

ENERGY

anzapa 147



A zine of mailing comments on ANZAPA 147, produced by Marc Ortlieb of P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vic 3131 for ANZAPA. First Appearing in ANZAPA. This one started on 4/10/92 which, as the astute reader will notice, is two days after the deadline for ANZAPA #148. Gimmee a break. It's taking me a while to get back into the swing of things. The cover is another scanned cut from *The Decameron*. It looks as though this will be yet another all-mailing comments issue. So it goes.

CD Playing:- Jethro Tull *Thick as a Brick* one of those things I never bought on album, but couldn't resist when I saw it going cheap on CD. It prompted me to give another listen to *Passion Play*: A shame that that was never filmed. It would have been interesting. I even toyed with the idea of a stage adaptation while listening to it.

OBO Just a note to the members in general. October 1993 will be the twenty fifth anniversary of ANZAPA. Looking through the OBO for the magnificent tenth anniversary edition, Cath, Bruce, Roger and I were on the membership list at the time, while Leanne was on the waiting list. David Grigg, though not a member at the time, had a zine in the mailing. Why do I mention this? Well, being on a heavy nostalgia kick, I was sort of thinking that October 1993 might be a good time to repeat the experience. We don't have Foyster to provide his delightful St Kilda pied a terre as a venue for a massive collating party, but I'm sure something could be worked out. What about it?

KALIEN The evidence for the existence of Satan seems rather more convincing than that for his Opposite Number but then, I shouldn't dwell on the fact that Jeff Kennett was just elected should I?

FAN'ATTIC 29 Ouch! A hectic time. The trouble with such reminiscences is that I keep thinking okay, and how would you have managed it with a three and a half year old to organise as well? I used to pride myself on leaving myself with plenty of time to do anything, but, when adding Michael to calculations, even the ten percent I usually budget for Murphy's Law is terribly inadequate. (Cath thinks I have too much patience with Michael.)

JAN KICKED AND CLAWED HER WAY TO THE TOP Best of luck with the M.Ed. I've seen a couple of our staff going around the bend trying to get their's done. I've occasionally tried part-time study, but it doesn't suit me. I got through part of a Drama course that way, but got absolutely nowhere in a Religious Studies unit. My best year was the year I spent converting my Dip.T into a B.Ed, but that was full-time and, as long as I ignored the Education studies and concentrated on the academic units, I had a ball. If I did do any further part-time study, I'd be tempted by the Diploma in Philosophy and History of Science that Melbourne Uni offers, but I'm a realist. No way would I fit that into the time I'm going to have next year.

The media/lit dichotomy has centered on the way lit fans perceive media fans as hung up on the characters while media fans have perceived lit fans as being hung up on intense literary discussions. I have trouble with people who cannot accept criticism of their favourites, no matter what fandom they inhabit. For me, part of the fun of fandom is the ability to pour

shit on any aspect of the genre or on fandom in particular. One of these days I must get my favourite Gahan Wilson cartoon enlarged and put above my desk. It features a number of people in religious regalia bowing down before an altar with a huge "N" on it, while another character asks "Is Nothing sacred?" I know that there are media fans capable of admitting that Sturgeon's Law applies just as well to their particular favourite as to any other field, but few of those folk seem to have high profiles in media fandom, whereas lit fandom permits such critics a higher profile.

MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST I hope your father's recovery proceeds. My father almost died a couple of years ago, as a result of not letting on about the fact that he'd been pissing blood for six months. They removed a tumour the size of a golfball from his bladder. Following that, several further episodes of surgery and some chemotherapy he seems to be clear. Pig-headedness runs in our family too and so I haven't passed on the item connecting bladder cancer to smoking. I would have thought the nature of the examinations—there is only one easy way to operate on the bladder without cutting into it—might have affected Dad's habits, but no luck so far.

Damn. You've punctured a myth for me. I'm sure that, when I first heard the term "the three-handkerchief trick" it had nothing to do with juggling. Not that I had any real idea of what it did involve, but the mind can provide all sorts of possibilities.

Bruce Gillespie is our one survivor from the first issue of ANZAPA (or, to be precise, APA-A.) His contribution was actually produced by Bangsund and Edmonds and consisted of a review of Peter Watkins *The War Game* rather ironic in terms of Jan MacNally's comments to Bruce in this mailing. Bruce Gillespie started his ANZAPA career as a media fan!!!

As far as I know, the free tea and coffee at railway stations was a radio promotion. It didn't work very well, as I can't remember which radio station was providing the goodies but then I didn't partake. My public transport bladder doesn't deal too well with early morning diuretics.

CD Playing:- David Bowie *Space Oddity* interesting in that it has three versions of "Memory of a Free Festival" plus one other track that didn't originally appear on the album.

LynC has a nice variety of gluten-free cake recipes. I was commissioned to provide chocolate cakes for her wedding to Clive and one of them was using rice and soy flour. It was marked as Planet X to distinguish it from the other cakes. I found the combination difficult to work with, but LynC assured me that it was edible.

PENGUIN'S DAY AT THE BEACH Loved Gunny's cover.

TISELLATION Now you mustn't get too hung up over you name, upside down or otherwise. The name Jane has inspired quite a few muses. I was making a list of what Jane was getting up to for EG, but they stopped running their "Ten" lists. What I had so far was Jon Astley's "Jane's getting serious", Starship's "Jane you're playing a game you never can win", Lou Reed's "Sweet Jane", Tom Verlaine's "Janie's going back to Walker", "Janey's Got a Gun" by Aerosmith (I think) and a couple of others, the titles of which currently escape me.

Damn!!! I wish I'd read your contribution before putting in my ANZAPO POLL entry. "Roman *Orczanski*" is a delightful typo.

If you want some fantasy that:-

- (a) Doesn't know that trilogy stops at three and
- (b) Is depressingly down,

have you tried the Lord Foul's Bane books? True, you need to abandon any ideas of language being readable, but the books overcome the rose coloured glasses problem.

I can't say that duplicator ink does much for me. I've spent far too much time scrubbing the damn stuff off my skin. I've been using a stencil duplicator since 1975 and ~~boy are my arms tired~~ I've spent more than enough time extracting soggy bits of duplicator paper from their innards. In that time, I've owned three of the things. While never quite attaining the standards Victoria Vayne, Jeff Smith or Mike Glicksohn reached, Gary Mason once offered me a minor accolade—he said I was the only person he knew with the courage to run a Roneo while still wearing my good shirt. The one thing about stencil duplication is that it's still relatively cheap, especially when compared to photocopying. Thus my two pagers get photocopied, but *Energy* gets duplicated.

CD Playing:- Richard Thompson *Sweet Talker* which is the soundtrack to the 1991 film of the same name which would seem, from the cast, to be Australian; it lists Bryan Brown, Bill Kerr, Bruce Spence and Bruce Myles in the cast. I've never heard of the film. Is it any good? The soundtrack is delightful. It also establishes one of my shortest links to Richard Thompson, along the lines of you can connect anyone in the world to anyone else via six people maximum. I met Bruce Myles because I taught his daughter Cleo. Therefore via him to producer Ben Gannon to Richard Thompson. Two steps. (I should be able to work out a single step link.)

I'm not sure about the plant. I no longer travel to school that way often. I suspect not. (I even suspect that my botanical identification might have been suspect, but why ruin an anecdote with mundane facts?)

I couldn't say that fandom has saved my life. It's damn near killed me on occasions, several of which occurred in close proximity to AussieCon Two. On the plus side, it's made life more interesting. I've developed skills that I might not have otherwise. There's also Cath. I suspect that she has saved my

life and I met her through fandom. Without her I certainly wouldn't make the minor effort to look after myself that I do.

SLAYDOMANIA II "just about any character I use for decoration is boring..." Until you said that, I'd forgotten that one of the main purposes of Australian fandom is to stop Leanne putting herself down. I wouldn't say that your decorative characters were boring. I loved the pair in "Olivetruffles"

While I can see that plundering the echidna population could be worthwhile, I suspect that rape would be rather uncomfortable, unless you shaved the spines off the tail.

I rather liked your turn of phrase myself, and Cath says it's okay as long as we practise safe collating... Now there's a vivid mental image. How in hell would you collate a safe? ~~boy are my arms tired~~

Loved the cartoon. Now if only Baum...

ENERGY I knew I'd forget the best of the cello jokes:-

Q: What's the difference between a cello and an onion?

A: No one cries when you cut up a cello.

GOBBETS It was good to see you at Conjunction. There were few enough of us bofs there which was a pity, as Danny, Beky and company threw a very nice relax-a-con. Danny as Julian Clary is still a sight I'll have trouble forgetting.

Who said the universe was linear? You haven't been reading your chaos books have you? Besides, if I want to read *Gobbets 2* before #1, that's my right. But, what's really sad is that I didn't. Sigh. Trapped by a linear mind in a chaotic universe...

I thought that the idea of Melbourne wanting to dominate Australian fandom had died with Vera Lonergan's gaffiation. Who the hell would want to dominate Australian fandom? That sounds too much like hard work. Still, I see the idea cropping up in occasional paranoid ravings about the ASFF which filter down from north of the border from time to time, so let's not mention ANZAPA's role in the process shall we? The Second Foundation's continued existence depends on the fact that no one realizes that Melbourne and Trantor are indeed one and the same thing.

If you wish to retain possession of your goolies, refrain from referring to Scots' accents as "Scotch". Many a sassenach has lost his caber through carelessness of that nature.

MODULE Curse you mike. There's nothing worse than the state of mailing commentus interuptus occasioned by someone parenthesising "no jokes, thank you!" after such a delightful comment hook. Just for that, no mailing comments for you this time.

CONJUNCTION 3 P.R. Thanks to all concerned for a fun weekend.

YOU REALLY KNOW _

As to the "historical background of ANZAPA's membership breakdown". I can't help but think of the company who replied to the request for a list of their workers "broken down by sex" with the comment "We find alcohol is more of a problem with our employees." Thinking back on it, the population of ANZAPA has been dominated by Victorians for most of its history, with occasional large minorities from Adelaide, Sydney or Minneapolis.

Was our first contact through ANZAPA? I guess it must have been. I thought I might have sent you a fanzine earlier than that, but the earliest letter I have from you is dated March 1976, three months after I joined ANZAPA.

SINGULAR PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

Damn and there's another fine typo—"chicken...cokked with one of those new Chicken tonight sauces."—just one letter off being a classic. The Milo label doesn't quite qualify as the strangest item sent through ANZAPA but keep trying.

YTTERBIUM

Not much congruence between our reading lists, but I too am enjoying the current batch of *Red Dwarf*. I find the actor who plays Kryton looks stranger without his android makeup than with it. I have a feeling that I have seen him elsewhere, but I'm damned if I can remember where.

CD Playing:- *The Rolling Stones Goats Head Soup* I got it in a three CD set, with *Sticky Fingers* and *It's Only Rock and Roll* which seemed like too good a deal to pass up. I didn't own any Stones albums before. The energy of the band still gets to me, and I'm on the lookout for a similarly cheap copy of *Get Your YaYas Out*.

EXHYSTENTIALISM

When I mentioned that I had a copy of *If Atoms Could talk*, Rosaleen commented that it must be one of the few that avoided pulping. A shame as it was an interesting book.

One of the fun things about putting together a list of sf that people ought to read is that everyone has a different list. Of your list, I'd only consider the Simak for my list and I'm not sure that it would make the top ten. So what would be on my list? In no particular order:-

Stranger in a Strange Land - Robert A. Heinlein

Wasp - Eric Frank Russell

Dragonlight - Anne McCaffrey

Dawn - Octavia Butler

Norstrilia - Cordwainer Smith (But I'd cheat and get people to read it in the two novel form, *The Planet Buyer* and *The Underpeople*)

Code Blue Emergency - James White

Tau Zero - Poul Anderson

Childhood's End - Arthur C. Clarke

Brain Child - George Turner

Dreamsnake - Vonda McIntyre

On another day I'd probably want to include *Bill the Galactic Hero* - Harry Harrison, *Rissa Kerguelen* - F.M. Busby, *The Female Man* - Joanna Russ and any number of short story anthologies or collections including some Frederic Brown, William Tenn, Katherine MacLean and Colin Kapp.

You're right Roger, you do do a good "Who me?" routine that convinces poor gullible folk like me that it actually was you, even when it wasn't. Thanks for the welcome. I suspect I'm enjoying ANZAPA in a masochistic and rushed sort of a way.

How are the trip reports coming along???

ANZAPA 148

OBO Interesting cover from Ian. What does it all mean eh? While I'd love to have a consensus, I can't find one anywhere. (Is it the sort of census you take at a convention?) I'd like to see the money go towards ANZAPACON TOO.

THE HABERFIELD HERALD While I'm not much of a movie goer, I was surprised to note how many of your booklist I'd read. The Gould, of course, I love. While I found *Blue Tyson* had its moments, if you want excellent Australian science fiction, try Greg Egan's *Quarantine*. The ending is a bit of a let-down, but up to that point, it's one of the best Australian sf novels I've ever read. Only George Turner is better.

I suspect that I'll never really come to grips with e-mail and this is despite the fact that I do run a BBS myself. Part of the problem is that I find the material posted via e-mail tends to be vacuous, sort of like mailing comments only worse. I know that Roman was trying to work a format for an electronic fanzine, but he was also promising a second *Steam-Driven Flugelhorn* so I'm not holding my breath.

I hope that Sydney fandom is getting better. Rumour has it that Adelaide fandom is on the up again, partly catalysed by Foyster and Critical Mass but partly because of its equivalent of the Melbourne New Wave—a meld of media and lit fandom that doesn't quite mesh with the previous definitions of lit and media fandoms.

We were quite proud to learn that Alan had produced *DownThyme*. Not that it was the sort of thing that would get Greg off his arse, but it allowed the essential release of a lot of pent-up anger, which is what such rip-offs are designed to do. It's a good Australian fannish tradition that should be continued. (I consider it a matter of pride that I have been lampooned in just such a production.)

CD Playing:- The Who *Tommy* I found this in the Elizabeth Town Centre, having hunted for it for quite a while in Melbourne, without luck. The school was looking for a musical for next year and I figured, given some of the rock band talent we have, *Tommy* was a possibility. I'm not sure now. My mind keeps getting clouded by the Ken Russell version and the thought of getting the stage crew to clear mounds of baked beans from the stage each night doesn't appeal.

LAND OF 10,000 LOONS ANZAPA collations have never, as far as I can remember, been the sort of social event that Stipple or Minneapa collations are. The poor OBE tends to get landed with the whole task. Perhaps we should institute koolaiding parties here.

The neighbours and the bat story is the sort of thing that makes my blood boil. I have a fondness for bats and flying foxes. Ignorant people and ignorant police are a bad combination. (I suspect an overdose of Dracula flicks wouldn't help.) Have you ever read Gerald Durrell's books. In one he describes his attempt to see real vampire bats close-up. It's priceless.

I had a day home on Thursday, ostensibly to mark a series of CATs (Common Assessment Tasks), but it gave me my first chance in a while to do some baking. I made garlic bread and used half of it as a pizza base. (I bake the garlic into the bread, as opposed to using garlic butter.) Michael's response made it worth the effort—he is very fond of garlic bread.

Yep. You picked it right. I figured that, with that many things going wrong around me, rejoining ANZAPA made sense. (What's the point of suffering through major disasters if you can't convert them into apazines?) "Playing for sheep stations" is an example of Australian irony/sarcasm/hyperbole (Pick One). It usually crops up when someone is taking a card game too seriously but can also refer to people who are gambling with more money than common sense. I suspect that all parking meters require winding; it's one of those things that people don't mention in polite company.

RYC about foreskins. I find that very few aspects of religion make much sense to me. That said, a lot of the Jewish dietary laws made a lot of sense, given the understanding of parasites at the time so I suspect that circumcision made sense in times when personal cleanliness was neither high on the priority list nor easy to maintain.

WORD SMITHS Welcome to ANZAPA. Gerald has had a hell of a time being the only Smith in the apa. Good to see that you are improving that situation. (Previous Smiths in Anzapa were Bob and Lyn Smith and Linda Smith.)

Leah, I hope that you have forgiven me for assuming that the hoax zine that I once received was really produced by you. Sending a LoC on it was probably not what you wanted at the time.

Hell, you don't have to get a house clean for Stephen Boucher. He's happy with a computer and half a dozen Kate Bush videos.

Interesting how the noun "tinker" became the verb to "tinker", which begat the new noun "tinkerer". I guess that's what inspired Rodin to produce the sculpture.

Sheepshead is listed in my copy of *Hoyle* under the name Schafkopf. *Hoyle* suggests that features from the game were incorporated in Skat, which is all well and good, but I've never played Skat either.

Although we get some new blood at conventions, most of the new blood in Australian fandom comes in via media fandom. Fans who discover fanzine fandom are cherished and encouraged until we know them well enough to heap the usual shit on them.

AN ISLAND... Who gives a stuff about the political soundness of various tipples? A bottle of plonk is a bottle of plonk. (Milligan noted something similar in *Puckoon*, a wine wanker notes that the year on a bottle was a very good one. "It'll be an even better one when you open it," notes a more proletarian character.)

Yep. I'd encountered the steel belted radial joke before. I suspect you told it to me, and I probably replied with

Q: What's round and black and fucks wombats?

A: A Michelin steel-belted radial.

Michael has assorted items of *Dinosaurs* merchandise so I guess you're right. If I were paranoid, I'd blame some of his anti-social outbursts on his role model—Baby in *Dinosaurs*. I don't think I can make it stick though.

Thanks very much!!! I'm thinking of the snip myself, sometime in the nearish future and your description has really got me enthusiastic about the process...like hell. Perhaps I'll ask for a general anaesthetic. Perhaps I'll procrastinate like hell. Perhaps I'll join a monastery after the impending one is born. Do they allow you access to fanzines if you live in a monastery?

brg Thanks for the text of the talk which, I feel, was one of the more successful of Nova Mob talks lately. It got people nattering, which is a major point of such things. Now I'm going to have to read the book if I can only find the time. Was that the sound of snap freezing demons I just heard?

Re ERNIs, I suspect that is one of the more useful critical terms to emerge of late. If you don't mind I'll steal it for my review of Greg Egan's *Quarantine*.

MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST 7 Book culling is one of those things that I can accept in principle, but would have a great deal of trouble putting into practice. When Cath and I amalgamated our science fiction collections the idea was that we'd get shot of duplicates. Trouble was they were never quite duplicates. We'd keep different editions, often because Cath would prefer one cover and I'd prefer another. Some books we agreed to keep duplicates of so that one could be a lending copy. Regardless of the different excuses, I don't think we got shot of more than a supermarket bag of books in the end.

I suspect that we both deal similarly with dinner parties. I come close to having kittens when faced with so much as one dinner guest, even though I do enjoy the egobo when the meal turns out well. Re Cath and me discussing things domestic in ANZAPA, we figure that ANZAPA is partially responsible for our marriage and so the least it can do is put up with our domestic natter. (It's a no-win situation, of course; if I didn't make mailing comments to Cath, someone would be bound to point to it as evidence of a rift of Chuck'n Di proportions.)

MODULE #97 Your Preacher Pops cover reminded me of an old Confucius Says:- Confucius say man who eats baked beans before church sits in own pew.

Well. Am I a potential contactee? I rather doubt it. Let's see though.

My answers:

- 1) Yes, but only after eating nachos.
- 2) Yes. Mother used to call him Uncle Harry, and he only ever appeared while dad was on fishing trips.
- 3) Yes. Dad always seemed to know about Uncle Harry even though he was off fishing. (And the fish he brought home were always wrapped in white paper!)
- 4) Yes. But not since I stopped sucking the blotting paper.
- 5) Yes, but see above.
- 6) Not since Uri moved out.
- 7) Yes. I have the unerring ability to boot the television in exactly the wrong spot every time it goes funny.
- 8) Yes, but by hell it costs.
- 9) I'm capable of turning wine into water at a prodigious rate.
- 10) Yes, which is why my boss keeps me in the dark and makes me work such long hours.
- 11) Only after turning a great deal of wine into water and waking on very cold kurbsides.
- 12) Yes. When I walk into a room, even the most exhausted person develops the ability to move very quickly indeed.

(I'd write more, but there's a very thin bubble-headed bloke who keeps humming this monotonous five-note tune in my ear.)

Ph.D. *The Game* I do know a few people who played the game for real. They seem fairly happy with the results, though I suspect that Rob is far happier with his sound studio than with his post-grad research. As for Barry, he just uses his as an excuse to attend international conferences and pick up cheap science fiction books.

Have you read any James Eranch Cabell? That's interesting fantasy.

FAN'ATIC 30 Yep. The more I think about it, the more I'll stick to fan writing. Nowhere near the pressure and I can write for the enjoyment without feeling the necessity to measure my success by the

dollar. (This opinion will change the moment I get into another of my "I wish I were a real writer" moods.)

SLAYDOMANIA III As you say, "Eek!" I encountered a neo-Nazi magazine a few years ago, that I used to keep, just to remind me that there were some terribly sick people out there and that, though democracy is, in theory, the rule of the people, there are some people who shouldn't get within cooee of public office. The trouble with that sort of mind is that it sees any attempt to point out inconsistencies in its dogma as an attack on the group by someone who must, therefore, be a pervert of some kind.

CD Playing:- Richard Thompson *Sweet Talker* Yes. Again. I'm coming to like it almost as much as his recent general album. I was in Batman's records the other day and they were playing Thompson's *Rumor and Sigh*. I asked them if they had any Fairport CDs, but they didn't. Julian Warner showed me a magazine called *Q* that had a feature article on Fairport and which mentioned some of the CDs I don't have yet. *Sigh*. *Q* also had a list of Star Trek influence songs and bands. I copied it for Cath, who sent it to Austrek.

Serious discussion in ANZAPA? Oh dear. Does that mean we're going to have to give up our delightful escapist pursuits like bread-baking natter?

Tell you what. You can read *Vertebrate Paleontology* on one condition. You come here to read it! (With the new one due before you get to read this comment, there won't be much space, but I'm sure Michael will share his room with you, provided you agree to read him Mr Men books as well.)

Yes. I got no staying power. Five rejection slips and I'm history. (I've never played rugby. I'm happy with my nose the shape it is.)

Old ANZAPAns crop up everywhere. These mailing comment were just interrupted by a phonecall from Perry Middlemiss to sort out tomorrow night's warren Zevon concert, for which Perry arranged tickets.

TISELLATION #4 Conjunction was rather fun, but it showed me how much I've changed as a fan. The Saturday night saw me getting very little sleep, due to a very active bedmate. In the past, such a comment would have been blatant bragging. Unfortunately the bedmate was Michael. He refused to sleep in the couch bed in the room, which Cath ended up attempting to squeeze herself into. Michael would have to be the most active sleeper I've ever encountered. He kept kicking me in the stomach which, Cath says, is poetic justice, though it didn't seem particularly poetic at the time.

1992 ANZAPAPOLL RESULTS Congratulations Bruce. I suppose it has to be left to an archivist like me to point out that your election was particularly apt, as you were ANZAPA's first President, elected, as chance would have it, in October 1972! Happy twentieth anniversary el presidente.

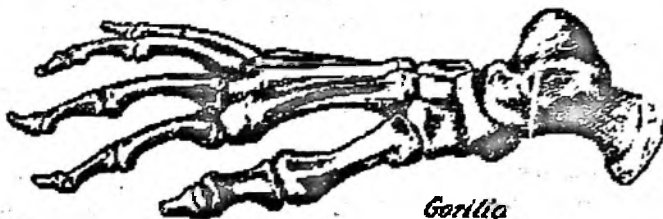
GOBBETS Are you sure you aren't moving to Melbourne? Two visits in the same year...

Dammit! I knew someone would beat me to it. I was once considering founding a *Lost in Space* fanzine to send up certain sillinesses that I perceived in other mediazines. But now you tell me there's a real *Lost in Space* fanclub! Woody Allen was right. Life really does imitate bad television.

LYNX #15 There's gotta be a filk in your greeting to those to whom you don't directly address mailing comments, something to the effect of "I'm forever reading RABBOw's"

Cath and I are at the opposite ends of the spectrum. I'm a first born, if you don't count my elder brother who died in infancy well before I was born, whereas Cath is a last born. I must admit to wondering what sort of a person I'd have been had I not been the oldest sibling. I know that Chris, my next brother, copped a bit of "Your brother was far more subservient" when he went to do his Matric at my old High School.

Okay. Nothing more to comment on, other than the advertising bumph. Perhaps I'll think of something deep and meaningful to add later.



Gorilla



Homo

There. You can't get much more deep or meaningful than the comparative anatomy of ape foot bones can you?