

written, printed, and published for ANZAPA (Mailing No 39, August 1974)* by.....
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 correspondence will be entered into. * Actually, Mailing No 40, October 1974

As some people have been reminding me for months, I should not be typing this fanzine. There's something else I should be doing. What is it? There, I've forgotten it again? Oh yes, Carey? S F COMMENTARY. I seem to remember it; look, here's the stencils over here. Why are you frothing at the mouth like that, Carey?

The above conversation is not completely a work of fiction. Carey did get quite upset the other week. It's not like him at all. "You must get out another issue of S F COMMENTARY!" he said, gesticulating wildly. I was most taken aback, and even affronted somewhat. Carey Handfield just does not get upset; he just organises things so that they occur the way he wants them to. But the laziest fanzine editor in Melbourne (me) has beaten him.

Okay, I have a day to do something fannish. A whole day. On Monday I will need to get back to the second draft of chapter 14 of AUSTRALIA, A DEMOCRACY? by H Emy (or whatever Macmillan calls the thing). But tomorrow, Sunday, I can spend typing stencils, or running them off, or listening to Britten, Bach, or the Beatles. (WRC finally sent me a copy of Britten's WAR REQUIEM this week, so I could easily spend most of tomorrow listening to it.) But I will not get back to the last five stencils of SFC, or the several hundred SFC letters that still need to be answered. No, I will write my first mailing comments for a year.

Even better, I will write mailing comments on a whole year's run of ANZAPA. How about that? You didn't think anybody could do that, did you? But I can, because during the last half of 1973 and 1974, there really wasn't very much in ANZAPA. Several fifty-page mailings, and none over about 200 pages. Also, I'm going to cheat a bit. As I read through the last year's mailings, I put asterisks beside matters on which I really wanted to comment. So I will comment on them. I won't comment on anything just because it's there. Several people might miss out on comments altogether, so I'll apologise in advance. Stiff luck. However, I think most people said something asteriskable during the last year or so, so I hope nobody misses out.

There is one difficulty: I've just read a year's mailing (it didn't take very long) and so I can remember what you said. But I bet you can't remember what you said?

MAILING 33
 September 1973

John Bangsund was gaffiating (again) back in September 1973. Therefore I'm glad that David Grigg went to all sorts of ridiculous lengths to stop John from leaving ANZAPA. I can't quite work out (from this point of time) why John was leaving us back then, but he did say something in Sep 73 about "distressing communications". Then I've placed an asterisk beside a comment by Bob Smith, and I can't remember why I did so! Maybe it was because I could guess who might have sent at least one of the "distressing communications", and that the same person can be even more distressing at close quarters than when separated by 400 miles. Is that what I meant to say? I guess I'll never remember. :: Nick Shears was dedicating a fanzine to a

girl he had spent the night with. This was an improvement on past ANZAPA and similar dedications. Way back in 1968, Gary Woodman caused quite a furore when he told us the story of when he kissed a girl for the first time. Later, we had Noel Kerr's lascivious, fictional reminiscences of holiday weekends with Sweet Nothings. Later, some oaf called Gillespie published a whole fanzine to celebrate more-or-less the same event as hit Gary Woodman. And then Nick Shears - curse him! - tells us how he actually spent the night with this lady and starts quoting dubious lyrics of Paul Simon. In later mailings of ANZAPA, Nick seems to imply that this kind of event occurs rather regularly to him, and I became even more envious than ever. It's not cricket for someone to be an s f fan and to get along well with the ladies. :: Leigh Edmonds: "The main thing to be concerned about now is whether the Peoples' Revolutionary Convention Committee will learn the right lessons... Bruce and David have not done much convention organising, but at least they have been to enough conventions to know the pitfalls." Bitter, mocking laughter from Bruce and David. Peoples' Revolutionary Committee, indeed! Peoples' Geriatric Committee, you mean. Bruce and David, the great convention organisers. Excuse me while I choke. If ever I offer ever again to organise anything, throw me out of a ten-storey window, or send me back to England, or something. From my point of view, this year's Ozcon has turned into a fiasco, compared with the convention we had planned. But I'm the first to admit that it was my fault, and I must congratulate Ken Ford for facing innumerable difficulties (most of them combined in one other person) to put on a convention at all. But to me, it seems that it will have all the faults of Eastercon '73, - that is, all the faults we wanted to eliminate before the worldcon. If Aussiecon turns out as "just another Melbourne convention", like Ozcon threatens to be, then I really will gafiate, instead of doing a good imitation. To be fair to everybody (it's difficult), I can only repeat the words of John Foyster, that last bastion of good sense in Melbourne fandom (beside Leigh Edmonds and Ken Ford and Carey Handfield... and everybody else): All the original members of the Revolutionary Committee have undergone major changes to their lives since the committee was set up, and somehow Ken Ford has remained the most stable of us all. Sue Bell astounded everybody by getting married and moving to Adelaide, Micheline Tang has been hit by a staggering amount of work, Bruce Gillespie went to ~~the~~ England and back and underwent other interesting events, and David Grigg met The One and hasn't been seen anywhere else for awhile. Which leaves Ken Ford, who may turn out to be the best convention organiser (apart from John Foyster) that Australia has ever had. Which hasn't stopped anybody from kicking out nearly every revolutionary idea the PRC ever had. :: Bill Wright. Yes, Bill, I do see "what happens to fans who neglect their E E Smith readings." Near-gafiation has nearly caught up with me as well. But I don't have any E E Smith in the house, so I cannot find salvation that way.

MAILING 34
October 1973

A general comment to Ken Ford (the first of many greetings and salutations, since I don't see you much these days): You and Bill Wright were the most amusing writers in ANZAPA during the year that has just passed. I can't decide between you. But you nearly win with lines like: "Lanelle Jones was next. She was supposedly majoring in percussion, but had been suspended for dancing nude on a kettle drum. She used to play a solo in nothing but a top hat." You have such interesting friends, Ken. And "sculptured mailing comments" are "a little too much". :: Bill Wright: I don't take too much notice of politics, or at least I didn't until I had to rewrite a whole book about Australian politics. Therefore, for the first time in my life, I am in a position to make an Authoritative Statement about Australian politics. Don't looks so unimpressed. We have here, in INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP, Vol 2 (5) (that's how I would write it in the footnotes for the book I'm rewriting) (this

book contains nearly 200,000 words and nearly 40,000 words of footnotes); as I was saying, you wrote x: the "Political Philosophy of Bill Wright". It's interesting that Hugh Emy, more or less agrees that parliament in Australia is a circus, but he does not say that the government can do what it likes. Australian politics has been set up so that certain people, such as wool-growers or manufacturers, can do what they like, but the government has a lot of trouble doing anything its own way. On the other hand, the backbenchers don't have much say, either. They're too busy keeping their seats warm. The voters don't have much influence either, because very few seats in Australia are swinging seats, and in most electorates most people don't know anything about politics and don't want to know. So who governs Australia? Well, how the hell should I know? (Good stuff about Australian politics being like football teams; exactly right; the essence of it is that no team shall lose to any other by too much, only by enough points to keep the crowds happy; that's the main point of the book.) :: There are times, Mr Wright, when I think you really believe the things you write in your fanzines. This truth came to me like the Biblical light from heaven while I was reading through your various magazines in various ANZAPAs. "That's why his fanzines are so funny," I thought. "He really believes all that junk." Sorry, William. Actually, the revelation came during Eastercon '73, during your well-remembered eulogy for H Beam Piper. Your own face so beamed with pure pleasure while you told us about Piper that I could see that you really believed that Piper was a good writer. Again, you defended A E Van Vogt against George Turner, of all people, and again you showed how much you liked that writer. That pure Wrightism turns up again in IRS 2 (5): "The Wright doctrine states that Science Fiction is what we say it is. We are the sub-culture, and mundania would be well advised to stay out until we surface into their midst." The strange thing is that I agree with the first part of that, but I don't really think that mundania, if there is any such thing, would even notice us if we did surface. Probably it (or They) would dunk our heads under again. The Americans have invented an expression for it: Put science fiction back in the gutter where it belongs. :: Why didn't you ever send me a letter of comment, Bill? I mean, about SFC 35/36/37 and Dick's letter in which he talks about nefarious goings-on in America and I said they couldn't happen here, and you said, "I myself have been threatened with torture at an official level." Tell us all about it, Bill! You could be as famous as Philip Dick ~~and have your name in the gutter~~. On the next page you write about your school life: "After nearly twenty years the flesh in my fingers is still knotted as a result of canings." When can you start sending those articles on Your Early Life, Bill? (You will notice that I am still greedy for material for SFC, even though the other three hundred pages of brilliant writing are nearly jumping off the page in impatience.) ::

Alan Sandercock: You seemed to discover LATELINE before I did. I didn't really find out how good it is until this year, when I returned from overseas. After the 10 pm news, I would listen to the "table of contents" at least. One night, who should appear but John Foyster himself? Since then, John has appeared on several ABC radio programs, and I've kept up my interest in LATELINE. I don't listen to it every night, but there have been some weeks when I've missed very few. For instance, on the consecutive nights when Whitlam and Snedden gave their campaign speeches, LATELINE had Gordon Barton and Laurie Aarons to comment on the speeches. Aarons was okay, I guess, but Barton confirmed my opinion that he's the only interesting person in federal politics. He called Whitlam's speech "persiflage" and implied that Snedden's speech was even worse than that, and on the second night of debate, he took over altogether. The "link man" (or whatever he's called on LATELINE) said almost nothing for half an hour. Barton and Aarons would discuss a point, then Barton would say, "Right, now onto the next point of discussion, which is....", and off they would go again. (I voted Australia Party in May, and will keep doing so until one of the major parties shows some sense.) Another recent LATELINE coup

((TWO MONTHS LATER: Yes, the sentence on the previous page will finish right below, a mere two months after being started. And... in a different type face. This is an Olympia microelite (or whatever they call it). Buying this type-writer is just one of the many exciting events which have enlivened the previous two months and, incidentally, stopped me producing apazines. But with two SFCs produced - at last - here begins the fourth page of WORDY-GURDY 1.))

was the interview with Noam Chomsky and Paul Sweezy. I'm discussing this in SFC 41 (due out soon), so I won't say much here. But it was quite something to have the bloke in Sydney interviewing Chomsky in Boston and Sweezy in New York, and getting the most sensible survey yet of the whole Nixon catastrophe. For instance - according to Chomsky/Sweezy, the Watergate breakin is the least of Nixon's crimes; in carrying on the Vietnam War, Nixon was very much carrying on a war begun and supported by liberals. The "liberals" and "conservatives" come from much the same power base; Nixon did the unforgivable by spying on, etc, one half of the power base. He didn't spread the goodies widely enough. They gave some reasons why the left in America still has such a poor power base. The next night LATELINE interviewed I F Stone, who spouted most of the liberal cliches which Chomsky had deflated the night before. LATELINE hasn't been so good recently, although they have hired Richard Neville for their "arts" programs, and Marius Webb as link man and researcher. :: Michael O'Brien/John Bangsund: I was also surprised and, to the extent to which I knew him, saddened by Brian Richards' death. Like most other fans, I had not been able to get any response from him for several years - does anybody know why he disappeared so completely from the notice of fandom? :: Leigh Edmonds: Way back then, I wish you had used ANZAPA to comment on SFC 35/36/37. That issue received lots of letters, but nearly all of them on the Lem material. I wish I'd had more comment on other things, especially the more personal stuff. In SFC 41, I'm printing the only letter in this direction received. :: You remember even more about Ernie Sigley (or Ernie Sickly) than I do. I remember him on some awful HSV7 "teen" programs, but I don't remember a version of WHITE SPORTS COAT. He did a version of MARY'S BOY CHILD. Finally, we unloaded him onto Adelaide, but unfortunately he came back to Melbourne. Now he's featured on roadside billboards where he looks amazingly dissolute and executive-fed corrupt. :: David Grigg: The last I heard, you were thinking of leaving ANZAPA, which is a Great Shame. I'm referring to A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS, where you describe "my" flat (yours at the time) better than I ever could. You seem to have been more fazed by the antics of my downstairs neighbours than I ever have been. Not that it matters at the moment... Noelle has been disappeared for three or four weeks. I always thought that things were

were going best for them when they were fighting the loudest. Still, it's been fascinating to live so close to people whose lives are as different from mine as if they lived in Brazil and I in Antarctica. As my friend Gerald Murnane is fond of saying, we really do inhabit different worlds. Very little they do makes much sense to me, and few of their values and shibboleths have any value to me. And vice-versa, no doubt. I think we've spoken about ten words to each other during the last six weeks. The cats are something else. They are not as active now as they were a few months ago. One morning, I looked out over the underneath shed roof. Eight eyes swivelled around and stared at me. Three black faces (Satan, Golly, and Wog) and one ginger-and-white face (Algernon) can be unnerving. I've seen as many as six cats sleeping on the same location at one time. I'm not sure what they do these days. Ron and Sue from next door went to America for 18 months, and Noelle, Great Protectress of Cats, has been away. Presumably Martin has been distributing the cat food, since the pussie haven't been tearing down the doors, as they probably could with their combined strength. :: And congratulations to DAVID GRIGG. OBP.

MAILING No 35
December 1973

John Snowden: Your expose of Mrs Whitehouse had some great lines in it: "Mary and Ernest begin each day early with joint Bible readings in bed." Aren't there better ways to begin the day? Or is just that I've gone so long without reading the Good Book that I can no longer recall the subtle, even erotic delights of this pastime. (Some bits of the Bible are at least soft porn, I'm told. I don't know, since I was never allowed to read those bits.) And doesn't even Mrs W wonder about Jesus and those twelve strange blokes wandering together all over the countryside in those long, flowing robes. Bibleglam - a new craze. More great lines: "Look at the situation now: vast amounts of Scandinavian pornography are being smuggled into Britain in deep freezers, driven off the docks, and handed over to London's Porn Kings..." And when you wrote that Mrs W had been stricken // with "malignant malaria", I could only presume that her Leader in the Sky had changed sides. :: Alan Sandercock: You can imagine how annoyed I was when, after carefully buying all the books currently banned in Australia (mostly hardbacks at \$1 each in Marboro stores), I arrived back to find that they had all been unbanned. I presume THE STORY OF O is still restricted, but nothing else much. I'm not sure whether or not I'll enjoy all the Mailer I've bought; I'm pretty sure that I'll like Frank Harris' MY LIFE AND LOVES for purely extra-pornographic reasons. :: Kevin Dillon: When I was in England I heard an interesting, if biased version of the real story of St Antony. As I heard the story, the noble knight

has been used mainly to bless the aged and the doddering of English fandom. More precisely, I get the impression that there is a definite age gap between the old guard of British fandom and the "new fans" (of which Pete Aston was one of the first) who came into fandom during the early sixties. As I was told the story, the oldies have used the St Antony Award to reward those of their generation who have not dropped out of fandom. Now nearly everybody from then has been given an award, but the Knights are not letting in anybody younger. In other words, the Knights of St Antony have become the butt of what I should imagine become fairly nasty jokes at times. :: John Snowden: I'm glad you warned me that the stories in HOLDING WONDER were mainly about "little Primary School children". Henderson's work can strike people that way. I did enjoy the last "People" story I read, but when Zenna H strays outside that territory, she steps into really treacly sentimentality. :: Paul Anderson: I'm glad you commented on the very strange way the Americans conducted panel discussions at Torcon. I agree that some people used the "question time" as some excuse to get on their own soap boxes (some very strange brands of soap), and it became almost impossible for anybody to "discuss" anything with anybody. However, the size of the hall had a lot to do with this. As for Ozcon - well, you saw what happened. When the audience became interested in a topic (this happened during about two or three items) they were practically trampling on each other to get into the discussion. Quite exciting - but again, the hall was going to be set up so that people were in some kind of semi-circular arrangement. We'll see what happens at Aussiecon: I vote for a permanent floating con party, so that people don't have to worry about the Program. :: Did you see HEAVY TRAFFIC eventually? It was weird seeing it in New York because it showed exactly that aspect of New York which I didn't see - the lower East Side, the mugging and the knifings in the night, etc. But I suppose you could make some great movies about the back streets of Port Melbourne if you really wanted to. :: Helen and Leigh Hyde: I cringed while I was reading your account of your abortive plane trip. Nothing as bad as that happened to me during my trip, but all the same, even the most trouble-free plane flight seemed to take a huge slice out of the day. (For instance, Barry Gillam and I left his place at about 3.30 pm to travel into New York to make sure of catching a bus to La Guardia early enough to make sure of catching a 7.30 pm plane to Indianapolis.) :: Bill Wright: Well, actually, Harry Warner Jr. I'm glad Harry commented on the absurdities of the planning industry; it keeps me keep my head while (temporarily) I'm part of it at the moment. Planners seem to be especially brilliant at leaving out those factors which eventually ruin the whole plan. However, my current boss reminded me that economists had predicted the current inflation

rate fairly precisely, as early as 1970. The oil crisis was just a last factor which accelerated all other factors. As far as I can tell, the economists haven't suggested any remedies, except the Draconian measures of Treasury officials - measures which the government threw out the window. I'm not quite sure how excited I am to be living through times which are surely the prelude to quite Momentous Changes: no gets wiped out in the process? :: Your reply to Michael Creaney was superb. :: As usual, your remarks on literature are nonsense, Bill. For a start, there's hardly any such thing as a "literary establishment" - except perhaps in a really small literary environment, like Australia's. Secondly, fantastic literature seems to be "in" at the moment, insofar as anything can be in what has become a very fragmented literary scene. Thirdly, many of the books I would read naturally as "mainstream" turn out to be fantastic literature in one way or another. Only rather palsied literary traditions are still sticking to the drearier kinds of naturalistic books; new influences, like novels from South America, seem to be all "fantastic" in one way or another. What literary people object to is bad writing, which is hardly the prerogative of any particular kind of literature. When somebody like Ursula Le Guin writes as well as anybody else anywhere, she gets appropriate recognition. :: Ken Ford: Uncommentableupon. THE JOKE THAT THE MINISTER'S SON TOLD was good. :: Ray Bradbury said (on that film we saw at Eastercon 73) that if you want to be a writer, then nothing should stand in your way - no diversions at all. So maybe you ain't gonna be a writer after all, Ken, despite all my grand predictions for your future. Certainly I'm not going to be, since I like eating and publishing fanzines and other evil diversions. I like girls too, but they don't like me, so they don't count as "diversions". Wish they did, though. :: Eric Lindsay: "The only physical exertion I do these days is heavy breathing and jumping to conclusions". Very good, Eric. But you did produce some issues of GEGENSCHTIN during 1974. :: Very puzzling statement: "I rather liked the KUNG FU series, but I imagine that it will get a lot worse when the regular scriptwriters get at it. The same thing happened to THE PRISONER." Are you sure? There was only one twenty-six-episode series of THE PRISONER; it was shown once only; and as far as I know Patrick McGeehan wrote or heavily supervised all the scripts. It's one of the few tv shows that was never allowed to fall into the clutches of mechanical production methods. :: Leigh Edmonds: Since Christmas is coming up yet again, I must agree that it has no emotional kick left. In fact, these days I hardly think about Christmas until a day or two before. Then I buy some presents in a fairly mechanical way, and often attend some dreary family occasion. Since I'm rarely invited to parties, I go to few Christmas parties. A few days after it finishes,

I can say, "Well, that's Christmas for this year." Then it's my birthday and I say, "Gawd; another birthday." Christmas and birthdays are only markers of nonachievement.

ANZAPA MAILING No 36
FEBRUARY 1974

Leigh Edmonds: On the sanctity of human life:
Out of my little black book of quotes:

No real reverence for life can exist without
an attendant reverence for death.

- Owen Webster

I suppose that's what Ursula Le Guin's THE FARTHEST SHORE is all about. Apart from saying that, I cannot even remember what the capital punishment debate was all about... which is a pity, because a lot of people got very upset about it. :: You mentioned Mike O'Brien's part in keeping alive the name of SUPERFAN. However, few people remember that Michael invented that dread creature, Antifan. He should have received a credit in Our Film - something like "Based on a character created by Michael O'Brien". I just wish Mike would uncreate him, that's all. ::

Bill Wright: It seems obvious to everybody but panel organisers (John Foyster excepted) that panels at conventions need to be prepared thoroughly beforehand. At Torcon, the organiser of any particular panel was asked to go out for a meal with all the members of a panel. In this way, they could get to know each other before they "met" each other for the first time in front of an audience. (This didn't stop most of the Torcon panels from being very boring, but that had much to do with the fact that the audience was too large.) I hope we can continue this practice at Aussiercon. :: I disagree with you about the Australia Party. In Australia we badly need a strong party with non-automatic, broadly rationalist ideas. Any semblance of rationality seems to have disappeared from Canberra during the time of framing the recent budget. :: Your bit about the fact that "for decades the various State Crown Law Departments have been battlegrounds for bitter strife between Roman Catholic and Freemason factions" was fascinating. Please tell more. I've never even suspected this quaint bit of Australian social lore. (A good rule of Australian social custom: the more important is some matter to the ways people think about other people in the Australian community, the less likely it is that anybody has written about it. Australians take their prejudices fairly seriously, it seems, and even sociologists don't relish treading on the corns of people who can kick hard.) :: Christine McGowan: Well, 1974 is the Year of the Comet. But the year will probably be as strange as the comet - it may generate whole new varieties of disaster. ::

Nick Shears: More of your sexual fantasies/rew collections. Sheesh - you make the rest of us feel inferior. Actually, the piece, which I found a bit confusing at first, is all right, but a bit sentimental. I would alter the D H Lawrence quotation to read, "I am worn out with the effort of trying to love people and not being loved in return." :: Bill Wright: I might have voted for Paul Stevens in DUFF if I had known how drearily he was going to take it out on everybody for not winning. In fact Dennis and Del Stocks present an accurate picture of the PJS self-image in their NATURAL HISTORY DEPARTMENT (in DOUBLE D): "Equipped with three sets of self-sharpening teeth for slashing, gripping, and scrunching respectively, the vampire first washes and shaves the wound site, then slices off the skin, shears through any bits of gristle it may find, and finally scoops out a dripping divot of flesh." Ouch! :: Crusaders against pornography tend to forget that to the human male the most sexually exciting object is the close presence of the human female (and vice-versa), but Mrs Whitehouse hasn't gone into this aspect of censorship yet. Of course, the churches have been censoring this way for centuries, with those absurd socially catastrophic institutions, the sexually segregated school. Your general remarks on COSMOPOLITAN, etc, sound pretty accurate; still, the ladies at Publications Branch pounced on CLEO, COSMOPOLITAN, etc; when they appeared, and simply through the WOMANS WEEKLY out the window. Another demonstration of the enduring power of cliches. :: A good quote: "In Melbourne a day, and most of it spent at Space Age and the food section of Myer's." Were the products of both equally indigestible? :: Ken Ford: I've placed an asterisk beside your poem, A POEM ABOUT PEOPLE LIVING TOGETHER, CALLED WHO NEEDS PAPER ANYWAY? Now obviously this poem is based on wish fulfillment, but still you give the impression that you have lived through it. This is quite skilful, and probably you are drawing upon your future memories. But how do you do it? I would make a hash of subjects like this if I attempted them; the landscapes of Mars seem a far more likely topic than the exigencies of "living together". All that stuff is so much mystery to me. Inspired lines (because people actually talk that way, for reasons best known to themselves): "I like it that way/She likes it / that way because I like it that way./I like it that way because she likes it that way because I like it that way./I think." The story of the sleeping man is... er... strangely compelling. The artists we hide in our midst! THE PERSON ON THE FENCE is even better - some Symbolism here Somewhere. But where? (No, Ken, I'm not being derogatory; but what can one say about these stories? You'll have to write your own reviews.) :: Nick Shears again: As expected, you admit that you are an exhibitionist (but why can't an inhibitionist be successful with the girls as well?). You can't be a fan at all; fans can't act; they can't play musical instruments; they are not Socially Adjusted. They communicate

through fanzines, letters, and at s f conventions. Well, it's a stereotype, and Ken Ford doesn't fit it (he's even more of an exhibitionist than you could ever be), but generally it's true. True enough for it to be disconcerting to meet somebody who's a fan and acceptable to somebody beside fans. We get so paranoid in the ghetto. :: John Snowden: About Australia in 75, you ask, "Can you imagine what would have happened if we had lost?" Yes I can. We would have sat back, relaxed, and turned out fanzines like all self-respecting Australian fans do. Instead, we are rapidly approaching a situation where we will all be going around the bend. I've thought of some of the things that can go wrong, but there must be plenty more left to upset us. :: Eric Lindsay: I like your Helda mini-elite typeface slightly better than this, but I was glad enough to get this typewriter when I did. :: John Foyster: The article on One Issue of TLS was appreciated. Most people around s f circles in England spotted the TLS reviewer as Robert Conquest as soon as they read the first paragraph; the rest of the piece simply supported the conclusion. I've still to see a good review of BILLION YEAR SPREE; it's a pity you're too busy to perform the hatchet job that's probably needed. In your piece, you do not mention that the long review of BYS was accompanied by several pages of reviews of a variety of s f books. This doesn't happen often, especially as TLS doesn't run much on fiction of any sort these days.

MAILING No 37
APRIL 1974

Carey Handfield: I saw the first episode of MARIQN, and it brought back memories of the pain of teaching. The first episode had some hesitant continuity and editing, but everything else about it was fine. Even more promising was the first episode of RUSH, which I/we (I can't remember whether you were there or not) saw at Robin's just before he left for parts unknown. I have not seen much Australian-made telly, but I get the impression that Australian tv producers will not put into effect the editing skills which most advertisers show during every commercial break. One can forgive shoddy dialogue (sometimes) if the editing and montage is nice and brisk, most Austelly I've seen has been so slow that I, as watcher, have felt like striking up a conversation with other watchers just to kill time. They, entranced, do not appreciate this. Nothing could make me a regular watcher of tv. :: Ken Ford: Ken & Gloria didn't give me a mailing comment! Gordelpus. :: John Bangsund wins the Ominous Remark of the Year Award for his statement, "My father didn't die happy - but that's another story..", which, of course, we've all been waiting to hear ever since you said that. If you're not careful, Ken Ford will

write a novel about the secret life of John Bangsund - without even consulting you. :: Eric Lindsay: You're quite accurate when you say, "The average velocity of mail from Melbourne to Sydney was three miles per hour." According to your own evidence, SFC 40 took two weeks to travel from Carlton PO to your place; as far as I can tell, ditto for all NSW copies. Let's hope No 38 went slightly faster - except to ANZAPA members, who are getting it with the mailing. :: Alan Sandercock: Your summer didn't progress very far - or at least, not in ANZAPA. What lewd and ludicrous stories do we still have to hear? :: File on Paul Anderson for casting aspersions (and mud) on the name of the late-lamented Janis Joplin. She was at her best on CHEAP THRILLS; not so good on PEARL. According to Those Who Know, the main thing wrong with CHEAP THRILLS was the excessive post-performance echofication added by Columbia; evidently a later volume of greatest hits presented the original versions, without studio gloss. Del and Dennis Stocks: The article on the Lunar Society was great: one of the few independently first-class articles to appear in ANZAPA for some time. Ghod knows where you get the time and energy to do the research for pieces like these; in my opinion, you should try to sell them. Certainly, if I had written something as good and of such general interest I would do my best to hawk it around. :: Leigh Edmonds: You and I have different memories of my return from overseas. You say I was very busy visiting people. Well, I went to some parties, and saw some interesting people, but on the whole I got the impression that people weren't very interested in what I did Over There and what it was like. Anyway, I dropped out after that, and the main impression I will have of 1974 will be the great block of cool, comfortable, oblivious, serene solitude in the middle of the year, from April to August. It's so banal to be "in circulation"; far more interesting to hide from people. Besides, I see just as many people either way, anyway; when I try to get back into circulation, nobody cares a jot.

MAILING No 38
JUNE 1974

And the first John Bangsund cover. Lot's more to come, I hope. :: I suspect that our Statistician has deducted too many pages from my total if, as it seems, he has deducted the entire SFC 35/37/38. He should allow me the thirty or forty pages in there which I wrote myself. But since I can't do figures, even to protect my reputation, I'll have to leave Carey with the benefit of the doubt. (In future, whenever a member puts a genzine through the apa, the Statistician should allow him/her the number of self-written pages, but not everything else. Or maybe he's doing that already. Who knows?)

:: Leigh Edmonds: While I was in England, Chris Priest's great contribution to my education was to show me how to play computer tennis (I presume they have them there in those places where they have pinball machines). The computer tennis machine was in the pub we visited after the violent s f class at London University (see SFC 40 for details). I can't say I've ever played pinball though. :: David might have had an inglorious end to his reign as OBE, but I think he did well to keep up (with your help, of course) the impossible task imposed by the monthly schedule. For a while, that worked very well, but even the noblest ANZAPAns (not to speak of the ignoblest, like me) wilted under the strain. :: How do you know I don't tear open a box of chocolates? For all you know, I might have this secret paroxysm of craving of chocolates, so that I rush down to the corner store, buy the oldest, mouldiest box of chocolates they've had there since last Christmas, and tear, rip, and shred it open. I don't, of course, but it's a nice thought. :: Probably I said in DEAR EVERYBODY that it's easy to discover why BGil is more interesting than BGip. Micheline and I worked out that she speaks much better than I do, because she thinks at the rate she speaks, while I think at the rate I write. Nothing simpler. Which means that I always come over as a bit of a fool in a world in which people, by the large, communicate by speaking rather than writing little notes to each other. I'm rather better at some other forms of direct interpersonal communication, but don't get the opportunity often. :: A tutor of mine once tried to point out the difference between BLUE HILLS and plays by Chekhov. She said that the difference was not one of credibility. As she said, so many people who've listened to BLUE HILLS for years really believe that those people exist. If one of them "dies", the nation mourns; if one character feels cold, she or he is flooded with pullovers through the post. This point struck me so much that I've quite forgotten just why Chekhov is better than Gwen Meredith. :: John Berry (courtesy John Bangsund): You describe me, as the archetypal coffee addict so well: "Tremulous and loses his self-command ((particularly when the post office increases postage rates, or when my duplicator doesn't ink properly)); he is subject to fits of agitation and depression. ((Thassme, all right.)) He loses his colour and has a haggard appearance ((after collating SFC 40))... As with other such agents, a renewed dose of ((fandom)) gives temporary relief, but at the cost of future misery." :: You're feeling old at twenty-three. Imagine what I feel like at twenty-seven! The flesh falling off the bones! Skin flaking off in strips! Brains declining into senility! Okay, I'm exaggerating. You're talking about the fannish time sense. In that way, quite often I still feel like a neo, although during the last year or so I've felt an increasing ennui about fandom (but not half as bored as they

are with me). But I don't have the same energy as when I started. In 1969, I kept up with the correspondence, marked Form 4 essays on Sunday afternoon, published eight issues of SFC, read every fanzine which appeared, wrote reviews and articles... where did I get the time? Easy. I worked til midnight every day. These days, I'm finished by 10pm, so I settle down to read the book. I read more books these days, but accomplish about a tenth of the fanac. Anyway, now that you're old, what are you going to do in your retirement? Publish fanzines, of course; I hope. Anyway, I'm glad to have received the recent issues of HITCH HIKE and FOOLSCAP. :: Mervyn Barrett: A good yarn, but I can't comment on it. I hope my voice on tape didn't shock you too much. John Foyster insisted that Jeff Harris and I should send fraternal greetings. Jeff is the civilised-sounding guy. :: Helen and Leigh Hyde: Your account of the ANU s f course was very interesting. Who organised it? How can we get in touch? Or have you already spread the good word about Aussiecon and fandom? :: I'm glad somebody else in fandom has realised that Asimov, especially in the Foundation series, can be an appalling writer. But I still loved the Foundation books when I was seventeen, and I suspect that something in them would still give me a kick if I read them today. A few years ago I wrote a review for Pete Weston's SPECULATION, a review of the NIGHTFALL collection which completely rubbished Asimov. Wisely, I think now, Peter did not print it. Looking over the review, I find it ungracious in the extreme, just because Asimov does deliver a primitive kick before you realise that he can't write for sour apples. Asimov is even somebody who I could probably come to like a lot again - but not for THE GODS THEMSELVES, which really was awful. My favourite Asimov is still THE CAVES OF STEEL, which somebody is filming with Jack Nicholson as the robot detective! :: Eric Lindsay: Thank you very much for your long reply to my last contribution to ANZAPA. I'm not sure that I can say anything coherent in reply. Still considering the argument in DEAR EVERYBODY, I think that I appear more interesting in letters because I can edit myself. In person, I put my foot in my mouth too many times to maintain credibility. In letters and fanzines, I can keep the mask intact, or take part in communication on my terms. The problem of writing for a living is something quite different. Obviously, I'm not, or I would be completely broke by now. The money I've made from selling articles has come in handy as a bit extra, but it's no living in Australia. As you can see, my life has settled down enough for me to find time for SFC, but for awhile I felt that the magazine was dead. Now I'll churn out as much as possible while I still feel enthusiastic. :: Del and Dennis Stocks: Probably I'm not going to comment on MITHRIL for much the same reason that many people do not tackle some SFCs: I'm appalled by the sheer technical erudition in

a field about which I know nothing. All I know is, as I said before, that most of this stuff could/should be sold professionally. Probably you've got nearly enough for a book here already. :: The stuff on John Ryan was less esoteric and more interesting to me. No Australian fan except John Bangsund seems to have made as much of a splash in s f fandom as John Ryan made in comics fandom. It's a pity there's not more cross-over between the two: we've run out of ways to persuade John to rejoin s f fandom. :: Ken Ford: Surely even you can see that the pulps contained Everything That Was Good in early science fiction, while comics are the things I stopped reading at the age of twelve (except for a few things in newspapers, and - of course - the occasional UNCLE SCROOGE comics). I never read the pulps, of course, since I wasn't old enough. But when I buy a big fat anthology and read lots of beautiful old s f stories, usually I find that the best of them appeared in the pulps, in ASTOUNDING (which, John Foyster insists, was never a pulp), or in the very early days of the digests (GALAXY, F&SF). However, I cannot see why various people collect pulps; it's too difficult to keep up with what's coming out right now, without deliberately building up piles of mouldy old paper, none of which I would have the time to read anyway. Let the anthologists resurrect the good stories from them. The trouble is that I collect huge numbers of books and magazines without being a Collector - somebody who does it systematically. :: At least you worked out the correct reason why I dropped out for so long. But it's fun dropping out, so I might do it again any old time.

MAILING No 39
AUGUST 1974

JOHN FOYSTER
BALLS 3
Several people who heard the s f LATELINE said to me that it sounded as if you got so sick of all the rubbish David Pepperell was burbling on with that you gave up and stopped talking. Martin Johnson seems to agree with Bruce Gillespie Theory of Science Fiction (that Phildick is tops), but Pepperell didn't give either of you much chance to talk. Ah well. Since LATELINE has worldwide resources, why don't they interview you in Melbourne, John Bangsund in Canberra, and Bob Tucker in Hicksville, Illinois (or wherever he is now)? That would show them all where it's really at. :: I agree that Adelaide is the city I could most easily live in if I had had to move from Melbourne. The trouble for Adelaidians (rather than "the trouble with Adelaide") is that the city has run out of space already, and anytime soon somebody is going to find a much ghastlier way of devastating the Lofty hills than making beautiful suburbs like Hawthorndene. I must go back to Adelaide, just to see all the bits I only

glimpsed while riding through during the Adventi-
tion weekend. :: If you're not careful, I'll
regurgitate my Brian Aldiss notes, already more
than 100 pages long, in retaliation for those
bits of the Ballard-article-that-never-was.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
VAN DIEMEN'S FAN 1.2

You read a hell of a
lot more than I do,
and I had been think-
ing that 1973 and 1974

had been good years for reading for me. How-
ever, I find it hard to calculate reading figures
precisely, because I manage to read all the s f
magazines for the year, as well as lots of books.
At the moment I have in the Absolute Top Prior-
ity shelf of my mental filing cabinet: the book
written by my friend Gerald Murnane (TAMARISK
ROW), all the rest of the Tucker novels to be
re-read, at least a slice of the Gollancz yellow
backs, which should have been reviewed about a
year ago for SFC, all the rest of my books by
and about Kafka, a book which Charles Taylor
lent me (Kornbluth's CHRISTMAS EVE which is, I'm
told, very rare), etc, etc. And, as soon as I
start publishing fanzines, I stop reading al-
most completely. And... if only I had time to
write something as well. :: My Space Age ques-
tion was serious: upon what excuse am I to cut
you off the SFC mailing list? :: Your mini-
article about Australian radio drama is a real
excuse for nostalgia. More precisely, it's an
excuse for anger: that nobody has written a book
about this era! Very few really Australian
facets of life have ever been written about
properly; like many others, all the principle
participants will have died long before some-
body realises the interest of topics like these.
My own pet project was to write something sub-
stantial about the ABC CHILDREN'S HOUR before
all the best stories and memorabilia about it
disappeared. But already Athol Murray (Mac) has
died, and I wonder how many other participants
- John Ewart, Leonard Teale, John Appleton, and
others - would want to delve into memories of a
program that was chloroformed so mercilessly by
the ABC. (YOUNG WORLD seems to be quite good
- a radio version of PURSUIT magazine - but the
changeover from CHILDREN'S HOUR to YOUNG WORLD
was carried out in a dislocating way, or so I've
heard. At any rate, John Ewart was left gasp-
ing.) :: I've still got a "Dexter" book some-
where around the place - probably in my collec-
tion of books I wish I'd never bought.

BILL WRIGHT
INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP 3.1

Since when
has the Dead
Sea been
"somewhere in

Russia"? Don't you know your Bible at all,
Bill? It is, of course, at the southern end of
Judea, later Palestine, later Israel (but now
it's in the middle of Israel's land area, not
at the southern end). The Dead Sea Scrolls were
discovered near there, and, if the current

wilder schools of Biblical investigation are to be believed, Jesus probably spent most of his life as part of the Essene community in whose caves the Dead Sea Scrolls were found. If Port Philip Bay dries, maybe Melbourne's spiritual life will pick up no end.

DON 'N' DERRICK ASHBY
LET'S CALL IT THAT IN DESPERATION

I don't
know one
of you

wrote it, but the SOLILOQUY ON A BROWN BALL was the best thing in the apa. Usually you can apply the same thoughts to Henry's food as well, but it seems to have picked up, now that Gemma is the cook. Next week at Degraives I must remember to spend all of thirty seconds in total contemplation of one of Henry's brown balls. :: I presume it is Derrick who rattles on with all the Deep Talk about science fiction. Given enough encouragement, like a publishing deadline for SFC, I will do the same thing. But rarely in apas. Uncle Hugo got the honour of having an award named after him because he began the first science fiction magazine. In BILLION YEAR SPREE, Brian Aldiss tries to show that this was a disastrous move on Hugo G's part. Gernsback's own views on scientification were fairly unbelievable, especially if they rules out such stories as THE STAR and FLOWERS FOR ALGERNON. Your problems in reading stories to vote on the Hugos is a slightly less pressing problem than the Worldcon Committee's next year: we will need to decide such questions as lengths of stories and eligibility before a lot of the likely nominees will have even reached Australia. Let's hope everybody nominates stories published in the first half of 1974.

NICK SHEARS
DREAM 2

It's odd. You don't sound like a philosopher in this issue.

You still sound like a sex maniac. Okay, I've talked about this too much. It's only envy on my part. Is it ever! You meet The One and you've actually got some hope of doing something about it; I met The One and she went back to America. Anyway, best wishes for all your multiple plans. If I was good at only one of the things you seem to be good at, I would be a bit more of a social success. Also, I'm interested to see that you will go ahead with the Le Guin magazine. Everybody is writing about Le Guin these days; the best thing I've read so far is Peter Nicholls' review of THE FARTHEST SHORE in FOUNDATION 5. Make sure you reprint that. Given enough time, I would like to contribute, but... So much has been written about the novels from LEFT HAND onwards that it might be an idea to take some pains to commission articles on the early novels and short stories. :: I haven't sent SFC 40 to any of those addresses; I've sent it to your parents' old address. I hope the Saff African postal system works better than ours, and that

you receive it eventually. :: I managed to buy a copy of the Ballantine edition of JESUS CHRISTS when I was in Chicago, I think. But I'm not sending it to you; I still haven't read it myself. Probably, Dick Witter could still find you a copy if you buy books from him.

LEIGH EDMONDS
SUGAR TOOTH 26

Very funny cover. But I'm a fan of the distinctive calligraphy of Valma Brown, unlike some other members

of the apa. :: You get turned on by babies. While I was travelling, I got along better with children who were slightly older. To quote you, "Children do strange things to me." Sandra Miesel couldn't even believe her eyes - or she couldn't believe that Australian fans who knew me well would believe their eyes - when, on the last day of my stay with the Miesels, I had Chirp and Mite on my knee, and little Peter entwined around me somewhere. It was all most - uncharacteristic. (There's a whole other Gillespie who came to life only when I reached America, and who has been left behind there.) It occurs to me that a Brown/Edmonds baby would be the most entertained child in Melbourne.

JOHN BANGSUND
PHILOSOPHICAL GAS 28
REVOLTING TALES OF
SEX AND SUPER-SCIENCE 6

"And that was the Return of Keats and Chapman. What's next?" The return of S F COMMENTARY, of course. I hope

you received your copy okay. :: I can't see why you were thinking of going offset. Most people who see your fanzines for the first time think they are printed offset anyway. Carey Handfield costed out various runs and page sizes off set for SFC with a printer who is much cheaper than the commercial outfits. For 1000 copies of folded foolscap, 23 sheets, he came up with the figure of \$300. I can't afford that either. Add to that postage costs (especially at the new rates), and even at one Australian dollar per copy, you need to sell a lot of copies before you get back any money on edition No 1. In fact, for SFC, say, I wouldn't sell off the last of the first edition until I had published the seventh or eighth offset edition - each at 400-500 costs. No way. Carey has offered to help fund something more likely to make money - say \$4-5 per copy, but then the break even point would be so much less. Meanwhile the APO seems to be doing its best to put periodicals out of business altogether. :: Is Ken Ford an Intellectual Giant or not? He's certainly a Human Giant, and entertaining. Who needs brains as well? :: You mean, Sally has been "driven quietly mad with (your) protracted and finely detailed indecision". Don't forget the last time you drove a woman mad with those qualities. But Sally doesn't seem to be the type of person who would be driven mad by anything

let alone your worries. Actually, I don't know why you still worry about fanzines at all - I know I wouldn't if I were married to somebody like Sally. For me, publishing fanzines - fanzines like SFC, that is - has become an activity which is just some way to justify my existence, to give it some point, a way of saying, Well I've achieved something. Lots of other ways, impossible to me, to spend time. :: Geis and I "lean and wiry"? Your eyesight must be fading, John. In one of his fanzines, Dick Geis said he was 180 lbs, and he thinks of himself as fat; I'm about 180 lbs so - gulp - I must be, too. I don't seem to lose weight, no matter how little or what types of food I eat.

JOHN SNOWDEN
KERNFORSCHUNGSZENTRUM 7

THE AUSTRALIAN
PHYSICIST has certainly made science sound as dreary as

possible. They've made it sound as dreary as the "objectives" of medicine. I should know, since the bloke I'm working for currently is a management consultant for doctors, veterinarians, small hospitals, health centres, and other aspects of what he calls the "health care industry". I suppose basically he is in business to show these benign individuals and institutions how to make more money. All of the firm's advice is formulated in the same way, as "realisable objectives" and "continuing plans" and things like that. It strikes me that people start talking this way only when they become out-of-control institutions (as described by Ivan Illich). Things chunter along quite happily while one doctor runs one practice, say. The currently accepted economics of medicine (run by accountants these days, like everything else) shows that these blokes will make more money if they join into group practices. But as soon as they go into group practice, they start buying machinery and setting up systems which would never have occurred to them while they were separate. Therefore they must find some way to "manage" what has become a high-turnover business. Which is where our firm comes on the scene. As in the GOALS FOR SCIENCE POLICY, the emphasis is always on growth, but it is growth which causes all the uncontrollable problems. When reading things like this, I always remember the first chapters of Robert Jungk's BRIGHTER THAN A THOUSAND SUNS, which describe the early, exciting, almost unsubsidised creative activity of the atomic theorists of the twenties and thirties. Jungk sets out to show how science was converted into an arm of the bureaucracy and armed services as soon as it "expanded" astronomically during and after the Manhattan Project. The only hopeful exceptions to this pattern is the progress made by astronomers in particular, people who need, and get, vastly expensive equipment, but whose main discoveries are, as yet, no earthly use to anybody. The recent progress

of astronomy gives me some hope for the future of human thought. (Molecular biochemistry seems to be another exciting field at the moment - but already the bosses seem to be working out ways to convert the biochemists' discoveries into marketable products, such as genetic engineering.) :: You really were honoured to be visited by John Ryan. I've wanted to meet him again ever since I met him for the first time at Syncon 1, but it was never to be. I hope we can find some way to get him to the Worldcon next year.

PAUL ANDERSON
V BOMBS AWAY 9

It's a long time since I've been able to use my lunch breaks for reading. While I was working at home all the time earlier this year, I listened to the 12.30 pm ABC news while munching my sandwiches. On the days when I work in an office these days, we seem to get into long discussions about matters economic. The boss and the accountant seem to know the AUSTRALIAN FINANCIAL REVIEW and similar publications backwards; needless to say, I never read them. The boss has an endless fund of stories about the activities of company executives, Presidential advisors, and other Men of Power. It's somewhat pointless to attempt a dissection of the works of Franz Kafka in such an atmosphere. Fortunately, the boss has a very witty style of telling stories, and is at least aware that Men of Power may be as much of fools as the rest of us. The last time I managed to read during lunch times was the first year I was at Publications Branch. One lunchtime I was coming up the straight on the last section of YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN, which is the most compulsively readable book I've struck in many years. Just as I was about to read the last ten years, a bloke from another office poked his head in the door and just plainly wanted to to have a chat (not about anything in particular). All the time he was making chatting overtures, I was waving the book about and grimacing and trying to show that I really didn't want to talk just then. But he left only after lunch time was ended, and I had to wait until I was safely seated on the tram that night before I could finish reading YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN. :: I can't see any resemblance between SOLARIS and 2001, even for purposes of comparison. The style at the beginning is quite different, and Tarkovsky steers clear of technical gimmickry as far as possible. All the important scenes in SOLARIS are intense interpersonal encounters - absolutely the opposite from 2001. Several people have said to me that they regret that Tarkovsky did not try to create a visual equivalent of the shapes in Lem's Solaris ocean. Probably Tarkovsky did not have the money, for a start; secondly, he wanted to make his own movie, so he went in quite a different direction where he could. Of course, I would like to see a Trumbull make a technophile's version of SOLARIS - Lem certainly supplies infinitely suggestive outlines for visual constructs.

ERIC LINDSAY

SUFFERING FROM BOTTLE FATIGUE

contents of the bottle, let alone that he was fatigued by them. He must be trying to tell us something in the heading of his magazine. In this magazine itself, he actually tells us something about the real Eric Lindsay, and not just about the fanzine publishing Eric Lindsay. You'd better watch him, Sydneyites, or he might turn into a drunken, cry-in-your-swine slob like some Melbournites (me, for instance).

Hello, Eric. Well, it was interesting to hear something about you, instead of just about the fanzines you publish. A pity you ran out of steam so soon (halfway down the second page). It sounds as if your "background" was rather like mine, only more so. As I've probably written here before, the story of my childhood would be the story of the books I had read. We never had television at all - even when we could afford a luxury like television, we were too snobbish to buy it. (Also, all three of us kids were studying at the time.) One day I must write about how much I hated American television, but I hated it mainly because it was the first time in my life I was left with no option but to sit down and watch television. Ghastly. Books were always all: I hope that someday I will be able to write well enough to pay proper tribute to the authors who made my childhood / tolerable - Enid Blyton most of all, despite all the mud that has been thrown at her during recent years, with plenty of others. In the margin beside page 1 of SFBR, I've written, "How little we know of Eric Lindsay." More of these reminiscences, please. :: Coles Stores provide the last of the standup food places in Australia - except for hamburger and fish'n'chip shops, where usually you can't sit down. Most places, even the cheapest, in America are set up so you must give a particular waitress a tip for service. :: Kung Ford's little pun was deliberate, and a bit clever, and we'll explain why he wrote it some year or other. :: I don't like comics any better than you do. However, even for films, one of my interests, these days I like reading about films more than watching them - the advance publicity always makes a film sound far more original than it turns out to be when you see it. (I've just bought the latest SIGHT AND SOUND. If I didn't know better, its recommendations would make at least half a dozen films unmissable when they reach Australia.) :: Nice cover. Is the artist available to do SFC covers?

DEL & DENNIS STOCKS

OSIRIS 4, 5

CHALCEDON CHRONICLES 5, 6

the page-average count. If this were not bad

I didn't even know that Eric Lindsay indulged in the

Such a vast amount of stuff! You must be the first people ever to break my lead in

enough, I must find something to say about material which, as I've said before, goes way off my beaten track. I'll keep writing and see what happens. :: I handed over LOCUS to Robin Johnson before I went overseas, but maybe the word didn't get around. These days it's much easier to correspond directly with the Browns than to go through any agent - I found that the changing exchange rates made agenting an impossible job. :: In a mini-review, my friend Barry Gillam wrote in a letter of ZARDOZ: "The director is the author of his own script. Once you accept that the script is nonsensical, self-contradictory, and amateurish, you realise that Boorman the director does know what he's doing. It's a lot of fun, a visual roller coaster, and Charlotte Rampling and Sara Kestelman give two of the strongest women's performances in s f films." ZARDOZ has just gone off in Melbourne. Of '74's s f films, Barry is far more impressed by THE TERMINAL MAN (Mike Hodges) "which turns Crichton's cheap, fast, sensationalistic book into a meditation on the techniques of modern medicine. Hodges uses THE GOLDBERG VARIATIONS for the entire score and creates a dazzling, if purposely cold, visual world. Limited by its source, THE TERMINAL MAN still manages several tour de force sequences and an excellent, outrageous ending that Hodges made from whole cloth." For Americans, the best film of last year (but still to arrive in Melbourne) was SLEEPER: Bob Ellis has a very enthusiastic review in this week's (4 Oct) NATION REVIEW. :: The review of MASTER OF MIDDLE EARTH is excellent, even though I have read neither Kocher nor Tolkien. :: I found it amusing that you actually tried to find some logical world-building in Burroughs' Barsoom. I had read all the Mars books three times before I was twelve, and it never occurred to me that they had to "make sense" in any way other than the perfect emotional "sense" which all children's books make. I believed in the Mars books too completely for me to worry about such trivialities as the logic of them. :: I don't quite know how to take your remark that "there seems little to comment on" in ANZAPA: god, what do you want? Miles more of facts, figures, history, and science? You're the people who do that well, not us; it takes research time, which none of us have. For me, ANZAPA is a way of keeping in touch with the personal fortunes of my friends... as long as people keep writing about what it's like to be them, I'll stay interested in what they have to say, and will reply appropriately in the Mailing Comments. :: Kit Pedler was the subject of a NEW SOCIETY feature recently. He is building a self-contained environment in his London house, and the BBC made an extensive investigation of his various schemes. Not many other s f writers who take the trouble to try their ideas in practice (although many s f writers have such bilious ideas that I wouldn't want them tried out ever). :: Enough. No more room. I hope nobody feels left out: if, after a year's comments, you have been then ... But enough. Seeyuz next time. Last stencil

5.10.74