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What I Did During My ANZAPA Vacation

Not much, except Earn Money. Not much money; certainly not enough. But it takes me a long time to earn a little, and I've done little else. A couple of issues of SFC, but it's been six months since I've been able to put together an issue. Most of my work has been type-setting: three books for Paul Collins' Void Books, three books for Norstrilia Press, several for Hyland House/Quartet Australia, plus other bits and pieces. Put it all down to Good Experience, and let's hope everybody pays their bills. One day I will have time and money for publishing fanzines again.

Some Mailing Comments

June 1980 Mailing

Terry Hughes: Rupert Murdoch Appreciation Society Newsletter, I, i

The day I saw Stonehenge (lo, these many years ago, but I will write my Trip Report real soon) it was sunny all the rest of the day, but, as you say, as soon as we approached the place the storm clouds came up and the wind blew and the rain kept up for the entire fifteen minutes we could stand being drenched. As soon as we left, the sun came out again. That was strange, since usually the sun never comes out in January in England.

John Rowley: Gary Mason is Absolutely Right! (inaccurate title)

Since I've managed to return to ANZAPA only through nefarious means, elderly members will expect that somewhere in my first contribution I will include a List of some kind. I'm tempted by your best of the year for 1979. I'm tempted to tell you mine, but I will save my lists for SFC, in whatever year that appears again. Of your list, the books which I've read and liked are The Dispossessed, Cosmicomics, Syzygy, Moon in the Ground, and The Tombs of Atuan. I haven't read most of the others. (But how come there are so many science fiction books on the list?)

Eric Lindsay: Kingdom

I don't understand much of what you say about hobby computers. We (of Norstrilia Press) looked at photo-typesetters earlier this year, and they start at about \$15,000 in price. But the lucky owner of such a beast also needs a photo-processor, and a good one costs \$4000 or more. Word processors sound all very fine, but from what I gather, the material they print is still only in typewriter type-face. Not much use for our purposes.

I could tell you the relative advantages and disadvantages of each system if you really wanted to know. However, all of them have disadvantages compared with some word processors I've seen advertised; phototypesetters are, for instance, much slower in printing out. Also, some word processors have black on white screens, whereas all the phototypesetters we looked at light green on dark green, which is difficult to look at. The typesetters we looked at (in our price range, that is) have only four fonts on-line. That does not seem many for the kind of complicated advertising work we might like to do if we had a typesetter. Only some systems offered footnote and small caps facilities. Only one system offered a scheme by which fonts could be plugged in according to choice. (Others had two fonts per strip; one system had four fonts which had to be bought together on a disc.) I think we'll wait around for a really satisfactory system that we can afford. (The most promising was the \$25,000 Addressograph Multigraph machine... but the price put us off somewhat. Sixteen fonts on-line - drool.)

Paul Stevens: The Hour of the Green and Creaking Retribution

About the last time I heard from John Bangsund was when he rang up to tell us some sad news about Leanne. I then had some trouble finding out any further news of Leanne: but it is good to hear that she is on the mend.

Yeah, I was pretty disgusted that Australian SF News had no nomination for Ditmar, too. If it had been there, I would have voted for it. So would a lot of other people. Some of the Ditmar wins this year can only be described as puzzling. Australia had its best year for science fiction ever, so the national award goes to Australian Gnomes? Bring back Cosmicomics.

Paul Stokes: Cat Out of Order

We were going mildly up the wall until the May 1980 Adelaide Convention kindly transported Elaine and me to its festivities, and there we met folk like you and John McPharlin and Perry and Helen and we drank a lot and ate a lot and came home a stone heavier (at least, I did; Elaine doesn't drink beer very often) and relaxed. Thanks also to Marc for putting up with us.

About the greatest change that has happened since last I darkened the doors of ANZAPA is that we acquired a tv set. Not voluntarily and, thank god, it didn't cost us anything. And it's only black and white. But it's there, and we watch it sometimes (mainly Countdown and old movies). Sometimes I visit my parents in Rosebud (a bit of name-dropping there) and I see their colour telly, and the old Gillespie jaw drops noticeably. We were watching an hour of Parkinson and guests, and they all had wrinkles and slightly crumpled clothes and leapt out of the thing at you. Downright creepy. So I might yet invest in colour tv, just for the fascination of it. A pity there are almost no programs to watch, though.

Richard Faulder: Ant Zapper

Thanks for the autobiography. (Sometimes I think I keep publishing fanzines in order to collect other people's autobiographies in exchange.) Your background sounds remarkably like mine. Two sisters, not one. Both parents fundamentalist Christian. Hideaway childhood and adolescence. First real social contacts only when joining fandom. Only lasted two years of teaching, not four: like you, resigned for a short time before was snatched back into the education system (as an editor and writer for the Education Department's own Publications Branch). As you have now, I once had: that is, a World View. It takes a shaking from time to time, so that I'm not sure that I believe in anything willingly. Have a million prejudices, though, as can be seen from my fanzines. For instance: I was a 'libertarian' when I was seventeen, after I had read Ayn Rand, but it took only two or three years of reading a lot of history to show me such a view was ridiculously simplistic. These days, sometimes I'm a centralist, and sometimes I wish for a proper socialist party in Australia. My main prejudice is in favour of the 'ordinary people', whoever they are; I'm against the fact of anybody being poorer or richer than anybody else, but haven't thought of a way to swing the system around to reflect such a prejudice. I know who I hate - Fraser, Murdoch, Packer, Carnegie, and all their parasitic cronies - but wouldn't know how to get along with a crowd in a pub. If the proletariat were my confreres at school, then I hated nearly all of them. I like my friends, but not when they give themselves airs. (My friends are allowed to say the same about me.) (And that's the shortest version of my autobiography I've ever given.)

And now I find that you were at Unicon VI. I wish I had seen your name tag, and we had introduced each to the other. I didn't see some of the events you mention. Am still kicking myself for not seeing George's talk, for instance. Joe Haldeman's speech was the best part of the program I saw - but then, I was able to attend only two days of the convention. Your comments on the convention seem fair, but don't mention the highlight of the events - sitting in the bar for hours on end and talking to all the people we came to see anyway.

I hope you change from ditto to mimeo one of these days. Soon.

Christine Ashby: The Better Half

Ah, domestic complications: a subject which can warm the heart only of someone who has such complications. The front brick wall, which reaches from the side party wall to the front wire fence, had to come down and be replaced. The woman who owns next door agreed to pay half the cost. Now the job has been finished, even half the cost is more than we can afford. The owner of next door is willing to take time payment, but I'm not sure where we will find the instalments. We're not having a Wall Resurrection Party, however, because the job has been done so well that you cannot tell it has been done. I suppose that's a compensation for the financially disastrous side of the affair. :: Thanks for the review.

John Foyster: Remembrance of Things Recent

I agree that Sky is, in the current parlance, wimpy ('boring and condescending'). They don't play jazz or rock very well, or at least not with much inspiration. John Williams plays some good guitar on side 3 of Sky II - but then, that's what John Williams does well.

The best bookshop I saw in America was Savile Books, P Street, Georgetown, Washington DC. It claims to stock the largest number of paperbacks in any bookshop anywhere, and it does have a mailing system. (But it stopped sending me catalogues sometime in 1975 when I hadn't bought any books, and I don't have an exact address for it.)

Keith Taylor: Dragons and Morning Opals 9

As some can remember, I once typed an entire fanzine on an Olivetti before trying out one of those stencils... All 66 stencils were run off, however, and the result, SF Commentary 1, was illegible but still scored a fair stack of letters of comment. But it does need reprinting, which is what I will do when I get around to it.

Elaine sort of retired from the Salaried World when she decided that she was going to be stuck forever with jobs that meant dealing with The Public, and that people might be okay as people, but they are no good as Public, and that she just wanted to do something else. Lots of people ring us up at home during the day, which is a nuisance in one way, since the time spent talking to them is time which I cannot bill to a customer. But I can hardly refuse to pick up the phone, since the same person might be a potential customer. (Still, it was pleasant during the six weeks when we had no phone after moving from Johnson Street to Keele Street.)

David Grigg: Logodaedaly

You must have had a premonition that I would be returning to ANZAPA soon, since you did not send this issue of Logodaedaly to me in exchange for SFC, as you faithfully promised. Therefore I have had to save up the pleasure of reading it. Ho hum. I really don't know why I bother to write anything: I beat my brains out to produce the most drivelling comments, and here you produce all this brilliant and delightful chatter about house repairs and cats, etc. I can but admire. I can also chuckle with delight that we had nearly all the repairs needed for our house carried out before we moved in. That was the result of quite some good fortune; now I realise how much good fortune. But all this talk about home-owning rather chills the soul, doesn't it? Back in 1972 when we were all enthusiastic young fans, and ready to take on the world and stage a world-con, we would have all laughed at the idea of owning homes (or even getting married, for that matter). And now it's us too. Where did we go wrong... or right? And can we ever be young and enthusiastic about anything ever again after such a collective transformation? I doubt it. I'm here because I liked to read your shining words, but I don't have much shining to say for myself. I see a brilliant future for nostalgia.

Robin Johnson: Return of the Butterfly Mind 2

The main reason for rejoining ANZAPA - to find out what people like Robin Johnson are doing these days. Continuing sagas, dramatic reprises. So thanks, Robin, for these pages, since I didn't get to talk to you enough during that hectic night when you visited.

Some of us did realise that not too many of the people concerned with the Worldcon bid were attending Noreascon. They claim to be saving up efforts for Denvention. A bit late, surely? But Carey is over there, and I'm beginning to think he is the only miracle worker left in the country. (Certainly he's the brains and energy of Norstrilia Press, but not the most communicative person in the world, as I'm sure you would know already, Robin.)

Irwin Hirsh: Plenty of Panache 4

All that work, for... how many seconds of film was that?

Jeff Harris: Alien Intelligencer 4

Somehow my mailing turned up with two of your fanzine, and none of Bangsund's. tanj.

As another third of the Unicon II Poster Trio, all I remember is that the Daleks took all the honours. I wonder what happened to the local Dalek? The last time I saw it, it was chasing Elaine through the Mall. Some photographer from The Age snapped this epic event, and the photo has appeared not once, but twice, in the hallowed pages.

Allan Bray: Sacred Cow

And J Foyster sent me an extra copy of your fanzine as well, Allan. Let me know if you need an extra file copy. And you sent it to me by post as trade for SFC as well (which is more than Some People did with their fanzines). But if you send it through the post, I don't need to write a letter of comment (I should, but I don't). If you include it here, I'm sure to write a mailing comment. Moral... (shut up Gillespie).

The book about the Australian colony in South America (late 1800s, early 1900s) was A Peculiar People, by Gavin Souter. John Bangsund once proposed carrying a copy, with title displayed, whenever he entered a gathering of science fiction fans.

I wish I understood something about computers, the current major topic of conversation in ANZAPA. But I understand nothing about them. (Should have been an excuse not to bother with a mailing comment, but what better topic for a mailing comment than a topic upon which I cannot possibly comment?) For me, gaining a phototypesetter is more important than gaining a mini-computer or a VCR. So I won't be gaining any of them.

I've become accustomed to my Gestetner duplicator, and still have not yet learned how to use the Roneo properly. Which is why I will probably have this fanzine produced by offset. I found that my Gestetner suffered one major breakdown, needing both a visit from a handyman and spare parts, every 400 stencils (or less). In the Old Days of SFC, that was once every three or four issues. I'd prefer to take SFC into my favourite offset quick-print place, and let the people there worry about repairs to machinery.

Some More Mailing Comments
August 1980 Mailing

John Berry: Free and Easy Wandering

We keep meeting in the oddest places, John. Maybe one day we'll meet again in the lobby of a world convention hotel.

I know what you mean about minac. I've been trying to find time for the last week for my necessary activity to return to ANZAPA. I've finished 5 pages in 6 days. At this rate, I still won't make it into the October mailing. Will this happen every time I want to save my membership? Probably. I keep trying to find time for fanzines. I have 50 galleys of a future SFC sitting there: that's what I should have been doing. But if I stick to SFC, then I find that quite a few members of ANZAPA will not send me their apazines in exchange. So I have to come back to ANZAPA anyway. ...Which is all a way of explaining why I will probably be dropped for lacktivity sometime in the near future. I'm hoping it will be later rather than sooner.

The Last Wave is not Peter Weir's second feature-length film; it's his third. His first, The Cars That Ate Paris, is his first feature-length film; it's also his best. In fact, it's the best Australian film I've seen. The dark, foreboding character in The Cars That Ate Paris is played by John Meillon - a remarkable portrayal which dominates the film. I hope that the good people of Seattle find a way to import Cars, so that you can see all that Weir has been up to recently. Your point about Australians distrusting the land is accurate, even if it's a point that lots of people notice. I don't see how Australians can ever become accustomed to squatting around the side of a continent which doesn't want to know about human beings. :: You probably do get the best from here. But then, I am way behind in seeing Australian films. There have been a few modest, city films (including Mouth to Mouth) which have received favourable reviews, have been unsuccessful here, and have stood no chance of being shown overseas. There have been vastly expensive flops, such as The Chant of Jimmie Blacksmith. I doubt that it got to America. Walkabout was a good movie, perhaps Roeg's best, but it did not do well here. I thought that Newsfront was a delicious movie, but mainly for what it says about how Australia became the messed-up country it is now. Some friends of mine, ten years older than me, did not like it: the fifties, they said, was not like that. But the seventies and eighties owes so much to what happened in the film, and

so perhaps the present is the real subject of the film. But the old news-reel film is tied in nicely with the rest of the story.

You asked what the Australian film industry looks like from here. In a word: subsidised. It can't exist without government subsidy. Sooner or later, various governments will stop subsidies, or stop them for the sorts of Australian films which overseas people have enjoyed watching. Then the whole thing goes flat again. The same goes for Sweden and lots of other countries, I know. But Swedes seem to have sane governments. We don't; or at least, only for about three years out of every twenty. One hesitates to ask Australian film-makers to find a way of making money. But British films did make money for a long time. Now British facilities are being used mainly for making American films. Probably this will happen here soon. Australians have supported only two Australian films in the last two years: My Brilliant Career and Breaker Morant. That leaves about ten others which have been buried already. So (overseas-owned) theatre chains will stop trying out Australian films, even in this country. If a Labor Government returned, things might pick up again.

Marc Ortlieb: G'Nel 22

Teaching sounds just as ghastly and horrible as when I tried it. I remember it all as a vivid nightmare, even though I left the classroom nearly ten years ago. The scars will never heal. (A lot of the trouble then was that the administration gave me much of the school's Social Studies, when I had been trained to teach History and English. The few English classes I had were quite fun.)

I'm glad somebody else knows about Pat Benatar's In the Heat of the Night. Melbourne radio stations played no tracks from it for quite a long time. Meanwhile it went up to the low 20s on the US album charts, and has floated around there ever since. Festival has still not released her new album, which went to Top 10 in America in three weeks, and the import shops are prevented by Festival from bringing in copies. The odd thing about In the Heat of the Night is that it seems to have succeeded despite its producer, who tried to make Benatar sound like Blondie. I read in Rolling Stone that she has a different producer for the new record.

Richard Faulder, Ant Zapper

It's not so much a matter of anybody pushing against the Australia in 83 bid as a matter of some people being so apathetic about the whole idea that they cannot be bothered supporting it. You would probably have to count me as one of them. And most of the others would be Melbourne people who were involved in Aussiecon I. But I was impressed by the enthusiasm shown at A-Con about the bid. Perhaps the apathy is only in Melbourne. Some of us suspect that Carey Handfield is the only (currently enthusiastic) person who could ensure the success of the Sydney convention if we win the bid. But Carey has moved back to Melbourne. My own doubts have little to do with fandom. I suspect that few people from overseas will be able to afford the air fares by the middle of 1983.

You're right: people don't become inebriated for any good reason. But then requiring a good reason for doing something could be a way of never doing anything interesting at all. :: That's not what I meant to say at all. Your statement sounds so much like things I said back in the early 1970s when my puritanical background was so strong that I had never touched a Drop of Liquor. I didn't realise then that every alcoholic drink is different from every other drink; and that every bottle of good wine has a marvellously different taste from every other bottle. So I drink wine for the sheer enjoyment of sampling such delightful tastes, and then I find myself under the table. There was only one time in my life when I drank to get drunk.

In fact, to judge only from the Faulder-zines I've seen so far, I can't help wondering when you will begin producing a successor to SFC.

Leanne Frahm and Eric Lindsay: Leanne Writes

Marvellous to hear how well you are progressing, Leanne. But (and this is no fault of yours, Leanne) I am somewhat pissed off that this is the first news I've had of you in months. Eric's pretty good at sending out fanzines: couldn't he have sent this sheet out to people who are/were not members of ANZAPA or Applesauce? Seems communications in fandom have broken down rather badly in recent years, when nobody will even write or ring up, saying, 'Have you heard how well Leanne's getting on recently?' In the old days, we relied on a Bangsund fanzine or Norstrilian News or Fanew Sletter to hear about such things. I hoped Chunder! would continue the tradition, but even when it was appearing regularly it did not have enough news about individual people (which is the only fannish news I'm really interested in). (And SFC? Gulp, wish you hadn't mentioned that magazine. I tried to keep it appearing regularly, with lots of fannish news in the editorial column.)

I'm glad to hear that CAT scanners are available, and one was flashed around your head in time. Your encounters with medicine confirm my prejudice that doctors are usually woefully incompetent at diagnosis. Can cure anything, but rarely can find out what's wrong. I'm glad diagnosis won out this time. Marvellous to hear you're so well so soon. Congratulations on the Ditmar!

Perry Middlemiss and Helen Swift: Another Inane ANZAPA Title

You're moving to Canberra too? When? Why doesn't somebody tell me these things? (Better question: why? I've failed to apply for god knows how many well-paying jobs during recent jobs because they would involve moving to Canberra. Masochists.)

Helen, you will have to talk to Elaine about A Woman of the Future. Elaine says that Ireland has blown it completely - that he has failed to guess what it is like to be an adolescent female. Presumably you think otherwise. (Let's discuss some good books in ANZAPA for once.)

Denny Lien and Joyce Scrivener: Murgatroyd 14

I enjoyed this a lot, but can make few mailing comments. As you might know, I collect Quotable Quotes. There is only one collectable so far in two mailings (although Bangsund's fanzine was left out of the last mailing) - 'As I get older and tired, I put away the simple pleasures of my youth such as, for instance, pleasure.'

I agree that reading a mailing and commenting on it takes much too long. Maybe I'll write something warm, comfy, and easy next time, such as reviews of science fiction books.

Elizabeth and Peter Darling: Rough Winds Do Shake the Darling Buds of May

Now what's this? I open up this promising looking fanzine and what do I find? Slander in the second paragraph! I've had no Crushing Blows for years. Of course, I keep expecting them (especially after making a statement like that). But even the recent unfortunate events in our lives proved to be helpful. Spraining my wrist for a few weeks deprived us of some income, but it also gave me a much-needed holiday. Without that holiday, probably I would have caved in anyway. (Sorry about that: but it's amazing how false information continues for lack of a better source of information. In other words, drop in to 59 Keele Street sometime.)

But your Crushing Blows, unfortunately, rate fairly high, even on the Gillespie scale. In fact, together they make any Crushing claims of mine rate low on the Catastrophe Scale. I hope you've recovered from glandular fever by now, Peter; I've heard that it can take an awfully long time to regain full strength. And all those machines going wrong... It's too much. Now I'll turn to the next page...

Your piece on names is very enjoyable, Elizabeth. I must be one of the few people to like both given names. Both good and Scottish, although some people still think my surname is weird Italian. (The dry-cleaner always writes it as 'Galispi'.) At VSTA, I was called 'Dizzy' for two months before I realised where that came from. I thought for awhile it was just an accurate comment on my character.

The cartoons were great. A pity about the repro, but I could still read the captions.

Gerald Smith: Along Without You

Thanks for your autobiography. It doesn't sound much like mine, especially as you seemed to have your Crushing Blows much too early in life. You are almost exactly ten years younger than I am, but the ten years and three days difference between Feb. 20 and Feb. 17 means that I am an Aquarius, not a Pisces, and I don't know what sort of a character that makes me. You have a tendency to leave out the most interesting parts of your autobiography, such as discovering la difference at the age of sixteen.

David Grigg: Logodaedaly 5

All this heady talk of word processors must have confused me, but... why will you want your fanzines justified, even when you have your word processor in action? Yes, I realise that I used to justify the right-hand margins of SFC, every issue, by typing each page twice. I did that for two reasons: firstly, because I thought it did look better than right-hand ragged margins; and secondly, because typing each issue twice gave me some chance to pick up the errors in the first version. The main advantage of the word processor stems from the second point: it gives you a chance to revise and correct material. No longer do I think that the first point is correct. Typewriter work looks best with a ragged right-hand margin. If you justify both margins, the spaces between the words in the middle of the page look too awkward. If justify both sides, you need to split words on the right in order to empty spaces opening up in the middle of pages. If you don't justify, you can avoid splitting words. (But sometimes I still split words anyway.)

I hope the novel keeps going. 61,000 words is pretty encouraging. It's three years since I've typed any word at all of any piece of fiction.

There's a lot of good fannish writing going on, David, but most of it has been stuck in the apas for the last few years. This has given us a bad impression overseas. A recent issue of DNQ complained at some length about the lousy quality of recent Australian fanzines. (*Sniff* *sigh*) Sending fanzines overseas is a task for someone on a very large salary. Those of us who earn large salaries have no time for producing fanzines. Those of us who earn little and have little time (like me) don't produce much either. It was different when you could put a fanzine in the mail, posted for 5 cents a copy. And that was to anywhere in the world; differential rates came in only in 1974. Phooey.

Thanks for your comment about Motherlines. I must reprint that when I reprint Christine's review in SFC. To the extent that feminism is a hopeful movement, that's why it is hopeful. What is pessimistic is the record of bungling which women prime ministers have left behind them. (Yes, I suppose you could call it over-compensation.)

Leigh Edmonds: You'll Do Me Ninety-One

Maybe there are good reasons for moving to Canberra, after all, even if you have to do a university course as well.

John Bangsund: Procrustean Papers 3
Philosophical Gas 51

Despite the elegant explanation, I think that you should have sent Phil Gas to me by mail. But a conversation with John Foyster which led to me rejoining ANZAPA has relieved you of that necessity, so we are all happy? (Not entirely. There are a lot of Bangsund fanzines published during the

last year or so which I thought I would receive in exchange for SFC. Maybe they are just waiting at Fairfield to be picked up.)

I prefer the Chandler to the Peacock, perhaps because the Saint is more amusing than Robin Hood. I found my first Saint book in the small fiction library of the Glen Waverley Church of Christ, in 1959 or 1960. If the elders of Glen Waverley C of C had read the book, they would have been surprised at the contents. They (or the librarian they appointed) must have thought it was a book about a missionary.

Keith Taylor: Dragons and Morning Opals 10

The repro on this issue, Keith, was... I'll restrain myself. Something needs doing to your typewriter. I won't say what. Throwing it out the window and picking up the pieces below and re-assembling them might even improve it.

Probably my father's attitudes are nearly as neanderthal as your father's. But my father does not venture his opinions on the kind of subjects about which we might disagree. Which means we don't talk much to each other, even now. I enjoy a few days at my parents' place (watching their colour telly is fascinating) but I can't take more than that. Besides, I miss Elaine and the cats too much. (Why doesn't Elaine come too? Because she stays behind to feed the cats. For what other possible reason?) I seem to get along better with Elaine's parents than with my own. They are Labor voters, for a start. But Elaine's family have been having all sorts of problems recently, so we haven't seen much of them. (I forgot to mention the main reason for visiting my parents in summer: in order to pick up a towel and togs and walk the quarter-mile to the beach at Tootgarook.)

Which all brings us to the end of another boring Gillespie fanzine. And that's not false modesty. I'm bored by my own fanzines these days. I like doing SFC because producing it mostly involves typing up the words of other people. Next issue includes Le Guin and Lem and Rottensteiner and Aldiss - the old SFC crew back on deck. Look for it any month now.

A spot of advertising: I do intend republishing S F Commentary: Year One: 1969. Lots of galleys have been typed. I hope you will buy your copy at \$40, or even know somebody who can afford \$40. In other words, this is for those collectors who absolutely insist on having all back copies, and offer to pay photocopying costs. Photocopying costs for the first year of SFC are \$40. I need to sell 120 copies to break even, so don't hesitate to tell your collector friends. There will be about 3 free copies and no review copies.

And remember that Norstrilia Press is publishing three books in one year during 1980, not one book every two years, as in the past. Roger Zelazny's poems, When Catfish Last in the Backyard Ponged (or whatever) is available at \$5; Damien Broderick's Dreaming Dragons can be bought for \$12.95 a dragon; and Stellar Gauge (essays about sf) will be \$15. G'bye. 25.9.80.