

C U L T U R E

Christine Ashby

Us Aussie birds are interested in culture. It gets you out of the house and, more important than that, it's one of the few areas of life - apart from school canteens - that isn't infested by dreary Aussie guys. My ex never complained about my going to pottery classes (well not at first anyway), but he'd rather've died than have a go himself. He preferred to watch the telly.

Mind you, there's plenty of men interested in culture, it's just that they're not your typical ocker. Apart from the poofters, who're at least good for some intelligent conversation, they're mostly continental types, or sometimes even Americans. They take over, of course, like all men, but at least they don't try to stop you enjoying yourself.

Myself, I've dabbled in quite a few different cultural activities - trying to find my métier I suppose you could say. I don't have much of a voice, so light opera was out for a start, but I did try amateur dramatics for a while. I was told that I showed real talent for macrame, but it's a bit solitary, and anyway everybody's got a plant-holder these days. All along I was making the typical female mistake of thinking that being involved in culture means you actually have to do something - I don't suppose I'd ever have woken up if it hadn't been for Henry.

At the time we met I was thinking of having a go at stained glass. That's generally speaking - I was actually thinking what a bastard my ex could be when he put his mind to it. I'd just been discussing the so-called property settlement with my solicitor and I got into the lift feeling thoroughly fed up and wondering if it was all worth the bother. I didn't even notice the little guy in the corner until he tapped me on the shoulder.

"You're wasting your time," he said. I was too. The doors were well and truly jammed. The people on the other end of the phone made reassuring noises, told me it wasn't worth trying to get out the trapdoor, and asked me if I had something to read.

"They want to know," I said after I hung up, "if I've got anything to read." As a matter of fact I did have the latest Marilyn French in my bag, but wouldn't you know it, I'd finished the last three chapters in the solicitor's waiting room.

"I might be able to help you there," he said. He was carrying a briefcase, and he dug out of it a large manila folder. "I just happen to have these with me. Would you like to have a read?"

I looked at him then. He wasn't bad looking, if a bit on the weedy side - blonde hair, blue eyes, a bloody good tan and a cleft chin so help me. Well Lorraine, I thought to myself, you could do a lot worse for someone to be stuck in a lift with - after all, if he does get stroppy you're bigger than he is.

"Thank you very much," I said. "What is it?"

"Oh, just a few stories."

"You write them?"

He nodded, and the phone rang. Slight delay, they said - not to worry, but it might be at least an hour and a half.

"Well starve the bloody lizards!" he said. That was when I first thought there was something odd about him, even before we'd been introduced properly. He said things like I haven't heard since me old Grandpa died, except for those guys on the box who everybody knows are just a big pose. His stories were full of it. They were sort of science fiction, not as good as Asimov, but with Australian heroes and loaded with these funny old-fashioned expressions.

After I'd read all his stories and the serviceman still hadn't come, we naturally got talking. His name was Henry Parkes, and he was a writer, and he was a Bondi local same as me.

"Where are you from originally?" I asked him.

"Oh, here and there," he said vaguely.

"You from the bush, are you?"

"Oh well, I've been around a bit, yer know...."

Better not to press a man when he starts to get evasive. If there's a wife and kids in the background you'll hear about them when he's ready.

"What about you?" he said suddenly. "What's a grouse sheila like you do for a crust?"

"Me name's not sheila, it's Lorraine!" Honestly, how could a writer talk like that. My old English teacher Mrs Pincott would've had a pink fit. "Did you really write those stories yourself?"

That put him back in his box. Yes, of course he'd written them. Him and two of his mates - "cobbers" he said - were publishing a science fiction magazine like Analog only better because it was Australian.

Not that really was interesting, it really hit the old culture nerve. By the time we got out of the lift, after three hours, he was going to take me to dinner, and later on he was going to take me to see their publishing office. He seemed really pleased when I offered to help with the typing - I gathered the keyboard layout had him foxed.

Lorraine, I thought to myself over the calamari the next night, you really might be on to something. So he talks like DAD AND DAVE, but you have to admit he's rather spunky. What've you got to lose? At my age you understand, you can't afford to muck about being coy and virginal.

We went back to his place for coffee. It was a rather grotty little flat, with a lot of books lying around, and a little typewriter on the table. I was expecting a writer to have

something decent, but I realised that he was just starting out after all. Anyway, I made the coffee and we sat down on the couch. I moved up really close to him and he started talking about the magazine's distribution problems. Somehow he wasn't very responsive. If he's gay, I thought, why lead me on? It couldn't be that. Surely even bushies know what to do with women. Perhaps he's just shy.

I came on a little stronger. When I started unbuttoning his shirt he pushed my hand away. "Don't do that," he said, as if I'd been picking my nose or something.

"Why not?"

He sighed. "Lorraine, you know that I like you a lot. You're a real bonzer piece of skirt."

I thought I'd better not laugh out loud so I got up and went round behind the couch where he couldn't see me. He kept on staring straight ahead.

"Lorraine, there's something I have to tell you."

Ah ha, I thought, wife and kids time.

"You'll think I've got kangaroos in me top paddock if I just tell you straight out." He started to get up. "Promise me you won't scream -" he said.

My God! I thought, a pervert! I didn't think anything else, I just grabbed Volume One of the Shorter Oxford Dictionary off the table beside me and I clouted him on the top of the head with it.

I'm pretty strong for a woman. Henry dropped to the floor without a sound. Now you've done it Lorraine, I thought, you've killed him. I rushed around the couch and knelt beside him. No pulse in his wrist! I tried the neck and it was there, but definitely irregular. You never forget those First Aid classes, even if you don't end up becoming an air hostess. I ripped open his shirt to get at his chest for heart massage, and I nearly did scream.

Green skin! What's the silly bugger playing at, I thought. Has he painted himself green all over? He groaned faintly, so I forgot about his heart, and while I had the chance I pulled his trousers down.

I don't think I screamed. I might have just made a sort of squeak, considering the shock I got. The bulge at his crotch was made of little green tentacles, like a sea anemone. Once I tore my eyes away from that I saw that he didn't have a belly-button either.

Henry groaned again, much louder. Suddenly I felt terribly guilty. I picked him up and put him on the couch, and he opened his eyes. "What happened?" he croaked.

"Oh, Henry," I said, almost crying with relief, "I'm terribly sorry! I panicked. I shouldn't have hit you. Me mum was always

telling me to pick on people me own size! Are you okay?"

"I think so," he said, feeling the top of his head. "I don't think you've cracked the casing."

That reminded me. I looked at his groin, and back at his face again. The pink flesh sort of faded into green at the base of his neck.

"You were trying to tell me something, weren't you?"

Henry swung his feet around and sat up. "By jungo, I was, wasn't I? Must've been going about it the wrong way. The fact is, I'm a sort of tourist."

They all were, him and his two mates. They were interstellar tourists, on a sort of working holiday. To support themselves, and to give them something to do since they were allergic to beer, they'd decided to put out a science fiction magazine - the next best thing, Henry reckoned, to opening an ethnic restaurant (which they couldn't very well do). Just a matter of settling down on paper some of their personal experiences and the money would roll in. So as not to draw attention to themselves they'd decided to make it as Australian as possible.

"You can overdo that," I said as I brought him another cup of coffee. "Where on earth did you get all that 'stone the drongoes' stuff?"

"Well actually, we didn't get it on Earth at all. There's a survival training school on Pluto - well it is Pluto as a matter of fact - and when we picked Australia they programmed us from radio broadcasts. They didn't have anything later than 1947 though. Apparently they stopped recording when nobody showed any interest."

"And why did you show interest?"

Henry rubbed his head and looked thoughtful. "Somewhere different, I suppose. Unspoiled. We wanted to go bunyip-hunting. Still, we haven't got any further than Sydney so far, and now we've got tied up with the publishing game."

I'd been thinking about his magazine, subconsciously. "It's a good idea, but you'll never make your fortunes with it as it is. People will think it's all a big joke. Take my advice, Henry, the stuff in that first issue is definitely RS."

Henry looked puzzled - amazing the effects they can get with those artificial faces, it really is.

"I think that expression might've been invented after 1947. Not to worry," I continued in a soothing tone of voice, "you've got some nifty ideas in those stories, you just need to smarten up the presentation. And exterminate all the lizards and drongoes and things."

Sometimes I amaze even myself. Pathetically grateful, he was.

"D'you really think so?" he said, and that started it.

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His mates didn't take much convincing. They were nice fellas, for aliens, but they had absolutely no business sense at all, and they were the slowest typists in the world. Well I know I'm not stupid, but I couldn't credit the amount of stuff I remembered from my three years with Southdown Press. It took only a week to realise that their magazine hadn't a hope, even if they wrote it all themselves (which they were already doing). Even if they never paid a penny to authors - and they'd never intended doing that anyway - they couldn't possibly cover costs without selling a stupendous number of copies.

The thing to do, since they couldn't shake the publishing bug, was obvious. They had to write a book about how Pluto is an alien space station, kitting out visitors to Earth.

"I don't think we should," said Henry when I first suggested this. "It's policy not to reveal that we're here, or there either."

"You revealed yourself to me, didn't you?"

"Well yes, but we can still wipe ourselves off your memory, you know. But a book, that would get us into real hot water."

"Rubbish!" Men are so slow to pick up new ideas, even alien men. Nobody will actually believe it, not anybody who counts, anyway. There's dozens of books already, proving that the moon's inhabited and there's life on Venus and a door to the fourth dimension in the Bermuda Triangle, and everybody buys them and only nutcases believe them!"

"Well," he said, "now we know what some of the others have been doing with their time on Earth. Why didn't we think of that earlier, eh?"

"Because, mate, you don't know anything about the publishing business."

But I did, and I learned a lot more pretty quickly. I thought I handled the sale of the film rights particularly smoothly. I enjoy being rich. What I'm going to enjoy even more is going back with Henry next year, to collect material for the sequel.

Christine Ashby

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NOTE: Turn your back, and a publishing industry flourishes. While this fanzine has been hibernating the first issues of MICRON, NEXUS, and FUTURISTIC TALES, a second issue of CRUX, and three paperback novels from Paul Collins have all appeared. A SHOCK! HORROR! PROBE! review may possibly appear in the next Chunder!

FANZINE REVIEWS

Irwin Hirsch

I thought I had things all arranged. You see, at the moment I am on my May school holidays, and I had thought the two weeks would be enough time in which to complete my fannish commitments. I had worked out this timetable, you see, so that I would be able to write my first set of reviews for Chunder!, put out the second issue of my genzine Sikander, and meet minac in two of the apas I am in. And I also left myself enough time to eat, sleep, see a number of films, visit friends, read a number of books, etc. Basically, my fannish day in the first week was to find myself 'warming up' by doing one stencil for the apas, then three stencils for Sikander, and then wind down by working on these fanzine reviews. During the second week, I would run off, collate, staple, and address the lot and send them off.

For three days I stuck very strictly to that timetable, and everything was going okay. But yesterday an item arrived in the mail which has totally upset the timetable, and it now looks as though I have a choice between getting Sikander out on time and dropping out of the two apas, and delaying the appearance of Sikander by a week or two and maintaining my membership of the two apas. On top of that, it looks very much as though I will be reviewing only one fanzine, of which I have read approximately one quarter.

The item in the mail was the 28th issue of Richard Bergeron's WARHOON, a fanzine I've been waiting for for two years, although others have been waiting ten years for it. So what I have at my side is a 614 page fanzine, each page devoted to the life, times and work of Walt Willis who, it is said, is fandom's greatest fanwriter. It was Willis who almost single-handedly developed the style of fannish writing that is still being enjoyed and written today.

Within the two hard covers of this fanzine you will find all 44 installments of 'The Harp That Once Or Twice', Willis's famous column that appeared from 1951 to 1969 in the pages of Quandry, Opsla, Warhoon and Quark. It is those 44 installments, comprising some 200 pages, that form the central basis of this issue of Warhoon; around them you will find convention and trip reports, faan fiction, autobiographical notes, and other articles on topics not covered elsewhere in this volume. There is also a biography by Harry Warner Jr, a look at the Willis style by Peter Graham, and an account by Tom Perry of his visit to the Willises in 1976, and art by Lee Hoffman, Arthur Thomson, Shelby Vick, Bob Shaw, James White and Richard Bergeron. All the art is printed offset, but (for the most part) the rest of this fanzine is very clean and neatly reproduced by mimeo with hardly a glitch in the whole thing. One of the things about this fanzine is that it is a joy to behold; when it first arrived I wouldn't touch it, partly because I couldn't quite believe it had arrived, but also because I was too afraid I'd damage it (yes! despite the two month seamail trip it arrived in a mint condition).

As I said, I am reviewing a fanzine that I've only read, so far, about one quarter of, which is to say that since it arrived :

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yesterday I have read 150 pages of it. And I think Patrick Nielson Hayden expresses my feelings when he said (in his and his wife Teresa's Telos 1) 'Two minutes of casual browsing ought to produce seven or eight chuckles, three belly laughs and at least one overpowering case of atomic rolling on the floor. A thorough reading from cover to cover is guaranteed to leave even the most cynical reader awed at the wit, thoughtfulness, calm analytical dissective skill and (there ain't no other word) love brought to our microcosm by this quiet Irishman'. I read somewhere that Willis would go through six or seven drafts of his articles before he would allow them to be published, and it must be that which makes reading his work such a joy, because there is something there that is beautiful. I am not going to say that Willis is fandom's best-ever fanwriter because I really do find it hard to separate into a distinct 1,2,3 and so on those fanwriters whose works I most enjoy - and besides, I can't see the worth of trying to define that distinct 1,2,3, - but this fanzi fanzine is certainly a must buy for everyone who considers themselves a member of this microcosm called fandom. So rush US\$25 to Richard Bergeron, 1 West 72nd St, New York, NY 10023. Pawn your collection of Chunder! if you have to, but for your own sake please do it.

While I'm at it, I might as well mention these other volumes devoted to fanzines past.

Fanthology 76 (edited and produced by Victoria Vayne, PO Box 156 Stn D, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3J8, Canada. \$3 US, \$3.50 overseas. After costs have been met, all profits will be going to TAFF, DUFF and the FAAn Awards.) is a 'selection of writing from the fanzines of 1976' and in it you will find articles by such people as Harry Warner Jr, Bob Shaw, Tom Perry and about 10 others. All presented in a most beautiful 100-page package put together by the person who is probably the best mimeographer in fandom at the moment. Unlike the publications to be mentioned below, this one contains both 'sercon' writing and 'fannish' writing.

The Best of the Bushel (the Complete BoSh, volume 1) by Bob Shaw (published by Rob Jackson, 8 Lavender Rd., West Ewell, Surrey KT19 9EB, UK. US agent is Joyce Scrivner, 2528 15th Ave S., Minneapolis, MN 55404, USA. Available for £1 or \$2, plus 10 p or 20 ¢ postage.*) 'The Glass Bushel' was the title of Bob Shaw's column in Walt Willis's fanzine Hyphen, and in this publication you will find 13 of these columns. Bob Shaw won last year's Fanwriter Hugo, and these pieces show that he was just as good a writer in the period 1954-1965 as he is today.

The Eastercon Speeches (the Complete BoSh, volume 2) by Bob Shaw (published by Rob Jackson, US agent Joyce Scrivner. 90p or \$1.80, postage 10p or 20¢) As well as being a great fanwriter, Bob Shaw is able to give some extremely funny, pun-filled speeches, and this publication gives the transcripts of the speeches he gave at the British Eastercons of the years 1974-1978.

By British, a fanthology of the 70's. (selected and published by Ian Maule and Joseph Nicholas. Available for £1.50 or \$3, including postage, from Ian Maule, 5 Peaconsfield Rd., New Malden, Surrey KT3 3HY, UK, or from Terry Hughes, 6205 Wilson Blvd, 102, Falls Church, VA 22044, USA) The British fanzine scene has,

since 1976-77, been the most exciting in the world, and of the 13 pieces presented here, 10 are from fanzines published since 1976. Writers presented include Dave Langford, Bob Shaw, John Brosnan, Chris Priest and Roy Kettle.

Of these four volumes I think I enjoyed the last one the most, but all four should be welcome additions to your fanzine collection. Unlike 'normal' fanzines these are not, for example, response-oriented, and the nice thing about them is that they make available to someone like me, only a recent addition to worldwide genzine fandom, those writings that first appeared before my time. Of the fifty or so articles printed in these four volumes, there were only about three I didn't like, and a very large number of them are masterpieces. This is certainly a better return than if you were to take a random selection of 'normal' fanzines which contained a total of 50 articles. In general, the editors have managed to separate the cream from the crud, and really have done a great service.

(If you are going to order any of these - and I strongly recommend that you get all five - you should contact Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776 if you want to change your Australian money into US\$.)

Also along the same line I should mention that Jack Herman is going to be putting together a series of publications of the best of Australian fanwriting. The idea behind Jack's project is that different people do the selecting of the contents of the separate editions, and Jack will do the hack work in producing them. I've already sent Jack my list of recommendations, and I'm sure Jack would like to see yours. Write to him at 1/67 Fletcher St., Bondi, NSW 2026.

Irwin Hirsh

*The two volumes of the Complete BoSh are soon to be available from 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda; watch this space for details. Irwin's address is 279 Doman Rd., South Yarra, Vic 3141. The pile of fanzines waiting to be reviewed or at least noted by me is very high indeed, but they'll have to wait for the August Chunder!, which I hope will continue Irwin's review column. And now on to Book reviews - only one review out of those on hand at the moment, but once again the catch-up process should knock over the backload RSN. This review I asked for.

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B O O K R E V I E W S

George Turner

SHIKASTA

by Doris Lessing

Jonathan Cape; 380 pp; \$16.15

If you have read an insensitive and basically wrongheaded review of this novel in 'The Age', forget it. The book was, for

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reasons unknown, not given to the regular sf reviewer but thrown to someone with sympathy for neither sf nor Lessing and who saw no deeper than surfaces.

I'll admit to being, in general, no Lessing fan (the famous GOLDEN NOTEBOOK bored me stiff) and it is easy to be repelled by a title which reads, in full: 'CANOPUS IN ARGOS: Archives re Colonial Planet 5, SHIKASTA. Personal, Psychological, Historical Documents Relating To Visit by JOHOR (George Sherban), Emissary (Grade 9), 87th of The Period Of The Last Days.' The publisher should have curbed Lessing's indulgence in such nonsense, which takes up the entire face of the jacket, but it is like the above-mentioned review - something to forget. The book is not a mishmash of such verbiage but an intellectual novel of immense pretension and no little success; it is also an imaginative tour de force.

The reader of this astonishing novel - also this sometimes languid and occasionally difficult novel - must bear in mind that it is the first volume of a trilogy. (The overriding title is CANOPUS IN ARGOS. Canopus, for those who like their astronomy properly noted, is a star in the constellation of Argo Navis and is, after Sirius, the brightest star in the night sky.) As in any properly constructed series, SHIKASTA lays the groundwork, states the themes, gets the action going and leaves the reader wanting to know which way it will turn in future instalments; though the themes are clearly stated, Lessing's ultimate direction remains less than predictable.

The story is the history of the human race. Ignore such predecessors as LAST AND FIRST MEN; the approach here is vastly different. The plot - the simple set of confrontations which pushes the story along - is the struggle between good and evil.

For her history of mankind Lessing uses mythology, the Bible, selected items of biology and archeology and even some of the ideas of von Daniken and his ilk, welding them all into a seamless narrative. 'There were giants in the Earth in those days', says holy write, so giants there are - vast beings planted on Earth as mentors by the beneficent Canopans to guide the young race into membership of the Canopan empire. The Shammatans, forces of a criminal planet and the natural enemies of the Canopans, move in on the immature experiment, seeking the planet for themselves. So the eternal drama of Gad and Satan begins.

It is told mainly through the eyes of Johor, a Canopan emissary who appears in various human guises throughout the ages. What he tells is not theologically oriented, despite the biblical parallels. These serve, very usefully, to provide familiar reference-points for happenings (such as the Noachiaa flood) which heralds pivotal changes in human history.

The history (travelled over at immense speed) rises to its climax in the World Wars, which represent a definite victory for Shammat, a triumph of the wilful and the monstrous, and it is here that the real story begins, with the revolt of youth against the follies of history. But the author is no simple-minded preacher of revolution with a naive faith in new brooms; she has no hesitation in skewering the pretensions of the

arrogant young as well as the futilities of the pretentious old.

She allows here for a Utopian period which must inevitably be transitory, because Shammata is by no means finished with Earth. The warring stars are never manifest on Earth and rarely in the novel; they remain powerful but shadowy background forces which seek to manipulate history and the cosmos.

Lessing's attitudes are neither religious nor softly emotional. She throws fundamentalist religion away when she bypasses the creation myth, and tosses sentiment after it in cold-blooded analyses of morality and motivation; there are few more chilling passages in modern fiction than the thirty-or-so pages in which she traces the rationale of terrorism through a series of individual psychologies.

What may stick in the intellectual gizzard here is that the background of warring stars indicates that Lessing postulates evil as an actual and positive force. This raises considerable problems of acceptance: for instance, the question of a 'good' intention resulting in an 'evil' outcome, or even the essential matter of a useful definition of the two crucial words. I feel this is most easily accepted as a device; in practice it is less limiting than it might seem and does indeed place a defining frame on an action which could become impossibly discursive. The good and evil powers are not supernatural or irresistible, thus removing all blame from humans for their actions; they are simply forces which can be detected and accepted or combatted. The humans have free will and choice but they move in a universe of powerful pressure, where free will may swiftly degenerate into frustrated flailing and choices have to be made in ignorance of the total situation. There are few subtleties in Lessing's treatment of these dilemmas but many brutal statements of the difference between what we do and what we say we do.

What her final stance on human responsibility will be I cannot guess, but at the end of SHIKASTA the warring stars are watching developments on an Earth which is making some effort to take the future into its own hands. The direction of that effort may come as a pleasant surprise to those readers who are tired of commonplace solutions to cosmic problems.

The beginning of it is the revolt of youth, which culminates in a ferocious mock trial, in which Man seeks to locate and expose the canker in his own body. Here is an edited version of the indictment - and if its ideas are not new, I have rarely seen them spelt out so clearly:

'... that it is the white races of this world that have destroyed it, corrupted it, made possible the wars that have ruined it, have laid the basis for the war we all fear, have poisoned the seas, and the waters, and the air, have stolen everything for themselves, have laid waste the goodness of the earth from the North to the South, and from East to West, have behaved always with arrogance and contempt and barbarity towards others, and have been above all guilty of the supreme crime of stupidity - and must now accept the burden of culpability,

as murderers, thieves and destroyers, for the dreadful situation we now all find ourselves in.'

Over-simply? Yes, but it is the beginning of a trial which leaves no colour, creed or activity unscathed.

Don't take this book at a gulp; give yourself the occasional breather for appreciation of the directions of the author's thinking. SHIKASTA is not always easy reading and much of it is more meat for argument than applause, but at the end it is poised for the unfolding of new futures and new ideas. I badly want to know what Doris Lessing has in mind.

George Turner

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W E L L C O N B

Michael Newbery

On Queen's Birthday weekend - namely 30 May - 2 June in NZ - there did happen the 2nd New Zealand Science Fiction Convention - Wellcon B. There did also at the same time and some 15 minutes' drive away happen the annual Wellington Folk Festival - which information I impart only because I attend both and am still somewhat wasted in consequence.

Pre-con publicity was not good - it largely wasn't at all. This was the consequence of the disorganisation of the original organisers, one of whom moved away from Wellington and the other of whom quite for personal reasons. Fortunately Greg Hills had recently moved down and was on hand to rescue the con. He is to be commended that the organisation ended up only mildly chaotic.

Friday: registration and DARK STAR which I didn't watch this time around.

Daturday: out to the hotel to take in top of the bill - Greg Hills on Changing Attitudes to SF Reading. Greg progressed slowly through his piece steadfastly refusing to let facts distract him. He manfully continued to set up straw men; unfortunately certain elements in the audience kept trying to set them alight before he could beat them into submission. The discussion got onto the question of what is (good) sf and as such was doomed from the start. Greg having raised the strong characterisation vs. strong plot question, someone proposed TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE as a shining example of the former. Greg stated that he liked stories that bolster their arguments with previous (unproved) arguments - which is a fair summation of the discussion. Another combattant proclaimed 'I haven't read that many big books.' Sanity was finally restored (?) when Harry Taimana stood up and said that he read sf because of Sense of Wonder. Gosh, ee whiz 'n' all! This oration effectively ended the discussion (and won Harry the Eggo award for best impromptu speech).

Next was Mervyn Barrett on Humour in SF. Mervyn was much better organised than Greg but a lot of the talk consisted of his reading aloud from (allegedly) humorous sf. Mervyn is not a good reader-aloud.
(continued on page 14)

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GUFF-AWE 2, July 1980

The GOING UNDER FAN FUND 1981, GUFF 2, is administered in Australia by John Foyster, 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda, Victoria 3182, Australia, and in the United Kingdom by Rob Jackson, 8 Lavender Road, West Ewell, Epsom, Surrey KT19 9EB, UK.

NOMINATIONS

The closing date for nominations has been set back to 31 August 1980. Nominees require the support of three fans from the UK, two from Australia, a 100 word platform, and they must post a bond with one of the administrators. If you require further information please contact the nearest administrator. (Several nominations are now being completed.)

VOTING

Voting will close on 31 January, to allow the winner sufficient time to plan the trip to Adelaide for the National SF Convention, to be held at the Oberoi Hotel from June 13 to June 15, 1981. Voters pay a fee, and this constitutes one source of income for the fund.

MONEY

GUFF 2 is going to require very nearly \$2000, and of this almost half has already been raised. Donations, whether in cash or in material which can be auctioned, are invited, welcomed, pleaded for, and so on. (You could also consider donating subs to your fanzine, or part thereof, to GUFF 2. Rob Jackson is doing this with some of his material; subs to Chunder! will, until June '81, go direct to GUFF in the name of the subber.) The rest of this page is devoted to details of the first GUFF Postal Auction.

POSTAL AUCTION

You are invited to send to John Foyster bids on the following items. On August 1 all those who have bid on any item will be advised of the high bid on all items. They will have until August 16 to lodge their final bids. Postage will be included in the bid, where necessary. The dates make it difficult for readers outside Australia to get involved. That's a time problem; sorry.

Items

1. RICHARD E. GEIS nos 1,2,3, 1972 (out of print)
2. AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION MONTHLY December 1970-March 1971 (edited John Bangsund) - includes MINI-MELCON poster by Greg & Grae (IRON OUTLAW & STEEL SHEILA creators)
3. CHUNDER! 1,2,3, & 6 of volume 1 (1972-73) Material by Edmonds, Stevens, Wright, Bangsund, Wodhams and others.
4. AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 7½, March 1967. Not many of these around - done for British convention.
5. CARANDAITH 6, Spring 1971. Large Tolkien fanzine.
6. CONSIDERATION OF SAMPLE RETURN AND THE EXPLORATION STRATEGY FOR MARS. NASA TECHNICAL MEMORANDUM 58213, March 1979 91 pp.
7. MISSION TO JUPITER AND ITS SATELLITES. reprint from SCIENCE, 1979. 78 pp, many colour and b&w photos.

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CHUNDER!

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Volume 4, Number 4

Chunder! is published almost every month by John Foyster,
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It is available in Australia at the rate of 6 for \$2 (donated to GUFF) or for trade or contributions in the form of articles, artwork (ask first on this) or letters.

Registered for posting as a publication (Category B)

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Cover - Ralph Silverton

- 2 - Christine Ashby on CULTURE
- 7 - Irwin Hirsh on FANZINES
- 9 - George Turner on BOOKS
- 12 - Michael Newbery on WELLCON B
- 13 - John Foyster on GUFF
- 14 - This Issue on SCHEDULE

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WELLCON B continued

And so to lunch, after which I took off to the folk festival and some morris dancing, thus missing Bruce Clement, FARENHEIT 451, and the Merv Binns/Mervyn Parrett interview. returned with aching legs to see slide show at planetarium and FORBIDDEN PLANET in colour (red). Some socialising then back to FF and harmony workshop which started at midnight.

Sunday morning: first signs of terminal exhaustion and THE ILLUSTRATED MAN, followed by Maureen McKee on SF/F for Younger Readers - being mainly a list of what F & SF is borrowed - and stolen - from the public library.

Next was Vera Lonergan who mumbled her way through a description of the 'A in '83' bid, unhelped by a booming sound system -but she was interesting, informative and convincing. Afterwards I took the opportunity to leap on Merv Binns with a list of books I wanted to buy. Off to the wargaming except it wasn't so I staggered off back to the FF, passing op the masquerade.

Monday morning: WESTWORLD at 10 am, 10.30 actually, which suited me as I didn't get to the hotel until 10.15. While we waited it was suggested that Greg sing 'Show me the way to go Gnome' to while away the time. D B Christianson lent me FUNGUS THE BOGEYMAN which I read during reel changes. And so to the business meeting which decided by a large majority that the next con will be held in Auckland - date as yet unspecified. The disappointed Wellington bidders then announced that they would hold a film festival at some time that the con was not on.

The con then officially broke up, some members lingering to play wargames in the Lion room, sit on the floor and talk. Best exit line of the con, from Vera "Goodbye Greg, I'm going back to Australia now". I left about 3 pm to rejoin the FF.

Overall a good con, not quite up to the first Wellcon. The bar promised in the Lion room did not eventuate and was sorely missed - more than anything else the con lacked a hospitable place to just sit and socialise (Black mark, t George). 'Twas good to see the Oz contingent, esp. A in '83's ambassadress extraordinaire, Vera Lonergan.

CHUNDER! POLL 1979

Those with superb memories will recall that long ago nominations were called for this annual poll. I've finally remembered to collate the nomination and put together this voting slip, which goes to all Australasian readers of Chunder! To be counted, your vote must reach John Foyster, 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda V3182 by 22 August 1980. You get three votes in each category: vote for first with a '1', second with a '2' and third with a '3'. There is room for you to add to the list of nominees if you have someone else/thing in mind. Let's have a decent return this year, folks!

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BEST GENERAL FANZINE

- ERIC B LINDSAY
- Q36
- SF COMMENTARY
- THE WASFFAN
-
-
-

BEST APA FANZINE

- APPLEJACK
- AYJAY 1
- CAT OUT OF ORDER
- NEW ORC CHRONICLES
-
-
-

BEST ARTIST

- CHRIS JOHNSTON
- MICHAEL KUMASHOV
- MARILYN PRIDE
- JANE TAUBMAN
-
-
-

BEST CARTOONIST

- CHRIS JOHNSTON
- MIKE MCGANN
- JOHN PACKER
- RALPH SILVERTON
-
-
-

BEST FAN WRITER

- LEIGH EDMONDS
- LEANNE FRAHM
- ERIC LINDSAY
- MARC ORTLIEB
- HELEN SWIFT
- GREGR WHILEY
-
-
-

BEST LETTERHACK

- RICHARD FAULDER
- CHAS JENSEN
- IRWIN HIRSH
-
-
-

OTHER NOTEWORTHY ACHIEVEMENT OF '79

| VOTE | NAME | ACHIEVEMENT |
|------|-------|-------------|
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Under no circumstances neglect to return the completed form to John Foyster, 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda, Victoria 3182 on or before 22 August 1980.