



*Alfred at Ashdune*







## PARERAGON PAPERS

are published every so often by John Bangsund, PO Box 434, Norwood, SA 5067, Australia, mainly for members of ANZAPA and FAPA, and this is the third issue, commenced 2 September 1977

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SPRING, as Edmund Burke almost remarked once, has a perennial falsehood — at least it does in these parts. By the calendar it should be spring time, the only pretty ring time, when birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding, that kind of thing, but it isn't: it's raining out there like Melbourne Cup Day, and that's pretty heavy.

In the Spring (as Locksley Hall so neatly put it in his famous poem 'Alfred Tennyson') a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring-cleaning, and I am no exception. I am thinking very seriously of having this IBM cleaned out, if I can find a mechanic brave enough and cheap enough. One of the cats — Dylan, by the look of all that (ugh) black fur — has been sleeping in the typewriter all winter. I don't mind; it's just that I wish he would wipe his feet before he gets in and refrain from combing his hair while he's there. Still, he keeps the mice out of it, so I shouldn't complain.

There was a letter today from John Berry. It went something like this ('at Much Binding in the Marsh, ding a ding')...

JOHN BERRY

1000 15th Avenue East  
Seattle  
Washington 98112 USA  
24.8.77

Your comments on Rosemary Sutcliff inspired me to get back into reading her books — and to discover, by a quick check of the card catalog in the library, what a great number of books she has written! *The High Deeds of Finn Mac Cool*

sounded fascinating, and was, followed by *Tristan and Iseult*, *The Mark of the Horse Lord* (remarkably Renaultish), *Dawn Wind* and a number of others. I finally read her two major novels that are not set in early Britain: *Rider on a White Horse* (that doesn't look quite right) and *The Flowers of Adonis*. I found it difficult, with the latter, to adjust myself to reading a Sutcliff book without the mythic background of Britain, but once I had succeeded I found that she had given the same depth and scope to classic Greece. I also found the only book, as far as I know, about Rosemary Sutcliff; called simply by her name, it's a monograph by Margaret Meek, published in the early Sixties. ...

On your comparative recommendation, I also searched out the books of John James. At least, I found the three that the Seattle Public Library has: *Votan*, *The Lords of Loone* and *Seventeen of Leyden*. To tell you the truth, although I liked James's writing and enjoyed the books, I couldn't really see why you included him with Sutcliff. They are both good historical novelists, but there the similarity ends. One of the most important things to me about Sutcliff's books, as about Ursula's and my other favorite writers', is that they are concerned with how to live, with finding the right way to deal with the life you are living. James's characters are mostly bastards, more like the narrator of a Kingsley Amis book. Sutcliff manages to



make life larger than it seems (note that I don't say 'than it is'); James makes it interesting, but no more. ...

(*Re Jack Speer:*) I thoroughly enjoyed his letter on the nature of fandom and its changes over forty years: he speaks from his own standpoint and out of his own idiosyncracies, of course, but he does so with enough clarity that I feel no problem with the disagreements that naturally arise. (That may be a convoluted way of saying that we're of different generations and different temperaments.) The one aspect of his letter that did strike me forcefully was his description of 'Vardeman, Tackett and others' expressing surprise at Jack's suggestion that the end of the world as we know it might not be at hand. The attitude that so disturbed Jack is common enough, but I think that, as he narrated it, it is particularly characteristic of Bob Vardeman and Roy Tackett, and generally characteristic of a certain way of thinking prevalent in the American Southwest.

I have long been struck by the similarity of thinking between Tackett and Vardeman, even though of different generations, and in various ways of Robert Heinlein, Barry Goldwater and a number of others who have at least spent considerable time in the Southwestern desert. No, it's not a matter of political conservatism, although what I'm getting at is characteristic of a certain brand of American conservative: the rugged individualism, with tinges of Randism, a cynical shell usually spiked with sarcasm. (This is only one aspect, and I don't mean it as a condemnation of Bob Vardeman or Roy Tackett, both of whom I like -- but this is something in both of them that has bothered me for a long time.) Come to think of it, Buck Coulson is another example, and he is hardly a Southwesterner; but it does seem prevalent in that part of the country, and it stands in such striking contrast to the native ways of thought, such as the spirituality of the Hopi, that it stands out. The heart of this attitude is the importance of the individual, which I feel comfortable with, but it seems to go hand-in-hand with a belief that each individual is isolated and can act in complete independence of everyone else -- and this is manifestly untrue. To the best of my perception of the world, everything is connected, and that implies a responsibility on the part of every person or entity toward the whole.

This may seem far from what Jack was talking about, but I don't think it is. The belief that the world is going to end soon -- or civilization, at any rate -- is an irresponsible one as it is often applied. It frees one from any responsibility for the consequences of one's actions. Many people seem incapable of imagining a future -- and this has led directly to the worst excesses of our present. Yet, whatever happens, whatever we do, time will continue, life will probably go on; it will be changed by what we do now, perhaps mangled, but some of it will continue. The nature of what continues is at least partly up to us.

I'm not really satisfied with the way I've expressed that, but consider this letter, like all discussion in fanzines, as a hesitant approximation, a suggestion rather than a statement. There's something there that I'm trying to put my finger on, but I may not have seen it all yet.



JB: Well, from the nature of fandom to the spirituality of the Hopi, via Barry Goldwater and Ayn Rand, may seem a bit of an excursion in just one page, but in this journal of parergastic peregrination you're likely to finish up anywhere, folks. Where *did* you finish up, John? I lost you somewhere there in the south-western desert or Indiana, about mid-way between the Hopis and the No-Hopis.

I'm not sure that I should get into this discussion, but up to a point I'll have to, just to straighten my friend John Berry out a bit. The thing is, John, that your reaction to John James is just plain typical of people who come from the north-eastern desert of the USA, and the rest of what you have to say may not be understood without this geo-politico-climatical referent. Is there such a word as referent? Not according to Oxford and Webster, but they don't even recognize idiosyncrasy, which everyone knows is a society ruled by idiots. And that brings me back to the point. Ayn Rand and Robert J. Heinlein. (Or possibly Robert A. Heinlein, the one I've read. Robert J. looms large in the latest Space Age Newsletter.) Malcolm Fraser, cactus and handbaskets — that's what it's all about, friend. I quote from a recent missive from Albuquerque: 'Hurry up and put on another Worldcon so I can start planning to attend. I *do* want to get Down Under one of these days before I'm too old and gray to appreciate it — or the world economy goes to hell in a handbasket.' Bob Vardeman wrote that, in a letter in which he explained that he couldn't possibly join ANZAPA while we let longhair-hippy-Hopis like John Berry stay in it. No he didn't. I just made that up. Bob's parergal activities are cutting in to his work time already: that's why he regretfully passed up the golden opportunity to join ANZAPA. But the important thing about all this is handbaskets. The whole argument centres on this. The world, we are told, is, or is not, going to hell in a handbasket. Aha, just so! And when was the last time you saw a real live fair-dinkum handbasket? Eh? Not in a coon's age, I'll bet, and you know why? Because between 'em, Malcolm Fraser, Ayn Rand and Milton Friedman have cornered the market, bought up every one they can find, and hoarded 'em, that's why.

Hoarded, yes. In a book I attempted to edit last year, the author referred to 'hordes of dubloons' hidden somewhere on the beach near Melbourne. I altered this to 'mobs of crazed Irishmen', of course. And that brings me back to my point. Cactus, and Buck Coulson's spiky shell. The spike-shelled scientificfictional conservative is a common phenomenon in the deserts south-west of Hagerstown, Maryland, and not a pretty sight. Think of Ed Cagle, Joanne Burger, Norm Metcalf, if you can. You see, down there, below and to the left of New Hampshire, where the sun beats down like it had never heard of the Second Law of Thermodynamics or handbaskets, where a man's a man and a spade a spade and you're never too far from the Mexican border however you look at it, people go funny in the head. They start drinking odd things, like seguidilla (made from cactus at three-quarter time), and all they can talk about is the world economy and handbaskets and the nature of fandom. They haven't seen it all, but they've seen most and guessed the rest, and no wonder they're spiky.

I hope that explains it, John. John James? Oh, you're far too young to appreciate John James. I wouldn't touch C.P. Snow if I were you, either. He's about mid-way between the Hopis and the No-Hopis, too.



I think I over-reacted a bit there, John, sorry. There is a connexion between one's view of life and the books one enjoys — I think that almost goes without saying — but the idea of looking out specifically for books that are 'concerned with how to live, with finding the right way to deal with the life you are living' goes against my grain. I'm not sure why. We started with John James, one of my favourite authors; I mentioned Rosemary Sutcliff ('I like good historical novels set in those way-back-when times. Rosemary Sutcliff and John James spring to mind'); and suddenly Ursula Le Guin and Kingsley Amis get into the act, and later C.P. Snow. To keep the ball rolling, perhaps I should drag in Flann O'Brien and Frederic Raphael, too, and Thomas Love Peacock (mainly to keep John Ryan happy). All the people mentioned so far, except Amis, are among my favourite writers. I'm not at all sure that any of them set out to teach me how to live, but I'm fairly sure that I haven't read them for this purpose. When I was young, my father had a book called *Great Books as Life Instructors*, or something like that, and it was dead boring and I resented it. I hate self-improvement books, especially books like this that are vaguely-Christian and 200 per cent red-blooded-American in outlook. Maybe my reaction to that book and others of its kind lies behind my reaction to John's remarks.

Now ask me who Frederic Raphael is. Thank you. Frederic Raphael was recommended to me by Jim Ellis about twelve years ago, but I didn't get round to reading him until this year. I console myself with the thought that I might not have appreciated him in 1965. *Lindmann* is one of the most powerful books I've ever read. Instead of attempting to say what it is about, I'll quote what the blurb-writer thought it was about (he was wrong, but if you are looking for life-instruction he wasn't far wrong): 'makes no concessions: in the frankness of its situations and its speech it shocks; in its condemnation of the inadequacies and the selfishness of modern life it forces the reader, however unwillingly, to reconsider his own actions and motives; in the person of Lindmann, trying unaided to make a little sense in a world of non-sense, it holds out a measure of hope for the future'. Maybe it was the blurb that put me off for so long. Next I started reading *Like Men Betrayed*, but it was too soon after *Lindmann*; the effect was rather like attempting to listen to Mahler's 2nd and 9th in one night.

C.P. Snow (since I've mentioned him) you *can* go on reading, one book after another; the effect here, if I am not pressing the parallel too far, is like listening to Haydn or Mozart all night. By comparison with Raphael, Snow is cool, matter-of-fact, detached. And so is John James.

'They are both good historical novelists,' John says, 'but there the similarity ends.' But there, for me, the similarity starts: they are both good writers, so let's see what they have to say. For all I know, Edison Marshall or Barbara Cartland may have more important things to say to me, but I am not interested in finding out.

What I am interested in finding out is why I enjoyed Brian Aldiss's *Malacian Tapestry* so much and George Turner didn't at all. (That, and why I articulate so badly what I feel about books.)



2 September Back in 1970 I started work on a publication that was to be called *Australian Science Fiction Yearbook*, and at the same time organized my affairs in such a way that I would go very close to bankruptcy within twelve months. ASFY was intended, among other things, to be of use to the organizers of the Australia in '75 bid, and ultimately it was: Robin Johnson took over my files and produced a slim volume called *Names in the Game*, which served as a basic mailing list for the bidding committee. Before and during A-Con, a few weeks ago, John Foyster and I talked a bit about reviving this project, and discovered that others had had similar thoughts. If I remember correctly, Andrew Brown is doing something in this line for the Australian Science Fiction Foundation. Well, fair enough, just so long as someone is doing it. In the mean time, though, I thought I might just as well do a bit myself. I forget why I had that thought now, but never mind; the deed was done. I put a little advertisement in Australia's foremost fanzine, *Nation Review*, to the effect that a stamped, addressed envelope would get you a list of all known Australasian sf activities and publications.

Dear and gentle readers, I would like you to meet the three people who answered the advertisement. Cherish them, put them on your mailing lists, for they are Good People and great is their faith. Mr E. Whitbourne (415 Liverpool St, Darlinghurst, NSW 2010), Mr Arthur Tane (PO Box 20, Jesmond, NSW 2299) and Leanne Frahm (272 Slade Point Rd, Slade Point, Qld 4741), thank you for answering my ad. Ms Frahm wrote: 'Living up here, I've been quite unaware of *any* sf activities in Australia, so thank you very much in advance for this service.' I'm not sure where 'up here' is — except that by the postcode it must be somewhere near Mackay — but I am delighted to know that first *Nation Review* and now *Parergon Papers* have penetrated into deepest darkest Queensland.

Now, about that list.

What I had in mind was to get some idea of the response to the ad first, and then decide how many hundred copies I would need to type up and run off. Well, three's a start, but not quite enough for a separate publication, so I'll do my list right here. Note that it does not purport to be complete: it is merely a list of the things I know about or have heard of. Corrections and further information are cordially invited.

First, three publications that are virtually indispensable for anyone interested in what's happening in sf and sf fardom in Australia and New Zealand:

FANEW SLETTER — Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 103, Brunswick, Vic 3056; published fortnightly or thereabouts; 20 issues for \$4.40; hard news, promptly presented.

THE NEW FORERUNNER — Gary Mason, PO Box 258, Unley, SA 5061; published when Gary feels like it; \$3.00 for about 10 issues; news and stories behind the news, provocatively presented; coverage includes comics.

NOUMENON — Brian Thurogood, Wilma Rd, Ostend, Waiheke Island, Hauraki Gulf, New Zealand; Australian agent: Carey Handfield, PO Box 91, Carlton, Vic 3053; 12 issues



for A\$7.80 (airmail), NZ\$5.50; printed offset, crammed with news, reviews, letters, publishers' lists, the lot, and published monthly (on average).

These three fanzines will tell you everything you want to know about science fiction activities, pro and fan, in Australasia, and give you a fair idea of what's happening overseas as well. Each has its special virtues and serves particular needs: if you want the latest news, quickly and briefly, FANEW SLETTER has it; if you know a fair bit about fandom and want to know the why behind the when, you must have THE NEW FORERUNNER; if you want an absolutely delightful magazine of news and comment, NOUMENON is just that.

Most of the fanzine publishers I am likely to mention here will probably send you a sample copy if you ask nicely, since ultimately they are more interested in your interest than your money, but enclosing a little money, say enough to cover postage, is the recommended approach.

SPACE AGE NEWSLETTER — or whatever it is called these days — is an odd, in-between kind of publication, half fanzine, half book-seller's advertising. If you are keen to keep up with the field, you need it. It's published by Space Age Books in Melbourne, and it's an indication of its fannish inclination that the issue I'm looking at, 24 pages of photo-reduced offset, neglects to mention the firm's address. But Space Age Books are at 305 Swanston Street, Melbourne 3000, and if you write to Paul Stevens at that address and tell him I sent you, he'll probably arrange to send you a sample copy of the Newsletter. (And most likely add the cost to my account, knowing Paul.) Mervyn Binns is the proprietor of Space Age Books, and a Good Man, but sometimes his capitalist instincts overcome his fannish friendliness, so I suggest you contact Paul in the first instance.

SF COMMENTARY — Bruce Gillespie, GPO Box 5195AA, Melbourne 3001; quarterly or thereabouts, since Bruce went offset (there was a time when it seemed to come out every three weeks); Australia's best fanzine and one of the world's best — need I say more? Do yourself a favour: send him a dollar or two, then write to him, commenting on what you've read, and you'll probably be on the free list for life (he's that kind of soft-hearted bloke). Someone borrowed my copy of the last issue, so I don't know what the subscription rate is now, but it's worth every cent.

SCIENCE FICTION: A REVIEW OF SPECULATIVE LITERATURE — Van Ikin, Dept of English, University of Sydney, NSW 2006; first (splendid) issue June 1977; \$1.70 for one, \$3.00 for two; academic paraphernalia and format, but it's a fanzine for all that — and an excellent fanzine, alive and stimulating.

ENIGMA — Van Ikin (same address); journal of the Sydney University SF Association; four for \$4 (or three for \$2.50, posted once a year); very like the above, but also includes amateur fiction. Nicely presented and well worth a look. Van is rapidly becoming one of the big names in Australian sf, and no wonder.



Science fiction is alive and well in Australia: there's no doubt of that. There was a time, not all that long ago, when I could say I knew everyone actively connected with sf here, but that was before we held a World Convention here, and even (let's be honest) before Space Age Books got going properly - in other words, before 1972, when I moved from Melbourne to Canberra and lost touch with a whole lot of things that were going on or that were about to start.

From here on, my notes on current fanzines are mostly cribbed from *Fanew Sletter*. Some of them I haven't even seen.

BOGGLE - Peter Knox, PO Box 225, Randwick, NSW 2031; 'a forum for the development of Australian sf writing'; \$1.50.

GEGENSCHEIN - Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Avenue, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776; occasional; to calculate the subscription rate you need a PhD in numerology, so it's much easier to send Eric a dollar and let him work it out - and it's worth it. Geg is one of Australia's most interesting fanzines, mainly because Eric is one of our most interesting fans. (I didn't crib that from FS.)

STRIPS - Rollo Treadway, PO Box 47-385, Ponsonby, Auckland, New Zealand; bi-monthly, six for A\$5.00 (airmail) or A\$3.50 (surface mail); comics, and good writing about comics.

DELTA - Steve Palmer, 6 Smith Crescent, Footscray, Vic 3011; four for \$2.50; quarterly.

ZELDA - Andrew Harvey, PO Box 186, Mundaring, WA 6073; irregular; apparently interested mainly in wargames.

CHAO - John Alderson, Havelock, Vic 3465. I haven't seen an issue for quite a while, but I have no doubt it survives. John has read and thought and done more than all of us put together - if you don't believe me, ask him! I have no idea what he charges these days for Chao, but you should in all conscience send him at least \$5.00. (For that you'll get a lifetime sub and a devoted friend.) (Tell him that the present government is Against The Man On The Land and he might even refund your money.)

MINADOR - Marc Ortlieb, 70 Hamblynn Rd, Elizabeth Downs, SA 5113; irregular, 40¢ per copy; if you like the Goons, Lewis Carroll, soft drugs, dirty jokes and sf, you'll like this.

TAU CETI - Larry Dunning, 46 Holmesdale Rd, West Midland, WA 6056; five for \$1.40; mostly about wargames, apparently.

YGGDRASIL - Dennis Callegari, Melbourne University SF Association, Box 106, Union Building, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Vic 3052; quarterly. Leigh makes it sound good. I haven't seen it.

DATA - Sue Clarke, 6 Bellevue Rd, Faulconbridge, NSW 2776; mainly about Star Trek. (Sue is one of my favourite people, and after St Kilda, Faulconbridge is the most fannish address in Australia. I just thought I'd say that.)



FORERUNNER — not to be confused with The New Forerunner — is the official journal of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation. I suspect, but am not sure, that Shayne McCormack edits this. Her address is 49 Orchard Rd, Bass Hill, NSW 2197.

VOID — Paul Collins, PO Box 66, St Kilda, Vic 3182. This is not a fanzine at all, but a Professional Science Fiction Magazine, it says here. I've lost track of Void lately, and have no idea what Paul Collins is up to, but if you were to write and tell him that Lee Harding recommended his magazine to you, you'd probably get a sample copy. Seriously, Paul is providing an excellent service to the Australian sf community, and his magazine deserves support for that reason if no other. The last issue I saw was no.3, I think, and it was pretty awful, but by golly! the man is trying, he really is. I've never met him, but I think we'd have lots to talk about. If you are really interested in Australian sf — good, bad, indifferent as it may be — you must have this magazine.

CRUX — James Styles, 342 Barkly St, Ararat, Vic 3377; irregular, six for \$2.00. Pretty awful stuff, frankly, but in years to come, I feel sure, you'll be hearing a lot of this bloke, so why not encourage him now?

ARGO NAVIS — John Rowley, La Trobe University Science Fiction Association, La Trobe University, Bundoora, Vic 3083; five for \$3.50. John is serious about sf, and his club's magazine reflects this. Good, earnest stuff, well worth looking at.

PARERAGON PAPERS — (me); monthly, so far; \$10.00 per year, like it or lump it; of little use to the serious sf enthusiast or anyone else for that matter, but it has its moments; good friends and regular correspondents are exempt from the subscription, but since only 80 copies are distributed outside ANZAPA and FAPA you'll have to try pretty hard to get on to the mailing list.

Offhand, I think I've covered about one-third of the fanzines currently published in Australia, or maybe even fewer than that. Some of them, of course, you can't get at all unless you belong to one of the many sf clubs or ANZAPA. Since I have no contact at all with the sf clubs these days, I can't help you in that line, but I can tell you about ANZAPA.

ANZAPA — The Australian and New Zealand Amateur Publishing Association — was started by Leigh Edmonds in Melbourne in October 1968. It is an association, not a fanzine, and you must be a member to get copies of its mailings. Mailings are bi-monthly, and in a normal year there are about 900 pages in the mailings. Most of those pages, it goes without saying, are junk, but the rest are pure fannish gold. Our October mailing, for example, contains 90 pages of Bruce Gillespie. Incredible. At the moment we have 30 members, and we have 14 people on the waiting list — a situation we didn't envisage in 1968, I can tell you. But now is the time to join the waiting list, believe me, because I suspect it will be much larger in a few months. If you want to join, tell me.



## SCIENCE FICTION CLUBS IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

*Australian Science Fiction Society* — 'an unincorporated literary society whose function is to co-ordinate national science fiction conventions in Australia'; its members are 'people who have paid membership dues to the convention committee of the current convention'. So members of the next national convention (Unicon IV, University of Melbourne, Easter 1978) are members of the ASFS.

*Australian Science Fiction Foundation* — a registered co-operative society, founded to promote science fiction in Australia. The Foundation organized the sf writers workshop at Monash University earlier this year, and I understand that it holds meetings. For information, contact Peter Darling, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne.

*Melbourne Science Fiction Club* — meets Friday evenings at Space Age Books, 305 Swanston Street, Melbourne. Contact Paul Stevens.

*Sydney Science Fiction Foundation* — meets monthly. Contact Shayne McCormack, 49 Orchard Road, Bass Hill 2197.

*Brisbane Fantasy and Science Fiction Association* — meets fortnightly in the city. Contact Dennis Stocks, PO Box 235, Albion 4010.

*South Australian Science Fiction Society* — organized the 1977 national convention, and I think it holds meetings. Contact Allan Bray, 5 Green Avenue, Seaton 5023

*Western Australian Science Fiction Association* — I have several addresses but no names. Try 2 Omara Place, Belmont 6104, or 93 Hertha Road, Osborne Park 6017.

*Tasmania* — no club that I know of, but if you want to meet the fans you should start with Michael O'Brien, 158 Liverpool St, Hobart.

Now I'll just go through *Fanew Sletter* and *The New Forerunner* and note clubs as they occur.

*La Trobe University SF Association*

*Sydney University SF Association* — Box 249, Holme Building

*Monash University SF Association*

*Adelaide University SF Association*

*Melbourne University SF Association* — Box 106, Union Building

*The Nova Mob* — meets monthly, Melbourne. Contact Peter Darling, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne 3001.

*APES* — the Adelaide Publishers and Editors Society, should have been mentioned after ANZAPA. Contact Allan Bray (address above).

*National Association for Science Fiction* — PO Box 6655, Te Aro, Wellington, New Zealand

*University of New South Wales SF Society*

And no doubt there are others. The Canberra group used to meet at the Griffin Centre, and may still. There are Star Trek groups, too.



## CONVENTIONS

17th NATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION: UNICON IV, Ormond College, University of Melbourne, Easter 1978. Membership fee is \$8 now; send it to Unicon IV, Box 106, Union Building, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Vic 3052. Guests of Honour are Brian Aldiss and Roger Zelazny.

SWANCON 2 - the second WA convention, to be held somewhere in Perth on 8-10 October. Write WASFA, 2 Omara Place, Belmont 6104.

ANZAPACON - October 1978, probably in Melbourne, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of ANZAPA. GoH, Leigh Edmonds. Nothing planned yet, but envisaged as more of a reunion of past and present ANZAPA members than a full-scale convention.

FIRST NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL SF CONVENTION - maybe February or March 1978. Brian Thurogood (address p.27) is the bloke to contact.

These are the only conventions I know about, but I am sure there will be others this year and next. So far this year there have been four conventions in Melbourne (Monaclave, Eastercon, Duffmoot, Melcon 15), two in Adelaide (Unicon III, A-Con 7), and one each, I think, in Sydney and Brisbane. It's easy to lose track - and it seems a long way from 1966, when the first Australian convention in eight years was held in Melbourne, and we decided we needed two years to organize the next one.

For Leanne Frahm's information I should perhaps mention that the main event she has missed, apart from thirty-odd national and local conventions in the past ten years, and the umpteen clubs and dozens of fanzines, was the 33rd World Science Fiction Convention, held in Melbourne in 1975 (Guest of Honour, Ursula Le Guin).

Some of us are thinking seriously about bidding for another World Convention, perhaps in 1983. Maybe we should talk about it next Easter in Melbourne, and before then in the fanzines.

I didn't think I would finish up writing six pages about sf and fan activities in Australasia. I certainly didn't think I would write so much and finish up so painfully aware of how little I know about what's going on.

I haven't attempted to describe the professional sf writing scene, the writers workshops and so on. For that kind of information you need to read *Fanew Sletter* and the other newszines.

And that's enough for now.



W. H. C.

No (lord save us), that isn't enough! I've forgotten completely to mention one of Australian science fiction-fandom's most important activities: DUFF!

The first DUFF winner was Lesleigh Luttrell, who attended Syncon 72. Leigh Edmonds won in 1974 and went to the Worldcon at Washington, DC. In 1975 America gave us Rusty Hevelin; we retaliated by sending Christine McGowan (now Christine Ashby) to America in 1976. In 1977 the winner was Bill Rotsler; he attended A-Con 7 in Adelaide and Melcon 15 in Melbourne, and left behind him enough illustrations to keep local fanzines interesting for the next five years at least (that's one of his drawings above).

The Australian candidates for DUFF '78 have not yet been announced. To vote you must donate at least \$1 to the Fund. If you don't see a ballot form normally, write to the Administrators of DUFF '78: in Australia, Christine Ashby, PO Box 175, South Melbourne 3205; in North America, Bill Rotsler, PO Box 3126, Los Angeles, California 90028.



