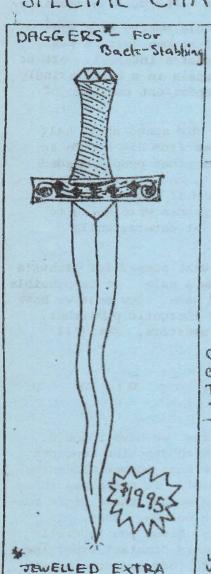
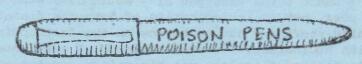
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the AUSTRALASIAN SF NEWS MAGAZINE

September 1986

SPECIAL CHARACTER ASSASSINATION





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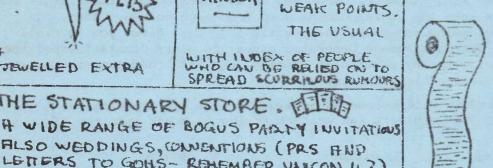
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THE BLAME ???

THE STATIONARY STORE. (

also weddings, consutions (prs and

EMBARRAGS EVERY BODY AND WHO GETS

letters to Gohs- Rehember valcon 4.3)



THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY ... HOW OFTEN?

Perhaps you remember hearing of a new, American sf/catch-all magazine, Stardate? Steve Brown wrote to Dave Langford's British newszine Ansible with the following incredible tale; and you thought you knew how the other half lives....

'<u>Stardate</u> has achieved extinction. It is a long and depressing story. In the proverbial nutshell, our financier was a black sheep member of the Dulcat family. He was born to the purple, and spent his life as a giddy wastrel. We have been calling him Arthur, after the Dudley Moore character. Arthur owns a \$400 million trust fund, which his family won't allow him to touch because he is such a flake. He is allowed by the family to eke out an existence on the interest from the fund - \$57 million annually.

'Now I don't think that you or I would have much trouble making ends meet on \$57 million per year, but it is indicative of Arthur's financial acumen that he was continually running short and had to borrow on the forthcoming year's interest. Arthur loves to play with businesses. He owns hundreds of small businesses in a bewilderingly interlocked rat's nest of finances, yet his entire accounting department consists of one little old lady without a computer.

'Arthur was certainly sincere about <u>Stardate</u>, and we did spend about half a million of his dollars, but the experience of prying more loose from him became so byzantine that it killed us. Arthur never could understand that other people needed money on a regular basis, to fill the refrigerator, pay the rent, and other wastrel expenses. To Arthur, money is like air. It is always there, and if you need some, you just reach out and grab it. We came to a point where our 'phones were going to be shut off, the office staff worked for six weeks without pay, et cetera, while Arthur was taking an extended cruise of Antigua.

'So, we had to die. We tried for a quick sale, but what passed for Arthur's people were incapable of getting the paperwork in order to allow a sale. It is possible that we may resurface by the end of the year, under a different name. Now that we have four issues to show investors, things look possible. Dana, our energetic publisher, is shuttling from coast to coast right now trying to interest investors. But I'll believe it when I see it.'

[Steve Brown, in Ansible]

CREATIVE BUZZ PHRASE GENERATOR

In the interests of better communications between fans, we have found a method (which we will now share with you) for generating phrases to describe concepts for which words previously were difficult to find. The Creative Buzz Phrase Generator is an invention originally attributed to the Canadian Defence Dept. It comprises three columns of words, each word with a number. What you do is think of any three digit number, quite at random, then take the corresponding word from each column. Thus, 525 gives you 'responsive programming sub-committee', while 172, say, gives you 'overall tru-fannish capability'. The Buzz Phrase Generator gives its users "instant expertise, enabling them to write, not with any particular meaning, but with that proper ring of decisive, progressive, knowledgeable authority."

As such, we feel it will become an invaluable tool for aspiring fanconstitutional lawyers, or just ordinary fan writers trying to break into the big time.

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1.	overall	1.	organizational	1.	flexibility
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3.	systemised	3.	reciprocal	3.	mobility
4.	parallel	4.	digital	4.	time-phase
5.	responsive	5.	transitional	5.	sub-committee
6.	ideologically	6.	correct	6.	fanzine
7.	optimal	7.	tru-fannish	7.	projection
8.	synchronised	8.	incremental	8.	programming
9.	functional	9.	constitutional	9.	concept

Thyme #56, the newszine whose cup runneth over, is edited by Peter Burns and Roger Weddall, who can be reached at P.O.Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, AUSTRALIA, or spoken to by ringing (03) 347 5583.

Thyme appears "pretty often" ["say 'monthly on average' - it sounds better" [and is available in return for letters of comment, artwork, news, review material, a return Melbourne-Auckland-Melbourne air ticket, interesting 'phone calls, unprintable malicious gossip... failing any of this, send money. How much? This much:

AUSTRALIA/NEW ZFALAND/NORTH AMERIKA: ten issues for ten dollars.

ten issues for £5, 50SEK, 20DM or a letter indicating interest.

We have Overseas Agents, who should all be given huge pats on the back for working so hard on our and on your behalf: all kudos and glory, please, to:

EUROPE: Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh Street, Pimlico, London, SWIV 2ER, U.K.

NORTH AMERIKA: Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Avenue #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, U.S.A.

NEW ZEALAND: Nigel Rowe, P.O.Box 1814, Auckland.

So now sit back and relax ... and enjoy another issue.

So now you can sit back and relax and enjoy another issue - except, that is, if you find your copy marked with the Big Silver Ex. In that case, you'd better IX SUMFING!

They called it 'The Wedding of the Year'; previously, the press had openly wondered if it was ever going to happen. Here is a report from <u>Thyme</u>'s worthy fashion correspondent on what it was like to be there.

ANOTHER WEDDING REPORT

by Gerald Smith

Fandom in New South Wales has been keeping itself busy in recent times organising, appearing in and attending weddings. The latest in the round of nuptials starred Terry Frost and Karen Vaughan in the lead roles and took place on Saturday the 16th of August. Supporting roles were played by Peter "Balrog" Bismire as Best Man, Blair Ramage and Malcolm Ward as Groomsmen, Karen "Womble" Warnock as Matron of Honour and Vicki Fawke & Linda (Terry's sister) as Sridesmaids. Venue was the Pope Paul VI Reserve in Glebe and the whole thing was produced on a budget of many dollars with a cast of several (or should that be a budget of several dollars and a cast of many?).

The day had dawned brightly - an encouraging sign after that recent floods. In the early afternoon the bride arrived at Chez Roseberry (the women were dressing at our place) with Linda and father of the bride. Soon after came the arrival of Kim Lambert and Mark Denbow (themselves only recently caught up in this wedding fever) and later, after the usual horrendous train journey from the West, came Vicki.

Kim was there to deliver the flowers and provide the make-up (and make-up skills). This left Mark and I with not a lot to do so we kept ourselves busy by discussing his new car, his new computer, the state of Sydney fandom, the state of Canberra fandom, and any other topic we could think of Lexcept, we bet, Capcon - eds.].

The wedding was scheduled for 3pm. So, when I left for the park at 3:15, the bride was not yet ready. The mob waiting did not seem too concerned by the delay; one would think that brides being late was almost a common occurrence. The Groom, resplendent in tuxedo and formal black desert boots, didn't seem too anxious.... Nor did his cohorts, Balrog et al., also indecently overdressed (you don't believe it; I have the photos to prove it).

The bridal party eventually arrived (chauffered, as it turned out, by the same driver as we'd had for our wedding. He wanted to know if we always held weddings



from our place) and the deremony went off with nary a hitch [think about it] - save for the helicopter that decided to make its pass overhead just as the final vows were being spoken. A nice touch was added with the Best Man reading quotes from the famous on the meaning of love and marriage. Balrog performed admirably - especially seeing as how he wasn't told about this until he got there.

Afterward the reception was held at Glebe Town Hall. The restricted presented interesting problems for those of us in leather soled shoes. I had been told that a proficiency in ice skating might be required. There was also a takeny with a floor sloping downward towards the courtyard. The logistics of walking were sometimes interesting.

The reception went very well. Catering was by the team of Prost and Friends. so the food was nothing fantastic. Nevertheless it was eminently edible, and plentiful; certainly there were no complaints. The company was good and the atmosphere triendly. The speeches, what there were of them, were mercifully short. In all it was a fun party.

For those interested in such things, the bride wore a drop waisted, ballerina style dress in white silk with a lace overlay skirt, a three quarters veil sewn with seed pearls and matching white satin ballet slippers. The bride's attendants wore apricot, full-length, drop waisted dresses with tie sashes on the hips. The bouquets were a colle collection of apricot shades of tulips, roses, and carnations with white blossoms. The men wore tuxedos with apricot rose buttonholes.

Gerald Smith

Last month, many people found in their mailboxes copies of a couple of one-off fanzines which went by the names of <u>Fuck The Notional</u> and <u>The Motional</u>. Both were exceptional, and have captured more attention and interest than you'd normally expect, the latter additionally so by way of its having been published anonymously, and by being a parody. The following is about...

THOSE MAGAZINES...

by The Fan Filosopher

For the last few weeks, there has been only one main topic of conversation around fannish watering-holes: 'Who didit?' Was it...?' 'Nah, couldna been... too clever, musta been...' 'Couldna been; you can tell from the mailing list; he got it, but she didn't'.

In short, who was clever enough to write and publish The Motional, a paredy issue of The Notional, usually published by Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown? Nobody has confessed yet; maybe nobody ever will. Even the long-suffering editors of Thyme have been accused of the deed. To put it bluntly, they ain't cleve5 enough. Almost nobody is; that's the trouble. The Motional parodies recent issues of The Notional by quoting sections of the original, ever so slightly exaggerating the originals to say some pertinent things about recent Edmonds-Brown pronouncements on the world and fandom. The Motional also features a clever pastiche of Damien Broderick's style - perhaps it is this which best marks it as the work of not quite your ordinary fan parodist.

Something went wrong, however. The Motional was supposed to appear as a single bolt from the blue. The same week, the <u>Space Wastrel</u> crew from Western Australia released <u>Fuck The Notional</u>, which said in very plain terms what <u>The Motional</u> had said obliquely. This is not a fan feud anymore; as somebody said, it's the nearest thing to a popular revolt that AUstralian fandom has ever had. 'All you need to know about pretension, condescension, arrogance and paternalism in Oz', as the banner headline says.

What is your Fan Filosopher to make of all this? To Leigh and Valma, the Fan Filosopher says: If everybody puts you on a pedestal, they'll then protect it with their lives; if you try putting yourself on a pedestal, they will rush to knock it down.

To the rest of Oz fandom, the Fan Filosopher says: Geez, anybody can be off their chook food once in a while, especially if they live in Canberra.

The Fan Filosopher says: Edmonds-Brown fanzines are good stuff - usually. At their best, they're the best.

[Editorial comment: in the light of the anonymous nature of <u>The Motional</u>, we thought it inappropriate that any discussion of it be carried out under a <u>nom de plume</u>, and yet - perhaps understandably - the only way we could coerce our 'Fan Filosopher' (well-known timid-person that he is) into writing anything was under the <u>separity</u> blanket of anonymity. Sigh. What do they say in the papers... 'Name and address supplied but withheld at request'.]

FAN FUND NOTES - FanFundofAustraliaNewZealand

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'87 FFANZ BALLOT FINALISED

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Like DUFF, GUFF, similar stuff, FFANZ is a famnish charity which promotes ties & contact between fans of two areas or countries - in this case, Australia and New Zealand. The current FFANZ Administrators are delighted to announce that the race to select a New Zealand candidate to send to Australia next year is now on.

There are three candidates, one of which will come over to Australia to attend the 1987 Australian National SF Convention, 'Capcon', held on the Anzac Day Weekend (25th April). The winner(s) will also hopefully be attending the Melbourne-run 'Eastercon', a smaller, slightly more relaxed affair, held the weekend prior to 'Capcon'.

The three candidates are: <u>Lyn McConchie</u>, <u>Frank Macskasy Jr</u>, and a team of <u>Alex & Karen Heatley</u>. Voting opens as soon as the ballots are printed up - about a week from now ('now' being 13.9.86) and 'vtoing' will close on the 2nd of January, 1987.

FFANZ runs solely on the donations & contributions of fans, and welcomes all the support it can attract. One way of supporting the fund, for instance, is to take part in the exciting, bonus-value FFANZ RAFFLE.

FFANZ FAN FUND RAFFLE

It works like this: tickets are \$1, you can buy as many (or as few) tickets as you like, and there are three prizes to be won:

- B))))))))) Three Stanislaw Lem books: his most famous novel, Solaris, The Chain of Chance and the collection featuring two of his best shorter works (The Mask and The Aunt): Mortal Engines.
- C)))))))))))))) A grab bag: a signed copy of Harlan Ellison's Web of the City, a hardcover of Ian Watson's God's World, and a copy of the Nebula Award Stories #1 anthology.

The winner of the raffle will be able to chose their prize from among the three, A) B) and C), second prize is one of the remaining two, and third the remaining one. The raffle will be drawn later this year - if you wish to enter, please make cheques, etc. out to FFANZ, and the address to write to is that of the Australian FFANZ Administrator...

Australia: Roger Weddall, P.O.Box 273, Fitzroy 3065. New Zealand: Nigel Rowe, P.O.Box 1814, Auckland.

FAN FUND NOTES - DownUnderFanFund

DUFF NOMINATIONS OPEN

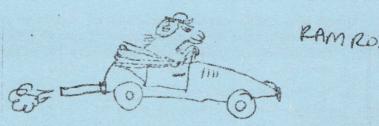
Australian DUFF Administrators Morley/Pride/Stathopoulos have written to declare nominations for the '87 DUFF race open. Operating annually since its inception in 1972, the '87 race will bring an American fan across to attend Capcon (the 1987 National Australian SF Con - Anzac Day Weekend) and generally visit Australian fans. The current winners, the 'Artists' Collective' of Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride & Mich Stathopoulos, are presently in America to attend the '86 World SF Convention, being held in Atlanta, Georgia, USA.

Candidates for 1987 must have three U.S. and two Australian nominators, who must have presented their nominations to the DUFF Administrators by the end of the '86 World SF Convention (1st September) and each candidate must put in 'a hasted-word platform and a \$10 bond' by that date also. Voting will start as soon as the Aussie DUFF winners get back from the WorldCon, and voting will close on the like of December, 1986. To date, three people's names are being thrown around as likely or all their candidates - Lucy Huntzinger, Tom Whitmore and Laureathe Tatihasi - atthough core may well stand.

DUFF exists solely on the donations & contributions of fans, and always welcomes material for auction vel donations of money. If you have goods of nominations to offer the administrators, feel free to contact ...

U.S.A. : Robbie & Marty Captor, 11565 Archwood, North Hollywood, CA 91606 Oz : Lewis Morley/Marilyn Pride/Nick Stathopoulos, 54 Junior Street, Leichmardt 2040.

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More to compl

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LETTER FROM AMERICA

Still on the subject of DUFF, our three representatives in America have thoughtfully written [a card from Alcatraz prison: 'Wish You Were Here'] to show that 'are still alive and well as can be expected after our first U.S.con

(Bubonicon - Alberquerque) at which we stayed up too late, made Play-Doh stegosaurs & did all the other silly things that we do at Oz cons. Just about to be hurled into the Worldcon, and if we re-emerge in one piece you'll get to read all about it in a voluminous (no, not really) trip report.'

The Worldcon they were about to be hurled into - Confederation - is of course now over, which probably means that we should tell you who won the Hugo Awards?

THE 1986 HUGO AWARDS

BEST NOVEL Ender's Game - Orson scott Card (Tor/Century) BEST NOVELLA 24 Views of Mount Puji by Rokusai - Roger Zelazny BEST NOVELETTE Paladin of the Lost Hour - Harlan Ellison BEST SHORT STORY Fermi and Frost - Frederik Pohl

BEST NON-FICTION BOOK Science Made Stupid - Tom Weller (Houghton Mifflin) BEST DRAMATIC PRESENTATION .. Back To The Future

BEST PRO ARTIST .. Michael Whelan BEST PRO EDITOR .. Judy Lynn Del Rey** BEST SEMI-PRO MAGAZINE .. Locus

BEST FAN ARTIST .. Joan Hanke-Woods [yay!] BEST FANZINE Lan's Lantern** BEST FAN WRITER .. Mike Glyer

John W. Campbell Award (Best New Writer) .. Melissa Scott (in her last year of eligibility)

- ** BEST PRO EDITOR in a statement read before the audience at the awards ceremony, Lester Del Rey (husband of Judy) refused to accept the award on the understanding that it was a sympathy vote because of her recent, tragic death, Lester claiming that she would not have won except for this fact.
- ** BEST FANZINE in the face of a popular campaign to have 'No Award' triumph in this category (see elsewhere this issue), George Laskowski's Lan's Lantern won the Fanzine Hugo by about ten votes - final figures being about 322 votes to 312.
- ** In the BEST PROFESSIONAL ARTIST category, Michael Whelan, apparently suffering a case of 'glyeritis', withdrew himself from consideration for next year's awards. Ho him.

THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL AWARD

Just to make things confusing, there are two different awards going under this name, neither of them Hugos, although one is traditionally voted on & given out at the same time as the Hugos - that's the award for Least Worst New Writer. The John W.Campbell Award we're talking about here is now the one given by an 'independent' committee, each year, for the best of novel of the previous year. The idea being that the panel of judges look at all the work published in the last year (what a task) and come to an agreed decision on a winner. This award would seem to have a little more credibility than the Hugos, in terms of literary merit... at least nobody has yet won the award for being a nice person....

Winner The Postman - David Brin Runner-up Galapagos - Kurt Vonnegut

Third Place .. a tie, between Kiteworld - Keith Roberts, and Blood Music - Greg Bear.

CONVENTION UPDATES

TIME WARPED CONVENTION

Dates: 3-6 October 1986.

Rates: \$75 Attending, \$25 Supporting, \$25 Day Membership/\$9 Junior Day Membership

Venue: Hyde Park Plaza Hotel, 40 College Street, Sydney NSW.

Guests: Walter Koenig, Jack Herman, Mel Gibson, Diane Marchant, Karen Lewis, Ian McLean,

Sue Clarke, Shayne McCormack.

Mail: Bob Johnson, 26 College Street, Sydney 2010.

The first 200 members get a free showbag, con booklet and other goodies worth about \$15.

LTME/GRES/Affet/tMAT/GET/EMP/ITEC/EMP/WEGES/ET/FETE/A/ET/FETE/A//

There's a masquerade; a Spock lookalike contest; panels; displays; a film programme and videos including HHGTG, DW, B7 and of course ST. LTMIS/EMPM/WAS/WTGEGET/TG/YGM/WY/TME/IETTE/S//



NO, THIS IS MY MASQUERADE COSTUME, MY LUGGAGE IS ON THE TRUCK

NORCON 3

Dates: 24-26 October 1986

Rates: Attending: \$15.25, Supporting: \$8.73

Venue: Farthing's Hotel, Auckland, NZ. Mail: P.O.Box 1818, Auckland, NZ.

The 'ideological equivalent' [see the 'Buzz Phrase Generator', p.2] of next year's Melbourne Eastercon, this promises to be a relaxed, enjoyable affair, featuring such programme items as "a live fanzine", and with a small video programme as well. Be there.

SWANCON XII

Dates: 1-3 March 1987

Rates: \$15 Attending, \$5 Supporting.

Venue: The Airways St George's Hotel, Perth, WA.

Rooms: Double \$35-40. **

Mail: P.O.Box 318, Nedlands 6009.

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The con has run into huge problems all the making of the America's Cup. It seems that hotels, smelling money in the air, have been unwilling to book out their rooms in advance, presumably preferring to wait and see what the market will bear. In any case the convention should certainly go ahead, and whatever their size Perth cons do have a reputation for being rather enjoyable. How you say? "Recommended."

Perth fans are bidding to hold the 1989 Australian Science Fiction Convention. Our aim is to hold a convention that will delight and entertain all those who attend, as well as provide some intellectual stimulation. To achieve this the bid committee has been working hard to find both a Guest of Honour and a venue that can do our convention justice. We feel strongly that we have achieved both.

However that is not all. We have decided to bring you not only ONE intelligent, witty and truly deserving Guest of Honour but a "mystery" overseas Guest as well. These two people lead totally contrasting lives and are guaranteed to provide you with a convention that you will never forget.

What/+/you/mean/both/Jack/Yance/and/Jetty/Poutnellet/+/ede/J

The venue that we have acquired for the con is the Kings Ambassador Hotel. The Kings is situated in the centre of Perth City. Some of you may remember the Park Towers Hotel, the venue for Swancon 5. Well, the Park has undergone a successful transformation and emerged as the Kings Ambassador, one of Perth's top, luxury hotels.

The programme will cater to the interest areas of all Australian fans, with an excellent film programme. For more information, write to.... Perth in '89',

Become a presupporter of our bid for \$5; send your money to: Box 318, 6009 W.A. Join the 30+ members of Perth in '89 who joined at Swancon XI.

[Next issue: 'KINKON 3]

WINDYCON - the NEW ZEALAND NATIONAL SF CONVENTION

Dates: 17-20 April 1987

Ba

Swancon

Rates: Attending: \$30; Associate: \$10.

Venue: Hotel St George, Cnr. Boulcott & Willis Streets, Wellington, NZ.

Rooms: Single NZ\$65, Double or Twin NZ\$75.

GoHs: Joe & Gay Haldeman

Fan GoH: Alan Robson

Mail: Windycon, 51 Coromandel Street, Newtown, Wellington 2. 'Phone: (4) 89 7051.

The Australian and the New Zealand '87 NatCons have surprisingly much in common. Trouble with the dates; great trouble with the convention hotels(s)... the consequent uncertainty over the publicity. Windycen has at last ironed out most of their problems, and the stage is set for a good convention. Anyone at Unicon VI knows what good value the Haldemans are at a convention - and the word is now that US fan of longstanding Rusty Hevelin will be travelling with the GoHs - all this alone promises to make the convention a success. With the mailing of PR#1 comes a tentative programme with such items as:
Saturday: 10:00pm - There will NOT be a party in the Con Suite and those turning up will be forcibly ejected by 9:30am on Sunday. The committee also seems to have sorted out some internal difficulties, and all bodes well for a fun convention.

EASTERCON

Dates: 17-20 April 1987 (Easter)

Rates: Attending \$20 till 31 March, Supporting \$10.

Venue: The Diplomat Motor Inn, 12 Acland Street, St Kilda 3182, VIC.

Rooms: \$39 Single, \$42 Twin/Double, \$68 Family.

Mail: P.O.Box 215, Forest Hill 3131.

In the tradition of all the best worldcons, the latest PR includes a 'handy dandy all-purpose form' to be filled out and sent back to the committee. PR#l goes on to say that the Diplomat Hotel is used to strange conventions. They've hosted a couple of gaming conventions and even had the Sydney Swans staying once. Also they are close to the fleshpots of St Kilda. [This is relevant?] Eastercon is to be a relaxacon with a light and friendly programme, an art show and films, but no specific catering for media fen.

CAPCON - 26th Australian National SF Convention

Dates: 24-26 April 1987.

Rates: Attending: \$25 till 14 October; then rising in a more or less exponential fashion to an undisclosed amount (\$30 bis 31 Dezember; \$35 bis 31 Marz)

at the convention itself. Supporting: \$15 till 14 October.

Venue: Canberra Parkroyal Hotel, 102 Northbourne Avenue, Canberra ACT.

GoHs: Robert Lynn Asprin & Lynn Abbey.

Fan GoH: John Newman.

Mail: P.O.Box 312, Fyshwick 2609, ACT.

Ditmar correspondence: Box 272, Wnetworth Building, University of Sydney 2006.

In addition to the con itself, a Writers' Workshop (hosted by Lynn Abbey) will be held at the hotel (put away an extra \$180 for your rjom). Update#1 says:

'The idea for Capcon was to provide an atmosphere where fen from as many different groups as possible could meet and perhaps find common ground.

'That is still the aim of the convention, to provide a place where fen can talk, exchange fanzines, learn about new (and old) groups, perhaps hear some new ideas, and have some great parties. The only people who can do that are the members.

'So if you have ideas, want semething particular, or would like someone else to do something... tell us, volunteer, offer time, information, assistance. Most importantly, come along and enjoy yourselves.'



Places To Stay In Canberra

While it is true to say that the Capcon people have organised some significant [significant?] reductions in the room rates at the convention hotel - the ParkRoyal - \$89 per night for a room still seems to my mind to be expensive enough to turn people away from the con or send them seriously looking for alternative accommodation for the Anzac Day Weekend. At \$30 per night for your own bed - with two other people - or \$18 to sleep on the floor (if 5 people share a room), I hope the Con Committee haven't made vast commitments about us filling up the ParkRoyal.

Veterans of not staying at the Southern Cross Hotel, during Aussiecon II, will remember that there are quite often other, cheaper hotels available within easy walking distance of the main convention hotel. The following list is an example of a couple of these, in Canberra:

Downtown Speros. 82 Northbourne Avenue. Ph: (062) 49 1388.

Single \$40, Double \$42, Triple \$45 (or for a room with a suite, \$65, \$75 and \$75, respectively). A discount applies if you book through the RACV or equivalent (NRMA, etc.) - e.g. \$\$43, D\$48, T\$51 or for a luxury suite \$\$55, D\$60, T\$65. Some units have cooking facilities. This hotel is very near to the convention hotel. (Look at the respective addresses.)

- *** Kythera. 98 Northbourne Avenue. Ph: (062) 48 7611.

 Single \$44, Double \$49, \$4 per extra person. This is located right next door to the convention hotel and has a pool just in case there's a late April heat wave.
- **** ParkRoyal. 102 Northbourne Avenue. The convention hotel, which also has a pool some of the room feature baths as well.
- Capital Motor Inn. 108 Northbourne Avenue. Ph: (062) 48 6566.

 Single \$65, Double \$70, \$5 extra per person. All rooms have baths but there's no pool (sigh!).

Or for people who really want to save some money and don't mind roughing it a bit, or having 4-5 kilometres to walk or drive, there's always the...

Canberra Motor Village. Kunzea Street. O'Connor (NE slopes of Black Mountain)

Ph: (062) 47 5466. \$11.50 to put up a tent (\$14 for a bigger tent), \$22.50

for a caravan for 2 (\$2.50 per extra person), \$35 for a mobile home with

en-suite. RACV discounts apply, giving you a mobile home for a mere \$40

per night (It sounds as though the RACV have some funny ideas on the subject

of discounts, though they did mention something about it costing more

during Easter holidays).

For something a little bit different, slightly chaeper than a motel and closer, only about 2 km away, there's a couple of private hotels to try:

Tall Tree Lodge. 21 Stephen Street, Ainslie. Ph: (062) 47 9200.

Single \$22, Double \$25. Room only in, probably, pub-style accommodation.

Blue & White Lodge. 524 Northbourne Avenue, Downer. Ph: (062) 48 0498.

Single \$20, Double \$24 for Bed & Breakfast.

Finally, I'm told I can't leave the subject of accommodation without mentioning the apparently legendary Canberra Youth Hostel which operates without a curfew and is high standard dormitory accommodation (should the parties ever finish at the con):

Dryandra Street, O'Connor, about 2km from the convention hotel. \$6 per night for members, it costs \$15 or \$18 to join the Y.H.A. for a year.

So ends my not altogether comprehensive listing of the expensive places to stay in Canberra. It would be a pity if people did ignore the convention hotel en masse (even if the Kythera is next door and half the price) if only for the good of the room parties; but it must surely be better to have somewhere affordable lined up to stay than not to come to Capcon at all.

DITMAR AWARDS REFORM

With the wholesale changes wreaked upon the Constitution of the Australian SF Society, and the fact established in common agreement that the Constitution itself is more a set of guidelines than an ironclad document, it is interesting to look at how the annual Ditmar awards have changed. Gone are the tedious specifications regarding size, appearance and molecular weight of the awards themselves; more interesting yet are the new categories.... The following is Jack Herman's statement of intent, as convenor of the Awards Sub-Committee for Capcon:

'There will be five Australian SF Awards presented at Capcon, as well as the William Atheling Jr Award for Criticism or Review. The proposed categories for the Awards are:

- 1. BEST AUSTRALIAN FICTION (NOVEL) for a work of sf or fantasy, by an Australian author, which was first published in 1986.
- 2. BEST AUSTRALIAN SHORT FICTION as for (1.) but for works that are less than novel length.
- 3. BEST AUSTRALIAN FANWRITER for material published, in amateur magazines dealing with sf, fantasy, fandom and related matters, in 1986.

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- 4. OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN AUSTRALIAN FANNISH ENDEAVOURS for an individual for a particular achievement in any area of Australian fandom other than fanwriting (e.g. editing, filking, art, costuming etc.) in 1986.
- 5. OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN AUSTRALIAN AUDIO and/or VISUAL SF for any nonliterary science fiction first presented in 1986 (e.g. dramatic presentation; tv show; radio programme; painting) as a professional piece. THE WILLIAM ATHELING JR AWARD - for criticism or review, for a particular piece of work first published or presentex in 1986.

'The nomination for Awards will be open to any Australian fan and will be open from 1st January 1987 until 20th February 1987.

'Voting will be restricted to members of Capcon and will close on 15th April.

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'Any correspondence with respect to the proposed award categories and timetable for nomination and/or voting may be directed to the Awards Sub-Committee, Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney 2006.

'Members of the Capcon committee will be generally eligible for the awards, although members of the Awards Sub-Committee will not.'

[The above is possibly not an exactly correct copy of the final wording -Jack may have made some slight, last minute changes, and additionally we have taken some liberties with the script, the chief one being the restoration of the 'Jr' to the name of the William Atheling Award, it often being forgotten or accidentally omitted, and yet a part of the person-being-honoured's name. And then, of course, there are always typos.] 0 0 0 0

The above list compares with last year's categories: International Fiction (Novel); Australian Fiction (Novel); Australian Short Fiction; Fanzine; Fan Writer; Fan Artist; and the William Atheling Jr Award. The change results from changes to the Constitution, reducing the number of award categories from 7 to 5, and a particular clause requiring that at least one award be given for fannish endeavours in the previous year.

The 'Best International Fiction' category has mercifully been dropped, thus disposing of the knotty questions of publication dates, availability dates, eligibility ... and getting rid of the embarrassment of Ditmars being awarded in this area in the first place.

'Best Dramatic Presentation' returns after a fashion, after a brief absence, from last year's ballot; but in the Ditmar Austerity Drive, it's been combined with 'Best Fan Artist' to keep the award tally down to five.

It's interesting to note that the only Fan-oriented award to really stay intact was the 'Best Contitot/to/AMZAFA Fan Writer', while 'Best Fanzine' got the boot and was replaced by an 'Outstanding Achievement in Fandom' award. Thus, there is no award specifically for editing or production of fannish, written material.

What the 'Outstanding Achievement in Fandom' award will develop into, one can only wonder. Historically, these sorts of things seem to have a habit of being picked up by Convention Committees, or Clubs. Perhaps it could even be seen as a kind of formalised Golden Caterpillar - awarded for something like proposing on the night of the full moon closest to the Winter solstice.

Of course, many would argue that fanzine publishing is the only truly worthwhile endeavour, so of course it will be awarded in this area, but I'm sure that many people won't see it this way. [And how, one wonders, will the winner be decided when in this category of award, on the final ballot, appear someone who sings filksongs, someone who has excelled in masquerade costuming, and an editor of a fanzine? What a mess!]

The 'Outstanding Achievement in Audio/Visual SF' category is also a bit of an unknown quality [yeah... similarly messy]. What really is meant to be eligible in this category? There is mention of it having to be a 'professional piece'; does this mean that fan artists aren't eligible unless they are actually paid for their work? Or for a particular piece? Or perhaps fan artists aren't actually eligible at all, only a particularly outstanding, individual piece of theirs, which has been sold. Offering it for sale is obviously not the criterion. Presumably, say, Transfinite Audiovisuals wouldn't be eligible either for the a.v.'s they put on at cons, since many of those aren't really produced for money, either.

What has been done to the William Atheling Jr Award - to clarify what it is being given for - is certainly a good idea. Although originally it was clearly for an individual piece of criticism, last year's Awards Sub-Committee seemed to think it could be awarded for a general body of work.... It is good to see the ground rules for a respectable critical award firmly relaid.

In summary, most of the changes made to this year's Ditmars have been worthwhile. Confusion concerning the 'Audio/Visual' award might easily be dispelled

"In <u>Some Countries</u>, they don't have annoying 'Best Fanzine' awards to vote 'No Award' for..."

Vote For The Most Deserving Candidate For Best Fanzine:

"GRAWA GH"

In our opinion, the Hugos exist to recognize genuine excellence, not just relative quality in a given year or appeal to a narrow special interest. While congratulating the fanzine nominees for their popularity, we respectfully maintain that none of them has met the standard of excellence we associate with the phrase "Hugo winner." "No Award" is offered as an option in every Hugo category; it's an option too often overlooked. By using it this year, you can help prove that the Hugos can still be meaningful. Vote "No Award" for Best Fanzine. There is no substitute for excellence.

Brian Earl Brown, Rich Brown, Linda Bushyeger, Avedon Carol, Cy Chauvin, Rich Coad, Don D'Ammassa, Gary Ferber, Moshe Feder, William Gibson, Mike Glicksohn, Jeanne Gomoll, Rob Hansen, Fred Haskell, Jane Hawkins, Chip Hitchcock, Lucy Huntzinger, Jerry Kaufman, Robert Lichiman, Patrick Nielsen Hayden, Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Debbie Notkin, Ross Pavlac, Grey Pickersgill, Linda Pickersgill, Louise Sachter, Stu Shiffman, Suzanne Tompkins, Ted White, Tum Whitmore, Ben Yalow.

(advertisement in s.f. chronicle/august 1986)

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by a simple fiat from the Awards Sub-Committee. The problem with the other 'Achievement' category remains. It was noted English critic F.R.Leavis who went so far as to claim that it were possible to objectively compare such things as a piece of poetry and a novel, and state which was the superior. Not even Leavis, however, ventured so far as to lay down a set of rules for inter-disciplinary criticism that this new category will require. As a rhetorical question for our readers who were at Aussiecon II, which did you think was better: Lewis Morley's 'Demon Creature' masquerade costume, Terry Dowling's filk rendition of his composition 'The Phantom Tickler', or one of the painted dragon stones that Marilyn Pride has donated to a Fan Fund - and why? This category needs work.

REVIEW SECTION

PLAY LITTLE VICTIMS by Kenneth Cook

reviewed by George Turner

Looking back on the review of this book that I wrote on its first appearance, and having now had another quick run through it, I see no reason to change my general reaction to it. It does, however, seem worthwhile to add a few comments in view of what others have had to say since. Here is the relevant portion of the review:

'Fortunately there exist publishers who will chance publication of a novella of quality, as Pergamon Press have chanced it on Kenneth Cook's Play Little Victims. The 20,000 word gamble deserves a win.

'This good humoured little fable about philoprogenitive mice, charmingly illustrated by Megan Gressor, is not what it might appear - a suitable gift for seven-year-old Johnnie or Jill. It is a marvellously black - totally, unrelievedly black - satire of overpopulation, among other things, and one which will make you chuckle with delight while a shocked sector at the back of your mind wonders how your children

will deal with the problem when it hits them about thirty years or so from now.

'Mankind blows itself out of existence for Cook's fable;
mutated mice of high intelligence take over and proceed to fill the
vacant hectares with mice and more mice. A food problem appears.
Technology to the rescue! (Does the plot sound uneasily close to
home?) Technology creates some more problems. The supremely logical
mice realise that the population must be cut back, but how do you
stop sportive mice from, well, sporting?

'A way is found - the way that just might scare the pants off little Johnnie and Jill and should give Mum and Dad seriously to think. An effective answer has to be logical, doesn't it?

'Cook has really added nothing to the discussion but he has said his piece with bravura and panache and pulled no punches. These 20,000 words are definitely worth the price.'

A few sf critics since that day have pointed out that Cook's novel fails in the logic of its activities, and they are undoubtedly right - from their standpoint. You can quite easily pick a dozen holes in the story qua story, and one could wish that the author had taken more care with surfaces, but it seemed to me then, and seems still, that these are minor quibbles in the face of the general impact.

It is a major mistake to review this book as if it were sf or to read it as if it were sf. It is a black fairytale; its proper company is such stomach turners as <u>Cinderella</u> (with its original, much-censored ending), <u>Bluebeard</u> and <u>Ali Baba</u>, none of whose storylines will bear too close inspection. Seen in this light (which I feel is the proper one), the plot elements are merely ways of getting from idea A to idea B by the shortest route and are scarcely intended to be taken seriously. Here we are in fairytale country, where anything can happen, and what matters is the nature of the moral. For, like all fairytales, <u>Play Little Victims</u> is an undisguised morality.

The moral warning which, as in all moralities, is the only thing you are expected to pay attention to (all the rest is decoration luring you to the climax and point) is a genuine one. Over-population is a problem now and will be a worse one. The present global increase of about one-and-three-quarters per cent per annum represents a doubling of the population evry thirty years. The earth can support such a population, but will it? At the present time half the world sleeps hungry each night because it is not given and cannot get the food available. Europe has 'food mountains' in store and America subsidises farmers not to produce - while half the world starves. And the situation will get worse, not better.

That is what Cook's book is about, and the well-intentioned Bob Geldorf is not the answer.

George Turner

A review of the film ALIENS (Australia - November release)

by Mark Linneman

The 1979 film 'Alien' was terrific. Dan O'Bannon and Ronald Shusset (the writers) and especially Ridley Scott (director) may have made the best "there's-something-terrible-out-there-and-it-is-going-to-get-you" film ever. It certainly scared and impressed me.

The sequel is better.

In the first film a freighter responds to a distress beacon and finds a strange alien space ship. One of the investigating crew is "attacked" by something which later grows in his body. After killing that crewman it destroys all of the crew except Ridley (Sigourney Weaver). She eventually kills the creature and goes into deep sleep.

In 'Aliens', Ridley's lifeboat is picked up after decades. The "Company", her employer, disbelieve her story of what happened as there is a small colony on the planet housing the derelict alien ship; they have never had any problems. Ridley is fired. However, when contact with the colony is lost, a ship containing a small military unit, a Company representative and Ridley is sent to investigate. They find a dead colony with a single survivor, a ten year old girl. Trying to get out alive while eliminating the aliens is the core of the film.

James Cameron, who directed 'Terminator', both wrote and directed 'Aliens'. He uses and expands the Ridley Scott concepts with much style and considerable intelligence. The 1979 film was a one-character piece and her only goal was escape. 'Aliens' has some other characters and credible motivations. Most characters are stereotypes but a few are given some development. The yuppie Company representative and, particularly, the young girl are well drawn. Weaver, who is on camera ninety per cent of the time, also gives a good performance in a role that demands more than playing Ridley in the previous movie.

The style of the film is its most impressive aspect. Cameron cuts the film quickly (especially in the tenser moments), uses very low camera angles, and lights his abandoned colony superbly. Cameron's own production company is called Tech Noir, and the lighting owes much to the black and white film Noir of the forties. There are shadows and depths in the shadows. Water is used very effectively - a constant background of water trickling and dripping into every corner of the colony creates a pattern of sound and movement that heightens an atmosphere of tension. Dolby is necessary for 'Aliens', not for the explosions of sound but for the quiet little noises which build the feeling of the film.

The director also uses considerable restraint in the portrayal of violence. 'Aliens' could easily have had much more explicit death and gore. Cameron could follow 'The Texas Chainsaw Massacre' theory - show everything in detail. Instead he follows in the footsteps of Hitchcock: something not shown but indicated with our imagination filling in the details is much more terrifying. The camera repeatedly cuts away just before the really explicitly horrible events. Sometimes the gore and terror are shown. This is not a movie to take an eight year old to - or even a nervous thirty year old.

I do have some reservations. The final scenes have a distinct touch of "Rambo-itis" about them. Perhaps because a female character is the aggressive loner this somehow seems less offensive. (There are interesting political aspects to that thought). [Yes, tut tut.] Two hours and seventeen minutes and four seemingly final climaxes is also too long for a horror/sf thriller. Many of the military characters are decidedly stereotyped. None of these factors really matter in the sheer visual a aural impact of the film, however.

This is a good film and a necessary film for anyone interested in sf/horror films.

Mark Linnemen

CLUBS, MEETINGS and SPECIAL INTEREST GROUPS

Dr Who Fandom / Fanderson Newsletter / Nova Mob Update...

DOCTOR WHO FANDOM IN AUSTRALIA

by Dallas Jones

[]

Australian Doctor Who fandom began early in 1976 when Anthony Howe president of the Sydney University Science Fiction Association, and a fan of the show and other SUSFA members decided to write to the ABC about the possibility of repeating
stories that had not been seen recently. The letter letter was duly sent off and plans
were made to stage a demonstration outside the ABC, using the newly-constructed SUSFA
'dalek', to get some publicity for the show, and the group's aims. The reply from the
ABC indicated that it was planning to stop purchasing the show due to its lack of ratings.

The demonstration then became much more important, and went ahead on the 24th of August, 1976, outside the Sydney studios. I was involved with the preparation

of publicity, and attended on the day, taking photographs and thus ensuring that the birth of Doctor Who fandom in Australia was recorded for posterity.

The demo proved successful, with over fifteen people in attendance, and we 'met' the State and Federal police who seemed more interested in the show than anything else. A formal representation of our group was allowed to meet with ABC officials but they indicated only that they would not be changing their minds.... So began the fight to make them change their minds and continue to buy the show.

From this point, fandom grew steadily, starting with the production of the fanzine Zerinza, produced by Anthony Howe. Although Jon Noble had earlier been producing a zine featuring a mix of 'Who' and 'Tolkien' material, Zerinza was the first fanzine devoted solely to Doctor Who, and is therefore seen as the first real 'Whozine'.

At first it was more just a forum in which to tell Doctor Who fans about the decision not to buy the show, and to urge them to write to the ABC protesting this, but even at this early stage it contained some articles and artwork, and it wasn't long after that it was decided to start up a club for the growing number of people who had heard about the fanzine and wanted to get it, and so began the official-sounding 'Australasian (why not NZ as well, we thought) Doctor Who Fan Club'.

Clubs mean more than just fanzines, and it was decided to have a meeting of fans in Sydney which we called a 'party'; since then 13 more 'parties' have been held in Sydney, at the rate of about one or two a year.

Not long after, Tom Baker (the then-current Doctor) visited Australia, and the impetus of this visit, along with the realisation of fans in other states that they were not alone in their interest in the show, led to the formation of many other clubs, notably ones in Melbourne and Brisbane.

These clubs and other people began to put out their own fanzines, and to date there have been over fifty such Doctor Who zines in Australia. The most interesting thing about most of the early zines was that they tended to be newszines, perhaps echoing the initial nature of <u>Zerinza</u> - although in time this publication went the way of many such and as the schedule became more erratic more time and space was spent on the articles, and it was replaced by the first truly Australian Who-newszine, <u>Data Extract</u>.

Doctor Who fanzines, those which were not just newszines, were not like other media fanzines (especially the Blake's 7 ones) which contained a large proportion of fiction. Instead they mainly contained - and still'contain - articles, reviews and factual material. This is probably due to a number of reasons, the first being the greater percenatge of male fans when compared to other media interest groups; and secondly the following of the British tradition in Doctor Who fanzines. Thirdly, the show is ongoing, reducing the need of fans to write fictional material inorder to have more Doctor Who.

The other main thing about Doctor Who fandom is their age, younger on average than that of SF or other media fans. This is probably due to the timeslot the show occupies in Australia. In the UK the fans are a little older, but still mainly male, although in North America there are a lot more active female fans.

At the moment Dr Who fandom is generally on the wane - throughout the world, not just in Australia - although there are areas (Perth, for instance) where fandom is still expanding. The number of fans in Australia would be hard to pinpoint, although perhaps 3,000 would have some contact with it. The largest gathering of fans in Australia was early in 1985 when over 400 fans attended a party in Sydney. In 1984 over 300 fans attended a one-day convention in the west of Sydney.

So you can see that Doctor Who fans are pretty much like other fans: they produce different types of fanzines, have clubs, meetings, conventions - occasionally we even watch the show!

Dallas Jones



NEW 'FANDERSON AUSTRALIA' NEWSLETTER

The first issue of Contact 21, the official Fanderson Australia Newsletter, has hit the stands. Fanderson Australia is [of course] the Australian branch of Fanderson, the world-wide fan club for the works of Gerry & Sylvia Anderson, and Contact 21 has a planned schedule of six-weekly appearances, supplementing the club's major newsletter, Fanderson.

In the first issue, there's information on raffles of Anderson memorabilia, searching questions to be answered such as: how does Jeff Tracy hide the expenditure for International Rescue in his tax return? and a list of local club groups one may contact or find out more about by sending an SAE to:

Sydney Local Group Adelaide Local Group Coordinator: Kerrie Dougherty Coordinator: Kelly Lannan P.O.Box 104, Broadway 2007.

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Queensland Local Group Coordinator: AndrewMacpherson 43 Dumfries Ave, Seaton 5023. 2 Foxton St, Bundamba 4304.

Sydney Coordinator Kerrie Dougherty is editor of Contact 21, and if you're interested either in the newsletter or the clubs you might write to her at the above address for details. Briefly, the newsletter is available free to members of Fanderson Aus., or individual copies for a 50c stamp and an A4-sized envelope. Membership of Fanderson Australia currently costs £14, payable through the local groups. And while we're on the subject, latest news from the UK is that the pilot episode of the Andersons' latest 100 series, 'Space Police', is now in production. Yes, we knew you'd be excited.

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MOB CALENDAR UPDATE

If you're a Melbourne resident and you don't know what to do with yourself on the first Wednesday evening of a Month, you could do worse than turn up to Jenny & Russell Blackford's place - 198 Nott Street, Port Melbourne - around 8pm for an evening of superb literary entertainment. Usual procedure is for someone foolish enough to have volunteered give a short talk on an author (usually sf) or perhaps a particular piece of work, and then for everyone else to jump in with their two cents' worth in a round table, free for all discussion.

This month's meeting saw Gerald Murnane as guest speaker - last minute replacement for the slack Bruce Gillespie - working from the bones of a short talk he'd given some while ago on ABC radio. Talking about the importance of concentrating on the style rather than the themes of a piece of writing, and with many & varied quotes from different authors, one Nova Mobber opined that the evening had about it the feel of a "graduate English seminar", but there was fun to be had when Gerald dipped into the most recent issue of Australian SF Review [reviewed elsewhere in this issue of Thyme] and, as we are given to understand, used the long review by Russell Blackford of a Delany book as an example of how not to approach the subject. Russell took exception to this handy gutting of his work, and every caveat of Gerald's ("now this is only another way of looking at the work, not necessarily a wrong way") only entrenched him further, albeit unintentionally. An "entertaining" discussion ensued....

Next month (1st of October) will see Malcolm Gordon talking On Evolution; the meeting after that (5th of November) will concern the planning of the Christmas do, and the (topics for) meetings in 1987. Come along and join in the fun!

The thing that seems to confound and sometimes even to intimidate people not from Melbourne is what is often referred to by non-participants as "the literary circle" (to give it one of its more polite names), a loosely knit group of fans who meet for the singular purpose of talking about science fiction. Nowadays the problem has been exacerbated - "they" not only talk seriously about sf, they put what they say into print in their own magazine! "Who are these people?", goes the cry. "What are they really up to?" At last, Thyme has the answer to those searching questions.

Fresh from his most recent triumph, a mighty battle of wits with Bruce Barnes, Nova Mob attendee and ASFR Collective member John Foyster new turns his

withering gaze upon those nearest and dearest to present a revealing, inside report on the collective ways of the team behind Melbourne's newest journal of sf criticism.

ASFR AFTERNOONS

by John Poyster

The monthly meetings of the Science Fiction Collective - languorous affairs devoted only intermittently to the consideration of things scientifictional - provide dark hints about the lifestyles of the middle-aged middle classes rather than luminary insights into the hot centre of scince fiction criticism. Amazingly penetrating analyses there may be, but not of Orson Scott Card's Ender's Game.

The standard meeting begins with the Blackfords collecting those of the elite unable under their own steam to reach the rendezvous, in their buzzy little car, before arriving at Kensington or Port Melbourne; for with the kind of high IQ obviously necessary to run ASFR, it has been ordained that meetings shall be held in the houses of those best able to travel somewhere else. This report describes a simple meeting (not, you understand, a normal meeting) for which there has not been a last minute change of venue nor a misunderstanding about who needed a lift. In any case, it is always a rewarding experience to ride in a car driven by Russell Blackford because Russell is so attentive to those little hints about the fine points of driving, or of navigation, from passengers who, unencumbered by any responsibility for actually piloting the little beast, are able to think of much better ways of getting from A to B. Russell, it has to be reported, actually only becomes alarmed when it turns out that the Collective is meeting at C.

The Collective! Oh, what rapturous resonances inhere in that politically-aware and ideologically correct name! Yet the chance visitor - the aptly-named fly on the wall - might be a little surprised by the occasionally s-emingly trivial nature of our concerns.

The timing of the meeting - sometime in the afternoon - makes it plain that some refreshment will be needed as relief from the pressures of work. And so the meeting begins by tackling its major problem: is there enough room on the table for the food and drink? Usually there isn't, but comandeering space in adjacent rooms is the work of a moment. Has John Foyster brought enough meringues? Where will I put the avocados? Is Yvonne's chocolate cake (a concoction of chocolate, sugar and cream only) large enough for Russell and John to get a slice? And so the conspicuous consumption begins.

"Are you sure you won't have some champagne, Lucy?" I ask the Youngest Member, referring rather bluntly to my public campaign against Ms Sussex's tendencies towards drunkenness, and she replies negatively and vituperatively. (On odd meetings I press upon her the virtues of mineral watter, but this evokes the same response.) It is probably appropriate to point out here that this is all in fun, as Lucy Sussex is a very moderate drinker: this is because after the first drink she is so off her face that the rest goes in her ear or over her shoulder....

Jenny Blackford reports on progress to date. This month both of our subscribers have written letters of comment. One of them liked the previous issue and the other didn't. This offers us very little guidance for future issues. Russell tentatively suggests a campaign for a third subscriber, and in a fury I remind him that subscribers cost money since you then have to pay for postage on those copies. "However are we going to insulate your house if you go on recklessly selling the insulation to science fiction fans?" I shout, reminding him of the boxes of ASFR lining the walls: Russell subsides and we can settle back to contemplete more important things.

"What should we do about the stapler?" asks Yvonne. "Roger was very willing to provide one, but so is Bruce. It's a difficult decision."

"Oh, there's no question about it, Yvonne," I say. "You'd understand it better if you could bring yourself to handle Bruce's stapler. So strong, so firm in action, ready to leap into surging life at the lightest touch. By contrast Roger's is a weak and feeble thing, limp and barely able to perform. I wonder if that explains why Roger..."

"John!", Jenny interrupts, will you please stick to the point? It's decided then, is it, that we will stay with Bruce's stapler?" And it is. Jenny Blackford is very forceful about these things.

"Any more rollmops?" asks Lucy. We all wonder about the relevance of this. "Suppress that dormouse!" suggests Russell. Yvonne goes on sprinkling pieces of powdered merinque over the floor. Jenny Blackford wants to know about the next issue.

Someone feels it is about time to use the Gene Wolfe interview. This has been lying around for some months now. Some of the Collective feel it's a bit on the boring side and Russell, who feels he has the right to regulate the boredom content of each issue, has been holding back on it. But Russell doesn't have any long articles about obscure Australian skiffy writers ready, so we agree to come clean for Gene in the next issue.

I'm getting a little worried, and ask whether the Blackfords have collected the mail at all this month. And if so, whether that bastard X has sent his contribution yet. "Did you reply to his earlier letter?" asks Jenny.

His earlier letter! What the hell is this all about? Slowly the meaning dawns on me. X did ask for clarification, a couple of months ago, and I was meant to reply. "Oh!" I say brightly. "I'm about to do that." No-one finds this convincing.

The question of printing letters of comment comes up again. Should we offer more prizes for competitions? Should we print only long letters or only short letters? Should John Foyster ever be allowed to answer the letters again? There's no decision on any of these questions, as usual. I guess it's our policy of Collective Irresponsibility at its best.

As food and drink work their mysterious ways with our innards the talk and action become even more indolent: "peel me another date'; "more champagne, Lucy?"; "what's happening at the next Nova?"

The nitty-gritty of the next issue does bring us back to life a little: what will we do for reviews? Will Lucy meet the deadline? Will Janeen Webb get her reviews done? And older members of the Collective can even remember when Yvonne Rousseau offered to do a review and, poisonously, they remind her of this. She blushes and promises honestly to have it done in time for this issue. It's just that there's all this publicity... Most of us can't remember what this is all about, but it sounds terribly convincing, like most Yvonne Rousseau conversations. At least it looks as though the awful reviews by John and Jenny, which we have on perpetual hold, won't have to be used.

What day will we put the issue together? How about A? Everyone is quite enthusiastic about this, especially Lucy, who tells us that she would love to be there but that day she's going mountain climbing. We stare at Lucy, and one another, quizzically. We have never thought of Lucy as an enthusiastic mountain climber. But would Lucy lie to us? Never! We'll just have to get along with out her and make all the Big Decisions while she tackles the Jungfrau or whatever it is.

The occasional languid derogation of Absent Friends is signalling the impending closure of the meeting. A bloated Russell is mutedly snoring at the table. "Russell thinks the meeting is over," says Jenny. We allow that she's right in this. Russell is awakened and told to drive us all home.

In the car Jenny Blackford and I agree to meet one afternoon to discuss the new typeface for ASFR.

At least, that's what we tell the others.

John Foyster.

LETTERS OF COMMENT

The hot subject of the last month has been anonymous hoaxes. Daniel Wallace has obligingly written in with details of a hoax that was so successful that your <u>Thyme</u> editors didn't even know they'd been taken in by it...

'Last Thursday at Galaxy Bookshop, someone was passing around Carey Handfield's review of Syncon'86 and I was surprised to see that he was taken in by a simple hoax.

'It has become fairly common knowledge around Sydney fandom that "Zbigniew Jonszta" was not a real Polish fan but an actor friend of one of the Committee, who impersonated a Polish fan to put one over on Sydney fandom.

'The hoax was pretty transparent really and most of us caught on to it fairly quickly but, apparently, some of the BNFs remained pretty ignorant of what was going on. Perhaps it was all the time they spent off by themselves not mixing with the rest of us. Anyway, William Johnson (which is, I understand, his real name) managed to con several fanzines out of some of the Committee and to fool most of them.

'Apart from that I thought that Carey did a pretty fair job of writing up an enjoyable, small con.

'Thanks also for the run down on Hugo nominees [see John? People are interested in this sort of thing.] which I skimmed through. I'm not a member of Atlanta so I'm not interested in the voting but it is good to find out what is being nominated overseas so we can start to read it.'

[Sue Isle wrote in to talk about the Hugos also....]

'The pages about the Hugo novels were most informative. I've actually read three of the novels, before I knew they were nominees... I think I'd give it to Ender's Game, despite preferring the short story to the longer novel. I think Card was setting the stage for his second novel, Speaker To The Dead, while writing that ending, and it seemed superfluous to the main story.'

[As it turns out, Sue, I have just skipped through a copy of the second novel, that someone had brought back from overseas, and was raving about. The funny thing about the book (I haven't read Ender's Game, you understand) is that the novel stands quite by itself, and all the elements of the story that have obviously been carted across from the first novel are just so much excess verbiage; it's a wonder that Orson Scott Card bothered. I'd gathered from what other people had said that he was a good writer....]

'Sean McMullen's article Don't Quit Your Job was depressing but rang true. As a person who has been trying to become published for seven or eight years, and amassed a really impressive collection of rejection slips, I'm personally aware of just how hard it is for a newcomer, which I suppose I still am. The stats on women are pretty grim. Still, I am addicted to writing it now, and I am determined to keep on plugging as long as it takes!'

[Sue also wrote in, as have quite a number of other people, on the subject of the Capcon - remember? that NatCon we're having next year? - hotel room rates. Our definitive comment is to be found in this issue's Convention Updates under the heading of 'Places To Stay In Canberra'. Craig Hilton, in the middle of moving, had only one comment to make of #55:]

'What on earth (did) the mug on the cover mean?'

[What, indeed.... The next letter is difficult to know how to introduce; perhaps a straight explanation of how it comes to be in our hands would be best.]

TRUTH IS A STRANGER IN PUERTO RICO

[I am not going to begin to attempt to explain how it is that the general feud between Ted White and Richard Bergeron came into being, or even really who these people are, beyond the fact that Ted White was last year's Fan Guest of Honour at Aussiecon II. Both are Americans.

LAt that convention, Ted gave a Guest of Honour speech which has since seen the light of day in print here in <u>Thyme</u> (where we printed most but not all of it); in GUFF winner Eve Harvey's British fanzine <u>Wallbanger</u> #12; and two paragraphs of it in Bruce Gillespie's <u>Metaphysical Review</u>.

[Seeing the quoted paragraphs in Bruce's publication, Richard Bergeron asked to see the complete transcription, and not having one of his own to hand him Bruce sent a copy of the Wallbanger version. For reasons best known to himself, Richard Bergeron then proceeded to send Bruce a foolscap page-length letter of comment on the speech.

20 * #56 Thyme

I was fascinated by your remarks on Ted White's AussicCon speech and looked forward to finally reading Wallbanger's transcript of it.

I'd like to express amusement that you didn't note its most characteristic aspect: Ted's instinctive tendency to reshape reality in minor and major ways to conform to the picture of the way he thinks it was, wishes it had been, or wants you to believe it was. In one sense he's really arguing a viewpoint rather than documenting anything...and in another he's, as the shrinks say, 'projecting.'

For the moment, I overlook the impropriety of an honored guest of a worldcon using the podium granted him as a platform from which to attack the Duff winner (the honored guest of Australian fandom) or the questionable taste of suggesting that somebody is trying to drive him out of fandom -- an allusion so opaquely hinted that the assembly could only view it as paranoid. Surely this was an embarrassing abuse of hospitality. I trust it's a trait Ted will eventually outgrow.

And then there's this other point: After accusing others of "covert" attacks for over a year on the basis of criticisms which were in public print or written for publication in fanzines, White mounts the stage of a worldcon to attack people without naming names, or sending copies of the transcript to the people referred to. But this is all of a piece with his well-known penchant (Rob Hansen even mentions it in his Taff trip report!) for covertly circulating files of private correspondence behind people's backs, isn't it? Talk about a "mugging!" Tell me, was White able to wash out the spot

on his hand before the convention assembled or did he keep it hidden?

In his references to Marty Centor he has the effrontery to project a note of false self-pity in his observation that his fandom is "diminished" because he "used to enjoy project a note of false sending things to his fanzine and I sure won't be doing that any more" and "I'm not speaking to that person any more." May I suggest the Cantors may find that a relief since the last thing White sent them was a "Joke" threat of a lawsuit which Tea neglected to mention was a joke at the time nor had withdrawn at worldcon time or to this present day as far as I know. Actually, White warned, "This is not a joke," after advising Marty to retain an attorney. Robbie Cantor was so amused that she cut Ted from the Holier Than Thou mailing list and, I'll wager, the Cantors have no interest in further communication from Mr. White. Or his legal department. Or his joke writers, (but how slyly White gives the impression it was he who cut off communication. Quite the reverse is true. The Cantors lost patience with White.)

Ted projects with such disarming casualness that it's practically past you before you even realize what happened. He talks of "the fanzine community" as a place where "we ... could find someone to talk to. Initially about sf and tehn about anything else in the world we had ever thought about. In the 50's it was jazz and sports cars, in the 60's it became rock and drugs, I'm not sure what it became in the 70's, probably the movies." He's not sure what we were talking about in the 70's because he was busy with the professional side of sf for most of that decade, but I'm surprised to find that we were preoccupied with "jazz and sports:ars" in the 50's. Maybe Ted White and his friends were, but "we" weren't. I doubt you could find more than half a dozen mentions of those topics in Quandry, Hyphen, Grue, Skyhook, Oopsia, Slant, Rodomagnetic Digest, Fanvariety/ opus, or Confusion. There was some comment on those subjects in Fapa and, perhaps, to a lesser extent in Apex and/or The Cult. Fanzine fandom at large (in fact, Ted White's golden age of fanzines) didn't focus on tose subjects in any significant sense. Ted had much to say on them in apas (what he correctly calls "those separate room parties where they only talked to their closest friends!), but for him to project an insular interest as if it was a concern of the "fanzine community" (where everyone was speaking to everyone else) is false. As Avedon Carol has said, "Yep, that's Ted, The Voice of Fandom." (The spurious capital letters are Avedon's.)

His recollection of the 60's is equally off the mark: In the 60's none of the top fanzines in the US, Europe, or Australia, were concerned with "rock and drugs". I doubt Warhoon ever mentioned either. I recall nothing about such things in Void (Ted's own better than average fanzine -- though there may have been one or two articles on those subjects), or Mero, or Fanac, or Lighthouse, or ... I vaguely recall an article opposed on hallucinogenics in Habbakuk and a tedious series on drugs in Psychotic, but if there was fandom-wide interest in rock and drugs as something to write about -- I missed it. (We are discussing "the fanzine community" here, I trust, not what people were talking about behind closed doors at conventions.) My impression is that Walt Willis' interests and concerns inter-reacted with the microcosm to such an extent that we can find a mirror of fandom in the 50's and 60's in Warhoon 28. I'd be sorely pressed to find in the 618pgs of Warhoon 28 (surely a broad overview of the period) a single comment on

drugs, rock, jazz, or sport cars.

The 50's were a time of fannish mythmaking (epitomized by "The Enchanted Duplicator," Carl Brandon, and John Berry.) The 60's focused on mesthetics and politics -- the return of 'the Brain Trust. The 60's were not about escapism -- rock and drugs. They were a time when fans remembered (as they knew in the 40's) that they were part of the 'real' world and they began to talk about it again. The Tower Of Bheer Cans To The Moon toppled and fans began to wonder if the fittest were fit to survive -- or, indeed, if there was any reason to think that we would. In a word, fandom Woke Up.

It seems to me that Ted, as he indicates, was really on the fringe. There's much that begs comment in Ted's cross-eyed view of fandom -- a view such as one might glimpse looking through an imprecisely cut, seriously flawed, smokey topaz -- but for the moment, my time will be better spent working on Warhoon 32 than marking up this White paper. However, forgive me one chuckle over this tautology from White's speech: "I can remember days when the monthly genzine was not uncommon, and there were more than one of them." Come, come. If the monthly genzine was "not uncommon," one would expect there would be "more than one of them."

If White gave "value for money," as you say, then I guess in this instance you got twice your money's worth.

But did you get reality?

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of

What can I say? [Easy - say it's a load of bullshit.] It's a load of er, I mean, Richard Bergeron's interpretation of what Ted White had to say could perhaps be best described as "original". Those present at Aussiecon II who heard Ted White deliver his Fan Guest of Honour speech know that he neither used the speech as a platform from which to attack anybody in fandom, nor was he suggesting that anyone was trying to drive him out of fandom. With only a flat transcript available to him, Richard Bergeron has nevertheless gone out of his way to construe the worst from the speech. It is an effort that does him no credit.

While it is reasonable to suggest that no-one much cares nowadays what people in the fandom of the 50s talked about in their spare time, and silly as it was of Ted to define that sort of thing, it was just a personal reminiscence, a throw-away line, and for Bergeron to take such indignant issue with it is indicative of the puerile, pointless nature of his attack.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS - and other stories....

Sydney: Murray Brownrigg, co-proprietor with his wife Christine of Asimov's Bookshop, died unexpectedly in a Sydney hospital, in July. In hospital for another, relatively minor operation, his sudden death was a shock for all of fandom, and he will be greatly missed. Asimov's, a growing North Shore concern, may now be offered up for sale by Christine.... On a slightly happier note, Dave Ramsbottom, currently convalescing after his recent, serious heart attack, is gradually improving. Sister Jane Taubman reports that he's 'getting much better at speaking and writing'. Onyer, Dave, we're all wishing you well. Margaret Hilliard has just moved house: 31 Kauri Street, Cabramatta 2166.

Perth: Rob McGough has moved into Julian Warner's place: Flat 10, 5 Clarence Street, South Perth 6151. Jo Masters & Warren Hughes, in readiness for the arrival of Lee Smoire, have set up house at 57C Douglas Avenue, South Perth 6151. Bob Ogden is about to move in with Don & Anne, at Unit 2, 9 Culworth Place, Bassendean 6054. Craig & Julia Hilton have now moved to 10/47 Park Street, Como 6152. The irrepressible Cindy Evans has also moved, to Unit 6, 654 Stirling Hwy, Mosman Park 6012 - evverbudy's moving around. Greg. & Stephanie Turkich are back in town, too.... The one couple to move out of town recently, Colleen & Adam Jenkins, held a "settling in" party at their place at York (about 60km out) which was by all accounts a pleasant occasion. Another pleasant occasion will be in about six weeks when Sally Beasley (and Dave Luckett) have their child. Meanwhile the news is that Sue Margaret & Ian Henderson are now expecting an arrival in March. Good luck to all. Ian Nichols, it seems, will need more than good luck to find out the whereabouts (or possibly even the true identity) of one Katherine Chopin, who sent a furiously indignant and altogether insulting letter of comment to the editors of The Space Wastrel (which they saw fit to publish in full!) concerning Ian's article on the appreciation of fine cognac, using in her letter such choice phrases as 'an ego swollen with his own imagined importance' and 'a pompous male pig of the werst kind'. (And those are some of the nicer bits.) Katherine Chopin supposedly lives in far away Sydney, but the gauntlet has been thrown down, and Ian has been vigourously on the warpath, trying to persuade friends in the police, Telecom... you name it to track this mysterious person down. Stay tuned for details... or better yet why not write to P.O.Box 545, South Perth 6151 for a sample copy of The Space Wastrel, fast becoming one of the best Australian fanzines in ages - if it isn't already. Speaking of which, one of the three editors has suffered a sea change.... Well, we don't know about Michelle being rich, but she's changed her name from Muysert back to what it would originally have been in the Dutch: Muijsert.

Melbourne: Christine Forbes is now expecting a second child - congratulations, Chris.

Apart from that things have been pretty quiet round here lately. The Ortlieb duplicator is back from the doctors & Marc is raring to get out a fresh Tigger, so you can expect that soon. John Packer puts in for a transfer (from Adelaide), although when that move happens is anybody's business. George Turner has just signed with English publishers Faber for his new novel, The Sea In Summer - congrats, George (look for it early-mid '87). Meanwhile Damien Broderick apparently has yet to see a finished copy of his own The Black Grail, an sf paperback now out to rave reviews in America.

Damien may perhaps take solace in the fact that he's been granted a scholarship by/to Deakin University to undertake the study for a Masters... PhD. Speculation on his thesis topic is rampant and DNQ. Meanwhile he's been moving house - sort of? Companion of ages Dianne Hawthorn is remaining at 10 Marks street, while physically Damien is, literally, just around the corner, and yet Damien claims they haven't "split up" or however you'd have it, and they will still be seen gracing restaurants together & inquiring together after the latest gossip. Not gossip but news is the fact that 'Striped Holes', a radio adaptation of a work by Damien Broderick, will be heard on ABC radio on the 26th of October. Talking about people on air, on the 25th of October a John Foyster adaptation of a work by Homer Nearing Jr will also appear on the ABC. And while we're doing the ABC's job for them, Yank author Tom Disch will be heard on national radio on the 13th of October in a Letter From America format (Alistair Cooke, move over). Stay tuned (to the ABC, not us) for further details. And speaking of things American, Mike Glyer's File 770 is this issue largely devoted to his 'American in Paris'-style but excellent Aussiecon II report. When Mike is comfortable with his subject, his writing is very good, and he was certainly at home with the topic of Aussiecon II - steal, beg or borrow a copy (polite requests for a photocopy from us might work, if all else fails).

To round off the issue, we'd like to offer a short review of <u>Australian SF Review</u> #4, as promised earlier: this issue is an improvement over the previous, the actual print being more attractive, the editorial by Yvonne Rousseau being passably funny, the short grab-bag letter from Cherry Wilder being decidedly funny, the Russell Blackford review (which takes up the better half of the issue) being surprisingly literate and interesting, but on the minus side the short reviews being rather tedious. Worth the money.

That wraps up our special 'Character Assassination Issue'; we can't really be rude to the nice people who helped us out with this issue, such as Andy, Bruce, Cindy, Dallas, Dave, George, Gerald, Irwin, Jack, John, John, Lewis, Marilyn, Mark, Mark, Margaret, Nick, Nigel, Richard?, Sally, "The Fan Filosopher" and Yvonne. Whew::0029:14:09:86.

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