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Why? Well, the constitutional amendment you voted for not so long ago insists that Leanne's other contribution to this mailing is not enough to indicate her continuing interest in this Association. She must have ONE PAGE (count it) of unmitigated original and exclusive material in this mailing or she's out. Foyster's mean enough, when it comes to enforcing idiotic constitutions not of his own making, to turf her out. He's also gentleman enough to tell me what's on his mind, so here's Leanne's page.

A PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED LETTER FROM MS FRAHM

4 May 1978 You're lucky I'm still writing at all. In Parergon Papers 7 you managed to make me seem like a dizzy blonde with enough money to subscribe to you but not enough sense to spend the money on a good dictionary instead.

I liked your item on the houses across the street. It created a strong sense of *deja vu* (O for a typewriter with *italics*!). In the old heady days when building was to be our pathway to immense fortune, we did some spec building — very small stuff, only one or two blocks and houses at a time.

Mackay is spreading in three directions: (a) over the sand dunes and mangrove swamps, which means this type of subdivision consists of elegant gutters, bitumenized roads and bare sand. (b) over reclaimed cane fields, which gives us the subdivision characterized by elegant gutters, bitumenized roads and bare dirt speckled with stubborn sugar-cane clumps that refuse to lie down and die. (c) into bushland areas, where the subdivisions comprise elegant gutters, bitumenized roads and — wait for it — bare dirt speckled with stubborn guinea-grass clumps, likewise life-bent.

The local councils have tried (e): onto the sea. They gave that up when the cost of workers compensation for drowned grader drivers got too high.

Now you thought I was going to say in (c) that there'd be trees left on some blocks, didn't you? Not so. Who's got time to leave trees alone when the bulldozer can move twice as fast and cost less and increase the profit by knocking down all the trees in its way?

What has this dissertation on local socio-geography to do with our spec building? you ask. Well, under these conditions, imagine our joy when we obtained one block in a subdivision that still had two enormous paperbarks on it — too much even for the 'dozer, I suppose. We built around those trees. We paid the sub-contractors extra to climb the trees and lop the few branches that interfered with the actual erection. We looked at the finished house, shaded by those grand old trees — the only ones in the street — and we glowed!

The house sold quickly. We were shaken when the new owner said 'Don't know about those bloody trees, Frahmie. Drop bloody leaves into the bloody gutters. A man'll be all the time cleaning them out.'

Shaken, but still optimistic that the new owners would come to realize

and appreciate their good fortune, we were nevertheless utterly flabbergasted next time we drove past the place. They had lopped the trees (our trees!) to two-foot stumps — on which they had tastefully arranged large pottery bowls of geraniums and ferns!

There is no substitute for artificiality.

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FEETNOTE

For the sake of anyone who just came in, I should mention that Leanne's letter was a comment on *Parergon Papers 7*, in which I spoke of the Destruction Of Victorian Adelaide, with examples from just across the road in Hughes Street, Mile End.

At the time I was editing an excellent book of that title. I don't possess a copy yet (Rigby's aren't in the habit of lavishing free copies of books on people who work on them), but I saw one in a newsagency in Moonah when I was in Hobart at Easter last year. It's still an excellent book, but it has been published as *Preserving Historic Adelaide*. Ah, the power of positive marketing!

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8 August I was going to publish an issue of Threepenny Planet this time entirely devoted to the Olympic Games — 'the best-organized Olympics since Hitler's in 1936', 'joyless and impassive and political', 'a barrage of propaganda that threatened to drown the athletic feats in a wave of socialist lectures', 'Communist swimmers ruled the water like sharks', 'seemed to give Russia an extraordinary home-court advantage' — but the Games I watched on television and the Games *Newsweek* reported in those glowing phrases seem to have been held in alternative universes, and I don't want to look a dupe of Soviet propaganda any more than you do. Also I seem to be running desperately short of time. But the best comment on the Games I've seen so far is a poem in last week's *New Statesman*, by Roger Woddis. It deserves quoting in full, but that would be naughty. Here's the last verse.

A propaganda exercise
Envenoms this Olympiad:
Distortion, lies and doctored news —
But aren't the Russians just as bad?

And I was planning to publish a Tenth Anniversary issue of Philosophical Gas, too. Foyster's employers have put that out of the question by loading me down with paying work, bless them. Early last month, having rid myself of the Society of Editors Newsletter, I decided I might just as well fill in my time by reviving Philosophical Gas and publishing it monthly. The six pages I did for the July issue are in this mailing, and as you can see, I couldn't even find time to have the heading electrostencilled. PG 51 is therefore first published in ANZAPA, and only published in ANZAPA. But I have revised the what-you-may-call lead article, and you might see that somewhere else in time.

My apologies to Joyce Scrivener and John Berry: I really would like to send you all the stuff I've published in the last few years, but there are something like forty packed cartons in the garage, and all the fanzines are in there somewhere, mine and other people's, and I don't have the will to unpack them just yet. Sally and I are pretty sure we'll be moving from here in the not too distant future. If and when and not too long after that, I'll catch up with you, Joyce and John. Unless either of you happens to be passing this way, of course, in which case we'll get in there and have a right fannish old unpacking.