

G'NEL 69

A zine, first published in ANZAPA, by Marc *Oh Shit. Here comes the deadline. Now I remember why I dropped out of ANZAPA* Ortlieb of P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vic 3131, AUSTRALIA. If I were Terry Frost I'm sure I'd have a piece of clip art suitably vulgar to celebrate the sixty ninth issue of G'Nel. Aren't you glad I'm not Terry Frost? (More to the point, isn't Terry glad he's not me.) This one is being typed on September 16th 1992. If I had any sense I'd have been asleep by now. Album playing is Richard Thompson's *Rumor and Sigh*. (Curse those American releases and their spelling.)

Working on the principle that, if music be the food of love, then let's finger that G-string—let's delve the depths of sublimation.

Jas Obrecht: *You've said jamming is like having an orgasm.*

Neil Young: *Well yeah! That's why a lot of my instrumentals are too short! [Laughs uproariously.]*

(Interview in *Guitar Player* March 1992)

And what would this zine be without a Paul Kantner reference? (Would the miserable bastard who muttered "A damn sight more interesting," kindly go and practise self pollination?) I've long held that, as a teacher, it helps to cultivate friendly relationships with one's students. No. Not *that* sort of friendly relationship—I'd rather keep my job. Bianca proved me correct. She's one of the few students in my Year Eleven English class who can string a sentence together with style and without vulgarity, and she enjoys nattering about work corrections. Out of one such conversation, concerning a piece she was writing about Hendrix, it emerged that she was a regular stall-holder at record fairs. Her father got her into the business. He was associated with record imports and the Australian music industry in the late Sixties and throughout the Seventies and Eighties.

The upshot of the discussion was that I asked Bianca to keep an eye out for any rare (nudge, nudge, wink, wink) Jefferson Airplane albums that came her way. I have a few live albums that sound as though they were recorded through someone's rucksack—you know the sort of thing. You can tell that the band were really firing when the foot stomping of the audience drowns out and hint of music from the stage. Bianca went one better. On Monday she said "Mr Ortlieb, did you know that three of the airplane recorded and album."

"The KBC band," I replied. "I've been after a copy of that since I heard rumours of its release in the Eighties. I almost had a copy too."

"Probably from Dad's shop," said Bianca and, after further nattering, we established that it had been. "Anyway, do you want a copy? I've got one, still shrink-wrapped."

There's a girl who knows how to bargain an "A". True to her word, Bianca brought in a copy of the KBC Band album, and a Starship picture disk to boot. My Kantner collection is just about complete, as far as legitimate albums go. It's not a very

good album—too much Balin and not enough Kantner—but it has one rollicking Kantner anthem "America" and so is not a total loss.

Other recent purchases, thanks to my parents and Cath's folks, who have given up trying to work out what I might like for my birthday and so who give money, include the Tom Verlaine instrumental album *Warm and Cool* that rates a stone cold, Pat Benatar's *True Love* which certainly isn't mine, Richard Thompson's soundtrack album *Sweet Talker* which manages to drip the occasional honeyed track and is far better than his soundtrack for *The Marksman* and three Rolling Stones albums, sold as a \$25 boxed set *Sticky Fingers, Goats Head Soup* and *It's Only Rock and Roll* which are fun listening. (Now I'll have to find a copy of *Get Your YaYas Out*.)

Anyway, this is a short *G'nel*, for reasons Neil Young would no doubt endorse, and so, having no strong ending, Ortlieb retreats into a cowardly Song & Dance routine. (Thanks Spike!)

The Marching Song of the Boring Old Farts
(To a tune reminiscent of The Firesign Theatre's "*Back From the Shadows Again*")

I'm glad I'm a boring old fart
I'm glad I'm not really a part
Of the fighting and feud
And the fans getting sued
Over statement or letter or art.

Oh I'm glad to be a gafiate
To be freed from the venom and hate
And I don't care a whit
When the fan hits the shit
Over who did what and on what date

Yes I'm pleased I'm an old fan and tired
And I'm grateful that I'm not required
To know what it means
When they publish those zines
In which names are both muddied and mired.

For this fighting I don't give two hoots.
I'm nonplussed by attorney and suits
I can't understand Thyme
So it's clear to see I'm
Well removed from those fannish pursuits.

It's that time again. No time to do anything more for ANZAPA. Maybe mailing comments next time. And that's G'NEL 69 finished with nary a reference to oral sex. Oh well, maybe I'll have the spanking in #70.