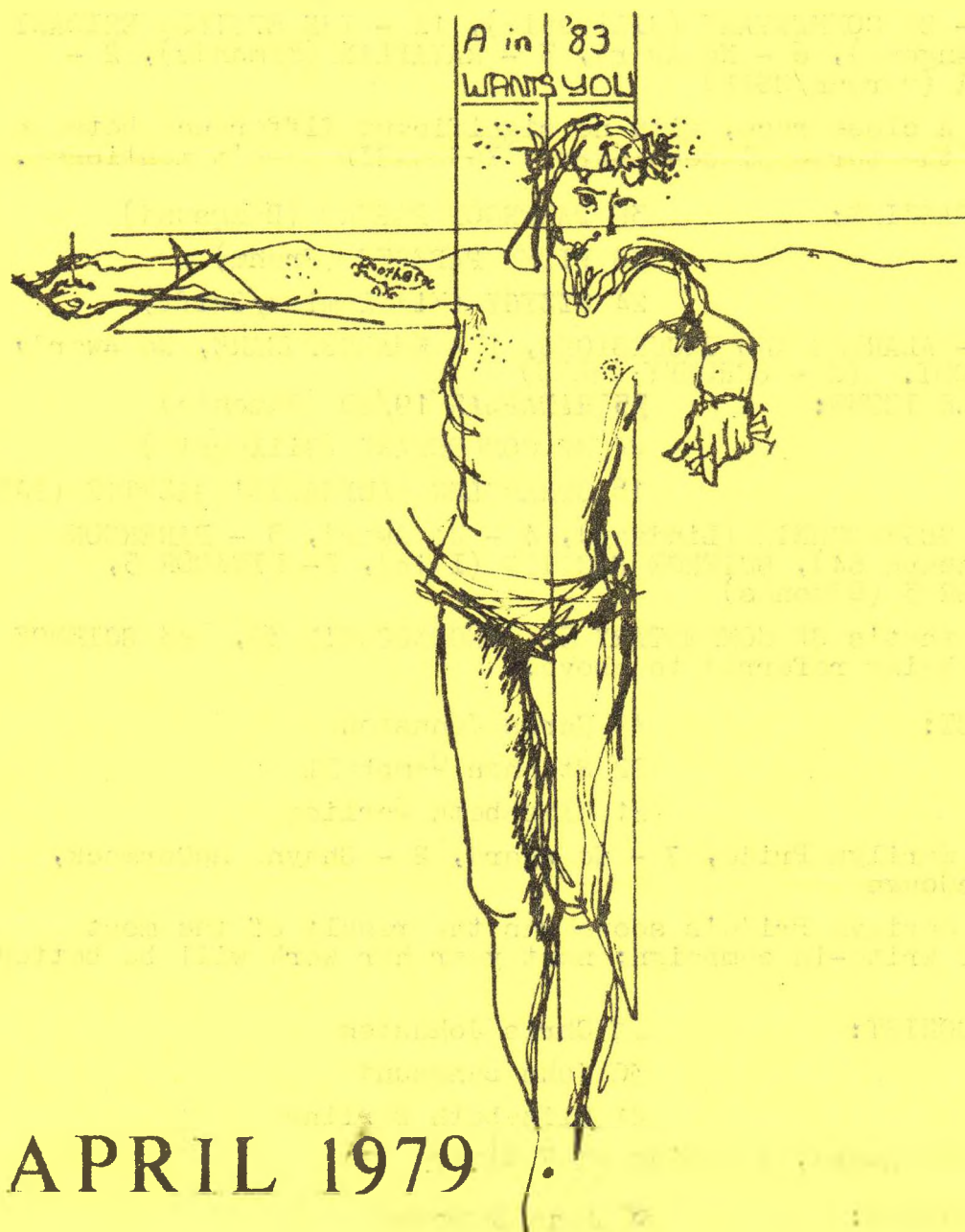


# chunder!



APRIL 1979 .

## CHUNDER! POLL 1978

Twenty votes were received - not a bad percentage of the readership, actually. Not everyone voted in every category, so the totals which are given here don't always sum to the same grand total. First place votes were worth 3 points, second place votes 2 points, and third place votes 1 point. Write-in votes were possible (but weren't very successful).

### The winners

BEST GENERAL FANZINE: 23 SPECTRE (and other Middlemiss fna)  
24 FANEWSLETTER (Edmonds)  
24 MINADOR (Ortlieb)

also: 16 - SF COMMENTARY (Gillespie), 12 - THE EPSILON ERIDANI EXPRESS (Angove), 6 - No Award, 3 - RATAPLAN (Edmonds), 2 - FORERUNNER (German/SSFF)

comments: A close race, with no significant difference between the three placegetters. YGGDRASIL wasn't mentioned.

BEST APA FANZINE: 38 PARERAGON PAPERS (Bangsund)  
26 PITHY PAPERTH (Frahm)  
24 SYZYGY (Middlemiss/Swift)

also: 13 - ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS, 1 - KHALESPHEARE, No Award, OVID IN TOMI. (2 - SCRUMPY TALES)

BEST SINGLE ISSUE: 35 RATAPLAN '19/20 (Edmonds)  
24 SF COMMENTARY (Gillespie)  
15 STRANGLER ELEPHANTS' GAZETTE (PJS)

also: 11 - GEGENSCHHEIN (Lindsay), 4 - No Award, 3 - PARERAGON PAPERS (Anzapa 64), SCIENCE FICTION (Ikin), 2 - MINADOR 5, ORNITHOPTER 3 (Edmonds)

comments: that's SF COMMENTARY 52, GEGENSCHHEIN 35, and SCIENCE FICTION 2 being referred to above.

BEST ARTIST: 44 Chris Johnston  
22 Stephen Campbell  
21 Elizabeth Darling

also: 9 - Marilyn Pride, 7 - No Award, 2 - Shayne McCormack, 1 - Rob McGough

comments: Marilyn Pride's score was the result of the most successful write-in campaign; next year her work will be better known.

BEST CARTOONIST: 47 Chris Johnston  
30 John Bangsund  
21 Elizabeth Darling

also: 9 - No Award, 1 - Richard Faulder

BEST FAN WRITER: 36 John Bangsund  
35 Leigh Edmonds  
24 Leanne Frahm

also: 16 - John Brosnan, 3 - Marc Ortlieb, 2 - John Alderson, No Award, Helen Swift

BEST LETTER OF COMMENTER: 39 Leanne Frahm

23 Perry Middlemiss

15 Irwin Hirsh

also: 7 - Lee. Harding, 6 - No Award, 5 - Chas Jensen

YET ANOTHER POLL (4esults)

Mike Glycer polled the readers of FILE 770, and obtained 62 ballots: I print the first ten places in the four categories (stolen from FILE 770:10)

BEST FANZINE

60 FILE 770 (Glycer)

44 SCIENTIFRICTION (Glycer)

26 MYTHOLOGIES (D'Ammassa)

25 JANUS (Bogstad & Gomoll)

25 RUNE (Kennedy & Pelton)

25 MAYA (Jackson)

21 DIAGONAL RELATIONSHIP

17 SIMULA<sup>(Hlavaty)</sup> ROM. (Vayne)

16 YANDRO (Coulsons)

13 MOTA (Hughes)

BEST ESSAYIST

43 Don D'Ammassa

30 Arthur Hlavaty

15 Avedon Carol

9 Eric Mayer

9 Don C Thompson

9 Victoria Vayne

9 Harry Warner Jr

9 Mike Glycer

9 Susan Wood

BEST FANARTIST

46 Alexis Gilliland

33 Grant Canfield

31 Taral

30 Jim Barker

24 Derek Carter

23 Bill Rotsler

19 Marc Schirmeister

15 Anji Valenza

14 Harry Bell

13 Linda Miller

BEST HUMORIST

43 Bob Shaw

16 Dave Mangford

15 Dave Locke

14 Bob Tucker

14 Mike Glycer

13 Alexis Gilliland

10 Mike Glicksohn

9 Terry Hughes

8 Arnie Katz

8 Tom Perry

Glycer had also asked readers to nominate future Worldcon GoHs. The top ten (in order) were: Larry Niven, Ray Bradbury, Gordon Dickson, Marion Zimmer Bradley, John Varley, Samuel R. Delany, Kelly Freas, John Brunner, Frank Herbert, Andre Norton.

GLYER FOR DUFF, HUGHES FOR TAFF, PERTH IN 80 and of course  
LAND RIGHTS FOR GAY WHALES!



# Conventional stuff

## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF EUSTACE PHARWEST

(cr: Support 'Perth in '80' or you'll have the Willies!)

(by Peter Toluzzi)

In the past two years I've had quite a bit of contact with, and interest in, Western Australian Fandom; I spent 1978 living with an enthusiastic transplanted Sandgroper who had been at SWANCON I back in 1976.

So when the opportunity arose to con the University of NSW Union into paying (most) of my fare to WAYCON I leapt at the chance. In spite of the valiant attempts of the airline workers to stuff up my plans (this happens almost every time I travel) I still managed to arrive in Perth at noon on Friday March 2.

It was HOT. In fact, during the four days I was in Perth, the temperature was always around the 35 C mark; harsh, dry heat - and no one complained; they all regarded it as autumn weather! Still, it made my swim half an hour after landing even more enjoyable.

\*\*\*NOTE TO THE READER: I shall be using lots of names in this article; if you don't know the people involved I strongly suggest that you get to know them. I shall be circulating a directory of W A fen sometime soon \*\*\*

The convention got underway Friday night. On my arrival at the Ozone Hotel (an exceedingly grotty but nevertheless pleasant establishment, reminiscent of the St Vincent Hotel in Glenelg, where A-CON 7 and BAYCON 1978 were held) I was pounced upon - registration, room bookings, banquet tickets, etc. (The Con organizers had very generously held membership costs to a minimum for East Coast fen.) In amongst this madness I ran into a very few dear old friends, and lots of people who I knew only as names - Damien Brennan, Roy Ferguson, Sally Underwood, Larry Dunning, and many others. Shortly after dinner things got moving.

After the Official Opening came one of the convention highlights - The Debate. The topic was 'That Science Fiction Prepares You For The Future' with the added twist that those who believed this had to argue against it, and vice versa! Under the charismatic chairmanship of Ian Nicholls, and with frequent objections and interjections from the audience, this proved a great ice-breaker. The scene of Valma Brown arguing against 'lewd and inciting' pulp covers and strongly advocating the 'holy ideals of marriage and motherhood' brought the house down!

The rest of the evening's programming consisted of a few films. A lot of people congregated about the computer games, some played D&D (which is still very popular in WA), and the rest sat in small groups around flagons, in true fannish tradition. (A select few preferred other system stimulants...) In general, things ended fairly early all weekend - say 3.30 am - but this is hardly surprising as the WASFEN are mostly a young group. It was from conversations overheard here that I first CHUNDER! April 1979 page 4

got an inkling of what was different about WA fandom ... more about that later.

Saturday morning - more registration, more heat. (The weekend totals eventually reached the 100 - 120 mark, attendees and degrees Fahrenheit.) The first panel was on fans and fanzines, which was mostly GoH Leigh Edmonds talking about his publishing career. They do have some fanzines in WA, notable more for enthusiasm than professionalism. Mark Denbow (Adelaide's representative) and I spent some time during a boring film filling out our joint entry in Ian Nicholls's quiz, which was exceedingly nasty and of the take-it-home-and-check variety. This we could not do... But a joint entry seemed a fair alternative, as our areas of knowledge meshed well.

The heat became even more oppressive. Louisa Denbow and I went off in search of the famed Scarborough Beach. Following directions perfectly, we found ourselves some time later at Fremantle Beach; same ocean, but the other side of the city! The water was wonderfully clear, the best I can remember in Australia. It was a lovely drive and a good chance to see suburban Perth, even if we did miss a panel or two....

At about this point my memory of the order of events becomes somewhat unreliable; I'm not sure if a linear method of reporting is entirely appropriate, as the convention as a whole was much more than the sum of its parts.

As I mentioned, I missed a panel on SF given by a lecturer at the University of WA; the other afternoon panel was 'Close Encounters of the Strangest Kind - First Contact with SF'. It was a nice idea which didn't really come off too well, but aside from the Debate, none of the program items were really outstanding. Saturday also included an impromptu tenpin bowling expedition, a cheap (\$3.50!) and good banquet, and a masquerade which almost everyone joined in. Then, more parties ... with signs that I had firmly established Massage Fandom in the West. (Oh, why did I forget my frisbees?)

... And on to Sunday (I think) ... more panels, more films, an auction, Leigh Edmonds' GoH talk (during which Mark Denbow talked about QUASARCON and I talked about SYNCON and the Ditmars) I enjoyed it all, but the cumulative lack of sleep (combined with certain other excesses) had reduced my cognitive powers greatly. I do remember finding a kindred spirit at the auction - Sally Underwood and I may not agree on what we like, but we knew what we didn't like. Bids of '30 cents to burn it!' '50 cents to shred it!' became common. WE ARE NOT ALONE by Andrew Tomas drew bids for immersion in the Yarra from Valma Brown, in the Torrens from Mark Denbow, in the Swan from Sally, and in Lake Burley Griffin from Leigh Hyde, before I won it by promising to throw it off the Sydney harbour Bridge. Sally and I later ceremoniously burned a copy of Alan Lacey's THE LOVE WARRIOR.

Sunday night was the main film night, DOCTOR STRANGELOVE and THE RISE AND RISE OF MICHAEL RIMMER - two of the greatest cult classics ever made - sheer bliss! More parties, more massage, more talk, more booze, more dope ... less sleep!

By Monday, everyone was very strung out. Part two of the auction, a few more films, a few more panels (Rob McGough's panel on Humour in SF was quite enjoyable). Then some silly competitions, the quiz results (Mark and I upheld the honour of the Eastern States by winning), and the official close - not with a bang but a whimper. Then, the cleanup, and the highpoint CHUNDER! April 1979 page 5



of silliness - twenty exhausted, bone-weary fen bobbing up and down and waving their arms in time to the Ornithopter Song - 'Up, down, up, down, up, down, up, ...' (to the tune of Song of Joy) as a tribute to the GoH. Bevan Casey was by far the best pilot. This event was preserved for posterity (and, I suspect, blackmail) by Mad McGough the Camera Kid.

Last of all - the traditional Dead Dog party, held at Perth's leading slanshack (another fannish household is being formed shortly), which was highlighted by a vitriolic discussion contrasting the ethics of bookburning and the practicality of burning Perry Rhodan trash. A last drink, a last massage, and finally a half dozen fen drove Leigh and Valma and me to the airport. I flew home to the accompaniment of crying babies - a sad end to an amazing weekend.

\* \* \*

And, in the aftermath and philosophising, several points emerge. Firstly, as a convention - i.e. panels, films, discussions, etc. - it was good but not outstanding; in fact, it was much akin to a relaxacon, though the organisers knew it not. Because I knew almost no-one, I was forced to get to know new people - not that that hassled me at all, for I am somewhat gregarious by nature - and this was, for me, the best part of the Con. I got to know nearly a hundred people quite well; and there was a great deal more going on all weekend than just (!) conventioneering. There were people breaking up and people starting up and all sorts of interpersonal dealings, and this revealed the unique (in Australia, anyway) aspect of Western Australian fandom: the incredibly large, close friendship circles. I do not use the term 'close' lightly - yet this could be applied to one group of forty people. The sense of camaraderie was amazing and touching - when one or two people in the group had hassles, everyone else lent support, and the group grew closer together. Perhaps the general isolation of WA (and hence the lack of contact with other fen, other wargamers, or other freaks) may be responsible for this phenomenon; at any rate, I found myself really wishing I could live in Perth with these people.

Towards the end of the convention Leigh and I were talking ... we agreed that the level of organization and enthusiasm shown by the ConCom was sufficient to indicate that they could quite probably run a National Convention. PERTH IN '80 has been only a half serious (if popular) cry in most circles. But now I'm taking it up in earnest. Leigh and I convinced them that we were serious about them bidding (the idea being that a lot more East Coast fen would justify the time and expense of a trip to Perth if it were for the National Con), and they were enthusiastic - surprising, considering that they had just finished running their largest con to date. I spoke to Bob Ogden three days after the con, and WASFA had been very active all week, with no thoughts of gafia. They will need a lot of helpful advice, and have a hell of a lot of work ahead of them to organize a National Convention; but I'm quite sure they can do it.

So, my thanks to all of the incredibly friendly people there, who helped me have such a great time - Sally Underwood, Roy Ferguson, Bob Ogden, Tony Peacey, Rob McGough, Angela Donnelly, Bevan Casey, Paul Prescott, Kate Hennessy, Ian Nicholls, and many, many others, and ... PERTH IN '80!

(JF suggests that you also see Leigh Edmonds W YCON report in this issue.)



## A STAR-SPINKLED BANDEAU

(by John Foyster)

My interest in attending the STAR TREK convention held in Sydney on March 10 & 11, AUSSIETREK, had been aroused by, what? The impressions I retained of the way the UNICON 5 registration desk had been manned? Recollections of the STAR TREK convention I had attended in Melbourne last year? Whatever might have been the cause, it was certainly not an interest in STAR TREK.

I suspect that, over the years, I have found myself watching a couple of episodes of this program - just as I occasionally find myself watching an episode of DOCTOR WHO. But I am not a TV-watching-man: I won't have a television set in the house I'm living in (there are actually witnesses aroundabouts to this), and whatever feelings I had had about the idiocy of television and its viewers had been strengthened by the fact that I had read Jerry Mander's FOUR ARGUMENTS FOR THE ELIMINATION OF TELEVISION on the way up from Canberra. I had spent two days in colleges in Canberra talking to teachers and students, and was to spend a day or so talking to teachers in Sydney. The trip ran on to the weekend on which AUSSIETREK was to be held, so no additional travel costs were to be incurred.

Mander's book, unfortunately, is pretty weak; it doesn't, in my view, put forward the strongest sort of case - but it does put up a case, which is slightly better than nothing.

Perhaps, on reflection, it was something at UNICON 5 which enticed me towards AUSSIETREK. For that convention, too, worshipped at the cathode-ray altar, its program being, for the most part, a tacky-tape parade of POOR. OLD. TIRED. TEEV. **Yet the attendees gave every sign of being, outwardly at least, sensitive human beings. Perhaps I didn't look closely, perhaps there was some element I had missed. And perhaps I could resolve my intellectual conundrum by squinting again at the electronic halflight at those sensitive fannish faces.**

So I found myself forking over to attend a two day convention the sum of \$23. And considering I only showed for one day, that was rather expensive. As for why that came about, you must read further. Let us now retreat to Saturday, March 10.

Since I had not been out late the previous night, I had no trouble rising early. Mind you, though I hadn't been out late I didn't get to sleep terribly early either, my hotel being one of the noisier of its type; and that partly explains why I was awake early, too. But the real reason for getting up and about was my desire to find a couple of Saturday newspapers; Saturday is just about the only day in Australia when it is worth buying the papers (in the sense that reading an average paper takes more than ten minutes on that day) and if you are lucky enough to check the SYDNEY MORNING HERALD you might even find Lee Harding described as 'Australia's Cordon Bleu SF Chef', which is what happened on the previous occasion of my reading a Saturday edition of the SMH. Who knows what glories might be found on this Saturday. And then there was THE AUSTRALIAN. This newspaper was running, on Saturdays, a series of stories (or enhanced diary extracts) by Peregrine Worsthorpe concerning his January visit to Australia. The first of these had attracted my attention because the accompanying photograph had answered a question I had asked myself, and been asking steadily, for over a month. For the previous time I had been up to Canberra (to do some proofreading - how about



them apples, SF writers amongst my readers? How many of you get flown interstate to read page proofs of your latest opus?) I had returned to Melbourne alongside a Pommie journalist who had had, quite obviously, fairly high-level chatties with Australian Pols. Why, I mused, did this foreign bastard have access to our elected servants that we (I speak very loosely in using the plural here, as my friends will know) are denied? And who is he? (There was something familiar about the face.) Besides, there's something quaint about a person who, at the Canberra Airport, asks which gate lounge his flight boards from.

What, I wondered, will be revealed in this week's episode? Here was another reason for rising early and nipping out for a p. (To return to our story.) I do hope that I have been able to show you how easily a short story may be turned into a novel.

In any case, fairly early (say 6.30 am) I set off in search of a newstand, and in so doing passed GALAXY Bookshop: it was pleasantly surprising to see the local heavy, Shayne McCormack, getting ready stacks of material to flog to unsuspecting trekkies. And what! Jack 'erman too? Double the pleasure. They didn't seem too alarmed by my weatherbeaten face, and almost seemed enthusiastic about the day's work (really the two days' work) ahead. I bid 'em G'dye and continued my search for an honest newspaper. (I'll let you know.)

But the program for the convention wasn't scheduled to start until 10.am. Plenty to do while waiting. I probably read another book as well as the newspapers, then pushed off. This was particularly easy, since my hotel was across the road from Museum Station, and the Menzies, site of AUSSIETREK, was just across the road from Wynyard. The Menzies worried me a little, actually, in terms of what it meant in terms of costs of running the convention. The membership fee had already given me a feeling for those costs, but there are limits. I had not seen any publicity for the con, but presumably it had all been on TV. All the same, the problem with fancy expensive cons is that they tend to wind up being expensive for those putting them on.

Anyway, when I got up to the second floor and registered I found that I had underestimated the ingenuity of the convention organizers, who were selling the Program Book at \$2.50 a time. (I got a free copy, in a manner too disgraceful to describe here, but not dishonest.) However, there wasn't much going on, so I dived out of the melee (though I don't recall seeing any wargamers there - are these two groups which don't mesh, perhaps?). to check out a bookshop or two. Nothing doing, which was just as well for my pocket - the new remainder shops had been painful for my purse the previous day or so and I was in no condition for further deductions. But see below.

Returning to the convention I found that lots of people were busy flogging books and stuff. Adrienne Losin introduced me to Nikki White. Everyone's nametag was firstname only: my Rotsler nametag gave me away too soon, and indeed I felt that the other players in the masquerade were only too pleased to hide behind a gentle and protective but perhaps somewhat artificial friendliness which was not to be removed until midnight - or whatever hour had been set. I tried taking a few photos: it didn't seem to work - the floating world had been cast adrift, or so it seemed, and I was being wafted in a different direction. Later, after the Costume Parade, I felt a little easier with the camera, and images swam the right way. But just before the opening, I was in some despair.



This despair had its foundation partly in my photographic difficulties, but also in the program which stretched before me in a way which gave vibrant reality to the cliché 'yawning abyss': the STAR TREK convention in Melbourne had been STAR TREK based but the program, taking that for granted, had developed far beyond . . . into the variety of items found at most science fiction conventions, while here the commitment to - the adoration of - STAR TREK was complete, or if not complete at least overwhelming. Could I survive two days of this kind of convention, I mused. Come to think of it, can I survive one day?

Taking a couple of last photos of the real world, I slouched toward UFP and a red-and-glitter-decorated room lit by an artificial chandelier in such exquisite bad taste that it was almost bearable. There was little other lighting, except on a lectern at the middle of the long side of a rather narrow room: before the lectern, and under the glow of the shamdelier stretched rows of moderately comfortable seats, just over 300 in all. I did some quick arithmetic to get an idea of the convention's budget.

Soon, only about 15 minutes after the scheduled starting time, came the moment everyone had been waiting for (well, I suppose almost everyone: Jeff Harris was sitting behind me - I never quite worked out why he was there - and Jack Herman wasn't far away either, and I suspect that their enthusiasm was rather nearer mine in level than that of the other attendees - whose numbers (at least the number of registrations) in fact reached about 295 late in the first day) the grand opening, which was the arrival of G\*E\*O\*R\*G\*E T\*A\*K\*E\*I (who in fact was filling in for the originally-invited guest James Doohan: Doohan pulled out in circumstances which I found intriguing when they were described by some insider, but which now seem extremely boring) (stormy applause) and the opening announcements and a couple of short speeches.

The announcements were from Graeme Henderson who stood in for an understandably-nervous Karen Lewis and mainly concerned the program changes resulting from the non-arrival of some STAR TREK episodes, a development which did not bring tears to my eyes. The two short speeches were from Diane Marchant, who talked about her visit(s) to the US and showed some photographs to the audience.

Excuse me, are you reading this carefully? Did you get that previous line - showed some photographs to an audience of about 250? By holding up a photo-album? Okay, back to the rostrum.

Next up was the Fan Guest of Honour, Sue Clarke, who really isn't a great public speaker but described some of the early history of STAR TREK fandom in Australia. The history she gave made one wonder why she was up there when Shayne McCormack was in the audience.

Then the program proper got under way - the first episode was about to begin, so I turned to Jeff Harris and suggested we check out a book shop. Exit two interstate visitors.

The appropriately-named BARGAIN BOOK SHOP, less than a block from the Menzies, was our target. I had already been there, so didn't expect to spend much. Jeff wasn't terribly impressed - at least at first - but stayed and stayed, slowly building a small pile of books. And I was doing the same thing; every move I made towards the door found me in front of yet another



volume which I wouldn't mind acquiring. Eventually Mr Harris was sated, but not before I spent 20¢ on a book which Keith Curtis assures me is worth \$5-\$10. Our next stop was Tankstream which, besides offloading hardcovers of CLARA REEVE at a challenging price, also offered hardcover editions of Bill Tidy's THE GREAT ERIC ACKROYD DISASTER which I was particularly keen to acquire and Harris, being a person of immaculate taste (off-strawberry, I reckon) and admirer of Bill Tidy, also bought one.

By now I had decided that one day of convention was enough for me, and if I was going to return to Melbourne early I had to re-organize my travel arrangements now. I could get onto an early flight on the Sunday morning, and so I did. Eventually. But first, a brief return to the STAR TREK convention.

George Takei's speech was the first item for the afternoon. It started a little late, as the GoH had been out sightseeing, and was a speech which certainly pleased the convention attendees - or most of them. There were three themes in the speech, as I recall: the bit about the STAR TREK movie, the bit about the roll-out of the first shuttle (named ENTERPRISE), and the bit about the success of STAR TREK (the TV series). The first of these probably didn't say much that was new, but it was first-hand. The second seemed to me a little overdone (in crude terms, too: the description made the ENTERPRISE sound huge, rather than something which can ride on the back of a 747). The third was the one which interested me. I assume that my perception of the social function of television - to support and strengthen the social and political status quo - is shared by most of my readers. But George Takei, in referring to social conditions existing in the United States at the time of STAR TREK's success, made explicit reference to the internal conflicts arising out of the war against Vietnam (not in those words, mind you). The parallel had not occurred to me before (my knowledge of ST being what it is, this is hardly surprising), but the man on the white horse image of US aggression would certainly have been fostered by programs like STAR TREK. Given the weirdo efforts by the CIA, is it too paranoid to begin to wonder whether ST might not have been supported out of the US Defense Department's Dirty Tricks Bureau? These musings, and the encouragement GT received from the audience for his anti-union remarks, made me feel a little less comfortable; I find science fiction fandom uncomfortably conservative, but this was ridiculous.. I began to wonder about the water - had the vile Sydneysiders done something to it which was affecting my precious bodily fluids? Later that evening, when a couple of stf fans confirmed my impressions about the political leanings of ST fandom, I began to trust myself again.

Takei's speech was received with great enthusiasm: it had been very professional (not surprising under the circumstances) and contained the right messages. Later in the convention he was to sign autographs and answer questions.

Keith Curtis handled an, er, interesting auction. The items for auction were usually not the kind of stuff Keith was used to dealing with, so the prices were often as much a surprise to him as to your reporter. The material wasn't wholly ST, though ST fanzines (especially, I assume, those of the mildly pornographic kind) brought prices in the middle 20s, while 'valuable' stf stuff brought much lower prices. A TV series paperback topped the prices at around \$35, I understand, but the top price would seem to have been \$58 for one of Marilyn Pride's monsters. The shape of the room didn't really help the auctioneer, but few bids



were actually mislaid.

Despite the overall high prices, there was also evidence of the continuation of a practice which I believe is making auctions less attractive. Once again the auction couldn't be completed on time, and had to be continued into the Sunday, and once again part of the reason was that too many uninteresting items were included. The idea seems to be that the way to get the best prices for whatever junk you have is to put it into the auction, whereas in the past piles of paperbacks were to be found on hucksters' tables, and only the 'best' (and highest-priced) items were to be found at the auction. A few junk items can be fun; pages of them are very rapidly depressing.

Next up was a talk (with slides) about astronomy from Graeme Henderson, who was meant to be dealing with extraterrestrial life but didn't quite get around to it. The slides were impressive, but Robin Johnson and I had been expecting something different.

When this item concluded the stf fans began to shift in their seats - the remaining items for the afternoon were parallel: an ST episode and autography. The new co-chairman of SYNCON '79 and I hot-footed it to the nearest greasy spoon.

And we finished eating there around 6.00 pm. Problem - the convention rooms were to be closed at 6.15 pm in preparation for the Costume Parade at 8.30 pm. Robin went back to the Menzies to see people; I went back to my hotel to pack and then drifted down to Gould's Book Arcade (where I found a few ST refugees looking at the hard stuff).

Huntered back to the con hotel. Found hundreds milling around outside the ballroom. When the doors eventually opened and eager fans piled in I found that the two-hour break had been necessary to allow the laying down of a low platform about 30 up the central aisle from the front of the room. Nothing much happened for a while. Then some of the able-bodied committee members began shuffling furniture at the front. By 8.45 everything was ready to go. Well, almost. But after only a few extra delays the parade of horseflesh before GT, Diane Archant, and some local TV nonentity began. The costumes were very variable in quality, and I don't think any showed real creativity, but several were well-executed. Flashes flashed, contestants hastened hither and yon, but there wasn't real opportunity for any of them to do a presentation. The couples seemed to me to have done best.

After the announcements of the winners there was a small shambles while arrangements were made for a brief dancing session of the disco variety. Staid members of the community retired for coffee (or tea) and biscuits.

Then the evening movies began, and I can report only on the first cartoon - and early 40s Fleischer SUPERMAN. Exquisitely drawn but rottenly written and plotted, this drew acclamation from the crowd - and I have to admit I admired it a trifle also. There were to be two more of these on the following day, I understand, and they would have been worth the price of admission.

But it was getting late for an old and tired fan (remember when my day started), so I quit and headed back for the hotel. And next day returned to the real world in Melbourne. I wish I had stayed for the Sunday, for conventions are for people not programs, and the people I liked. But had I done so, this report would have been much longer, and that you might have found intolerable; after all, I've already omitted a lengthy section on the sexual ambiguity (not to say hypocrisy) of the ST pipples. I think I would like to attend another such con; but as observer, not participant.

THINK BIG - THINK 'GLYER FOR DUFF'



# worldconsiderations

## THE ROTATION PLAN

CHRIS PRIEST

So far as I know, there have been only four worldcons outside the United States & Canada: two in Britain, one in Australia and one in Germany. SEACON will be the fifth. That's five out of thirty-seven ... or 13½%. While one accepts that American fandom is the largest and most active in the world, it is only so because of what I call a geographical concentration: (The same is true, incidentally, of sf writers ... where because of the same concentration, it has become mutely accepted that sf is an inherently American idiom. American writers do not like to be reminded that in terms of proportion of overall population, there are more sf writers in, say, Britain ... and certainly more full-time sf writers.) So while we have a weight of American numbers, it simply does not mean that fandom is the property of Americans ... and that although 'worldcons' are an American invention, they are not, or they should not be, something that is loaned out on sufferance to the rest of the world. For this reason, I am against the proposal of donating the fourth year to overseas fandom. (The word 'overseas' actually irritates me ... as far as I'm concerned, it is America that is 'overseas'...) It's not that I fail to recognize the gesture, but by accepting that donation, world fandom would be forced to accept the corollary, which is that the three-year rotation within the States is a fixture.

I believe that world fandom should be moving towards a much more democratic division of worldcons. Fandom as we know and love it certainly does not exist everywhere, and it would be foolish to pretend that it does. Take France, for instance, where although science fiction is incredibly popular (possibly more popular as a commercial enterprise than in Britain) there is no fannish fandom as I understand it. But, the French do hold a lot of well-organized conventions, even though they are different from ours. However, fannish fandom exists, to my knowledge, in Belgium, Holland, Germany, Scandinavia ... as well as Britain and Australasia. There is probably a form of fandom in Japan, and possibly also in South America and Russia. I'd like to think that at some time in the future there would be a three-way rotation of worldcons: America, Europe, Australasia ... with the option to extend it whenever viable fandoms make their presence known in other areas. Of course, the Americans would hate this ... but if they don't face up to the fact that sf and fandom are now world phenomena, then the worldcons and the Hugos, and all that stuff, will become even more meaningless than they are now.

What happens at SEACON will be interesting, from this point of view. SEACON is going to be the first really large worldcon outside America, and so will be the first, ever, large international con. If you look at the list of registrations, it includes a phenomenal range of nationalities (although it is true that English-speaking fans predominate). Everyone hopes that a large contingent of fans will be travelling from Europe ... as well as you guys from Oz. I've been to two



Worldcon business meetings ... and disliked both of them. They were dominated by Americans who shouted, people like Pelz and Scithers, who assumed to themselves some sort of consensus world-view in fannish matters. There are large numbers of American fans whom people like this do not represent; they certainly don't speak for me or a lot of people over here. Perhaps at the SEACON business meeting (which is probably the least attractive item on the programme) other voices will get a hearing this year ... and perhaps they will be voices who speak in foreign accents. I don't believe that SEACON will change anything, but I do believe it will stand as evidence that fandom is something more worldly than East, West or Middle America.

(JF: Thank you for helping me spread xenophobic ill-will beyond these colonial shores - Sydney-Melbourne was getting boring, anyway. But the more I think of it, the more it seems to me that the structure of the rotation plan is wrong: it should be designed not to ensure that the convention is shared equally, but rather to ensure that it isn't dominated by one (or two) regions. I would rather have a rule saying that any region could bid at any time, provided that the Worldcon hadn't been held in that region in a specified period in the past. Eager beaver regions, such as US West Coast, might get more Worldcons than their present allocation. under such a scheme. )

RICHARD FAULDER

(Letter 1)

The proposed change to the Worldcon rules should be stamped on thoroughly. It assumes that the North Amerifans have a god-given right to 75% of all worldcons. If nothing else, the rise of English as a universal language will guarantee, in the long term, that the majority of fans are not from North America. As presently operative, the rules allow North America to be superseded whenever enough fans think so. That worldcons exist at all outside North America is proof that most North Amerifans are not as jingoistic as the proposers of the motion, which gives me hope for its demise.

(Letter 2)

As you say, a remarkably unanimous opinion on the proposed changes to the Worldcon voting. Eric Lindsay's comments bothers me slightly, in that he seems to think that the voting will be taken over by neos or fringfans. This strikes me as unlikely for two reasons. Firstly, they will probably stay away from the business session, which is probably too fannish to attract them. Secondly, because almost any vote they are asked to make is likely to be for a con outside their own area, and it is the trufans who are most likely to travel.

ANDREW TAUBMAN

After looking at all the arguments presented side-by-side in your 'zine, I think I support the status quo. After all, the present system can't be too bad for us if three outside bids have won in recent years. However, as I understand their rotation system, if an outside bid wins in one year, the region of the US that would normally have had the con that year misses out altogether, whereas I would have thought that they would merely set the rotation back one year. This gives the region bidding for the con against a foreign bid more encouragement to win because, if they lose, they won't have a

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had a con for 6 years when their next turn comes up.

In reply to Carey Handfield's point about a foreign bid picking up the con through default, I don't think that would happen, because if they were restricted to every four years you would get four years' worth of foreign bids, every four years. In general, as you say, the opinions expressed are remarkably unanimous. Shows what can happen if you ask them all separately, so that each doesn't know what her or his favourite opponent said; the usual knee-jerk reaction doesn't set in. I particularly refer to Jack, Leigh, Eric, Paul, and Peter, who all seem to be doing their level best to drag each other's names through the slime and the mud. They don't seem to realise they only lower themselves in doing so. Stop it please, all of you!

(NOW SOME LETTERS FROM THE REAL WORLD)

HELEN SWIFT

(About measuring fannish activity in terms of publications)

Whilst in the USA it is possible to be a superactive fan solely by going to conventions, in Australia the convention circuit is hardly comparable. Most Australian fannish communication is still by the written word, and as such any fan who refuses to put pen to paper is very definitely divorcing him/herself from much of that activity. However I do agree with Chas' principle, that face-to-face contact is very important in determining a fan's eligibility for fan funds - that number of stencils per year is not the only criterion. I think Chas probably feels this particularly strongly as he is concerned, I feel, about the amount of 'elitism' (as he sees it) in lots of fannish publishing - i.e. lots of the writing that is done is seen only by apa members, so that the general fannish population often misses out on some things..

It is about time we saw the DUFF reports from Christine and Bill ... it's a little early to expect Paul's, but we're looking forward to that too. (I mean, Eric Lindsay manages to fill pages and pages of GEGENSCHEN with his trip reports which are most enjoyable.)

(JF: Yes, but isn't this Leigh's point? Paul and Bill and Christine aren't exactly fanzine fans, and therefore aren't likely to produce reports very easily. I still can't quite see Chas' point: it seems to me quite acceptable that in the distribution of a fanzine the producer should set the conditions of supply, rather than the consumer. Most publishers of apazines will probably supply copies to interested enquirers, provided that the enquirers are not freeloaders.)

At CARRCON in Adelaide (22nd and 23rd January), there was a panel discussion on Australian SF, which gave rise to various opinions. Some people felt that it was vital for us to achieve recognition for 'Australian SF' as a particular subset of the SF genre; others that there is no such thing as Aussie SF and that it is foolish to try to bring eucalypts to stories just so we can create Australian SF. My personal opinion is that, while it would be excellent for there to be more successful Australian authors, including in the SF field, what I like is a good story; that we should not be too self-conscious about our status as Australians and so not too deliberately include or exclude little fragments of Australiana, but just get down to writing good stories. Thus I tend to agree with your comments about preferring quality to quantity in locally-produced SF.

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PAUL COLLINS

The definition of a hack writer is: one who writes more and more about less and less. Any ideas who I'm talking about, Lee?

LEE HARDING

Some years ago a US fan - I think it might have been Ted White, and yes it was, writing in an editorial in AMAZING STORIES - suggested that Robert Heinlein had not attended a recent convention and that a simulacrum had stood in for him. Jack Herman, in his Unicon V report (good reading) has made me wonder if Patricia Wrightson actually attended. Who is that 'shy' and 'humble' woman? The Patricia Wrightson I heard - and met - at a seminar in 1975 had the astonishing knack of speaking the most incredible rubbish and almost succeeded in putting an audience of some 350 people to sleep in less than five minutes. At that time her definition of fantasy was - wait for it! - 'man thinking' (her emphasis). My general impression then - and it has not since changed - is that her concept of fantasy writing is very woolly and that she seems unable to separate fable from myth. I also strongly oppose her thesis (again, her word) that Australia will only have a viable fantasy genre when all Good Writers turn to aboriginal myths for their material. Rubbish. When an aboriginal does it, that should be interesting. This is a global village, and if a writer is going to utilise aspects of mythology there's a multitude of myths to choose from. Why settle for the old nationalism and cultural cringe? Does Ursula Le Guin re-write Amerind myths? Not to my knowledge. But then, Ms Wrightson seems to think that all one has to do is embellish a myth, when surely the ideal is to re-tell the original in such a way that it becomes relevant for a new generation. I wonder what this formidable - yes, truly formidable, Jack - formidable lady would think of the work of, say, Cordwainer Smith, to name a high point, and, oh, Mike Moorcock, to name a very variable example. Or Philip K. Dick for that matter, or - hell, you name them. No, if Ms Wrightson appeared to be shy and humble because she thought her audience was 'more knowledgeable', then you're probably correct (whether or not they were is another matter). And I have also reliably heard that this talent the lady has for putting entire audiences to sleep is quite common. Question: what kept the Unicon V audience awake? Was Ms Wrightson a clever simulacrum or - and this really bothers me - was the 1975 version the simulacrum? I mean, to define fantasy as 'man thinking' (my emphasis) in that year of 1975 really worries me.

Paul Stevens: before you go in to bat for a friend, check out the wicket. Any disagreement I may have with Paul Collins is determined by the way he conducts the business end of his projects. Now that is between Paul and myself and any other writer who contributes a story to one of his anthologies; it is not - yet - a matter of public debate, not even in a magazine such as CHUNDER! As long as unknowns are prepared to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage and not squeal, that's their business. But I do not take kindly to being ripped off, and once bitten, never again. I'm one of the old-fashioned guard - like Ben Bova and his publisher, and even Charles Ryan and his GALILEO, who feel that writers have been rottenly paid throughout the SF era, and that a good writer deserves every penny he can get. A bad writer deserves everything he gets. And for the record, fostering the growth of SF within Australia is not my aim: it's shoe-horning good local talent into the great Out There that interests me.



DAMIEN BRODERICK

How vexing it must be, afflicted as you are with utter fuckwits and writers unable to read. For a commentator whose reviews are the last word in lucidity, transparency and rigour, writers who can't read certainly would be a nasty aggravation. It's easy to sympathise with your annoyance at finding assertions from the 5th and 8th paragraphs of your review linked together on the wild assumption that they ought to be consistent.

In the interests of communication, let's examine the clarity of your review (3:1) of ROOMS OF PARADISE and OTHER WORLDS.

The first three paragraphs would read most naturally as a metaphor (admittedly a strained, inaccurate, unpolished and even anonymous metaphor). Even a nit-picking writer who can't read realises that the Gates of Paradise stand in the Baptistery, not the Baptistry, and that a measure of confusion is created by referring in consecutive sentences to 'the second set' when different sets are meant. But why were the Gates of Paradise mentioned at all? The play on words is less felicitous than a comparison with Paradise Lost, say, where the primal sin led to mass recidivism, or with Paradise Gardens, a Sydney amusement park replete with meretricious concrete renderings of dinosaurs.

More crucially, the metaphor (on the hypothesis that it is a metaphor) is incoherent. Pisano wrought a set of 'famous doors'. Ghiberti matched that standard, 'and did it very well.' Later, he excelled himself.

Logically, a discussion of SF launched by this figure would observe that, likewise, early practitioners had produced worthy work, writers today match their achievement and do so very well, while we live in hope of still finer and more innovative work from those whose apprenticeship has echoed the masters.

Instead, the metaphor is trampled. The books under review clearly fall into the second category (if any), but they are 'sad little collections'. Worse: if they reflect the state of the field, this indicates general retrogression. So maybe the yarn about the Gates of Paradise is not a premonitory figure but rather a paradigm of what artistic progress (with or without faint-hearted inverted commas) can be like: a rebuke to those of us who've failed even 'to reach the standards of the past.' (Perhaps the time-scales are not strictly comparable. While these stories are said to resemble those of a bare 20 or 30 years ago, Ghiberti was still dishing out the mixture as before 88 years after Pisano, and only surpassed him a quarter of a century later.)

So we have a complaint that these stories show a degeneration in SF, or at best a culpable failure to improve, and that they were published purely to get into print, and to make money, without regard to worth. Indeed, the defalcation is so heinous that the transaction is compared to the betrayal of Jesus. Alas, this promising hint of a moral theology of SF is left undeveloped.

The Judas motive is, of course, ludicrous. Harding's budget was fair for Australia, but hardly calculated to drive one insane with greed. Certainly I wrote what I wanted to write, as well as I could, in response to an invitation pitched at my ego rather than my pocket. Those who wrote for Collins's book undoubtedly were attracted by the prospect of seeing their words in print, not always an ignoble impulse.

In my review in 24 Hours, I cited the only intellectually defensible claims embedded in your complaint: that there are 'no human beings in any of' the stories, and that such stories are



written "because the authors don't care terribly - not about the important things."

But what, other than the one I quoted, are these "important things"? Command of language? Bold imagination? Mastery of science? Eternal truths? Not mentioned. There is one additional hint: marvellous construction is praised. Could this be the missing key to progress? It doesn't seem likely.

Finally, in 3:3 I am chided (or so it seems) for managing "not to mention any of the stories individually" in my review. But then, of course, to review the whole set of stories in a collection seems to me at least as reasonable an approach as the enumeration of the qualities of the stories one by one.

Surely there can be no dictatorial objection to nuance, indirection, seven types of ambiguity and downright eccentricity in reviews, as in art. But if you insist on employing them, you'll have to stop being bloodyminded when your readers get bogged down in the curds and whey.

(JF: I apologise to my readers for the foregoing boring codswallop. But I'm not terribly dictatorial; if there are three readers who believe Broderick's stuff warrants an answer, I'll oblige.)

WE NOW RETURN TO NORMAL PROGRAMMING, AND WORLDCONSIDERATIONS!

JOHN MILLARD

I would like to comment and discuss the Worldcon Constitution Committee and the IGUANACON Business Meeting and their problems. It is definitely for publication. Merv Binns mentioned, in AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS, hearing from Don (not David) Eastlake and getting Larry Smith's address (Constitutional Committee Secretary) and writing to him for a copy of the draft constitution. Quite frankly this is a waste of time and money. It was about this time last year that Bob Hillis and Larry Smith, Chairman and Secretary of the Constitution Committee, respectively (and also until recently, Chairman and Secretary of the Worldcon Business Meetings, at MIDAMERICON, SUNCON, and IGUANACON, except that Don Eastlake was secretary at IGUANACON), circulated this draft to members of the Constitution Committee and to those who had made input to the Committee, such as Don Eastlake. Their proposal was very long and very complicated; while it had some merits, it also had a lot of faults, which overshadowed its better parts. I turned it down flatly and as there was some suggestion in their covering letter that they planned to present it to the Business Meeting at IGUANACON, I wrote and told them I was against it and that I would protest very strongly if they attempted to have it introduced at the Business Meeting. How many responses they received to their draft I have no idea, but I think those that they did get were like mine, negative. So at the IGGY Business Meeting an interim report was entered by the Committee, with a request for more time for discussion and consideration. To the best of my knowledge there hasn't been any activity in the last 12 months; at least no one has sent me anything since the Hillis/Smith draft.

Personally I think the idea of a permanent organization for the WSFS is a very good one. While it's not a real difficult job to write a constitution, it does require a big effort and it will be a very time-consuming one if we are to get the proper and workable constitution we need. The biggest problem of all is not the writing, but the lack of interest in the business affairs of the society shown by the general membership. Today the membership is running between four and five thousand and perhaps 50 to 60 people show up for a business meeting. With this kind of apathy I am wondering if the effort to do a proper job on a new constitution

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is really worth the effort. At this stage I am rather doubtful but we shall see. Both Bob Hillis and Larry Smith have more or less dropped out, I think, and Don Eastlake will be the Chairman of the Business Meeting at SEACON. Also Don is very busy working on NOREASCON II, so I can't see him having time available for working on a new constitution until after NOREASCON.

The convention as such was conceived and originated in the USA in 1939 and was not intended to be continuous, but somehow it has persisted and we have had a Worldcon every year since, except for the war years 1942 to 1945. So it must have some vitality and value. For these reasons and because the bulk of the membership resides in the USA the intention is to reorganize as a Non-profit Membership Corporation in the USA, in one of the states which doesn't have complicated registration requirements, such as Ohio or Illinois. To be fully accredited as a non-profit organization the constitution, or more properly the Articles of Incorporation (AofI) must adhere very closely to the criteria laid down by the US Internal Revenue Service. This is the way it has to be; it's not debatable but a fact of life, so we have to live with it. The AofI should be very simple, uncomplicated, and with a limited number of articles. For example:

NAME: we already have World Science Fiction Society, Inc.

PURPOSE: A non-profit educational/cultural organization for the promotion and enhancement of science fiction and fantasy in all its forms: books, periodicals, films, records, artwork, etc. (The purpose is not necessarily to operate conventions or present awards. Those are ways of promoting and enhancing science fiction and fantasy, so would be more properly covered by the By-Laws of the organization and should not be in the AofI.)

HOW IT WILL BE GOVERNED: The officers and directors of the organization, how many of each and how elected, terms of office, removal, etc.

HOW IT WILL BE FINANCED: Where the funds will come from and how they will be used and disposed of, etc.

AMENDMENTS: All AofI require rules for amending. As we have very definite requirements, the rules for amending should be very difficult. Powers for the Board to make necessary changes; as this is not a debatable point it is much easier for the Board to do it, so it should have the powers to do so.

The By-Laws would cover all the other aspects of the organization and could be a bit more complicated, but I hope not too much. It would cover such things as: conventions, awards, standing rules for business meetings, amending procedures. These, the amending rules, should be a bit more difficult than they have been in the past. Of course anything written into the By-laws cannot contravene the AofI.

At this point I wonder who might have the interest and the time to pursue such a project and all it entails, plus of course the unknown factors? I think there also has to be a mechanism whereby all members of the Society may participate in its affairs if they wish to do so, other than just those who attend the Worldcon Business Meeting. This means we have to resort to the mails and it also means we will need a publication of one kind or another.

Of course, all of this is in the fannish tradition, so it shouldn't be a real problem, but it will take some one who has the interest, the time and the high ideals of doing the very best job for the

(continued on page 21)

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# The I-Beam Column

Do you remember what it was like back in the years '72-'75 before AUSSIECON? Come to think of it I guess most of you don't! Even an old and tired fan like Marc Ortlieb doesn't remember those great days when the rest of the world had just discovered Australian fandom and being an Aussie fan was very 'in'. Things aren't like that these days, though in North America everybody seems to think that being a British fan is the thing, but I guess it's only a passing phase.

Once upon a time most Australian fans (all five of them) used to be concerned at what all the BNFs in North America were up to because if they did something then Australian fans should do it too. Then somebody discovered that we could do things that pleased us and still be fannish, and for the last few years there have seemed to be enough fans in Australia that we could conduct our business without contact with the outside world. Well, that's how most people seem to be acting, for although there seems to be more fanac in Australia now than ever before I guess that a smaller percentage of it gets overseas.

Western Australian fans seem to me to be in the same relationship to Eastern states Australian fans as we used to believe we had to North Americans. Australian fans once suffered from the cultural cringe, feeling cut off from what they thought was really happening by vast distances and unavoidable timelags. The Nullarbor is not as large or difficult a barrier as the Pacific, but it is there and the fans on either side of it treat it the same way as they regard the Pacific. Western Australian fans had, and still largely have, a bad attack of the 'cultural cringes'.

Fandom in Perth (it is difficult to call the fans in Melbourne 'Victorian fans' and I don't think there are any other fan centres in WA) started, so they tell me, in Melbourne at AUSSIECON when some of the fans who had come over enjoyed themselves so much they wanted to do it again. Out of that wish came SWANCON I which was held in Tony Peacey's house and from that grew the Western Australian SF Society and Perth fandom as it exists today. After four years of activity a whole group of people has gathered, and they loosely operate under the banner of WASFA. If four years of activity doesn't seem much then remember that it was only four years after Australian fandom had re-established itself in '66 that we felt strong enough to bid for a Worlcon. And Perth fans seem as able and energetic to me as I think Melbourne fandom was in 1970 if not more recently.

Apparently one of the reasons I was invited to be GoH at WAYCON was that those organising the convention thought that getting me there would be a good way of finding out what goes on over here in the Eastern states. I'm not sure yet how they found out that I knew just about everybody's secrets and bad habits and all the juicy stories of what went on behind closed doors at a certain Sydney convention, but I was flattered to be given the chance to let out all those secrets I'd been sitting on for so long. Unfortunately it seems that SASFA and the SSFF guessed what I planned and sent observers to check on me, and I didn't get a chance to spill the beans. I seemed to spend most of my time at the convention either being entertained by the locals and their exotic habits, or sitting on panels and giving a GoH talk directed at passing on as painlessly as possible and in capsule form a history of Australian fandom and a feeling that it was something



that Perth fans are involved in. I'm not sure if I had much success, but then it's very difficult to judge the effects of anything you do in front of an audience at a convention.

The fans in Perth have evolved their own ideas of what being a fan means; their attitudes have been influenced by occasional visits to Eastern states conventions and the rare fanzine that makes it over their way. One of the displays at WAYCON was a nice photographic coverage of the previous SWANCONS which I enjoyed looking at - the last row was of people in fancy dress who looked familiar, and it took me a while to recognize them as some costumes from UNICON IV. Anywhere else in Australia I would have recognized them instantly but there, in Perth, it never occurred to me that anybody from WA would have been at that con - because it's so far, and because the WA fans seem so separate and untainted by fandom over here. However, after WAYCON and the good reports of that convention which will drift around for a while, Perth fans stand a very good chance of being 'in' for the next couple of years. Easterners will turn up at their conventions and observe their exotic activities and be amused by all the little differences that exist between fandom in Perth and in Melbourne or Sydney. The natural and unsophisticated ways of Perth fen will become well-known and the BNFs of Perth fandom will become well-known and welcomed anywhere in Australia. It will all be good egoboo for Perth fans!

Perth fans will bid for and get to hold a National Convention and get lots of Easterners over at one time. It will be real big-time for the Perth fans and the Easterners will love it because it will feel like one of those good old National Conventions we had before the war. There will be rosy glows all round for a while but they will dissipate, after which Perth fans will be regarded as Australian fans just like anybody else - a state of affairs I look forward to because I think some of the fans in Perth will be valuable members of Australian fandom in the next five years.

There is only one problem with the development of Perth fandom and that is their lack of communication with the rest of the world. How many readers of Chunder! can name more than three Perth fans? And even if you can think of three names, can you say anything about their interests or personalities? If you can't then it is not your fault. It is really the fault of Perth fans for not telling you. Their use of fanzines as a form of communication is underdeveloped.

Not that they lack fanzines over there. It's that they lack the idea of fanzines being part of that vast international network that keeps all fans together one way or another. While I was there I was given five different fanzines which were all underdeveloped because their editors have not been exposed to many fanzines from outside Perth. Generally the fanzines are written for a very small audience of Perth fans, so much of the work reaches apazine standard where everybody knows everybody and why should the editor put it on paper because he will tell you about it anyhow when he sees you next Wednesday. Bevan Casey says it directly in his fanzine: 'Anyway, I really think my ramblings should be saved for face-to-face confrontations or something similar....' But I'm not likely to see Bevan again for a couple of years and I'd like to keep on knowing what he's doing and what he's thinking.

Stephen Dedman produced a four-paged issue of a fanzine called THE RAVIN' for WAYCON and proved to be more insular than anybody else in assuming that everybody who read his fanzine would already know him because he didn't even bother to print his address anywhere. Even though I enjoyed his effort he won't let me tell him about it.

Ian Nicholls is an interesting Perth fan whose fanzine more closely







## BULLSHIT!

(A new column to which readers are invited to contribute)

Some of you will be saying to yourselves 'is fandom ready for synecdoche?', while others will be making rather more vulgar remarks. Anyway, the notion is borrowed from NATIONAL LAMPOON, and I give a couple of example to get the thing started. Please give the source of your quotations clearly.

'Although this ((an idea in van Vogt's The World of A)) is indeed pseudoscience, it is related to Lagrange's Law (1906), a mathematical demonstration that an object of any mass large or small in Earth's orbit and forming an equilateral triangle with the Earth and the Sun will remain in a fixed position relative to the Earth. This has not led, of course, to the Law of Three-point Similarity, but it has led to the suggestion that communication satellites in "stationary" orbits now connect the regions of the Earth.'

(SCIENCE FICTION History, Science, Vision. Robert Scholes & Eric S. Rabkin, Oxford University Press, New York 1977, p 159)

'A particularly good example of space opera, which science fiction writers themselves admire is Cordwainer Smith's "Scanners Live in Vain" (1948).'

(ibid. p. 172)

.....  
"THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE TO-DAY"

Changes to convention committees in Sydney were recently announced.

### AUSTRALIA IN '83

The new committee (Sydney Branch) is:

Carey Handfield, Chairman

Ken Ozanne, Director of Overseas Fan Relations

Keith Curtis, Director of Australian Fan Relations

Members: Jack Herman, Tony Howe, Eric Lindsay, Shayne McCormack, Peter Toluzzi.

Unfortunately, the recent edition of AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS managed to print a slightly inexact report on the committee changes, as a consequence of one (or more) members of the new committee blabbing just before the changes were made: I trust this was a momentary lapse, and that the committee will keep its own business to itself.

This committee hopes to begin publication of an AUSTRALIA IN '83 BULLETIN in the near future.

A meeting of the Adelaide and Sydney groups is being planned for Eastercon.

### SYNCON '79

The committee for this convention has changed only slightly; instead of Peter Toluzzi being sole chairman, he and Robin Johnson are now co-chairmen. (You may recall that last Easter the Sydney folks argued that Australian conventions needed to have site-selection two years in advance in order to make sound arrangements for GoH and hotel. In less than one year they've change GoH, hotel, and con chairman. Ho hum.)



## COCHRANE AND GILLESPIE GET KNOTTED!

This masonic headline is not a suggestion or order, but the introduction to one of the True Stories for which Chunder! is so renowned.

According to one of these inevitable Reliable Sources Elaine Cochrane and Bruce Gillespie were married on Saturday March 3: your reporter was not present, but still reeling from shock, he showed up at a celebratory get-together at John Bangsund's where the B & G showed every signs of being B & G.

This could, it first seemed, have serious implications for Australian fandom. Did it mean, for example, there would be no more moans about the ungratefulness of the readers of SF COMMENTARY? Would we read no more of Crushing Blows of a truly staggering size?

Good sense, thank heavens, would seem to have triumphed, and it appears that we can look forward to the same, but in double quantity. Chunder! naturally wishes the happy pair years of gloom and despair in the years ahead.

## SPEAKING OF CRUSHING BLOWS

Brian Thurogood can't make it to Eastercon, and has been replaced as Fan GoH by Keith Curtis, a little-known auctioneer from Sydney.

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Carey Handfield, PO Box A 491, Sydney South, NSW 2000  
 Lee Harding, Sherbrooke Rd, Sherbrooke, Vic 3189  
 Jack Herman, 7B Kingsbury St, Camden Park, NSW 2133  
 Robin Johnson, PO Box A 491, Sydney South, NSW 2000  
 Peter Toluzzi, PO Box K 471, Haymarket, NSW 2000.

## UPCOMING CONVENTIONS

EASTERCON (April 13-16), Sheraton Hotel Melbourne. All details from PO Box 175, South Melbourne, V 3205.

AUSTRALIAN COMIC-CON (June 15-17), RMIT, Melbourne. Membership (to May 1) \$10; non-attending memberships \$3. Make cheques payable to 'Australian Comic Collectors Association'. Joseph Italiano, 27 Percy Street, Mitcham, V3132, or Moris Sztajer, 11 Ferndell Cres, Templestowe, Vic 3106.

QUASARCON (June 16-18) Adelaide. Memberships \$10 to April 30, \$12.50 to May 31, \$15 thereafter. Paul Anderson, 21 Mulga Rd, Hawthornedene, SA 5051.

SYNCON 79 (August 10 -13) Sydney. Memberships \$12, non-attending \$4. To PO Box 146, Burwood, NSW. 2134

PULPCON 79 (September 1 & 2). Melbourne. Memberships \$8 from Tim Dawson, 11 Murphy Street, Kew, Vic 3101.

## GUFF FUNDRAISING

GUFFwater is still being offered for sale at 50 ¢ a flagon. For supplies contact Jillian Foyster, phone (03) 26 1401. This mineral water, equal in effectiveness to the much-praised Daylesford Spa Water, was first marketed to fans at the GUFF Fund Raising weekend at Kyneton in February.

That weekend raised \$54.54, and the participants enjoyed a variety of activities (continued over)



Chunder! is published on the first day of each month by John Foyster, GPO Box 4039, Melbourne, Victoria 3001, AUSTRALIA, and is available at the rate of FIVE for one dollar (no subs over \$1, please) or, better still, for contributions in the form of letters, articles, artwork.

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(GUFF FUNDRAISING continued)

Carey Handfield built a swimming pool; the rest of the community swam in it. Valma Brown won the fashions of the field contest when she appeared attired for swimming in a small bikini and large gumboots. The computer played STAR WARS with fans throughout the weekend, but an attempt to stage a cricket match failed for lack of players; most people just lolled around and exchanged pleasantries. An occasional intelligent remark of a literary nature was heard, and Chris Johnston did a great deal of line practice.  
(Elizabeth Darling)

[illegible]

## EDITORIAL

When I announced last time that Chunder! would be published monthly I didn't really have a 24 page issue in mind. Two days ago I didn't have a 24 page issue in mind. I still want to settle down to 20 pages, and hope to achieve this by June. Mean ter say, a feller's got WAHF-type statements to make about ace letterhacks like John Bangsund and Irwin Hirsh.

The new exciting subscription rate results from paper costs in the main. Last September I could get my regular paper for \$4.50 a ream: the blue stuff used for the two previous issues cost \$5.93 a ream. Postage isn't a problem, but when paper costs that much it becomes time to think about a balance between income and outgo.

That means I'll be cutting back on the overseas airmail copies, too.  
Many of those will go surface in future.

And there'll be a cutting-back on the local free-loaders as well. I'm not a very demanding subscription manager, but let's keep it in hand. Check your status below.

Next issue I hope Marc will be back to talk about apas, and there'll be reports on Eastercon. And MOST IMPORTANT a longish piece on fanzines (which have been rather too much ignored in these pages).  
Deadline for next issue - April 26.

.....

YOUR STATUS: Okay ..... Sample: trade? ..... This is your last.....



## GUFF FUNDIES FIVE

From Leigh Edmonds, PO Box 103, Brunswick, Victoria 3056. Produced every few weeks to publicize the notion of GUFF. Distributed by John Foyster with CHUNDER.

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### THE STATE OF THE FUND:

In Australia the GUFF coffers are now full up to the \$762.89 mark and I hope that by the time the fund closes it will be up to almost the \$900 mark. \$54.54 was raised at the mini-convention held by Peter & Elizabeth Darling (this includes the proceeds from Jillian's GUFFwater stall as well) and apart from another \$12.50 I raised selling some fanzines in WA the rest has come in with votes.

The total number of votes recorded for GUFF now stands over the 100 mark with over 80 of them being recorded in Australia. I bet you'd love to know who is winning and if anybody really want to know they can buy a hint from me for a mere \$75, not that I think anybody is that keen. Voting closes at the end of this month so if you want to vote and haven't done so yet you have only a short time left to get your ballot forms returned to me. I'm not asking John to send out another ballot form with this sheet as I assume that you all have quite enough copies already. However if you somehow have escaped the plague you will be able to get a voting form from me at the EasterCon or if you are really desperate I'll accept votes on ordinary pieces of paper provided that the voter is eligible under the rules.

Do we have enough money yet? Well with about \$760 here and about 220 Pounds stored in the UK (making approximately \$1100) I would have thought so except that the people at OPEC have decided that they want to be even richer and as yet I have no idea what sort of increase that is going to put on airfares. We can only wait and see.

### MAKING MORE MONEY:

In a couple of weeks time at EasterCon GUFF will be holding its last (just about) fund raising event, an auction of several and various interesting artifacts. Below are listed most of the things that I have to hand so far.

- 1976-77 Jet Propulsion Laboratory Report of 36 glossy pages with many interesting photographs and reports of different activities.
- A NASA Publication entitled "Voyager to Saturn and Jupiter", 58 pages booklet describing the mission and the spacecraft itself with many photos and illustrations.
- Viking Project Mission Operations Status Bulletins 1 to 37 covering the Viking project to soft land on Mars from March 31, 1975 to August 4, 1976. About 120 pages of the best documentation of Viking that you are likely to get with many photographs taken of Mars from the orbiters as well as the by now familiar photos from the surface.
- 6 colour reproductions of artists renditions of things like Space Shuttle in orbit, Voyager and Seastat about 240mmx180mm.
- 3 photographs (1 colour) taken on the Martian surface, each photo about 240mm long but of varying widths.
- 1 black and white photo of Phobos 240mmx190mm with various geographical (?) features marked.
- 3 colour photos of the surface of Mars taken by the Viking orbiter, two looking directly down to the surface and the third taken as the spacecraft still approached the planet showing a good half of the planet although most of it is dark with the terminator running across the top of the planet. All are in colour and sizes about as above.
- 1 colour photo taken by Viking lander of Martian Sunset, size as above.



- 1 colour photograph of Saturn with photo of Earth inset to same scale as Saturn to give an idea of the size of the different planets.
- 1 colour photograph taken by Voyager One showing Earth and the moon in the one picture frame. To me this is an even more impressive picture than some of those taken of Earth from the moon. (By the way this same photo is also reproduced on the cover of the JPL report previously mentioned.)
- Abstracts from the magazine SCIENCE of 29 March 1974 covering various aspects of the Mariner 10 encounter with Venus including such topics as "Preliminary Infrared Radiometry of Venus", "Venus Mass, Gravity Field, Atmosphere, and Ionosphere" and "Magnetic Field Observations near Venus". 37 pages with colour cover of the issue of SCIENCE showing Venus.

(All the above items were supplied by Harry Andruschak, a fan who lives in the US and works for JPL. He tells me that a similar bundle is also on its way but probably won't be here in time for Easter. I forgot to mention that all the reproductions of photos and paintings mentioned are from NASA and have commentaries printed on their reverse sides. Moving onto even better material, Lee Harding has supplied us with the following...)

Original manuscripts from ROOMS OF PARADISE, copy-edited:

- GENE WOLFE : Our Neighbour by David Copperfield  
(autographed - in two places - by the author and inscribed "This manuscript is donated in support of the First GUFF fund".)
- IAN WATSON : The Rooms of Paradise.
- SAKYO KOMATSU (trans. Judith Merrill) : The Savage Mouth.
- CHERRY WILDER : The Falldown Man.
- DAMIEN BRODERICK ; A Passage in Earth  
(PLUS the corrected first-draft of this story)
- PHILIPPA C. MADDERN : Ignorant of Magic.
- KEVIN McKAY : Pie Row Joe
- DAVID LAKE : Re-deem the Time

... ALSO : One (1) set of corrected galley/proofs for ROOMS OF PARADISE and  
One (1) set of corrected page proofs for ROOMS OF PARADISE.

(We hope to have other manuscripts to auction by Easter but at the moment we have no details to give you. Come prepared however. Other items we have to auction will include...)

- a small red book entitled "Philosophy of God's Mathematics of the Atomic Energy" by one Timothy O'Mahoney, Esq. The contents are too amazing to even attempt to describe although it contains verse which among some of the worst I have ever seen. a copy of this book was auctioned at WAYCON and I think that it was sought mainly as a fearsome weapon that could be used in D & D.
- SKYCON 78 Programme Book. SKYCON was a convention held in the UK last Easter and it contains the usual convention booklet material. It also contains the signatures of the writers at the 1978 Milford Writers' Conference including such people as John Brunner, Ken Bulmer, Richard Cowper, Robert Holdstock and Christopher Priest.
- the 64th mailing of ANZAPA. This is the last unattached copy of the 10th anniversary mailing of ANZAPA with over 400 pages of some remarkably good fanish material. A copy was auctioned at WAYCON for \$15.
- "Dipping into ANZAPA", about seventy pages reprinting some of the best material from the first 20 mailings of ANZAPA. A copy of this is included in the 64th mailing of the apa.

#### MAIL AUCTION

There is no mail auction as such but if you are not going to be able to attend the Easter convention and are interested in any of the above items you can write to me telling how much you would be willing to bid to for any of the items. The sum you nominate will then become the reserve on the item and if nobody else wants to go beyond that price I'll contact you right after the con for your money.