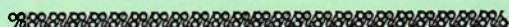




SWINE FEVER



Published for Applesauce and those gallant
few members of ANZAPA who are not also
members of Applesauce by Sally and John
Bangsund PO Box 230 Kaw 3101

Why are we calling this um thing Swine
Fever? I mean, why are you calling it that?

So as not to confuse the Official Editor,
naturally.

Oh, right. Uhuh. But I'm confused.

Often wondered why you married me.

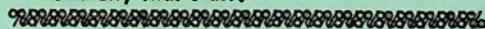
Pig!

Exactly. Your contribution to this
mailing, as ever, is entitled Roast Pork.
You read that far then?

But of course. And my contribution is
entitled Apple Corflu.

Yes?

I just thought Porkflu would sound rather
common, that's all.



ROAST PORK V



is published for members of Applesauce by Sally Bangsund, PO Box 230, Kew 3101

APPLE CORFLU, on the other hand, well both hands, up to his elbows, all down his strides and seeping out of his boots, which have seen better days, as has he, is published by John Bangsund (same address) for Sally Bangsund and other members of Applesauce, absit omen et roneo. (Did I get that right, Stokes? It's supposed to be Greek for 'Lord willing and weather permitting', but you know the trouble I have with the Second Aorist Pluperfect. You don't? I'll whistle it for you.)

In the real world, like Dublin, it's the 75th anniversary of Bloomsday, and lit'ry folk

everywhere are read-joycing in the streets; in Melbourne it's the day after, and feels like it; in Applesauce, incredibly, it's next month: July 1979. Sic gloria tempus fugghead, eh, Paul?

Last month I published for Sally and her little friends in Applesauce the second issue of Flagondry (A Journal of Compulsive Temperance and Comparative Dittography). Sally has her copy, but I think I threw the rest out. If by some chance I didn't, or if the cats dragged it back in, you'll be able to see for yourself what a rotten mess I make when I get playing about with a Fordigraph. The present slim publication is to show you what a rotten mess I make when I get playing about with clogged-up Roneo colour drums and a non-correcting IBM. Also I intend to entertain Eric Lindsay and bore the rest of you to tears with a blow-by-crushing-blow account of my recent experiences in the office equipment acquisition and disposal field of human endeavour/treachery.

First there was the Thermofax Secretary alleged copying machine, which I still haven't attempted to get working. Then the amazing Fordigraph 52/2X, considered by several observers likely to be the very first duplicator Mr Ford ever made. I sold it to a Greek gentleman, who was in such a hurry to make off with it before I changed my mind about the price (\$30, 150% more than I paid for it) that he spilt ditto fluid all over his daks. Then there was the Roneo 750 that I bought for John Foyster. I may yet live to regret that I didn't keep that machine, but never mind. Then I sold the Roneo 870, for \$500 cash (this is the big league now, folks) and a Roneo 500. For \$300 I got an elderly Roneo 865, along with storage cabinet, spraying device and two spare drums; it cost \$97 to recondition, and it seems to work better than the 870 ever did. Two months ago I arranged to buy a reconditioned IBM Executive with a Text face. Two weeks ago I impulsively bought this Executive (the typeface is Midcentury) for \$90. It has no backspacer, and it's no good for double-sided duplicating, but it's fine in small doses (like for crossheads). Last week the bloke with the Text IBM rang and said it couldn't be repaired; I rang Yugoslav Tom (see ASFR 3), the IBM-fixing wizard, who said he could fix it for \$250; and I rang the other bloke and offered him \$120, which he accepted. Then I took my newest old machine to Tom's place and, um, he agreed: it couldn't be fixed. But: he just happened to have a Text-face IBM in the shop, only the second he'd ever seen (the first was mine, too), and next week I'll have that. Yesterday the phone rang and a bloke asked about the Roneo 500 I'd advertised. 'What do you want a Roneo for, Wynne?' I said. 'Good god, it's John Bangsund,' said Wynne Whiteford. So now you know where that went. Enough.

Not enough. APPLE CORFLU page 2, to see whether the red and green ink in that drum has become brownish-maroonish overnight, or whether this insane exercise needs a few more hours work. But don't let me bore you with all this technical talk. Let me bore you with a People Who Drop In story.

(12 June) We had a Spiritualist drop in on us tonight, 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 from our books. Amazing. (Sally said something about the mouse in the ceiling, and he said very gently that maybe it wasn't a mouse, and suddenly Sally looked very thoughtful — that 'more things in heaven and earth, Horatio' look, if you follow me.) He doesn't need books himself because he has almost total recall, and he's a speed-reader (10 000 words per minute). Incredible. With those abilities I probably wouldn't need books either. I said how much I liked the McCubbin he had with him (The Lost Child). He looked at it 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.

What can I bore you with next? What we did on our holidays? No, Sally's done that. She didn't have room to tell you about our walking expedition on Frying Pan Island, an experience that Ken Ozanne would have devoted at least forty pages to. Maybe next time. We lead such full lives that we just don't have time to write inch-by-inch accounts of such everyday adventures as walking around rugged, uninhabited Tasmanian islands without food, water or anything special in the way of climbing gear. We wouldn't want you to think we know more about this sort of caper than Ken either. Let him have his fun, poor chap.

So all I have left to write about is what I've been doing for a living since I returned to Melbourne this time last year. During July I spent three weeks on the night shift at Souildown Press, proofreading horse-races and TV programs. Kevin Dillon can tell you what a fascinating sort of job that is; I haven't the heart. I wrote some powerful pieces for the Dept of Trade. David Grigg got me into that, bless him. The first assignment his boss sent me on was to report on the activities and selected products of a company that manufactures portable sewage treatment plants. No kidding. At first I thought maybe every freelancer was sent on that assignment as a sort of test, but apparently not. And as it turned out, it was the most interesting assignment I got, so I wasn't distressed when Col stopped giving me work.

Since August I've worked on a fair variety of books, editing and/or proofreading, with a spot of indexing now and then. The general pattern is that I have at least two jobs on the go (five was the most, a few weeks ago), one of them a major editing job and the others either minor editing jobs or, more often, proofreading. (In between, I have so far published nine issues of The Society of Editors Newsletter and four of Paragon Papers. I mention this to dispel any rumours that I've given up publishing fanzines, and to counter any notion that I spend most of my time buying and selling office machinery. But it is true that I don't do much reading for pleasure, and also true that I don't have a great deal of time available for writing articles for other folks' fanzines. At various times I've started on some stunningly brilliant articles for Leigh, Irvin, Andrew Brown and Perry&Helen, but the brilliance wore off by page 2. You probably know the feeling, and your excuse is probably as good as mine.)

Now, for list fandom, a list of what I modestly call My Books, 1978-79...

Ambrose Pratt: Sydney Myer, a biography	Quartet
Wendy Lowenstein: Weevils in the Flour	Hyland House
Frank Crowley: A Documentary History of Australia, vol.1	Nelson
? Australian Plants for Containers and Small Gardens	Hyland House
Frank Crowley: A Documentary History of Australia, vol.2	Nelson
Patience & Head (ed): From Whitlam to Fraser	Oxford
National Gallery of Victoria: Annual Report	NGV
Colonial Crafts of Victoria	Ministry for the Arts
Historic Places of Australia, vol.2 (National Trust)	Cassell
Ok Tedi Project: Feasibility Studies	BHP
Vol.2 Preliminary Environmental Assessment	
Vol.3 Geology	
Vol.5 Mining Engineering	
Vol.6 Metallurgy	
Vol.8 Project Engineering	
Kenneth Nelson: Water Resources	Lothian
Frank Crowley: A Documentary History of Australia, vol.3	Nelson
Robin Smith's Australia in Colour	Rigby
Robertson: Migrants	Lothian
McCaughy: Masterpieces of the Heidelberg School in the Manton Collection	Oxford
Ann Taylor: Roads and Highways	Lothian
M. Cooper: Banking and Finance	Lothian
Pike & Cooper: Australian Film	Oxford
Paul Hasluck: The Office of Governor-General	MUP
Hudson & Griffin (ed): Behaviour Analysis and Problems of Childhood	Outback
Saber: Challenge in the Skies - the TAA story	Hyland House
Ward & Reeves: The Juanita Conspiracy	NT
Fred Alexander: Australia since Federation, 4th edn	Nelson
Dal Stivens: The Man Who Almost Ruined Cricket	Outback

It doesn't look like a year's work, but it feels like it. Each of the Crowley volumes ran 600 pages, single-spaced, in manuscript. Pike & Cooper's film book ran 1150 pages in manuscript, mercifully double-spaced; I understand that the index, which I'll be checking out later this year, runs another 500 pages. To keep me out of mischief, next week I start on a short history of the Australian Labor Party for Drummond Publishing.

Last time I published a list like this a member of ANZAPA embarrassed hell out of me by looking at one of the titles to see what sort of editor I am, and I had only proofread it. Even when I'm editing, quite often I have to follow house style that I disagree with; more often than not I don't proofread books I've edited. If you want to check me out, I'll accept complete responsibility for Historic Places of Australia, vol.2, and Australian Film — and with the exception of the imprint page (which I did not see before the book went to press, and which contains a glaring error), Colonial Crafts of Victoria. If the typesetters and proofreaders have done the right thing by me, you can add Crowley's three massive volumes and McCaughy's Heidelberg School.

The first thing I did on this typewriter was a contents listing of Parergon Papers, and I'll add that to this first issue of Apple Conflu, mainly to show you what I meant about not using this machine for double-sided work, partly because you may find it of marginal interest. (I have copies of all issues except no.11. If you want any, they're yours for the asking. A donation to cover postage would be appreciated.) In no.5 I said I would probably never get a chance to work for Oxford University Press. It's probably all the science fiction I've read that enables me to make confident predictions like that.

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