

THYMING

ONE MORE SATIRICAL AUSTRALASIAN SF NEWS MAGAZINE

A PRODUCT OF "IT WORKS BETTER THIS WAY, GERALD PRESS"
PO BOX 6969, SCANDAL CITY, VICTORIA, 3333.

Available for the Usual: gossipy phone calls (we have a 008 number), reviews of obscure science fiction novels, just about anything that can possibly be misinterpreted by hypersensitive Sydney fans or even subscription.

Published without permission because we knew that Gerald wouldn't let us.

If you have a big X on your mailing label it can mean one of three things: a) you won Lotto b) you're from Sydney and therefore we're all laughing behind your back down here in Melbourne or c) we've put it there to give you an anxiety attack.

CIRCULATION: renal.

FAN FUNDS

BEFF

Included in this issue of **THYMING** is a ballot for BEFF. As always with Fan Fund Ballots it has been reproduced verbatim. By our calculation there are *at least* eleven words that appear on this ballot in English. The rest is in !Xhosa, Tokpisan and Bama Zaga. It's not our fault if you can't read it.

I mean, just because the candidates this year are all inanimate objects, pirated software and marital aids and just because we told people they were Scientologists and just because we've written their names on our version of the ballot in Upper Kingdom Hieroglyphics and just because they supported **SYDNEY IN '91** and just because we concocted the closing date for voting out of our Lotto numbers is but a minor quibble and nothing to get worked up about.

It shouldn't be insinuated that we are deliberately criticising them because our own **ALTONA IN '92 Worldcon Bid** is better than anyone else's and sponsored by BRIDGE PUBLICATIONS. We have letters of recommendation from Bob Hawke, David Lange, Gareth Evans, Sir Ninian Stephen, Mr Squiggle, Colonel Ghaddafi and Rita the Eta Eater. We have the best and most efficient convention organisers, public relations people, accountants, computer systems experts and security people that the NSW Penal System can provide.

if our bid wins we'll be flying to Australia every Science Fiction writer in the Western World, including those in nursing homes and the banquet will be held on a fleet of ocean going yachts on Port Phillip Bay, complete with fireworks and a 200 piece reggae band. The convention anthem will be written by Paul McCartney and sung at the official opening by Michael Jackson while hanging from the Bond airship.

The whole **CRUISE MISSILE FOR BEFF** thing is a harmless hoax and just good fun. It has nothing whatever to do with the way the fund is being run and who the official candidates are this year (though it might have been nice if one of the previous candidates we sent to up there hadn't been subpoenaed by the Fitzgerald Commission.)

Anyway, there it is, the alternate **BRISBANE EXPO FAN FUND** ballot for 1988 and anyone who criticises it obviously sells semen to Simmenthal breeders.

We urge you to vote and vote often.

SISTER FOSTER'S TIGHT CREPE BANDAGE

Somewhere else in this scurrilous, cloacal and yucky issue of THYMING you will find some very interesting photos of a fairly well known district nurse who also happens to be a nice person and girlfriend of one of the BEFF candidates. These photos are published entirely graTUTiously. Because we didn't get the Tall Ships Parade here in Melbourne, we are sticking it to almost anybody from Sydney who went to the Harbour on the 26th of January. But in order to give people in Sydney something less banal to talk about than undersponsored antique invasion craft we should provide alternative reasons.

The photographs are not offensive to anyone and if you object to our publishing them then you must be the kind of person who is driven to write collective letters to THYME and publish quickie pastiches, even if you say the photographs aren't offensive. Why else would you object to them being published? It's the same as when you were prudish and squeamish after photos of various computer-industry fans were published in fanzines without their expressed permission. Those photographs were private, damn it. Whether Eric Lindsay wins tonnes of UBIX software in a computer newspaper competition is his private life, after all! But we don't think that way because we aren't really writing this. (Those who think we are wrong are obviously not real fans, even if he's originally from Melbourne and his opinion doesn't count.)

These photos are common knowledge anyway. They have been shown to first aid classes everywhere and no-one was offended. Everyone else knew how to stop snake bites with a pressure bandage, so why can't we. And everyone (who isn't as close to holiness and perfection as some Sydney fans) has seen them anyway. So what if THYMING might be seen by people who prefer to slash and suck snake bites? That's not our problem.

Anyway the photographs were published in an obviously satirical send up of the Australian Medical Industry. We know this because we got bitten by a snake and the doctor told us. We didn't have to ask the nurse herself whether that is the case. We're out to totally annihilate the New South Wales Nurses' Association and then we're going to plough up their lunch rooms and put salt in the tea-urns. You see if we don't.

COMPETITIONS

There's also a competition in this issue. It was not nasty enough to be pastished and anyway, we didn't win the bloody thing, so we'll just bad mouth the editors of THYME some more here. They fart in bathtubs and bite the bubbles. They lost Labor the New South Wales election by replacing Barrie Unsworth with a six foot cabbage patch doll so that Sydney fandom would have to suffer under four years of Nick Greiner. Their bongos caused a hole in the ozone layer. Gee, their jealousy of the fact that Sydney has "LES MISERABLES" and Melbourne doesn't. I'll bet they haven't seen CATS either.

CONVENTIONS

This issue of THYME 'AHT also includes the usual list of upcoming conventions complete with errors produced out of sheer malice and nastiness designed in such a way that the errors are bound to infuriate Sydney fans so thoroughly that the bad vibes prevent their televisions picking up SBS any more. We didn't even bother to read the material from the con committee and snidely pointed out that laser printers and word-processors don't entirely eradicate the fuck ups that we didn't read anyway.

THYMING has actually been produced by ZORROS OF SYDNEY FANDOM (Michelle Hallett and Terry Frost) GPO Box 1808, Sydney, 2001 in case you thought LynC and Peter Burns suddenly contracted Alzheimer's Disease. It is produced purely as a personal response to inane and just plain bad satire and recent trends in some corners of Sydney fandom. It is not intended as a personal attack (cross our hearts and hope to become conservative) but rather as what we said in the previous sentence. It is meant as sort of serious and comic, in case that didn't come through in the previous thousand words or so of trenchant humour. Okay?