

brg No. 5 for ANZAPA is a magazine written and published by Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia (phone (03) 419-4797) for the June 1992 ANZAPA mailing.

WRITE ON! ... The mailing comments show

Alan Stewart is too much of a gentleman to do anything but reprove me mildly for failing to offer him a Mailing Comment in the February mailing of ANZAPA. As I've said before, I have no excuse for this lapse, but I do have my reasons.

In February, I found it a real plea-

sure to write the Mailing Comments. That was because I did not struggle to offer a comment to every contributor to the previous mailing. If a comment hook leapt out of the pages, I let it catch me. Obviously, nothing in particular in Alan's contribution caught my attention, al-

though I did read what he said and did enjoy his contribution.

This seems to be the only practicable way to write Mailing Comments, and I'll stick to it. But I do promise to read each contribution carefully.

MAILING No. 144, FEBRUARY 1992

Jan MacNally: 'JANICE KICKED AND CLAWED HER WAY TO THE TOP'

Welcome to ANZAPA. Lots of things you say are familiar to me. I survived only two years as a teacher (1969 and 1970), also in a country school (Ararat Technical School). Fortunately I went to only one convention where I knew almost nobody — the 1968 Melbourne SF Conference. In those days, there was only one sf convention per year in Australia. By the time of the next one — Eastercon 1969, also in Melbourne — I had already published two issues of *SF Commentary* and had appeared in a few ANZAPA mailings. When I arrived at the 1969 Convention, I 'knew' nearly everybody through correspondence, although I had still met few of them face to face. If you want to meet fandom and have (quite a bit of) money, publish a gazette to introduce yourself.

I tend to regard 'media fans' as people who are devotees of sf television series. You and I, it seems, are 'film buffs' — or in your case, a teacher of cinema. As readers of *The Metaphysical Review* know, I'm mainly interested in pre-1956 Hollywood and British black-and-white movies, but I've seen a few others as well. I've seen few movies from the

1980s and 1990s. Having said that, I must admit that three of my favourite four movies are from the 1960s (Lindsay Anderson's *This Sporting Life*, Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* and Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*), and only one from the 1940s (Frank Capra's *It's a Wonderful Life*). Last time I did a count, I found about 50 films I would want to put in my Top 10.

Richard, Susan and Kelly Hryckiewicz: Q76

For people who have had to put up with redundancy and CES/DSS queues and the possibility of a split household, you seem remarkably cheerful people. Elaine and I hope that our luck holds (the last dinky household in Melbourne) and promise that we will never complain about anything ever again.

I don't quite know why I had never met you properly before the Terry Pratchett night at the MSFC. No doubt it's my fault, especially as I never get to the Friday night gatherings. Thanks for all the computer help, Richard; although I can't say the same for your friend David Morris, who rather desperately didn't want to get involved with my problems with Ventura.

Our books are well organized: al-

phabetical by author; divided into hardbacks and paperbacks, with a separate section for critical books. The only problem is finding any more wall space for bookshelves. I'm starting to 'store' books on the floor, something I thought I would never do.

Roger Weddall: EXHYST.NTIALISM

I don't walk out of films very often, but I've certainly done it. Or rather, I've failed to return after interval to see the second half of two long films: *South Pacific* and *Gone with the Wind*. I saw each of them during the mid-1960s when the only prints available were faded and pinked out. This might have influenced my reaction. But I saw the last few minutes of *Gone with the Wind* when the restored print was shown on TV last year, and I was reminded all over again why I walked out the first time.

David Grigg: MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST No. 3

It's hard to keep one's parents healthy, isn't it? Twice during the last two years my mother has come

down with very severe bronchitis. Each time it turns out that she had run out of the tablets that stop fluid flooding her lungs, and had failed to go straight to the doctor for a new prescription. On each occasion, she contracted a slight cold that turned into near-pneumonia. Since my mother lives at Rosebud, and the rest of us live in Melbourne, we would find out about the problem only after she had recovered.

I would take up riding a bike if I were not afraid of dogs. When my father moved to Rosebud in 1978, he decided to take up bike-riding again, as most of the Mornington Peninsula is flat. He rode his bike once. He returned, shaken, after being chased by several dogs along the back roads of Rosebud. Since I'm sure I would meet every semi-rabid dog inhabitant of the inner suburbs, I refuse to go back to bike-riding (although I'm sure it's exactly the sort of fat-reducing exercise I need).

You mention the Yarra Valley bike paths. Elaine and I have tried walking along the bike paths around here. Go for a leisurely stroll among the pleasantest countryside in the metropolitan area (but still less than 5 km from the GPO), and what do you meet? Not benevolent cyclists. Not other strollers. No. Only lunatics letting their enormous dogs hurtle along the path! Grrrrr!

But I enjoyed bike-riding when I was in my mid-teens. Maybe I didn't encounter as many unleashed dogs then as I do now.

'The Joy of Cycling'. I'm asking permission to reprint it in *The Meta-physical Review*. But it would be better if you send it to Eva Windisch, editor of *Terra Lirra*, the magazine of the Yarra Valley. This is exactly the sort of article she is looking for. Her address is PO Box 305, Mt Evelyn, Vic. 3796.

Elaine got very enthusiastic about fractals after John Foyster put Winfract on our machine on the day after we bought it. She's generated and printed out some wonderful patterns, some of which I mean to use in my magazines. The trouble is that the use of fractal printouts has become a cliché of publishing, no matter how interesting the patterns.

Elaine was completely hooked on Lemmings for several weeks, but now she has her new garden to play with. I don't play computer games at all — I have too many fanzines to produce.

When JBHiFi opened a city store, I thought I would spend all my time and money there. It's off my beat,

though, and I don't go there often because I can't afford to. On any given month, I've already spent my CD allowance money at Reading's and Discuro before I'm tempted to go near JB Hi Fi.

Gerald Smith and Womble: A YEAR TO FORGET

Thanks, Gerald, for telling us about the death of your father. Having gone through a similar experience (both the death of my father, and attempting to write about him and the event), I can see the difficulties of writing your piece.

It strikes me (as it did when I tried to write about my father) that it is more difficult to deal with the memory of someone much loved and respected than it is to commemorate a person whose faults were only too obvious. I say this because I've just read Gary Hubbard's article about his father's funeral in *Trap Door 7*. (Published in America by Robert Lichtman, *Trap Door* is currently the world's best fanzine.) Gary is not only a much better writer than either of us, but he also has the scope to write amusingly about the funeral. Gary's father was loved by almost nobody but Gary's mother — hence the eulogies at the funeral service struck many people as wildly inappropriate. Very sharp writing, this, because many people I know have not been able to mourn the death of a parent, although the proprieties demand it.

Sorry to hear about your medical problems, Womble. I trust that life is much improved now.

I haven't travelled interstate since 1980. Next time I'm forced to such a vile necessity, I will plonk down the air fare on the counter with the satisfied feeling that, no matter how ghastly the amount, it will be a small percentage of the amount Gerald Smith and Womble paid for their holiday car trip to Victoria.

The Best of 1991? You won't believe this, but I haven't worked out my lists yet (except the partial lists I published on the last page of the most recent *SF Commentary*). Maybe this old listomaniac is mellowing. Not that many years ago, the first thing I would do on the morning of New Year's Day would be to make up my 'Best Of' lists for the year that had ended the day before. (The trouble is that there are still some CDs

bought in 1991 that I haven't played yet.)

Lyn McConchie: FANATIC 26

Successful writers are people very different from the rest of us. The rest of us gravitate to jobs and hobbies that offer encouragement and rewards for our efforts. Writers like you, Lyn, seem to gravitate to a profession that offers knock-backs, discouragement and rejections. Best of luck; you seem to be succeeding anyway.

Even when you have umpteen cats (we're up to seven), the death of one of them is no less affecting than if it were the only cat. RIP Rasti.

Terry Frost: AN ISLAND OF DUBIOUS SANITY IN A SEA OF CANNIBAL YUPIES

Bradley has a therapist! The Schwarzenegger approach sounds much more effective. (Up against the wall, redneck children.)

Jane Tisell: TISELLATION

Welcome to ANZAPA, Jane. I know we get talking from time to time, but I still know very little about you. Maybe next mailing you'll have time to introduce yourself with all the juicy details that we fans of personalzines (gossip) relish.

Cath Ortlieb: YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No. 19

Surely the answer to the quiz question is 'Captain Arthur Phillip, 1788'.

I would have enjoyed *Return to the Forbidden Planet* more if I had been able to distinguish any of the dialogue or song lyrics. However, Elaine's sister booked us upstairs.

This proved to be a big mistake. Everything was amplified, but the speakers must have been set up so that the sound was clear only in the stalls. Everybody I know who sat downstairs enjoyed the show greatly. We enjoyed the music, of course, and the energy of the performances, but caught none of the jokes.

Until I acquire nerves of steel, I refuse to drive. Your encounters with booze buses and accidents make good stories.

People of the same name in ANZAPA? In early 1969 the membership roster had John Foyster, John Bangsund, John Brosnan and John Ryan at the same time.

Alan Stewart: YTTERBIUM No. 19

Re. 'Friday 31 January 1992': We've all had days like that, Alan — but not many of them. The worst delays I can remember in recent years have been waiting for public transport out of the city at lunchtime. All the Bourke Street trams are heading for Spring Street or the Exhibition Building, and the Russell Street buses have disappeared. Quicker to walk — but these delays always happen when I'm carrying a heavy bag.

\$6.50 to watch some penguins amble past! The mind boggles. The last time I saw the Penguin Parade (when I was twelve, or perhaps even younger), people just turned up on the beach at the correct time and watched them. I can't remember whether or not the beach was spotted. Or did watchers have to rely on their own torches?

My most vivid memory of visiting Phillip Island, however, remains from when I was very young. I threw a complete tantrum on the beach. I can't remember why. My parents did one of those 'We'll just have to leave you here if you don't stop crying' acts. I didn't know it was an act. Probably they only walked a hundred yards, but in my memory they went miles up the beach before I shut up and toddled after them.

I hope you met David Grigg at our Garden Party. I meant to introduce David and Sue to all today's ANZAPAs, but Elaine and I were too busy to introduce anybody to anybody.

Somebody gave us a Mah-jong game. We could never work out how to play it, so we gave it as a Christmas present to either my nephews or

Elaine's nieces.

Of your list, I've read and can recommend Edgar Pangborn's *Still I Persist in Wondering* and Paul J. McAuley's *Four Hundred Billion Stars*.

I haven't published my list of 'Recent Reading' in ANZAPA for quite some time. I'm not reading much at the moment (down to about two books a month). The easiest slab to list would be the six months from December 1991 to May 1992:

* = Recommended.

** = Highly recommended.

- *Aurealis*, No. 3 1991–No. 5 1991
- *Eidolon*, No. 1, Autumn 1990
- ** *Eidolon*, No. 2, Winter 1990–No. 5, Winter 1991
- ** *Winter Kills* (Richard Condon, 1974)
- *Eidolon* No. 6, Spring 1991
- ** *Aurealis*, No. 6, December 1991
- * *I Am the Only Running Footman* (Martha Grimes, 1986)
- ** *The Adventures of Augie March* (Saul Bellow, 1953)
- ** *Woodbrook* (David Thomson, 1974)
- *Master of Lies* (Graham Masterton, 1992)
- * *A Clubbable Woman* (Reginald Hill, 1970)
- * *The Night-Comers* (Eric Ambler, 1956)
- * *An Advancement of Learning* (Reginald Hill, 1971)
- *Glass Reptile Breakout and Other Australian Speculative Stories* (ed. Van Ikin, 1990)
- * *Paydirt* (Garry Disher, 1992)
- ** *The Architecture of Fear* (ed. Kathryn Cramer and Peter D. Pautz, 1987)
- ** *Walls of Fear* (ed. Kathryn Cramer, 1990)
- ** *Back Door Man* (Ian McAuley Hails, 1992)
- ** *Crimes for a Summer Christmas* (ed. Stephen Knight, 1990)
- * *More Crimes for a Summer Christmas* (ed. Stephen Knight, 1991)
- *Infanta* (Bodo Kirchoff, 1990)
- ** *A Suitable Vengeance* (Elizabeth George, 1991)
- ** *For the Sake of Elena* (Elizabeth George, 1992)
- ** *A Great Deliverance* (Elizabeth George, 1989)
- ** *Call to the Edge* (Sean McMullen, 1992)
- ** *The Last Magician* (Janette Turner Hospital, 1992)
- *Death at Victoria Dock* (Kerry Greenwood, 1992)

- ** *Remaking History* (Kim Stanley Robinson, 1991)
- * *And Disregards the Rest* (Paul Voermans, 1992)

The best of those? The double-assterisked anthologies were pretty good, but the most satisfying were Elizabeth George's mystery novels, Janette Turner Hospital's *The Last Magician*, Saul Bellow's monumental and deeply satisfying *The Adventures of Augie March* (cited as a major influence by two of my favourite authors, Stanley Elkin and Frederick Exley), and David Thomson's *Woodbrook*, his real history of Ireland and himself. Most of the rest were reviewed in *SF Commentary* No. 71/72, or will be listed and reviewed in the next *Metaphysical Review*.

W. A. Weller: BURY MY SOUL AT EXIT 63, No. 11

Pre-Mailing Comment Postscript: This is a hugely entertaining fanzine that had me dropping double-yolkers (obscure Australian expression for laughing immoderately) for hours at a time. How could anyone leave ANZAPA while you are still in it, Weller?

Your 'Achievement Plan—Development Plan' is brilliant. You work for the same company as Elaine? It fits exactly what most of the people at Elaine's place of employment feel about the management style. With your assumed permission, she's going to photocopy the three paragraphs and circulate them at work.

Your Page 2 is a real slammer-in-the-chin that reminds me of why I'm incredibly lucky to be working at home rather than at an office with all those regular guys and gals. Twice lucky, really; even if I had to work in at the office, most people there are genteel publishing people, and not at all like regular guys and gals. But I still relish working at home rather than in anybody else's office space.

No Australian con hotel has given a con committee a set of rules such as the Red Lion's. Yet.

What's worst than seven cats in the kitchen? A squirrel in the basement. Great story.

The trouble with cats is that they are as delicate and sickly as they can get away with. Each of ours challenges the others to I-can-have-the-year's-highest-vet's-bill.

Elaine cannot go swimming with me because she can only see a few inches in front of her when she takes off her glasses. This is a problem at Clifton Hill Pool, where the main hazard is the I'm-faster-than-you-get-out-of-my-way swimming jock (often female).

I agree about an annotated re-

print of Michael O'Brien's fabled 1976 confessional letter to SFC. Especially as (although he's one of my favourite people) Michael hasn't written a letter of comment since.

As you've probably read, Darren Millane had a blood alcohol concentration of .345 when he was picked out of the wreckage, which is about

as high as anyone can get before dying from alcohol poisoning.

Great trip report. It's a pity you didn't visit our household when you were in Melbourne. Seven cats, Weller. Seven cats all waiting to be pat-

MAILING No. 145, APRIL 1992

Roger Weddall: EXHYSTENTIALISM

We members of the local Neighbourhood Watch Area like to think that the burglary rate has gone down greatly since we started nearly five years ago because of our efforts. More likely it's because the police have greatly increased their street patrols during the last three years.

Collingwood is supposed to be a hairy part of Melbourne, but since NW has begun (and therefore the police have given us the monthly crime statistics), our area has had almost no reported cases of personal assault. For several years, we had almost no car thefts in the area, although plenty of thefts from cars. Bicycle thefts are up recently. House burglaries remain at an average of about 8 per month. Commercial burglaries are much less than this, except in a month when a professional gang decides to do the area. This has happened a couple of times.

It's the one-person crime wave who pushes the figures askew. A few years ago, there was a flasher in Hotham Street. He must have been caught, or moved to another area. Somebody else enjoyed smashing the windows of shops. That person went haywire for a few months. He, she or it must also have been caught or got sick of smashing windows.

Surely somebody told you about American street numbers when you were there? Jeanne lives 41 blocks, either north, south, east or west, from the centre of the city, and her place is No. 57 in that block. The only cities with exceptions to this system are those established before the nineteenth century, such as Greenwich Village (the south tip of Manhattan) and central Boston. There are probably parts of Baltimore and Philadelphia that have retained the English way of numbering streets.

My parents taught me so success-

fully the Christian piety that 'all our equal in His sight' that I was always deeply shocked when they expressed racial prejudice. 'New Australian' kids always had an easy ride at our school; after all, they outnumbered us by the late 1950s and were better than us at the really important skills, such as Aussie Rules football. They picked up Australian English, starting with the swear words, with astonishing ease. There was a German boy who arrived in our class not understanding any English. Within three months he had a regulation Aussie accent and an extensive spoken vocabulary. The trouble is that he spelled his newly learned words in phonetic German. This is where many of the migrant kids lagged behind badly. Those who taught themselves written English ended up writing better than we did. The only kids who never lost their 'foreign accents' originated in England, Ireland, Scotland or Wales.

But you're right — we never met Aborigines in a Melbourne suburb, and therefore could hold the most inane beliefs because of our complete ignorance.

Jane Tisell: TISELLATION, No. 2

Again, I offer abject apologies for not attending Kittycon. Especially as getting there would have taken me through some streets I have not travelled since childhood. (I spent the first twelve years of my life in Oakleigh, but south of the railway line. We ventured north of Atherton Road only after the Oakleigh Swimming Pool opened in 1957 near the Kittycon location.)

The first rule of con organization and programming should be to say that anything can go wrong at any second, and probably will. Australia's most disastrous conventions have usually been run by peo-

ple who have said, in public and loudly, 'Everything will be all right on the day.'

I'm glad to find somebody who agrees with me about growing older. My childhood was absolutely ghastly; my teenage years a great deal better but still friendless and afflicted by shyness and endless disagreements with my parents; and my mid-twenties afflicted by the feeling that 'no woman will ever love me'. Things didn't really look up until I got together with Elaine when I was 31 years old. Some of us just have to wait a long time for the good life.

W. A. Weller: BURY MY SOUL AT EXIT 63, No. 12

Okay, if you want cat medical horror stories, you'll get cat medical horror stories. The following is from a letter I wrote to Mae Strelkov (the complete recent correspondence will appear in *The Metaphysical Review* real soon now):

28 March 1992

Dear Mae

Seven cats. They are supposed to stay outside during the day, and all must remain inside overnight.

About five weeks of this year have been lost to one cat. Or rather, we nearly lost the cat. It was our ginger cat, Theodore. On one day he was a bit dopey, but okay. He threw up his night's dinner, but that's fairly normal for a cat. Next day he disappeared. No sign of him that night. Next morning Elaine found that he'd crawled out from under the house, and was very ill. Straight up to the vet. (I say this because the vet's house is up the hill along the street two doors from us. We feel that we've visited the vet so often that

we've worn a track up this hill.) The cat had lost a lot of heat, and was badly dehydrated, with almost no blood sugar. The vet sent him out to an emergency veterinary hospital. By the time he reached there, Theodore was just a few minutes from being dead. However, the wonders of modern science are available for cats as well as humans. Theodore was put straight onto various drips and catheters. He survived the day, and by the end of the weekend seemed okay. Nobody can work out what happened to him. As far as anybody could tell, he'd been bitten by a snake, which seems impossible around here. But Theodore is always hunting mice, and there is a bit of long grass around what seems like a heavily built-up inner-suburban area. Who knows?

That would have been fine if it had been the end of the story. When Theodore returned home, seemingly okay, he couldn't pee. Something in his muscle system had been badly affected by whatever venom or poison had hit him. He had to have a catheter put in. The vet had to put a wide collar around his neck to prevent him pulling out the catheter. (Nonetheless, he succeeded once.) We had to hire a cage that he could sit in, so that he wouldn't trail pee around the house. He had to be kept in the kitchen.

When the catheter came out a week later, Theodore still couldn't pee, although he was much better. Despair, despair. There was no way of telling how long this would go on, since the vet was completely puzzled. He conducted tests and drew blood samples and administered an X-ray. He consulted a cat urologist (such people do exist), who advised feeding Theodore a mixture of Valium and cortisone. This has helped Theodore, and finally the problem is starting to right itself. Six weeks after the original crisis. Well over \$1000 later. This cat should be set in gold plate and stuck on a mantel shelf.

So that's our crisis for the year so far. We can only guess what the rest of the year might be like. Cats are brilliant at getting into trouble. . . .

Yours
Bruce

Thanks, Weller, for telling us the story of your father's illness and recovery.

David Grigg: MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST No. 4

Thanks for the job description. I wish I had something interesting to write in reply. The books I edit are only textbooks for secondary school students. Most are dull; at least I rarely get landed with atrociously written books, as Elaine does. The main interest of the job during the last year has been learning the Ventura desktop-publishing program so that I can take a book from manuscript to final pages. Somehow I've managed to learn most important aspects of Ventura (with a lot of swearing as vocal accompaniment), although I have no real talent for working on a computer. To me, a computer is merely a tool for carrying out real human activities. However, if I had more talent for wielding the tool, I could do a lot more in publishing.

I like your story about failing Organic Chemistry, but that's not the story you told at the time. In 1969 you said you dropped out of university because of fandom — in particular, because of establishing the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association and publishing the first issues of *Yggdrasil*. Or was fandom the destroyer of your *second* year at Melbourne Uni?

If FAPA is where old fans go to die, they take an awful long time about it. FAPA still runs to more than 400 pages every quarter, and maintains a high percentage of the world's best fan writers in it.

It's become a problem to (a) listen to, and (b) store the CDs. When we renovated the living room a few years ago, the shelves custom built for CDs were supposed to last for decades. They are already full. Until about six months ago, I always had half a dozen CDs that had not yet been played. I just counted the unplayed CDs. There are 120 of them. Why am I contributing to ANZAPA when I could be listening to music?

We have several versions of *The Art of the Fugue*. My favourite is on a Supraphon set from the early 1980s. It has not been released on CD. Milan Munclinger leads an orchestra that plays each quarter of the piece (that is, each side of a vinyl record) in a different style. My favourite is the side played on solo harpsichord. Recently I bought the string quartet version by the Juilliard Quartet. It's pretty good, but doesn't have the

bite of some other versions.

David Greagg is now an allround person-around-academia, and works somewhere in Melbourne University. He is also some kind of folk musician. He has lots to do with *Meanjin* magazine, which is where John Bangsund met him. Lucy Sussex also knows him well, as well as author Kerry Greenwood, who lives with him. Lucy once brought David Greagg to a Nova Mob meeting, but he stayed two minutes before leaving.

Michael O'Brien: MODULE No. 93

I also saw that colourized print of *Arsenic and Old Lace*. I was able to turn off the colour and still get a perfect black-and-white image — a great improvement over the first colourizing process, which rendered the original photograph into shades of grey.

Collecting stuff? An 'odd hobby for a grown man'? What about my hoard of favourite newspaper cuttings, a completely unsorted collection that begins in early 1972 and to which I still add items? One day I must sort the stuff: there must be material there for a book on the real history of the 1970s and 1980s.

John Thaw is superb as Inspector Morse, and some of the scripts have been good as well. But I suspect we haven't seen all of the Morse telemovies.

Linnette Horne: ILLEGITIMATI NON CARBORUNDUM

'The Soap Opera Update': From some of the peculiar encounters we've witnessed in recent years we get the idea that some people run their lives imitating the hysterical actions of the people in TV soap operas. The people who currently live over the road do this regularly. To judge from the sound effects, you would think that bloke is about to kill the woman and the kid. On two occasions we've called the police because the woman was calling out at the top of her voice 'Leave the kid alone'. When the police arrive, the woman doesn't press charges. Are she and her child really in danger? If not, why the sound effects, unless

they really see themselves as stars in their own personal soap opera? All we can do is wait for the next episode.

(I should add that these people are particularly annoying because we've never had anybody but quiet people renting the house across the road. Even the blokes from some years ago who rehearsed their blues band at top volume would stop precisely at 10 p.m. each rehearsal night.)

Jenny Glover: PURPLE PROSE FROM A PURPLE LADY

Welcome to ANZAPA. Are you the last fan in the world to run a genuine hektograph? Wow. You must send a copy of this to Ted White, who wrote an article years ago praising the legendary efforts of the people who used hektographs in the 1940s and 1950s. Until now, I did not realize that anybody retained the secret of hektograph duplicating.

Does anybody in Australia still sell Banda masters? Does anybody still sell duplicating supplies of any sort?

Footnote to all ANZAPA members: Does anybody want to buy the Roneo duplicator that occupies half my work room? You can have it for free, along with about \$200 worth of duplicating ink, paper and stencils. Please. Someone.

We enjoyed meeting Eva Hauser very much. We haven't yet thought of a way to get her back to Australia, but I'm sure we'll think of something.

Mike O'Brien: MODULE No. 94

I tend to sleep some time between 2 and 4 p.m. and wake up properly about 9 p.m. But if I settle down in the sweet silent midnight hours to do some real work, I find that I get tired again abruptly about 1 a.m. Much more enjoyable is to give myself permission at midnight to do what I want to do — read a good book — not what I ought to do. If the book is good enough, I will last until 2 a.m., and then go to bed only because I must

get up in the morning. Once or twice I've stayed up to 4 a.m. to watch some rare or wonderful movie on TV, but the movie must be magnificent, and I must be feeling chipper before I start watching. I don't do this often now because the TV networks have virtually stopped showing old black-and-white movies, even at four in the morning.

Another distressing cat story — oh no! oh yes! Often I can be heard wailing to Elaine: 'The only things cats are good at is getting sick or disappearing or dying!' My sister Jeanette lost her beloved cat to a pack of dogs, but they were street dogs. I suppose the vet could tell you why the Rotweiler suddenly went bananas. Since I regard all dogs as bananas, I'm not surprised. The only practical thing to do is get another cat (or better, a couple of kittens) from the RSPCA cat shelter. But then you have to face the distress of leaving behind dozens of stray cats that you can't take home with you.

Cath Ortlieb: YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No. 20

If Michael stays around fandom, when he's about seventeen he will be the subject of a whole fanzineful of interesting gossip. I wish I had learned similar techniques when I was three.

Only Begotten Daughter didn't offer any 'solutions' at all. It was essentially a fairy tale. The point about a fairy tale is that the 'happy ending' is always the reverse of the ending you would expect from the events that are in the tale. *Morrow* ends the book quite neatly, but in the process he has brilliantly dissected the real situation of good people in an evil world, and hence undercut any reassuring sounds that he seems to be making. Is there a technical name for this sort of writing? I'd call it an ERNI: an 'extensively recomplicated nasty irony'. I must deliver a paper on 'ERNI' for Nova Mob sometime.

Brainwave — Until right now I haven't been able to think of a subject for the paper I've promised to give later in the year. Now I have a topic: 'ERNI: How Writers Stick the Knife In'.

Thanks, Cath.

Jan MacNally: 'JAN KICKED AND CLAWED HER WAY TO THE TOP'

Your *Liar's Autobiography* is brilliant, Jan. Thanks very much. If Ian Gunn had read this while he was in ANZAPA, he might have stayed.

If I had time, I would write you a 'liar's autobiography' of 'My Musical Career': my genteel version (and more musical) of *This Is Spinal Tap*.

Lin Wolfe: MY BUTCHER IS A SCIENTOLOGIST

Elaine and I once worked out my cash flow on a chart. Not hers; Elaine always saves money, even when we're both broke. My chart was so depressing that I've never looked at it again. I expected it to show that I could spend umpteen more dollars per month on CDs. Instead it showed that I should have been bankrupt years before. Amazing how crushing facts can create a cash flow problem, and blind faith can reverse it.

Elaine suddenly has to learn WordPerfect for work, and she hates it. Wordstar might be primitive compared to WordPerfect, but at least its basic word-processing functions are easy to use. I haven't bothered learning WordPerfect to produce fanzines; I use Wordstar for the words, and Ventura for the pretty stuff. Any year now, I'll learn how to add graphics to my Ventura chapters.

Of course humanity is only in existence to serve the needs of the feline population. How could anyone have ever thought otherwise?

Your office needs the services of Theodore, our ginger cat. He's the only cat I've ever known to catch mice quickly and efficiently, then eat them on the spot. Sophie, on the other hand, catches mice only for sport: she chases them around the block for an hour. Oscar is so stooped he lets other cats eat the mice he has caught.

— Bruce Gillespie, 9 June 1992