

# The New MILLENNIAL HARBINGER

Or: Shoves for Heavy-Ars'd Christians

NUMBER ELEVEN

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Australia for members of FAPA, ANZAPA and PAPA, and some others.  
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## LAST THINGS FIRST

The Millennial Harbinger was Alexander Campbell's fanzine. Campbell was one of the founders of the religious body called Churches of Christ, or Disciples. Commenced as a movement to bring about Christian unity, that body has long been as much a denomination or sect as any of the countless branches of the Church that Campbell, his father Thomas, and their friends and followers set out to unite back in the first decade of the 19th century. For a few years in my late teens I was very much influenced by the life and writings of Alexander Campbell, and I still regard him as a great Christian, a great American, and a not inconsiderable thinker. The New Millennial Harbinger - the title, if not the contents of this publication - is a nod in his direction.

(The subtitle of this issue is a nod in the direction of Richard Graves, the unjustifiably neglected author of that delightful novel 'The Spiritual Quixote'.)

The first issue of NMH was published in October 1968 for the first mailing of ANZAPA. In 1969 the seventh and final issue appeared. Sometimes final issues aren't all that final: NMH 8 appeared in January this year, and there have been two issues since. The title was revived primarily for Murray Moore's PAPA. I hope you've grasped all that, because I don't want to explain it again.

## OUR NEW POLICY

Who was it used to announce a New Policy with each issue? Messrs Hulan and Locke, I suspect it was you, in Double:Dave (or am I thinking of someone else?). Anyway, starting with no. 30, Philosophical Gas will be distributed through FAPA, but sent individually to members of ANZAPA and PAPA. PG will still be sent to contributors, subscribers and correspondents, but with a print-run of 250 and a mailing-list of over 400, obviously a lot of people must miss out.

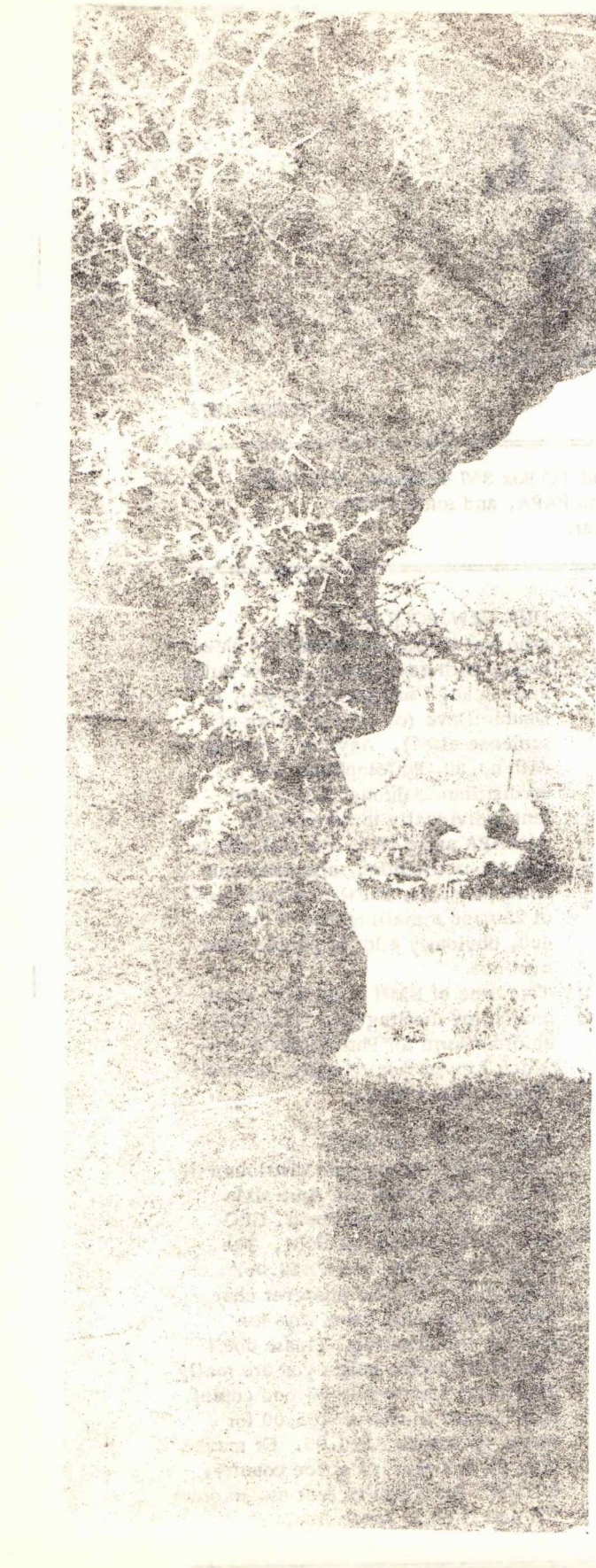
This issue of NMH is going to everyone on my mailing-list. It includes an order form for Philosophical Gas, which I invite you to study, inwardly digest and act upon.

## THE OTHER CAMPBELL

Please note that the sole distributor of 'John W. Campbell: an Australian tribute' is Space Age Books, GPO Box 1267L, Melbourne 3001. The price I understand to be A\$2.00/US\$3.00/£1.20 plus whatever charge Mervyn is making these days for postage and handling. Please don't send orders to me unless you are really desperate: I have only 20-odd copies, and I intend to charge A\$5.00 for them. Or maybe A\$10.00. Or maybe give them away: it's a free country, ain't it? But if you've sent me an order I'll pass it on to Space Age.

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15 August: O frabjous day! Callay! Today  
I... What? Whatwhat? What's  
missing? you ask. I haven't a callooh! (he  
chortled in his joy).

A nice lot of mail nestling in the box today:  
some books and a letter from George Turner;  
ANZAPA 39; Terry Hughes's Mota 7 and a  
sale catalogue from Bruce Robbins; a bill from  
Roneo; similar lot, Mary Martin Bookshop; a  
letter from Darrell Schweitzer; and maybe  
nicest of all, a note from Susan Wood, with  
a photocopy of her 'Clubhouse' piece for next  
February's Amazing.

One matter of concern to all thinking fan  
moralists everywhere is the delightful courtesy  
and considerable expense of sending folk  
copies of what you have written about them,  
or (in the case of letters of comment) what  
other people have written about them. This  
courtesy was something I used to admire  
Dick Bergeron for, and I have experienced  
it now and then since I last heard from Dick  
(How is he these days? Does anyone out there  
know?) - Dick Geis and Cy Chauvin/Perry  
Chapdelaine are two people who spring to  
mind. (I know Cy and Perry are the same  
person. If they aren't, how come I get them  
mixed up?)

Thank you, Susan. It's an excellent article,  
showing more grasp of the Australian fan  
character than anything I've ever read. You  
have done us proud. Ted, give the lady a  
raise! (I don't know what you're paying her,  
but she deserves more.)

'...the Legendary Bangsund: witty, strange,  
urbane, impossible, fascinating. His writing  
is superb; I could quote for pages. His writing  
is thoughtful, thought-provoking; I could  
argue with him for hours. His fanzines are  
physically beautiful, witty, entertaining...'  
Ah, Susan, that's lovely. You left out  
handsome and modest, but it's lovely.

Seriously, the Legendary Bangsund is all you  
say, and more. I admire him as much as you  
do. The Real Bangsund, unfortunately, is no  
such animal: 'impossible' is about the only  
adjective you've used which applies to him.

In your covering note, Susan, you say you  
look forward to buying me 'a flagon of  
something, sitting and talking'. I suspect  
that you know more about Australia than you  
pretend to, because that sounds pretty much  
like the kind of flagons I buy now and then  
when I'm really desperate. Between you and  
Mike and John Berry, if you are as good as  
your word, I should stay inebriated throughout  
the 1975 Worldcon. Good thing, too.



One of my new year's resolutions for 1974 is that I will write comments on every fanzine I get, and answer every letter I get. Another is that I will try to remember when the new year starts. (It isn't really August already, is it? I mean, I know that it's only February in the northern hemisphere, because I learnt in school that everything is back-to-front up there, but you don't mean to tell me that 1974 is just about done, do you? I HAVEN'T GOT USED TO 1972 YET, DAMMIT! Sob.)

So much for resolutions.

On the other hand, here's a bright sparkling new mailing of ANZAPA, and I really should comment on it before it loses its sheen.

I'm glad Susan hasn't seen an ANZAPA mailing...

OFFICIALDOM: We have nineteen members and five of them are listed as Officials. There's something so Very Australian about that that I won't mention that two of the Official Positions aren't mentioned in the Constitution.

I was thinking of suggesting that elections be held for the Foyster-created position of Official Cover Artist (mainly because I'm running out of ideas), but instead I shall use my unconstitutional powers to conscript some Unofficial Cover Artists. John Snowden is first on the list; John Berry, if I can track him down, is next.

The 1928/9 Peugeot which features on the cover of this mailing looms large in an advertisement Peugeot has been running in recent months as 'the last six-cylinder car we made' or something. I imagine that ad will be withdrawn soon, since Peugeot has a V6 coming up in the near future.

Congratulations, Herr Foyster, on procuring for us at long last a New Zealand member. And welcome aboard, Richard Mason.

(Break it gently if I'm wrong, Richard, but aren't Island Bay and Lower Hutt both suburbs of Wellington? Do you know Tom Cockcroft, the only NZ fan most people have heard of? I have about half a dozen NZ addresses on my files - as I have been saying more or less since ANZAPA started, dammit - but you and Tom are the only two New Zealanders I have any contact with these days. Apart, that is, from that great international New Zealander and your fellow-member of ANZAPA, "Mervyn Barrett". Hiya, Mervyn.) For the benefit, if that's the right word, of the majority of my readers, I should mention that ANZAPA started out in October 1968 as APA-A - the Amateur Publishing Association

of Australia. About the second or third (or maybe even fourth) mailing, Leigh Edmonds, our noble founder, changed our name to ANZAPA - the Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association - for some obscure reason associated with some obscure popular musician of the time. We haven't had a member in New Zealand until now.

I think we should change our name now to ANZHKAPA, and stick with that until we get a member in Hong Kong.

HELEN & LEIGH HYDE: Susan says in her article for Amazing that I have Canberra all to myself. We know differently, don't we? You aren't in this mailing, but I felt like mentioning that in case people out there think I really am the only fan in Canberra. Carey Handfield expresses interest and wonderment at your revelation last mailing that Canberra is situated on a limestone plain. Should we tell him about Limestone Avenue? Should we tell him that before this place became the site of the federal capital it was known as Wee-ree-waa, Canberry, Kamberra and Limestone Plains? You two have been here much longer than I have: you tell him. When John Foyster was here some months ago he said I should write more about Canberra. Hell, I don't know the place! (My heart's still in Melbourne, a 'hunting the deer &c.) Please continue to educate your fellow-members of ANZAPA, and not least me, with your stories of Canberra.

DEL & DENNIS STOCKS: You two must have contributed somewhere between one-fifth and one-quarter of the material in the last two ANZAPA mailings. I have read just about every word of your stuff, and most of it I found utterly absorbing - but I have nothing to say to you, except: Thanks. I notice that ANZAPA generally hasn't much to say to you, and I know that must be very disappointing to you, but I am sure that every member must feel as I do - that your contributions are fascinating, and I would hate you to give up because we don't give you the kind of response you deserve. Thank you for sharing all this delightful material with us. In a larger association - FAPA, for example (and as a member of FAPA I urge you to join the waiting list: you would get a little more feedback from FAPA, and certainly you would make FAPA more interesting;) - you might find yourselves more appreciated, your efforts more rewarding, if only because you would have a larger audience for your articles and comments on science, ERB, war games, UFOs and so on.

(This space was available for advertising.)



28 August: Last Saturday the weather was glorious. The sun was shinin' and the boids choipin' and I felt good - so good that I stayed in bed all morning, then got up and wrote fourteen letters. On Sunday the rain started; today is Thursday and there's no sign of it letting up. Queanbeyan is half under water, the Dairy Road bridge seems to have disappeared, Bungendore is cut off, every highway to Canberra is impassable except the one from the snow country. And it isn't Thursday: it's Wednesday. For days I've been feeling cut off myself, to the point where I literally don't know what day it is. It's strange to find my mood reflected in physical reality. Or maybe it would be more accurate to say that the miserable weather and Canberra's accidental isolation are not improving my mood.

I was invited to be Fan Guest of Honour at the 13th Australian SF Convention in Melbourne. Almost until the last moment I didn't think I would make it; then Sally's tax refund came and she insisted we go to Melbourne. I'll get even with her somehow.

I don't wish to write a convention report. My feelings about this convention are what interests me. It's the first convention I've been to since Syncon 72, exactly two years ago. I have changed since then, and so have many of my friends and acquaintances in fandom, which is confusing. Others have not changed, which is depressing.

For some years I have wanted to have a good straight talk with various people I have 'known' for a long time, especially Ron Graham, Elizabeth Foyster and Bruce Gillespie. Ron and Elizabeth I caught up with this time, and my short conversations with them were the highlights of the convention. I had Bruce set up at one stage, but somehow lost him.

I wasn't at the convention long before I realized that I was experiencing something quite new to me, but apparently not new to most of the people there: this was my first Space Age Books convention. About half the members I had never seen before. They did not seek me out (and why should they? I am not part of their fandom), and I was content to talk to the other half, or sit by myself and wonder why I felt out of place. I was nervous as hell making my FGoH speech, because I didn't know who I was talking to and had nothing to say to them.

I found myself looking at some of the fans who have been around for twenty years and more, people who even now are little more

than familiar names and faces to me, and wondering if they felt as I did.

But enough of this. All it means is that I am still a Melbourne fan in exile, and the fandom I'm in exile from no longer exists. The fandom I'm in exists mainly on paper - in your fanzines and letters and mine - and I'm enjoying it, and intend to go on enjoying it.

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#### THE BEST OF HANSARD (contd)

'Just to what extent have you looked at this and what were the factors that made your decision be as it is to come here rather than to somewhere else?'

(Translation: 'Why did you decide on this location for the building?')

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The name Bangsund loomed large in certain quarters during the days preceding the convention. My mother became an instant celebrity - if that's the right word for someone who suddenly becomes the object of radio, television and press attention (can you see the jealousy there, eh? I've never been on telly) - by the simple expedient of sitting in a rocking-chair and rocking non-stop for 61 hours. I still don't quite believe it. My own mother has set the world record for 61-year-old widows rocking non-stop in rocking-chairs, and might even get a gong for doing so in the next Guinness Book of Records. There's something... strange... about my family. My father climbed to the top of the tallest mast of the tallest sailing ship in the world, the København, just before it left Melbourne and disappeared forever. Last year my sister Joy learnt Norwegian and wowed our relatives up there in Tromsø; had afternoon tea with Great-Uncle Erling on his boat, which was under about twenty feet of snow at the time; dined with a second-cousin who is a bus driver and Communist trade union organizer; stayed a while with the other John Bangsund, who is Norwegian consul in Bremen; and just for good measure upstaged me completely on the international sf scene by hobnobbing with Ulf Westblom, Jannick Storm, Gian Paolo Cossato, Waldemar Kumming and others. My father's mother was probably the only person ever to have been born in the Faroe Islands and invent an ironing-board sold in Melbourne's biggest retail store. My mother's mother apparently moved house with a frequency breathtaking even by my standards, and one of my aunts probably holds some kind of record for changing religions.

There are times when I feel awfully staid and ordinary.

I wondered why I hadn't seen the July mailing of PAPA. A postcard from Murray Moore today explains all: there wasn't one. That's sad. No-one sent Murray a contribution, so there simply wasn't a mailing. Has that ever happened, or looked like happening, in FAPA? Or any other apa?

My contribution, Murray, was NMH10. I printed it on 4 June, then decided that I couldn't afford the airmail postage and that the issue wasn't all that interesting anyway. Now you'll be getting 10 and 11 by airmail, and it serves me right. I can't help wondering whether PAPA 3 will be as big as FAPA - or whether you and I will have the mailing all to ourselves.

Readers interested in joining the Protean Amateur Press Association should get in touch with Murray Moore, Box 400, Norwich, Ontario NOJ 1P0, Canada. The association still has no rules and no fees, but if all 400 of you decide to join... um, you'll have a problem there, Murray.

29 August: Last night we watched Kung Fu on the box (it being the closest thing to a Western we ever see on local tv), and I read some Thurber and Sally read some Tolkien (about 600 pages, I reckon: I've never read that fast in my life, yet Sally positively dawdles compared with John Foyster or Leigh Hyde), and we both felt pretty good, so we discussed why we've been feeling so miserable lately. Fandom, work, the weather and money came into the conversation. I forget what we decided, if anything, but it must have been good because the sun was out this morning (and the boids choipin', yep), and I leapt out of bed at the crack of 10 with a Light Heart and a High Resolve. The car needs rather urgent repairs, and the other IBM is playing up, so I would start my day by driving to Fyshwick and Arranging Something. Then I remembered that Sally had taken the car today, and I said a rude word. I said it several times, rather loudly. Irving was shocked. Irving is our goldfish. Sometimes I wonder whether Irving realizes how well off he is. I'll bet he's never made a High Resolve in his life.

Irving was called Irving before he came to live with us, and I've sometimes wondered why he got that name. Why is it that people give their pets names like Irving and Rupert, Esmeralda and Samantha, but never Jack and Ted, Katherine and Jane? I had some friends once (who shall be nameless, unless you would like to call them Rupert and Jane)

who had a dog named Frederick J. Riley, or something like that. That was their boss's name, and they didn't like their boss much, and they used to say all kinds of rude and patronizing things to their dog. Of course, dogs being what they are, Frederick J. Riley would put up with all the indignities laid on him, and wagging his tail, come back for more. I still don't think this was a fair thing to do to a pet, but the satisfaction gained from it by my friends is pretty obvious.

Cats are a special case. They will either grow into their names or (like humans who have been given the wrong names) force you to give them more appropriate nick-names. I used to work with a bloke whose first name was Royal. He never used that name, nor did anyone else - but his accepted name was Rick, not Roy. He didn't want to be Royal, and he wasn't the 'Roy' type, so he was Rick. I have a friend whose real name is Leo, and another whose real name is Anthony. These names don't suit them one bit - and they'd probably stop being my friends if I told you the names by which fandom knows them. But getting back to cats, the only pet I have ever named is Grushenka. When I first met her, ten years ago, she was just the tortoise-shell that hides under the fridge. When Lee and Carla presented her to me I called her Grushenka, because I was reading 'The Brothers Karamazov' at the time. If I had called her Esmeralda or Samantha, or Katherine or Jane, or anything else you can think of, I would have been wrong. She is absolutely and definitively Grushenka. It would be quite unthinkable, as just about anyone who has met Grushenka will testify, to call her anything else.

Okay, you are the people who read science fiction and know what's what, so tell me: Am I kidding myself? Could Grushenka as easily have been named Jill, or Molly, or Griselda, or Bugs? What if I had been reading Thomas Hardy at the time and named her Tess or Bathsheba or Lady Constantine? Would it have made any difference?

When I left St Kilda in 1972 my friends Carolyn and Sandy became Grushenka's humans. (They will verify that Grushenka belongs to no-one, but that if you are very nice to her Grushenka might deign to have you belong to her. Odd, cats is.) We were discussing Grushenka's age, just ten days ago - and you were right, Carolyn: she was born towards the end of 1964, as you said. (And can you imagine calling her Jane?)



8 September: I have delayed completing this issue for various reasons.

One is that I was hoping the August FAPA mailing might turn up and give me something to talk about. It hasn't. Another is that running off the first five pages of this thing was about the most miserable, frustrating experience I've had in my decade-long fight with duplicators. In fairness, I don't think it was the duplicator's fault: the Roneo 865 is a faithful beast, and easily the second best duplicator I've owned (the best was the 750). It was the bloody paper! I wasted nearly two reams on one page back there. Paul Skelton mentions in Hell 10 that he pays £0.35 per ream for the paper he uses - and it's far superior to this rubbish for which I pay \$1.85. (That's a discount price, too. Ordinary Joe Fan pays about \$2, plus 15% sales tax. If you are wondering why you don't see many fanzines from Australia these days, consider that: about US\$3.00 for a ream of inferior paper! I'm tempted to start importing paper from America.) And the third reason is my constantly-changing feelings about fandom.

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ORDER FORM      There is no order form. If you want to see Philosophical Gas, and you aren't a member of FAPA or ANZAPA, and you aren't a regular contributor or correspondent, please write and tell me why I should send PG to you. If you have sent me money, that's a pretty good reason (but I would like you to confirm your continuing interest, and to tell me when you think your subscription expires). If we trade publications, that's a good reason, too (but again, I would like you to confirm it). New and renewed subscriptions are welcome: A\$2.00/US\$3.00/£1.20 for four issues, normally - until 31 December, for six issues.

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I was rather annoyed when I read in Leigh Edmonds's Fanew Sletter that the publication schedule of PG is 'irregular'. Then I thought about the two issues which hadn't been posted, and decided that 'irregular' was correct. My intention is that PG should appear quarterly, but as me old clobber Dante Allegro-ma-non-troppo once put it, 'As one who unwill's what he willed, and with new thoughts changes his purpose, so that he wholly quits the thing commenced, such I made myself... for with thinking I wasted the enterprise, that had been so quick in its commencement.'

Helluva writer, that same Dante. (And now you know roughly how much I've read of him.)

Jackie Franke, Bruce Arthurs, Donn Brazier and others: Thank you; keep in touch.

#### BRIEF NOTES ON CORRESPONDENCE AND PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED:

BERT CHANDLER: I was going to sub-edit my way around that, but your correction makes all clear, thanks. As far as I know, no sf writer made it into the Australia 75 anthology.

ROSEMARY DOBSON: Thanks for your advice. I don't think I'll approach Harry Miller: life is complex enough already. I look forward to 'Australia 75', even though Bert's not in it.

NANCY KEESING: I is quietly proud that you are taking PG with you to read on the plane to Japan. It's nice to know I have friends in high places.

JOHN BERRY: I hope you made it to Washington, because that's where I sent my last letter. If I don't hear from you before 25 September I will put two pages of your stuff in ANZAPA and save your membership.

ERIC LINDSAY: I answered your letter last week, but haven't posted my reply because everything keeps on changing. In case I don't get round to writing again, I'll put it on record that I am flattered immensely by your comments on PG 29. This is absolutely the first time I have received comments on a fanzine two months before it is published!

PAUL SKELTON: We trade, yes. Hell 10 is delightful.

ANDY PORTER: Congratulations on your half-Hugo! Did you get only the pointy end, or did the committee give you and Dick identical trophies? Copyright in the material you asked me about is held by the authors. You have my permission to reprint, of course, but you should approach the authors as well. I hope to write to you before you see this, but just in case... You know how it is.

MAE STRELKOV: Pardon me for not writing. I love your little fanzines (while hating the effort involved in reading them: I hope you don't mind my saying so - and I do appreciate that Argentina's economy and resources don't lend themselves to first-class fanzine reproduction), and you are on my permanent mailing list.

TERRY HUGHES: I promise faithfully to write something for you some time. Mota is great.

ARNIE & JOYCE KATZ: I don't promise to write something for you, mainly because you haven't asked me (and who needs me?), but I enjoyed Swoon (is that the title? - I've mislaid my copy, dammit) and hope you'll keep me on your list.

ETHEL LINDSAY: With the possible exception of Harry Warner's Horizons, your Scottishe and Haverings are the only fanzines I have received regularly since I started publishing in 1966. We've got out of touch a bit lately, for which I'm sorry, but I hope you'll never stop sending me things. I am not a member of the Keep Ethel In London push: do what you think best. But whatever you do, I hope we will remain friends.