

# CONSTANTINOPLE



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& LITERATURE  
SCIENCE FICTION  
CONVENTION  
1 - 4 April 1994**

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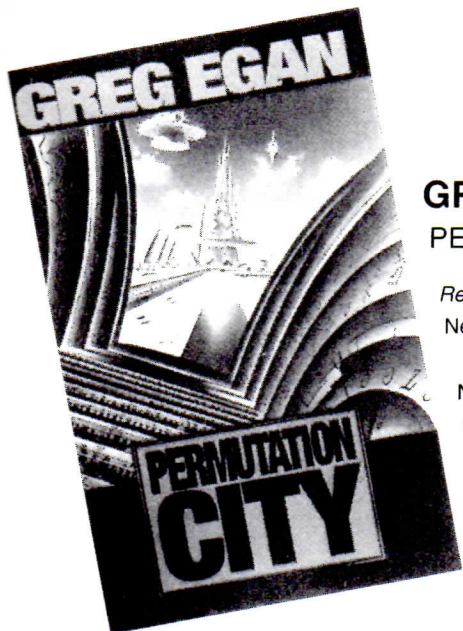


SEP 1993



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# INTRODUCTION



On March 1st 1991, at St David's Church Hall - best known to many as the home of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club - the first meeting of the Constantinople committee took place. There the idea grew in the deep dark recesses of our minds to hold a convention that appealed to both the literature and media sides of Science Fiction fandom. It meant we would bid twice for the right to hold the national convention and suffer two sets of nervous collapse as we awaited the results of our bid.

Under the motto of "Uniting the Empire" we journeyed north to the 1992 National Science Fiction Convention - Syncon '92 and yes, the bid was ours. Three months later the committee went west to Adelaide and Hongcon, the National Media Convention. Amidst triumphant applause, we were now the holder of both national convention titles. Which leads me to the purpose of this introduction! As Chairman of this convention it gives me great pleasure to present you, three years in the making:-

## CONSTANTINOPL

### The 33rd National Science Fiction Convention and the 14th National Media Convention.

You'll find as you go along there are several themes to this convention. One theme running through the con is "Cyberpunk". That's the obvious one with William Gibson as our Guest of Honour. Another theme

is "Cats". The cat, *Constantinople*, drawn by artist Phil Wlodarczyk, is our logo and also gives us the name of our convention. Our charity, where profits from this convention go, is the Cat Protection Society - you'll see a lot of cats at Constantinople! I'll leave it to you to find other themes running through our program. Enjoy your search, and enjoy our convention too!

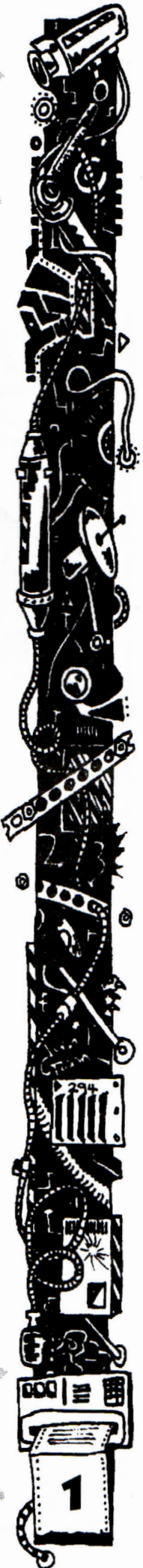
I hope you feel warmly welcomed for my next words are to the people who have helped Constantinople. There are dozens of people and organisations who have helped, from distributing our publicity reports to appearing in our program and building our sets. You've come up with good ideas and cheered us on when our feet were dragging. Thanks to all, thoroughly and publicly, from the tallest to the shortest (though not necessarily in that order!), who have helped Constantinople along the way. I won't list you all by name - that is already done on the Thank You page, and my editor has sternly warned me to keep this introduction to four hundred words!

My last words and my most enduring thanks go to my committee, the people who have kept the dream alive through two sets of bidding, crises big and small, my dear friends, without whom this convention would not have existed at all.

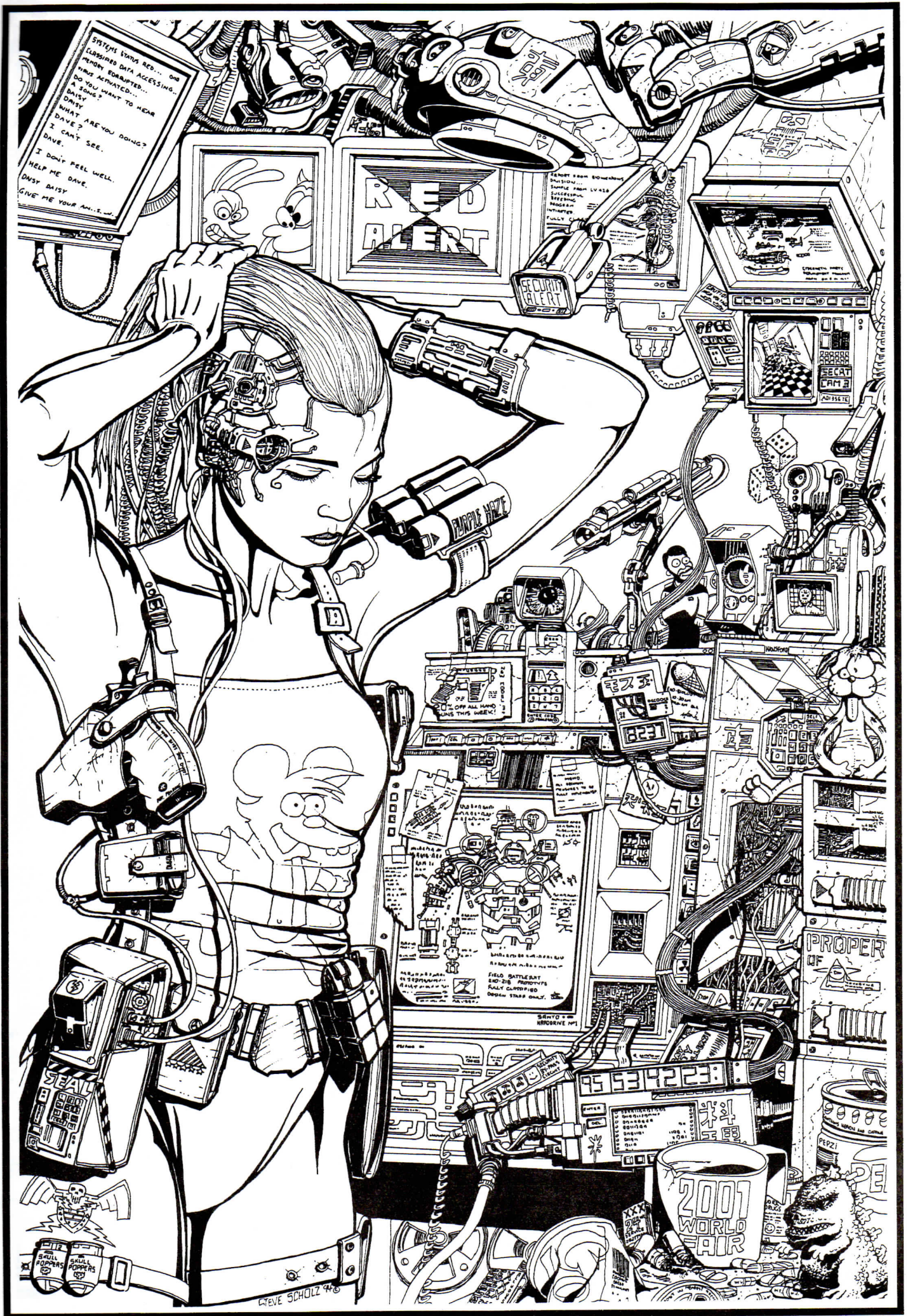


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SYSTEMS STATUS RED... ONE  
CLASSIFIED DATA ACCESSING...  
MEMBER EQUIPPED...  
DO YOU WANT TO HEAR  
A SONG?  
DAISY  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?  
DAVE  
I CAN'T SEE.  
I DON'T FEEL WELL.  
HELP ME DAVE.  
DUSY DAISY  
GIVE ME YOUR AN...  
DAVE.

RED  
ALERT

SECURITY  
ALERT

PURPLE MIZE

SEAL

FIELD BATTLE  
MAP

2001  
WORLD  
FAIR

PEPZI

KEVE SCHOLZ '98





# William Gibson

Constantinople  
Guest of Honour

**F**irstly, a very important point here. William Gibson did not invent CYBERPUNK nor has he ever claimed to have done so. The term was coined by BRUCE BETHICE in his story 'Cyberpunk' in 1983. Now the term 'Cyberspace', that's different, that appeared in *Neuromancer*. But I digress. Firstly a bit of personal detail:

William (Ford) Gibson was born in Conway, South Carolina on the 17th March 1948. He grew up in Virginia. Moved to Canada in 1968 after being rejected by his draft board. After living in Toronto, he moved to Vancouver in 1972. He was educated at the University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.A. in English 1977. William married Deborah Jean Thompson in 1972; one son and daughter, Graeme and Claire. He is the recipient of the Philip K. Dick Memorial award, Hugo and Nebula award in 1985.

William Gibson's output of writing includes : *Agrippa* : A Book of the Dead, with etchings by Dennis Ashbaugh , *Burning Chrome* - one of the stories of which, *Fragments of a Hologram Rose* was published in *Unearth* in 1977, another *New Rose Hotel* appeared in *Omni*, July 1984, *Count Zero*, *The Difference Engine* was written in collaboration with Bruce Sterling, *Mona Lisa Overdrive*, *Neuromancer*, and just recently, *Virtual Light* ; 'Skinner's room' was a short story that later became part of 'Virtual Light' and it appeared in *Omni*, November 1991.

William Gibson is one of the writers that became involved in the 'cyberpunk' genre of writing - that hard, cold gritty style of writing that came about in the early 80's. Most of Gibson's books read like hard-boiled detective novels in style. The lead characters are tough and fighting against the odds. I have to admit a certain fondness for Molly, the razor girl. I have always thought having a set of razor sharp scalpels under one's finger nails could be useful.

William Gibson is a very hard person to find information on. Articles written about his work abound, but the gentleman himself is elusive. With the release of 'Virtual Light', the world at large has discovered what science fiction fans have known since the release of 'Neuromancer' in 1984 - this guy writes good stuff.

As William Gibson is a quiet sort of chap, it might be better just to list a few things about his writing and other aspects of his career rather than the man himself: William was a fan in the early 80's and fanzines exist with letters that he wrote back then. ❖ Billy Idol's new album 'Cyberpunk' has a track called 'Neuromancer'. ❖ U2 has stated that 'Zooropa' was heavily influenced by Gibson. ❖ Deborah Harry has recorded a song with lyrics written by Gibson. ❖ He is one of Newsweek's top 100 'Cultural Elite'. ❖ He no longer attends larger science fiction conventions. ❖ 'New Rose Hotel' is set to be made into a movie, to shoot in Tokyo and directed by Abel Ferrara, although not from any of the four versions that William wrote himself. 'Mona Lisa Overdrive' has been optioned by Flathead Productions and 'Count Zero' has been optioned by Carolco. The rights to 'Neuromancer' have reverted back to Gibson. ❖ 'Johnny Mnemonic' is currently in production with Pressure Pictures. The director is Robert Longo. It should star Val (Willow) Kilmer and feature Ice-T, Jane Marsh and Dolph Lundgren. It still has a cyborg dolphin who's a heroin addict and a guy with lots of hidden information in his head, the rest is completely different. ❖ Sylvester Stallone owns the rights to 'Burning Chrome'. ❖ 'Neuromancer' was written on a manual typewriter - a Swiss machine from the shop of E. Paillard and Cie S.A. Yverdon. ❖ Gibson wrote a script for 'Aliens III' which wasn't used. ❖ William Gibson doesn't have an E-mail number but he does have a fax machine. He gets about 35 feet of unsolicited fax per day. He buys the paper by the box from the Korean greengrocer around the corner from his house. ❖ *Agrippa* is a story-on-a-disk that destroys itself as you read it. It is a piece of poetry about the frailty of memory. William has said it is a piece of performance art. With only 455 copies selling from US \$450 to \$7500, it was a fascinating idea. The unbreakable code was cracked within 3 days after release and the text was posted on Internet.

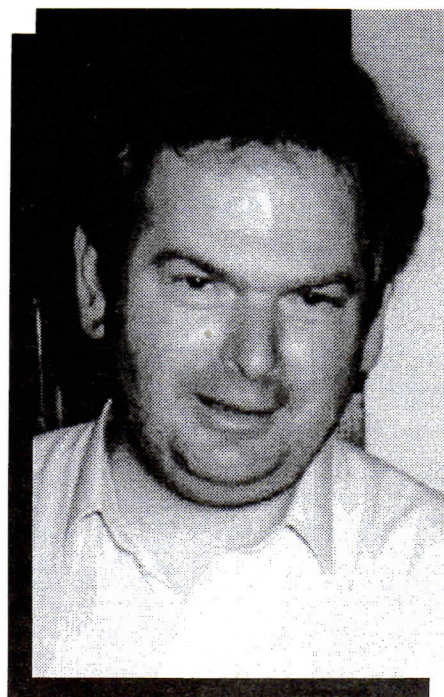
All information was correct at the time of publication of the sources.





Constantinople  
Fan Guests of Honour

# Bruce Gillespie



## MYSELF WHEN THIN by Bruce Gillespie

'Bruce Gillespie was thin? You don't mean it. When?'  
When I joined fandom in early 1968, I was shy, earnest, bookish, enthusiastic - and thin and gangling. At least 4 stone lighter than I am now! I have the photos to prove it!

The same set of photos shows that I was a tubby baby, but from then on I kept growing up, but not yet out. Total incompetence at sport combined with a manic need for reading matter made me an outcast at Oakleigh primary and secondary schools. I wanted to be a writer (to give the same pleasure to others that Enid Blyton's books gave to me) but rarely wrote fiction. Instead I wrote reviews and opinion pieces, and made several attempts while at school to publish small magazines. The magazine I co-edited during Form 3 (Year 9) is still the only Gillespie fanzine to turn a profit.

I had always read Enid Blyton and children's fantasy books, but at the age of twelve crossed to the Adults Section of a nearby library. There I discovered the Science Fiction shelf. The first SF book I read was *World of Chance*, the much-abridged British edition of Philip Dick's first novel *Solar Lottery*. The pattern of my life (PKD mania) was set. Jack Williamson's *The Humanoids* was next. Nothing in conventional fiction was like this. With my meagre pocket money I began to buy the SF magazines and the occasional SF book. I had met only one other SF reader in my life, and it did not occur to me that there might be others in Melbourne.

McGill's Newsagency was the one true source of SF in Melbourne. I did not know then that it's manager, Merv Binns, was secretary/treasurer/organiser of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club. Leaflets advertising the club were placed inside SF books sold at McGill's, but I could not attend the meetings because I was never in town at night (since by now I was living at Bacchus Marsh, and commuting to Melbourne University every day).

One day in 1966 I found on the front shelf of McGill's a copy of a slim magazine called *Australian Science Fiction Review*. I did not buy it. 40 cents seemed too high a price. But I bought No. 2 when it appeared a month later. That day is one of the two or three most important in my life. In *ASFR* I found a combination of wit, erudition, critical acumen and user-friendly writing that was quite different from the inane book review and fan columns in the professional magazines. In *ASFR* I found a kind of genius: an editor named John Bangsund and two other writers, Lee Harding and John Foyster, who wrote the magazine between them.

I was a very shy person when I was twenty. I did not subscribe to *ASFR*. Instead I bought it monthly at the front counter at McGill's. When in late 1967 the schedule began to slip, I was so concerned that I sent a subscription to John Bangsund. In early January 1968, I also sent some articles about Philip K. Dick to him.

It shows much about my acute sense of being a thin, awkward person that although I had just finished an Arts degree and had put a lot of effort into writing the articles, I expected John to send them straight back. Instead he rang from Ferntree Gully and invited me to stay for the weekend.

It was a strange, rich weekend. At the age of twenty I had rarely spent a night away from home, let alone an entire weekend. John Bangsund, a bit puzzled by this gormless disciple from Bacchus Marsh, was rather different from the blithe image he projected in print. Ebullient Lee Harding was the person who took me under his wing, telling great tales of people and places in the SF world. On the Sunday afternoon, most of Melbourne's well-known fans visited the Bangsund residence. At one go, I met many of the people who have stayed very important in my life: John Foyster and his wife Elizabeth (who is now Elizabeth Darling), Rob Gerrand, Damien Broderick, George Turner, Paul Stevens and Tony Thomas, among others.

I had officially joined fandom. I sent contributions to *ASFR*. But some, including the Phil Dick articles, were not published. The *ASFR* schedule slipped, then stopped. but after years of search I had now found the world of self-published magazines: fanzines. All that was needed was the money to publish, and a duplicator.

In 1969, for my first teaching job, I was posted to Ararat Technical School. There is nothing worse than being stuck in a Victorian country town, with few acquaintances and fewer friends, if you are very bad at teaching. To compensate for my constant sense of failure, I spent all my spare time publishing *SF Commentary*, my new fanzine. The *ASFR* crew at Ferntree Gully actually printed the first two issues for me. Such self-sacrifice in the cause of fandom!

The first issue of *SF Commentary* contained, at last, the Phil Dick articles that I had written more than a year before. (Eventually they were republished in *Philip K. Dick: Electric Shepherd*.) Articles and letters poured in, mainly from overseas. One letter was from Phil Dick. With financial help, I bought an ancient duplicator. With the help of Stephen Campbell (who was still at school in Ararat, but not at my school), I published 18 issues of *SFC* in two years. No wonder I was then when I left Ararat and returned home. (By now, my parents were living in East Preston.)

Except for an eight-year lay-off (during which I began *The Metaphysical Review*), *SF Commentary* has occupied much of my interest since 1969. Because of it, I've gained several jobs, particularly the wonderful position which I took up in 1971 at the Education Department's Publication Branch. Because of it, I've gained an ever-widening circle of friends, particularly several women who might not have noticed me otherwise. Fans gave me approval (including many Ditmars and three Hugo nominations), but only slowly did I gain self-confidence.

I see now that I always associated thinness with misery. I was never thinner than when I returned from Ararat; I became thin again during some tense months in 1976. When Elaine and I got together in 1978, I was still more cylindrical than spherical. But together Elaine and I discovered good fellowship, good food and good wines, and the inevitable happened to my waistline. I suppose the day I achieve absolute happiness will be the day before some doctor or Mort forces me onto a permanent diet.

Until then, bon appetit.

Bruce Gillespie, 15 October 1992.







# Bean & Medge

Constantinople Fan Guests of Honour  
Quick! Run while you can!

**T**he Truth by Anon (Not Bean & Medge... honest... well, just a little, maybe... I mean, would we ask our guests to write their own bios?)

Who are Bean and Medge? Where did they come from? Where are they going? When did they become BNF's? Well I'm glad you ask.

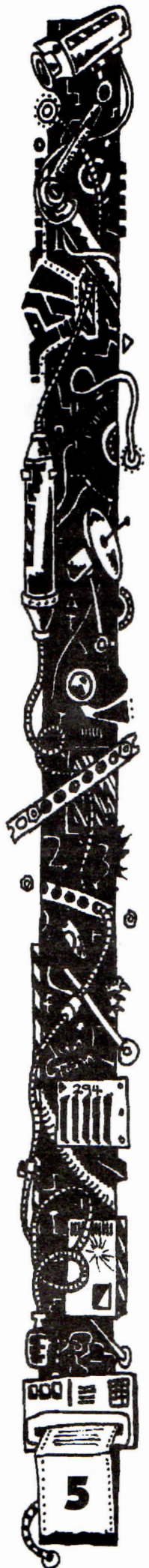
Let us start this lecture on Bean and Medge with a brief look at the history of each of them.

Bean grew into existence in the deeper, damper end of a hat box found floating down the Amazon. She was rescued from certain sociability by a troop of chimpanzees. Unlike Greystoke before her, however, she believed from day one that she was better than her compatriots, smarter, cleaner, less likely to have fleas and above all, she hated bananas. She overcame her decidedly non-civilised upbringing when she gained a place reading psychohistory at Cambridge. She graduated in 1937 with honours, having written a prize winning thesis in which she proved conclusively that Sigmund Freud did not exist. She moved to America soon after to initiate the "Elvis is still alive" rumours that persist to this very day. On her travels she has had the good fortune of meeting and influencing some of the world's greatest minds - people like Einstein, Hawkings, Lennon and Gaiman have all fallen for her charms, all changing their way of life to impress this formidable woman. Einstein gave up failing Maths; Hawkings actually took up physics; Lennon stopped putting the boot in and Neil Gaiman actually stopped being a piano player in a brothel. On returning home to England in the late sixties Bean felt that things had changed too much, she felt that the emerging culture was too strict, too overbearing. Having not enough freedom for her liking, reluctantly she left for Australia. Half way to Australia unfortunately, the sieve in which she was sailing hit a reef and sank. This was the last we heard from the venerable Bean. Some people still believe that she will one day turn up again and start flaunting her impressive intellect. In fact every year now in Australia a small group of dedicated fans gather in anticipation for the second coming of The Bean. Each year other groups vie for the option of holding a gathering in their state in a competition with so many rules and regulations that it would make The Bean blush.

In stark contrast to the glamour that was Bean, we have Medge. Thrown out from home for being too much like his father, he was left to roam the streets in Idaho posing as River Phoenix. He was unable to make much of a living in this setting as he soon discovered that he was suffering from a rare disease known as necrolepsy, where the sufferer is given over to sudden attacks of death. Little is known of his life from then until the day he was caught up in the scandal that brought about the downfall of an American government. Hidden away in FBI files is a full account of the Nixon Watergate scandal and Medge's role in that. These records have just been released to us so that we can forewarn anyone who is thinking of approaching this man. In the early days it would seem, the whole idea was a bit of a joke, Medge had decided that this joke could be taken one step further with the introduction of a few nuns and an ostrich. Presidential advisers were quickly there to point out the errors inherent with this behaviour, citing a number of previous examples: the Rhode Island scare of 1909, the canary incident of 1922 and the hat box in the Amazon affair of 1929 - all to no avail. Nixon fell from grace, and Medge disappeared into the undergrowth around the statue of Lincoln. He turned up again many years later, involved in the running of some dubious business practices just outside of Hong Kong. Having escaped the death penalty for those, he is once again in hiding, waiting for what he calls the right time.

**Bean & Medge** by Bean & Medge.

Why are we Fan Guest's of Honour at Constantinople? Well - they asked us. Wrote a letter and everything... No, no no... I mean, why did they ask us? Because we've done so much for the cause of fandom. No we haven't. Well alright. But we did do Hongcon! Yes, and? Well... Precisely. Could it be our extensive knowledge on all things fannish. No. Perhaps it is because we're so wonderful. Guess again. Well what is it then? It is because we have the ability to coalesce the inner vapours of fandom to initiate the unfulfilled wishes and desires of all those who listen. That is why were FGoHs. That sounds like a bit of a wank to me! No think about it. Alright... See I'm right aren't I. Hold on, I haven't thought about it yet! Ok, I can wait.... You're right, you know! Of course I'm right. Who would have thought we could do all that? Yeah, who would have thought? Makes ya feel kinda humble really. Yep. I feel the need to spread the word among our followers. You do that. I feel the need to enter the lives of those less fortunate. Yes, Yes. I feel the need to... What will you be doing? I will be watch you making a complete git of yourself. Ha bloody Ha. So what's the real reason? Why don't you tell me? We have our own comic strip in Steve and Martin's Excellant Fanzine. That's it? Yep, that's it. But surely Steve or Martin would have been a better choice then. Martin is in America. And Steve? Steve no longer exists on this plane. Good point. Wait a minute that can't be right. No you're right it can't. So where does that leave us? Back at square one, guessing the why. Costuming perhaps? We can but hope....





# Sandra Reid

Constantinople  
Special Guest

**S**andra Reid, who has also worked under the name of Alexandra Tynan, is a talented costume designer with many years of experience in her field. Now living and working in Australia, she has also worked in her native country of England. She is best known to SF fans as a costume designer during the early days of *Doctor Who*. Working on the show from 1966 to 1967 she became very adept at making a small budget go a long way. During her time on the series she was responsible for designing many costumes and creatures including the original Cybermen.

Sandra has worked on a large variety of films and TV shows including *The Dave Allen Show*, *A Matter Of Convenience*, *Australia You're Standing In It*, *The Jerry Connelly Show*, *The Magistrate*, *Warm Nights On A Slow Moving Train* and *Death Of A Soldier*, as well as the ABC mini-series *Half A World Away*.

In addition to film and television, Sandra has also worked in the theatre, involving herself with the Australian Opera and the Melbourne Theatre Company. She is currently working on the M.T.C. production of Virginia Woolfe's *A Room Of One's Own*, which is soon to go on tour. Sandra has a Diploma in Fashion and Textile Design and a Diploma of Education in Art. In addition to her design work, she has also spent a great deal of time teaching at various institutions including Victoria College and the C.A.E.

Sandra is a talented artist, with a particular interest in water colours. She is fascinated by medieval architecture, enjoys reading and is "passionate about gardens". Anyone who has seen Sandra as a GoH before could tell you that she is a very entertaining speaker and a thoroughly charming lady.



# Robert Jewell

Constantinople  
Special Guest

**R**obert Jewell is probably best known for being a Dalek operator, in the BBC TV series *Doctor Who*. Born in the inner Melbourne suburb of Brunswick in 1920, Robert's stage career began in the late 30's at the age of sixteen, carrying through to the early sixties. Robert was performing in stage productions such as, *Aladdin*, *Wizard of Oz* and *Annie Get Your Gun*. Not happy being just a stage actor, Robert also spent a lot of time behind the scenes, stage designing, stage managing, and even taking a turn at directing.

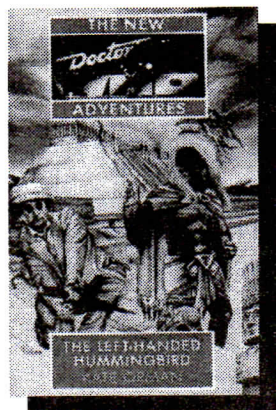
In 1963 Robert headed for England, and began work at the BBC. He started working with the Daleks on their very first story, titled *'The Daleks'* (I mean, what else would it be called?). He certainly got a quirky insight into what life might be like for the Kaled mutations as revealed by many of the stories that were told. Robert also played the Macra (*The Macra Terror*) and Zarbi (*The Web Planet*). They too, provided a lot of challenges, some particularly spatial. "They did all the measurements and when the suits came back, whatever they did - I'm not sure what - but they must have taken in more than they should, because the areas that were measured were always too tight!"

In 1978 Robert returned to Australia where he continued to work in the film and television industry. He has since retired and prefers to work with local theatre groups, and in fact is currently rehearsing a play called *My Three Angels*, based on a movie of the same title which starred Humphrey Bogart and Peter Ustinov. Robert will be playing the character portrayed by Peter Ustinov - a challenge we're sure he'll meet head on. It will be performed at St Peters Church on the Mornington Peninsula. Robert has also been a very popular guest at several conventions over the past few years. He is remembered by many con goers as an entertaining and friendly guest. Don't forget to go up and say hello!



# Kate Orman

Constantinople  
Special Guest



**"W**ho is this Kate Orman, and why are we paying so much to get her here?"  
Kate Orman is the author of the 'Doctor Who - The New Adventures' tome *'The Left Handed Hummingbird'*, released in the UK in December '93. The novel combines Aztecs, The Beatles, the Titanic, and large doses of psychedelic drugs.

"Perfectly beautiful" - *Keith Topping*

"controversial" - *the Sunday Mirror*

"a tour de force of tension and fear" - *Doctor Who Magazine*

"I threw up" - *Peter Griffith \**

Kate is currently working on a second New Adventure, *"Butterfly Wings"*, which will see Ace leave the series. It's due for release in January 1995.

Kate has also foolishly taken over as 'President' of the Doctor Who Fan Club of Australia, which means that the typos in "Data Extract" are now her fault.



\* These are all genuine quotes!







# Narrelle Harris

Constantinople  
Absent Fan  
Guest of Honour

## **S**KELETONS by Narrelle Harris

Alan asked me if I had any skeletons (apart from the one I use to stand erect), so after consideration I did manage to come up with a few that are safe enough to share with the general public.

### *Skeleton #1: I'm a "mediafan":*

I first entered fandom through an obscure and long defunct Blake's 7 club in Queensland and spent my first year or so with Astrex. From there I was introduced to other fandoms. Besides being a "mediafan", I'm also a "litfan" and a

"comicfan". I've dabbled in gaming fandom and am on the fringes of furry fandom. Overall, however, I'm just a fan, no divisions please.

### *Skeleton #2: I'm a collaborator:*

Apart from "Phoenix", every zine I've ever done was in collusion with another fan. My most productive partner is VJ Wurth, but Tim Richards and I have produced "Inconsequential Parallax" (Tin Duck Award Winning Fanzine...). I've even produced a filktape with a very talented, but no longer active fringe fan. I think all my best work has been done in collaboration with others.

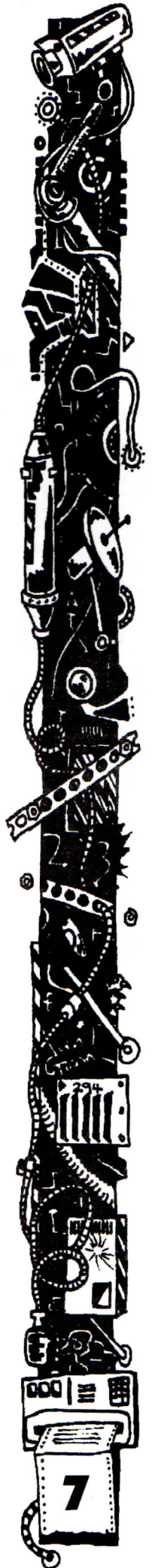
### *Skeleton #3: I get stage fright:*

Those who have seen me hosting theatre sports or MC'ing cons may not believe this, but it's true. Or maybe you do believe it. The only mystery left is how the hell I stay upright with limbs that shake like a bowl of Aeroplane Jelly.

### *Skeleton #4: I thought Constantinople was (or used to be) a city in Turkey:*

Maybe if I can't make it back for the con, I can go to Istanbul for a few days and think of you all then.

I can't think of any more skeletons... I've led such a blameless life, after all. If anyone else can recall more scandalous items, please name your price and send it to me after the con.



# CONQUEST 94

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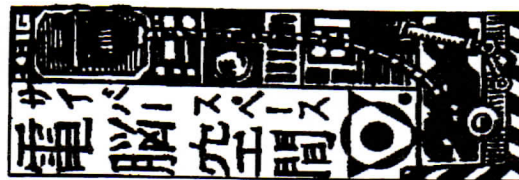
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# CYBERPUNK



"It was a bright, cruel world..."  
Orson Welles *'The Lady From Shanghai'*.

When I took this gig to write about cyberpunk, I thought it would be fairly simple. Invoke the magic words Gibson, Shirley, Rucker, Shiner, Cadigan and, for the elucidation of the masses, mention that Bruce Bethke invented the word some time aeons ago when Australian fandom was grooving on Douglas Adams' radio plays and AIDS were something you gave deaf people. So I went out to investigate and discovered that everything that could be written about cyberpunk: that grunge subculture of science fiction, had been written - mostly by the same people who wrote the fiction itself. So I was left with a dilemma. Donna Heenan wanted me to write a long article on it 'without pissing around' and unless I was willing to swallow and excrete a bilirubinned load of second hand shit, I couldn't do it. I did what any fan would under the circumstances. I went away and did other stuff. I broke my wrist, swam with dolphins in the gellid waters of Port Phillip Bay, downloaded jpeg images of improbably attractive women with names like Stephanie, Solange and Kitten from computer bulletin boards, canoed down the river that the kooris once knew as Tongala (emphasis on the first syllable) and learned the way gannet nests smell in the heat of a summer's day. But the meme was in my head and I also thought about things cybernetic and of the streets. In the era when most cyberpunk novels are set, the Barmah Lake system on the border of New South Wales and Victoria will not exist. It will be a flood plain with a river flowing through it. Agriculture upstream is depositing two centimetres of sediment per year into Barmah Lake. Where the waters get shallow enough, reeds grow. The reeds are encroaching on both sides of the water like two spear-bearing armies. When they meet - no more Barmah Lake. So I got to thinking on what the people who saw that happen would be like. They'd probably get their computers out of their pockets and download data on the dynamics and morphological changes of the middle Murray River via cellular modem so that they could understand how the hell a lake five kilometres long by two wide can vanish in a human lifetime. But I had a problem. Cyberpunk wasn't about National Parks and

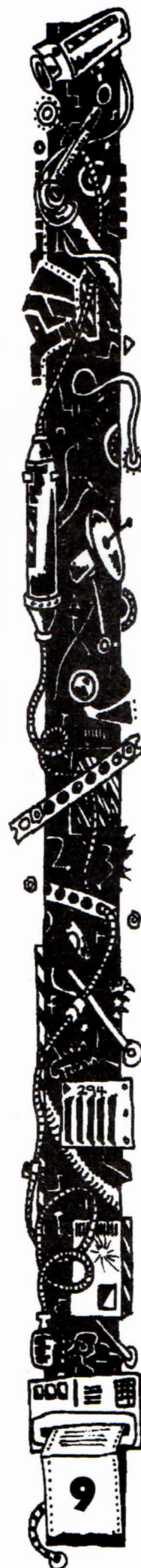
eagles soaring over river red gums. It's an urban thing - even to that ultimate urban environment, the space colony. But there was an analogy there on the Murray. Both cyberpunk fiction and the world-view it has spawned are about change - paradigm shifts, metamorphoses - alteration on a basic level. What it says is that our lives, like the Barmah Lake system, will be changed beyond all recognition by the actions of technology. Just as the lake was filling with silt from upstream, our lives are filling with new input that will change them beyond reckoning. If one aspect of human endeavour, agriculture, is altering a lake - what is the sum total of our efforts doing to ourselves? I came back to the Smoke and started hitting the Cyberpunk areas on a few BBSes. I was trying to find out what exactly it is. In alt.cyberpunk there was a lot of talk from fashion victims on whether you can make/buy mirror-shade contact lenses. (You can, it seems, though don't wear them to Granny's. She grew up seeing zombies in Val Lewton movies and may try to fill your mouth with salt and sew it shut.) There was also a raging and wide ranging debate on homophobic cyberpunks and the significant contributions that gays have made to this weird little subgenre which has become a growing, evolving human subculture. Datagloves, red box phone-phreak devices (with circuit diagrams) and people asking why the hell you'd want mirrored contact lenses, stand shoulder to shoulder with people who quote Penn Gillette, Ayn Rand and James Randi. What is cyberpunk? Well at any given moment you've got dozens, hundreds, maybe thousands of people arguing exactly that question in cyberspace. Internet's alt.cyberpunk area is full of sages and fools trying to crack that nut. Everyone's got their own opinion. The 1989 edition of the Oxford Dictionary has it confused with crackers - hackers who corrupt data. Some of the netranners reckon that you can't be cp and gay and others say you can't be homophobic and cp. Nootropic (smart) drugs are still a large part of the discussion. What do you cut choline with to smooth it out and increase the cognitive enhancement? What's the downside of using Piracetam? References to the latest clinical studies that support a given proposition are frequent inclusions. The information available is mind-croggling. It's like cramming for a degree in 21st Century street pharmacology. You get the





feeling if you don't pop three grams of choline bitartrate a day, you'll be perceived as neanderthal. Last night on a BBS, I met a divorced 34 year old woman living on welfare with four kids who spends her evenings on the boards communing with sundry teenaged boys, university No-Doz addicts and me. She spends time in cyberspace (which is where the communications happen), so by what criteria isn't she a cyberpunk? On the boards you can be anyone or anything you want. Gender change, age change, Stephen Hawking could come across as Stallone and Olympic decathletes can pretend to be wheelchair bound. If you can build a good facade, you're perceived as being what you create. It foreshadows high-definition virtual reality. The images exist in the head of the participants. You can be who you want to be there. It's a heady, tempting business. How many of us could resist the urge, under circumstances of total anonymity, to change sex for a while and explore the alternate side of our personalities and natures? Or to change race? Or become Beavis or Butthead and write dudes as d00dz? (That's a common affectation on the boards from people who prefer Pearl Jam to Janis' Pearl album.) The conceptual space that Gibson dubbed cyberspace is an evolving, expanding way of seeing an aspect of the world. Millions visit it daily and their input changes its nature. Someone decides to create a ray-traced graphic of a caffeine molecule and uploads it. Within days thousands of people own a copy, have printed it out and hung it over their desks. The shape of a certain molecule becomes known to people from Iceland to Irian Jaya, even though most of them weren't really looking to know it. Philosophy is skulled out in cyberspace - as are the behind the scenes studio politics of John Krickfalusi's Ren and Stimpy. Without cyberspace, I wouldn't have the picture of Stimpson J. Cat that sits on my office partition. It just occurred to me that if you wanted to, you could become Stimpy, on a teleconference through a BBS. New possibilities are constantly generated and acted upon. So cyberpunk is a culture now, not just a bunch of books and a role playing game. People liked what they read so much that they began to live it. It's kind of like a high tech Society for Creative Anachronism with one added kick that makes it much more than a whimsy. Not only are the aficionados making the costumes and props to indulge their fancy, they're creating the hardware and software to make it come alive. That's a little scary but it's also fascinating. The future is being built from the streets upward.

T. Frost  
February 1994.





# CONVENTIONS BREED INSANITY . . .

And now a word or two from the committee to prove it.



**Donna Heenan**  
Chairman



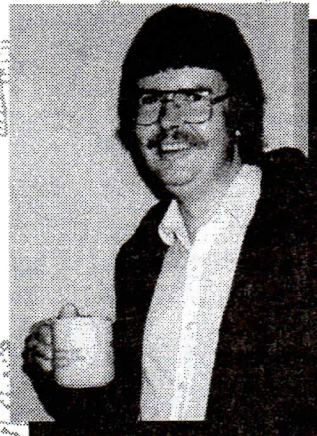
I'll have a hair of the dog  
that bit me please.

**Jocko**  
Hotel Liaison & Minutes



I got caught with the  
psycho daleks.

**Alan Stewart**  
General Secretary



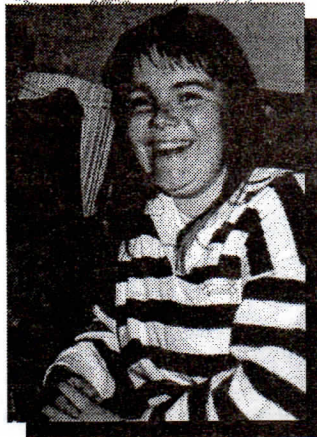
Be careful what your  
mind eats.

**Glen Tilley**  
Programming/Tech Manager



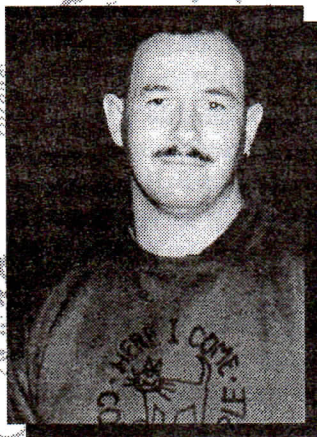
Why stop now,  
just when I'm hating it?

**Carol Tilley**  
Masquerade/ Fan Lounge



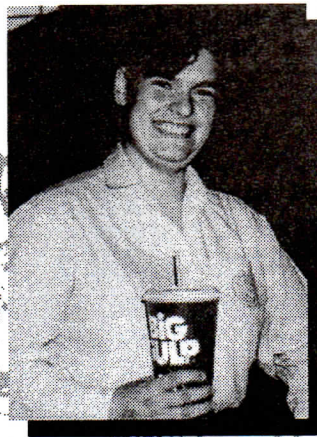
Are we having fun yet?

**Apollo Zammit**  
Treasurer



Information wants to be free.

**Katrine Papworth**  
Awards & Club Liaison



I am the cat that walks by himself,  
and all places are the same to me.

**Miss Jane**  
Programming



Now is the time for all good men  
to come to the aid of the party.



# Constantinople Policies

**Registration** - Registration is located at the entry to the convention, at the top of the stairs from the foyer. This is where you go for help. We will answer queries and take lost property. Last minute program changes and room party information can be found here. Any other problems you may have, bring them to registration, we'll see what we can do to fix them! You will find a committee member on duty at the registration desk from 9am to 5pm each day. To further aid you in finding us - we're the ones wearing the purple ID badges.

**Weapons** - We appreciate that to complete your costume you may have to wear a weapon but the operative word here is WEAR. Please do not wave or swing or use your weapon. If it is a bladed weapon DO NOT unsheathe it. Wielding your weapon unsafely will get you banned from the convention. Common sense with weapons will ensure nobody gets hurt!


**Photography** - You are welcome to take photos of the convention with two exceptions. Art Show - before taking photographs of the artwork ask the permission of the artist. We will be happy to help you ask the artist. Masquerade - no flash photography. Often the entrants in the masquerade have limited visibility, a flash at the wrong time could lead to accidents. There will be opportunities to take photographs after the masquerade.

**Identification** - The identity badge you were issued along with this program book is your entry into the convention. Wear it at all times. If our security team ask you where your badge is, it's your responsibility to produce it. If, by misfortune, you lose your badge we will replace it upon seeing identification from you.

**Smoking** - In the interests of public health, Constantinople is a non smoking convention. Many of us suffer from asthma and smoking helps trigger attacks. Please do your smoking outside the hotel.

**Security** - Our Security team is there to help you! Please help them do that. Breaching the above rules (especially the ones in weapons safety) can get you banned from the convention. The committee does not want that to happen, please use common sense at all times and if you have any problems then please seek out a committee member.





## The Australian Science Fiction Foundation

Affectionately known to all as "The Foundation", the A.S.F.F. was established in 1976 with money from Aussicon. It has been involved in the Australian Science Fiction Community through the sponsorship and administration of writing workshops, short story competitions and the funding of conventions. At least twice a year it publishes it's newsletter, *The Instrumentality*.

In 1991 the Foundation set about establishing a new award for "Outstanding Achievement in Australian SF", an award decided on by a jury and named "The Chandler" in recognition of the contribution that A. Bertram Chandler made to Australian SF.

If you are interested in joining the Foundation then write to P.O Box 4024, University of Melbourne, Victoria 3052 for details.

## Tim Jones - 1994 FFANZ Winner

**T**he Fan Fund for Australia and New Zealand is a non-profit fund designed to send a fannish ambassador across the Tasman to New Zealand every second year, in order to represent Australian fandom at New Zealand's NatCon. In alternate years, the Fan Fund sends a New Zealander over here to our NatCon. 1994 is just such a year, and Tim Jones is just such an ambassador - so make him welcome!

Tim was born in Grimsby, England but decided to emigrate to New Zealand at the age of two. He spent his formative years haunting various isolated South Island locales before moving north to Wellington this year. He is a long time member of NZ's Amateur Press Association (AOTEARAPA) and (very) occasionally edits his own fanzine TIMBRE. A long time member of the National Association for Science Fiction, he has held a wide variety of local and national committee positions (under the table, standing on one leg behind the door, etc...)

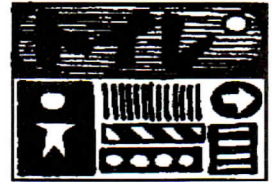
Tim writes Science Fiction, has been professionally published five times, and edited the anthology *What On Earth* for the Dunedin Writer's Intensive Care Group, of which he is a founding member. He's an intelligent, friendly, talkative party animal and all-round nice guy. All this and he can speak Russian, too!

Tim will be travelling this wide brown land in the company of his close personal friend Kay Gubbins; a mysterious, enigmatic woman (i.e. we haven't got any dirt on her. Yet.) Make them welcome. Walk up and say hello. Ask them about New Zealand, about fandom, about FFANZ. We promise they won't bite.





# THE 1994 SCIENCE FICTION AWARDS (or ASFMA's, Ditmars and other stuff)



Constantinople is hosting two major awards at the awards ceremony on Sunday night. They are the Australian Science Fiction Awards (Ditmars) and the Australasian Science Fiction Media Awards (ASFMA's).

## THE DITMARS

The Ditmars were named after Dick Jenssen, one of the founding members of the Melbourne Science Fiction Club, which recently celebrated its 40th anniversary. The Ditmars are awarded yearly at the National Science Fiction Literature Convention. The first Ditmars were awarded in Melbourne in 1969. They have been awarded every year since, in varying shapes and forms, which range from black monoliths (with and without the southern cross) to zebra stone megaliths to stuffed cane toads which were later revealed to be an April 1st joke that went wrong.

The original categories for the Ditmars were : Best Australian SF (any length); Best International SF; Best Contemporary Writer of SF; and Best Australian Amateur SF Publication or Fanzine. Categories vary from year to year. The category of "Best International SF" was deleted after 1986. Luckily for William Gibson, one of our Guests of Honour, he was awarded the 1985 "Best International SF" Ditmar for *Neuromancer*, so this change did not affect him.

## THE ASFMA's

The ASFMA's (known as Robbies for a while) are awarded at the yearly National Australasian Science Fiction Media Convention. They have not been around as long as the Ditmars and were originally conceived as awards for people in the Media side of Fandom. The first ASFMA's were awarded in 1984 at Medtrek. They have been awarded every year since in varying numbers, depending on the number of nominations which are received.

The ASFMA's are made each year out of glass by Peter Lupinski. Design does vary each year, but the ASFMA's are invariably large and heavy, and are also quite strong. Witnesses have seen an ASFMA dropped from a height of one metre, and are willing to testify that it bounced!

The 1994 awards are going to be different from the usual, as this will be the first time that both the ASFMA's and Ditmars will be awarded, not only on the same night but at the same convention. Constantinople is the first combined National Science Fiction Media & Literature Convention. This year's ASFMA awards will be designed, as always, by Peter Lupinski. The Ditmars this year are designed and constructed by Kerri Valkova.

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## 1994 ASFMA NOMINATIONS

- Best Fan Writer** - James Allen; Paul Ewins; Terry Frost; Jan MacNally; Martin Reilly; Katherine Shade.
- Best Fan Artist** - Ian Gunn; Darren Reid; Steve Scholz; Kerri Valkova; Phil Wlodarczyk.
- Best Newsletter** - Awaken; Black Light; Ethel the Aardvark; Get Stuffed; Thyme.
- Best Fan Fiction Zine** - Black Light; Nekros; Spock; Steve & Martin's Excellent Fanzine; Yukkies.
- Best Amateur Audivisual Production** - Concave I Opening Ceremony (Russell Devlin); Beky's Brain Phone Answering Message (Danny Heap); Jedi 10th Star Wars Tribute (Darren Maxwell); Starwalking Video (Karen Ogden); Starwalking II Closing Ceremony (The Basards).

## 1994 DITMAR NOMINATIONS

- Best Long Fiction or Collection** - The Destiny Makers (George Turner); Graffiti (Dirk Strasser); Twilight Beach (Terry Dowling); The Weird Colonial Boy (Paul Voermans).
- Best Short Fiction** - Catalyst (Leanne Frahm - *Terror Australis*); Starbaby (Rosaleen Love - *Overland, Dec 1993*); The Lottery (Lucy Sussex - *Overland, Dec 1993*); Ghosts of the Fall (Sean Williams - *Writers of the Future IX*).
- Best Professional Artwork** - Galaxy Bookshop Dragon (Lewis Morley); Twilight Beach Cover (Nick Stathopoulos).
- Best Fan Writer** - Paul Ewins; Terry Frost; Bruce Gillespie; Jan MacNally.
- Best Fan Artist** - Ian Gunn; Craig Hilton; Pamela Rendall; Steve Scholz; Kerri Valkova; Phil Wlodarczyk.
- Best Fanzine** - Black Light; Ethel the Aardvark; Get Stuffed; SF Commentary; The Mentor; Thyme.
- William Atheling Jr Award For Criticism** - Five Bikers Of The Apocalypse (Leigh Edmonds - *Eidolon #12*); SF Sux (James Allen - *Get Stuffed #6*); Silverberg Not Moving (Damien Broderick - *SF Commentary # 73/74/75*).





## Constitution of the Australian Science Fiction Convention (Ditmars)

- (i) 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 Science Fiction Convention, two calendar years before the Convention to be selected.
- (ii) The Convention Committee for each Australian SF Convention will, by a vote of the Convention members, after a nominating process involving Australian Fandom generally, award up to six Australian SF ("Ditmar") Awards (of which, at least, one must be for fannish endeavours) and the William Atheling Jr Award for Criticism or Review.
- (iii) The Convention Committee will ensure that any surplus accrued by an Australian SF Convention will be applied to the benefit of Australian fandom generally, and shall not be used to reward individuals or groups connected with the Convention Committee.
- (iv) This Constitution may be changed by this method only: Notice of 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 any proposed amendment MUST be published) and then the amendment must be approved by a majority at the Business Meeting.
- (v) No amendment will be in order if it has the effect of increasing the number of words in the Constitution.

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## Proposed Amendments to the ASFMS Constitution

- (i) There will be an annual Australasian Science Fiction Media Convention organised by a convention committee selected from amongst bids submitted to the business meeting at the Australasian Science Fiction Media convention, two calendar years before the convention to be selected.
- (ii) The convention committee for each Australasian Science Fiction Media convention will, by a vote of the convention members, after a nominating process involving Australasian fandom generally, award up to five Australasian Science Fiction Media Awards.
- (iii) The categories for the Society's awards shall be: Best Australasian Fan Fiction Zine; Best Australasian Fan Newsletter; Best Australasian Media Fan Writer; Best Australasian Media artist; Best Australasian Amateur Audio/Visual Production.
- (iv) The convention committee will ensure that any surplus by an Australasian Science Fiction Media convention will be applied to the benefit of Australasian fandom generally, and shall not be used to reward individuals or groups connected with the convention committee.
- (v) The constitution may be changed by this method only: Notice of 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 any proposed amendments must be published) and then the amendment must be approved by a majority at the business meeting.
- (vi) No amendment will be in order if it has the effect of increasing the number of words in the constitution.

*Proposed by Glen Tilley.*

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## Bids received for the 1995 & 1996 National Media & Literature Conventions

Nominations received:

1995 Media Natcon:-

Dudcon II to be held in Vermont South, Melbourne.

1996 Media Natcon:-

Chairperson: Paul Ewins.

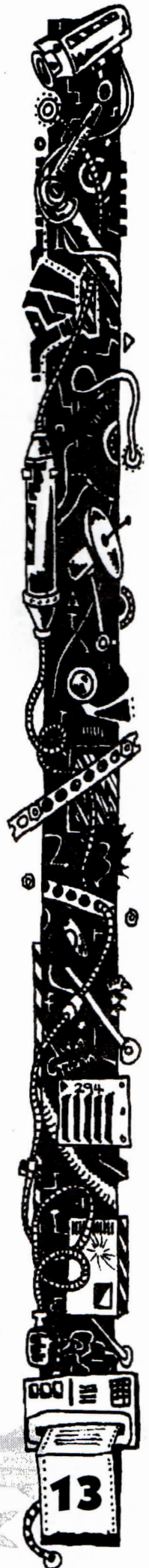
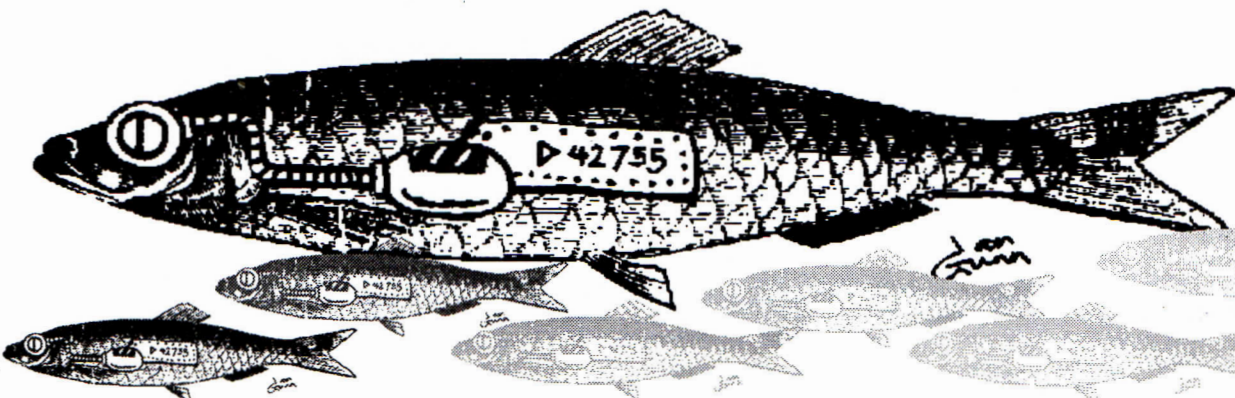
Confusion '96 to be held in Perth.

1996 Literature Natcon:-

Chairperson: Sue-Ann Barber.

Confusion '96 to be held in Perth.

Chairperson: Sue-Ann Barber.





# Australian Science Fiction Media Society Constitution

(Because we have to.)

## 1. INTRODUCTION

- 1.01 The ASFMS is an unincorporated society whose function it is to co-ordinate Australasian Science Fiction Media Conventions.
- 1.02 In this constitution, "Australasian" means the area of jurisdiction of the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea.
- 1.03 The membership of the ASFMS consists of all people who have paid membership dues to the Committee of the Current Convention.
- 1.04 The period of office of any convention committee shall be from the close of the previous convention for which the committee is responsible.
- 1.05 Authority and responsibility for all matters relating to any convention, except those herein reserved to the Society, lie with the committee of the current convention, which shall act in its own name, not that of the Society.
- 1.06 Each convention committee shall dispose of surplus funds remaining after accounts are settled for the benefit of the Society as a whole and shall publish or have published by the following convention committee a financial report no later than six months after the close of the convention.
- 1.07 Surplus funds will be deemed disposed of for the benefit of the Society as a whole if they are passed to any of:
  - (i) the committee for a subsequent Australasian Science S F Media convention
  - (ii) a fan fund formed to send one of a number of openly nominated fans between two countries to represent fans of one country at the convention in another.
  - (iii) an organisation or person promoting a purpose specifically approved by members of the convention concerned.

but not passed to

- (iv) Any person or organisation involved in the control of the Convention concerned.
- (v) Any person or organisation of which any member of the committee is an office holder or which is closely associated with any member of the committee other than a person or organisation specified in the paragraphs i, ii or iii of the article.

## 2. AWARD

2.01 No member of the current Convention Committee nor any publications closely associated with a member of the committee shall be eligible for an Award. However, should the committee delegate all authority under this article to a Sub-committee whose decisions are irrevocable by the committee, then this exclusion shall apply to members of the Sub-committee only.

2.02 The categories for the Society's Awards shall be:

- Best Australasian Fan Fiction Zine
- Best Australasian Fan Newsletter
- Best Australasian Media Fan Writer
- Best Australasian Media Artist
- Best Australasian Amateur Audio/Visual Production

Definition of amateur audio/visual production:

An amateur production made for no money paid when the production was made, for the benefit, enjoyment and pleasure of fans, no matter the media used (i.e. slides, video etc.) and includes sight and/or sound.

2.03 All works or people nominated must have been published in the previous calendar year.

- (i) The nomination should include a statement as to where they were sighted during the previous calendar months (1st January to 31st December)
- (ii) To be circulated widely throughout newsletters and fanzines to emphasise this point.

2.04 Anyone can nominate for the awards who is known to fandom, using nominations forms distributed as widely as possible throughout Australasian fandom by the current convention committee. The current convention committee shall announce the categories as specified in the constitution and on the nomination forms. Nominations shall identify a source. The closing date for the nominations shall be no later than six weeks prior to the convention and shall be printed on the nomination form.

2.05 Voting shall be restricted to the members of the society. Each category shall include no less than three and no more than six choices plus "No award" and "Unable to vote in this category". Voting shall be optional preferential within each category. The closing date for the receipt of votes shall be clearly shown on the voting forms which shall be sent to everyone who nominates and otherwise shall be widely distributed throughout Australasian fandom. The closing date shall be as close as possible to the date of the convention at which the awards shall be presented except in the case of best Australasian amateur audio/visual production which will be voted on at the convention after the presentation of the nominees.

2.06 The national awards design shall be the glass sculpture design of Peter Lupinski.

2.07 The ASFMS fan fund shall raise funds to pay for the production of the awards. Said fund will be administered by the current convention committee.

2.08 All works nominated for an ASFMA should be displayed by the current convention committee before the voting.

## 3 CONVENTIONS

3.01 The convener of any convention shall be selected at the business meeting of the convention held two years previously. A presiding officer for such a meeting shall be appointed by the committee for the convention at which the meeting is held. Voting shall be available to all members of the convention and postal votes must be received by the presiding officer prior to the convention. The winning bid shall be decided by optional preferential vote, provided that the option of no bid shall be accepted.

3.02 Australasian S F media conventions shall be held within the Commonwealth of Australia, New Zealand and Papua New Guinea.

3.03 The convention committee bidding for the national convention shall not announce their guest of honour until the completion of voting.

3.04 In the event that no bid is accepted for the convention to be held two years following, the bid shall be reopened in the November following the convention at which site selection occurred by the society and nomination forms shall be sent to the society's members. A two month period will be allowed for both nominations and voting, whereupon the optional preferential voting system will be used to count votes. No more than six choices will be allowed.

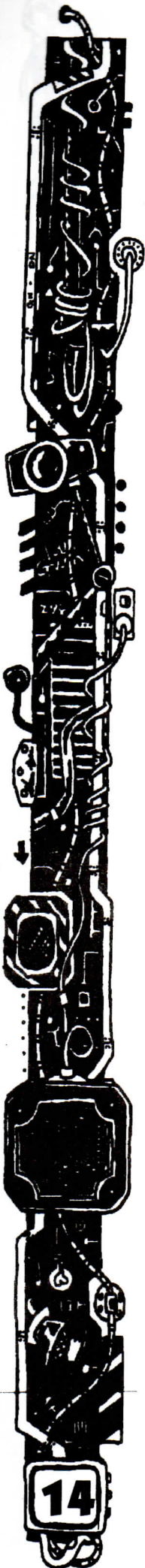
## 4 CHANGES TO THE CONSTITUTION

4.01 Business meeting of the society shall be held at advertised times at Australasian SF media conventions. The current convention committee shall nominate a presiding officer for each meeting.

4.02 Any amendment to this constitution of the ASFMS shall require a majority of votes cast on the proposed amendments at the business meeting of the society at which it is debated. Amendments to the constitution shall be published prior to the business meeting whenever possible.

4.03 Any amendment to this constitution must be ratified by a majority of votes of the convention members at the convention following the convention at which the amendments were proposed. Any ratified amendments comes into effect on the first day of office of the incoming committee of the following convention.

4.04 A copy of the constitution shall be supplied to each member of the society.





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Fantasy, Horror and  
Science Fiction**



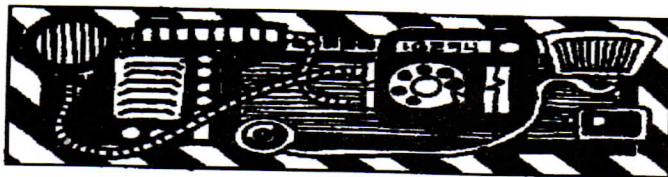
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# VIDEOS



**G**'day and welcome to the Constantinople Video program. The program kicks off at 10:00am Friday 1st of April and finishes around 4:30pm Monday the 4th of April, giving us 79 hours of main video program. This has been broken up into themes.

Friday kicks off with a Cyberpunk theme courtesy of *Mr Ian Gunn*, with wonderful programs like: the Directors cut of *Bladerunner*, *Max Headroom* episodes, Documentaries on Cyberpunk and Virtual Reality as well as some strange foreign stuff that you have probably never heard of but which has been guaranteed to be interesting to those true SF fans out there. This is followed by, starting at the appropriate time of Midnight Friday night, the Horror theme, proudly brought to you by *Mrs Carol Tilley*, who has been dying to see Horror at an SF Convention for years. Carol will be showing some of the great moments of horror including Stephen King's world of horror, a particular look at the genre of horror films from the eyes of one of the great horror writers of the recent years.

Saturday morning, starting at 10:00am and continuing until 10:00am Sunday morning there will be screenings of those SF films and series that have as their theme, Cities, selected by the inimitable *Danny Heap*. He has selected the Directors cut of *Terminator 2*, a Japanese Mockumentary called 'OTAKU NO VIDEO' which has live 'interviews' with Japanese Science Fiction fans, a special collection of episodes that Danny has called 'SF - you are going to love it' which is a look at those marvellous series that the TV stations keep telling us are truly wonderful and he is going to throw in an episode or two of 'The Stranger' which has as one of its stars a *Mr Colin Baker* of *Dr Who* fame. Both Danny and Richard give this series the *Thumbs Up*.

Sunday we have the master video programmer himself *Mr Richard Freeland* who has had the unenviable task of programming 24 hours of Science Fiction that has the theme of Cats. He cheated a bit by cheerfully volunteering to do a five dog night, a collection of the five worst Science Fiction movies of all time, that will kick off late Sunday night for those die hard masochists who do not want to sleep at all during the convention.

Monday from 10:00am through to approximately 4:30pm is programmed by the BNF extraordinaire, former fan guest of honour *Mr George Ivanoff*, wait for applause - George has the task of compiling some of the greatest final episodes that we have ever seen.

To add to the enjoyment of the videos, the main video room has a seating capacity of 150 people with great ventilation and no windows. The videos will be shown on an 8 foot screen with the sound pumped through the house sound system. We have also a secondary video program that will be showing in The Quantum room after the final panel item, normally about 10pm Friday, Saturday and Sunday and will run until the start of programming the following day - approximately 9am. This stream will have a *Dr Who* theme, ably programmed by *Mr Matthew Proctor*; a *Star Trek* theme, programmed by the person who has done a lot for fandom in recent years, *Mr Derek Screen*; and an unthemed program which will have a collection of programs that the committee have selected as their favourite for one reason or another.

As you can see, the program is different in that we have several programmers, and in that way, hope to have a totally varied outlook on Science Fiction as portrayed in film and television. I hope you enjoy the show! Thank-you. *Glen Tilley*.

## Check out some of the weird & wonderful panels you'll be subjected to at the Con!

**Animation Wars.** A group of aficionados discuss why Disney is better than anime, and delve into other animated subjects.

**Anthologies and Series that go on and on and...** What's the attraction? Alan Stewart tries to explain why the never-ending story is better than one which is over in 250 pages.

**It's All In A Squiggle.** Audience participation time! We give you pens, you draw squiggles, and our captive artists try and make it into something recognisable. (Realising, in the process, exactly how talented Norman Hetherington *et al* are!)

**Cyberpunk Down Under.** Local SF authors discuss the Cyberpunk scene in Australia.

**I Can See The Strings.** George Ivanoff takes great delight in pointing out just how bad some special effects in films/video/television shows can get.

**Build An Alien.** Here's your chance to design an alien to beat HR Giger's... with plastic bottles, aluminium foil and string (only the best supplied to OUR members).

**Chocolate Bars I Have Loved.** Chocolate, George Ivanoff, Sharon Moseley, Katherine Shade. What do these things have in common? (Eating does come into it).

**O NO! Not THAT Again!** Ever thought you were in a time warp at a convention - watching the same panel over and over again? Hear about some of the worst examples of this - the programmer's nightmare.

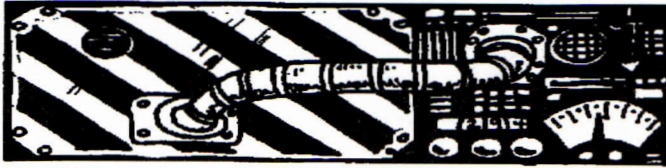
**Meet The Gang.** Representatives of clubs/groups give you an insight into just what you get by joining them.

**Electronic Imaging - Is The Computer The Artist Of The Future?** Use of the personal computer is influencing more and more spheres of our lives... here artists talk about how they use the programs available and why they do so.

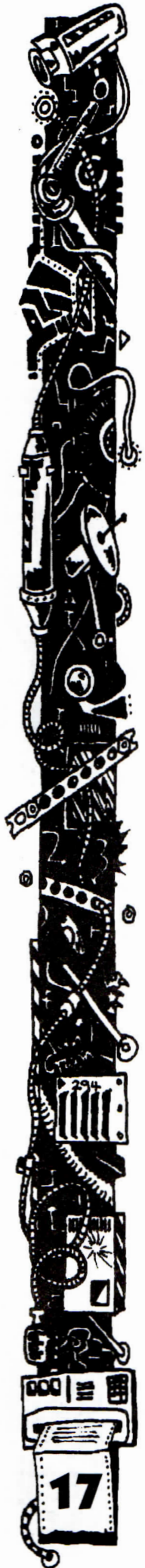
**Computers - Can We Really Live Without Them?** What would it be like if your personal computer disappeared... how would we cope if we had to go back to less advanced forms of technology?

**Cooking For Fans.** No, we're not kidding! It's daggy, but definitely practical! Get the insider tips on what fans REALLY like to eat... or at least what we think they *should* eat! Your mealtimes will never be the same! (Got any of your own bizarre recipes? Come and share them with us - if you dare.)





# PANELS



**Costuming - Fitting and Design.** Come and listen to costumiers talk about how they've solved some of the sticky problems of making a garment fit, when all you have to go on is a photograph and a snippet of film.

**Crap Science in SF.** You mean, uterine replicators don't really exist? A select group of panellists explain to the unscientific among us exactly why some of the theories in SF are not exactly... valid.

**Will The Nasty Green Monster Get The Doctor This Time?** Our special guests, Sandra Reid and Robert Jewell reminisce about their Dr Who days.

**Editors: Love 'Em or Hate 'Em.** Editors. Editors. A necessary... evil? Hear from several points of view whether editors are wise and helpful or the pernicious nemesis of every writer.

**Fanac, Why Do We Do It?** Fanzine fans try to tell us why they sit and write intensely personal things down on paper and then publish them around the world.

**Wrapped In Plastic.** This has nothing to do with *Twin Peaks*. It's about collecting, and leaving something you really like... in the wrapper - because it's collectable.

**First Convention, Anyone?** A neofan's (that's new fan) guide to conventions, by some recent first time convention goers. Learn how to get the best value out of a con.

**How SF Has Changed.** A look back at what fandom used to be like... has it changed all that much?

**How To Fake Knowledge.** And this is nothing like faking an orgasm. Authors write about subjects *without* first hand knowledge... and the readers never know! How do they do this?

**Bladerunner, Total Recall, et al..** How would you make a *good* film out of a Philip K. Dick novel? Some fans of PKD try and work out the best way (if there is one) of filming his work.

**So You Want To Run A Convention?** Aspiring convention chairpeople get the chance to pick the brains of past and present committee members. Be there, or make the same mistakes!

**Illustrated Jabberwocky and Other Tales.** An instant illustration of *Jabberwocky* and other selected tales, by drawing and acting out. Sounds *weird*? Come and see!

**Interstellar Flight - Fact or Fiction?** Geoff Alshorn tries to put us in the know about interstellar flight. Could you be travelling to the moon in your own lifetime?

**A Bake Sale Without Cakes.** Lucy Sussex explains what a bake sale is, the James Tiptree Jr Award and how she became a judge for the contest.

**The Great Fannish Liars.** You know the old story about the native tribes... watch these expert liars fool each other and the audience! Can you tell a lie from the truth?

**The Great Debate - Literature vs Media.** Well. I'm not game to comment. Are you? This one ought to be a real mud slinger!

**Better SMEG than Red Dwarf!** Tom Marwede, head of the official Australian Red Dwarf Fan Club, explains just what's so great about it.

**SF In Old TV Shows.** You didn't know Mr Ed was science fiction, did you? Neither did I. There's a few more surprises in store if you come along and listen in.

**Six Sick Things.** Six panellists choose their most disgusting moment/thing/memory... and inflict it on the audience. Bring a bucket!

**Strings & Things.** Fans of Gerry Anderson talk about their favourite subject.

**Things You Wish Had Happened In Star Trek.** Has there ever been a moment in an episode of Star Trek (Classic, Next Gen or DS9) when you wish they'd done *that* instead of *this*? Join our panellists as they rewrite the chronology.

**Instant Video.** The video version of an instant fanzine. The results will be screened just before the Closing Ceremony on Monday. Be a star! (or just a non-speaking part extra, if you're a little shy!).

**Everything You Ever Wanted To Know About Virtual Reality But Were Afraid To Ask.** No, I mean, what is it *really*? How much information do you have on VR and what do you understand? All will become clear after this panel (and no, we won't accept arguing for 20 minutes over the definition of *virtual reality*).

**What Makes A Good SF Film, And What Doesn't?** Start by defining 'good', then 'SF', and the panel could be in uproar! And why isn't "Revenge of the Killer Tomatoes" a good film?

**What Sells?** Selling in the SF marketplace from all points of view - the customer, the seller, the designer, the publisher.

**Out In The Bigger, Badder World Of International Fandom.** Planning a trip? Fan fund winners (current and past) and other well-travelled fans describe the similarities and difference found in fandom around the world.

**Fear In A Wide, Brown Land.** An overview of horror in Australia, mediated by the editor of *Bloodsongs*.

**Empire Chemicals Limited.** Lecturer Ron Ward explains how the background was developed for an SF series in education.

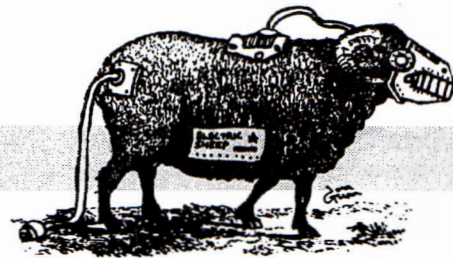
**Military Discipline - The Next Generation.** Why is Worf the Head of Security on a Galaxy class starship. No, we don't know either.

**The Fuel of Fandom.** The fossil fuel of fandom... *gossip*! Come and hear some of the best (or is that worst?) purveyors dish the dirt on their friends and neighbours.

**Sell! Sell! Sell!** How to make money and influence people by writing science fiction - an insider's point of view, presented by the *Aurealis* crew.

**In Space No-one Can Hear You Laugh.** Is there humour in science fiction? Our panellists poke, probe and ponder this subject.

**History of Tacky Music Videos in the 20th Century.** You thought bad music videos began in the 70's? Wrong! Try the 50's! Our panellist presents some of the worst examples from this century. Come for a laugh!





# The Judas Kiss

by Chris Lawson

Place getter in the Constantinople Short Story Competition

Let's call her Jezebel. She must have been a tart, so I bought a short denim skirt and a tight sleeveless blouse. I saved on the lingerie by wearing none.

Robert responded just as I expected. After months of dry, unsatisfying congress, I felt passion. He smiled, said he wondered what had come over me, but then, after lunch and a glass of beer, he returned to work.

"Cook for one tonight," he said on the way out the door. "I've got another business dinner tonight. The Rakshasa. You've got the number."

Ha! What was it this time? Another advertising campaign? Or another peroxide secretary, climbing the corporate ladder in her stockings? I don't know why Robert thinks I'm so stupid; the man couldn't even finish his university degree.

Gravel crackled under car-wheels, and I heard the garage doors lock. I threw off the sheets and ran for the bathroom.

I picked up the cotton swabs, slipped two under my tongue, and slid another two into my vagina. I kept a stock of agar plates hidden behind my tampons.

Plating agar is a simple procedure. After wiping a small segment of an agar dish with a cotton swab, I brushed the residue across the surface with a steel loop. In the kitchen I lit the gas, and used the blue flame to sterilise the steel loop between scrapes. With each swipe of the loop, the residue spread more thinly. After five swipes, I'd be able to pick out individual bacterial colonies, once they had time to grow.

So that I could work at home, I'd purloined a second-hand pie-warmer. With a tray of water in the base, it made a very effective incubator. I stacked the plates in the warmer and the light glowed red through the agar. I cranked the temperature setting to high.

I was cooking for one, indeed.

He was late home again that night, and he smelt of vindaloo. He was a clever man; he knew I hated spicy food. I would never attend the Rakshasa of my own volition, so I'd never catch him *in delictio flagrante*.

I gave him no time to have his evening lager, nor time to brush his teeth. I pulled him straight onto the bed. he was surprisingly energetic, not half as tired as I anticipated. Once he fell asleep, I went out to the bathroom and swabbed myself again. Another pile of blood-red plates for the incubator.

I spent midnight at the incubator, thinking *grow, grow!* I have a green thumb for bacteria. I'm always the one who cultures tuberculosis first. Part of me hoped that I was nothing more than a jealous woman: testing Robert out, chasing down a Jezebel who wasn't even there. In all honesty, the larger part of me wanted to prove his infidelity. For God's sake let there be another woman. If our last six months had been no more than a malaise, a fundamental lack of interest in each other, it would drain the last dregs of my self-esteem. It was so much easier to hate another than to look inwards for the cause of one's despair.

I warmed my hands on the incubator and went back to the house.

My field is so small, and in such demand, that I can afford to work from home two days a week. Not many microbiologists keep an interest in forensics, but new techniques have created enormous demand. I know of only five other microbiologists in the country who can do what I do

with bodily fluids. Anyone can swab and plate, but there is real art to the genetic sequencing that follows.

To explain: I first saw the body of an aggravated rape victim when I was twenty-three. Now I couldn't count them for you. They come in two varieties. Some rapists never intend to kill their victims except to escape detection. These women have a single bullet-wound to the head, sometimes a sliced throat. Then there are the others: the rapists for whom the killing is part of the event. They leave behind wounds with a macabre artistry. They sculpt bone and paint in blood: human scrimshaw.

The worst part is knowing that these predators are never satisfied. Only death or capture can stop them. Some of the male police consider rape as bad manners, but even the redneck cops put a very high priority on catching the aggravators.

They page me, and they never patronise me, even though I'm a young woman and half a foot under their minimum height requirements. Even the bastard cops choke up, and say they want the aggravator, want to haul him in; secretly want to tear him to pieces, but publicly say they want to bring him to justice, as if fifteen years' paid board and lodging could be justice.

I work on the body: swab the mouth, nose, ears, vagina, and rectum, then give her over to the post-mortem team. I plate the swabs, and wait to see what grows. I hope there's an ID on the woman, so I can swab her family as well.

Every person is a vast bacterial colony, swarming with staphylococci, eschereschia, yeasts, rhinoviruses, and thousands of other organisms. Everyone has their own characteristic colonisation, personal as a fingerprint. Close families and lovers come to have similar micro-organisms after months of familiarity.

When a stranger kisses, his saliva mixes, and a small packet of the stranger's bacteria crosses to his victim's mouth. A brief skirmish occurs between the victim's native flora and the intruders. Eventually the natives win by sheer weight of numbers, but if sampled in the first few hours, the invaders will grow in my laboratory. If we ever catch a suspect, we can try to match his flora to the intruders growing in a woman's dead mouth.

The clever monsters use condoms, so that no semen remains for genetic analysis. Sometimes microbiological ecology is the only forensic technique of any weight in court.

The Judas Kiss: the exchange of saliva that betrays. Prostitutes never kiss their clients, so their oral bacteria remain untainted by the five mundane tricks they've pulled before the nasty one.

I filed a report over the modem: another corpse, another media-saturated manhunt — pictures of the dead woman filled the ether. The police hoped common knowledge would help uncover a witness; the viewers tuned in to desensitise themselves to our cruel world, and the monsters tuned in to update on the latest techniques.

Robert called. He would be home briefly in the evening, but had to be at the Rakshasa by eight o'clock, so I wasn't to cook dinner. Bastard.

In the garden shed, the agar plates were start-





ing to sprout tufts of bacteria. I isolated them, and started searching for differences. There was one species that showed a dramatic increase between the swabs in the afternoon and those after dinner. I had found his little Jezebel's bugs after all — a bacterium called *acidophilus*, the tart-lover, if you bend the Latin a little. From Jezebel's lips to Robert's to mine. The Judas kiss.

I unlocked the fridge in the shed and took a small vial, black and fluffy inside the glass, cold to touch. I took it back to the kitchen, and mixed a teaspoon into Robert's beer. *Clostridium botulinum* toxin, the most poisonous substance known, needs only a millionth of a milligram to kill a man. A teaspoon should do. Enough to kill a monster, whose only grace was that he lacked the courage to be an aggravator.

I replaced the beer bottle in the fridge.

On the business card was a logo of a tiger in a dressing gown, blowing cigar smoke out its nostrils: the Rakshasa, a monster able to take on any shape, even that of men. Pure evil, hunter of the innocent.

I took a table by the door just after eight. The restaurant was popular. I had the last table-for-two. The waiter was keen for me to order, so that they could set my table again. I asked for help; I hated curries. The waiter suggested raita and a mild korma. I nodded back blindly. I was already scanning the room.

Towards the back of the room, hordes of hungry business meetings occupied the larger tables. They did not interest me. I was prowling for romantics.

At the next table sat a single woman, blonde, late twenties. She was young enough to be attractive, and old enough to care about her career. Did she care enough to prostitute herself?

Call her Jezebel. Tart. She had done her hair well, but her black roots were starting to show. If you looked closely, you could see the faintest hint of wrinkles,

and it became easy to imagine her as an old hag. She would age without grace. A touch of jowliness would overpower her delicate mouth.

The waiters pestered Jezebel for an order, but she delayed. I could see her mouthing the words: "He'll be here any minute." She reclaimed her hiding place behind the menu.

In my purse I rolled the syringe between my fingers. I told myself: give her until half-past to prove herself; it's only three minutes. If her date isn't here by then, he's never, ever going to arrive. I wondered how she ignited Robert's libido. Her clothes were only corporate-suggestive. She wore a short skirt, but was otherwise demur. Maybe she talked dirty to him, or rubbed against him in a crowded elevator. Tart. Carrier of *acidophilus*.

The clock showed eight-thirty.

I stood up just as the waiter arrived with my order. He said in a nervous Indian accent, "Your meal is ready, madam. Please don't leave. We've been so very busy."

He put my meal on the table. "Here is a chicken korma. And your raita," he said.

At that moment it struck me that a Rakshasa could just have easily taken on the form of a female as a man. The demon hunter of innocents.

Jezebel stood up from her table in recognition. A man I had never seen before came in the door and she smiled at him. Simon, she called him, and he sat next to her.

I felt dizzy, and looked down at my table. Before my eyes was a steaming plate of chicken, and next to it, a small raita salad: cucumber and tomato in yoghurt, yoghurt that teemed with *acidophilus*.

I called, to tell Robert not to drink the beer. There was no answer.

The End



# Con·cin·ni·ty 95

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"A NEW FORCE RISING...."



# Red Spot Special

by Adam A Browne  
& Samuel M Sejavka.

Place getter in the Constantinople Short Story Competition

"The males are like these crystals - huge see-through skyscrapers maybe a kilometre tall. And that's bigger than your Huon pine. Bigger than your giant Sequoia."

"And the females?"

"Same thing, but... fancy. Fluted. Like a Roman column. And they've got twice as many wheels."

"About these wheels..."

"Yeah, *tiny* wheels. They're born with two and grow a new one at the aphelion of Cygnus X-1 around The Hole. The planet is in dynamic equilibrium; if there's a death, the corpse melts back into the tracks. Heard of permaculture?"

"Mmn."

"Same thing."

"How do they reproduce?"

"Piezo-electricity."

\* \* \*

Harker spooned the froth from his cappuccino, dishing it into the saucer where it formed a mud-coloured puddle. He observed his fingers as they worked - unfamiliar carrot-things the colour of urine after a big dose of vitamin B...

He took a sip of the coffee and it helped. It eased the turbulence in his gut.

He tried to concentrate on the newspaper, but it was hard with that weirdness going on in the booth behind him. They were extrapolating some kind of New Age cosmology... tragic Californian channelers maybe, or contactees...

\* \* \*

"That's why the planet's pear shaped."

"Hang on. It's pear-shaped because...?"

"If you don't pay attention, you won't understand."

"Because they don't have hearts," said Blass wearily, addressing the stranger for the first time.

"You got it."

"Yet they do have circulatory systems?" Garden kept all trace of amusement from his voice.

"Yeah, yeah. And it's *gravity* that pumps this kind of electrolytic serum through their systems. At the fat end of the planet, where gravity's strong, the serum freshens up the lower part of their bodies. When that's done, they roll up to the pointy end, where gravity's minimal, and the serum goes to their heads."

"They actually have heads then?"

The stranger dismissed Garden with a wave of his hand. "You and me, we're carbon-based, right?"

They waited for him to continue.

"Well these guys, they're *phosphorus*. Phosphorus has unique bonding properties, just look at your periodic table. Of course, that makes weather control essential, see, because they combust if oxygen levels get too high. But that's no problem - weather's a cinch for a race that had the wheel before they had digging sticks."

Garden turned to Blass, who was sheltering behind his V-8 juice, trying to disassociate himself from the conversation.

"It's quite interesting if you actually visualise it," he said.

It's time we discussed the press conference," replied Blass, flatly.

Garden shrugged off the suggestion. "Everything he's said is logical. Neat. Internally consistent. He clearly hasn't made it up on the spur of the moment."

"I haven't made it up at all," said the stranger opposite, calmly.

"I wasn't suggesting that," Garden responded gently. "I think your theories are quite... elegant."

"Theories or not," said the stranger, eyes slitted, "*elegant* or not, you have a duty to take them seriously."

"Yes, alright," said Garden. "I'm all ears."

Blass slumped deeper into the brown vinyl upholstery.

"Did I tell you how advanced they were? Did I tell you they were one of the most advanced races in the galaxy?"

\* \* \*

Harker used to breakfast at The White Nile, but it was hard for him there. Too many drugs on hand. Too much floating credit. And too bewildering since he'd started the naltrexone programme.

The courts had required that he enter the programme after a possess and admin charge and since then his life had been turned on its head. Every morning, when he signed the book at the station, a blond policewoman with a headache would give him a fat, grey span-sule - naltrexone BP - and observe as he swallowed it with a plastic cup of water. The drug was an opiate blocker; its molecules were shaped just right to fit the relevant receptor sites so that when the heroin or morphine or whatever arrived it found itself locked out. If Harker was to go out and bang up ten grams of, say, number four or a nugget of raw brown, he just wouldn't notice a change. Nothing. Nothing there at all. As a result, his body had been thrown into a state of cellular panic and confusion. And pain. Whatever this drug did to the pleasure points in his brain, it

did nothing for his withdrawals - both physical and psychological. And that was how he found himself at Skipper's, sheltering from the street and trying to ignore a conversation that was at least as freaked out as anything you might hear at The Nile.

Pretending to look for a waiter, Harker snuck a glance at the table behind him.

Two straight types in shirtsleeves: one toadlike and paleoconservative, mooning over a greasy dish of eggs; the other thin and quick, humorous eyes magnified by a pince-nez. Harker could tell just from the back of the third that he was certifiable. He wore a set of air-force coveralls with quirky home-made insignia, and a battered headset which served to partially control a chaos of thick, grey dreadlocks - not the kind one grew for fashion, but which developed naturally in the absence of personal hygiene and were accompanied by the stench of rancid bacon grease, stale sweat and a hint of urine.

\* \* \*







"And by advanced, I just don't mean technology - they're evolved and sophisticated in ways we can never hope to comprehend. If one of their congenital submorons made a fingerpainting in its own excrement, we'd probably think it was a Rembrandt, say, or a Vermeer - if it wasn't so good. Get my drift? If they saw an ormolu clock or some Tan-p'i eggshell porcelain or one of those sixteenth century clockwork miniatures with the springs made from cat whiskers, they'd think it was... just like something you'd find washed up on a beach, you know, like maybe a mildly interesting seashell. Their tastes go far beyond what we could conceive, it isn't even worth trying to think about it."

"Had enough?" Blass muttered.

"It's taking my mind off our problem," replied Garden, regarding the jaundiced heavy-lidded eyes and the flaking unattended psoriasis of the man sitting opposite.

"They operate on the grand scale. By that I mean *geological*. I mean an artwork isn't an artwork unless it produces enough gravity to hold a respectable atmosphere. When they talk about a nook that seems a little bare and might be improved by the addition of a nice *object* - they're talking about a volume of space at least a parsec cubed..."

The stranger came to a sad halt, bowed his head.

Garden frowned. "Is something the matter?"

"They burned most of it from my memory," he said, softly, listlessly tracing patterns in the laminex tabletop with a bony finger. "But what's left is enough. It's more than enough."

"I'll say," Blass muttered.

The stranger looked up sharply, meeting his eyes.

"Haven't you any interest in the fate of this galaxy? The solar system? Earth?"

"More than you know," said Blass, sneaking a glance at Garden.

The stranger leaned forward and spoke in tightly clipped syllables.

"You have no idea of the true function of this solar system. The planets are not what you think. And not one of them is ours."

Blass snorted, "Well you may be right there."

"Eleven percent right. At least," said Garden, thoughtfully.

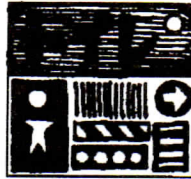
\* \* \*

Before the arrival of the nutcase, the academic types had been talking science as if the world depended on it. It wasn't the content of their conversation - Harker found that impossible to follow - it was the urgency of their tone which made him listen. He couldn't quite work out what was exciting them so much. Crazy stuff. Something about 'the sudden appearance of virtual dimensions' which may or may not have been 'borrowed from the quantum vacuum' and then 'repaid with interest'; 'Non-linear corrections to the topology of twistor space' creating 'negative volumes' which in turn created 'theoretical potentials' as they 'accelerated towards infinite velocity'. And, most passionately, 'disruptive cohomological events in the fundamental foam of spacetime'.

Foam of spacetime, Harker thought.

Foamed time. Foamed space.

Experimentally, he enclosed some spacetime in his hand. He moved his fingers through it.



It did feel foamy.

But then the third one had arrived, and the conversation changed. Still twisted alright, but familiar twisted. Stuff you'd read in the classifieds of 'Harmonic Convergences' or might overhear at a crowded VonDaniCon. It was boring.

He buried his face in his newspaper.

The algae bloom again. Still heading south, through the Pacific. Feeding off the effluent of Asia's waterways. It was boring too.

\* \* \*

"Anomalous Tom," he said, raising his hand in an arcane gesture that seemed to indicate Blass's breakfast. "Could I have a little of that? My metabolic rate is ramping down." A long, horny fingernail skimmed the yolk-membrane of a poached egg.

Blass pushed the cooling food across toward him.

"Fine. I've lost my appetite."

"The hand of generosity is stronger far than the arm of power," intoned 'Anomalous Tom', his voice already strangled by a huge mouthful of food. Blass grunted, curled his lip in distaste at the streamer of albumin making its way down the man's chin. He turned to Garden.

"Now that's out of the way, any suggestions?"

Garden shrugged. "You mean, how do we tell a packed press conference we know absolutely nothing?"

"We've got a *recording* of the event," snapped Blass.

"But no *explanation*."

"We've got a complete range of data - everything we ought to have."

"It was there one  $10^{-43}$  of a second. Gone the next," said Garden. "That's all we can say for sure."

" $10^{-43}$ ," pleaded Blass. "A quantum event, surely."

Garden regarded him patiently. "It was more of a Newtonian object, don't you think?"

Blass groaned. "You know what'll happen if we plead ignorance?"

Garden shrugged. "Disillusion with science. Funding cuts."

"Too fucking right. People rely on us for answers to precisely this sort of thing." Irritably, Blass produced an electronic notepad from his suit pocket. "Okay. We tell them there's been a discontinuity in the non-Euclidean geometry of local continua, right?" The task of scouring his vocabulary for a smoke-screen of abstruse terminology was a familiar one. "There will be some... some massive extension of cometary whip-back... some lability associated with the, er... more obscure mathematical constants... a reconfiguration of solar orbits, of course..." He swallowed some V-8 juice. "Well? Sound good?"

"Athena Starwoman may have a few predictive hiccups."

"Garden, you're meant to be *helping*."

The wrinkles on Blass's forehead formicated unnervingly and his darkening complexion suddenly reminded Garden of a dry, contaminated river delta seen from orbit. Garden resolved to cooperate.

"There's that paper by Coverlid and Reeks."

"Asteroids, wasn't it?"

"They concluded that had there been no significant local gravitational source, the asteroid belt would have



almost certainly coalesced into a planet."

"That's better," laughed Blass, scribbling on the LCD of his notepad. "Possibility of a new planet," he murmured. "Anything else?"

"There'll be..." Garden wracked his brains.

"Thirteen planetesimals!" bellowed Blass triumphantly, "Suddenly on free and erratic orbits through the plane of the ecliptic. Anything else?"

"Seven percent less hydrogen in the system."

"Eleven percent fewer planets."

"One hundred percent less Jupiter."

At this, a yolk-dipped crust caught in the throat of Anomalous Tom and he began to choke.

\* \* \*

As always, Harker hesitated to help until the need for help was gone.

Anomalous Tom was thrashing about on the floor not far from his feet, and one of the scientists was trying to clear his gullet with some variation on the Heimlich manoeuvre. The other, he noted, was sitting very still, writing something into a pad, worried about something else entirely.

Having involuntarily monitored the last of their conversation, Harker seriously doubted these scientists' credibility - in many ways they seemed as unearthed and off-the-air as their uninvited guest. Of course, it was possible they were legitimate. But that would mean they were about to publicly announce the sudden and mysterious disappearance of the planet Jupiter. It just didn't seem likely.

The newspaper was a good prop in Harker's attempts to disassociate himself. The algae story was actually panning out in an interestingish way. The bloom was unprecedented and had grown from nothing to its present size in no more than a fortnight. The red prokaryotic colony was now a turgid blot the size of China.

\* \* \*

Garden helped Anomalous Tom into his seat, but despite his soft words of encouragement, the man would not relax; he was hypertense and sweating freely.

"You know what that means?" he croaked weakly. "You know what that means? Listen to me!"

"I'm leaving," said Blass. He snapped shut the cover of his pad, apparently satisfied with their prepared statement. He wanted to stand but was boxed in by his companions.

"Wait on," said Garden, "let's make sure he's okay."

"You've heard of the red spot, right? Jupiter's red spot?" Anomalous Tom was regaining his voice. "You know what that is?"

"Yes," Blass said tiredly. "It's a large upwelling of condensed phosphorus in Jupiter's upper..."

"But do you know what it means?"

"You'll get out of my way now, sir."

"Do I have to spell it out?" Tom was exasperated. He shrugged off Garden who was massaging his back just below the shoulders. "You know what it means in an art gallery

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when something's got a spot on it like that?"

Neither of the scientists reacted. Anomalous Tom thumped on the table.

"Jupiter was sold! Way back in the Noachian age!" A waiter with a grim expression was approaching their booth. "It was the only planet considered of interest... at the time. And now they've come and collected their merchandise!"

He was standing; his outburst forcing cafe-patrons, including Garden, to look away in embarrassment.

"And we didn't even see it. We didn't even notice them do it. The power! The awesome Godlike power. Explain that at your press conference!"

The waiter escorted Anomalous Tom towards the exit. He did not struggle, yet nor did he stop shouting:

"The power! Here one moment! Gone the next! The awesome, awesome power! Man, you know how big that planet is?"

And he was gone.

As Garden paid the bill, Blass commented dryly, "Crystal Curators Claim Jupiter as Latest Acquisition in Cosmic Gallery."

Garden forced a smile.

"Could we make that sound believable?" asked Blass.

\* \* \*

Silence at last. There were only three other people left





in the cafe and they were not making a sound. Harker began to relax.

Funny how even the smallest things seemed so intense when you were in the throes of withdrawal - he was sure he would have noticed none of this had he been stoned. He sculled the last of his cold cappuccino and ordered another. It was half an hour before he was due at the police station for his medication.

His legs were shaking and he held them hard together at the knees. He wasn't in pain or cold or anything - they were just shaking.

Again, he immersed himself in the newspaper. It helped to read when you felt this way - it helped blot out uncomfortable external stimuli - even though you didn't always understand what you were reading and usually had to reread it five times to get any sense.

This algae bloom was really a most incredible thing. Phosphorus. It was phosphorus making the algae red. He remembered hearing that triumvirate of lunatics in the next booth mention phosphorus...

According to the article, the bloom had stabilised. It hadn't gotten any bigger for days and had marked out a relatively calm area of ocean, away from major ocean currents. It was rotating in such a way that it formed a near as perfect circle and it seemed to have

integrated somehow with local weather systems in order to secure itself against environmental extremes. Marine biologists were proposing that the bloom had become self-organising and was powered by a complex of strange dynamisms that may mean it was totally independent of seasonal variation. Only time would prove that...

The information flowed past him pleasurably, until he caught on a particular sentence.

*"...If so, the South Asian Bloom will appear to the onlooker from space as a huge red spot against the blue of Earth..."*

Harker reread the line.

And slowly the conversation came back to him. "Anomalous Tom." The worried scientists...

He shook his head and laughed.

But then reread the paragraph. And again.

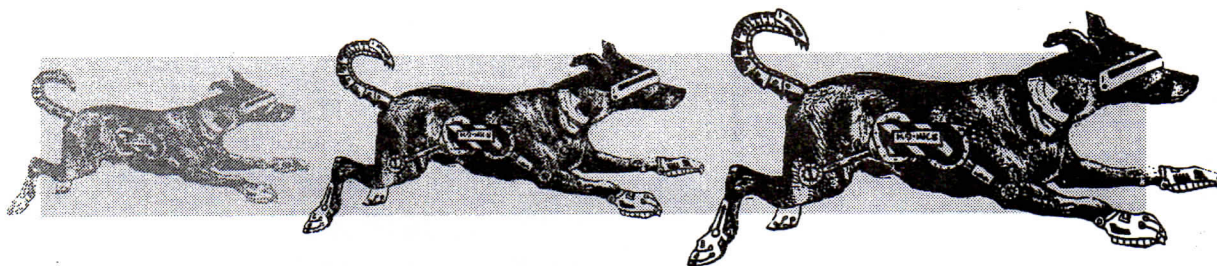
He saw a familiar figure pass by the front of the cafe. He figured there was enough in his wallet. It would be OK. He could score.

Harker reread the paragraph.

He would give a bad specimen today. Of course, there'd be trouble and difficulties with his probation, but what did that matter?

He shrugged. Maybe tomorrow it wouldn't.

*The End*



# ENTERPRISE

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# Multitudes

by Helen Sargeant

Place getter in the Constantinople Short Story Competition

"I contain multitudes" - Walt Whitman

The room sat in silence. Sherren sat in lotus pose, seeming not to breathe at all. I sat cross-legged, not having managed lotus pose yet. I wanted to stretch, yawn and go to the toilet. I never knew when to move. There was no signal. Sherren sat at the front of the class, like a tiny, feminine Buddha statue.

At some ungiven sign, the rest of the class began unfolding themselves, smiling and chatting quietly. Sherren was still in meditation. I didn't dare be first to leave the room, even though I needed to go badly. I wondered why everyone else didn't run for the doors, as I wanted to. Perhaps I just had a weak bladder.

Finally, Sherren came out of her stillness, smiled, and said: "I could do with a cup of tea." She rose to her feet and I envied her suppleness. I lumbered into the corridor in her wake, my legs so full of pins and needles that I wasn't sure I had my feet on the ground at all.

Perhaps this was what meditation was all about, I thought in the toilet. There had been much discussion of being 'free' and being 'grounded'. If poor circulation gave you the 'free' feeling, coming down was certainly painful.

Richard was waiting outside the door as I came out. "They're fixing the Men's," he said by way of answering my raised eyebrows. "How've you been?"

We talked through the door as I washed my hands slowly. He was the most beautiful man I'd ever seen. All of the men in Sherren's yoga class were beautiful, and Richard more so. They were beautiful, considerate, caring, totally New Age, and I thought it wrong of me to feel sexual towards them. I was a novice to yoga and it seemed the rest of the class had stepped beyond base body needs. Every week I struggled to leave my emotions at the door, ignore hunger, thirst, bursting bladders, and just do yoga.

I was not succeeding. All I could think of was a cup of tea, the pot luck supper in the kitchen, and Richard's body. I was caught up in my thoughts and was startled to feel touch. Richard's hands had joined mine under the cold water.

"Away with the fairies?" he asked.

"I didn't think yoga included fairies."

"Tim's here, isn't he?"

Tim was another class member, and so obviously gay he was laughable.

"You bitch!" I said.

Richard grinned. "I am, aren't I?"

We had slowly become friends over the last few months, but this was the first time we had stepped outside the carefully delineated area of yoga philosophy and practice.

We reentered the classroom together, easily slipping into chatter about our lives. Richard moved his cushion and blanket over next to me and we continued talking until Sherren called the room back to order.

"I thought tonight we would talk about... sex," she said, and watched us squirm.

Richard rolled his eyes. "Oh God, who wants to talk about it when you can do it?"

Everyone laughed. I didn't know whether to or not. He'd glanced at me as he said it. Was that an overture?

"Yeah," called a woman from the back of the room. "Talking about it. Isn't that oral sex?"

Sherren kept smiling. It was all very well for her. A self-confessed celibate and happy with it. "I thought we could consider what function it has in our lives."

I wanted to shout out "None at all" and be daring like the others, but I didn't. I saw Richard watching me.

"Can't remember?" he asked, whispering. "Or

don't want to?"

I shrugged, and chose a tough exterior. "Bit of both."

He stared at me a while longer. "You need a hug," he declared and gently pulled me back to rest against him. I was surprised to hear him sigh in contentment.

The discussion flowed around us, interspersed with laughter and the occasional dark confession. Richard said very little, I said nothing at all. I was conscious of him arm under my breasts and the way it was relaxed and heavy on my ribs. I could feel his chin on my hair, moving to one side as he took a sip of his coffee. It took me half an hour before I summoned the courage to casually put my hand on his outstretched leg.

We were frozen in time, or I wished to be so. Neither of us moved, nor tried to.

Sherren had us concluding that sex was simply a form of communication, as she cheekily popped the last biscuit into her mouth, and that we may as well meditate together as have sex.

"When the mind fully opens to another person, that's the most intimate communication of all," she said, and started carrying empty plates into the kitchen.

Class members nodded agreement until Richard spoke. "It lacks that certain... oommpphh, though." He emphasised the word with an animal growl.

We all laughed. I went to stand up, to help with the washing up.

"Leave it," he said. "You always do the washing up. Don't be such a goodie."

We listened to the kitchen being cleared and various 'goodbyes' and 'hare oms' being called. Sherren leaned through the doorway.

"You two lock up?" she asked.

"Mmmm," Richard replied.

Sherren grinned and left us alone in the community house. We sat in the quiet for a few minutes.

"I really should go home," I said.

"Why?"

"I-" I didn't know why. There was my own dirty dishes, a mushy video romance to watch, and a cold bed to comfort me. I donned my toughness again. "You got something in mind?"

He smiled against my hair. "Mmmm."

I tipped my head back to look at him. "Like what?" My voice was quick, brittle, out of place in the languorous air around us.

"I thought we could... meditate together."

We both laughed and he caught me in mid-smile with a kiss. We were entangled in each other in minutes. Then he sat us both upright.

"Let's do this right."

I watched him arrange cushions and our yoga blankets to his liking. I felt I should be straightening my clothes, perhaps gathering my stuff together. I really should have helped with the dishes.

Richard was lying in a nest of pillows. "Come here," he said softly.

I could feel something pressing on the back of my neck, a part of me leaning over my shoulder and saying "See this. This is the moment of choice. Feel it be heavy on you." I'd never felt it this strongly before. It was a presence around me. The last man who had said "Come here" to me, I had obeyed. Now I was four years older and it was suddenly my choice, not his whim. Last week's yoga discussion came to mind.

"Don't be afraid of your own life," Sherren had said. "If you're going to make mistakes, make glorious ones."





I joined Richard on the floor, and my secret self softened and merged with the rest of me. There was no thinking. Every time I sought to draw back, speak, even take a measured breath, Richard touched me in a new way and I spiralled down, up - I wasn't sure which - into sensation.

As he entered me, I thought to stop and ask the questions the magazines said we were to ask, but I couldn't and I thought he was taking the same risks and that we could trust each other. Then he moved and I forgot about anything except heat and salt and our breath caught gasping in the air.

I felt my body tingle, the building sensation in my stomach and then I melted into him. My knees were bent the wrong way and I could feel a hot presence beneath me, its arms wrapped around my back. I could see through Richard's eyes and watch my body shudder. I moved upwards through his body, oozing like honey through his many layers and then slowly down again until I passed from him and sank into myself. Richard was still moving within me.

"I'm sorry," he whispered, thrusting faster.

I was alone in my body. I could hear my own thoughts, I was in them. But I could not stand outside them and watch as they happened. I could not even remember what it was that could do this. I remembered the presence over my shoulder. My secret self. It was gone from me. Richard jerked above me. I could feel him release. I did not know what else to do. I reached with my mind and pulled. I felt Richard pale and energy leave him in a wave. He relaxed over me; shoulders, stomach, hips, legs, all coming to rest. It welled up through me from my gut, foaming and bubbling like a storm cloud until it reached my head.

"Mine!" I cried, like a small child arguing over a possession. And yet it wasn't. I felt cynical, more so than I had ever been, and that I should have been taller, heavier-set. I fought for my own name, for a moment thinking I was someone else.

Richard was crying. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm so sorry."

I could not speak.

"I had to," he sobbed. "I needed to."

I shook him. "Give me back," I said. Even to my own ears, my voice sounded wrong, weak and distanced.

"I can't. I don't know how."

"I'm not me." I frowned. "Who's Karen?"

He rolled away from me and sat up. He cut a miserable figure, hunched over his bare knees. He took note of himself, and tried to appear more confident. Did I appear that pathetic to others when I had that energy within me?

"My last lover. Her essence was growing weak." He looked away from me. "I needed to feed again."

I shuddered. "So you picked me."

He hunched over himself again. "I do like you," he said. "A lot. I would have wanted this even if... But it compels me. I have a right to live too, don't I?"

I slapped his face. It was not me. The other in my head could do things I never would have dared.

"Give me back!" I hissed.

"I can't," he repeated. "I don't even know how you got what you did. Normally one energy simply superimposes on the other." He looked distracted for a moment. "There's only you in here." He looked lost, the

way I often did.

I felt contempt for him. Or rather, Karen did. I was simply sharing my body with a furious woman, one much stronger than I had ever been.

"We'll see," I heard myself say. I pushed Richard back on the floor. He lay back unprotesting, and I could see my confusion in his eyes. I ran my tongue down his body. He reached for me, ready to kiss. I avoided his touch. I licked the length of his penis. He stirred against my mouth.

"No," he whimpered.

"Shut up!" I growled and very gently, I drew my teeth across the head of his penis. "I want me back." He shivered, afraid of what I might do, and of what I was going to do.

I worked him until he was nearly ready to come, then rose and slid him into me. Again I thrust myself down, reaching, and as he came, I drew the essence of myself through his body and up into mine. I could feel him vaguely reaching, groping to retake what had been his. I broke the connection between us, scrambling off his body.

He lay spent, staring dully at me.

"I need -"

I felt the energy settle within me. "I'm not living through you," I said. "And neither is she! Go find yourself another victim." I could feel the harsh thoughts of the other as they became more a part of me. "If you can."

"I'll die."

I started turning my clothes right side out, and putting them on. "Tough shit. You should have thought of that before you messed with... us."

I liked the feel of the other woman inside me. She was strong, something I had never been. Richard sat up and mechanically donned his clothes.

"How many others have you done this to?" I demanded, as I energetically hurled cushions into the storage cupboard.

"Eight." He could not seem to think straight. He was having trouble donning his jumper.

"Did they die?"

He frowned. "Some. Others went on living, sort of."

I could imagine the hollow lives they must be leading, if they had not killed themselves. The sort of life I had led up until tonight, never giving my wild mind free rein. I looked around the room. It was tidy except for Richard slumped in the middle of the floor.

"You lock up," I said and gathered up my bag and blanket.

"But -"

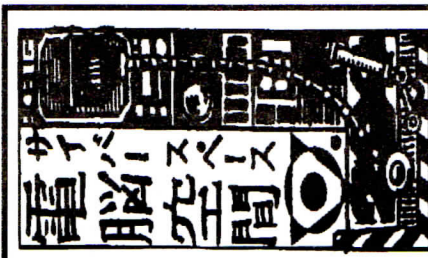
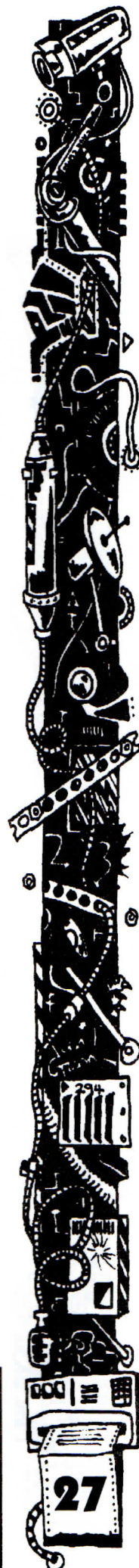
I walked from the room, from the house, without looking back. Perhaps he would die, and I nearly turned on my heel to go back to him.

And offer him what? the other voice said. His own self had been stolen years ago and he had been consuming others to keep himself going and give a semblance of a whole.

We took what was ours.

I got into my car and peeled away from the curb, terrified and exhilarated by my/our thought: This could become addictive.

*The End*

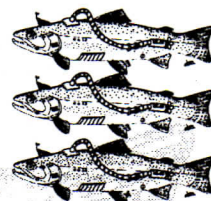


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# VIRTUAL REALITY

The good, the bad, and the downright stupid.



**V**irtual Reality - the computer generated world of 3D graphics which you can manipulate in real time - has the potential to become one of the most useable tools in the entire history of man. You'll notice I said *potential*.

Let me give you a few examples of the things that could be achieved with virtual reality. A word of warning first - virtual reality has a long way to go. At present, it's crude and slow. There is a perceivable gap in time between the movement you make and the response of the computer. The graphics are basic. The processing power a system needs to run realistic virtual reality is something scientists just dream of. With each passing day, developments are made and it is likely that VR could get to the level it needs to be a realistic option.

Think about medicine. In some cases, such as life threatening surgery, it would be a better idea if the surgeon could practice on a virtual patient, and if there is a slip of the knife, it is only a virtual patient that dies and not the real one. The surgeon learns and the patient has a better chance of survival. There is a virtual leg operating in the US at the Palo Alto Veteran's Administration medical centre and a virtual eye in an English hospital. The catch for using these systems is that medical personnel are reluctant to use the technology, so it might be that a lot more patients are lost before systems come into use.

In building and construction, there are already systems that allow prospective clients to walk through a building before it's even built. In Newcastle-on-Tyne, a company is using a system called 'Superscape' where clients have been able to check out their unit before it's built and avoid any design faults. A company in the UK has developed a VR program of an engine which Rolls Royce is to build, to check whether it is able to be repaired and maintained with the minimum of time and effort.

Information technology is a growing field. Schools and libraries could change from buildings and books, to data bases and programs. Imagine studying the Battle of Britain by being in one of the planes during the fighting. Imagine being able to find the book you want in the library without it being stolen, damaged or borrowed already. Imagine being able to arrange the information in any form you like - from a virtual paperback to writing in colour across the sky.

Travelling could be a thing of the past. No more waiting for delayed planes in uncomfortable plastic chairs with your luggage having a better time than that you are. You could walk the surface of Mars, surf in Hawaii, have lunch with the Queen, what ever you wanted - without leaving your armchair.

Virtual reality technology could be the breakthrough that people with limited mobility have been looking for. The signals that drive VR commands can be as simple as a twitch of the finger or a blink. VR could be the blossoming of consciousness for people who are desperately trying to get through to the real world. VR has been used to help a quadriplegic child make contact with the world - she can drive a smiling face around a screen just by looking. A dataglove was used to demonstrate that the twitches in the hand of a woman in a coma were deliberate and have given her the ability to communicate.

It is in the field of entertainment that VR has its present home. In the US and UK arcades of VR machines sprang up very early. There is, or was, a game show called 'Cyberzone' which used VR technology to bring up graphics. Most of the major programs are the 'shoot-and-kill' variety. The upsurge of VR in the games field has actually worked against investment opportunities, as investors are reluctant to invest in something they see as just a kids toy. Money that could have been used to develop useable VR applications has

been channelled off into other research. Until virtual reality loses its games image, it could be the poor cousin of the computer industry.

Now the downright stupid. Some people tend to go completely overboard about an idea. I have heard of one lady in the US who is obsessed with the concept of virtual sex. She produces a magazine on the subject and so far has produced a CD of the sounds of people making love, which you listen to with a eye mask on so you can visualise yourself. Okay, not really much wrong with that. At the present point in time, the only way to have a full body experience in VR is to wear what is called a data suit. This is a full body lycra body suit studded with sensors and such, which tell the computer your position in space and the direction you are moving. You can't wash them. I don't know about you, but I'm not using a data suit which someone has masturbated in! It sounds funny now, but if the technology develops and people are able to have sex in a virtual world using pressure sensors and computer feedback, this could take certain individuals ever further away from their existence in the real world. A virtual lover will never leave you, they will never do things to hurt you if you don't want them to, or steal the bed clothes. But they won't comfort you when you are sad, they won't help with the washing up or housework, they won't help you work towards a goal in life. In society there have always been people who have had trouble making friends and forming relationships. Virtual reality could take these people out of society and tuck them away in their own private worlds. Is this a good thing? I'm not sure.

Another factor of VR which can have a good or a bad side is that you could be anything in virtual reality. You could be male, female, young, old, beautiful, a lobster, a television screen. This would be nice if you don't think of yourself as you want to be. It does introduce a element of lying. Could you ever be sure you were talking to who you think you were talking to? Should there be safeguards against invasion of privacy? Singles night at a virtual reality bar could be very interesting. There could be virtual violence, virtual rape, virtual murder.

Could this stop these events actually happening? Would these acts of violence be reduced by the perpetrators committing crimes on virtual victims rather than poor Miss Jones in the flat next door? Human nature is far more complex than computer programs will ever be and I'm

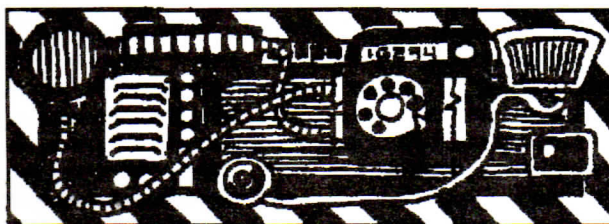
not qualified to make any judgements. I'd like to think it would take acts of violence off the streets.

All through history there have been people who have had addictive natures. When computer games came onto the market, people wailed and tore at their hair - wow, oh wow, our children will be lost to us, this monster will take them away from us, they said. Yes, some children did become addicted to video and computer games, and yes, they had to be deprogrammed. It happens. It will happen with virtual reality as well. Those people are still out there. It might take more to drag them away from the VR unit for a drink or a night out. This has happened throughout time and will continue to happen. Its up to society to recognise the dangers and be prepared. But, lets not get carried away.

Virtual reality is a tool and tools are meant to be used. The potential to use any tool incorrectly is always there. For every good and effective use of virtual reality technology, humans will devise a misuse. Its just part of human nature. If managed efficiently, virtual reality can be of real benefit to society and individuals.

Maybe I'll see you sometime in a virtual world.

Karen Pender Gunn  
February 1994





# Thankyou



As always, its virtually impossible to thank eveyone who has been involved in a monster project such as this one - but we have done our best. If your name does not appear here, rest assured, all contributions - big and small - have been genuinely appreciated! Thanks heaps!

ABC TV ❖ Justin Ackroyd ❖ Jeanette Allen ❖ Australian Science Fiction Foundation ❖ Quinten Axtens ❖ Bean & Medge ❖ Sarah Berry ❖ Black Cat Cafe ❖ Gigi Boudville ❖ Constantinople Committe ❖ Dr Who Club of Victoria ❖ Dymocks ❖ Blake Edgeton ❖ Ethel The Aardvark ❖ Footscray Institute of Technology ❖ Richard Freeland ❖ Terry Frost ❖ Galaxy Bookshop ❖ Gallifrey & Sean Paul Smith ❖ Gamers In The State ❖ William Gibson ❖ Ian Gunn ❖ Bruce Gillespie ❖ Narrelle Harris ❖ A Hamburger Named Spot ❖ Hodder and Headline & Dianne Cunningham ❖ Julie Hughes ❖ George Ivanoff ❖ Robert Jewell ❖ Jools and Thatch ❖ David Keane ❖ Tammy Lomas ❖ Thyme ❖ Melbourne Science Fiction Club ❖ Kate Orman ❖ Marc Ortlieb ❖ Chris Palmer ❖ Francis Papworth ❖ Karen Pender Gunn ❖ Matthew Proctor ❖ RMIT Union Enterprise ❖ Sandra Reid ❖ Peter Roberts ❖ Les Robertson ❖ Geoff Roderick ❖ Derek Screen & UIP ❖ SEC Printing ❖ Lucy Sussex ❖ Nick Stathopoulos ❖ Sharon Tapner ❖ Slow Glass Books ❖ Steve Smith ❖ Southern Cross Hotel ❖ John Swabey ❖ The Zine ❖ Kerri Valkova ❖ Victoria University, Footscray Campus Library & Staff ❖ Viola Opera Company ❖ Paul Voermans ❖ Alison Wallace ❖ Michael Wilson ❖ Phil Wlodarczyk

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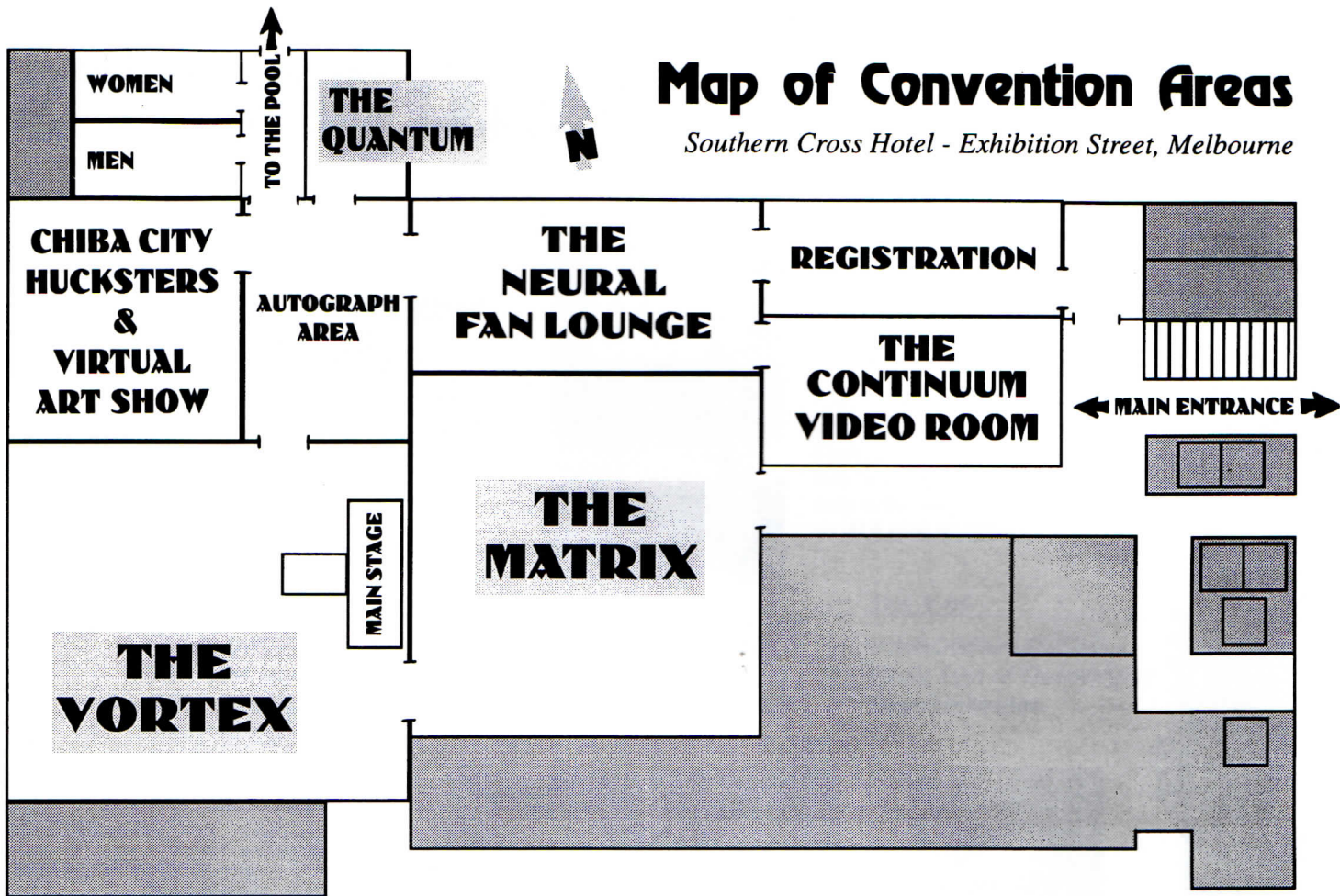
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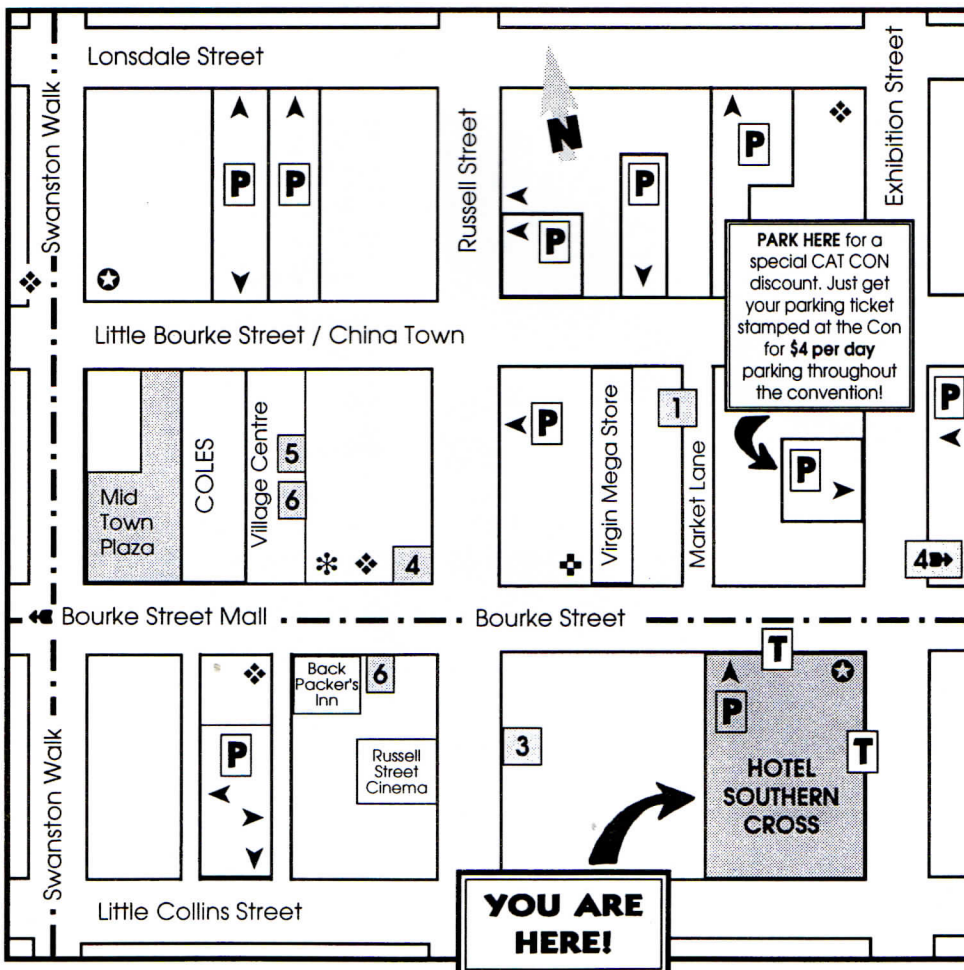


# Map of Convention Areas

Southern Cross Hotel - Exhibition Street, Melbourne



## Map of Local Eateries & ATMs



### KEY

- - - Tram Lines
- P Car Parking
- Entry to Car Park
- T Taxi Stand

### ATMs

- ⊕ ANZ
- \* Westpac
- ⊕ National
- ❖ State/Commonwealth

### Where to find FOOD!

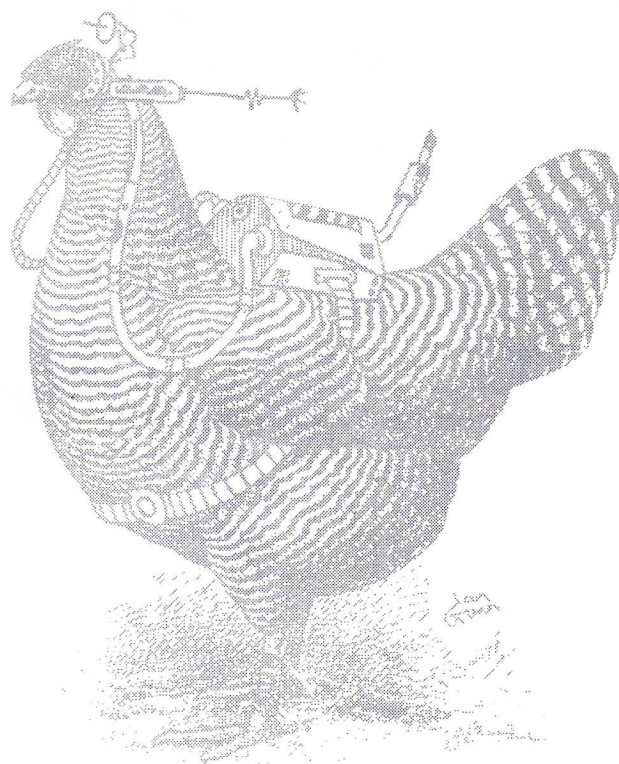
1. Pancake Parlour
2. Fast Eddy's
3. Taco Bill's
4. Hungry Jack's
5. Pizza Hut
6. Mc Donald's

Most of these places will be open over the convention weekend and they are certainly a cheap eat. Mid Town Plaza also offers a range of eats from gourmet sausages to seafood and salad, however will only be open on the Saturday. China Town also boasts a huge selection of oriental restaurants. Coles will be open on the Saturday, and there is a bottle shop right next door to the store if the mood takes you!

If you are still stuck for ideas, just come and ask one of the Convention committee - we'll do our best to help!



# Autographs





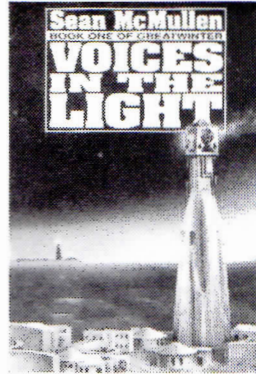
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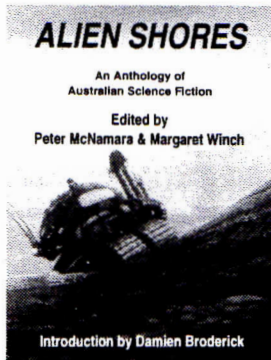
It is the 1700th year of Greatwinter's waning, and Doomsday approaches.

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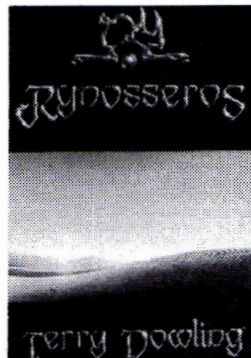
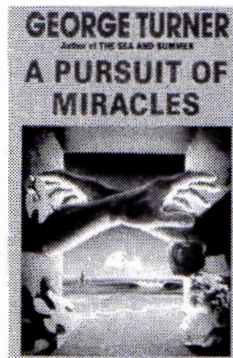
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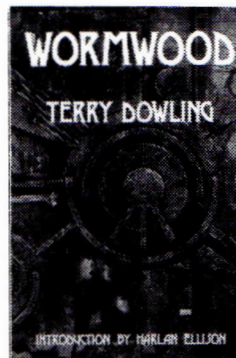


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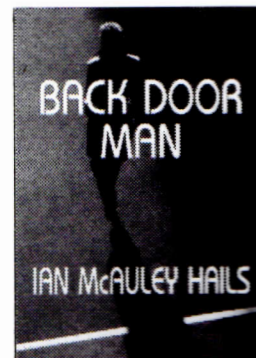
### A PURSUIT OF MIRACLES RYNOSSEROS George Turner Terry Dowling



### WORMWOOD Terry Dowling



### BACK DOOR MAN Ian McAuley Hails



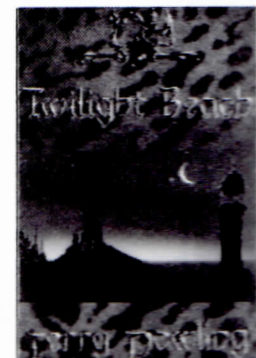
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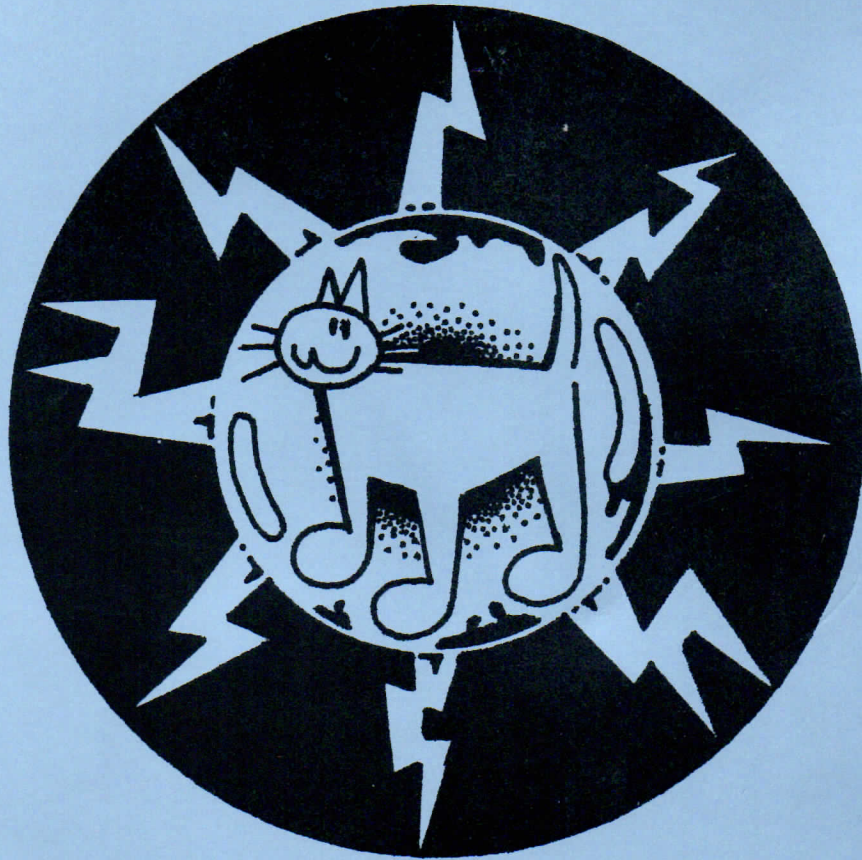
### BLUE TYSON Terry Dowling



### THE SEA'S FURTHEST END TWILIGHT BEACH Damien Broderick Terry Dowling







THE END