upshot of your first page this time around is to make me feel more than just a little guilty about the quality of writing which I submit to this and other apas. I doubt that it was your intention to make anybody feel guilty but I take your point about the lack of crafted writing in apas (even ANZAPA) and I admit that I have given up resolving to do something about it.

It seems to me that although it might be an easy thing to blame apas for bringing about this state of affairs it is really human nature that we should be having a go at. There have been plenty of wasted hours in the past two months when I could have jotted down some notes or drafted an idea which might now take a paragraph into a half page statement of some consequence and wit. But instead I've been lazy.

Don't cane me sir! If it weren't for apa deadlines I would not do half the writing that I do get set onto stencil and for that reason I am really a fan of the things - deadlines that is. I don't know about others, but I've also found that some of my more interesting writing has been produced under the pressure of deadlines. While it is not always the most polished it is forced to rely on intuitive leaps rather than reasoned argument to get from point to point.



Ashby, John Foyster, and Joseph Nicholas have to say (to name just a few), but the real linchpin of the whole vehicle is John Bangsund and his mailing practices. Don't any of you ever let him get his fanzine-mailing system organized, or you'll have lost a powerful recruiting tool.

- ANZAPA 86



How To Handle A Woman

Or, A Guide to Fannish Etiquette when dealing with Feminist fans, and anyone else you fancy having it off with.

INTRODUCTION

Having read the excellent guide to How To Handle a Woman, by Jean Weber with Sally Beasley, I believe it important to provide the opposite view. However as it is doubtful that Peter Toluzzi would be willing to publish it it seems that I will have to provide my own printing. I was thinking of asking the original authors for advice, but mature reflection convinced me that they would probably disagree with some minor points.

PART 1

MEETING AND GREETING

1. Some more formal greeting than "Hey you" is possibly called for, if only to signal to the person you had in mind that you did notice them. Otherwise everyone at the party will think you mean them. Certainly don't call them Lady, unless they are doing Lady Godiva impersonations, in which case it may be a more acceptable response than yelling "get your gear off".

2. Although women sometimes have professions, they are really not interested in them, and would love to drop them and do more interesting things, like spend time going to fannish parties with you. Don't take excuses.

3. Women writers are usually aiming at Women's Weekly, and are well known to write only sloppy romance...look at Anne McCaffrey. However as some believe they are serious you should encourage their hobby by praising the results. After all, they might buy you a drink at a con with their earnings. Of course, some women writers are pretty good, but

that is because some women think like men.

4. Let her buy her own drink or dinner. If she is a feminist, let her buy yours as well. After all, you probably had to buy both for the bird you were out with last night.

5. If in doubt about how to act, think of what you'd do or say if she were a male, however getting drunk and throwing up all over her probably won't go down all that well, even if your mates do forgive you. Besides, your mates have done the same at your place, the drunken sods, and she is probably too sensitive to get that drunk in your company.

6. Womens libbers are an extreme form of feminist, and are very difficult to deal with. If you open a car door for them they hit you, and if you don't, they kick you. You should pretend to be all for it, go to a few of their meetings, and maybe a march or two, unless you live in Queensland (no sense in getting lumbered) or unless the march is on ANZAC Day or at some other RSL reunion, in which case see the remarks on Queensland.

PART 2

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

1. Having managed to appear sympathetic by attending a quiet march or two, and having had an eyeful of the libbers, most of whom don't wear bras, you now have to separate the heteros from the dykes, as otherwise the latter have been known to kick you when your little schemes become known. When you get the libber of your choice back to your place you should treat them equally. Get them to fix the fuses, clean out the drains, and do all the other stuff you didn't have time to do. This leaves more time for

**Eric
Lindsay**

you to attend the local pub and have affairs on the side. If she complains, tell her not to be so bloody suburban, and that only unliberated women have time for tennis, and going to the beach. If she persists, hit her a few times. Be careful here, as some of these womens libbers hit back.

Mailing Comment:

Joseph Nicholas commenting to Eric Lindsay in ANZAPA 85.

Really loved your parody of the Weber/Beasley "How To Handle A Woman" (which, in the original, was so dumbly, doggedly earnest that when reading it I had to several times repress a smile, and perhaps even a giggle): terrific stuff, and I hope that Peter Toluzzi does publish it and thereby give it the circulation it deserves.

And I will gladly number myself alongside you re the shooting of babies. Yes indeed! Mow them down with machine-guns! Napalm them from helicopters! Pulp their bodies for use as fertiliser! Tie lead weights around them and feed them to the fishes! Club them down with pickaxe handles! Kill! Rend! Maim! Tear!

I am instructed to announce, however, that Judith disagrees with all of the above -- including the parody, on the grounds that some people do actually think like that, and shouldn't be encouraged. Can't see how a fanzine article can encourage anyone, myself, but....all right, all right, anything you say, dear, just stop pointing that thing at me, okay?



2. On no account stand outside the women's refuge centre shouting "Come out of there, you silly bastard, before I thump you." The people who run the place, usually the dykes from the aforementioned marches, will probably come out and thump you.

3. Having failed to get her out of the women's refuge, you might as well forget any of her friends; women can spread word by phone faster than you can possibly move. Find some new face at a party or the like, try to look a bit more presentable than usual, since

this will make you stand out from the other bunch of slackers who already have birds, and when approaching the girl in question, try not to spray her with spit, fart or squeeze blackheads. A bit of research on her political and social views can do wonders, especially if you can agree with her with a straight face. Try not to drink beer, avoid the sherry, in case it gives you away as a proto poofter, and if you can manage it without being too obvious, mention polo ponies and flash cars. It is always an advantage if she thinks you are rich, as most women who attend that sort of a party are gold diggers in any case.

PART 3

A ROLL IN THE HAY

(Mainly for men, as any decent woman wouldn't think about such things, and has to be seduced.)

1. In early days good manners are easily maintained, but after a while old habits will emerge, like nose picking, ball scratching, surreptitious farting, and having it off with her best friend while she is off at work supporting you. Such things should be discussed by the pair of you in the calm, adult manner expected of a pair of, err, adults. You should remember, before belting her a few times to straighten her out, that womens libbers often belt you right back, so get hold of an old cricket bat or something first. You should also see the advice on getting her back from the womens refuge.

2. You have to realise that women fight dirty. They regard it as absolutely reasonable to take off your balls with a carving knife, but if you hit them on the tits they scream cancer. The best solution is to knock them out (see cricket bat, above) before they hurl numerous heavy objects at you. This will mean they will leave for the womens refuge or the hospital, and be able to reflect overnight on how silly they have been.

Of course, if this happens too often, or if they encounter some dyke at the above refuge, you can expect a visit from the boys in blue. This should not be regarded seriously, because the

cops hate domestics, as they call them, and expect everyone to lie about them. As there are no witnesses, just laugh it off, unless she is covered with blood and draped over the second floor windowsill. You could try claiming she was trying to abort herself, and you had to use force to stop her. As cops are terribly moral, this will probably lead her to being hauled away to the cells, where some sixteen stone policeman will accidentally fall on her, several times, but at least you will get a quiet night.

3. Despite the generally sensible nature of feminists, every woman eventually gets clucky. This is totally insane, since no person in their right mind would go round saying goo goo to a container of shit, just because it is wrapped in a white shawl. Early warning signs include wanting to hold some other idiot's sour milk sodden bundles of shit and piss. Although not one man in a hundred is willing to stand up and say that all babies should be shot, and since even in China the happy custom of baby wells has vanished, you have to take other action. Bribe the most atrocious children you can find to visit. A few doses of them will soon straighten the silly woman out, and it is a lot cheaper than regular aversion therapy.

---o0o---

Many of the above points of etiquette would hold for non-feminist women, like the bird from the typing pool. Besides, a lot of feminists will react somewhat adversely to you after the first few minutes. No need to worry, as there are plenty of others around, and deep meaningful relationships only exist in novels.

- ANZAPA 84



Mailing Comments:

Denny Lien commenting on Marc Ortlieb's G'NEL 24 in ANZAPA 86.

I didn't realise that a time-honoured technique of getting your typing juices flowing was to make yourself a bowl of tomato soup. I would think you could have typed better if you had made yourself an octopus instead. Bowls of tomato soup got no arms. (Him kill to have we'll now.) Personally, I feel like a blueberry muffin. But I don't look like one. What it was doing in my pyjamas I never knew, but the mice were stoop-should. . . RAT-A-TAT-TAT!! arrggghh. . . (thud) "Do not be afraid! Resume telling of old jokes! I am the rightful bishop of East Anglia, and by the way, a funny thing happened to. . ."

"Start again."

"Good evening. Tonight on IT'S THE ANZAPA, we examine the strange phenomena of minac-due. . ."

"Good evening. Tonight on IT'S THE ANZAPA, we examine the strange phenomenon of people who think that 'phenomena' is singular. . ."

"Good evening, tonight on IT'S GETTING PRETTY BORING, we examine the strange phenomenom of apahacks who are too lazy to look up the proper spelling of 'phenomenom' until they've already botched it up. . ."

"Start again. . ."

&

Mailing journals is one record-keeping bit of silliness I haven't tried yet. I do keep a record of my LoCs out on my fanzine-received cardfile but, it being a cardfile, I am not embarrassed everytime I glance at it to see how few there are. (All I have to do to retain my self respect is to regularly LoC the fanzine which appears first in my file. Any faned who wants to send me a zine called AAAAAAAAAAba is ensured of getting a letter from me on each issue.)



Philosophical Gas 61

3 February And this is the first stencil I have typed on this Selectric III, mainly because I ran out of stencils last issue and didn't buy any more until yesterday, knowing that I would succumb to trying the new machine out the moment I got them, and I only bought them because I had to go to my neighbourhood stationery shop at Bulleen to get some new ribbons. I have six brand-new IBM ribbons, utterly untouched since I bought them in 1978, and not one of them works on this machine. If you want to try them on your IBM Selectric II, let me know. There is absolutely no difference between the IBM Selectric II and III except for the tailfins. Oh, and this one has an illuminated dashboard that tells you which pitch you are in (quite useless), a few more characters (°±[]³²¶§) and type elements that are incompatible with the series II. If you have a II, don't even consider buying a III. Don't buy it. Wait for the new model, whatever it turns out to be: this is just a fill-in model, cobbled up from the old model to keep the ignorant rabble happy.

Marc Ortlieb may regard me as daunting, but to IBM I am just ignorant rabble. There's a lesson in that, somewhere.

Marc's trip report, Q36 G, also received yesterday, and instantly consumed, though ghod knows Ockersford Uni Press and my bank manager and my long-suffering wife wish I would get on with the work I'm supposed to be doing and earn some money, instead of bugging around with stencils and fanzines and job applications and things, is absolutely splendid. I've read nothing so heartening, not to mention entertaining, since Leigh and Valma's Emu Tracks Over America - and this particular emu made some distinctive tracks. For a report like this, and the good will he created for all of us in America, I reckon we should vote

Ortlieb for DUFF in retrospect. Either that or deliberately send him off again some time officially.

He's come a long way since August 1975, our Marc. I just wish he'd come as far as Alphington last week. Sally and I missed Smoffcon (see note re urgent work above), but Robin Johnson looked us up, and when he said Marc was in town I felt a bit sad, because Sal and I are quite fond of young Ortlieb. I'll tell you why - not all of it, but part of it.

One day in January 1976, which isn't all that long ago if you don't think too hard about it, I took a little room I had booked at the Afton Private Hotel on South Terrace, Adelaide. In the previous 36 hours I had driven a cranky old Falcon from Canberra, via Grong Grong (to take a photo for Ursula), Hay (where the radiator blew up and forced me to stay the night), Tooleybuc (where I'd wanted to stay the night, so I could write an article called 'I spent the night at Tooleybuc'), Ouyen (one of my favourite places: you can walk right round it in thirty minutes and not begin to know it in less than ten years) and all sorts of outback places in South Australia that you wouldn't dream of visiting but invariably pass through if you want to go anywhere, to Adelaide, where my Future awaited me.

I arrived thoroughly sunburnt, and dismal. It was sort-of exhilarating to be there, you understand, but dismal, because I wasn't home. It was other people's home, and I'd seen a lot of those other people, and I wondered how I would get on with them. Of course they were Australians, so it shouldn't be too difficult to settle in, but it was their corner of Australia, the bit erroneously called South Australia. There was the strong feeling that I'd done it now, moved decisively and irrevocably to a place I'd enjoyed visiting but didn't know at all.

The proprietor of the Afton Private Hotel gave me a lecture about proper behaviour in the place (me! - until two

John Bangsund

days ago a Class Six Clerk in Her Majesty's Australian Commonwealth Public Service! - why had I left?) and handed me a letter. A letter? For me? Yes indeed. From Robin Johnson, bless him.

And not long after, that day or the next, I forget, Marc Ortlieb came to see me in my ghastly little room. We'd had the slightest of correspondence since August, and I don't recall that I encouraged him all that much, but he came to see me, and I decided he was a Good Man.

I didn't change that opinion of him while I was in Adelaide, and haven't changed it since. Whenever I hear the stirring strains of the Ballad of Eric Olthwaite, I think of Marc Ortlieb. Whenever I think about the future of Australian fandom - that part of it that I am ever likely to enjoy, I mean - I think of Marc Ortlieb. And when I think of the young fans coming along, the real trufans who will inherit all that fandom has to offer simply by opening themselves to it as Marc has, I wonder whether they will find Marc daunting.

If he ever learns to spell, I can tell you, I will find him daunting, because he does everything else right.

- ANZAPA 85



Philosophical Gas 59 by John Bangsund

18 September It will come as no surprise to most of you that I have never yet published a fanzine issue that I am entirely happy with. Some went close. If you pester me about it, I might even break down and confess which issues I have been least unhappy with. The present opus, begun on 25 April this year and not a stencil yet printed, includes some of the worst stuff I've ever written, and here and there (I think) echoes of some of the best. Some stencils will be dumped or retyped, but this is not unusual for me. Page 636, for example, is one you definitely won't see, unless I find time and inclination to revise it, and page 642 went close to being dumped. If you can't work out why, you don't know Sally.

The thing is, of course, that since October 1968, when I published the first issue of *The New Millennial Harbinger*, my first apazine, for the first mailing of ANZAPA, my fanzines have become less and less fanzines in the true sense, and more and more a kind of published diary. Whatever historical or therapeutic value diaries may have, they aren't much fun to read, least of all your own. Lately I've been reading Evelyn Waugh's diaries, and though I yield to no-one in my admiration for Waugh's novels, I find myself almost heretically bored by his private jottings. (There's still quite a few hundred pages to go, so don't be too upset if I go claiming to have enjoyed them before the year is out.)

There is perhaps a narrow line which separates a diary-on-stencil from the traditional fannish letter-substitute, and maybe what I am doing falls properly into the latter category and is okay. Then again, if what I am doing doesn't fall into a recognised category, maybe we need some more categories, and what the hell anyway.

- ANZAPA 82



Slaydomania 10

I once watched a tv show in which two young ladies were receiving instruction in the art of catching snakes. I'm not sure why. Perhaps they had joined the CSIRO. Which is the only body I can think of which might conceivably desire live snakes in large quantities.

Anyway, they were in a boat, on a sluggish flood-swollen river, and under the guidance of a veteran snake-catcher. You could tell he was a veteran because he perched himself on the tiller at the optimum distance from his pupils and shouted verbal instructions. The girls were in the prow, giggling nervously, as he steered the boat with his toes close to ancient and rotting tree-stumps where the snakes, having been washed away in the flood, sought refuge. I forget what sort of snakes they were, something hideously venomous, at any rate, and the girls were to pick them up by their tails and place them in sacks, the theory being that snakes can't climb up their own bodies to gnaw the incautious hand.

It struck me at the time that they were operating under considerable difficulty--the only possible advantage being that if one of the girls dropped a snake over the water, it would be carried away by the current before it could retaliate. The enormous disadvantage seemed to be that if one was dropped into the boat, miffed, no doubt, by being harshly woken from a sun-warmed snooze--well, there is only so much room in a small boat, and the only exit for the human occupants would be into the water, now undoubtedly swarming with already-dropped snakes. . .

Why, I wondered, couldn't they practise on harmless snakes?

This image--yes, all of it--flashed into my head the other day when a large black tree-snake idled past my door, and no doubt roused by my scream or two, slid hurriedly into the vitex bush and lay along a branch, its head poised above, its tail hanging an inviting

several inches below. I would catch a snake, and bear it back to the swamp unharmed. Just like Harry.

I fumbled the first few attempts, missing it. The snake climbed higher and faster, tongue flicking anxiously, looking for a way out. But there is just so much vitex, and soon it had to start down again.

Finally I grabbed the tail firmly and pulled. I held it for a moment, the snake twisting and arching, when I suddenly wondered perhaps tree-snakes can climb up their bodies, being more supple and agile and. . . I panicked then, my sub-conscious screaming to my conscious that a snake is a snake is a snake and to hell with non-venomous! Swinging the snake like a bola, I threw it over the wire fence into the next yard, an empty allotment.

"Good shot, Mum!" yelled Kerry Jnr., hopping around in excitement. I tried to give the impression that the whole thing was planned, and smiled a wise, gently smile.

I have a lot to learn about snakes. I should have realised that to a tree-snake, high is heaven, and I had thrown one into a bare yard where even the grass is dead. In fact, the highest thing it could see from its limited viewpoint was. . . me!

My god, those things can move! Over the ground, through the fence, arrowing straight towards us before we could move. Kerry's hopping became more frenzied. I joined in. Jenny came to the back door and faced with the sight of her mother and brother under attack by

Leanne
Frahm

an enraged reptile, began to shriek in horror.

We avoided it long enough for it to slither to another bush, up into the branches, from where it wove in and out of the horizontal boards of the pergola. I should have left it at that, but my blood was up, the exhilaration of the chase, etc., etc., and there was that tail, hanging once again.

Without thinking, I grasped it and pulled mightily. I staggered back, four inches of wriggling tail clenched in my hand, and nothing else. I gazed at it stupidly.

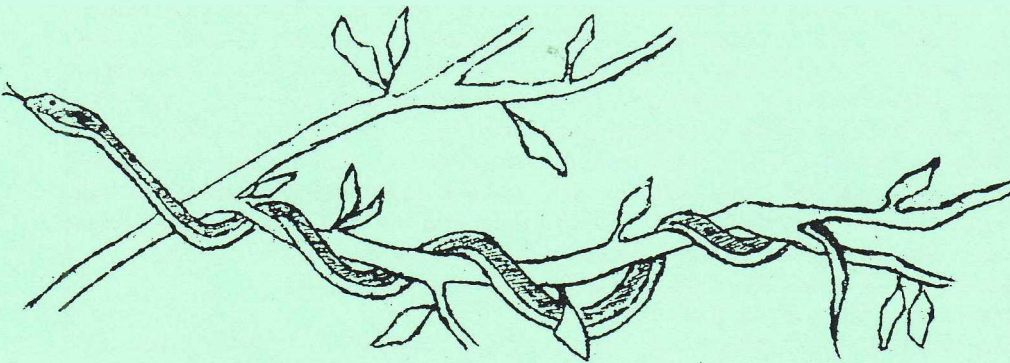
"Where is it?" I asked.

boards that my wrench had broken its back, or crushed its insides or something.

I looked at it in dismay. As it turned, its colours gleamed against the bright green of the passionfruit vine--glossy black, shiney yellow, and red. Even the children were silent.

A frantic moment of wishing-it-had-not-happened, a devastation that transcends mere guilt because the beginning had seemed so innocent. . .

There's an old bush saying that snakes travel in pairs. Kill one, and the other is always seen in the same place. Bigger me if just a little later, there was a black



"There," said Jenny quietly.

The snake dangled from a branch in front of me, its body turning in the breeze, blood dripping from the hanging head. Quite dead. Apparently it had woven itself so tightly into the wooden

tree-snake in the same vitex, peering at me through the louvres. I avoided its beady eye, and went back to the ironing and the current soap opera.

I'm off snake-catching just now.

- ANZAPA 83



Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 82 -

October 1981

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

HEY DING-A-DING 82 (O.O)	Derrick Ashby	4
AND THE WINNER IS...	David Grigg	2
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	6
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 3	Catherine Circosta	3
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
CABBAGES AND KINGS	Alf Katz	4
THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY 40	Marc Ortlieb	4
THE EMBARKATION	John Foyster	4
FREEDOM AT POINT ZERO	Joseph Nicholas	4
G'NEL 23	Marc Ortlieb	4
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	6
JEAN ZINE 7	Jean Weber	6
MELLOW	Bruce Gillespie	6
THE MEMORAZINE 28	Paul Anderson	4
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 57, 58, 59	John Bangsund	27
THE RETURN OF THE RETURN OF THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	4
SMOFFCON 1 FLYER		
THIS IS NOT A COPY OF PETROL SNIFFING	Derrick Ashby	2
AMONG ABORIGINAL AUSTRALIANS: A REFERENCE MANUAL...BUT I THOUGHT I'D BRAG ABOUT IT ANYWAY	Helen Swift	3

95

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / John D BERRY / 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 / Paul STEVENS / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Paul STEVENS.

Dropped: Valma BROWN, Bill WRIGHT (invited to join but did not respond).

Invited to join: Keith CURTIS, Jeanne GOMOLL, Allan BRAY.

Waiting List:

1 Keith CURTIS; 2. Jeanne GOMOLL; 3. Allan BRAY; 4. Keith TAYLOR; 5. Kevin DILLON; 6. Judith HANNA; 7. Andrew BROWN.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 83 -

December 1981

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

BAH! HUMBUG! 83	Derrick Ashby	4
ADVENTURES IN RONEO, FOR PERVERSITY'S SAKE	Gary Mason	6
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeff Harris	4
THE ALL NEW BIO-DEGRADABLE ANTHROPOID! (YET AGAIN)	Daryl Mannell	4
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	5
BACKAC 1	Peter & Elizabeth Darling & Jillian Foyster	4
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 4	Catherine Circosta	1
BRIDE OF THE SON OF THE HOUR OF THE GREEN AND CREAKING RETRIBUTION	Paul Stevens	2
THE BUS THE BUS 3	Valma Brown	4
ET DES BOYAUX DU DERNIER PRETRE SERRONS LE COU DU DERNIER ROI	John Foyster	2
G'NEL 24	Marc Ortlieb	8
INVOLVEMENT OF THE COMMUNITY IN THE INNOVATIONS PROGRAM OF THE AUSTRALIAN SCHOOLS C	John Foyster	15
JEAN ZINE 8	Jean Weber	6
THE MEMORAZINE 29	Paul Anderson	6
MODULE 41	Michael O'Brien	4
MURGATROYD 17	Denny Lien & Joyce Scrivner	8
THE SACRED COW 5	Allan Bray	8
SLAYDOMANIA 10	Leanne Frahm	8
THIRSTY BOOTS 12	John D Berry	6
THE TANGLED WEB WE DO WEAVE	Gerald Smith	10
		<hr/> 111

Members:

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

Added: Allan BRAY.

Dropped: Keith CURTIS (invited to join but did not respond), Rob GERRAND, Daryl MANNELL, John ROWLEY.

Invited to join: Jeanne GOMOLL, Keith TAYLOR, Kevin DILLON, Judith HANNA, Andrew BROWN.

Waiting List:

1 Jeanne GOMOLL; 2 Keith TAYLOR; 3. Kevin DILLON; 4. Judith HANNA; 5. Andrew BROWN; 6. Mike HORVAT.

Major Events: nominations opened for the position of OBE. Marc Ortlieb declares his candidature.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 84 -

February 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	4
TWAGA COUP: BEILTRO WINS! 84	Derrick Ashby	3
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeff Harris	2
ALL MIMSY WERE THE BOROGROVES	Alf Katz	2
ANT ZAPPER 9	Richard Faulder	10
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 5	Catherine Circosta	4
DUFF 1982		2
G'NEL 25	Marc Ortlieb	6
IN THE KINGDOM OF THE BLAND	Eric Lindsay	2
JEAN ZINE 9	Jean Weber	6
MECHANISED MIDAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	9
MELLOW 2	Bruce Gillespie	17
THE MINAC WRITER'S INTELLIGENCER AND DIGEST 3	Derrick Ashby	8
PERRYIPHERNALIA 5		
SLAYDOMANIA 11	Perry Middlemiss & Helen Swift	4
THIS IS THE REAL SACRED COW 5	Leanne Frahm	8
SPONGY 96	Allan Bray	5
SPONGY 97	Leigh Edmonds	8
TASMANIAN SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION NEWS 23	Leigh Edmonds	8
WEIRD SCENES INSIDE THE GOLD MINE	Michael O'Brien	1
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 4	Joseph Nicholas	4
UNTITLED	David Grigg	7
	Eric Lindsay	8
		<hr/> 131

Members:

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

Dropped: Judith HANNA (invited to join but did not accept).

Invited to join: Jeanne GOMOLL, Keith TAYLOR, Kevin DILLON, Andrew BROWN, Mike HORVAT.

Waiting List:

1 Jeanne GOMOLL; 2. Keith TAYLOR; 3. Kevin DILLON; 4. Andrew BROWN; 5. Mike HORVAT; 6. Robin JOHNSON; 7. Justin ACKROYD; 8. Jack HERMAN; 9. Daryl MANNELL.

Major Events: Marc Ortlieb becomes OBE by default as no-one else nominates for the position.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 85 -

April 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Derrick Ashby

HIS LAST B.O. (W.) 85	Derrick Ashby	3
ACT NOW AGAINST WAREHOUSE BEETLE	Richard Faulder	2
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	6
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 6	Catherine Circosta	5
THE DISTANT IMAGE: A HISTORY OF FACSIMILE	David Grigg	23
EUREKACON 84	Derrick Ashby	1
G'NEL 26	Marc Ortlieb	8
JEAN ZINE 10	Jean Weber	8
MAFF 1982-83	Marc Ortlieb	1
THE MINAC WRITER'S INTELLIGENCER AND DIGEST 5	Derrick Ashby	2
MINAC-BACAC	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	5
MODULE 42	Michael O'Brien	6
PERRYPERNALIA 6	Perry Middlemiss	2
GOOD RESOLVES	Helen Swift	4
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 61	John Bangsund	8
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 60	John Bangsund	9
THE RETURN OF THE SON OF THE BUTTERFLY MIND ON THE MARGIN	Robin Johnson	4
SLAYDOMANIA 12	Leanne Frahm	4
SYNCON 82 P.R. 1	Peter Toluzzi	2
WASN'T BORN TO FOLLOW	Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna	4
WHAT WE DID IN OUR SCHOOL HOLIDAYS	John Foyster & Jenny Bryce	8
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE 5	David Grigg	9
UNTITLED	jan howard finder	2
DEFINITELY HIS LAST BO(W) (OBO)	Derrick Ashby	3
ALCHERINGA 1	Jeanne Gomoll	6
SPONGY 98	Leigh Edmonds	4
CIRCULATION 11 P.R. 1	Jean Weber	2
		<hr/> 135

Members:

Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / Jeanne GOMOLL / David GRIGG / Jeff HARRIS / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Gerald SMITH / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Jeanne GOMOLL, Robin JOHNSON.

Dropped: Andrew BROWN (invited to join but failed to respond), Alf KATZ, Joyce SCRIVNER (split-up of joint membership), Paul STEVENS, Keith TAYLOR (declined the invitation to join).

Invited to join: Kevin DILLON, Mike HORVAT, Justin ACKROYD, Jack HERMAN, Daryl MANNELL.

Waiting List:

1 Kevin DILLON; 2. Mike HORVAT; 3. Justin ACKROYD; 4. Jack HERMAN; 5. Daryl MANNELL; 6. Nigel ROWE; 7. Graham FERNER; 8. Joyce SCRIVNER; 9. Sally BEASLEY; 10. Andrew BROWN; 11. Alf KATZ.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 86 -

June 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
MELLOW 3	Bruce Gillespie	21
JEAN ZINE 11	Jean Weber	6
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 7	Catherine Circosta	7
NECESSITY	Jack Herman	4
G'NEL 27	Marc Ortlieb	6
THE RAMTID AWARDS BULLETIN 1	Derrick Ashby	5
THE MINAC WRITER'S INTELLIGENCER AND DIGEST 6	Derrick Ashby	2
THE BETTER HALF	Christine Ashby	2
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY	Jeff Harris	4
MURGATROYD 18	Denny Lien	12
THE WORM RE-TURNS	Kevin Dillon	4
SYNCON '82 P.R. 2	Peter Toluzzi	4
THIRSTY BOOTS 13	John D Berry	6
SPONGY 99	Leigh Edmonds	8
SLAYDOMANIA 13	Leanne Frahm	5
TSCHAICON	Michael O'Brien	10
REARRANGING THE DECKCHAIRS ON THE TITANIC 1	Justin Ackroyd	4
THE SOUTHERN CROSS	Mike Horvat	4
ANT ZAPPER	Richard Faulder	14
THE MEMORAZINE	Paul Anderson	6
SACRED COW 6	Allan Bray	16
THE MEMORAZINE	Paul Anderson	8
MID-WINTER ADVENTURES IN RONEO	Gary Mason	8
		<hr/> 163

Members:

Justin ACKROYD / Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / Jeanne GOMOLL / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Mike HORVAT / Robin JOHNSON / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Added: Justin ACKROYD, Kevin DILLON, Judith HANNA (joint membership with Joseph NICHOLAS), Jack HERMAN, Mike HORVAT.

Dropped: Daryl MANNELL (invited to join but failed to respond), Gerald SMITH.

Invited to join: Nigel ROWE, Graham FERNER.

Waiting List:

1. Nigel ROWE; 2. Graham FERNER; 3. Joyce SCRIVNER; 4. Sally BEASLEY; 5. Andrew BROWN; 6. Alf KATZ; 7. Roman ORSZANSKI; 8. Teresa MORRIS; 9. Gerald SMITH.

Contents of ANZAPA Mailing 87 -

August 1982

Official Bloody Editor - Marc Ortlieb

THE MIGHTY WURLITZER	Marc Ortlieb	5
TAKING A TRIP TO...	Eric Lindsay	6
JEANZINE 12	Jean Weber	6
ATLANTA IN '86 P.R. 1		8
IL VOMBATO 15	jan howard finder	3
TELECOM INFORMATION KIT No 1	David Grigg	14
DEATH TO THATCHER	Joseph Nicholas	6
ANZAPAPOLL	Leanne Frahm	6
G'NEL 28	Marc Ortlieb	6
WITH A STRANGE DEVICE #6	David Grigg	5
CONCERNING THE SALE OF ANZAPA BACK MAILINGS	Marc Ortlieb	5
BEAGLE'S WORLD REVISITED 8	Catherine Circosta	5
THE MEMORAZINE 32	Paul Anderson	2
THE MEMORAZINE 33	Paul Anderson	6
MECHANIZED MIDAC Aug '82	Peter & Elizabeth Darling	10
CIRCULATION 11 P.R. 2		3
THE MINAC WRITERS' INTELLIGENCER & DIGEST	Derrick Ashby	8
MODULE 43	Michael O'Brien	2
SPONGY 99b	Leigh Edmonds	6
THE ALIEN INTELLIGENTIARY - August 1982	Jeff Harris	2
		<hr/> 114

Members:

Justin ACKROYD / Paul ANDERSON / Christine ASHBY / Derrick ASHBY / John BANGSUND / John D BERRY / Allan BRAY / Catherine CIRCOSTA / Elizabeth DARLING / Peter DARLING / Kevin DILLON / Leigh EDMONDS / Richard FAULDER / John FOYSTER / Leanne FRAHM / Bruce GILLESPIE / Jeanne GOMOLL / David GRIGG / Judith HANNA / Jeff HARRIS / Jack HERMAN / Mike HORVAT / Denny LIEN / Eric LINDSAY / Gary MASON / Perry MIDDLEMISS / Joseph NICHOLAS / Michael O'BRIEN / Marc ORTLIEB / Helen SWIFT / Jean WEBER / Sally YEOLAND

Dropped: Graham FERNER (invited to join but did not respond), Robin JOHNSON, Nigel ROWE (invited to join but did not respond).

Invited to join: Joyce SCRIVNER, Sally BEASLEY, Andrew BROWN.

Waiting List:

1. Joyce SCRIVNER; 2. Sally BEASLEY; 3. Andrew BROWN; 4. Alf KATZ, 5. Roman ORSZANSKI; 6. Teresa MORRIS; 7. Gerald SMITH; 8. Roger WEDDALL; 9. Ann POORE; 10. Robin JOHNSON; 11. Graham FERNER.

ANZAPA MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS 1981/82

Member Name	Mailings as Member	Mailings Hit	Number of Fanzine Titles	Total Number of Fanzines	Total Pages
Justin ACKROYD	2	1	1	1	4
Paul ANDERSON	6	4	1	6	32
Christine ASHBY	6	3	1	3	8
Derrick ASHBY	6	6	9	12	45
John BANGSUND	6	2	1	3	44
John D BERRY	6	2	1	2	12
Allan BRAY	5	3	2	3	29
Catherine CIRCOSTA	6	6	1	6	25
Elizabeth DARLING	6	4	4	4	14
Peter DARLING	6	4	4	4	14
Kevin DILLON	2	1	1	1	4
Leigh EDMONDS	6	4	1	5	34
Richard FAULDER	6	5	2	6	43
John FOYSTER	6	3	4	4	25
Leanne FRAHM	6	5	2	5	31
Rob GERRAND	1	0	0	0	0
Bruce GILLESPIE	6	3	1	3	44
Jeanne GOMOLL	3	1	1	1	6
David GRIGG	6	4	4	6	60
Judith HANNA	2	1	1	1	2
Jeff HARRIS	6	4	1	4	12
Jack HERMAN	2	1	1	1	4
Mike HORVAT	2	1	1	1	4
Robin JOHNSON	2	1	1	1	4
Alf KATZ	3	2	2	2	6
Denny LIEN	6	2	1	2	16
Eric LINDSAY	6	4	3	4	22
Daryl MANNELL	1	1	1	1	4
Gary MASON	6	2	2	2	14
Perry MIDDLEMISS	6	2	1	2	4
Joseph NICHOLAS	6	4	4	4	16
Michael O'BRIEN	6	5	3	5	23
Marc ORTLIEB	6	6	5	11	58
John ROWLEY	1	0	0	0	0
Joyce SCRIVNER	6	1	1	1	4
Gerald SMITH	6	1	1	1	10
Paul STEVENS	3	2	2	2	6
Helen SWIFT	6	3	3	3	9
Jean WEBER	6	6	2	7	40
Sally YEOLAND	6	0	0	0	0

Others:

Valma BROWN	1	1	1	4
Jenny BRYCE	1	1	1	4
ian howard finder	2	1	2	5
Peter TOLUZZI	2	2	2	6

