





## EASTERCON VIEWS

### III - Catherine Circosta

Friday the 13th: a day one does not dare venture outside one's door if one has any sense at all. But on that fateful day a couple of hundred 'fools' laughed at danger and rushed headlong into EASTERCON. I can't give all the details about this dangerous adventure because, due to family obligations, I couldn't spend as much time as I would have liked at the con.

#### Friday

EASTERCON began with a talk on fandom by John Foyster who, amongst other things, proved to the doubters that Melbourne fans 'do walk on water'. Then A. Bertram Chandler, the GoH, was interviewed by Robin Johnson. More 'heavy' talks were to follow but I don't think I could finish a discussion on that day without mentioning the STAR TREK Trivia Quiz. Christine and Valma held their own against two Trekkies in a very enjoyable panel. The members of the audience had a great time showing their bias towards particular speeches. I must say Valma's ad. about 'Klingon Pantyhose' was brilliant. I'm not going to mention every panel because I wasn't at all of them and I don't feel like writing a twenty-page report. So I give my apologies to anyone I may leave out - but on with the report. Oops. I nearly forgot that, due to the fact that the Good Friday Appeal was being run from around the corner, we managed to be visited by a Womble (who wanted a donation, of course). Friday also saw a slide show of a different nature. It was basically about photography but I, and those around me, found it very enjoyable and interesting.

#### Saturday

The panels were very interesting, but the three that intrigued me the most were firstly, 'SF on TV', where we learnt what kids see as SF due to the kinds of things dished out to them on TV. The most worrying thing was that most criticism (bad plots, etc) was right. Chauvinism (of both kinds) was let loose during the panel on 'Feminism in SF'. This provoked quite a bit of audience response. Generally it was felt that women were poorly portrayed, even by women writers. Personally I feel that many writers are more concerned with getting their ideas across than with creating complete characters, either male or female. However the females usually get even worse treatment than the males. I think that it will be quite a while before we get real people, not portrayed according to supposed sexual characteristics, in any form of literature. Creating a 'real' female at the expense of male characters is not the answer. (I'm not saying that this has happened, but it is a danger.) Nostalgia then took over with a panel moderated by Leigh Edmonds called 'All our yesterdays - A history of Melbourne SF fandom'.

#### Sunday

My bias is showing again (I'm not a fan of heavy talks) but I felt the highlight of the day (night) was the masquerade. The 'acts' were very amusing and the audience had as much fun as the participants. I loved the maneating tribble.

#### Monday

The final day's programme began with 'Academia and the SF community' by Elizabeth Darling, a talk that was both funny and serious. SF is in quite a bit of danger from academics who are 'teaching' (inflicting) SF to (on) kinds. All they're really succeeding in doing is turning

kids off. (My teaching bias is now coming out.)

Probably the most enjoyable times in the con were the fan get-togethers, dinners and joke sessions. These are the real highlights of any con.

I mustn't forget the great job done at the auction by Keith Curtis and Justin Ackroyd. They managed to get quite a bit of money from our wallets.

Overall it was a great time. Thanks Derrick, Christine, Peter, John and all the others for a very enjoyable con.

(The proof of this is that I dragged a friend of mine to two days of the con. Glenda has never really taken much notice of SF but really enjoyed herself. When an 'outsider' can just walk in and enjoy herself it says quite a bit about a con.)

#### IV - Adrienne Losin

The weather over Easter was remarkably good. Sandwiched between two weeks of heavy winter rain, Easter was the summer Melbourne should have had in January. Interstate fans may not understand Melbourne's climate and our reaction to it, but if they lived here appreciation would be swift. The temperature on Tuesday dropped about ten degrees! After careful discussion with various congoers it was concluded that concentrations of Adelaide fans and a dash of Sydney fans had brought good weather as part of their luggage.

The con was well-attended. Most seemed to enjoy themselves. John Foyster's slides and talk were an illuminating introduction. The pace was quick, but not too fast. Perhaps similar talks will be considered by future con organisers. Elizabeth Darling's talks were thought-provoking. She made pertinent points and some of the audience became quite involved, even continuing the discussion with her later.

The panels were received with mixed enthusiasm. The Feminism panel (note representation of both sexes) was one to seriously engage the attention of most of the audience, but left some behind. The scope of this panel had been cut down considerably by the chairlady, Christine Ashby, but still the various threads were diffuse and led to disputes about focus, purpose, ideological stance, definition of Feminism, modes of revolution (literary) and the restrictions imposed by social conditioning and role expectation. The overall impression was that as most science fiction seems to concentrate on male roles, male attitudes and male reactions, it is unbalanced, parochial, and even further from potential reality than most readers would like to believe.

Many, particularly female, writers are utilising female protagonists, though a few of the upcoming non-female writers are also realising the potential of this largely untapped aspect. Definitely a panel to be in future cons.

The trivia quiz turned out a number of people who seemed to know more about STAR TREK than many of the local STAR TREK fans! Films just happen to be an interest of yours, Jack?

Perhaps the only sour note was at the masquerade. Without the



STAR TREK and DR WHO groups the costume parade would have been a failure. Too few bothered to take part. They left it to others. This is a poor reflection on fans. During some of the parading some rather distasteful heckling took place (I don't mean the amusing banter, Marc). The m.c. should have done his little show before the contestants paraded, rather than interrupting. While few would know of the tremendous efforts of the STARTREK and DR WHO fans to get their costumes and acts together, their performances are acknowledged as the best of the evening.

The most pretentious of panels was the Biology and SF one. A marine biologist, a radiographer, a critic, a librarian (and I've missed someone, my apologies) pontificating about sociology and the audience drinking it in. Mind you, this is not a criticism of the panel! Jeff Harris provided comic relief, particularly enlightening us about our similarity to ants and other programmed entities. George Turner's contribution was summed up by Allan Bray rather succinctly: 'What do you call telepathic twins? Psiclone'.

The GUFF slave auction was slow to gather momentum. The quick wits of Keith Curtis, Marc Ortlieb and Peter Toluzzi kept the audience well-amused. Paul Stevens' slide-talk on comics was entertaining and informative.

On Sunday morning the audience had its revenge. Thanks to those nightowls who joined the Easter Klingon's sign-making session. Yes, there was Keith Curtis, still bleary-eyed, trying to stir some life into the somnolent auctiongoers by reading excerpts from some worthy (?) book when up leaps Ben James to lead the attack: 'Now!' En masse the audience raise rating signs: (  $x \in N: -1 < x < 1$  )! Poor Keith! It was all in jest. But back to the auction. I bought a fine 'Dragon' rock executed in meticulous detail by Marilyn Pride.

Many found the hotel staff surprisingly co-operative. For instance, they lost my carkeys. Then, after an incredible and thorough search, AND apologies from the manager, they found the keys. I went down to my car only to see a Mercedes pull out from a three microns orbit. Yes folks, a scrape from stem to stern. Only the centimetre-thick grime saved the paintwork.

The hucksters' room was well attended and well supplied. Space Age Books, the Monash Uni group, Autumn Leaves (secondhand books), Chris Johnston's Portraits While U Wait, mysterious bundles of 'zines etc. from alternative auctioneer David Grigg...

And, first things last - most congoers were too tired Friday night for room parties, though a foyer party of sorts took place. Saturday and Sunday saw a revitalization. Groups stayed up most of the night, if not all night. Well, after travelling from outlandish places such as Perth, Adelaide and Sydney, way outback of Melbourne, it must be admitted that some fans may need a little sleep. Though how a few of these same people managed to wake up for the animated STAR TREK, early morning shopping at the Victoria market and Pancake Parlour brekkies then after the official close of the con to adjourn to other places for private parties ... well, it just shows the fannish determination to have fun.

One SA fan missed two planes because he really didn't want to leave Melbourne's hospitality! And who was the out-of-town Victorian fan who managed a similar stunt with trains?



# tip-toe through the apas

Apa, n., (orig. uncert.) A set of mystical writings compiled by the prophets Obe, Oe and Cm which supposedly contained all the assembled wisdom of fandom.

Appa, n., (Purple's World) Part of the working equipment of the magicians of Purple's World.

(THE NEOFAN'S CATECHISM The Venerable Tukker 42nd revised edition with footnotes by W. B. Tukker XVII)

EASTERCON was one of those cons. Things happened amidst floods of fannish conversation. In one such conversation, John Foyster remarked 'The apa column is fine, but some people aren't quite sure what an apa is.'

I guess that's what I get for writing to a mixed audience. Anyway, now I'll go back to what I should have done in the first place. Leigh Edmonds, Irwin Hirsh, and other multiapans can go on with some quiet personal study while I return to basics.

The one item most eagerly sought by fan publishers is the knowledge that someone out there actually reads the material they write. Fanzine publishers often find that they aren't getting much feedback, and this is rather disheartening. However, apas provide formalised feedback.

An apa is an amateur press association, and such associations have existed far longer than fandom. To the best of my knowledge, the oldest of the science fiction apas is FAPA, about which I'll talk further in a later column. What an apa boils down to is a group of people exchanging fanzines, and commenting on each other's fanzines. There are, however, mechanical details. Most apas have 'minac' requirements. This translates as a certain number of pages which must be run through the apa in a certain period of time. Apas also have a person or persons responsible for the collation and posting of bundles of fanzines collectively referred to as a mailing or distribution\*. This person(s) usually adopts a fancy title like Official Bloody Editor, or Central Mailer. However, let us descend from the heady regions of theory into the sordid cellars of case studies.

ANZAPA, the Australia and New Zealand Amateur Press Association, has a membership limit of thirty. To maintain a position on the membership list, the member must submit six pages of self-written material every six months, and pay a fee of seven dollars per annum. Failure to meet these requirements results in that person being dropped from the membership list, and the next person on the waitinglist being invited to join. The apa runs on a bi-monthly schedule, being distributed in April, June, August, October, December, and February. To contribute to a mailing, the member sends thirty-five copies of her/his fanzine to the Official Bloody Editor (O.B.E.). The O.B.E. takes all the

\*Technically, a mailing if copies are mailed, a distribution if copies are distributed by hand.







# THE SYDNEY SCIENCE FICTION WRITERS' WORKSHOP

(Leanne Frahm)

What motivates others to attend a workshop I can only guess at. In my case, it was a determination to receive an objective criticism of my fiction. I have always been unable to evaluate my own writing, and unable to accept the comments of friends and interested people at face value. The occasional rejection slip when I did find the courage to send something off didn't help. I thought that at a workshop, quite anonymously, I would receive criticism which I could accept as unbiased, and settle the question one way or another.

I had no idea what a workshop would be like, or what we would do at it. I suppose I had hazy visions of this group of quietly-keen intellects engaging in esoteric exchanges of the loftiest kind, overseen by the powerful, brooding intelligences of the Mythical George Turner, of the Even-More-Mythical (because foreign) Terry Carr, while I scuttered round the outside, tongue hanging out, begging the odd word of wisdom to be tossed to me. Well, that wasn't quite the way it was.

I nearly left the first day. Everyone filed into the dining room of the decrepit private hotel which was the venue, sat in a circle, and looked expectantly at George Turner. I looked at everyone else. Oh god, I thought. I'm going to hate this. They were nearly all younger than me, except for those who were much younger. They all appeared to exude a mixture of confidence, diffidence, arrogance and more confidence that, combined with the nonchalance of cheesecloth caftans, ragged jeans and handmade leather sandals, seemed to me to exemplify exactly the way a writer should be. And I knew I didn't look like that!

However, I thought I'd only draw more attention to myself if I ran weeping from the room before George had even opened his mouth, so I sat. He eased into things gently. The stories we had written to gain entry to the workshop were to be read, and a criticism of each prepared. In the following week, we were to write as many stories as we were capable of, including re-writes of criticised stories, each to be read by everyone, and each to be criticised by the group in two sessions daily. This was greeted by blank silence. Everyone sort of felt that eighteen entry stories should last the week easily. Where was the work? No one really realised at this stage that when George Turner says produce, he means produce. So the first session ended on a confident, optimistic note, and in the following evening hours of camaraderie, I was surprised, and relieved, to find that many of the other participants were as uncertain and anxious as I was, sandals and all. I felt a lot better, and decided to stay.

As the days went by, a sense of panic slowly developed as the initial stories were dealt with with increasing rapidity, and it was realised that if we ran out of stories, we would be wasting our time. The earlier feeling of light-heartedness vanished. The trips to the swimming-pool ceased. Typewriters began to sound through the night. Complaints about the food were heard less frequently, as food became more a fuel and less an object of enjoyment (which it never was there anyway). Everywhere the drawn faces and hushed voices proclaimed the fact that it is difficult to write to order. George Turner was seen to smile sardonically on occasion.



The announcement by Terry Carr that he would continue with the same format dimmed the enthusiasm with which his arrival was greeted. More stories. More criticism. We left the normal time-stream - no news, no outside people. Waking hours were divided into time for writing and time for everything else. Somehow it came suddenly, with a shock, to an end, and everyone went home.

What do I think about the workshop, its worth? I'm still trying to sort that out. I do think there were some weaknesses in its structure.

Firstly, a large proportion of the attendees were as inexperienced in literary criticism as I was, so that criticism was of a superficial or repetitive kind at times, at least for the first week until we became more at ease with it. During the second week, another weakness emerged. People were by then so involved with writing that it became a nuisance to keep up with reading the entire output, and criticism became more cursory, as often as not introduced by 'It was pretty late when I read this' or 'I've only had a chance to glance at this...'. I know I was as guilty of this as anyone.

Consequently, I found, and I suspect most of the others did, that the most value came from the criticism of the two leaders, George and Terry. I wonder, then, at the worth of a system of comment from each person on every story, although it could be argued that this forces the commenter to develop powers of criticism which can be applied to his own writing (hopefully) later.

Secondly, I feel that a format which requires the attendees to produce as many stories as possible in a two-week period is a bit rigid. The capability to do this varied tremendously from person to person. It was no trouble to me - I churned 'em out like sausages - but some people were naturally more meticulous, or found the pressure of having to produce inhibiting. This in turn led to a vicious circle for some people in that they began to feel inferior simply because they weren't producing quantity, irrespective of the quality. A fairer way of running such a workshop might be to require attendees to bring five or six stories with them to be worked over.

Some people left the workshop early, for both of the above reasons: they found the criticism of little worth, or they found it too difficult to cope with the intense programme. How to resolve these problems, or even to decide whether they're worth resolving, will be the prerogative of the organisers of the next workshop.

Enough of generalities: what about me?

The opportunity to concentrate on writing for a whole fortnight, to indulge myself with no outside distractions, no timing myself to other people's needs, no sudden household emergencies, was an incredibly happy experience for me. Seen simply as a holiday, it was invaluable. But I gained much more than a nice break. I gained in knowledge and experience. I learned to look critically at a story and decide what is relevant and what is not (and doesn't that play havoc with reading for pleasure!). I learnt about technical things like 'point of view' and 'subjective tense' (which I still don't understand, but never mind). I learnt about style, and what types not to try. I learnt about markets, and typing manuscripts, and editorial preferences. But most of all I learnt confidence. Nothing earth-shattering, mind; there is no Tolstoi buried deep within this unauthorishly robust frame. But at least I now have confidence to try.



Oh yes, the mythical beings. I found I admired and respected George Turner for both his depth of knowledge and insight, but the admiration came from a distance. He is a self-contained man, who obviously cherishes his privacy. Nevertheless, he applied himself to his task assiduously, and was most forthcoming at workshop sessions. Some workshopppers felt his criticism was too harsh and dogmatic. I disagree. I suspect he took the general level of experience of the attendees into account and was less harsh than he might otherwise have been.

Terry Carr was delightful. No matter the literary standard of the story presented, he was full of suggestions for improving or altering it. He was extremely knowledgable on grammar and syntax, and a stickler for standards. His interest lay more in the saleability of stories, as opposed to George's more abstract evaluation of literary values, and I must admit that this point of view comes closer to what I feel I can produce.

All in all, it was heady stuff - ye gods, the depravity of not even ironing my jeans! - and I'm still not back to earth yet. But whether this type of workshop would work for a more experienced or self-confident writer, I'm not sure. I can only say that for myself it was, and will remain, one of the highlights of my life.

(This article originally appeared in SLAYDOMANIA II, April 1979, and published for the 67th mailing of ANZAPA; reprinted with permission)

## The i-Beam Column

You can tell there's something unusual about Keith Curtis when you see him opening a book. He holds it in one hand delicately with his fingertips and ever so gently eases it open with the thumb and first finger tip of the other hand. Each page is delicately eased open and you can tell from the look on his face that he wishes he'd remembered to bring his kid gloves and his velvet-tipped tongs with him. And the book is only RAPISTS OF GOR, at that.

Keith was the Fan Guest of Honour at EASTERCON. His main claim to fame is that he auctions books and stuff at conventions. He does more than just auction, though - he entertains. At most auctions I've seen the auctioneer starts at the beginning of the piles of material and just goes through until it's all gone. Keith, on the other hand, has everything piled up behind him on the table and he selects a little from here and then a little from there for variety and also to stay with the mood of the audience. He will linger lovingly over a choice item and explain what its value is in terms of publishing history - other works, a LOST IN SPACE book perhaps, will be tossed away behind the table if nobody expresses immediate interest, to the cheers of approval of the audience.

The thing you learn about Keith in the first few minutes after you've met him is that he loves books. Me, I just reckon that books are nice and that they are useful to have around for all sort of reasons



from learning how to spell decent, through great art, to holding up ends of beds where the legs have fallen off. Oddly enough it seems that Keith and I can still have a decent conversation despite this great difference in cultural inclinations.

Another book lover at the convention was Roy Ferguson, the only fan at the convention to have made it over from Western Australia. Roy is much quieter than about ninety per cent of fans, and although he isn't so obviously a lover of books you only have to see him in a bookshop to see the gleam in his eye as he scans shelves of books and the delight as he spies some unexpected treasure.

Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, I had the opportunity to see both these people in action during EASTERCON.

The Saturday, I think it was, after an ad hoc meeting to do with A in '83; Keith and I ended up in his room drinking cups of tea and gossiping. We were comparing notes on fans we knew and supplying the latest scandal about fans that the other didn't know in Sydney and Melbourne. We could have been talking about you. After a while we began to wonder less about the reputations of others and more about food and resolved to go down to the convention room to see if anybody else was hungry and what was going on. It was just as well that we did go down because what was supposed to be on was the GUFF Slave Auction and just about that time the editor of this fanzine was beginning to make, so I am told, public pronouncements upon the sterling nature of my character.

What can possibly be said about the Slave Auction? What would anybody want to know except that Keith proved that he can auction absolutely anything, even Paul Stevens pretending to be Eric Lindsay.

Keith and I collected Roy, who was apparently feeling fit to be fed. The trouble was that, me being a native, Keith and Roy somehow expected that I'd know where to go to find food. Unfortunately for us the only time you get me up to that end of town is the infrequent visit to the dentist's, or to Hearn's Hobbies - one of which is much more interesting than food, with the other being enough to put you right off it. So we wandered along, the blind leading the blind.

Somehow we found ourselves in Bourke Street, but walking down the other side of the street from that on which I seemed to remember the restaurants being - at least they were there during AUSSIECON and also the Airports Branch booze-up in 1976. But after we'd wandered along a little way Keith's nose twitched and he said he could smell an open bookshop - and there it was. 'Do you mind if we go in for a minute?' he asked and, of course, Roy and I didn't so in we went.

The SF selection was reasonable; Roy spent a lot more time looking at it than either Keith or I - which tells you something about the quality and quantity of bookshops with sf in Perth. Keith was soon off looking at the more esoteric books; it is obvious that he doesn't just like sf and fantasy, and that just about anything between two covers will have something to attract him in it. I couldn't, now, tell you the name of the shop, but it was one of those full of all sorts of trendy and leftist stuff except, of course, for the sf which was the usual collection of Heinlein and his cronies.

I had a poke around in the Australiana section for a while to keep myself occupied finding, among other things, the words to the song



'The Streets of Forbes' and a copy of the 1972 ABC Boyer lectures, which I bought so that I didn't feel left out of things by leaving the shop with that empty-handed look.

Finally it was Roy who escaped without spending a cent. He said that he couldn't afford to buy any books anyhow, and so did Keith, but he couldn't resist temptation and, cursing the EASTERCON committee for asking him to come to their convention, and thus leading him into that bookshop to find a book that he just had to have, he paid over his precious money and escaped lightly.

A block or so later on we hadn't seen a decent place in which to eat, but somehow our footsteps seemed to be leading us in the direction of Franklins and so that was next on our list. The exercise was, I think, more for the benefit of Roy who had not yet entered upon that semi-sacred ground. These days Franklins is anything but sacred, and since the last time I was in there the only thing that has improved to any great extent has been the prices which have tripled. I'm not sure, but I think that Roy was more bemused than anything else that such depravity could be allowed to exist in a civilised city. There was a brief flutter as Keith disappeared behind the counter to inspect some hardcovers; even though they turned out to offer nothing of interest to the hardened collector they were gems in the midst of swine food, but we escaped. I think that Keith may have bought a comic or two, but since he is likely to read this and think poorly of me if this is not true I shall not state my belief with any certainty.

Although it has not taken you long to read this column so far, my reckoning is that we had so far spent about an hour and a half away from the convention hotel. The trouble is that there is very little that you can write about looking at books. Perhaps I should correct that and say that there is very little that I can write about looking at books, for I guess that either Roy or Keith could describe some of the more interesting items that they fondled and resisted.

As some of you may know, it is only a matter of a block and a half from Franklins to Space Age. Keith said that he had been there before and so did Roy, but somehow we still found ourselves standing outside the front door. 'Did we want to go in?' No. Food was much more important, and the reason Keith had led us to Space Age was that the restaurant next door to it served excellent food. Space Age was open but the restaurant was not. You can't eat books, so we passed by the inviting door of Mervyn's money trap and went down Swanston Street looking for somewhere decent to get a feed.

The establishment we ended up in really does not bear writing about - the food even less so, although the salad that I had could have been okay had they not served it up with sliced Kraft Processed Cheddar Cheese. So much for the gourmet interlude.

By the time we had finished eating and the swapping of notes on collecting techniques I was starting to get jittery because it was almost three and the feminist panel which Valma was supposed to be on was due to start at three-thirty. Doing a quick calculation I allowed that Roy and Keith might just have time for a quick walk up and down the 'wall of sf' that Merv has in his shop. On the way up Keith popped in to Mary Martin to buy some teabags and we found ourselves in a conversation with some strangers about the deep meaning of sf. My timepiece was in my hand and a worried look had settled on my face as we pushed our way into Space Age and Roy went to work on



the sf section. 'Roy' I asked 'if you don't carry around much money with you so that you won't be tempted to buy books, what are you going to do with that lot?' 'Oh' he replied 'I'll just use my bankcard,'

The seconds were ticking off as I led them a quick walk back up Bourke Street and then we marched without a break along Spring Street to the convention site, Roy puffing under the weight of his mighty purchases and Keith from his out-of-condition public-service physique. I, being a public servant as well, was also suffering from the strain but it was worth it for Valma had been worrying about the panel for weeks.

The other members of the panel had also been putting a lot of work into what they were going to say and therefore I was greatly amazed to see that outside the motel Paul Stokes and a few of the other Adelaide fans were lounging, gazing at the morris dancers in the park over the road. Perry Middlemiss was there and I grabbed him, waving my timepiece and asking him what time he thought it was and why wasn't he inside watching Helen who was on the panel too. A look of horror spread across his face. 'Good God, you mean they've already started!' We dashed inside. They had already started.

(LEIGH EDMONDS)

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1978 HUGO NOMINEES (courtesy SEACON Hugo subcommittee)

473 ballots were received; the spread of nominations follows the title of the category.

NOVEL (90 to 61 nominations): BLIND VOICES by Tom Reamy, DREAMSNAKE by Vonda McIntyre, THE FADED SUN: KESRITH by C. J. Cherryh, UP THE WALLS OF THE WORLD by James Tiptree Jr., THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey.

NOVELLA (182 to 39): ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM by Brian Aldiss, FIRESHIP by Joan D. Vinge, THE PERSISTENCE OF VISION by John Varley, SEVEN AMERICAN NIGHTS by Gene Wolfe, THE WATCHED by Christopher Priest.

NOVELETTE (57 to 34): THE BARBIE MURDERS by John Varley, THE DEVIL YOU DON'T KNOW by Dean Ing, HUNTER'S MOON by Poul Anderson, THE MAN WHO HAD NO IDEA by Thomas M. Disch, MIKAL'S SONGBIRD by Orson Scott Card.

SHORT STORY (58 to 30): CASSANDRA by C. J. Cherryh, COUNT THE CLOCK THAT TELLS THE TIME by Harlan Ellison, STONE by Edward Bryant, THE VERY SLOW TIME MACHINE by Ian Watson, VIEW FROM A HEIGHT by Joan D. Vinge.

DRAMATIC PRESENTATION (137 to 82): HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY, INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS, LORD OF THE RINGS, SUPERMAN, WATERSHIP DOWN.

PROFESSIONAL ARTIST (71 to 44): Vincent Di Fate, Stephen Fabian, David Hardy, Boris Vallejo, Michael Whelan.

PROFESSIONAL EDITOR (150 to 52): James Baen, Ben Bova, Terry Carr, Edward Ferman, George Scithers.

FANZINE (71 to 26): JANUS (Janice Bogstad & Jeanne Gomoll), MAYA (Rob Jackson), MOTA (Terry Hughes), SCIENCE



FICTION REVIEW (Richard E Geis), TWLL-DDU (Dave Langford)  
FAN WRITER (61 to 24): Richard E. Geis, Leroy Aettle, Dave Langford,  
Bob Shaw, D. West.  
FAN ARTIST (64 to 24): Jim Barker, Harry Bell, Alexis Gilliland,  
Bill Rotsler, Stu Shiffman.

#### OTHER AWARDS

JOHN W. CAMPBELL: Stephen Donaldson, Cynthia Felice, James P. Hogan,  
(54 to 15) Barry Longyear, Elizabeth Lynn, Charles Sheffield.

'GANDALF' GRAND MASTER (73 to 31): Ray Bradbury, Ursula Le Guin,  
Michael Moorcock, Jack Vance,

Roger Zelazny.

'GANDALF' BOOK-LENGTH FANTASY (44 to 20): THE COURTS OF CHAOS by  
Roger Zelazny, GLORIANA by  
Michael Moorcock, SAINT CAMBER by Katherine Kurtz, THE STAND by  
Stephen King, THE WHITE DRAGON by Anne McCaffrey.

Final ballots will be distributed shortly and the deadline will be  
31 July 1979. (My thanks to the SEACON '79 committee for sending  
these details unasked.)

DITMARS I would have liked to list the Ditmar nominations here,  
but the Syncon '79 Committee has ignored my request for  
information. In the recent AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS Mervyn Binns listed what  
he thought were the Ditmar nominations, but I know these had some  
errors.

FAAns A ballot for the FAAn Awards is enclosed with this CHUNDER!  
(Australasian readers only). If you would like Leigh Edmonds  
to forward your nominations to Mike Glicksohn, please make sure that  
Edmonds gets your ballots by the beginning of July.

#### RUFF TUFF DUFF PUFF FLUFF

Paul Stevens sent a long note about DUFF and his latest problems,  
too late; details in a sheet for Oz readers only. Briefly, nominations  
have been re-opened.

#### GOLD-PLATED CATERPILLAR AWARDS

No doubt about it, the awards that all Australian fandom hopes it  
can avoid are with us again at SYNCON '79. The new improved gold-  
plated caterpillar will be given out to deserving fans - fans who  
have 'done' something to collective fandom over the last year.  
In an effort to ferret out all the juicy scandal I, Paul J Stevens,  
am asking for nominations. Anyone is eligible as long as they are  
part of Australian fandom and won't hold a grudge. Send your  
nominations to Paul J Stevens, c/o SPACE AGE BOOKS, 305 Swanston St,  
Melbourne 3000, by 1 August 1979. Names of informants will be kept  
confidential until I need some leverage. Please note that PJS is  
unable to accept nominations featuring PJS, despite overwhelming  
evidence of what PJS has 'done' to Australian fandom. (PJStevens)

#### SHOP!

David Pepperell, formerly of Archie 'n' Jughead's, has opened:  
SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS at 147 Greville St, Prahran; punk, '60s music  
of an obvious kind available - interstate readers please note  
address, which is opposite where BLACK MASK used to be before it  
moved to 78 Toorak Rd, South Yarra. Pity - they'd have piggybacked.



# WORLD CONSIDERATIONS

GEORGE FLYNN

Mainly I want to respond to a couple of points in your current (April) lettercol. Andrew Taubman thought "they would merely set the rotation back one year" when a non-North American bid wins. This was done back in the sixties, I think, and there are still occasional proposals to revive the system, but there are powerful reasons against it. The problem is that one has to get commitments of hotel and auditorium space a long way in advance. If a committee were bidding for 1983, say, and had to switch to 1984 instead, they might find it was already (i.e. in late 1982) too late to arrange for adequate space. This is not hypothetical: NESFA is currently in the process of reserving space for Boskones through 1984, after finding that the weekend we wanted for 1981 was already unavailable at our hotel. The problem is of course worse for a Worldcon, which (1) is likely to use up several hotels and an auditorium besides, (2) can't make a firm commitment until it has actually won the bid. (I gather things aren't this bad in Australia yet, from your remark on page 22; but in the U.S. conventions of all kinds are big business, and there is a lot of competition for hotel space.)

The same argument is somewhat applicable to your suggestion of allowing bids at any time. The bidders would still in practice have to commit themselves to a specific year (because of the difficulty of changing it), taking their chances on who they'd be bidding against. And if, say, bidders from zones A and B were competing in a year when the voting was held in region A, it would hardly be an even fight. If bids from a given zone were allowed at two-year intervals, you might wind up having the two most populous zones getting the Worldcon alternate years in perpetuity - especially if people in those zones decided to form an alliance for that purpose. And if you required three years before a given zone could bid again, you'd probably just replicate the present system. The present system at least lets everyone know where they stand, and allows for rational planning. Allowing non-North American bids in any year is a special privilege to encourage such bids, and will probably be workable only as long as such bids come infrequently.

Oh, yes, one other argument against the set-the-rotation-back-a-year system; a committee which has been campaigning toward a vote in a given year may not be able to afford to keep it up for an extra year.

(George Flynn, c/o NOREASCON II, PO Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge MA 02139, USA)

(JF: I don't think your arguments against my 'free-for-all' system would stand up to extended analysis, but I don't see such a system coming in for many years yet. I'm more concerned about the hotel problem. You seem to be saying that a tentative hotel booking two years in advance which falls through because the bid fails, cannot be converted into a tentative three years in advance - in other words, that bidding committees have to have their hotels tied up a year before the bidding date: true? In Australia the problem with hotels is that they don't take bookings more than a year in advance: an A'83 bid could present hotel bookings details in '81 only by special dispensation, if at all.)



NEVILLE ANGOVE

About that Worldcon stuff. I disagree completely with the idea of changing the rotation pattern so that non-US bids are accepted only every fourth year. Such a change, to my mind, only emphasises the fact that at present the constitution (regardless of its wording) implies that the Worldcon is a North American con except when North American voters allow it to be held elsewhere. The constitution should be changed, true, but to say that the North American convention will rotate through three zones yearly, and any time that the world voters decide to hold a Worldcon in North America, then that year's North American National Convention will be considered the Worldcon. At present North America receives favouritism because of the feeling that fandom is basically North American. If they want to call it a worldcon, let the constitution reflect this.

(Neville J Angove, PO Box 162, West Ryde, NSW 2114)

ROY TACKETT

I have no solutions for the problems besetting TAFF and DUFF. I will say that Joyce Scrivner did wonders for both funds when it comes to raising money and getting publicity. We could use more like her. Conventions are going to have to become more involved, though. A few years ago when we all knew each other and the con committees were made up of names we all recognized we could depend on them for contributions to the funds. This no longer seems to be the case. Too many strangers in the ranks, methinks, who know not what it is all about. The conventions no longer make contributions for the most part.

(Roy Tackett, 915 Green Valley Rd NW, Albuquerque, NM 87107, USA)

(JF: In the April FILE 770 Victoria Wayne argues that the fan funds are doing well by comparison with the FAAN Awards.... FAAN Awards ballot is enclosed with this issue of Chunder!)

IRWIN HIRSH

I'm not sure how to make the US con attendees become aware of DUFF and TAFF. Though Mike Glicksohn in the lettercol of Minador 4 said that by his bidding \$160 (or so) for six cans of beer at a DUFF auction the attendees took notice and became somewhat aware of DUFF. But I find that way the wrong way about since the attendees became aware of DUFF not through the DUFF winner or the ideology of DUFF but through the fact that someone was paying so much for beer. On the other hand the ends justified the means, and the means only drastically affected one person, and that by his choice.

The way I understand it the voting qualifications for GUFF etc are not to prevent multiple voting, but as a way to restrict voting to those who know enough about the candidates to make a good judgement. In my case, with GUFF, I was barely active in fandom prior to Jan. 1977, but Leigh still accepted my vote as he knew I knew all the dirt about the three candidates, etc.

All this talk about the fan funds reminds me to make mention that I would like to see DUFF, GUFF, TAFF and JAFFA and whatever else combined into one world-wide fan fund.

(Irwin Hirsh, 279 Domain Rd, South Yarra, V 3141)

PERRY MIDDLEMISS

April Chunder! The Chunder! poll came as something of a surprise in a couple of categories: SI/AD/GK was considered to be the Best General Fanzine (which surprises me no end) and yet none of the three rated a

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mention in the Best Single Issue category. Strangely enough I can understand that. None of S1, AD or GK stood out, but an overall impression did. Of the fanzines mentioned in the General Fanzine category FANEW SLETTER and MINARDOR effectively folded early in the year and so weren't remembered quite as well as they should have been, SFC, RATAPLAN and T3E only had one issue each and FORERUNNER appears to have a small circulation. That may go some of the way to explain their placings. (Does this mean that a regular, mediocre 'zine stands a far better chance of winning such a poll over other better, but less frequent, 'zines? It would appear so. (If you get the impression from this that I think AD, GK and S1 are mediocre, you'd be right.)) Overall the poll seems to indicate far more work was done in apas last year than in general fanzines.

The Artist and Cartoonist categories indicate the deficiency in numbers we have in both areas. I don't mean that the people mentioned did well solely because of the lack of numbers. On the contrary, some of the Australian fanzine art was quite excellent last year; it's just that I feel there aren't enough fan artists working in Australia. I wish I knew why but I don't.

I won't comment on the 'Worldcon Bidding' proposal other than to say that the 4-zone idea stinks. Hopefully SPECTRE 3 will include my comments on the matter.

May Chunder! A number of people mentioned to me over Easter that they were less than impressed by the 'secret' A IN '83 meetings. They considered that the meetings should have been made public so everyone would have had the chance to join in. I can see their point of view but feel they've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. The way I see it was that the meetings were held as they were because most of the con attendees would have been bored shitless if they were included on the program. Anyway, my impression is that anything that anything that was agreed upon at EASTERCON is to be discussed and ratified or changed, as people see fit, at SYNCON '79. A number of overseas fans have been worried by the two supposedly conflicting bids in Australia. In the light of that, something had to be decided and decided quickly even if it was only to be a temporary measure.

(JF comments: Whoa! Hold it! Stop! Somewhere along the line this meeting at Easter has gotten out of hand. I was asked to chair a joint meeting of the two A IN '83 committees (Adelaide and Sydney) at EASTERCON, with the idea of improving coordination and cooperation between the two. That's what I tried to do. It was difficult, because every Tom, Dick and Harry seemed to want to become a self-appointed member of one of those committees, or just to kibitz, or tell those already active how to do the job. It doesn't seem to me that this was so much a 'secret meeting' as an attempt to have a meeting between two clearly defined groups. Have we now reached a stage where every meeting of any group of science fiction fans not only can't organize itself in peace, but must widely advertise its meeting and provide facilities for the eager fans who have nothing to do with the business of the meeting but want to listen in? I'm not quite sure what was 'secret' about the meeting, for that matter - anyone who asked me about it was told where and when it was to be held, no one who turned up was turned away - wherein lies the secrecy? If the complainants meant 'unpublicised', then we had better look at audiences - the EASTERCON meeting was not intended as a general discussion session, but to solve for two groups problems relating to their past experience in terms of cooperation. Now, back to Perry Middlemiss.....)



What information should an SF book review contain? Enough details, I suppose, for the readers to make up their minds if that's the book for them. Some of those details would have to be price, length, availability and general outline of content. Beyond that, anything the reviewer feels is worthwhile, of interest and entertaining. I can't stand reviews which assume that you've already read the book. In that case there is no point in writing a review in the strictest sense - something deeper than that would be better.

Do you think that interviews should be conducted through the mail? It's not a bad idea, and I've read some quite good interviews done that way, but it loses a little on spontaneity. Maybe a mixture of both mail and face-to-face questioning would be best.

If, as Roy Tackett says, fanzine fans are now in the minority and that most of the people who go to cons know very few of the publishing fans then I wonder what they are all thinking as they sit in the audience watching a panel of fans talking about things fannish. They must think they're watching a bunch of cretins talking a great heap of mumbo-jumbo that is anything but entertaining. That would mean then that they are only there to idolise the writers. A sorry state indeed.

How can you tell whether an Australian sf writer is copying the American or English sf style or whether that writer is attempting to produce something a little different? If you aren't going to copy does that mean that you have to be different, and noticeably so? The difficulty lies in trying not to be stylistically imprinted by what you read. I think George is correct in suggesting that Australian sf writers should write the way they want to write.

Maybe Taral thinks that Canada is outside North America. I think that there have been two Canadian Worldcons, which would explain the discrepancy. I know Canadians don't like to be thought of as the little brothers of the US, but this pushes it a little far.

(Perry Middlemiss, PO Box 80, Rundle St., Adelaide SA 5000)

(JF: With respect to your antepenultimate paragraph, I have always believed that the first duty of a speaker at a convention is to be entertaining, but I have also been to enough conventions to know that this belief is shared by very few convention speakers.)

GREG HILLS

The report on Perth fandom (April) was of extreme interest to me since, as you should know, after NZ fandom, international contact is my big itch. I've scarcely begun, but my list of correspondents in far places is reaching satisfactory levels. The wrapped-in-themselves isolationism of the far past is dying, and about time.

Loved the Conreports. I just today got a press-release regarding WELLCON - a typed report sent to Frank Macskasy, editor of NASF's WARP, which Frank has now passed on so I can print it too. It runs (with editing) 'Subscriptions \$15 (attending), \$5 (supporting - come one, Aussies!); cheques etc. payable to 'WELLCON', send to Box 19 047, Wellington, NZ. Programme includes Talks (about sf, writers, applications of sf outside book/mag field, etc); films (the best this sercon fan can find, e.g. you needn't fear regurgitated STREK or 1999 or any such); plus plenty of free time for fans to



natter with one another; plus a Planetarium tour. No official Huckster rooms - not this con, anyway; but attendees may use their own rooms....' That's the gist of Mervyn Barrett's news. I think non-NZ fans will be very welcome at WELLCON. WELLCON, organized by Mervyn Barrett, is NZ's FIRST SF CONVENTION (at least of recent times) OCTOBER 20-22 inclusive. Grand Hotel, Willis Street, Wellington. NZ

(JF: Got a note from Barrett about this too. Although I can't manage to get to NZ myself (I have this engagement on the other side of the world the previous month) I hope that some Australians will go and that many will support the convention. We would be wise, I think, to make sure that in the not too distant future at least one convention is held at the low-fare (about \$150) period so that the number of people who can afford to trans-Tasman themselves.)

May EASTERCON reports - three of them, each with its own unique perspective. Very well done. MY APPETITE MOUNTS! OH GHOD, I GOTTA HAVE A CON! (Not helped by the fact that details of WELLCON have just been sent to me and I gotta cram them into T9 too)

NZ has seven fanzines now - NOUMENON, TANJENT, BEYOND THE HYADES, WARP, WORLDS BEYOND, AFTER IMAGE, TMWFA NEWSLETTER - but, and this is the point, almost all the most active fans either read or otherwise work on them. This is in relation to Roy Lackett's comment about US fandom. You, John, seem to say that Australia is much the same as NZ. Britain I'm not sure of, but I don't believe it is as far along as the US. I thought East European countries would be massively con-rolented, at first, but now I learn that they are actually massively the other way - Hungary, for example, only recently had its first Con; while in Western Europe fanzines are booming. I think the crux of the matter is that the fan concentration in the US has a two-pronged effect: it weakens the fanzine urge, and also gives the advantage for selection to a non-fanzine fan. This has its effect on voting. And the second prong, the concentration is maintained over such an area that it naturally contains many fans, thus accounting for the overwhelming impact US fandom continues to have.

(JF: Hmm. Do people writing about fanzine urges and con urges in this way remind you of nineteenthcentury doctors talking about masturbation? Just thought I'd ask.)

I side more or less with George Turner re an Aussie sf form. Especially where he says "A story is sf - or it is not sf" (I slightly re-phrased that.) Unfortunately some snotty little git will now leap up and begin asking us to define sf. In full knowledge that everyone sees the inescapable trap. Put up and lose, or shut up and lose. So one avoids the trap and the argument wends its weary way to inconclusion. In a recent VECTOR Dave Wingrove demanded that I define 'mainstream'. Like a fool, I appended a final paragraph to my loc that attempted the definition - an attempt I had second thoughts on as soon as I mailed the thing off. I'll have to work on the matter in my N'APazine MOUNTANSEA, where I am attempting to 'define' sf. Um.....

(Greg Hills, 22a Polson Street, Wanganui, New Zealand)

MIKE GLYER (Stolen from 'Now Leaving On Track 9', May FAPA mailing)

In the recent issue of CHUNDER!, an Aussie newszine which has devoted many pages to the debate, the suggested worldcon rotational change was



vitriolically attacked by Chris Priest, the British sf writer. Most people appear to dissent from the DC motion to create 'Outside North America' as a once-in-four-years zone for all non-North American bidders. But Priest's reaction to it adds, "So while we have a weight of American numbers, it simply does not mean that fandom is the property of Americans ... and that although Worldcons are an American invention, they are not, or should not be, something that is loaned out on sufferance to the rest of the world." Priest also vouchsafes, "I've been to two Worldcon business meetings ... and disliked both of them. They were dominated by Americans who shouted, people like Pelz and Scithers, who assumed to themselves some sort of consensus worldview in fannish matters..." Aside from the fact that my experience at three worldcon business meetings was quite different, it takes unique ignorance to shape a point of view like Priest's. I think American fans would have welcomed input from the rest of world fandom at the Iggy business meeting where this rotational change was introduced for debate. Not even the handful of Aussie and British fans at the con attended, although it was widely known that this motion could permanently alter their opportunities to host worldcons. Plenty of us mere Americans made a special effort to get up in time and fight this attempt to ghettoize world fandom - of course it also heightened our enthusiasm for the fight that the motion's passage would screw LA out of any '84 bid. All the same, you would think Priest and any fan who shares his attitude could find a more constructive outlet for the view than maligning American fans.

If there is such a thing as a British, Australian, Japanese, German, Swedish or Antarctic view of the way worldcons should be operated, who is most likely to represent it? The Americans? I would love to see world fandom get more involved - about the only thing I agree with in Priest's letter was the hope that the SeaCon business meeting will draw a group of international fans. And I would like to see it go further than that. For about \$25 in supporting memberships one could have voted in the last five site selections. Spread over half a decade, this isn't a heavy price. If fans throughout the world joined to vote, whether they could attend or not, then the worldcon would never be awarded 'on sufferance'. However, I even take exception to that characterisation of American fans. According to the AUSSIECON Program Book, 998 North Americans pre-registered. The whole con only drew 606 people. Hundreds of Americans joined, some at full price, in order to vote and support the con even though they had no hope of going. I think that is the yardstick by which this section of fandom should be measured - not the local gerrymander pushed by DC which has the poison pen set excited.

I realize that DC fans and backers of the change will dislike this essay - but the change has gone beyond a sectional struggle to become an international embarrassment for US fandom.

(Mike Glyer, 14974 Osceola St, Sylmar, CA 91342, USA)

(JF: Declaration of interest - I favour LA in '84, so I'm prejudiced. Nevertheless 1) I don't think there really has been a constructive non-US effort to change the rotation rules, and until there is..... 2) On the other hand, getting to choose between US bids isn't much of an option for non-NA fans, who don't seem to be able to participate in constitutionalizing without attending. 3) On the other hand, even then some of them don't bother. 4) On the other hand, NA fans would be more likely to support a non-NA Worldcon by joining/voting if they perceived the worldcon as 'their' property. Lend a hand, folks?)



Registered for posting as a publication (Category B)

[illegible]

2 - Catherine Circosta on EASTERCON

5 - Marc Ortlieb on APAS

9 -- Leigh Edmonds on BOOKBUYING FANS

13 - news (FAAns, DUFF, GOLD-PLATED CATERPILLARS, SUBTERRANEAN RECORDS)

20 - editorial and stuff

• • • • •

The stencil on which this was typed was given me by John Bangsund, the corflu, used so copiously, was given me by Karen Lewis. And the duplicator on which this edition has been run off was found for me by John Bangsund. John, and Leigh Edmonds, have allowed me to use their Roneos in the past but now, thanks to John Bangsund's incredible patience, I'm the proud owner of a Roneo 750 (still got a few bugs to eliminate, as you may notice). Without John and Leigh there would have been no Chunder! (there, you folks in Sydney, I'm not to blame after all...), and they continue to give me help, of course. Noel Kerr cuts the electrostencils, which I sometimes screw up (so that Paula Causer's cover appears in June, and not in May - cover art urgently solicited, by the way). Karen Lewis provides all kinds of stationery that I need for publishing this thing, and this time (and for the next couple of times) the envelopes come courtesy of Karen. Thanks folks, both for the past and for the future.

Ahem, I also have to thank those who supported GUFF, since I am to be on the receiving end. My main regret is that this will ruin Chunder!'s publishing schedule just after SYNCON '79 - but don't heave sighs of relief just yet. I'm leaving on August 19 and will return to Oz on September 29. Dave Langford and I have started discussing the future of GUFF, but we have a long way to go on this. Some late news is the omission of a couple of names from the last GUFF Funndies - John Alderson and IGUANACON were both donors.

YOUR	This is your last	...	Sample	...	Show interest soon	...
STATUS	Safe as a house	...	Trade	...	Generally okay	✓✓



## DUFF 1980 AUSTRALIA to NORTH AMERICA

It is with mixed feelings that I have to announce that the 1980 DUFF race which was to have featured Keith Curtis and Jack Herman has to be declared null and void. The reason for this is Keith Curtis's failure to comply with the terms of the DUFF rules. Originally Australian nominations were to close at EASTERCIN 1979 but I was asked to extend this date to 1 May due to the fact that neither Keith Curtis nor a Western Australian fan had yet managed to get their American nominations. By 1 May I had heard nothing from Western Australia and Keith Curtis had told me via the telephone he did have his North American nominations and promised to forward them at once. I received his nominations a week ago but at the date of writing this I still have not got his platform. In order to be fair to the Western Australian fan I MUST DECALRE KEITH A NON-RUNNER.

Now under normal conditions this should give Jack Herman a straight unopposed win, but after consultation with Jack he has advised he doesn't want to win under these circumstances and has withdrawn from the race. We therefore have no one standing for the 1980 DUFF race. We have a slight problem, don't we?

No we don't! All you panting fans out there who lust after an all-fares paid DUFF trip to Boston in August/September 1980 can now think about the possibility of nominating. Come along to SYNCON '79 complete with your North American nominators as well as your Australian nominators and I will see what I can do about getting DUFF 1980 on the road.

The future of DUFF will be under discussion at SYNCON and it is hoped to be able to work out a simple constitution and set up an administration so that the previous winners are not stuck with all the work.

By the time you read this the winner(s) of the 1979 DUFF race will have been announced. So far Australian fans have given us 57 votes and the result is VERY INTERRESTING! On hand in the USA is about \$1500 and about \$900 plus here. With so much surplus I intend to have DUFF badges, T-shirts and posters available for sale at SYNCON. All DUFF material will have the new DUFF wombat logo as designed by Chris Johnston. Books and fanzines will also be on sale as well as the usual great Rotsler badges.

Paul J Stevens, Australian Administrator: 1 June 1979



FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979: FINAL BALLOT

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

The FAAns are fanzine peer awards created to reflect the opinions of the creative fanzine fans of book and magazine SF. Nomination and voting are limited to those active in the fanzine field during the previous year, with nomination restricted in each category to those eligible themselves for nomination in the category, and voting open to anyone eligible in any category...

The winner in each category will receive a hand-made statuette, especially for that category, by Randy Pathurst. Winners will be announced and awards made at SEACON.

IF YOU NOMINATED: Read 'General Instructions', then turn the page for the ballot. Your voting fee has been paid and your credentials already established.

IF YOU DID NOT NOMINATE: (1) Submit credentials showing you were eligible in any category, having done

Credentials: one of the following during 1978: edited a fanzine; had published in a fanzine an article, story, essay, review, or artwork; or had at least two letters published in different editors' fanzines. ('Fanzine' is here defined as a publication dealing with book and magazine SF, its authors and/or fans, which does not pay its contributors, and which is published for enjoyment to which any financial profit is incidental.)

(2) Include a minimum voting fee of \$.1 US (or equivalent) to help defray the cost of trophies and balloting expenses. allots received without this fee will not be counted.

(3) Read 'General Instructions', then vote.

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS: You may vote in all categories, but are not obligated to do so. Skip categories in which you do not feel qualified to make an informed decision. Mark your choices in each category in order of preference, '1' for your first choice, '2' for your next, etc. Votes will be counted by the Automatic Runoff system. In addition to voting for the awards, you are invited to choose among the nominees to fill the three seats on the Award Committee which will become vacant this year - vote for the three of your choice.

Mail your completed ballot (and voting fee, if you did not nominate) to official teller Mike Glicksohn (141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3) to arrive not later than July 13, 1979. If you wish a direct report of the voting result, please check here (.....) and include an SASE (or postal coupon) with your ballot.

North America Agent: MIKE GLICKSOHN, 141 High Park Ave, Toronto, Ontario, M6P 2S3

United Kingdom Agent: IAN MAULE, 18 Hillside, 163 Carshalton Rd., Surrey SM1 4NG

Australia Agent: LEIGH EDMONDS, PO Box 103, Brunswick, Vic 3056

Verbatim reproduction of both sides of this ballot is authorized and encouraged.)



# FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979: FINAL BALLOT

Please mark your choices in each category in order of preference, '1', '2', '3', etc.

## BEST FAN EDITOR

- (...) Don D'Amassa (MYTHOLOGIES)
- (...) Mike Glycer (SCIENTIFRICTION)
- (...) Jeanne Gomoll & Janice Bogstad (JANUS)
- (...) Terry Hughes (MOTA)
- (...) Rob Jackson (MAYA)
- (...) Victoria Wayne (SIMULACRUM)
- (...) no award

## BEST FAN WRITER

- (...) Arthur Hlavaty
- (...) Terry Hughes
- (...) Dave Langford
- (...) Tom Perry
- (...) Peter Roberts
- (...) Bob Shaw
- (...) no award

## BEST HUMOROUS ARTIST

- (...) Jim Barker
- (...) Harry Bell
- (...) Derek Carter
- (...) Alexis Gilliland
- (...) Stu Shiffman
- (...) Dan Steffan
- (...) no award

## BEST SERIOUS ARTIST

- (...) Jeanne Gomoll
- (...) Joan Hanke-Woods
- (...) Jim McLeod
- (...) James Odbert
- (...) Taral
- (...) no award

## BEST LOC WRITER

- (...) Avedon Carol
- (...) Adrienne Fein
- (...) Arthur Hlavaty
- (...) Jessica Amanda Salmonson
- (...) Harry Warner Jr.
- (...) no award

## BEST SINGLE AWARD

- (...) JANUS 12/13 (Gomoll & Bogstad)
- (...) JANUS 14 (Gomoll & Bogstad)
- (...) KHATRU 7 (Jeff Smith)
- (...) MAYA 15 (Rob Jackson)
- (...) MYTHOLOGIES 14 (Don D'Amassa)
- (...) SCIENTIFRICTION 10 (Mike Glycer)
- (...) SIMULACRUM 8 (Victoria Wayne)
- (...) no award

## FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS COMMITTEE (vote for 3)

- |                      |                     |                  |
|----------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| (...) Moshe Feder    | (...) Jeanne Gomoll | (...) Lee Pelton |
| (...) Mike Glicksohn | (...) Dave Langford | (...) Bruce Pelz |
| (...) Mike Glycer    | (...) Rob Jackson   |                  |

VOTING DEADLINE: JULY 13, 1979