

produced by Roger Weddall, of 79 Bell Street, Fitzroy 3065, AUSTRALIA,
(telephone: 03 417 1841) THYME appears every four weeks and may be ob-
tained in exchange for news or information, or as an arranged trade, or
on the other hand for money; subscription rates as follows: AUSTRALIA:
10 issues for \$4; NEW ZEALAND; 6 issues for NZ\$6 - all monies to the
NZ Agent Nigel Rowe, 24 Beulah Avenue, Rothesay Bay, Auckland 10, N.Z.
EUROPE: 9 issues for £5, or local equivalents - monies to Europe Agent
Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER, U.K.
NORTH AMERICA: US\$1 per issue - monies to agents: Patrick and Teresa
Nielsen Hayden, of 4337 15th Avenue NE, #411, Seattle, WA 98105, U.S.A
THE REST OF THE WORLD: 9 issues for A\$9. ALL OVERSEAS COPIES ARE SENT
AIRMAIL. A red X next to your name means that this could be your last
issue unless you... DO SOMETHING. Reg. by Australia Post, pub.#VBH2625
+++++

At a ceremony in New York on the 25th of March, Rudy Rucker was awarded the first Philip K. Dick Memorial Award (for the best recent work of sf first to appear in paperback form) for his 1982 novel *Software*. Thomas Disch, one of this year's three judges and the continuing administrator of the award, presented Rucker with a certificate and a money prize of \$150. Runner-up (and winner of \$75) was Ray Nelson, for *The Prometheus Man*.

Recently in *Thyme* there has been notice after notice about this award, that award - the things keep on being presented or voted on in seemingly never-ending succession. Well, not that it has anything directly to do with the awards having come into being in the first place, but having perhaps an awful lot to do with the support they are given, a short-short article in the May issue of *SF Chronicle* mentions the fact that it has apparently been stipulated in the contracts for author Greg Benford's two most recent works (one of them the award winner *Timescape*) that he should be paid extra in the form of "bonuses" if his works gain Nebula or Hugo awards, nominations, and so on. So is an award worth money to an author? And how much? All this recent fearful talk of Scientologists paying to nominate the work of their 'leader' (*Battlefield Earth* apparently just missed out on getting onto the final ballot for the Hugo Awards) might therefore be put into its proper context as just one further (albeit more obvious) instance of money being used to rig award ballots. Certainly the motive is there, as well as the opportunity. Public awards have always been open, in theory, to this sort of thing, but perhaps it is only now that we are beginning to see the tip of the real iceberg.

The rules, set up to define Best Fanzine and Best Semi-Prozine, also allow original hardcover anthologies to fall into their scope by defining 'Professional' publications as those with circulations of over 10,000. In addition, "universe" meets several other criteria: a) circulation over 1,000; b) payment to staff and contributors; c) provided at least half the income for any one person (possible for Carr in a lean year). By definition, a semi-prozine is something that meets at least two of the five criteria. If Carr facetiously declared "universe" a semi-prozine (and even if he doesn't), it would be eligible for the Semi-prozine on a number of grounds and, with his well-known name, assure himself of a Hugo Award. Publication of the volume in paperback would, of course, immediately void its eligibility in the category ($\geq 10,000$ copies).

Additionally, might I also point out that almost any editor of a regularly appearing (like, once a year) fanzine could, under these farcical rules, declare their productions to be 'Semi-Prozines', pay their contributors one jelly bean (or some such trifle) each, and instantly be eligible for the new 'Semi-Prozine' Hugo.

Meanwhile, I'm proud to be able to say that our own, local, Australian crowd are just as filled with a Sense of Duty when it comes to the annual Australian sf & fandom awards, the *Ditmars*. Speaking with one of the Syncon '83 committee members recently (the entire committee, more or less, would seem to be the awards committee for this years *Ditmars*), I encountered what I considered a rather peculiar attitude to some of the awards to be given in June.

Now, nearly all our books come from Britain, which is to say that when a book becomes generally available in America often has nothing to do with its availability here in Aus. Now, both *Riddley Walker*, by Russell Hoban, and *Roderick*, by John Sladek, first appeared in British editions well over a year ago. Both books were readily available here in Australia in 1981. Why, then, are either of them on this year's Ditmar ballot which is for the Best Novel of 1982? No answer. Okay, let's look at the category of 'Best SF or Fantasy Editor'... Two on the nominees for this years award are Mervyn Binns, and Ron Clarke. When pressed upon the question of what sf or fantasy either of these two were editors of, no reply was forthcoming - what a remarkable state of affairs. (Merv edits the *Australian SF News*, a fine general newszine, while Ron is the editor of *The Mentor*, a general/not-particularly-sf-oriented fanzine, which also features book (mainly sf) reviews.) I wonder which pieces of sf, or fantasy, either Merv or Ron edited in the previous year? And then there's the Atheling Award for sf Criticism. Are the new bits of writing that Bruce Gillespie did to link the reprinted issues of his *SF Commentary* really critical of sf? Hardly. Again, the committee shows little sign of really having even looked at the nominations as they came in, but simply tallied the lot in the end. The thing I took most exception to when discussing this was the stated opinion I heard that, hopefully, the huge number of awards on this year's ballot might help make people sick of the Ditmars in general, and lead to a few of the categories (such as the one for International Fiction) being dropped altogether. Well, how does it feel to be manipulated. It would probably be regarded as too provocative for me to openly suggest that this years awards have been set up, deliberately to breed discontent - not to say slanderous, so I sure won't suggest that. And before I finish on this subject, I ought to make it perfectly clear that I think all awards a load of nonsense. You don't need a popular award to help you make up your mind what you like, and as they stand the Ditmars are nothing but an exercise in trivial self-adulation.

ADVENTION 4 - a con report by John Newman

A combination of events, but mainly the June date of Syncon '83 and the popularity of that convention, has meant that many fens have been saying, in effect:

"If I can afford to go anywhere, it will have to be to Syncon."

This has had some effect on the levels of attendance at the other, recently-held conventions, notably Swancon 8 and Funcon, although there have been representatives from the four major, fannish states (and the A.C.T.) at both these cons, as well as a couple of Queenslanders at the latter.

Advention 4, however, seems to have been just too close to Syncon for most interstate people to go to both. Except for a small Melbournian contingent, it was strictly a local convention, and lovely for it.

At last, a good look at S.A. fandom, undiluted. No flashy crowd of Sydneysiders; no hands-across-the-nation romantic reunions between the West Australians and the rest of us; not even the fannish splinter groups which we have come to know and wonder about made strong appearances (tho' the SCA is always present). Advention 4 was a smallish con, but great for meeting new people, sitting and talking, and enjoying.

Gerald Smith and I drove across on the Friday afternoon, arriving at the Pier Hotel at about 10 pm. It's an elegant old resort hotel in the heart of Glenelg on the beach. The rooms are large, and the fittings and facilities are old. All the rooms with facilities have three beds, and the walls are thick and soundproof.

The convention had a last-minute problem with the facilities of the hotel - they were not able to have the use of the dining room (which was to have been the main venue) until the Monday. ((The hotel management withdrew the use of the dining room, claiming the convention had not had enough room bookings confirmed for the hotel to justify giving them the free use of the room.)) This caused a quick reshuffle into the two suites available but in the long run I feel that the smaller rooms were more appropriate to the con, as it turned out.

Being over at Allan Bray's looking at computers I missed the beginning of the first panel, on the 'Frankenstein Myth'. The panel appeared to be well prepared and presented, but fresh from Funcon I found it a little stodgy. There didn't seem to be enough mention made of "Putting on the Ritz", for instance. Still, a good panel that the audience loved and set the tone for the panels at this con.

The next panel: "What Can Replace A Man?" was highlighted by John Packer's proposition that the rat was most suited to take over when we leave off. Ian Mackereth explained how man could be replaced piece by piece with transplants and inserts, while Wynne Whiteford stressed that mankind would replace itself by a process of mental evolution. Jeff Harris seemed worried that we would be replaced by technologically advanced, warlike aliens who'll come here and do us all in. It was a fun panel which, while it didn't really get an intelligent lot of questions from the audience, did get some quite reasonable heckling.

From the good attendances it was quickly obvious that this was to be basically a panellcon. The next: 'Love Me, Love My Spaceship', a study of erotic symbolism in SF, was, let's face it, just another 'Sex in SF' panel. These things are beginning to drag a bit. A scattering of innuendos, guffaws followed by long pauses waiting for the next one. Still, it was interesting to hear some of Megan Dansie's fantasies revealed, a few new grossosities from Paul Strokes never go astray and Gary Mason did a good job of controlling the panel ((keeping a firm grip on it?)) while not becoming overinvolved.

We then broke for dinner, from 5:00 till 9:00, which was felt by some to be a rather long dinner break. Still, there were plenty of people to speak to, and a good time was had by all. After the break, Wynne Whiteford spoke on what he considered the nature of sf; as I understand it he feels that people have been writing sf for a very long time, but only around the time of the puritans did they start trying to make it sound more real (due to prohibitions with respect to 'untruths'). The evening was a bit slow, with some films being shown, and a filking party in Marc Ortlieb's room. A group of us looking for excitement terrorized Gerald for a while and upset the filking now and then, went back to the films and saw the end of a very interesting animated short we don't know the name of, and eventually things broke up with a large group of people evicting two lovers, ensconced in one of the rooms, who were stopping some poor girl from getting her night's rest. (Said poor girl was Michelle Forté, said lovers will recognise themselves.)

The hotel breakfast was okay, so many of the fen got up for it. This meant that on Sunday, if you didn't want to go to the auction, you was at a loose end. A group of us, including Roman Orszanski, Brian Forté and Karin Janezic, went out looking for things to eat, arriving back at 1:30, when it was lunch break. Most of the mob started playing bridge at the registration desk, while I tried to boil a jug, and make coffee.

The first panel on Sunday was on "Alien Cultures", well it was really on Alien Biologies but I'm not quibbling. I didn't find it very involving but a nucleus of people stayed untill the room filled up in anticipation of the next event.

The room in question, by the way, was the "Old Colony Bar" at the back of the hotel. A neat old place that, we are told, used to be a picture theatre. Advention showed movies, and also discussed the 'History of Adelaide Fandom' there. This was the best-attended item, and quite interesting. Afterwards there was the 'Alien Communications' panel, with me dragooned in as chair, and with Wynne Whiteford who supported David Sleees who is an authority on communication and quite interesting. It was a low-key event, but some reasonable degree of audience participation helped us along. Afterwards, those of us going to the official dinner, went.

A funny thing happened at the restaurant. There was (seemingly) one long table, and a shorter one. Graham Wiseman and I decided it would be nice to move the smaller one up to the longer one so all the fen could be together. Unfortunately, the 'table' turned out to be two small ones, and before I could stop it the tablecloth and table setting went down between the tables. Very embarrassing. The manegement were very nice about it (I only have to go back every second week).

Marc Ortlieb's crumpetmaster speech was typically funny and clever. ((John writes 'cleaver'; perhaps he meant that it was full of cutting remarks?)) He managed to talk about yeast, and horses, and birds all at once, so he cpuld say

"Yeast is yeast, and nest is nest, and never the Mane shall tweet."

It was all very jolly, and those at the restaurant who weren't members of the con were rather bemused.

Those who didn't watch the film that night either attended Marc's permanent filking party or joined the somewhat disinherited SCA mob on the stairs. There were just not enough people for a good party scene to edvelop, it seemed. This didn't mean that there was nothing going on, but just that things tended to finish around 1:30 am instead of at 4:00 am. On this occasion, after Marc kicked us out (sob!) the filking (well...) moved to Brian Forté's room. Here we sang old Beattle songs till reasonably late; and in the much smaller, unserviced room, a better atmosphere seemed to edvelop.

Everything having been sold on Sunday, it was not necessary to have an auction on Monday morning. The only item on before Gerald, cognito and I hit the road was 'The Elephant Identikit Problem', on what sf is. Honestly, as if we hadn't debated that en enough.

So off we went. Gerald won \$5 in an instant olottery at Bordertown, and couldn't find anything to spend it on in the damn café. Otherwise the trip was uneventful.

Very strange feeling, this. Coming home from a convention feeling relaxed. There is lots of nice people in Adelaide, new fen too. It was good for them to have a con of their own.

John Newman

Thanks, John: sounds like it was a very enjoyable con - and it's good to see that there are new people turning up to cons in Adelaide. What with the slow exodus of so many people from Adelaide, over the syears (and still continuing), it's good to see some new faces popping up.

On a personal note, I was planning to be at Advention 4 - I'd arranged a lift with Clive & Lync and all, but at the last minute *Thyme* #24 arrived back from the printers, and I had to stay and do the mailing - which as it turned out was probably just as well: in a grisly echo of the incident a year ago (after Tschaicon, the '82 Natcon), the car in which Clive and Lync were driving ran off the road and rolled several times. They were just past Bordertown, heading towards Adelaide, when it happened. Miraculously, both survived, Clive sporting only minor injuries to the hand which the car rolled on, and Lync suffering only slight bruising (bad enough) and a case of concussion that now has her off work for a few weeks. Both were wearing seatbelts at the time. The car is sitting in Keith, a write-off.

DVF F

THE AUSTRALIAN DOWN UNDER FAN FUND NEWSLETTER APRIL 1983

Produced by Marc Ortlieb for the Down Under Fan Fund (DUFF) A PEPPERMINT FROG PRESS Production.

North American Administrator elect Jerry Kaufman 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle
WA 98103 U.S.A.

Australian Administrator Marc Ortlieb P.O. Box 46, Marden, S.A. 5070 Australia.

[illegible]

1983 DUFF RACE RESULTS

The 1983 Duff Race, to bring a North American fan to the Australian National Convention in Sydney over the Queens Birthday Weekend (June 10 - 13 1983), has been won on preferences, by Seattle fan Jerry Kaufman. The primary votes were as follows:

	AUSTRALIA	NORTH AMERICA	TOTAL
Jan Finder	18	64	82
Alexis Gilliland	8	41	49
Jerry Kaufman	13	74	87
Charlotte Proctor	10	31	41.

After the distribution of preferences, the final count was

JERRY KAUFMAN	131
JAN HOWARD FINDER	121

— — — ○○○ — — —

Details of Jerry's itinerary have not yet been finalised.

—○○—

On behalf of DUFF, I would like to thank Constellation, the 1983 WorldCon in Baltimore, who sent out DUFF ballot forms with their progress report.

— 000 —

Candidates are now being sought for the 1984 race, which will take an Australian fan to the 1984 World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles.

Candidates will be required to have three nominators from Australia and two nominators from North America. In addition, they will need to produce a platform of 100 words, a \$5-00 bond, and a promise that they will, barring acts of god, attend the 1984 World Science Fiction Convention in Los Angeles. Nominations should reach the Australian Administrator by June 13th 1983.



VOTERS

The Australian administrator for the 1983 race, Jack Herman, received votes from the following people:-

L.W. Symes, C. Circosta, C. Handfield, C. Ashby, D. Ashby, K. Huett, A. Taubman, G. Smith, I. Hirsh, R. Goudriaan, J. Weber, E. Lindsay, E. van Ewyck, J.R. Herman, S. Beasley, F. Macskasy, M. Ortlieb, J. Ackroyd, J. Newman, V. Lonergan, J. Fox, D. Fox, S. Roylance, G. Whiley, L. Smith, J. Foyster, A. Katz, M. Binns, D. Grigg, J. Schluter, M. Ozanne, R. Clements, P. Stevens, D. Mannell, P. Middlemiss, C. Cranwell, P. Anderson, B. Barnes, H. Swift, Z. Poliniak, A. Bray, C. Kerrigan, A. Brown, R. Mazurak, J. Packer, M. Herriot, C. McDonnell, B. Toth, W. Good.

Our thanks to one and all.

CONTRIBUTORS

DUFF relies on money raised through voting, and through contributions of money and auctionable items, which can be sent to the DUFF Administrators at any time. We'd like to thank the following people, who made donations. We don't have a record of all the kind people who bought all sorts of silly things at auctions to support the fund, and so can't thank them personally, but, on a collective basis, thank you for upping the bid at the appropriate time.

Joyce Scrivner

Jack R Herman, Peter Toluzzi, Justin Ackroyd, Ro & Lin Lutz-Nagy, Steven Leigh, Ben Zuhl, Marc Ortlieb, Frank Johnson, ChiCon IV members, Various U.S. fans, Joni Stopa, George R.R. Martin, John Varley, Ed Bryant, Orson Scott Card, Ted White, Gary Farber, Sandra Meisel, Denny Lien, Dick & Nicki Lynch, Jean Weber, Gerald Smith, Catherine Circosta, Andrew Taubman, Diane & John Fox, Robin Johnson, Derrick & Christine Ashby, Perry Middlemiss, Helen Swift, Peter Lempert, Brian Forte, Vera Lonergan, Roman Orszanski, Kim Huett, SSFF members, Circulation II, SynCon '82, Confusion (Adelaide Version), FunCon, SwanCon, and all those kind folk who circulated voting forms.

Particular thanks must go to the candidates themselves. After all, what is a DUFF race without candidates?

FURTHER SNIPPETS
OF INFO

OF INFO

Peter Toluzzi's Slide Show has now been shown in Canberra, Sydney, Melbourne and Perth, and will, hopefully, see further screenings this year. Peter also has promised to get his trip report done Real Soon Now. If he does so, it will be the first printed report since Leigh Edmonds put out EMU TRACKS OVER AMERICA.

(Paul Stevens has been making noises about having his trip report out by Syncon. We'll see.)

Joni Stopa has kindly donated some Geodes - natural rock formations which are rather pretty - with gold backing and hung on chains. These will be auctioned Real Soon at a convention near you. Watch out for them.

I'd like to pass on my thanks to Jack Herman for picking up the 1983 race and for doing a great job of administering it. Also, thanks to Peter Toluzzi, whose guilt at leaving Jack with the baby has fueled his efforts to support DUFT.

Well, that seems to be me thanked out. Hopefully I'll have another bulletin out with details of Jerry's itinerary by mid-May. Keep those nomination forms coming in folks.

Art by Steven Fox. Electrostencils by Allan Bray

000000

P.S. Almost forgot. Extra-special special thanks to out-going American Administrator Joyce Scrivner

Art by Steven Fox. Electrostencils by Allan Bray

CHANGES OF ADDRESS (and other stuff like that)

MELBOURNE: Rocky Lawson is to move from His Toorak Address into a place with his sister, address 33 Madden Avenue, Carnegie (but will only be there for a few months before moving on elsewhere).David (sorry, Private) Evans is down currently from Enoggera in QLD for a couple of weeks or so, and talking of the Melbourne SF Club, this august and ancient body of which Merv Binns, Paul Stevens and George Turner are the three life-members, continues to meet in the back rooms of Space Age Books, Swanston St, City, every Friday evening as of around 6pm or so. Meanwhile, not 50m away, down the road, ex-and-present-MUSFA-people-and-sf-fans-in-general continue to meet for a Friday evening meal at The Three Pines Lebanese Restaurant - we're the ones at the back after six o'clock, making all the noise. May the 4th saw Wynne Whiteford discussing 'How Other People Get Those Crazy Ideas, I Suppose, But Maybe They're Not All That Crazy (Maybe It's Just Me)' at the Nova Mob meeting. The next Nova Mob meeting will feature Mark Linneman speaking on 'The Law and Science Fiction' and will be held eightish on the 1st of June at the Bryce/Foyster residence (as usual): 21 Shakespeare Grove, St. Kilda 3182. Australian agent for WORLDCON YUGOSLAVIA, Roger Weddall, reports that 20 people have become pre-supporting members of the bid for the 1988 WorldSFCon; membership numbers taken so far are Nos. 1 to 19, 137, and 2001. Torbjörn and Robyn will wed on the 4th of September this year; it will be a quiet ceremony, family only.

PERTH: Julia and Roy Ferguson are to move to Melbourne, later this year. Roy will be moving across sometime in July to teach at RMIT. Julia will be coming across, but a couple/few months later. Don Griffiths and friend have moved to Unit 4, 26 Blenny Close, Cannington 6107, and Mark Loney and Julian Warner have moved to 39 Norfolk Street, North Perth 6151. WASFA has now become a purely social meeting, and the WASFA P O BOX IS NO LONGER IN USE. COORDINATOR IS GREG TURKICH. off 22 Pennine Way, Hammersley, 6022. Vale WASFA. Vale 'The Wasfan'.

Cliff Wind, one of the founders of WASFA, now living in Seattle and who left Perth late 76/early 77 will be returning to Australia for a visit to Australia. He'll be here for Swancon 9, January next year, and will definitely be getting to at least Sydney and Perth, but could well make it all over. If you're interested in writing Cliff to say hello before he comes over, his current address is #206, 308 Summit E, Seattle, WA 98102 U.S.A.

ADELAIDE: Brian Forté, one of the chief organisers of Advention 4, has moved, to 4/532 South Road, Kurraltia Park 5039. SASFS, the South Australian SF Society, has just (re?)elected a new set of officers. President is Paul Day; Veep is Paul Anderson, Secretary Ron Putnins and Treasurer Allan Bray.

NEW ZEALAND: On the subject of elections, WASF had its National AGM (as opposed to the AGM of its constituent branches) on the 17th of April. New President is Linette Horne, while the other offices are as follows: Secretary: Frank Macskasy Jnr; Treasurer: George Floratos; Committee: Terry Collister (Wellington); Tom Cardy, Tim Jones, Rex Thompson (all Dunedin); Nigel Rowe, Duncan Lucas (Auckland); Lyn McConchie (Wellington/Waikanae); Martin Lee (Wellington/Upper Hutt); Cathi Symons (Auckland); and Keith Smith (Waitara).

SYDNEY: Jean Weber has recently been to hospital, and undergone an operation. She is currently resting up in the Blue Hills, although Eric tells me she is threatening to paint his balcony for him. Happily, Jean seems to be relatively well, relatively soon. Listen here, Jean, you rest until you're completely better! And get well, if you're not already by the time you read this.

FANZINES? RECEIVED/ADELAIDE: Roman Orszanski has finally produced the first, er, 'issue' of Steam Driven Flugelhorn, or SDF. It is Australia's first audio-fanzine, and works thusly: it's a cassette, filled with author interviews, fannish reports and even filksongs. Unusual, but it's a great idea and a very "accessible way" of producing a message for someone to, er, hear. Published quarterly, says Roman, and it doesn't cost that much, either. \$1.50 per issue on a cheap tape, \$2.50 an issue if you want it on superior tape, or only 60c if you provide the tape. For your copy or for enquiries write to Roman Orszanski, P.O.Box 131, Marden 5070, s.a.

Late note re Jean Weber: please, send all mail, for the moment, to % Eric Lindsay's place, where Jean is resting up. Address: 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge NSW 2776.

To round off the issue, I thought it might be nice to hear from our foreign correspondent, as she braves the lion's den and... uh, what the hell....

ALBACON II (British National Convention, Easter, Glasgow, 1983)

This Easter, we haven't just had a convention. We've also had Visitors, foreign bodies taking up lodging on our crackling fold-down couch with the chasm in its middle.

First of them was TAFE-winner Avedon Carol. She arrived in England the Friday before Easter. Having arrived, the Hoares and Langfords wasted no time in introducing her to Oxford and old pubs (but chiefly the latter); Saturday evening was gher welcome party which she spent huddled in her hooded grey overcoat smoking outside in Langford's garden (Hazel's Rule) with Abi Frost, Eve Harvey, Pam Wells & Jeff Suter, occasionally popping inside for a refill of Coke and a few words with us clean-breathing non-smokers. Monday, Dave escorted her up to London where the plan was she should stay at the elegant Edwards/Atkinson mansion with decadent Beardsley-papered loo and sumptuous central heating. But with a month or so to go before the offspring was due, Chris was whisked into hospital for observation, so I was called upon to escort Avedon through the entrails of the Tube back to the cramped hovels of Pinlicko to see how the poor people live.

Wednesday was a special Meet-Avedon Tun at which Avedon, worn out from dodging the cold winds that blew around Stonehenge and Avebury by dragging Malcolm & Chris (let out for the day) into cosy warm old pubs, sat in a corner and, next to Hazel Langford, sat looking most unimpressed with everything ingeneral until about 9:30 when she and the Langfords dashed off to catch the Nightrider to Glasgow. Although it hadn't been much chop as a meet-Avedon exercise, the Tun continued, nicely uncrowded, till past closing time as usual.

April Fool's Day/Good Friday, we took the 8:45 am train from Euston for Glasgow. We'd told Pascal Thomas we'd be catching that train, and since his boat-train from Paris and Dover was due into Victoria at 8:10, he thought he'd try to catch it with us. As it turned out, his train, running late as boat-trains usually do, reached Victoria at 8:33 but still, somehow, Pascal did manage to cross London and leap aboard as the train pulled out, leaving Jean-Daniel Bregue behind him, panting at the barrier, to catch the next one an hour later. We fed Pascal a breakfast of mortadella sandwiches and hot cross buns, he handed over copies of *Dernier Salon Avant L'Autoroute* (his gossip-and-reviews zine), and we settled back for the remainder of the 5hr trip to Glasgow Central Station.

The Central Hotel, where Albacoon II was held, is actually built into the station. Our room looked out through a zigzag nest of grey-and-rust girders onto the station concourse, and we'd be awakened early in the mornings by the sonorous liturgies that train announcements became in the Victorian cathedral of a station. Our bedroom also boasted an Enormous Comfy Bath with no shortage of Steaming Hot Water so that Joseph had to rescue me from its clutch every morning and drag me down the stately, curved staircase, its ceilings incongruously painted with Mondrianesque vivid squares, to breakfast.

I thought it a great hotel and one of the highlights of the weekend. But, for all its charms, people complained that, as a convention site, it wasn't ideal. Too scattered, was the complaint, you never knew where to find people.

I didn't find that. Whenever I wanted to find someone, I headed for the fanroom (with bar) where there always seemed to be plenty of the right people - a sedate Surrey Limpwrist group of Maules, Harveys and Brian Smith in one corner, a feminist clump of Linda Pickersgill, Avedon, Rochelle Dorey and Linda (with Naomi) Strickler along the wall, white-haired Darroll Pardoe with his teddy chatting to Moira Shearman with her teddy, the terrible twins surrounded by CUSFS (Cambridge Uni...), D.Nest and Simon Polley losing to dominoes over a table, a clutch of Dutch fans sprawled comfortably on the floor and such serious drinkers as Harry Bell, Rob Hansen and Paul Kincaid as well as almost everyone else draining their pints around the ~~XXXX~~ bar.... And, if anything, the comfy chairs and the large L-shape of the fanroom increased the sociability of the con.

TAFE and GUFF had booked a table in the bookroom (the convention waived the normal charge for us) where Kev Smith, Hazel, Joseph and I took turns at selling off books, fanzines, Melbourne-in-85 t-shirts, copies of *Thyme* (5p) ((WHAT!? You mean people paid MONEY for it!?)) ((ha. they musta been pissed.)) As we raked in the money we met and talked to lots of other fans, including the other Australians there, and to Jan Howard Finder, cast down at losing DUFF but pleased at the prospect of a Melbourne Worldcon, and the various Continental fans who'd come over to vote for the Eurocon/Eastercon bid.

There was something missing, nevertheless, and that something was the programme; there was little of it that I regretted missing. We'd been warned not to miss the Vagon poetry competition, and similarly Duncan Lunan's "A Stone Circle For Glasgow," and Pete Garrett's "Turkeys, Runts and Whales in Space", but I didn't hear anyone talking about them afterwards.... We did regret missing John Harvey's showing of his newly-edited *Clinto* film (shot at the Novacon before last and starring John Collick and Joseph). But the only actual science fiction item on the Main Programme was Joseph's 'Books of the Year' panel with Paul Kincaid, Glaswegian Bill Carlin and ex-Glaswegian Nick Lowe, which by one of those feats of Programming was on at the same time as the fanroom panel I ran on 'Fanzines' with Linda Pickersgill, Roelof Goudriaan, Avedon and Phil Palmer. Both panels seemed to go fairly well. D.West didn't even walk out of mine, and I found talking in front of a room full of people irregularly scattered about the floor on armchairs and carpet much less intimidating than addressing the same people arranged in formal rows of chairs.

Few other programme items spring to mind - in the fanroom, Kev Smith almost inaudibly interviewed a perfectly audible Avedon about how it wasn't actually Jim Morrison who bit her on the ankle; about how she became a gynaecological counsellor and what she learned about not trusting male doctors, and what she thought of British fans she'd met ((in front of British fans? Come now)), and sometime later (but not when the programme said it would be) Eve Harvey's 'Connections' game in which Eve did such a perfect imitation of the average vt games show host that after one look I fled the room.

The liveliest of the main programme items was the Bidding Session for the next Eastercon between, on one hand, John Brunner's Eurocon/Eastercon committee, and on the other hand the Blackpool 1984con bid, appealing for a "traditional" Eastercon. After presentation of the bids to a crowded main hall -- Alan Dorey and Martin Hoare with slide show very slick Eurocon, and for Eurocon, and Robs Hansen and Holdstock appealingly bumbling and having to stand in for Malcom Edwards at the last minute, come down ill, for the 1984con bid, and after an overlong question time, the vote was taken by division. Eurocon won by a decisive margin, and announced Isaac Astral as their GoH, a choice almost as unpopular as Pierre Sarbet (the West European GoH). Chris Priest was/is the British GoH; Czechoslovakian author Josef Nesvadba the East European GoH; and Waldemar Kummings the Fan GoH.

The only other outstanding event was 'Ian's Suicide' on Sunday night. Ian Sorenson, Albacon treasurer and tall Sco-tish loony, with a chorus of Steve Green, and Lawson and John Wilkes, mimed and sang along to a multi-tracked tape on which he and his girlfriend, with his father's string synthesizer, had recorded versions of such songs as "Send Your Zines to Me, Oh Send Your Zines"; "Nights with John Harvey, never seem to end.... fanzines he's printed never seem to endrive me round the bend. Cause be's bo-oring, yes he's so bo-oring...." (crack-up of the Harvey contingent); "B. .F.A." (to Village People's "YMCA")... and others too hilarious to mention. Just the sort of thing that conventions need more of, we all agreed, talking about it next day and on other occasions since.

Then there were the parties, all held in the fan room. Or at least, those I got to were all in the fanroom, and there didn't seem any need to look any further for others. Saturday was 1984con's attempt to buy the alcoholic/bopping vote, with Linda Pickersgill and Rob Hansen ladling out Tequila Sunrise to the masses... unfortunately supplies didn't hold out long enough, but the bopping continued till I, Dormouse that I am, had retired to my teacosy for the night, not even stirring for the riotous, drug-sodden, ghetto-blasted party that Pete Lyon, Phil Palmer and Jimmy Robertson were reputedly throwing next door to our room all through the weekend. Sunday night it was the Brum group party where demure housewife Helen Elig wore out not only Joseph's feet, but also Ian Williams', Pete Weston's, Roge Peyton's and possibly those of other men as well.

Monday, after auctioning off the remains of the TAFF/GUFF table (bringing total money raised for GUFF to £124 plus odd pence) we caught the train back to London with Pascal Thomas and Jean-Daniel, and spent the journey passing around the con's crop of fanzines, for reading then and later.

But arriving back in London wasn't the end of it. Pascal stayed a couple of days with us, buying loads of old sixties singles and albums; Wednesday night we invited Avedon and Rob Hansen to dinner, Pascal made an apple pie which we ate and then we walked Pascal back to his train, said goodbyes to him and to Avedon who, before leaving

next morning, had to go meet John Brosnan and Malcolm Edwards in a pub. Half an jhour after we'd walked back in our front door, Roelof G. and Kobi van Hemen (who'd spent the last couple of days with a couple of other Dutch fans, visiting York) turned up to stay overnight and for the Tun (1st Thursday) the next day. They'd loved York, just like I'd told Roelof they would, and then spent what was left of their money in the bookshops of Charing Cross Road. After we'd seen them to their train, we headed for the the (2nd Friday) Limpwrist meeting, where Janice & Ian Maule produced a e new issue of the feared-extinct gossip-sheet *Paranoid* and we told John Harvey about this film for him to shoot. All very exhausting, having these conventions stretch out over their due weekend into the before and after weeks like that.

Judith Hanna

+++++

And so as the sun rises quietly in the east we draw near to the end of another *Thyme*, but not before a quick Change Of Address: Linda Lounsbury has found herself a job working in the town of Pipestone Minnesota, which is evidently over a hundred and fifty miles from the Twin Cities. She's had a look at the demographic records, and they show Pipestone to be a town of four thousand, with lots of widows. Her new address is 305 1/2 Third Avenue SW, Pipestone, MN 56164, U.S.A.

Thank you, Marc, for that piece of information. Marc also elaborates on the story of what happened to the Con facilities at Adventon 4. Take note, all future (small) con committees...

'Allan Bray contacted the Pier Hotel, under new management since the last Adelaide convention down that way. The hotel has been trying to drum up business, and was acstat-ic at the prospect of a convention drawing 60 to 80 people. Somehow though, the management got the idea that all sixty to eighty would be booking rooms at the hotel, and insisted on offering the dining room facility free; naturally Allan didn't turn this offer down.

'Anyway, two days before the convention, upon discovering thatthere were only about ten rooms booked, the manager rang Allan and said that we could not have the dining room. Despite the fact that we had a contract which said that we had the room, the hotel said no, and invited us to sue if we didn't like it. They offered us the use of one of the bars on Sunday, and the dining room as promised on the Monday. As compensation, they gave us the two suites we'd booked gratis. We were really worried by the possibil-ity that a hundred people would uturn up on the first day. There was no way we'd fit a hundred into the two suites that were our only function rooms until we got the bar at 9 pm on the Saturday.

'Fortunately though only about forty turned up on the Saturday, and there was no real crowding. We certainly won't be using the Pier again, though it was an experience. I guess the only moral is that one should have a lawyer and a cast iron contract when booking a hotel; but even then there would be the legal fees to afford.'

Hup! Typed 10/5/83. Thanks to John, Judith, Marc, Paul, Sally, heaps Justin but: VICTORI

"seeyuz..."

registered by australia post
publication number vbh2625
PRINTED MATTER
If not delivered in 14 days,
return to: Roger Weddall
79 Bell Street
Fitzroy 3065
Vic. AUSTRALIA

POSTAGE
PAID
STH YARRA
VIC. 3141
AUSTRALIA