

A fanzine for the December 2006 mailing of ANZAPA and a few others by Bruce Gillespie, 5 Howard St, Greensborough VIC 3088. Phone: (03) 9435 7786. Email: gandc@mira.net. Member fwa.

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## Mailing Comments: Mailing 231, June 2006

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Garry Dalrymple:  
TRANSCENDENTAL BS AND ENLIGHTENMENT  
Vol. 1 No 18

Thanks for reprinting the Mike Duggan memorial for Kevin Dillon. If I were at all likely to produce an issue of *The Metaphysical Review* soon, I would ask permission to reprint the letter as part of a memorial for Kevin. So let's tempt fate. Could you please ask Mr Duggan for his permission to reprint?

If I had seen a copy of Sue-Ann Post's *Confessions of an Unrepentant Lesbian Ex-Mormon* I would have bought it I have watched the wonderful TV film she made about returning to her Mormon roots (so to speak) in Salt Lake City. When you had dinner with her, did Sue-Ann say why she stopped writing her column for the Melbourne *Age*? Did she leave or was she pushed? She was the most entertaining columnist the *Age* has ever published.

'What is the SF cannon?' — and is it pointed at *your* head? I assume you meant that heading to be funny, Garry.

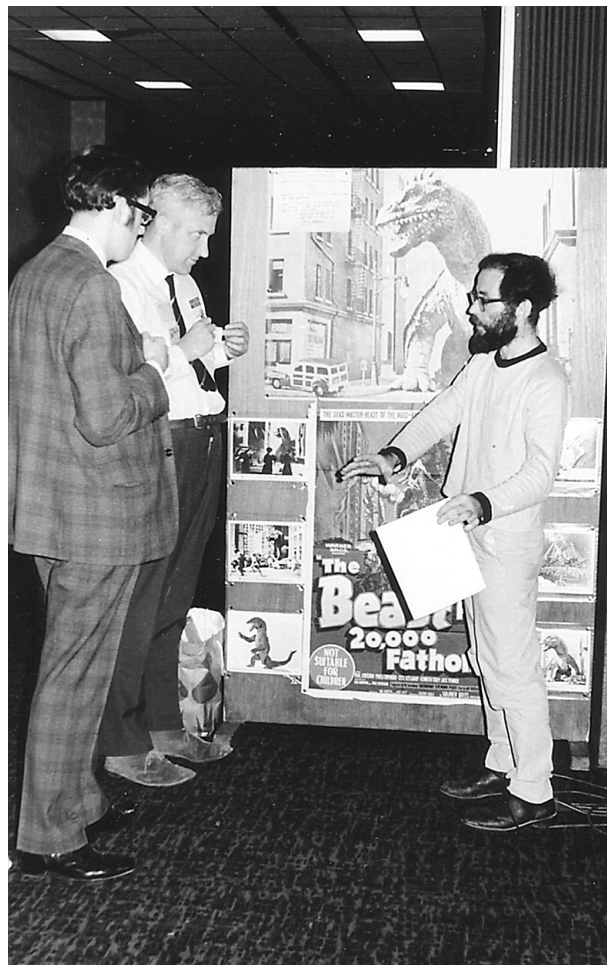
I'm sure British fans would be as surprised as I am to hear that Zara Baxter is 'a UK fan trapped in an Australian's body'. Wouldn't be better if she became an Australian fan in an Australian fan's body? That's if she would actually *do* something. People keep reporting that she might join ANZAPA, or might produce a fanzine, but in fact she does nothing.

Diane and John Fox:  
THE FLORAL RHUBARB

*Supersize Me* received a lot of publicity when the film was in the cinemas, but I've seen it in a DVD shop only once, on a day when I didn't feel like spending money.

I haven't seen any of the other films/DVDs on your list, apart from Ang Lee's *Sense and Sensibility*, Fellini's *8 and a Half* (many, many years ago), the fabulous *Black Orpheus*, Fellini's very underrated *I Vitellone*, the very

disappointing *Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, and the forgettable *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*. Which *War of the Worlds*? The 1950s, now remastered, stands



(L. to r.): Michael O'Brien, Bill Wright and Kevin Dillon, Syncon 2, 1972. (Photo: Gary Hoff.)

up well. The Spielberg version was an unnecessary waste of money.

The hit version of 'The Ballad of Lucy Jordan' is by Marianne Faithful. I didn't know Dr Hook ever recorded it. Marianne sounds as if she's lived every moment of the song. Thanks for the lyrics.

Karen Gory:

NOTES FROM A NEW LIFE No 15

Congratulations on receiving your Green Card. In 1973 I had ambitions to live in America, but had no idea how to obtain a Green Card. Still don't. American girls are wonderful, but nobody offered to marry me during that trip.

Good on Tessica, standing up to the big cats. She sounds wonderful. Love those pictures.

I agree with you about *American Beauty* — or I would, if I had lasted more than 20 minutes of watching it.

I don't go to the movies to see blockbusters with special effects. That type of movie seems to be designed by clever people for dumb audiences. My ideal of a big-screen movie is one that uses every inch of the screen for photographic artistry. I haven't seen a movie like that for awhile at the cinema, although I must admit there were some quite impressive photo-paintings in *Lemony Snicket* (which has the same cinematographer as *Children of Men*). In most movies I see at the cinema, the colours look horribly browned out. Later, when I see the DVD of the same movie, I find that the colour palette is actually quite bright and attractive. Do we receive wornout prints to be shown in cinemas in Australia? Is the colour glugginess of current cinema prints deliberate? During the era when I discovered movies — the sixties — the prints were glorious. Now remastered on DVD, the older colour movies often show up as if new. These days a movie is almost never 'better on the big screen'.

Michael Green:

BOOKMARK No 1

Glad to hear that the Technicalities company could retrieve information from your dead disk using Norton Ghost. I try to back up everything on my hard disk on CD-ROM, but I'm rarely up to date. Does Technicalities provide service all over the metropolitan area, or only out your way?

You mention a person from the far fannish past: Fabian Stretton. Nobody else in fandom seems to have met or talked to him for many years.

David Grigg:

NORTH OF HERTZSPRUNG

A piece of software for automating iPods? I still don't know what I would use one for, let alone how to automate it.

Please send me your 3D artwork for my fanzines, unless of course you aim to sell everything you create. I like the chess game illustration.

Sorry I didn't attend this year's production of *Carmina Burana*. It was impossible to make the time in mid July.

Thanks for all the news of Sue, and of Kathryn and Chris.

Jack Herman: NECESSITY 70: MILES GLORIOSUS

Global warming has suddenly become an okay news topic since you wrote your article 'Baby, it's warm outside' in June. Now almost everybody except John Howard (and even him on some days) is conceding that 'something must be done about' global warming. Dick Jenssen, a glaciologist in his former life, says that the pattern of increased melting of glaciers and ice shelves was apparent thirty years ago. That's about the time when it might have been useful to do something. These days? Re-read George Turner's *The Sea and Summer*, or any other fairly accurate book about the coming catastrophe. It should be interesting living through the end of human civilisation — interesting if we are still alive at the end.

We hoped Alan Stewart was going to become rich and famous by appearing on *Einstein Factor*, but those episodes were taped long before they showed on TV, so we knew already that he had bombed out. But Alan is always optimistic — no doubt he will soon try for another quiz show jackpot.

I liked the Egoroff story, quoted by Lunn, especially as it demonstrates that the Australian vernacular is still very much alive. I can understand all those expressions, many of which are still used by Australians. The trick would be to try that story on any group of fifteen-year-olds. If they understand it, the Australian language has survived since 1950.

Okay, so I was slipshod with terms. I use the term 'fascist' for any state, whether left or right, where fundamental rights have been swept away, and replaced by arbitrary rule. A number of fundamental citizenship guarantees disappeared in Australia because of the Howard legislation. There are many things the federal government can now do to people that cannot be challenged, even by the courts. Perhaps only a brave press could take up the cases of people persecuted under current 'terror' legislation. And Howard and his ministers do love power for its own sake; they want to take over states' education powers, or states' water legislation powers, or almost anything else anybody is foolish enough to give them. Howard seems determined to grind down the nation into some horrible paste that most resembles his own mind. Nobody in Australia should be complacent, yet the whole Howard push has been to try to make people as complacent as possible.

I had completely forgotten about your history of Sydney fandom written for *Rataplán*. Do you still have a copy of it? I have a copy somewhere in my giant grey cupboard of classic fanzines, but I'm not sure how I'd find it easily. I would love to reprint it.

Allan Bray did write a brief history of Adelaide fandom for ANZAPA many years ago. If ever I found that, I would reprint it.

Fandom is what fans do *and write down about what they do*. I can't reprint histories that have never been written. If you trusted the written record alone, you would think that nothing had happened in Perth fandom since Roy Ferguson left for Melbourne in the early eighties; that nothing had happened in Brisbane since Dennis and Del Stocks gafiated in the seventies; and that little had happened in Hobart ever, although much obviously has. The history of Melbourne fandom is reasonably well documented because we've kept publishing fannish and/or news fanzines. For instance, Roger Weddall took a lot of trouble to gather general Australian fannish news during his editorship of *Thyme*, but spent a lot of money on interstate phone calls.

I didn't know that iPods stored anything but music. That's why I haven't bothered to find out about them. Without fast download, it's useless investigating music sources.

I like my mondegreen version of 'Three Little Fishies' better than the actual version. It will always be 'damn old dam' to me.

I can remember when Darrell Lea comprised two little shops in central Melbourne. Today Darrell Lea shops are all over the suburbs, and even, it seems, in Sydney. (Maybe all over Australia.) Has the quality of Darrell Lea chocolate improved since the sixties? That's when once bought a few Darrell Lea chocolate bars when we were in town: they were very cheap, and really awful.

Americans talk a lot about being against the 'gubmint'. So what is *the* government under the American system? The administration? The Congress? The Senate? The federal public service? The state public services?

*The Libertine* lasted two weeks in Melbourne cinemas, so I didn't see it. The reviews made it sound so good that even Elaine wants to see it. No sign of the DVD yet.

I agree that current favourite directors and favourite films lists usually show a lack of a sense of history among the voters. The *Sight and Sound* list, produced every decade, is an exception.

As for your suggestions: I would put back Stanley Kubrick and Orson Welles into my Top Ten Directors list (especially as I like at least three Welles films better than *Citizen Kane*). I am very much in favour of Altman. Until he died (yesterday) his work was still improving and diversifying. Hitchcock, Ford, Wilder, Huston. Powell and Pressburger. Visconti. Kurosawa. That's ten, isn't it? (Capra directed my favourite film, *It's a Wonderful Life*, but I wouldn't put him in the Top Ten.)

I agree about *Inside Man*. But the photography looked murky and brown when I saw the film at the local cinema. I'm looking forward to seeing it properly on DVD.

I agree about *March of the Penguins*. I've seen only half of it, but I was put off by the Morgan Freeman voice-over. The French version, with cute talking penguins, sounds as if it would have been painful to listen to. Perhaps *Penguins* is a film to see with the sound turned off.

The reviews led me to believe that I could not expect much from *V for Vendetta*. Ori Shifrin, of the Tuesday night group, lent me the film on DVD. A wonderful surprise! I've bought my own copy. I can only agree with your review.

I've seen *Curse of the Were-Rabbit* four times, and am still catching jokes I didn't see the first, second or third times. I like it nearly as much as the Wallace and Gromit shorts, and much better than *Chicken Run*. But I've seen *Chicken Run* only once.

I'd seen *The Lion in Winter* around on DVD, but had hesitated to buy it because I had heard that the print had not yet been remastered. Is this true? Copies seem to have disappeared from DVD shops.

You mention Henry Bumstead, who died at 101. Wasn't he still designing all Clint Eastwood's movies up to and including *Million Dollar Baby*?

Kim Huett:  
UTRACREPIDARIAN BOUNDER! No 8

Because of my lack of paying work in the editing field, I suppose I should offer myself to the local catering pro-

fession. However, your account of working at the Yacht Club makes me think I would last about a day in the average restaurant kitchen. Being in reasonable shape at the age of 59 has a lot to do with not having taken a footslogging job since my teaching stint ended in 1970.

Your description of Erika is wonderful. I thought it was just because of some fatal weakness in my own personality that I had never been able to hold an extended conversation with her. Why doesn't she like tales of how people found fandom? The common element in these stories is that for first time we discover that there other people in the world with whom we can feel some intellectual kinship. It's that shared feeling of a 'eureka!' moment that make such stories attractive.

I've never looked at Brian Ash's *The Visual Encyclopedia of Science Fiction*. This could be because I didn't receive it as a review copy. I received similar illustrated SF encyclopedias by Clute and Pringle, and they don't mention fandom. A big tick for Brian Ash.

Whatever happened to Neville Angove? He was intelligent and energetic, and pretty good at page design. But his offset fanzines were much too expensive for the time, so I think he must have hoped that *Cygnus Chronicler* would earn its way. This didn't happen. And then he just disappeared. Nobody seems to have met him since the seventies.

Did you ever see *Pay It Forwards*? This was a movie, starring Joel Hayley Osment, Kevin Spacey and Laura Linney, that was so idealistic and heart-clenching, even by American standards, that it was shown in Melbourne only at the Westgarth Cinema (which used to be the Valhalla). The main idea of the film is: if you receive a kindness or a gift, pay it forwards; make other people's lives better and shinier! I like your reciprocal version of this idea: pay it forward, but give something the other person doesn't want, and might not even notice having received. There's your plot for the movie you're going to write.

Your friend who wants to buy a photocopier all by itself is about to get really unlucky. Soon it will be impossible to buy a scanner all by itself. There are a few left in the local Harvey Norman store. Soon they will disappear. When my scanner breaks down, I will have to buy a three-in-one, or a four-in-one, including phone.

Eric Lindsay:  
KINGDOM OF THE BLAND

The more conventions we have in Australia each year, the fewer convention reports are produced. Thanks for the Conjure convention report.

Bill put a huge amount of effort into the fanzine panels and production sessions for Conjure, but he had trouble finding anybody who even understood the concept of 'fanzine'. Bill is still recovering from the disappointment, and the horrific Jetstar trip home.

Therefore we must keep ANZAPA going. WE are almost the last Australian fanzine producers! (Cough, cough. Sinks to the sand. Banner waves in the wind.)

Whatever happened to Adrienne Losin? She might have been at Conjure, but there was no sign of her at Continuum 4, and I haven't seen her at any Melbourne fan event for years.

You mean, Debbie Notkin and Alan Bostick were in Australia, but didn't get to Melbourne! And neither did Christina Lake and Doug Bell! Unbelievable.

Thanks for the verbal holiday snaps. Would love to have been there, but could not bear to travel those

distances.

We haven't used the airconditioning much, because we installed it late last summer. We expect the summer of 2006-07 to be the hottest ever experienced in Melbourne. Like every other fool, eventually we will switch on the airconditioning — and suffer grid brownout. We can't afford solar panels yet. Now all we have to do is find some way of not using water until we can install a tank — and then hope it becomes filled — and we will be green-friendly. Rain seems to have disappeared from Melbourne.

I still don't look at blogs, because that would involve using Elaine's computer. She needs it to do the paying work that actually keeps this household going. It takes me an hour every day just to look at emails; then I return to my own computer, which is not connected to the internet.

I would have preferred pics of your holiday in Cairns to pics of wooden things and electronic gizmos. That's because I have zero ability to build wooden things and install gizmos.

LynC:

#### FROM THE LAIR OF THE LYNX No 36

Congratulations from me for getting your reading down under 6, despite having diabetes. My own blood sugar scare was in the middle of the year. A quickie blood test said that my blood sugar count had gone from 6.5 to 7.0 in a year. The two-hour glucose tolerance test gave a figure of 6.5, so it had not risen. But I did worry. And changed my diet a bit. I've stopped buying Coke altogether. I still can't keep to the food regime that would be ideal for me. Between-meal snacks constantly defeat my good intentions.

Thanks for your nephew James's information about the neglect of New Orleans since Katrina. It makes sense of why nothing much has happened since the disaster.

Yes, cats love an igloo that's placed next to a heater vent. Polly (Eartha's sister) lives in hers during winter, and Violet loved hers.

You are the only person, LynC, who has noticed that I've stopped writing my paragraph book reviews. I found the review column a useful way to keep an up-to-date record of my own reading.

Thanks for the comments on *A Perfect Spy*. I had no idea it had been done for TV. Did the film-maker use the technique that worked well for the 'Smiley' series of TV specials? In them, you might remember, Alec Guinness talks (thinks) straight to camera for minutes at a time. This method works perfectly because Guinness is the actor. A similar method would be needed for *A Perfect Spy*, since most of the 'action' takes place inside people's minds.

Somebody has probably told you that Sharee Carton spends much of the year working on fishing luggers off the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria. She visited Melbourne a couple of Christmases running; maybe she'll be back this year. I met her at last year's Nova Mob annual Christmas gathering.

#### Dan McCarthy: PANOPTICON No 36

Thanks for the superb cover illustration. Any chance of obtaining some of your artwork for my genzines (*Steam Engine Time*, *SF Commentary* and *The Metaphysical Review*)?

'Adam's Navel' is a great name for a fanzine. It's a

wonder John Foyster didn't use it at one time or another.

The trouble with most nineteenth-century English and American novels is that the essence of them is 'pomposity, . . . excessive wordiness [and] . . . moralising'. You make *Jonathan Strange* sound interesting. I've had a copy for over a year, but have never started reading it, because of its length.

The artillery built on the east side of Port Phillip Bay (only recently dismantled so that tourists can visit the area) were put in place during the nineteenth century to withstand Russian invaders. Russia seemed a threat to all British possessions east of Singapore until Japan beat Russia in 1905. A few years later, the same guns seemed an effective protection against all those German ships that were going to steam through the Heads during World War I.

You're right about the propensity of YahooGroups to drop a person as an accredited member without giving any warning. I suspect this happens when viruses invade one's server, take over one's name, and send out horrible messages all over the world. If the message hits a Yahoo group, Yahoo automatically decides that I am a spammer, so it automatically drops me without telling me. I have to go through process of rejoining, having missed at least half a day's messages from various groups, such as Trufen, Wegenheim and Fictionmags.

When Linnette Horne was a member of ANZAPA, the other members would read each of her contributions with apprehension. What terrible things had happened to her and her squabbling family during the previous months? Each episode seemed more heartbreaking than the one before. She won FFANZ in 1999, therefore attending Aussiecon 3 here in Melbourne. I think she had already dropped out of ANZAPA. We've not heard from her since she went home. I presume Lyn McConchie still keeps in touch.

I'm told that bloody Microsoft replaced Truetype and Type 1 fonts with some new font system when it introduced XP. Maybe none of my current documents will work on a system running under XP.

I didn't realise that Fanny Brice (who was magnificently ugly) made any films, until I saw recently in the very odd *Ziegfeld Follies*. It's a musical film without any story. In trying to recreate the Ziegfeld era of vaudeville (early 1900s), it merely presents an unconnected series of songs, dances and sketches, introduced by Dick Powell as the deceased Ziegfeld. Some items are unwatchable, but the best of them include an electrifying performance by Judy Garland, and a dance sequence that shows the only time Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire appeared together on film. The production design and use of Technicolor can only be described as high camp.

It would have been nice to know, at the Aussiecon apa party, that one of the people I was talking to would become one of the most creative members of ANZAPA within a few years. I suspect we were introduced, but your name did not stick. Sorry about that.

Jeanny Mealy:

#### LAND OF 10,000 LOONS

Appearing on fannish panels at conventions has become a disheartening experience — except at Continuum 4 this year in Melbourne. With two-stream programming (instead of the usual four- or five-stream programming), we gained reasonable audience numbers.

I didn't realise that you were 'not a big PHC fan'. You've taken so much trouble to send me so many *Prairie*

*Home Companion* items over the years that I assumed you were as much of a fan as I am. Double thanks for all your efforts over the years.

I'm glad you caught the spirit of the day Dick, Bill and the others visited our place. The meal at the Greensborough Hotel was very good, which makes me wonder why we haven't been back since. Probably because we have a group of good restaurants sitting beside each other up on Grimshaw Street, much closer to our house. We usually end up going to Urban Grooves (mainly an Italian style of food), but recently discovered Cafe Spice, a superb Indian-food restaurant on Main Street, down near the railway station.

I saw only one episode of last year's *Doctor Who* series; plus the first episode of the new series. They both seemed very derivative to me; nothing original there at all. Maybe that's why their fans like them.

Please send on our best wishes to David Cummer — with any luck, he might rejoin ANZAPA one day, but the \$US50 fee is probably too high for him.

Terry Morris:  
HOLD THAT TIGER!

I can't recall ever meeting Dianne Marchant. I still haven't read a detailed obituary for her, but she seems to have had quite an impact on some people in Australian fandom. (Could somebody print a photo of her?)

I'm a bit confused by your account of radio and TV pop music shows that influenced you. *Countdown*, the TV show, featured all the latest hits, including a weekly Top 10. I had long since given up on commercial radio when I began watching *Countdown*. Suddenly I found that while I had not been listening to commercial radio, a lot of good Australian performers, such as Mental as Anything, the Flowers (which quickly became Icehouse), Australian Crawl, and a host of others, had started having hits. Most of the best video clips came from that period. When hip hop and house music arrived, I lost interest. So did everybody else, it seems. *Countdown* died not long after I stopped watching it. Since then, the Top 40 charts have become incomprehensible to me. To discover new non-classical music, I rely on CDs and occasional specialist programs on the ABC or RRR. And reviews, of course — in magazines such as *Mojo*, *Uncut* and *Rhythms*.

Like you, I would love to be able to sing. It's the best way to express myself, but I dare not try when people are around. Also, I can never remember lyrics.

I like the direction your piece takes during the last page. No idea what to say about it, but I like it.

*A Prairie Home Companion*, as a title, was shelved for awhile on American public radio in the late eighties, then revived in the nineties. It has survived being killed off at the end of Altman's movie, *A Prairie Home Companion*. My only doubt about the movie is that it gives little idea of the variety of material to be heard on an average program. Also it fails to include a Lake Wobegon story.

I still haven't forgiven the ABC for crying poor in the early nineties, thus failing to keep the weekly show on the air. Some of the happiest hours of my life have been spent listening to *PHC*, especially when it was broadcast on ABC Classic FM on a Sunday night. I have a few entire programs on cassette tape, including one that Emmylou Harris guest-presented while Garrison Keillor was living in Europe.

I missed that discussion on Ramona Koval's *Book Show* about posting stories on websites. Thanks for your

summary.

I've missed something in your discussion of 'limbo'. Townes Van Zandt, interviewed in the recent movie *Be Here to Love Me*: There are four levels of the afterlife: heaven, limbo, hell, and the blues. If I'm lucky I'll get all the way up to limbo.' Van Zandt, one of the great singer-songwriters, died at 52, of total body systems failure, about ten years ago.

My two favourite Miyazaki movies, apart from *Spirited Away*, are *My Neighbour Totoro* and *Kiki's Delivery Service*, perhaps because they are two of the best films ever made about young children.

Somebody has probably already told you that 'Mud, Glorious Mud' was written by Donald Swann, who sang it as part of the Flanders and Swann team. Their complete recordings have been released as a boxed set of CDs.

John Newman:  
PING!

Congratulations on buying the new house. And in Maldon, too. My sister's partner, Duncan, lives at Guildford, which is near Maldon. A longtime friend lives in Maldon, and is very much part of the active folk music and heritage culture there. If you're not going to live in trendy Clifton Hill, Maldon or Castlemaine seem to be the next best place to be. (A famous ex-Melburnian who lives near Castlemaine is film buff John Flaus. I don't know if he still runs Sunday film nights at one of a local restaurant.)

Now that our friends are congregating in the Maldon-Castlemaine area, we can offer little excuse for not visiting you. But we never quite buy our train tickets.

I presume that's a picture of your house at the end of this issue of *Ping!* Gorgeous.

I like the idea of dancing model aeroplanes, although they must be nervewracking for the controller. We people who know nothing about model planes think they do everything you tell them to.

Susan Wood wrote an article for ANZAPA shortly after she moved to Regina, Saskatchewan, at the beginning of September 1973. A few weeks after she arrived the first snowstorm of the season swept in from the Arctic. Some days the temperature hardly rose about 30-minus. It was still the end of summer everywhere else in America. She was astonished to see that the macho thing for guys to do in Regina was wander the streets wearing nothing heavier than a T-shirt.

Cath Ortlieb:  
YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN  
YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No 105

I'm glad you pointed out 'That's me!!' Especially as there are two glass booths, one right at the top, and one right at the bottom.

Lucy Schmeidler:  
OZ SF FAN No 37

You do seem to suffer more health scares than I could ever put up with. I haven't had any falls for quite some time — touch wood — at least, none since I began wearing my Scarpa boots. I'm glad you didn't suffer too much damage, but a broken nose must have been

painful.

The main reason all the books are on the shelves is because this was our one chance to build enough shelves to house the collection. But I still buy books. One day recently I put up the hardbacks I had bought since we moved here in October 2004. Suddenly I filled quite a bit of that empty shelf space. Looks as if I'll have to go back to 'losing' a book from the collection for every one that I put on the shelves.

The concept of 'fannish fandom' is pretty foreign to many people who consider themselves fans. It's all the fault of Bob Tucker, who died very recently, at the age of 92. In the late 1930s Bob Tucker, who never saw a pretension he couldn't deflate, found it ridiculous that fans tended to kowtow to professional writers and editors. Writing in his fanzines using various pseudonyms (especially 'Hoy Ping Pong'), he encouraged fans to enjoy their hobby for its own sake. During the same period (1939 to the early fifties), fans invented much of the complex fan language that has been recorded in the various editions of the *Fancylopedia*. Fans gave themselves their own history and worldview, which has tended to disappear since the advent of media fandom (which is all about kowtowing to ludicrous people, such as TV actors). These days the people I consider to be 'real fans' now call ourselves 'Core Fandom'. It was great to be among them at Corflu and Potlatch when I visited America last year, as you will see when you read my Trip Report. It was also nice to visit Las Vegas, the city that now considers itself the core of Core Fandom. Its fandom revolves around the activities of Arnie and Joyce Katz, whose *Vegas Fandom Weekly* currently appears regularly on the *efanzines.com* site.

'US quarto' is your quarto size. When we still had quarto as a size of paper in Australia (before metric standardisation of weights and measures in the late 1970s), it was much shorter than your quarto. (I'm fairly sure that's the size Kim Huett used this mailing.) Today in Australia you can only buy A4 paper, or multiples of it — for example, A3 is twice the width of A4; and A5 is A4 folded in half.

I haven't read any Scott Bradfield. I've read Adrian Bedford's books because he arranged for his Canadian publisher to send them to me. They had very poor distribution in Australia until recently, but an Adelaide company has taken them on. Some of the local people like Max Barry's books a lot, but I haven't read them yet.

I used to say that I only ever stayed up for one 'all-nighter' — I and two friends stayed up all night drinking coffee and Southern Comfort after a party in 1976. The first day of the BBB trip to America was really an all-nighter: 43 hours from when I woke at 5 a.m. in Greensborough on 17 February 2005 until I went to bed at midnight in Seattle on the same date.

US dollar bills are okay by me; if I can't use them to pay for things back in America, I find it quite easy to exchange them.

We agree about Margo Lanagan's *Black Juice*. It was very pleasant to meet Margo at Continuum 4, and watch her in action on panels. She was one of the three Pro Guests of Honour at the convention.

I'm also a great fan of Alison Goodman's *Singing the Dogstar Blues*. I was a member of the judging panel that gave it the Aurealis Award for Best Young Adult Novel for 1998.

## Bill Wright: INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP

You would have been forgiven if you had not reached that funeral. You should have received much better care when you fell in the tram in March. This accident has blighted your whole year, since it seems to have been the cause of your continuing acute leg pains.

I like Dennis's Ray Bradbury story. John Huston stories are also legion. Gary Lockwood, co-star of *2001: A Space Odyssey*, was in town recently, in a double act with Keir Dullea. Lockwood (in the interview with Paul Harris on *Film Buffs' Forecast* on 3RRR) told of some of his amazing neighbours in Los Angeles, including John Huston. One day many years ago, when Lockwood admitted that his divorce was really breaking him up, Huston said: 'Well, m'boy, life's like that. You get married, you get divorced; you get married, you get divorced; you get married, you get divorced; you get married, you get divorced. And then you die.'

I don't have to worry about running out of Zip disks. It did look as if one of our Zip drives was dying. I went into the only computer shop in Greensborough. He couldn't sell me a new Zip drive, because they are no longer manufactured, but he did sell me a drive from his own disused old computer. He tells me that the drive was hardly used. I'll believe him.

The famous night when we failed to find the Nova Mob meeting at the Northcote Library was my fault. I was quite sure I knew where the library was — in the old Northcote Town Hall. That's why I hadn't printed out the instructions Julian had sent us by email. But it wasn't there; it was somewhere else instead. Of the three of us, only John Davies ever found the March meeting.

We all got there for November's meeting. It's a much better space than the room at the North Carlton Library, but also more expensive.

Ish Kabibble and Kay Kyser were linked in my mind, but I know nothing of Kyser's work except for his recording of that great twentieth-century art song 'Three Little Fishies'. His films appear occasionally on late-night ABC TV, but I've never had the courage (or been up late enough) to watch one. I presume Ish Kabibble also appears in these films.

It's interesting that during the current Victorian election campaign, no party has promised what is urgently needed: well-managed toilet facilities on the suburban railway system. Loos sit there on every station, but almost all of them are locked forever. Even better, of course, would be for the managers of the train system to follow your suggestion: provide a service carriage on every suburban train, so that people could buy refreshments on long journeys and go to the loo. The journey to Pakenham, for instance, is longer than many country train journeys, yet no train to Pakenham provides toilet facilities. Luckily for me, Greensborough Station is one of the few in the system to keep its loo open all day. It even has counter staff who sells tickets to passengers!

I would spell 'jinka' as 'jinker'. But then, I would spell 'McLaughlan' as 'MacLachlan'.

Spike and Tom are well-known world travellers, so you should meet them in 2010. Or maybe Claire and Mark can persuade them to turn up at ConVergence next year.

The main thing people remember about *Good Night, and Good Luck* is the amount of smoke and smoking. Just like publishers' offices until the mid 1980s (I worked at a desk in one for two years).

I'm sure you could sell your place for over \$300,000. But what could you buy for \$300,000? For one thing, a place not much smaller than ours in Greensborough. Prices have gone up since we moved, but not by much. But I can't imagine you climbing the vertical hills (called 'streets') of Greensborough.

Sally Yeoland:

LES CHATTES PARTIES No 83

The Beaconsfield rescue has faded a bit in public memory, hasn't it? I haven't heard a word in the press or on radio about Bill Shorten since the middle of the year. The two blokes who were rescued get an occasional paragraph. Richard Carleton was not even mentioned on the big puff program the ABC gave itself on its 50th anniversary. (Friends of ours were outraged because almost no non-Sydney footage was used in the program; he (John Gauci) was outraged because he had produced a fair number of the ABC's most popular series, such as *Power Without Glory*.)

By late 2004, I found I was reacting badly to the food at Saigon Inn. Then it looked as if Saigon Inn had closed down. Seems that wasn't so. At the beginning of 2005, we Nova Mobbers began searching for a better place. It's

not easy to find edible, affordable food in the city area these days, but Thai City (Lonsdale Street, just opposite the unused Lumiere Cinema) does a good job on the first Wednesday of the month. We don't miss Saigon Inn, but hope we can get together with you, Jenny and Myfanwy there again sometime.

I had no idea that the Saigon Inn had such intimate connections with Liberal politicians. I would have thought the main dining room at the Windsor would have been their favoured meeting place.

Thanks for the bits from *The Sentimental Bloke*, which shows that Australia really did have its own language in the first half of the twentieth century. Our edition says '1916', but hardly counts as a true first edition, as the title page also reads 'Forty-fourth thousand'. While the Dennis estate still held the rights, there never was a second edition, only endless reprintings of the first edition.

I don't know the answers to any of John's questions from that long-ago quiz. 'Apteryx' is, I think, a bird.

A nice feature of an LCD monitor is that cat cannot sit on it; the top is too thin. But Elaine and I have never let any cat sit on top of a computer, printer or monitor. It's hard enough to keep the dust out of computers, let alone extracting fur as well.

Thanks for the Leunig and Tandberg cartoons.

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## Mailing Comments: Mailing 232, August 2006

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Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer:

QUOZ No 4

**Claire:**

Freelancing is often a day-and-evening job for me. I find it difficult to start work in the morning. Usually I spend between 9 and 10 a.m. answering emails. This year I don't start work between 10 and 11 because that's when Ramona Koval presents the *Book Program* on the ABC's Radio National network. This is a real treat. For many years, the ABC has been steadily decreasing its coverage of books, so that Ramona's program was whittled down to one half-hour per week in 2005. Nobody has ever revealed why magic happened in 2006, and the program suddenly blossomed into six hours a week (five daily programs, plus a Sunday night wrap-up repeat).

If I'm still feeling unchipper at 11 a.m., I'll listen to more radio: John Faine's 'Conversation Hour' on his ABC talk program. Or I might actually turn on my computer for an hour of work before lunch. When I'm trying to beat a deadline, as happened a month ago, halfway through the afternoon I find myself having barely begun the day's work. Which means I need to work to midnight to achieve anything for the day. This doesn't matter much when hardly anybody is sending me paying work. But in the mid 1990s I was doing as much work as Macmillan could fling at me. That's why I nearly dropped out of ANZAPA several times, and produced only one or two genzines a year, although I had the money to publish. In 2006, I have the time for fanzine publishing, but no money. My life was ever thus.

I have only one Maupin novel, *Baby Cakes*, which George Turner gave me many years ago. Much later he apologised for giving me that one: 'It's awful!' he said. I've still never read the Maupin novels that George

valued highly.

I haven't read any David Lodge novels, either. Or Zadie Smith novels. I fail the Brialey/Plummer reading test. I haven't even heard of Bradley Denton's *Wrack and Roll*, although I thought Justin Ackroyd had listed all of Denton's books in the *Slow Glass Catalogue*.

The last time we counted, about 20 years ago, Elaine and I found that she had read about a fifth of our books, and I had read about a quarter. I doubt if those proportions have changed much.

We love our garage, although we don't own a car. Finally, after 27 years together, we have gained *storage space*. It's just a matter of time until we fill it. We can now store all the fanzines and magazines (in five giant grey stationery cupboards), lots of garden tools, lots of scrap that came out of the house during the renovations but of which nobody has relieved us yet, and old hand lawnmower that doesn't work very well, cans of unused house paint, and even (now) a spare table that Elaine is finding useful for gardening jobs.

The previous owners didn't leave stuff behind in the house, but they left their colour scheme (putrid colours, different for each room, so we had to repaint the lot), and various bung objects, such as the electric stove (down to two hotplates, shortly down to one, before being replaced with a gas stove), airconditioning unit on the roof (probably not worked for five years), ducted heating system (control panel had to be replaced), plumbing (outside gutters had to be completely replaced), etc. etc. Also, they didn't send out their change of address. Two years later, we still get their last telephone bill. Each time we send it back to Telstra. We marked it 'Changed address two years ago'.

The boxes used for our move have also done service since. Fortunately, very few of them have been returned to us.

Your lawnmower saga sounds familiar. Elaine has replaced all our lawn with garden, except for what Australians call the 'nature strip': the strip of lawn that separates the footpath from the road. Fortunately, a nice couple knocked on the door in late 2004, and said that they mow Greensborough — \$5 a time.

Greensborough might be nearly paradise, but doesn't have a regular hard rubbish collection. Yarra Council offered this convenience in Collingwood, but out here it seems that if you want your hard rubbish taken away, you have to make some special arrangement with Banyule Council. Some people don't bother the council. They lug all their unwanted junk out on the nature strip, and hope that friendly neighbours will take it all. This process can take awhile in Greensborough. In Collingwood, it usually took two minutes between the placing of junk on the footpath and the disappearance of the same junk.

One of the great advantages of freelancing is that Elaine and I never iron clothes. I've seen Elaine iron clothes, but that was a long time ago. I last ironed a shirt in 1970 when I was living at Ararat.

The interconnection between many ANZAPA members goes back a *long way*, Claire, often well before we knew each other. A few examples: Jack Herman published his first fanzine in 1978. Nick Shears first joined ANZAPA when he was still living in South Africa in the early seventies; then again when in London; and now while in Brisbane. I know the Foxes go back in Sydney fandom much longer than I've known them. David Grigg began his fannish life by starting the Melbourne University SF Association (MUSFA) in 1970, dropping out, pubbing lots of fabulous fanzines, becoming a member of the Aussiecon I committee (as solo Hugo Awards Subcommittee), writing books of fiction, and then becoming Chair of Aussiecon II in 1985. David is covered in fannish glory and history, but he would never admit it. I remember hearing Gerald Smith's name first in the early eighties, although he might have joined fandom as early as the 1970s. Eric Lindsay joined fandom in 1970, not long after me, because of getting in touch with John Bangsund and *ASFR*. Alan Stewart joined fandom because of Aussiecon II in 1985, but I wasn't aware of his activities until 1989 or 1990. LynC was a prominent member of MUSFA in the mid 1970s, and has stayed active ever since. And Sally Yeoland married a fan, John Bangsund, and has remained with us despite splitting up with John in 2000. A person either 'gets' what fandom is all about, or doesn't, and Sally definitely 'got it'.

I don't see many films in cinemas, and I attend at the right time (mid or late afternoon), when few other people are around. But even at the Astor in its heyday, with the entire cinema full (I've seen that happen once: a double bill of *Matrix* and *The Sixth Sense*), everybody shut up during the movie. The worst examples I can remember of people nattering through movies were in the sixties and seventies, long before the advent of 'home theatre'.

You've probably been flooded with information about the Melbourne Cup already, especially from Bill Wright. It's always been on the first Tuesday in November, and it's always been a public holiday within the Melbourne metropolitan area. (But the rest of the country also stops to listen to the call of the Cup.) Only in recent years have entire categories of Melbourne industry taken the Monday off as well. This became very noticeable in Collingwood while we were living there, as we were surrounded by small factories and warehouses. It wasn't really until the mid nineties that we realised that the surrounding streets had become as empty on Cup Eve as they were

on Cup Day. Melbourne's other four-day public holidays are Easter (which includes Easter Monday) and Christmas Day–Boxing Day.

Insofar as I had thought much about the matter at all, I would have thought that 'fanny' means 'female bottom'. That's how Elaine and members of her family use the term.

#### **Mark:**

Since you and Claire provide such an elegant double act of fannish writing, I am surprised that you do not win the glittering prizes as well. Perhaps among people who meet you both at conventions, chaps who are carried away by the Brialey charisma (and therefore vote for Claire) are more numerous than ladies who are carried away by the Plummer magic. There could be a simpler explanation: that Claire is indeed the Best Fan Writer in the Whole World.

Yes, I would have thought that anybody in Britain using the expression 'since records began' is daring or foolish. In Australia, records begin at particular times, usually in the late 1800s. But what if your 'earliest records' are contained in the Domesday Book? Did William I's Lord Chancellor own a thermometer or rain gauge?

Thank you for the explanation of the word 'Quoz'. A fitting name for a fanzine — 'Qu'ality 'Oz'.

Thanks also for the pocket guide to Charles Stross. I couldn't help liking a man who professes that he writes because he can't stand boredom (and rarely watches TV, for the same reason), but I suspect that his family might find him a bit hard to live with. He seemed awesomely self-confident, in a nice way, but who wouldn't be, having sold fourteen novels since 2001? His fiction sounds a bit relentless, but I've bought two of his books from Justin. I might open one of them soon.

Your piece gives me an idea for a *SET* piece: a pocket guide to SF authors who are still only names to Australian readers. Could your Stross mini-article be the first in a series?

Thanks most of all (of all the many many thanks for various aspects of this issue of *Quoz*) for providing some information about the Death of Acnestis, which I mourn deeply. Without my monthly Acnestis mailing, I feel as if Britain has disappeared from my universe like a Blishian spindizzie city.

The genius of *Richard E. Geis* (the fanzine) was that the entries seemed to be very personal and intimate, and seemed to be generated by events of the day, but in fact were very carefully written to build up a fanzine personality consisting of two voices, 'Richard E. Geis' and 'Alter Ego', who constantly disagreed with each other. Each of the four issues of *REG* was a whole artefact, designed to produce squadrillions of pages of letters of comment from readers. The letters of comment were ruthlessly edited, like every other word in each issue. I haven't seen this level of skill and dedication — and inspired misdirection — in any fanzine published since then (except in Terry Hughes' *Mota*). Even John Bangsund, who wrote much better than Dick Geis, made the same mistake as I did, of perceiving *REG* as genuinely confessional. Geis was a major factor in stimulating John to write many of his best pages during the early seventies, and me to convert *SF Commentary* into a combination of diary and critical fanzine.



Duncan Campbell:  
BLOODY BORED STUDENT

Thanks for your First Effort. And thanks for the Continuum report, although you do give the impression that you deliberately avoided all the panels I was on, including my Fan Guest of Honour bash. You don't mention the panel you attended on fan funds, where you asked the all-important question: 'What is a fan fund?' Most of the people in the audience at that panel had been the recipients of fan funds. Most of the others probably wanted to ask the same question, but nobody dared do so. I hope the answers made sense to you.

Garry Dalrymple:  
TRANSCENDENTAL BS AND ENLIGHTENMENT

Thanks for the report on the auction of Kevin Dillon's collection. Obviously the boxes of books offered were only a tiny percentage of his collections. But if many of the items had been stored as badly as people report them being stored, maybe these were the only books in good order. When I think of how many rare items Kevin must have collected and then allowed to be mulched into pulp . . .

I wouldn't have ever noticed the existence of *Cosmos*, if Damien Broderick hadn't given my name to Bob Guntrip, its reviews editor. Initially Bob promised to publish two reviews of mine each issue, paying \$150 each. In some months that was my only income. But the *Cosmos* organisation itself was so difficult to work with that I became grumpy, then Bob Guntrip became grumpy with me, and then sent me almost nothing worth reviewing. The result is that he now sends the books I would have reviewed to Russell and Jenny Blackford, who are obviously much nicer than I am.

I think rain-gauge measurements provide perhaps the oddest list we've seen in ANZAPA. Not much use monitoring a rain gauge in Melbourne any more; we seem to get rain only every six months.

Thanks for the short piece on the Observatory. Since it is no longer possible for the Astronomer (any astronomer) to observe the stars and planets from a location in central Sydney, I presumed that it must have lost its original function some time ago. You don't say when it was turned into an astronomical museum. I'll try to remember to visit it if ever I revisit Sydney.

Since Zara Baxter has never produced anything for ANZAPA while she's been living in Australia, it sounds unlikely that she will do anything while living in Britain. I didn't know she was connected with *ASIM*, since I never see it. I can understand how being part of the *ASIM* cabal would keep a person busy.

John and Diane Fox:  
CFU TRAINING RHUBARB

**John:**

I was interested to read that 'DAT is dead'. So what has replaced it? Digital signal straight onto recordable hard disk?

Sounds as if the CFU course teaches a person all sorts of vitally important things, but I cannot imagine myself ever undergoing it. Since I don't have competence in any practical skills, it's unlikely a CFU course would do me much good.

I have quite a few recordings of 'And the Band Played

Waltzing Matilda', including Eric Bogle's original recording on an LP from the mid 1970s. His is the best version, because I can hear the words clearly.

**Diane:**

Your comparison between the activities of our interfering neighbour and the politics of East Germany seemed a bit farfetched — except that it's sort of true; most totalitarian states depend on people dobbing in their neighbours.

The paperback of Mark Latham's book is all over town, and it still has my index in it.

I hadn't heard of the Gene Wilder version of *Rhinoceros*. Presumably it's a filmed play; it doesn't seem to have appeared on DVD.

Sounds as if your Fergie is just getting old. Our cat tray was in constant use during Sophie's last few years of life. Now it is almost never used, unless a cat is caught short while we are out all day.

Good on you for using the right term, 'global destabilisation', instead of 'global warming': colder winters and longer, hotter summers; and much less rain unless we get an occasional year of continual semi-tropical rainstorms.

Best line of the mailing: 'I think Labor has basically shot itself in the foot and then rubbed gangrene extract into the wound.'

Michael Green:  
BOOKMARK No 2

Congratulations on moving house in four weekends without the help of professional movers. Since you are way out on Princes Highway, Springvale, it's not likely that Elaine or I will be dropping in. How close are you to Springvale station?

Springvale is supposed to be one of Australia's best places for Vietnamese restaurants.

You have the same shopping problem as I have here in Greensborough: the absence of a JB Hi Fi or any decent bookshop. Sanity almost never stocks CDs in which I am interested. Eltham (two stations up the line) has its boutique Eltham Bookshop, which has pretensions to being the Readings of the northern suburbs. Unfortunately, it's much too small to become a Readings. I don't get to Eltham often.

I don't have anything to say about 'Deeper in the Shadows' because I can't see anything I'd disagree with. The war in Afghanistan destroyed the Soviet Union. I can't quite see the war in Iraq destroying the USA, but we can hope those neo-con dingbats will be discredited.

David Grigg:  
MEGATHERIUMS FOR BREAKFAST No 47

Pressed for time, you could always ask Sue to take up apa-hacking again. I enjoyed her pages in earlier *Megatheriums*.

Also, while writing your blog you could consciously build up a set of prose items for ANZAPA. Not that I ever work that way; an ANZAPazine is a magazine, not just a collection of stuff, so I usually write and edit it in one swoop, or miss the mailing.

In 1973 and 1974 I wrote a fanzine called *Chiaroscuro* for Hank and Lesleigh Luttrell's cinema apa. Thanks to a couple of AFI seasons, I had just discovered the great American black-and-white films of the 1940s and early 1950s. I still love black-and-white photography better

than I like colour; I also like it better than all types of painting. I rediscovered *film noir* in the early eighties, when we had a TV set for the first time. All the true Hollywood classics were shown then, either at midday or after midnight. They disappeared after 1990. Now you can rarely see a good movie on TV, except very late at night on the ABC.

Keep on going with the 3D art. Your accomplishments are manifold and amazing. I wish you spent all your time writing, and even returned to fiction writing. But genius must yield to its own priorities. (Grigg wipes brow; returns to producing Works of Genius.)

And you can sing as well! Bastard. I trust the *Carmina Burana* performance went as well as the performance to which you and Sue invited us a few years ago.

Jack Herman:  
NECESSITY 71: GALAXY

Not much to add to the Andrew Taubman letter, as I agree with it. But what good does that do? Howard is now completely power-mad (was he ever anything else?), so nothing the rest of us say makes any difference.

My favourite Venus-based story is Henry Kuttner's *Fury*. I read it a few years ago for the first time since 1959, and enjoyed it just as much this time. Too bad the real Venus under that cloud is a fried crisp, not a soggy marsh.

Thanks for story behind *Beat the Devil*. As a movie it is a hoot, but very odd. It's supposed to remind the viewer of *Casablanca*, but has that wonderfully corrupt feel of a Busby Berkeley musical.

Thanks for the reminder of the other two 'heroes' of *Pickaboo*: Frank Partridge and George Black. No doubt they are mentioned in Barry Jones's autobiography, which I haven't bought yet.

In 1961, when I was fourteen, I was bloody ashamed of losing that quiz. I really thought my general knowledge and spelling ability were strong enough for me to win. And to get bowled out by a cricket question! I had no knowledge of or interest in cricket, then as now.

You must be kidding: the film of *Starship Troopers* is hilarious from the first shot onwards.

Thanks for giving me a date for when you began editing *Forerunner*. But when did you actually discover fandom? At Aussiecon I?

Thanks for the rules of *haiku*. Not that I'm likely to try writing them.

Your description of 'fannish fans' is accurate. Many of the fannish fanzines currently being posted on efanzines.com are splendid examples — a renaissance of the genre.

I haven't seen any of your cultural items this time. I had no interest in seeing the last *X-Men* movie, *Superman Returns* or *Deadwood*. I might look at the second *Pirates of the Caribbean* movie after the price of the DVD drops. The first *Pirates* movie was quite enjoyable.

Eric Lindsay:  
KINGDOM OF THE BLAND

Somebody posted on Wegenheim the first photo I've ever seen of Peter Roberts during his heyday. He was very thin, had a long pageboy haircut, and wore an orange suit to conventions. I'm told that he looked ethereal.

I've heard of DVDs that have failed to play on anything up to nine players, then played on the tenth. Or played on any player, then failed on the player of the

person to whom I had lent the DVD. When I bought my Pioneer player, it was the second-from-the-top player in the range. So far it has failed to play only two DVDs, one of them the local release of Bruce Beresford's *Driving Miss Daisy* (which I've still never seen).

The only trouble with the US making war into a video game is that all the victims will still be dead. How many hundred thousand civilian deaths in Iraq so far?

You give a pretty good survey of alternative energy options. What does the research say about improving the efficiency of solar panels?

LynC:  
FROM THE LAIR OF THE LYNX No 37

Your book list contains two books I hadn't heard of by authors I usually buy: Garry Disher's *Walk Twenty, Run Twenty* and Diana Wynne Jones's *Stopping for a Spell*.

Nobody has mentioned in newspaper articles about the Premier's Reading List the unavailability of books on it. Seems inevitable, though; even children's books probably have a short shelf life in bookshops. You would expect the books on the list to be in libraries, but libraries throw out books these days.

Thanks for the Conflux report. I've seen favourable mentions of the convention, but not a complete report. According to the count of hands, most of the con attendees were writers or wannabes, so I would have felt out of place at Conflux. Remember the time when the four or five attending writers at a convention would huddle in a corner trying to cheer up each other? Now trufans have to do that. At least Continuum was a good mixture of groups; trufans were hardly in a majority, but we didn't have to huddle.

It's annoying that we are *not* charged for the water we use. The water-use segment of the water bill is only a small percentage of the whole bill. The rest of it is comprised of fixed charges. Current water-billing methods offer almost no incentive to save water.

I still go to conventions to socialise, but last Continuum I had no choice but to attend many of the program items. Quite enjoyable, but I did manage to miss seeing people I wanted to catch up with.

I liked some Thomas Hardy books, especially *The Return of the Native* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*, when I read them more than thirty years ago. I have *Jude the Obscure* and a book of Hardy's collected short stories, and mean to read them some day.

Dan McCarthy: PANOPTICON No 37

Thanks very much for your tribute to your brother Rhys. It must hard to know how to react to such a loss, when the person you're missing has been steadily 'disappearing' for three years. Rhys's last three years seem to have been made as comfortable and enjoyable as possible.

Elaine's sister and brother-in-law visited New Zealand recently. They couldn't believe the amount of moisture: 'Rain! Real rain!' When we have rain these days, Archie the kitten doesn't quite know what's hit him. 'What is this wet stuff that won't stop when I tell it to?'

Sorry to hear about the build-up of woes at your household. My 'woes' are nonexistent compared with yours. I'm worried about what will happen when my savings run out, but that hasn't happened yet.

What is the dreadful technical mistake in the drawing from *Grand Adventure Stories for Girls*?

Gombrich's *The Story of Art* was the standard text

when I studied Art History in Form 5 (Year 11) in 1963. A recent article about Gombrich claims that the book has stayed in print since first publication, and is still a basic text in the subject. The *Readings* Christmas catalogue lists a new edition.

I would have posted the ANZAPA mailings in two envelopes if it had been cheaper than using one envelope. My method seemed cheaper — until I was caught out by the Post Office for stuffing 500-gram envelopes.

My LaserJet 4 came with several sets of software (including Mac capability). It will operate as either a Postscript or a non-Postscript printer. Switching to the LaserJet software disables the eleven hardwired Postscript fonts (Courier, Bookman, Helvetica, etc). I still use these eleven Postscript fonts quite often, although, with a bit of tweaking, I could use Truetype substitutes. A client gave me a piece of software that enables the printer to deal with second-generation Postscript files. This can be very helpful with some Word documents.

Thanks for your 'falling London Bridge' story. I had missed that it in the paper. Friends of ours were roaming around London Bridge an hour before the collapse of the central rock span. Their footsteps did not cause it.

Christmas dinner in Australia is still much as you describe it — roast lamb, mint sauce and roast vegetables — except for when the temperature forecast for Christmas Day is 40 degrees. Even my mother, a traditionalist in most things, will serve a salad for Christmas dinner on a hot day.

One of the main industries of Greensborough is delivering junk mail. The Dimmey's/Forge's brochure that arrived the other day had the heading '50 per cent savings on MANCHESTER'. So Longman should put 'manchester' back in its *Dictionary of Contemporary English*, or at least in its Australian edition.

Thanks for the further detail about Wombles. I had no idea what or who they were until I asked that question in ANZAPA.

Thanks for the tales of all those undiscovered islands, and the wonderful map.

Jeanne Mealy:  
LAND OF 10,000 LOONS

Thanks for the Wiscon 30 report. One of my life's unfulfilled aims is to attend a Wiscon, but the prospects look dim.

Your employment history sounds exactly what our prime minister means by 'high employment': short-term, low-paid jobs with no security. People employed that way is too worried about the next mortgage payment to think creatively or organise.

Elaine is still finding spots in the garden for some of the plants she brought in pots from Collingwood more than two years ago. Some have died, but she has kept alive most of the ones that still haven't yet found a home in a garden bed. Elaine is still creating the garden trench system I described a couple of issues ago.

I thought the 'magic realist' bits in the film *A Prairie Home Companion* were inspired bits of tall-tale telling. The funniest moment in any recent movie occurs when Virginia Madsen, as the angel, fails to understand the Garrison Keillor joke that drove her off the road and rendered her into an angel in the first place. I was disappointed that the film doesn't include a Lake Wobegon story, or many of the other staple features of an actual *PHC* radio show. But I didn't notice this until the film had finished. It's a good movie that seems much

short rather than too long (as in some of Robert Altman's early films).

It would be a surprise to find a Viking longship in the Sydney Maritime Museum. Such a long-distance Viking visit to the Great South Land would have made the basis of a nice little alternate-past SF story.

Bill Wright lives in the only truly colourful area of Melbourne: St Kilda. In the tourist pamphlets it's always described as 'raffish'. Maybe, but it's no longer down at heel. St Kilda is wall-to-wall money these days, but the rich bastards who move into St Kilda want a different sort of upmarket existence than the lifestyle of people who live in the traditional upmarket suburbs, such as Toorak or Hawthorn. St Kildans still want to appear raffish — piratical, as if they are about to sail a yacht to Indonesia or open a club or theatre. I don't know what they make of Bill Wright, the most raffish figure ever to stride the streets of St Kilda.

Sorry to hear about losing Pixel. We're all so used to seeing Pixel listed as a 'denizen of your abode' that we'll keep looking for her name for awhile. Eighteen years is a good life for a cat, and I'm sure you chose the right moment for the end of her life. If only our cats' lives were as long as our own.

John Newman:  
PING!

Yep, it must be wonderful dealing with the hyper-efficient private sector. If public service procedures were as inefficient as those of the average small business, the country would grind to a halt.

Tom Waits has just released the ultimate song about the Middle East conflict. It's called 'The Road to Peace', and it's on his new three-CD set *Orphans*, of which only 4000 copies have been pressed for the world. This is the best irony-of-war-aims song since Dylan's 'With God On My Side', so I hope somebody puts up the lyrics on the web.

'Everybody Knows' is a bloody good song, isn't it? It sums up my current view of humanity and the world.

The due date for ANZAPA is the Friday nearest the 10th, not the 10th. If my own personal schedule is running a bit late, I will wait until the mail arrives on the morning of the 10th of the month. Usually I assume that I've received everything by that Friday (8 December, this time; 9 February, next time) unless somebody has emailed me about a late contribution.

Roman Orszanski:  
THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF AN INCURABLE  
ROMANTIC

Perhaps the most pleasant aspect of attending Continuum was the inadvertent capture of some new ANZAPA members (you and Duncan). I had thought it was something I said that lured you back into the apa. Now it seems it was a message from Damien Warman . . .

I agree: paper fanzines are forever; electronic chatter is for-ever; information doesn't exist until it's written down.

Why would one be interested in a Robert E. Howard-based apa? *The Whole Wide World* is a good movie, and Vincent D'Onofrio and Renee Zellweger are two of my favourite actors, but this is ridiculous! Apas should have a wide social base within fandom, not be subject-area based.

The essence of an apa is that those who benefit (get to read the contributions) must also be contributors. Take part or drop out. Most e-lists consist mainly of lurkers (such as me). Probably the same goes for shared blogs. There, the loudest (most boring) participants rule the agenda of the group.

I would have attended the 'Fanzines and Blogs' panel at Continuum if I had not been placed on the opposing panel. I hope Janice Gelb and you gave a good account of fanzines.

I would have loved to hear Margo Lanagan's Guest of Honour talk, but I was honour bound to support Charles Taylor's Nova Mob presentation. He got quite a good roll-up, and his talk sent me back to reading Borges, although not quite yet.

I was too tired to stay that night, and even if I had still been staying in the hotel I doubt if I would have lasted until 3 a.m. According to several reports, the expedition to the Gin Palace was one of the highlights of the convention.

Nice of you to remember my startling literary pronouncement 'Philip K. Dick is just like Enid Blyton'. And the narrative method of each resembles that of many other writers of popular fiction. I can feel a 5000-word essay coming on.

I never know what people are doing these days, because I never look at blog entries. Fans assume you do know every detail of their lives.

Cath Ortlieb:

YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN  
YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No 106

Thanks for reprinting 'The 23rd Qualm'. It describes the distress of many of the people I met in America.

Thanks for the full description of your job during the Commonwealth Games. Even if I had any interest in hockey, I could not do such a job for more than half an hour at a time: when I strain my eyes, I get extremely tired, and after an hour of this kind of close observation I would not be able to see the field.

Spike Parsons:

THE UNFORTUNATE RHINOS

I liked *9Tail Fox* until the end, when I felt I had lost the plot altogether. I'll see if I can gather enough mental energy to make notes while re-reading the book. You're right: it's the evocation of San Francisco in *9Tail Fox* that stays most clearly in my mind. Six months after reading the book I can't remember the characters.

Thanks for yet another Wiscon 30 report (to add to Jeanne's). Katherine MacLean seemed old to me when I met her in 1973 at Torcon II, but, as you say, she was 'tall and slim with a devilish gleam in her eye'. She and Judy Merrill sat down on the steps overlooking Lake Ontario with me between them. We all swore eternal friendship, and I never heard from either of them again. (Not quite true: Judy interviewed me for CBC a few days later, and then I never heard from her again.) Katherine MacLean has published only one or two books in the last 30 years; I loved 'The Missing Man', which was a great success for her, but have never read her early fiction. Her autobiographical entry in *Fantastic Lives* (edited by Martin Greenberg) is one of the highlights of the book. It would be wonderful to natter to her again, but she's not likely to recognise me. I had lots of dark hair in 1973,

and was 30 kilograms lighter than I am now.

I've never heard of those two Pat Cadigan novels. I received *Mindplayers* as a review copy from Gollancz many years ago, and I still have it.

*A Scanner Darkly* opens in Melbourne in a week's time, only a year and a half late.

Mark and Claire seemed to have a pretty good time in Melbourne, but that's because they don't expect to be lionised. Most of the younger people who now attend Australian conventions would not have known who they are. And the wannabe writers know little about people other than pro writers or editors.

I just wish *Banana Wings* and Claire had picked up those two rocket ships. \*Sigh\*

Roger Sims:

ANZAPA 770

What a blow! I suppose all you can do for now is absorb the news about contracting early stage Parkinson's disease, and trust to the medications you are being offered. The only person we know who is living with PD is Peter Nicholls. Because of the range of medications now available, his condition has worsened only very slowly during the last few years. I'm pleased to hear that some of your symptoms have improved after you began to take Mirapex.

So Piers Anthony still makes appearances at conventions. I thought he had given up all social contacts with SF writers or readers.

The Tony Awards are not televised in on Australian free-to-air TV. We don't subscribe to any pay TV channels (and these days almost never watch free-to-air).

Sorry if I gave the impression of disliking Captain Kirk. I've only watched five episodes of *Star Trek*, and I don't watch any other SF TV shows. Captain Kirk might be a perfectly nice character, for all I know; at least that's my vague memory from watching the first *Star Trek* movie (which was quite impressive).

'Everyone has a photographic memory; some just don't have film.' That's the story of my life. Or: 'If everything seems to be going well, you have obviously overlooked something'

Alan Stewart:

YTTERBIUM No 78

I've never seen *The Einstein Factor*, but I did my best to follow your account. Very interesting. I don't think I could put myself through such a process, even if I did know enough on any topic to enter. The only subject I might do well in is 'Pop music 1961-70', because my ear was glued to the radio during that period. However, I don't have enough reference books to give me the information that's not already in my head. And what about all the information that's dropped out of my head since 1970?

I haven't read any of your book list except Peter Crowther's anthology *Cities*, which was uninteresting compared with the previous Crowther anthologies.

I saw all those Poirot movies, so I must watch TV occasionally.

*Trekies*, which Dick Jenssen lent me, was a bit disappointing, but I was viewing it as an outsider. The film could have mentioned Bjo Trimble's write-in campaign to keep *Star Trek* on air after the first season. Since it's the fans who gave the show its second season, when the ratings started to improve, they should have been

thanked in a movie that is supposed to be about them.  
*The Three Burials of Melquiades Estrada* is brilliant. I must watch it again.

Sally Yeoland:  
LES CHATTES PARTIES No 84

Barry's achievement so far is astonishing. I don't know if his career decision is foolish or not, because I cannot imagine ever having so much self-confidence. I've met Barry only once, and I was impressed by his high level of energy, humour and self-confidence. Maybe he can do it.

Congratulations on becoming a great-aunt. No wonder we've hardly seen you recently.

Everything connects. Thanks for tracing the line of association from George Yeoland through the *Boyes Diaries* to James McAuley and beyond. I presume Graeme Chapman had little of that information about the Yeolands when he compiled the Diaries.

How are the Chapmans going these days? Obviously Graeme never did finish the second volume of the diaries, or if so, he couldn't find a publisher.

You and Julian Warner were Sophie's favourite

people. Apple Blossom's favourite person was Roger.

One of John Bangsund's shorter-lived fanzines was called *Hanrahan*. I can't remember whether or not he wrote his own spoof of the poem.

Nearly every time I read one of your fanzines, Sally, I am reminded of the horrors of office politics: a good reason for staying freelance despite the lousy pay. As a freelance I'm sure I've been shafted several times behind my back, but at least I didn't have to sit at a desk in an office while the shafting was happening. Even if this bit of office politics has not been directed to *you*, eventually you as a staff member get hurt as well.

On the night you mention, the person who actually switched Elaine and me onto *PHC* was Terry Hughes, one of the most pleasant people I ever met. I still remember the shock I felt when I heard of his death, about seven years ago, from a brain tumour. We had no warning, because the first symptom suffered by Terry, a year before his death, was an inability to read anything on a computer screen. Some American friends knew of his deteriorating condition, but were asked not to say anything.

Art Widner is still alive, at the age of 92. Read all about him in the Trip Report when it appears Real Soon Now.

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## Mailing Comments: Mailing 233, October 2006

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Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer:  
QUOZ No 5

**Mark:**

There are many Australian fans under twenty, but very few who know about fanzines. And why should they, if blogs seem to provide the same kick that we received when we entered fandom through fanzines? I just hope today's young fans will reinvent the fanzine after they find blogtalk unsatisfactory. There may arise the blog version of John Bangsund, some brilliant writer who inspires all who read him to try to improve their writing. Surely nothing explains better the superiority of Australian fan writing in the late sixties and early seventies: we all wanted to write as well as John Bangsund.

Fortunately I didn't realise, until after visiting America in 2005, that many people at Corflu would have been comparing me with James Bacon, who had dazzled American fandom only a few months before. I would love to meet him. From what I've read, it doesn't surprise me that he's only the British fan who drops in for a chat. That's one aspect of Australian fans that British fans could emulate. But they are British, and would probably be deeply horrified if other British fans suddenly started arriving on the doormat.

I hope you caught some of the magic of Susan Wood herself while reading her Aussiecon I account. She was a member of ANZAPA for some years. I intend to reprint the best of her pieces from *Amor*, but keep running out of room.

It's always said that FAPA is where old fan dinosaurs go to die; ANZAPA has been the place where the young dinosaurs come to grow old.

Minotaur Books in Melbourne stocks the SF and Fantasy Masterworks. And its collection of books is good. But books comprise only one wall of what is now

a gigantic shop. Usually I can get any book I want by ordering it from Justin Ackroyd, but sometimes (sometimes?) he fails to list something important in his catalogue.

The most recent Joe Haldeman book I read was awful, but I'll try *Camouflage* if I see a copy. That's the second recommendation for that book in recent ANZAPA mailings. We can't see Graham Joyce's young adult books in Australian bookshops. It's difficult enough to obtain his main titles, such as *The Limits of Enchantment*.

At the moment I'm writing, the British Eastercon has been suspended for 2007. Deep shockwaves keep hitting fans, especially the organisers of the TAFF race. What with Ted White bitching at the organisers, and Randy Byers being the first fan in twenty years to stand up to Ted White, I'm not sure what the final reverberations will be. I feel sympathy for Chris Garcia, ace TAFF candidate; he was really looking forward to his trip to Britain.

I've never read Heinlein's *War in 2100*. I don't like Heinlein much, except for some of the early short stories. I've never seen a copy of Graham Joyce's *Dreamside*.

The George Pal *Time Machine* leaves out the best scene of the novel, the panorama of the end of the world — indeed, the best scene in any science fiction novel. Reading the book long after getting to know the film must be enjoyable.

You may dare to write that about Rose Mitchell, but nobody in Melbourne would.

Electronic travel cards have already been promised for the Melbourne public transport system. Nobody has used the term 'oyster card'.

Charing Cross Road was a very good area for second-hand bookshops in January 1974. Since I had to spend most of my time in London scurrying around in the rain, my usual procedure was to stay on or near Charing Cross Road, flitting from one shop to another. I ventured into Soho to try to find some edible food and drinkable

coffee, but didn't succeed. The only really good restaurant night in London was when quite a few of us went out with Brian Aldiss and his son (from his first marriage) Clive. Brian, of course, found the best and cheapest Indian-food restaurant in London.

It would be nice to return to London, this time with the sun shining. Maybe this time I will see the touristy bits.

**Claire:**

When you talk about aeroplane seating, you remind me of why I don't want to travel overseas again. I doubt if I could survive a trip to Britain and back, since the 14 hours from Los Angeles to Melbourne were almost beyond my endurance level. If ever I have the money to travel overseas again, I won't go unless somehow I have enough cash to travel Business Class.

We just hope you did not pick up The Bug when you ate with us at Urban Grooves in Greensborough just before Continuum. None of the rest of us suffered after-effects from that night, and we've had lots of enjoyable meals at that restaurant since then. (When Yvonne and Vida visit Greensborough, they insist we eat at Urban Grooves.)

I've read almost nothing on your list. However, we do have a copy of John Clarke's *The Complete Book of Australian Verse*, and even better, the cassette that accompanied the original edition. On the tape, a group of Australian actors convinces you that the world's top poets really did spring from Australia. Pamela Raab's reading of the poems of the Australian Marion Atwood is particularly accurate (cruel). John Clarke's reading of Chems Choyce (the Australian James Joyce) is a masterpiece.

I've read *The Zeitgeist Machine* (1977), edited by Damien Broderick. This was the first collection of Australian short SF and fantasy to be released following the pioneering John Baxter collections, *The Pacific Book of Australian Science Fiction* (1968) and *The Second Pacific Book of Australian Science Fiction* (1969). My favourite story in *The Zeitgeist Machine* is Stephen Cook's 'The Kitten', which was first published in *ASFR* No 10, July 1967.

*A Long Way from Verona* is by Jane Gardam (not 'Gordon'), my favourite British short story writer. I talked about her often when we were both in Acnestis, but it seems I didn't talk loudly enough. Her novels are not as interesting as her short stories; I haven't read this book yet, although I've owned it for ten years.

I'm glad you were able to find copies of *The Sea's Furthest End* and *The Peace Garden*.

I have a story in *Envisaged Worlds*. That's why I pointed it out to you in Book Affair. Also, I typeset the book for Cory & Collins (or 'Void Publications', as I think they still were at the time). Save yourself the pain of reading my story; the collection does have some good pieces, including Canadian writer Terence Green's first published story.

I don't know Lodge's work (although I know of it), and I don't know Andrew Masterton at all. Or Katherine Neville.

Philomena van Rijswijk's *The World as a Clockface*, which I pointed out to you, is the best Australian fantasy novel I've read. Both author and novel remain virtually unknown. I know of it only because it was in the pile of *Orb* review copies, and Sarah Endacott couldn't palm it off to anyone else. I read the first paragraph and grabbed it. I will review it. I will review it. Soon.

Alice's Bookshop would have finished your trip. You

would have had to hire a ship to send back your book treasures. I've dared go in there only twice. I've never come across Anthony Marshall's own books.

I'm glad you bought all those worthy books at Continuum. Not a dud in the bunch. Also, I've glad that you too have discovered the astonishing talent of Kaaron Warren.

Sixty-three books read for the year? Not bad. That's a lot more than I've read during 2006.

Thanks very much to the both of you for trying to explain the meetings scene in London. When my boat comes in (that boat that disappears over the horizon) I will travel to London to do the meetings round with you.

'Imagine the page going all wibbly.' That's the best line of *this* mailing.

Thanks you for this slice of your autobiography. Lovely writing. I hope you write your complete autobiography one day.

It's interesting that your father had enjoyed science fiction in his youth. I didn't meet anybody who was in the least interested in SF until I went to secondary school. Even then, my only two friends were not much interested; they put up with my interest rather than sharing it.

So I owe everything to my library discoveries. I've told the story plenty of times before: how one day I walked from the children's section of the Claremont Library (one of the last of the private libraries) to the adult side of the library, and picked a book from the science fiction shelves. It was Philip K. Dick's *World of Chance*, the British edition of his first novel, *Solar Lottery*. A few later selections, such as Henry Kuttner's *Fury* and Jack Williamson's *The Humanoids*, convinced me that this was the sort of fiction I could find nowhere else in literature. The library closed a few years later. Book ownership had to wait for a few years; until 1965 I owned less than half a short shelf of my own books. From the end of 1960 onwards, I saved all my pocket money in order to buy some of the magazines: *New Worlds*, *Science Fiction Adventures* (but rarely *Science Fantasy*), *If*, *Galaxy*, *F&SF*, and occasional issues of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, which were more expensive than the others. Until 1965 I couldn't afford more than a few issues of *Analog*, which looked good but ran disappointing stories. At Franklin's secondhand shop, I bought a few back issues of *Galaxy* and *Astounding*. And I started buying books, usually secondhand from Franklin's and Batman's (both now defunct).

Oh, a *spatula* — so that's what a fishliifter is. Yes, we have one of those.

Garry Dalrymple:

TRANSCENDENTAL BS AND ENLIGHTENMENT  
vol. 1 no 20

I'm still puzzled as to why you don't go all the way and organise a real convention in Sydney, rather than a one-day Freecon. Sydney badly needs the Return of Syncon. Much of the fun of a good convention is staying at a good convention hotel. If I had the money to travel to Sydney, which I don't, I would not go for just a one-day convention, especially if I had to find my own accommodation. But then, I might be misjudging the fun element of Freecons.

Overheard-on-a-train conversation: He: 'It says in the paper they pay for contributions to the semen bank.' She (dismissive tone of voice): 'You'd make a fortune.'

I haven't bought a bike because (a) bikes are expen-

sive; and (b) all the car drivers are either homicidal or suicidal. Or it's only the cyclists who are suicidal. I realise we have lots of side streets and bike paths around Greensborough, but I would keep expecting somebody to sideswipe me.

I had not realised that (c) could be the difficulty of buying a bike fully assembled. It would be bad enough remembering how to ride a bike, let alone trying to assemble it. Congratulations on your bike salvage operation.

As for your struggle to find a suitable bike pump — I'm definitely not taking up bike riding again.

That Mu Meson event sounds like one of the oddest Philip K. Dick appreciation nights of all time. Or maybe you make it sound odder than it was.

Thanks for the 'Short book reviews', which are actually rather longer than the short book reviews I used to run in *\*brg\**. Because of SF fandom (Acnestis contributions), I knew about the Patrick O'Brian books long before they began to be mentioned in Australian newspapers, but I still haven't read any of them. I haven't seen the movie. I should, because it's directed by Our Peter Weir.

Diane and John Fox:

THE CHE GUEVARA RHUBARB

**Diane:**

Can that pic of Che Guevara on that garage door be called graffiti if the owner of the garage door painted it him/herself? Under what authority could the council order it painted over? Sounds exactly like the case when our neighbour (still unidentified) was able to get our council to order Elaine to remove the pile of tiles from the front lawn. In either case, what would have happened if we hadn't? Thanks for the full report on the Che Guevara (and big red snail) debate.

**John:**

Your Kershaw-Soho camera looks a lot like my father's Kodak box camera, which he used constantly until the late 1960s. He took superb photos on it, but eventually bought a much more user-friendly camera.

Did Shel Silverstein ever release an album/CD of him singing his own songs? I have a CD of him singing his own children's songs, but I have never found a record of him singing the songs that have made him famous.

Michael Green:

BOOKMARK No 3

Sorry I did not offer my best wishes, on behalf of us all, in the OBO last mailing. I did not know then that your mother had died. You had expected the worst for some time, but the actual event seems to have been very sudden. Should I have seen a death notice in one of the papers? Apologies for not having done so.

Always choose the cat that chooses you. Our new kitten Archie chose us. A fan needs a companion cat in dark times. Best wishes to Ember.

Jack Herman:

NECESSITY 72: MANHATTAN

You sum up pretty well why my sympathy for all religions decreases every year. Let's take the principle beyond religion: let's say: 'Those who think they are right,

aren't.' In that way we don't have to listen to anybody who preaches at us. It will remain difficult to avoid preachers who wave guns at us.

Thanks for the extra detail about electric cars. I would like to ban petrol-driven (shit-emitting) cars from the roads, but nobody else seems to share my hatred of them.

Yes, Jack. You can generate a digital version of ANZAPA when you are willing to take over as OBO. But don't expect to keep more than half the current members.

Thanks for that tip about *Harvey*. I've only ever watched the film once. I'll be watching out for that painting.

Thanks for the Patton 'quote'. Paul Linebarger's argument in *Psychological Warfare* is: No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country; he won it by making the other bastard give up without firing a shot.

This is depressing; I keep finding I agree with you, Jack, especially your case for reducing carbon emissions. And that's without arguing on the basis of total global 'economy', i.e. based on the total probable costs of current carbon dioxide levels remaining in the atmosphere. The next few decades are going to be very uncomfortable for everybody.

During the 1960s I studied with pop radio in the background because I did not want to miss a single new release. I doubt if this helped my absorption of knowledge. Today I cannot write if there is any background noise; and I cannot read if the background music is interesting.

Eric Lindsay:

KINGDOM OF THE BLAND

What Stephen Campbell's self-portrait fails to show is that he has hardly changed appearance in the last thirty years, although he must be in his fifties. Some of us caught up with him at Continuum 3 in 2005, but he wasn't able to attend this year's Continuum.

The only way to keep up with new SF books is by ordering from Justin Ackroyd's catalogue, or from the catalogue of one of the other specialist shops. Good new SF books do not appear on regular 'Sci-fi' bookshelves anymore.

We always dry our clothes on a clothes line, even in the middle of winter. Melbourne winters for the last ten years have been almost uninterruptedly dry.

LynC:

FROM THE LAIR OF THE LYNX No 38

We've never had to put up with an unlikable cat, although Apple Blossom could be cantankerous in an entertaining way. Elaine's grandmother had a cat called Kim who was just plain nasty. Kim would come up behind a person and sink in her fangs. She would cuddle and purr, then suddenly scratch the person doing the cuddling. Kim lived to a grand old age, and never mellowed.

Did *Countdown* begin as early as 1974? I thought it was preceded by *GTK* in 1974, and that *Countdown* began in 1976. Where's a good reliable reference book on Australian pop music when you need one?

You must have looked at a different *Countdown* from the one I began viewing at the end of 1979. By then, almost all of the performances were mimed, except for the songs that were presented as video clips. Very few



Spot the ancient fan! Unicon 4, Easter 1976, Melbourne University (l. to r.): Mark 'Rocky' Lawson; Bruce Gillespie (with beard); Stephen Campbell (the only photo I have of him); Elaine Cochrane (with her back to photographer); Randal Flynn. (Photo: Bill Moon. Whatever happened to Bill Moon?)

performances were presented live. *Countdown* might have been unique to Australia, but its constant demand for video clips is credited as starting the worldwide boom in producing them. In particular, ABBA give credit to the showing of their clips on *Countdown* as the essential boost to their international career.

*Countdown* revived my interest in pop music, which had died during the 1970s because commercial pop radio became unlistenable after 1970. I had missed the late-1970s beginning of the careers of such acts as Mental as Anything and Australian Crawl. When I began watching *Countdown*, there they were every week: Greedy and James Reyne and the new AC/DC and Flowers (which became Icehouse) and the Church. They all had great hit records during a short period from 1978 to about 1983. As the music became less interesting, *Countdown* gradually lost its influence on pop radio. Hip hop and other forms of junk pop began to overwhelm radio and TV. So I turned off, and so did Australia.

It must have been enjoyable attending *Countdown Spectacular*. Not the sort of event I can afford these days, but I would like to have been there.

I also see a very odd image when Garry invokes the 'Turtleneck golden standard'.

If you have tinnitus, it took some courage to join the dinner group at the Key on the Wall a few weeks ago. I don't have tinnitus, but the top end of my hearing range has so flattened that I could not catch most of the conversation. That's why I like round-table dinners at Chinese restaurants; I have some chance of hearing the conversation.

I've suffered at least two cracked teeth from eating Vitabrits. About the end of December, Uncle Toby's seems to clean out the bottoms of its bins, just before the new wheat is received. For about a month, very hard little kernels appear in Vitabrits biscuits. If one gets stuck on a large tooth, and the upper tooth comes down on it, the impact can easily crack an old filling. About ten years ago, this happened to me right on Christmas. On Christmas Eve, my dentist actually interrupted his holiday, which he had started a few days before, in order to replace the filling. No wonder I'm faithful to my dentist, although his bills keep rising beyond my ability to pay them.

Malcolm Hunt played the part of Aussiefan in the 1972 short film that Melbourne fans made in order to publicise the Australia in '75 bid. I have a copy of the film on both video and DVD.

Drop in any time — but phone first.

If ever we visit you, I will demand to look at that electric lawnmower in action. Are they still manufactured?

It must be mortifying to have one's children tell you off for listening to 'that Goddawful noise'. You've just offered us the best possible argument for not having teenage children.

Thanks for yet another explanation of the origin of Wombles. I must be the only person in the universe who had never heard of Wombles other than Karen Warnock.

Don and Max Ashby and their children have lived at Mallacoota, on the border between Victoria and New South Wales, for many years. I've been told that Don occasionally visits Melbourne, but he's never visited us. We saw him most recently at Carey Handfield's fiftieth birthday gathering — which is a few years ago now.

Dan McCarthy:  
PANOPTICON No 38

I've liked all your graphics, Dan, but 'Conversation with the Gelmoids' is the first to hit me between the eyes. (So to speak.) I like the thought of the tinsel fish 'seen being phased into visibility'. Thanks also for the story on page 2.

I like that sentence 'Cantores is what remains of the former St Paul's Cathedral choir after the notorious bust up some years ago'. A very Lake Wobegonish story beginning; we have to guess what happened before your story begins.

*The World's Fastest Indian* has just been released here on DVD. All the critics praised it when it was released here in cinemas. I'm looking forward to it, even though it has been described as a 'feel-good movie'.

I've never tried life drawing. I can well believe that sometimes the artist simply doesn't like the person being drawn.

Sorry about not introducing Stephen Campbell. He helped me collate early issues of *SF Commentary* when we were both living in Ararat in 1969. Steve wanted to be a comics artist, but he also drew some covers for *SFC*. Steve was also a member of ANZAPA during 1969, but some members objected that he was too young for the X-rated material that some other members were supposed to be publishing in the apa. (If you saw that 'X-rated material' now, you would be astonished at its level of purity and innocence.) When Stephen and his family moved away from Ararat in 1970, he dropped out of ANZAPA. In 1971, when I was back living my parents in East Preston, Stephen turned up on the doorstep. Although still a teenager, he had forsaken school, and had gone on the road. He now smoked and drank and hitchhiked all over the place; his tales of his sexual adventures were galling to somebody like me who, at the age of 24, had never kissed a girl. In 1973, Steve turned up at the Easter convention, and become lovers with Micheline, the most fascinating woman at that convention. She was an artist with a St Kilda pad, and recognised Stephen's talent. Later, they became friends with Paul Collins, Rowena Cory and Chris Johnson, who formed a small cooperative to produce artwork. Then everything blew up; couples split up; people went all over the place; and Steve woke up on the kerb of a St Kilda street with acute concussion, not knowing how he got there. He was in hospital, then in rehabilitation, for months, but he never regained the swing of that budding career in commercial art. I lost track of him completely



until the day of George Turner's funeral in June 1997. A group of us were walking to lunch after the funeral. There was Stephen standing in front of us. Although he was now in his forties, he didn't look much older than when I had seen him last. As often happens when I'm taken by surprise, I failed to say the right thing; I did not invite him to come to lunch with us! I still feel ashamed of that mistake. So we lost track of Steve again until he met Bill Wright in a St Kilda street. Bill invited Steve and his new girlfriend Jennifer to dinner with us in Collingwood. Bill stayed in touch with Steve and Jennifer, since Steve would never ring me in Collingwood, and persuaded him and Jennifer to attend Continuum 3. We had a great time catching up old gossip, although Jennifer always looked a bit puzzled. How could she guess that there are only seven years between us? As you can read in Steve's letter, he went back to Warrnambool, where his mother lives, after he split up with Jennifer. And he's still there after thirty-seven years of friendship, drawing and thinking and smoking and reading — one of those people whose continuing conversation makes everything I do worthwhile.

Your knowledge about paper sizes is only just outdated. Duplicating paper still came in 'reams' until the two sizes of quarto were phased out in the 1970s. It was still possible to buy paper in foolscap size until less than twenty years ago. A4 is such a boring shape of paper compared with those old alternatives.

Murray MacLachlan:  
DINING ON LIVE MONKEY BRAINS

No doubt other members of the apa share my question: if you cannot be bothered reading and replying to our contributions, why should we read and reply to yours?

Now I can get down from my soapbox and confess that during the late 1980s and early 1990s there were long periods when I had so much paying work that I had no time to write mailing comments to ANZAPA or FAPA members. But I was very ashamed of myself for this failure. And I did return to writing mailing comments in ANZAPA in the mid 90s.

The world wide web is a marvellous substitute for intelligence' is a very good line.

I suspect that the Westfahl encyclopedia cost hundreds of American dollars, which is why no Australian library, fan or academic owns a copy. As you say, the Greenwood Encyclopedia costs \$420, so I won't be buying that either.

Thanks for the 'Uplift' article. Stray thoughts that occur me since the talk include: whatever its variety, uplift is a concept based on those two ultra-primitive impulses that drive much of traditional science fiction: racism/eugenics, and colonialism. A various and interesting universe is beyond the imaginative powers of many SF writers: in the end it all comes down to who is 'superior' or 'inferior' to who (or which or what). Since any overall view of any future 'filled universe' will make the concepts of 'inferiority' and 'superiority' redundant, the concept of uplift has to be seen as part of primitive humanity's struggle to understand anything other its own navel.

Now that I've swept aside the whole concept of uplift, I grant that some of your subcategories (such as 'pure animal fantasy' and 'beast fables') are interesting ways of looking at fiction, including fiction that predates science fiction. As you say, our current concept of 'uplift' seems to go back to Wells's *The Island of Doctor Moreau*,

which is an agonisingly complex novel as well as being a fable about the relationship between humans and animals. Like *Frankenstein*, it takes the viewpoint of the created monsters.

Your statements about Cordwainer Smith's stories seem to miss the point: that members of the Instrumentality see the Underpeople as sentient slaves, but a small number of them use a few members of the Underpeople, such as C'mell and D'joan, as the means of liberating the whole human race. The Underpeople's revolt, begun in 'The Dead Lady of Clown Town' and *Norstrilia*, had not yet been wholly described in Smith's stories before he died. John Foyster saw the Underpeople's revolt as a metaphor for the civil rights movement in America in the 1960s. So did Linebarger believe that the civil rights movement was instigated by powerful whites rather than charismatic African-Americans?

Thanks for outlining the case against David Brin; this saves me having to read him.

Jeanne Mealy:  
LAND OF 10,000 LOONS

When we lived at Collingwood, occasionally the balloons would drift above us early on summer mornings. Customers could only take balloon trips if the air went still, but Melbourne is a windy city. Although balloon-trip operators are always careful, occasionally a balloon will come down in the middle of a road, or otherwise way off course.

Looks as if we are about to suffer a summer as hot as yours.

Thanks for the LACon report. I haven't seen any full-length reports yet, apart from the *Locus* photo sheets featuring Charlie Brown and his flock. I'm glad you caught up with Cy Chauvin. I met him only once, for a moment in 1973, yet I would consider him one of my best friends in fandom.

I would worry if a blood test showed I had low iron. Have you had tests for all the conditions that might be associated with anaemia?

I don't know how Claire and Mark pick up their groceries without owning a car. We live very close to the shopping centre, and take a shopping jeep (cart) with us every time we shop. The only difficulty is pushing it up the hill to our place. Some days it's easy, and other days we take the longer way round (the non-steep path).

The division between fannish and sercon fanzines in Australia has almost vanished because of the local disappearance of either type of fanzine. When I attended Corflu in America, I found that American fans still make the distinction. But then, America still has some fine sercon fanzines (such as *Visions of Paradise*, although that has just gone e-line) as well as superb fannish fanzines (such as *Chunga!*, *VFW*, and Chris Garcia's and Dave Burton's fanzines).

The Minnesota State Fair has a much higher attendance than the Royal Melbourne Show. I don't think the annual attendance (over 10 days) ever exceeds a million.

You did send me the LACon photos, for which I've very grateful. My main doubt about using one of them arises because somebody told me Spike doesn't like having her photo published. I must email her to check this.

John Newman:  
PING!

When we moved house two years ago, it was in the middle of one of my few recent sustained bursts of paying work. So Elaine did the main part of the final packing of boxes, which must have led to her developing double hernia, for which she was treated a year ago.

Thanks very much for your fannish self-portrait. I thought I met you before 1980, when we were introduced by Roger Weddall. I remember you as part of the MUSFA crowd, although you didn't study at Melbourne University. In the set of Roger's fannish photos, which I inherited, you are shown looking very young, with some MUSFAns. I thought the year the photo taken was 1976, but it seems I was wrong.

Thanks for starting FFANZ.

I hope Elaine and I will catch up with you again sometime at a convention. Or even make that trip to Maldon we've been promising ourselves for years.

I hadn't realised Tom Waits had written a song about Australia. How much travelling has he done here? I always hoped that Warren Zevon would write a few more songs about Australia ('Mr Bad Example' is the only one I can think of). He performed at small and large towns right through the centre of Australia during his last trip here.

Cath Ortlieb:  
YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN  
YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED No 107

I've read the VELS requirements for Year 11 Humanities (in order to edit some chapters of a new textbook for the subject). Instant executive bullshit bingo! Whoever invented this matrix has sat through a lot of boring meetings. It would be easy to invent a similar matrix for academic conferences on SF and fantasy.

What is the 'macarena'? What happened to teachers and students who can't or won't dance?

Nick Shears:  
SIYAYILANDA No 11

My comment to this issue was really in the OBO for last mailing: don't be too optimistic about your current capacities for writing stuff for ANZAPA, but thanks for these two pages anyway.

Thanks for taking the trouble to tell us all about your illness — and the photos. It can't have been easy to relate the story of those very dark days, especially little details like 'total renal failure'. Yeeep.

Hope to see you in this ANZAPA mailing.

Roman Orszanski:  
FURTHER ADVENTURES OF AN INCURABLE  
ROMANTIC No 2

The best definition I ever heard of a romantic is of somebody who is always seeking the unattainable. Therefore I am also an incurable romantic.

You mention the magic of the DVD for a 'film buff', then talk about nothing but TV shows. What a waste of DVDs. The only TV series I'm interested in finding, such as the BBC's *The Beiderbecke Affair*, have not appeared

on DVD. I'm told that *My Brother Jack*, the first Australian miniseries (1966), is on DVD, but I've never seen it on a shelf. I did buy *Edge of Darkness*, the best TV serial I've seen. Where are the three Le Carre series that Alec Guinness made? Or *Foyle's War*?

Roger Sims:  
ANZAPA 770

Glad to hear the drugs have helped a lot in living with PD.

Thanks for the LACon report. American worldcons sound as if the facilities are too spread out for comfortable conventioning. A six-mile walk! Maybe Worldcon should be renamed Olympicon. No wonder last year I enjoyed Corflu and Potlatch.

Since you wrote your contribution, we've lost Jack Williamson (98 years old), Nelson Bond (also 98 years old), and Bob Tucker (92 years old). I know little about Bond; I can't recall seeing a published story by him since the 1960s.

Gerald Smith:  
LIFE GOES ON

If I'd been in Sydney, I would have attended the special memorial day for Womble. As it is . . . I'm astonished that it is already a year since her funeral. I'm glad life is working out okay for you.

So how good is Split Enz after all these years? Does the current line-up include both Finn brothers? And do they still wear the silly costumes? A lot of people would also like Crowded House to get together again.

Thanks for the sort-of Conflux report. I haven't seen Mark Denbow since Aussiecon II in 1985, and I have a vague memory of talking briefly to Carey Lenahan at the 1987 Easter convention. But what's a few decades between fans?

Thanks for the short piece on the perils of bed and breakfast places. Why do people run such places if they can't provide minimum standards of bed linen and hot water? Or was it simply that you and Karen were staying during the off-season?

Any book I throw out turns out to be the central text of an essay I want to write in five years' time. The same goes for the very few books I borrow from libraries; I need my own copies.

I cannot remember who it was — but one of the many experts interviewed by Phillip Adams on *Late Night Live* since September 2001 showed that Osama bin Laden comes from exactly the same social stratum in his country as George Bush does in his country (bin Laden had a career as a very rich engineer); and many of the suicide bombers have the same social status in their countries as the neo-cons do in America. The battle between 'Islam' and 'Christianity' is a battle between cashed-up, well-armed power elites, who, like all power elites, will leave the rest of us crushed in the bomb wreckage if we get in the way.

The ironical point of the famous Harry Lime quote is that the mysterious 'hero' Harry Lime is shown to be a crook of the crummiest type. Nothing he says can be trusted. *The Third Man* shows the process by which the main character gains wisdom through disillusionment, learning the truth about his 'good friend'.

It's a bit late, Gerald. Climate change is on. The Antarctic and Arctic ice caps are falling apart at an

astounding rate. Soon the only real debate will be about the design of the lifeboats for *Titanic* Earth. Not that there will be any lifeboats.

Bill Wright:  
INTERSTELLAR RAMJET SCOOP

I particularly like Dick Jenssen's 'Fantasy Melange' cover this time (based on the 'BillsCloggedSinuses' fractal). I'd just like to be able to fly, that's all — not in a plane or glider, but really fly. No wonder I enjoy the Miyazaki animated films: nearly all of them feature breathtaking aerial sequences.

So that's what all those pills are for! (Whenever we go out to dinner with Bill, we peer astounded as he lines up a flotilla of pills on the table, which he consumes just before he begins his first course. Sometimes, however, one of us tips the table accidentally . . .)

I still have to review the *cOck* anthology. I don't think it does any of the things you or the editors claim for it. Its stories do show that men are very scared of continuing relationships with women. No wonder the best story in it is written by a woman, Cat Sparks.

'Main protagonist' is a tautology. A protagonist is the main character; the antagonist is the other main character — in ancient Greek drama. In modern English, 'protagonist' still means 'main character', not 'one of the main characters'.

Tandberg's cartoon (about Warnie and his newly acquired mortar board) is perfect.

Stefan's piece of 'toilet humour' is superb. Somebody should make a movie based on this story. Call it *Stefan*.

I knew little about Steve Irwin before he died, apart from the bits I remembered from the *Enough Rope* interview. All that outpoured grief remains a mystery to me. The real surprise was to find that some American fans expressed the same grief as Australians. Even my mother mentioned Steve Irwin's death. It turns out that his zoo (crocodilarium?) is in the Sunshine Coast town close to where my sister Robin lives. 'We visited Steve Irwin's zoo and I actually shook his hand,' said my mother.

If John Brosnan acquired a 'dissipated' look over the years, imagine what effect the grog has had on the rest of us! At least John in the 1990s still had some resemblance to his 1960s self. Anybody who knew me then would never recognise me now.

I use my fanzines to keep up with people, Bill: that's what they are for.

You're the one who won't let visitors in the door because they might not be able to push past your collection of Wrightiana. We imagine you trapped inside your flat; or from without, struggling to enter the front door. The ideal, of course, is a pad the size of our house, overlooking the St Kilda Esplanade.

Your piece about your father's tussle with the immigration authorities is just about the first bit of family history you've related in *IRS*. More, please, Bill.

Bill Wright, you are a man of infinite parallel lives. Never would I have suspected you of ever having entered a noisy nightclub — if only because of the crappy quality of the loud music.

Dick's letter of comment is a rich reference sheet of URLs. I'm looking forward to the 'director's cut' of *Dark City*, although one of the great attractions of the current version of the film is its conciseness. I hope the extra material does not transform its solid structure into a

wobbly custard.

I'm still waiting an invitation, Bill, to join you for breakfast, lunch or dinner at any of your favourite St Kilda eateries. Cacao, the place that serves the soup, sounds very tempting, especially at \$8.50 a meal. But I will now have to wait until 1 April 2007 for soup. What are the other specialties of the house?

A nice line: 'Ask not what you can do for yourself or your country. Ask what's for dinner.'

The time has come, I think, to cease trying to proselytise fans to the cause of the fanzine. The time has come for fanzine editors to become ultra-secretive. Protect your deepest thoughts from bloggers and pro writers. Within a few years, everybody and his cat will be publishing a zine.

I agree with you, Bill. Alan Stewart seems to have discovered a new type of collector hobby, and is probably the only practitioner. It is a proud and lonely thing to be a Metcard fan.

I'd better never leave Australia and try to return. I failed quite a few of the questions on your 'Australian application for citizenship'.

Sally Yeoland:  
LES CHATTES PARTIES No 85

Thanks for the memorial for Colin Thiele. As with Patricia Wrightson, his children's books appeared too late for them to be part of my childhood. I keep meaning to watch the film of *Storm Boy*, but never have.

Yet another reminder of why I stay a freelance stay-at-home worker, no matter how poor the returns: you seem to have suffered office politics at madness level.

At least when you say to people 'See my baby photos', you can actually show baby photos. The babies in our photos are always covered by fur.

I didn't know I knew anybody who knew anybody who could even contemplate buying real estate in Clifton Hill. It's like being one degree of separation from meeting Rupert Murdoch.

Your description matches our mental image of a Collingwood pawnbroker. No wonder we never bought anything secondhand while we were living there.

I love the idea of making those confounded pigeons cross.

You were discussing singable Australian songs — if one could sing, which I can't. Somebody else mentioned Cold Chisel's 'Khe Sanh'. The main reason for being unable to sing 'Khe Sanh' is the total incomprehensibility of the lyrics the way Barnesy sings them. I suppose the words can be found on a website somewhere.

Even as he turns seventy, Leonard Cohen today is very hip and very twenty-first century. Everybody keeps recording versions of his song 'Hallelujah'. *Leonard Cohen I'm Your Man* is a recently released CD of highlights of a stage show that the McGarrigle-Wainwright family (Kate, Anna, Martha and Rufus) and others put together to honour Cohen's career. The show was staged in Sydney but not here. A DVD is scheduled — which will be welcome. The show was two hours long, but the CD features less than an hour's music.

The Collingwood branch of the Carringbush Library is very close to John's place. The Fitzroy branch is in the middle of Fitzroy, about a kilometre west.

— Seeyuz! Bruce Gillespie, 26 November 2006

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## Shameless advertisement

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You might have noticed you did not receive a copy of *Steam Engine Time* No 5, September 2006 (co-edited with Jan Stinson). Sorry about that. Postage and printing bills have soared in recent years, even while my income has dipped. If I can cut the mailing list for the print version, I can keep publishing. Fanzines disappear — fanzines resurrect!

But you can read a copy of *SET 5* — for free! Just look on the eFanzines site, which is hosted by Bill Burns the genial genius.

Go to <http://efanzines.com>

First look for *Steam Engine Time* 5 on the home page. If it's no longer there, go to the huge section of [efanzines.com](http://efanzines.com) that is devoted to fanzines published by Bruce Gillespie. Look for *Steam Engine Time* (co-edited with Jan Stinson), *SF Commentary* (the most recent four issues), *The Metaphysical Review* (the most recent two issues) and *Scratch Pad* (all my apazine writing since 1991; 68 issues). Download the PDF files. Then — enjoy!

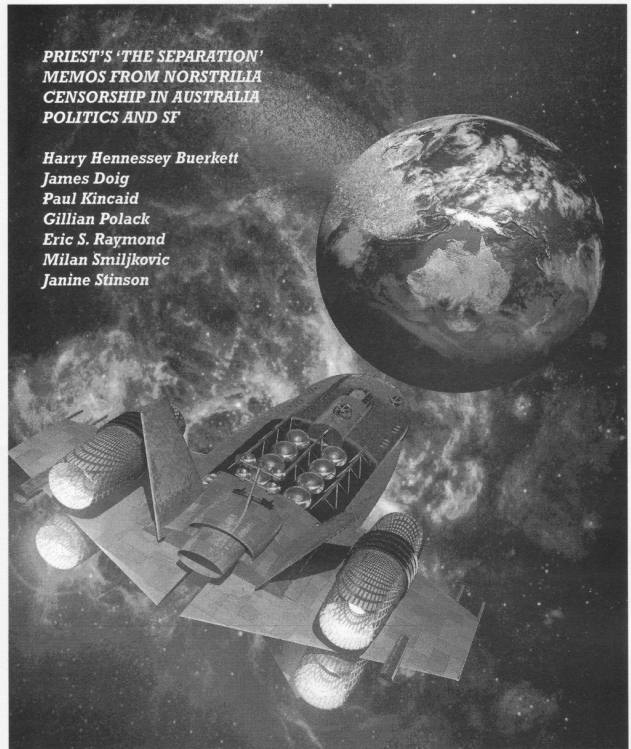
*Steam Engine Time* 5 includes such goodies as:

- The Ditmar cover
- Janine Stinson writes her editorial article about *Babylon 5*
- Paul Kincaid shows you what really happens in Christopher Priest's *The Separation*
- Eric Raymond explains his controversial views on 'A political history of SF'
- Gillian Polack and Harry Hennessey Buerkett give very different views of Cordwainer Smith's *Norstrilia*; and Harry wants to know why *Norstrilia* has much the same story-line as Frank Herbert's *Dune*
- James Doig and Milan Smiljkovic tell of the confrontation between Australia's censorship authorities and Australia's early SF fans, especially Roger Dard
- Lots of letters of comment.

## Steam Engine Time

PRIEST'S 'THE SEPARATION'  
MEMOS FROM NORSTRILIA  
CENSORSHIP IN AUSTRALIA  
POLITICS AND SF

Harry Hennessey Buerkett  
James Doig  
Paul Kincaid  
Gillian Polack  
Eric S. Raymond  
Milan Smiljkovic  
Janine Stinson



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