



PHILOSOPHICAL GAS

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS

was first published by Scythrop Glowry in 18-oh-dot and subsequently resurrected by John Bangsund (now residing at PO Box 230, Kew 3101, Australia) in 1970. According to Bruce Gillespie (scholar of this town, publisher of the estimable SF Commentary), I am still publishing Philosophical Gas – indeed he has suggested warmly in SFC 55/56 that people write and ask me for copies – and thinking about it, I realize that of course I have gone on publishing that journal; it was but a momentary aberration that I should have misspelt the title (as 'Parergon Papers', an easy enough slip of the pen) on the issues that appeared from time to time during 1977-79, and absent-mindedly numbered those issues from 1 to 12. They were in fact Philosophical Gas nos. 38 to 49, and this is no.50, tentatively dated November 1979. We used to have a quotation from Jack Speer in this colophon, but I have just mislaid it; instead it may be appropriate to quote this time George Turner, who in SFC 55/56 refers to 'Bangsund's penchant for producing erratic magazines under erratic titles at erratic intervals and for writing belles lettres on anything that strikes his fancy, except sf'.

I have never admitted this to anyone, not even George, but I gave up reading science fiction in 1971 when I heard that John Campbell was dead. It was the least I could do to show my respect for the man who made sf what it was. 'Ichabod!' I cried, and have read nothing but fanzines and the Commonwealth Style Manual since. This is my sole reason for not writing about sf. And, it follows, for not rushing out to buy each new Paul Collins anthology as it appears, but instead mortifying myself by ferreting out, paying absurd prices for, and then listlessly flicking through, such turgid old tomes as Flinders's Voyage to Terra Australis and Anthony's Trollopes of Australia. Pardon me, I'll read that again: 'and Anthony Trollope's Australia'. Some of Trollope's stuff, I sometimes think, could give sf writers some good ideas to work on – but no, I have sworn a sollomy swear (thank you, as ever, Rick Sneary) not to write about such things until Campbell Shall Come Again.

A few months ago I wrote a powerful piece for the National Times about how sf writers get their best ideas from Anthony Trollope. If the editor is saving it up for his Xmas Bumper Issue he might have had the decency to tell me before now. Then I sent it to Nation Review, and that journal seems to have died. I showed it to George Turner, who said it was 'erratic', or something like that, and to John Foyster, who said he liked the bit in the middle. 'Which bit?' I said, and he pointed to a sentence that I didn't think was any good at all. It's deleted from the version that follows.

I'LL BET you never wondered before where writers get their ideas from, eh? You probably thought they just made them up out of thin air. Dear me. As long ago as the year before last I found out where writers get their ideas from, and it was an amazing revelation. I had just met an American science-fiction writer named Vonda McIntyre, and I thought, by crikey, here's my opportunity, and I asked her where she gets her ideas from. 'Schenectady,' she said.

On the hottest day of 1977 I took Vonda to a radio station in Adelaide to be interviewed on a talk-back show. In between commercials for plumbing appliances the DJ asked her some pretty stupid questions about 'sky-file', as he called it. No-one rang up to talk back, so he started repeating the commercials and asking even stupider questions. Afterwards Vonda asked me where he got his ideas from. 'Well, I imagine he watches Clive Hale on telly,' I said, 'but it might be something to do with the water.' 'Uhuh,' said Vonda, who had tried the water. 'Or the salt damp,' I said. 'Terrible thing, salt damp – that and dry rot – they're everywhere in Adelaide.' 'Uhuh,' said Vonda, who had noticed one or both of these things at our place, especially in the spare room where we put visiting writers. If you are ever in Seattle and you see a Chev Comaro convertible with a 5DN bumper-sticker, that's Vonda's. I believe she tells people these days that she gets her ideas from North Adelaide.

The truth is that we are surrounded by ideas. The air is full of 'em. Only recently I found out why this is so. We had this Spiritualist chap drop in on us, a delightful bloke, fascinating to listen to, bursting with vitality and beaming good will – fatter than me, too, something I always admire about a man. He was selling framed prints door to door. I can't recall his exact words, but he said he could sense thousands of spirits in the house. They were sort of chattering away to him from our books. We have quite a few books about the place, and over the years many of them have spoken to me, but not out loud, if you follow me.

My wife innocently said something about hearing mice in the ceiling sometimes, and he said very gently that maybe it wasn't mice. A very thoughtful sort of look appeared on my wife's face – a sort of 'more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, and for all we know, the ceiling' look. Ghost-writers in the sky, I thought, but I wasn't so disrespectful as to say it, or even hum it. Just as well. This chap was dead serious.

As I said, he was bigger than me, and I'd probably

already offended him by claiming to be a Seventh Day Balloonist when he said he was a Spiritualist, so we got talking about books. He said books have had it. Outmoded. Besides that, he doesn't need a houseful of books because he has total recall, and he's a speed-reader into the bargain. Amazing. With abilities like that I wouldn't need books either. (Also I'd be on the Don Lane Show, or Mastermind, before you could say 'Jack, you need an agent!') I thought I'd get off books then, because the subject was dejecting me, and I said how much I liked the enormous framed McCubbin print he had with him. He looked at it as though he'd forgotten what he'd called in about and said 'Oh, I thought it was a Tom Roberts. Obviously you know more about art than I do.'

I'm not sure what to make of that. I don't know a damn thing about art. I'm not even sure what I like.

One thing I do know a fair bit about is sound economic management. Not only do I read the newspapers, but I did a unit in this subject as part of my degree course at Ard-Knox. An MBE, it was. Master of Biblical Engineering, yes – a sort of multi-disciplinary kind of course – and I studied under the great Primo Macellaro, Reader in Sound Economic Management and Abstract Vivisection at Ard-Knox, and to him alone I owe my truly awesome knowledge of the subject. Primo (I started off calling him Mister, then Signor, but we got closer over the years) agrees with me that, despite rampant speculation, Australia is unlikely to devalue the kilometre in the near future. (I did a unit in Near Futures, too. I'll tell you about that some time. There's no hurry.)

What has Australia to gain by devaluing the kilometre?

Obviously there's political mileage in it. (Kilometrage? O, brave new world!) A boon to people who alter car odometers for a living, naturally. But what else? We talked to a few People In The Street about it.

'Well, obviously,' said Malcolm Fraser, an honest farmer we met in Toorak, 'devaluation of the kilometre will mean increased savings for the average decent Australian in terms of miles per gallon or kilowatts or litres or something – I've just forgotten the appropriate details, but they were all clearly set out in a dry, boring old talk I gave on television recently. Much more important, though, and I urge you to consider the question carefully: do you realize that they are holding this country to ransom?' 'Who?' we asked, 'the kilowatts or the television?' 'Them!' he said, and scuttled away in an unmarked Bugatti.

'The proposal, as I understand it,' said Bill Hayden, an honest earnest young cop we met at Inala, 'is that the kilometre should be tied to a mixed basket of international units of linear measurement. If I may explain the absurdity of this, it means that this week we may have parity with the Dutch kilometre and next week with the pre-revolutionary Russian verst or, for all I know, the Tongan pa'anga. Now clearly this will be very confusing to the average Australian motorist. It would not be true to say that he won't know whether he's coming or going, because Labor's policy of universal free rear-vision mirrors did away with all that, and try as it might, the present government will find it pretty hard to dismantle that bit of legislation, but yes, it will be confusing for the average Australian motorist, whichever way he is going, and it would clearly be a retrograde step, in my view.'

'And Medibank?' we cried out, but he had gone.

Bob Viner, an honest conveyancing clerk we talked to in Yokine, said it was a good move in the right direction. 'Look at it this way,' he said to another Person In The Street, who shuffled off in acute embarrassment, 'By tying the kilometre to a mixed bag of foreign miles we can reduce unemployment.' 'How?' we asked. 'Well, all the road signs on every highway and byway in the country will be inaccurate, won't they?' 'Yes,' we said. 'Well, we'll get the dole-bludgers pardon me unemployment beneficiaries out there, on every corner and up and down the nation's roads, holding up signs with the latest gazetted distances on 'em!' 'Yes?' 'Well, it'll solve the unemployment problem and we'll get back in, right?' 'But who will pay all these people?' we asked. 'Not my portfolio, mate,' said this most refreshingly honest chap.

Whose portfolio, then, whose problem? We tracked down an honest politician in a back street at Largs Bay who agreed to act as a Person In The Street only if we withheld his name, because even his closest colleagues don't know about his honest business in Largs yet. 'This would be a matter for the States and local councils, certainly,' he said. 'The federal government's function is to formulate policy and pass it on to the nation, not to work out who ends up paying for it, good heavens, no. The poor blighters have enough to worry about without that sort of thing. Ask your local member, why don't you?'

We tried to speak to our local members, federal and State, but one was chairing an international conference on foreign ministers' retirement benefits in Honolulu and the other was in recess.

So we finished up talking to ourselves, as usual. I said to Primo that the only thing I'd learnt of

any value was that, if the kilometre is devalued, Canberra will be further away from most of us than ever. Primo said that most people would welcome this move, of course, but whether the new scheme takes off or not, he can only see Canberra getting closer to us, one way or another.

I could only agree. People in America feel the same way about Washington (DC), and people in Scotland the same about Glasgow. It's a worldwide phenomenon, and something Captain Cook would never have dreamed of.

Oddly enough, though it has nothing to do with the subject, but I think it's fascinating, one of Primo Macellaro's ancestors sailed with Captain Cook – and several others arrived here during the 1850s, and two turned up only last week from Perugia. Talking to people like Primo gives you a – how can I put it? – a sort of sense of history – the feeling that, somehow, somewhere out there, there's a real world. Know what I mean?

3 November Someone in the New Scientist recently referred to Margaret Thatcher as the Mogatollah. I liked that. I forgot entirely to mention it last night to Mike Clark, our friend from Adelaide who is on the last leg of his PhD in psycholinguistics, but who (despite that) remains our friend because he graduated long ago in the Ard-Knox school of verbal gymnastics. In fact we (I should blush to say I) gave him his final assignment in that school by introducing him to the works of Brian O'Nolan, from which, happily, he has not yet recovered. I asked him what Flann O'Brien and puns and that sort of thing had to do with psycholinguistics. 'Well, nothing actually,' he said, and went off on some line he'd picked up from Norm Chomsky (sometimes incorrectly spelt 'Noam', he said) that eluded me entirely and made me wish I hadn't asked, but it was all very instructive, in an obscure sort of way. We were having dinner with Mike, and Elaine and Bruce Gillespie, at a pancake place in Carlton, and it was that kind of night, you know, awfully friendly and incredibly instructive, but sort of obscure. A bit like life in general, if you follow me.

Then tonight we ran into Jenny and John Foyster at our favourite Chinese restaurant (it had to happen sooner or later, since they introduced us to it), and we got the same feeling. It's a feeling you get a lot in Melbourne, actually, if you have the right sort of friends and are open to any old experience that's going. Well, not quite all – let's be honest – but a lot. And what we have here, we think, is just about all we want. It's a good feeling.

What isn't a good feeling is that, settled as we have come to think we are at 7 Derby Street, we have suddenly got the itch to move. If you could see the mounds and crates of books and furniture and books and papers and odds and ends that we have here, you would appreciate roughly how potent that itch has to be. And it all has to do with the fact that we have new neighbours.

Let's call him Keith. He does. He wears singlets, of all colours (today's was bright yellow), in all weathers, and he's in his late 50s/early 60s and has just retired from a labouring job with the Kew Council. A nice, ordinary sort of Australian. Probably votes Labor even (but I wouldn't dare ask him, in case he thinks about me and changes his mind). He used to live across the street, in one of the little houses owned by the Kew Council. Then, suddenly, two weeks ago, our quiet Macedonian neighbours next door disappeared, and Keith moved in – with his wife and son and cat and Falcon station-wagon and yappy little dog and CB radio and everything. And they're up and yelling and yapping and yowling at each other at 5 am, and keeping it up until sunset, and CB-ing us out of our minds at all hours, and – we're spoilt, we know, dead spoilt, but we're thinking seriously of moving, and it's a damn shame, but that's life. We actually came home from Bruce and Elaine's last night and said how lucky we were that we weren't buying this place.

The thing is, probably, I think, that we haven't worked ourselves out yet, having been together only six and a half years, so we're not prepared yet for rackety neighbours. Sally and I are the kind of couple that really need a desert island somewhere to get ourselves sorted out, before we venture into the wide world of Other People – on a close-up, everyday sort of scale, if you get my drift. The fault (we have this sinking kind of feeling) is not in our stars, but in – well, in something Norm Chomsky hasn't adequately explained to us so far.

Keith's Falcon has driving lights, and a stone-screen in front of the windscreen, and a pack-rack, and a ten-foot aerial, and inside it's littered with all the sort of gear you would expect to need on a transcontinental trip. The furthest I've seen him drive it is two blocks away to the nearest pub. If I only had the will I could write a brilliant story about Keith and his Falcon and his CB and so on. But with the same will I could ignore him and get on with my work – and I can't! Mind you, I am quite unemotional about the whole business. You should hear Sally. Anyway, that's how we came to give up the Muppets tonight and go out for dinner (two nights in a row: at this rate we'll be broke by January) and run into John and Jenny. The relief should see us through the weekend.

3 December 'Tentatively dated November'? I'm glad I said that. There's been a lot of blood under the bridge in the month that went by as you turned the page. Keith? No, he's okay so far, despite Sally's homicidal regard for him. (It turns out he's younger than I thought, he was sacked by the Council, which is why he had to move, and he's on the dole. He has just bought a new caravan. At least once a day he hitches it to his Falcon and takes it round the block. When he gets back he tells the street how it's running.) Our itch to move has become so unbearable that we've taken Desperate Measures to take our minds off it: we are buying a house. At least, we think we are buying a house. It will be another three weeks before we know whether the building society will lend us the money, and that's a powerful matter to occupy our minds for a start. Will the Australian publishing industry be able and willing to support me for the next quarter-century, so we can meet the repayments, if we get the loan? That's another. The house is quite ordinary, but it's in a rotten suburb. Do we really want to live in West Heidelberg? What do we do if the nice Vietnamese move out of the house next door and Keith's brother moves in? Well, I've thought about that, and I know exactly what we'll do. We'll kidnap the entire staff of CB Action magazine and hold them hostage until he moves right out again.

About the time I started this issue the US embassy in Tehran was taken over by local students, who want their Shah back so they can give him a decent Islamic burial, and they and their hostages are still there as I write. The Shah (it says in all the papers this morning) has been moved from New York to Texas, which you might think would be a fate bad enough for anyone, but the students still want him back. As the world awaits the next dangerous move in this dangerous game I take my mind off it by wondering what those students are studying, and when. Maybe the whole thing is a kind of vacation assignment.

What can you do? Burning a flag or chucking rocks at an embassy or an Iranian won't help. Assassinating Khomeiny won't help either: Mrs Carter's outspoken contrary opinion is as irresponsible as anything the Ayatollah has said. Patrick Cook, in a brilliant cartoon in the National Times a few weeks ago, gave his considered opinion on the matter; under a glowering ayatollah Cook's common man writhes on his sleepless bed and prays:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
Teeth and glasses on the shelf.
If war breaks out before I wake,
Kindly keep it to yourself.

Meanwhile, in Czechoslovakia possession of a duplicator is a crime that carries the same penalty as rape. And in Kampuchea... No, enough,

BIBLIOGRAFFITI

Or: I MUST BE TALKING TO LEIGH EDMONDS
Or: Select Documents in Parergastical History

The Tenth Anniversary Mailing of ANZAPA, all 413 pages of it, appeared (if that's the word I'm scratching about for) in October 1978, and I've been writing a mailing comment on it ever since. The comment isn't finished yet, but I don't think I'll be able to do any more work on it for a while, so what we have here is a sort of mailing comment in progress. Documentary theorists should be able to detect traces of at least eight drafts.

I really was impressed by Leigh Edmonds' little effort in ANZAPA 64. What I set out to do in THE ANZAPA BOOK in 1977, and gave up early as an almost impossible job, Leigh has calmly done in one go, just like that. DIPPING INTO ANZAPA covers only (only!) the first twenty-two mailings, but everything I had planned to do is there: contents of each mailing, membership, and a selection of representative pieces. In the latter respect Leigh has done us a better service than I would have, because I had in mind a 'best of ANZAPA', whereas he has selected material that more accurately reflects the character of ANZAPA. Then, in TEN YEARS - WHO DID WHAT, he lists under members' names every contribution to the first sixty-three mailings. Altogether this stuff runs to 96 pages, and it's easily the most impressive single work of fan bibliography I have ever seen. (Bob Pavlat's FAPA BOOK is the most impressive continuing work.) Leigh claims a 95-98% accuracy rating, which seems about right. It's 2-5% less accurate than he or we would like, but that doesn't detract at all from a really magnificent achievement.

I'm not sure whether I'm more surprised at the number of things I have contributed to ANZAPA (106 items, according to Leigh) or the number of things I haven't. I have no way of checking Leigh's statistics on me, because for ten years I systematically lost or sold my copies of the mailings. Most of my fanzine accumulation went to Murdoch University Library in 1975; the stuff that has piled up since, about two metres of it, is mostly in boxes in the sleepout, neatly sorted into 'Aust' and 'O/S'; and the things I particularly value, from 1963 to date, are mostly in envelopes labelled with their publishers' names. My own stuff takes up much more space, for reasons I don't care to discuss again here.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (20 issues) is represented in the Edmondscyclopedia by one issue - no. 20, in ANZAPA 5. I only put it in so John Ryan could say he'd seen a copy (more likely, because I couldn't afford to post it out).

SCYTHROP (8 issues) succeeded ASFR and continued its numbering. Apparently only no.27 ever got into ANZAPA (when it was published, that is; a number of back issues of various things were in mailing 65).

THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER (14 issues) was my first apazine, and I thought every issue appeared in ANZAPA. Leigh doesn't list no.14, which most people got as a supplement to PG 29, and I thought this was an understandable oversight on his part until I noticed that PG 29 isn't listed either, which perhaps makes it an overstandable oversight. (Someone may care to check mailing 42, which is where both would have appeared if at all.) The first seven NMHs were in mailings 1-5; no.8 was done in January 1974 for the Canadian 'apa with no rules'; nos.9-13 appeared in mailings 37-41.

CROG! (or The Chrononhotonthological Review) (9 issues) succeeded NMH and appeared in mailings 6-13. I recall intending to change my ANZAPAZINE's name each year, with the first issue appearing in the anniversary mailing. That obviously didn't work out. At the end of 1976 I decided to change the title every mailing, using a quotation from the current mailing as title for the next (hence Deja Voodoo, Claws, Drooping In At The Horvat's). That didn't last long either.

LODBROG (5 issues, numbered 1-4, 6). No.4 was done for OMPA and printed by Dave Piper in England; it didn't appear in ANZAPA. No.6 did, though it isn't in Leigh's list; it was part of Scythrop 27. I don't know whether I did a no. 5, but it seems most likely that I didn't.

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS (50 issues, including 12 accidentally misspelt 'Parergon Papers', all Bruce Gillespie's fault; he made the mistake, I am but a simple opportunist) started as my contribution to the Nova Mob's short-lived Apa-Nova. I'm surprised that no.1 didn't appear in ANZAPA. No.5 appeared in mailing 17 as part of Lodbrog 2. The issue numbered 5 by Leigh may have been 6, which he does not list, but which was certainly there: it was the first draft of 'John W. Campbell and the Meat Market'. Nos. 12 and 13 aren't listed but were certainly published for ANZAPA; 13 even has mailing comments. No.15 went only to FAPA; 21 and a variant version of 22 were suppressed (some readers probably have no idea how shy I was in those days; I used to get drunk and embarrassed a lot, too, drunk while writing and embarrassed when I'd sobered up enough to read what I'd run off; then I met Sally and gradually became a good citizen). I have no idea why 25, 26, 27 and 29 didn't get in.

BUNDALOHN QUARTERLY (4 issues) was going to be my FAPAZINE. Like any neofan, I planned to hit every mailing with it, and each issue would be full

of mailing comments. PG would continue as my ANZAPAZINE and Scythrop as my genzine; I had it all worked out. Before I could complete the first issue I had moved from Bundalohn Court to Canberra. That's why I never got round to publishing my fantastic new fanzine QV. Maybe I could fit in a quick issue before we leave Kew, but it wouldn't be the same really, knowing in advance. BQ 2 and 3 were exclusively FAPA mailing comments; no.4 says it's for ANZAPA and OMPA, but I don't think it ever got to either.

God, this is boring. Is it true that bibliography is what clever people do when they've run out of cryptic crossword puzzles? I ask only because I've never run out. In fact I'm still working on one I cut out of The Australian in 1974. That was just before I cut out The Australian.

REVOLTING TALES OF SEX AND SUPER-SCIENCE (7 issues) was started for Africapa, but no.2 went to FAPA, no.3 to OMPA, no.4 to FAPA and some unanswered correspondents, nos. 5 and 6 to ANZAPA, no.7 quite possibly nowhere. Leigh lists 1, 5 and 6. No.4 got more response, in the way of letters and mailing comments, than anything I have published since ASFR, and if success in fanzine publishing may be measured by the ratio of response to circulation, this is the most successful fanzine issue I have ever published. I've often looked at it since and wondered what I did right.

STUNNED MULLET (7 or 8 issues) lived up to its name from the start. No.1 was printed offset. The printer went on holidays. I couldn't wait for him to return, so I did the other no.1 on the Roneo. How was I to know that he'd done the job before he went? Leigh lists no.1, but not no.1. He also lists no.2, which I'm pretty sure I didn't publish, but you never know; certainly I don't have a copy. No.4, not listed, I think was part of Philosophical Ferret, which I think was a modified version of PG 33; I have a copy of SM4 but not PF.

PARERAGON PAPERS (12 issues) started in July 1977 and were yet another attempt to confine all my fanzine publishing to one title. I don't really blame Bruce for confusing it/them with Philosophical Gas; at their best and at their worst they were very similar. The name no longer means anything; depending on how you look at it, none of my time is spare time these days, or all of it is.

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN: I have done 7 of them, for mailings 8 and 56-61. Not my most interesting fanzine, but at least it appeared regularly. You could say the same about THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER (18 issues), which gets into ANZAPA at my expense, not the Society's.

Still there? Good. We're just getting to the really interesting part. There's a deliberate typing error on this page. It's there mainly for Derrick Ashby's enjoyment, but you can look for it too if you want to. Derrick is a librarian by trade. I think he's employed to count the pages in each book, then do an analysis of the ratio of printed pages to purchase price to publisher, modified by authors' surnames and star signs, the result of which he presents to his chief, who passes it all on to the town clerk, who says the library must buy more westerns, because that's all he reads. In his spare time Derrick keeps records of scrabble scores, car number-plates and contributions to ANZAPA. His latest statistical bulletin (which I've lost already: I'd lose me head if it wasn't screwed on properly, me mum always used to say) warns me that I'm going awfully close to contributing my thousandth page to ANZAPA. We must liaise about this, Derrick, because I'd like page 1000 to be a bit special. Also I'm relying on you to check Leigh's statistics in the light of the information I'm so carefully providing in this gripping article.

Leigh, meanwhile, not content with his incredible performance in ANZAPA 64, has blithely knocked up a little list of his first 500 fanzines, all in chronological order, with details of page numbers, distribution, colour of paper, length of residence at above address and what he had for breakfast. Leigh isn't a librarian. He's a lapsed Methodist and unreconstructed public servant, which probably amounts to the same thing. You could hate him for his sober methodical industriousness if he wasn't such a nice bloke, good writer and lousy speller.

I have no intention of producing a long boring list like Leigh's. The long boring list I do intend to produce is Significantly Different. For a start, it's alphabetical, not chronological. There's a good reason for that. The list includes all the fanzines (and other fan publications) I can recall publishing, from ASFR 1: June 1966 to Hanrahan 1: January 1980. The first figure in brackets is the number of issues I think I published; the following figures (if any) indicate the issues I had on file last time I looked. Last time I looked I couldn't find the file.

ADVENTION 1972: HANDBOOK (1:1)
 ANNOUNCING: AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION
 YEARBOOK VOLUME 1 (1:1) *sob*
 ANNUAL SAVE-BANGSUND-FROM-BANKRUPTCY
 SALE (1:1) Only one? Must've changed title.
 THE ANZAPA BOOK (2:2)
 ANZAPOPLL Title varies, including I Must Be
 Talking To Myself (1975; no-one else voted).
 I've conducted the poll four times, so make
 it 8 issues. (8:1-5, 7, 8)
 APPLE CORFLU (1:1)

AUSTRALIA IN SEVENTY-FIVE: THE FACTS was
 a supplement to A75 Bulletin 3.
 AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY (4:1-4)
 AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW (20:1-20)
 AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 7½ was a
 special issue for the 1967 British SF Convention.
 Perhaps 6 copies stayed in Australia, and until
 recently I believed I had one. (1:)
 AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW: TWELFTH
 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (= Parergon Papers 8)
 AVE ATQUE VALE! (1:)
 A75 BULLETIN Might have known this would get
 complicated. I published 4 issues that I know
 of: 1-3, 7. I don't know how many issues were
 done altogether. I have nos. 1-3, 5-9, 13.
 BLOODY OAF 2 (with John Foyster) (1:)
 BUNDALOHN QUARTERLY (4:1-4)
 BYO-CON 1973: DO-IT-YOURSELF HANDBOOK
 (cover and some of contents) (1:1)
 CANTO 2: TENTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE (= NMH 13)
 CHRONONHOTONTHOLOGICAL REVIEW (= Crog!)
 CLAWS (1:1)
 A CLIP ON THE EAR (with John Foyster) (1:)
 CONSTITUTIONAL STUFF (with Leigh Edmonds &
 Paul Stevens) (1:)
 THE COSMIC DUSTBUG The only copy I have is
 no.10, but I don't think I did 10 issues. (6?:10)
 CROG! (9:1-9)
 DEJA VOODOO (1:1)
 D*N*Q (Defiantly Normal Quarto: jointly with
 Sally: my part was Flagondry 1)
 DROOPING IN AT THE HORVAT'S (1:1)
 ELEVENTH AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION
 CONVENTION (1972): HANDBOOK (1:1)
 FAPANZAPABITS (1:1)
 FIRST DRAFT (1:1)
 FLAGONDY (3:1-3)
 HALLIFORD HOUSE NEWSLETTER (4?:1-4)
 HANRAHAN (1:1)
 I MUST BE TALKING TO MYSELF (= Anzapopoll
 results 1975)
 INFERNANTWOBBLEPROURBULENTGOBULATOR
 I don't have a copy, but that's closer to the
 spelling than Leigh's version. (1:)
 JOHN W. CAMPBELL: AN AUSTRALIAN
 TRIBUTE (1:1)
 LODBROG (5?:1-4, 6)
 MEMO AUSTRALIA IN 75 COMMITTEE (?; two
 unnumbered issues)
 A MOVING STORY (2?: two unnumbered issues)
 THE NEW MILLENNIAL HARBINGER (14:1-14)
 NINTH AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION
 CONVENTION (1970): HANDBOOK (1:1)
 A NOTE FOR ANZAPANS (1:1)
 A NOTE FROM THE PRINTER (1:)
 OFFICIAL ORGAN (7:8, 56-61)
 ORGANIZATION MAN (1?:1)
 PARERGA (1?:1)
 PARERAGON PAPERS (12:1-12; now = PG 38-49)
 PHILOSOPHICAL FERRET (= PG 33?+?) (1:)

PHILOSOPHICAL GAS (50: 1-22, 22a, 23-36,
 Parergon Papers 1-12, 50)
 PICKING UP THE PIECES (1:)
 A POSTSCRIPT TO ANZAPA 57 (1:1)
 PROCEEDINGS OF THE THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK
 SOCIETY OF AUSTRALIA (1:)
 PROCRUSTEAN PAPERS (1:1)
 REVOLTING TALES OF SEX AND SUPER-SCIENCE
 (7:1-7)
 REWOLF-GALF? (1:1)
 SCYTHROP (8:21-28)
 THE SOCIETY OF EDITORS NEWSLETTER
 (18:v8n1-10, v9n1-5, 3 unnumbered issues)
 STUNNED MULLET (7?:1, 1, 3-7)
 SWINE FEVER (jointly with Sally: my parts were
 Apple Corflu 1 and Flagondry 2, the latter
 including a contents listing of Parergon Papers)
 TENTH AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION
 CONVENTION (1971): HANDBOOK (1:1)
 THIS IS NOT A FANZINE (1:1)
 THIS IS THE PLACE (1:1)
 THE TIMES BICYCLE PUMP SUPPLEMENT
 (= Parergon Papers 11, 12)
 THE WEDDING 2 (1:1)
 21st JULY 1973 AT 46a WENTWORTH AVENUE,
 KINGSTON, ACT 2604 (1:1)

All of which adds up to 218 publications in 13 years 7 months, or an average of one every 23 days. Total pages about 3000, calculated by comparing the thickness of the file with three reams of paper, subtracting for thickness of ink, adding for items missing from file, dividing by the number I first thought of, multiplying by the number you first thought of, stirring gently for 15 minutes and placing in a cold oven until ready. Which doesn't make me any kind of publishing giant, obviously (Leigh has done well over 4000 pages in 11½ years), but it's an awesome amount of paper and ink I've wasted.

A few months ago I visited Phillip Adams in his cool, dark little grotto in St Kilda Road, and the first thing he said to me was 'Well, what are you going to do with your life? You've pissed away the last ten years.' With variations, people have been saying that to me for quite a while, and I appreciate their kindness and concern. It's quite true that I have squandered my time, my talent, my money, my health. It is also true that if I had stayed in my first decent job I would by now be at least office manager in the electricity supply department at the Northcote Town Hall, possibly even deputy town clerk, with 25 years service behind me, a nice house in Ivanhoe, three grown-up children, a Peugeot 604 and a collection of 10 000 fine and rare books, and I would be on first-name terms with the political, religious and business leaders of the community in which I was born. I would vote Liberal. I would be unhappy.

As it is, I think life has been kind to me, and in particular I have a lot to thank science fiction fandom for. I have yet to write a book or even a regular column for a newspaper (and, with respect to those who think I should, I don't lose much sleep over this), but I wonder sometimes whether I would ever have written anything at all if I had not been introduced to fandom and fanzines.

Certainly I owe my living to fandom. In 1968 I applied for a job as assistant editor of Materials Handling & Packaging. Rick Stevens asked me what experience I'd had in journalism, and I said None, except publishing these, and handed him a stack of ASFRs, and I got the job. That job led to a B-grade journalist position at The Age (vacated by a fan named Damien Broderick, who recommended me for it), which in turn led to an A-grade job in Canberra, editing politicians and public servants, which impressed John Pitson enough to give me a job as editor with the Australian Government Publishing Service, which Mike Page thought qualified me to be a senior editor at Rigby's in Adelaide - and this accumulated experience, along with several stints as printer's reader (I've been in and out of the PKIU like a yo-yo) and a few other useful things, not least the practising of writing and editing in fanzines, has enabled me to survive as a freelance book editor.

I enjoy editing (or copy-editing, sub-editing, desk-editing: call it what you will), and I don't think it's only because I prefer correcting other people's mistakes to being embarrassed by my own (I have, after all, been blasted by Jim Blish: after that nothing hurts). I enjoy it for the same reason that I enjoy publishing fanzines.

'At both school and university I was lucky to be in a very mixed group of people who were committed to a wide range of different things, and one could taste the lot. A publisher must have the absorptiveness of a sponge coupled to the commitment of a butterfly. Anyone who is sufficiently interested in anything to do a Ph D will not make a publisher. Conversely, a publisher must find everything in the world interesting enough to warrant alighting on it for a few seconds.'

Thus Nick Hudson, managing director of Heinemann Educational Australia, addressing the March 1979 meeting of the Society of Editors. I can think of no better way of summing up why I enjoy doing what I'm doing - except that for 'university' you must substitute 'fandom'.

I don't feel guilty about enjoying my work. Often I feel guilty about squandering my talent. But lately I've been wondering whether, after all, my talent is for doing precisely what I'm doing.

