

ENERGY



Being Mailing Comments on ANZAPA Mailing 146, produced by Marc Ortlieb
of P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vic 3131, Australia. 5-6/7/92.

A What The Hell, Why Not? Production. The illustration was scanned from
an aging copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The owner has written in 1936 on
the flyleaf, but it feels older than that. The illustrations are credited to
Steele Savage!!!

OBO Congratulations Alan, a good looking Official Bloody Organ. It took me
a moment or two to work out that you'd listed the contents in reverse
alphabetical order. It took me longer to work out that the membership was
in strict alphabetical order. What has happened to the beginning of the

alphabet huh? I read somewhere that people with names in the latter part of the alphabet felt inferior to the Aardvarks and Aarons of this world. Is that why we all end up in ANZAPA? That makes Leanne Frahm the apa's superior member, but Leanne has never revealed to us her maiden name. Sorry Lin, but you're going to have to change your name. (Side note, the first surname listed in the Melbourne White pages, as opposed to business names with strings of capital, A's, is Aabryn, the last is Zzyskov)

YTTERBIUM Aha! So this is why you chose reverse alphabetical order!!!
First zine in the mailing. Do you find that *Ytterbium* gets fewer mailing comments when the O.B.E. collates the zines in alphabetical order? (This, of course assumes that the membership is organized enough to comment on zines in order.) During stints as O.B.E., I used to list zines in order of receipt.

Album Playing Richard Thompson's *Rumor and Sigh* It's classic Thompson, with a mixture of bleak and sardonic songs. Although Mitchell Froom's U.S. influence is present, Thompson has still given us an English album. Simon Nicol, John Kirkpatrick, Clive Gregson, and Christine Collister enable Thompson to keep in touch with his folk connections. "Don't sit on my Jimmy Shands" is a delightful piece of Victoriana. "God Loves a Drunk", which I expected to be a rollicking black Thompson reel, is a slower piece that somehow avoids being a dirge and sends shivers up my spine. "Psych Street" sounds like an out-take from one of the albums Thompson did with French, Frith and Kaiser.

So that is Greg Hills' flat. Strange, the photo doesn't show the machinegun emplacement or the barbed wire. Whew! Where do you get the time for that much reading? I ought to buy a copy of *Nantucket Slayrides* to complement my copy of a similarly named Mountain album.

YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED The trouble is that Michael has yet to learn the difference between live broadcast and recorded tapes. Remember, he also insists that he be able to see *Dinosaurs* or *Tugboats* whenever he wants.

RYC To yourself: My worry about you taking your integration work too seriously is that you are trying to do two jobs at the same time, your integration and your other teaching, and it just isn't possible to do both with the thoroughness that you'd like. (Trust me to marry a perfectionist!!!)

By the way, thanks for letting me buy the CD player. I'm now listening to Melanie's *Cowabonga: Never turn your back on a wave*. It's interesting. Melanie's voice seems to have gained power and her lyrics have not lost any of their punch. As in other more recent albums she has

recycled a track "Loving the Boy Next Door" from *The Seventh Wave* and there's yet another interpretation of "Ruby Tuesday". I can't find any copyright dates on this one, so who knows when it was released.

SLAYDOMANIA Yep. Changes aplenty. Some in the weight direction. I have now dropped some and then put it back on. Some on the job front. I seem to be taking teaching far too seriously at present. Not only that, but the current administration of the school are under the misapprehension that I know what I'm doing. Thus I tend to pick up all sorts of extra responsibilities, such as looking after the daily organization of the school when the deputy principal is away. Hell! I can't even organize me, much less a school. Fortunately the system has been put together so that even I can't stuff it to me up too much.

I'm still having lots of fun with Macintosh computers, but I'm doing most of that for the English and computer faculties. I've been slipping out of the science faculty, a move prompted by the new science co-ordinator. He made my life difficult the first time I was silly enough to offer my services as science faculty co-ordinator in 1987 and then he went to Melbourne Teachers' College. Now he's back, all fired up to change the faculty to suit his teaching methodology. I hate being changed and so have drifted out of Science, though I am teaching Year Twelve Biology, under the new system, and it's a killer.

It is lovely to have you back in ANZAPA, so much so that I'm back too. Hope you can overcome your love/hate relationship with writing. I was delighted to find a new story of yours last year in *Aurealis*. May it be the sign of more to come.

Given your biological interests, you'd love the book Cath bought me for Christmas. It is called *Vertebrate Palaeontology of Australasia*, edited by an assortment of academics, published by Monash University and it took three semi-trailers to deliver the thing. It's destined to be the reference in the field for at least the next ten years. I keep telling Cath that I now need a year off work to read it. No luck so far.

Yep. I abandoned the trusty Roneo for my return to ANZAPA, but I suspect that this one will be stencilled. Mailing comments tend to go on a bit and so go better with friendly sticky ink than with the impersonality of the photocopier. I've decided that fanzines need the equivalent of the compression utilities available for computer files, something that would shrink all the words for the purpose of photocopying and posting, but which would reconstitute them to full size when the reader eyetracked them. I know that Eric Lindsay put out copies of Geggenschein on microfiche but portable readers were few and far between.

THE SECRET DUFF NEWSLETTER Congratulations Roger. I trust you were aware that one of the conditions of your win was that you publish your DUFF and FFANZ trip reports as an Ace Double. Anyway, enjoy your trip. Pass my regards to Charlotte and any Minneapolitans you encounter.

Q76 While not denigrating KittyCon, which I did enjoy, I have trouble thinking of a scout hall event as a convention. I suspect that we need a different name. After all, will the upcoming MSFC Fête be granted convention status? The scanned photos came out quite well—certainly better than any electrostencilled photos I've ever seen.

NEWS FROM A COLD CLIMATE Greetings fellow Pom. (Mind you, my claims to Pomdom have been diluted by having spent more than three quarters of my life in Australia.) The description of your place sounds a little like ours, except that Michael is too young to realize that Daddy & Mummy occasionally have to do things that he can't be around for. Using the computer is impossible with him around. He thinks typing letters on Superpaint is far more fun than watching Daddy type words on Word 4. Besides, he doesn't see the point of using different letters. A row of capital "M"s, preferably in a big font, are more fun.

A cello eh? A musician friend of mine lumps the cello with the banjo and the piano accordion and has a trilogy of jokes that runs:-

Q: What is the nicest sound a banjo can make?

A: Splash!

Q: What is the definition of a gentleman?

A: Someone who can play the piano accordion but doesn't.

Q: What do you call a bonfire made with 1000 cellos?

A: A good start.

MODULE Spell checkers do not react favourably to fannish jargon, but, fortunately, most are equipped with a User Dictionary that allows them to learn not to coggle at terms like gafia and fijagdh. Re your Computer Club, that's one of my roles at school. Most of the staff are either computer literate or at least capable of finger painting, but every now and then they hit a snag that requires further attention. I'm one of the people ornery enough to beat a Mac at its own game.

My best magic was performed on the photocopier. Each faculty has a credit-card-like key that must be inserted before the copier will work, and a couple of them don't work unless you put them in just right. Rei, our photography teacher, ended up with one of these, and, no matter what he

did, he couldn't get the key to work. I picked it up, blew on it, placed it in the copier, and it worked perfectly. Rei didn't believe this. He took the key out, replaced it, and couldn't get the copier to work. I repeated my little act and the copier worked perfectly. He hasn't forgiven me yet.

MEMORIES OF Sorry we didn't get there, but time and money mean that
SYNCON '92 Cath and I only get to Melbourne conventions nowadays.

Michael Whelan doesn't do anything for me—I'm not that fond of art—but I would have liked to have caught up with a few Sydney people. (And I gather that there are precious few.)

I'd be dubious about accepting Dr Kruszelnicki's explanation of the origins of Murphy's Law, though I'm damned if I can think of where one might find evidence for its origins. Most of the versions of Murphy's Law I've seen have tended to be high in electronics terminology but that may be a reflection of their sources. Perhaps there is a book there.

MEGATHERIUMS Okay, where do you get the energy? I will admit to
FOR BREAKFAST enjoying bread baking but I can't see myself baking every second Saturday. Bread-baking is confined to party preparation, when one of us is on duty for staff morning tea, or when Cath's church has a parish dinner. Saturday morning here consists of breakfasting the monster, taking him to the shops and then attacking the week's washing up while trying to listen to the Goon Show and fending off Michael's demands to make a Play Doh fire engine. Washing up usually takes well into the Science Show. Did you hear Damien on ESP last Saturday? (4/7/92) I used to share your joy in cooking, but, given that Michael is addicted to the simplest of fares and that Cath's stomach rebels at the very smell of anything richer than grilled schnitzel I've put experimental cooking on hold.

Cath got a microwave, but I haven't as much as touched it. I'm certain that it has its uses, but I haven't the time to think it out. Also, while being a goshwow technophile in most areas, in the kitchen I'm a confirmed Luddite. It wasn't until Michael started needing pureed food that we got a food processor—the Wizz Twin set-up that you extol. It is a good set up, especially for child-sized banana milkshakes.

Bully for Brontosaurus is indeed superb reading. Gould is one of the few writers I'm collecting in hardback (with help from my favourite book-pusher, J. Ackroyd Esq.)

Nothing like a computer to keep track of how much time one wastes doing fanac is there?

**MAILING COMMENTS
FROM A COLD CLIMATE**

While I'm fond of Heinlein I certainly wouldn't want politicians reading him. They might get all sorts of nasty ideas. The people I would like to see reading Heinlein, particularly *Stranger in a Strange Land* are clerics, particularly the Fundamentalist types. I'm finding my sf reading is miles behind. I've only just read my first Terry Pratchett and I've yet to try Iain Banks, despite the fact that, rumour has it, he was in Australia recently.

Melbourne has not been known for wild spurts of fannish behaviour recently, but it is solid. Mike O'Brien has been Tasmania's sole active fan for longer than anyone, barring John Foyster, can remember. There have been a few others, mainly media orientated, and Giulia de Cesare was active for a while, but, other than that, Tasmania seems to be where old fans and tired go to gafiate. Both Robin Johnson and Keith Curtis have gone there. Sydney fandom, if not dead is rather moribund, with Faulconbridge fans acting rather like Asimov's Terminus. Perth fandom keep running conventions which are appreciated by those who can afford the trip over. Adelaide fandom has been threatening a renaissance, but has yet to usher in the new Golden Age.

LYNX The Irish corn to which Felicity referred in her e-mail was actually wheat. Corn, as in maize, didn't come to Ireland until potatoes.

**LAND OF
10,000 LOONS** Howdy again, and thanks muchly for the Nova Mob tape. It's lovely stuff. I thought I could confound Julian Warner with it, but he had, of course, heard of them and mentioned that its leading light was involved with Husker Du, a band that I tend to associate with Andrew Brown. (I was hoping the the "Werner von Braun" track was Lehrer's; it isn't, but it's nice none the less.)

I feel guilty about Minneapolis. I actually typed up a contribution for the 100th Stippleapa mailing and then never got around to running it off or posting it. Sigh. I also have a huge pile of Footrot Flats stuff I should post to Denny. Real Soon Now.

I'm not sure that I want to tell teeth stories. I'd been putting off visiting the dentist until I worked out that it had been more than ten years since my last dental work—in Adelaide—and a molar collapsed on me. I still managed to put off the moment of truth, but I got fed up of fishing raspberry pips out of the cavern and so I went along and got myself drilled and filled. That was three visits ago. Only one more to go now. I'd still rather front up to a Period 6 Year Eight Science class, but, as I know I have to do that, I also know I have to go to the dentist. The worst part was when she was prying ten years of calculus off the teeth and gums. Dr Monteith,

an ideal name for a dentist, tells me I may be able to retain my lower incisors now, as long as I floss. Human teeth are very poorly designed.

Album Playing Warren Zevon's *Mr Bad Example*. Another of those CDs I'd stockpiled. Superb stuff. "Suzy Lightning" is one of the best slow tracks Zevon's done, being up there with "The French Inhaler" and "Diamonds in the Sand". The title track has echoes of "Excitable Boy" and even has the narrator visiting Adelaide. I'm really annoyed at myself at missing Zevon when he was here a couple of years ago.

KALIEN Not allowing supporting members to vote for the ASTHMAs seems to make supporting membership pretty pointless. I have a similar problem with the fact that only attending members get to vote for site selection at the Australian National Conventions. I'd like to see postal voting for site selection.

Why should Phil's cover illo have been censored for the WIMPs in ANZAPA? As far as I know, there have never been any Weakly Interacting Massive Particles in ANZAPA. The fact that we are members at all makes us Strongly Interacting Massive Particles—SIMPs—hmmn. Maybe I should rephrase that.

ILLEGITIMATI Nice photographs but your cover was a little too
NON CARBORUNDUM dark for me to see you clearly. An earthquake in a winery eh? It would have been more appropriate in a distillery. Then you could have the martinis shaken, not stirred.

FANATIC Congratulations on the sales. One of the reasons I gave myself for dropping out of ANZAPA was that I'd concentrate my efforts on writing real skiffy. The resolution travelled the primrose path. I did actually submit stories to three magazines, even re-wrote one, following an editorial suggestion, but with the same net result. Rejection Slips—5; Ortlieb—0. So its back to fanzines.

BURY MY SOUL Thanks for the computer stuff. As an ex-member of
AT EXIT #63 the Lewis Carroll Society, I was pleased to be able to add another rip-off of Jaberwocky to my list. (I note that Martin Gardiner's *Annotated Alice* is now available as a Hypercard Stack for the Macintosh. I must find a copy.) A few of the pieces were a trifle forced, but show me a pun that isn't.

BRG I wholeheartedly agree with your disclaimer. Occasionally it is not possible to find a comment hook. Perhaps the hook has been inappropriately baited or the reader has been inappropriately baited. Perhaps the tides are all wrong or the hook is tied wrong. Perhaps the hook lacks a lure. Perhaps we are talking fishing for compliments here. Be that as

it may, I write comments where and when it pleases me. (That's one of the nice things about being an old fan and tired. I do what I bloody well want to.) I too do attempt to read the whole mailing. That attempt is easier in school holidays. I don't suppose we could follow the example of FAPA and go quarterly could we?

I must be getting better. There are four items on your recent reading list that I've also read—the *Aurealis* issues, one of the *Eidolons* and *Call to the Edge*. I must remember to publish my current list. You may be pleased to note that it includes a Jonathan Carroll *Voice of Our Shadow*. I was enjoying it right up until the last couple of pages, at which point I thought "There's no way he can resolve this satisfactorily." and he didn't.

While I agree that Jenny Glover deserves some sort of award for persisting with hektograph, Eric Mayer was, last time I heard, still using hektography. (Mind you, I haven't been on his mailing list for a while.) My Roneo is languishing in the basement. It's never really been the same since the drum collapsed on it and servicing it is a pain. I'm still using the school's Roneo, for Cath's contributions and, in all probability, for this too.

A.I.D.S.I.A.S.O.C.Y Dammit Terry. I could have sworn I was seeing an interesting acronym developing here. (And, if you think I'm typing out your whole title...)

I thought that the ~~bottom~~ lowest picture was disgustingly exploitive of Silurian Amphibians. And speaking of poikilothermic vertebrates, I've never seen the motion of a snake described as "peristalsis" before. The term is usually reserved for the wave-like muscular contractions in the gut.

I'm sure there's a definition of chutzpah that encompasses your ability to use one ex as a go-between for you and an earlier ex.

So that was ANZAPA 146. It's good to be back. If I find time, I might even contribute something more substantial, but, until then, it's Adios Amoebas!