

# Weber Woman's Wrevenge

Volume 9, Number 1 (Whole number 52)

June 1998



**Weberwoman's Wrevenge 52**

(Volume 9, Number 1)

June 1998

ISSN 0728-3792

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Publication dates are irregular, probably once or twice a year.

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Produced with the assistance of *Microsoft Word for Windows 7.0*, an IBM-clone Pentium 166 computer, a Hewlett Packard 4L laser printer, and the photocopier at the School of Mathematical Sciences, University of Technology, Sydney.

Help with hand collation, stapling, folding and mailing, in addition to suggestions and general kibbitzing, by *Eric Lindsay*.

This fanzine is available for contributions, letters of comment, artwork, interesting clippings, uncancelled postage stamps, arranged trades, editorial whim, or A\$3 or equivalent per issue (air mail extra). I prefer some sort of personal response.

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### Aussiecon Three

The 57th World Science Fiction Convention

Thursday 2 September thru Monday 6 September 1999  
Melbourne, Australia

Aussiecon Three, GPO Box 1212K, Melbourne, 3001, Australia  
PO Box 266, Prospect Heights, IL 60070-0266, USA

#### Guests of Honour

Gregory Benford  
George Turner (in memoriam)  
Bruce Gillespie

**This fanzine supports the Toronto in 2003 WorldCon bid!  
(Eric Lindsay and I are Australian agents)**

## Diary notes

### Big news - I've moved!

I mentioned last issue that Eric and I were buying an apartment in Airlie Beach, north of Mackay, Queensland, and that we planned to rent it out for a year or two and then move up there.

Since then, things have moved along fairly swiftly. The tenants moved out in January and we weren't able to rent the place again quickly (mainly because it was the worst time of year for rentals), so we commissioned renovations and I moved in late May. Eric plans to follow in July.

I've included a map and some photos. If you have Web access, you can see the pix in all their full-colour .jpg glory at this URL:

<http://www.maths.uts.edu.au/staff/eric/airlie/>

Here's the new postal address:

PO Box 640, Airlie Beach, QLD 4802, Australia  
Change your address books now!

### I sold the house

In late January two houses on my (very short) street went up for sale. So I hired somebody to slash the waist-high weeds out of the backyard, tidied up the interior a bit, got a contract drawn up, and organised an agent - and within a week of first advertising the place, I had a buyer. Evidently the "buying frenzy" in Sydney housing had finally reached my area. I even got a bit more money than I expected for the place.

The timing of this meant that I had to move out of the house rather sooner than I'd planned, and nearly a month before the Airlie Beach place was ready for me to move in. So everything went to Eric's and then was moved a second time. Not the most fun I've ever had.

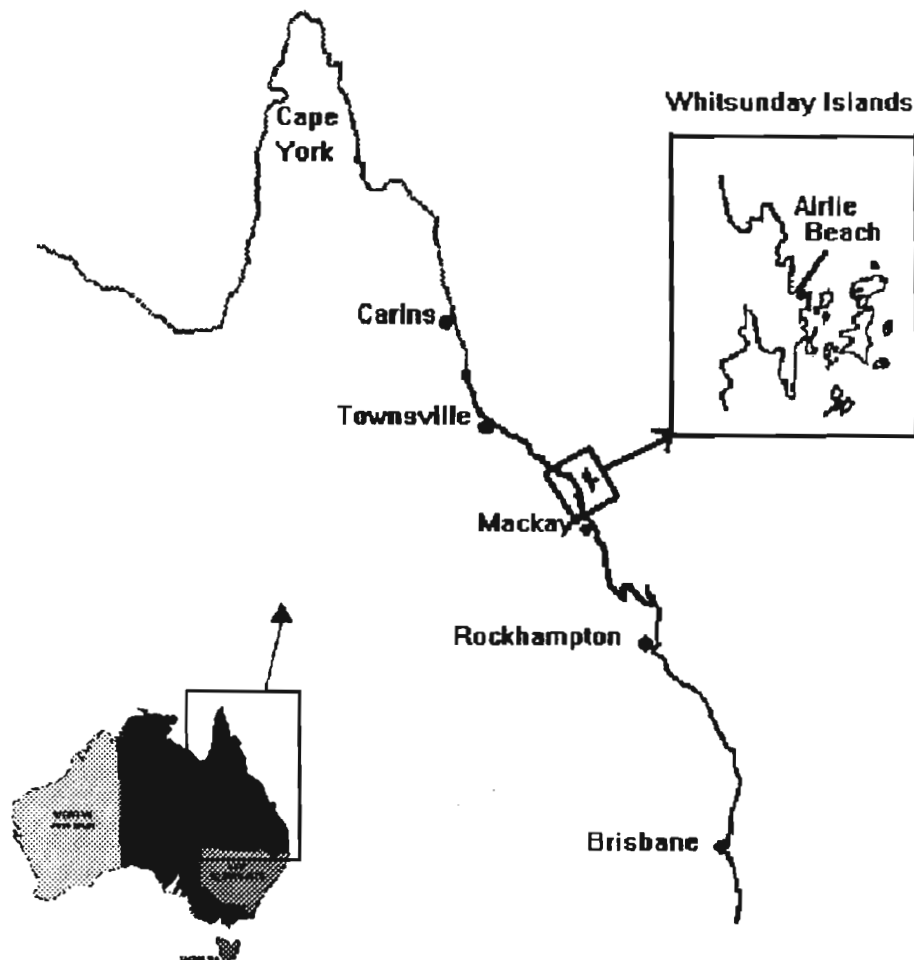
### Travels

Eric and I made our now traditional November trip to the USA. Actually Eric left three weeks before I did, visiting Cincinnati and Minneapolis before meeting me at San Francisco airport on November

8. We had each flown business class across the Pacific (using our frequent flyer miles to upgrade), which was quite pleasant but this time there were no spare seats so I couldn't lie down (in contrast to my trip in May).

In San Francisco we picked up a car and drove to my sister's for the weekend. On Monday we shifted to Alyson Abramowitz's place where we stayed until Thursday, when we flew to Las Vegas. While in California we saw a few (too few) friends. We also attended a meeting of BASFA (Bay Area SF Association). I didn't find them any more interesting than I did LASFA, but I was glad to have the chance to visit at least once.

Las Vegas was, of course, Comdex, the giant computer show. This year we spent 11 days in Vegas, giving us plenty of time to do other things in addition to the show. Some of the highlights were: the "hard hat tour" of Hoover Dam; free tickets to the Lance Burton magic show and the Starlight Express musical; a tour of the then-not-completed Star Trek Experience at the Hilton; and a day with two high-school friends, one of whom I hadn't seen since 1959 (she just happened to



## **Airlie Beach, Queensland** **The view from our unit**



drop in to see the other friend, who lives in Vegas, the week I was visiting). All in all, an eventful and most enjoyable 11 days.

We even managed to get out of Vegas and make our connection through San Francisco to Seattle, without any flight delays, an almost unheard-of event. And so to my parents' place for Thanksgiving, where I discovered to my delight that my father is looking (and feeling) better than he's been for several years. He'd had a serious gall bladder and pancreas attack a couple months earlier; after he'd recovered from the operation, he felt great. My mother and I had been quite concerned for some time that he was on his way out, but now he seems good for another 10 years. (He turned 79 at Christmas.)

While we were at my parents' place, Janice Murray and Alan Rosenthal drove down from Seattle to visit and to bring us some software. It was great to see them again. The only other Seattle friends we managed to see were Marilyn Holt and Cliff Wind, who drove to SeaTac airport to spend a few hours with us before our flight left to return to Sydney.

The flight home was fairly good, too. So many seats were vacant that we were able to spread out a lot. I got a whole row of 4 seats to lie down on, and Eric found a 3-seat row for himself, so we got more than the usual amount of rest on the way home.

### **Health matters**

Most of you already know that Eric had a heart attack in December, just two days after getting back from our US trip. He was doing fine for several months and then started having pains again, so was scheduled for an operation in late May. He's now had the op and is again doing very well. His zine includes the long version of all this. The "good news" (from my point of view) is that it has certainly helped him make the decision to kiss the University goodbye sooner rather than later.

Meanwhile, my eyes seem to be getting better, though my vision's still doubled at times. Maybe I'm just getting used to it. On the other hand, I can read without glasses, though it's more comfortable to use them. And my distance glasses take care of the double vision when that matters (most of the time it doesn't).

### **Writing and editing work**

All of this coincided with a busy season in my work. (But of course – just when I need time to do other things!) Using one of the internet job lists, I found a nice little job in January and early February, writing online help for a company whose office is about 3 blocks from my house. Ironically, they were happy for me to work at home. There should be more work from them, and they should be able to cope with me living in Airlie Beach.

Just as that was ending, and I was dusting off my list of people to phone (having not located another job through the internet, despite contacting several potentials), an agency rang me for a short-term job they had going. I interviewed the next day, and started 2 days after that. This job requires me to write a series of paper-based quick reference guides to be used in conjunction with some training on a in-house piece of software. I did the first bit of work but there was some follow-up that dragged on, and on, with delays in the software development. I seriously doubt they'll cope at all well with me being several thousand kilometres away, however – especially since my role involved a lot of sitting in classrooms scribbling down notes on what the trainers were covering, then going away to play with the software and write it up.

Then came the big news — IBM wanted me back! Their writing department is getting busy but they don't have a senior editor on staff, and they also need some "on call" editors for particularly busy times. They offered my asking hourly rate (to my surprise) and barely flinched when I said what "working from home" would involve. Unfortunately they have a big job with a tight deadline that I'm working on right now (just when I have no time and little energy), but perhaps they'll have enough odd jobs after that finishes.

Anyway, things are looking up for my prospects of working from a home office with a fabulous view!

### **Time Zones Can Be Your Friend**

As part of my efforts to move my editing business onto the internet, I've been answering ads for writers and editors. So far I've had lots of non-responses, several expressions of interest, and one contract. I was the



technical editor for a book being published by Microsoft Press. The author, who was responsible for subcontracting the editing, was the first person who hadn't run away at the very thought of working with someone at a great distance. Later I discovered that the author lives in New York, the co-author/graphic person lives in the San Francisco Bay Area and the copy editor lives on Vancouver Island, BC!

One thing worked so well I've decided to use it as a marketing ploy – I was effectively working the “night shift” for the author. In August, the time difference between New York and Sydney is 14 hours; 5 PM Monday in NY is 7 AM Tuesday in Sydney. At the end of his working day, the author would email me a chapter of the book. I'd pick up the file at the beginning of my working day, edit it, and email it back. The author would find the edited version waiting for him when he logged on the next morning. It all happened while he was asleep, and he thought it was great!

### **DUFF Visitors and Basicon**

I'd planned to spend a couple weeks last September driving around with DUFF winner Janice Murray and Alan Rosenthal, but it didn't work out that way. Various work projects got delayed until the deadlines were in the middle of their visit. So I saw them for a couple days in Sydney, sent them off with Eric to drive to Melbourne in a rented car, flew to Melbourne for Basicon (the Australian NatCon), flew home, and saw them again for a few days after they got back from Adelaide.

Basicon was fun. The venue was good, and I had time to talk with everybody I wanted to catch up with. The con was so laid-back that the usually-busy Melbourne fans had time to talk, not just deal with crises!

### **This issue of Wrevenge**

My goodness, nearly a year gone already since the last issue. Not too bad, I suppose, considering that I'd intended to stop publishing at number 50.

This issue was encouraged on its way by Irwin Hirsh, who offered the second part of his Conspiracy 87 report (part of his GUFF trip report) for me to publish, since I was one of the unsuccessful candidates in that year's GUFF race. How could I turn down such an opportunity, especially as it included photos-on-disk!

This issue of *Wrevenge* is the first planned to be published on the World Wide Web. I'll probably be putting some back issues on the Web as well, including the colour photos from my Cape York trip. Future issues are intended to be webzines first and printed zines second. This is mainly a matter of economics (when Eric leaves the university, we'll lose our cheap photocopying facilities; postage is expensive; and there appears to be no conveniently-available cheap source of paper here), but is also a response to some readers who've asked for me to make it available that way.

If you do want a printed copy, for whatever reason, please let me know. I'll keep sending them to people who request them, but if you're willing and interested (and having the facilities) to get the webzine, that's how I'll prefer to provide it.

### **Thylacon II**

I hope to distribute some copies of this issue at Thylacon II, the 1998 Australian NatCon, in June. I hope I saw you there! It's got a great lineup of guests, including my now near-neighbour Leanne Frahm of Mackay, a mere hour-and-a-half's drive down the highway.

—Cheers, Jean



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## Letters

**Brad Westervelt**  
bdw@compuserve.com  
Boulder Creek, CA  
12 October 1997

Hello, been a long time since 50. Nice to read your travel report. I like to read such things, as I am a frequent traveller.

I've written up and shared trip reports for years, and my vacation trip this last August [to the Yukon] was no exception.

I'm still into boomerangs, and it's a shame that my sport is not going to get even a nodding recognition when your country hosts the Olympics. The boom community is saddened...

**Bob Smith**  
37 St Johns Road  
Bradbury NSW 2560  
Australia  
20 August 1997

Your Cape York Trip was of interest and neatly enhanced by reasonable photos, and will no doubt have the overseas fans impressed with good 'ol Aussie rugged scenery. The fannish equivalent of Malcolm Douglass, perhaps? When my son was in the army reserve he did the trip Sydney, Cairns to Weipa, and says he found the natives friendly...(I spent about a year in Townsville in the late 1960's during my military career, and found it a laid-back atmosphere. Visited the rain forests north of Townsville, but it was all very civilized.)

I had laser work done on my eyes some time ago, to repair leaky blood vessels caused by my naughtiness regarding sugar levels, but correct multi-focal optics to combat ageing has me viewing the world with the usual mixture of Rose and Jaundice eyes. Hope all is well with your peepers by now.

Not a great deal to hook on to in the letters, although I personally feel Karen Herkes' capsuled description of prison problems says it all, and

you wouldn't want to know what I'd do with most prisoners if I had Absolute Power...

Sue Thomason: Ah...I remember the good times my Mum and Dad had in Whitby in the late 1950's, but then they settled down in Cornwall in their declining years. You are of course entitled to your opinion (oh dear!), but I suspect not everyone feels that way about "music." But...I can understand your feelings, because my recollection of staying with friends in Ripon (whilst stationed at Catterick) around 1948-49 did give that impression. Big sing-a-longs in pubs and halls, with broad Yorkshire voices swaying and thumping their great glasses of thick dark beer on the table... I couldn't wait to get back to the Army Education Centre and play some soothing Bach, Beethoven or Mozart...Hmm. As an ornithological minded person you probably wouldn't like my back garden: my cats lie around in the lazy sun, and the pigeons, doves and mynah birds walk all over 'em! The bulbuls and finches stay in the trees and abuse them. In any case, the questions you ask regarding the habits of birds over there might be slightly different in *this* rugged country (as Jean keeps discovering)...The cockies can be a noisy nuisance, as the dry weather brings them closer to suburbia.

**Buck Coulson**  
2677 W 500 N  
Hartford City, IN 47348-9575  
USA  
12 September 1997

The camping trip sounds strenuous, though interesting. I've pretty much avoided camping trips as an adult; I got enough of that in the Boy Scouts. Of course, as a Scout, I didn't see much of anything that I couldn't see at home, which would make a difference.

Congratulations on the successful eye surgery! And on the prospective move out of the city, for that

matter. I never wanted to live in a city, and never did. Juanita and I lived in small towns when we were first married, but when Bruce started to toddle around we moved to the country and have lived in farmhouses ever since. (One of them outside Wabash; 3 different ones outside Hartford City.)

Of course the country has drawbacks; right now we're getting a bee colony moving in where the power lines enter the house. Might be honeybees — in which case we can have them removed free by a man who wants to add them to his own honey-making business. Or they might not be, in which case we can handle them ourselves. So far, the man hasn't shown up to look.

Susan Margaret says that prisons are overcrowded, unsanitary, and full of drugs and criminals. Certainly, but so is street life in any large city, according to reports. (I admit I've never lived in a big city.) Plus, while it seems to have become all too easy to obtain weapons in prison, it's even easier in a city. The left wing here thinks it can reduce crime by outlawing handguns, which is one of their more ridiculous ideas. The idea was tried very thoroughly during Prohibition in the 1920s, and instead of doing away with alcohol (which was the scapegoat at the time), it spawned smuggling and home stills. They're still arguing over whether alcohol consumption went up or down; there's no question but that crime went up. Certainly, prison hardens a first-time criminal; so does street life in a city slum.

There is a general disrespect for law in this country, which has become much worse in my lifetime. (Or perhaps just more publicised? Possibly, but I don't believe so.) I think it's due to a perceived lack of personal space, which is a good a guess as any. People want to be noticed, and will go to almost any lengths to prove their personal value, and for a lot of poor city kids,

the method is violence. (For rich city kids, the answer may be law school and learning how to get their clients freed.)

Admittedly, other countries don't have the same problems with weapons. Neither did the US, back before Prohibition. That's when weapons became status symbols to a lot of people, thanks to all the publicity about them.

We may have more prison space than any other country; we certainly have more violent people than any other country not in or recovering from a revolution, or civil war. (I'll grant that Bosnia or Zaire have more violence.)

As for picking your own name, why not, if it makes you feel better? On the other hand, why, since it hasn't changed your personal circumstances? You're the same person, whatever name you go by; you're the same person, however you identify yourself to other people. Sure, I go by a nickname. I picked it myself, in the third grade, for games of cowboy and Indian (which was what we played back then, instead of spaceman and alien). I never intended for it to be generally used, and certainly not for it to be picked up in fandom, but it was, and so what? Doesn't bother me any.

I first read the quote from Alfred Korszyski (or however you spell it): "The name is not the object" in an A.E. von Vogt story. My reaction was, "Everybody knows that." It seems I was wrong. Juanita says her favorite quote was the title of a Richard Feynman book: "What do you care what other people think?" Feynman credits it to his first wife, but Juanita says she lived it from childhood, long before the book came out.

**Adrienne Losin**  
PO Box 692  
Mornington, VIC 3931  
September 1997

I've been in Far North Queensland escaping Melbourne's Antarctic winter (and its associated illnesses). This year's Dry Season has been remarkably cold and wet. I

flew to Lizard Island, off Cape Flattery on Cape York Peninsula, seeking some heat and sun. I found it, too, as my sunburn will testify. Now I'm heading south, doing lots of sketches and some scuba diving and visiting lovely tropical islands: Green, Fitzroy (again), Dunk, Hinchinbrook, Magnetic, etc.

**Teddy Harvia**  
701 Regency Drive  
Hurst, TX 76054, USA  
6 October 1997

Diana and I took a trip to the tropics with friends, although not quite the rugged adventure yours to northern Australia was. We flew to Cancún, Mexico, and stayed in an air-conditioned room overlooking the beach. We took an air-conditioned bus to the Maya ruins at Chichén Itzá. Diana, who has trouble with her legs, gave out near the end of the guided tour because of the jungle heat and humidity. Our current adventure is in downtown Montréal, where the temperature today should reach 22°C.

**Harry Cameron Andruschak**  
PO Box 5309  
Torrance, CA 90510-5309  
USA

12 September 1997

WWW-51 arrived today, welcome as always, and especially this week when I am in a lot of pain and inclined to feel sorry for myself. Unlike Australia, we have no national medical service (DAMN!!) and private insurance tends to be spotty. My coverage at the Post Office does poorly on dental needs, and this last month has seen me shell out, after what little the insurance would pay, \$3,200 for a massive amount of work, including 4 crowns. And last Tuesday all my wisdom teeth were removed. Can you pronounce "ouch"? I knew you could.

Of course I was just thrilled to read of your account of the 4WD trip in the Australian Outback. I was on a 5 week truck trip in Africa in 1990 and have always wanted to do something like that again. I do know that Australia has companies that



offer such trips, although I have never come close to being able to book one. Thanks for the wonderful account and the reminder that I should keep such a project in mind.

Actually, I have already booked some budget vacations. I will be cruising in the Antarctica area 7-30 November this year [1997], then sailing on a solar eclipse cruise next February, and top it all off with a 3 week trip to Turkey in November of 1998. So 1999 would be the earliest year for a trip to Australia...the year of the Australian Worldcon, but I am not sure I can get time off in the summer months to attend.

As for the eye surgery, I would have to pass. My glass prescriptions have *never* been stable for 12 months, and I have astigmatism in both eyes as well as a high refractive error in both eyes. The right eye is particularly bad. And insurance wouldn't pay for it anyway, regarding it as "cosmetic" surgery. {Same here; Eric and I had to pay for our eye ops ourselves. — Jean}

**Lloyd Penney**  
1706-24 Eva Rd  
Etobicoke, ON  
Canada M9C 2B2  
2 October 1997

I love the little old lady koala on the cover [of issue 51]. Craig Hilton is a twisted man, and I hope he's paid well.

I've seen many episodes of a programme called *My Australia*, where the host tours many of the less-explored areas of the continent and profiles interesting people and places and things, such as the railway that goes up the Cape York Peninsula. {Er, Lloyd, there is no railway up Cape York. Perhaps it was the Kuranda Railway from Cairns to the Atherton Tableland? — Jean} I remember those programmes well, because they were well done and showed areas I'll probably never get to. Bugs are a type of crayfish? I have a button that says "I had bugs for lunch." A bit of a gross-out for North Americans...

**Sue Thomason**  
190 Coach Road  
Sleights, Whitby  
North Yorks. YO22 5EN, UK  
30 September 1997

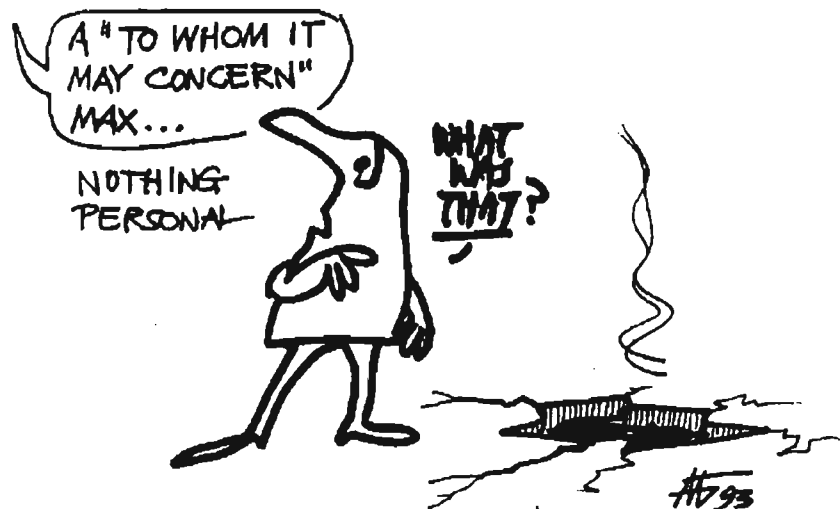
Your trip to Cape York sounded fascinating. Rory and I have just taken the opposite approach to holidays and spent a week at home. It was lovely to remind ourselves of the beautiful countryside we live in and never normally have time to appreciate. We had a couple of very good walks, and spent an afternoon at the Wildfowl and Wetlands Trust site in Washington. Saw loads of wonderful birds there — they keep and breed a lot of endangered ducks and geese, and have also created a set of wetland habitats managed for the benefit of migrant wildfowl. My favourite exotics were nene, which are essentially Hawaiian Canada geese. They are Hawaii's national bird {State bird? — Jean} and are named after what they say.

Something you might be able to supply informed comment on: I'm currently interested in a microgenre that I'm rather clumsily describing to myself as "alternative-values ecotopia". I'm thinking of books like Marge Piercy's *Woman on the Edge of Time*, Ursula Le Guin's *Always Coming Home*, Starhawk's *The Fifth Sacred Thing*, and I suppose Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia*. I've never met a story of this kind set in the UK — it seems to be an Ameri-

can microgenre (the British write disaster stories/dystopias instead). I don't know if this is because the Brits are natural pessimists, or whether it has more to do with our lack of "wilderness" country and "primal/native" culture (there is some wild-feeling country in Scotland, and I think some of Margaret Elphinstone's writing comes closer to ecotopia than anything else British I can think of). So, there is wilderness and primal peoples in Australia — are Australians writing ecotopias? If so, please let me know what they are. If not, why not?? (In general, I feel many fine Australian writers are nothing like as well known as they deserve to be in "the rest of the world" — I fear they either get swamped by the American publicity machine, or join it...)

**Mae Strelkov**  
4501 Palma Sola  
Jujuy, Argentina  
1 October 1997

... particularly enjoyed your tale of your trek to Cape York Peninsula. Several years ago, I was studying whatever material came my way on native traditions from those parts, where surely first arrivals from further North and China landed. I found curious counterparts between archaic Chinese words and symbols and what got illustrated in the rock art of the early aborigines; very haunting.





The mention of "Peanut Allergy" interested me for I seem to have passed on from my mother's parents a strange condition ("overfat white blood cells", now being studied by researchers in Calgary, Canada), very rare, indeed unknown formerly. (Some sort of mutation I believe occurred centuries ago in England.)

Whatever! Nuts are not for us, supposedly, though I've always eaten them and had no trouble myself. Our children had the problem, and take medicine against the cholesterol that results. (Meat is no problem for them; it's okay to eat, even the fat. Weird, isn't it? Only vegetable oils they can't take.) Surprising to learn now that "tree nut sensitivity has been discovered in children on the Isle of Wight". Might they be distant relatives of

ours perchance, sharing ancestors?

Here our kids keep busy, with increasing contacts made with other young Argentines interested in defending our ecology, and they all hope that eco-tourism will start up a new approach to defending the fantastic wilds we here so enjoy. Our son Tony at the Hot Springs further north with his family, are very happy and busy there, but I have postponed visiting them as yet—it's a long, hot drive, and I am 80, and feeling it sometimes. When our son and family from Patagonia come on holiday soon, I'll go with them (they've a new imported car, so it won't be so hard, the long drive). Each winter season, crowds swarm at the various hot springs located throughout Jujuy Province; but where our son is, it's particularly

famous. Now it's been fixed up nicely (including a hot water swimming pool, restaurant, etc), people come in crowds there in the holidays too. More and more, the type that comes, even from distant regions, is fun to get to meet.

#### I also heard from

Lots of people, including Pamela Boal, Bruce Pelz (who sends postcards from all sorts of interesting places), Lyn McConchie (numerous times, often on business matters), Jan "wombat" finder (by email, which tends to get misfiled). If you wrote, and aren't mentioned, it's most likely that I received and read your letter, and it's here somewhere... (waving vaguely at piles of unpacked boxes).

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## Easter bunny beware

The Anti-Rabbit Research Foundation of Australia wants everyone to say good riddance to the Easter Bunny and hello to the Easter Bilby. Easter what? Bilby—a native Australian marsupial that looks something like a rabbit but lacks the rabbit's flair for reproducing and devouring vegetation.

The foundation published in 1994 a children's book about how the sweet Easter Bilby beat out greedy bunnies to replace the retiring Easter Bunny. Easter Bilby, written by Ali Garnett and illustrated by Kaye Kessing, has sold 30,000 copies. Sales of chocolate Easter Bilbies have done well too.

(From *Science News*, Vol. 149, 30 March 1996, p. 207.

### Media Release

Monday August 25 1997

### Easter Bilby Rescued

The long battle of the Easter Bilby is over.

The Anti-Rabbit Research Foundation of Australia (ARRFA) developed the Easter Bilby in 1991 to highlight the damage done to Australian wildlife by rabbits, and to

raise royalties for research and wildlife conservation.

ARRFA registered 'Easter Bilby' as a business name and trademark, and licensed production of many 'Easter Bilby' products, including books, CDs, T-shirts and the first chocolate 'Easter Bilbies' in 1993 as alternatives to 'Easter Bunnies'.

They were an instant success, and many other manufacturers, perhaps unaware of the Easter Bilby's origins, began to copy them.

By Easter this year, at least 13 other kinds of chocolate bilbies were being sold. New versions have appeared each year as the idea of an Australian Easter symbol caught on, and ARRFA's trademark itself has come under attack.

On 22 August 1997 the Confectionery Manufacturers of Australasia, representing all ARRFA's opponents, acknowledged ARRFA's sole right to the Easter Bilby, and withdrew its opposition to the trademark. ARRFA, in return, will not object to chocolate bilbies marketed under names other than the 'Easter Bilby.'

Does it matter who owns the Easter Bilby? Very much, according to Dr Rob Morrison, the Chairman of ARRFA.

"The Easter Bilby has two aims," said Dr Morrison. "One is to make bilbies better known, the other is to fund our conservation projects. As a charitable Foundation, we depend on that income, and rival products reduce it or divert it elsewhere."

Easter Bilbies are certainly becoming big business, especially where real bilbies are concerned.

"Increasing amounts are going each year to many wildlife projects except those that the Easter Bilby was created for," said Dr Morrison.

"We protested about it this Easter and, as a result, \$20 000 has just been donated towards the Monarto Bilby Program. It will be used to return bilbies to the wild in South Australia later this year," said Dr Morrison,

"This amicable agreement will now allow both of ARRFA's aims to be met; publicising bilbies and their plight while returning to our Foundation some of the resources needed to preserve them."

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# Immune system

by Paula Johanson

Here's a monologue from the book *Modern Rituals*.

## Parent discussion group at the Community Centre

"You're worried about compulsory AIDS testing at work? What you've got to understand, Lisa, is we don't know what to do with the medicine we've got.

"You don't get it? Okay, I'll spell one scenario out for you all. Can you pour me some more tea first, Carol? Thanks.

"Picture a common childhood disease—common enough among Europeans and North Americans, anyway, that most of our kids are exposed at an early age and have sufficient medical care that the disease isn't serious in most cases. Kids spend two or three weeks home from school.

"Now, where medical services are inadequate, the disease can cause many deaths through fever and secondary infections like pneumonia. Got it? That's not just in Third World countries, but in the U S of Assholes where Medicare still doesn't apply to all the working poor like us.

"The cookies are over here, Janice. We'll pass them round. Want me to go on with the story?

"Let's add another twist to this disease: if a pregnant woman catches it, there's a one in four chance her baby will be born blind or deaf. Sounds nasty? Sounds like motivation for developing a vaccine.

"Sure enough, one exists. It's in general use in North America and Europe too ... except among religious groups like the Amish, conscientious objectors, believers in holistic medicine and the like.

"Why? Lots of reasons, Carol. Some of these people believe it's an infringement of their human rights to inject their bodies with a vaccine, especially for a disease that may not present them with much danger.

"Whose kid is crying, can you tell? Wait a minute, sounds like the sitter's got it all under control again.

"Now, the reason they're not in great danger from this disease is that most of the rest of us are immunized. An epidemic is limited to dozens of cases, not thousands in our cities. But let's not quibble about other people's moral beliefs until we hear more about this vaccine.

"Janice, you were at the pro-life rally last week, weren't you? You'll like this part.

"Let's do some research and reveal that this vaccine was developed in Germany using cells from an aborted fetus.

"The word refers both to miscarriages and therapeutic procedures, and no, I won't specify which is meant by the term 'aborted.'

"Nowadays the new batches of vaccine are whopped up in a lab, probably without any fetal cells involved at all, but the problem remains: this preventative medical procedure, this vaccine shot, was developed by using fetal tissues in a manner that is morally abhorrent to many people.

"There are people who donate blood, and who've signed their organ donor cards, but who will not approve of unconsenting and unethical use of human tissue. They sweat blood about whether to immunize themselves and their kids with the product of an abhorrent medical technology.

"I'm sorry, I've been ranting again. Yes, it's a real disease. It's rubella, the German measles.

"Yes, it's true, Lisa, and yes, I've been immunized.

"Shit, I think the discussion group was quieter when we talked about the pro-life and the pro-choice rallies. I'm sorry to lecture, but it's true, medical ethics is shit.

"You're worried about compulsory AIDS testing? They haven't even passed industry guidelines that

protect Video Display Terminal operators yet. We don't even have decent maternity leave legislation, like they do in Sweden.

"Problems—oh, hell, have we got problems. There isn't a single law about medical ethics—that has teeth—that doesn't do grief to somebody."

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## Liver transplant transfers peanut allergy

After eating a meal with satay sauce in a Paris restaurant, a 22-year-old man who is allergic to peanuts suffers cardiac arrest, falls into a coma, and dies.

His liver and one kidney are transplanted into a 35-year-old man. The donor's pancreas and other kidney go to a 27-year-old woman.

Three months later, however, the male recipient—who has no previous allergy to peanuts—breaks out in a rash after eating some. Doctors treat him and then contact the woman, who reports no such episodes.

This strange case, reported in the 18 Sept 1997 *New England Journal of Medicine*, appears to be the first documented instance of a transplanted organ that imparted an allergy to its recipient. In earlier studies, transplanted bone marrow has been shown to transfer some allergies, apparently because bone marrow is rich in hematopoietic stem cells—immature cells whose daughters grow into red and white blood cells.

The new case draws attention to the liver, another source of these stem cells. Some of the donor's white blood cells had been activated by peanuts; when later exposed to peanuts in the recipient, the white blood cells created antibodies.

(From *Science News*, Vol. 152, 20 Sept 1997, p. 181.)

# What's up Skip?

## Part Two of a Conspiracy '87 Report

A chapter of the 1987 GUFF Trip Report by Irwin Hirsh

Sunday afternoon saw the all important Australia versus England fannish cricket match, continuing the tradition of a pebble-beach match which began in 1979. The account I'd heard of that Season match was that England won but that it was declared a draw as no-one kept score. This time we made sure someone was there to keep score.

This was beach cricket at its finest (or worst: the Brighton excuse for a beach has to be one of the worst beach-cricket pitches in the world). The bat and stumps were a set of plastic sand shovels, the ball had a 3D face on it (to which Perry Middlemiss noted that the correct bowling grip required a finger up the nose), and the umpire was an American who knew nothing about game. England, captained by Mike Dickenson, batted first and set us a target of 15 to win. "I haven't had so much exercise since the Swedish room party!" James Styles said at the conclusion of our stint in the field.

Perry and Justin Ackroyd were our opening bats and set up our innings with solid partnership of 6. I came in at first drop, scored a run, and went out Shoulder Before Wicket. (This was probably to make up for my opposing captain also being given out Leg Before Wicket, even though he was a couple of strides down the pitch when struck by the ball.) As I trundled off Wendy asked that I be given a second life: "I didn't get a photo of him batting". Other Aussies—Cindy Evans, Clive Newall—came and went, all the while slowly closing in on our target. Carey Handfield arrived late, delayed by some

*Cindy Evans, showing the style which helped Australia win the Beach Cricket match.*



panel duties. At the next wicket he went in to bat but was back on the sidelines half a minute later. That's Australia's superfan for you: Didn't field, and out first ball. It isn't hard to see why early in the year Carey was given a ~~Herman~~ Ditmar for "Outstanding Contribution to Australian Fandom". Eventually the winning run was scored (I think by Dave Lockett) and the game was ours. Team photos were taken and we all trooped off to the Fan Room bar for the standard post-game drink and post-mortem. Only that we found that the bar was closed, so we all went our separate ways.

I went to the Olde Farts panel, The Wheels & Hubcaps of IF—the most eagerly anticipated, and probably the best attended item, of the fan programme. And why not, with some of the leading lights of British '50s fandom—Arthur Thomson, James White, Bob Shaw, Vin Clarke, and Chuck Harris—talking about one of fandom's greatest eras? And with Chuck making his debut as a convention panellist, it was also to be a special time. It was an hour that had its moments, especially through the bad jokes and puns Atom unleashed and when Vince talked about the cold war climate and the influence that had on his professional writing, but unfortunately it didn't meet the heights hoped for. The technology which got ol' deaf Chuck involved (Teresa Nielsen Hayden acting as his hearing aid, typing the conversation onto a computer so he could read it off the screen) should've been have put through a dry run or two. Not to ensure that the computer worked (it did) but to get everyone used to it all. Avedon Carol was the panel moderator and she often seemed to be too distracted by the computer to follow the way the panel was going and lead it down interesting avenues.

Back at the Fan Room bar I met Chris Priest, the man who thought up GUFF. He handed me a flier—"Read today what you will be thinking tomorrow" it headlined. "In 1981, Richard Bergeron was described in *Deadloss 3* as: 'A boring old fart'. Look what has happened since!" With such prompting I couldn't not purchase a copy of *Deadloss 5* or *The Last Deadloss Visions*, an early edition of Chris's almost Hugo winning book about the most famous non-book in sf history. Chris celebrated our trading a fanzine for £2 by buying me a beer. I looked at the flier again. There was no mention of a free beer, but I wasn't about to complain. (The moral of the story: always purchase fanzines when the vendor is within arms length of a bartender.)



*Pam Wells and Lucy Huntzinger*

That evening Wendy and I missed the Hugo Ceremony for a meal with Perry, Joyce Scrivner, Elaine and Steve Stiles, Lucy Sussex, and Andrew Brown. Walking to the restaurant Andrew showed all the signs of someone who was on a convention high, making noises about getting Judith Hanna to be an English correspondent for "one of my fanzines." Since Andrew wasn't publishing a fanzine, talk about a number of titles struck me as being dangerous stuff.

Pondering the menu at our chosen restaurant, Steve allowed that he doesn't like duck or lamb. "So what is it that you have against Cute Food?" someone asked him. While Steve wondered how to come back from that one, Perry gave me a nudge (metaphorically-speaking, since he was sitting across the table) and told me that globes of the earth are dangling from Joyce's earlobes. "They're my Worldcon ear-rings," Joyce explained as she jiggled her head back and forth. "Ah yes," Perry said, "But have you rigged them so that each Worldcon site gets lit up?"



During the post-meal wander to the Metropole, with an important Perry-led detour via a pub, we ran into Joseph Nicholas, who filled us in with all the Hugo news. Special emphasis was put on Ted White's presentation of the Best Fanzine Award. "He made a carefully worded statement about how the award has often not gone to the best fanzines and how he hoped those who weren't well informed about fanzines didn't vote in the category. Then he opened the envelope and was shocked to find that a fanzine he cares about had actually won."

Just as we approached the Metropole the post-Hugo fireworks began. It was a most impressive and agreeable event, resulting in a lot of ohhs and ahhs from the assembled masses. Joseph and I made suggestions for further improvements: "The fireworks should spell out the winners' names," I said, "'Dave Langford' ... 'L. Ron Hubbard' ..." Joseph agreed, "And the final one can be: 'It's Over. Finished. So Fuck Off!'"

I would've liked to have attended Bryan Barrett and Lucy Huntzinger's Hawaiian Aid party, but official duties kept me from ever getting there. First off was joining Paul Kincaid, George Laskowski, Dave Langford and Waldemar Kummung on a panel discussing the Fan Hugos. When Langford arrived, he deliberately put down his carry bag so that a clash of metal reverberated around the room. "Guess what I've got in here?" he asked.

The delay in getting the panel underway coincided with the length of time required to convince Paul that he was to be our moderator. ("Look, there is an '(M)' after your name, and look down here it says '(M) = Moderator.'") Once that was over Paul did the introductions and away we went. I used my standard lines about the biases in the award systems, though I suspect I phrased my comments in a way which were, unintentionally, insulting to the Hugo winners in the room. Waldemar noted that a problem with the awards is that they go to the English-speaking community. George followed this by adding that for some time he's been advocating a parallel set of Hugos for non-English based fan-activity, a proposal which emphasises rather than addresses Waldemar's point. And all the while Dave sounded like he'd just come into possession of two of the rockets and has had a number of celebratory drinks. From the floor Patrick Nielsen Hayden was saying some useful stuff about the merits of the award. And as an aside he mentioned that the Hugo nominations he's received (for fan activity) were a useful addition to his professional resume.

Following the panel was the Fan Fund auction, where I acted as a runner. Heaps of money was raised for the Funds. More would've been raised but the bids for an Aussie-hat-with-corks didn't even reach the amount of money John Harvey had paid for the thing in 1985. "Instead of donating the hat to GUFF," John whispered to me, "I would've been better off just donating the

← *Arthur Thomson (Atom)*

money I spent on the damn thing.” “Yes,” I agreed, “And storing money for two years would’ve taken up less space.” A copy of the banned-in-UK *Spycatcher* went for £18, while attempts to get rid of a signed hardcover *Battlefield Earth* came to nothing; twice it was included as the surprise in a job lot and twice it was immediately donated back to the Funds. A bundle of Richard Bergeron’s *Wiz* went for £12 (Jeanne Gomoll: “And all you Brits were throwing your copies out....”), while Rob Hansen prefaced the auction of some *Twll Ddus* by displaying his Welsh heritage (“where I’m from this is pronounced twll ddu”). Soon John Harvey was up there also tossing around Welsh accents. But Greg Pickersgill, probably realising that at an auction time means money, would have none of that. He grabbed the *Twll Ddus* from Rob, announced “Well, in West Wales we pronounce it black hole” and called for an opening bid.

The next morning I was surprised to receive a letter from the Prime Minister of Australia, Robert “Bob” Hawke. On Prime Ministerial letterhead and all. Not only that, but the thing was there in Conspiracy’s daily newsletter for the whole convention to see! Well, truth be told, the letter wasn’t addressed to me by name. “Dear Member” was the greeting, a reference to me being a member of the 45th World Science Fiction Convention, and from there Bob went on to promote Sydney as the place for the 1991 Worldcon. \*

“So, why didn’t Perth in 94 get a similiar letter?” I asked John McDouall of the Perth bid.

“Er, eh, er,” John replied.

“I’d like to see if one of the US bids get one out of ol’ Ronnie Raygun.”

“Er, eh, er, yes,” John said. It was a strange thing that, apart from bids for the 1990 Worldcon, the biggest rivalry was between bids which weren’t competing to host the same worldcon. As *Plop!*, the hoax edition of the daily newsletter, put it in their party list: “Australia

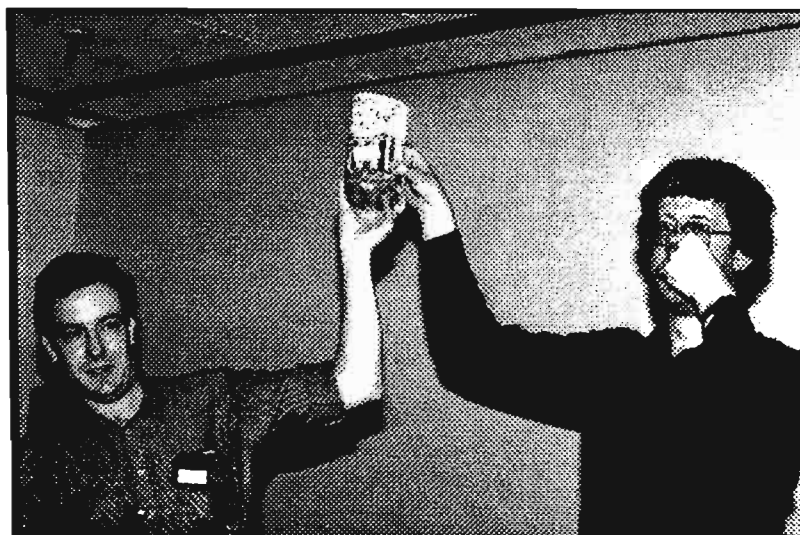
in ‘91 & ‘94—fighting it out On The Beach.” Of the two, the Sydney in ‘91 group had more presence at Conspiracy, but their cause wasn’t helped by the large numbers of Aussies in Brighton, because we’d been given no reason to support the bid. The Sydney people had decided to promote it exclusively to North America. It’s not that I disagree with a Worldcon bid devoting a fair chunk of its energy to the land where most of the voters are, but they did no promotion of the bid in Australia.

Carey Handfield, Justin Ackroyd and I found many people seeking our opinion about the two bids. I didn’t know the people behind the Sydney bid, not even by reputation, and because they didn’t promote themselves to me I had no idea about their credentials for running a Worldcon. While I had nothing against the bid, I also had no reason to be for the bid. I imagine Carey and Justin also did nothing to help promote the Sydney bid. And the reason our opinion was sought was because people knew us to have been as part of the Melbourne in ‘85 and Aussiecon Two committees; our past counted for something. I wasn’t surprised when the Sydney bid lost by close to 1000 votes.

In mid-afternoon Conspiracy’s Special Fan Guest presented the final item of the fan programme, The Ansible Review of the Year, in which we received the Langford view of the year and convention to date. At the conclusion Dave gave out all the Fan Room prizes. There were awards to the winners of the various quiz panels (which included one to a team of which Dave was member; they won despite not getting the points to the

*Below: The (tr)Ashes. The lettering appears to be by Atom. (Astute cricket followers will be aware that in 1987 England were holders of the Ashes. No doubt inspired by our exploits on Brighton Beach, Australia regained the Ashes in 1989 and have held it, decisively, ever since.)*

*Dave Langford (r) presenting Irwin Hirsh (l) with the trophy the Aussies received for winning the cricket match.*





question "What is the title of David Langford's first novel?"), while John Harvey received the award for the Best Fan Room display (don't tell Owen Whiteoak this, but it took John all of about three minutes to put together his prize-winner). Then out came the trophy for the winning team of the cricket match. Suddenly I didn't like the idea of being Australia's captain. The 'Ashes' was just that: a jar full of the debris of any number of Fan Room ashtrays. Dave and I did a variant of the standard award ceremony photographic opportunity; keeping at an arms-length away from the trophy. In no time at all I'd found a new form of trophy cabinet—the closest rubbish bin.

Tuesday, the 1st of September was, in terms of the advertised dates, the final day of Conspiracy. However the day's only official convention activity involved the committee and their helpers in tear-down activities. Wendy and I teamed up with Jim Barker in wandering around the streets of old Brighton. It was good to spend time with Jim, who was a dominant presence in the first British fanzines I received. In person he displayed the same keen, fannish humour I seen so often in his art, and we had a fine time exploring Brighton's famed The Lanes. In one bookshop we saw copies of a Damien Broderick novel on the remainder table, which gives rather a mythic quality to the theory that discounting Broderick's writing is a purely Australian activity.

The evening began in a Mexican restaurant where Wendy and I dined with Nigel Rowe, Hope Kiefer and John Pomeranz. Nigel and I did our best to explain the differences between Aussies and Kiwis to the Americans. We finally agreed that the biggest defining point is that Aussies end sentences with 'but' while New Zealanders' full-stop is an 'a'... er, but.

Following on from that Hope and I got into a heated discussion about the NASFiC. Hope followed the pragmatic line that there are British- and Australian- and Euro- and so forth national/continental conventions, so why can't North Americans have their own convention. I had no objections to such a suggestion, but feel that if North Americans wanted their own convention it should be constituted outside WSFA, and that the existence of any single NASFiC shouldn't begin with non-North Americans successfully bidding for the Worldcon.

Walking back to hotel there was a nice gentle fog coming in off the sea. Combined with the light of the setting sun it gave off the illusion that a building ahead was on fire. "Hey, wouldn't it be ironic if the Metropole was on fire," said one of the more cynical members of our crowd. "For the hotel, maybe," came a reply from one of the more pragmatic among us, "But not for me. My clothes and stuff are still in there."

The Dead Dog Party was held in the Bedford Hotel, an official convention snub to the Metropole—we didn't want them getting our beer money. It was nice to see the convention workers in a relaxed mood. During the convention everytime I saw Maureen Porter she'd drop her shoulders and let out a huge, exhausted sigh and rest

her head on my shoulder. Here at the party she was actually displaying a smile. Chatting to her I noticed that her convention id badge photo, taken days before the con started, matched her standard convention expression. The photographer certainly had a good idea of what would be appropriate. "Two days ago," Maureen told me, "Greg Pickersgill stopped me, mentioned how I looked as bad as the photo, sat me down and gave me some vitamin B and E pills."

"That was good of him."

"Yes, but then me promptly told me to get back to work."

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Lynne-Ann Morse: "That's a nice colourful coat, without being loud."

Cindy Evans: "That's because it's faded."

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A chief topic of conversation of the night was how Dave Langford had spilt a beer over Fred Harris, head of Bridge Publications, the Scientologist publishing arm. Ian Sorenson told me how he saw Dave dancing down the street. 'I've just got Fred Harris with a pint of beer, and all he could reply with was a gin and tonic.'

Lilian Edwards had a favour to ask of me: could I take Rolf Harris back with me when I go home. She was blaming me, as an Aussie, for Harris, but I just laughed and explained that the fault for there being a Rolf Harris plague was more her fault, as a Brit, than mine. While Harris is an Australian his longevity as a performer is tied up with how the British took him to their bosom. In support of my case I pointed out that his tv shows were made in Britain and that he barely spends any of his working time in Australia.

From there the conversation turned to another Aussie cultural export—Skippy—and the whole genre of animal shows such as Gentle Ben and Flipper. The discussion turned to the main scene of each episode, the one where Skippy Saves the Day:

"What's up Skip?"

Ttt, ttt, ttt.

"Someone's got Sonny! Who?"

More generic, fake kangaroo noises

"Arab Terrorists! Where are they?"

More of that sound kangaroos should be making.

"In the north-east corner of the park! Take me to them."

After that all hell broke loose. Wendy and Jim Barker were doing Skippy and Flipper impersonations (im-kangaroo- and im-dolphin- ations?), Justin Ackroyd and Roelof Goudriaan combined to become Jake-the-Peg, and we were all hopping around saying "What's up Skip?" Lilian stood at the side remarking that this was ridiculous, and when the noise went up a level in response and people began Looking At Us, Lilian asked us to stop.

"But this is all your fault," I told her.

"Why?"

"You're the one who brought up Rolf Harris."

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Having a party? Animal impersonations supplied. Skippy and Flipper our speciality. Contact Wendy Hirsh and Jim Barker. —from *Counterplot*, Special Wellington Edition, 3-9-87.

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The following day a bunch of us (Wendy, Perry, Justin, Cindy Evans, Pam Wells, Greg and Linda Pickersgill, Tony Berry, Martin Tudor and I) spent down on Palace Pier, playing pinball and shooting pool. During lunch Perry told us how his can of talcum powder had exploded all over his comb in one of the flights over from Australia. "So that's why everyday you seem to be going a bit more grey," Wendy said.

By mid-afternoon we were on a train heading for London. John Harvey had told Perry, Wendy and I that if we get off at Croydon Station we should ring him and he'd come and collect us. We did as he said, and John did as he said he would, and soon we were back in Carshalton. An hour later LynC and Clive Newall fronted up, and the Harvey Hotel For Aussies was brought back to life.

The main topic of discussion was the convention just completed. Perry dropped the biggest name into the conversation, "On the last evening I was buying gin-and-tonics for William Gibson," he told us, "and someone asked him if he enjoyed the convention. He said he'd had a great time, except that there were these three Australians who kept on propositioning him 'Your room, or ours? Anytime. Just say the word.'" No names were mentioned and with so many Aussies at Conspiracy us Harvey Hotelites didn't even begin to try to speculate.

Looking through LynC and Clive's convention photos John came across a rare sight. "Hey, look, here's one of Irwin smiling."

"My god, he is too," was the general response.

"I have to say, Irwin, that you always looked ever so glum," said Eve.

"Oh, that was just me putting on that British look of despondency," I replied.

And so... what did I get out of Conspiracy '87? Sitting there in a lounge-room south of London the main feeling I had was that the preceding six days had been extremely tiring and stressful. I didn't have a bad time, but the size of the convention worked against me having a great time. The first two days mainly consisted of making connections and meeting lots of people, with the introductory nature making it hard to find some sort of rhythm. On the third day things began to fit into place, but it was also the day in which I saw a stranger have a seizure in the morning and by the evening become aware that without careful management Wendy would suffer the same fate.

It was about that stage of the convention that I developed a feeling which seems more relevant now, ten years later, than it did in late August, 1987: that as a GUFF winner I was at the wrong convention. The observation I made is that the Worldcon is not part of the regular British convention scene. There was a feeling

among the British fans that Conspiracy was something alien. It was the North Americans who seemed at home, even when sitting in something so British as the Fan Room. As Vicki Rosenzweig put it in her 1997 TAFF platform, "Now it's time to visit, [and] attend a British convention (Intersection doesn't count)." And I'm not sure that GUFF maximises its aim to foster closer ties between Australian and European fandoms by sending people to cons which are held in those countries once every decade or so.

The first GUFF race (in 1979) was a one-off. But by the time I had made my trip the fund had developed a pattern of two races every three years. Eve Harvey and Roelof Goudriaan (the two people with whom I shared administration) and I recognised that this was a suitable arrangement. It was frequent enough to provide continuity, while allowing a time-span which recognised that the fund-raising base was smaller than either DUFF's or TAFF's. But after Eva Hauser's trip in 1991 this frequency has dropped off, with four years between each of the next two races.

I wonder if this is caused by GUFF having a strong Worldcon focus. The next GUFF race will coincide with the Fund's 20th anniversary. And in a period when only 29% of Worldcons have been held in GUFF's constituencies, 60% of its races will have been to send someone to a Worldcon. On top of this GUFF doesn't need to operate for Aussies or Europeans to attend Worldcons on the other side of the globe. In among the fannish mail which greeted me when I arrived back from my GUFF trip were five Conspiracy reports written by Australians. But I doubt I've read a single report by an Aussie on any of the British Eastercons held in the decade since. Or any Novacon reports. Or anything about the Eurocons. And so on. There was an attempt for GUFF to send someone to the 1998 British Eastercon. Even though it would've been three years since the previous race it would still have been held 'out of sequence'. But in the end it was aborted through a lack of interest. By the time we next have someone travelling as a GUFF winner it will have been more than a decade and a half since GUFF sent an Aussie to a British Eastercon. And I wonder if part of the reason we couldn't find two people interested in attending the 1998 Eastercon is because in concentrating so much on Worldcons GUFF haven't done its bit to promote the idea that an Australian would find the British Eastercon a fun and interesting convention to attend.

It should be noted that in both 1991 and 1995 Glasgow and Melbourne were a year away from being selected as the sites for the 1995 and 1999 Worldcons. Throughout the 1990s GUFF's focus on the Worldcon has been so strong that twice the administrators have waited a year and the next Worldcon site selection before setting the schedule for further races.

On the first of January, 1987 I was not yet a GUFF-winner. On the first of January, 1991 I was no longer its administrator. Take that same measure of time, place it

into the here-and-now and all we can do is get it together for one trip. And as an administrator who later ran a race which sent someone to Den Haag and the 1990 Worldcon, I wonder about my younger self thinking about the convention I'd just attended as a GUFF'er. In just a week I'd gone from wanting to attend a Worldcon outside Australia to, as I put it in the first issue of Martin Tudor and Steve Green's *Critical Wave*, "being the GUFF winner ... wish(ing) I'd gone to an Eastercon or a Mexicon or whatever." Looking back I wonder if I should have run with that thought and promoted the idea that GUFF sends someone to the 1990 or 91 British Eastercon rather than the 1990 Worldcon.

There I was on Wednesday the 2nd of September, 1987, sitting in the Harvey living-room, gathering together my thoughts about a convention just finished and what it had meant for me. Meanwhile my hosts were enthusiastic about their main convention dealer room purchase—the Judge Dread game—and are wondering how they and their five guests are going to play a game designed for a maximum of six players. I solved the puzzle by deciding to have an early night. After a nice long soak in the bath I hit the sack. As I lay in bed I heard the laughter which seemed to confirm Eve and John's opinions of the game. But I didn't hear too much more laughter, because before too long I was asleep.

The next morning I was also the last one in the house to get up. Conspiracy had made me into one tired chap.

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*Editor's note: The first section of Irwin's Conspiracy '87 report, "Down in Brighton", appears in Banana Wings #9, published March 1998 and available for a self-addressed envelope and some contribution towards postage from:*

*Mark Plummer & Claire Brialey  
Fishlifter Press  
c/o 14 Northway Road  
Croydon, Surrey CR0 7HA, UK*

*Other chapters of Irwin's GUFF report have been published in:*

- *"Half the Fun", Sikander 15 (March 89), edited by Irwin Hirsh, and reprinted in French in Yellow Submarine 61 (June 89), edited by Andre-Francois Ruaud.*
- *"First Days in Londontown", Empties 12 (Nov 93), edited by Martin Tudor*
- *"Leaps and Bounds", Attitude 9 (October 96), edited by Michael Abbott, John Dallman & Pam Wells*
- *"Reading 'n Oxford", Thyme 119 (January 98), edited by Alan Stewart*
- *"You Gotta Go to Finland", Larrikin 19 (Dec 1988), edited by Irwin Hirsh and Perry Middlemiss*
- *"Back Home", Larrikin 16 (June 1988)*
- *Metaphysical Review (to appear), edited by Bruce Gillespie*

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