

thyme 54

the AUSTRALASIAN SF NEWS MAGAZINE

May 1986

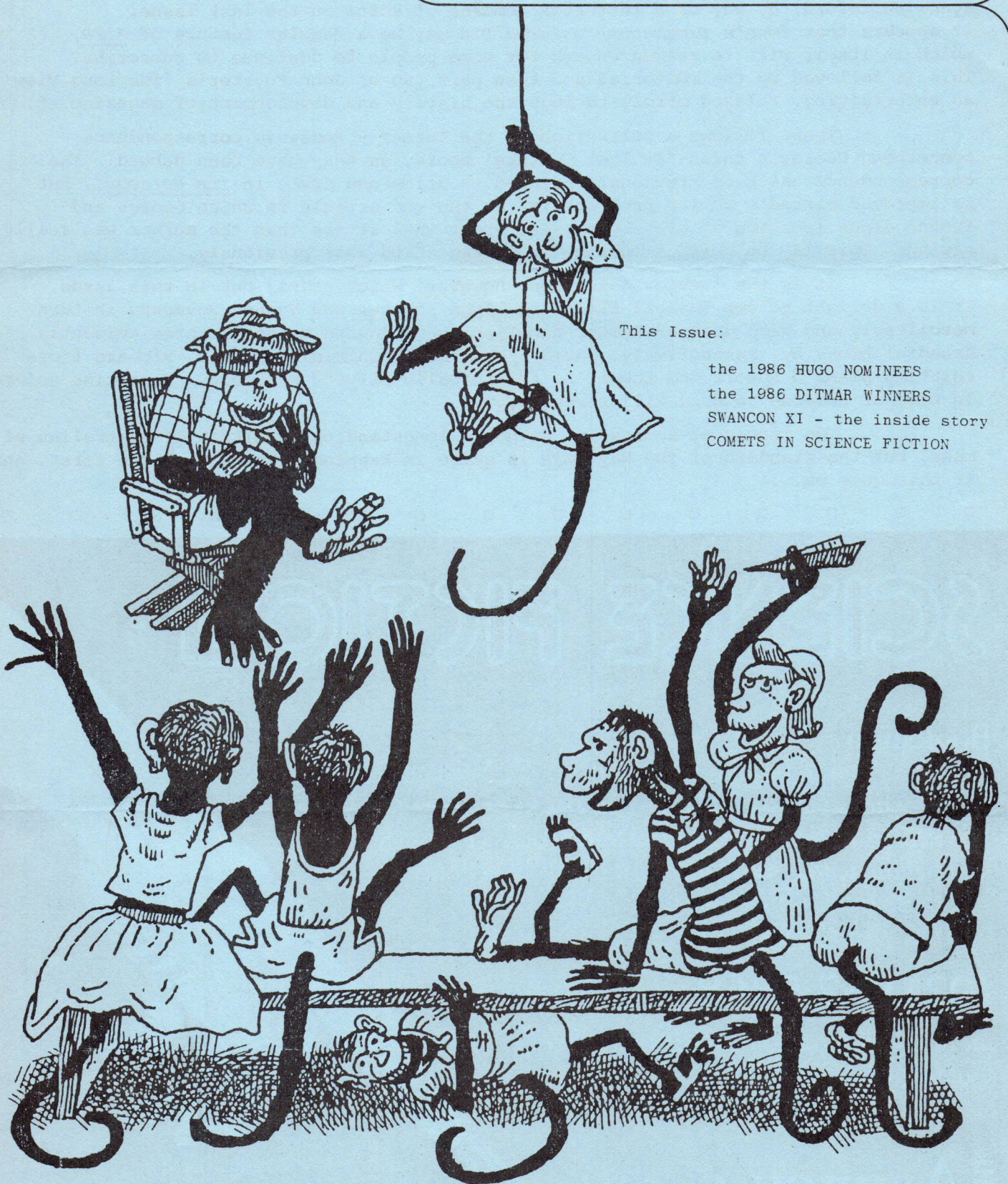
This Issue:

the 1986 HUGO NOMINEES

the 1986 DITMAR WINNERS

SWANCON XI - the inside story

COMETS IN SCIENCE FICTION



A NEW 'ASFR' - BUSINESS AS USUAL

The second issue of *Australian Science Fiction Review* is out on schedule following the [financially] successful 'official' launching of the magazine at Swancon XI in March.

John Bangsund opens this issue with a series of reminiscences concerning Wynne Whiteford, by way of a letter of comment of sorts on the last issue. It appears that John's *Dicebamus Westerns Die* may be a regular feature of *ASFR*, which in itself will be reason enough for some people to continue to subscribe. This is followed by the editorial and then part two of John Foyster's 'The Long View', an entertaining, relaxed stroll through the history and development of magazine sf.

There follows a collection of the Turner - Rousseau correspondence concerning George's three 'Ethical Culture' books, as they have been dubbed. The correspondence has been previously printed in dribs and drabs in *The Notional*, but is improved markedly by its presentation as the one article in which George and Yvonne argue (perhaps at cross purposes) about what it was that the author was really saying. This may be worth a look by those who shied away previously.

It is the 'Reviews' section, however, which stands out in this issue. It is a delight to see Russell Blackford, John Foyster and Yvonne Rousseau in turn mercilessly and with deadpan humour demolish their chosen targets, three evidently dreadful books by, respectively, David ["Who, me? Heinlein?"] Palmer, Richard ['osculating plane'] Lupoff and Robert A. ["clinically alive"] Heinlein. Next time you're in need of someone to do a killer review....

Two issues of a magazine do not a longstanding tradition of Australian sf make, but the standard of the May *ASFR* is quite in keeping with that of the first, and if this goes on...

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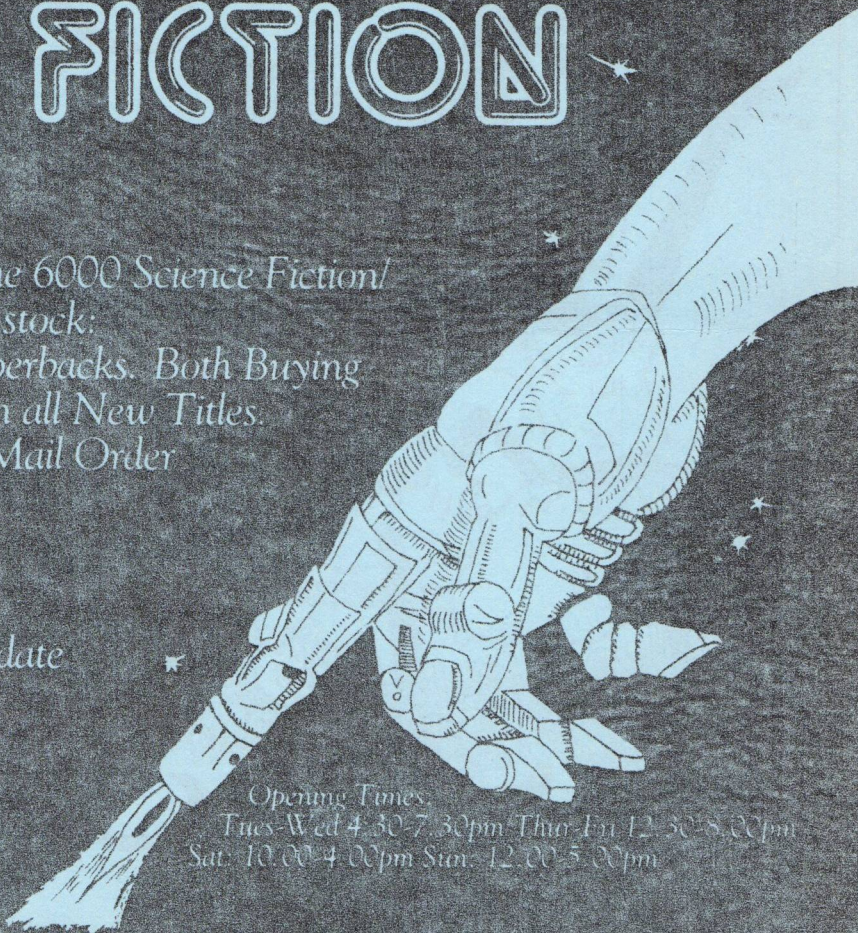
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It is available for fannish usuals, letters, phonecalls, news, artwork, review material, the occasional smile... even money will be accepted in the following amounts:

Agents:

EUROPE: Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh St., Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER, U.K.
NORTH AMERICA: Mike Glycer, 5828 Woodman Avenue #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, U.S.A.
NEW ZEALAND: Nigel Rowe, P.O. Box 1814, Auckland, New Zealand.

[illegible]

Best Novel:	ENDER'S GAME	by Orson Scott Card
Best Novella:	SAILING TO BYZANTIUM	by Robert Silverberg
Best Novellette:	PORTRAITS OF HIS CHILDREN	by George R Martin
Best Short Story:	ALL THEM BRIGHT STARS	by Nancy Cress
Grand Master Award:	ARTHUR C CLARKE	

Also on the subject of awards, the PHILIP K DICK award was won by Tim Powers for his novel, Dinner at Deviant's Palace (Ace). The award, which is for the best original paperback of the previous year, was presented at a ceremony held at Norwestcon in Seattle, WA on March 23.

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Meanwhile, in another WA on the other side of the world, fans from all over Australia, and even a couple from Massachusetts, were getting ready to go to the Twenty-fifth Australian National Science Fiction Convention. This is how Marc Ortlieb saw the event:

by Marc Ortlieb

SWANCON XI was just what the doctor ordered. It was a smallish National Convention which allowed people to get to know each other. It had a fascinating professional Quest of Honour - C.J. Cherryh. It had a dramatic fan Quest of Honour - Jack Herman. It had a Committee that balanced youthful enthusiasm with mature organisational skills. It attracted a pleasant cross-section of interstate fans - one from Queensland, a smattering of Canberraites, a few Sydneysiders, a noisy Victorian Contingent and even an Adelaide fan to collect Jeff Harris's Gold-plated Caterpillar for him. (Who was the unkind person who shouted "Is there anyone here from Oregon?"?)

The venue, Miss Maud's Hotel and Convention Centre, was great. After the snooty front-of-house staff at the Southern Cross during AUSSIECON TWO, it was a pleasure to encounter a staff concerned with ensuring that the convention attendees enjoyed themselves. That Miss Maud's provided a smorgasbord breakfast for those staying at



the hotel provided the interesting sight of fans not usually seen emerging from their rooms - or whichever room they spent the night in - before twelve noon happily pigging out on breakfast at nine in the morning. (I gather that the restaurant wasn't that impressed by the lack of sartorial elegance and table manners of the breakfasting fans, but they paid us back with the piano accordionist who provided breakfast music.) The only real complaint that I heard about the hotel concerned the airconditioning which sounded like a Concord but did not cool the rooms to any noticeable extent.

The program was a trifle heavy on trifles, which suited me, but which might not have appealed so much to the new-comer. (This seemed particularly the case on the Monday) There was a long natter from one of Perth's more vociferous opponents of in-jokes during a panel on penetrating the fan mafia. He claimed that fandom was too up itself to notice anyone new. While I agree that there is an element of cliquishness and elitism in fandom, I don't think fandom actively turns away new people. New people might not like the way we do things, but that's their problem.

One panel I enjoyed was on fannish mixed-marriages, where Sally Beasley, Dave Luckett, Jack Herman, Cath McDonell, Grant Stone and Sheryl Stone discussed the strains placed on marriages by fannish involvement, especially when one partner was more involved than the other. Cath's of being the spouse of a big name fan, and on being a famous unpublished author was impressive. I also enjoyed the two Guest of Honour speeches.

I'd like to be able to say that the Herman Amended Natco Constitution, passed at the Swancon XI business meeting, will be the last word in constitutions, but I fear the barracks lawyers will continue to play their little games. Stripped to its essentials, the new constitution specifies that there will be a Natcon each year, voted on two years in advance; that there will be five Australian Science Fiction Achievement Awards - categories to be determined by the awarding convention committee - plus the William Atheling Award; that any profits be distributed in such a way as to benefit Australian fandom as a whole; that the constitution cannot be increased in word length. It's a good set of guidelines.

Of the major items, I missed the Masquerade, due to a Mexican meal with what turned out to be a standard Melbourne Friday night eating crowd, plus Jack Herman and Cath McDonell. The waiter was a looney, which sat well with us, as he did on several occasions. From catching the end it looked quite reasonable with Craig Hilton's spider impressing me. Barb de la Hunty wore her Pyanfar Chanur costume.

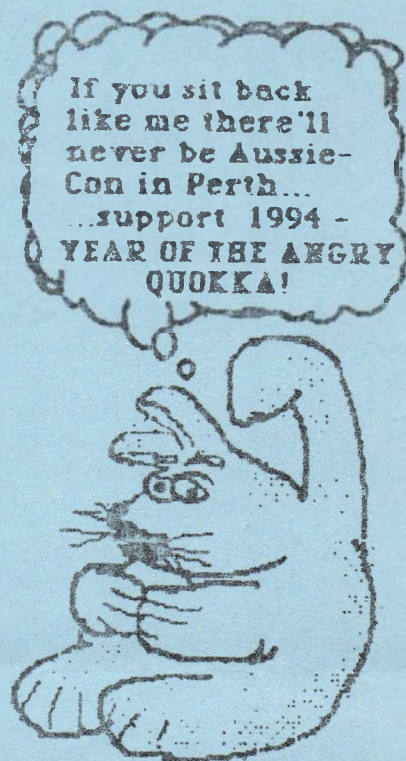
The Banquet and Awards ceremony were also well presented. You will no doubt find the results mentioned elsewhere in this issue. The Ditmars looked very good, and I guess Perth can be forgiven for the fact that they weren't engraved. Paul Stevens gave out a mixed bag of Gold-plated Caterpillars, and should, by rights, receive one himself for his presentation to Justin Ackroyd. Justin got one for being a rat deserting a sinking ship. In announcing it, Paul said that it was Justin's first Caterpillar. It was actually his second. In addition it should be noted that Paul Stevens left Space Age Books after Justin.

I guess that Swancons have a reputation for silliness and Swancon XI was no exception. Monday was when it really cut loose. First there was the Fannish Olympics, with such events as Tribble Putting, Horizontal Mountain Climbing, Ego Massaging, and Fanzine Collation. Photographs of Ring Master Dave Luckett demonstrating the art of Horizontal Mountain Climbing may yet appear as evidence in any forthcoming divorce proceedings involving either him or Greg Turkich. Perth fandom was rather complacent over the whole thing, leaving the younger members to contest the event. They were soundly trounced by the greater experience of the Heavyweights - Jack Herman, Cath McDonell, Justin Ackroyd, The Real Official Carey Handfield and token Western Australian Greg Turkich. Experience showed through, especially in Jack's masterful command of the fanzine collation, where the Heavyweights collated four out of five possible copies of Dave Luckett and Craig Hilton's filksong book. The nearest opponents were able to collate a solitary copy. What they did to poor Erik Harding in the Ego Massage came close to staining Erik's underwear. (Jack also won the Trivial Pursuit and Greg Turkich won the Rail Baron Tournament. It was a clean sweep for the Heavyweights.)

C.J. was an interesting guest. Though not all agreed with her politics, most found her interesting to listen to. She played a mean serious filk song, and gave a good Goh speech.

Marc Ortlieb.

<u>THE COMPASS ROSE</u>	<u>Ursula Le Guin</u>	8-----8-----11-----16-----22
'no award'			11-----11-----11-----11-----12
TIK TOK	John Sladek	5-----5-----6-----7
PEACE	Gene Wolfe	4-----5-----6
FREE LIVE FREE	Gene Wolfe	4-----5
DEVIL IN A FOREST	Gene Wolfe	2
ELLEANDER MORNING	Jerry Yulsman	1



Best Australian Fanzine

THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW	..	Bruce Gillespie	12-15-15-22
THE NOTIONAL	Brown/Edmonds	8-11-13-16
THYME	Burns/Weddall	8-10-11
TIGGER	Marc Orlieb	6-6
SIKANDER	Irvin Hirsch	5
'no award'			

Best Australian Fanwriter

LEIGH EDMONDS	12-14-19
BRUCE GILLESPIE	9-13-15
MARC ORTLIEB	6--8
YVONNE ROUSSEAU	4
DAMIAN BRODERICK	4
'no award'	

William Atheling Jr. Award

GEORGE TURNER	9-11-23
YVONNE ROUSSEAU	6-7
RUSSELL BLACKFORD	6-7
WILLIAM TALBOT	4
'no award'	5

Best Australian Fan Artist

NAME	DATE
NICK STATHOPOULOS	7-10-15-23
CRAIG HILTON	10-10-10-11
LEWIS MORLEY	8-8-9
BETTY DE GABRIELLE	6-7
MARILYN PRIDE	2
JOHN PACKER	2
'no award'	3

THE OTHER OTHER AWARDS...

With what one can only call festival abandon, a number of other, non-Ditmar awards were also presented at Swancon XI. The 'Golden Caterpillar Awards', distributed in an entirely biased fashion by Paul Stevens, are given as a bit of an elbow in the ribs, for reasons sometimes best known only to the few who *have* to know, or who were there at the time. There is also a creeping tendency to just give them to nice people too, however, as one can see below....

Jay Plester, Sally Beasley and Cindy Evans all came away with "Good Guy Awards", but far more interesting were the following...

Ian Nichols -- for the unknown deed that made him think he should have won an award at Aussiecon II.

John Hall-Freeman -- for being crazy enough to open a science fiction bookshop and then proving the charge by opening another one.

Grant Stone -- for starting the fannish baby boom.

Barbara de la Hunty -- for her expose at an Aussiecon II room party which showed exactly what Perth fans are made of.

Jack Herman -- for having the courage of his convictions. [Er, you mean people were supposed to believe Jack when he said he was never going to run another convention?] Justin Ackroyd -- the 'Bat' leaving the side of the road.

Justin Ackroyd -- the 'Rat Leaving the Sinking Ship' award

Jeff Harris -- for the Texas Chainsaw Business Meeting, Adelaide 1985.

The thing about Western Australian sf conventions that especially attracts people is the sex - oh, no, I meant the way they have a different air about them... this certainly showed up on the awards night, when you could see there was a whole 'nother tradition of Western Australian fannish awards.

The Silver Swan is an award not given at every convention, but something presented upon the occasion of its being deserved, and at this convention Grant Stone was honoured, for ten years of service to W.A.fandom. Grant's been actively involved in fandom all around Australia [he's certainly been a great help to us here at Thyme HQ] and the award was well due.

Another award, sometimes series of awards, is the Tin Duck. It's an exclusively Western Australian award, given to fan artists, best W.A.fanzine, whatever. Due to recent lack of such activity (bad luck about the Ditmar, Craig!), no awards were to be given, but in a moving ceremony [where's my handkerchief], Erik Harding, convention chairman, gave out two awards, anyway [aw...], to Cindy Evans, and Kit Stevens, for their tireless efforts to make the convention the success it surely was.

Finally, in our coverage of the goings-on at Swancon, we find ourselves drawn to the Business Session. What follows is the record of something between a temporary truce and a final settlement in the recent Controversy over things Constitutional. We've reduced it to what we consider an appropriate size:

CONSTITUTION WARS ("The Adventure Winds Up")

Chapter VI - 'The Return of the Minutes'

MINUTES OF THE SWANCON XI BUSINESS SESSION

The Chair outlined the situation in respect of the current Constitution as passed at Adelaide. He ruled that the Swancon Committee was under no obligation to give any Awards nor was it bound by any rules for the Awards, since Advention had deleted the mention of the Awards under the Constitution and had no power to make Regulations at Advention.

He then called for motions from the floor and Roger Weddall moved and Greg Turkich seconded, "That the Constitution be deleted in toto". After debate, the motion was passed by the required 2/3rds majority, 51 votes to 2.

Sally Beasley moved that there be a new Constitution, to read: "This Constitution may be altered by an unanimous decision of a Business Meeting at the Australian Science Fiction Convention." This was seconded by Roger Weddall.

Jack Herman foreshadowed a longer Constitution, the final form of which appears hereinafter. His motion was seconded by Tim Seddan. Leigh Edmonds suggested an amendment to Jack Herman which was accepted and incorporated, and the moved "That all words after the word 'be' be deleted." This was seconded by James Styles. During the debate, Eric Lindsay moved an amendment to delete the words "at the Business meeting where they occur".

After the debate, Leigh Edmonds' amendment was put and lost; Eric Lindsay's amendment was also defeated. Sally Beasley's motion failed to attract the required majority; and Jack Herman's proposed Constitution, as amended, was passed. The new Constitution reads:

There will be an Annual Australian Science Fiction Convention, organised by a Convention Committee selected from amongst Bids submitted to the Business Meeting at the Australian SF Convention two calendar years before the Convention to be selected.

The Convention Committee for each Australian SF Convention will, by a vote of the Convention's members, after a nominating process involving Australian Fandom generally, award up to five Australian Science Fiction Awards (of which at least one must be for fanfich endeavours) and the William Atheling Award for Criticism or Review.

The Convention Committee will ensure that any surplus accrued by an Australian SF Convention will be applied for the benefit of Australian Fandom generally, and shall not be used to reward individuals or groups connected with the Convention Committee.

This Constitution may be changed by this method only: Notice of the intention to amend, including the exact text, must be submitted to the Convention Committee in sufficient time to be published in the Convention Handbook (where this Constitution and and proposed amendments must be published) and then the amendment must be approved by a majority voting at the Business Meeting. No amendment will be in order if it has the net effect of increasing the number of words in the Constitution.

This motion was passed by 45 votes to 7.

Cathy Kerrigan moved a number of motions: a proposal to have a person nominated to report on the Awards was defeated; another to express "appropriate indignation" at the Swancon Committee lapsed for want of a seconder.

The Business Meeting then closed.

MINUTES OF THE 1986 SITE SELECTION MEETING

The Chair ruled that Bids for 1988 would be in order but suggested to the floor that a motion refer the winning bid to Capcon for ratification. Such a motion was moved and carried.

Following presentations, Jack R Herman was selected as the Convenor of the 1988 Australian SF Convention, to be held in Sydney in June 1988 and to be called CONVICTION.

JACK R HERMAN
BUSINESS MEETING CHAIR



Usually at National Conventions, the Business Session is cunningly placed in the wee small hours of the morning (around 10am) so that people don't feel that they've missed out on anything by sleeping in. But they do things differently at Swancon, and sleeping in also means missing out on breakfast of hot hot cross buns, Danish pastries, maybe even some muesli like stuff with fruit to go on top, not to mention the pot of fresh brewed coffee (or tea). (I'm told they would even do greasy sausages and eggs for those who could face them at that time in the morning.)

So this Swancon Business Session was unusually well attended, albeit by a proportion of half-awake zombies who were just looking for somewhere to sit down after breakfast. There was one person, however, who had obviously come very well prepared - this was Jack Herman, and it was his roneoed handout that everyone picked up on their way through the door, and it was he who was sitting in the Chairman's seat.

Jack is no newcomer to the business of running and steering meetings - he's been practising it for years in the world of NSW debating, and more recently he has been making his mark at World Science Fiction Society Meetings also. He came to this meeting with a job to do (which included promoting his own Constitutional proposal) and he got on with it - various mutterings on the subject of bulldozers aside.

I think it was somewhere in the middle of the debate on a substantive motion from Sally Beasley (her proposed Constitution) with the foreshadowed motion from Jack (his Constitution) and a stray ammendment on top of that (no Constitution at all) (which probably should have been disallowed on the basis that it didn't achieve anything that voting against the other two motions wouldn't have - except to give Leigh Edmonds two chances to speak against everybody else's (except Jack's) one) that I decided that next year I should just sleep in, even if it does mean missing breakfast...

FAN FUNDSGREG PICKERSGILL WINS TAFF

Voting for the Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund finished on May 15. This year was the first with the '20% Rule' in operation. This requires each candidate to gain at least 20% of the first preference vote in each of North America and Europe; and Judith Hanna was its first victim when she failed to get the required votes from her adopted country (though she polled quite well with Australian voters). Greg Pickersgill will travel to Atlanta to attend Confederation in August, wear funny badges, give speeches, attend banquets, that sort of thing.

The results:

	North America	Europe	Australia	Totals	1st Distribution
Greg Pickersgill	49	48	1	98	125
Simon Ounsley	44	37	3	84	114
Judith Hanna	40	16	5	61	-
Hold Over Funds	-	2	-	2	2
Write-ins:					
Woofy		1		1	
Yorkshire Ripper	1			1	
Ken Slater	1			1	
Terry Jeeves	1			1	
TOTALS	136	104	9	249	

*** FFANZ - WINNER ANNOUNCED IN CLOSE CONTEST

At last, we can announce a result! After an very close contest, with only the last few votes determining the result, Roger Weddall has won FFANZ for 1986. The voting in detail was:

	<u>Australia</u>	<u>New Zealand</u>	<u>Total</u>
George Turner	17	6	23
Roger Weddall	17	8	25

So you see, it was very close! Vigorous voting at SWANCON helped swell an otherwise low Australian vote count, while the absence of a similarly sized and placed con in NZ ment we didn't get as many votes there. / Thanks are due to the Australian voters.

Special thanks are of course due to our two candidates. While George did not win, the result obviously reflects considerable support for him. What a shame we only have one winner.

Final thanks to Michelle Muysert and other helpers in Perth, and Cary Handfield for help with vote and donation collection.

FFANZ is still a bit short of funds, so if you have any money-raising ideas please contact: John Newman, P.O.Box 189, Prahran, 3181

*** GUFF - TIM JONES STANDS AS WRITE-IN CANDIDATE

Last issue, Thyme included ballot forms for voting in GUFF (Get-Up-and-over Fan Fund). Official Editorial policy is that you should fill these out and send them to your local administrator by 31 January 1987. There is one fellow from New Zealand who would also like you to amend the form provided by adding his name in the space provided (for write-in candidates) before returning it.

We would recommend him as a quite worthwhile candidate also. We'll let him introduce himself:

DOWN BUT NOT OUT IN MELBOURNE AND BRIGHTON

Hello there. My name is Tim Jones, I live in Auckland (New Zealand), I publish a genuine-of-sorts called TIMERE. I was involved in organising the 1982 N.Z. National Convention (DOCTACON). I'm a member of the N.Z. apa AOTEARAPA, and I'm about to tell you a tale of woe, wonderment and resolution.

As some of you may know, I decided shortly after AUSSIECON II to run for the 1987 GUFF trip from Australasia from Europe, and more particularly the 1987 Worldcon in Brighton. I have a number of reasons for running: I'd like to attend the Con, and can't afford to otherwise; I'd like the chance to represent the New Zealand part of Australasian fandom to European fans; and it would give me a chance to visit my many relatives in the North of England, whence I set off, cap in hand, some twenty-four years ago. I was in fact born in Cleetharpes and raised in Grimsby, which as U.K. fans will recognise is enough to make anyone run for a fan fund.

The deadline for GUFF nominations came sooner than I expected, and I had some difficulties assembling the required number and composition of nominators. However, the following people were kind enough to nominate me:

** Judith Hanna, well-known Australian and latterly U.K. fan, co-editor of FUCK THE TOPICS.

** Frank Macskasy Dnr., Hungarian-born fan, founder of New Zealand's National Association for Science Fiction, past and future editor of the club-size WARP.

** Tom Candy, acclaimed N.Z. fan artist and writer, former editor of the gazettes WORLD BEYOND and FISSTON CHIPS, winner of the 1983 FFAN trip to Australia.

** Roger Meddell, Australian fan, co-editor of the newsletter THYME.

** Pauline Meinung, member of Aotearapa, Chairperson of the 1982 N.Z. National Convention Committee.

** Rex Thompson, Chairperson of the 1986 N.Z. National Convention Committee, member of Aotearapa, former editor of the gazette PARADOX and of WARP.

I duly sent this list of nominators off to the administrator, and you may imagine my woe when I discovered that my nomination had been ruled out of order because one of my two overseas nominators, although born in Europe, had not been active as a fan there. Since I still wanted to run for, and win, the GUFF race, I wondered what to do, and resolved to run as a write-in candidate.

So, if you'd like to support me, please write my name - that's Tim Jones, remember! - in the space provided on the GUFF ballot. There are precedents for write-in candidates winning fan funds, and I hope I can continue that tradition.

UPCOMING SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS

15th AUSTRALIAN DR WHO PARTY

Date: 24 August 1986, 11am to 6pm
 Rates: \$4 adults, \$2.50 children, \$8 family concession
 Venue: Stephen Roberts Theatre, University of Sydney
 Mail: P.O. Box 148, Gladesville, NSW 2111

SWANCON XII

Dates: 1-3 March 1987 (WA Labour Day Weekend)
 Rates: \$15 attending '*for the moment*', \$5 Supporting
 Venue: An abandoned Convention centre, somewhere in Perth.
 Mail: P.O. Box 318, Nedlands 6009

Swancon 12 is being organised by the new generation of Perth fans. New look Perth fandom seems to be quite innovative, having moved the con from the traditional Australia Day timeslot in order to take full advantage of the enormous quantities of cheap convention space which will by then be lying abandoned in the wake of the America's Cup. (It's a pity that this Labour Day is only a holiday in WA and not in other states). This Swancon seems likely to continue the tradition of Swancons as small, relaxing, great fun and well worth getting to.

EASTER IN '87

Dates: 17-21 April 1987 (Easter)
 Venue: The bush, Victoria (not too far from Melbourne)

Easter in '87 is the week before Capcon. So various people got together and thought it might be nice to have a relaxacon in Melbourne then, especially since there hasn't been a good Eastercon in Melbourne for a couple of years. So the *Real Official Carey Handfield Fan Club* got together and are strongly rumoured to be organising something, though they haven't found a spot for it yet. This Con should be fairly inexpensive, and well placed for interstate people on their way to Capcon to stop off and make it a whole week of conventioning. It should also feature genuine trees and bush fairly close by. So keep your Easter free.

CONVICTION (27th Australian SF Convention)

Dates: 10-13 June 1988 (Queen's Birthday Weekend)
 Rates: \$30 attending until Syncon '86 (June 7-9). \$20 Supporting.
 Venue: Somewhere around Sydney Cove
 GoH's: Spider & Jeanne Robinson
 Fan GoH: Carey Handfield
 Theme: Song and Dance and Science Fiction.
 Mail: Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney 2006, Australia.

After Jack Herman hung up his hat at the end of Syncon '83 and announced that he was retiring from the convention business for good, the pundits gave him about five years before he'd be back again, and it seems they were right. Conviction takes up where Syncon '83 left off. It's not a Worldcon, but it's being promoted overseas as a good reason to visit Australia and see Australian fandom in its own habitat (there was even talk of a write-in *Australia* in '88 Worldcon bid, though I'm not sure what became of that); so if all goes well, there could be a good international element to this Con. "Conviction will emphasise participation and performance in all aspects of Science Fiction and fandom" according to this sheet in front of me - drama, song and dance will be encouraged, as will other performance items." I'm told the emphasis is going to be off Panels and on Round Table Discussions and Workshops instead. Also they announce: "As a start, there are two competitions, with cash prizes: for (1) a design for a Con T-Shirt and (2) a Convention anthem, a filk with theme or contents reflecting the Con's ideas and/or guests." Hmmm, I wonder when Jack's going to get around to organising a real Worldcon.



*** DUFF - GANG OF THREE SPEAK OUT: 1987 RACE OPEN

Nominations are now open for the 1987 DUFF race. The fund was created in 1972 to encourage closer ties between fans in Australia and North America, with host countries alternating each year. DUFF delegates visit a major SF convention in the host country, and visit fans they might otherwise never meet in person.

The 1986/7 race will bring an American fan to Australia to attend Capcon (the 1987 Australian National Con), 25-27 April 1987. The winner may also be fan GoH at a Melbourne relaxacon a week before Capcon.

Candidates must have three US and two Australian nominators. These five must send their nominations to the DUFF administrators by the end of Confederation (1st September 1986) and the Candidate must put in a 100 word platform and a \$10 bond by the same date. Voting will start as soon as we (the administrators) get back from Confederation and distribute voting forms, probably mid-September. Voting closes on December 31 1986 (to give the winning candidate/s time to arrange their trip, Capcon being in April)

DUFF exists solely on the donations and contributions of fans, and always welcomes material for auction and donations of money. There will be auctions of DUFF material at future cons. Contributions can be brought to the con or sent to the local administrator. Anyone may contribute, even if ineligible to vote. Cheques ((sorry - Checks)) should be made out to Robbie and Marty Cantor (in North America) and DUFF Australia ((for Cheques)) here, there being three of us this year.

ADMINISTRATORS: Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride, Nick Stathopoulos,
54 Junior St, Leichhardt, NSW 2040, Australia
Marty & Robbie Cantor,
11565 Archwood, North Hollywood, CA 91606, USA.

HUGO NOMINATIONS ANNOUNCED

BEST NOVEL

BLOOD MUSIC	Greg Bear (Arbor/Gollance/Ace)
CUCKOO'S EGG	C.J. Cherryh (Fantasia Press/DAW)
ENDER'S GAME	Orson Scott Card (TOR- hc/pb / Century)
FOOTFALL	Niven/Pournelle (Del Rey/Gollance)
THE POSTMAN	David Brin (Bantam)

BEST NOVELLA

Green Mars	Kim Stanley Robinson (IASFM 9/85)
The Only Thing To Do	J. Tiptree Jnr. (F&SF 10/85)
Sailing to Byzantium	Robert Silverberg (IASFM 2/85)
Scapegoat	C.J. Cherryh (Alien Stars - Baen)
24 Views of Mt Fuji by Hokusai	Roger Zelazny (IASFM 7/85)

BEST NOVELETTE

A Gift from the Graylanders.	Michael Bishop (IASFM 9/85)
The Fringe	Orson Scott Card (F&SF 10/85)
Paladin of the Lost Hour	Harlan Ellison (UNIVERSE 15, TZ 12/85)
Portraits of His Children	George R R Martin (IASFM 11/85)
Dogfight	Michael Swanwick & William Gibson (Omni 7/85)

BEST NON-FICTION

The Pale Shadow of Science .	Brian Aldiss (Sarcosis Press)
Benchmarks: Galaxy Bookshelf	Algis Budrys (SEMP)
The John W Campbell Letters, vol. I	Perry Chapdelaine et al, eds (KC Projects)
An Edge in My Voice	Warren Ellis (Domino)
Science Made Stupid	Tom Weiler (Houghton Mifflin)
Faces of Fear: Encounters With The Creators of Modern Horror	Douglas E Winter (Berkley)

BEST SHORT STORY

Snow .	John Crowley (Omni 11/85)
Fernal and Frost	Frederik Pohl (LASPM 1/85)
Dinner in Andoghost	Bruce Sterling (LASPM 5/85)
Flying Saucer Rock and Roll	Howard Waldrop (Omni 1/85)
Hong's Bluff	William F Wu (Omni 3/85)

BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION

Back to the Future
Brazil
Cocoon
Enemy Mine
Ladyhawke

BEST SEMI-PRO MAGAZINE

Fantasy Review	Robert Collins, ed.
Interzone	Owsley & Bringle, eds.
Locus	Charles N Brown, ed.
SF Chronical	Andrew Porter, ed.
SF Review	Richard E Geis, ed.

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JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Karen Joy Fowler
Guy Gavriel Kay *
Carl Sagan
Melissa Scott *
Tad Williams
David Zindell

(* second year of eligibility)

There were 568 Hugo Nominations ballots, up from 222 last year in Australia, and higher than L'Accon's 513 the year before. There were 491 votes cast for Best Novel, and 272 for Novella. For Novella: 284 votes; short story: 305; There were only 194 votes for Non-Fiction Book. Other votes - Dramatic, 411; Pro Editor, 350; Pro Artist, 377; Fan Artist, 147; Semi-Prozine, 252; Fanzine, 265 - the first time there were more votes than for semi-prozine. File 770 withdrew for this year. Best Fan Writer had 199 votes, and the Campbell Award 201. -- Locus

SCIENCE FICTION AND COMETS

Talk to the National Book Council Meeting of April 4 by Sean Mc Mullen.

The subject of this talk is the comet in science fiction. We shall be looking at several works published over the last century or so. First however, we need some scientific background on comets. As you are no doubt sick of hearing by now, Edmond Halley was the first to show that comets obeyed the same laws of planetary motion as all other bodies in our solar system. He did this using the comet that now bears his name as a test case. By applying those very laws the masses of individual comets could now be calculated, and most were found to contain about as much material as an average sized mountain. Until the 1940's the main theory of their composition was that they were orbiting piles of gravel, but then the American astronomer Whipple suggested that comets could be masses of ice and dust - the *dirty snowball* theory. This theory has subsequently been proved largely correct by astronomers and spaceprobes.

For most of the history of science fiction, comets have vied with the planet Saturn as a symbol of things extra-terrestrial in graphic art, yet comets are uncommon as a major theme in the work of most authors. The reasons are clear enough. People can understand planets: you can land on them, walk on them, shoot at exotic wildlife or be eaten by it. A comet has a dissolving surface, and the temperature varies from hot enough to melt lead to cold enough to freeze hydrogen in the more extreme cases, and it has no atmosphere as we think of atmosphere. Comets are made contain only enough water to fill a large dam, yet their tails stream out to be bigger than anything in the sky.

So what can you do with a comet? You can send an expedition to it, have something crash into it, or run it into something, but not much more. Authors have responded to the problem either by turning comets into what they are not - in spite of the best scientific data available - or by being strict with scientific facts to the point of brutality.

In 1877 Jules Verne published Hector Servadac, which has been translated as Off On A Comet. The novel was written after his better known works, such as Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, and Journey to the Centre of the Earth, and it gives the impression that the author was a little short of ideas at the time. It tells of the comet Gallia, which grazes the Earth and scoops up a sample of people as it passes. These potter about in an impossibly earthlike environment on the comet's surface until it comes near the Earth again and they escape back home again in a hot air balloon!

The book is terrible, and the comet is no more than an exotic location for a Verne adventure. Leaving aside the shallow and stereotyped characters, overtones of anti-semitism, and Gallic jingoism, the scientific aspects of this work would have been enough to make a contemporary astronomer throw up his hands in horror. Verne presents the reader with large tracts of scientific facts on comets, then goes on to make absurd speculations. The physics of a real cometary near miss with the Earth would reduce anyone caught in between to something approximating burned mince; Verne's characters are dropped intact onto the comet's surface. A comet could hold a breathable atmosphere for minutes at the most, yet Gallia has breathable air for the whole of the story. I have examined the dynamics of Gallia's orbit, and it seems not to obey any laws of motion or gravitation that Newton and Kepler discovered.

In summary, Verne demonstrated by his lengthy quotations of known scientific fact that he knew better than to make the wild assertions that the book was based upon. As far as I can see, this early master of science fiction had a very severe lapse, and chose to ignore whatever physics and astronomy did not fit in with the story that he wanted to write. Shame on you, Jules.

Thirty one years later, in 1906, H.G.Wells published In The Days Of The Comet. Wells was a sharp observer of contemporary society as well as a master of technical speculation, and the book is an interesting statement on class and economic divisions in the England of the early Twentieth Century. It has very little to do with comets, however.

The book is written in the first person, and tells of how human society is altered when a comet strikes the Earth and some compound in it alters the nitrogen of the air. People suddenly become reasonable about everything from tenancy laws to international affairs, and old cities are pulled down and new ones built. By the book's end the matters of free love and wife swapping had been raised, justified and indulged in. Coming only five years after the death of Queen Victoria, the book understandably caused something of a sensation.

As literature, there could hardly be a bigger contrast with Hector Servadac. The characters and the society in which they live are drawn with care, and in some depth, and a lot of the moral statements in the book must have required some courage and conviction to make. The narrator has been unsuccessful in love, and sheer jealousy mixed with resentment over class barriers have him attempting murder by the time the comet arrives. After that, the utopian age begins under the influence of the comet-altered nitrogen. Was Wells thinking of the effects of another nitrogen compound, nitrous oxide or laughing gas, which can also alter human behaviour? After the comet hits, reality as we know it takes flight; but then surely any society in which most of the more familiar vices have been rationalised or abolished would seem fantastic.

Technically, In The Days Of The Comet is unadventurous and Wells could have just as easily used moon rays or a magic genie to cause what he calls 'the great change'. The actual impact of the comet is not thought to have caused much trauma, although even the science of the time would have predicted a cataclysm at least on the scale of Karakatoa volcano's explosion of 1885. One interesting point though, is that Wells suggested that a comet could contain materials that might directly affect humans. Four years later, the poison cyanogen was discovered in the tail of Halley's comet not long before the Earth passed through it. The concentrations were too small to kill anyone, but there was panic, and on a fairly large scale. So comets can indeed be a direct cause of social upheaval; good work, Mr Wells.

Another thirty years takes us to 1936 and the early years of so-called modern science fiction. I have selected a novel called The Cometeers, by Jack Williamson as representative of the period.

It might well have been called Footy Vampires From Outer Space, even though it was meant to be taken seriously. The plot involves a green, football-shaped thing that is millions of miles long and supposedly looks like a comet (one is left wondering if the author has ever seen a real comet). The green thing is really a vast spaceship that gulps whole worlds for fuel and indeed a number of planets are incorporated in its structure. Its immortal, invisible energy lifeform inhabitants brighten up their otherwise drab lives by sucking the essence - whatever that is - out of humans. In keeping with the conventions of the time, the humans win the final battle.

As a typical example of pulp science fiction of the 1930's, The Cometeers is as good as any, but the scientific content is little different from the average Conan novel. The author did make two good points however. The first is that the comet might be a space ship, which is not all that far fetched. The nuclei of the smaller real comets are not much different in size from a large oil tanker, which is a construction project within even human capabilities. The second concerns the unreasoning fears that comets can generate. The hero, Bob Star, thinks of the 'comet' as an evil green eye staring at him, so that even a spaceage man shares a fear that people have had since they lived in caves. Something odd in the sky can be very threatening if you do not understand it.

In 1950, an early Australian science fiction magazine called Thrills Incorporated (number 5) published Devouring Comet by Ace Carter. This time the science is a little (but not much) better, and while the 'spaceship comet' theme is repeated, the disguised craft is - more realistically - only a mile across. It could also mean that Americans think big and Australians do not, but I would rather not speculate. The story, in both style and content, is set firmly in the style of the 1930's. Giant aliens are capturing Earth's spaceships in their own 'comet' spaceship, but a pair of Flash Gordon lookalikes, Ken and Jimmy, get aboard and destroy the Norgaemen's craft with an atoblaster and green marble bombs. What more can I say?

I would rate the story ahead of Hector Servadac and The Cometeers, but it is way behind the state of the art of its day.

Thus far the comets have been moulded to suit the stories, but go forward to 1960 and we have a story by Arthur C. Clarke called Into The Comet. While not remarkable literature, the story is technically excellent science fiction, based on the best scientific theory of the day. Its speculations are intelligent and do not contradict known facts; it informs the reader and it is entertaining.

Into The Comet describes a manned expedition to a comet. The spacecraft reaches the comet's nucleus, which is like a collection of icebergs, then goes into the tail. As they prepare to leave for Earth the computer fails. Because of the complexities of orbital calculations and fuel considerations, they cannot plot a course for home, and electrical interference from the tail of the comet cuts off communications with Earth's computers. It seems as if the crew are doomed to die as the ship's supplies run out, but one member suggests constructing a computer made up of crewmen using abacusses. This computer is very slow and gets tired easily, but they manage to calculate an orbit which brings the ship within radio contact with Earth.

Clarke has a reputation for technical rigor, and he certainly applies it here. Technical competence has by now become fashionable in science fiction, and in 1960 the space race was not only between the USA and the USSR, but between space scientists and science fiction writers. There were already satellites in the sky, Lunik 2 had hit the moon, and Lunik 1 had not only become the first artificial planet, but it had released a cloud of sodium vapour to become the first artificial comet!

A good summary of the comet-inspired science fiction of the next twenty five years is Comets, published in 1986 and edited by Asimov, Greenberg and Waugh. Most of the twenty short stories in the anthology were written after Into The Comet and illustrate the application of both modern science and plotting in dealing with comets. However, as those stories that were trying to be serious did not make any significant new predictions, I shall pass it by with a recommendation to read.

Comet Halley by Sir Frederick Hoyle is very much in the mould of good technology writing. Hoyle is a scientist of some distinction as well as a science fiction writer. Twelve days before the Giotto encounter with Halley's Comet Hoyle predicted that the nucleus would be very dark, with a surface that might resemble black velvet in reflectivity. Giotto proved him right. Hoyle has also proposed that organic life is possible on comets, and evidence is building up in support of this idea.

His 1985 science fiction novel seems dedicated to displaying Hoyle's experience of life at the top in the British scientific and political establishment, while the personal relationships of the characters are to me annoyingly brusque. I think that the book could have been written in less than half of its 410 pages, but on the other hand the science is both logical and original.

The novel's plot has all comets as live 'cells' in an organism as large as the solar system. They are found to be emitting radio messages, and British and European scientists establish contact with them. It turns out that comets are not able to broadcast to each other, but if the Earth is used as sort of relay station, they can converse with each other. Humanity greatly benefits from the comets' learning, while the comets have their collective existence greatly enhanced by using the Earth to communicate. Because it is not in their interests to have human civilization - and communication equipment - wiped out by nuclear war, the comets take steps to reduce international tensions, and even alter the Earth's climate a little to improve the environment for humans.

As a novel, Comet Halley is not in the same class as Hoyle's A For Andromeda or The Black Cloud, but it is still imaginative and competent science fiction. There is a faint echo of Wells in that the comet makes the world a better place to live, but now there is a logical reason for the comet doing so.

Lastly, in the May 1986 issue of *Amazing Stories*, is the Short Story The Man Who Split In Twain, by F.G.MacIntyre. Mark Twain was born during the 1835 visit of Halley's Comet and died during the return of 1910. The story postulates that an alien visitor from the comet was trapped inside his unborn body in 1835 and was

not able to escape until the comet returned in 1910. The alien comes back to earth for a nostalgic visit to Twain's rooms in London during the 1986 return of the comet, where he converses with the story's narrator.

Intelligent aliens are said to inhabit all comets, waking up at each approach to the sun. They are not corporeal, but they cannot survive for long without the shelter of either the comet 'star mother' or a sentient host creature. The one who becomes part of Twain is used to account for personality problems and various related actions in the author's life.

What I liked about this story was that the evidence for the main idea was taken from historical and literary sources rather than from hard science. The story itself was a sort of literary research fantasy, and covered aspects of Twain's life in detail to justify the plot. Scientifically, there is nothing really new or original, but neither is there anything outrageous.

In a sense, we have come full circle with the plots involving comets, because The Man Who Split The Twain sees them as worlds unto themselves, just as Verne did. On the other hand, modern writers make no attempt to ignore what science tells us about them, so that as worlds, comets - and their inhabitants - are strange and alien.

Thus we see that the comet started out in science fiction as a plastic prop to largely unrelated stories, and evolved into a thing that was more scientifically correct yet stranger. Science fiction can be living beings, spaceships, tiny worlds populated by intelligent beings, or even several cubic miles of ice and organic compound. One was even made of rubbish! In Sidney's Comet by Brian Herbert, published in 1983, all the garbage that people have ever dumped into space reappears as a giant comet on a collision course with Earth.

So what is a real comet like? The March 20 issue of *New Scientist* tells us that the Giotto and Vega established that Halley's comet has a nucleus about eight kilometers by fifteen, which is made of dark, dirty ice and is covered in a black material like tar. In each approach to the sun, ice evaporates past the layer of tar leaving residue that makes the layer thicker. Eventually the tar will become so thick that a tail cannot form. So the truth is boring, you say? Perhaps there remains no better way to brighten it up and explain it than by a science fiction story.

[At this point, Sean read his own Short Story: The Need For The Spectacle, which we haven't reproduced here.]

In concluding, I would like to mention one last novel on Halley's Comet: In The Heart of the Comet by Gregory Benford and David Brin. This was published only a few weeks ago and I have not as yet seen one of the very few copies in Australia. Set during the next return of Halley's Comet, it has been given good reviews and I look forward to reading it myself. I wish to thank Thomas Nelson Australia, the staff of the Fisher Library, and the National Book Council for their assistance in the preparation of this talk.

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GALACTIC TOURS - THE REAL STORY

The second Monday in March in Melbourne is a holiday; and as the sun pokes its head above the horizon to start thenew day, outside a well known hotel up the top end of the city, the masses assemble in funny costumes preparing to ride even funnier vehicles down Swanston St in the annual Moomba procession. This year, inside that same hotel, attendees of the 1986 *National Media Convention* - 'Galactic Tours' were sleeping after a hard night's partying.

Two who went were Allan Bray, who drove across from Adelaide, and Hazel Dodd, who lives in Canberra. What follows is their story:

Chapter 1: *The Journey*

[A.B.] I decided to go early, on the Wednesday before the con because the Nova Mob was meeting on that evening and Cathy was talking about Gene Wolfe's Doctor, Death and Island stories. It was three in the afternoon before I reached the federal police station in Jolimont to find out from Cathy when to pick her up for the Nova Mob.

We had a cup of coffee courtesy of the federal fuzz, then I went out to the flat to dump my stuff. I got stuck behind a tram on the way back, its number was 2001. We then wandered out to Bay St, Port Melbourne and the *Rose and Crown* pub (unusual name for a pub, that) for dinner before Nova. Marc Ortlieb turned up and Lucy Sussex, along with Sean McMullen, Mark Linneman and others I didn't know.

Around at the Blackford's place, the first edition of the resurrection of ASFR was being collated with John Foyster doing the stapling with a rather contrary stapler. I bought one; it's pretty good. Buy one folks and help support ~~JOHN FOYSTER/TAYLOR~~ ~~WYLLDAY~~ this new resurgence of William Atheling nominations. The folding and stapling continued while Cathy gave her dissertation; she knows more about Gene Wolfe than Bruce Gillespie does; however the discussion was rather patchy. Maybe Wolfe's too difficult for most everybody?

A little later Roger Weddall arrived and Wynne Whiteford, who was treated seriously by Russell Blackford (about time too!). There were fun topics discussed over coffee such as the Natcon Constitution and the strange (very strange) [yet... oh, why bother - it's all over now - ed] complaints and misunderstandings about same that were circulating at the time.

The next day, mine hostess had to go to college in the morning, work in the afternoon and a tute in the evening, so I was left to my own devices all day except for dinner, which was had at a restaurant in the Tivoli Arcade - a friendly place; I like it when the waiters talk to you. Rod Hanna accompanied us, having arrived by air that morning. Cathy then adjourned to her tute which was being held in a private house with a pool and spa (some tute).

Meanwhile, Rod and I proceeded to Ripponlea to see Merv Binns of recent bankruptcy fame. For someone who's just gone through what Merv has lately, the man is still pretty cheerful and optimistic. We sat around and nattered for a while, then I dumped myself on Cathy's floor and Rod back at his hotel.

Chapter 2: *The Con and the Guests*

[A.B.] The only item I attended on Friday was the first of the autograph sessions with the great and famous, alternately known as David Prowse and Katy Manning, the joint Guest of Honour - two more delightful people would be hard to find. This item started close enough to time; Katy arrived five minutes late and David, due to the attentions of the local media, about fifteen minutes later. This meant that Katy had processed quite a long queue (all those present when she first arrived) by the time David started signing, so I had a chance for a good chat before she again became enmeshed. She told me something which mildly surprised me: It is her opinion that most non-professional theatre groups in Australia are as good as professional provincial repertory groups in the UK and in many cases better. So much for the cultural cringe.

David Prowse is an excellent and practised raconteur; during the con he conducted two talk sessions, one with slides and one with question and answer. He lead an interesting and eventful life in bodybuilding, weight lifting, running, highland athletics, disabled sport and children's road safety, the details of which are beyond this article's scope and outside his show business career. One thing calls for mention however: if you wonder who gave Superman his muscles - it was David.

The important things being disposed of (the autographs), I took a more detailed look at the con and found evidence of much hard work

[H.D.]:

There were many enjoyable, memorable occasions, including the opening ceremony, the Fashion Parade (i bid two thousand credits!) and the sneak preview of *Enemy Mine*

we were all privileged to see. A wonderful coup, hats off to the Committee for that one. Mind you, if they could have heard the rumours and suppositions rampant as to what the title of the movie was going to be.... *Return of the Enterprise, Khan Strikes Back*, even *Rocky XXXVI*. And those highly entertaining GoH's! What utterly charming people Katy Manning and David Prowse are.

They acted as true professionals, never being fazed by the tardiness of events and always being polite at every occasion. Katy Manning had the graciousness to say she remembered me from a Dr Who Con in Canberra, and even if it wasn't true (which I suspect it wasn't) she made it sound genuine enough anyway, and acted as if she was really pleased to see me.

David Prowse was a wonderful sport, and was really quite chuffed at being made an honorary Klingon, and being presented with a badge and certificate stating same from Lana Brown from New Zealand.

[A.B.]:

This convention was the Media Natcon for 1986 and was of appropriate size and complexity. There were nine areas of activity running in parallel at most times during the daylight hours. Registration and hucksters were open and staffed all day as were the exhibition, art show and games room; these were closed in the evening. The video room ran from early AM to late PM. The remaining three areas were a triple programme stream running both morning and evening. The programme contained all the usual things: talks, panels, trivia quiz, live plays, etc...

The difference between a mediacon and the SF Natcon showed not in the quality of the items, which was high, but in the content. There were talks on the practical aspects of space flight, communication, astronomy, pilot training, robotics. There were panels which concentrated on particular series and the fanzines and clubs concerning that series (this bears some similarity to panels on a specific author). The plays were fully costumed and performed, the filk singing was performed on stage with a small live band.

The hucksters room was almost as populated as Aussiecon, the static displays were many and excellent, in particular the full scale reconstruction of the bridge of the *Enterprise*, albeit without catwalk.

The final day saw the business meeting, a quiet well ordered affair with no controversy, and a preview showing of *Enemy Mine*, the film from Barry Longyear's novel; a first class production and definitely Hugo material. During this film, Cathy had been scheduled to do a talk entitled *A Structural Analysis of Blakes Seven* but this was changed to the previous day so as not to clash with the film which almost everybody attended. The talk did run into trouble with noise leakage though. The three programme areas were separated only by folding partitions so that any loud noise in one area was sudden death to a quieter item next door. This was the fault of the facility, not the convention.

During the business meeting on the last day, there was a writer's workshop which became about six people sitting around talking; there had, it seems, been nothing specific organised. Finally, at two on Monday came the closing ceremony, everybody was thanked and told how nice they were and we all went home.

Chapter 3: The Dark Side of the Force

[H.D.]:

After having had a while to think about it, I'd say that two things let the hard-working Con Committee down rather badly. One of them was the hotel and the other was the security team.

To deal with first things first, and the item which was least under the control of the committee, in my opinion the hotel was grossly unable to fulfill its obligations as a major con venue. I'm told they had in fact double booked that weekend, but that's no excuse for the surly treatment meted out to some of the con attendees, and not least of all was the fact that the coffee shop was out of bounds most of the time in

favour of the other con, and that we couldn't even get any food via room service over the weekend. And, when we were allowed inside its hallowed sanctity, it was one and a half hours before we walked out in disgust at having not yet been served.

Now onto the security. Well, I think they were very successful... that is, they succeeded in putting up the backs of just about every person they came into contact. Give them some little false moustaches and a pair of jack boots each, and they would have looked the part also. John [Meekings - con chair], if you thought you heard a lot of baaaing going on that weekend, you were right. We were treated like sheep. Walk, don't walk. Don't go in there. Don't stand here. Sit down...shut up...need I go on? I was told that if I'd had any experience in running a con then I'd appreciate the problems of crowd control (note the choice of words). Well, yes, I have had experience, and you know there are ways of eliciting the desired response from the public, and there are ways of just plain antagonising people. The security team chose the latter approach. Example: "Excuse me, we're having a little problem with security. Would you mind wearing your badge in a prominent position?" would have garnered far more cooperation than the neanderthal "Where's yer badge? Put it on where I can see it." Mind you, attitude counts too: "please" means nothing when said in a dictatorial and surly manner.

There were many more such instances, but unless this is to become a catalogue of complaints I'll conclude that most people I spoke to were annoyed at the fascist behaviour of certain members of the security force, and that John Meekings was actually moved to apologise for them. Thank you, John, for your understanding, at least.

Chapter 4: In The Interests of National Security

Alan Stewart, in a recent letter, relates the following tale also:

During the open to the public times, conventioners in costume were ordered to stand around the area as 'exhibits', for hours in some cases.

On the Sunday afternoon, Katy Manning and Dave Prowse were signing autographs in the 'Public' area. Some security people ordered conventioners out of the line (!) saying they could get them later! As Katy left for a work commitment later that afternoon, a very shallow promise.

I consider both actions unacceptable from a convention security team.
Conventioners PAID to attend and ENJOY themselves.

[H.D.]:

I'm sure also that everyone who attended is familiar with the interminable waiting endured by the attendees. Has this become the fashion? The worst occasion by far was the pool-side fiasco prior to the costume parade, where the hopeful audience was kept waiting outside in the freezing cold for well over an hour, while inside the participants melted in their makeup. I'm sure that if it hadn't been for the fact that the parade is such a vital part of every con, many of us would simply have given up and gone to the bar for the rest of the evening. And as it was, once again the good humour and general friendliness of the attendees made the waiting bearable by way of light-hearted banterings and by-plays, which certainly helped to pass the time, anyway ("Always look on the bright side of life, de dum, de dum de dum dedum" - not to mention "Welease Woderwicck!")

[A.B.] :

The masquerade was scheduled to start at 8pm and ran over an hour late (yes, I went to Aussiecon too, but we expect better than that). The irritation was compounded by the weather, which had turned cold and rainy, and the fact that the queue for entrance formed in the open, on the roof. It was made even worse by the fact that during the last twenty or so minutes and for some undetermined reason we were trickled in two or three at a time.

After the auditorium was full, we were subjected to an almost deafening repetition of *Star Wars* theme music, which could well have been dispensed with. When

ANZAPA - NEW EDITOR

Jean Weber sends us the following summary of the current state of ANZAPA:

- \$12 per year (Australia, New Zealand by air, anywhere else by sea)
- \$18 North America & Europe by air
- Make out cheques or money orders to OBE's name, not to Anzapa.
- Financial year starts in August; if one joins mid-year, fee is pro-rated \$2 or \$3 / mailing remaining in the year. Must pay at least till end of current financial year; can't pay per mailing. No refunds if one drops out; exceptions might be made in extreme cases, but don't count on it.
- 6 mailings per year (Feb, Apr, Jun, Aug, Oct, Dec)
- Maximum membership 30. No waitlist at present.
- Emergency OBE for April: Gerald Smith, GPO Box 429, Sydney NSW 2001
- Incoming OBE starting June: Marc Ortlieb, PO Box 215, Forest Hill Vic 3131.
- Current president: Marc & Cath Ortlieb.
- Minac: 6 pages per 6 months. Must contribute at least 1 page and pay subs to join. To count as minac, material must be self-written or -drawn, AND must either be exclusive to Anzapa or marked "first published in Anzapa". One can put more widely-circulated fanzines, zines with other people's writings in them, photocopies of cartoons, etc through Anzapa, but they do NOT count towards minac.
- 30 copies of contributions should be sent to the OBE; most OBEs make some arrangements for duplicating overseas members' contributions if necessary; ask first.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS - or other suitable heading

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

FANNISH DINNERS - APRIL 1986 ON

There has been a change of plan for First Wednesday Fannish Dinner. Due to the so-called 'Lovely Lady' opening in Subiaco, future dinners will be held at Pancakes on Hay Street. In view of this change of venue, there will also be a change of format. Diners can meet beforehand at The Space Merchants in Forrest Street, then wend their way to Pancakes around 6.30. Refreshments at Pancakes can be anything from coffee thru sweets to a full meal if desired, thereby catering for a wider range of pockets.

In addition to this dinner/coffee/chat meeting we may organise - on a more casual basis - dinner once a month at some more salubrious (and expensive) spot. Arrangements will be made at Pancakes for this dinner if anyone is interested.

Please tell your friends, relatives and pets about the updated monthly meeting and do come along yourself. Numbers have been getting too low lately and we do like to see as many faces as possible across the table. Or even under it. The choice is yours.

Parting shot. The 1986 New Zealand NatCon is going to be in Wellington and as a consequence I seem to have been roped (volunteered) into being WA agent. Wellington's a great town with lovely fen and if you're thinking about holidaying in Aotearoa (The Land of the Wrong White Crowd), June 1986 is definitely the time to go (ski season too!). See me for details.

Murphy

Meanwhile, Mark & Michelle have moved house to the much more spacious abode at 66a Carnarvon St, East Victoria Park, WA 6101, Ph (09) 361 3598. Julian Warner has also moved, but to 10/5 Clarence St, South Perth, WA 6151. Ph (09) 367 6745.

VICTORIA

MUSFA has recently undergone yet another revival, and reportedly meets each Wednesday lunchtime in the Union Basement, Melbourne University. Club president, Dennis Callegari, says that membership is still a bit of a problem. It costs \$3, but for this you get regular issues of 'Yggdrasil', and a 10% discount at Minotaur Bookshop.

Future Bistro Nights will be on Wednesdays 18 June, 23 July, 17 Sept, 15 Oct and Friday (End-of-Year) 28 November.

At Deakin University, Damien Broderick has recently been appointed Writer-In-Residence.

Adrian Losin's Address is "Morningstar", 16 Melinga Cres, Mornington, Vic 3931

NEW SOUTH WALES

Charles Morgan has migrated to 3/50 Carabella St, Kirribilli, NSW 2061

OVERSEAS

Gary Hughes has moved to 380 Central St, Acton, MA 01720, USA.

candidate, Tim Jones, is 20 Gillespie st, Dunedin, NZ. Address of GUFF write-in

Thanks for this issue go to Marc, Andy, Tim, Justin, Sean, Allan, Hazel, Alan, Michelle, Jean,; For production to Marc, Nancy, Victor, Elaine. 2208 150586.

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