


JULY '99.


WOO-F 24

The Worldcon Order of Faneditors Twenty-Fourth Annual Capsule
Aussiecon Three, Melbourne, Australia

Founder: Bruce Pelz

Collator: Alan Stewart

Cover: Phil Wlodarczyk, PO Box 33, Seville, Victoria, 3139, Australia

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Copy count: 100

1999 Hugo Award winners:

Novel: *To Say Nothing of the Dog* Connie Willis

Novella: *Oceanic* Greg Egan

Novelette: *Taklamakan* Bruce Sterling

Short Story: *The Very Pulse of the Machine* Michael Swanwick

Related Book: *The Dreams Our Stuff Is Made Of* Thomas M Disch

Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois

Semiprozine: *Locus* edited by Charles N Brown

Dramatic Presentation: *The Truman Show*

Professional Artist: Bob Eggleton

Fanzine: *Ansible* edited by Dave Langford

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Ian Gunn

John W Campbell Award: Nalo Hopkinson

YTTERBIUM

52

September 1999

ANZAPA Mailing 190 and WOOF 24

Prepared by Alan Stewart,
PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria, 8005 AUSTRALIA.
Phone : (03) 9429 8354
fiawol@netspace.net.au

BROWNIAN NOISE

Another Worldcon issue of *Ytterbium*, and once again it brings a list of Australian fanzines and Clubs. There's been some changes since the 1994 and 1996 WOOF issues, but not as much as you would expect.

I hope this encourages overseas fans to make new contacts with Australian fandom, and if any Australian fans find any errors or omissions, I'd appreciate hearing about them for an updated issue in the future. All the following information was correct at the time I heard of it, but that may have been some years ago.

Marc Ortlieb's annual 'Possible Ditmar Nominees List' is another good source for Australian fanzines, fan writers and fan artists. This usually appears in January each year, but could also be downloaded from the web at <http://www.vicnet.au/~sfoz/bullsheet.htm>. Marc can be contacted personally at mortlieb@vicnet.net.au, or PO Box 215, Forest Hill, Victoria, 3131.

Melbourne fan David Coutts has released a boardgame called *6 Billion*, in which players colonise the Solar System. Information is available at <http://www.bnbg.com.au/~bnbgames>. Copies will also be on sale in the Dealers' Room at Aussiecon Three.

Circulation of this issue is 60 for ANZAPA 190 and 100 for WOOF 24.

Illustrations by Ian Gunn.

Australian Fanzines

The Australian Science Fiction Bullshead

Newsletter - Marc Ortlieb

PO Box 215, Forest Hill, Vic, 3131. Email: mortlieb@vicnet.net.au.

Subscription: \$6 for ten issues posted, email one off \$10 fee. Fortnightly issues.

Awaken

Genzine - Karen Ogden

PO Box 428, Prospect, SA, 5082

\$3 plus postage per issue. Write regarding trades.

Babbling On

Clubzine - Jools Thatcher for The Australian Babylon 5 Fan Club Inc.

PO Box 610, Ballarat, Victoria, 3353.

Available to members - \$10 per year, or for arranged trade with Clubzines.

Black Light

Clubzine - Damian Christie for Gallifrey.

GPO Box 910G, Melbourne, Vic, 3001.

Subscription: \$13 (6 issues each).

Books For Sale Catalog

Catalog - Graham Stone

GPO Box 4440, Sydney, NSW, 2001

Available upon inquiry.

The Captain's Log

Clubzine - Austrek.

GPO Box 5206AA, Melbourne, Vic, 3001.

Available to members (\$20/yr) and arranged trade.

The Communicator

Clubzine - Derek Screen for Enterprise

PO Box 466, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Vic, 3005.

Available to members (\$12/yr) and arranged trades.

Ethel the Aardvark

Clubzine - Karen Pender-Gunn for Melbourne SF Club

PO Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Vic, 3005.

Available to members (\$18/yr), for 'The Usual' and annual subscription (6 issues): \$12 Australia, \$25 overseas.

Fiendish Times

Perzine - Chris A Masters

PO Box 7545, St Kilda Road, Melbourne, Victoria, 3004

Available for a SSAE or correspondence with the editor.

Kalien

Perzine - James Allen

PO Box 41, West Brunswick, Victoria, 3055

The Mentor

Genzine - Ron Clarke

PO Box K940, Haymarket, NSW, 1240

Write for availability.

The Metaphysical Review

Genzine - Bruce Gillespie

59 Keele Street, Collingwood, Victoria, 3066

Available for LoCs, contribution, trade. Subscription \$30 in Australia, overseas equivalent of \$US 40 or £20.

Mimezine Flashback

Perzine - Terry Frost

Misanthrope

Horror genzine (R) - Chris A Masters

PO Box 7545, St Kilda Road, Melbourne, Victoria, 3004

\$5 per issue (cheques payable to 'Fiendish Press'), overseas \$US 8 airmail.

Pha News

Catalog - Phantasia Science Fiction & Mystery Bookshop

PO Box 1255, Penrith, NSW, 2750.

Pinkette

Perzine - Karen Pender-Gunn

PO Box 567, Blackburn, 3130

Available by editorial whim.

Reviewzine

Review zine - Susan & Braeme Batho

PO Box 517, Springwood, NSW, 2776

Available for trade, contribution, or just because.

The Rubbish Binns

Perzine - Merv Binns

PO Box 315, Carnegie, Victoria, 3163

Science Fiction

Reviewzine - Van Ikin

Department of English, University of Western Australia, Nedlands, WA, 6907.

Subscriptions: Australia - 2 issues/\$13; Overseas - 2 issues/\$18. US agent: Jonathan V Post, 3225 N Marengo Ave., Altadena, CA, 91001, USA.

Science Fiction News

Review zine - Graham Stone for Australian Science Fiction Association. GPO Box 4440, Sydney, NSW, 1044

Sprinkle -

Perzine - Frances Papworth
PO Box 41, West Brunswick, Victoria, 3055

Temporal Orbit

Perzine - Matthew Rayner & Brendan Jones
2 Guildford Place, Leumeah, NSW, 2560

Thyme

Newszine - Alan Stewart
PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria,
8005. Available for 'The Usual'. Subscription \$15/year (6
issues).

Yah Boo Hiss

Perzine - David Arblaster & Beverley Hope
Available for Editorial Whim.

Australian Clubs

Victoria

Australian Babylon 5 Fan Club, occasional meetings,
newsletter Babbling On. Write to PO Box 610, Ballarat,
Victoria, 3353. Xfive@ballarat.starway.net.au
<http://home.vicnet.au/~babylon5/>

Australian Costumers Guild, regular meetings. Write to
PO Box 322, Bentleigh, Victoria, 3204 for details.
stilskin@netspace.net.au

The Australian Horror Society (AHS). For more
information contact PO Box 7545, St Kilda Rd,
Melbourne, Victoria, 3004.

Austrek meet on the first Saturday of each month at St
Marks Church Hall, cnr Canterbury & Burke Roads,
Camberwell. Meetings start about 2pm. Newsletter The
Captain's Log, GPO Box 5206AA, Melbourne, Victoria,
3001. Phone 03 9489 8743. austrek@vicnet.net.au
www.vicnet.net.au/~austrek/ Fax 03 9285 5329

BIG SF, meets irregularly at various venues in Ballarat.
Write to PO Box 178, Wendouree, Victoria, 3550 for
details.

Daemonics Club Kew Community House Number 4, 4-10 Derby St, Kew. Ben Fryer, PO Box 1528, Collingwood, 3066.

The Dandenong Science Fiction Society (DSFS) meet at 8 pm, on the second Wednesday of the month, Dandenong Library
Conference Room, Stuart St, Dandenong (Melways 90 E7). General inquiries to Ann McGann, 63 Woodside Ave,
Frankston, 3199, phone (059) 71 3645.

Doctor Who Club of Victoria meet on the second Saturday of the month. Membership \$12/year, newsletter Sonic
Screwdriver, GPO Box 4782UU, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001. phone (03) 9723 6909 dave@ipax.com.au
www.ipaz.co.au/~dave/dwcv

Enterprise: The Star Trek Appreciation Society of Victoria, meets on the fourth Saturday each even numbered month at
the Horticultural Hall, 31 Victoria Street, Melbourne (Melways reference 1B L3). act PO Box 466, World Trade Centre,
Melbourne, Victoria, 3005. phone (03) 9583 7404 (AH) enterprise@minerals.csiro.au
<http://www.aba.net.au/people/susien/enterprise/>



Fellowship of Middle Earth Monash University F & SF Society (FOME), c/- The Union, Monash University, Clayton, Victoria, 3168. fome@yoyo.cc.monash.edu.au or eleni@yoyo.cc.monash.edu.au <http://yoyo.cc.monash.edu.au/~fome/>

Friday Night Mob Friday 6-7pm, Myers cafeteria, 3rd floor Myer Lonsdale Street store, Melbourne.

Gallifrey (British Telefantasy) Contact GPO Box 910G, Melbourne, 3001 or phone 0411 180 717, Daniel Klein (03) 9850 7275. Membership \$13/year (\$15 family) www.vicnet.net.au/~gallifrey/

Goulburn Valley Sci-Fi Club, PO Box 186, Kyabram, Victoria, 3660, meet on the 4th Sunday of even numbered months at Willowmere Receptions, Lancaster Road, Kyabram, from 12pm onwards.

Melbourne Science Fiction Club Inc (MSFC) meets at St David's Uniting Church Hall, 74 Melville Road, West Brunswick (Melways 29 C6) (on the North Coburg tram route, #55 up William Street in the city) on Friday nights from 8-11pm. Newsletter Ethel the Aardvark. Club library. Annual fees: Household \$20, single \$15, overseas \$20, Ethel subscription only \$10. Contact PO Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005. <http://www.vicnet.net.au/~msfc/>

The **Nova Mob** meets the first Wednesday of each month at 8pm for discussion. Dinner is held before hand at 6pm. Phone (03) 9383 2558.

Phryne Fisher Club PO Box 41, West Brunswick, Victoria, 3055

Quantum Leap Fan Club \$12 per year, quarterly newsletter The Leaper, occasional meetings, details from Nick (03) 9482 7149. Write for information to PO Box 315, Northcote, Victoria, 3070.

Red Dwarf Fan Club Irregular meetings. \$30 per year. PO Box 1044, Bundoora, Victoria, 3083 thomasm@connexus.apana.org.au

Skyforce, a Star Wars universe social club, meets bi-monthly 1-5 pm at Copeland Theatre, Economics building, Melbourne University. Cost \$4 associate members, \$5 non-members (Children under 16 free if accompanied by an adult). Discussions, auctions, slide shows, dealers room. Phone 9416 8998. PO Box 427, Northcote, Victoria, 3070. kath@melbpc.org.au

Time Lords C/- Lee Zachariah, 3 Selwood Crt, Mornington, Victoria, 3931. Newsletter Eternity (was Tardis)

Time-Trekkers meet on the first Friday of every month in Community House, 21 Carpenter Street, Bendigo. More information, including details of their newsletter Ultrawarp, PO Box 334, Bendigo, Vic, 3550.

Victrex meets bi-monthly in the Seymour Scout Hall, Howe Street, Seymour. Meetings start 10am. Postal address: PO Box 325, Seymour, Victoria, 3550.

Wizards Council (AD&D Roleplaying etc) Monthly meetings at Level 4, 251 Flinders Lane. GPO Box 3036FF, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001.

X-Files Fan Club, no set meetings. Fanzine The Field Journal. Write to Locked bag 1013, Flemington, Victoria, 3031. xffca@cyberspace.org

New South Wales/ACT

Australian SF Association meets monthly on a Saturday or Sunday, venue changing. Write to Graham Stone, GPO Box 4440, Sydney, NSW, 2001.

Babylon 5 OZ Fan Club PO Box 161, Adamstown, NSW, 2289. Fanzines The Babble-on Babylon 5, Gold Channel. shadow@scorch.hna.com.au

Canberra Doctor Who Fan Club c/o Huw Buchtman, 12 Joske Place, Latham, ACT, 2615. Meetings first Saturday of each month (not December!) Newsletter Dishrags to Drashigs.

Canberra SF Society for information contact PO Box 47, Civic Square, ACT, 2608. Phone (06) 288 6391 (ah)

Dr Who Fan Club of Australia \$9 per year. GPO Box 2870, Sydney, NSW, 2001 email: neelix@eagle.asstdc.com.au

Friends of Science Fiction Star Trek, The X-Files, Babylon 5, Doctor Who. PO Box 797, Fairfield, NSW, 2165. Email: fsf@nrc.net.au Fanzine: Friends of Science Fiction Newsletter <http://www.nrc.net.au/~fsf/>

Futurian Society of Sydney, meet monthly on the 3rd Friday, 7 pm in room 1615, University of Technology, Sydney. For dates and information phone (02) 796 8895 or see notices in Sydney bookshops. <http://tanelorn.socs.uts.edu.au/~iwoolf/writings.html>

Gargoyle Club First Friday of month. 7pm, Royal Exhibition Hotel, Surrey Hills.

Lost In Space Australia PO Box N9, Petersham North, NSW, 2049

Newcastle Dr Who Society 3rd Sunday of the month. Contact PO Box 140, Kotara Fair, NSW, 2289 (049) 543 603

Newcastle Science Fiction Club 1st Sunday of month. Call Craig 049 871 413 for details.

Newcastle Star Trek Society for information contact Terry Shadwell (Phone 049 489 992)

NSW Uni SF Club Newsletter: Sub Space Relay. (02) 481-9419

Parramatta SF Discussion Group (PSFDG) First Thursday of month, 7pm, Infinitas Bookshop, 5/1 Horwood Place, Parramatta (02 633 5682) ianm@mpx.com.au

Penrith group: for more information ring (047) 301 073.

Southern Science Fiction Group Contact (02) 534 3595

Sydney Doctor Who SF Fan Club GPO Box 2870, NSW, 2001. Email neelix@eagle.asstdc.com.au

Thursday Night Group Informal, 5-7pm, Ali Baba Cafe, George St. Contact Graham Batho (w) 02 213 8641.

Wagga Doctor Who Fanclub C/- Keith Walker, 52 Perseverence Street, West Wyalong, NSW, 2671

Queensland

11:21 (X-Files) Flat 2, 10 Roseglen St, Greenslopes, QLD, 4120

Brisbane Doctor Who Club meet bimonthly, third Sunday of the month. For details write to PO Box 10308, Adelaide Street, Brisbane, QLD, 4000. timelords@closer.brisnet.org.au

Conquest December 1, AGM, Metro Arts Centre, 4th floor. For details contact GPO Box, 1376, Brisbane, QLD, 4001.

QLD Star Trekkers (Quest) meet on the second Sunday of the month, 12-4 pm, Yungaba Community Centre, 100 Mains Road, Kangaroo Point. They also produce a regular newsletter. Write to GPO Box 2084, Brisbane, QLD, 4001 or phone Kevin on (07) 356 5472 for more information.

Terminal Pyramids The Wide Bay DW and B7 Fan Club, 51 Rocky St, Maryborough, QLD, 4650 (071) 215 180 (Daniel Pattell)

Trilogy (Dr Who) PO Box 2459, Southport, QLD, 4215. David Mark Sasche. sdavid@gc.design.net.au. Fanzine Entropy. Will meet monthly on the Gold Coast.

Vortex GPO Box 2004, Brisbane, QLD, 4001.

South Australia

AUSFA C/- Clubs Associations, University of Adelaide, North Terrace, Adelaide, SA, 5001.

Critical Mass usually meet to discuss SF and debate first Wednesday of each month, from 8 pm at SA Writers' Centre, 2nd floor, 187 Rundle Street, Adelaide, with dinner beforehand at Five Spices restaurant. PO Box 3355, Rundle Mall, Adelaide, SA, 5000. dwarman@maths.adelaide.edu.au

Sastrek PO Box 369, North Adelaide, SA, 5006 (08 337 8759)

South Australian Doctor Who Fan Club PO Box 3227, Rundle mall, Adelaide, SA, 5000 (08) 294 8337 (Jeremia Boddey, president) Monthly meetings. Fanzine Chameleon Factor; newsletter Wall of Lies.

Western Australia

Jump Point The Babylon 5 club of WA Email info@jumppoint.net.au <http://www.jumppoint.net.au/>
PO Box 245, Inglewood, WA, 6932

The Neutral Zone (Star Trek) PO Box 1169, Bibra Lake, WA, 6163. (09) 434 4167 nzone@iinet.net.au. Zines: The Final Frontier, Defector.

UniSFA University of Western Australia SF Association. doi@tartarus.uwa.edu.au

The West Lodge (Dr Who) First Saturday of month, Collins Street Centre, South Perth. PO Box 190, Mt Lawley, WA, 6050. null@ucc.gu.uwa.edu.au
<http://www.ucc.gu.uwa.edu.au/~null/WestLodge/WestLodge.html>

Westrek Last Friday of month, 6.45pm (except December second Friday). Labor Centre Building, 82 Beaufort St, Perth. PO Box 307, Bentley, WA, 6102. (09) 356 1757. evans@pf.adied.oz.au



Aussiecon Three!

An APA a day keeps the Boredom at bay

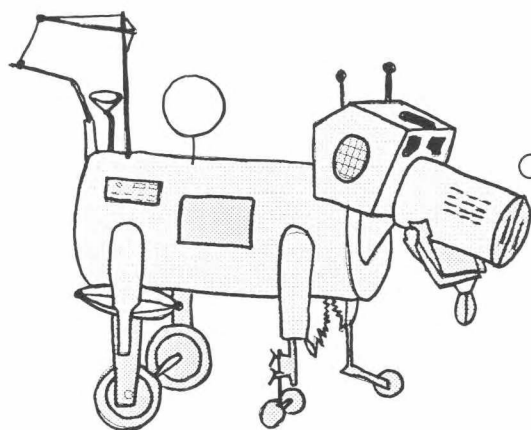
(But it brings the men in white coats running)
OR

Eighty pages of fanzine in three weeks – that's not too hard.

By Karen Johnson (karenji@labyrinth.net.au)

35 Mariana Ave, STH CROYDON VIC 3136 AUSTRALIA

For the Aussiecon collation of WOOF



Woof, Woof. Is that
ALL those silly
humans are ever
going to want to
hear me say? At
least K9 got to say
'Yes Master'

Fanzine Publishing - better than a poke in the eye with a blunt stick.

Anyone who knows me, knows that I'm not good at Deadlines. Or rather, I'm very good at coming up to the Deadline without having done anything so I have to have a last minute flurry of activity to get everything done. In the last three weeks, I've written 80-odd pages (some of them very odd) of con-related material. I'm running the Children's Activity Program at Aussiecon with the help of Sue Bursztynski, and when we started our planning about April, I decided it would be a very Good Idea to desk top publish a Junior Handbook for Aussiecon, so that the parents would have everything they needed to know about A3 & kids, and the kids would have something to keep them busy when they weren't with me. That took much more work to assemble than I'd anticipated, and I finished it on Friday and moved onto the next task, which was writing a special contribution for the Aussiecon collation of ANZAPA. That only took about six hours, so I did it on Saturday night while I watched (or rather listened to) television, finishing the print run at 2am. First thing Sunday morning I went to work on the special Aussiecon edition of my fanzine *Out of the Kaje* - I'd started three weeks ago, but not got very far as yet, so it took until 2pm today (Tuesday) to finish it off. And then there's this... It's now 11pm Tuesday night, and as you can see I've just got around to starting. I'm moving into the Centra tomorrow night, because I decided it would be far too difficult to manage the logistics if I had to take myself, my luggage AND all the junk for the children's program along on Thursday morning. That'll be more convenient in the morning, but it means I've got to finish this NOW or I won't be able to print it off. And believe me, you really don't want to try to read anything I've hand-written...

One question I've been asking myself while doing all this work is 'Why?' This is a question I've heard a lot since I started writing, and there's not really one simple answer to it. I write because? Not that sure really. I can't write fiction (don't have the patience or skills to try it) but this sort of thing is dead easy - it's just talking on paper. Anyone could do it if they wanted to, but most mundanes probably wouldn't think to try. As for the publishing bit, I enjoy doing desk top publishing because I get a lot of satisfaction out of seeing a nice clean layout emerging on the page, and from thinking that I did that. The Kid's book is a good example of this, and if you've got a child at Aussiecon I'd suggest you take a look before they scribble all over it. The idea behind it was simple - take a

collection of puzzles and worksheets vaguely related to the topic of either Australiana or science fiction, and combine them into a booklet. The simplest way to do this would have been to have got twenty sheets, bunged them together, and copied them. I could have done this, but I decided to see how much material I could fit in without hopelessly over cluttering the booklet. I made up a bunch of puzzles myself, scanned some others, and put them together appropriately. Incidentally, another thing about this exercise which gave me a lot of satisfaction was that I've never used PhotoShop this intensively before, so I learnt a lot of new skills. It was fun, and very good practice in cutting, pasting, layering etc. Now I think I could extract one part of an image and turn it into a separate file with my eyes closed.

The other reason for doing all this work is of course to get a response. On the whole, fannish people are very good about replying to letters, loccing zines etc. so when I post out a whole mound of Kajes (or OotKs, as Robert Jan suggested – he pointed out the Discworld reference too, as I'd never noticed it! Anyone seen the Librarian around?) I can rest assured that over the next four to six weeks my letterbox is going to be filling with replies. And getting nice letters makes me happy. And when I'm happy, I'm a much nicer person to be around. So, I guess you could say I publish because it makes the world a better place. Will I get sick of it? Possibly? Do I still enjoy having a go at it? Of course! Do I regret spending so much time and money on it in the past? Not a bit! Will I do it again? Like a shot!

Y2K – Disaster waiting to happen or a load of hogwash?

My father works for a middling-sized computer firm. Some of the other engineers run around fixing spot up-to-date super-duper whiz-bang machines, but Lionel's job is to look after the really old stuff. One of his main jobs is keeping the computers at Metrol going. These machines are older than I am. They're so old they don't even use the date for anything. This is both good and bad. The good is that because of this, they've never even heard of the Millennium Bug, so it's not going to make them break down on December 31st 1999. The bad is that they're so old they break down every five seconds all by themselves... Dad has a more-or-less fulltime job just going into the city and trying to keep the wretched things going for long enough to last until they're ripped out. Alas, the work can only be done when the trains aren't running, and there's only one window each day when that happens – 1am through to 6am. Lionel's worked so many midnight shifts lately that if he'd turned into a vampire

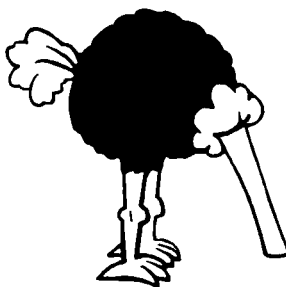
no one would notice... (good thing we don't live in Sunnydale, or he would have been vampirised long ago – he's hardly seen the sun in the last four months.)

But I was going to write about the Millennium. This is a poem I wrote about the 'worst-case' scenario, where everything falls in a heap. Some of you may have seen it already, but if so you can just ignore it – move on to the bit where the poem stops and pick it up from there.

A Millennial Fantasy ('99)

*Come hell or high water, rain or snow,
The posties to their duties go
I wonder whether we'll still see 'em
In the first days of the new Millennium?
When all around us computers crash,
And the garbos won't collect the trash,
Because without pay-roll computers, their bosses
say
That not a one of them can get paid today.
Though that's really academic, 'cause the banks
won't tell
Us their entire financial records have been shot to hell,
And the roads are one gigantic traffic jam
Because none of us can travel by train or tram,
But rather have to face the dreadful plight
Of roads bereft of traffic light
And if you need to travel desperately, and brave
the skies,
I hope you've got insurance or a stash of cash put by
(but make sure your near-and-dearest knows exactly
where it is
Because they very soon may need it to support the
kids)
In case your aeroplane develops faults in vital
chips
And the pilot discovers briefly that they're trying to
fly a brick...
While just around the corner from your peaceful
home*

*The local nuclear reactor core is being swathed in
foam
In one final desperate try to cool the core
Before it explodes dramatically, as the doomsayers
forsook
And the city is polluted for the next 10,000 years
(But they'll pay out compensation, so there's no
need for tears -
and they'll find a cure for cancer, I'm sure it's not
too late,
You'll just have to be patient, sit in that corner
and wait.)
Now this tale is speculation and a slightly one at
that,
But I've yet to hear an expert who can confirm
that it's not fact
You can party all you want on Dec 31st, stop
and have a drink for me
Because by now I know exactly where I'm
going to be
I won't be at a party, I'm not prepared to roam,
- the posties may be working, but I'm going to
stay at home*



The Ostrich
Method – One
popular
approach to
handling the
Y2K problem.



**A newsletter and website of hints & tips for
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- Things to see and do
- Who to contact ➤ Accommodation ➤ Tours
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**We are not travel agents (so we can't take your bookings)
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Starting in 2000, we will be travelling around Australia,
reporting on what we find, as well as pointing you
to other sources of information

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P.O. Box 640, Airlie Beach, Qld 4802, Australia
phone +61-7-4948-0450, fax +61-7-4948-0435

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Aussiecon visitors — it may be too late to help you plan this trip,
but if you want to come back and see more of the country
(or just read about it and dream), sign up now for our free
e-mailed newsletter! (And tell all your friends back home.)

Want to find us at the con? Try the fan lounge or our mobile
numbers, 014 849 756 (Jean) or 019 434 293 (Eric)

Avalook at Australia

What

Avalook at Australia is a free email newsletter aimed at travellers and tourists intending to visit Australia, and their travel agents. We will attempt to cover the obscure, the unusual, and just generally hard to locate places, local events and all those tips and tricks you only pick up after you have travelled extensively.

We think there is plenty of coverage of major cities already, however we will certainly point you to good, accurate sites for Sydney, Melbourne and other major cities as we encounter them.

Our web site will contain back issues of the newsletter, plus reviews of locations, events and businesses around the country, and pointers to books, videos and CDs about Australia.

We also expect to have a range of "special interest" pages. For example, check some older pages we did on Australian science fiction bookshops, or short biographies of Australian SF authors at

members.tripod.com/~eric_lindsay/ozwriter/ozshop.htm
members.tripod.com/~eric_lindsay/ozwriter/ozwriter.htm

Why

During our travels, local fans have often shown us wonderful areas and events we might never have found ourselves. Travel agents and booking services mostly tell you about well publicised and promoted locations, unless they manage to locate information from less formal sources. Many travel agents do attempt this, but they can't spend all their time travelling and searching for obscure and interesting things to do and see.

We want to see more of Australia for ourselves ... and we will be reporting back to anyone interested in coming along via our free newsletter. We were going to do a "two years or more around Australia" trip in any case. This gives us a chance to help cover our costs by selling limited advertising in our newsletter, and by doing additional web pages for businesses whose products we use.

When

We registered the name Avalook at the end of August, and then rushed to put up our first web page. We are accepting automatic registrations for our email newsletter by email via oznews-subscribe@avalook.com.au

We expect to put out our first email newsletter in October, and every two weeks thereafter.

How

Initially we will be covering areas close to home by car and boat.

Real Soon Now we hope to find a four wheel drive motorhome, tough enough to cope with some of the less friendly Australian outback tracks, but large enough for our two offices! We have our eye on the West Australian built Oka (pronounced ocker - it is a pun), and have been talking with the factory.

We are also hoping that new satellite communication systems due out soon will allow us to stay on the Internet. Otherwise we will have to work via HF radio, which is a bit slow for the digital world. We will be ranging far beyond the reach of the plain old telephone system, and beyond the range of mobile phones.

Where

We will be covering outback Australia, plus the lesser known tourist areas. We expect to start with the Whitsunday Islands (we live there) and the Great Barrier Reef. We have done a few minor trips through the Whitsundays before Aussiecon with Greg Benford and Elisabeth Malartre, and with Joe and Gay Haldeman and Rusty Hevelin. We are doing some more snorkelling and diving trips after Aussiecon with other fans. It is a tough life, but someone has to do it. Check my old Airlie Beach pages at http://members.xoom.com/eric_lindsay/airlie

We will initially expand our coverage through North Queensland, Cape York, and the Gulf of Carpentaria country, all of which we want to revisit. We will eventually cover the entire country.

Who

Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber are longtime fans (1973 and 1975 were our first Worldcons) who seem to spend a disproportionate time travelling around Australia and the USA. We have a fair idea of what sort of information we would have liked to have on hand, and how to make travel more comfortable. We have been writing up some of our fannish trips in our fanzines *Gegenschein* and *Weber Woman's Wrevenge*. Check our fanzine web sites for back issues.

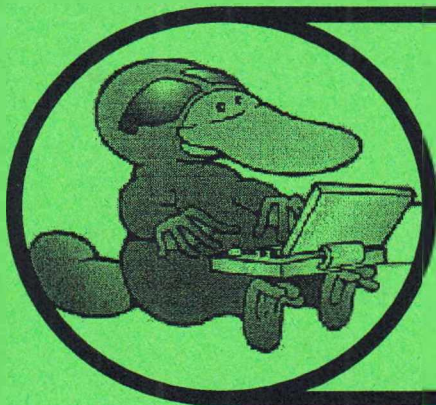
http://members.tripod.com/~eric_lindsay/sf/geg.htm
<http://www.wrevenge.com.au/wrevenge/>

Contact us at

PO Box 640, Airlie Beach, Qld 4802 Australia
info@avalook.com.au <http://avalook.com.au>

Subscribe at oznews-subscribe@avalook.com.au

from Eric Lindsay and Jean Weber



Thursday Sept 2 am: Number One

The Monotreme

Aussiecon 3 Newsletter

WELCOME

Welcome to **The Monotreme**, the daily newsletter of Aussiecon 3. The newsletter will appear twice per day during the convention, with the final issue on Monday morning.

It will contain news of what is happening at the convention, suggestions for making your stay in Melbourne as enjoyable as possible, and reports of the most interesting happenings. Most importantly the afternoon edition will contain information about the open parties that are being held that night. Parties are one of the most important features of a world con and you should not be shy about attending, even if you don't know anyone.

The newsletter will be distributed at around 9:00am and 5:00pm from a number of points around the convention centre.

You are encouraged to contribute to the newsletter. Boxes for

submitting contributions will be situated at the distribution points. Or you can come down to the Monotreme office on Level Three, just behind the information booth and type it up on one of our computers (but not between 7:00am and 8:30am, nor between 2:00pm and 4:00pm!)

Volunteers are also needed to help with the newsletter. Come and see us at the office. We need reporters, typists, people who can do layout on a Mac using PageMaker, people to look after the printing, people to look after the distribution and make sure the distribution boxes are kept topped up with newsletters.

We also welcome suggestions

for doing our job better. Use the contribution boxes mentioned above, or come and see us, but again not during the production period (as mentioned above).

Costume Parade Entries

If you intend to be part of the costume parade, remember that entry forms must be submitted by Saturday 5:00pm. Entry forms are available at the Information Desk. Hall costumes do not need to be registered. There will be a meeting of potential Costume Parade entrants on Saturday morning. See the Costume Parade Noticeboard or Fridays Monotreme for more details. See Marc Ortlieb or Mitch if you have any questions.

Costume Parade Photographers

If you wish to register as a Costume Parade Photographer, please complete the form available from the Information Desk and submit it by 5:00pm on Saturday.

Marc Ortlieb

monotreme

(noun) A member of the Monotremata, an order of primitive egg-laying mammals restricted to Australia and New Guinea and consisting of only the platypus and the echidna. (From New Latin Monotremata, order name : MONO- + Greek tremā, perforation.)

American Heritage Dictionary



Trivia Quiz

Each issue will contain five questions with the answers in the next issue. This is for fun only, and to impress your friends. There are no prizes. Do not submit answers. No correspondence will be entered into.

Q 01. What do these science fiction/fantasy writers have in common?

John Jay Wells; Philip Briggs; Andrew North; Simon Lang; William Lamb.

Q 02 Can you match the husband and wife (or ex-husband and ex-wife) pairs?

Isaac Asimov; James Blish; Avram Davidson; Edward Hamilton; Henry Kuttner; Frederick Poul

Catherine Moore; Virginia Kidd; Leigh Brackett; Grania Davis; Judith Merrill; Janet Jeppson

Q 03 Which novels are these the opening lines from?

(a) "At 19.00 hours, ship's time, I made my way to the launching bay."

(b) "Once upon a time there was a Martian named Valentine Michael Smith."

(c) "I had reached the age of six hundred and fifty miles."

Q 04 Can you supply the missing names for these initials?

J. R. R. Tolkien; C. L. Moore; A. E. van Vogt; George R. R. Martin; E. C. Tubb.

Q 05 What do David Book, Gordon Eklund, William Rotsler, David Brin and Arthur C. Clarke have in common?

Banquet

Aussiecon Three is running a banquet on Friday at 8:00pm. The Banquet costs \$50 for a three course meal, with drinks available at bar prices. Tickets are available from the Registration Desk

Damon Dark

Episodes of the new science fiction series DAMON DARK will screen at the convention (see Program) It is also being shown on Melbourne's Channel 31 next Thursday night at 11, and will continue for five weeks. It's the best low budget SF series since Dr.Who/Blakes 7/The Tomorrow People were discontinued by narrow-minded TV execs who thought all SF fans want to see is flashy big budget FX and no brains (Ala INDEPENDENCE DAY, etc).Mind you, I am rather biased about the series, as I made it! Cheers!

Adrian M Sherlock,
PRODUCER.



TONIGHT'S PARTIES

The afternoon issue will contain Party Announcements for that night. Here's a bit of a preview of what to expect.

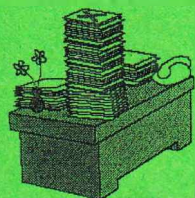
The Bay Area in 2002 Worldcon bid plans to hold its final two bid parties in the Centra Hotel, Bridge 2 Room, on Thursday and Friday nights of Aussiecon Three, from 9 PM onward. I'm not sure we're going to party like it's 1999, but I'm sure you'll see a lot of happy members of the bid committee celebrating the end of three years of campaigning to bring the 2002 Worldcon to the San Francisco Bay Area. (Stop by our bid table to confirm time and location.) Remember to vote in the site selection election and to deliver any ballots you may be carrying for friends to the site selection table by the 5 PM Saturday deadline.

Room assignments and schedules are subject to last-minute changes -- watch for party flyers and other announcements.

Kevin Standlee

What's On in Melbourne?

The best way to find out is to buy the Melbourne Age newspaper on Friday. It has a supplement called the EG (for Entertainment Guide) which is the nearest thing we have to **Encore** or **Time Out**. It lists everything that's on in terms of music, theatre, cinema and many other areas. The Age also publish a **Good Food Guide** and a **Cheap Eats** guide, which are both useful and obtainable at news agents.



WRITE FOR THE MONOTREME

YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS WANTED

NEWSLETTER OFFICE: LEVEL 3 BEHIND INFO DESK



Reject Teddy Bear Biscuit

A WOOF contribution for AUSSIECON III

From Mrs KPG (Karen Pender-Gunn)

PO Box 567, Blackburn Victoria 31310 Australia

Fiawol@ozramp.net.au

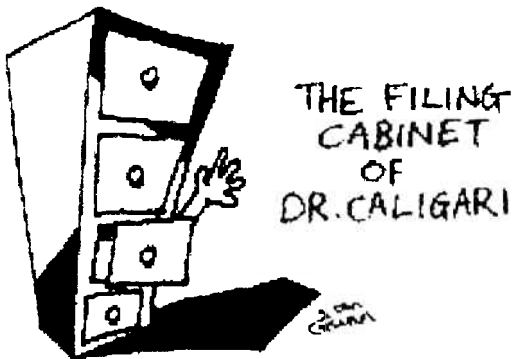
<http://www.ozramp.net.au/~fiawol>

September 1999

My dearest Ian passed away 8th November 1998.

There isn't a day goes past that I don't think about him. I miss talking to him, him making me laugh and him being there to just draw me one more illo for whatever it is I'm doing at the moment.

My fanzine production has dropped considerably in the past year (ie. none of my own). I have taken over the editing the Melbourne Science Fiction Club's magazine **Ethel the Aardvark**.



I have been working most of the year on getting the work that Ian left out in print. There is his graphic comic **Space*Time Buccaneers**, another cartoon book of a more general nature called **Be Prepared**. And hopefully a 2000 calendar based on some that he did in the early 80's. There was establishing the memorial fund which supports the Fijian Banded Iguana at Melbourne Zoo and will make donations to the Victorian Anti-Cancer Council to help with research. Every cent goes towards ensuring that someone else doesn't have to go through what Ian and others have been through.

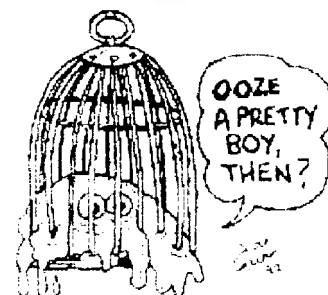
Don't let anyone tell you grieving is an easy process and that you will get over it in three or six months, or even a year. I belong to an online widow's group and there are some there who are still experiencing some aspects of grief five years later. It gets better you don't "get over" it.

We have lost a lot of good fans around the world. Each will be missed for what they brought to life and fandom. Each was special in their own way and each will be remembered.



I hope you all enjoy our fair city. There is so much to see and do and there are some very nice places to eat.

I have taken this opportunity to reproduce some of Ian's work I found while getting all his paperwork together (a very big job that is going to take years to complete). Not quite sure where it comes from but it shows the very silly sense of humour that he had. He had the ability to reduce me to tears of laughter and I miss that most of all.



THAT'S A GOOD NAME FOR A FANZINE!

It's no easy task to think up just the right name for a fanzine. Oh, sure, there's always PLENTY of suggestions that spring to mind, but it's hard to choose the one that's absoluteley perfect. Here's a few of the more interesting ones that I rejected. Please feel free to use any yourself if they take your fancy, just send me a copy, OK?

Alien Call For Help.

Ambient Words.

Arm The Insane. ← ACTUALLY, THAT'S A BAND

Attack Of The Killer Gallstones.

Back To Suburbia.

Beware The Barking Disk Drive!

Bringing Light & Enlightenment To All Semi-Evolved Lifeforms.

Bullsbollocks.

Campfire Yarn 23

Care Bear Fan Club News. Umm...

Cerebral Hemorrhage.

Cheap And Nasty. TRUE

Chocolate Tim Tams.

Cold Floors Almanac.

Come Back L. Ron Hubbard, All Is Forgiven!

Cthulhu On Board.

Cud. ← SO EVOCATIVE!

Do Ants Go To Discos?

Down The Gurgler.

Drive In Chicken Manure.

Eat your Dinner.

Eat Your Ditmar.

Ecky Thump.

Encyclopaedia Of Goat

Butchering Terms.

Farewell, Auntie Jack.

Finally Published. ✓ LIKE THAT ONE.

Full Of Good Ideas.

Garage Sale Bargain Bin.

Great Caesars Ghost!

Great Galloping Cats!

Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha.

Heads On 'Em Like Mice.

HHeLiBeBCNOFMeNaMgAlSiPSClArK-

CaScTiVCrMnFeCoNiCuZnGaGeAs-

SeBrKrKbSrZrNbMoTcRuRhPdAg-

CdInSnSbTeI XeCsBaLaCePrNdPm-

SmEuGdTbDyHoErTmYbLuHfTaWRe-

OsIrPtAuHgTlPbBiPoAtRnFrRaAc-

ThPaUNpPuAmCmBkCfEsFmMdNoLw-

Ri(Ku)Ha! (The Periodical.)

Horses, Wine, Women, Cuckoos

And Irreligion.

I Haven't Got A Brain As

Tortuous As Yours.

IkEA assembly key.

I'll Do It In A Bit...

I'll Have A Sandwich.

Infernal Hemorrhage

(Bloody Hell)

It Came From Ashburton.

It Is To Laugh. Ha. Ha.

Jarns, Mittles Grawlix and Crump.

Joke Free Zone.

Jollity Farm. ← NICE

Jump Down, Turn Around, Collate Another Fanzine.

Junk Food For The Mind, Soft Drink For The Soul.

King Canute Goes Surfing.

Koalazilla Lives!

Labio Dental Fricative.

~~Larrakin~~

Lego.

Lego Or My Mind.

MAYBE → Losing My Grip On Reality.

Maniacal Laughter.

More Crap. ← ACCURATE!

My Pink Hail Of The Drainpipe.

Nasty Things.

Noises For The Leg.

No News.

Non-Stop Wombling Summer Party.

No Sleep Till Ursa Minor.

Not This Little Black Duck!

Obfuscation.

Or Course Ants Don't Go To Discos.

Oh, Wow, Like Beam Me Up, Right?

Ouch.

Out Of Kilter. ← HASN'T THAT BEEN USED?

Out Of My Head.

Out Of Orbit.

HAVE YOU ANY IDEA HOW MANY FANS ARE ASTHMATIC? → Pass The Ventolin.

Peculiar Knocking Sound.

Plastic Storage Cubes.

Post-Coital Bag Of Chips.

Put it In The Curry.

Quantity If Not Quality.

Que?

Red Spot Special

Reject Teddy Bear Biscuit. ALREADY! K.

Reluctant Sheep. ← ADD TO SHORT LIST.

Rhinocratic Oaths.

rocksalt.

Secret Handshake.

Selections From Roget's

Skip This Page.

Slime, Mud And Buckets Of

Blood.

? → Spoor.

Spot The Dog.

Spot The Typo. CUTE.

Spott The Typo.

POSSIBLE →

Stencilled Letters.

Strange Things In Print.

That's.

That's A Good Name For A Fanzine.

That's. (A Good Name For A Fanzine.)

The Cat That Ate Nagoya. ← YES?

The Childrens Book Of Things To Do.

The Dead Haddock And Colour Supplement.

The Microwave Goes Ping Again.

Then Why Is That Ant Wearing A Lurex Boob-Tube?

The Tortoiseshell Gazette And Megaphonic Advertiser.

Thick And Meaty. } THESE TWO ARE AMONG MY FAVORITES

Toad Hall Times. } THESE TWO ARE AMONG MY FAVORITES

Tubas In The Moonlight.

Unusual Stuff.

Uromastyr.

Very Unusual Stuff.

Wet Things In Your Letter Box.

What's This Fish In My Ear?

Where Have All The Typewriters Gone?

Where's My Other Ug Boot?

Why Is This Fish In My Bed?

Xenophobia And Custard.

Youthful Exuberance.

Zoetrope. ← THAT'D BE A GOOD ONE FOR A CARTOON ZINE

YEAH!

NICE + ESOTERIC. I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS HEH HEH.

GET IT? NO?

HEY, THIS ONE'S MINE ALREADY! K.

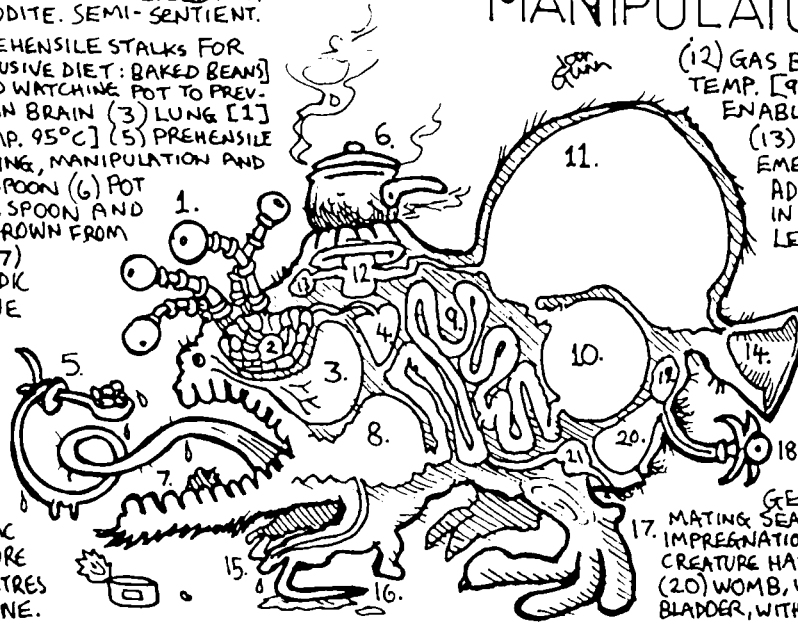


ALIEN LIFE FORM (no.4765) PREHENSILLIUS MANIPULATUS UNIVERSI

NATIVE: FORNAX
GAMMA FIVE.

QUADRUPED. HERBIVORE. CARBON BASED. HOT
BLOODED. HERMAPHRODITE. SEMI-SENTIENT.

(1) EYES [FOUR] ON PREHENSILE STALKS FOR
LOCATING FOOD [EXCLUSIVE DIET: BAKED BEANS]
SPOTTING DANGER AND WATCHING POT TO PRE-
VENT BOILING (2) MAIN BRAIN (3) LUNG [1]
(4) HEART [BLOOD TEMP. 95°C] (5) PREHENSILE
TONGUE FOR PREENING, MANIPULATION AND
FEEDING BEANS VIA SPOON (6) POT
FOR SIMMERING. POT, SPOON AND
SCOURING PADS ARE GROWN FROM
TUMOURS FORMED IN (7)
LOWER JAW. (8) ACIDIC
STOMACH (9) INTESTINE
[DIGESTIVE SYSTEM IS
CAPABLE OF ALMOST
TOTAL ABSORPTION
OF NUTRIENTS, APART
FROM METHANE GAS
AND SOME LIQUID WASTE]
(10) BOWEL. FERMENTS
METHANE GAS FOR
RELEASE INTO GAS SAC
(11) GAS SAC. CAN STORE
UP TO FOUR CUBIC METRES
OF COMPRESSED METHANE.



(12) GAS BURNER. RAISES NORMAL BODY
TEMP. [95°C] TO BOILING POINT TO
ENABLE BEANS TO BE COOKED.
(13) PILOT LIGHT GLAND (14)
EMERGENCY GAS RELEASE ORIFICE.
ADDS EXTRA PROPULSION TO AID
IN ESCAPE FROM PREDATORS, WHILE
LEAVING NOXIOUS ODOUR BEHIND.
(15) LUBRICANT GLANDS
(16) SPECIALISED CLAWS. CAN
BE USED TO OPEN CANS OF
BEANS, OR AS SKATES DURING
FLIGHT FROM PREDATORS
(17) POWERFUL BACK LEGS
AID IN ESCAPE. (18) PREHENSILE
HERMAPHRODITE GENITALIA, WITH
EYE TO LOCATE TARGET (19)
GENITALIA BRAIN. FORMS PRIOR TO
MATING SEASON TO GUIDE GENITALIA. AFTER
IMPREGNATION BECOMES BRAIN OF NEW BABY.
CREATURE HAS RACE-MEMORY OF OWN CONCEPTION
(20) WOMB, WITH OUTLET SCHLIPFNER (21)
BLADDER, WITH OUTLET. NOT A GOOD PET.

CHRONIC ATTACK

WELL, as forecast, not a bad day today, despite the overnight low of one million five hundred thousand B.C. and boy it's hard to get to sleep through those Pleistocene temperatures isn't it? Actually that's the lowest October reading on record, so hopefully not much more of that for a while, eh? By dawn, however, things had sped up to around the Fifteenth Century mark, and rather Florentine, so most of us would have woken up in the Renaissance this morning. Always pleasant, if you can stand the smell. Stuffs up your TV reception, of course, but at least you can get some nice pictures, ha, ha. Around the state and we can see Ouyen was highest, got up to 3956 there, in fact generally Fortieth Century pretty much throughout the Riverina; Swan Hill recorded 3938, Kerang was in the low 3900's and most of the Calder Highway was closed to traffic due to a pre-emptive strafing from the Capellan War Of Independence saucer fleet. The devastation was cleared by the late afternoon when the whole region reverted back to the Greenland Empire, say about circa 2300, and very nice it was, too. Elsewhere, then, Bendigo 1943, Ballarat 1978, Maryborough touched on the late '50's and both Morwell and Traralgon got as high as 2008 before dropping sharply to Seventeenth Century Europe. In fact we've got footage here of the Roundheads marching on Yallorn...no? Sorry. Maybe later. Wonthaggi didn't get much past the Norman invasion of Sicily in 1060, and Falls Creek and Mt. Buffalo are STILL stuck in the First Ice Age so plenty of good skiing there; just watch out for woolly mammoths and hungry neanderthals. The Alpine Parks Commission recommend chains be fitted at all times and carry a jawbone. Bairnsdale was 1915, in France, but not many casualties. Warrnambool reached Sweden in 1967 and Geelong got up to Kiev in 1986, but the radiation's cleared by now. On to the satellite picture taken at nine o'clock this morning: this depression drifting slowly across from Western Australia has been with us since Thursday - it started out as the 1930's but should peter out to something like the late nineteenth century by the time it reaches us. Looking at the prognostic chart we can see several strong temporal disruptions sweeping in from the South West - could be Roman Empire, could be Byzantium, hard to tell at this point. We'll have to wait and see. Right. Around the country tomorrow, we've got Perth under the sway of the Sung Dynasty, but should clear to early 1920's by lunchtime. Pre-Columbian Brazil for Adelaide, the Vandals attacking Alice Springs, Darwin expected to alternate between Eighteenth Century Glasgow and Eithiopia in the early Five Thousands depending on the wind. Hobart will be Norman French, 1053. Canberra, peaceful and pleasant in the Chaldean Empire, Sydney expecting a top of 1860 in Naples so let's hope Garibaldi's Redshirts don't do as much damage to the Opera House as they did last year, and, of course, Brisbane still stuck in the Middle Ages. Visitors are warned that the Black Death has now reached epidemic proportions all over the Gold Coast and the Spanish Inquisition has taken Coolangatta. Back home in Melbourne, not a bad day tomorrow - we're expecting something around the Proto-Neolithic overnight, but should get as high as the Chinese Cultural Revolution by the afternoon. If we're lucky, it may even reach San Francisco in 1967. There's an 80% probability of World War Two in the Western Suburbs, so air raid shelters for you folks there, but by, say, seven in the evening it should be clearing to a comfortable Prussian 1834. On the Bays, a Time Storm Warning - really rough tomorrow, lots of anachronisms expected, Spanish Pirates, Thirty-Second Century Bio-Subs, Phoenecian Galleys, Pleisiosaurs, Continental Drift, limpet mines, possibly Vikings, could even worsen to Trafalgar by night or perhaps the Falklands War. So, that's the forecast for tomorrow, have a pleasant evening, take care on the roads, and back to you, Brian...

The Saga of Wolfsthorn The Deathless

Chapter 245

Sweeping across from the Bay Of Broken Dreams, a cold, grey drizzle blew down the Plain Of Ran'guth and buttressed the already rain-soaked granite walls of Castle Grimstone, where, from his private chamber in the Dark North tower, Lord Grunmir Wolfsthorn of Krang, Prince Of The Lost Isles Of Shoomb, Knight Of The Sacred Ruby Vessel Of Gallikartron, Warrior Of The Mountains, Hero Of The Deeps, Supreme Beast Master Of The Horse Tribes Of Saladir, Scourge Of The Prairies, Bastard Son Of Lord Paltargon The Mighty, The One-eyed Earl Of Irangalamoor And Vint, he who slew the Great Flame Toad Of The Fire Swamps Of Haargh and was himself consumed by the Enchanted Forest Of Ko; Wolfsthorn The Strong, Wolfsthorn The Invincible, Wolfsthorn The Great, Champion Of Queen Falladae The Fair Of The Far Southern Kingdom Of K'krin-mar-goolon, Sorceress Of The Secret Silver Key Of Phoon, she of the golden eyes; Wolfsthorn The Blade Weilder, Commander Of The Western Dukedoms, the only man to survive the treachery of Durman The Black, Wizard Of The Unholy Steppes, Keeper Of The Hell Pits Of Doom, Thrice-Cursed Necromancer Of The Dark Temple Of Gorm, The God Of A Thousand Talons, Foul Demon-Child Of The Mighty U'Talgamir Starcrusher, Evil Diety Of Pain, Immortal Prince Of Ogres, Lord Of High Azriel, whose very voice doth make mountains tremble; Wolfsthorn The Just, Wolfsthorn The Ready, bearer of the magic elven sword Fal-Rithdir, known in the Language Of Men as Bonebiter The Unstoppable, forged in the ancient halls of Quangard in centuries long ago, the blade that slew the Eldritch Beasts Of Fear in the Great War Of Thought, at the end of The Age Of Power, and which, during the Battle Of The Darkening Sky, Oldric The Good, Royal Archer Of The House Of Princess Altra Of Doonballabur Citadel, did - lest it fall into the hands of Stoneheart The Terrible, Lord Of Lies - cast it into the Sea Of Sighs wherein in it lay forgotten for countless aeons, guarded by Dakromar, Monster Of The Ocean Deeps; Wolfsthorn The Fearless, Wolfsthorn The Quick, owner of the Protective Amulet of Cairn Lowloth; gazed out of his window at the cheerless, water-logged streets of the wet, miserable little village far below him.

"Sod this," he muttered, and went back to bed.

GUNNY'S BOOK OF LISTS Presents... 32 Things Named After Gods, Deities And Other Mythological Creatures

- 1: TUESDAY.....Tiw, Norse God Of War.
- 2: WEDNESDAY.....Woden, Norse God Of Storms.
- 3: THURSDAY.....Thor, Norse God Of Thunder.
- 4: FRIDAY.....Freya, Norse Goddess Of Love.
- 5: SATURDAY.....Seturn, Roman God Of Agriculture.
- 6: JANUARY.....Janus, Roman God Of Beginnings.
- 7: MARCH.....Mars, Roman God Of War.
- 8: MAY.....Maia, Roman Goddess Of Growth.
- 9: JUNE.....Juno, Roman Chief Goddess.
- 10: HERMETIC SEAL.....Hermes, Greek Messenger God.
- 11: CHEMISTRY.....Khem, Egyptian God Of Science.
- 12: KANNON CAMERAS.....Kannon, Zen Buddhist Goddess Of Mercy.
- 13: MAZDA CARS & LIGHT BULBS.....Ahura Mazda, Zoroastrian God Of Light & Goodness.
- 14: VENERIAL DISEASE..Venus, Roman Goddess Of Love.
- 15: MERCURY (Element)..Mercury, Roman Messenger God.
- 16: JOVIALITY.....Jupiter, Roman Chief God.
- 17: APOLLO LUNAR MISSIONS.....Apollo, Greek God Of Light.
- 18: ACHILLES TENDON.....Achilles, Greek God-Hero.
- 19: APHRPODISIAC..Aphrodite, Greek Goddess Of Love.
- 20: ATHENS.....Athena, Greek Goddess Of Wisdom.
- 21: WORLD ATLAS BOOKS.....Atlas, Greek Giant who supported the sky on his head (Not a Globe of the World as mistakenly shown in modern depictions of him) [*]
- 22: BACCHUS MARSH.....Bacchus, Greek God Of Wine.
- 23: CERIALS.....Ceres, Roman Goddess Of Fertility.
- 24: CLOTH.....Clotho, One Of The Greek Fates, The Spinner Of The Thread Of Life.
- 25: HERMAPHRODITES..Hermaphroditus, bisexual son of Hermes & Aphrodite (It's true!)
- 26: NIKE RUNNING SHOES.....Nike, Greek Goddess Of Victory.
- 27: NYMPHOMANIA.....Nymphs, Greek Nature Spirits.
- 28: FAUNA.....Fauns, Roman Wood Spirits.
- 29: AIR RAID SIRENS.....Sirens, Greek Sea-Nymphs.
- 30: TYPHOONS.....Typhon, Destructive Greek Monster.
- 31: ZEPHYR CARS...Zephyrus, Greek God Of West Wind.
- 32: OLYMPIC GAMES...The Olympians, Zeus and family.

NOTE: This list does not, of course, include such obvious namesakes as planets (Venus, Mars, etc.), moons (Ganymede, Titan, etc.) Asteroids (Ceres, Juno, etc.), stars (Castor, Pollux, etc.), constellations (Orion, Hydra, etc.), galaxies (Andromeda, etc.), space ships (Venus V, Jupiter Two, etc.), movies (2001: A Space Odyssey, The Poseidon Adventure, etc.), as well as various cities named after saints and angels (Los Angelese, San Francisco, Santa Barbara, etc.) and euphemisms for the underworld (Hel, Hades, etc.)

[*] This bit was included simply to show what a smartarse I am.

IF YOU ENJOY THIS SORT OF STUFF YOU'D MOST
LIKELY GET A KICK OUT OF STUNGUNN -
AVAILABLE FOR TRADE OR \$2 FROM IGUANNA
PRODUCTIONS
BUT THEN AGAIN, IF YOU READ CONGLOMERATION
ODDS ARE YOU ALREADY READ STUNGUNN AND
IT'S A WASTE OF MY TIME TELLING YOU ABOUT
IT SO YOU CAN GO AND TAKE A FLYING LEAP
FOR ALL I CARE YOU BASTARD. GO ON. CLEAR OFF.

Love + hugs - Ian Gunn xxx

REPORT FROM HOOPLE

#74.615

FOR WOOF #24 WORLDCON 1999

ROGER HILL

300 S. Main St., #5

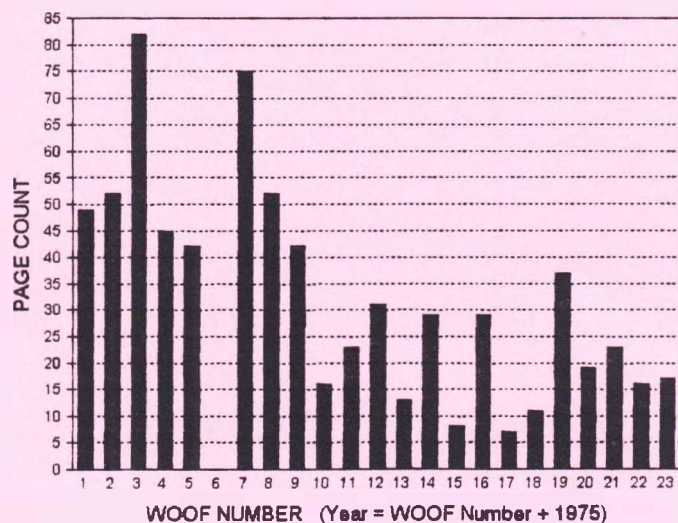
Edwardsville, IL 62025

U.S.A. rhill@siue.edu

www.siue.edu/~rhill

Last year I presented a bar graph showing the WOOF page counts for most of the issues from 1 through 22, and mentioned that I couldn't find my copy of #4 and never got my copy of #6. This wasn't quite right; actually I couldn't find #3, and the count given for #3 should have been for #4. Moreover, since then I actually found WOOF #3 and can fill in the correct page count for it. The corrected graph, including also last year's #23, is shown below. Some other figures have been revised because I decided to count the pages rather than use the ToC's figures which sometimes did not include last-minute additions. And as for WOOF #6 (1981, Denver)... Help!

Once again, a "page" means a non-blank side of a sheet of paper. Also, WOOFs #12 and #13 were combined to make a double issue, and for the graph I made guesses as to what was originally intended for each issue.



With a new century and millennium just around the corner (well, there's some debate over when they actually begin, but as for me, the more digits that change, the more I feel like celebrating), it seems like something related to the calendar would be appropriate. One of the most complicated aspects of the calendar is calculating the date of Easter. Basically, it is the first Sunday *after* the first full moon *on or after* the Vernal Equinox. The main problem is figuring out when the first full moon is. In 1582 a committee under the direction of Pope Gregory XIII devised what we now call the Gregorian Calendar as well as an algorithm for finding Easter. The Easter algorithm involves a calculated "ecclesiastical" moon which closely approximates the actual moon; the idea was to have something which could be calculated years in advance without worrying about observational uncertainties for the real moon. A fudge factor was also built in to keep Easter from being at the same time as Passover. (The Ortho-

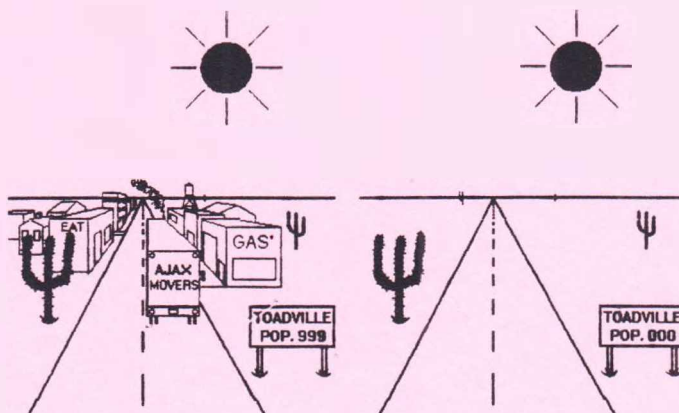
dox churches generally use the Julian calendar, making their Easters usually later than the Gregorian Easters.)

Rather than go into the Easter algorithm here, I'll just point out a few interesting facts about the results. Various versions of the algorithm can be found in books on astronomical calculations (e.g. *Practical Astronomy With Your Calculator* by Peter Duffet-Smith), or on the web (e.g. in the U.S. Naval Observatory's Astronomical Applications site, at <http://aa.usno.navy.mil/AA/faq/docs/easter.html>). There are 35 possible dates for Easter, March 22 through April 25. March 22 is the rarest, occurring only once every 207 years on the average, and on top of that we happen to be in the middle of a larger-than-average gap; the last time was in 1818 and the next time won't be until 2285. The next-rarest Easter date is April 25 which occurs once in about 135 years on the average; it last occurred in 1943 and will next occur in 2038. March 28 through April 20 are all about equally common for Easter, each occurring about every 30 years, with April 19 being slightly more common than all others due to certain peculiarities in the algorithm. The whole pattern of Easters repeats every 5,700,000 years. (All this, however, does not take into account the "Modified Gregorian Calendar" proposal which would make 4000 and its multiples non-leap years as a further correction to the average length of a year.)

Anyway, the chart below (in which I had TeX do the calculations) gives all Easters from 2000 through 2099; I decided to spare you from the whole millennium. Dates are considered to be April, with April $(-n)$ = March $(31 - n)$. Thus April 0 means March 31, April (-1) means March 30, etc. The numbers can go from -9 (= March 21, which doesn't occur this century) to 25 (= April 25, which occurs once).

Year	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
200-	23	15	0	20	11	-4	16	8	-8	12
201-	4	24	8	0	20	5	-4	16	1	21
202-	12	4	17	9	0	20	5	-3	16	1
203-	21	13	-3	17	9	-6	13	5	25	10
204-	1	21	6	-2	17	9	-6	14	5	18
205-	10	2	21	6	-2	18	2	22	14	-1
206-	18	10	-5	15	6	-2	11	3	22	14
207-	-1	19	10	-5	15	7	19	11	3	23
208-	7	-1	19	4	-5	15	0	20	11	3
209-	16	8	-1	12	4	24	15	0	20	12

For this year's Road Thingie: **THE P1K CRISIS ...**



Tales From The Frozen Far North

This is a zine intended for the collation of W.O.O.F. to take place at Aussiecon III, to be held in Melbourne, Australia in August of 1999. This is written by Dean C. Gahlon, who lives at 3553 Pleasant Ave. S., in the city of Minneapolis, MN, where the zip code is 55408. His home phone number is (612)-827-1775, and his work number is (612)-931-1203. This is Rastaquouere Publications #470.

Natter

This zine is being done quite at the last minute; it's currently the early morning of friday, August 20th, and we leave in the evening of August 21st.

I'm still working at the same place. Their corporate culture drives me nuts quite a bit of the time (an entire company run by sales types is somewhat puzzling to us more technical people), but they continue to pay me, so things aren't all bad. I'm starting to move into more of a web development area there, so things may be improving a bit.

It felt really odd last year to be home over Labor Day weekend; that hadn't happened since 1975. We took advantage of it, however; last year was the first year in quite some time that we managed to get to the Minnesota State Fair more than once. (I grew up only 6 blocks from the fairgrounds, so it's been something that I really enjoy.) The second time was a lot of fun, in that a bunch of us spent the time showing the TAFF delegate, Maureen Kincaid Speller, the interesting aspects of the fair (deep fried pickles, pronto pups, other foodlike substances, and games of chance on the Midway (at which she won an amazing number of stuffed animals)).

Looking at my zine last year, I'm not quite sure what I thought I was talking about; I said "I have a few years to go yet before reaching the milestone of having been to 20 worldcons in a row". Since by my reckoning, this year makes my 20th worldcon in a row, this obviously makes no sense. I think that what I may have been thinking about was having been to half of the worldcons; *that* record will take a few years yet.

Unfortunately, that's about all I can comment on from last year's issue of W.O.O.F.; I don't appear to have gotten a copy of it. (I wasn't able to fit a trek back to the Fanzine Lounge at Bucconeer [which was quite some distance away from the main convention center] into my schedule to pick up a collated copy, and my request to have one mailed to me appears to have gone awry. It's probably an example of karma coming back to haunt me.

My expanding computer empire now includes a Palm Pilot; specifically, a Palm IIIx. I've gotten into programming it a fair bit; in fact, Palm programming has been where most of my recreational programming has been over the past year. I've written several programs that are available as freeware: a program to list parties at conventions, and one to draw simple celtic knotwork on the palm screen.

The Mac continues to acquire external SCSI devices. It now has two external disk drives, a Zip drive, and an external SCSI jukebox, in addition to the scanner that it previously had. About the only new hardware the Amiga has gotten this year is a serial MIDI interface that can also handle SMPTE. I'd been using a built-in sound card that also handles MIDI as a MIDI interface, but there are enough programs out there that don't know how to use that as an interface that I decided to get this.

Unfortunately for our planned activities tonight, (it is now the early morning of the 21st), our washer decided to give up the ghost and spill water over the part of our basement nearest to it. In addition to destroying one of my favorite shirts, this caused us to have to spend valuable time at a laundromat washing clothes for the trip, and then ensuring that nothing was damaged by the water. Argh.

At any rate, I'm about out of time for doing this. That being the case, I guess I'll close here and print this.

Yellow Matter Custard 

#18 for WOOF #24 (Ausiecon 3, in absentia) / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St., #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229, USA / 718-336-3255 / member fwa & ICC / July 29, 1998...Aug. 17, 1990 / *for the Dead Dog (Dingo?) party

In memoriam > Ann Layman Chancellor, Paul Lehr, "Buffalo Bob" Smith, John Baltadonis (host of the first sf con, Philcon, Oct. 1936), Shari Lewis, Belle Cohen

Dietz Cassidy, Laura Spiess, Persis Khambatta, Akira Kurosawa, Gene Autry, Roddy McDowall, Allen Drury, Flo-Jo, Frank McSherry, Bob Kane, Ian Gunn, Flip Wilson, John Millard, EG Marshall, Eric Ambler, poet Ted Hughes, The Drifters' Johnny Moore, Joe Orlando, (fan) Richard Wright, Lewis B. Martin, Vincent Clarke, Gary Louie, James Goldman, Valerie Hobson, Vince Sullivan, John L. Goldwater, Buck Coulson, Harry A. Blackmun, Dusty Springfield, Richard Kiley, Stanley Kubrick, Joe DiMaggio, Yehudi Menuhin, Peggy Cass, Garson Kanin, Lee Falk, Kirk Alyn, Cal Ripken Sr., (my uncle) Lou Scher, Charles "Buddy" Rogers, Dirk Bogarde, Anthony Newley, Jean Vander Pyl, Señor Wences, Al Hirt, the Blue Blazer, Shel Silverstein, Mel Tormé, Jack Schiff, John Broome, Paul S. Newman, Saul Steinberg, Sylvia Sidney, DeForest Kelley, Mario Puzo, Forrest Mars Sr., Victor A. Bonomo, Pete Conrad, "Bunny" Lapin, George J. "Lan" Laskowski Jr., Pee Wee Reese

At dawn, Wed., Aug. 5, 1998, I bused down to Baltimore ("the City That Reads") for **Bucconeer**. (Yes, they overdid their pirate *shuck*.) Worldcon was out of joint, a month (4 weeks) & a day early (Wed.-Sun. rather than Thur.-Mon. [Labor Day]). The con was spread out among the Convention Center and half a dozen hotels. The amount of walking involved got it dubbed "SoreFootCon"; I called it "BlisterCon" (& the city "Blistermore"). (At least when pirates made someone walk the plank, it was a short walk.) My hotel, the Omni (site of several Balticons; Gardner Dozois once expressed gratitude that it was named for another sf magazine) was one of the furthest from the Convention Center. It was not my first choice; the Housing Bureau deservedly took flak (& earned a Hogu) for giving almost no one their hotel requests. (The work was contracted out to prisoners; right, we gave convicts our names, addresses, credit card numbers & the information that we'd be away the first week in August. ["Let's vary piracy with a little burglary."]) I ran into Hugo nominees Joe Mayhew & Michael Burstein, then hiked over to the Convention Center, where I reported to ex-Lunarians Ron & Val Ontell at Program Ops; I picked up a Program Ops staff ribbon (though it was days till I had a "Staff" insert for my badge). Our mantra was "It's all John's fault" (Pomeranz, head of Program). The bulk of my job consisted of scurrying among panels, holding up signs notifying panelists that they had "10 min." left, "5 min." or "Time's up". (Someone said that I had a great job. "Oh, how'd you like to wave a 'Time's up' sign at Harlan Ellison?" [as I did at LACon].) Panels were 50 minutes, something that many forgot. This often left me free time during the first half-hour. I picked up a Dealer ribbon so that I could help friends pack up/unload off-hours. After dinner, I party-hopped (in the Holiday Inn); the 2001 bidding war was intense - Phila. had hoagies, "Orlando" (or "Borlando") pink flamingos décor (& lax); I was also by Seattle's & San Francisco's bid parties for 2002 // Thursday, after a lousy greasy spoon breakfast, I stopped by the Staff Den (in the Holiday Inn) for coffee & a danish. In the Dealer's Room, I had a long chat with Perdita Boardman, Lunacon's co-Fan GoH. After my Program Ops shift, I grabbed something in the Staff Den and visited the Con Suite (in the Marriott); there I got a history of Baltimore hotels from Jack Chalker - what was the Hilton during Constellation (in '83) is now the Omni and the Lord Baltimore the current Hilton - and chatted with the Meškys. After dinner, I went to the APA-NYU collation in the Fan(zine) Lounge (in the Hilton; the idea of a separate daytime Fan Lounge was sensibly abandoned). From there I hiked back to the Holiday Inn and party-hopped; at Phila., I won the raffle prize, a chocolate PC; I was also by "Orlando", Z'hadum in 2260 (B5), UK in '05 (in their raffle I won a small Gibbon book), Toronto in 2003, Confluence (Pittsb'gh) & I-Con (a LI con). I didn't get to any of the parties in the Hilton. // Friday, I grabbed oj in the Staff Den and put in a longer shift in Program Ops. After a nice dinner, I headed over to Shabbat services, but they'd just given up getting a *minyan* (quorum of 10 men). I hiked back to the Convention Center to see the Hugos; winners included Joe Haldeman's *Forever Peace* for Best Novel (the secret, he said, is writing a book with "forever" in the title every 2 decades), Lunacon GoH Bob Eggleton Best Artist ("Cooool!"), *Contact* Best Dramatic Presentation, Joe Mayhew Fan Artist (no surprise - as Bucky's artist he got a lot of exposure). On the way out, I heard that Philly had won for 2001. At the Holiday Inn, the line for the elevator stretched into the street, so I *schlepped* over to the Hilton (and never did get back). In the SFWA Suite, an old friend jokingly suggested to past President Michael Capobianco that I qualified for membership as I've been published in *Analog* (my mail-order ads); SFWA Secretary Michael Burstein responded "You're frying my brain!" The Friendly Norwegian party was enjoyable; *akvavi*, of course; I chatted with a Brit & a Swede - as I've said, part of what Worldcon is about. In the Fan Lounge, I chatted briefly with Ed Meškys. // Saturday morning, I went to Shabbat services; there was no *minyan*. At the Staff Den, I picked up a tote bag for having volunteered. I trekked over the Fan Lounge to collate WOOF, then over to Burger King for the Hogu Ranquet. "Winners" included Putridity in Everyday Life: Kenneth Starr; Best New Feud: Monica Lewinsky vs. her dry cleaner; Traumatic Presentation: *The Devil in Paula Jones & The Big Lewinsky*; Religious Hoax: the Baptist pronouncement on women; Professional Hoax: the Church of Di (sanctification of Diana); Worst Fanzine Title: *Ansible* (but it was too early to wake Langford); Devo (done the most to harm sf): *Starship Troopers*; (*puirid*) *Bumpesticker*: "If God is a Woman. Why Doesn't Semen Taste Like Chocolate?"; Alien Music Video: *Spice World*, Space ~~Geek~~ Geezer of the Year: John Glenn (happy, Don?). Most Bizarre Hall Costume: the Pink Flamingo; in the Black Holes, Invisibility: Elst (Weinstein, Hogu originator, again absent) & JMS (Straczynski, a GoH of the con, who canceled due to pneumonia). Incompetence: Biospherics (in charge of the hotel reservations). Greed: Bill Gates. I did my shift in Program Ops, then went to a special BPLF (Beaker People Libation Front) meeting at a pub called the Wharf Rat; the huge group included fans from 3 countries (the usual gang, a couple of Brits & Canadian Mike Glicksohn), and was the first time all 3 founders had been together in years: we had to move 3 tables together in a mouse ears arrangement. I had a summer wheat beer. I hit the Seattle, San Francisco & Toronto parties (where I had what Glicksohn identified as a British Columbian lager; this prompted bad "frozen lager" jokes), becoming a pre-supporter of all; at the latter's raffle, I won a book. I dropped in on Philly's victory party; Orlando's theme was "Take Our Flamingos - Please" (fortunately I got there after most were gone). At I-Con's party, people were wrestling a rubber octopus; I declined the challenge. // Sunday, I packed, had breakfast, checked out and stored my luggage. I checked in at Program Ops, which was closing, then made the grand tour - the Fan Lounge, the Con Suite, the Dealer's Room. At the SFWA Suite, they did a thank-you for volunteers. I had a beverage of a flavor called Almond Smash: "Gee," I said to Josepha Sherman, "this smells like almonds. Should I be worried?" Then down to the Fan Lounge and back to the Con Suite. Later, at the Hilton, the Con had an elaborate thank-you party & buffet (the meat vanished before most of us got to the head of the line) for volunteers; I didn't win anything in the raffle, but got a publisher's proof as a consolation prize. The "Dead Crane" Party was on Anarchist Standard Time; the host was off at dinner, so people sat in the hallway. At the other end of the con, I poked very briefly into the Dead Parrot party. (During the con, to guys in pirate costumes with parrots on their shoulders, I'd said "Arrh, I wish to complain about this parrot what I just bought. The only reason it's not in Davey Jones' Locker is it's been nailed to me shoulder!") A final hike: I retrieved my luggage and accompanied a NY fan (an older, diminutive woman) to the bus terminal. We took the 11 pm bus, arriving in NY at 3 am. I got home at 5 am, Monday. // A few hours later, I was back in Manhattan, picking up work (so much for my resolution to stay off my feet).

I was at August's second BPLF meeting - & October's through February's, April's through June's, with the usual gang, back at the Bull Moose Saloon in the vicinity of Times Square. We had summer ale at August's, thereafter we varied among Killian Red, Sierra Nevada, Bass & hard cider.

My brother came in from Israel to sell his Forest Hills, Queens co-op. // With an aunt & cousin, we did the grand tour of family graves - 3 generations (maternal grandparents, parents, sister), 3 cemeteries. We left stones & dirt (more practical, and more symbolic than flowers) from Israel. // We went to Rosh Hashanah services (in a local yeshiva's gym). // We got together for my birthday in July. // In early August I helped him pack for his move back.

Also in August, I was at a probably-going-out-of-business party at the bookstore SF, Mysteries & More (SFM&M). The proprietor hoped to find a new place, but had no luck; he gave up for now and vacated in mid-November. // The Halloween party at SFM&M was a bust, sadly, but not surprisingly.

In September I was at a couple of fans' annual end-of-summer party/cook-out on Long Island; it pulls a cross-section of local Fandom.

Toward the end of September, I was at the annual "NY is Book Country" Street Fair along 5th Ave.; I entered raffles (won a magazine subscription), won a prize at one booth for knowing Presidential history, and helped out for a while at the SFM&M booth, mostly packing & unloading.

In October, a friend & I went on a used book shikhar (hunt) in Manhattan's Chelsea section (once Clement Clarke Moore's holdings, btw).

A change in vision ("absolute presbyopia" - inability to focus, meaning print is nigh impossible; this is effectively worse vision than when I had cataracts) had me back at eye doctors. This is somewhat complicated, as my lens implants are prescription (for myopia). I was fitted with less-than-satisfactory reading glasses (I'd still have to supplement them with magnifying glasses). And I'd need a third pair for the computer.

Friday the 13th fell on a Friday in November. I bus'd to Philcon, Greyhound to Phila., then a city bus to the city line (abutting Bala-Cynwyd). I checked in at the (Adam's Mark) Hotel and registered at the con. In the Dealers Room, I spoke with Darrell Schweitzer about Program; I was not on ("rotated off") Program this year (oddly, though, a James Blackman [no relation], an editorial assistant at Harper Prism, was); as a result, Programming, which always tends to the serious & stuffy academic (it's a "conference", not a "convention", with "Principal Speakers" & "Special Guests", not "Guests of Honor"), was especially dull, and I didn't buy a con t-shirt (which listed Program Participants). # I smuffed with friends (including the Phila. Worldcon Chair) about the proposed bid zone plan (no zones, but a 500-mile site exclusion) being voted on at Worldcon this year; no one liked it. # After dinner, I stopped into the Con Suite. // Saturday morning, in the Con Suite, Dr. Charlie Pellegrino was excitedly expounding on the *Titanic*; I held up an ice cube and asked if he needed a visual aid for his lecture. (He noted that, like *Titanic*, no ship would ever again be named *Challenger* - a shame, as the Shuttle was named for a research vessel.) # That afternoon, I was in the Con Suite a few times, pedaled in the Health Club and used the whirlpool & sauna. # On the freebie table, the Lunacon '97 "Chair" had left copies of his "Message from the Chair", dropped for space considerations from '97's Program Book (yes, he is that anal-retentive); unfortunately, as the obverse was a title page headed "Lunacon '97" & listing its GoHs, I was asked by several people why we'd put out "flyers" for Lunacon '97. # I got GoH Principal Speaker Bruce Sterling's autograph. # There were electrical problems in my room - a phone jack dangled and an outlet was missing, with a gaping hole and wires visible. It was fixed while we were out at dinner, but a roommate's stuff was apparently gone through. # After dinner, I was at a Metro(politan Fantasy, Wargaming & SF Assoc'n) meeting; on the agenda, a proposed Worldcon bid for 2004. (Fair or not, among SMOFs, a NY Worldcon is regarded as "unlikely", one Metro's General Secretary, Robt Sacks, is helping run laughable.) # I party-bopped - the Con Suite (a few times; a former local fan & villain [in the Rempolese sense] is selling funny-animal/"furry" porn on CD-ROMs; we also chatted about the Arthur mythos), the Millennium Philcon thank-you (where I discussed 20th century history & current events [the 2 are inextricably linked, particularly in the Balkans & Mid-East]), Concerto/Concertino (filk), Balticon, Arisia (Boston) & I-Con (Stony Brook, LI). // Sunday: as has become usual, my stomach was queasy. # I packed & checked out. # Con attendance was down, to such an extent that non-SMOF attendees remarked on it. # I chatted with editor/writer Keith DeCandido. # I was at a reading by GoH Special Guest Walter Jon Williams (an alternate history take on Jason & the Argonauts set during the Civil War). # I was at a panel on "What Makes a Filk a Classic" - tunes that people know; short &/or funny; incidents that are not too specific (re "Bouncing Potatoes", hotel food is still bad and the word "Westcon" may be replaced by another) or, alternately, that are notorious ("The Ballad of Lime Jello", filks about the Disclave flood). I noted re old hymnals that some classics are no longer such (like those based on stories that almost no one reads anymore, eg, "Kinnison's Band"). # F(roggy) Gwynplaine McIntyre mistook me for John Ordover, Pocket's *Trek* editor (a dubious improvement over being mistaken for whom I was on Friday, Sacks). # I spoke to Lunacon '97's Con Suite head about still-missing receipts (she says that we owe her \$200; we say that she owes us receipts for a \$1,000 cash advance + for that \$200). # The Gripe Session was quiet. # I was at the Dead Dog party for an hour & a half. A local fan had just had cataract surgery (she wore a metal eye patch as I had). # I rode back with Erwin Strauss (aka "Filthy Pierre", notorious filker, *Asimov's SF*'s con lister); we smuffed (he got out at Newark). // The next night, I was at a SFWA reception, at a midtown hotel (owned by the Moonies). I met James, btw, and learned that Ron Goulart is doing a 3rd Groucho-as-detective book.

I was at Thanksgiving at friends' in Inwood (nw Manhattan).

The Lunarians' Holiday party, though done last-minute and small, was enjoyable. Btw, there we presented to (*SF Chronicle's*) Andy Porter his Honorary Membership Award (a glass figurine of "Little Loonie").

I went with some BPLF'ers to see *Les Misérables*, the epic operatic musical based on Victor Hugo's classic novel of retribution & redemption, revolution & romance. Jean Valjean, imprisoned for stealing a loaf of bread to feed his sister's starving children, breaks his parole and escapes. He reforms, buries his past, even becomes mayor of a small town and raises a foster daughter. But he is ever-pursued by the relentless police inspector Javert, who has sworn to capture him. (*The Fugitive*, of course, borrowed the plot.) The subplot is his "daughter"'s romance with a young revolutionary, set against the doomed uprising of 1832. It was brilliantly performed and incredibly staged (with hi-tech computerized moving sets). (Broadway tickets are exorbitant [\$75], but ours were less than half-price [\$30].) Btw, hearing "Master of the House", the BPLF resolved not to go to that tavern.

February marked the 25th anniversary of my entry into apahacking. (My first apa was TAPS, now folded.)

There was no Lunacon '99 flyer at Bucconeer (nor till Philcon); this set the general tone for the con, lax management (no wonder the Chair was dubbed "Sloth" and "Kill Seth!" was again heard). In December, I was at 2 Board meetings re Lunacon '99's management problems. As of New Year's, there was still no Progress Report (it was 2 months late), the Database to mail the PRs to was still a mess and being withheld from the Con Chair & the Board [the individual in possession of it refused to deal with most of us, particularly the Secretary], no Program Participants had been invited yet (another consequence; we had to beg NESFA's list), work on the Program Book hadn't begun, and a third of the Committee positions were unfilled. // I was drafted to write additional copy for the PR (a piece on GoH Vernor Vinge). // 3 of us stapled, stamped & labeled 3,000 Progress Reports. // A month before Lunacon, we were up at the hotel for the final pre-con Committee meeting. Some problems remained unresolved. // The Sunday before the con, I helped make the supply run to Staples. (The clerk botched entering our check, so had to run \$800 worth of stuff through their scanner ~~darkly~~ 3 times.) // The day before Lunacon (March 5-7), I packed up the copier, printer & master files (my official job for the con was Mailroom), and went with Logistics to the Storage Room to load the truck (one of only 4 people). From there, I went to an APA-NYU collation. // Friday, I took Metro-North to Rye, NY, then the shuttle to the hotel, the Rye Town Hilton. I checked in and greeted several on the ConCom as I rolled my suitcase between wings. (The hotel has been called "the Möbius Hilton", "the Escher Hilton" & "the Hypercube Hilton"; built on a hill, the 4th floor of one wing = the other's 7th floor. Sunday, I wore an Escher t-shirt.) In my room was a fruit basket from the Manager (a perk of having been a Lunacon Chair) and an exercise (~~the Gruntmaster 6000~~; it was a "Health-Fit Room"). In the Green Room, I found out that my Program questionnaire had apparently gotten mixed up with that of James Blackman; I'd indicated interest in Fandom, media, religion and politics, he in science, aliens and myth/folklore (*Xena*); he wound up on panels on Religion & SF and *Xena* & Myth. (A couple of past Program Participants were vocal about not being on Program this year.) My sole remaining item was the Isaac Asimov Award presentation. (The recipient was Prof. Michio Kaku, co-founder of string field theory.) I wandered into our on-site storage room and, as usual, wound up watching it as various departments collected their supplies/equipment. I got my badge, COMMITTEE & PROGRAM PARTICIPANT ribbons, and the con's silly ribbons: "UPHOLD TRADITION - KILL SETH!" (originally referring to his winning too many books at the Book Raffle, this year more for his performance as Con Chair), "PARTY! (LIKE IT'S...)" (1999, get it?), "MY BLOOD TYPE IS C+ (CHOCOLATE)" (a brown ribbon, of course), "THE DONEWITZ AIRLOCK PATROL - SPACING DONE CHEAPLY" & "UNDER SIEGE FROM COLLECTION" (ie, book). I chatted with a friend down from Canada. I helped put out a few "fires", distributed signs and co-signed some checks (I was easier to find than the Chair). I went to Kaku's slide show & talk on the future - growing organs, genetic cancer cure, "designer children" (he called cloning "a sideshow" - we routinely clone in our gardens), terraforming Mars (with a dig at Quayle's infamous remarks). He reported that in the future we won't have a moon (due to tidal forces, it's "leaving"; despite the year, no one alluded to *Space:1999*) nor Saturn rings; noted that dinosaurs snacked on small mammals (our ancestors), so he had no compunctions about eating chicken (their descendants); talked about black holes & rotating black holes; and speculated on immortality. Afterward, I introduced

myself (I'd missed his call the day before, but had passed on his message to Program), and escorted him next door to the Meet the VIPs Party for the Asimov Award announcement (the actual Award was in Brooklyn, its plaque not yet inscribed); I wore an Einstein/ $E=mc^2$ tie. (As part of an Event, I got photographed with Kaku.) I had a late dinner, wandered a bit and chatted with people in the Staff Den. // Saturday, due to a crisis involving my roommate, breakfast was out of the fruit basket. I gave the Newszine copy about the Asimov Award announcement. I went to a panel on NY Fandom; the audience consisted mostly of one panelist's family; there were reminiscences, lamentations about the state of Fandom today, talk about outreach, discussion of NY & Worldcon and digression about the Lunarians. For the Staff Den, I re-tracked down the Treasurer and co-signed a check for their next supply run. In the other wing, I checked the Con Suite. I accompanied a friend to the coffeeshop and reviewed my recent eye exams, missing Vinge's GoH interview. I caught most of a trivia match between this year's & last year's Fan GoHs (Tony Lewis & John Boardman). A longtime member of the Club's Wollheim Scholarship Committee, I helped set up and attended the Wollheim Scholarship Fund Auction, combined, to the detriment of both, with SFWA's Emergency Medical Fund Auction. I arrived late at the BPLF meeting in the hotel bar; many of the usual were there, plus others who may or may not have been part of our group; unlike at Worldcon, where we accrued tables like a colony creature, there was little community; things broke up early due to some (largely justified) intense griping about Program and disinterest in same, or desire to eat elsewhere; I had nothing there. Later, I party-hopped - the Con Suite, Z'ha'dum in '06 (which had Narn Balls - remarkably like Swedish meatballs - & Diced Drazi), the Prydonians of Princeton (a *Dr. Who* club), Westercon/Empirecon (Spokane; which had Washington State apples [bought in NY], plus Ghiradelli chocolate conveyed from the San Francisco in '02 bid and *pierogin* for the Gdansk Eurocon 2000), and Kramercon (a couple's con party, which had chocolate truffles). At the Tor party, I watched Ben Yalow, notorious bow-tie-wearing smof (check Lundgren's cover for Dick's *Confessions of a Crap Artist*), compare notes on being a nerd with Vernor, whom I spoke with briefly (I'd picked up something of his in the Auction). // Sunday, I greeted the Dealers Room sleeper before going off to have the breakfast buffet in the coffeeshop (it was the least queasy I'd felt Sunday at a con in a while). I picked up my Staff t-shirt, far more appealing than the Con t-shirt (the *Necroscope* skull; both were by Artist GoH Bob Eggleton). A hoax newszine was somehow produced. I poked into the Book Raffle; I didn't win anything. I packed up and (late) checked-out, and said goodbye to friends in the Dealers Room. I went to the Gripe Session; one complaint was that the Con Suite (run by Columbia students) had too much candy & sugar (so don't eat it; adults should know how to eat a balanced diet); another was the lack of a grid in the Pocket Program; I was gratified by attendees' appreciation for the In Memoriam lists that I'd collected for it. In the Office, I began packing up some equipment, then headed over to the Dead Dog party in the Con Suite. (The traditional Committee Dinner in the hotel was canceled; instead, a clique headed off with Eggleton & Lewis to a sushi place.) A group of us, including Erwin Strauss ("Filthy Pierre") took the hotel shuttle to the Metro-North Rye station. // Monday, I picked up work in Manhattan, then headed over to the Storage Room to unload; when Logistics hadn't yet arrived after 4 hours (they were always imminently leaving), and as the weekend had caught up with me, I gave up and went home. The equipment that was supposed to return here didn't until after midnight on Friday (the copier tray was cracked and the printer inoperative). // I offered to do any of 3 jobs for Lunacon '99 - Publications, Program or Secretary; my offer was declined, with results that speak for themselves. (The Chair acted as his own Secretary; most Committee members were never notified of meetings, creating confusion and ill will, and minutes were never - as required by Lunarians' rules - published/distributed.) I was asked to edit Publications for Lunacon 2000. (I did that job for Lunacon '96, and everything was on time, under budget and looked good.) The guy not asked to do it - as he messed up on Lunacon '99's flyers, Progress Report & Program Book - naturally, relentlessly bad-mouthed me for a week, so that he would be given the job again; he won't be. // The Tuesday after Lunacon, I went on a used book *shikar* (hunt) with friends in Downtown Brooklyn & Lower Manhattan. (We found a nice Indian restaurant.) // 2 weeks after the con, we had the Lunacon '99 Debriefing/Lunacon 2000 brainstorming session. The latter is being called "Lunacon Uh-Oh" (from '00). And there's no flyer at Aussiecon. // I met with the Lunacon '99 Treasurer and co-signed Art Show checks. // The Donewitz, duplicitous & a rulebreaker, was elected Lunacon 2001 Chair.

Several months ago, Mike Glycer ran reports in *File 770* from various sf clubs re how/why they were dying. The NY Science Fiction Society - the Lunarians, Inc. has always been very political and beset by feuds, but things began to go unsalvageably downhill in October when a couple of bad pennies turned up at the meeting. In open session, we heard about pocketed funds & padded expense claims; we also went into executive session. In November, at our election meeting, I was re-elected Secretary; inspiring a few hypocrites, chiselers, whiners & shills, not to mention a psychopath (she wrote in an apazine that Lunarians should beat me nigh unto death with a 2x4; obviously she misunderstands the term "sf club"). To redouble attacks on me. One was particularly defensive re his misdeeds becoming known. It's public record (we're a 501(c)3 corporation, ie. a tax-exempt/tax-deductible nonprofit educational organization) that an attempt (I can't say by whom, but would anyone be surprised if it were by a person who lost to me?) was made to censure me on a bogus charge of violating the confidentiality of executive session (I can't say how, but it's public knowledge that I put the phrase above re misappropriated funds in an apazine); the verdict, however, is shielded by the secrecy of executive session, but the alert will notice that there was no report that I was censured. One doesn't make friends or win votes by catching people being dishonest (lying or taking compensation to which they're not entitled) or just being incompetent - a friend calls it "Longstreet's Syndrome" (the one who argues against the bad idea is blamed for its failure [Gen. James B. Longstreet argued against Gen. Robert E. Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, against fighting a major battle at Gettysburg and against Pickett's Charge]). The sociopathic bully, having an obsessional vendetta against me going back a decade & a half (for reasons that she can't articulate) and enraged that the Minutes accurately quoted the Board re her mishandling of the Database, took up chunks of meetings with objections (purportedly) to the Minutes, including those of meetings that she wasn't even at! A few times she browbeat members to get them to say that I'd fabricated their response, for which I should be censured, but bravely they repeated that I had accurately represented what they'd said. (She couldn't say "The Minutes report x: it should be y"; she had to say "Typically, Blackman lies and claims...") We looked and saw that the Minutes clearly said "So-&-So stated...", ie. that I didn't "claim" anything, then So-&-So verified that s/he said it, ie. established that I accurately recorded what was said. I reported points made in discussion by both sides, ie. meaning also cases made by their opposition; given their relative merits, it can't help but make them look bad. (Also, besides motions made, following the lead of past Lunarians Secretaries & those of other sf clubs, I captured the amusing side of meetings in an effort to make the Club appear less elitist, nasty & dull. This too was assailed by the enemy camp.) Unfortunately, once she succeeded in creating slanted, fraudulent Minutes by striking nearly all citations of points of view other than her own, so that all of her assertions appear to have been rebutted, let alone refuted. This type of nonsense went on for months, the President ("Sloth") took the easy way out and let her rant and, armed with proxies (even unsigned, thus unlawful), derail meetings. Meanwhile, last year, one of the Club's more malicious, arrogant, willful & disreputable members (Worldcon attendees may know him best as the bane of female costumers) and consistent rulebreakers (and, fim, lawbreakers - he's diverted mail, signed a contract under false pretenses, filed inaccurate Club tax returns, padded expenses and failed to return the overpayment), caught in a lie about missing mail, gratuitously defamed me (both individually and as Club Secretary) in a widely posted e-mail (he insinuated that I had taken & kept Lunacon '98 mail, a con whose mail I didn't handle; when a duplicate of the missing item was obtained, it had his home address on it, in clear violation of Club rules). When I pressured him for a retraction, he shouted "Lawyer!" at me & the Lunarians in the form of a harassing letter (asking insultingly irrelevant questions like if I'd ever been arrested, etc.), and the Club foolishly and needlessly went into panic mode, misguided by the recommendation of a "fact-finding" Committee spearheaded by the sore loser, someone who made no secret of wanting me out as Secretary so that he could have the post (thereby achieving through intrigue and by appointment what he could not in open, honest election: this is, of course, conflict of interest), an incompetent who resented that the Minutes accurately quoted those who pointed out that he's missed nearly every deadline that he's ever been given, not to mention his financial stunts, and accordingly wanted the job of Secretary so that he could slant the Minutes, moved for my removal. (Another Board member was more subtle: he said that as long as I was Secretary, the hateful bully would disrupt meetings and we wouldn't get any other business done; we nearly didn't award scholarships to the Clarion & Clarion West sf writers workshops.) Biw, as the notice for the meeting at which the travesty was to take place urgently needed to be done

timely and accurately. I was asked to do it (Alanis Morissette, call your office). At its June meeting, the Lunarians outdid the Clinton impeachment farce in hypocrisy. The vote's irregularities are shielded by executive session (I can't say, but would anyone be surprised if the deciding votes were unlawful?). "Sloth" capped the atrocity by appointing the opportunistic sore loser Secretary and buying off the troublemaker (who knows *bupkis* about Robert's Rules of Order and is, as I noted, one of the Club's most egregious rulebreakers) with the job of Sergeant-at-Arms (parliamentarian; "If he's on the Board he can't sue us"). Call it "ethic cleansing", a purge of the honorable. (If things run true to form, in a few months, I'll be begged to take the job back; and/or in a few years, consciences will rear and I'll be made an Honorary Member and Fan GoH at Lunacon.) // The June meeting was preceded by a reading by new sf writer Scott Westerfeld, and July's by a talk by fantasy writer/editor Paul Barnett. // A few days after the June fiasco, I helped clear out part of the Storage Room to enable repair of a boarded-up (with a tin sheet!) window damaged by the Logistics crew (notably "Sloth") post-Lunacon. † From there, I headed to the annual NYUSFS 4th of July Staten Island Ferry ride; it was enjoyable - pizza, filking, the Skyline. // I was back in the Storage Room a couple of weeks later to move stuff for the second part of the window repair. // At July's Lunarians meeting, the Club unwisely rubber-stamped the appointment of the dishonorable opportunist as Secretary, but rejected the libeler as Sgt.-at-Arms. The June Minutes were expectedly slanted, with extensive restatement of attacks on me, and my side paraphrased as "Mark disagreed." (Don't even ask about the executive session's.)

Also in June, I was at a family get-together/reunion with my brother, aunt & cousins at a seafood restaurant out on Long Island.

In July, I got together with a friend to celebrate our birthdays (his is the day after mine) - Barnes & Noble (Delany was reading, but we couldn't stay), dinner & a movie (*The General's Daughter*; see below).

I was at an apa collation/cook-out July 4th in Flatbush, Brooklyn. And one at the end of July by the Jersey Shore.

Work continues apace. I just marked my 15th anniversary with my client, (freelance) writing mail-order ads, (mostly) for videos, that run in *Parade*, *USA Weekend* & (as I said) even *Analog* (one in the middle of a Hugo-nominated short story by Burstein). And I've apparently sold one of my (notorious) "Baruch Rogers, Space Rabbi" stories ("The Night of the Leavened Bread") to an Israel-based publisher.

Reading > "Jonathan Gash"'s *Moonspender* (antiques dealer/forgery & cad Lovejoy involved with antiquities poachers & murder; multiple plot threads impressively come together) & *Paid and Loving Eyes* (involved with internat'l antiques smuggling & murder); *The Life Story of the Flash*, by Iris Allen (DC Comics tries to do right by the 2nd Flash, Barry Allen, gratuitously killed off in the mid-'80s; he was a favorite, doing so much with just one power, super-speed; and he was one of us, a comics & sf fan [he took his name from his comic-book hero]; a mix of text & comics panels); Jerome Preisler's *Homicide: Violent Delights* (based on the tv series; Balto detectives pursue 2 criminally insane killers - a hitman & a pyro/rapist - who escaped from a psych ward and who are leaving a trail of dead bodies); (Bucconeer GoH) CJ Cherryh's *Cyteen* (Hugo winner; 3-vol. pb; on the titular world, a center for cloning & production of artificial humans [called "azis"], a murdered scientist/politician is cloned & psychologically replicated; manipulation, schemes & counterplots); (Lunacon GoH) Vernor Vinge's *The Peace War* (scientists end war by surrounding weaponry in force fields [called "bobbles"] and establish a tyranny ["the Peace"] forbidding any high tech [not even cars]; a scientific underground fights back) & *Marooned in Realtime* (sequel; the remnant of humanity uses the bobbles' stasis fields to travel into the far future, but someone is stranded alone outside to die; the murder investigation uncovers a coup); Lee Goldberg's *My Gun Has Bullets* (satire on the tv industry by a writer/producer; a hitman-turned-tv-exec kills his timeslot's competitors; when he gets framed for murder, a cop-turned-tv-cop investigates); Laurell K. Hamilton's *The Laughing Corpse* (in a world where vampires & raising zombies are legal, tough St. Louis zombie raiser & vampire hunter Anita Blake pursues a rogue zombie raiser and a serial killer zombie) & *Circus of the Damned* (vampire murders and a turf war between master vampires ~~the loser gets St. Louis~~); Lois McMaster Bujold's *Memory* (caught lying about seizures, Miles Vorkosigan is cashiered out of Barrabaran Imperial Security - ergo also his mercenary outfit - then, when the head spymaster's memory is damaged, appointed as a special investigator to find the would-be assassin) & *Ethan of Athos* (an obstetrician from a males-only world - one where homosexuality is the norm - sent off-planet to obtain new tissue samples, is involved by Miles' mercenary fleet's female Commander Quinn in galactic intrigue); Richard Dreyfuss & Harry Turtledove's *The Two Georges* (in a world without an American Revolution [or, without its example, French, Latin American or Russian, implausible as conditions were ripe and England itself provided models for deposing monarchs; politically, technologically & socially backward], when the eponymous Gainsborough painting of Washington & George III approving the compromise that kept all of North America a dominion of the British Empire is stolen by a radical pro-independence group, a Mountie investigates); Philip K. Dick's *Time Out of Joint* (personal reality conflicts with objective reality as a man discovers that a make-believe 1959 world has been created for him and that it's actually 1998; btw, *The Truman Show* reminded some of it; also, the title was mistranslated into German as "Timeless Time"; the Afterword was by Lou Stathis, a late DC/Vertigo editor & an old acquaintance). /&/ Viewing > *Lies My Father Told Me* (1975; Jewish boy's love for his ragman grandfather in 1924 Montréal, to the dismay of his modern-minded father, who's always dreaming up get-rich-quick schemes); *Where the Rivers Flow North* (1993; set in 1927 Vt., a logger [Rip Torn] fights a power company trying to force him off his family's land so that it can build a hydroelectric dam, which would flood the forests and destroy his livelihood); *The Fifth Element* ("Die Hard in space"; factions of good guys & bad guys contend for ultimate weapons against a space threat; a hash; was Hugo-nominated[!]); *Brain Donors* (a '90s-style Marx Brothers movie, with John Turturro in the Groucho role, Nancy Marchand Margaret Dumont, a night at the ballet instead of one at the opera; mostly very funny, but some gags fall flat); *Austin Powers, International Man of Mystery* ('60s spy spoof, particularly of James Bond & *The Avengers*, made 30 years too late; cryogenically frozen British secret agent is thawed out to face his nemesis, both anachronisms in the '90s; but if the joke was to show that he was a relic ['60s sexism], it would've been funnier with a straight actor who could be envisioned as having played a spy [in a non-spoof] back then [cf. Stallone in *Demolition Man*] - Myers would not have); *L.A. Story* (quirky romantic comedy about a wacky tv weatherman [Steve Martin] & a Brit journalist, with a sentient freeway sign playing Cupid; jabs at LA); *Looking for Richard* (docudrama about Al Pacino filming *Richard III*, getting into the play, its layers); *Mother Night* (American in Berlin is recruited to be a US spy and later by the Nazis to make propaganda broadcasts; his cover is so deep that after the war he is regarded as a war criminal, raising the question of whether we are what we are or what we pretend to be; based on the Vonnegut novel); *The General's Daughter* (Army cop [John Travolta] investigates the gruesome murder of the titular character, a psych warfare officer, and [as is typical in this genre] runs into a cover-up).

... "Hey, Bulldog, Woof!": Comments on WOOF #23 ...

COVER: Not by David Heath Jr. Drawn ca. ConStellation ('83), used as a fillo in Bucconeer's Newszine, *The Fannish Armada*, #6.

CORNETTO'S COLUMN/John Cornetto: I've never gotten to I-Con; too close to Lunacon paycheckwise.

TALES FROM THE FROZEN NORTH/Dean C. Gahlon: With Worldcon in the winter, this year it's the (semi)frozen south.

REPORT FROM HOOPLE/Roger Hill: WOOF #7 (Chicon IV, '82, my first Worldcon), the largest issue, was the first to which I contributed.

BUCCONEER IN AN ALTERNATE UNIVERSE/Victoria A. Smith: No Worldcon could happen without the "Floating Worldcon Committee" (aka the "Fannish Civil Service", as Robt Sacks calls them). San Antonio gave such ribbons "EMERGENCY HOLOGRAPHIC TEXAS". *Till next year, Mark*