



bearded dragon

1970  
telephone  
directory

ARARAT · BALLARAT  
HOPETOUN · HORSHAM  
NHILL districts



Da Symbolese Liberation Armyygonna getcha!

XX

EINE KLEINE NICHTWAHRMUSIK

or PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 61

FEBRUARY 1982

is published by John Bangsund, PO Box 171, Fairfield,  
Victoria 3078, Australia Incognita, for the usual lot of  
well-wishers, spongers, sycophants, peers and groundlings,  
John Foyster and your good self.

XX

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. If you want a Selectric, there are plenty of reconditioned IIs around and a few new ones, but mostly you'll be offered a new 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 buggerizing 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 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 it 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 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.

RRR |||||||||

A little problem I've been having lately is underlined by some of Marc's comments in Q36 G. Marc reports conversations with Mike Glicksohn, John Berry and maybe others, and says that the Australian fandom they know is not the fandom he knows. That's okay. We know that there was a great influx of new people in 1975. Mike and John didn't meet them then, because they couldn't, and so far, if they've heard of them at all, they are just names. That's okay, too. But I live here, and I don't know these people either. Entirely my fault? Of course. But it's a fact.

Not only am I out of touch with Australian fandom, but going by the letters Dick Bergeron has quoted to me in a recent letter, I am utterly out of touch with the entire spectrum of contemporary fandom. Dick even quotes young Ted White as saying that I have no 'contemporaninity'. That's pretty serious, I think.

When I read about Marc Ortlieb talking to Jack Speer and Art Widner, I wonder just how out of touch I am. I mean, these people are at where it's all happening at, and I'm not. I'm stuck here in Alphington, south-east of Ouyen and then some, and it's lovely to get up early in the morning (or wander out very late at night) and listen to the kookaburras singing their idiot heads off, but a humming centre of fannish activity Alphington is not. I'm not even sure the Roneo still works.

I may pursue this subject some time. Not now. Thinking about it for even a moment makes me wonder whether I'm just an old fossil talking to myself, and that's no way to start a brand-new fanzine-publishing year.

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I did an odd thing one night in December. I was sitting here, doing whatever I was doing, I forget what, and I suddenly decided, quite calmly, that I would go away for the night. So I did. Sally had gone to bed, it was about midnight. I got some pillows and blankets, piled them in the car, and just drove off. Ferntree Gully, Belgrave, very sleepy little places that time of night, then Kallista, where I turned off the main road, and somehow made a wrong turning, intending to head for The Patch, but somehow found myself coming into Emerald. Okay. I headed for Emerald Lake, down a fairly familiar road. The entrance to the lake was well lit. And there was a big sign up that said dog patrols were out looking for vagrants like me, so I turned round and went on. A few miles along the Beaconsfield road I saw a sign that said 'Lookout ahead', so I watched for it, found it, and pulled into a decent-sized parking spot. I slept for six hours or so in the Renault, got up bright and early, hiked up the hill to the lookout over the Cardinia Reservoir, then came home. Sally was about to leave for work. She said she was glad I'd done it, getting that urge out of my system, and later admitted she was even happier I'd come home. I'm quite sure she knew that I needed to get out for a while to reassure myself that the country I love is still there. But it really is odd, isn't it, that I need it so badly. Other people just take holidays. I don't get holidays, I hate this house we're renting, and I feel myself getting staler by the minute. This year - I tell myself - this year something just has to happen.

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The lady at the tobacconist's shop in Fairfield, a lovely lady who looks like Elizabeth Taylor gone wrong (or right, depending on how you look at it), asked me if I was going away for Xmas. 'I'm hoping to get to Elsternwick,' I said, and she roared laughing. I was serious. I guess all her customers have heard the joke since. As it happened, I got to Research as well as Elsternwick. Some people I know got to Paris.

FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE COMPOSERS  
*Another list for Leanne*

Alejo Carpentier refers in *The Lost Steps* to a particular form of laziness that consists in bringing great energy to tasks not exactly those one should be doing. I suffer a lot from this disorder. One of its manifestations in recent months (mid-1980 still seems recent to me) is the long and mostly pleasant task of finding out what music I have recorded on tapes and cassettes, and listing and indexing what I want to keep. The listing part is now virtually complete: I have a pretty accurate record of what's on 295 cassettes and 190 open-reel tapes. The next stage is to index all this stuff. An earlier index exists, but it's hopelessly out of date, so I started again, and at this point I have a list of composers and the numbers of the tapes they appear on. This information is compiled in such a way that my next task is to type a list of the composers (and after that, sort them into alphabetical order), and I thought I might just as well do it on stencil — if only to allow John Foyster to worry about the total absence of Louis M. Gottschalk from my collection. When this work is finished, there are 500-odd records to catalogue. You may think this an absurd waste of time, and so it is. I do it for the same reason that people who can't write science fiction, and can't say why they liked this book but not that, compile indexes of science fiction.

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Andriessen	Banks	Boccherini	Cabezon
Atterberg	Butterley	Boer	Chabrier
Alabiev	Bonighton	Beck	Chopin
Arensky	Burrows	Bridge	Crusell
Albeniz, I.	Brewster-Jones	Babbitt	Crumb
Alwyn	Benjamin	Berio	Coates
Alfven	Berlioz	Bernstein	Castelnuovo-
Aulin	Bree	Buxtehude	Tedesco
Ahearn	Bizet	Bruhns	Copland
Alkan	Bresgen	Brant	Colding-
Arne	Bononcini	Butterworth	Jorgensen
Adam	Bliss	Boieldieu	Charpentier, M.A.
Albrechtsberger	Bloch	Bertrand	Couperin, F.
Arma	Burkhard	Bolcom	Csermak
Allegri	Bax	Brunel	Cimarosa
Arrieu	Berkeley	Brixi	Carmichael
	Brian	Byrd	Chausson
Britten	Bruckner	Bartos	Canteloube
Bach, J.S.	Berg	Borodin	Carter
Bach, J.C.	Beethoven	Bruch	Cima
Bach, W.F.	Boulez		Chavez
Bach, C.P.E.	Berwald	Cardew	Clerambault
Badings	Balakirev	Clementi	Casals
Brahms	Bartok	Cage	
Barber	Bennett	Cowell	
Brumby	Blondahl	Conyngnam	*****

Duarte	Globokar	Ishii	Liadov
Duparc	Grieg	Ireland	Langgard
Donizetti	Goossens		Lehmann
Debussy	Glinka	Janacek	
Dvorak	Gross	Jersild	Milan
Diabelli	Ginastera	Jolivet	McCabe
De Vries	Gutche		Marais
Dreyfus	Granados	Khachaturian, A.	Maes
Dallapiccola	Giuliani	Khachaturian, K.	Medtner
Dussek	Gluck	Khrennikov	Menotti
Druckman	Gheyn	Krieger	Montsalvatge
Delius	Gurney	Krommer	Morgan
Dalvimare	Galuppi	Kilmaier	Mozart, W.A.
Dukas	Groven	Kauffmann	Mozart, L.
Dutilleux	Gershwin	Koch	Martinu
Danzi	Grainger	Kozeluh	Mennin
D'Indy	Glazunov	Kilpinen	Mathias
D'India	Griffes	Klemperer	Messiaen
D'Aquin		Krebs	Marini
Dandrieux	Hurst	Klerk	Mahler
Dunhill	Holmboe	Kerckhoven	Mussorgsky
De La Rue	Henze	Knussen	Maxwell Davies
Dohnanyi	Homilius	Kodaly	Milhaud
Dawson	Hertel	Koppel	Mouret
Dowland	Hubay	Kostiaanen (Pop)	Mendelssohn-
Douglas	Haydn, J.	Kokkonen	Bartholdy
Durufle	Haydn, M.	Kallinikov	Monteverdi
Damase	Hill, A.	Kay	Massenet
Diamond	Hill, M.	Kocsar	Malcolm
	Hanson, H.	Kuffner	Martin
Elgar	Hanson, R.	Kuhlau	Mortenson
Edwards	Hyde	Kvandal	Musgrave
Eder	Honegger		Meale
Engel	Hovhaness	Ligeti	Miaskovsky
Enesco	Hahn	Lange-Muller	Madetoja
Esiphai	Hart	Lutoslawski	Maderna
	Hindemith	Lovelock	Muffat
Ferneyhough	Hartmann	Liszt	Maconchy
Faure	Handel	Loeillet	
Franck	Holford	Lumsdaine	Nielsen
Finzi	Howells	Langlais	Nordheim
Falla	Holst	Larsson	Naderman
Frescobaldi	Herzogenberg	Leifs	Nancarrow
Field	Head	Le Gallienne	Nono
Francaix	Halvorsen	Landowski	Norby
Farkas		Lully	Novak
Fontana	Ibert	Le Jeune	
Foerster	Ives	Lang	Oyberg
Fernstroem	Ichianagi	Lason	Offenbach
		Loeffler	Orbeck
		Lindberg	Onslow



Parry	Shostakovich	Tournemire	Zelenka
Puccini	Schnittke	Tchaikovsky	Zelezny
Paganini	Sor	Thomson	Zemlinsky
Panufnik	Somervell	Turina	
Prokofiev	Sarasate	Tippett	
Piston	Szymanowski	Telemann	
Ponce	Schubert	Tomasek	
Poulenc	Schobert	Truax	
Penderecki	Schuman	Takenitsu	
Pierne	Schumann	Templeton	
Paderewski	Sculthorpe	Tallis	
Palero	Sitsky	Tahourdin	
Persichetti	Schoenberg	Thomassen	
Palestrina	Saint-Saens	Tavener	
Pettersson	Still	Tag	
Patterson	Satie	Tailleferre	
Pasquini	Sen		
Petrassi	Szollósy	Urbanner	
Pachelbel	Strauss, J.		
Paradies	Strauss, R.	Villa-Lobos	
Purcell	Sessions	Vaughan Williams	
Plush	Sommerfelt	Verdi	
Praetorius	Sveynsson	Vivaldi	
Platti	Subotnik	Vorisek	
Pleyel	Simpson	Vierne	
	Segerstam	Verschuere-	
Quantz	Severac	Reynvaan	
	Smetana	Vieuxtemps	
Ravel	Schmidt	Visee	
Roussel	Stenhammar	Vellones	
Rimsky-Korsakov	Stamitz	Vlijmen	
Rakhmaninov	Spohr		
Rihm	Surinach	Webern	
Respighi	Suk	Wikmansson	
Rosenberg	Sousa	Williamson	
Rubbra	Stockhausen	Winkler	
Ribayaz	Sinopoli	Wiren	
Roman	Sciarrino	Weill	
Rautavaara	Szalonek	Warlock	
Reger	Skalkottas	Wolf	
Rejcha	Stravinsky	Walton	
Roberday	Sibelius	Wagner	
Rossini	Scarlatti, A.	Westhof	
Rossi	Scariatti, D.	Weber	
Risset	Smith, M.W.	Welmers	
Redolfi	Skriabin	Winter	
Reinecke	Shchedrin	Wright	
Rosenboom	Soler	Wieniawski	
Rochberg	Schultz		
Rameau	Sarov	Xenakis	
Rodrigo	Sinigaglia		
Rebel	Sari	Yardumian	



\*Hoorvert Heber,  
From Iceland's  
Grinny Mountains



As you will have gathered from the foregoing, dear listener, my interest in music has been advancing rapidly in all directions of late. Since my last report I have even begun to think there may be something (for me) in Stockhausen. Cage, no — oh perhaps a few bars here and there (sorry); Crumb, yes, I've quite taken to Crumb (and I'll thank you not to offer that explanation in print); Nono, yesyes, what I've heard of him; Conlon Nancarrow, quite interesting, but there is something oddly mechanical about the performances of his music that I've heard.

ABCFM has been playing quite a lot of Scandinavian music lately, most of it from the Bis catalogue, all of it quite pleasant, but there seems little to challenge whatever it is in me that is challenged and rewarded by Messiaen, say, or closer to home, Sculthorpe. There are plenty of Scandinavians who seem to be happy working in the Grieg tradition, all very delightful and worthwhile but not particularly stimulating, even when they abandon the traditional forms. Ralph Lundsten and Arne Nordheim, for example, though goodness knows how little I have heard of their work, seem pretty tame to me. A few, like Blomdahl and Rosenberg, seem to have been influenced by Carl Nielsen, and a great many have been influenced by Sibelius (none of them apparently to such effect as Bax), but there seems no-one to match those giants — with two exceptions, both Finnish (I think), Rautavaara and Kostiaanen. But again, I have heard so little of their work that I shouldn't risk that kind of statement. The most amazing Scandinavian composer I've heard is an Icelandic named Jon Leifs (born 1899), but whether he's amazingly bad or just amazingly different I can't decide.

French music continues to delight me. Two years ago I had not listened to Debussy (I had heard Debussy, but that's different). Six months ago I had not seriously entertained the idea that Ravel might be a greater composer than Debussy. I still haven't decided about that — and in the mean time Reinbert de Leeuw has almost convinced me that Erik Satie is the equal of both of them. But in my efforts to (Don't say it!) sort out (Bless you, squire) or unravel (You bastard, Bangsund, have you no shame?) Ravel I have read the eminent Hans Heinz Stuckenschmidt on the subject, and the good herr doktor has given me a good deal to think about, like how come he's a telepathist. Ravel, I now understand, was a man of small stature and slight build, not unlike, say, Eric Lindsay, or Joseph Nicholas, or Napoleon Bonaparte, and that's why his music is so inspired and so hard to play, because he was a weedy little bloke who'd had sand kicked in his face, musicologically speaking, by hulking brutes like Debussy and Mlle Tailleferre. I think I've got that right.

But, it is to laugh, nicht wahr? who would ever have thought that I would come to regard Vincent D'Indy and Camille Saint-Saens as composers of the very second-top rank? And admit it in a fanzine! Leigh Edmonds will choke with merriment. John Foyster will think there's hope for me yet to appreciate the great Gottschalk. But some of you out there, who know which end of a piano to hold, and where you sit in a chamber music, you will know the wherefore of that of which I speak and the glad fullness thereof. N'est-ce pas?

NEXT EXCITING ISSUE: *THE WREKIN HEAVES (and other strange tales)*