

THE ECHO BEACH QUARTERLY

TWELVE

Produced by Marc Ortlieb of 70  
Hamblynn Rd Elizabeth Downs S.A.  
5113 AUSTRALIA for FAPA. A MAO'S  
TRAP PRESS PRODUCTION. Electro-  
stencils courtesy of Allan Bray.  
First stencil typed 7/12/80.  
This fanzine supports AUSTRALIA  
IN '83. Record playing is Warren  
Zevon's BAD LUCK STREAK IN  
DANCING SCHOOL.

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LITTLE HOUSE I USED TO LIVE IN - Part Two

Well, it's that time of year again, and, in response to my wonderlust, I'm on the move. The Education Department decided that our school had six point five too many teachers, and so decided to relocate them to other schools not so fortunate. I volunteered to go. Five years in the same school is more than enough for me, especially when it's a school which persistently confuses me for a Social Studies' teacher. Besides, having lived in the same house for two and three quarter years, I was getting bored.

However, I feel I owe the place a polite mention, since it has sheltered me for two and three quarters years of my most active fanac, so here goes.

8 Melanto Avenue Camden Park started off as a group house. I had been sharing a place with Rob Lock and my brother Chris, and three cats, but when Rob wanted his freemate Stef to move in with four more cats we realised that we were going to have to find somewhere with a little more room. The place we finally settled on was 8 Melanto, which is a three and a half bedroom house, with two kitchens, and two bathrooms, though one of the bathrooms was boarded up and used as a storage room for excess furniture, that furniture that didn't get given to the Salvation Army. One bedroom was in the form of a granny flat that had been tacked onto the rear end of the house, though tacked on is probably the wrong term, as it suggests a permanence that the granny flat never seemed to possess.

To get from the flat to the rest of the house required unlocking the flat door and the back door of the house, which made rushed visits to the loo a little difficult, however, since Rob and Stef wanted an area to themselves, they and five of the cats, Suzie, Bambi, Sambo, Sabba and Bounce took it over. (The sleepout was the largest of the bedrooms.)

Chris, with cat Roxie, had the second largest of the bedrooms, and Mac and I got the smallest bedroom, but also the half bedroom which became library and printery. (Actually the use of the half bedroom was limited, because it was only separated from Rob & Stef's sleepout by a thin wall of caneite, and a layer of bookshelves. Were I voyeuristically inclined, the holes in the caneite would have been a godsend. However, since I'm not, I tended to use the printery during the daytime, and not too early on a Saturday or Sunday morning.)

In addition to personal rooms, the house has a kitchen/dining room and a small lounge. However, as far as luxury living goes, the place isn't that crash hot. Take, for instance, the tiling in the laundry. Now, anyone with anysense tends to make sure the floor is level before putting down tiles. Not so the original owner of the house. Several visitors declared a distinct feeling of seasickness upon looking at the floor. The fact that the tiles were from about seven different batches of tile patterns, either remaindered or "salvaged" didn't help the effect much. Neither did the poor quality of the tile cement used in laying the things in the first place. Vacuuming the laundry floor was right out, as the tiles tended to lift and jam the vacuum cleaner hose.

As for the walls, well, the less said the better. I can't understand the sort of mentality that has a wall length mirror in the kitchen. Any decent god fearing pervert would have mounted it on the bedroom ceiling. The paint was of assorted batches, and probably fell off the same truck as the tiles and wall paper which adorned the laundry. (The similarity between the peeling paint and the peeling wall paper was not, however, the original decorators' fault. Sambo was in the habit of complaining about late feeds by clawing the walls.)

Anyway, late in 1978, things got rather confused. Rob and Stef went to England for a two month holiday, leaving Chris and I to take care of the cats. I went to Syncon '78, supposedly for a weekend. I stayed for a week, leaving Chris to feed seven cats. I returned with Linda Smith. Five persons and seven cats didn't really fit.

Rob and Stef found a place of their own, and, since Bast abhors a cat vacuum, Linda got Minnie, bringing the household to three cats and three humans, a reasonable ratio. Chris took over the sleepout, and Linda and I annexed his bedroom, using our bedroom as a study. The plumbing backed up, and remained that way until the landlord finally coaxed one of his cousins to come in and fix it. Chris took to burning vast quantities of insense.

During this time, the I Ortlieb/Smith fan hotel started doing reasonable business, receiving the stamp of approval from Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury, and acting as a halfway house for assorted Western Australians travelling to conventions in the Eastern States. Chris finally got fed up of the basic grottness enjoyed by Linda and me, and found a flat. Linda and I now had a study each. We were down to two cats, and a huge number of plants which Linda took to growing. Other visitors included Richard Faulder, Geoff Jagoe, Andrew Brown, Peter Bismire, and Linda's brother and his wife.

Finally Linda and I decided on an amicable separation, leaving me in possession of the house. (Linda and Darryl moved into the flat next door to my brother's.) One person, one cat, and three and a half bedrooms. Needless to say, I have spread to my heart's delight. The Roneo lives in the sleepout, along with the baby letterpress which I'll set up RSN. The library houses books, magazines, games, and cockroaches, though not too many of the latter. The study houses the typewriter, fanzines, apas, and vast quantities of rubbish. The bedroom has wall to wall clothing, contoured by the bed and two chests of drawers which I'm sure are under the clothes somewhere. Also mingled in with the clothes is the occasional fanzine (Much like an occasional table, only smaller.) Those fanzines I keep in the bedroom tend to be the ~~best ones~~ recent ones, so if you haven't received a LoC from me recently...

The lounge and kitchen tend to act as extensions of the library, study, printery and bedroom. Thus one is likely to find half collated fanzines on the kitchen table, staplers in the lounge, and books and magazines anywhere. I guess this style of living doesn't do much for my chances of enticing gorgeous nubile ladies in to see my etchings. Indeed, I got a lift home from the ballet the other night with a member of the staff on which I teach at present. She took one look at the place, and ran screaming out the door. I wonder what the neighbours thought. (I've probably spoken to one or two of them once or twice in my two and three quarter years.)

Of course, the part I haven't mentioned so far is the back garden. There is a reason for this, that being that I haven't seen said thing for a few months. Oh sure, I have to wonder out there every now and then to hang out the washing, but when I do so, I take a machete and three native bearers. It was during a recent expedition that I happened to overhear a couple of my back fence neighbours talking, I guess to a couple of their visitors. They were describing the inhabitant of the jungle over the fence as a "Wild Man Of Borneo." I was most offended. After all, having spent ten dollars getting my hair above the level of my collar, and then umpteen dollars on razor blades and shaving cream, it's rather unsettling to find that the change has gone unnoticed.

They also mentioned a letter to the council, concerning the state of my garden. None of their bloody business I would have thought, but there was a note in my letter box the other day asking me to contact the council, so I guess they think that something should be done. It's a good thing I'm moving out in about a month's time.

Of course, that leaves a couple of problems, like what I should do with the car which I bought from Stef, but which broke down before I learnt to drive it, and what I should do with Queenie, the red back spider who lives in my bedroom window. However, I'm sure I'll come up with something. I'll also need to find a new place with a reasonable amount of room if I want to maintain my publishing empire and provide the standard Ortlieb accomodation and service during Advention next year. All in all it looks as though I'm in for a busy summer holidays.

MAILING COMMENTS - FAPA 173

BRUCE PELZ Repeat after me " I before E except after C when the sound is Ortlieb." (I note that you covered your bets by spelling it both ways in the contents' list. However, our ST is still having a little difficulty.) (( Note to Jack Speer, when the Secretary/Treasurer is two people should I be using a singular or plural verb?))

ARTHUR HLAVATY Sorry, but few of your feelthy science fiction books really impressed me. You occasionally display that lack of subtly that annoys me in American humour. The classic case of this, of course, is on the American live Monty Python album - the Travel Agent Sketch. In the original, there was a dialogue that ran roughly as follows -

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST - Would you like to come upstairs?  
 CUSTOMER - Sorry?  
 FEMALE RECEPTIONIST - I said, 'Would you like to come upstairs?'  
 CUSTOMER - I'm sorry. I'm here about a holiday.  
 FEMALE RECEPTIONIST - Oh! We'll you'll want to see our Mr Bounder.

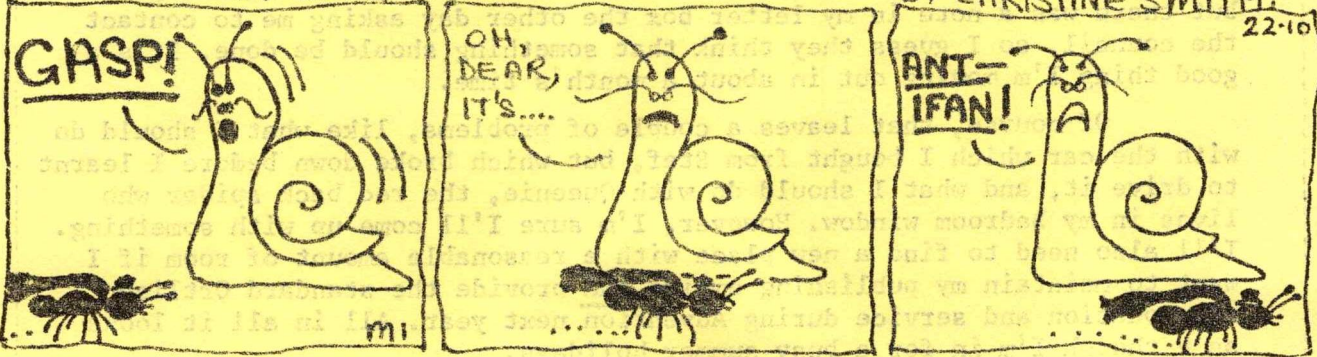
Subtle, but the message gets across. However, in the American performance these lines became -

FEMALE RECEPTIONIST - Would you like a tour or a blow job.

However, having registered my basic disapproval, allow me to say that I did enjoy THE OPHUCIT HOTLINE. ( The Sin Dick reminded me of an Australian slang habit whick I've only recently cottoned onto. There's a guy on the Morphett Vale High staff called Andrew Sincock, who rejoices on the nickname Evil. Eventually another member of the staff took pity on my Pommy ignorance and explained. Sincock = Evil Dick = Evil. Thus it no longer surprises me when I hear that a gentleman known to his friends as Brittle is, in reality named Glasscock.)

PIPSQUEAK.

BY CHRISTINE SMITH. 22-10



COVERT DRUG REFERENCES IN "MY FAVOURITE MARTIAN"- 1

Martin has just reduced a wine glass to a fine white powder preparatory to reconstituting it as a facsimile of a famous diamond

MARTIN - Do you know what that is?

TIM - I never touch the stuff.

BOB PAVLAT Sigh. All that railroad stuff reminds me of innumerable games of RAIL BARON. The Pennsylvania was the one I always want for if I couldn't get the New York Central. Does this mean I've got to change all the names on the board if I want to re-introduce a little historical accuracy to the game?

Britain used to have a wide variety of independent lines, but, as far as I know, Australian lines have tended to be government controlled. Despite this, the assortment of gauges used has been phenomenal. Nowadays everything is owned by the Federal Government, much to the delight of the State Governments who were losing phenomenal sums of money trying to keep the things running.

Pity you don't like rock, as there are a couple of songs which express much the same view of things as you expressed concerning New York. Joni Mitchell's FURRY SINGS THE BLUES is particularly evocative.

I'll second your statements on equalising foreign and local dues. I also dislike the idea of a "black ball" clause. There are easier ways of disposing of unwanted members, provided the officials of FAPA work hard enough. Hmmm, the idea of nominating myself for O.E. of FAPA sounds almost like fun. However I doubt very much that many of you would like to become foreign members. The postage is horrendous.

DAVID JOHNSON Thank muchly for the convention listings. With any luck I might even get to one or two of them. (Advention is a dead cert.) Chicago however is right out unless the lotteries' commission smiles a little more kindly. Congratulations on surviving Noreascon. I sometimes think about moving to Sydney, but have no intention of doing so until after the announcement of the site for the 1983 Worldcon. If it is Sydney, as I certainly hope it will be, I won't move until after the Worldcon. Stupid I may be, but suicidal I'm not. I still enjoy Robin Johnson's little AussieCon tale, in which he was discovered walking down Spencer Street after the con, carrying a briefcase, and being tooted by the tram, upon whose line he was walking.

CHUCK HANSEN Can I resist it? Nope. In Australia, one of the favourite terms for the little room is a dunny. There is also the bog and the loo, both of which I believe are of British origin. However, dunny is, to the best of my knowledge, true blue, and is the origin of the term "She bangs like a dunny door." Australian humour having what is often termed a lavatorial streak, enjoys mention of dunnies, especially if discomfort is involved, thus the hit single REDBACK ON THE TOILET SEAT. (Redbacks find the old cracked wooden seats very similar to the rotten logs in which they often build webs.)

DAVID JOHNSON (again) Interesting. I am called on to wonder about the mortality rate in apas. It seems to me that an apa requires two things for its birth - (1) A sucker to start it and to do the work; and (2) A nucleus of people who want to talk to each other. The death of apas is often associated with these two factors. For instance, APPLESAUCE started because there was a resurgence of interest in fan publishing in Sydney, and too few spaces in ANZAPA. It also required the services of organisers, first Ken Ozanne and Keith Curtis, but then Peter Toluzzi and Jack Herman, and finally Andrew Taubman. It has also managed to maintain a high level of interest, because the people are still talking to each other, and because the O.E.s have maintained their interest and effort.

APES had a similar starting point, in that there were a group of Adelaide publishing fan who were interested in apa work. However, the active members in this case were either members of ANZAPA, or gravitated into ANZAPA, thus leaving ~~ROXELAN~~ APES short on members, despite the efforts of O.E. Allan Bray. Allan passed OEship on to Roman Orszanski who was equally enthusiastic to start with, but by the time he accumulated a few members, APPLESAUCE was going strong, and he found too many other things bidding for his time. Also Adelaide involvement died. Thus Roman passed OEship to Paul Fogden, a fringe fan in the Uni Sf Club, and a novice when it came to apas. The thing died, lacking both interest group and strong leadership.

Of course, such things don't apply to all apas. FAPA continues due to strong interest and a sense of historical necessity. I have a feeling that historical necessity also drives ANZAPA. It's a force to be reckoned with. However, if there isn't a group of people who feel that a particular apa is necessary, then it tends to fizzle. This seems to be the trouble you are having with SPECAPA. Leadership is no use without a devoted band of followers. Perhaps you need to aim for a specific area not already covered in fannish apas. I mean, there are apas for sex fans, and war game fans, and comics fans. Why not find an unexploited niche?

Don't read HITCHHIKERS. I agree. The book is lousey. However, if you get a chance, listen to it. Series one is beautiful, and, though series two isn't quite up to standard, it contains some beautiful lines and characters.

ROY TACKETT Ah. A man after my own heart. Anyone who starts a fanzine by quoting W.C. Fields can't be all bad. I was quite fascinated to discover that Fields even toured Australia. (We don't tend to associate Australia with visiting celebrities, except for royalty, and they're sort of obliged to come in order to check out their real estate once in a while.)

Snow! Sigh. Please send five tonnes in handy one litre containers. The temperature hit 37'C today, and is aiming for 39'C tomorrow. I'm in the process of setting lights for the school production in a gym with a hot tin roof. I'm dreading having to turn some of them on for my technical run through tomorrow. Even the joy of being relieved from classes for a week isn't really compensation for abandoning the inefficient but operational airconditioning of my teaching area. It's now that I really need my sense of humour. Perhaps I should check out the paper for a few Fields' reruns.

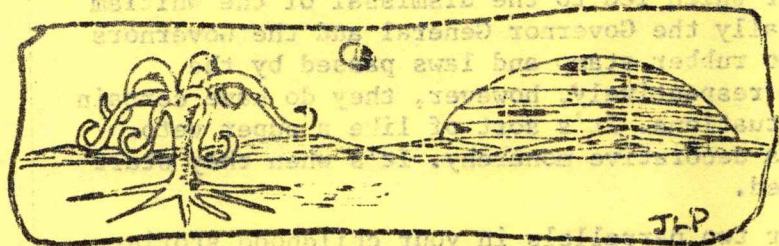
**NIELS DAHLGAARD** Congratulations. I'm still trying to work out whether this is a parody of a genuine bad Scandanavian fanzine, or the genuine article. I will give you the benefit of the doubt, and assume the former.

**SAM MOSKOWITZ** Hmmn. From the ridiculous to the sublime. Unfortunately both leave me in the same condition, i.e. speechless.

**MIKE GLICKSOHN** Now this is more on my level, except that I don't have any green quarto paper with which to indicate my envy. My, what it must be to have so many fannish people so conveniently available. Your experiences with getting the FAANs organised have ruined my opinion of your common sense quotient. I thought that sensible drinking fen didn't get involved in committee type stuff, or am I misreading my screed from the Glicksohn Correspondence School of Fannish thought again?

Hmmn. having heard about muggings and the like at Noreascon, I'm starting to have grave doubts about the wisdom of visiting the states next year. Hell, if it's like that at Worldcons, what's it going to be like in airport terminals?

Getting up at 7-30am? Sluggard! Here in God's Own, we're up typing stupid fanzines at 6-30!



**SETH GOLDBERG** So that's why I have difficulty reading PHOSPHENE! I am, by training a cynic. Mumble. I hold the computer responsible for destroying conversations, mainly mine, as just about everyone I know is in the process of buying them or using them, and the closest I ever get to a computer is swearing at the one that prints my fortnightly cheque.

**HELEN WESSON** Sorry, but Dracula has never really appealed to me. In fact I have set a long tradition of hiding under the seat whenever the scarey bits come on the tv. This also keeps me out of a lot of conversations, except for a self righteous "I don't intend to see ALIEN/SHINING?..... (Write in)"

**HARRY WARNER JR.** I too tend to feel that there is a distinct decline in standards, as far as obeying the law goes, at least, I did feel that way until I got into a discussion with my Drama Senior Master at Morphett Vale. He is a firm diciplinarian, a good teacher, and your pillar of the community type, yet, as a teenager, he did things that would make most of our kids blanch. I'm starting to think that them of us who complain about declining standards led the proverbial sheltered childhood, because I certainly wasn't aware of the type of goings on that Trevor described to me when I was a kid. There's also the fact that more such incidents get

reported to the police, whereas previously they would have been dealt with by stern parents or not discovered at all. Now, we seem more tied to the rule book and official channels, and less capable of dealing efficiently with infringements. However, cries of "Bring back the lash" aren't really in order, because of the complexity of the situation. Maybe corporal punishment of that nature was all well and good when morals and ethics were considered absolute, but now there is a tendency to see such things as dependent on a lot of societal factors.

Your adventures at assorted sales are fascinating. How do you find space for all your finds?

IRWIN HIRSH Though I shouldn't, I can't resist your typo. "I shot of 3 roles of film". Too many movie essays I fear.

FRED LERNER I have a feeling that either Bangsund or Foyster would be happy to enlighten you concerning the role played by the Queen in the dominions, since it was the act of her representative the Governor General Sir John Kerr which led to the dismissal of the Whitlam Government in 1975. Theoretically the Governor General and the Governors appointed to each state act to rubber stamp and laws passed by the Federal and State governments respectively, however, they do have certain other powers in stalemated situations. It's sort of like a super veto. Personally I don't object to a decorative monarchy. It's when they start doing things that I get annoyed.

TARAL WAYNE Definitely one or two parrallels in your childhood stories, though my brother Chris was more the model builder and user in my family. Me I never seemed to be able to get the bits in the right places, and most of my finished efforts were textured with strands of dry glue. (Oh the fumes!) For old times' sake, I bought a Revel kit of the Prinz Eugen, but I doubt very much that I'll get around to putting it together.

GREGG CALKINS If you're looking for nice warm seas reasonably close to some form of civilization, may I suggest Queensland. True you'd have to use a pretty broad definition of civilization, but X if you moored north of Brisbane you'd stand a chance of meeting Leanne Frahm. Hell. I don't even like the thought of putting my soul in hock to buy a car, much less a house, and even more much less a yacht. Best of luck.

GUY H. LILLIAN Human, is South Australia South enough for SFPA? True, we're not the most Southerly of the Australian states, but we certainly beat anything in North America. (It has been suggest however that the afore mentioned Queensland is closer in spirit to the deep South that more temperate states. Indeed, the police of Northern Queensland are often compared to the dreaded SOUTHERN SHERIFF.)

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Well, that's it for this one. Art this issue Page One Richard Faulder; Page Four Christine Smith; Page Seven John Packer.

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\* AUSTRALIA IN '83 \*  
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