

THYME NINE

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COA, COA: Well known COAite Marc Ortlieb has taken up residency in a post office box: PO Box 46, Marden, SA 5070. Marc notes, "It is in the same Post Office as the PO boxes of Stokes/McPharlin and that of Roman Orszanski, but any rumours will be treated with the stoney silence they deserve."

Helen Swift has joined Perry Middlemiss in their move to Canberra. Their address is PO Box 1308, Canberra City, ACT 2601.

Also, your co-editor Andrew Brown has moved. His new place is without a telephone (which makes it hard to have pre-publication editorial conferences - the last occurred when we both happened to be at the same concert.)

THYME ENOUGH FOR WYCON Andrew Taubman writes about Wycon/Strathvention, the recent relaxacon held up the coast of NSW:
"We did not arrive at the Strathaven Country Club until quite late on the Friday night for a couple of reasons; we started off late, and we didn't bring a map. We eventually found it by asking locals several times. Precisely what the NRMA man thought about being accosted in the dark by a man in a cloak I'm not sure, but I got the information necessary. Upon arrival we immediately located most of the membership of the con by finding the bar - the barman was the after-hours receptionist (A dry cinzano, a brandy and a room, please." I got a cinzano and dry instead, but the other two items were OK). We soon drifted into the official room party, actually held in two rooms whose doors faced each other, one designated as smoking and one as non - quite a good arrangement. They had the food and we had the scrumpy and tequila; trading expeditions were frequent.

Saturday was spent merging "The Wind in the Willows" with "The Art of Coarse Golfing". Much time was spent 'simple messing about in boats', as the Strathaven is on the banks of the Wyong River, and they provided a few rowing boats for the misuse of the quests. An abortive attempt at aquafrisbee was terminated when Peter Toluzzi spent a quarter hour retrieving the first one from the river. Gregor Whitley took advantage of a chain hanging from an overhanging tree to damage his hands, and Andrew Brown to damage the handhold on the chain. One particular mullet was so stunned at our acrobatics that it persisted in swimming in circles in the target area - obviously the local Greenpeace representative. Several oar-blows did not discourage it, so that acute

angler Peter T took matters into his own hands and threw it onto the shore to die (it was obviously either badly wounded or ill).

We took a leisurely hour or so to have an open mini-golf tournament, under the blazing mid-morning sun. The all-weather concrete course was incredibly difficult; the fly-hazard was the worst. Robin Johnson, well known fan and athlete, was the eventual winner. In view of impending lunch, no trophies were awarded.

Which rather neatly brings us to the food. I can see why this place is so much cheaper than the Hydro-Majestic; they don't have to pay for meat, as numerous parents bring even more numerous babies with them, they'd never miss a few meals' worth. The food was as good as you can expect mass produced food to be, and they hardly ever ran out of anything. Worth it.

Saturday afternoon was spent recovering from the exhausting morning's activities; swimming, desultory tennis, snooker, table tennis, and the odd Space was Invaded....

The evening was largely spent in a poker game with Peter T, Gregor W, Amanda Munro, Karen Warnock, Peter Bismire, Terry Frost and myself. I learnt several new (to me) versions of poker, and many new curses. Gregor was the big winner (with myself coming a fairly distant second), largely due to a change of game to pontoon, in which he got the bank early and made an indecent success out of it. The rest of the evening was spent sitting around a large table in the garden, watching Eric Lindsay getting drunk on salt, tequila and lemon. After a low-key evening, we retired to prepare ourselves for another rip-roaring day of action and excitement.

A late start for all on Sunday morning, especially Eric. He kept his balance remarkably well, considering he'd swathed his head in cotton wool as a precaution....as for the others, it was the greatest impression of a gathering of Used Car Advertising Men I've seen (Boy, are our faces red!). The sun had taken it's toll, and oft-seen was the body slathered in white cream.

Sunday turned out to be even slacker than the last, if that's possible. The dreaded mini-golf was left alone, but nearly as much swimming, tennis, snooker, drinking and eating went on. The White Australia policy took another beating out in the midday sun. After another, smaller game of poker, people started drifting off to check out, and go. Under an uneventful but surprisingly fast drive, we arrived home home, tired but happy.

Wycon was even less programmed than the Medventions, and suffered slightly because of it. It needed a focus, a program not to go to, to fill it out. A picnic lunch on the other side of the Wyong River, an organised tennis or table tennis tournament; anything like that to give it direction. Nevertheless, a splendid and worthwhile occasion, and one which I hope shall be repeated."

Peter Toluzzi, Wycon organiser, reports that the con made a profit of \$90. Of this, \$40 will be going to a Syncon fund to give the next two Syncons a starting financial base, \$40 to the Melbourne in 85 worldcon bidding committee, and \$10 will be donated to DUFT.

SYNCON 82 is to held in early to late August, 1982. The committee are presently working towards releasing a progress report in mid January, which will give details about hotel, dates, membership rates, etc. The program will include a series of workshops on such things as modelling, the uses of home computers and of photography (tho', perhaps, this one should be called fantastic photography; my understanding of this workshop is that it will be about the uses of the camera for those people interested in something besides 'straight' photography, and is not about the taking of photos of UFOs or Space Shuttles or whatever. - Irwin). The con will be holding a series of competitions, that will be related to these workshops. Also, rather than have a Guest of Honour, the con will be having a number of Special Guests. The selection of the Guests will be done with a view of utilizing their expertise in the program (to head the workshops, for instance). Till the release of the progress report a good contact address is c/- Peter Toluzzi, 12 Georgina St, Newtown, NSW 2042.

DUFF US fan Marty Cantor has written to us with this piece of news:

"I am most seriously considering standing for DUFF in 1985. I have gone so far as to arrange an extra week's vacation for that year with my boss. I will stand for DUFF regardless of the outcome of the worldcon voting for that year." Good to see someone thinking a few years ahead about their DUFF candidature - the situation we have this year with some seemingly quick decisions to stand is not a situation I like.

Note to Eric

Lindsay: if It isn't in this issue, we still haven't recieved your stencils.

THE WEDDING OF THE YEAR An Informant writes about the recent wedding of Julia Curtis and Roy Ferguson. "It took place on the weekend on 28/29 November and came across as a cross between the "Womans Weekly" and "Cleo". From the not very-off-white dress and white veil worn by the bride, to the setting in the garden of a fairly old and wealthy home up in the hills (friends of the brides), to the readings from Kahlil Gibran and Elizabeth Barnett Browning, it was all...impressive. There were comments about it possibly being an early edition of the proposed First Annual Bad Taste Party (which happens on 12th December). The best part was the telegram from Henry Crum (Julia has played Min in a couple of Sci-Goon shows) "Dear Min, Stop Stop Stop!". A lot of people were seen in unaccustomed finery. Grant Stone and his wife Cheryl (who is due to have a baby any day now) were there, as were Tony and Gloria Peacey, Richard Faulder (visiting civilization from beyond the Black Stump at Yanco) and many and sundry other WA fans. The only thing I can really say about it is that it was very romantic - described by someone (not me) as a Mary Poppins wet dream. I didn't enjoy it. (Then there was the moment when the celebrant said, "I now present to you - Mr and Mrs Ferguson!" Thought "Just yesterday she was plain Julia Curtis. Now she's MRS ROY FERGUSON!" Arggh)."

SSFF XMAS PARTY Peter Toluzzi reports that it was a quiet Affair, being smaller than usual. The BBQ was cancelled due to a total fire ban. The film "The Rise and Rise of Michael Rimmer" was a success.

LINDA LOUNSBURY past DUFF winner has written us a letter covering a few topics. She starts off with some comments on something Marc Ortlieb said in THYME 4: "While it is true that there are a few mundane hold-outs among the metropolitan population here (in Minneapolis), we prefer to think of them as scientifically disadvantaged rather than unfannish, and rehabilitation programs have been showing encouraging results. Each year's Minicon ("the only con that has to have a map of the convention suite in the program book") attracts more potential fans from the surrounding population.

And how dare Marc cast aspersions on poor Woscar! I'm afraid he was not feeling at all well when you visited him in August. Pining for the fjords, no doubt... Woscar was an old wombat, and tired, and he died on 26th September. Now who can we support for president?

You probably know all about my engagement to Marc Ortlieb - Joyce Scrivner assures me that she has been industriously spreading the rumour and Carey Handfield promised to do likewise when he was here. Just in case anyone should take this too seriously, let me state for the record that we are not engaged to be married; we're engaged to be engaged. We have what you might call a (very) Open Engagement. Watch for future developments on simultaneous parties, probably in January. (And lest this new lend support to Joyce's allegations re Marc's TWAGA status, I'd like to state that these alleged changes did not take place at any time when I was around to witness them. Now Judith Hanna and Joyce may have access to other information that I don't know about, and naturally I have no idea what Marc has been up to for the past several months, but on the whole I'd be inclined to believe Marc.)

WorldCon politics have been a little slow around here, in spite of the fact that there is a semi-serious Minneapolis bid for the 1985 Worldcon (Loonvention - the generic worldcon). Most Minneapolis fans consider it sacreligious to support any Mpls. bid besides the '73 bid, and besides they don't want to do the work involved. Joyce Scrivner and I are planning (RSN) to organize a Minneapolis Fans for Melbourne in 85 group to give moral and other support to the bid. Next project is to be an ad in Rune, then perhaps bidding parties and a fanzine - if we can get people to do the work involved...

The bidding committee may wish to borrow my idea of Tuck-a-buck-a-day away. By saving \$1.00 per day, a N.A. fan will accumulate \$1460 in four years (plus \$1 more in a leap year), and interest if it's in a bank. That's a sizeable start on the costs involved, even if inflation continues to raise airfares. I plan to promote this idea as much as I can and naturally I've already started to practise what I preach."

BRITAIN IN 87. Joseph Nicholas reports that "Ansible 21 contains a note from Malcolm Edwards to the effect that in the face of the Melbourne in 85 bid they've decided to retire altogether, leaving 1987 to someone else entirely." However, a letter from Dave Langford, that arrived on the same day as Joseph's, seems to contradict this; Dave says that the 1987 bid is just not a definite thing. We hope to clear up this by the next issue.