

Thyme 19

appears every four weeks (set your sundial by it) and is produced by Roger Weddall, of 106 Rathdowne St., Carlton, 3053, AUSTRALIA. (telephone: 03 - 347 1624) Subscription rates are as follows... AUSTRALIA: 10 issues for \$4; OVERSEAS (AIRMAIL): 6 issues for A\$5 or local equivalents. European agent: Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh St., Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER, UK. North American agents: Teresa and Patrick Nielsen Haden, 4337 15th Avenue NE, #411, Seattle, WA 98105, USA. Also available for news or as a trade. An "X" after your name indicates that this is your last issue unless you Do Something. Registered by Australia Post - publication # VRH2625.

NOT THE LAST ISSUE G'day, and welcome again to the pages of Thyme. As you can see there's been a change of Editor. What this change heralds for Thyme is something I'm not going to spend too much time talking about. First and foremost this is a newszine: you're reading this because you would like to be kept informed. That, however, does not mean that Thyme should be reduced to a slavish repetition of the latest both local and overseas news. As time goes by and I find my editorial feet I'll be putting a few new ideas into practice - but don't just sit back and relax and be entertained by the ever-unfolding spectacle: I want to hear what you think about Thyme or how you think it should be - suggestions and criticisms are welcome and will be appreciated. 'Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose?' Well, stick around and see.

AWARDS - PRIZES - HYPE - MONEY

The 1982 HUGO WINNERS

1st place votes

Best Novel	DOWNBELOW STATION by C.J.Cherryh	265
Best Novella	THE SATURN GAME by Poul Anderson	157
Best Novelette	UNICORN VARIATION by Roger Zelazny	271
Best Short Story	THE PUSHER by John Varley	289
Best non-fiction Book	DANSE MACABRE by Stephen King	213
Best Professional Editor	Ed Firman	221
Best Professional Artist	Michael Whelan	324
Best Dramatic Presentation	RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK	551
Best Fanzine	'LOCUS' editor: Charles N.Brown	285
Best Fan Writer	Richard Geis	192
Best Fan Artist	Victoria Poyser	197
John W.Campbell Award (Best New Writer)	Alexis Gilliland	159

A total of 1071 valid ballots were received by the CHICON awards committee. 'Locus' notes that the voting procedure for the Hugos is... 'extremely complicated, and almost impossible to do without a computer.' The voting system is, of course, the standard one used in every Australian election....

It might also be noted that in one category - Fan Writer - the ballot choice of 'No Award' gained the second highest number of votes. Surely an indication of how relevant this award is, when voted on by a public who largely knows nothing either of fandom or fan writing.

Meanwhile, the nominating votes for next year's Nebulas begin to mount up. Leading novels at the moment are *Sword of the Lictor* (6 votes) and Bishop's *No Enemy But Time* (5). (Ansible)

Rates: Supporting \$3, Attending \$10, until end of Circulation II (29/11)
 Mail: Funcon, PO Box 4, Thornbury, VIC, 3071

ADVENTION 4

Dates: 23rd - 25th April, 1983
 Venue: The Pier Hotel, Jetty Road, Glenelg, Adelaide, SA.
 Those with long memories will remember the Pier as the overflow hotel for A-CON 7.
 GoH: Mary Shelley (with a poetry reading by Percy Bysshe?)
 Theme: The Origins of Science Fiction and Fandom
 Rates: Attending \$10 until end of Circulation, \$15 until end of Smoffcon, then \$20. Supporting membership? Don't worry about it.
 Crummet Master: Marc Ortlieb (readers can make what they will of this one, and probably already have. So much for TWAGA, I would say...)
 Rooms: \$19/day/person, irrespective of what size room you're in.
 Undoubtedly there is only a small number of single rooms, but don't all get killed in the rush..
 Mail: Advention 4, c/o PO Box 46, Marden, SA, 5070

WINDYCON

(New Zealand's 5th Annual Science Fiction Convention)
 Dates: 3rd - 6th June, 1983
 Venue: The Wellington W The Waterloo Hotel, Wellington, NZ.
 Rates: Supporting \$10, Attending \$20 - this will not rise later.
 In this very first PR there is not much hard information but as with the Funcon flyer some indication that this could be lots of fun. So if you were heading over that way... stay tuned for further details.
 Mail: Windycon, c/o Box 6655, Te Aro, Wellington, New Zealand.
 Australian Agent: John Newman, PO Box 4, Thornbury, VIC, 3071.

SYNCON '83

The 22nd National Australian Science Fiction Convention
 Dates: 10th - 13th June, 1983
 Venue: The Shore Motel, Pacific Highway, Sydney, NSW.
 GoH: Harlan Ellison; Fan GoH: Dr Van Ikin
 Theme: Science Fiction and Society
 Rates: Supporting \$10, Attending \$20 until 1/1/'83, then \$25.
 Mail: Syncon '83, PO Box A491, Sydney South, NSW, 2000, AUSTRALIA.

CONSTELLATION

The 41st World Science Fiction Convention
 Dates: 1st - 5th September, 1983
 Venue: Baltimore Convention Centre, Baltimore, MD, USA.
 GoH: John Brunner; Fan GoH: Dave Kyle.
 Rates: Supporting \$10, Attending \$30 until 1983, then more, so join now via...
 Australian Agent: Carey Handfield, 58 Ross St., Northcote, VIC, 3070.

EUREKACON

The 23rd National Australian Science Fiction Convention
 Dates: Easter, 1984
 Venue: they'll let everyone know, Melbourne, VIC.
 GoH: George Turner
 Rates: Supporting \$7, Attending \$15, both until April 1983
 Mail: Eurekacon, 4 Harold St., Middle Park, VIC.

LA CON II

Running unopposed at CHICON, Los Angeles won the bid for the 1984 Worldcon.
 Dates: Same time as usual; the American Labour Day Weekend.
 GoH: Gordon R. Dickson; Fan GoH: Dick Eney.
 Venue: The Anaheim Convention Centre (right next to Disneyland).
 Rates: Supporting \$20, Attending \$30 until April 1983.
 Mail: LA Con II, Box 8442, Van Nuys, CA 91409, USA.

Whew - so much for upcoming conventions. While on the subject lists and addresses, here are some CHANGES OF ADDRESS that you might be interested in.

MELBOURNE: Phil Ware and Mandy Herriot are now firmly esconced at 57 Park Street, Abbotsford, 3067, VIC (03 - 4197315), and they're determined that they will not be moving again for some time.... Partly due to the fact that the move was money-inspired (huge rent increase), the move was a miserable occasion featuring frayed tempers, cheerless ramblers, and Mad Mandy (when the gangs take over the highways, pray she's out there), quite unlike their previous move, which sort of turned itself into a weekend-long block party. This time the house they've moved to is owned by friend Terry Stroud, and things are now settling down nicely. 57 Park Street is, as was their previous address, a place where Things Happen.

Meanwhile Karen Wilkinson and Asms, previously of many different addresses, are temporarily at 3 Airley Rd., Glen Iris, 3146, VIC, minding a house and dog for some friends currently overseas. They'll be moving into a new place, somewhere around the Parkville - Northcote area in early December - stay tuned. Asms ("as-ms") and Karen, as is becoming increasingly obvious, are expecting a child in February, but the really important news is that they are going to be married sometime early next Spring.

They have, however, been beaten to the post by Lee Harding and Irene Pagram, who sneakily decided after all this time to tie the knot, the weekend before last. The ceremony took place in the local registry office but afterwards they and a ~~large~~ crowd of complete strangers retired to their majestic Ferntree Gully estate where they partied on all day in a jolly fashion. No money whatsoever was raised for 'Melbourne in '85'.

SAN REMO: Louisa Denbow has moved from Cape Patterson where she was attached part-time to the hospital in Wonthaggi, to San Remo, closer to Melbourne, where she now has employment in a similar position. At this rate I calculate it will take her seventeen months and three more moves before she works her way around to a posting in the central city area. Her current address is...
19 Backbeach Rd, San Remo, VIC,

Jean Weber will be moving in mid-December from Canberra to Faulconbridge to share a house with Eric Lindsay who by then should be back from another one of his frequent sorties to America.

So much for changes of address; one address I wasn't unable to uncover was that of Jeff Jagoe and Barbara Dalahunty because they are still away on their honey moon - they married the same weekend as Lee and Irene.

If they get the lines to WA back up in time for the next issue I suspect there will be a long list of new or changed addresses since last anyone East heard, but at the moment one can only guess at details - such as the fact that a couple of weekends ago RATCON #3 was held on Rottnest Island. Vague rumour has it that about 15 people attended the last happy gathering, staying in cheap cabin accommodation.

Ratcon is a completely relaxed, impromptu affair that is held more or less at the whim of the West Australian group mind, so although there are no definite noises about any future Ratcons, the onset of Summer may well tempt the forces of Rattness to organise another. (Note for British fans: the parochialism displayed by many eastern fans when talking about those in the West is almost as shocking as that shown by those in the "South" (ie London & surrounds) towards anyone anywhere else in the country.)

Well, now I've mentioned Britfandom, let's hear from Judith Hanna as she pronounces on the virtues of a typical(?) Britcon held late in August: SILICON 6.

SILICON 6: Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 27 - 30

Kings X Station, Friday 27th: enter from the bowels of the Underground one Joseph Nicholas, bent, staggering under the weight of a giant green over(fort)night bag, and Judith Hanna, casually brandishing a bulging briefcase and envelope containing the FANAC! game. We lurch to the Train Information Board then join the 100-metre-long queue for Platform 3 (it's under Platform 9 that Boudicca might be buried).

"Where's Foyster?" mutters Joseph. "He'll miss the train!" Minutes pass, and more minutes. The queue, now only 25metres long, shuffles its feet. Joseph mutters more curses, disappears to buy something for his twitching nerves. Then John Foyster and Jenny appear in the distance, only to vanish once more in the milling crowd. I shout across to Joseph: "Foysters!" I point: "Go fetch!" They went thataway!" He goes, he fetches. Hallos are said: "G'day, how was Europe?" The queue starts to move again, we grab all the bags. It stops, 2m along, we let all the bags drop. The queue shuffles. Slowly, but we get there....

SILICON: 'Rule #1: There are no rules.' Silicon's a relaxacon, membership about 60. The main programme item (as at any British con) is lounging about in the bar, which is also the hotel foyer. 'Rule #4: The beer at the Grosvenor is very cheap by hotel standards, and Mr Pepper the manager expects us to do our bit. We have not let him down in the past.' 'Rule #7: The bars do not close.' It's a cosy spot, warm red carpet, plush seats clustered around little tables, all draped in fans.

It's very easy to sink down and thereafter only move your mouth. There's no need even to go out searching for food: breakfast is the next-best-attended programme item, included in the room rate, served up till 10:01am: bacon, eggs, sausage&tomato grill, toast tea, cornflakes, orange juice...definitely not to be missed. Basket meals were available for lunch and tea - cod & chips, frogs legs & chips, toasted sandwiches ((Judith's not really obsessed with food...)) What with the old-fashioned comfort of the hotel, there's no need to tramp the streets in search of cheap eats, and the easygoing nature of Silicon reminded me of the Hydro-Majestic Medventions. ((Note: the hotel the original Medvention was held in - up in the Blue Mountains - a beautiful spot - is now earmarked for being turned into a casino. Sob!) We took only one meal outside the hotel, a sort of Hon Moonquet but different: Saturday night, all 60-odd con-goers invaded Al-Firdous (aka Alfredos or Alf's Hairdos), which was expecting us, to wrap ourselves around as much fancy curry as we could eat. England has Indo-Paki restaurants much like Sydney's got Lebanese: one in every shopping centre. Alfredo's was different - from the outside it looked like a warehouse. Upstairs, it was roomy, which is unusual, and curtained in green and purple to look convincingly exotic. When the mob was seated, Alfredo appeared: "Help yourselves, table by table, take just a little of each dish, then come back for more, we'll keep filling them up until 11pm, there's only one rule: No Leftovers!" One trip to the buffet filled me up, but the local Gannets kept going back for more.

But let's do this in order. To get back to the beginning and follow the programme book through, ignoring all the videos which I didn't see ("Battle Beyond the Stars" - the Magnificent 7 in Space": "'The Warriors' - another use for a rounders bat."). It started appropriately enough with Silly Games. Sue Williams made a Chairman's Welcome Speech, standing on a chair; then Neil Hepple explained the games.

"Right, well, it's a time test -- you eat two crackers, then with a straw blow a pingpong ball round these ashtrays to the far end of the room, then you throw a dart at the dartboard, and answer a question - the higher your score, the easier the question - then you flap this paper kipper up the room using a magazine as a bat, then manoeuvre this ring spanner round this wiggly wire loop - every time the spanner touches the wire a bell will ring, and that's a 3-second penalty. That's all there is, simple eh? The team with the lowest aggregate time wins: got it?"

"NO!" We were bloody glad the Australian team wasn't on until the next round, next morning. In the first round the Scots (Jim Barker, Ian Sorenson, Dave Ellis, Bruce) outclassed the Surrey Limb-wrist team (Eve Harvey, John Harvey, Roy Macinski, Ian Maule), while we watched keenly to pick up the finer points of style. Next morning, while Jim Barker and Ian Williams gave a talk on the need for more fans to take their drinking more seriously, us Aussies settled on our strategy. Since John and I were the only real Aussies available, we co-opted Joseph (who's been Down Under) and Krystina Oborn (who works in the Aussie Embassy in Cairo). The crackers were the hardest part - you either took your time crunching them up and try to find the saliva to swallow them down - this

was almost impossible (perhaps if we'd brought some vegemite?) - or you stuffed them in, blew crumbs at your pingpong ball, spattered crumbs at the dartboard, and finally got the soggy mass swallowed when the pressure was off and you could sit down again. I went first, and I let the team down badly by achieving a fast time, but thankfully the others covered for my blunder, and we escaped the next round, having the highest aggregate time.

British shops stay open on a Saturday, and Newcastle has the largest indoor shopping centre in Europe, so we set off with the Harveys & friends to explore it; summer sales are on, so we bought clothes and, tiring of that, followed directions Jenny Bryce had given us to the "new" castle, built in 1168, to replace the old wooden castle founded in 1080 by Robert Curthose, son of Will the Conk; and a good castle it was, too, with a very nice little Romanesque/Norman chapel, a Great Hall, all its roof, and from its towers we could see not one, but two, little imitation Sydney Harbour Bridges, but not nearly as impressive as the real one.

Then it was back for dinner at Alfredo's, as described above, where I found gin-and-tonic to be a good, cooling drink to accompany curry, and along with Arnold Aiken, and Dave & Hazel Langford, discovered that we were sitting at the wrong end of the table for easy access to the food, but who after one trip discovered that it didn't matter anyway, because we were all quite full.

After dinner, we found that Part II of the Silly Games was a 'Pop-Culture Quiz', which included identifying small film-clips shown in flickering video on a small TV screen placed so that about half the audience only could see it. Both the Quizmasters (Kev Williams & Harry Bell) were similarly hidden away, as were both the teams; all in all it was not easy to keep track of what was going on, even if you could hear the questions. From a seat in the body of the hall, I retreated to lean on the back wall, strategically near a doorway; Joseph and long, lean new dad, Alan Dorey, had the same idea. "What was the question," we asked each other over Rob Hansen's curly head, "What was the answer?" The soothingly slow delivery of questions had its effect - I headed off to sleep.

AUSTRALIANS BREACH HADRIAN'S WALL. It was Jenny who masterminded our expedition - she picked up all the railway timetables and bus schedules. It all hinged on catching a 10:00am train. Somehow that early night didn't work out quite as planned, but nonetheless we managed to scramble around in the morning, get out of bed, find Breakfast, John and Jenny, and make our way quickly to the station with all of five minutes to spare before it chugged off.

Alighting at Hexham to wait for a connecting train, we wandered the streets in search of a Sunday paper (with colour supplement), during which time the ambient drizzle coagulated into rain. The transport connection made, ((bus, sorry, not a train as stated)) we drove along the road which, the guidebook later informed us, was mostly smack on top of the Wall, except for where the Wall ran along the Whin Sills cliffs; the road was built for troop movement by the Hanovers, and until it was tarred over, the stones of the Roman wall were visible through the gravel surface. As we drove, the weather cleared, fortunately.

We'd been told that Vindolanda was the spot to head for, so we did, and it was. The remains of a Roman fort and ancillary buildings (Bath house, married quarters, guest house) have been excavated and sit in the middle of the turf, lines of stones outlining rooms; the book explains what they used to be; and small objects dug up among them are on display in the nearby Museum.

Foyster went through the site like a dose of salts, we followed at a more leisurely pace and caught him later in the tea-rooms. After a spot of lunch, we caught a midi-bus up to the Wall at Steel Rigg. By now it was sunny, but as we followed the Wall up the ridge it clung to, we found a strong breeze accompanying us. "Treading on the stones of history," we told each other, gazing east, west, north and south. "Good spot to build a Wall." Then we headed back to wait a while for the bus and then the train, before finally chugging off past yet another mini Sydney Harbour Bridge back to Newcastle, and the convention.

"Well, what went on while we were away?"

"Oh, the rounders game was cancelled because of the rain."

for Toluzz to return from the US of A before that name is officially added to the ballot.

Okay then, onto GUFF. It's old news now that neither Andrew Brown nor Bruce Gillespie is standing for GUFF, Bruce in any case being a rope-in who could not have gone anyway whose purpose was to give Andrew competition because otherwise he wasn't going to stand alone but now he isn't anyway and that's an even longer story. So the carefully crafted artifice collapses to the ground and administrators Foyster & Nicholas face the daunting question: whither GUFF?

It wasn't exactly that no-one wanted to go, it was more a case of there being all these commitments that prevented those willing or able to go next year from standing... some of those commitments are not really that important, but if one swallow does not a summer make, then just as certainly one year without a GUFF candidate does not a Fan Fund break. Currently Mr Nicholas is making discreet enquiries viz. the possibility of bringing a Britfan out here for Syncon '83. If GUFF is to be a yearly, reciprocal thing, then this would fit quite nicely with the idea of bringing a Britfan out here for the Worldcon in '85, and if this was the case reliable sources indicate that it'd be no worries mate for a bunch of candidates to make the trip to Britain in '84. Offhand it all sounds fine, if someone can be found to come out here next year, during the middle of their summer, our winter, and at such short notice. Chris Priest has suggested the idea of using the already-accumulated money to subsidize publishing & mailing costs of UK & Aus fanzines, in some type of printed cultural exchange effort, if no-one can be found to make the trip. However, while this is undoubtedly a nice sentiment, one can only tremble in fear and anticipation of the administrative nightmare that would almost inevitably bloom from such a scheme (eg. who decides who gets what, for what, by when, and how many? etc. etc.). Still, as I've said, Joe is still looking for a British candidate, and we needs must await all further details with truly bated breath.

A NEW FAN FUND?

Yes - now it's EFANEZ, the Fan Fund of Australia & New Zealand, and the initial flyer is just out now, calling for nominations of Kiwifans for the trip to Syncon next year.

New Zealand Agent: Sue Dickie, PO Box 1401, Wellington, NZ.

Australian Agent: John Newman, PO Box 4, Thornbury, VIC, 3071, Australia.

Compared with DUFF or GUFF, this is after all relatively small potatoes (Cost-wise; Distance-wise), but there does remain the unalterable fact of the Tasman Sea, and the unlikely-to-be-altered fact of airfares between our two countries. While I feel that it would be an equally viable and defensible proposition to set up a West-East Fan Fund, the fact remains that these people have got off their backsides and started this one up. Personally, I think it's a good idea, but it remains to be seen if a money-raising niche (between the other Fan Funds and the '85 bid) can be found for it to live in. On the plus side, it's not really that much that will have to be raised, and traditionally fans are more than loose with their money. Also, a trip to New Zealand, or Australia, is not something that need necessarily occupy as much time as does say DUFF require, and therefore it should be easier for people to stand/take time off from work. So write off today for a flyer, or stay tuned for further info.

RECENT EVENTS - ADELAIDE

CONFUSION, held in Adelaide in a scout hall at Payneham South, over the 2nd and 3rd of October was attended by perhaps about 60 people, most of whom it seems were what one could call neos. Some people have a thing about "neos", and it was these that were driven crazy by some of said attendees, but from all reports the con went quite well, and Paul Stokes as the Guest of Honour was as witty and erudite as ever.

Meanwhile, the only regular meeting spot or occasion continues to be the *Black Hole Bookshop*, in Chesser St., Adelaide. Curious, that. Occasionally people assemble there at around 6 o'clock of a Friday evening to find somewhere to go for a meal, but this is not strictly a regular event. In any event the Bookshop, and Paul Day, seem to be the contact point of the hour; it remains to be seen if any of the new attendees of Confusion have really caught onto the fact that such a thing as Fandom exists; one hopes so.

LATE BULLETIN: Change of Address:

Paul Day has now moved house to 6 Dudley Avenue, Plympton North, SA.

BRISBANE

The age of the Media Fan is upon us. The weekend before last a media-oriented convention by name of CONQUEST was held in Brisbane. At a door price of \$30 it was attended by approx. 150 people, mostly Trekkies. It was apparently quite well run and a good time was had by all. The Guest of Honour was Grace Lee Whitney, who as we all know played the character of Yeoman Janice Rand in the first season of *Star Trek*.

By far the most outstanding feature of the con was the fact that Glenys Chalmers, who is (obviously) new to the idea of running conventions, paid for Ms Rand's return ticket - from America to here, and back - entirely out of her own pocket. Reliable sources have it that if it turns out that Conquest made a profit, Glenys wants no money back, and would rather see the funds go towards a National Media Convention. The enthusiasm and initiative of this lady would seem remarkable indeed. If she ever turns her attention towards sf, I could easily see Brisbane becoming a major centre of activity - in any event, good luck to her. Good on yer, Glenys!

SYDNEY

Well see, it's like this. Sometimes you have these quiet periods, see? And when it comes to listing changes of address, I have this trouble that I'm not sure whether a change that wasn't listed in *Thyme* one or two issues ago is really news or not. Surely anyone who was interested in the fact that Eric Harding is over from Perth for a while, and staying at the Fannish house of 127 Livingstone Rd., Marrickville, 2204, would know already? Also, to be perfectly honest, I haven't figured out any efficient lines of communication to Sydney yet, and of course when it comes to Sydney, there is this problem of libel, heh heh. Regular news on Sydney as of next issue, folks, promise.

SCA BRANCHING OUT - NOW IT'S ADELAIDE

I was talking to Ms Smith at the recent Syncon and she mentioned that she would be going over to America at the time of the Worldcon, but not to visit that; instead she was going to be having a look at the SCA scene over there. They are of course much more organised over there, and I'm sure it sounds like lots of fun (really). Anyway, perhaps coincidentally, at last a small SCA (that's the Society for Creative Anachronism) group has started up in Adelaide under the wing of Brenda Beebee, and the Cackleberry Mansion folk - Zebbie Johnstone, Linda Smith and Daryl AEsche. They had a housewarming the other weekend, which provided folk with an opportunity to show off their mediaeval finery, or renaissance finery, or whatever. There aren't many fighter types in the Adelaide bunch yet, but they hope this will soon improve.

MELBOURNE - THE NOVA MOB

The October Meeting of the Nova Mob was well attended as usual and this time Gerald Murnane was present to talk on the topic: 'Possibilities for Australian fiction'. Gerald, of course, is the author of the widely acclaimed new Morstilia Press novel, *The Plains*. Discussion following the talk was lively, as always, and if you want to have a good argument with someone in front of a lot of other people who are just as likely to join in the discussion, this is the place to be on the first Wednesday of every month. The meetings are held at John Foyster & Jenny Bryce's place, that's 21 Shakespeare Grove, St Kilda, 3182, telephone (03) 534 1605, although many use being down that way as an excuse to drop in for a meal (around six o'clock) at the Blue Danube Restaurant, an excellent Hungarian place in Ackland street, St Kilda. For intelligent discussion of science fiction, the Nova Mob can't be beat. Next month's topic, to be discussed on the fourth of November, is:

- a) Lee Harding: *Why I No Longer Write SF*,
- b) Bruce Gillespie: *Why I no longer read SF (Well Hardly Ever)*.

MELBOURNE - IN '85

Well-informed rumour has it that the WOMBAT is to be adopted by the committee as the official symbol of the bid. Seems that the Yanks love the lil critturs - as do we all (hi Kevin). And on the subject of emblems, there are of course still

available in all sizes. At \$10, a steal. Also, if you happen to be the size of a large sized coffee table, or would like to decorate your tea-towels, carry bags or whatever with the most recent '85 design ("calendar"), iron-on stickers are available from the committee for only five dollars - again, not bad.

FANAC! They're playing it in Como, they're playing it in Baltimore, they're playing it everywhere - so get your copy right away. Be the first on your block to win the Hugo! Send your money for any or all of the above to Melbourne in '85, PO Box 2253U, GPO, Melbourne, 3001. Although perhaps you'd better write first and ask what the mailing costs are. Or, check out the Melbourne in '85 huckster table at any of the up-coming conventions, and that way save postage.

And Now For Something Completely Different -- and I mean it: on November the 13th a semi-large group of people living in Melbourne are going to go parachuting. If you live in Melbourne and are at all interested in the idea of coming along, please ring me (or Susannah or Mandy or Alan) on 347 1624 to talk about it. There's more to it, of course, than just going up in a plane and jumping, so obviously you'll have to find out more about it than what I've said here to decide. At the moment, about 15 or so people are definitely going, only one of whom has ever jumped before, so don't worry about being on your own. Any way, on the night of the 13th, a Saturday, after the jump, there is a "Glad To Be Alive Party" being held at 106 Rathdowne Street, Carlton. We put on Good parties, and Everyone is invited (if someone is killed in the jump, we're going to turn it into a wake, and still keep partying on). BYO Patrick Hernandez records, and grog. Cheers!

Last page typed: 7/10/'82 Printed: 11/10/'83

Next issue due: four weeks from your reading this. Seeyuz,

(Whew, well there you have it, the first issue.

Dear with me, by next issue I'll have a set format for the use of different type-faces, and also there won't be the Godalmighty rush to get the thing out before before anyone forgets there was ever such a zine as Thyme. Many many thanks to Joe, Judith, Marc, John, Sally, Phil and Mandy and Andrew, but extra special thanks to Justin, and Victor.

LATE LATE BULLETIN: Cathy Circosta, of Broadford (VIC) fame, has just found a posting in Melbourne. It is not known exactly when she will be moving, but when she does she will be teaching at a school in Croydon. She came back.

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