



Conventional stuff

THEY BUILT A CASTLE IN THE AIR -
IT FELL TO EARTH, SO PLEASE DON'T STARE

(A Quasar-con polemic, by Jeff Harris)

This is by way of an explanation of my position with regard to Quasar-con, the recent Queen's Birthday Weekend convention held in Adelaide. It seems that this is necessary because many people do not seem to understand the circumstances - for example, Peter Toluzzi. Indeed, it is not easy to present clearly this matter. It would be so easy to say that it obviously would not work and it simply didn't. Correct though that may be, it does not greatly lend itself to assisting understanding.

To put it directly, Allan Bray resigned as chairman of Quasar-con at the Annual General Meeting of S.A.S.F.S. and nominated me as his successor. At this stage I had long realised that this convention was beyond all help and assistance. After some considerable thought I decided to resign, but before I tendered my resignation I was removed from office unilaterally and without any prior warning. The climate was such that neither Allan Bray nor myself could have contributed anything useful to the convention. For example, Allan had been threatened twice about the outcomes of decisions relating to Quasar-con and been subject to general 'bad-mouthing'.

Now for a brief history of events that lead up to the sorry outcome. Originally the SASFS committee was given the idea of holding a con at the Capri Cinema and then the idea sounded good, especially since the price was low. Unfortunately it did not stay so. The hire cost gradually escalated until finally it had increased 666.67%. What started as a reasonable cost ended as unreasonable. Back at the beginning we were presented with these ideas for a convention that promised to be the greatest thing since sliced bread. But it had not come together into a coherent whole. A meeting was called; I decided that matters had waffled on for too long and it was about time to pull it into shape. So I weighed in with some dully practical questions about costs, expenditure, etc., to work out if it were feasible. It took quite a while and it still was not gelling. There and then in that meeting, by guiding the group through the questions that had to be settled, we worked out a budget for Quasar-con. Everybody was a little stunned. It needed 200-300 people to just break even. Too big for that con committee which, apart from a couple of old hands, lacked the expertise or experience to handle such a monster. It required those with the know-how to have worked ridiculously hard to carry the rest. Either that or a miracle. Alas, conventions do not run on miracles.

The wrangling continued over several meetings, resolving very little. Budgets for conventions for a couple of probable outcomes for Quasar-con, ranging from pessimistic through optimistic to a maximum expectation, were considered. Quasar-con, by these lights, was never really a goer. All these budgets were developed by myself. The people who believed that the de luxe dream convention would work never presented a budget of their own for any consideration. A polarization formed to such a degree that some of us looked for another site to hold the convention. In doing so we found some

surprises; various convention venues did not cost the figures we had been quoted. For example, one venue quoted at \$1000 turned out to cost only \$600 for the three days. It wasn't suitable for a convention anyway, but it is a typical example. The Capri advocates simply lost all their credibility. They had persisted with the Capri until its costs had risen beyond the limits of financial good sense, and their knowledge of possible alternatives was woefully inaccurate and misleading.

What possessed people to decide to opt for the kind of convention that it turned out to be? Well, gentle reader, how can I convey a white-hot atmosphere of intoxicating enthusiasm where anything was possible? When it came to the vote the numbers favoured the Capri Fraction. As simple as that. It was obvious that future decisions would go along the same lines. The SASFS AGM vindicated this expectation; Paul Anderson was purged from the new Committee despite his bridge-building efforts.

If I had accepted the chairship of Quasar-con my position would have been untenable. I would have been leading an enterprise that I knew was unworkable, and would have been working with a group of people whose collective judgement had already proved itself untrustworthy and which would have formed a majority on the con committee. I doubt if anyone would have listened and they were quick to take away my chairship - a position that I was ready to accept. During the kerfuffle Allan Bray and I went from being ignored to being denigrated and finally ostracised. The convention was left in the hands of those who claimed that they knew better than anyone else how to run a convention. They were given offers of help and assistance from other Adelaide fans that they just ignored. The general tenor of their actions simply alienated anyone from offering further help.

Was Quasar-con a success? Were doubting old lags like Jeff Harris proved to be the frauds we know them in fact to be?

Well, no. Though it certainly did prove that it is possible to enjoy oneself at a bad convention. (Even if I could remember who said that I would not name the blighter.)

Peter Toluzzi bounced up in the full flight of a self-appointed diplomatic mission and said 'Well, I must say that this convention has been pretty well fucked up'. Later he added that the results demonstrated that my gloomy prognostications had been '80 - 90% correct'. Very kind of you, Peter, but it is you who is only 80 - 90% correct. It may be overweening pride, but I rate myself 99 - 100% correct in this matter.

The failure of Quasar-con sprang from the inability of its organisers to organise. They misdirected their energies on an extravagant scale. It is little wonder that numbers attending the convention steadily declined from day to day. They were only lucky the convention did not last for four days. The attendance figures corresponded very closely to the pessimistic Quasar-con model. It is pointless of people like Peter Toluzzi to compare Mark Denbow unfavourably with Roger Weddall.

Rather than continuing to pour the cold water of reality over Quasar-con, a few words of praise for those who deserve them. Mandy Herriothad to stand up in front of the audience and try to

make it seem like the con was working, despite the lack of support she was receiving. Without Mandy it would have looked like a headless chicken. Margaret Sanders slogged her guts out throughout the con, serving behind the counter providing food and drink for the masses. Dave Blackburn worked on lights (and hard, too) without any kudos. (A digression: Mandy was left to start off the convention without being told anything about what had to be done or how it was to be done - and was heavily berated for not running it according to some undisclosed masterplan.)

Personally I found it difficult to enjoy Quasar-con. I had expected it to be bad and it was. And yet it would have been nice to be wrong. A lousy convention does nobody any good.

Several fans commented to me that they found the con's atmosphere unfriendly. Mine was not an isolated reaction. Indeed I was in the same position as Heinlein's prophet who, looking out of his carriage window and seeing another train on the same tracks, rushing towards him, predicted a train-wreck. Having been overtaken by events which I had foreseen, it would have been very difficult for me to have enjoyed it. But I would like to express my gratitude to those at the convention who, by being present, helped ease the unpleasantness - especially Lee Harding and David Lake whose presence allowed me to obtain such fascinating interviews.

In drawing up this explanation I have relied upon the comments and statements of other people to provide the body of my arguments. Those persons will know who they are when they read this piece. I have taken this easy approach (easy because the comments on the failings of Quasar-con flowed so freely it was almost possible to drown in them) to dispel the illusion that this diatribe sprang from the dissatisfaction of only one person. Consider the planeload of Sydney fans who found that comments on Quasar-con were so bad that they preferred not to even consider putting them into print.

One fond memory of Quasar-con was Steve James, President of SASFS, wearing a Rotsler badge emblazoned with the message 'Don't ask me, I don't know what is happening' - or words to that effect (the quotation doesn't feel as if it is quite correct). There is a story about a theatre-goer who commented about a troupe of performing elephants whose act had been marred by one of them defecating on stage 'Not a very good performer, but what a critic!'

Finally, let me quote from the German poet Friedrich Von Schiller (1759 - 1805): 'With stupidity the gods themselves struggle in vain'.

JEFF HARRIS

(Continuing this special Sweetness and Light issue of Chunder! - a convention report out of the murky past ...) .

MELBOURNE'S 1973 EASTERCON
by A Lady

It was revealed to us on Friday that, owing to a slight misconception of our august licensing laws, NO grog would be served. Ergo no party, but a movie marathon instead.

The afternoon drew on, and on; the final attraction before tea was Mr John Flaus, treating us to a very scholarly dissertation on horror

CHUNDER! August 1979 page 4

films, which suffered not only from excessive scholarliness, but also a complete lack of internal structure and ultimately a rather excessive length. Flaus got himself involved in a discussion with a few members of the audience - the rest wanted to leave, but at this early stage in proceedings were, it seems, afraid to appear rude.

Finally released by the grace of Paul Stevens, we had to have tea or collapse. (Me especially, because my late lamented tummy-wog had kept me off food for 36 hours.) The VR caf was not a really attractive proposition - after lunching there David Grigg had sworn himself both poisoned and robbed. The Savoy offered only the Rainbow Room. A bit snooty for the likes of us, but in we trooped.

Thus began the first of a series of skirmishes with the Savoy cooks (??). Merv Binns and I ordered Consomme Celestine, which MUST have been made with seawater. It was valiantly consumed, but Merv was thereafter unable to face his admittedly rather dry Chicken Maryland. Instead he downed a bottle of cola in about 30 seconds. I quite enjoyed my flounder, but nearly died of thirst waiting for coffee - found myself reduced to drinking the melted ice in Shayne's glass.

Afterwards the PJS Show. I got a bit cheesed when none of my efforts in the Caption Contest got an honourable mention - but was handsomely compensated with a bottle of champagne when I won it.

The finer details of the show escape me, but I remember Foyster doing the first of many A in 75-cum-DUFF adverts. We had a rare treat in the form of Leigh, Valma, Dennis Stocks and Lee Harding giving a live performance of episode one of the original Buck Rogers radio serial. Surely the writers never intended such double entendres. Also had Robin Johnson as God. And the first of many episodes of FLASH GORDON.

The highlight was undoubtedly ASTERIX, full of splendid visual jokes that made up for the general lack of subtitles (theirs) and French (ours).

Finally (as far as I was concerned), KING KONG. Lousy story, but SUPERB animation. After that, at about 1.30 am, Shayne and I went to bed. We didn't actually get to sleep though, until we'd had a thorough fiddle with the airconditioning.

Got up for breakfast. No shower - the room was equipped with one of those old breakneck baths. Ah, but I made myself an early-morning cup of coffee!!

Saturday morning had cunningly been left free so Merv and Lee could open SPACE AGE. So we went shopping. Shayne and I took a taxi into town, and sort of met up with everyone else outside the shop. Business boomed, I think I may say. (I nearly tripped over Himself, Ron Graham, standing in the aisle reading what looked like the accounts, but what I am told were in fact only his own vast catalogues - looking to see if there was anything he didn't have. Oh how he spends! At the auction he got everything he wanted, including Lee Harding, by simply and barefacedly outbidding everyone..)

Shayne bought loads of vampire books ('Isn't he cute!' she says of Barnabas Collins). I bought a couple of things, and Lee, bless his hardened heart, gave me a copy of TYGER, TYGER, because I had publicly

admitted my utter ignorance of Gully Foyle. Then we went shopping, somewhat hampered in our endeavours by the shortage of open shops. After great heroics we procured a chocolate Easter Bunny for the committee. (When they got it on Sunday morning, Bill thanked the management profusely, much to the management's surprise.)

David met us with the car in Swanston St. Unfortunately he had been to Peter House's, and had with him Peter and a bootful of books. Getting back therefore became complicated, and had to be achieved in two stages. First me, Shayne, and the shopping, then the wheelchair and the books.

There was a wedding at the Savoy but we didn't see the bride. Instead we met one of the guests, a journalist, who was two sheets i' the wind at 12 midday already and the first of a splendid collection of drunks.

Lunch in the Keller Room - decent, inexpensive food of a sort lacking most of the weekend.

Good UFO panel in the afternoon, though it got a little out of hand when John Foyster and George Turner started arguing about 'black holes'. The whole atmosphere was by then delightfully relaxed, though as yet no one was lying on the floor. Melbourne Uni had stopped ordering Liz George not to smoke, at least.

I didn't stay for the auction, but went up to get changed, some two hours before the banquet. All was peace in 704 for a while, but oh wow! when the panic was on, it was on! All of a sudden four women were buzzing round the room in various stages of undress, brandishing makeup and calling for hairspray. At Dennis Stocks' suggestion I went as Telzey Amberdon, in my silk pantsuit, with weird makeup. Shayne wasn't really sure who she was, but at the penultimate moment of judging I dubbed her Rider Jaggard's 'She'. Liz was a female Traveller in Black, and Valma an emissary from the planet RSL.

The lift operator must be hardened to just about anything. On Friday they'd faced a kindly green Hulk; on Saturday they faced Retief, Deathwish Drang in full skydiving gear, the Wizard of Id and heaven knows who else.

The Banquet - well, it was fun, I'll say that, if nothing else. Only one man serving, which would have been ok but for the food. It was nice enough, but I cleaned my plate, which is a good guide to how little there was. (The vegetarians got plenty, but then they got food poisoning thrown in!) I was right up at the junction of the T, practically on top of the GoH, who when the time came turned out to be a bit of a microphone hog. He started off reminiscing about his days with Silverberg and Ellison, and ended up passing around the designs for the covers for his 'Satyr Books' line, which are everything the name implies, and more, by the sound of them. In the meantime Cy Hord was getting drunker and behaving abominably for a woman of her years - periodic shrieks of 'Aren't you ashamed of me?' to which Ron Graham did not reply. Lee Harding was also merry - literally; he seems to be improved by grog. He treated us to a lecture of wine and how to drink it, and was patronisingly amused by my expressed dislike of red wine.

Paul Stevens looked the perfect vampire as usual, but his MCing was

less than perfect. In keeping with the rest of the Con, the timing was way out. The band sort of came and went without playing a note, although I'm not suggesting that anyone could be blamed. We had other highlights - the fancydress winners were Stephen Quist the interstellar librarian and, of course, She. Bill Wright got his special award and was quite touched by it all.

Memory fails, but I do remember a party in our room. Highlights - Ron Smith and Liz George on womens lib, culminating in a splendid speech by Ron in justification of pornography. Also an earnest discussion between Grigg, Clive Morley and me on the relevance to real life of formal education that was interrupted by Shayne squeaking 'I'm bored! Let's talk about science fiction!' I turfed them all out at about 2.30 am, knowing that I had just enough energy left to crawl into bed. Shayne came in at about 4, she said (I dunno, I was asleep).

Next morning I got up as Shayne slumbered and went down for breakfast. Mike O'Brien was there, so I sat at his table and the waiter, God preserve him!, wanted to know if we were both on the same bill!!

A in 75 committee meeting in 704 followed. Ah! the sight of Shayne sprawled like the Maja (clothed, of course) on her bed while we committed furiously on!

Lunch - indifferent, but bloody expensive, sandwiches in the cheap bit of the restaurant. (Ron Graham and co observed within, dining well and merrily.) However I greatly enjoyed Robin's observations on How to Get into England (should you ever want to...).

Uh, the afternoon. I remember the Elizabeth Foyster show, chiefly because she pinched a lot of a spiel I was working up for Ron Clarke. Great minds think alike, I suppose....

Oh yes, and Ron Graham's experience with VISION and the distributors, who were ill-wished in no uncertain terms by all and sundry.

For tea, sheer desperation set in. It was either the Rainbow Room again, or Foyster's favourite Greasy Spoon (reportedly very greasy...). I ended up in the Rainbow Room; after that meal no amount of lecturing from Mike O'Brien on the difficulties of hotel management will convince me that the Savoy Plaza is well-run. (Mike was ok. I think hotel people must have a sort of secret sign - I do know that he'd been shown round the kitchen.)

A LADY

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Notes from the editor

Some readers appear to be unjustifiably exultant that my impending trip to England will mean no Chunder! for September. Alas, I have Taken Steps, and Chunder! will continue to appear each and every month. For those obsessed with detail, I'm leaving on August 19 and will return September 29.

What does cast a shadow on the future of Chunder! is the cost of paper. In the last two months the cost of the paper I use has risen 20%. This is not funny. John Bangsund has a conspiracy theory about it all. And I'm trying a mix of green and yellow this time, in order to compare showthrough. Hope you like it.

tip-toe through

the apas

PART ONE: ANZAPA

Rumour has it that Leigh Edmonds started ANZAPA because he couldn't find any other apa that would accept him. Be that as it may, the apa started out on the tenth of October 1968 as APA-A. It became ANZAPA in the third mailing. Now the strange thing about this is that two reasons are traditionally given for the name, the first being the 'official' reason, i.e. so that the apa would take in its New Zealand members. The only problem is that at the time there were no New Zealand members. Since then the number of New Zealand members has been small.

The second published reason is that Leigh Edmonds, whilst under the influence of a Vegemite trance made the fateful connection between ANZAPA and Frank Zappa. Certainly this is a far more attractive hypothesis, but one which falls apart on closer scrutiny. Those who know Leigh Edmonds' taste in music will soon see that, as a confirmed fan of basic rock, he couldn't possibly have named the apa in honour of an American musician noted largely for his weird noises and vulgar monologues.

Let us look even further, then. If one pronounces the name of the apa one gets something virtually indistinguishable from 'Anne's apa'. Could this be some deeply-buried romance surfacing through Leigh's subconscious? I suppose only Leigh can tell us, but I can't resist the idea that ANZAPA memorializes some such romantic attachment.

But enough of these philosophical musings. One of the interesting things about ANZAPA is the way it has lasted. Of the ten original contributors to ANZAPA, seven are members at the moment, these being Leigh Edmonds, John Foyster, John Bangsund, Peter Darling, Bruce Gillespie, Paul Stevens and Gary Mason. It is true that not all of these worthies has an unblemished run; one of these days I must ask Leigh how he got dropped from mailing 20.

The result is, I feel, that ANZAPA has a strongly traditional feeling. One tends to think that there is certain material which isn't quite 'suitable' for ANZAPA. I know that, in the period when APES was a rmp-roaring sophomoric pornography apa, I wouldn't have even considered running my APES stuff in ANZAPA. That wasn't the done thing. (Even now I feel a little squeamish when I see Gary Mason's title, best left in abbreviated form as FYLE. Still, I suppose Gary has his own traditions to maintain, viz BLATANTLY UNYCLEFT MAGAZINE which was, no doubt, rather racy in its time.)

Anyway I have previously given all the dull mechanical details of ANZAPA. Suffice it to say that the wait (probably about a year and a half at the present turnover rate) is well worth it. While I'd hate to be elitist about it, ANZAPA does see some of the finest Australian fan writing. (It also sees a hell of a lot of shit, but Sturgeon's Law applies just as well to ANZAPA as to anything else.)

MAILINGS RECEIVED: June

APPLESAUCE 12 & 13 (with 14 due soon) 12 is Peter Toluzzi's last as Official Editor, and 13 is Andrew Taubman's first. I still have gripes about the standard of the Official Organ, but contentwise the apa is going from strength to strength. Jack Herman's APPLEJACK emerges head and shoulders as my favourite 'zine in 12. In 13 it's a toss-up between Helen Swift's BLACK SHOE, Paul Stokes' CAT OUT OF ORDER, and Rob McGough's GONZO JOURNALIST'S REVIEW.

Andrew Taubman, PO Box 538, Neutral Bay Junction, NSW 2089.

ANZAPA 68

A pity people tend to re-use apazines. I note the appearance here of BLACK SHOE, CAT OUT OF ORDER, and various other things I've seen in APPLES. Features a John Bangsund 'zine spirit duplicated. I guess since the doc has warned him off alcohol... Highlights of the mailing are Bruce Gillespie's SF COMMENTARY 55½, Derrick Ashby's THE FUBSY MARSUPIAL FAN MAGAZINE, David Grigg's WAITING and, of course, John Brosnan's SON OF WHY BOTHER. Despite the fact that APPLES 13 and ANZAPA 68 are about the same size, I found more readable stuff in ANZAPA. It's that old Ortlieb conservative streak again.

Gary Mason, PO Box 258, Unley, SA 5061.
The waiting list stands at 14 at present.

APES 20

Jane Taubman on graffiti on Jane Taubman. Both have interesting possibilities. A couple of genzines thrown in to make up the pages. (I've nothing against DAILY TRIFFID or ANARKALI, it's just that I don't think they fit into apas. Mind you, I'm guilty of the same sin, so I guess that shatters my glass house.) APES still has a way to go. I wish I knew why APPLESAUCE took off so well and APES seems stuck at the starting line. Perhaps I'll have a natter about that in the next column.

Roman Orszanski, 6 Harold St, Payneham, SA 5070.

PART TWO: APES

I don't know how many of the readers of Chunder! will have read John Foyster's article on how apas are a pain in the arse, but I'm starting to wonder about it myself. The recent proliferation of Australian apas has been rather dramatic, and I am not sure that this is a Good Thing. I note in the latest APES, for instance, that Larry Dunning in Western Australia intends to start up two new apas, THE PHANTOM ZINE (a comics apa) and SON OF TAU CETI, a standard apa. Now as a co-founder of an apa myself I shouldn't be throwing stones, but I'm really not sure that Australia can support six apas. Indeed, I agree with John's article in a way.

It seems that a lot of energy that is put into apas could be put into genzine production. Still, I should stop throwing stones. I do however think that anyone contemplating joining an apa should at least consider a genzine as an alternative.

But back to Ortlieb's pocket guide to the apas. I gather that there have been Australian apas other than ANZAPA and the present crop. I have somewhere a copy of an APA-NOVA mailing. However, when Adelaide fandom started to become active after AUSSIECON and the regional OMEGACON, there was only ANZAPA and that had a waitinglist. Various people considered that, what with Adelaide's plans to bid for a Worldcon, we should really show how active we could be, and Roman Orszanski, Paul Anderson, and others started talking about an Adelaide-based apa. Finally, as often happens, Allan Bray got dumped with the job of running the thing.

APES 1 was nothing to write home about. It was 17½ pages in length, and featured Paul Anderson, Margaret Arnott, Allan Bray, Marc Ortlieb and Paul Stokes. The other contributor was The Phantom Pornographer who set, or lowered (depending on your point of view) the tone for the next few mailings. Whilst Paul Anderson, Allan Bray and I were willing to ramble on about what APES should or should not be, the Phantom was enlightening us with gems like plans for a convention with items such as EUROPE ON FIVE WOMEN A DAY and FELLATIO AND THE MIDDLE EAST SITUATION. Paul Stokes' contribution was entitled DUNGBAGS THE WONDER SOGGOTH.

APES progressed slowly, and acted as a receptacle for the vulgar outpourings of the minds of John McPharlin, Paul Stokes and me, along with introducing several unfortunates to the art of apazines. (I note the existence of several Anzapans who started in APES and progressed to ANZAPA.) However, for some reason, APES has not thus far really taken off. The latest mailing, forexample, only manages 27 pages. It is also interesting to note that with the exception of Roman's official pages, all the contributions are from non-South Australians, and indeed, out of a membership roster of 22, only nine members are South Australians. I don't know quite what to make of this, but I have no doubt there is some elaborate sociological theory that explains the phenomenon perfectly.

I'm not sure that Roman's new method of tallying pages necessarily helps either, as I note that only ten members have any incentive to contribute to the apa as the other twelve have filled their page quotas.

Anyway next mailing, which is due on the 17th of August, is the third anniversary mailing. It might be interesting to see what it's like.

MAILINGS RECEIVED: July

APES 21	Mentioned above. Roman Orszanski, 6 Harold St, Payneham, SA 5070.
APPLESAUCE & MORNINGSTAR	Haven't made it through due to the Sydney mail problems.
NEW APAS	THE PHANTOM ZINE - editor is Larry Dunning, 45 Holmesdale Rd., West Midland, WA 6056. Comics-oriented. Minac is two pages per mailing.

Mailings every six weeks. Dues \$10 for however long the money lasts.

SON OF TAU CETI - details as above. A more scientificational apa.

Next column I hope to devote a little space to FAPA. Till then watch out for the gremlins in your duplicators and keep them 'zines a-rolling.

MARC ORTLIER

Worldconsiderations

ROY FERGUSON

I don't have anything particularly new to add to this debate. I agree with the general Australian view against the suggested alteration to a four-yearly rotation scheme with one year outside North America. I am most irked by the apparent American viewpoint that they can hold the largest convention for a particular year and call it a 'Worldcon' just because it is the largest. If that convention is held in North America most years then surely it is just a North American con, and at that mostly the US Natcon. Further, just because North America has the largest concentration of fans some people think it gives them the right to hold 'the Worldcon'. The real problem in having a Worldcon (by which I mean a con having a high attendance of international fans) is the cost of travel. Until international travel is cheap enough that it is possible to have the Worldcon anywhere in the world and still have plenty of international fans attending, any con calling itself a Worldcon probably cannot justify the title. Until the time that this is possible, it is most important not to let the North Americans think that they have a monopoly on the title. The more that major conventions held outside North America can be Worldcons the better. At the moment that is best met by the present system of allowing bids for Worldcons from outside North America any and every year.

(JF: The most 'international' SF convention is probably the biennial EUROCON.)

DON ASHBY

Possibly one of the best ways of solving the Worldcon zoning debate is to base the Worldcon in Pretoria, which is equally far away from everywhere. By doing this it would become an SF UN - that is, ignored, and we could all sleep in peace at night.

GEORGE FLYNN

You mention that 'non-NA fans ... don't seem to be able to participate in constitutionalising without attending.' Funny thing about that; the original version of the present constitution provided for a mail ballot on constitutional changes, but this provision was thrown out the next year - at the Aussiecon business meeting!

(JF: Yep, and I reckon that people not able to listen to debate on proposed changes should be disenfranchised. The problem remains.)

CHUNDER! August 1979 page 11

Letters

WORKSHOPS: George Turner

If Gerald Smith was pleased to read about a workshop 'as seen by an inmate', so was I. It was the first time a workshopper has told it back to me. Some of Leanne's ideas will be useful in future, particularly the matter of having more than one story prepared by each attendee. This I intend to take up next year, though not quite in the form she put forward. It would be better for each writer to submit one story as usual, but also to have notes or scenarios prepared for three or more to be written at the workshop. These could then be written with the additional insights gained (one hopes) at the discussion sessions, without the strain of having to force unprepared ideas.

Conditions at the Sydney workshop were physically unsuitable for creative effort. More importantly, the standard of work submitted for admission was (except in a few cases) dishearteningly poor - far lower than for my previous groups - and it was necessary to risk giant critical strides in discussion in order to achieve anything at all. For both Terry Carr and myself it was frustrating, though Terry told me the standard compared reasonably with material submitted for American workshops. (But those run up to six weeks, and there is time to prod more gently.) Perhaps my Monash and Adelaide groups were of unusually high beginner standard; you can't expect a Pip Maddern or Sam Sejavka or Randal Flynn in every group.

As for Leanne's uncertainty as to whether or not she gained by the experience, I have Terry Carr's word for it that her final work showed vast improvement over her earlier attempts - which gives a practical answer to the doubt, whatever the personal assessment.

I wish more workshopppers would tell me how they feel about these affairs. I can only work as feedback directs me; guessing at the needs of others is futile.

Helen Swift

Pooh to Ken Ozanne; I enjoyed Leanne's piece on the writers' workshop.

FAN FUNDS: Don Ashby

I feel that fan funds are a noble institution often misused. A fan fund should exist to send (or bring) a fan who is popular on a personal level, currently hardworking on a fanac level and has something to offer as a public person - i.e. a good speaker, a talented artist, or good in bed. One such person does not come up every year, so it seems pointless to send a person who doesn't qualify for the sake of keeping the fund regular. It must be somewhat ego-deflating for fans winning a fund race to realise that he or she is just the least unpopular of the people running.

(JF: Shit! I thought it was because I was a good speaker, a talented artist, and good in bed.)

FAN FUNDS: Paul Stevens

I read with mounting 'orror Mike Glicksohn's letter about DUFF and TAFF eligibility and the suggestion that only fanzine fans are really true blue and right to send overseas on fan funds. What a snob old Glicksohn is, to be sure! Are we to believe that you are not a true fan (or tru faan) unless you devote your fannish time to fanzines? Are those fans who don't write, subscribe to or read fanzines to wear sackcloth and ashes and wander about with a bell ringing and uttering the words 'UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!' at intervals? Has Glicksohn stopped attending conventions? Or does he suggest that only fanzine fans should be allowed to attend conventions?

I can see it now 'ATTENDANCE FEES FOR EASTERCON ''80 - \$10 AT THE DOOR PLUS FIVE SELF-WRITTEN FANZINES' And can SF authors be regarded as being all right? They don't write fanzines, do they? No - they waste their time writing science fiction for money. They don't get into conventions unless they have written five six-page articles on fandom and had them published in somebody's fanzine.

Of course you might not have so many conventions if organising conventions was left up to the fanzine fans. It is a well-known fact that fanzine fans don't have the time to do anything except produce fanzines. I know, and this is the reason that I don't produce a fanzine more than once every two years and write an article every two months. I even have trouble keeping up my ANZAPA membership. Of course I do tend to waste my time on frivolous things like eating, sleeping, and going to the movies. I have even been known (shock/horror) to attend parties!

I should also like to point out to Grouchy Glicksohn that it was conventions that got the money to send the DUFF people overseas; the fanzine fans were far too broke from paying the postage on their fanzines.

So in answer to Mike Glicksohn I say - UP YOURS SPORT, AND THREE CHEERS FOR CONVENTION FANS!

A little bit of Stevens history: I got into fandom through the old Melbourne SF Club and didn't know what a fanzine was (nor cared much) until Bangsund and Foyster and Harding decided to ruin the peace of the Melbourne scene by producing AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW. Of course I got sucked in and did all the collating things and it started me writing and producing fanzines. I don't have a large turnout of fanzines or an impressive lineup of fanzine articles but I am proud of the conventions I have helped organise, and the Paul Stevens shows that have been produced. I think the large number of fans who have attended those conventions and who have laughed (sometimes) at the Paul Stevens Show are as important and in greater numbers than those who might have had a fanzine of mine thud into their mail box. I think that my activities in helping to organise conventions are more important than my efforts at fanzine production, and have been of greater benefit to Australian SF fandom. Fanzines have their place in fandom just as conventions do, but when fanzines become the main measure of a fan's achievements then I take up snake-shearing or aardvark wrestling as a hobby.

(JF: Yes, but how do you stack up against Don Ashby's requirements?)

FAN FUNDS: Helen Swift

Of the letters, I found Mike Glicksohn's on Fan Funds to be the most lucid and thought-provoking... The fact that I agree with much that he says probably has something to do with this, but so what! There would seem to me to be several key points relating to the choice of a DUFF candidate from Australia: firstly, I agree with Glicksohn that the fan funds, at least in part, are a reward for services rendered. In this respect, I was a little surprised by Jack Herman's comment in the first issue of WAHF-full that he would see himself as 'the best candidate that could be offered for the 1980 race.' It would seem to me that, had the original nominees continued in the contest, Keith Curtis would have had this aspect sewn up, inasmuch as his contributions as an auctioneer over the years to DUFF and other causes certainly merit some collective expression of thanks. I shudder to think how many hundreds of dollars must have been raised courtesy of his inimitable auctioneering style. While I would in no way denigrate the good work that Jack has done with Forerunner recently, the fact still remains that it is 'recently'; and, to me, the question of duration of service is significant.

Secondly, high-faluting though it may sound, the DUFF candidate is really an 'ambassador' of Australian fandom; thus whoever we choose must be someone with whom we are happy to be identified.

And finally, this second point has particular ramifications in light of the Australia in '83 bid; whoever goes overseas in the next few years as a fan fund winner will be influential in creating an impression of Australian fans, and that impression needs to be such as to entice the masses to vote for A in '83.

So you'd better be nice to everyone at SEACON, Foyster!

(JF: I think the last point is an overestimation; there'll be about 15 Australian fans at SEACON, and I doubt my ability to off-set the malign influence of just Binns, Johnson, and Turner, much less the rest of them....)

Roy Ferguson

Leigh's advice that Ken Fletcher and Linda Lounsbury should avoid long distance car travel while in Australia may not be taken. As Ken and Linda have expressed a desire to visit Perth and travel at least one way by train, the current proposal is that those WAFen driving to SYNCON take them back to Perth by road to save money.

(JF: Australian readers will find a 'Ken & Linda' supplement with this issue which gives some travel info!)

Jack Herman

When Paul mentioned the possibility that I may be the only valid nomination for DUFF, my reaction was to say that the fan fund couldn't exist without the Race and, therefore, if I were the only one standing, I'd rather see the Race postponed and my nomination held over for the next race.

I, at no stage, withdrew from DUFF and I've let Paul

know that my nomination is still in and that if he is again calling for nominations, to consider mine as one.

Thus, for DUFF 1980, you can still vote for Herman.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION: George Turner

Richard Faulder's misunderstanding of the meaning of 'an Australian sf' is frustrating. I really thought I had brought explanation down to the plainest level. Did he seriously think I was talking about 'local idiom'? Local idiom is not for beginners; slang, idiomatic usage and obscenity are traps for learners; you need an expert ear for cadence and rhythm and a fine judgment of when to use and when not to. As a rule - don't.

Idiom does not make Australianism - it makes embarrassing self-consciousness, save in the hands of an expert.

For an Australian sf, try it this way: if you have a story to write, don't think 'How would Brian Aldiss or John Varley write it?' The method that is right for them is disastrously wrong for you. One has an unmistakably English flavour and the other a totally American flavour. Try to write like either (or, indeed, like any other person) and you'll flop.

You have to think, 'What is the best way to tell this story? And to hell with the way anyone else might tell it because it is my personality which has to appear.' Write it without thought of right and wrong ways (there aren't any) and your way will eventually stamp itself on the work. That is what gains readers; imitation rarely does.

Write for yourself. If you write with your eyes fixed on the American or the English market, and slant your story to what you think (usually wrongly) is acceptable there, you stamp yourself a second-rater before the first word is written.

A national accent appears when a country's writers write as themselves, not as followers of foreign fashions.

For God's sake, why do young writers have the idea that overseas successes somehow represent 'the right way to do it'?

I doubt if I will ever be able to make the point any clearer.

FAN HISTORY: Don Ashby

I read ALL OUR YESTERDAYS a couple of years ago, when Leigh lent me a copy, and enjoyed it immensely. I approached its rather formidable bulk with some misgivings. I am not a great fan of the fannish histories and reports that go into microscopic detail about what time a certain fan got up in the morning, what colour the ceiling of his motel room was, and wasn't it pleasant that Forry Ackerman smiled at him in the lift - so I received a pleasant and unexpected treat when I embarked on reading. As a theatre person I find people fascinating, and fascinating (also

bizarre, crazed, paranoid, and simple-minded) is certainly a word that covers some of the people Harry Warner Jr writes about. I lent a copy to a playwright friend of mine a couple of months ago and he is hard at work writing a play about it. It should be on at La Mama early next year. When it is, be sure, I will let you know.

Jeff Harris

The mention of Harry Warner's WEALTH OF FABLE convinced me that I should make every effort to obtain a copy. Damon Knight's THE FUTURIANS has been cited as worth comparative reading with Moskowitz's THE IMMORTAL STORM. Both books cover the same period of fan history and the perspective of two viewpoints provides additional clarity concerning the forties. So I would guess that Harry's book extends this. One point raised by yourself gnaws away at the back of my brain. If Harry's account of the Aussie situation has the inaccuracies you mentioned, what guarantees do we have about the veracity of his descriptions of much of the American scene. The perennial problem of the historian and the history under study re interpretation raises its ugly visage again. Part of the answer is already given in that his book gives an impression rather than an analytically accurate account (to sixteen decimal places, of course). The rest is entropy and low thermal noise.

(JF: In writing about goings-on in the USA (and elsewhere) Harry would have been able to rely upon multiple sources - this should allay some of your fears....)

SURVEYS AND CONVENTION ITEMS: John Litchen

About those surveys you ran - I can't see how you can draw any conclusions when the responses were so few. Twenty you got at EASTERCON and looking at the figures you didn't seem to get much more than that through the mail for the earlier one run through Chunder!

I answered the mail one and I'm sure if you had asked me at EASTERCON (if I'd been there) my answers would have been different. You can't conclude that con fans are different from fanzine fans on the basis of such poor figures. I think you will have to ask the same questions at every con and perhaps at least once more through Chunder!, before you will begin to get any real idea of how people think.

Richard Maulder

Two points about your convention polls:

(a) Is there really enough in your sample size to justify (statistically) saying that there are at least some differences between fanzine fans and convention fans?

(b) How much of the observed difference was attributed to the success of those items at that particular convention?

Roy Tackett

In regards to Perry Middlemiss's comments about the audience thinking, as they sit there watching a panel of fans talk about things fannish, that they are watching a bunch of cretins talking a great heap of mumbo jumbo that is anything

but entertaining; there isn't that much of an audience. The scheduled fannish program items at Suncon and Iguanacon drew extremely small audiences. Most of those who did attend were publishing fans who knew (or had paper acquaintance with) the panelists. (And, from my point of view, the fan panels were, indeed, anything but entertaining.) Part of the problem there would seem to be that the fannish programming is largely in the hands of some pretentious individuals who seem to think there is so great significance involved. There isn't.

Interestingly enough, program items which drew vast audiences were those concerned with the space program and/or the far frontiers of scientific research.

(JF: Your last point, Roy, is more evidence of the growth of spacer fandom, which I still regard as very much like the goshwow fandom of the early 1930s. Is there an economic answer, I cry?

To John Litchen and Richard Faulder: (i) the two samples were collected in very similar ways so that if the sample is not representative of the population then the distortion is likely to be very similar for each case.

(ii) the rating of items (as a class) was carried out before the EASTERCON was properly in action. If you look at the rating of individual items (page 3 of the May Chunder!) you will see that the top three items at EASTERCON were from classes of items rated 8, 10, 12 and 13 (depending upon whether you believe Foyster/Jenssen should be classified by type or content).

(iii) Are there at least some differences between fanzine fans and convention fans? Yes. The Goodman-Kruskal gamma is 0.46, which may be interpreted in the following way: ignoring the items which were not rated by both groups, and the items on which there was a tie within a group, choose any program item - then the probability that the items have the same ordering is 0.46 more than the probability that they have a different ordering. In other words, they are more likely to have the same order, but there's a significant chance that the order is different. A correlational method isn't really appropriate, but if you want it, the correlation is about 0.57, with only one chance in twenty that the correlation is equal to or greater than 0.8 - i.e. there are nineteen chances in twenty that the percentage of variance explained is less than 64.)

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Book Reviews

Woman on the Edge of Time Marge Piercy, Fawcett Books, 1976, \$3.05

I really can't praise this book enough. I thought it was absolutely superb. The material was sufficiently interesting that it probably would have been good even if the writing hadn't been so good - but the writing was excellent! And the main character was very well developed (somewhat unusual in SF). And the book had an original (new to me, anyway) idea to hold it together.

Consuelo Ramos (Connie) is a 35-year-old Mexican-American woman living in New York City, on welfare. She is placed in a mental institution for being violent (a false accusation). The scenes in the mental hospital are very reminiscent of 'One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest', and very chilling. Prior to her hospitalization, Connie had begun to have visits from Luciente, a woman from 150 years in the future. Although Connie knows the violence charge is wrong, she thinks she may be going crazy anyway because of Luciente's visits. In fact, the reader is never sure where reality ends and fantasy begins.

While in hospital, Connie visits Luciente's future, a not-quite-but-almost-utopian feminist world. Connie, however, does not immediately appreciate many of the facets of this future (for instance, vegetarianism is a sign of abject poverty to her, not an affirmation of oneness with nature). Luciente works hard to convince Connie that this future is a good one, and that it will only come to exist if certain things happen in the past to cause it to exist - and that Connie herself is a soldier in the war against 'the system', which is trying to make her conform. Since Connie wants to escape from hospital (if she can't get out legally), and since she is a street survivor and therefore used to lying, stealing, and cheating, she is willing to listen. She does try an escape attempt but is caught, and plans various other schemes.

Connie's only 'escape' is into the future. If there is any flaw in this book, it's that the future is populated by people who are too good to be true - at least the people in Luciente's part of the world. (Reference is made to 'others' - the bad guys - with whom a war is being fought, but it's never clear how much of the world is in the hands of which side.) But that's a very minor criticism. Another (positive) touch which I liked is that Luciente's people use the pronouns 'person' and 'per' rather than he/she or him/her, respectively. It's a little odd at first, but one gets used to it (several North American fan writers use this convention, too).

I wish I'd found this book before I wrote the paragraph for Marc Ortlieb on 'my favourite female SF character' - Connie would have won, no doubt. Connie is an excellent example of a 'good' female character, as discussed in the Feminism panel at EASTERCON, and briefly in my article in GIANT WOMBO 2. The development of her character, from a fiesty but essentially beaten woman, surviving but losing out to 'the system', to a confident, assertive prisoner, is very well drawn. She's very sceptical of Luciente's world - not only its very existence, but also the values the people cherish. She slowly learns to accept these values and to trust other people.

(continued on page 20)

NORSTRILIA PRESS: 'Moon in the Ground is to be published in August. This fine sf novel, by Keith Antill, will I am sure come to be regarded as one of the very best Australian novels of the last few years in any genre (but then I am biased). It's Norstrilia's first all-hardback publication and, incidently, our first novel. Several paperback houses both here and in the US have expressed interest.'

'Transmutations has finally been typeset and next week it will be sent to Hong Kong for printing. October is the likely publishing date (publishers: Outback Press). Transmutations is an all-Australian original sf short story collection, with 11 stories by Bruce Gillespie, Kevin McKay, Phillipa Maddern, Frank Payne, Petrina Smith, David Lake, Ted Mundie, David King, David Grigg, Margaret Pearce, and Randal Flynn. Introduction by Brian Aldiss.' (Rob Gerrand)

VEGEMITE FANDOM: 'I was pleased to see you mention the important news - that the Vegemite strike is over. Kraft have in fact been very generous to us and supplied over 250 lids for badges. Currently we are only sending these to fans taking out SWANCON 5 memberships (\$10 full, \$5 supporting). COA - the address for

SWANCON 5
is
PO Box 225, Wembley 6014.'

(Roy Ferguson)

LITRACHUR: 'Some news which you might be interested in is that the Education Department's Curriculum & Research Branch has recently produced a Teachers' Guide to SF. One of the things I do in my 'spare' time is go around and talk to kids about SF in schools and it was a teacher who drew my attention to it on one of those jaunts. I am afraid I wasn't very impressed with what I saw. The reading list given contained little to recommend it. Only a few stories had any real literary (or other) merit and it's just possible they got in by accident. It must have been incredibly difficult to write about a field like SF from scratch, and finding an expert in the field must be difficult for someone unfamiliar with the scene. Space Age Books has a credit at the front, though judging from the content it's hard to see what they did. I imagine their advice either was ignored or was not very comprehensive. It might be worth while for the ASFF to lodge a list of names with the Education Department of possible contacts. Impoverished material like this does nothing for SF and certainly doesn't sell books.' (Don Ashby)

SASTREK - SOME CURRENT INFO: Address - PO Box 369, North Adelaide, 5006. President Leo de Kuyser, Secretary Sylvia Ruwoldt, Treasurer Betsi Ashton. Annual membership \$4 payable to 'SASTREK'. Number of financial members is 130. Honorary members are Susan Clarke, Diane Marchant, Gene and Majel Roddenberry, Jill Curtin. The club holds regular meetings for its members, as well as functions. Last June SASTREK held its first miniconvention, and is planning another minicon in October this year. (Cost of attendance \$5) The club prints a newsletter and a fanzine alternate months. The newsletter contains items of interest, future functions, etc. The fanzine contains articles, poetry artwork, short stories, sent in by club members - 15 to 30 pages. (extracts from Jill Curtin-Ta!)

Chunder! is published on or about the first day of each month by John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, Australia, and is available at the rate of ten for \$2 (no subs over \$2, please) or, better still, for contributions in the form of articles, artwork, or letters.

Registered for posting as a publication (Category B)

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Cover - William Rotsler

- 2 - Jeff Harris on QUASARCON
4 - A Lady on EASTERCON '73
8 - Marc Ortlieb on APAS
11 - WORLDCONSIDERATIONS (with Roy Ferguson, Don Ashby, George Flynn)
12 - LETTERS (with George Turner, Helen Swift, Don Ashby, Paul
Stevens, Jack Herman, Jeff Harris, John Litchen, Richard
Faulder, Roy Tackett)
18 - Jean Weber on WOMAN ON THE EDGE OF TIME
19 - NOOZ
20 - editorial

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JOTTINGS

1. I need more cover artwork.
2. Andrew Taubman in a letter not used herein complains about my lettercolumn policy of dividing letters up and regrouping paragraphs in terms of similarity of content. It would be much easier for me to just use whole letters, but I feel there is some advantage in keeping similar content together. Your view? (I have almost caught up with the letter backlog - maybe three pages behind at the moment.)
3. The first part of an AUSTRALASIAN FAN DIRECTORY (naturally numbered 'Part Six') is distributed to Australian readers, together with a 'Ken & Linda' fanzine. Other parts will follow as donated by Organization Fen out there. Corrections and additions invited. (If your name appears in the directory you get a single sample copy of Chunder! - subscribe or write if you want further issues!)
4. The layout of this back page changes next issue (I'm pleased to say).
5. Jack Herman recently complained about lack of JF material in this fanzine. I can't go over 20 pages (Jack knows why) and while I have an excess of other people's material (note delay of Leigh Edmonds' column this time) I shall continue to shrink away.

• • • • •

Jean Weber's review continued from page 18)
She carries this personal growth back to the "real"(?) world of the hospital, and sees her fellow patients in a new perspective. The beauty of the future set against the brutal horror of the present - a little trite, maybe, but very effective. And a darn good adventure story, too.

Drama, politics, science, characterisation, superb writing - what more could one want from one book? Highly recommended reading.

JEAN WEBER

(A cross indicates that this is your last copy unless)

AUSTRALASIAN FAN DIRECTORY

Part 6: WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Prepared by Roy Ferguson and Peter Toluzzi, and published by
John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001. 27/7/1979

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AUSTRALASIAN FAN DIRECTORY, PART 6: WESTERN AUSTRALIA
August 1979 edition - page 2

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- 1) you wish to have your name removed from future editions
- 2) you wish to have your name added to future editions
- 3) you wish to make corrections to the information presented.

PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR OTHER PARTS OF THE DIRECTORY - THIS IS
THE FIRST

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Other parts of this directory will be published as the
information comes to hand. Please contact me if you feel you
can supply the information for a given state/territory so
that I can schedule publication. John Foyster 27/7/1979

INTRODUCING KEN AND LINDA

Some information about the 1979 DUFF Winners, published by John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne V3001.

.....
LINDA LOUNSBURY-- autobiographical stuff

~~It was a dark and stormy night~~ Actually, it was probably a cold and snowy morning. I don't remember, but it was 7.31 am on January 30, 1950 when I was born, and that date is usually cold and snowy in Huron, South Dakota. Huron is a small town (about 15 000 population) but the fourth largest in the state. It's situated in the middle of prairie farming land in the middle of the eastern half of the state; the western half is rolling pastureland (drier than the east) and the Black Hills (very old remnants of a mountain chain, but still the highest points between the Rockies and the Appalachians) and the Badlands (bizarrely weathered limestone formations which are a National Park).

I grew up in Huron for 18 years, went to grade school, junior high, senior high; played softball and took swimming lessons (but didn't do more than passably well in the latter) during the summer; rode my bicycle around a lot; went sledding and built snow sculptures in the winter and tried to learn to skate once; got good grades in school; had three cats - all named Timmy - in succession, until it was discovered that my youngest sister was allergic to most animals, also helped raise assorted chickens, geese, and some wild pheasants that we stumbled across (or rather, across their nest) once; took piano lessons; was in the school plays for the last year or two in high school and directed one; doodled constantly in class between taking notes; didn't have a date to the Senior Prom (or anywhere else for that matter); saw STAR TREK and loved it; read science fiction beginning at about age 12, but didn't realise that it was SF; learned to sew; went to our cabin on Lake Byron for several years' vacations, then my parents sold that about bought a camper, so we travelled to the West Coast, the Black Hills, Canada, the Midwest, and Northeast U.S.; and I graduated in May 1968.

(For genealogy fans: my family is half German, the other half mostly English, with some Dutch, French, & Scots-Irish. One grandmother was born in Germany and came to South Dakota with her parents to homestead when she was two years old; one grandmother was born in South Dakota of parents who had come from Russia (the Crimean Peninsula) to escape the Russian military conscription; their ancestors had come from Germany in the early 19th century to escape the German draft. One of my grandfathers moved to South Dakota as an adult from New York state; his ancestors included French Huguenots and Dutch settlers from the days when New York was New Amsterdam. My other grandfather's family was from New England (though they settled in northern New York state en route to South Dakota) - puritan stock, and minor participants in the American Revolution; they came from Southern England, with some French Huguenots refugees-to-England intermarried. The Lounsbury name is derived from the name of the village of Loundesborough in Yorkshire, England; the suffix change to 'bury' suggests that some of my ancestors of that name moved south (e.g. Salisbury, etc.) Our family has always used the spelling Lounsbury, though there are other branches (cousins, perhaps - or unrelated) who use

'Lowndesbrowe', 'Londesburg', and others; the American branch evidently all trace their ancestry through one Richard Lounsbury who came to New York ca. 1690 and owned some large tracts of land along the Hudson for a time. I can't verify that, since I can definitely trace my ancestors of that name only to 1799 (when Elisha L. was born). My parents met in college after World War II (my father was in the American army in the South Pacific) and were married in 1947; I am the oldest of four children (I have one brother and two sisters) and have a niece and nephew (my brother's children.).

I went to college in St. Paul, Minnesota at Macalester College (and thus became an honorary member of the Macalester clan) on a Reader's Digest/National Merit Scholarship. At one time I had visions of being an astronomer (STAR TREK influence) or being in the U.S. Foreign Service; to those ends I took physics, astronomy, calculus, biology, geology, chemistry, Spanish, German, and French. But my interest in history won out and I made that my major; in fact, I wrote an Honors Thesis in History (on the Woman Suffrage Movement in Minnesota). While there I discovered Fandom; we had a group who watched STAR TREK re-runs and I knew some people who read SF, but not until spring of 1969 did I learn that there was already a club of SF fans. I went to a meeting (the end of February, I think it was), but didn't bother to go to the next one, and went home for Easter vacation during Minicon, so it wasn't until April that I decided to go again - mostly because I'd started reading a book in our host's library and wanted to finish. The second time I met a few people and was generally noticed more than the first time; so I went again. Only, this time I wore the STAR TREK uniform I'd made (with red tights); that attracted a lot of attention and I got to talk with more people, started to remember names, and got it straight which one was Fred Haskell and which was Ken Fletcher. During the summer, I worked in a parachute factory in Huron and was tickled to receive a copy of Rune; feeling a bit cut-off from college, etc., I wrote to Ken (who was then secretary) and he wrote back. I didn't discover until later what a rare event that was.

College was great for my social life. I met new people, went out on dates with a few of the men at Mac, socialised with my dormmates, and helped run the coffeehouse on campus. Gradually, after the first year, my social life started to centre around Minn-stf more and more; I also started seeing more of Ken. We didn't go 'out' much; I visited him at his parents' house (where he lived at the time) and he visited me at the dorm and we both went to Minn-stf functions - formal and informal. I went to Minicons, even when they coincided with vacation time. I started a fanzine, mostly by accident, called The Green Fandom, which lasted for about 8 issues and was largely written and illustrated by me; Caryl Dixon (since, Bucklin, and recently, Wixon) was co-editor for the first couple of issues. I decided to use my historical interests by going into museum work, and applied to graduate schools that offered training in that. I graduated from Mac in 1972.

In the end, I went to the University of Delaware. My family took their summer vacation via Delaware (with a swing through Arkansas, Tennessee, and Georgia on the way) and helped me move into an apartment there. I had to start all over meeting new friends and establishing fannish contacts. Fortunately, I'd been given some names, closest of which was Linda Bushyager; I finally got up enough courage to call her and she invited me to visit. As my graduation present, my parents had loaned me the money to buy a car, since there is no public transport worthy of the name in Newark (pronounced New-ark), Delaware. So I could drive up to where Linda and Ron lived, near Philadelphia; also to Pittsburgh for Pghlance, to New York City for Lunacon and Fanoclasts, Albany for genealogy research, and Washington DC for research and Discon. We even started a club - the Delaware Valley Science Fiction Club - composed of people who congregated in Linda and Ron's home (I was president); there was also a club at the University of Delaware, but its members were less involved with fandom at large. But I missed Minneapolis, and the fans there; I joined Minneapa, I wrote to Ken (and others). Sometimes, Ken even wrote back. Finally I decided to move back there while I wrote my dissertation. (I got my M.A. in 1975.)

And so I did. Ken came out to help me drive back; we went via Tennessee to meet some of his relatives there. We were married (legally) on July 19, 1975 (anniversary of Seneca Falls Women's Rights Convention and eve of the anniversary of the Moon Landing); we were married (Great Spiderist) at Minicon 10 (April?, 1975). I've pretty much satiated from fanzine publishing until the recent publication of 'Tales of Fur and Leather'; we haven't been able to afford too many conventions - the 1976 Worldcon (MidAmeriCon), Wiscon for three years in a row (in Madison, WI) and, of course, Minicon. I worked for several months in a bakery as salesclerk, and for the last 3½ years as secretary/office manager for Gordon Dickson. My dissertation (on the Woman Suffrage Movement in Minnesota) is progressing slowly, with most of the research done, but not much of the writing - due date in June 1980. (Help!) Once I get back and write the trip report, I'll have to fafiate completely for a while in order to get it done.

Oh, yes, and I really did do my social studies project booklet on Australia in 6th grade (had a terrible time getting information from the Australian government - I wrote the wrong office and it went through New York City before it reached me).

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KEN FLETCHER - fannish biographical poop sheet

32 years old

Met my first Minneapolis fanzine fan in 1965. Joined the NFFF, Apa-45, and CAPA-alpha (a comics apa) in 1966. I was doing fan cartooning by this time. My first convention was Nycon III in 1967, and very soon after was in on the founding of Minn-Stf, the Minnesota Science Fiction Society.

I've been a member of the Minneapolis in '73 convention bidding committee (both active and retroactive factions), mostly working

INTRODUCING KEN AND LINDA - August 1979 - page 4

in the Graphic Arts Section. I've been active in Minneapa off-and-on, and with Reed Waller founded Vootie, an apa for cartoonists of funny animals. I've worked as a clerk for Uncle Hugo's Science Fiction Bookstore and as bookkeeper for Gordon R. Dickson. I married Linda Lounsbury in 1975.

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A TENTATIVE ITINERARY (as of late June 1979)

2 August leave Minneapolis
5 August 7.45 pm Arrive Sydney (Continental 1)
6-9 August visit Sydney fans
10-13 August SYNCON '79
13 August leave Sydney/arrive Brisbane
14-15 August visit Brisbane (and Barrier Reef?)
16 August leave Brisbane/arrive Canberra
17-18 August in Canberra
19 August leave Canberra/arrive Melbourne
20-23 August in Melbourne
24 August leave Melbourne/arrive Adelaide
25-26 August in Adelaide
27 August leave Adelaide (train)
29 August arrive Perth
30-31 August in Perth
1 September leave Perth (train)
4 September arrive Sydney
5 September leave Sydney 9.15 am (Continental 2)
 et cetera

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The endpoints of the above are fixed, but there's considerable flexibility between (in particular note WAFen's proposal to transport K&L to Perth directly after SYNCON. It'll all work out somehow.....