

chunder!

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REPORT ON FAN ACTIVITY, JANUARY 1979

LOCATION: MACKAY, NORTH QUEENSLAND

Mackay's leading fan, Leanne Frahm, returned from the Sydney Science Fiction Writers' Workshop. Nobody noticed.

No Big Name Fans visited Mackay this month. However, rumour has it that Carey Handfield once stayed at a popular local beach resort when he was nine, and John Foyster often passes over at an altitude of 23,000 feet.

The shelves of the Slade Point Newsagency were checked, and copies of no American pro magazines were discovered.

Efforts have been made by local fan to arouse public interest in fandom. Sample: "Now, Mike, you've been reading science fiction for a long time. Would you be interested in fannish activities?" "What, with those long-haired, weirdo, southern poofers?"

On the movie front, the credits for 'Superman' received a two-minute ovation at the City Cinema, and the trailers for 'Battlestar Galactica' have drawn warm and enthusiastic critical acclaim from Jenny (8) and Kerry Jnr. (6).

(LEANNE FRAHM)

(continued from page 12) and the one or two real discussions a day AND ESPECIALLY the gatherings in the foyer and the spontaneous entertainments emerging therefrom.

AND, of course, it was the parties, the talking to people - the meat of cons, those parts that only trufandom is admitted to when the panels are over and the fun begins.

(JACK HERMAN)

(continued from page 13) may be submitted on 4 hole Gestetner stencils or preprinted on A4 (copy count 50). There is little in MORNINGSTAR to interest a non-gamer, as contents run largely to role-playing games, D&D, Traveller, and the like.

(MARC ORTLIEB)

EDITORIAL

In future Chunder! will be published monthly: 12 pages is really as many as I can handle in three weeks he said at the beginning of a 14 page edition. The next edition, somewhat larger than this one, will be published on April 1, 1979. The delay in distributing the 6/2/79 (story next time) also encourages me to switch to monthly. Next time - con reports, Chunder! Poll results (deadline extended to 15/3/1979), more worldcon stuff, even the CoAs I meant to have here. Maybe even illustrations. (John Foyster)
(NB: all addresses by hand this time - don't sweat!)

Worldconsiderations

(Editor's note: Under this heading will be published letters and comments on two aspects of Wordcondom - the proposed changes to the WSFS Constitution with respect to the rotation plan, and the AUSTRALIA IN '83 bid. Your comments on either matter are invited: I reserve the right to abbreviate long and boring comments.)

CAREY HANDFIELD (from a letter to George Flynn)

The proposal as I understand it is to add a non-North American region to the site-selection process making 4 regions - 3 within North America and 1 outside. One of the reasons for doing this is that it would formalise what already exists - an overseas (non-North American) worldcon every 4 years and that this would be the best thing for overseas fans. I believe that this is not the case and it would be against the best interests of overseas fans.

There are a number of reasons for this. First, as you mentioned in VOICE OF THE LOBSTER 1, a similar idea was proposed at St. Louiscon in 1969 and rejected at HEICON the next year. One of the reasons it was rejected was due to doubts that the foreign fans could assemble bids often enough. There are 2 sides to this - one the amount of fannish activity outside North America and second the fact that any foreign bid suffers real disadvantages through being outside North America. I was Membership Secretary for AUSSIECON, and on the bidding committee from 1970, so I can describe some of the disadvantages of running a bid from Australia some 12 000 miles away. To win a worldcon you need to be active at several worldcons before the bidding year. When you are talking about spending \$1000 to \$1500 in fares and expenses just to get to the worldcon there is a limit to the number of people on the bidding committee who can afford to go. AUSTRALIA IN 75 had people at HEICON, NOREASON, LACON and TORCON. Numbers varied from 2 to about 7 people at TORCON. Compare this to a US bid which might have 20 to 30 people at any Worldcon. Then there is the cost of getting to regionals, of getting promotional material sent halfway round the world, or just communicating. Foreign fannish activity may have increased but the disadvantages still remain.

There has been an increasing number of non-North American worldcons over the last few years, but is that enough? HEICON, AUSSIECON and SEACON all had to beat US bids. There is yet to be a year when there have been 2 or more foreign bids competing against one another. This is what you would need as an argument for the extra region. I don't think this kind of bidding likely - and if it doesn't then the new system would lead to a walkover, something which should be avoided at all costs.

I don't think that North American fans would be too interested in a situation in which they have to spend two to three years and a couple of thousand dollars on bidding for the worldcon then have some foreign city walk in and get the con every 4 years just because they were the only ones bidding. More importantly, I think having to go through the bidding process, (continued on page 6)

The i-Beam Column

I'm bloody sick of the sight of gorillas!

Well ... I suppose that straight off I have to confess that we really didn't see any gorillas at all. But all the same we saw only slightly less of the gorillas than we did of the wombats so it was only a little fib to begin.

The animals that we were getting sick of seeing were the giraffes - tall, smelly animals with no redeeming features other than their obscene tongues and their ability to provide lots of shade on hot days. They are kept at the zoo in a big cage about three storeys high and I suppose that life might not be dull for them, with all that opportunity to look down on such large numbers of humanity. However their cage is placed right at the beginning of the Australian section of the zoo and if you want to see emus, kangaroos or koalas, or wombats too, you have to see the giraffes first - and they will look down on you with an air of superiority while they lick their lips with their enormous flexible tongues.

We went to the zoo mainly because Terry Carr wanted to see wombats and kangaroos; apparently he'd seen a stuffed wombat once and was consumed with curiosity to know if they looked as unbelievable in life (when they barely move) as they do stuffed (when they don't move at all). We tried to convince him that the difference is about a hundred yards a day but since it was such a good day we thought we'd let Terry see for himself. Besides, as the figure behind such a fine hoax as Carl Brandon, Terry Carr is naturally suspicious of other hoaxes and we had to show him living proof, even if a wombat has never joined FAPA.

At the entrance we bought a map and gave it to Terry. On the bottom of the sheet was listed some of the Australian animals and numbers serving as keys in finding them. The wombats were number 6 and Terry located the number on the map and led off.

Wandering along looking in the cages for the wombats we suddenly came across one in which a man was waving around a heavy-duty butterfly net. 'An odd exhibit in a zoo' we thought, but as we got closer we saw that he was trying to catch a little cat. It was not much larger than a house cat but was all muscle and agility. We stood and looked; several times the net moved to catch the cat in mid-air but the cat somehow twisted and got away. But finally the cat was caught. A couple of cages further along there were two men, one pretending to be an Amazon native with a blowpipe held to his lips. There were two small cats in the cage as well but since there was no big butterfly net they were not dashing about. The man puffed at one of the cats and we thought he had missed because the cat jumped up and ran off. The man went over, picked up the dart, and left the cage. He was soon back and took aim at the other cat (the second man had remained in the cage to keep track of which cat was which) and puffed again. The dart hit the cat and then fell off. The cat darted away. We assumed that, as with the other cat in the net, this was just another elaborate way of giving vaccinations.

All of this was very interesting, instructive and exciting, but wasn't finding us any wombats. Terry led us on until we came to the area designated on the map as a wombat area - there was nothing but lawn and picnic areas. We walked this way and we walked that way, we looked behind buildings and large trees - still no wombats.

'According to this map we should be standing in the middle of a herd of wombats.'

'There aren't any here, though!'

'I knew they were a hoax. You can't fool someone with a cosmic mind.'

'But we've seen them before, haven't we?'

'Sure have ... my mother stood on one once...'

'... and Frisbie was bitten by one in '75.'

'I can't believe in them until I see one.'

Valma remembered that when we'd shown Mike Glicksohn and Sheryl Birkhead around the zoo we'd seen kangaroos, emus and koalas off in another area. Perhaps the wombats were there too. We appointed Valma bativie guide and off she led us. We passed the reptile house and Terry disappeared inside. Valma and I followed him. 'Glicksohn liked snakes too.' 'Americans sure are funny like that.' 'Snakes are symbolic, you know.' 'No kidding.'

Not far from the snakes was the giraffe cage and on the other side three paths. Valma puzzled for a moment and then took us down the one to the right. The kangaroos, wallabies and emus are kept in a large corner of the zoo where they wander around at large. At the gate to the area was a reception committee of emus. I don't like emus: they have beady little eyes and nasty looking feet and beaks. They looked at us and we looked at them and told Terry what nasty animals they are. Still, it isn't good to show fear before either bird or fan, so I reasoned that if the gate opened then the zoo people thought the emus safe enough and perhaps we'd get out alive.

I pushed on the gate and it opened. I pushed Terry and Valma in ahead of me and when they weren't attacked followed them in. It was a fairly hot day so the wallabies lay around lethargically - and the emus weren't very active either, although one or two or sometimes more would follow us for a while (though they never came in to close quarters). There were no wombats. Terry looked at the funny animals all about and the emus standing at arm's length and commented that he thought he must be on Mars. We finally reached the gate at the other end and pushed through to safety - only to find ourselves in another area in which the only difference seemed to be that the kangaroos and wallabies had red fur instead of grey. A little later we came to another gate and pushed through to safety.

It had all been very interesting and our guest had been thrilled when one little kangaroo stood up and hopped a little way, but there still hadn't been any wombats.

We pottered around for a bit trying to find where we were on the map and seeing parrots and peacocks and patting a deer. The map was no help and where we were didn't seem to match up with where the map said we were. We resolved to go back to the administrative area and ask them to tell us exactly where the wombats were. I had the map in hand and led us, ignoring the tree kangaroos and other exotic native fauna. Soon we were almost out and the monkey house was in sight. 'Only up to the apes just here and then it's just to our left'... except that it turned out that the monkey house was really the giraffe cage.

At the reception area the girl told me to go down to the giraffe cage and turn left. 'But we've already been down there!' I exclaimed.

'Well, they're down there,' she assured me, 'look in the area marked aardvarks on the map.'

'You're really sure?'

'Yes, I'm sure!'

I didn't try explaining to her that there was supposed to be a difference between an aardvark and a wombat. I just said thanks and let her get back to talking to her mother on the 'phone.

Outside again I explained. 'It's very simple. We turn left at the giraffe cage and look here' indicating the spot on the map.

'But that says aardvarks!'

'I don't work here,' I explained, 'I just follow orders.'

On the way towards the giraffes we decided that we really were thirsty and went off to get a drink. Then we passed the seal enclosure just as it was feeding time and spent the most enjoyable and amusing fifteen minutes of the afternoon watching their antics. Just around the corner were the otters - pretty little animals with high squeaky voices. We arrived at the same time as the attendant who was to feed them and they swam out into the water for their dinner sounding like a flotilla of hungry tin whistles at New Year. The attendant dropped dead mice into the water and each otter grabbed one and paddled furiously back to shore to eat it. When one finished it swam out and the attendant dropped another mouse to it. A little boy standing next to the attendant asked if the mice were dead. 'No son, they're just holding their breaths.' 'Gee, they sure can hold their breaths a long time!'

But the otter-feeding wasn't that much fun, so we set off again in our quest, and were soon once more contemplating the giraffes. At the junction of the three paths I looked at the map and saw that there were only two marked on it. We took the one on the left and spent the next twenty minutes looking at many different brands of wallabies and kangaroos in open grazing areas kept in by jump-proof ditches. If we hadn't been looking for wombats these animals might have been interesting, but we were really getting tired of them, and the series of pathways seemed to become a maze as we tried to escape. 'Wallabies to the right of us, Wallabies to the left of us, Into the valley of wallabies strode

We wandered off and were just about to give up when Valma

We looked at the delightful armadillos which were funny looking

seemed the most friendly.

their exertions.

'I've seen them and I still don't believe it!' said Terry Carr.

'I wish Chris was here,' said Valma, 'then he couldn't believe it too.'

if you could stay to see them.

(Leigh Edmonds)

WORLD CONSIDERATIONS (continued from page 2)

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For the above reasons I feel that the interests of foreign fans would best be served by keeping things as they are.

PAUL STEVENS
I have been thinking over this business of the rotation of the

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so-called World Science Fiction Convention. As we all know at the moment most World Science Fiction Conventions are held on the North American continent with a rotation across the states of West coast, Central, East coast and an occasional bid from someone outside the States on an average of every four or five years such as England, Australia or Germany. These bids have to oppose bids from North American cities and in most cases have done so. The proposal as I see it is to change this so as to give the North American continent the World SF Convention for three years out of every four, the fourth year being open to bids from the rest of the world. It seems rather greedy to me now that I think about it and I intend to oppose this change of constitution very strongly. If passed the Worldcon would be held once every four years, the other three years being a North American Science Fiction Convention exclusively. To hell with that idea! If a bid from any city, be it Washington, Los Angeles, Boston or Abu Dhabi, has any merit then the fans who attend the Worldcon should decide. If it is to be a real Worldcon then the bids cannot be limited to a small portion of that World and still be called a Worldcon. Oppose this change or we lose everything!

JAMES STYLES

My personal view is that when foreign bids for the Worldcon occur more often than every four years then will be the time to change the rotation system of worldcon bidding (or more simply just add the 'Outside of North & Central America' zone to the rotation system - amending the constitution appropriately).

I think the Yankfen did the right thing in postponing such items of business to SEACON 79, but I believe that the system should remain as it is at present at least for the next four years or so.

IRWIN HIRSH

I'm not sure that I have anything to add. I am against the proposal, as it stands. Right now we (and Sweden of course) have the freedom to bid when it suits us, and at the moment that freedom is not being abused. It also means that when there is a non-North American Worldcon, the difficulty for NA bids of having to go overseas to make presentations tends to be shared between the existing regions.

ERIC LINDSAY

My position has been fairly equitably stated by Craig Miller and I see no reason to change it. I am (justifiably) worried that with the influx of new fans into US conventions the past tradition of allowing a serious overseas con bid to win will fail, and I consider that if this is the case once it will probably remain so from then on. Conventions are totally outside fandom now, in that the vast majority of members at a Worldcon are not fans in the family sense that I think of when I refer to fandom. I don't know that this is entirely a bad thing; after all, they are supposed to be SF cons, but it does mean a disregard for the traditions I know. I suspect that even a very strong overseas bid from here for 1983 could lose to a strong US bid, and I expect that there will indeed be a strong bid (there is already advertising for a US bid). Thus a 4 year rotation could be of help to Australia in 1983. However I really doubt that it will ever

be established and doubt even more that it is the best way of running things, especially with a likely change to 3 years in advance bidding in the US. None of our speculation is however likely to have much effect on the fan politics in the US, and thus I don't propose to worry very much about it.

JACK HERMAN

As I mentioned to you at UNICON V, the idea of a slot in Worldcon rotation for 'outside North America' is appealing but I think the allure is false. It codifies what should be a 'time-to-time' decision. The US is still the home of Fandom and overseas cons don't get the attending memberships of US cons.

Further, it means that OS bids are competing against each other, not US bids, and that they are forced to bid in a particular year. If Australia were to win the '83 bid it would mean that each region had lost one Worldcon since '75 and this seems fair.

I just don't like the idea that an OS con should win just because it's an OS year. We should be forced to justify our bids against the best the US can offer. It makes bidding committees work a lot harder and therefore be better prepared.

(JF: I am pretty sure that samples every opinion I've received - and the result is remarkably unanimous for Australian fandom. One interesting idea has been raised: if the idea is to spread Worldcons around then one can either assign conventions to particular regions in particular years, or one can give regions the right to bid for any given year (the same freedom which OS bids have at present) but with an overriding rule that a Worldcon could not be held in a given region in successive years. This second possibility is far more flexible and not, I should have thought, disadvantageous to anyone. (Except that a way might have to be found to bar two regions from seizing control...))

AUSTRALIA IN '83

JAN HOWARD FINDER (from a letter to Carey Handfield)

I have no info on the Philly bid. I do have the address of the chap who is in charge of info for the Swedish bid: Rishard L. McKinney, FACK, S-221 01 Lund, Sweden. I think that they want to run it in Lund. I dropped him a note shortly after he wrote me about the bid. I told him that Sweden didn't have the hotel space for a Worldcon and that the hotel arrangement in the UK had made many an American very unhappy. One has to be able to get 60-80% of the attendees in one hotel. This is very difficult even in the US. Seattle and Denver are running into flak because of this problem. I also realise that this is a problem for Australia. However I'd guesstimate that '83 would draw in the neighbourhood of 1200, not 2500. As far as I can tell, Richard has done no more on this side of the Atlantic than to announce the Swedes' intentions through some fanzines. I haven't seen any flyers yet, tho they may be working Europe first, but this won't help them unless people join the winner of the '81 bid.

Some comments from someone not an Aussie, but someone who plans to return in '83, the Ghreat Wombat Willing. Please get your shit together and put out ONE (1) bid. A split bid is a loser! The major thing is the hotel and its proximity to cheaper places to sleep and eat. Now I realise that hotels in Australia don't* give free facility space to cone, but a good case might be made. I may be teaching you grammars how to such eggs, but

there is no reason to walk into a hotel with hat in hand. AUSSIECON II will just about fill any hotel in Australia, with a few exceptions. How many hotels have over 500 rooms? (I'd estimate that A2 will needs about double the rooms we had in '75, maybe more.) The hotel is the key to the whole bid, really. Look at the several hotels in both Sydney and Adelaide and decide on that basis. You can't hold a Worldcon in five 100 room hotels. Enough sermonizing.

(*Jan had 'do' but I'm sure he meant 'don't')

JOHN MILLARD

The AUSTRALIA IN '83 Bid, of course, is a bit different (refers to earlier discussion of the Ditmars) and all I can say here is that those who are organizing it better get their act together, because they now have some competition, both from the Swedes and, I believe, a Bid from Philadelphia. There hasn't been very much action in the way of publicity in the fanish media, at least not in the publications that I see. There is a full-page advertisement in the IGUANACON Program Book. They announce two competitions, one for a logo design and another to pick an animal mascot. The closing date is 3rd August 1979. Unfortunately they neglected to include an address for the Bid in the ad. It really makes me wonder just what kind of a Committee they are that they would forget something as important as an address for a bid. I have read Ken's (Ozanne) statement, which appears in ASFN December 1978, and I really hope he realizes the truth of his remarks. I and a large number of others in North America are most willing to help, but we are definitely handicapped by the lack of interest and direction from the Con-Committee in Sydney.

(JF: John, there are plenty of fans in Australia anxious to help an '83 bid, but it is made very difficult. I was aware of the absence of the address from the IGGYCon ad (Eric Lendsay sent me a copy to prove that there was so too an ad in the book) but the bidding committee is so sensitive to criticism or comment that I didn't make any comment in the hope of not worsening Sydney - Melbourne relations. But I guess I can now stand being called 73 kinds of a shit (any further bids?): as a committee I don't believe that Sydney can get their act together for a Worldcon bid and until there's a tittle of evidence to the contrary I can't support them - and I don't think North American fans should over-exert themselves for a group whose collective image suggests the slogan 'We realise we're incompetent, but aren't we lovable?')

VICTORIA VAYNE

I get the impression that the Australia in '83 bid meets with less than total enthusiasm from some quarters, and am wondering if some sort of short but accurate statement or write-up or something could be obtained for our use in DNQ. I've heard these rumours before, but have nothing definite to go on, so that issues, objections, people on one side and why and on the other side and why, alternatives, whatever, that we could run along with source credits would be interesting for North American readers.

(JF: Well, I guess I could collect signatures for a petition saying 'We would like to support the Australia in '83 Bid but can't while the Sydney Committee continues to act like a bunch of utter fuckwits' but that probably wouldn't help.)

Conventional stuff

UNICON AND ALL THAT JAZZ, CHA CHA CHA

(by Jack Herman, reprinted with permission from FORERUNNER 2/79)

What can you say about a three-day room party? UNICON V looked as if the programming was likely to be a very minor element in the success of the Con and so it was. However, as an excuse for phannish fhun and games and as a meeting place for old and new friends, it was really great.

Really, in a few brief words, it was the first electronic con I've attended and I often had to look twice to check that some speaker was not on film or videotape.

The whole thing started on Saturday when we arrived at the Science Centre and at once realised that the setting was ideal for a con. A large foyer, with the registration/STAR TREK desk at one end, huckster tables around the wall and at the other end led into 3 programming areas: a large auditorium (capable of seating 250), a small conference room (capacity 30) and an annex with about 40 seats and a TV and VTR at one end. About 100 people were there on opening day and they fitted easily into the foyer. I, of course, roamed, as is my wont, meeting and talking to the strange denizens, looking at a little of THE MOUSE THAT ROARED, a bit of a NASA flic on Mars, selling SYNCON memberships, renewing acquaintanceships, going home quickly to pick up some things I'd forgotten, talking to people, etc.

The first real program item was an interesting discussion, led by Terry Dowling, on the Lifestyles of Aliens and how different authors use different approaches to their description of Aliens. Xenology and Xenography were mentioned as hooks for the discussion which turned out to be very good if a little toward the adoration of Vance. Still, Peter Toluzzi, Van Ikin, Damien Broderick and I were very noisy and even Dave Ramsbottom was heard to be involved. As a first panel for Neos it was very good because it started out quite Sercon but developed nicely into a fun look at various favourite stories with the typical phannish bitchiness.

The highlight of the day (and for me of the con) was Patricia Wrightson's GoH speech which was an excellently thought out investigation of the divisions that separate Fantasy meant for kids from fantasy that appeals to adults and how SF has contributed to the survival of fantasy and to its renaissance. Her insights into the way in which she arrived at her metier (Australian fantasy based on the myths of the Aborigines) were both convincing and thought-provoking. Mrs Wrightson, I know, went through some difficulties in presenting her speech because she is a very shy and humble woman and because she perceived her audience as being more knowledgeable than herself. However, the audience was in sympathy with her from the outset and the talk was well-received and provoked many questions in the informal 'meet the author' session.

After this speech I avoided the rooms full of films and TV on video tape by retiring to the second floor wargames room and relieving my tensions with some Fantasy Role Playing.

I'm informed that the masquerade was highlighted by enthusiastic if inartistic amateurism, wherein the fans tried to get dressed up but without the same attention to detail that highlighted the UNICON IV masquerade. You see, I missed this event because I was off hobnobbing with the biggies at a private dinner that was both

delicious and enjoyable (for the conversation). Although both Patricia Wrightson and Terry Carr were there, I spent most of the dinner talking to Shayne and Robin Johnson and the standard of conversation, which was excellent to begin with, improved with the rose.

Meanwhile, back at the Con seeing the world through rose-coloured glasses, I did not go into the movies (THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR) but stayed in the foyer talking to the TREK femmes, a conversation that developed into a singalong of all the TV theme songs you can think of and a few very few could remember, climaxing with a rip-roaring rendition of the 'Mickey Mouse Club Song' that managed to disrupt the movie at the emotional highpoint of that entertainment. Anyway, before we knew where we were Kerrie Brown and I were doing a version of BIG SPENDER that was recorded for posterity and possibly for the Adelaide version of the A in '83 film. As I remember, among those participating in this great piece of phannish spontaneity were Greg Whiley, Balrog, Troll, Mal Power, Jeff Harris and, of course, the TREK femmes, Kerrie, Karen Brown, Geraldine Parslow, Diana Hayes and Jena Calabro.

After that the parties were a little anti-climactic but still fun; I found three in all and sort of migrated. There was the BNF party in Eric and Keith's room - it had the dope and Terry Carr. The Pulpcon party, two doors down - and then another in KJDillon's room that was impossible to enter because Karen (still dressed as Wonder Woman) and Kerrie (as Princess Leia) were sitting near the door and their entourage made it difficult to get through. They proved, however, that you attract more wolves with honey than with Vinegar (about which see Wine, Allan Bray's, Sunday).

Anyway, after a trip home to sleep (who can remember the time) and a trip back to the hotel later we arrived again about noon, missing several square feet of videotape of SPACE 1999, AUSSIECON and NASA. Peter and I did arrive in time for that day's discussion WHAT SF MEANS TO ME from a TV discussion of the same name. Again, T Dowling and V Ikin were discussion leaders with Ian Johnson and while we often got bogged down with petty quibbles we all agreed in the end that there was just no common ground and we would have to give up the discussion.

The Auction which followed was supposed to last an hour; it had to be continued the next day after an hour and a half this time. I was roped into recording the bids and though I like this sort of work it did interfere with the free play of my bidding instincts (thank ghod!)

Keith Curtis and I were the successful bidders on the services of the TREK femmes for one meal with extras and though the Terry Carr speech was on I forced myself to attend our lunch, and Keith and I will not now reveal the results of that meal and its incredible dessert unless many more shekels are forthcoming. Besides we sold first Australian serial rights the next day at the Auction (Part II)

I was so exhausted by the preceding events that I could do little except FRP that afternoon, missing more nanoseconds of priceless videotapes that were once again flickering across the screens in the manifold centres of the con.

After that while waiting to go to dinner, I helped work out how to turn the projector on and ended up playing Hunt the Wumpus on the computer secreted in the projection booth - died three times before I managed to catch and kill the beastie in the very first room with my first arrow.

That night's dinner (Sunday's) was Lebanese with about 9 others. While the others sat at a table with Terry Carr, Keith, Eric and I

had the other pro, Damien Broderick, and a very interesting discussion. The food was good if a little slow. Of course, going there forced me to miss the two films.

Again spontaneous goings-on outside were better than the movie and after it several of the fen went to Chinatown to see the New Year's celebration. I, of course, went back to the hotel to party and smoke a little (but no tobacco). I also partook of the claret that Allan Bray had bought earlier (and it was to this wine that the earlier comment about vinegar was directed).

The Chinatown delegation eventually returned and some songs from films and stage shows drove out the serious smokers and left a serious group that included if I recall Kerrie, Karen, Diana and Dena plus the cream of D&D fandom. However, even good things come to an end as the bishop said to the actress and it was soon 3 ish and Peter was down sufficiently to drive home...

... and back again by about 12 ish, having been caught by the bloody parade. Saw some of the Dr Whp documentary, talked some about what SF means to me (it's fun!!!) ((that was Monday's panel)) and kibbutzed a game of Cosmic Encounters that seemed interminable and ended as a 6-way draw by agreement when everyone got too sick of it.

Ron Graham was the third guest and his speech was concerned with the great SF libraries in private hands including 4E Acherman's and one in New Jersey. His own was of course discussed and some of the luckier of the interstate fen were privileged to see over Ron's library on the tours that followed. For us who remained, the AUSSIEFAN film was reshown (it ages gracefully) and then the auction was concluded. Keith almost auctioned his grandmother but was restrained, and Gary Lenhan and John Straede ended up with the prize items. I got a bargain: a signed Tucker for \$1.

The A in '83 meeting (panel) was in full swing when I went into the room to talk to Keith and before I knew where I was I was chairing the dhamned thing. Still, I think we got a long way toward solving the problems and the summit conference at Eastercon should hammer out the remaining differences between Sydney's committee and Adelaide's and, hopefully, both camps will hammer out Melbourne's problems. Still, I'm more hopeful than ever, especially after Terry Carr's remarks that A in '3 will be a success and that one of Aust's cities will be host to a Worldcon in that year.

Now, it's time to say goodbye to all our company - and Tony Howe found a table and said the necessary tas to all and sundry, praising those deserving and castigating no one.

Some of us proceeded to a meal at a local Italian eatery (we tried NO NAMES but it was full, again) and after that proceeded again to Moira for what will probably be our last party there and one of the best - a dead dog party that was weird even by the standards of Moira parties. The usual breakup occurred early with 30's music fans in my room, smokers in Peter's, drinkers in the lounge, people passing out wherever there was spare space and discussion whenever two got together.

Strangely I did not hear many post mortems of the con. I suppose many were composing their reports and did not wish to let drop their bon mots in case others published first.

So that was UNICON V. It was UNICON IV on a small scale but even more so. It was more friendly but that's because with fewer people they ineracted more delightfully. The programming to my mind relied too much on the passive forms of TV replays and media-type presentations. The best things were the guests and their speeches
(continued on page 1)

tip-toe through the apas

APPLESAUCE 9 (February 1979) OE Peter Toluzzi, PO Box K471,
Haymarket, NSW 2000.
Emergency Editor for March Mailing
Jack Derman, PO Box 146 Burwood, NSW 2134
Deadline 2/3/79; copy count 45

APPLES 9 runs to 72 pages and runs largely to mailing comments. Since I've made a habit of commenting on 'best of the mailing', Jack Derman's APPLEJACK 9 is head and shoulders above the rest of the mailing. For a start there is the postal diplomacy game which includes such gems of honour as A Pic - Hol and A Bul S (Rus) A Ukr - Rum, and then there is Jack's UNICON V report. Running second is Tony Power's first installment of 'How to fold a Pierson's Puppeteer: - easy child's rules'. Despite Leigh Edmonds' comments in APES 16, I still think that monthly apas are over-conducive to minac and excessive mailing comments. (My contribution to APPLES 9 was, for instance, a single page of comments)

APES 16 (February 1979) OE Roman Orszanski, 6 Harold St, Payneham,
SA 5079.
Deadline 9/3/79; copycount 25

I guess by now Roman's rules will be known, but just to recap, the apa is monthly, and minac is twelve pages a year. Mailing comments don't count when pages are totalled. Total pages for no 16 is 97. Roman set a good editorial precedent by producing the best 'zine for the mailing. I'm not too sure about RAT. It seems that punk has struck fandom at last. Sure, why not a ditto 'zine, but a handwritten ditto 'zine? RAT wins my 'It'll send you blind' award for this issue. (Note semi-deliberate Freudian error in the first line. Naturally, what I meant was 'Roman's new rules.')

ANZAPA 66 (February 1979) OBE Gary Mason, PO Box 258 Norwood, SA 5061
Deadline 6/4/79; copy count 35

Whew! A readable-sized mailing, weighin in at 147 pages with only five blank ones. (Gary likes to list these so that members are aware of how much of their membership money is going in postage for blank paper.) It appears that apathy has stricken all members with a constitutional bent, as no one has nominated themselves for OBE, leaving Gary with the job.

Helen Swift dominates the mailing, having sneakily prepared personalised covers for all the members, thus ensuring that her contribution had to go on the front of the apa so that Gary would know to whom each copy was to go. (Sounds of swearing and gnashing of teeth from a post box in Unley.) Helen's contribution also managed to be the most enjoyable for the mailing, dealing with her various problems doing a med course with people intolerant of arts students and women (not necessarily in that order.). Paul Stevens is as entertaining as ever.

MORNINGSTAR 4 (December 1978) Editor Phillip McGregor c/c Menindee
Central School, Menindee, NSW 2879.
Deadline June '79 (April???)

I should have dealt with MORNINGSTAR in my previous column. It is a fantasy-gaming apa, run along the same lines as ALARUMS & EXCURSIONS in the US. The apa is to be had for \$money\$, but contributions reduce the amount of \$money\$ that needs to be sent. Contributions
(continued on page 1)

Book Reviews

ROOMS OF PARADISE - The rush to judgment continues

PAUL STEVENS

Lee Harding's letter on the back page where he objected to being lumped together with Paul Collins brought forth the comment from Paul that he objected to being lumped together with Harding. It all depends on the viewpoint, I suppose. However this pushed one of my buttons and I feel the need to comment. Over the past year or so Lee has gone far past what I would term fair comment and would tend to term destructive criticism.

There are certain parallels in what they are doing. They are both anthologising, except that Lee in ROOMS OF PARADISE has Brian Aldiss, R A Lafferty, Gene Wolfe and Ian Watson to headline his book whilst Paul publishes a book of unknown Australians.

They both publish stories by David Lake, except that the Lake story that Paul published in ENVISAGED WORLDS ('Creator') has been chosen by Don Wellheim for his current year's best SF collection.

They are both writers except that Paul is only starting out and Lee has had years of experience.

They are both **trying** to foster the growth of SF within Australia. And they are both being criticised for the quality of the stories they are publishing.

The main criticism being levelled against Paul Collins seems to be that he is not doing the job of editing that is needed on stories of the quality he is getting and thereby is failing his writers and the readers who buy his anthologies.

There is certainly some justification in the critics' comments regarding editing, but standing back and sneering at his efforts is not helping local writers get their stories published. If it comes down to who is doing more for writers then you only have to compare ROOMS OF PARADISE and OTHER WORLDS to see which way the wind blows. I am not saying that Paul is producing perfect collections of Australian science fiction (there are some stories in ENVISAGED WORLDS and OTHER WORLDS that I wouldn't publish if I was editing these collections) but I am not): I think we would be better off trying to help Paul in his efforts and not sitting back in our ivory gum trees and throwing koalas at him.

(JF: No, Paul Collins would be better off, and you haven't established why anyone should want that. I take it that you'll use the same analysis of the Melbourne-Sydney problems, and stop throwing koalas at the various Sydney committees?)

JF continues: For those who missed it, the title for Lee's letter in the previous edition was a quote from William Noonan's review of ROOMS OF PARADISE. Damien Broderick reviews ROOMS OF PARADISE (and John Baxter's THE HERMES FALL) in the March edition of 24 HOURS (on page 68). He manages to not mention any of the stories individually, much less than review them. Like Lee Harding, he reveals himself a dab hand at being unable to read. He connects a conversation I mentioned in the fifth paragraph with a general statement in the eighth paragraph and uses it to construct a stick with which to beat both me and John Baxter: what Damien does in his bemused state I may find funny, but why can't he beat up his old friend John Baxter with weapons he acknowledges to be his own? I suppose only dolts would expect that writers should be able to read.

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FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979 • NOMINATING BALLOT

BEST FAN EDITOR:

For all-around editing in total fan publishing output; may take into account more than one title. To nominate, you must have edited a fanzine in 1978.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

BEST FAN ARTIST (HUMOROUS):

To nominate, you must have had art (of either humorous or non-humorous variety) published in a fanzine in 1978.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

BEST SINGLE ISSUE:

For the single best all-around fanzine issue, including one-shots. To nominate, you must be qualified to nominate in at least one of the other categories.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

BEST FAN WRITER:

To nominate, you must either be eligible to nominate in the BEST FAN EDITOR category, or have written at least one essay, article, editorial, review or story published in a fanzine in 1978.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

BEST FAN ARTIST (SERIOUS):

To nominate, you must have had art (of either humorous or nonhumorous variety) published in a fanzine in 1978.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

BEST LoC WRITER:

To nominate, you must have written at least two letters of comment which were published in fanzines by two different fan editors.

NOMINATIONS:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

THE FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS COMMITTEE (FAAnAC)

One third of the nine-member committee is elected each year for a three-year term. The current committee consists of Mike Glyer, Mike Glicksohn, Frank Denton, Victoria Vayne, Taral, Don C. Thompson, Stu Shiffman, Peter Roberts and Gary Farber. This year, Mike Glyer, Mike Glicksohn and Frank Denton will step down in favour of three new members as chosen by the awards voters. If you are eligible to nominate in any category, you may nominate up to four of your fellow fanzine fans to places on the committee:

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....
- 4.....

In order that the slate of candidates presented on the final ballot consist only of those willing to be on the committee, we ask that you please check the appropriate box indicating whether or not you would be interested in filling a committee place. All past members are eligible for re-election to the committee.

Are you willing to be on the FAAn Awards Committee?

(...) YES

(...) NO

FANZINE ACTIVITY ACHIEVEMENT AWARDS 1979: NOMINATING BALLOT

When completed, send this ballot with a donation of at least \$1.00 (or equivalent) and a stamped self-addressed envelope to the official teller (or one of the listed agents) for arrival no later than April 30, 1979.

MIKE GLICKSOHN (official teller for 1978/79) -
141 High Park Ave.,
Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3
U.K. Agent - Ian Maule,
18 Hillside, 163 Carshal-
ton Rd., Sutton, Surrey
SM1 4NG
Australia Agent - Leigh
Edmonds, Box 103, Bruns-
wick, Vic 3056

Name.....
Address.....
.....

CREDENTIALS: To establish your eligibility to nominate on these awards, please give specific examples of your published 1978 work in fanzines:
FANZINES published.....
(to nominate Editor, writer and Single Ish)

WRITING (article, essay, editorial, etc)
.....
(to nominate Writer and Single Ish)
ART
ART (cartoon or serious).....
.....
(to nominate Humorous/Serious Artist and Single Ish)
LoCs (in two different editors' zines)
.....
(to nominate LoC Writer and Single Ish)

The FAAn Awards were created by Moshe Feder in 1974 to encourage excellence within the tradition of fanzine fandom that considers fannish fanzine fans to be those devotees of book and magazine SF who produce or contribute to fanzines dealing with that subject, or with other such fans, often doing so in a way that evinces that indefinable sense of humor and community known as 'faanishness'. Such fanzines do not pay contributors, and are published for enjoyment to which financial gain is incidental. The FAAns are peer-voted awards, in support of the belief that the active practitioners of an art or craft are the best judges of excellence in that art or craft, and of the further belief that recognition from fellow practitioners in one's field is the kind most valued by creative people. Therefore the FAAn Awards are deliberately limited to those fans and zines defined, as above, as 'fannish' - not pretending to be a universal award or claiming to replace previously existing awards and polls - and limited in participation to those fannish fans who were creatively active during the year under consideration. If you were such a fan during 1978 - 'active' is defined below for each category - we hope you will participate by nominating and voting, and will help spread the word by circulating the ballots.

In all descriptions of categories and nominating credentials given on this ballot, the words 'fan' and 'fanzine' in all their forms refer to fannish fans and zines as defined above.

NOMINATING: You may make from 1 to 4 unranked nominations in each category for which you qualify to nominate. Please skip any category in which you, although technically eligible, are not sufficiently knowledgeable. Qualification to nominate in even one category is qualification to vote in all categories on the final ballot, which will be sent in your SSAE after April 30, 1979.

Remember that the awards are for excellence in work during 1978, and are not for career or cumulative achievement. Nominations for one's own work or one's own fanzine will not be counted; you may nominate other people whose work appears in your own zine.

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