

What You Need To Know and What You Don't Need To Know - Chapter One

Thyme 32

is produced by Roger Weddall, of 79 Bell Street, Fitzroy 3065, AUSTRALIA. Telephone: (03) 417 1841. In AUSTRALIA it is available for news or other pertinent information or at the rate of ten issues for \$5.00. En Amérique et Nouvelle-Zélande it is likewise except for the fact that the cash rate is ten issues for \$9.00 (local currency). À propos de Europe, y compris Grande-Bretagne... I have decided, *comme tu dis*, to do away with the asking of money for copies. You are all too poor or bound by currency restrictions to be able to send money, anyway. Mind you, if you want to send money dollarsdeutschemarkspoundsliresfrancsschillingskronenmarkkaa then this will relieve you of the burden of having continually to reassure me that you're interested in receiving this publication (either by writing or by sending along copies of your fanzine - on a regular basis). If you must, send what seems like an appropriate amount, in whatever currency you care to, to the European agent's address (listed below). ALL OVERSEAS COPIES SENT via AIR MAIL.

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What You Need To Know and What You Don't Need To Know - Chapter Two

'Censorship Horror: do you subscribe to Roger Weddall's Aussie newszine *Thyme*, and have you been wondering about the long gap between issues? We hear the UK agent, a notorious bon-vivant, GUFF administrator and *Paperback Inferno* editor, has suppressed the British mailing of the latest issue owing to Roger's alleged failure to accept the GUFF results with adequate good grace therein...' D.Langford, *Ansible* #37

Sigh. I was going to avoid making any comment on the nature or appearance of the last issue of *Thyme*, despite the urgings of - for instance - Joseph Nicholas ('UK agent, notorious bon-vivant') to the contrary. But now it seems that, the matter being publicly aired by others, I must make some sort of statement.

What Dave Langford has described as my 'alleged failure to accept the GUFF results with adequate good grace' is a possible interpretation of the fact that *Thyme* #31 is not filled with lots of spiffy little hurrahs and hey hos and cheery conversational padding around the actual news. People who knew me had some sort of idea what must have been going on; and as Bruce Gillespie was heard to observe, *Thyme* #31 was, basically, nothing more (or less) than "straight reportage of all the news."

The reason for the last issue not being as fun-filled and vivacious as ever was because I was feeling particularly, uncharacteristically low, for a couple of reasons that, well, certainly have nothing to do with GUFF (what an idea!). This, then, is where the whole matter stops being any of the casual reader's business.

Unfortunately, it would seem that there are certain people who wish to make it their business. There is currently a rumour circulating - in Melbourne, of all places - that I have decided to give up doing *Thyme* and all science-fictional-related activities. According to the rumour, there are two reasons behind this decision,

one of them being the fact that I did not win GUFF. Well, as I've implied, it's not my *business* if people will come to that conclusion; there's nothing wrong with a spot of wishful thinking, or just not being very observant. But I'm sorry for the people who passed on or believed such a story, for it betrays an appalling pettiness of thought that I find alien, disturbing.

I have no such compassion, however, for the miserable wretch or wretches unknown who, apparently desirous of appearing either privy to my thoughts & feelings, or perhaps just merely well-informed, has attempted to lift details from my private life to support this theory to explain my actions. As if this sort of smarmily arrogant and malicious rumourmongering weren't enough, another person, quite uninvolved in the whole affair, has been outrageously slandered in the process. Not that I imagine this would bother the person or persons responsible for the rumour. Scum.

Well ho ho ho, wasn't that just lots of fun and games? Okay, let's get on with the issue. How about a little sweetness and light in the form of a movie review? Take it away, LynC.

SPACE HUNTER (Hoyts) -- by LynC

In the mood to see an absolutely trashy movie - a movie that has more loose ends than tidied up ones, and that poses more questions than it answers? Let me recommend *Space Hunter - Adventures in the Forbidden Zone*.

It does have a sort of a plot, if you want to call it one. Boy (male chauvinist autocrat, out to look after No.1, ie. himself [Wolff]) meets brat (Nikki) who, when cleaned up turns into beautiful young ~~sexy~~ lady. They're ideally suited! What could be more natural than that they fall in love? The bevy of beauties he's just rescued, who are worth umpteen megabucks to him, and who are suitably graceful, just don't rate.

They (the beauties) are, by the way, the reason Wolff lands on the planet and goes off to the Forbidden Zone - it happens to be where they are being held captive by a metallized megalomaniac. He and Chalmers (his sexy engineer/assistant) happened to be in the area when the beauties were captured, and saw this as their best chance to avoid the debt collectors. Chalmers gets written out in a Cowboys and Indians style train attack very early in the piece, to make room for young Nikki. Pity.

And of course Wolff meets up with an old friend/rival along the way and teams up with him as well, and a couple of nice local lads who are awfully upset at the sight of blood. They all (fortunately?) escape death from various mutant humans/horrors et al., including our friendly megalomaniac, who takes too great a liking for the brat, and eventually everything ends nice and happily....

Even most of the special effects fail. Originally it was obviously meant to be a 3-D film; one wonders how they thought to make more money by turning it into 2-D. There are some nice effects that would have worked better in the original, and some that would have actually worked (!) in 3-D.

Unfortunately, when we saw this film we weren't planning on reviewing it, so we can't tell you who's responsible for the mess. I'm sure Hoyts will oblige you with the information, should you really desire it.

Anyway, a nice trashy movie all round. Originally Hoyts only planned to show it for a fortnight before the kids got out of school, but it proved more popular than they thought, so it was on for a few more weeks, and it might come back to the circuit at some stage.

((Thanks, LynC... hm, *Space Hunter* doesn't sound nearly as good as *Star Crash*, my favourite spaghetti space opera to date, but it sounds passably bad. Okay, we're on the subject of film so this seems like a reasonable time to introduce an author whose work has been translated into a variety of media other than simple print. Harry Harrison spoke recently at a number of science fiction conventions, and audiences at these conventions found him to be a more than adequate conversationalist. What follows is a transcript of two sections - perhaps half in all - of his Guest of Honour interview at the recent Swancon IX. A full transcript of his speech/interview and later talk will be printed in the MUSFA club magazine, *Yggdrasil* - Box 106, Melbourne University, Parkville 3052))

MEMOIRS OF THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT / Harry Harrison in Perth

HARRY HARRISON: (in reply to a question about his early work).... One of the things I did was I wrote the Saint comic, which is gone now, gone millions of years ago. Leslie Charteris used to make me write four months series - too long and he translated them into French, from the comic strip, his French was very good - there are more Saint novels in French, therefore, than there are in English. These comic strips were written by other people, novellised by a girl there and then he'd correct them. When they killed the strip I had two or three scripts left over, so Leslie asked me to ghost a novel for him. Well, money was the name of the game, so I wrote the book. I read and reread all his books, found a lot of clichés which I had to use - things like 'the teak-brown fist', 'the hard, brown fist'; 'the teak-hard brown fist' - that sort of thing - and I must say that in the end I came pretty close, although he changed a few things. He added an extra chapter himself which had nothing to do with the book at all, except he was repaying a restaurateur friend a favour... the plot's belting along like crazy when it stops, he gets into a car and drives to a restaurant, has lunch, comes back, next chapter....

I got a hunk of cash and that was that, and I promised never to mention it in public again but this is Australia; besides Leslie's old, and he doesn't know about Australia or something...and I had a lot of fun doing it, getting inside into someone else's skin in a novel; and it was most fun when it was reviewed in the New York Times by Anthony Boucher who you know as editor of *F&SF* but was also editor of *Ellery Queen's Magazine* and a mystery writer in his own right. He said something like: 'I really enjoyed this book; the only Saint novel with a lot of action and plot.' For you Saint lovers, it's *Vendetta for the Saint*, and it takes place in Italy. (Sympathetic cries of possible recognition of minor classic from audience.) (gasp of disbelief from H.H. that anyone reads the Saint.) (Anonymous interjection from wife Joan that said minor classic also goes under the title *The Saint in Sicily*.)

Grant Stone: That's That's more or less an opening gambit, Harry, and it's a way of getting us back into your early writing. Let's go back to something I read about you said about William Gaines, a comic publisher, right? Known to some people in the audience at least. You said he was the easiest man to give a story to and somewhat of a fool and you gave him the same story five times. How do you do that?

HH: Oh nono Bill was alright, he wasn't that much of a fool; he just liked to print *Casablanca*, and so you'd do a switch on *Casablanca* and he'd buy it. I wouldn't call Bill an idiot....

There was this really cheap, rotten publisher downtown in Lafayette Street, called *True Stories from the Bible Comics Inc.* - that's the original title - and old man Gaines made a fortune printing true tales from the Bible. No copyright problem, you know; turn some hack loose... 'begat, begat, begat begat begat'; have some artist draw it (it was some of the dirtiest stuff I saw: "spill thy seed upon the ground" - wow... Jesus & Mary). Anyway, old man Gaines branched out, he did a few westerns and things; and then he kicked off, and his son took over the business, changed it to *Educational Comics* - I loved the trade name: E.C. - it was a really broken down operation. They had one really incompetent artist named Al Felstein; I mean, this guy couldn't draw for nothing, and Bill hired this fellow, a reasonable artist who he gave room space and a drawing board to in exchange for working for him as an editor, he wouldn't hire an editor...he didn't know anything.

That period's full of interesting anecdotes: there was this kid who came in one day who wanted to write his own comics and draw them, but the thing is, everything's broken down: there's a scriptwriter as well as an editor, and then there's a breakdowner & a balloonier & a letterer & a penciller & an inker & a colourist - you can't just break in and do all your own stuff but this kid wanted to...and Bill Gaines said to us: "Shall I hire this kid? He's not bad, his stuff is pretty good." Eventually we hired him, and his name was Harvey Kurtzman; he went on from there....

And I remember this other period when Wally Wood and I were doing work for Will Eisner - *The Spirit* - and Will had this dumb kid, a seventeen year old, who was running the *Spirit*; he wanted to be an artist instead of a writer but he was a really rotten artist. When Wally & I broke up our partnership I hired the kid to do some layouts for me - they appeared in E.C. Comics - and then I fired him cause he was no good. His name was Jules Pfeiffer. Well, you can see why I didn't do very well in comics.

GS: Harry, one last direction in comics. Just recently, well, in the last four or five years, 2,000 AD did your works, the Stainless Steel Rat books, in comics, with a Spanish artist I presume - 'Escriviera'. What did you think of that work and what was it like being on the receiving end of someone turning your creative masterpieces into comics?

HH: I've been so involved in comics, it was just one more dumb comic, you know... but no, they called me down there and I met the editor and the artist, who was very good, and I met the writers and they were very worried about making it true quill and all that. I said, "Cheer up kids, just give me the money for the rights," and it turned out very well, they did a pretty neat job, because as soon as it appeared they had this little poll that they held each week, and all the eight year old wankers who'd read the magazine would vote for the stories they liked best, and it came in at number two under *Judge Dredd*, and *Judge Dredd's* just sheer violence and blowing up heads like melons & everything - the advantage I think was that with the *Stainless Steel Rat* they had girls with very tight outfits on and the little wankers would buy it to see what they looked like, and, since it came in second, they kept on redoing it all the time... it was just for fun, just money....

GS: Harry one of the last areas we could comment on is the anthologizing and the editing you've done. I've noticed that in the Year's Best anthologies you were doing with Brian Aldiss for, what, it must have been a decade, I suppose - nine years - your introductions always used to talk about the state of the art for the year and how you saw the magazine field. Now nine times out of ten you were quite positive about the magazine field but you did say on a lot of occasions that the best science fiction wasn't in the science fiction magazines. I think I was reading the third one last night, and you'd pulled a story out of *Hudson Review*; another you'd pulled out of *Ramparts* - odd places to be looking for science fiction. But with all that reading you yourself must have become quite a critic of the field.

HH: Very much so.

GS: Well what do you think about the current state?

HH: Well let's go back a bit. The first magazine of science fiction criticism was *SF Horizons*. Very early on, I think about my 2nd or 3rd or 4th book, I was doing all sorts of experimental things, like experimenting with, well: how do you start a novel? What do you do? So I went to my shelves and I took off 60 novels of writers I enjoyed whose books I'd enjoyed, and I wrote down every first sentence - it's an exercise worth doing - to try to find out how you start a novel. Eventually I discovered that you just don't bother starting a novel, you just put anything down, and when you've finished the novel you go back and write the first page because then you know what the book's about. In the early days too I bought every single book on writing, at one point, and went through all of them and they're all rubbish, except for just one - E.M. Forster's *The Art of the Novel* - a series of lectures he gave at the University - very very good stuff.

And then there was a big controversy in science fiction about *Starship Troopers*, and everyone was calling it a *fascist novel* and there was a whole lot of hokum balokum going on and really a lot of nonsense - like a family bickering amongst itself... this was the good old days when fanzines actually had some content to them ((hiss from the audience)) - no; there are a lot of good fanzines around... I can think of a few off-hand... .. er, I'll mention them later. But of all this rubbish, there was a review in *Vector* - the BSFA journal - by Brian Aldiss. I met Brian once or twice, and he was a professional book reviewer and a professional writer of books - science fiction - and he actually applied the tools of mainstream criticism and all his weaponry and all his knowledge of mainstream literature to science fiction, and I said wow.... We started corresponding and I said gee I wish we could have more of this sort of thing, and out of that came, a few years later, *SF Horizons*, the first small magazine to attempt to improve the field. I think that my editing did the same thing: I was trying to bring a sense of quality to it.

One of the bits you were reading (from before) from the *Book of Lists* that Malcolm Edwards did, the idea of course was nipped from *SF Horizons* - it was Brian's idea. When we had a bit of extra space, say we were 2 inches short in the paragraph, we'd throw in things called Cabinet of Curiosities. We'd just quote from novels. I remember one of them, it was from a Poul Anderson novel, I forget which one - Brian discovered this: 'He swept the spaceship cabin with the eyes of a trapped animal.' and we'd always write a little comment afterwards, *New Yorker* style, and Brian wrote: 'A gnu broom sweeps clean.' We had a lot of fun with that which we continued with *The Year's Best*, and '*The Year's Best* was good in those days. There were good stories around - I did all America and Brian did all England. But we'd finish in November, and usually we found in November or in October when the December *SF* magazines come out that science fiction had let us down again. We'd have no more than seventy or eighty percent of the book, at which point we'd begin thrashing around outside the field. We looked for anything that was well-written and could be disguised as science fiction. And we really had to disguise some things - Brian was very good at disguising things. I remember... there was this story about a chap trapped under a lorry, under the wheel - a very surrealistic story, very well done. This fellow is trapped under the wheel; there are people talking about him: maybe he's alive; he's dead; and he can hear everything but can't do anything and they're saying things like, "Oh, keep the truck off him," and "Back it over him a second time and maybe he'll move then" - it's a nasty story.

I said to Brian: "this is a good story I've found, really lovely, well-written, but how the hell can we publish it?"

"Don't worry," says Brian. So we put it in, and Brian wrote the lead paragraph: 'This man, trapped, conscious but unconscious underneath this lorry, is as far from mankind as if he were on the moons of Saturn.'

It always sold well, the book, but the general reader wants pop, stuff like Terry Carr and Don Wollheim. I'm happy that we never overlapped, not one story in all those years. We did a different kind of anthology all the time hoping, begging, pleading, trying to bring into science fiction a touch of quality. There's no reason it can't be well-written, you know; it's more fun when it's well-written. We'll put up with rubbish because we're all fans at heart, and I can think of books which are not good literature but which you'll read and enjoy.

For example, a lot of people made a lot of fun of *Rendezvous With Rama* 'cause it has no character, no people, no nothing, but the technology's so gorgeous, you just go along for the ride. Arthur can do that stuff so well. That whole big interior of the ship and down those stairs... the hell with the characterization, read Anne McCaffrey if you want people....

I've always been very interested in the job of editing & my own personal critical work. The more you read, the better you know your own work, and you apply this to yourself - being an editor has helped me. I do try, at least once when I'm writing a book, to get completely out of it and read it as an editor, and see all the solecisms and things and stupidity you've put in there. I also have a rule which I know and which I never obey: Hemingway said that, 'whenever you find a phrase that you really like, throw it out', and I can't do that so much but Hemingway did say that 'every writer has a built-in shit-detector'; if you smell it, throw it out. You know when it's rotten; you know when it's ripe; you know when it's turgid; you know when it's purple; you know it better than anyone else - you wrote the damn thing. Throw it out. Also, he said to be sparse all the time. There's a time and a place for descriptive passages.

Anyway I think editing helped me with my own work. If the writing is successful, and it seems to be, all those years of criticism & editing has helped me criticise my own work.

GS: We haven't commented on the field as it is; let's not. Let's end with the John W. Campbell Memorial Award, which is still on the point of excellence.

HH: It is; it's just that. I can tell you where it came from.... I was back in the U.S.A. after living many many years in Europe, and I was with Damon Knight when the first three or four people founded the SFWA, and I became very involved in that, with the organisation, getting it going; and at one point I was Nebula Awards Chairman.

And I found out that the voting was absolutely corrupt in every way. The nominations - you'd get ten postcards in the same handwriting, nominating a story - the author would give it to his friends... and it was a small organisation, then; a hundred members or something; and the winning margin would be by nine votes: he got a Nebula. I tried to get all sorts of changes to the Nebula, changes in the voting procedure - to try to make it a decent award.

About this time the Hugo was staggering along under a burden of disrespectability.... A writer who shall be nameless told me he'd always wanted to get a Hugo, he was dying to get a Hugo; and a fanwriter told me, "y'know, this other writer told me I'm gonna be first in the Novel (category), he'll be second." The second writer shall be nameless also. Now this was something like six months before the voting, and they came in just that way. The Hugo is harder to cook, I think, than the Nebula. It's really basically a popularity poll.

You don't really vote for the novel. If you look at the vote, people vote for the writer who's a nice guy, with a long list of books in print... and they're not really - I mean, neither of them are a true literary award. And this is about the time, thinking about how there should be a decent literary award, that dear old John Campbell kicked off.

We were at the funeral in New Jersey and Jim Gunn said, "We should do something. In memory of John's work, the work he did for the whole field." I thought about it and it started cooking in my head and I wrote to Brian and I said, look, why don't we just start an award, a literary award, and name it after John, and do it with judges, incorruptible judges; have some academics coming in....

We started trading names, people Dr Willis McNally who's out at Cal State Bulletin who's a Joyce and Yates scholar - he's read that rotten old book fifty times, you know... *Ulysses* - anyway he teaches English lit. and also a course in science fiction. So we felt he had a larger scale of standards to apply to it - he knew science fiction, knew it very well, but had something else. Another person we thought of was Dr Tom Shippey, who was in Oxford at the time at St. John's College; he teaches Middle English, Old English, Anglo-Saxon, Mediaeval Studies and science fiction - so we had a feeling he'd know something about it.

It was a sort of experiment in criticism. So we got together - Brian and I were also judges; we felt that as critics we could also be judges (we exempted our own books from the thingamabobby). And it seemed to work pretty well (we had our ups and downs). The whole idea was to get it started, and then pull out ourselves. Brian got out of it two or three years ago - it's in its tenth or eleventh year, now - and I got out of it this last year. I stayed on it as Business Manager to avoid getting any John W. Campbell Memorial Award. I didn't want the organizers' award for myself that importantly - it was the last thing I wanted.

Incidentally I'm happy to report that if there'd been one judge the other way, about two or three years ago, Damien Bröderick ((local, Australian author)) would have got the award ((for *Dreaming Dragons*, available from Norstrilia Press - don't forget my cut, Damien)). I was very much for the book, but the other judges were unsure, and the award went to Greg Benford's book, *Timescape*.

One year we gave the award to a book that not one fan had nominated or voted for, that not one professional author nominated or voted for, one of the best science fiction novels I've read in years, called *The Alteration*, by Kingsley Amis - it was a gorgeous book.

So. With the award, we try.... Working all the time, I can't say I'm doing my own work to raise the standards - that would be very presumptuous of me ("he said, pretty serious for a change"); I'm only doing the best I can. But as a critic, and as a judge of other people's work - as an editor - I am trying to kick the field, if I have to kill it, to wherever I can.

((Short editorial comment on this transcription follows on page 8, after the Ditmar List.))

Isn't it appropriate that, immediately following Harry's comments on the Hugos and the Nebulas, we should have both the 1984 Ditmar nomination ballot, and - below - the 1984 Preliminary Nebula Ballot (the Prelim. Ballot is not the final Voting Ballot for the Nebulas, only a "list of Suggestions").

About the transcription, first of all my apologies to Harry, for doing only the best I could with the material I was given. The transcription you have just read differs noticeably although I hope not significantly from the actual text of his speech/interview. Unlike, say, Douglas Adams (see *Thyme* #20), Harry Harrison does not speak as he would write. Ands, wells, buts & significant pauses litter his comments, consequently making this a bugger of a job; I hope the reader can make sense of it all. In any event, the fault is not with HH, an eloquent speaker.

Preliminary Nebula Ballot, 1984

What follows is, first of all, a list of novels nominated throughout last year, by members of the SFWA, who think their friends should win a Nebula award. (Heh heh, only kidding) The final Nebula ballot will contain, in each category, only five items, to be selected from this list. After the novel list is done, instead of giving boring details of all the shorter fiction categories, I've listed instead just the number of entries, from all the shorter fiction categories, that have been nominated from/in one or each source. So you'll see what publications members of the SFWA thought were worth reading, yippee. (Information from Locus.)

Novels: THE CITADEL OF THE AUTARCH - Gene Wolfe (publishers in America:Timescape) (17 nominations); AGAINST INFINITY - Gregory Benford (Timescape)(12); STARTIDE RISING - David Brin (Bantam/9); WELCOME, CHAOS - Kate Wilhelm (Houghton Mifflin/8); ORION SHALL RISE - Poul Anderson (Timescape/7); THE VOID CAPTAIN'S TALE - Norman Spinrad (Timescape/7); WORLDS APART - Joe Haldeman (Viking/7); ANVIL OF THE HEART - Bruce T.Holmes (Haven/6); THE THREE- Mike Resnick (Signet/5); BROKEN SYMMETRIES - Paul Preuss (Timescape/5); SUPERLUMINAL - Vonda Macintyre (Houghton Mifflin/5); LIFE PROBE - Michael McCollum (Del Rey/4); NEVERYONA - Samuel R.Delany (Bantam/4); MILLENNIUM - John Varley (Berkeley/4); LYONESSE - Jack Vance (Berkely/4); THE ROBOTS OF DAWN - Isaac Asimov (Doubleday/4); THE CRUCIBLE OF TIME - John Brunner (Del Rey/4); THE ANUBIS GATES - Tim Powers (Ace/4); NAVIGATOR'S SINDROME ((sic)) - Jayge Carr (Doubleday/3); TRANSFORMER - M.A.Poster (DAW/3); RATHA'S CREATURE - Clare Bell (Atheneum/3); THE BLACKCOLLAR - Timothy Zahn (DAW?3); MAGICIAN'S GAMBIT - David Eddings (Del Rey/3); ANNALS OF KLEPSIS - R.A.Lafferty (Ace/3); THE WILD ALIEN TAMER - Mike Resnick (Signet (3); THE BEST ROOTIN' TOOTIN' SHOOTIN' GUNSLINGER IN THE WHOLE GALAXY - Mike Resnick (Signet/3); THE ALIEN UPSTAIRS - Pamela Sargent (doubleday/3); TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON - R.A.MacAvoy (Bantam/3); HELLICONIA SUMMER - Brian Aldiss (Atheneum/3); STREETLETHAL - Stephen Barnes (Ace/3)

Shorter Fiction:

Isaac Asimov's SF Magazine: 12 stories, given a total of 60 nominations

Fantasy & Science Fiction: 19 stories, given a total of 92 nominations

Analogs: 9 stories, 36 nominations

Omni: 3 stories, 20 nominations: Amazing: 3 stories, 17 nominations

Video Games: 1 story, 3 nominations; Universe 13 (anth.): 3 stories, 20 nominations;

Books or annuals with one story nominated: 'Best of Omni' #6; *Fears*; *Chrysalis* 10; and *Heroic Visions*.

On the subject of magazines, publication of *Imago* has been cancelled. Originally planned for release in September last year, the magazine, which was to contain a mixture of fantasy and science fiction artwork and stories, has taken the art of folding after a few issues to its ultimate and collapsed before ever a single actual issue saw the light of day.

And, talking of things finishing, the almost unbelievable - after all these years and so many false leads - has happened: the filming of Frank Herbert's *Dune* has (reliably reported) been completed. Meanwhile, people who like banging their heads against brick walls will be glad to know that his new novel *Heretics of Dune* is now available. (USA. *Star Chronicle*)

THE STAINLESS STEEL RAT MEETS THE TIN DUCK, or, What happened at Swancon IX.

Below you will find three reports of what was probably the most interesting, if not the major, convention of 1984, of those held in Australia. First of all an inside scoop from one of the committee; then to keep them honest, a report from someone new to conventions; and finally to put some perspective on things a word from yer average, experienced con-goer - and I might throw in my two cents' worth also.

Seth Lockwood: Dateline: Melbourne (February '84)

It is a disgustingly clammy and warm temperature outside, and I am peeved. This holiday was supposed to be hot in only certain ways (you know my propensities, Watson), and I certainly didn't come all the way from Perth to sit stickily in Melbourne (wave your puckwallah thingy faster, sweetheart). But since I do appear to be doing just that, and hence said peevishness, I might as well get on down and finally finish off my long-promised-to-Roger Swancon Nine report. That's if I can decipher what I've already written. Message begins something like this -

"I've mounted two hundred and ten this afternoon." Just the sort of contextually seminal quote concerning a Swancon that you would expect from Barbara "feelthy peectures?" de la Hunty. The occasion is a nosh affair at an Ogden abode, soon after Swancon Nine. The more innocent may have thought Barbara was referring to the slides being slid in great numbers by Transfinite personnel.

I must say I enjoyed the Ninth - obligatory, if well-deserved, praise of the Guest-of-Honour notwithstanding. Indeed, if I had taken a room at the Westos and had not been a part of the committee, and not been involved in perhaps one or two too many programmed items, then the joy may have been unconfined. Principal annoyance was having the incessant nagging of having to find a way to get home and back each day; principally to change the decor and rinse away the sweat rather than for the purpose of sleepy bobos. Next time, I swear, I'll stay, just to find out what exactly does happen after one turns one's back (Bite the pillow dear heart.).

Being an old-fashioned boy, I believe in the power of the programme to make or break a convention (after all, the people and a good hotel are somewhat of a given at Swancons by now). And the programme for Swancon Nine, if slightly malnourished in places, was excellent in conception. Unfortunately the execution wasn't always so brilliant. Notably, the committee were involved in far too many items; and as well as this, said items required rehearsal and so forth, and there was not time for those sort of larks. This resulted in the cancellation of at least one item - 'Armageddon', a drama from Dave Lockett, though he provided a variety of other dramas over the weekend - and in others, such as 'Saint Augustine of Hippo', bemusing rather than amusing.

Indeed, Swancon Nine, like all good conventions, indulged in a lot of programme changes, with items hopping from here to there. Most fascinating, however, was the phenomenon of the panel 'The Dystopic Vision in S.F.'. Originally created to replace a failed item, during the convention it was continually being rescheduled. Each time its scheduled spot of the moment came up, it was found to be mysteriously filled, or non-existent. As an example, certain people, not mentioning the GoH's name or anything, would insist on entertaining the plebs for a couple of hours at a time. Swancon Nine thus became a sort of successful Titanic; each time a hole occurred it was filled up by some magical process. A self-filling programme, as it were. I believe that the 'Dystopic Vision in S.F.' panel is now tentatively scheduled for Swancon Ten. We'll probably get to see it by number thirteen or fourteen.

I missed almost all the items programmed during the day, apart from a couple on Saturday morning: the 'Australia in the Space Age' panel that only came into its own with Jeff Harris' taking over to describe the benefits of actually shifting Australia off the face of the planet, using Tasmania first as a test ("If we're going to get into the space age, let's do it in a big way"). This was to be paid for by ensuring

that the rest of the Earth is put into a parking orbit around Australia. Australia of course owns the parking meter....

Elsewise I seemed to spend a lot of time doing other things; banking in the endless Rail Baron tourney finals for instance. But of what did I see? Well, a few high-logs for little moi. From the top, the Great Debate.

Now, I think that the Great Debate is an item that has begun to suffer in the past few years (silly ideas not being in fact as intrinsically humorous as we would like to assume), and while this Debate may not have salvaged the whole, I think the reputation may have been somewhat brightened. Of course the fact that Bob Ogden, Terry Stroud and self won the debate somewhat makes my memory glisten, especially as we were arguing "Fans is not Wimps", a decidedly difficult proposition I thought. We were aided of course by some rather outrageous definitions from Terry, and the great disorder of our opposition, Messrs and Messier Dave Luckett, Greg Turkich and Ian Nichols. Harry Harrison, in the chair, did our argument no end of good by succinctly taking the piss out of Ian (our greatest threat; undeniably a fan, and quite blatantly a wimp). The much-heralded voting system actually worked - the audience selecting a piece of quiche as a vote for Fans Is Not Wimps, and a piece of Meat Pie as a vote for Fans Is Wimps (confusing, eh?). Here the force of our argument shone through, because the fools still voted for us by eating the quiche despite the quiche being cold, or, in one case, and immeasurably worse, luke-warm.

So much for the Friday night. I'm not going to comment on room parties, mainly because I rarely attended any, or rather I did, but not the ones involving the names and faces and bodies about which all eager Thyme readers want to hear. And there is little as boring about a con report as details of people foreign to one.

Saturday night was the Masquerade. A good idea, I think, having it earlier on in the con, rather than its being a climax, and then the Monday a real nothing day. The Masquerade now became the impetus for the next two days, and the true climax the Fan Olympics on Monday morning, of which more later.

Well the Masquerade was chock-a-block with thingies. Prime entertainment was provided by the band slippery Jim and the Ratettes (better known as Ian Nichols, Erik Harding, Dave Luckett, Greg Turkich, Geoff Jagoe, with Ratettes Sue Margatot, Saran Moore and Barbara de la Hunty, my ghod there were a lot of them). Well what can be said about them that has not been said about cold chopped liver? Very, very slimy, kiddies, and very, very enjoyable. Ian's costume was um..., and as for the inner Dave Luckett so courteously revealed to us by (I think) Zebee and Linda, well. Rodney Powell's grooving Doctor Strangelove was truly amazing, you know, as was everyone moving in all sorts of ways to the blues "duet" text SJ and Rs plus Jules (as per Julian Warner) and his harmonica. Excellent. In fact the dancing came rather to detract from the band; visual though the latter were they could hardly match some of the shennannigans sweatily going on on the dance floor.

Talking of sweaty goings on, the much heralded underwear party of Michelle Muysert and Joanna Masters was certainly full (of bodies, I mean, though no doubt said bodies were also full, in one way or another). I am glad to say I did not deign to enter, except for a brief foray to retrieve my share in a bottle of plonk. We're now on Sunday night, by the way, I think, um, hardly matters does it. Anyway, I escaped unscathed, what would mumsy have thought. I mean, really, what is the fascination??? I mean, really. Yechhoes.

What else? Well, via the miracle of second-hand rumour, nyeh, ha, ha (that's a fiendish laugh, you know) I can report that the Fan Fysical Fitness (or Phan Physical Phitness) was ATTENDED! And not only attended, but attended in some number. Twenty or so fen at eight o'clock in the motning doing jerky things is not to be scoffed at. (But you can't help giggling.)

The Olympics seem to have engendered the required team spirit, though I ashamedly admit that I, after a rather energetic and enthusiastic start, wimped off to converse with Joan Harrison by the poolside and generally ponder the uncoming ceremony of the

chucking of the Custard Pies. Joan, of course, was also preoccupied with thought of the soon to be event. I can't swear that she kept on twitching and muttering "Nichols, Nichols, Nichols," because Greg Turkich was around, too, and it may have been him. For those not in the know, a new tradition of Swancons has been established: the auctioning of a custard pie for each member of the committee, highest bidder receiving the pleasure of doing the throwing. Bidding had been at the auction on Sunday. Execution was to be at the end of the Olympics.

Bidding was, to say the least, spirited. Even such lesser dignitaries (ie. better liked and less culpable members of the committee) as myself, Warren Hughes and Colleen Jenkins managed to attract a certain amount of moolah. Most interesting was to see who bid for whom. What perverse and hidden desires lay behind Mister Larry "Phantom Zine" Dunnings buying of the tart for Colleen? What would Freud have said of the viciousness with which Warren's mother, the well-known mum-fan, fought off all others in the bid for Warren's pie? Mine went to an anonymous "Melbourne Contingent" - very suspicious; I didn't even know the person who carefully decorated my features. ((on ya, Clively))

Of course the big three in the pie stakes were Dave Lockett, Greg Turkich, and... Ian Nichols. Dave was knocked down to Sally, in more than one sense of the word. Greg's pie was eagerly sought after (for the full, exciting adventures of Greg the Hotel Liaison Fucker-upperer, you may have to wait, but many were the noses thrust into the air, sniffing for Turkich blood) but the sardonic tones of Ian Nichols' bidding (from outside the room; he was playing Rail Baron in the annexe) guaranteed him the pleasure of wiping Greg's face in white cummy stuff. And then Ian's.

Colleen ran up to the Harrison suite, after a brief call and the question "Would you like to bid?" were received with much bitter mirth. I may quote Joan, "I have never brushed my hair faster in my life." As Joan chafed at the bit, awaiting the ever-slow lifts to carry her down, John McDouall (Auctioneer) got rid of some minor items; a few signed first editions and so forth) before returning to the major item. The bidding did not last long. At this point in time I cannot faithfully reconstruct the bidding, but it went something like this:

John: What am I-

Greg: Fifteen.

Joan: What's the bid, what's the bid?

John: It's fift-

Joan: Oh, twenty.

Sally: Twenty-one.

Joan: Twenty-two fifty.

Sally: Twenty-five. (Here Dave mutters about whether even twenty-five dollars is worth the privilege.)

Joan: A joint bid, thirty dollars with Greg.

And so it was. As for the actual throwing of the custard pies (in fact pavlova cases filled with disgustingly sweet artificial cream), well, as someone remarked to me, we may be mature adults (may) but we still collapse laughing at the sight of somebody blotted out by a runny mixture of cream and things. Laugh? We nearly shat ourselves, as Derek and Clive would have it. Best of all, except for a distressing lack of cream and the fact that the main recipient was Colleen who had been through it once already, was John and Mark's joint pie; bought by John after Mark had rashly offered himself up for a pie in a depressed moment of non-functioning AVs. This pie, by some tacit agreement, made its way towards the voyeuristic multitudes, and serves them right too, the pervs. But, as I say, a distinct lack of cream as Greg had rather overdone the grand flourishes and twists & twirls in icing up Ian's missile (thrown by Joan with added power at the elbow from Greg).

As I say, it looks like becoming yet another fine, up-standing Swancon tradition. Now who exactly is the committee for next year....

Enough; I could rave on for pages more. You should just have been there. Anyway, Perth in '86. At that one you'll probably be able to pie Erik Harding. Larks galore....

Koren Mitchell: Because Swancon 9 was the first con I had really attended (apart from a few days at Funcon), I arrived at the Westos determined to enjoy everything to the full. I had heard rumours of room parties at which acts of debauchery were committed, but I wanted to find out for myself.

After arriving in Perth at 6 in the morning on the bus and sleeping all afternoon it was time for the first item on the programme. Billed as an audiovisual, it was an interview with the supposed directors of a film made, thanks to a time machine, in the Viking Age. For the rest of the con, people could be seen wearing t shirts with the words *Viking Columbus Film Crew* on them.

This item led into the introduction of the committee and finally to the welcome to Harry Harrison, during which a long and tortuously involved story was told as to why Harry is the most popular author in Argentina (his books were used to stop a plague of soldier ants, if you really must know). Later was the Great Debate: Are Fans Wimps? - but by then I was having dinner and then testing out the pool, and then it was up to the party in John Newman's room where we tried to find out how many people would fit into one shower (thus beginning to fulfill the rumours I had heard). ((Ah yes; I remember 'Showercon'...))

Saturday morning I spent catching up on my sleep and so missed a radio play and a couple of other items. After lunch was a session about SF and fantasy role-playing games, and then a debate regarding the need for an alternative Worldcon, which turned into a free-for-all discussion. After another swim, during which I was thrown in several times, was an interview with Harry. This was more a matter of asking him a question and listening to him answer for about 10 minutes (boy, can he tell stories!). Yet another swim, then dinner and time for the masquerade.

I was amazed at the lengths to which some people went to look weird (of course, some of them didn't have to try much). Music was provided by Slippery Jim and the Ratettes, alias Ian Nichols and friends. There was also entertainment in the form of a short play, and a radio pantomime. The costume parade was won by Dr Strangelove, who actually managed dance about wildly without leaving his wheelchair.

Sunday morning everyone got out their wallets for the auction; I think that some people must save up all year just to come to cons and buy things at auctions. The highlight of the auction was the Custard Pie auction in which people paid outrageous prices for the chance to plant a pie in a committee member's face. The highest price paid was \$32 by Joan Harrison & Greg Turkich, for Ian Nichols' pie, but then \$40 was paid for a t shirt - one of three in the world - advertising Harry Harrison's new book *West of Eden*, and signed by him.

The next couple of scheduled items were cancelled due to the auction going overtime, so the next thing I attended was a Transfinite audiovisual. For those of you (hopefully few) who have never seen one of these, I urge you to. Their version of 'Don't Pay the Ferryman' was brilliant. ((Sure was; far and away their best yet.))

Then came another session with the GoH, in which he read an article he had written on making sf movies, and then answered questions, at length. I didn't go to the banquet but the doors were opened later for those who did not attend so they could hear the speeches and see the presentation of the Tin Duck awards. Harry's speech in which he recalled other international cons he had attended was very amusing; and the Fan GoH Roy Ferguson talked about the history of WA fandom and Swancons, and then the Tin Ducks were presented (I'm sorry but I can't remember who won them). There was a repeat of the audiovisual from the afternoon and then, of course, came the room parties including, in the room next to mine, the underwear party - they wouldn't let anyone in unless they stripped off.

Okay, so much for Swancon IX. While still on the subject, note that Swancon is a strictly annual event, and the '85 dates for Swancon X are the same as for this one - the Australia Day Long Weekend. At the moment, the location is unofficially the same - the Westos Motor Inn - and they already have an eastern states agent - Gordon Lingard, 61 Salisbury Road, Stanmore 2048, NSW.

Let's have a look now at the continuing social swathe cut by Harry & Joan on their travels across Australia. Next official port of call was Melbourne, for the one day Harrycon. At \$10.00 per head the price was steep but it was a pleasant little affair. Harry spoke at length (as usual) about this and that and Brian Aldiss, fellow raconteur and distinguished personage, and presented Bruce Gillespie with his 'World SF' award for his work towards increasing the stature of sf, internationally (read: doing *SF Commentary* all those years).

Speaking of 'World SF', which Harry did at length (again - and you'd better believe that we hung on every word; that man could turn the tide with his talk), World SF may be coming to Aus in more than the form of imported awards. Moves are afoot to start the thing up here, to some extent, and interested writers, other professionals or just those interested could do worse than to contact Grant Stone, Murdoch Uni. Library, P.O.Box 14, Willerton, 6155, W.A.

Syncon '84 was another "oh, we have another overseas author here so let's have a convention & invite him" effort. Here's Alan Wilson with a short report:

Alan Wilson: SYNCON '84

Syncon '84 was overall a good convention. From my point of view there were no major mishaps, some programme delays (but excusable) and some execrable films. As a GoH Harry Harrison was a great success. I was fortunate enough to have dinner with him and others on the Thursday before the convention and found him very sociable and friendly with more than a touch of the rascal in him. His GoH speech was interesting and entertaining and he enlivened some otherwise tending to dull panels. In the masquerade he did a striptease down to shorts, t shirt and thongs to become a genuine "Aussie" - complete with tinnie and tinnie holder.

The masquerade was one of the high points of the convention. An attempt to instill a party atmosphere, complete with music, dance floor and lighting was partially successful - fandom needs some more training in this direction. The casino theme worked better this year with everyone winning on the craps table and losing (?) elsewhere (I was too busy playing craps to really notice). There was a fair showing of costumes with some interesting, impromptu efforts from a pile of reverse garbage supplied by the con.

The panels were what we have come to expect of panels. The 'History of Australian Science Fiction Fandom' panel would have been better with more anecdotes from the past. One of the better panels, 'Computers in the future', was more like a round-table discussion. I am in two minds about panels. Some work - most do not. Perhaps a format more like a large round-table discussion would be better.

The films shown were terrible, as promised. Amongst others were shorts from *Reptilicus* and *Destroy All Monsters* (I wouldn't like to see the full-length versions) and all of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and, worst of the bunch, *The Terror of Tiny Town* which starred an all-midget cast in a baaaad western. On a higher note, Transfinite presented another good feast of audiovisuals.

I have decided that I do not like games programmes at conventions, since the few who play the games (and why come to a convention to do so?) are effectively out of it for the rest of the day. Similarly for computer games.

In summary, Syncon '84 was a generally fun medium-sized convention. It was unfortunate that there were not more interstate people but given H.H.'s good coverage of Australia this is understandable. There were the odd bland patches in the programming - especially on the Sunday - but given the short time in which the whole event was put together (around 15 weeks) I think that congratulations are due to the organising committee.

Thanks, Alan.

As you may have gathered from all of what has gone before, including the transcription of part of one of the talks he gave at Swancon IX, Harry has been a wonderfully entertaining & interesting Guest of Honour. A collective vote of thanks to those responsible for his trip out here, and to Harry & Joan, for electing to come.

Meanwhile, another author-I think it would be proper to describe her in this way - has visited and left our sunny shores. I refer to Bjo Trimble, flown to Australia to be Guest of Honour at Medtrek '84, the year's National Media SF Convention. To cut a long story short, although I personally was looking forward very much to attending, the earlier visit to Perth precluded this, as I'm sure it did for others, and I've been so snowed under with work & suchlike that I've been unable to track someone down to report on how the event went. (This is obviously the issue of *Thyme* where I completely abandon the idea of keeping an editorial distance, so I might as well let it All Hang Out, if you get my meaning. Well, not All....)

Anyway, no report of Medtrek = , in my eyes, 'pretty reprehensible; but there you go. The least I can do is to report that this lady whose visit was to some extent overshadowed, by circumstance, is an absolute gem. As a speaker, I don't know, but as a person, well. It's unfortunate that some people can't see past her Star Trek achievement, and it's easy to go along for the ride with this sort of criticism, but for a start she has been heavily involved in both the fields of Art Shows, and Masquerade/Costuming at the WorldCon level for many years. The good news is that both she and her husband will be coming back this way in 1 1/2 year's time. So. From every second-hand report I've this far received, do yourself a favour and catch up with her then. P.S. Er, anyone have any second-hand Medtrek reports? (Blush.)

Money, money money.... While on the subject of Syncons, it seems like a good time to mention that the final breakup of the surplus monies from Syncon '83, held last year in June, is finally in.

It is as follows:

Tschaicon...\$600 ... bankrupt '82 NatCon
DUFF... \$250 ... fan fund
GUFF... \$200 ... fan fund
FFANZ... \$150 ... fan fund (temporarily in abeyance)
Eurekacon...\$150 ... this year's NatCon

Australian SF Foundation Ltd... \$250 ... general, funding/umbrella body
\$1600

Speaking of funds and all that reminds me, for absolutely no reason, that this year's WorldCon, LACon II, has decided that, unless one of the fan fund winners of previous years actually prints their trip report (one of the conditions of winning), the con will decline to pass any monies onto relevant fan funds. Could be interesting....

I was going to go on to talk about upcoming conventions, here, but after typing up what effectivel amounts to 13 pages of convention-related material I'm getting a bit tired of the subject - and so, I suspect, must you be. So let's keep on talking about Fan Funds, ho ho. *That* should keep us busy for a while....

GUFF Justin Ackroyd, general wonderful person, has just left on the first leg of his GUFF trip. While in Britain he shall attend the Eastercon, SEACON, AND also be attending Tynecon - of course - and also Albacon. Oh no! Will he come back wearing a kilt? Justin will head over to Europe directly after Tynecon, and finally leave the U.K. on the 22nd of August, whence onto LA Con, and eventually home. Hey, don't forget to write, okay? Until Justin returns to Australia, Marc Ortlieb may be the Acting Australian GUFF administrator. As he has publicly announced his nomination of one of the next candidates for GUFF, for the race to bring someone out here for the '85 Worldcon, this is of course an extremely improper move.*For detailed information concerning Justin's schedule, contact British Agent Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER, U.K. (01) 821 8627.

* Honestly, though, who gives a damn about things such as propriety? Don't be silly.

DUFF Jack Herman John Packer Hold-Over Funds Write-In No Preference

Australia	32	3	2	1	-
U.S.A.	46	8	-	1	8
Total	78	11	2	1	8

Jack Herman will attend the 1984 World SF Convention, 'LA Con II'

Jack leaves Australia on the 15th of August and will be travelling alone. He is interested in meeting people and attending conventions and to this effect has published a pre-trip bulletin explaining approximately his travel plans & interests. For a copy write to him, at Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, 2006, Australia.

The two write-in votes were for Ned Kelly, and Roy Ferguson.

The Australian and the American Administrators wish to thank everyone who voted for doing so. Australian Administrator Marc Ortlieb reports a total of \$1901.92 has been passed onto DUFF winner Jack, who now takes over as Australian DUFF Administrator. USA Administrator remains Jerry Kaufman, 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, WA 98103.

FFANZ: John Newman reports: 'I imagine you've all been wondering what's been happening to the Fan Fund of Australia and New Zealand. Unfortunately, the FFANZ race for 1984 must be called off. This is basically a result of two problems.

'There has been insufficient interest in Australia. Although Australian fen have been keen to support the fund with money and other assistance, we have apparently failed to establish New Zealand as "a place to go". It has thus proven difficult to get people sufficiently interested in becoming candidates. We have only one candidate, and do not regard it as fair to our supporters to proceed without some degree of contest.

'Also, attempts to collect nominations by some potential candidates have apparently fallen on deaf ears in New Zealand. A "yes" or a "no" would be nice.

'Fortunately, Kiwi fen are much more aware of the joys of international travel than Aussies, and will undoubtedly be clamouring to win the FFANZ fund and come to Australia in 1985.' (I guess we'll bring the winner over for the WorldCon!) ((Either that, surely, or pay to send the winner to Spawncon, in the U.S.A.))

'Considering that, with several hundred dollars from this year, the "pot" in 1985 will be really worth winning, I'm sure the fund will proceed that year. Perhaps, when they've met some more Kiwis, the Aussies will be more interested in going over there.

'Nominations for the 1985 FFANZ race will open at Eastertime. If you are interested, however, nomination forms will be available earlier from the administrators.

'Please note that the New Zealand FFANZ administrator, Tom Cardy, has suffered a change of address!

Tom Cardy, P.O.Box 1010 Auckland, New Zealand

John Newman, P.O.Box 4, Thornbury 3071, Australia.

THE SHAW FUND Of the fund to bring over the famous & infamous Bob Shaw for the WorldCon here in '85, Marc Ortlieb, Australian administrator, writes: 'Not much new to report here... people have been generous in donating money and auctionables, notably Sally Beasley, who donated assorted stuff to the Swancon auction, and Walt Willis, who not only sent a twenty pound note but who also sent two copies of *Hyphen*, complete with Bob Shaw columns, to be auctioned at Eurekacon. Make sure you bring full wallets to Eurekacon. There will be a special gathering for SHAW THINGS at Aussiecon Two where you'll get the chance to drink with Bob.'

And how do you become a SHAW THING? Why, it's simple. Just send a donation of \$10.00 or more to one of the administrators, and you're in like Flynn.

British Administrator: Eve Harvey, 43 Harrow Road, Carshalton, Surrey, SM5 3QH, U.K.

Australian Administrator: Marc Ortlieb, G.P.O. Box 2708X, Melbourne 3001.

Note that Justin Ackroyd was also one of the Australian Administrators but, owing to his GUFF win, he will not be taking such an active part - at least not as an Administrator - at least not until his return.

SEFF: David Nettle vann SEFF

Omröstningen i Skandinavisk-Europeiska Fan Fonden har nu avgjorts.

Resultatet blev:

David Nettle	40 röster
Kaj Harju	15 röster
Mia von Matern	12 röster
Övriga	6 röster

Det totala antalet röstande var 73, varav 13 kom utanför Sverige. ((från Storbritannien?))
 Det innebär att David Nettle blir den som för SEFF:s räkning får resa till Euroconen
 Seacon 84- i Brighton, 20-24/april. David Nettle avreser mot Brighton under veckan
 innan kongressen tillsammans med en grupp andra svenska fans (watch out!).

(Ahrvid Engholm)...

And talking of Scandinavian fandom, Kaj Harju won this year's Alvar Appeltofft Memorial Fund. This is awarded yearly in Sweden, and is a cash award - much like one of the more familiar fan funds, but without the idea of it being a race to go somewhere; more a gift to some one deserving.

Anyway, 'the Alvar Appeltofft Memorial Foundation, named after a famous Swedish fan who died in 1976, and which yearly awards the Alvar Appeltofft Award, the most important award in Sweden, will soon be inheriting a fortune - some £100,000. The mother of Alvar Appeltofft died this Summer, and the will of both parents states that the foundation is to receive everything they own. Alvar's father is still alive, but he is 83 years old.

There are now discussions going on about what to do with all the money, so that sf and fandom may benefit as much as possible from it. Maybe new awards, for best books, short stories, etc. - a Swedish Hugo. ((Oh no!)) Maybe book publishing. Or maybe an sf bookstore in Stockholm.

The Alvar Appeltofft award will of course continue, but it would be senseless to put all the money into that award. (Shards of Babel, Ahrvid Engholm)

It seems appropriate to mention here - where people may be looking for it - as well as in the coa section, to mention Kaj Harju's new address: Russinvägen 43, Farsta, S - 123 59, Sweden. □ □ □ Hmm, all this talk of Europe - it's been busy over there....

THE CONTINENT IN EIGHTY-THREE - reminiscences by Roelof Goudriaan

Your ed has asked me to tell you how absolutely triff and exciting the year 1983 has been for European fandom On a maximum of three pages, A 4.

Well then, at the beginning of 1983, the Yugoslav bid for the 1983 Worldcon still seemed fresh and inspiring; a year later, I'm less optimistic. YU IN 88 continues to be actively upheld by just a handful of fans behind spiritual father Krsto Mazuranić, while strong American counterbids are forming themselves and the energetic BRITAIN IN 87 bid (are you a presupporting member yet, hmmm?) offers a viable alternative for a European Worldcon in the eighties.

Nineteen eighty-three also started with the gaffiation of young German BNF Udo Popp who, after a bad injury to his right hand, was unable to type any longer. In Germany, too, Helmut Gabriel's prozine *Star Ship*, about which a lot of negative rumours have circulated, was whistled back by Andrew Porter - of *Starship* fame - because of the deceptive resemblances between the title of the two magazine titles. Gabriel changed the title into *Star*; meanwhile, Lutz Reimers won the 10 000DM question in the German tv quiz "All or Nothing" with his chosen speciality "science fiction". He effortlessly survived opening questions with the calibre of "After which renowned physicist and Nobel Prize winner were the eyes of E.T. modelled?"

From January 1, citizens of Sweden were, according to a new law about space activities, forbidden to take part in, initiate or accidentally be part of activities in outer space. Offenders are risking up to one year in prison..... And in France, translators added spicier sex scenes to books by Janet Morris and Harry Harrison! Who could wish a better start to the year than this?

The convention year started in February, with Ra Con in Edinburgh and SFeracon in Zagreb, Yugoslavija, both cons characterised by good room parties until late in the morning, and a wonderful atmosphere. There is a fannish upsurge in Yugoslavija at the moment. The country seems to be brimming with energy, old feuds are diminishing, and new projects are getting off the ground. The latest Yugoslav convention of

the year, Fantazija, got the green light to hold Eurocon VIII, which has made Eurocon an annual event, replacing the biannual frequency the convention has had until 1982.

National conventions started in April, with the national Italian convention, Italcon IX. John Brunner, being advertised as being on the programme without being asked about it first, wrote to all parties concerned that he couldn't possibly make it to the convention, especially not as the large French Metz festival would be held on the same weekend! Only to write a week later that the Metz festival was cancelled; John wasn't just present at the convention, but even the Guest of Honour there.

However, the long row of conventions is traditionally concentrated in the Summer holidays. August and September saw national conventions in Germany, the Benelux, and France, there was a large convention in Bergisch Gladbach, West Germany, organised by publisher Bastei-Lübbe (the names of Spinrad, Sheckley and Aldiss drew over a thousand people to the con halls), and Eurocon VIII was held in Ljubljana, Yugoslavia. More conventions than even Brian Aldiss could attend -- certainly as Beneluxcon and the national French con were held on exactly the same weekend! -- though he did make it to three out of five, as Guest of Honour.

Those national conventions have fundamental differences which, I think, illustrate the mentalities of the different national fandoms quite efficiently. The larger, German conventions are held in congress centres or school buildings. There was no bar at all at the 1982 German national convention, nor the opportunity to buy anything alcoholic within five minutes of the consite. A lot of German fans seem to attach great value to maintaining the respectability of sf....

Italian conventions, I've been told, can be fun and informal; Italcon IX was held in a villa! Conventions in France used to be fairly serious, French fans say, but nowadays feature trips to wine cellars and items like "Worst Pun Award". And Benelux fandom, finally, is very much directed towards sf in Anglo-saxon countries, and has in many ways the same mentality the British have. A few Dutch fans can afford to be hooked to British conventions; others can't, but still are. Fortunately, an increasing number of Britfans are making the trip to Beneluxcon, and those who've attended one keep returning. And so, Joseph Nicholas introduced the arcane Astral Pole ritual ((which was seen here years ago but not under that name)) to a horrified roompartying audience at Beneluxcon 10; the first Dutch fans followed, as did Brian Aldiss... roompartying went on in true fannish tradition until well after four in the morning.

A lot of sf awards were presented during those conventions, and on other occasions. The most international of them are the European SF society's "Eurocon" awards, presented at Eurocon, and WORLD SF's "Karels" - beautiful, small, glass statues in the form of a robot sitting on a globe, given to professional translators.

All countries seem to have their own national awards: in the Soviet Union, the Aelita Award; in France, the Prix Apollo and the more fannish Prix Rosy Aîné; in Germany, the Kurd Lasswitz Preis; etc. etc. etc.. I list many of them in my newsletter *Shards of Babel*; I certainly won't repeat it here. No matter how rewarding getting an award may be, it's important to keep remembering that most awards cannot be more than the results of a popularity poll, and not to attach too great a significance to them. There are still people who take the Hugo award seriously as a criterion of Absolute Merit.

1983 was a very good year for Czech fandom. The first meeting of all sf clubs so far existing in Czechoslovakia was held in Teplice in March, followed by the first Parcon, held in Pardubice in April, and a solstice feast in June, held near the hundreds of stones and menhirs that formed the palaeoastronomical observatory at Kounov's ranges. Some 40 Czech fans gathered there, to meet each other, discuss, and observe the solstice; and all the while, it was raining cats and dogs....

In July, the french professionals' organisation '1984' was founded. '1984' is an organisation along the lines of the American SFWA, open to all French-speaking sf professionals, writers as well as critics, translators, artists, etc.. The organisation will soon have to be re-christened, by the way, since there already exists two societies with the same name. '1984' is popular! And yes, 1983 was also the year in which we began to be swamped by stuff about Orwell. I guess that by the time you read this,

both you and I shall be sick of it; but in eighty-three, it was still fairly new. The first 'Orwellcon' was held in November, 1983, in Antwerp, with Guest of Honour Anthony Burgess, and a sound academic programme attracting a couple of hundred people.

While mentioning professional affairs, I should note that sf magazines on the Continent didn't perform too well, unfortunately. In Sweden, Sam Lundwall had to combine his newszine *SF Nytt* with his other magazine *Jules Verne Magasinet*, to meet "economic problems"; in Spain, *Nueva Dimensión* folded after fifteen years of publication and 147 issues; in Italy, the newest of the two sf magazines, *Pulp*, didn't sell well enough to sustain a bookshop distribution, and is now available through subscriptions only; and in Germany, the 1983 Eurocon winner *Solaris Magazin* was faced with serious distribution problems, causing it to fold altogether.

French fan Pascal Thomas left for California in August, to live the life of a maths student for two years; Continental fandom has lost a part of its vitality by his absence. Pascal's departure also meant the demise of his excellent, chatty newszine *Dernier Salon Avant l'Autoroute*, a newsletter covering the French scene with a topicality and wit that will be hard to match. Luckily, the pretender to the throne, André-François Ruaud's *Yellow Submarine* (don't make the obvious mistake: *YS* is written entirely in French) is an excellent product, too.

Germany has been enriched with a fannish newszine during 1983. Well, new... *Fandhome Weekly* was a fannish, weekly newszine of which Klaus Marion published over sixty issues until he gaffiated; and the gap left by the collapse of *FW* was never properly filled. Hans-Jürgen Mader and Willmar Plewka have resurrected *FW* from the mothballs, and so far have managed not only to maintain the weekly schedule, but even managed to reactivate Klaus Marion again.

And then, a new fan fund has been launched: SEFF, the Scandinavian-European Fan Fund. It is the brainchild of Swedish fan Ahrvid Engholm. SEFF will bring a Swedish fan to Seacon '84 and will give a European fan (including of course Britain) the opportunity to attend a Scandinavian convention in 1985. Voting procedures for SEFF and fundraising activities are not unlike those for the two older fan funds DUFF and GUFF.

In 1984, the Continent will still be populated with fans, and fannish events. If you'd like to get to know some of them, or experience a Continental convention while on a holiday, the addresses below might be of help:

Newsletters:

- Fandhome Weekly*: Hans-Jürgen Mader, Pf 5126, D-6642 Mettlach, F.R.Germany
(news on German fandom; written in German)
- Fandom Mirror*: Dieter Schmidt, Lindenst. 12, D-2055 Aumühle, F.R.Germany
(news on the German pro scene; written in German)
- Fanytt*: Ahrvid Engholm, Maskinistgatan 9 Öb, S-11747 Stockholm, Sweden
(news on Scandinavian fan- & pro-dom; written in Swedish)
- Intercom*: Bruno Valle, Via San Pietro 5, I-16035 Rapallo, Italy
(news on the Italian scene; written in Italian)
- Shards of Babel*: Roelof Goudriaan, Postbus 1189, 8200 BD Lelystad, the Netherlands
(my own newszine, covering the European fan & pro scene; in English)
- Yellow Submarine*: André-François Ruaud, BP 47, F-33031 Bordeaux-Cedex, France
(news on French fandom; written in French)

National Conventions in 1984:

- Benelux**: Beneluxcon 11, Ghent, Belgium. 7-9 September. A multi-lingual, fannish con.
Details from André de Rycke, Eendenplasstraat 70, B-9050 Evergem, Belgium
- France**: 11e Convention Française de SF, Nancy. 27-30 September. French-language con.
Details from Michael Ruf, 140 rue Charles Gounod, F-54500 Vandoeuvre, France
- Germany**: SFCD con 84, Erlangen. 3-5 August. Strictly German language.
Details from Dietmar Wagner, Anderlohstrasse 51, D-8520 Erlangen, F.R.Germany

1957 ... 1965 ... 1970 ... 1979
It's time for another Worldcon in Europe!



Help us celebrate our Golden Anniversary—support
BRITAIN IN '87!

BRITAIN IN 87!

Britain was Fine in Seventy-Nine...

We think the time is right for another British Worldcon. Seacon 79, the last World SF Convention in this country, was tremendously successful and popular. Now we're bidding for 1987, armed with the experience of Seacon plus great gobs of fresh talent, ready to make this a more superbly wonderful convention than any previously held in Britain.

Britain's Heaven in Eighty-Seven

What has this bid got going for it? We're better-prepared than ever to handle a Worldcon, with lots of people now experienced in running the British cons which have grown hugely in size and number since 1979. We're not merely a local group of fans: we have the whole country's talent and expertise to draw on. We've been encouraged by noises of support from America, Australia, continental Europe and the professional SF world. (You don't need to look beyond, say, number 1 on our pre-supporters' list to find such names as Gene Wolfe.) And for British fans 1987 is a special year, a golden year. In 1937, eleven fans—including Arthur C. Clarke and Eric Frank Russell—gathered at the Theosophical Hall in Leeds for the world's first organized SF convention. Fifty years later, at a 1987 British Worldcon, would seem the right time and place for all of us to celebrate a sort of Golden Jubilee.

Where and When?

Provisionally we've rejected the Theosophical Hall in Leeds as our venue. As yet, spies are still checking out the best possible sites in the country. The choice may seem restricted, but we still hope to surprise and delight you all. Watch this space! The date will be on and around the Bank Holiday weekend near the end of August 1987. This normally falls the week before America's Labour Day—so intrepid con-goers would again be able to hurtle straight from the British Worldcon to North America's substitute event the NASFIC.

We Name the Guilty Ones

The present bidding-committee nucleus, small but frighteningly efficient, is poised to expand fungus-like and engulf vast sectors of British fandom. The spores, as it were, are Chris Atkinson, Malcolm Edwards in the chair, Colin fine, Dave Langford, Hugh Mascetti and Martin Tudor. Between us we can boast experience on countless past and present con committees (including Seacon 79 itself, various national cons and the imminent Eastercon/Eurocon, Seacon 84), plus assorted Hugo nominations, professional SF writing, editing and publishing achievements, fanzine publications, fan-poll and TAFF victories, and general fannish know-how. Also we are modest, incredibly modest.

A Word from our Treasurer: 'Money'

The day of judgement comes in 1985 at Aussiecon II, Melbourne, whose members will select the 1987 site—join Aussiecon now! To win our Worldcon against stiff opposition from two North American bids, we need to advertise all over the place, to convince waverers of Britain's true worth and open-handed generosity, to hold con parties promoting the bid, and much more. This costs money. Donations from fans, organizations and cons are always highly welcome; further ingenious schemes to separate you from your money will be unveiled throughout 1986. Our leading bargain offer is Pre-Supporting Membership: for a mere £1.00 or \$2.00 (US or Aussie) we will put your name on a list and publish it ruthlessly. The cost is ultimately deductible from the cost of full con membership, assuming we win, which of course we shall. Send money quickly, before we come to our senses and raise the amount—to your nearest Britain in 87 agent if his/her address is somewhere on this sheet. Otherwise, direct to our permanent address:

BRITAIN IN 87, 28 DUCKETT ROAD, LONDON, N4 1BN, GREAT BRITAIN.

AUSTRALIAN AGENT: Roger Weddall, 79 Bell St, Fitzroy, V3065

CONVENTIONS UPDATE

Eureka!con - the 23rd National Australian SF Convention

Dates: Easter: 20th - 23rd April, 1984

Venue: the Victoria Hotel, 215 Little Collins Street, Melbourne 3000, VIC

Goh: George Turner

Rates: Attending: \$25; Supporting: \$15, all this until the con, where it will cost \$30 to join at the door, or \$10 per day.

Accommodation: Single with no facilities: \$24/night

Twin with no facilities: \$30/night

Single with facilities: \$40/night

Twin with facilities: \$48/night. Please note that if you booked with

the hotel by the 10th of April, you are eligible for an \$8 discount on any room with facilities. Even if you haven't already applied for it. Contact Mrs Westerberg, at the Victoria. □□□ General correspondence, po box 175, South Melbourne 3205, VIC. About the convention in general: it looks like being a pretty ordinary con - that is to say, as enjoyable as usual. Some okay films but also things like a filksinging contest and a Vagon Poetry contest. And a 'Mimeo room'. A couple amusing points are 1) the business session has been slated at 9:30 on Sunday Morning, so no-one will attend except the group of people who are going to change the constitution for these events, especially the Ditmar (SF Award) rules - notice the way the final ballot has turned out? And 2) a long section in the last Progress Report detailing how children are not wanted at the convention, and how if you leave your kid alone for a moment then it shall... 'be kept behind the membership desk until the guardian is found, and they will be released upon payment of a full adult membership.' The thing so amusing about this is the idea that the committee could hope to enforce it. Ah, well.

Phantastacon - 'Australia's Premier Games Convention'

Dates: Easter: 20th - 23rd April, 1984

Venue: Diplomat Motor Inn, Auckland Street, St Kilda 3182, VIC

Rates: Adults: \$15, Students/Pensioners: \$12

Plus: \$2.00 per tournament entered (AD&D, DQ, Traveller, etc.)

And if you join after the 13th of April, in certain games there's a 'Late Fee' of \$2.00.

Mail: P.O. box 45, Mitcham 3132, VIC.

About the con in general: as one highly-placed member of the Eurekacon committee was heard to observe, "It will just be keeping away all the people we don't want anyway." And it's true that there doesn't seem to be much overlap between the two conventions. At Phantastacon, people play games and see good films, and at Eurekacon, wellll... the film programme isn't actually that bad, although it's open to debate just how many people will see any of it.

Both conventions sound as though they will provide the standard sort of fare that we have come to expect from people running them; the biggest but unpredictable bonus Eurekacon has being the possible attendance of people from interstate; but if you don't know any of them then I suppose this wouldn't count for much.

The Festival of Rowany - an SCA event

Dates: 20th - 25th of April

Venue: being held in the Winton area, on the outskirts of Sydney

Rate: approx. \$20, rising to \$30 at the 'door'.

Mail: % the Autocrats, 1 Killara Avenue, Riverwood 2210, NSW.

The event will be a huge festival/general celebration in the style of SCA occasions - mediaeval singing, dancing, exhibitions of fighting - with quite a few American members of said society coming out for the thing; perhaps as many as 25, I hear - and of course standard features such as feasts of spit-roasted creatures & mead & so on. It all sounds like a jolly affair, indeed, and well worth attending if you are interested in the Society for Creative Anachronism or such matters.

(Steve Roylance)

Meanwhile, things aren't completely dead in New Zealand, appearances to the contrary. Recently in Dunedin there was the very small, relaxed Dunnycon, and then, of course, there's...

MORBO 1984 - New Zealand's 6th National Science Fiction Convention

Dates: Queen's Birthday Weekend (1st-4th June)

Venue: Royal International Hotel, Victoria Street, Auckland

Rates: a well-kept secret (a la 'Kinkon')

Accommodation: single room: \$38/night

twin room: \$46/night

Mail: P.O.Box 1814, Auckland, New Zealand

The convention seems like being quite lively, even though the publicity so far has either been amateur, or non-existent. As a notable exception, you should see their poster advertising the con - Australians in the vicinity of Bell Street should drop in for a look; words can't do it justice. Okay, so it's sexist (maybe).

FFANZ winner Tor Cardy exhorts Australians to 'come by for a time you'll never forget - especially if well-known local fan Peter Hassall does his fire stunts near you!'

KINKON

Dates: 9th-11th June

Venue: the Victoria Hotel, 215 Little Collins Street, Melbourne 3000

Rates: Attending: \$20; Supporting: \$10; Single Day: \$10; Hucksters: \$40 (Hucksters' memberships include one table and 1 KINKON membership).

Accommodation: Single with no facilities: \$24

Double with no facilities: \$30

Triple with no facilities: \$36

Single with Facilities: \$32

Double with facilities: \$40

Triple with facilities: \$48

Guests: Alan Finney, and John Flaus

Mail: 29 Alexander Avenue, Dandenong 3175, 'phone (03) 793 1706.

Coming up later in the year are also Paranoiacon (Sydney) and Conquest 84 (Brisbane) - more details to hand at a later date - but perhaps the most notable upcoming convention (based on how good the previous ones were) is...

CIRCULATION THREE

Dates: 30th November - 2nd December

Venue: to be announced; a hotel in the Canberra region.

Rates: Attending: \$10 until the 24th of April (end of Eurekacon)/\$15 until 2nd of October (end of Paranoiacon - see I told you you'd be hearing more about it)/\$20 at the door. Supporting: \$5.

Accommodation: to be announced. Should be about \$45 per night for a double or twin.

Theme: 'Space Is The Place'

Mail: P.O.Box 42, Lyneham, ACT 2602, phone Jean Weber: (062) 47 5214 (h)
(062) 43 3350 (w)

In the tradition of Circulations, the whole affair will be pretty relaxed; there will nevertheless be a full video programme, and space for hucksters & art displays (but no art show). As per usual, should be quite a lot of fun. Oh yes, how could I forget: Mascot: Kim Huett.

Oh alright here's the information on PARANOIACON

Dates: 29th September to 2nd October (Long weekend in NSW, okay?)

Venue: don't ask: the idea is to hold it way out in the sticks - I even heard the word "Liverpool" mentioned - and there have been murmurs that the thing will even not go ahead because of worries over how many people will attend. Why not write to: Paranoiacon, Box 429, Sydney South 2001, NSW, and offer words of encouragement.

Price and details like that, still up in the air. Stay tuned....

"HUH?", featuring the planiloquent but slightly pleonastic CHANGES of ADDRESS

Melbourne: JOHN BANGSUND HAS A RONEO TO SELL. IT IS COMPLETE AND IN EXCELLENT, WORKING CONDITION - A 'RONEO 750 - the "ROLLS ROYCE OF DUPLICATORS". Normally selling at \$450 for you it is \$250. Yes, we've gone crazy at Dodgy Brothers - crazy crazy crazy.... Write to John at P.O.Box 80, Brunswick 3056, or look him up in the phone book god do I have to do EVERYTHING for you? Get off your lazy arse and snatch up this incredible bargain. ((Was that okay, John?)) □□□ Going from the commercial to the spiritual, sweet and romantic (heh heh) Victor Fejes and Chris Hand are to wed on Saturday the 11th of April, at St Carthages in Parkville. Catherine Circosta and Marc Ortlieb are to wed on the 12th of May, in Melbourne, at a huge Sicilian gathering (Catherine's relatives). Meanwhile, Marc Ortlieb has moved to 453 Kooyong Road, Elsternwick - that's where Catherine was living. She moves next door to where her parents are living - 455 - and her brother moves to 453, until the marriage when Cathy moves back to 453 and the brother move-out and then her parents leave on a trip and the couple move to 455, sort of. Got it? Right.... LynC and Clively have moved to 11 Denman Street, W.Brunswick 3056. Justin Ackroyd has left the country and vows never to return to where he was living; he can be reached in the near future through 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London, SW1V 2ER, U.K. □□□ At 9:30 on Friday evening, the 31st of March, Judy Clarke and Henry Gasko became the proud parents of a young baby daughter, Emily Ruth Gasko. There were no difficulties and everyone's doing fine. At last? the same can be said for James, the Bryce/Foyster baby. Whew. And Karen Small is expecting. That is, she's expecting a baby girl to arrive, sometime early November. You realise that even if you follow the instructions there's still a good chance it will come out the other sex, Karen.... Hm, er, yes okay, Asms is expecting (her) too; anyway a round of congratulations etc - congratulations also to Malcom & Fiona - Malcolm for getting married, and Fiona for changing her surname. Both events happened at roughly the same time on Saturday the 1st of April (yes I'm sure they must have realised). □□□ During Eurekacon, on the Saturday evening, Ebony Books will be launching Damien Broderick's new book, Transmitters. Damien and the publishers will doubtless be lurking around at the con, signing the thing the day after. This is Ebony Books publishers Jenny and Russell Blackford's first book. Speaking of books, Penguin has announced plans to do a paperback copy of The Plains, Gerald Murnane's book originally done in hardcover by Norstrilia Press. Last I heard Penguin were a little vague about when they'd be doing it - "maybe March". Hmmn.... And on the Norstrilia Press front, their first book Philip K. Dick: The Electric Shepherd has finally sold out. And speaking of Eurekacon, as we were, Peter Toluzzi's father has decided to pay for Peter to fly out on a short visit to Australia, and - luckily enough? - he will be here for the con; he'll be back in Aus (Sydney) a couple of days before the con, and afterwards will be haheading straight back to Sydney for another week (Just when you thought it was safe to...). Meanwhile, really exciting things are happening in Sydney - H.A.M.I.L.L.S. - the 'Star Wars' Appreciation Society of Australia - has started up. Membership is \$1 and plus quarterly newsletter costs an extra \$. Write to H.A.M.I.L.L.S. P.O.Box 669, Campbelltown 2560, NSW, for further details. Jack Herman reports that 'the SSFF is going to be reformed in some guise at a meeting on the evening of 6th April at a time & place to be confirmed ("somewhere, a plaaaaace for us").' The intention was that it act more as an umbrella group than as an active club in its own right - perhaps much the same way that the largely invisible Australian SF Foundation acts. □□□ On the subject of Jack Herman, he and Cathy McDonnell became engaged on the 29th of February, and will wed on the 26th of December, 1984. More congratulations in order.

New Zealand/Sweden: Frank Macskasy Jnr really has moved to Sweden after all; the reason his address is still P.O.Box 27274, Wellington 1, New Zealand, is that his wife Caroline sends the mail on thto wherever it has to go. Anyone in New Zealand who knows Frank or knows of him will understand the reason for this; it's a long story. Frank writes and mentions that, since his family left NZ for Sverige in '79, they have lived in fourteen different houses. Again, for those who know him.... Oh, but just when you thought it was safe... Frank suggests that one day he could opossibly return, ho ho. "Negro-hunters! Master-gardeners!" Once in a while an item comes along that is completely irresistible, and this is one of them: here follows the announcement I got, in full:

'Sänd mig genast ett provnummer av novelltidskriften OXOMOCCO! För 9 kronor får jag 32 rikt illustrerade sidor med noveller av Tony Eriksson och Mika H Tenhovaara. Illustrationer av Steven Hägg, Jan Risheden och Mats Nilsson. OXOMOCCO är en helt ideell tidskrift för alla som gillar noveller, eller som kanske själva skriver. Science fiction, fantasy, humor. Noveller om både negerjägare och trädgårdsmästare. Spannande, fantastiska, filosofiska, geografiska, historiska och roliga noveller. Det kan man inte missa!' (I'm assuming you have a Swedish-English Dictionary in the house, but it really is worth translating. Honest!) □□□
 Okay, it's about time to fold this thing - 26 pages is far too long for a newszine, in my opinion. In fact, I've left out a good three pages of material that may surface in the next issue - I couldn't face a thirty page issue (You try typing it in two days!). Anyway, this is probably as good a time as any to mention that as of the next issue, Thyme will be going fortnightly, at least for the next couple of issues. While I was over in WA I saw some old copies of *Fanewsletter* - a seventies newszine, by Leigh Edmonds. It was only one foolscap page, both sides printed, plus a flyer of some sort with each issue. Well! Only typing even four pages of stuff every two weeks, instead of ten-to-fourteen every four... the eyes reel in their sockets, the head spins.... It sounds so easy. Well, appearances could well be deceptive, but we shall see. You should be reading the next issue 14 days from this one, and so on. It's certainly one way of avoiding a huge backlog....

Okay. Thanks for this issue looking the way it does must go to Seth, John, Koren, Alan, Roelof, Ahrvid, LynC, Marc, Justin and, of course, as ever, VICTOR. Hey - and Harry, of course. Hokai, seeyuz 'round,
 Zorro.

IRWIN HIRSH
 279 DOMAIN ROAD
 SOUTH YARRA
 3141
 YES, I'M AHEAD IT'S
 TIME TO PAY UP!
 (P.S. LITTLE IS ON THE WAY.)
 (P.S. IF TERRY COULD GET THE
 CHOP, SO CAN YOU!)

registered by australia post
 publication number vbh2625
 PRINTED MATTER
 if not delivered in 14 days
 return to: THYME, P.O. Box 273
 Fitzroy 3065, Vic.

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