



LINDQUIST/-

Following close on the heels of number seven (like, it was commenced on the 11th and completed on the 12th of September, and today is the 16th) here - his first venture into the alien technology of spirit duplicating - is PHILOSOPHICAL GAS Number Eight October 1971 BWV 104 published for ANZAPA and OMPA by John Bangsund GPO Box 4946 Melbourne 3001 Australia

THE FIRM, you see, under my expert guidance, has just acquired a Fordifax Mark 7 thermal copier and a Fordigraph Consul automatic duplicator. When Fordigraph says "automatic" it means you don't have to hand-feed or pump the beast. You still have to crank the rotten handle, which is not my idea of automatic. Still and all, it's a very lovable little machine, and I hope to have a lot of fun learning to use it properly - it, and the copier, which is an incredibly versatile gadget, vastly improved on its predecessors which I looked at and disliked intensely some years ago.

The machines arrived on Tuesday afternoon, along with the Man From Fordigraph, who patiently went through the techniques, applications and limitations of the things with me. My mind started spinning after about two hours, and hasn't stopped - mainly because yesterday, first thing, the boss dumped a pile of jobs on my desk which had to be done before 3pm. A stack of transparencies for an overhead projector; press releases to be made from bad carbon copies; ten of this, 500 of that, make sure this goes like that, these need to be typed up hope you can read my handwriting, see what you can think up for that one, and on and on and on. His attitude: he had to be on this morning's plane for Perth - all this stuff had to be done by 3 so he could take it with him - and, there are the machines, use them.

Like most executives and the majority of non-fannish kind, he has no idea of the limitations of this or just about any other kind of printing equipment, and is not awfully interested. No good trying to explain the physics of the thing, even if I could: you just do the job. So I did, and I am still amazed at the incredible things I produced yesterday. Now, while he is away, I have a few days to practice (and one of the things I have to practise is making corrections: for now you can put up with misspellings and typos such as "practice" back there). Maybe being thrown to the lions is the best way. I don't know.

I've run off Daryl Lindquist's cover, and about 25% of the copies came out the way I like to see spirit duplicating come out. I hope the three out of four readers who get faded copies will forgive me. For the interior I am carrying on in blind faith; I have no idea how this page, for example, will turn out. What I do know is that on this typewriter, which cuts stencils at pressure 3 and types normally on 2, I have to cut back to zero-minus pressure for spirit masters. That sounds crazy, but this machine is especially adjusted for stencil-cutting, and one notch below 0 seems to give a better result on these masters than the firm's

magnificent Selectric gives on maximum pressure. The Selectric, on 5, transfers less carbon to the master than this Executive does on 0. It also cuts a rotten stencil, as I've found to my disgust.

But enough of this pseudo-technical talk.

LAST WEEKEND, as I've already mentioned at length in Philosophical Gas 7 (not distributed through OMPA, I'm sorry, but you're not missing much), I had many phone calls from people who saw my ad in The Age for a flatmate - most of them totally unsuitable people, for which I blame The Age, but let's not go into that again.

Oddly, there were more calls on Sunday than on Saturday, and most of the people who called in came on Sunday night. I narrowed the choice down to two men and one young lady; the lady opted out on Monday, and I chose, after a lot of hard thinking, a gentleman named Bill Gross. It was a hard decision: the other man was an American named Tom Pinckard, who is a printer by trade and an avid science fiction reader. Bill I had, oddly enough, met briefly some months ago, and we have sufficient in common and sufficient to learn from each other, I think, to make for an interesting relationship. (Now why didn't I think as logically as that before I married? Does anyone?) I'll be keeping in touch with Tom, and I think Melbourne fandom might have a very valuable new member.

Monday is just about a total blank. I remember working like mad until about 8 at the office, and then dining with Robin Johnson.

On Tuesday the pace at work speeded up further, and by the time the Fordigraph bloke came I could hardly think straight. I pause to explain that I am sort of secretary and personal assistant to the Executive Director of the National Association of Retail Grocers of Australia. There are just the two of us. Both of us find it hard to remember, sometimes, that I am supposed to be doing basically a secretarial job - typing, filing, that sort of thing, and also all those little but very important things that a good secretary does, such as remembering things and anticipating things and remaining cool, calm and collected when the boss panics. In most of these respects I am a lousy secretary. When the boss panics, I don't panic, but I get gradually more infuriated with him. Not good. On Tuesday, about eleven, I reminded him



that we were both booked in for a four-hour seminar on "The Organization of Conventions" at the Prince's Gate Conference Centre, commencing 5.30. He had forgotten, and by 4.30, almost submerged in spirit duplicating supplies and stationery and the paper we had wasted, I had nearly forgotten, too. But I made it, and it was a pretty boring session, even if I did pick up a few ideas and contacts for the Australia in 75 Committee (which was the object of the exercise as far as I was concerned). I came back to the office, worked some more, and went home about midnight.

On Wednesday - yesterday - two thoughts were uppermost in my mind: that the boss had to have everything he needed for the Perth conference by 3, and that I had a blind date at 5.30. And, just to complicate matters, that I had been invited to the premiere of John Julian's film, "Carson's Watermelons", at the University at 8.30.

The boss left at 12 or thereabouts, and said he would be back at 3. I hoped so: I hadn't been paid. By 5.20 I had done everything except one pretty complex job requiring the Roneo, which of course is at home. I left him copious notes on my activities since his departure (including chasing all over Australia, via STD phone calls, for two films programmed for Perth on Friday, which apparently no-one had done anything about getting) and requests for information I would need while he was away. I concluded my note by saying I would finish typing the stencils, run them off, parcel up 200 copies and have them in the Priority-Paid-Air-Mail-Messenger-Delivery mail by 3.15 am. I then went off, wondering what kind of night I was in for, and knowing that however it turned out I had to go back to the office afterwards to type stencils, go home to run them off (annoy the neighbours as it might), and get back into the city by 3.15 am.

I had a most pleasant evening. The lady is very good company indeed, and moreover is the first person I have ever met who not only possesses but plays the krummhorn. A soprano krummhorn, of course. She has a lot of friends who play shawms and serpents and spinets and viola da gambas (violas da gamba?) and lutes and recorders and things. For her part, she was delighted to learn of the Society for Creative Anachronism, and... I think I might have started something. I mean, either the SCA gets a chapter in Melbourne, or I join a medieval/renaissance music group, or - or anything. The film was interesting and I look forward to asking John Julian tonight what it was about.

At 1.10 am I arrived back at the office. Prepared to put in a couple of hours, there and at home, before getting to bed - where I intended to stay until nature or the telephone awakened me - I was staggered to find a list of further instructions from the boss, including one that I should be at the Exhibition Buildings at 9 am to dismantle our display at the Grocers Convention. Oh hell.

I typed the stencils, went home and ran off the 400

copies, bundled up 200 of them, belted the VW down King's Way at 120 (km/h, that is: the material I had been typing was on metric conversion, and it's getting to me a bit), and made the post office by 3.10 am. While there I looked in my box, and - lo! - there was a despairing note from Robin Johnson about getting tape recorders and so on to the University for tonight's symposium on John Campbell. So I went to Robin's flat and put a note under his door requesting him to ring me about 8.

Which he did. The tape recorders are in the car as I write.

It is now 4.35 pm, and the symposium starts at 6.30. My original - no, my amended plan, was to dis-mantle our display at the Exhibition and go home to bed. But I dropped in at the office, where I started doing things like Philosophical Gas and answering the phone and opening the letters. Then Bill Wright rang with this this great idea about reproducing the 12 pages Locus ran on Campbell in issues 90 and 91, for use tonight.

So we did that. Fantastic what you can do fairly quickly with a Fordifax and a Fordigraph. Not nice reproduction but quick and readable and what more can you ask?

A programme for tonight, that's what. So I typed that up and ran off, optimistically, 100 copies.

Before Bill arrived to help with the above (lucky the boss is away, isn't it), my mother rang to say that my Uncle George died yesterday and the funeral is tomorrow at 10.30.

Tomorrow night I think is free. Saturday, Bill - flatmate Bill - moves in. Sunday, there's an Australia in 75 Committee meeting.

Someone once made some estimate of the amount of rest to which the wicked are entitled, and I seem to be getting it.

See you next mailing, folks.

