





# Fanzine Reviews

Chunder! is published in a highly organized way: letters of comment are cut up and pasted onto sheets according to topics and then re-ordered when stencilling time arrives, the mailing list is carefully managed by the editor's whim, and when fanzines arrive for review they are placed in the review file, a plastic bag. Usually. Then, when the time comes to write this column, I remove the fanzines from the plastic bag and, if an order seems obvious, I rearrange them. This time there is no obvious order. Tough.

THE RUPTURED 'ROO 1, July 1979, from Mark R Sharpe, USN, Public Affairs Office, NCS - Harold E Holt, Exmouth, WA 6707: available for The Usual. 8 pages.

This is a mighty short genzine but the cover (and the art in general) make it above average for an Australian 'zine. Some of the content I liked a lot, and some I didn't. Unfortunately this is reproduced on a really rank Xerox, which spoils an otherwise unexceptionable appearance.

FORERUNNER July 1979, journal of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, edited by Jack Cerman, 7B Kingsbury St., Croydon Park, NSW 2133, and available at \$3 for 12. 18 pages.

This issue is more newsy than those reviewed recently, with a couple of pages of fanzine reviews, a page of SSFF news, one of general news, a minicon report and a page of convention news, followed by two pages of book reviews, five pages of letters, and some more in the series series. In the letter column Jack Cerman replies to a somewhat vague letter from Ian Nicholls by describing it as 'so informative'. For those who are wondering what it is all about Chunder!, the fanzine that Names Names, suggests that you replace, in Ian Nicholls' letter, 'CERTAIN THINGS' by 'the name of the proposed pro Guest of Honour' and 'a particular fan in the E.S.' by 'Leigh Edmonds'. Anything to help. (By a strange quirk of fate, I seem to have managed to acquire the names of all the pro GoHs proposed by the '80 and '81 National con bidders. For the right price, I will divulge all.)

SOMETHING ELSE 6, June 1979, from Shayne McCormack, PO Box 146, Burwood, NSW 2134. 14 pages, th usual.

I might be able to remember earlier issues of SOMETHING ELSE, but none so well-edited. Shayne is unusual amongst Sydney fans - she can spell (except for toughies like 'dilettante') and type (make of that what you will, SPs!) - and she has put together a fanzine chock-a-block with needling paragraphs. 'Let's go back unfancy, inexpensive conventions' she says at one point, and one wonders whether this is a preliminary excuse for a SYNCON screw-up. (See later in this issue to check for yourselves...) Later Mike Glicksohn estimates he spends \$5000 a year on fandom and science fiction in a neat article some of which I must remember next time someone asks me howcum I don't read science fiction any more.

THE AUSTRALIAN COMIC COLLECTOR June 1979, from Joseph Italiani, 27 Percy Street, Mitcham, 40 pages offset. \$2.

Expensive, but the best-looking Australian fanzine I've seen for some

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time. I'm not really deserting SPECTRE and EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS, for these have illustrated text but TACC relies upon its appearance. Even though I'm not a comics fan I found it easy to read this straight through (which is how I found that pages 26 and 27 are reversed), and it is hard to imagine anyone doing a much better job.

DEADLOSS - 1 from Chris Priest, 1 Ortygia House, 6 Lower Road, Harrow, Middlesex, HA2 ODA, ENGLAND. 16 pages and available at the whim of the editor.

Written by the editor, about the editor - and mainly about the writer who shares the same name and address as the editor. Here is C Priest on reviews his books have received, other books, science fiction, Pete Weston, and most points between. When it's not funny it's serious, and there are no dull patches. This is somewhat hard to describe without extensive quotation, but if you should come across a copy, read it.

GRUNDOON July 1979 from Andrew Brown, 23 Miller Cres, Mt Waverley, Vic 3149, AUSTRALIA. The usual or 50 cents. 26 pages.

Most of this issue is taken up with a transcription of the panel UNCERTAIN, COY, AND HARD TO PLEASE which I found almost unendurably boring; perhaps it is because the discussion doesn't appear to be going anywhere. In addition there's stuff from the editor and Marc Ertlieb. Good cover.

WORLDS BEYOND May 1979 from Tom Cardy, 137 Richardson Street, Dunedin, New Zealand. Complicated rates, but about 50 cents for 16 apparently Xeroxed (one side) pages.

First impressions may be wrong, but, although this seems a bit short on content (no longer articles) and one sometimes wonders what is going on, overall it hangs together rather well. There are some ace illustrations (and some not-so-ace ones) and perhaps this is a characteristic of New Zealand fanzines. Yes, I'm sure it is, what with all this talk about comics and STARLOG and the like. And, like other New Zealanders, Tom has an overwhelming faunch for a convention. Perhaps WELCON will do Strange Things to New Zealand fandom, but if it encourages more like this I won't be unhappy.

TANJENT 9 May-June-July 1979 from Greg Hills, 22a Polson Street, Wanganui, New Zealand @ 70 cents for 36 offset pages.

This is my favourite NZ fanzine; NOUMENON is better printed, but usually reads as though it has been edited by a robot (a clever robot, yes, Brian, but a robot nonetheless). TANJENT has a very human editor and if he can just stop wasting valuable pages with all that stuff about science fiction we might get somewhere. On the other hand even the science fiction stuff isn't too bad. It's a very international fanzine and almost exhaustingly enthusiastic. I hope that one day Greg can sit back and enjoy it.

ETHERLINE 7 from the Melbourne SF Club, 305 Swanston St, Melbourne 10 pages or so - for the usual, I guess.

I canned ETHERLINE last time I reviewed it. The two most recent issues are much better than those earlier ones (and E7 has a line from Tim Dawson which is the best thing I've seen in an Australian fanzine all year). This one doesn't have any highlights but the reproduction is significantly better than in the past. I look forward to each issue now, though I can't quite pin down a reason.

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I am dissatisfied with the reviews on the past two pages, even though nine fanzines are covered; my backlog gets reduced quickly, but who cares? And so, with some apologies to those whose works have gone before, I return to my earlier habit.

DREAM VENDOR 3 (Fall 1978) from Alan Sandercock, 44 Glen Rd., 1009, Hamilton, Ontario, L8S 4N2, Canada. 48 offset pages for 50 cents or the usual.

I remember Alan as a rather quiet South Australian fan - though perhaps this is unjust in that I can't remember any rowdy South Australians (aside to cricket lovers) and maybe Alan is an ordinary South Australian - and here he turns up in Canada with a very personal fanzine in all sorts of senses.

Almost all of it has been written by Alan, and that is one other thing which has changed; my memory of Alan's writing is of short pieces in ANZAPA. In DREAM VENDOR Alan's pieces aren't just lengthy (and very readable) but, particularly in the book reviews, they are the product of a highly organized mind. I don't get quite the feeling from the trip and con reports that comes through the words of book comment, but perhaps if I knew a little more about Alan's recent life.

The book reviews reveal Alan's skill not only in the fine focus of his individual remarks but in relative richness of the references upon which he falls back at times - the context of Alan's purchase of a book is often given (and this is surely something we are interested in; just why did the reviewer buy the book?) - and comparisons are made with other sf, other fiction, movies - whatever seems appropriate. And I should emphasise that last word, I suppose, since Alan's introduction of these ideas is very carefully chosen.

In addition to the long pieces I've mentioned, Alan does some brief film and fanzine reviews, and there's a lettercolumn which isn't really a patch on the editor's own material.

I thought DREAM VENDOR a very good read; obviously it doesn't appear often enough, but that's not in our hands.

TRAVELLING TIME STEP 3 (August 1978) from Lesleigh Luttrell, 525 W. Main St., Madison, WI 53703, USA. 8 pages.

There are very few fanzines which I really miss, and this is one of them. TTS is, it seems to me, about as good as a personalzine can get. It is serious, very personal, thoughtful, at times wry, and never self-important. Probably it helps a lot to know Lesleigh - but then that is what personalzines are all about. Actually, much the same can be said for any fanzine, and in my own case I'm beginning to think people can't understand me unless they know me outside my fanzines - how muddled my words must be to result in an accusation of sympathy for or advocacy of capitalism!

But Lesleigh doesn't have my little problem in communication - not so far as I can see - and TTS is such a joy for Lesleigh's friends precisely because it is, so closely, her.

TANTRUM 1 (November 1978) from Bruce Pelz, 15931 Calisher Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344, USA. 10 pages.

It's the convention report which makes this old fanzine outstanding; the writer of that is quinessentially the Bruce Pelz I know - witty, precise, and Short with Fools. If there were not a Bruce Pelz fandom would have had to invent him.

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a little eye-beam music  
(1 edmonds)

Does anyone reading this know where I could lay my hands on a good gas radio?

You know - the sort you can run off the stove in the kitchen or drag into the lounge room to run off the gas heater there.

I've never seen one, but I gather that they were all the rage in the thirties and forties. They were probably huge things with large bakelite knobs and a huge mahogany cabinet on casters so that you could push the thing from room to room. Unfortunately all this is supposition because the only place I've ever read about them was in an article written by Walt Willis. I don't have a copy of the article right now so I can't look it up for exact details. Now that I think about it, the article wasn't actually about gas radios, so he probably didn't say much at all.

The article was, as I recall it now, about how to write articles. For some reason Willis wrote about gas-powered radios, and to this day the idea has stayed with me in much the same fashion, I suppose, as Goon fans still suspect that all radios are in fact made out of horsehair and cardboard.

I wish I could recall more precisely how the article went but, wouldn't you know it, I no longer have a copy of the fanzine that it appeared in. I do recall that the fanzine was WARHOON - a great fanzine - and its editor used to send me copies in the days when I couldn't really see why the '1812 overture' wasn't the greatest piece of music ever composed. That's longer ago now than I care to think about, and I'd just love to know how such an insignificant neofan on the other side of the world from New York ended up getting such good fanzines.

Anyhow, if you've got either a gas radio or old copies of WARHOON I'd much rather have your fanzines than your radio (which probably doesn't pick up FM anyway). Other great fanzines you might have lying around that I'd also like to collect would be LIGHTHOUSE, QUANDRY, and HYPHEN. I used to have copies of all these at one time, but I went and sold them. Once upon a time I had the sort of fanzine collection that any red-blooded trufan would give his right arm for, but I sold it for a mere \$300 or so. These days mere money in almost any quantity could not rip me from my collection, even if it is not as fabulous as it might have been.

Apart from an explanation involving anal retention, somebody is going to be able to tell me, one of these days, just why it is that I collect fanzines. As they get older they become more and more tattered and moldy, the crisp twilltone paper goes limp (or if they are Australian fanzines the Burnie paper goes sort of blander than bland) and the printing gets hard to read. And the more there are the harder they are to look after. Yet the older a fanzine gets the better it seems to become in some mysterious manner. However the art doesn't improve and the writing doesn't become any more witty - so why are they so overpoweringly attractive?

Just as I'm never likely to own a gas radio, so I'm not likely ever to possess a complete run of WARHOON or any of the other great fanzines of the past, or of the legendary fanzines in Australia up until the mid-sixties, either. Since I don't have them in front of me I find it very easy to convince myself that the truly great fanzines have taken on a pearly radiance as they have matured - that a set of LIGHTHOUSE could illuminate a large room in the dead of night, and that the electric thrill induced by old issues of QUANDRY could make an electric typer work during a power blackout.

On the whole it would be easy to say that in the good old days fanzines were much better than they are now. Perhaps it might be more to the point to say that in the nearly fifty years that faneds have been publishing fanzines some of them have hit the right formula for their period and their fanzines have become immortal. QUANDRY is regarded as one of the great fanzines of 6th fandom but I remember being quite shocked to find upon reading some issues that a lot of the writing was quite ordinary and that the art was often crudely hand-traced stuff and that their appearance was quite ordinary as well.

I bet that even Walt Willis had his off days. He is one of the great fan writers. Even though he has had very little published in the past fifteen years or so, he is still regarded by most fans as somebody worthy of imitation, even if they haven't read anything that he wrote. Hints on how to write from such a great fanwriter were probably snapped up by every aspiring fan who read the article in WARHOON. But I doubt that many ever followed the suggestions they found there. The reason that Willis is so difficult to imitate is that doing it his way is just so much hard work. Most fans really have trouble finding the time and energy to type even first drafts straight onto stencil, but Willis saw nothing wrong with going through four, five, or even six drafts.

Now I don't know about you, but I find a couple of drafts and then the final version when I'm typing it onto stencil such a luxury that it's something I can't afford. This may mean that I'm doomed never to be regarded as a great fanwriter, but on the other hand it does mean I've time to wash my socks. It might be marvellous to come back in ten years' time to find yourself regarded as a great fanwriter, but that seems unlikely - while not having clean socks to wear to work tomorrow is a certainty unless

LEIGH EDMONDS  
August 1979



# L etters

JEFF HARRIS ON QUASARCON

I am writing to correct a semi-inaccuracy that appeared in my statement about QUASARCON published in the August Chunder!

I draw your attention to the sentence beginning 'After some considerable thought' on page 2, paragraph 2, and is sentence three of that paragraph. And I refer specifically to the phrase 'without any prior warning'. Subsequent to my writing up, and too close to publication to be able to make the necessary change, I found that a letter had been sent to me. Unfortunately I never received this request (as I am led to believe) asking me to decide whether I wanted to take up the QUASARCON chairship or not. So the correct interpretation should be 'without any prior warning having been received'.

The previous form casts an undeserved slur upon the committee of SASFS concerned. The blame can be properly assigned to Australia Post. This should clear up this misunderstanding. I am always prepared to be corrected on matters of factual error.

On page 3, paragraph 3, sentence 3, I find that a very unfortunate phrase had been used. Namely, 'and they were quick to take away'. The offending word is, of course, 'quick'. It was written in the sense of 'without any prior warning' rather than in the sense of fast acting - as any event that happened without warning can be said to be 'quick'. The most appropriate correction then would go 'and they were prepared to appoint another chairman'. The rest of the paragraph can still be read sensibly.

Minor grumbles department: despite the strenuous efforts that you put into accurately reporting my QUASARCON, John, I have one little complaint. You took a word out of inverted commas and from my point of view this changes its intended meaning. ((JF interjects: I have just edited the previous sentence so that Jeff no longer refers to his 'point of viewpoint'. And other editorial changes occur both above and below. It's all part of my plan to keep Harris alert - like my spelling of QUASARCON which, if we are to be picky, when so spelled matches what I laughably call the Chunder! house-style.)) The other noticeable change was that of re-structuring the paragraphs. Doubtless a necessary improvement as my usual paragraphing is pretty ramblingly long and arbitrary.

Full marks to Gary Mason for being the first person to discern that my piece on QUASARCON was intended to be read in a spirit of frivolity and light-hearted enjoyment. Life is too serious not to be seen in a humorous light.

PS: It requires, at least, 15 other sf fans from Oz just to prove that we ain't all John Foysters Down Under.

(JF: I dunno, I thought, just a while ago, that most of us were John Foysters! And learn how to spell Chunder! correctly, dipshit.)

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## PETER TOLUZZI ON QUASARCON

There are some matters raised in the last Chunder! which urgently require clearing up. Most importantly, in the 'QUASARCON POLEMIC' by Jeff Harris there are several statements attributed to me, and their import is both untrue and potentially damaging on both fannish and personal levels.

(JF: Since Peter, later in his letter, asks whether one is justified in printing something known or suspected to be wrong, I had better take this opportunity to point out that Peter is wrong in his assertion that the August Chunder! is the last one. It was merely the latest he had happened to see. Whether this means that Peter has lied because he is illiterate, or because he wanted to deliberately, I leave for the reader to judge.)

Jeff has misquoted me; the quotations are out of context and from a stated DNQ conversation; and words have been put in my mouth; to all of these I object violently.

I refer to the sixth and seventh paragraphs on page three. I did not say that 'the convention had been pretty well fucked up', as Jeff claims; my statement was to the effect that the accommodation and some parts of the programme were pretty well fucked up. I do not at any time recall quoting any figures - certainly not the '80 - 90%' claimed by Jeff.

And finally Jeff says 'It is pointless of people like Peter Toluzzi to compare Mark Denbow unfavourably with Roger Weddall'. Not only would it have been pointless, but I never said anything of the kind! The only comparison I drew between the two during that conversation with Jeff was to say that Mark Denbow 'Seemed to be in much the same position as Roger Weddall, namely of having to do it all himself'. And what's more, the comparison I drew was favourable, as I indicated that in Mark's case it was probably not his fault that he got stuck with it all, while from most reports Roger chose to do all the work himself. Whether I was correct in this I have no way of knowing, but I certainly never said what Jeff claims I said, and I am shocked and offended by his actions.

In the light of those lies which I recognised in Jeff's polemic, I tend to distrust many other statements therein. For example, 'Consider the planeload of Sydney fans who found that comments on QUASARCON were so bad that they preferred not to even consider putting them into print.'

(JF: Intermission. Jeff Harris may not have meant exactly what this sentence says. This was one of my most creative editorial efforts in the August Chunder! at a point where Jeff was mumbling softly into his typewriter. But since (see his letter above) he doesn't take strong exception to this sentence I suppose it must be close to his feelings.)

This is a further example of gross distortion of the facts on Jeff's part: the Sydney contingent at QUASARCON consisted of Keith Curtis, Kevin Dillon, Robin Johnson, Peter Bismire, Mike McGann, Karen Lewis, and myself. I cannot account for the opinions of Mike or Karen; of the remaining five, only Keith agreed that he could be placed in that category. Extrapolating from

one to seven, as Jeff has done, is not only misleading but close to outright lying.

As I have already stated in several places, I don't consider myself able to produce a fair report on a convention which I've helped organise, and this is the main reason why I did not produce a QUASARCON report. However, a great deal of what Jeff says about the background of the con was very one-sided and in direct contravention to most of what I had been told; of course, all stories have (at least) two sides. But the only good or worthwhile points I found in the whole article were his praise for Mandy Herriott, Margaret Sanders, and Dave Blackburn. But the outright dishonesty of much of the rest is such as to make some of the other stories I have heard about Jeff seem more likely. And I am going to have to think very long and hard before deciding whether to support the Adelaide bid for the 1981 NatCon, in spite of the presence of such excellent people as Helen Swift, Gary Mason, and others. (Of course, the bid will have been won or lost by the time this is read.) And lest I be considered part of what Gary Mason refers to as the 'Denbow mob', let me point out that they are my most recent group of acquaintances in Adelaide, while the majority of my friends there I have known for two years or more.

This leads me to another point, namely whether a newsperson is justified in printing something he knows or suspects to be wrong, merely for the sake of being controversial or gaining response. For that is what you have done, John; you knew from my private letter to you what my true feelings on QUASARCON were - yet you printed Jeff's statements without hesitation. Did you ever stop to consider what effect this might have on my relationships to any number of people whom I consider friends in Adelaide? I am very disappointed in the lack of editorial discretion shown by you in this matter, John.

(JF: Friends are people who are little affected in their attitudes towards you by what is said of you by third parties - perhaps you are concerned about the alleged effects because you do not have any friends (or are unused to the experience). More significantly, little fleas have littler fleas, and I had very substantial reasons for believing that much of what you said about Jeff Harris in your DNQ letter was false. The content of DNQ correspondence does not affect the content of Chunder! - and I don't intend to change that policy. Why is your attitude of hiding your remarks about Jeff in a DNQ letter so much more admirable than his action in writing and my action in publishing a document to which replies could be made as desired?

I am not now, and never have been, 'a newsperson'.

News in Chunder! appears in a news column titled 'Nooz', which you may occasionally have noticed in some issues. Convention reports are more like history than like news and are, as a consequence, a trifle more amenable to revision.)

(JF's NOTE: I am reliably informed, by separate sources, that the convention described by 'A Lady' in the August Chunder! was (i) EASTERCON '72 and (ii) EASTERCON '71. Readers may choose - I prefer the former.)



# Conventional stuff

SYNCON '79 (by John Foyster)

Despite the work of the organisers, this is one convention I'll want to forget. It occurred just one week before we were due to head off for SEACON, and that would have made it mildly inconvenient. To add, as I did, a dose of a particularly unpleasant form of 'flu was certainly making too much of a good thing.

We intended to spend only the Saturday and Sunday at the convention, Friday and Monday being working days, but when on the Friday morning I felt a queasy stomach coming on I began to suspect that things would not be sharp and sweet. Slowly I felt worse and worse, with first my eyesight and my head taking the brunt of whatever the malevolent spirit was, and then the rest of the body aching its eager response. By Friday night I was no longer sure I could make it.

At least not sleeping on the Friday night meant that I had had a preparation much the same as many of the convention attendees who, when we eventually did arrive, didn't seem to be in the finest condition. Somehow I managed to crawl onto a 7.45 am flight from Melbourne and arrived at the New Crest Hotel at Kings Cross at around 9.30am. There was to be a preliminary business session at 10 am, if there was any preliminary business, and I was anxious to be there for it. Motions had to be in writing, and with the chair, Jack Herman, by the start of the meeting and, as I learned immediately, until I arrived there was no need for a meeting. I scribbled out a couple of motions for Jack while Jenny tried to check into our room.

The technical matters taken care of, I was able to think about the site of the convention. My initial impression was favourable, and this impression remained with me for the two days. Kings Cross may have some disadvantages, but they were not apparent during the two days I was there.

Most important, I suppose, was the round-the-clock availability of food and drink (of a kind) outside the hotel. If one did want a decent meal, that too was not too hard to find (I recommend Satay House, in particular, and the convention committee had extensive lists of other recommended eating places).

The convention facilities were adequate, though perhaps a little small, the lifts were no more annoying than those at any other multi-storey hotel, and the hotel staff didn't seem any more in the way than anywhere else, and in places were distinctly helpful.

The two major disadvantages were, so far as I could make out, slightly unsuitable facilities for showing movies (not that this worried me in the slightest), and a lighting system that was dark; most of the time the people speaking were less well illuminated than was the audience! I'm not quite sure what the point of this was, but as an available light photographer I found it extremely disappointing.... Overall, the convention committee must get high marks for their efforts in securing the facilities.



And they are probably entitled to a reasonable assessment on their general organization. I found it annoying that the program was always running late, because this usually meant that the item was cut short to make sure it finished on time. It seemed as though the committee could handle the problem of getting people off-stage on time, but had much more trouble getting them on-stage. Thus an item would be closed on schedule (but abbreviated because of a late start) and the audience would sit around waiting for fifteen minutes while the next item got itself together (or else the audience wandered away).

The single item of this kind which griped me most was the auction - and I think Keith Curtis knows my views on this already. For many fans (I'm not one of them) the auction is the high point of the convention, and things shouldn't, I feel, get too out of hand there. This time they did.

Of the scheduled three hours of auction while I was at the con, just over two hours were actually held. The first session started half an hour late, the second a good twenty minutes late.

On neither occasion did there seem to be a reasonable excuse; the auctioneer (who does a very good job, let me make clear) had an army of helpers who nevertheless just didn't get the stuff there on time. There were two consequences of this abbreviation of the auction.

Firstly, picky people like me began to get mad. If we are short of time, I'd mutter to myself, why does Keith spend so much time (about 5 minutes, the later, more rational Foyster interposes) carefully arranging the material in a particular order of piles, and then auction seemingly at random from the different piles? Why not leave them in a jumbled heap and take 'em off the top?

Secondly, my more mundane side notes that loss of time equals loss of income - for individuals, fan charities, and for the convention. And the selection of items which were to be auctioned results for dissatisfaction for some customers - like me, for example. I'm not terribly interested in Darth Vader masks or Heinlein paperbacks, but I am interested in fanzines like HABAKKUK and A BAS and INNUENDO which weren't at the big auction because someone thought DOCTOR WHO paperbacks and masks and stuff more interesting. I don't claim that I have the right to dictate what should be chosen for auction when a choice must be made, but the choice that is made must affect the audience which returns to future auctions/conventions. If you sell DOCTOR WHO paperbacks you encourage DOCTOR WHO readers and discourage others - and the same applies for any identifiable subgroup. It's one of the prices of the game - maybe we need a convention somewhere in Australia for people like me who find the question 'Are you into media (fanzines)?' offensive.

Meanwhile, back at SYNCON '79, we find a preliminary business session which rolls a couple of ideas - 2 years in advance bidding, and Awards subcommittees. (The latter makes a comeback at the full business meeting next day.)

After lunch, a GoH speech by Gordon R Dickson, which I listen to for a while, but must leave to arrange the next item with Marc Ortlieb &

Rob McGough.

We are the next item - a funny sort of panel on Cordwainer Smith, which at least draws a few questions. By the end of the item I am exhausted and go off to lie down for half an hour or so - in order to get back for the auction. I'm still woozy, but manage to add another to my collection of Marilyn Pride rocks. (MP is very visible with her rocks, her hair, an A in '83 poster, and the cover of the Programme Book.) Someone pays about \$3 for a set of Chunder! for 1978. Great taste, but it would have been much cheaper to subscribe.

I really should collapse again somewhere, but the idea of eating my way out of the 'flu appeals. Jenny and Lee and Irene find our way to Satay House (see recommendation above) where the food is fair and the company better. We arrive back in time to take some murky photos of costumes (John Straede as a Hoka was tops, in my view - but others such as Marilyn Pride, Nick Stathopoulos and Rob McGough had good gear, too). The Adelaide fans had asked me to help them with their act, which I agreed to do. But I hadn't expected to find Jeff Harris, Paul Stokes, John McPharlin and Helen Swift as Foyster clones. The only good part was that they all had too long hair and weighed too much. We won a group prize - which says something about the taste of the judges.

After that I really needed to quit. It was worth it, too. Must have got fully two hours sleep.

At the business session next day there was some monkeying around with awards and stuff, and then Perth got the '80 national convention, while Adelaide rolled Melbourne for the '81 con, roughly 15 zillion to 3. Anyone with an explanation for the massive opposition to Melbourne should write in a plain wrapper to GPO Box 4039, Melbourne.

After that there must have been an A in '3 discussion whose banality I will spare you. The DUFF item almost qualified for a dismissal of that kind - but it was a reasonable item in that it featured Ken and Linda. (Koichi Yamamoto didn't feature in an item while I was there, but he was certainly busy and visible.)

A funny (?) quiz was held after lunch, following a GR Dickson interview. People threw ping pong balls at each other. Marilyn Pride painted hers before she threw it; I don't know who got that ball, but I have a photograph of the painter in action.

The second part of the auction was boring to me (no fanzines) and eventually out to dinner with Jenny, Carey, Helen, and Damien. We got back just in time for the awards: BELOVED SON (best Australian SF), THE WHITE DRAGON (Best International SF), Marc Ortlieb (Best Oz Fanwriter), and Chunder! (Best Oz Fanzine). Susan Wood got the Atheling.

Then on to the scripted Paul Stevens Show, which can't have been quite as bad as ever. One first was a swipe at Paul Stevens spoken by Paul Stevens, who didn't check the script as closely as he should have. Partway through the show, Jenny and I grab our gear, a taxi, and make the airport in time for the last 'plane that night to Melbourne. Home by 1 am, thank heavens - and this time I slept!

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