

IN the FALL AROUND
HERE WE TAKE DOWN
the GREEN PLASTIC PLANTS
and PUT UP the ORANGE
and BROWN PLASTIC PLANTS.

thyme

... wow...

speaking of
foliage, how
are ya doing?

©brad w foster-1978

AUSSIE BATTLER MAKES SIGNIFICANT BREAKTHROUGH IN METAL REFINING

A real Aussie battler, Noel Wilson, has developed a refining process that produces 99.7% pure metal direct from the ore in one operation. At the same time the process consumes an estimated 37% less energy than existing methods.

Laboratories in U.S.A., Europe and Russia have been publishing reports on experiments with laser shine, Plasmas, and Migma aneutronic reactions.

For the first time, Noel Wilson has combined the theories of all three phenomina((sic)) into one machine, to score a major breakthrough, and greatly reduce the cost of refining metals.

Environmentalists will be pleased to know that the process is the only "neuclear((sic)) reaction" known to man that is totally safe, produces no toxic wastes, and no harmful radiation.

Correctly adapted and applied, it has the potential to supply the needs of developing countries in ways not possible before.

Laser shine is associated with the excitation of atomic structures in gaseous states, similar to the common flourescent((sic)) tube, but in this case to levels which create white light.

Plasma is generated on the surface of certain materials when suitable electro-magnetic waves vapourize the surface of the material.

If these two phenomina are generated simultaneously within a sealed chamber which incidently, also contains metal ore, by passing a sustained high current low voltage (AC) through a carbon rod in a manner usually described by an electrician as a "dead short", the laser shine and the plasma phenomina occur, together with a third situation.

The carbon rod is placed across a diameter of the chamber, and is in fact analagous to a resister((sic)). The AC current pulsing through the carbon resister rod generates electro-magnetic wave forms which result in complicated patterns of magnetic fields to revolve at great speed around the carbon rod. These patterns are called MIGMA; and they are associated with what are now called "aneutronic reactions".

These three phenomina occur simultaneously within the sealed chamber. The continuous stream of pumping, known as "optical pumping", or "weak interaction" builds up "pressure" within the chamber, and collisions between atomic particles occur at an extremely high rate.

The heat that is created by these three phenomina being created within the chamber melts the ore, and reduces the metal to a high degree of purity; the metal is poured out of the chamber and formed into ingots.

If you have a supply of ore and you would like to see the furnace being loaded with your ore, and later observe your metal poured into ingot moulds and afterwards, take your ingots away to be tested for purity, please contact Noel Wilson (Phone 02 517 1451)

He won't say much. He'll do it for you while you watch.

A world patent for the machine and process is applied for.

((The above press release arrived on the Science desk of the Australian Financial Review recently - it is quite genuine))


Thyme #42, the monthly Newszine which is allowed to take holidays if it wants to! (but only in months starting with "D" ... and sometimes "J") but finds all the news out of date when it gets back ((sigh...)). All complaints should be sent to Roger Weddall of P.O. Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, or one of his underpaid employees. Thyme is available for an arm or a leg, news, letters, artwork, food parcels, or MONEY at the following rates: AUSTRALIA: Eight issues for five dollars; NORTH AMERICA, NEW ZEALAND: Ten issues for ten dollars; EUROPE: ten issues for 5 pounds/DM20/ a letter of interest.

ALL OVERSEAS COPIES ARE SENT AIRMAIL

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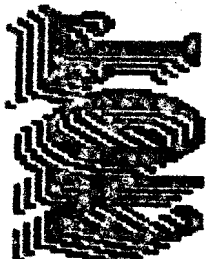
Don't forget, a big silver X next to your name on the front probably means you won't be seeing any more of these for a while unless you ... DO SOMETHING.

~~~~~  
Review - "So Long and Thanks for all the Fish" (Douglas Adams, Pan)



The further adventures of the author's alter ego, Arthur Dent, get off to a poor start with the cover proclaiming "The Fourth Book in the Hitch-Hiker Trilogy" (is it that the publishers believe that any work over multiple volumes is a trilogy or is it that they are just stupid?) and featuring a picture of a walrus (Obviously the work of a very disoriented mind, a walrus is very unlike a dolphin).

Unfortunately, things do not improve as the book is opened.



The story takes place on Earth, soon after the supposed destruction of the planet by the Vogons. Arthur returns and attempts to pick up the threads of his former life.

Alas, Arthur has changed. He is no longer the 'everyman' struggling to come to grips with a strange universe. Instead, his eight years of galactic hitch-hiking have changed him considerably, and it is now Arthur that is strange, not his surroundings.

In general, the book follows the same format as its predecessors. It is full of anecdotes detailing all those little nagging things which have annoyed or amused the author of late.

These tales, though, are now directly identified with the real world, instead of being in some far-flung fantastic corner of the universe. They lose something without the translation.

There are, however, some funny and amusing segments. Marvin makes a cameo appearance and Ford Prefect is his usual over-the-top self. On balance though, the final sentence does appear to sum up this latest attempt to milk an amusing idea for every cent possible.

(Read the final sentence for yourself before purchase, it may save you \$4.95)

- A.N. MOUS.

#####

Now that the silly season is over and 1985 is here to stay for a bit, fans are beginning to face the really serious issues like what to do about next month's postal charge increases and where to eat on Friday/Thursday night. The following are offered

#### A FOREIGNER IN SYDNEY - Peter Burns

In Sydney, the focus of fannish activity appears to lie in the time-honoured tradition of "milling about outside Galaxy Bookshop on Thursday evening." Sydney fandom is no more fragmented than any other fandom, it was explained, it's just that here a lot of groups choose to rendezvous at the same place and the same time, so the divisions are made more obvious than in say Melbourne, where they all meet in different places at different times.

So it was, after the also traditional "illegal parking of the car" (huge tracts of Sydney kerbsides suddenly become legal parking at 6pm - Sydneysiders are impatient people), I turn up to find a Wilson group sort of clustered over the other side of the footpath from a gathering readily identifiable by the guy in the funny hat as the Jack Herman group. The Jack Herman group is the group into serious discussion of Science Fiction, it was explained. Standing next to them is the SCA group - the Jack Herman group doesn't believe that the SCA group exists, which possibly explains why they are attempting to occupy the same area of space-time on the footpath. A fourth group - the "Womble group" has already departed in search of wedding rings. It has long been observed that in the natural order of things, Sydney people get married, Melbourne people buy houses, Adelaide people have babies... - or leave. It seems that most Adelaide fen have opted for the latter for some reason.

Every so often, some people would also go inside the bookshop partly forming the fifth fannish group - the group of people who don't belong to any group, which is less a group than an amorphous blob (it was explained). So, inside, they sort of stand around staring blankly at the bookshelves and waiting for someone to talk to them; occasionally, one of the uninitiated decides to actually buy a book. In one corner can be seen a couple of D&D'ers secretly talking over a map while pretending to look at a book.

I couldn't help reflecting that in spite of all the diversity of fandom gathered here, the whole lot could have been comfortably sat around a table at Stalactites (if sitting 20 - 30 people around a table at Stalactites can really be called "comfortable"), so maybe it remains true that Sydney fandom is smaller than its counterpart in Melbourne.

And so it was, the people gradually drifted away in their groups of 4 or 5 in search of eating places, or just home. By 7pm, this unique spectacle of the gathering of the fans was over.

#### MEANWHILE IN MELBOURNE

Rumours are rife of breakaway groups from the Friday evening at Stalactites. The specialty Mixed Grill has been replaced by the Appertiser Giros as the favourite dish of the group - some fans don't seem to want to eat anything there anymore, beyond the bread (which they've given up supplying butter for) and the water (which they seem to have precious little of). Last week, the waiter was even seen to remove our Coca Cola Can tower from the table. It could have been the last straw.

But in the midst of, and even in spite of all this, I give you the...

#### THE STALACTITES REVIEW - Mark Lawson

I have often wondered about how waiters and waitresses get their training at serving tables.

There are courses in such subjects but I suppose that 90 per cent of the time it's a matter of the hapless student being chucked off the deep end and, well, that gentleman at table three didn't really want his paupiettes de a la princesse anyway, even if he is a well-known restaurant critic.

However, if waiters and such were trained with much the same thoroughness as is



\* \* \* \* \* Thyme #42 \* \* \* \* \* p5  
considered necessary for the modern soldier, then the table-waiting equivalent of a six-month comando course must be Friday evening with the SF fans, upstairs at Stalactites.

For on Friday nights at Stalactites, an SF fan is an SF fan, and the restaurant staff are nervous.

That is not to say that the fans gathering for dinner there each week are given to such practices as, say, biting the waiter (at least, not yet).

No, the problem is that when the "old-guard" of the Melbourne University Science Fiction Association (MUSFA), plus wives and several fellow thinkers, gather for dinner, the gathering seems to adopt a different approach to ordering meals and does things like build coke-can pyramids.

But beyond the aforementioned Coke-Can Pyramid, it is difficult to say precisely what it is that the staff must find trying, although they mostly take it in good part. To have a stab at specifying the differences I would say the waiter(esses) can expect a great deal more reaction, more feedback, from fans than from the run-of-the-mill restaurant patron who orders a meal, eats it, pays the bill and leaves.

The Friday night group can number up to 30, all in one big pride (Or is it pod?). During the meal the members have been known to call out to one another, tell off-jokes, conduct loud conversations, sometimes with appropriate gestures, and in their enthusiasm to act out the great situation comedy play of SF fan life, use the staff as stage props and conversation pieces, rather than mere servitors.

This may explain why we get strange looks from other diners and, just to add a bit of meat to the mystery for the "normal" people, none of the group can be seen to be consuming any alcohol.

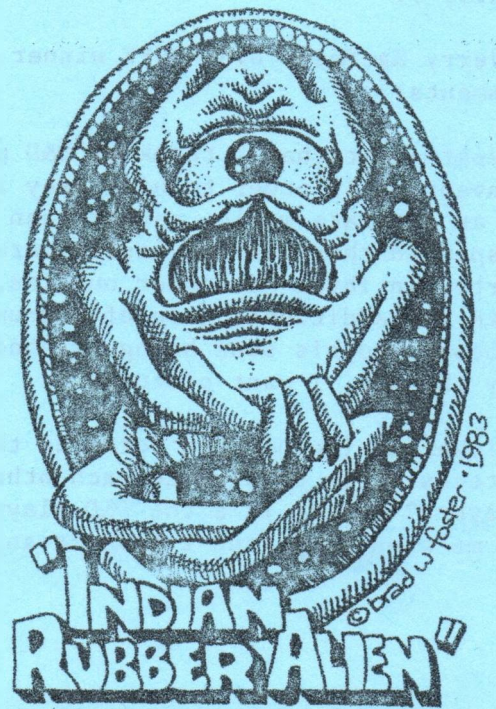
On one recent occasion I tried to make the waiter mal-treatment a bit more systematic. "All those who don't want the Giros or Mixed Grill, but might want the Souvlakie or Callamari, raise their right hand", I called out, "but if you want a Giros but don't want a Cappiccino then raise your left arm and whistle."

Everyone, including the waiter, looked at me strangely, and I subsided muttering "it's the thought which counts".

I suppose they were right. True waiter annoying is a spontaneous thing, like artistic impulses and the urge for a pizza, and cannot be cultivated or forced. Staff confusion must be provoked as part of the natural process of being an SF fan at Stalactites for true enjoyment of the results.

Of course, the Friday night group has been fairly good at the art of exasperating waiters ever since it coalesced - formed is too strong a word - several years ago at Museos, two doors up from the Space-Age bookshop where Justin Ackroyd used to work. In fact the group originally formed because of Justin and Melbourne's late night shopping hours on Friday. When Justin went to Museos for an evening munch a few people joined him, and things developed from there. After a while Justin's comings and goings were irrelevant - the group had developed momentum, or inertia, of its own.

The move from Museos was unavoidable - they took the restaurant away - and for some time "the Group", for want of a better name, oscillated between several ghastly Swanston Street coffee lounges, including one sandwiched between two of Melbourne's





\* \* \* \* \* Thyme #42 \* \* \* \* \* p6  
more dubious places of entertainment ((The Shaft Sinema(sic), and the Barrell Cinema)), before settling at Stalactites. The restaurant is on the corner of Russell and Lonsdale Streets and on the fringes of the small Creek section of Melbourne City Centre. Its menu has a muddily greek inclination.

Now some fans are talking of shifting again - a move possibly inspired by Stalactites uninteresting food, lack of butter with the bread and erratic service, even given the aforementioned mistreatment. At times the waiters seem to forget entirely that Stalactites has an upstairs.

So it's time to hit the restaurant trail again. Ah me! Where can a wandering fan set down roots and find a decent main course for \$7?

- Mark Lawson (feature writer on loan from the Financial Review)

\*\*\*\*\*XXXXX\*\*\*\*\*

#### FAN CONTROVERSY

((In Thyme#39, there appeared a letter from Lyn James about things like the way D&D players see themselves in fandom. In part: "...it was reported that the SF Mob were a stack of stuck up snobs who love back-biting and only talk to the in people (publishers, authors, GUFF, DUFF, FLUFF, whatever, winners, or someone who knows someone. D&D'ers are out (way out), not worth the time taken to enrol them at a con..."))

((Jerry Kaufman, U.S. DUFF winner who attended Syncon '83, offers the following comments:))

I must admit that I think of D&D players as mainly 12-15 year old boys who come to a convention in order to hide away in a room all weekend and pretend they're in a maze in an alterate world, rather than at a hotel among sf fans. No wonder I never suspected that Lyn and Leslie were D&D players! They were right there in the liveliest party, in Three Musketeer outfits, rubbing my back, telling me how cute I was, and, with the additional help of a drunken Andrew Brown, reenacting the classical statue of Laocoon and his sons being grabbed by a seamonster, all while Bob James took pictures. (By the way, I want pictures!)

Neither Leslie nor Lyn acted as though they expected us to be stuck up, or only interested in talking to each other. Maybe they need to carry the word back to the D&D players? Unless it's the D&D players who are stuck up. Maybe they won't want to talk to me when they find I haven't any interest in playing D&D.

\*\*\*\*\*

#### OLD NEWS HERE

Circulation III - Dada Dah DaDa Dah Da Da (30 Nov - 2 Dec 1985) John Newman

I didn't think I was going to make it to this con. I had to rely on things not going well at work. Fortunately, things did not go well, and I went to the con.

Circulations are always pleasant. I feel that this must to some degree reflect the nature of Canberra. It is a good place to goof off in. Nice climate. Lots of shopping at odd hours. Easy driving. Friendly people. Not a place that gives the impression of being designed for working in!

Thus, while the previous Circulations had programs and stuff, this was a relaxacon with videos, parties and the occasional "group event" (no that is not a euphemism!) in the one large room we had. I don't know how many people were present, but there must have been about seventy or more. Folk from all over.

That's another good thing about Canberra. More people seem to think it is in reasonable travelling distance than any other interstate venue. These days there

appears to be a considerable local fan population developing as well, so good attendance at a convention is almost assured.

The usual sub-groups of fandom were present. Video junkies, digital devotees, medieval minions, trek teams and the warward could be seen and/or heard doing their respective things and all without damaging one another. There were a lot of (to me) new faces, giving the impression that at least some of these groups are growing. Perhaps fandom isn't dying after all (quick, tell everyone, we don't need to have a Worldcon!).

A few events stick out in the mind. The barbeque was a great item, with Sandra Hyde doing sterling work in the cooking department. The DIY captions to old fan photo's were fun (as I won a prize!). The videos brought a lot of diverse folk in, as a couple of good/classic/uncommon films were available. After the first (of many) showings of "The Return of Captain Invincible" on the friday night, some of us spent the rest of the con humming,

"The good guys, and the bad guys,  
DaDa Dah DaDa Dah Da Da ..."

...because no-one could remember the next line of the chorus.

So what did I do at the con? Mmm, it is always so hard to pin down the details. All the things that are nice to do, I guess. Seeing friends, talking, kissing, thinking about all sorts of things, voting (oh, yeah, this con had a statutory requirement!) and so-on.

Thanks to Jean Weber, and the Hydies, and lots of other folk (and Jim and Carole for a great Dead Something Party) it was an excellent way to spend the weekend. But these things are sure hard to explain to people!

Jean Weber (greatly appreciated)

Well, Circulation 3, the convention. I was a major organiser, so I don't feel I could do justice to a con report, at least not in terms of whether the con worked or not, whether the attendees enjoyed it or not, etc. An organiser is just too close to the action to really observe it. Especially when the opening night party is held in one's room because (a) the function room wasn't available at the last minute; (b) nobody else on the committee has taken a room at the venue, the cheap sods; and (c) our room not only had a kitchen but it was next door to the room booked for the video program. Yes, it was convenient and probably worked better than if we'd had the function room - most people stood around the car park talking, as it was a very pleasant evening. In my usual style, I went into the second room (it was almost a suite), put in my ear plugs, and fell asleep about midnight. I'm told I missed, among other things, an attempt to get 17 (or was it 19?) people on the double bed at about 1:30am or so.

Not much of what was planned (I use the term loosely) actually occurred on Saturday and Sunday, but if anybody particularly minded, they didn't tell me. Quite a few people took the opportunity to do a bit of sightseeing or visit a bookshop. The highlights of the "programming" were the Aussiecon II panel and the fan fund auction. The panel featured Terry Stroud, Carey Handfield, Mandy Herriot and Mark Linneman. (Other committee members were present but refused to come out of the audience and onto the stage.) It appeared that the major concern of those in the audience was the party facilities - considering the interests of relaxacon devotees, this is hardly surprising. The auction raised \$66.60 for each of DUFF and GUFF, and \$147.40 for the Shaw Fund. The latter sum is largely due to very high prices paid on only a few items: 2 beautiful (and presumably delicious) peppermint chocolate unicorns made by LynC, and some buttons and posters and such. Ken Colbert donated a box of books (some of which fetched good prices) and John Fox contributed 4 reels of Super-8 film with scenes from Barbarella. Mark Denbow acted as main auctioneer, assisted by Jim Nomarhas, whose various phoney accents rendered most of what he said quite incomprehensible to the audience.

Another highlight was a series of photographs of fans, for which attendees were asked to write captions. Judging was in the categories of Most Fitting, Most Filthy, and

Most Funny. Suspiciously, quite a few of the 6 prizes were won by committee members. On Sunday, another of Sandra Hyde's wonderful barbeques sustained the ten, especially welcome to those who'd had to leave their rooms by 10:00am. Otherwise, fans mostly made their own entertainment: I noticed 2 or 3 board games going, and the video room appeared popular too. No doubt I've forgotten lots of other things.

Because the committee had budgetted for some expenses which did not eventuate, we spent as much money as we could on food and drink, including the barbeque. This seemed to be appreciated. Nevertheless, we still ended up with an embarrassingly large profit of \$335 (with a membership of about 80). We plan to divide this money up to various fannish causes: some to the Canberra SF Society (the nominal perpetrators of Circulation), some to the committee planning to bid for a Canberra Natcom in 1987, and a small amount to reimburse two people who had money stolen during the con.

Yes folks, theft is becoming a regular event at cons. All 3 Circulations and Paranoiakon have seen money stolen from attendees (and in one case from the committee till), and I'm sure other cons have as well. It isn't necessarily other attendees who've pilfered (we do, after all, slouch around in public places part of the time), but we can't rule that out. Keep an eye on your shoulder bags, both men and women - especially at parties or other crowded situations.

LynC (who'd just got her licence)

From the distance of a month and a half, it seems like the con of fixing cars. At least, I'm sure Mark Denbow must have felt it was.

First there was Terry Stroud's car. It started making funny noises as they approached Canberra. It got driven around to Mark & Kim's place Saturday evening to receive a new part.

Then Gerald's car seemed to be giving trouble, and I have a recollection of seeing Mark staring at its engine also.

And, lo and behold, at the barbeque (Sunday lunch), there was Mark again, up to his elbows (and further) in Richard Hryckiewicz's vehicle (spelling, Richard?).

As I said, the con of fixing cars.

For the rest it started really well, with Clive making one of those silly sexist remarks that he and Phil occasionally make. If Mandy hadn't been there to kill him, I'm sure Jean would have tried. And Mandy, knowing him better, was a little easier on him than I'm sure Jean would've been, given the nature of the remark. (thanks, Mandy). Don't worry, if I'd been there, it would've been me trying to kill him ((and succeeding even less well)). I believe Jean has forgiven him. At least I hope she has, it would be terrible for future relations to think that she meant it.

Apart from minor fun incidents like that, it really was a relaxacon.

Since we were among those fortunate enough to have a fridge, Saturday morning was spent wandering around various local shopping centres (by car) in search of a supermarket that sold vittles, while the Canberrites and the New South Welshmen went off in dribs and drabs to do their patriotic duty (it was that Saturday).

Saturday afternoon and evening must have been the auction. It was cut in the middle for a Dr Who Presentation in the video room, and tea. It was a good auction for the buyers. About the only things that got the bidding excited were chocolate unicorns, and badges (where at one point, Clive threatened to lock Roy Ferguson out of our room if he bid again; but Roy, having the other key, bid anyway). And once again the slinky was bought for the Shaw Fund, to be re-presented to Justin (this time by Roy).

Sunday morning, Clive, Roy (badge bidding forgiven), and myself went off to Academic Reminders ((left over students?)), which is a large warehouse full of obsolete textbooks and remaindered book stock. We had a pleasant few hours' browse, and



After the barbeque there was supposed to be an S.C.A. display which I'd been looking forward to; but in true relaxacon tradition, the S.C.A. folk had become too relaxed and it didn't happen. Ah, well.

Instead we trouped along to a hands-on Science and Technology exhibit, Questacon. An excellent idea. You go in and actually play with things, and if you're curious, there's even someone to explain to you why things work as they do. There were light exhibits, an exercise bike that activated a small generator, viscosity displays, perpetual motion ((and they said it would never work!!!)), telephones, lighthouse lantern design, colour filters, the effects of mixing colours, the effect of stress on plastic seen through polarised light and lots more.

From there to the film "Gremlins" (Speilberg has done better), and from that to the dead dog party after a detour back to the caravan park. En route to the dead dog, Clive and I, and quite a few others, discovered the hard way that Canberra shuts down after dark. The shopping centre local to the dead dog (it was at Carole and Jim's) boasts a pizza parlour (of sorts) which stops making pizzas after 7.30pm!

And, of course, the following morning we were up nice and bright and early to com back to Melbourne. As we were leaving, it started to rain - the only time during the entire con.

There were also videos (none of which spring to mind, I didn't spend much time there) and, of course, parties. I only attended one of these; at which some cretin in a Ghost Busters shirt insisted on taking photos of people. Him I could cheerfully have strangled. The parties, on the whole though, must have been good judging by the lateness of the hour when our room-mates sauntered in and the general seediness of at least one of them the following mornings. Yours truly was too relaxed to bother and went to bed instead.

That just about summarises the con. It was enjoyable, relaxing, and a good many nice new faces were encountered, as well as a good many old ones. It was a con where it wasn't too crowded and noisy, so that talking to people became enjoyable instead of a chore. As a result, there were also a good many whom I've known for years, with whom I've finally become more than "just acquainted".

Clive and I, at least, had a good time; so good in fact that if Clive hadn't got hayfever, we would have been back for the New Year Party.

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#### CONVENTION UPDATES

##### ADVENTION 85 (24th National Convention)

Dates: 5-8 April 1985 (Easter)

Venue: The Townhouse, Cnr Hindley and Adelaide St, Adelaide.

Rates: \$25 attending; supporting is \$5.

Rooms: \$44 per night single currently. PR#1 says bookings should be made directly with the hotel, Ph 211 8255 (local) or (interstate local fee only) 008 88 8241.

Theme: AcCeleration of Australian Science Fiction

Mail: 95 Second Ave, Joslin 5070

One Melbourne fan was heard to mutter recently: "I always wondered what would happen if they held a National Convention and nobody turned up". Obviously the enthusiasm of the local organisers in Adelaide is still waiting to permeate to some interstate fan communities. Still, this could be the convention which surprises everyone.

and also nomination forms for the Australian Science Fiction Achievement Awards (Ditmars) are now available - direct from Advention, (Alan Bray is the awards sub-committee) but if you live in Melbourne Justin Ackroyd and Marc Ortlieb have a supply (which contains a mistake - there is nowhere to nominate



for "best dramatic presentation" unless you write it in yourself - which you're allowed to do). Closing date for nominations is February 28th. So don't forget - VOTE or else write lots of nasty letters to Thyme complaining about how apathetic everyone is.

#### CON AMORE

Dates: 8 - 10 June, 1985  
 Venue: Park Royal Hotel, Alice St, Brisbane  
 Goh's: David Gerold, Justin Scott  
 Fan Goh's: Susan Clarke, Dennis Stocks  
 Rates: \$30 attending, \$10 Supporting  
 Rooms: \$65 double/twin, third person \$10 extra  
 Mail: P.O. Box 231, Cannon Hill 4170  
 Theme: "With Enthusiasm"

Looking at PR#3, the theme seems to just about sum up the convention committee (from where I sit, anyway). They're even organising preliminary activities like dances and such months in advance. I suppose this must be the media con to attend in 1985. Writer's workshop, Transfinite....

#### AUSSIECON II (43rd World Science Fiction Convention)

Dates: 22 - 26 August 1985  
 Rates: \$60 attending, \$30 supporting. Special children's rate - \$5.  
 Venue: Melbourne  
 Mail: G.P.O. Box 2253V, Melbourne 3001.

There will be a second meeting for people interested in providing ideas for the Aussiecon II Programme:-

SUNDAY FEBRUARY 10th - 2.00p.m. at Mandy Herriot and Phil Ware's place 77 Railway Place West, Flemington; Ph 376 8391.

This is an open meeting. If you have any programming ideas, please come along. Even if you think that your idea might have been suggested, come along and discuss it. You've probably got wrinkles on the idea that we haven't considered. Though it is not essential to be a member of Aussiecon II to attend the programming meeting, there will be membership forms available there ((they don't miss an opportunity, do they)). The meeting is BYO ((but mostly BYS)). If you want a say in the programming at Aussiecon II, ATTEND THIS MEETING or write a letter to the programming sub-committee c/- the convention address. They are looking for specific ideas, and so please provide an idea of how many people your items will involve, and of the potential audience for your item.

Please note: This meeting is specifically to do with PROGRAMMING.

#### CAMCON

Dates: 13-15 September, 1985  
 Venue: New Hall College, Cambridge, England  
 Rates: 7 pounds attending, 4 pounds supporting  
 Rooms: 16.10 per night for college rooms includes breakfast.  
 Mail: c/- Neil Taylor, Perspective Design Ltd, Top Floor, 9 Pembroke St, Cambridge, CB2 3QY.

The sixth in a series of Unicons. It's nice to see someone still organises good cheap Uni Conventions. According to the PR: "The programme will include the normal mix of talks, games, panels & films, and the committee has undertaken not to provide a disco under any circumstances."

((!!!!+????))



FAN FUNDS

TAFF RESULTS: (but little of the controversy)

|                                 | U.S. | U.K. | Total |
|---------------------------------|------|------|-------|
| Patrick & Teresa Nielson Hayden | 144  | 117  | 261   |
| Rich Coad                       | 42   | 9    | 51    |
| Martha Beck                     | 184  | 6    | 190   |

All of which probably proved something.

I was tempted to head this little piece something like: "U.S. Fandom Tears Own Eyes Out", To quote from a zine called 'Singing the Marsillaise':

"Remember fandom? Remember cheery ensmallled zines full of natter, artful triviality, and short letters? You wore knee breeches and I had a sailor hat with ribbons down the back or some such fool thing and anyway you can forget about it, kid; nobody does stuff like that any more. Let's talk about something else."

The "something else" is TAFF (Trans Atlantic Fan Fund - the original fan fund on which our own DUFF, GUFF and FFANZ are modelled) and the comment is a bit like the last wimper of (at which point we pick up Ansible - well known British Newszine)

"... a further attempt to use TAFF as a weapon, by central U.S. fans wishing to settle scores with the East and West coasts. The idea is to swamp the voting with endless write-ins for one Martha Beck (who's shown none of the transatlantic interest which should be a sine qua non for candidates). Votes are being whipped up at central U.S. cons by appeals to local chauvinism and efforts to stir up resentment between "con" and "fanzine" fans. If successful, this would incidently disenfranchise British fandom altogether and kill TAFF."

Pretty strong stuff, reacting to pretty nasty viscious stuff as various groups of U.S. fans get stuck into each other with personal abuse and anything else they can find (the details and background take up 5 pages of File 770 #50 - I won't be going into them). In a way, it must be seen as their business; a very sad business, I think.

Graham Koch wrote in a letter to File 770: "The accusations continue, zines fly to and fro, a new fan feud is born. A question, is Mr Bergeron ((one principal accuser)) the only one to believe it? If not, TAFF is dead... WIZ #12 ((another zine)) is enough. If TAFF is dead, let's bury it before the smell gets worse than it is now."

At which point, about, the TAFF results (see above) were settled. No more TAFF campaign, no more sting to feud? Not so. Having dealt so severely with TAFF, these very same fans are now preparing to get stuck into our very own DUFF...

DUFF CONTROVERSY!!!

Very briefly: rich brown separates from Linda Blanchard, becomes upset at things said in "Holier Than Thou" about the TAFF thing, withdraws from DUFF race, starts campaigning against the utterer (who he admits was duped and not intentionally evil) of these things on moral grounds. So there they all go, fighting again. Aren't fans wonderful. Now all we need is for some GUFF candidate to say something nasty about someone standing for DUFF and we could continue the whole thing full circle.

Thinks: Maybe if the money being spent on fanzines and overseas mailouts in support of this brawl was just put straight into the funds, everyone could be a lot happier. Sigh...

GUFF

Nothing much left to say except vote, buy more chocolates((beware the peppermint)), donate lots of money. ((Which paraphrases Justin's remark when asked for a contribution: "just tell them we need lots more money."))

# NOT THE GOSSIP COLUMN

## Victoria:

Terry Stroud's new phone number is 417 1117. Derrick and Christine Ashby now have separate Post Office Boxes; Derrick: P.O.Box 197, Albert Park, 3206; Christine: P.O. Box 175, South Melbourne, 3205. What does it mean, I wonder. From Bruce Gillespie: "Norstrillia Press has sold Gerald Murrane's "The Plains" to George Braziller (publisher) in New York for an un princely sum. The Plains was originally knocked back by Braziller about a year ago. George Braziller himself read it recently and, in the words of agent Virginia Krdd, "fell in love with the book." No US publication date has been set. Meanwhile, Gerald Murrane's next book, "Landscape with Landscape" will be published by Norstrillia Press in March/April 1985."

## N.S.W.

Debbie O'Brien and Robbie Matthews were married on 19 Jan. 127 Livingston St is reportedly threatening to up and move itself. The household isn't splitting up or anything, they're just looking for somewhere new to live. John Porter writes: "I probably won't be making any more VIDZINES till the New Year, when I will do a special issue on Sydney fandom (If I can)." Flash: Renowned Fanzine publisher Ron Clarke was found wandering the streets of Springwood wearing a placard "You were warned Ron - no more Typos". Mr Clarke had apparently been claw'd? by feral cats? as he repeatedly mutter'd "dark their manes were and Golden-eyed. The cats with opal eyes." The anonymous author said it hurt to write this.

## A.C.T.

Jean Weber gets stuck into some of the glaring errors appearing last issue: "Kim Huett lives at 14 Hannam Place, Mawson, and it's Jim and Carole Nomarhas. Someone must have sent you handwritten scrawl from which to translate!" ((yes, my handwriting is atrocious)) Mark Denbow and Kim Lambert were married over the New Year.(to each other) Kim Huett is not married to either of them. Karl Johnston has moved to 2/11 Hale Cresnet, Turner, ACT 2601 in an effort to secure a "shorter address" ((he says - probably a desire brought on by being a Canberra public servant))

## S.A.

Gordon Jackson has moved off the planet (almost) to 6/278 Casarina Dr, Nightcliff, N.T. 5792. He also asks: "do you know of anyone interested in SF currently living in Darwin who I can get in contact with."

## QLD

Club Obi Wan - Dance to the music of Michael Morris and his all electric One piece orchestra; delve into the mysteries of fizzbin; held Danish Assoc Hall, Cleveland St, Stones Corner, Saturday 23 February, 1985. \$12 single, \$20 double. Write to PO Box 231, Cannon Hill, 4170 ((they're the same people who are organising Con Amore))

## W.A.

Seth Lockwood is definitely living at Apartment 32 ((which is a Tardis)), 34 Smith St, Highgate, 6000. Ph (09) 328 5512. Some mail didn't reach him before - that's because the letter boxes hadn't been built yet.

## Overseas Travellers

From Ansible: "Linda Blanchard and rich brown appear to have moved in different directions to, respectively, c/- Weatherlow, 21339 Willow Lane, Stringsville, OR 44136 and 1014 N. Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046-3645, U.S.A. ("But that's Ted White's address...")".



## GUFF - 1985

**WHAT IS GUFF???** The Going Under Fan Fund (known in alternate years as the Get Up-and-over-Fan Fund) was established in 1979 to further contacts between European and Australian fandom by bringing a well-known and popular fan from one hemisphere to attend a convention(s) in the other. GUFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world, and each vote is accompanied by a fee of not less than £1.00 or A\$2.00. These votes and the continued interest and generosity of fandom are what make GUFF possible.

**WHO MAY VOTE?** Voting is open to anyone who was active in fandom (fanzines, conventions, clubs, etc.) prior to August 1983 and who contributes at least £1.00 or A\$2.00 to the fund. Contributions in excess of this minimum are gratefully accepted. Only one vote per person is allowed; proxy voting is forbidden; and you must sign your ballot. Details of the voting will be kept secret. "Write-in" candidates are permitted. Cheques, postal orders and money orders should be made payable to the appropriate administrator, not to GUFF.

**VOTING DETAILS** GUFF uses the Australian preferential ballot system, which guarantees an automatic run-off and a majority win. You rank the candidates in the order in which you wish to place them. If the leading first-place candidate does not get a majority of the total votes cast, the first-place votes of the lowest-ranking candidate are dropped and the second-place votes on those ballots then counted. This process goes on until one candidate has a majority. It is therefore important to vote for second and third place on your ballot. It is also a waste of time to put any candidates in more than one place.

**HOLD OVER FUNDS** This choice, similar to "No Award" in BSFA and Hugo Award balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no GUFF trip should the candidates not appeal to them or if they feel that GUFF should slow down the frequency of its trips.

**DONATIONS** GUFF needs continuous donations of money and material to be auctioned in order to exist. If you are ineligible to vote, or don't feel qualified to vote, why not donate anyway? Just as important as donations is publicity -- in fanzines, letters, convention booklets, and by word of mouth -- to increase voter participation and fandom's overall interest in and awareness of GUFF.

**THE CANDIDATES** Each candidate has promised, barring acts of God, to travel to the 1985 Worldcon (Aussiecon Two) in Melbourne if elected, has posted a bond of £5.00 and provided signed nominations and a platform, which is reproduced overleaf along with the ballot form.

**DEADLINE** Votes must reach the administrators by 30 April 1985

Send ballots and donations to:

Europe -- Joseph Nicholas  
22 Denbigh St  
Piccadilly  
London SW1V 2ER  
United Kingdom

Australia -- Justin Ackroyd  
GPO Box 2708X  
Melbourne  
Victoria 3001  
AUSTRALIA



## 1985 GUFF BALLOT

EVE HARVEY Any fandom that can produce Justin Ackroyd and persuade Joseph Nicholas to get married I just gotta see! But why should Aussie fandom want to meet me? Well, after 11 years in fandom, over 30 fanzines and 3 concons (including Worldcon 1979), I eventually learned how to relax and have now perfected the art of propping up a con bar whilst simultaneously talking to anyone willing to listen. Hence I'm a typical British fan, but with the "get two for the price of one" special offer -- vote for me and you get John too! Finally, I'm hopeless at excuses so I'll have to do a trip report.

NOMINATED BY: Jim Barker, Roelof Goudriaan, Jack Herman, Bob Shaw and Jean Weber.

JOHN JARROLD Well, yes, I like drinking. In fact, I like drinking quite a lot. I also like talking, partying and Faye Dunaway, not necessarily in that order. I've produced a dozen or so issues of my fanzine Prevert, various apazines, and been on the committee of Mexico, of which you will have heard glowing reports. I'd like to meet all you Australians, and I think you ought to vote for me. I certainly would if I had the chance.

NOMINATED BY: Leigh Edmonds, Dave Langford, Marc Ortlieb, Simon Ounsley and Sue Williams.

=====

I vote for (list 1,2,3):

- ( ) Eve Harvey
- ( ) John Jarrold
- ( ) Hold Over Funds

Signature.....

Name & Address .....

.....

Enclosed is ..... as a donation to GUFF (cheques, etc. payable to Joseph Nicholas or Justin Ackroyd, please, not to GUFF).

If you think that your name might not be known to the administrators, and that your vote might thus be disqualified, please give below the name and address of a fan or group to whom you are known:

.....  
.....

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## FFANZ VOTING FORM 1985

DUNCAN LUCAS nominated by Seth Lockwood, seconded by Graham Ferner

I, Duncan Lucas, being of sound mind and body, have been persuaded to run for FFANZ in 1985. Now all I have to do is persuade some of you lot to vote for me. Herewith a list of my achievements and attributes. Such as they are: Edited and published two copies of the highly praised but little seen KIFFLE. Edited WARP for NASF for one year. Inaugural member of AOTEARAPA. Lapsed APPLESAUCER (is that a plus or a minus?) Artist (starving), cartoonist and contributor to all NZ fanzines of quality. Attendee of all NZ natcons. An organiser of NOROON '81 plus divers one day cons and the upcoming ORCON '85. One of the famous and fabulously wacky crazy guys who opened and MC'ed NOROON '84. Fringe member of most of the good feuds and controversies over the years. Poor correspondent, rotten mooch, trashy philosopher, good wit and okay speaker. Magnificent drunk with a tremendous capacity for FOSTER'S LARGER. Understands what clobber, jumbuck and chunder mean. All-round nice guy who's desperate to go to AUSSIECON II.

NIGEL ROWE nominated by Peter Burns, seconded by Cathryn Symons

Skybus, well everyone is allowed one mistake, okay, okay there was also Heads n Tales. Two mistakes surely you can let me off, I mean that was three years ago. I'm trying to make my way in the world now. What have I done since? Well I became involved with this gang, er... I mean committee of people trying to organise the sixth national SF con in New Zealand, alright, alright - so I organised the committee, what of it? I mean there's no law that says you can't have a good time is there? That was kinda a success, and there are the few fanzines that I've edited, but nothing illegal mind you. I'm a new person, I tell you!! All this talk about me trying to con my way into a free trip to Australia...Geez, it's enough to give a guy heartburn. Pass my pills would you? HI MIM!

### FFANZ VOTING

" This is my vote for the 1985 FFANZ ballot. I have placed an "X" in the box of the candidate I prefer. Please find enclosed also my minimum voting of \$2." ( ALL CHEQUES AND MONEY ORDERS TO BE CROSSED "NOT NEGOTIABLE", AND MADE OUT TO FFANZ )

DUNCAN LUCAS [   ]

NIGEL ROWE    [   ]

NAME..... SIGNATURE.....

FULL ADDRESS (No PO Boxes please!).....

.....

(NB: If the voter is not known to the Administrator, the vote should be endorsed below by a fan who is known.)

NAME..... SIGNATURE.....

FULL ADDRESS(No PO Boxes please!).....

.....

POST TO: AUSTRALIA: John Newman PO Box 4 Thornbury Victoria 3071  
WITH \$2! NEW ZEALAND: Tom Cardy PO Box 1010 Auckland

[ This form can be reproduced, provided that it is printed in its entirety ]

ALL VOTES FOR THE 1985 RACE CLOSE AT MIDNIGHT APRIL 7 1985 SO BE EARLY!

## Elf Quest News:

1. The 9th colour book has a FALL RELEASE in the States, so shops that air freight should have it by Christmas. 2. Current status of Hugo campaign unknown. 3. Con. Elfquest fans and readers, if you're interested in contributing to and reading Australia's first E.Q. magazine, connect Reflections, c/- PO Box 354, Blacktown, NSW 2148. Overseas fans welcome.

Pascal J Thomas has moved to P.O. Box 24495, Los Angeles, CA 90024

## THE ADVENTURES OF DON DIEGO -- part IX (for fen who don't like fiction in Newszines)

As you may recall from last time, our hero has escaped from Egypt only to find himself captive again at Goudriaan, prisoner of the not very evil Robin Johnson (who has been trying to help Don Diego to escape). Don has been sending frantic calls to the folk at home wishing them all Happy Birthday (where appropriate) and making arrangements so that at least his Compact Disk player will be safe even if he himself finds himself lost in Manilla with his luggage for six weeks.

Will our hero succeed in escaping from the evil telephone bill, or will he be forced to spend yet another three days' pennance in Brussels. Will he see his Spanish Villa again and return safely in time to see Neil Young in early March. (to be continued...)

Thanks to Peter, Rocky, John, Jean, Lyn, Glive, Jerry. For production to Nancy, Dennis, John, and MYCROFT!!!! (1850 31.01.85)

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