

A fanzine for the June 2016 mailing of ANZAPA (Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association) and a few others.

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Mailing comments

Not very Presidential

As Official Bloody President, my duty, I've often been told, is to *'encourager les autres'*. No sooner did you award me this honour than I committed my worst ANZAPA year for some time. I haven't been much of an encourager. However, I have been forced to retract the disapproving thoughts I've often had about members who've fallen behind in writing mailing comments.

So ... I extend the hand of forgiveness to all those who have difficulty keeping up with mailing comments. I am not the worst sinner in ANZAPA's history, but I do understand the difficulties that busy people have in writing MCs or catching up with past mailings.

The most recent mailing I commented upon was No. 287, August 2015. Even then, I was one mailing behind. During the last few months of 2015 and the first few months of 2016 I had one aim: to finish *SF Commentary 91* and send it out. *SFC 91* refused to finish. I was being offered a continuing stream of paying work. Since indexing provides my survival income, indexing comes first. Eventually I finished *SFC 91* and sent it out — but Numbers 92 and 93 should have been finished as well. By April I was a year and a half behind in publishing the articles and reviews I have in the *SFC* cookie jar.

Nearly a month ago, I nearly finished *SFC 92*. I had not received any indexing work for nearly two months, and the bank account was falling. I was offered an indexing job that I could not refuse. (It proved to be the most interesting book I've ever indexed, other than the CSIRO book about Mount Stromlo Observatory.) When I finished the index, I realised that my ANZAPA contribution came first.

I had no hope of writing comments on all the mailings since August last year. However, I did *read* the October and December 2015 mailings, and that for February 2016. This took more than

a fortnight, interrupted by the usual bits of ordinary life.

Then I began reading the April 2016 mailing. A week and 13 pages of handwritten notes later, I've reached a point where I can type my mailing comments. No wonder I'm struck with admiration, all over again, for ANZAPA members who write comments on every mailing.

Before writing about Mailing 290, I must comment on some earlier mailings

- I was horrified to read that **Lucy Schmeidler** thought I was accusing her of not taking sufficient notice of Australian SF books. How did she gain that impression? What I *meant* to say (regardless of whatever I did say) was that I could not work out how Lucy has been able to track down and buy the Australian books she does read and review. I find it almost impossible to keep up with new Australian titles, because they are published by companies that sell and distribute only via the Internet, and not via bookshops. Yes, one can order these books if one knows about them. But how is one supposed to know about them? None of these publishers sends me review copies, and only a few, such as Ford Street Publishing, Ticonderoga, and Peggy Bright Books, send me notices about their new releases. So I have no idea how Lucy finds out about them in Flushing, New York. We can only be glad that she does.
- I was astonished to read (in the October 2015 mailing) that **David Grigg** thought that *Les Misérables* was written by Alexandre Dumas, one of the great hack writers of the nineteenth century, and not by Victor Hugo, one of the greatest French writers of any century. (I'm not snarking at David in particular. I have heard at least one other person make the

same mistake, so it might be a mistake lots of people make.) When one considers how infinitely better nineteenth-century French writing is than nineteenth-century English writing, it does seem a great pity that knowledgeable readers are not more familiar with the great French books of the period that stretches from Stendhal to Proust. My own favourite nineteenth-century French writer is Victor Hugo, whose *Les Misérables* is the greatest epic novel of them all (a much more enthralling tale than, say, Tolstoy's *War and Peace*). Almost any novel by Émile Zola or Honoré de Balzac is better than almost any English novel of the same period (1800s). In mid century, Gustave Flaubert created the modern realist style with his *Madame Bovary* and *Sentimental Education*. Alexandre Dumas, dad and son, were the Rafael Sabatinis of their day, which means that they still wrote better than the most English

writers same time.

- A special thanks to **Sally Yeoland**, who, in the February mailing, reprinted Stan Grant's speech. I had not read it before, although I had read all about Stan Grant, his life and works, and the importance of his speech; and had heard him interviewed on radio several times. The speech itself is a dazzling flare of light that leaps up from the last few pages of the mailing.
- Last, but hardly least: thanks to intrepid fan researcher **Mark Plummer** for trawling through the Ditmar statistics on Wikipedia and discovering that not only have I won the most Ditmar Awards (21) but I have scored the greatest number of nominations (46), and lost the greatest number of times (25). Only he or I could care less, but thanks anyway. At least now I have something to tell neofans who look at me quizzically and say to themselves: 'Who's he?'

Mailing 290: April 2016

Claire Brialey and Mark Plummer: QUOZ 47

Claire:

Congratulations on leaving your job at last. When the times say 'go', you have to go. The quote of the mailing: 'I also feel a little bit sad overall, although not enough to diminish the net effect of feeling happy.'

You could well have future problems with your retirement pension (called 'superannuation' in Australia) when you turn 65. You might well ask then, 'How can I live on this amount?' Once upon a time, long service in a good job assured you of a well- financed retirement, but not now.

Now that I've finally reached this point in reading the latest mailing, I discover that you and Mark are planning a trip to Australia in August. You must have been puzzled when I asked you on the internet about this trip I hadn't heard about. Looking forward to seeing you.

You read *much* faster than I do. I tend to fall asleep over books read late at night, whereas a good film will usually wake me up. My best reading rate is during weeks in which I have to take the train into town. Much of my best reading was done in trains and trams between 1963 and 1973, my commuting years.

Of your authors' list, I've read only a few novels by Sara Paretsky, and have heard of none of the rest. I've heard of G. Willow Wilson, and received a review copy of *Alif the Unseen*, but made little headway in reading it.

I thought that Max Barry's *Lexicon* had a good, science-fictional first half, but bogged down into a mere action novel in its second half. Since he's Australian, I keep meaning to read more of Barry's books, but still haven't.

I've bought Ian McDonald's *Luna*, but haven't had time to read it. (I keep telling people I'm a slow reader, but they don't believe me.)

The Three-Body Problem kept me reading until the end, but it was hardly a Top Ten Books contender. I've now met quite a few people who've read it and were disappointed by the wooden translation from the Chinese. I enjoyed the visionary interpolations from the alternate narrative.

I enjoy Kaaron Warren's *Through Splintered Walls*, but it was a very short collection that did not have the impact of Kaaron's first two collections.

Mark:

I haven't seen *A Very British Coup*, and haven't seen it around on DVD. *Life on Mars* was very popular here when it ran on ABC TV. It did appear on DVD, but I didn't buy it.

Thanks for your research on the Harrison Award. I once saw a list emitted by World SF itself that did not even include the awards given in 1983! It seems, according to your research, that Harry Harrison had been saving the trophy since June 1983's World SF meeting in order to give it to me in February 1984.

In Melbourne, on Christmas Day, our public transport services use the same timetables as for a normal Sunday. I don't know when a Christmas

Day public transport service was introduced. It was probably in the 1940s, probably so that people could visit their relatives for Christmas dinner.

Thanks for your reminder that I did place at least two gigantic Gillespie super-genzines through ANZAPA. But that was long ago, when postage rates were low, and all overseas mailings were sent by surface mail. When postage rates went up, and surface mail became unavailable for ANZAPA mailings, Marc Ortlieb insisted that no genzines should be included.

Thanks for the information about your binge-watching schedule. When I binge-watch a TV show on DVD, I usually watch one episode per night. I still think that you and Claire have much greater time-stretching abilities than I have. I find it astonishing that you have been able to publish all those issues of *Banana Wings* during the last year or so, as well as hold down your job, that Claire has been able to hold down her 12-hours-a-day job, and the two of you have been able to produce gigantic issues of *Quoz*, socialise with floods of overseas visitors, and do much else besides. I. Don't. Have. So. Much. Energy.

Calibre, eh? I can't see myself converting *SFC* into eBook format, but it would be nice to be able to read the eBook fanzine projects that Dave Langford is making available at the moment.

It was great to see *The Day the Earth Caught Fire* on Blu-ray, with the tinted sequences restored. The Blu-ray includes informative supplementary materials. I had never heard of it until Dick Jensen told me about it. John Davies, who with Diane and Geoff visits out place to watch movies once a month, knew of it, but I doubt if he'd seen it for many years.

JB Hi Fi, our nationwide electronics retail chain, has been advertised as stocking *The Bridge*, all three series in one boxed set. If so, supplies of the set have not reached Greensborough.

I find it hard to imagine my reading life without having read John Le Carré (John Cornwall, father of SF writer Nick Harkaway). His world represents the dark side of the notion of 'essential Englishness' — perfect manners combined with expertise in despatching your enemy. Both Elaine and I had read *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* during the 1960s, long before we met each other, and the movie based on the book was one of the finest of the British film renaissance movies of the middle sixties, probably Richard Burton's best screen performance. *Tinker Tailor Soldier Spy* was a hard slog to read — hardly anyone's notion of 'popular fiction' — but the TV version, starring Alec Guinness, remains in my memory as the finest piece of TV story-telling I've seen. The novel that made me a fan, determined to read every Le Carré book I could find, was his first non-George Smiley novel, *The Naïve and Sentimental Lover*. My other favourite Le Carré novel is *A Perfect Spy*, which is as close to an autobiography as he is ever likely

to produce. I've recently bought Adam Sisman's biography, *John Le Carré*, which has been highly praised. Because of the Official Secrets Act (and because he wouldn't want us to know anyway), Le Carré (John Cornwall) remains very coy when talking about his career as a British spy. Given the hair-raising implications of *A Perfect Spy*, I'm not surprised.

Flexitime in Australian public services was The Innovation of the early seventies in Australia. I get the impression that it lasted for about 30 years, then has gradually been phased out. Sally could better tell us about the current status of flexitime.

Garry Dalrymple:

TBS&E 68

TBS&E 68 mco

I enjoyed your report of the Sydney Atheists' meeting, but would never join such an organisation, especially when faced with the problems of hauling around Sydney suburbs by public transport. I thought Melbourne's public transport layout was difficult until I read about your adventures on train and bus.

Thanks for your report of Bruce Shine's talk about the *James Craig*.

I became interested in philately in Grades 5 and 6, mainly because my father handed on to me his stamp album from his boyhood. It contains lots of stamps from the 1920s and 1930s, a wonderful education in the names of countries. (Many of the European countries whose names had disappeared by the 1950s were revived in the 1990s after Yugoslavia fell apart. But I always knew where they were.) I added to the album by buying stamps from Seven Seas Stamps in New South Wales. I'm pretty sure Alan Stewart still buys stamps from that company. When I lost interest, my sister Robin began adding to the stamp album. I had heard nothing about the stamp album for many years, and thought my father or mother might even have sold the contents at some time or another. One of my sisters found it recently among the memorabilia inherited from my mother. It would be interesting to look through it again, but I won't be taking up philately again.

'JB Hi Fi', not 'J&B Hi Fi'.

You and other ANZAPAns have mentioned Dean Koontz's novel *Odd Thomas* a few times in recent mailings. I've never tripped over the novel in a bookstore, but the film was released on DVD and Blu-ray last year (although not shown in Australian cinemas). Sounds as if it would be worth watching, but it would prefer to track down the novel.

Very few of Philip K. Dick's novels have been made into films, so any discussion of his contribution to the movies would have to concentrate on his short stories. At least seven or eight of the short stories have been the bases of films. My

advice always is: ignore the movies, and go back to the PKD books, especially as most of them stay in print.

I did not get past page 60 of William Gibson's *Neuromancer*, so I guess I agree with most of the people who attended the meeting. It's one of those novels I should have enjoyed, but I couldn't get past the log-jam of Gibson's relentless, congested style. Besides, I couldn't work out what was going on.

It's not often that matters in fanzines have any bearing on my professional interests. However, you do summarise a talk by Dr Ragbir Bhathal from Mt Stromlo Observatory. He was a co-author of the most interesting book I've ever indexed, *Mt Stromlo Observatory* (CIRO Publishing, 2013). It's probably still available. It includes, as a boxed item, a clear account by Brian Schmidt of his Nobel Prize-winning research, conducted at Mt Stromlo, on the expansion of the universe.

I've been freelancing as an editor and indexer for 42 years, and never during that time have I earned enough to buy a car. Not that it matters. I wouldn't have the self-confidence to drive in today's traffic.

Fiona Edwards: LIGHT YEARS 1

Christmas can be an awful season for many people, but it sounds as if you took a lot of trouble to make Christmas 2015 an enjoyable event for your father and your family.

Your very difficult office situation sounds much like the situation of almost everybody else I know who is trying to hold down a well-paid regular job. I'm surprised that anybody in Australia gets around to doing any actual work, given the time needed to fend off loony superiors and reapply for your own job. Everything you tell us about your situation should come under the heading of Advanced Psychological Assault and Battery.

I've no knowledge of today's superheroes, although I did follow *Superman* and *Batman and Robin* when I was a kid. However, you make the film *Deadpool* sounds quite enjoyable.

Geekfest sounds like many conventions I've been to, except for the fact that I have no interest in games. I go to regular SF conventions (where they still exist) to meet friends and attend the occasional program item. However, few people at conventions seem to want to discuss real science fiction anymore, so I'm not bothering with any of the program items at this year's Continuum.

You might not believe it, but not only do I know who Rowland S. Howard is, but I've also seen him perform. In 1988 or 1989 I saw a film that immediately went into my Top Ten Films of All Time: Wim Wenders' *Wings of Desire*. During the last major scene, which takes place in a punk club in Berlin, the two performers on stage are Rowland

S. Howard and Nick Cave, both of whom were much more popular in West Germany at the time than they have ever been in Australia. I meant to buy the film *Autoluminescent* when it appeared on Blu-ray, but I suspect it's no longer available.

I've seen *The Martian*, but not the other films you mention.

Thanks for telling us about your own experiences in the movement that's attempting to stop climate change. At least you've *done* something about it, whereas Elaine and I have done little except instal solar panels on the roof. That must be working, as we haven't paid an electricity bill since we installed them.

I also don't drive or own a car, but I do live in an area served by three different transport grids: train, tram, and bus.

I wish I had read your Anybody But Telstra message before changing over to their phone/internet package. The changeover has been an undending nightmare, because the whole organisation seems to be completely incompetent.

Diane and John Fox: RHUBARB 60

Thanks, as always, for the gorgeous cover.

Diane:

Thanks also for the photo of the Crazy Horse Memorial. This is the first photo I've seen of it.

I've never heard of Stanley Park. Thanks for the photo, and the story of the Stanley Brothers.

Thanks also for your Books list. I haven't read or bought any of them, but they all sound interesting.

And I really liked the photo of the painting of the gang gang cockatoo.

John:

I had heard or read a review of Joseph Galliano's *Dear Me*, but with no publication details. I've never seen a copy in a shop. I suspect I would offer no advice to my sixteen-year-old self, even if I could. Indeed, by making him even more cautious than he was, I might have stopped him doing any of the 'foolish things' that in the end proved to be the most beneficial things he ever did in life. (Quit a career-for-life in teaching just because he was going crazy at the end of 1970? Blow all his savings in 1973 to go on the road in America and Britain for five months? Sheer lunacy! Become a freelance editor in 1974, although invited back to a comfy job in Publications Branch? Crazy!)

I have read a few Rebus novels over the years, until they became very dull, but have never come across the Ian Rankin collection *A Good Hanging*. I do have Rankin's 2002 short story collection *Beggars Banquet*. I enjoyed both TV incarnations of *Rebus*, especially the John Hannah series.

Thanks for the words of 'Strange Fruit'. Billie Holiday's rendition of it is very atmospheric, but

I've never been able to decipher the words. I had never heard about the connection between 'Strange Fruit' and the Meeropol photo.

I'm more interested in the abstract qualities of a painting than its accuracy as a representation. The same goes for the aesthetic qualities of a great photograph. It was only when my fifth form (Year 11) Art teacher introduced our class to the great twentieth-century painters that I became interested in Art History. Thanks, Mr Jiggins, wherever you are.

I ask Elaine when in doubt about anything scientific. 'Sulfur' is the official name of the substance everywhere in the world, but Americans still spell it 'sulphur'.

Michael Green:
ABSTRACTIONS 14
CARRIE AND MICHAEL'S TRIP ABROAD:
PART 7: EDINBURGH

We should have a Pessimism Competition. I'd win every time.

I've reached retirement age, but still must take on paying work whenever I can find it. I have this great big weight of dread hanging over me — what happens when the work gives out or I can no longer do it? However, Elaine and I did managed to buy our own house in the eighties, which seems rather important for surviving financially in future years.

In your case, you've been able to afford to do many things *now* that I have never been able to afford to do, such as own a car or travel interstate or overseas at will. To judge from your *Abstractions* diaries, you and Carole seem to enjoy a wide range of experiences.

Thanks for those photos of art-pieces. I liked both Ivor Francis' *Growth* and Phil Wlodarczyk's *Spinning Mobiles*.

I had always assumed that entering virtual reality would be a disorienting, even sickening experience. But I've never had the opportunity to try it out.

When does your neighbour Mahomed finally get together with his bride? Does he have to go back to Sierra Leone, or does the bride come to Mahomed?

I'm not sure about the current status of the \$25 'security' cost of sending stuff to America. There was a lot of publicity given to the adoption of the restriction in the mid 2000s. It was claimed that \$25 is the price the American Post Office was charging for inspecting every parcel that entered USA. If the surcharge has been removed, I haven't heard about it.

As I was saying to Claire Brialey, a 'Le Carré novel' is a genre by itself. At their best, his novels are much more complex than other books usually called 'spy novels'.

Starship Troopers was a satire on the military mind and method, surely? It's one of the funniest

films I've seen. (It's also a complete subversion of everything Heinlein tried to say in the novel.)

I once read *Dune* in the mid 1960s, but Elaine could not get past page 70. I won't try reading it again.

Thanks for the photos of Edinburgh, and your description.

David Grigg:
THE FRETFUL PORPENTINE 8

Thanks for your account of your exciting weekend away — in Melbourne! Not that the pussy cats would ever allow us to do the same thing, and we couldn't afford it anyway. But it's a nice idea. And Melbourne now seems to offer a huge number of activities every weekend to any tourist. We would have enjoyed, for instance, *Shakespeare's Best Bits* (but didn't hear about it at the time), although I would prefer *Shakespeare's Best Soliloquies*.

I've never yielded to one of those touts who stand outside the restaurants on Lygon Street. My own favourite Lygon Street restaurant is Papa Gino's, which is where I go for lunch when I'm visiting Carlton from Greensborough.

I just realise I haven't read your new book of stories because I made the mistake of putting it away on the shelves. Over Easter, Elaine gathered up all the books I had in boxes and shelves and put them in their rightful place on the main shelves. The trouble is that now there is now no spare space on the shelves, so I have to get rid of a book (by reading a 'doubtful') before I can place a purchase on the shelves. Quite a few Urgent Reads were swept up and placed Out of Mind on shelves. (*My memo to me*: Read Grigg collection. Right now, before you forget it again.)

I've never seen *Tim Burton's Alice in Wonderland* or *Tomorrowland*, They were unkindly reviewed when they appeared in cinemas. From your description, it sounds as if *Tomorrowland* was originally a much longer film that was hacked about at random by the studio.

I did like *The Lincoln Lawyer*, though. It was the first film I saw in which Matthew McConaughey showed his ability as an actor.

As you will have seen in *SF Commentary* 91, *Ex Machina* was my second favourite movie seen for the first time in 2015.

I too haven't yet read a China Miéville novel, although I own quite a few, thanks to many recommendations by friends. Must read. Sometime.

It's interesting that we have both become fans of Michael Dirda's books of essays at the same time. I became aware of him as a member of the Fictionmags Yahoo e-list, to which I belong (along with Robert Silverberg, Paul Di Filippo, Dave Langford, and many others). I knew that Michael was a columnist for the *Washington Post*. However, only because of some stray remark dropped by some other member did I discover that he had

won the Pulitzer Prize for Criticism in 1993. I haven't yet read *Bound to Please*, but I have read *Soundings*, his latest book; *Readings* (2000); and his *On Conan Doyle* (2012). A witty and perceptive critic, writer of wonderful sentences, with no hint of academic dullness — and he really knows his SF and fantasy as well as having read everything else. I'm trying to work up an article about his books, but have run out of time.

I've read, but not listened to, Ruth Rendell's *The Girl Next Door*. I thought it a worthy end to her non-Inspector Wessex novels, with lots of red herrings and a typically Rendellian unreliable main character.

I've never listened to a podcast. I could only download podcasts onto my computer, but that is in my workroom. I have no idea how I would just listen while casually listening in the kitchen.

As I remember it, Harrycon was misorganised and non-publicised. If Harry and Joan had not insisted on meeting me, and so visited Elaine and me at Keele Street, we might not even have heard of the convention unless we had visited Space Age during the week before. (The Internet has made it much easier to organise instant events such as Harrycon.) I'm sure many people in Melbourne did not find out that Harrycon was to be held, or even that it had been held.

Nobody has yet taken me through a fast method of scanning paper fanzines into digital information. *SFC* needs digitising urgently, but the process I have at the moment, using the old computer and flatbed scanner, is very slow.

I would possess a complete set of ANZAPA if I had not dropped out at least twice, for several years each time. I still have every mailing from when I was a member.

I can't imagine not having read Graham Greene's novels. To me, he and Evelyn Waugh are the best English fiction stylists of the twentieth century. Also, all of Greene's novels are thrillers (when they are not also comedies, such as *Travels with My Aunt*), whether he called them serious novels or Entertainments. It's hard to pick a favourite, in the same way it's hard to pick a favourite Le Carré novel. *The Quiet American* stays in my mind, as well as *The Comedians* (not a comedy), *The Heart of the Matter*, and *Our Man in Havana*. His *Collected Short Stories* is magnificent.

Jack Herman: NECESSITY 129: HOPE DANCING IN STILETTO HEELS

Have mercy. We need some clue as to the source of your film heading quotations. I have no idea of the source of this one, or the source for *Necessity 128's* heading. I see a lot of movies, but my life does not revolve around them. I don't keep up with the latest films, only a few of those that make it to Blu-ray every month.

Congratulations on not being defeated by the peculiarities of the property market. Many people are finding it impossible to find and afford the next home after having sold the former one.

It was extraordinary that Obama has been able to carry out *any* of his policies, given the obstructive nature of both the House of Representatives and the Senate during the whole eight years of his Presidency.

Thanks for the story of Aethelflaed. You say she was written out of history, so what were the alternative sources that enabled you to write her back into history?

The assumptions behind most recipes are not crystal clear. Recipes are clear if somebody has filled you in on all the assumptions. Elaine does not often let me loose on the kitchen, because she still has to stay close by to answer my endless questions about the thises and thats of quantities and qualities of ingredients.

Yes, we would like a film of *A Canticle for Leibowitz*. I read it most recently in 1966 or 1967, but from what I remember, it remains relevant to our world situation. But then, almost none of my favourite SF novels have been made into films, with the exception of Lem's *Solaris*.

My Auntie Elva (married to my mother's brother, who died some years ago) comes from a German family from the Barossa Valley in South Australia. I met her sister Greta (pronounced 'Gree-ta') only once, in 1954, when I was seven and our family went on our only South Australian holiday, but I fell in love with this divinely beautiful creature, who even then would have been in her early twenties. Our family visited her family once, for one afternoon, and I have never seen her since, but I still remember the impact of meeting her. My Auntie Elva is still alive, but I haven't spoken to her for years, so perhaps her sister Greta is also still alive.

Spamalot was a huge failure in Melbourne. Sometimes the public gives its thumbs-down, despite all the favourable publicity given to a show, and there is nothing the producers can do about it.

Yes, *New Tricks* went one season too long, but I had to watch it until the end. A friend of mine stopped watching the show when Alan Armstrong left.

You reserve your best writing for your film reviews. Thanks in particular for your review of *Spotlight*. You tell as much as anybody needs to know in order to seek out the film, but not so much as to spoil the experience of watching it.

I'm still deciding whether to spend money on a Blu-ray of *Deadpool*. You make a good case for it. On the other hand, yours is one of the few favourable reviews I've seen of *Hail! Caesar!*

I didn't find that *Ex Machina* 'dragged'. I don't have much time for movies based on physical action, and tend to forget such movies 24 hours after watching them. I keep hoping for the occasional movie with intellectual action, and

Ex_Machina is certainly one of them. Also, it concentrates on three very powerful characters. Who is manipulating whom, and why? And to what outcome?

**Eric Lindsay:
KINGDOM OF THE BLAND**

Our interests are so diverse that I find all the detail in column 1 of your page 1 incomprehensible. I was going to say that I have never written a web page, but I remember that, thanks to Jean, Elaine and I have written pages for the Gillespie & Cochrane Pty Ltd web site. (We really must update them soon.)

It was great to catch up with you and Jean on the Friday night of your visit to Melbourne. I suspect, however, that I was supposed to deliver you and Jean, and Judith and Joseph, to the Melbourne SF Club afterwards, and haven't been forgiven by at least one person for not having done so. But the four of you were in desperate need of a square meal, and you were both exhausted, and lots of people joined us at Ciao, so there seemed little point going to the Club afterwards.

I haven't heard of New Jones House.

You'll be pleased to know that our local council out in the suburbs seems to have been very effective at eliminating new supplies of stray cats. They don't keep turning up on our door step, the way they did at Collingwood. However, there must be some strays, or else the local Lost Dogs (and cats) Home would not need to stay open.

Thanks for the tips on obtaining an identity card at a price I can afford. A passport renewal costs about \$260.

**Jean Weber:
JEANZINE 2016**

Thanks for the photos; enjoyed as always.

I have not heard of Bruce Byfield. I've also never met Janet Wilson or Fran Skene, although I would have been corresponding with Fran in some way or another over 40 years. Graeme Cameron is still very busy on Facebook, writing his *Amazing Stories* column about famous historic fanzines, and publishing fanzines for eFanzines.com. It's great to know that somebody from 'fanzine fandom' is still actually doing something worthwhile.

Jim Caughran, his wife, and I traipsed around Melbourne together when he visited quite a few years ago. His beard still looks the same as it did then. I met Colin Hinz briefly at Corflu 2005, but I can't remember meeting Catherine Crockett. I haven't seen Alan Rosenthal or Jeanne Bowman (or Janice Murray) since 2005, but still make occasional contact with Alan and Janice through Facebook.

**LynC:
FROM THE LAIR OF THE LYNX 91**

Callie sounds like a true kitten. I hope Baxter and she get along better these days.

I'm jealous that you have a copy of Graham Joyce's *Black Dust*. Not only do I not have a copy of it, but I hadn't even heard of it.

I was a honey addict until 2007. Our local deli stocked supplies of very tasty Yellow Box and Red Gum honeys. After I was diagnosed as having diabetes 2, I stopped buying honey. I also stopped drinking soft drinks, and even gave up cakes for six months. Result: a fairly rapid weight loss of 18 kg. I must have picked up some compensating addictions since, as I've put back on about 7 of those kilos. Much walking does not shake them off. Fortunately, my blood sugar level has remained normal since 2007.

I rely on Vitabrits for my breakfast cereal, dissolved in soy milk. (I can't drink ordinary milk regularly.) Vitabrits don't taste sugary, but maybe I'm fooling myself. Elaine never uses salt in cooking.

I never eat at McDonald's. Aren't all their products made of fat, salt, and sugar?

I didn't even know you wrote a blog. What's the link?

Yes, I know I should have gone to the Victor Hugo *Les Misérables* exhibition. But I rarely get to any other exhibitions in town. When I go into town, I hit the CD shops and bookshops at the top of Bourke Street (Thomas', Play It Again, Hill of Content, and The Paperback), head down to Dymock's in Collins Street, then onto the David Jones Food Hall for the Friday gathering. Or if I go into the inner suburbs, I have my haircut in Collingwood, pick up bags of coffee beans at Jasper in Brunswick Street, Fitzroy, then head into Carlton to hit Readings Books and Records in Lygon Street and sometimes see a movie at the Nova. I escape back to Greensborough as soon as possible. I'm a man of fixed and happy habits.

I did not know about the Pancake Parlour at Melbourne Central. To avoid weight gain, I had better forget its existence.

At Justin's instruction, I'm currently reading the third of Claire North's SF/fantasy novels, *The Sudden Appearance of Hope*. Her first novel, much admired by Claire Brialey, was *The First Fifteen Lives of Harry August*. She's good at book titles. I have one Catherine Webb novel in the collection, *Mirror Dreams*, which I received as a review copy some years ago. I haven't read it yet, but you're welcome to it if you need it to completely your Catherine Webb collection.

I don't know where you got the idea that Corflu was ever an invitation-only convention. However, before the Internet arrived, I suppose you had to be on the mailing list of a fanzine published by someone attending Corflu in order to know about it.

I was also astonished when you said one time that you thought the Nova Mob was exclusionary! The whole idea of the Nova Mob is to make it as easy as possible to attend. Give Julian Warner your email address and get on the monthly internet round-robin alert. Because we need to pay for our meeting place, everybody who attends each meeting is asked to put in \$5. The meetings are on the first Wednesday of the month, 8 p.m., at the Kathleen Syme Library in Faraday Street, Carlton, very close to the Swanston Street tram turnaround, every month except January and December (when it is replaced by the Nova Mob dinner). Discussion topics can only be described as various, but we usually do try to get some particular person to talk about a particular topic.

I've never seen *Paint Your Wagon*. I wonder if it's around on Blu-ray.

I can't use all the photos people send me, if they don't fit the layout of the front page. Also, if I use coloured paper, I can print on only one side of each sheet.

In the early 1950s my father bought a set of 78 rpm records of Orson Welles reading *The Happy Prince*. He played us the whole story ... once. We were all so stricken by grief by the ending that my dad never played it again. I did hear the Orson Welles performance a few years later when it was broadcast by the ABC, and I was just as stricken by grief. Maybe nothing is sadder than extreme self-sacrifice. 'Swallow, little swallow...' Sob!

However, listening to *The Happy Prince* made me a lifelong fan of the voice of Orson Welles (much as listening to *The Small One* made me a fan of Bing Crosby's speaking voice). When I discovered film culture in 1965, I discovered that Orson Welles is the greatest film director.

Gary Mason: CRASH OF THE HARD DISK 23

John Davies has given me a copy of the *The Quatermass Collection*, a Blu-ray set of the 1950s TV serials. I did not know about *The Adromeda Anthology*.

Yes, colour graphics take forever to print, unless you reduce the resolution of the images. But if you did that, what would be the point of running colour photos?

I still haven't seen *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*, but most people say it is merely a re-tread of the original *Star Wars* movie.

I'd forgotten about Alison Carriage trying to solve the mysteries of fanzine numbering in Dennis Stocks' fanzines at the Australian National Library. I can't find any evidence that I made contact with her personally, and I don't seem to have her email address. I have bookmarked the link to her blog.

I endorse what you say about the contents of apazines. The problem has arisen as the Melbourne SF Club has packed up its fanzine collec-

tion and sent it to the Monash Rare Books Collection. We had to go through every box of fanzines to remove any apazines. Most of the apazines come from the Bill Wright Collection.

Your Internet saga matches the difficulties we have had with Telstra after it took over our server, Pacific/Pacnet. Elaine spent many hours on the phone trying to get Telstra to do things properly. Their technicians were amazingly helpful, but everything had to be done by phone instead of on site. It's the organisation that stinks. Some problems remain.

Cathy Kerrigan was a Melbourne fan of the 1980s and early 1990s who every now and again would get enthusiastic about organising a convention, but stuffed up any convention in which she was involved. Does anybody except me remember the bizarre Easter convention held in the pavilion at Royal Park Oval? I cannot remember why it was not held in a hotel, but I do remember that hardly anyone turned up. Cathy did host the Nova Mob at her flat for about a year after the Blackfords moved house and could no longer play host to our monthly meetings. In 1991 she tried to organise from *Melbourne* a national Easter convention in *Brisbane*. I didn't attend the convention. All I remember is that the Brisbane organising committee collapsed, and for some reason Cathy did not even get to Brisbane for her own convention. This was the convention that, for the first and only time, asked Ditmar voters not only to choose the items for the ballot short list, but also to choose the categories. At a fannish party I attended, it was decided to organise Best Fannish Cat to be one of those categories. This happened.

The newly muscle-flexing Western Australian fandom, whose members seemed determined to win every Ditmar Award, became deeply hurt by the insult to the dignity of the awards. (This notion of Deep Hurt deeply amused Melbourne fans.) Worse still, Mark Loney, the organiser of the Ditmar trophies and banquet, had decided to award, on April Fool's Day, the first day of the convention, models of cane toads to Ditmar winners instead of the standard trophies. He aimed to present the cane toads, say 'Big April fool!' to the winners, then present the real trophies. However, a few days before the convention, Mark's brother died in Perth, and Mark was unable to attend the convention. Worse, the real trophies were held up for several weeks by the manufacturer. So when various fans returned from Brisbane after Easter, they brought with them cane toad Ditmars, including two for me. Only some months later did we receive our real trophies. I have kept both my cane toad Ditmars and the real Ditmar trophies.

Cathy Kerrigan disappeared from sight after that convention. Someone said she had moved to Brisbane; somebody else said she had moved to Britain. I haven't seen her since.

The first page of *The Satanic Verses* is difficult to read, I agree, but I did buy it in order to read it. But not quite yet. I would prefer to re-read *Midnight's Children*, after having seen the movie last year.

My favourite font is Baskerville. That goes back to the days when I typeset every Norstrilia Press book with it using the IBM Electronic Composer, the golfball-component typesetting machine. I still use Baskerville for *SF Commentary*. I also like using Bookman, as you see here in **brg**, and Palatino (Book Antiqua in the Microsoft font set). Bembo is another great favourite, but it looks very spidery on the page in any size under 10 pt. Ditto for Elektra, which is a very good book face at, say, 12 on 15 pt.

'Baby boomers' are the bell curve of increased births, the hiccup in the snake's belly of normal population increase, that began in 1946 and continued until the mid 1950s. 'Why did the population increase so rapidly after the War?' asked my 1963 Economics teacher of our class. 'Because the men came back!' said one wag from the back of the class. Our teacher actually blushed. (This was 1963, after all.)

I retain one vivid image of the 'baby boom': my first day at school, February 1953. A vast sea of beginners covered the playground of Oakleigh State School, more than 300 of them. About 100 were put in one room, as the beginners' class (the Bubs, as we called them). The rest were divided into several Grade Ones of 50 or more kids. I was already nearly six years old, so I was put in Miss Risk's Grade 1, and didn't have to endure Bubs. About 100 children were sent away from the school with their mothers and told to come back in July.

Thanks for the reminder of the exact meaning of 'faceless men'. This phrase was first used by the *Sun* before the 1966 federal election. Calwell and his deputy (Gough Whitlam?) were shown sitting on a bench beside a shut door: the door to the ALP Executive. Harold Holt won that election because LBJ came out from America to campaign for his pro-Vietnam War buddy, but the 'faceless men' image convinced many people that the ALP could never be re-elected to government.

I'm change resistant because I can't afford any of the changes that other people want me to make.

Thanks for the photo of Monty Wedd. The only time I saw him in person was during the Comic Book Writers Panel at Syncon 1 in 1970. I had not heard of his death until you wrote about it here.

I seem to remember that John Ryan was described as a 'panelologist' several times during the publicity he undertook when *Panel By Panel* was published.

Thanks for reminding me of Richard Kyle. When I entered fandom in 1968 he was regarded as the Leland Sapiro of comics fandom, i.e. the fanzine publisher who published all the serious and academic articles about comics.

Thanks for your report on the visit from your

Canadian family. I also saw some lively photos on Facebook. I would never again visit Adelaide at the height of summer. I did once: New Year's weekend 1976: the second Adelaide convention to be held in the hills. The last day of the convention it had been 106°F during the day, and did not cool down at night. Most of us tried to sleep on the grass outside the huts. Fortunately the cool change arrived the next day, and I enjoyed staying a few days with Paul Anderson and his parents.

Jeanne Mealy: LAND OF 10,000 LOONS

Thanks for your news update. You should slow down and return to producing those long *Loons* you used to write.

Downtown emptiness in American cities had well and truly begun when I visited USA in 1973. The suburban shopping malls had already taken over in St Louis and Indianapolis, two cities I visited where hardly any people were around, even in the middle of the day. New York City streets, however, was always busy and exciting.

Thanks for the 'Atmosphere' artwork.

John Newman: LIFE ON EARTH

Surely you need to be worried about your throat. I hope you've had it fully examined since April.

I've not been impressed by the few Alastair Reynolds novels I've read: some rat-a-tat ideas in the first half, following by nothing but long chase sequences. Also, I've long since stopped receiving Reynolds novels to review, so it's unlikely I'll ever read *Blue Remembered Earth*.

As I've said above to Gary, I'm change resistant, because many changes are forced on me for the benefit of the people making the changes, and not for my benefit. I might make some changes, such as buying a smartphone, if I thought that any of the smartphone smarties would help me work out how to operate it.

Thanks for the reminder of the recent death of Ross Hannaford, regarded by many in the Australian music industry as our best guitarist. However, his first solo album, *Hanna*, appeared only a few weeks before his death. His friends put together a benefit concert to raise money to pay his medical expenses during his last few months. He was well loved, but not by everybody. Alex, who used to run The Last Record Store in Collingwood until ten years ago, told me that booking Ross for an in-store concert was a nightmare. He was completely unreliable; nobody who booked him would ever know whether he would turn up or not.

I enjoyed that photo of the pattern made by the log stumps. How did you or Ben manage to move them into position?

**Roman Orszanski:
SPARROWGRASS & BOTTLE-TWIGS 41**

Yes, Ricky Muir proved to be quite a surprise as a Senator, didn't he? But I still think the preferences deal that gained him a seat with 0.5 per cent of the vote was illegitimate. Seats in the Senate should be distributed strictly according to the preferences of the voters.

It's unlikely I will ever attend WomAdelaide. I haven't heard of the performers you mention, but I will look out for CDs by Hazmat Modine.

I keep waiting for a CD by All Our Exes Live in Texas. They've recorded brilliant songs, which Lindy Burns has played on ABC Local Radio, but those tracks seem to be merely downloadable one-offs. The lead vocalist of the group is magnificent.

I've already bought Kev Carnody's four-CD set *Reflections and Recollections...*

And I'm a long-time fan of Calexico and Lady-smith Black Mbaso. I know of the Violent Femmes, but have never bought any of their CDs.

The Weatherill Government doesn't sound like any Labor government I would ever vote for. Surely quite a few seats are likely to turn to the Greens or the Xenophon Party in the next state election?

I'll look out for *The Daughter* on DVD. I had no opportunity to see it when it was showing at the Nova. It gained favourable reviews in the Melbourne press.

It's good that you met Jukka, because I didn't. I couldn't attend the Nova Mob to which he attended, and then he was whisked away by Julian and Lucy, and seen no more by mortal fans. He was in Melbourne only three days. I might get to meet him if I win Tattslotto and can attend the Worldcon in Helsinki.

I told a lie on that list. I was not reading the two Strugatsky Brothers books for the first time. I was reading *for the first time* the new translations of the *Hard to Be a God* and *Roadside Picnic*.

You might well not like the Russian film of *Hard to Be a God*. I lasted nearly an hour before I gave up watching it. I suspect the novel actually needs the Hollywood treatment, not the ultra-muddy Russian treatment.

Thanks for your own list of first-time-seen notable films. I enjoyed *The Dressmaker* very much, but haven't seen the others.

**Cath Orttlieb:
YOU REALLY KNOW YOU'RE HOME WHEN
YOU FIND A WOMBAT IN YOUR BED 163**

Not much I can say about your Continuum 11 convention notes, especially as I attended almost none of the program items. Thanks for your effort at both note-taking and writing up the notes, but I'd much rather a few pages about Life With Cath.

**Lucy Schmeidler:
OZ SF FAN**

Please see my note to you at the beginning of these Mailing Comments. As I say there, I'm amazed at the number of Australian SF and fantasy books you are able to purchase and read.

Thank you very much for your memories of Dave Hartwell. I agree with everything you say, especially 'Always hold the handrail'. The accident that killed Dave could so easily have happened to me or anybody else in ANZAPA.

You may be the only person who has said the obvious — losing Dave Hartwell as a leading editor at Tor is a challenge to the continued publication of quality SF titles by major US publishers.

Thanks for your account of the New York snow-storm.

I don't become bored with eating salads for lunch. We always have a salad for lunch when we're home (which is most days). We have lettuce, capsicum, cucumber, tomato (for me; Elaine is allergic to fresh tomato), plus a Protein of the Day — sardines, canned salmon, ricotta cheese, or poached eggs/ omelette.

I try to walk as much as possible to keep my leg muscles operating. Besides, I get very restless after pounding a computer keyboard for a few hours. The best way to cure the restlessness (and clear my head) is to go for another walk.

Best wishes for a full health recovery.

Thanks for printing your poem 'The World Beyond My Window'. I feel much the same way, but I try to keep up with the news anyway.

**Gerald Smith:
THYME AND THYDE**

Thanks for your guide to your travels through Parramatta. The only problem with your article is that the detail in the map is very fuzzy, so I can't follow your journey exactly.

As in Sydney, Melbourne companies should be leaving the CBD and setting up their headquarters in major outer suburbs, if only to alter the overall destructive pattern of commuter traffic. Here in Greensborough, several storeys of offices are being built on top of the new Watermarc swimming complex. Quite a few of the offices will be set aside for the HQ for Banyule City Council, but I suspect there will also be room to house a few state government departments. People who might work in Greensborough in the future will be able to stroll down to the Plenty River path at lunchtime, or wander around several nearby parks — or even take a lunchtime swim at Watermarc.

Parramatta is not a place I've ever thought about much, except as Historic Artifact. I hope your tour guide volunteer emphasised the exploits of Elizabeth Macarthur, who kept the farm going for quite a few years while her husband

was cavorting around Britain and Europe. (Officially, he was 'in exile'.)

When you visit Melbourne next Christmas, all you need to do is ring or email us and Elaine and I will join you for a meal somewhere around Melbourne (provided we can reach the place by public transport). Better still, call on all your old fannish friends from Melbourne, and we'll do an equivalent of the 'Roger Weddall meals' of the 1980s.

I haven't seen anyone riding a hoverboard. There are plenty of thin youths in baseball caps riding skateboards around Greensborough, but not a hoverboard in sight.

Henry Fonda might not have been quite Pierre in the 1950s version of *War and Peace*, but Audrey Hepburn will always be Natasha to me. I agree that the full-length Russian version, about eight hours on DVD, is a much better rendition of the novel. Its section on the burning of Moscow is much more detailed than the account in Tolstoy's novel.

Your roll call of performers who've died this year is all the more melancholy because there is an even longer list of major sixties and seventies star musicians who are now travelling through their seventies and into their eighties and making better music than ever: Eric Clapton, Willie Nelson (85), Kris Kristofferson, Harry Dean Stanton (who recently made his first country CD at the age of 79), Neil Young, Mavis Straples (76), Jerry Lee Lewis, Bob Dylan (just turned 75), Judy Collins (singing better than ever), and Richard Thompson. I'm sure they all expected David Bowie to be still making CDs into his eighties.

I still had my Vanguard No 6 stapler until a few years ago, but it went bung about the time I ran out of staples.

Elaine and I did some great touristy things when we visited Adelaide in 1980. We haven't been back, but I would love to visit the Southern Vales wine district again, as well as the Barossa Valley. We did get to Victor Harbour in 1980, but still haven't been to Kangaroo Island.

Spike: THE UNFORTUNATE RHINOS

No wild animals afflict me when writing an ANZAPA contribution. However, Harry does like to purr at my feet. If he really wants attention, he jumps onto my desk, and I lift him off as gently as possible. Harry is a very un-wild animal.

An Angel at My Table is a magnificent film, especially as the three actors who play Janet Frame (as child, teenager, and woman) resemble other, resemble Janet Frame, and act very well. I have been a fan of her work since I heard *Owls Do Cry* reviewed on ABC Radio's 'The Critics' program during the 1960s, when it was first published. I bought a copy in the early 1970s. About the same time I found copies of several of the American

hardback first editions of her later novels, at \$1 each, in Collins Bargain Basement. (They were deletions imported by Collins from American booksellers.) In 1976, when I visited Adelaide for the second time, I found the rest of her American hardbacks, again on a bargain table, at Mary Martin Bookshop. As later books emerged, I bought them. I might now have all her books. Needless to say, Janet Frame's three-volume autobiography (*An Angel at My Table*, *To the Island*, and *The Envoy from Mirror City*) is one my favourite autobiographies. My favourite Janet Frame books include *Owls Do Cry*, *Faces in the Water*, and *Living in the Maniototo*, her book of poems (*The Pocket Mirror*), and her short-story volume, *You Are Now Entering the Human Heart*, which includes 'Snowman! Snowman!', one of the world's great short stories. Janet Frame should have been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

I've never heard of Leonard Richardson's *Constellation Games*, and although you say you liked it, your description doesn't make it sound interesting to me. The great strength of Potlatch has been its ability to gather 100 people or more to talk about one book that has enough classic status to warrant a weekend's discussion, e.g. Philip Dick's *A Scanner Darkly* and George R. Stewart's *Earth Abides*. I can't see much purpose in devoting a whole convention to a very recent book — but you do say that Potlatch has now been reduced to a one-day seminar rather than a proper convention.

The main reason why I would like to visit Warrnambool a bit more often than once every 60 years (my current strike rate) is that two of my best friends, David Russell and Stephen Campbell, live there. Stephen's mother also lives there, but I haven't seen her since the early 1980s. Warrnambool is proving to be quite a tourist town. David has told me the real story behind the movie *Oddball*, which is based on the exploits of a wild man from the area. The only trouble with *Oddball* is that it gives the impression that the Twelve Apostles rocks are next door, whereas they are 30 km away.

Bosch, Season 1, was released on DVD here the day after the series finished on TV. Season 2 is running at the moment. I hope the DVDs follow soon after.

I knew nothing about Alfred Buckham. Thanks for the information.

Alan Stewart: YTTERBIUM 111

Thanks for giving me some information about Derrick Watson. I haven't been able to lure him into saying anything much about himself on Facebook. He seems to know about Melbourne fandom, but he certainly doesn't attend conventions these days.

I bought last year Sherlock, the huge Otto

Penzler anthology of other writers' stories about Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson. Very tempting stuff, but it's typeset to look like the pages of a pulp magazine (about 1000 words to the page), so it is at least 400,000 words long.

If ever you want to sell me your six-volume Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, don't hesitate. Elaine has an old complete edition, but the typeface is forbiddingly small, and the many footnotes are almost impossible to read.

I still haven't published Roger Weddall's DUFF report from 1992. Sometime, sometime. However, thanks to you (and Donna) I now have some decent photos to illustrate it.

You can store *Treasure* any way you want. Yes, it's a genzine, in that it went to about 60 people other than members of ANZAPA, but it's also an apazine, since it wouldn't exist without ANZAPA. If you want to store each copy in the appropriate ANZAPA mailing, do so, and I can give you extra copies for your genzine collection.

The only two items from your lists I've seen are LynC's *Nil By Mouth* and the movie *The Railway Man* (yet another wonderful performance by the great Colin Firth).

Sally Yeoland: LES CHATTES PARTIES 143

Robin Johnson seems to be recovering well from his triple bypass operation, but he did have to stay in hospital a week longer than expected. I visited him once when he was in Cabrini, and have seen him since several times since in Melbourne.

It's not good to hear that John suffers from falls inside his own flat.

Nothing excites me like a scrumptious list, as you know, but I find it hard to exchange lists with you and John about my favourite pieces of music without undertaking a week's trawling through the shelves. I don't have time to do this. Most of my 'favourite pieces' are tied in my mind to 'favourite performances'. An exception is **Beethoven's Symphony No 3 ('Eroica')**. Because there is no ideal way to play this symphony, every performance varies from the others, sometimes radically. In most performances, the symphony is ill balanced. The two dramatic, revolutionary movements are the first two, while the last movements seem to feature music that is relatively light and merry. The last movement is based on tunes that Beethoven used at least twice more, as in his suite *The Creatures of Prometheus*. Only a handful of great conductors have found a way to balance the symphony to give as much weight to the last two movements as they do to the first two. From this point of view, the greatest version I've heard is that performed by Bruno Walter and the Symphony of the Air at Carnegie Hall on 3 February 1957 'in memory of Arturo Toscanini'. The fi is not very hi, but the intensity

of the performance is unmatched. Another astonishing performance, which I've heard only recently, is by Leonard Bernstein and the Vienna Philharmonic (1978). It has turned up in *The Leonard Bernstein Collection: Volume One* boxed set. Now I need to go back to the other great recordings by Karajan, Böhm, Gardner, and Harnoncourt to rediscover how they treat the last two movements of the Third.

My other favourite piece of all time is **Mozart's The Magic Flute**. I must have owned about 20 different versions over the last forty years. None is perfect, but each is enthralling.

Here are a few of my favourite versions of my favourite pieces:

- **Beethoven's Missa Solemnis** (Otto Klemperer cond. New Philharmonia Orchestra) (1966)
- **Haydn's The Seasons** (Herbert von Karajan cond. Berlin Philharmonic) (1973)
- **Bach's B Minor Mass** (Eugen Jochum cond. Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra) (1980)
- **Mahler's Song of the Earth** (Bruno Walter cond. Vienna Philharmonic; Kathleen Ferrier: contralto) (1952)
- **Mahler's Symphony No 3** (Maurice Abravanel cond. Utah Symphony Orchestra) (1969)
- **Beethoven's Symphony No 7** (Nikolaus Harnoncourt cond. Chamber Orchestra of Europe) (1990)
- **Schubert's Winterreise** (Hans Hotter: baritone/ Gerald Moore: piano) (1954)
- **Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique** (Colin Davis cond. London Symphony Orchestra) (1963)
- **Berlioz' The Damnation of Faust** (Sir Georg Solti cond. Chicago Symphony Orchestra and Chorus) (1982)
- **Gluck's Orfeo ed Euridice** (Charles Bruck cond. Netherlands Opera Orchestra and Chorus; Kathleen Ferrier: contralto) (1951) plus many others I've thought of overnight.

I've never heard any music by Holmboe, possibly because neither ABC Classic FM nor 3MBS seems to have heard of him. On the other hand, because of stray performances on 3MBS and the ABC, I've discovered the music of Hummel, Allain Pettersson, Pieterin Vasks, Alan Hovhaness, John Field, and Arvo Part.

Paul Stevens has been in Perth for many years. People used to see him if they went into Myer to shop, but he dropped out of Perth fandom completely. He made a brief appearance on Facebook, but didn't seem to want to talk to any of his old friends.

You used to be the most omnivorous reader of thick novels I knew. I hadn't realised that you had changed reading patterns radically.

Happy 42nd Wedding Anniversary! Elaine and I are coming up to our thirty-eighth next March.

— **Bruce Gillespie, 12 June 2016**