



Despite any evidence to the contrary, this scruffy publication is the gala 4th issue of THIRSTY BOOTS, which is published irregularly but with Great Expectations of hitting every mailing, by John D. Berry, whose address will probably change in the course of this fanzine. Oh yes, this is published for the 48th mailing of the AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND AMATEUR PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, February, 1976, although the date as I begin is Christmas Eve, December 24, 1975. This is Roach Press Publication #92. "Rough cevapcici"?

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Since everything is but an apparition
perfect in being what it is,
having nothing to do with good or bad,
acceptance or rejection,
one may well burst out in laughter.

--Long Chen Pa
The Natural Freedom of Mind

It's Christmas Eve, about nine o'clock at night, and I have nothing better to do than to write this fanzine. That may sound like a harsh thing to say, but it's true; this is the most worthwhile thing that I can put my mind to at the moment, given the combination of my mood and the possibilities open to me through external circumstances.

This issue, I warn you right now, is being written entirely on-stencil, and off the top of my soi-disant head, very much in the tradition of a certain infamous individual from Canberra (with rumors of South Australia), although I'm foregoing true authenticity by not opening either of the last two bottles of not-so-rough red in the house.

The setting for these pages is Vancouver, where I am listening to Canadian music (Stringband) and the hum of Susan's Selectric, while in the houses around me there are probably many sets of parents trying to persuade their small children to go to bed so that Santa Claus will come in the night. Susan isn't here; she's presumably trading gay fannish chatter with an assortment of interesting people at a party in the San Francisco Bay Area. You see, because of the usual pre-Christmas rush plus a timely strike by the employees of United Airlines, Susan could only get a reservation on a flight to San Francisco for the 24th, with the first spot on the waitlist for a flight on the 26th--a two-day difference that neatly straddles Christmas Day. Which is the whole point. I came up to Vancouver at least halfway expecting that she would finally get on the Boxing Day flight--I mean, after all, she was #1 on the

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waitlist--but it seems that trying to get a flight at Christmas-time is like waiting to get into FAPA. Especially with half the English teachers in North America busy trying to converge on San Francisco for the annual MLA conference--which is Susan's ostensible reason for going, and which is why her way is entirely paid by the English Dept. of the University of British Columbia. (Teaching overload classes to the frustratingly illiterate has its rewards.) Now the entire passenger list of the Friday flight may turn over in the next twenty-four hours, but since not one of them had done so as of this morning, I saw Susan off to the airport at about 9:30 with a sleepy look in her eyes and a half-empty suitcase in her hand (with lots of room in it for bringing back books and records from Berkeley). I'm staying here for a few more days to try and get some writing done.

We celebrated our Christmas last night. Susan prepared a marvelous and elegant canard au quelquechose (aux abricots, actually), with flourishes, and I baked up an outrageously-rich pear crisp for dessert (from the Tassajara Bread Book, Sally). At some point in the warm, fuzzy depths of the evening, with a bright gleam in our eyes that borrowed a bit of its brilliance from the two bottles of wine and the small glass each of Cointreau with which we had been embellishing the meal, one of us remarked that it must be Christmas morning in Australia about now.

This may have been when I first noticed the gleam in Susan's eyes. It never occurred to me that it might be a reflection of my own.

"Christmas morning?"

"Yes. I'm not sure exactly what time it would be, but it's on the other side of the dateline--"

"Call John and Sally?"

Gleam. Flash. I could feel a silly grin spreading all over my face.

No, it's ridiculous. I mean, it must cost a fortune, and we'd have to find out what time it really is over there, and....

"Hello, operator? Could you tell me what the basic rate is to Australia?"

Well, it isn't too much, if we kept it down to three minutes... I really thought it would be more...and then of course there's....

"...Leigh and Val?"

"But could we get the phone numbers? What are the street addresses, anyway? You can't very well call a PO box--"

"I've got them upstairs in my wallet! I never took the scrap of paper out!"

A mad dash upstairs. Clattering back down.

"Here it is...here's John and Sally's address, and-- Oh. Oh, yes. That's right. They don't have a phone."

We looked at each other, the gleam just starting to fade.

"Well.... Leigh and Val...?"

But perhaps brightening again.

"Do we really want to call Leigh and Val--"

Yes. Of course.

"--for just three minutes? There's no extension phone; that's a minute-and-a-half each."

No.

The gleam has faded away completely, or changed into something else. There is no way we could make the call and limit ourselves

show us the length--iii

to three bloody minutes. If we actually did it, if we really got on the line to our friends just waking up on Christmas morning (even with half of them out of reach because they don't have a phone), we would talk for hours and hours. All at \$3.00 a minute. And then they would come and kick Susan out of her house into the rain, and they wouldn't let me back into the United States, and we would have to give up all our possessions and go become beggars in the streets of Calcutta.

So you see, John and Sally, it's probably a good thing that you don't have a telephone in your home. You probably wouldn't have been up yet anyway, and you would have yelled and slammed down the phone and gone back to sleep. But if we hadn't been stopped by that little practical detail, and then had time to start thinking about the whole idea in practical terms...well, I don't think I'd like Calcutta.

well I've had many friends boys
many different toms
only one friend boys
never let me down
and that's my cat, yeah my cat
he may be fat
but he doesn't screw around

well I tried to find a man now
one who would be true
instead I got a bad one
aw he left me blue
he was a rat, not like my cat
my cat may be fat
but he doesn't screw around

--Marie-Lynn Hammong, from
Canadian Sunset, by Stringband

Welcome back! Oh...you didn't go away? Well, I did. It's now the 28th of December, and I'm listening to American music, but otherwise the setting isn't too much changed. I think it's time I started participating in the continual conversation that is, after all, the heart of ANZAPA. That is, have some Mailing Comments:

CAREY HANDFIELD: I think it's bloody marvelous you way you've maneuvered your way into the OBESHip of this fine group. It was a masterpiece of subtlety, of craft, of timing. Such exquisite misdirection! Why, you weren't even living at the Magic Puddin' Club when your hand-picked instruments of control were first elected to the highest office of this apa. No one could have suspected! Even the intrepid John Bangsund was left with his pants down; he has made a gallant try, getting right in there with his own offer of assistance and a well-worked-out platform, but you were ahead of him--you are already in the seat of power! I can only applaud.

And wish you luck. Thanks for seeing that the job got done, Carey. Somehow I should have guessed that you would end up taking over. You've produced a most efficient, readable official bloody

travelin' shoes--iv

organ, which can serve as the framework within which ANZAPA can grow and flower.

I note the very gallant effort you made to fit Susan's address onto one line in the membership listing. Even Redd Boggs, the new OE of FAPA, had to take two--and hers was the only address that didn't fit on a single line.

I should perhaps take a moment to note here that I'm doing these mailing comments as I read the mailing. It's Susan's mailing, so I don't want to make checkmarks in it as I would with my own. God, this all feels first-draft. (Well, it is.)

I've definitely been spending too much time in Canada. And especially in the company of Susan, who grew up with an English mum. "Bloody" is becoming a regular part of my vocabulary.

Your two-page YARRANGOBILLY FOLLIES is a fine bit of impressionistic writing. That's one of the reasons I'd like to go bushwalking with you one of these days, either in Australia or in North America: you seem to appreciate the wild places that you're in much the way I do. I have one question, though: who were you measuring streams for? The expedition was obviously organized, and the implication is that it wasn't done just for the entertainment of the bunch of you who went climbing and hiking around the Yarrangobilly valley. You've left out the context.

"Imagine a rugged timbered country with mountains all around." I can do that, easily, but if I hadn't ridden with you through parts of southeastern New South Wales a few months ago, my imaginings would be quite different from what they are. Now I have some idea of what an entire forest of eucalypts looks like, and of how that kind of forest might look covering a range of Australian mountains. Of course, it was pouring rain when we made that trip; we didn't take the longer route, through the Snowy Mountains. Even the bit of the mountains we did cross on the way into Canberra were shrouded by night. I don't imagine that my mental image of Yarrangobilly bears any more relation to reality now than it would have anyway.

I hope your rescuing ANZAPA from the brink of chaos doesn't keep you from writing at more length.

JOHN BANGSUND: Sounds like a reasonable platform to me. It's more than reasonable, in fact, for you to offer to publish the Official Organ on your own. (What happened to the Bloody? Perhaps I shouldn't ask.) I do see why the apa as a whole should pay for the publication of the OBO--it's as much a part of the operating expenses of ANZAPA as the postage is, and I see no reason why someone in volunteering to act as OBE should have to shoulder the cost of doing the OBO too--but for this reason I honor the impulse to pay for it yourself. I'm a bit puzzled at your saying that the deadline should be the first of the month; do you mean the deadline for un-run-off stencils, which the OBE is going to have to run off himself, or simply the deadline for receipt of any fanzine? What possible reason would you have for not including a fanzine in the mailing because it came in the period between the first of the month and the mailing date? (Or is it that you mean the 10th will be the latest the mailing will be sent out, and you intend to try and make it closer to the first?) Incidentally, it would make more sense to me if the constitution (and the OBE) specified a particular day of the week (the first

cahiers de l'anzapa--v

Saturday, say--or does Australia have Saturday mail delivery?) as the deadline, rather than the first or the tenth of the month. Otherwise you get things like the deadline falling on Sunday.

A system of sponsorship for overseas members? Would this actually work? I was at the ANZAPA meeting at Aussiecon--one of the tiny handful who were, which wasn't surprising, since the meeting was called for just a few hours before the Hugo banquet (not surprising, but disappointing; I had hoped to meet all of your there)--and I started thinking twice when I actually added up what airmail postage would cost me if I had to pay it myself. No good that I live in the US, and near the Canadian border; the mailings are being sent from Australia, and that's the country whose rates I would have to pay. I forget who proposed raising the dues across the board (Bill? Derrick?); I remember supporting a proposal that the apa pay part of the airmail costs, but not all, but I felt quite hesitant about voting for something that would cost everybody \$7.00 a year. Seven heavy dollars, at that. But the Australian members who were there supported it enthusiastically, so I was quite happy to agree. There would really be very little point in my belonging to ANZAPA if the mailing were not sent airmail. I'm rather skeptical of your idea of "sponsors" for overseas members, but I'm quite willing to go along with it if it works. At the present I cannot afford to pay airmail postage for the mailings myself.

I'm a bit confused, actually, as to just what the dues are now. What authority do the measures passed at the ANZAPA meeting at Aussiecon have? I paid \$7.00 Australian; so did Susan; so did Don. But Carey lists the dues, in his reprinting of the constitution, as \$3.00.

I trust that next mailing there'll be more from you to comment on than your platform for Official Editor, Bloody or otherwise. (But unbowed?)

Well, there is one other thing: thank you for the embellishments on THIRSTY BOOTS. It's almost worth continuing to send you my stencils just to get such unexpected additions to each issue--but it really makes more sense for me to run them off here, now that I can mail the printed copies at Canada's cheap small packet airmail rate. Assuming the Canadian post office doesn't do something horrible when they raise their rates next week.

DON ASHBY: There are two small nits I want to pick before getting into the meat of this. First, why do you use one and a half spaces between lines, instead of single-spacing? It makes everything look more spread out, sloppier. Second, please start spacing after commas and periods. (Fullstops, that is.) Two spaces, in fact, after periods. It's driving me crazy. Actually, by some quirk of compensation, these two typographical anomalies manage to offset each other somehow; your paragraphs would look horribly squashed together with the lack of spaces after punctuation, but the space and a half between lines opens everything back up again. But it would read one helluva lot better if you used standard English usage. (See, Leigh, it's not just you.)

In reading your mailing comments, I am becoming acutely aware that I haven't read the last mailing. Since you didn't send it to me, for whatever reason or forgetfulness, the only chance I had to see it was while I was up here, visiting Susan, after she had re-

what and science fiction don't mix?--vi

ceived her copy; and I confess that I may have taken time to do a few things other than read the ANZAPA mailing. If I have time, I'll go back and read that mailing and comment on it after I get through this one, but I wouldn't count on it. Oh, I'll read the mailing; it's just that I may not have comments on it in this issue.

"...Tolkien wrote a phantasy novel outside and unaware of the genre." What?

I thought describing Bangsund as "a very illusive personality" was a marvelously inspired typo, until I looked it up and discovered that it does, indeed, exist. "Delusive, deceptive," says the New English Dictionary, 1932 edition. You did mean elusive, didn't you?

I'm going to nitpick again. I don't want it to seem that these pages are full of nothing but questions about the ANZAPA constitution and niggling little points of spelling or grammar, but it seems worth making the points just the same, because underneath the sloppy way you put your thoughts onto the page you're a fascinating writer, Don. (I think I just managed to sound patronizing. I didn't mean to.) It annoys me on esthetic grounds to see the language used sloppily--not creatively, just unheedingly--but it really gets to me when the sloppiness gets in the way of communicating. And that's just what one thing you're doing does. On page three, you twice use a hyphen when what you want is a dash. "There is only two words you need to know-now and how." Especially with the similarity of words, I found myself trying at first to read that as "know-how." A dash needs two hyphens, on a standard typewriter. It makes a difference.

God, I feel like the Jack Speer of ANZAPA.

And here you are talking about grammar and spelling yourself. Well, no, I don't agree with you at all: "There is also a point where English can be written so perfectly that it loses character." No, there isn't. That isn't any definition of perfection that I would use.

At the risk of adding yet another couple-of-line comment: I like your observation that it is certainly not a longely thing to be a fan when you're living in a slanshack. "Ken Ford has just moved into a house with eight other people just to get a little peace and quiet," indeed!

You seem to have a pretty sane attitude towards fandom. I wish I'd had more chance to get to know you after the con. I wouldn't have gotten to know anybody better, though, if I'd gone to the Magic Puddin' party a few days afterward; I would simply have wiped myself out completely and utterly.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN: Glad I had a chance to meet you during the con, even if only for a few minutes while standing in the hall. Next time I'm in Hobart....

As it happens, I was skimming through the November FAPA mailing, which had arrived here the same day ANZAPA did, and I read your FAPazine before I got to this one. So, through the unwitting agency of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association and both the United States and Canadian post offices (oops! and the Australian, of course), I have now discovered that it was you who finally bought my Falls Church library card at the DUFF auction. You lucky fool! You'd better hurry up; it'll only be good for another couple of

this music is morally good for you and your family--vii

months.

You have sent a copy of this to Tucker, haven't you? If not, his address is 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, IL 92650, USA. But, according to LE ZOMBIE #67 (Tucker's trip report, which also arrived in the mail with ANZAPA and FAPA; it was a good mail haul) and the little mimeoed note stuck into it, he is going to be spending the rest of the winter in Florida, so from Jan. 1 to about April 1 Tucker's address will be c/o David Mays, 5230 - 87th Terrace North, Pinellas Par, FL 33565, USA. Those state abbreviations are for Illinois and Florida, respectively. Do you ever get confused by our two-letter abbreviations? Most Americans do.

Susan has a slide that I took on her camera of the dog on the Tucker box at Gundagai. It was nighttime, but Carey shone the headlights of his car on the statue, and the effect is odd but clear. I must remember to write Rusty and tell him about the various slides we've got that he might want to include in his DUFF trip slideshow. By now he must have already done it at two or three cons.

BILL WRIGHT: I kept wondering, as Susan and I knelt in rapt attention watching the water swirl down the drain the wrong way in the Hyatt Kingsgate Hotel, just how much of the hotel's water was habitually and regularly wasted by new arrivals from the northern hemisphere like ourselves, innocently watching Australia's lifeblood gurlging away.

If you were the source of Ursula's propellor beanie, then allow me to congratulate you. It was an excellent touch of the absurd--one of those things that helped to keep the Aussiecon from taking itself too seriously.

Norman Gunston for Governor General! (Well, why not?)

"When you feel depressed, just curl up in bed with a good book or a bad woman." Just one of many fine lines strewn throughout your fanzine. Your writing is a madman's delight, Bill, but it doesn't leave a whole lot of comment hooks.

There is very little I can say or do about your report from Anrukun. It's the same kind of madness that has afflicted (and, to a large extent, characterized) European civilization and its offshoots for several hundred years. Good luck in anything you can do.

DERRICK ASHBY: Is \$5.00/hour a normal wage for temporary work?

(And just what kind of work were you doing?) The percentage that gets kicked back to the agency sounds about normal to me, from what I know of temporary agencies in the US; I've known of some that take as much as 50%. (That is, 50% of the gross; they get half, you get half.) But that would be an awfully high wage in this country for most temp work. I worked for quite a while in Virginia and Washington, DC, for a couple of temp agencies, mostly for Olsten Temporaries, which is a pretty honest, friendly, straightforward agency; I was doing typing work, and I was usually making around \$3.00/hour. That's three dollars American, of course. They didn't tell you what the business you were doing the work for paid them, but I found out easily enough when I was curious. And, as I got to know people in various public interest law groups in DC (mostly by chance) and they knew me as a good, fast typist, I would

broad daylight woman--viii

start going to work for them directly, rather than through the agency, and I would split the cost with them: they paid less overall, and I got more. I still worked through the agency when there was nothing else available and I needed to pay the rent. Now that I'm living in Seattle, I've been working temporary jobs there, again through Olsten, and the basic typing rate seems to be \$3.00-3.25. The rates vary around the country, and I was afraid that Seattle would be a much lower-paying city (it is certainly a much less costly city to live in), but I've been pleasantly surprised. But still, I wouldn't mind something like the deal you mention: four days a week (I assume they're full working days) at \$5.00/hour. Especially at \$5.00 Australian per hour. I could live on that quite comfortably in Seattle, and it would give me enough free time to get a few things done besides going to work, doing the job, and coming home and recovering.

DAVID GRIGG: Nice pages, although it's always hard to come to grips with excerpts from a journal. I hope that in the future you'll also converse with us. You are one of the people I never did meet while I was in Australia, although I knew what you looked like and spotted you several times in the course of the convention. I couldn't think of anything in particular to say to you, but I do wish I'd met you. You see why I'll have to go back?

Two nights ago I finished rereading The Left Hand of Darkness: there is poetry in science fiction.

I have an inordinate fascination with things like "writer's journals; I know perfectly well that I have a weakness for talking about writers and writing, and for vicariously enjoying the "life of a writer" without putting in the work necessary. I also have a clear-headed appreciation of the falseness of that attitude. Over the last year or so, I've started telling people that I'm a writer, when they ask, because it seemed the best easy answer I could give; it's true, to a large extent (and I freely qualify it by adding "aspiring writer"), and it gives them a much better idea of how I approach life than most of the other simple, one-word answers. (Even saying, "I can't answer that in a word," becomes a cliché eventually.) But I'm not a Harlan Ellison-ish character, with a Burning Need To Write--and yet, if I don't write for too long, for a couple of weeks, say, I start feeling uneasy. There's something wrong. And so I conclude that I do have to write, and that some essential part of my nature is to be a writer. But whether I have any rightful claim on the images conjured up by calling myself "a writer," I don't know. When I come right up against it, just the typewriter and myself (as I have these past few days, when I'm here specifically "to get some writing done"), it's hideously hard. And I have very little to show for it. Perhaps I've just started to believe my own shorthand answer. Well, if so, I'm going to do it right, or get another answer. I don't like people who play at being a writer.

Exoticness doesn't strike me as a very good goal in itself. Imagination, yes: breadth of imagination. But don't just throw in a faroff planet just for the sake of exoticness--that isn't science fiction.

I've just started reading Susan's copy of Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance (must buy one for myself), after numerous

take your time from tissot--ix

intriguing recommendations. I had bought a copy and given it to a friend of mine last Christmas, a friend who loves motorcycles and has a head for mysticism, but I hadn't read it myself. The passage you quoted had struck me, too, as highly quotable; in fact I had just read it a few days before I saw the mailing. The book seems well worth reading, and I find it encouraging indeed that it is a best-seller, to be seen on newsstands all across the country.

CHRISTINE MCGOWAN: You're another of the people I really should have walked up and introduced myself to. Oh well, if you're the next DUFF winner perhaps I'll have the chance sooner than I think. (You do realize, of course, that after Jan and I both went to Australia anyway, it is incumbent upon DUFF losers to make the trip on their own? ...Well, it would be nice.)

Your observation that when you were in school there were "certain rules to the game...some things that you simply didn't do" dovetails nicely with something I read recently in THE CO-EVOLUTION QUARTERLY, which is a quarterly magazine published by the Whole Earth Catalog people (Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965, USA; \$6.00/year with no overseas rate that I can find). It's from a rambling sort of joint interview with Gregory Bateson and Jerry Brown (governor of California, and a fascinatingly different man); they're talking about schools, and Bill Honig, an associate of Brown's, is saying:

"Movies, you know, the ones I see on TV, these are the images that are going in children's minds. You know when we used to fight as kids, there would be definite rules, you wouldn't go too far this way, you were in control even though you were angry. And when kids fight now it's like anything goes. It's total...

(...)

"You can be holding two kids apart, and one kind will kick right for the other kid's mouth. It's just like no restraint. It's no concept of the set of rules under which you operate."

Honig is, if I remember correctly without going through and rereading the interview, a teacher, and he had stayed with Brown after a state Board of Education meeting because he was interested in meeting Bateson. Anyway, there's a bit of corroboration for you from California.

What did you mean, "it's the pre-election last-gasp tonight, thank heaven - we will now have three pleasant evenings without politics before the *Big Night*"? Is there some sort of ban on televised politicking for the last three days before the election? (And you have my condolences on your new government. First New Zealand, then Australia, and shortly after that--British Columbia, where the socialists were thrown out of office with a crash. *sigh*)

But...but...I don't think that Leigh talks in run-on sentences. Only writes them.

ERIC LINDSAY: As you no doubt noticed when you were perusing the OBO for this mailing, the address I had given you c/o Paul Novitski is still good. At the moment, I'm still using his address as a mail-drop for most fannish purposes, although I'm

pie in the sky, with sauce--x

actually living in Seattle, which is 250 or 300 miles from Eugene. (I'll get these northwest distances straight realsoonnow. I know that it's nearly a thousand miles from Vancouver down to San Francisco--and I keep thinking of them as close because they're both on the West Coast!) I'm in the process of looking for a more-or-less permanent place to live, and I don't want to use the address of the people I'm staying with there, since once an address gets published in a fanzine it's engraved in fandom's memory, and my poor friends might still be getting the odd fanzine addressed to me in 1980. I hope that by the time I finish up these pages, I will have found that place to live (I figure to finish them when I come back up here in mid-January for a Pete Seeger concert), but of course you can just flip to the last page to find out whether I have by then. At any rate, Paul's address will be good even if I do find a place in Seattle, since he can always forward stuff up to me; it's his parents' house, too, so even if were to move I would eventually get anything sent to c/o him. I think. Anyway, if you're ever in doubt and want to send something to me, there is one address that is always good: it's my mother's address, 35 Dusenberry Road, Bronxville, NY 10708, USA (no "c/o" necessary, or even an Australian "c/-"). Her summer address, Box 504, Edgartown, MA 02539, USA, will also get to me, but she is only actually there for the summer, usually from sometime in late June until sometime in early September, and at any other time it will just add a leg to the forwarding journey.

What is this? I'm intensely curious about the Icelandic educational system in the 1850s, as you describe it. Where can I find out some more about this? You seem to be saying, about schools in general, what I was saying earlier in these pages about colleges and universities: "schools do not function really well by any of the various (mutually contradictory) criterion under which they supposedly operate...." (Criteria, Eric.) I like the way you put things, especially describing modern schools as "low priced child minding centers set up so that their parents can fragment their family life into earning and play areas, without much thought for the future." Yes.

But of course "everyone of us went to a different con." I don't know if that has reached the status of a truism in Australian fandom, where until Aussiecon I guess the conventions were small enough that the experience was pretty well mutually shared, but in North America this is accepted as given, even at a "small" regional con.

It was a fine disruption, wasn't it?

RANDAL FLYNN: I enjoyed your pages, but not one thing in them leaped out at me and cried, "Comment on me!" Not one. Except to mention that I like your word "fulwonder."

MARC ORTLIEB: No, I won't take pity on a poor neofan. But I will read your fanzine, which I think is a more constructive response. You write fluidly, although I wish you, like Don Ashby, would learn the use of spacing after punctuation. Are you not used to typing? You certainly seem to be quite used to writing, on one form or another.

I'll have to send you a copy of HITCHHIKE; from your remarks about preferring the years 1966-1970 and such, I think you might

is it now already?--xi

be interested in the discussion in the lettercolumn, which has been ranging over the whole question of the experience of the late Sixties and where it's led since. It is, indeed, easy to feel self righteous when you're "one of the freakiest looking people in town." Too easy. It's not a good direction to go, dividing people up into categories; it only leads into finer and finer division, and loneliness.

"At the time, I thought a fanzine was exactly like a prozine except that it would be of worse quality and would concentrate more on critical articles than prozines tended to do." Ah, but a lot of fanzines do fit this description! Entirely too many of them. Not the best ones.

There's one thing that bothers me about your response to Naracoorte, or at any rate your description of it. You could substitute the name of any other rural backwater town, in North America as well as in Australia, and the whole essay would have read just as smoothly, just as relevantly. You didn't really say much about Naracoorte itself, which is a place and a community that is most particular, most specific, and quite special; you wrote a fine description of the response of a city or suburban young man spending two years in a rural town, in what he considers to be exile. I hope that wasn't the whole of your attitude toward the place you were living.

It was Pete Graham, a well-known fan of the Fifties and the early Sixties, who originated the very apt line, "The golden age of science fiction is thirteen."

PAUL ANDERSON: For once, I can actually reply in the time-honored fannish manner to someone's comment on a recent science fiction novel! It's not often that this happens, I can assure you, but here you are talking about A Midsummer Tempest, which I started reading somebody's copy of some time during the summer, and finished in Susan's copy here in September. It was the first Anderson book I'd read in several years, and I found it thoroughly entertaining. Even when I don't agree with his attitudes, I find his sensibilities and his writing ability enough to entertain me in all his best stuff. I can just imagine what fun it must have been for him when he was writing the encounter in the taproom of the Old Phoenix; it was absolutely self-indulgent, but it was just as much fun to read as it must have been to write. I was impressed, too, with the way Poul handled language in that book: it sometimes broke down, but there were long passages, especially at the beginning, that communicated the time and the culture vividly just by the breadth and richness of the language. Like you, though, I was bothered by the rendering of Will Fairweather's dialect. I'm not familiar enough with English accents and dialects to know what it should have sounded like, so I just found it annoying.

God, it's refreshing to talk about sf for a change! Wouldn't want to make it a habit, though.

JAN HOWARD FINDER: I kept trying to figure out why in the world you would be using an APO box address for an apa mailed from Australia (since APO and FPO boxes are meant only for domestic mail to servicemen overseas), when Susan pointed out the perfectly obvious reason.

hold the anchovies--xii

"Jan is living in Italy, that's why."

"Yes, but that's exactly--"

"Italy, John. That means he would have to use the Italian post office."

A pause.

"Oh. Oh, yes. No wonder he uses an APO box."

You're missing the point if you can seriously ask, "Has anyone tried to work out a way that foreign entities could invest in Australia and not rip off the country?" That is precisely what international investment is all about: ripping off. It may be done with the aid of and to the profit of domestic investors as well, but the ultimate end is to exploit somebody or something. Ripoff.

I don't think I'll try commenting on your trip report. At least not yet. I'm going to wait until I have a chance to go back and read the first part thoroughly, so that I'll get it in order. Thanks, by the way, for sending me a copy of the DUFF group photo.

TEST YOUR LITERACY: There were only nine words I didn't know. Does this mean that I have a working vocabulary of zero? Or of 50,000?

JOHN SNOWDEN: I would believe "Space Westerns" as a comic title sooner than I would believe "Space Mouse," but I assume you are being perfectly factual here. Calvin Demmon once wrote a short story, which he sold to Ted White for AMAZING, called "Space Chicken." Unfortunately, for some arcane reason of his own Ted retitled the story "Servo," which has no character at all. Normally Ted doesn't do things like that.

CATHERINE CIRCOSTA: Fascinating to be reading one ANZAPazine an account of what another ANZAPA member (among others) was saying on the radio. The mind boggles. I like your conclusion that "science fiction writers can 'predict' the future only in so much as the future is moulded by our fantasies," whether it be John's conclusion or not. The whole question of sf predicting anything always strikes me as beside the point, anyhow. Prediction is no more the essence of sf than it is of the I Ching. (That analogy won't hold up if I try to take it any farther, but at this level it serves jus fine.) I see the importance of sf in opening people's heads up to different realities--not so much to the specifics of hypothetical worlds, but to the understanding that their reality is not the only one. And there are plenty of died-in-the-wool science fiction fans who have never had this realization.

I think I'm going to enjoy your contributions to ANZAPA.

SUSAN: You left one out. While I was staying with Paul Novitski, we took a drive from Eugene out to the rainy Oregon coast, and on the way we passed through the town of Drain, Oregon. It certainly is a wonderful thing.

(I didn't even notice as I did it that I've violated my own format of addressing everybody by full name. Oh well. I'm doing it mainly for the benefit of non-members, or later members, who come upon this fanzine in a stack of old fanzines and wonder who the hell I'm talking to. I've been in that situation myself, and I know how frustrating it can be.)

speed trap, new mexico--xiii

If you were an American, and you had this nagging fear that you were going to move cross-country again in two years, you could look forward to a fine time either in Hawaii or the Aleutian Islands.

Yes, I watered the plants.

DON FITCH: Since I, too, am more of a Listener than a Talker, I guess that's why we've never had very long conversations when we've met. It was a pleasure to see you in Australia, and I feel that as a result of that trip I got to know you a little bit better. It's strange how many North Americans I had to go across the Pacific to get to know better. I have a recurrent mental picture of you striding over the lawns of Canberra, looking entirely self-sufficient and quite as able to find your way across the civilized patterns laid down in the city as across the desert land of the middle of the continent. You're amazing, Don.

I've been deepening my own passing fascination with American Indian culture and ways of seeing the world, and you've reminded me of something I wanted to mention here. A couple of weeks ago, I happened upon a small, elegant shop down by the waterfront in Seattle, devoted entirely to Indian lore--books, carvings, baskets, all kinds of stuff. It was predominantly Northwest Coast art, but the books ranged over the entire continent (including a lot of Canadian Eskimo publications; why are there few or no equivalents from Alaskan Eskimos?). I came across a newly-published book called Freedom and Form, "a dialog on Northwest Coast Indian art" (I wrote all this down, but I've lost whatever I wrote it on, so I'm doing it from memory), which was published in conjunction with the opening of a large exhibition of NW Coast Indian art in Houston, Texas. I wish I could remember the names of the two men who conduct the dialog; you would recognize them, most likely, if you're gotten into NW Coastal art and lore. Anyway, the point of this is that the exhibition is going to be a traveling one, going from Houston to New York, I believe, and possibly to Peking and/or Moscow (depending on political considerations, I'm sure)...and it is going to Australia. Either Sydney or Melbourne; the man who ran the bookstore wasn't too sure, and it doesn't say anything about it in the book. I would highly recommend this exhibition, sight unseen; Northwest Coast Indian art is amazing, sophisticated, beautiful stuff.

And...tell me what it's like, okay? It won't make it to the West Coast until after it's been to Australia.

You make a very interesting point about Phonetic Spelling: whose pronunciations do you use? The Chinese attacked this problem a few years ago, in trying to use an alphabetical system for teaching their own kids the language, but in a country with such divergent dialects that many of them are mutually unintelligible, it didn't work very well. They pretty well abandoned it, as far as I know. It makes more sense to continue with the traditional Chinese characters, with their utter lack of correlation with the spoken word; they have the advantage that any literate Chinese from any part of the country can read them with ease. The Chinese have contented themselves with simplifying some of the characters.

I'm impressed with your character observations of Carey and Leigh.

hungry slippers--xiv

Sunday, January 18, 1976:

It's a bright, cheery morning (er...afternoon), and as soon as I do this final stencil and Susan and I eat breakfast, we'll hop on the bus and trundle our way over to the home of the British Columbia Science Fiction Association's mimeograph and turn these "Gestetner White Stencil/Stencil Blanc No. 62X"'s into a couple of ANZAPazines. In the meantime, there's the small matter of finishing this stencil. It's all very well and good to talk about "doing it in the morning," but it may have been a bit overoptimistic of me to think that I could put two words together this soon after waking up. I assure you that my conscious mind is in no way connected with what is written on this final page, and I trust that you'll look upon it indulgently.

I do not, unfortunately, have a new address to report to you yet. I've been living in Seattle and trying to get together some sort of reasonably permanent living situation there, but so far nothing definite has materialized. I'm still staying with friends and trying to get together enough money in one place at one time to put down a deposit and a month's rent on a small apartment. Once I've done that, I may very well rent a post office box, so that my mailing address will stay the same even if I move around within the city, but I'm waiting until I have a clearer idea what part of Seattle I'm liable to be living in--it wouldn't be too convenient if I had to ride an hour each way on the bus just to pick up my mail. Anyway, by the next mailing I will certainly be settled, but until then for all fannish intents and purposes my address remains: c/o Paul Novitski, 1690 E. 26th Ave., Eugene, OR 97403. Paul forwards stuff up to me in bunches, so there may be a slight delay but I'll get it fairly promptly.

On Friday afternoon, Susan and I sat in a sterile classroom at the university and listened to a discussion/lecture entitled, "'The Earth's Worse End?' Split consciousness in Australian Writing from the First Fleet to the Present." The man giving this talk was Thomas Keneally, an Australian novelist who is described in the blurbs on him as "the most notable Australian novelist to emerge in the last decade, /who/ already enjoys an international reputation." He has achieved a distinction that reflects not only on him but on Australian literature as a whole: "Keneally is one of Australia's few literary figures who make a living from their writing. This is the more remarkable in that he has not had to become an expatriate in order to establish his position." Sounds a lot like CanLit. So did his talk, in which he concentrated heavily on Australian psychology and the experience of being a colony (and coming to terms with the Australian continent), and which was fascinating. Susan said that a lot of it could have been taken directly from her introductory spiel to her second-year CanLit classes, with just a few adjustments to change "Canada" to "Australia." I'm much too foggy at the moment to say anything intelligent about Keneally's talk, but it was fascinating, and Susan wanted me to mention it because she was going to talk about it in her pages and forgot all about it; there's no time now for her to do any more pages. Are any of you familiar with Keneally and his work?

Time to go. Say, did you ever hear the one about the wombat...

--John D. Berry