



CONFLUX 12
RED FIRE MONKEY
SEPT 30 - OCT 3, 2016
CANBERRA

Progress Report No.1

WITH THIS YEAR'S SPECIAL GUEST – ALAN BAXTER

Greetings from Canberra

With the Committee settling in for its second year, we are happy to report planning is going well for Conflux 12. Spring in Canberra highlights the change of season from cool weather to warm sunshine and another Floriade.

With the success of Conflux 11 at the Novotel in the city, we decided to return to the venue that allows access to city restaurants and entertainment.

It is also the 50th Anniversary of Star Trek and whatever series is your favourite, we hope you will consider dressing up on Sunday to join our Cosplay. There will be prizes for best costume as well as some themed entertainment.

Thank you for supporting Conflux 12 this year and looking forward to seeing you all.

Your 2016 Conflux Chairs

Leife Shallcross and Karen Herkes

Save the Dates!

Discounted Accommodation:	30 September 2016
Short story competition:	31 July 2016
Advertising for Conflux Magazine:	16 September 2016
Banquet:	23 September 2016

CONFLUX
12
RED FIRE MONKEY
FRIDAY 30 SEPTEMBER
TO
MONDAY 3 OCTOBER 2016
CONFLUX 11 SPECIAL
\$195 FULL MEMBERSHIP
ONLY UNTIL MONDAY 5 OCT 6PM
<http://www.trybooking.com/JHEL>

NOVOTEL
HOTELS & RESORTS
CANBERRA



[Click here to add a comment](#)

ABOUT OUR SPECIAL GUEST

We are very proud to report that this year we will have our very own Alan Baxter as a Guest of Honour. His prowess at martial arts is only outshone by his publications.



“If Stephen King and Jim Butcher ever had a love child then it would be Alan Baxter.”

– SMASH DRAGONS



Alan Baxter is a British-Australian author who writes dark fantasy, horror and sci-fi, rides a motorcycle and loves his dog. He also teaches Kung Fu. He lives among dairy paddocks on the beautiful south coast of NSW, Australia, with his wife, son, dog and cat. He's the award-winning author of several novels and over sixty short stories and novellas. So far. Read extracts from his novels, a novella and short stories at his website – www.warriorscribe.com – or find him on Twitter @AlanBaxter and Facebook, and feel free to tell him what you think. About anything.

MEMBERSHIP PRICES

Full membership (Attendance & publications)	\$250.00
Student / Concession (Attendance & publications)	\$200.00
Supporting (Magazine, Pitching/Comp entry)	\$ 40.00
Day Membership (Prior or at the door)	\$ 70.00
Dealer Full (Table and 1 full membership)	\$350.00
Dealer (Table only)	\$134.00
Banquet (Asian)	\$60.00pp

Membership registration at: <https://www.trybooking.com/JHEL>

THE PROGRAM

Program items are currently being planned and we would LOVE to hear your ideas and suggestions. It will include presentations by our special guests, workshops throughout the program, special events, book launches, games and Cosplay.

Conflux 12 will also provide a pitching opportunity. We are working with several publishers and/or agents to set up pitching sessions at the convention. Keep an eye out on our next progress report for more details.

Workshops

In the past, workshops have been held specifically on the 1st day of the convention. With a break in tradition, workshops will now be offered throughout the program. Some of these workshop will have a separate entry fee. Registration forms will be available when presenters and details are finalised.

Would you like to participate?

There are spaces available for panelists, so if a panel topic is of a particular interest, please do contact Leife Shallcross via confluxchair@gmail.com. There are also spaces available for Kaffeeklatsch or Literary Bear hosts authors/artists/edits or Reading spaces for author to read from their work.

Cosplay

On Saturday, from lunchtime onward, the theme of the cosplay will be 'Red Fire Monkey'. We hope to have relevant movies and other entertainment on hand to get everyone in the spirit. Look up 'Monkey King' on the internet for inspiration.

As this year celebrates 50 years of Star Trek, no sci-fi convention worth its salt would ignore the opportunity to get 'where no-one has gone before' and dress up.



Sunday from lunchtime, anyone who is appropriately dressed will go into the competition for best 'Trekker'. There may even be a decent prize besides having fun!

VOLUNTEERS

If all of this sounds like fun, why don't you consider getting totally involved. We would love volunteers to undertake such delightful duties as chaperone for our guests of honour on a session, half-day or one-day basis.

We also need people to show people around when they arrive, let them know what's happening, or simply to help us in whatever capacity you wish to provide. If you're interested in providing some of your time, please email confluxchair@gmail.com



ACCOMMODATION



CANBERRA

Novotel Canberra offers premium 4.5 star hotel accommodation in the heart of the city. Its central location in the heart of the city offers access to Canberra's retail, entertainment and restaurant district.

For Conflux 12, Novotel are offering discounted pre-booked accommodation until **30 September 2016**.

Floriade is on again this year so good accommodation is at a premium in Canberra at this time.

Novotel are offering for a minimum of 2 night stay:

Standard King Room \$199 – with breakfast
\$219
Executive King Room \$229 – with breakfast
\$249

To take advantage please call the reservation team on 02 6245 5100 and quote **CON011016** when booking. *Note this number cannot be used for other bookings.*

ABOUT CONFLUX INCORPORATED

Conflux Incorporated is the legal body that oversees the organisation of the Conflux science fiction conventions. If you have concerns about a current or past Conflux convention, and you are not satisfied with the

response of the convention chair, then you can also come to Conflux Inc. and we will mediate the dispute.

If you wish to be considered to chair a future Conflux Convention, or wish to be a member of the Conflux Committee, or wish to make suggestions for the Committee, you can do so by emailing confluxchair@gmail.com.

Any member of the Conflux convention can become a member of Conflux Inc. just by nominating. The Annual General Meeting of Conflux Inc. is held at the convention and is part of the program. Come and attend and see who and how things are organised or nominate for a position.

THE BANQUET

The theme for this year's banquet is, of course, Red Fire Monkey. The banquet has been especially designed for Conflux 12 by the Novotel head chef. It will be Asian flavoured and can provide for special requirements. Please let us know on your membership registration.

Cost of the banquet this year is \$55.00. More details to follow in future newsletters.

THE DEALERS ROOM

This is the room dedicated for Dealers at Conflux 12. Come and see what wonderful new books, wares and items for sale tickle your fancy.

Reservations for a Dealer's table can be made by going to Trybooking at

<https://www.trybooking.com/JHEL>

THE COMPETITIONS



Short story Competition

Conflux 12, in partnership with the Canberra Speculative Fiction Guild, is very pleased to announce the inaugural CSFG/Conflux 12 Short Story Competition!

We will be looking for stories of 4000 or under, in any speculative fiction genre, on this year's theme of light and light based technologies. The competition will open to all Australian residents and members of either the Canberra Speculative Fiction Guild or Conflux 12. There will be a \$5 entry fee to those entrants who are not members of either CSFG or Conflux. Authors aged 16 or under will also be able to enter for free.

The first-placed entry will win \$200 and a 2017 Conflux 13 membership! Prizes will also be offered for second and third.

More information, including the competition opening and closing dates and how to enter your story, will be available shortly from www.csfg.org.au and conflux.org.au.

ART SHOW

The show also features THE E. G. HARVEY AWARD FOR AUSTRALIAN SF ART, an annual award sponsored by the Harvey Australian Foundation. This award is for the best original visual art work in show, produced by an Australian artist in the previous 12 months. Judging will be made from works exhibited at the Conflux 12 Art Show by a panel of non-participating artists. The medium for the work may be acrylic, oils, watercolour, pencil and/or ink, charcoal, mixed medium, sculpture,

photography, animation and video-works. The value of the award is AU \$500 (non-acquisitive).

Exhibitors please note:

All panel or table space for entries is reserved on a first-come-first-served basis. Please submit your Art Show entry form by Friday 19 September 2016. Cost per entry is \$10. To be eligible for judging, works must be exhibited at the Conflux Convention from Noon Friday to Noon Monday. Works may be sold at the Convention, but purchasers should not collect works until Noon Monday. Conflux Inc. charges a 10% commission on all sales. Sale of Art Show entries will be by member bids (bid cards are provided at the show) and bids will be finalised at the close of the Art Show on Monday. Please note Conflux 12 will only take responsibility for sales through bids. Sales after close of business should be arranged privately with the artist.

Every entry must be labelled with title, minimum price for bids if item is for sale, and the artist's name. Art sales do NOT include reproduction rights. The artist and buyer must negotiate separately as per current copyright laws. We will provide security and TLC for all artwork, Conflux will take every reasonable precaution for the safety of art show entries, but the ultimate responsibility for the art work remains with the artist/agent. No cameras will be permitted at the Art Show.

CONFLUX 12 COMMITTEE

The 2016 Committee includes:

Leife Shallcross & Karen Herkes (Chairs)
Cat Sheely (Treasurer)
Dave Versace (Dealers Room)
Marisol Dunham (Art Show & Pitching)
Tara Ott (Youth Program)
Kellie Takanaka
Jane Virgo

ADVERTISING AT CONFLUX 12

If you have events, goods or services you wish to promote then Conflux 12 can provide the following promotion opportunities:

CONVENTION MAGAZINE

The Conflux 12 Magazine goes to all Conflux members on arrival. The Conflux 12 Magazine will be a part colour A4 publication (210 mm x 297 mm). Not-for-profit events and organisations may submit a ¼ page advertisement free-of-charge. Other events or organisations are welcome to enquire regarding costs. Material deadline: Monday 29 August 2016. Enquiries can be sent to chair@conflux.org.au

CONVENTION MAGAZINE SPECIFICATIONS

Magazine size: A4 297mm high x 210mm wide

Live matter area: 265mm high x 182mm wide

Type area adverts	Height (mm)	Width (mm)
Whole page	265	182
Half page (landscape)	129	182
Quarter page (portrait)	129	88
Listing in “Upcoming events” – paragraph with no art.	n/a	n/a

Please ensure that all Whole Page A4 bleed adverts have 3mm 'bleed' on all sides. ALL live matter i.e. text or logos should be kept within the live matter area - 265mm high x 182mm wide.

All artwork should be supplied as High-Resolution PDF files OR jpeg format.

CONVENTION BAGS

Convention Bags go to all Conflux members on arrival. Not-for-profit events and organisations may submit materials for inclusion in the bags free-of-charge. Other events or organisations are welcome to enquire regarding costs. Multiple page inserts must be bound in some fashion - stapled, saddle stitched, folded and sealed, etc. Inserts should not be larger than A4 size **nor** include material unsuitable for convention attendees under the age of 18. Inserts must arrive by no later than Friday 23 September 2016. Inserts can be mailed to Conflux 10 Membership Bags, PO Box 1799, Tuggeranong ACT 2901.

AND NOW FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT....

The committee were tasked to produce a very short story based on this year's theme.....

'Red Fire Monkey' by Dave Versace

Take me higher than canopy branches

Gravity's a memory, vanilla can't stand it

Klaxons bust through King's mid-forties gencore mix, hitting his modded cerebral cortex like the smell of smoke and panic pheromones. He kills the headstream, music forgotten as he drops into his flow. He's already on the move. Hand over hairy hand out of his chillpod, heading upstation, he scoops up his breather and breach kit with his tail as he passes.

Incident reports rendered as colourful emoji glide across his artificial corneas like leaves on a mountain stream. Black clouds mean a hull breach. The purple bandage for injuries. Red fire means uncontrolled combustion. And for King, a chattering, laughing chimpanzee. It's offensive to confuse simians for monkeys, but the sysadmins ignore his complaints. They bought the software package off the shelf from an ignorant Australian startup.

Grow up in a lab with the surgeons and the hackers

My pride don't know me cause they don't got access

King ignores the triage teams shepherding bloodied stretcher capsules. The confused reports of the weather observation team register as concussed babble. The brusque commands of the incident coordinator have nothing new for the Fire Monkeys; he shunts her feed to a LowPri stream. He picks a line clear of loose debris and the weeping wounded and propels himself along the path of bananas laid out by the crisis management AI. So offensive.

Rook and Noon sling themselves into his wake as he passes the therapy lab, greeting him with tight squawks of static over restricted telecoms. They bare their teeth, eyes bright with excitement, and strap vacuum seals over their faces.

Incident data refreshes with detailed assignments. Up ahead, the agronomics module is burning and buckling as fire and void battle over it for bragging rights. Rook touches King's shoulder in a comforting gesture.

Eve is assigned to Agronomics.

Got personal space and these thoughts nobody asked for

Think I'm in your dominion? Think you can task your

Monkey? Beast of burden? Go to hell

Autonomous safeties locked Agronomics tight at the first taste of danger; spiking thermals or falling pressure? Doesn't matter; the protocol's the same in either case. The blast doors are rated for re-entry. They cut everything off: expanding clouds of burning oxygen, the vampiric siphoning of oxygen into space, and anyone stuck on the wrong side of the airlocks.

Station telemetry is showing three sets of weak life signs – two hominids, one cebid. They also show rising heat and a steady pressure drop. The good news for the station is that the slow breach will suffocate the fire soon. The bad news all depends on who has an independent oxygen supply. Rook flings override codes at the access hatch to the secondary duct network, known to most as the Fire Monkey Tubes. Vermillion Station is enveloped by a lattice of narrow conduits. They are too

small and claustrophobic for vanilla humans but just the right size for jacked-out rescue monkeys modded for disorienting crawlspaces.

Noon mines sensor data. The atmospheric integrity for their fastest route to Agronomics shows green. He grabs the tip of his own tail and claps his feet, signalling all-clear. King pops the hatch release and pulls himself into the darkness.

Never knew nothing of fresh fruit and foliage

Nothing in nature like a rescue soldier

King's optics kick in filters and image enhancement as he clammers into the smoke haze. Streams of fire like burning ribbon stretch from a blazing shuttle buggy's battery chamber to the outer walls of the agricultural chamber. The stream splits into three writhing tributaries, marking the hull's fracture points. Fatigue patterns expand through strata of ceramic, titanium and nanodiamond weave. King consults his data feeds and selects the worst of them, tapping the same parts of his amygdala evolved to spot a weak branch or a camouflaged predator.

Agronomics is a broad, pebble-shaped module nearly two hundred metres in diameter, spindle-mounted and spun up to simulate Earth gravity. Despite the damage, the King feels the uncomfortable drag, trying to pull him to the floor. He is tempted to follow its call. Eve is down there.

He spares a glance for Eve. Her gold and black hair is mottled with bloody cuts and singed patches, and her tail is kinked and limp, but she's masked and mobile. She's injecting coagulant foam into an ash-faced, moaning biotechnician's stomach wound. He can't catch her scent through his self-contained breather but his neck hairs ruff in relief. She's beautiful and alive.

But her skin is not rated for hard vacuum. His implants are driving him to the buckling superstructure overhead.

Lawyers gonna argue that you sending us to come to harm

It doesn't rain in orbit if you don't set off a fire alarm

Noon drops in beside Eve and attaches a resuscitation kit to the crashing technician. Rook clammers under the burning buggy to disengage the fuel cells and set off a grenade fill of retardant foam. His vitals start spiking instantly. King mutes the alerts; Rook knows how to do his work.

King zeroes in on the fissure, skirting the perimeter of the fiery vortices swirling into the wall. He pops a sealing cap from his utility harness; it begins to expand in reaction to the falling air pressure. In two heartbeats, it's the size of a banana. Then a coconut. When it's an off-white sponge-surfaced foam watermelon he slaps it on the damaged wall section. His knuckle hairs singe and hiss, but King's nervous system is monitored from one microsecond to the next; he barely registers the sensation before pain blockers smother the distraction.

Atmospheric monitors register a decrease in the rate of pressure loss. Noon flashes him a toothsome-grin icon. Eve's congratulations come on their secure personal channel; they're not meant for public consumption.

King patches the next fissure. It scans as vacuum-proof but something is wrong; the pressure drop is accelerating again. The third fissure is opening up, the structure around it weakening at an unstoppable rate. New fissures are opening up, spreading like a web spun out to every branch at once. King shrieks in frustration as he feels the drag of suction grab hold. His next sealing cap is inflating but it's already too late.

A piece of ceramic plating a little larger than King's head tears loose and leads him out into the open. Between one blink and the next, King is outside Vermillion Station and moving away fast.

King's expert systems send emergency calls and patches of bare skin on his feet, hands and face fluoresce an angry red to aid search and rescue attempts.

They won't come in time. He's a small dot against the vastness of the Open. His hair is already brittle with frost and the skin beneath is purpling as his capillaries burst. He spins slowly. His feed confirms the seal behind him is holding. Rook's signs are dropping into critical levels across the board; it's touch and go which of them will outlive the other. Eve's surprise and horror hits him in a succession of icons. Tears. Hearts. Broken branches in the high canopy.

Spreading out ahead of him is the wide green of Earth. He knows the large inverted tear shape below; the lab technicians showed him pictures of South America once. He finds the green swathes of the continent's easternmost bulge. He shunts the image to temp memory, tagged for Eve. If they recover his remains, she will see what he saw.

King soars above his ancestral home and wonders what it would be like to return.

*You took me out and brought me up I can't go there again
I tell you this I make the calls for me from here on in*

'Night Visitor' by Cat Sheely

A persistent squeak awakens me in the small hours of the night providing relief from a menacing dream of being surrounded by flames and heat. Half awake, I slip out of bed to search for the source of the noise. As my feet hit the floor little needles dig into my calf and quickly wend their way up my leg, belly and dig into my shoulder. My scream only seems to make the needles go deeper as my hand gropes for the bedside light. It takes two tries to get it to work. Before I can move my head to see, I become aware of soft fur against my cheek.

"What the..." I mumble. There is a tiny red monkey perched on my right shoulder, shivering yet still quietly chattering. Big eyes meet mine and then I notice the sharp little teeth. My heart thumps and I shake from fear and the adrenaline rush. Wide awake now, it occurs to me that this little thing got in ... and might not be alone.

I find only the small wind-out window open in the bedroom next to mine, everything else secure.

OK. I live near Mogo Zoo and I recognise this little fellow as one of the Golden Lion Tamarin that I've admired so often. Is this an escapee or is it something more sinister? A phone call will answer that question. At least I thought it might but the phone line in the bedroom is dead and there is no mobile phone reception. Odd.

I don't remember what these things eat so I stumble to the kitchen. All this time the little animal remains on my shoulder with its claws firmly dug into my skin. It suddenly leaps down to the counter and I notice little drops of blood on my pyjama top. Its or mine? The Tamarin hops to my Guzmania bromeliad that I've been trying not to kill. It sticks its tiny fingers in, pulling out a bug or two. Great. Who knew I was growing food for a monkey.

Then the world kind of swirls and I grab onto the counter for balance. I feel heat and my dream comes rushing back to me. The hair on my arms stands up and I smell smoke. Shit! What now? I gaze around and see the pan on the stove is alight. I've left the oil from the chips on the gas and now it's burning.

I turn off the gas and grab the fire blanket from under the sink and with one movement throw it on the pan. The flames douse instantly.

“You saved my life little fellow,” I say and turn to the plant on the counter top behind me. I gasp because there is nothing there. No cute little red money. Actually, no plant either.

I look around dazed to find my fire alarm beeping, red lights flashing outside and a pounding on the door. As I stand frozen, still not sure I’m awake, I see movement by the patio door. A huge fireman stares in and is waving at me. I let him in.

An hour later the fireman depart but not before having checked everything to make sure I’m safe.

“You did well with the fire Madam,” says the big burly fireman over his shoulder as he steps out my front door. “Your fire alarm saved you, as did your quick thinking.”

I smile and thank him. The door closes and I think I hear a little happy chitter off in the distance. I look down at my pyjama top and there are little blood drops on my right shoulder.

Tomorrow I’m going to Mogo Zoo.

‘Red File Monkey’ by Karen Herkes-Ott

John Watson surveyed the red brick building fronting the narrow lane. The windows were blackened, potted plants on either side of an impressive entrance door, above which hung a huge sign: ‘Red Monkey Club’.

“I believe we’ve found the headquarters of the Red Monkey Gang”, announced Holmes.

“How did you reach that conclusion Holmes?” asked Watson.

“Simple Watson”, replied Holmes, “the potted plants are the rare poppy, *Papaver orientale*, which the Red Monkey Gang cultivated in Mongolia and imported here for their opium trade. Also the building’s owner, Douglas Graves, is a known member of the Red Hand Gang; and the former lover of the Red Monkey’s Gang’s Master of Ceremonies second cousin”.

“Wonderful Holmes, I don’t know how you do it!”.

Just then there was a sudden explosion from a second floor window and the building was soon on fire. Holmes and Watson withdrew down the lane to make way for the local Watch and the bucket brigade’s arrival.

“I think there is nothing more we can do here Watson”, said Holmes.



PO BOX 1799, TUGGERANONG ACT 2901

Conflux Art Show Entry Form

Artist's Name	
Address	
Telephone	
Email	

Entry Cost: Members and Supporting members can enter for free.

- Professional or Amateur
 2D Two dimensional work (painting, drawing or other)
 Textile
 3D Three dimensional work (models, sculpture, jewellery etc.)
 The E.G. Harvey Award (for original artwork, of any type, by an Australian artist)

Only original works may be entered. You are welcome to provide prints for sale by Conflux. Conflux Inc. charges a 10% commission on all sales. Sale of Art Show entries (if desired) will be by member bids (bid cards are provided at the show) and bids will be finalised at the close of the Art Show on 3 October 2016.

Prizes: The E.G. Harvey Award for Original Australian SF Artwork \$500.
For "Best in Show" Awards for each category.

Any special display requirements? _____

Delivery method of art

- Agent _____(name) will deliver on Friday 30 September 2016.
 Artist will deliver on 30 September 2016.
 Art will be mailed to the Conflux Curator, PO Box 1799, Tuggeranong ACT 2901, by 23 September 2015.

Reservations for Art Show entries must be received by the Curator by 23 September 2016. All panel or table space for entries is reserved on a first-come-first-served basis. Please email this form to chair@conflux.org.au. Every entry must be labelled with title, minimum price for bids if item is for sale, and the artist's name. Art sales do NOT include reproduction rights. The artist and buyer must negotiate separately as per current copyright laws. We will provide security and TLC for all artwork, Conflux will take every reasonable precaution for the safety of art show entries, but the ultimate responsibility for the art work remains with the artist/agent. No cameras will be permitted at the Art Show.

Payment for entries to be made on site.