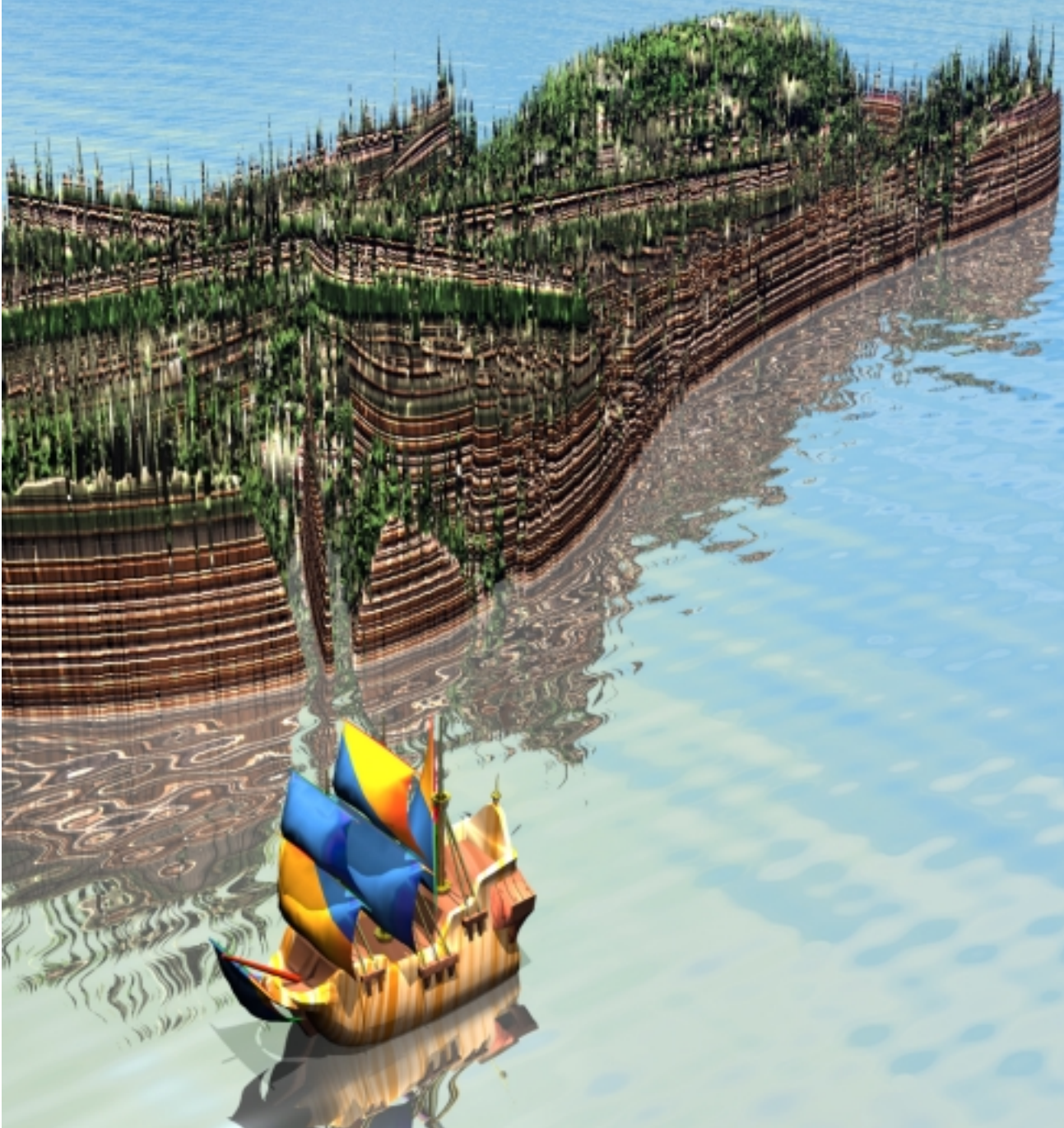


Scratch Pad

No. 30 October 1998



Scratch Pad 30

Based on the non-Mailing Comments section of *brg* No. 22, a magazine written and published by Bruce Gillespie, 59 Keele Street, Victoria 3066, Australia (phone (03) 9419-4797; email: gandc@mira.net) for the October 1998 ANZAPA (Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association) mailing. Cover: 'Island', graphic by Ditmar, using Bryce 3D.

Happy 30th Anniversary to us!
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Happy 30th Anniversary to ANZAPA!
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Did or did not Marc remember that October 1998 is the thirtieth anniversary of the first mailing of ANZAPA? I have a vague recollection that he did, but suggested we hold the anniversary collation party, one year late, at Aussiecon III. But raise a glass on 10 October 1998 as well — to us!

In line with this mood of celebration, I report that things have improved a bit since last issue's Gillespie-Cochrane Report.

Sort of.

Elaine has been suffering headaches regularly for the last six months or so. Extensive tests have revealed little (the default diagnosis is migraine), and tablets prescribed by the local GP have helped slightly. Meanwhile, Elaine has been busy with work on maths/scienc textbooks.

David Lake sent me the money to publish a double issue of *The Metaphysical Review* (No. 26/27). When I finished it, I found I had about 80 extra pages to publish at the same time. I borrowed a lot of money from Elaine to publish No. 28/29, but I've been able to pay back most of that money because of the posthumous kindness of George Turner. Cherry Weiner, his (and now my) American agent sold George's last finished novel, *Down There in Darkness*, to Dave Hartwell at Tor Books. The first payment came through just after I had published the two double issues of *TMR*. Because of the parlous state of the Australian dollar, the payment from New York virtually doubled in value by the time it reached my bank account.

I'm not sure what to do now, except catch up on mailing comments to ANZAPA and Acnestis. I don't have any paying work on the desk at the moment, although various contacts have made vague promises of work to come. I could finish *SF Commentary*, in the hope that I might have some money from somewhere to print and post it. I should prepare the manuscript of *The Best of George Turner's Non-Fiction*, which I had hoped to do last January. Should be fun, although George has left an enormous amount of material to sift through. (Please send me suggestions for Turner articles that must be included in this anthology. Lee Harding and Lucy Sussex have already suggested all or sections

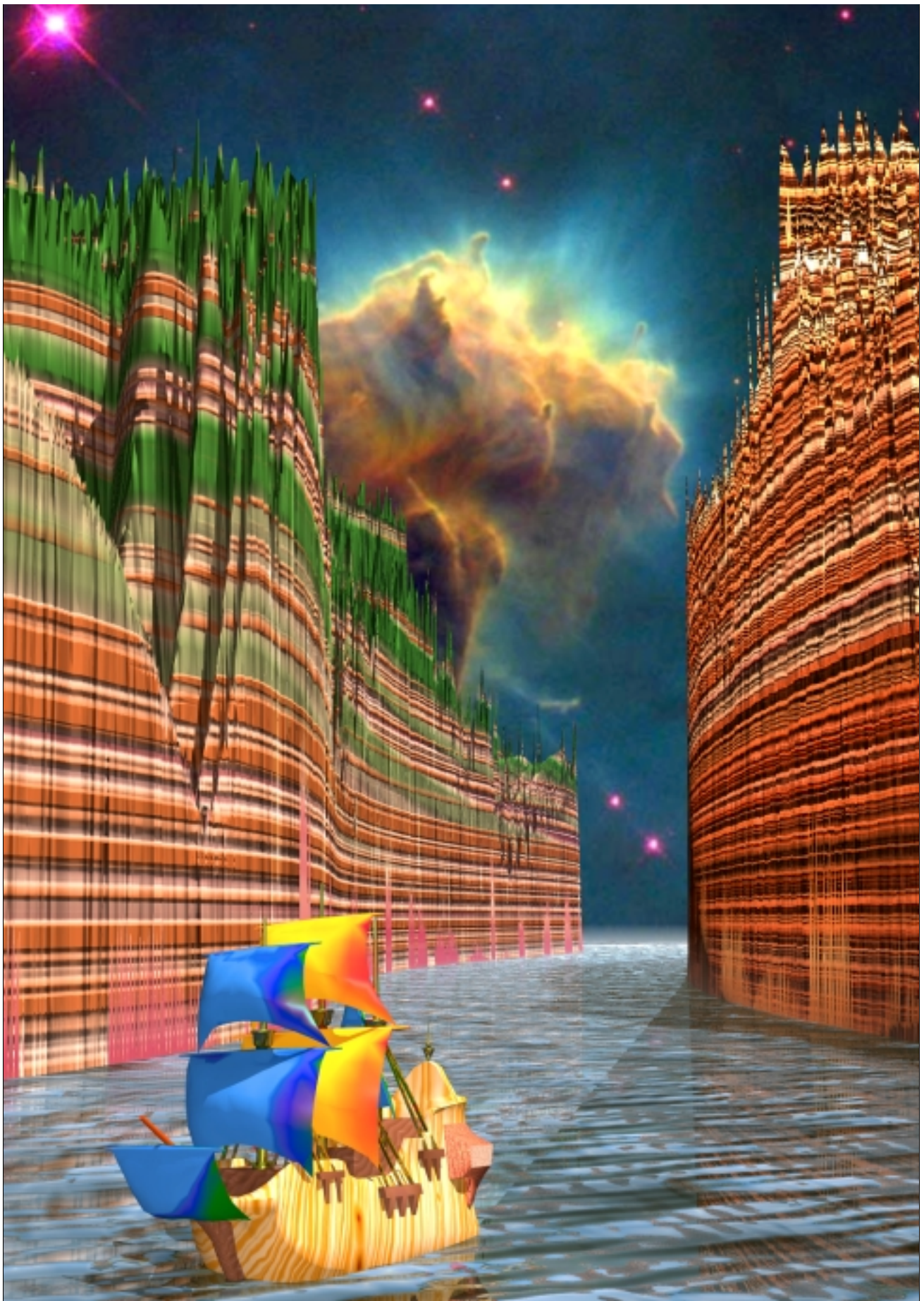
of *Off-Cuts*.) And I should try to rescue the many-years-delayed *Best of SF Commentary* from Liverpool University Press, although I cannot get any response from Robin Bloxside at LUP.

As for other people . . . some are recovering satisfactorily from heart attacks or treatment for cancer, but Ian Gunn is still very ill. *SF* continues to lose its brightest and best. Robert A. W. Lowndes died about a month ago, and on Saturday I heard that Leigh Couch died last week. Best known as the mother of Lesleigh Luttrell, Chris Couch and Mike Couch, she was a very prominent fan in St Louis during the 1960s, but gradually withdrew from fandom during the 1970s. (Her son Mike died in the early eighties, and her husband Norbert not long after.) Leigh, Norbert and Mike put me up in St Louis in 1973; they were wonderful people.

I've been more caught up on the Internet than I had planned, by becoming a subscriber to the Timebinders listserver. (I still don't know the difference between a listserver and a newsgroup, but I like the way Timebinders does things.) It's enabled me to get in touch with people I haven't talked with for many years, made me some new friends, and given me a way of reminding Americans that Norstrilia Press still has Greg Egan's first novel for sale.

But the cost of staying on Timebinders is high: 100 messages a day, an average of an hour and a half to scan and reply to.

Is it worth it? Being part of an electronic apa prompts me to write too much far too quickly, and I was already writing a fair bit here and in Acnestis. Timebinders members include people such as Bill Donaho and Ted White, who tell the scurrilous stories that didn't make it into Harry Warner's fan histories. Timebinders people don't discuss books much, although Denny Lien works in a library and can access the bibliographic knowledge of the entire world in order to answer a one-line query. Timebinders is an addiction: either I keep up or drop out. Lots of valuable correspondents have dropped out; 100 messages a day is just too daunting. I'll stay for the time being.



'Idle Days on the Yann', cover graphic by Ditmar, using Bryce 3D, suggested by a story in Lord Dunsany's 'The Hashish Man'.