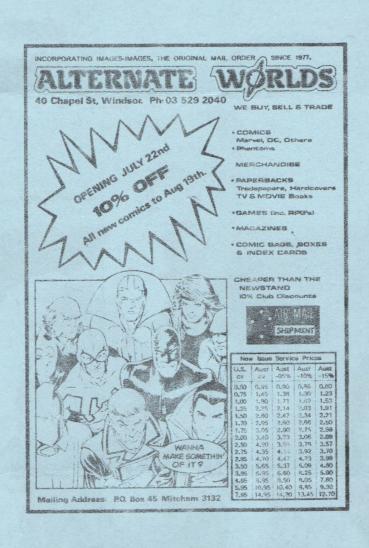
THYANE = 70 he AUSTRALASIAN SF NEWS MAGAZINE July 1988

Registered Publication VBH 2625





Thyme is usually brought to you ("8.7 times a year) by LynC and Peter Burns, but this issue is produced by special guest editor Clive Newall from the ADDRESS: P.O. Box 4024, University of Melbourne, VIC, AUSTRALIA, 3052.

Telephone: [61 3] 344 7606 (Clive. Oz EST Business Hours), or 386 8058 (Clive or

Lyn, before midnight, Oz EST).

Thyme is available for news, reviews, artwork, letters, informative phone

calls, or even subscription, at the following rates:

AUSTRALASIA: eight issues for \$10 (Oz), \$11 (N.Z.). NORTH AMERICA: ten issues for \$10 (U.S.). EUROPE: ten issues for £5, 15 DM, or 17 NLG. ELSEWHERE: \$2.50 Australian per issue.

All overseas copies are sent SAL, or Airmail if SAL not available.

Advertising rates: \$15 (Oz) per quarter page, or pro rata. Copy ready ads only.

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Our agents are:

EUROPE: Joseph Nicholas, 22 Denbigh St, Pimlico, London, SWIV 2ER, U. K. NORTH AMERICA: Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave #2, Van Nuys. CA 91401, U.S.A. NEW ZEALAND: Lyn McConchie, 15 Rauparaha St, Waikanae Beach, Aotearoa. ELSEWHERE: write to us directly.

If you have a big hand-drawn X (XX for non Australians) on your mailing label,

this means that this is your LAST issue unless you DO SOMETHING.

MARAVARI

There were awards and prizes aplenty at Conviction, way back in June. For the record:

The 1988 Australian Science Fiction ('Ditmar') Awards

(12 nominations, 28 votes) Best Australian Long Fiction: "For As Long As You Burn", Terry Dowling

Best Australian Short Fiction: (19 nominations, 25 votes) "The Last Elephant", Terry Dowling

(29 nominations, 32 votes) Best Australian Fanzine: Science Fiction (Van Ikin ed.)

(19 nominations, 27 votes) Best Australian Fan Writer: Perry Middlemiss

(24 nominations, 24 votes) Best Fan Artist: Lewis Morley

William Atheling Jr. Award For Criticism or Review: (11 nom., 26 votes) John Foyster, "Trillion Year Spree"

Other awards/prizes

Short Story Competition:

Garry Sergeant, "The Dreamtime" Story:

Ian Nicholls, "The Haight Experiment"

John Glade-Wright, "Your Trunk is Feeling Heavy" Script:

Photographic Competition: Catriona Sparks for "Connie", and Katherine Cummings for "Kerrie Hanlon" T-Shirt Design Competition: Kerrie Hanlon

Art Competition:

Photograph :: Katherine Cummings

3-Dimensional: (eq) Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride Painting: Professional: Nick Stathopoulos

Amsteur: Kyla Ward

Masquerade: Best Costume:

Kerrie Hanlon (Our Lady Of Darkness)

Best Performance:

Sam Stevens (The Doppler Demon)

Best Improvisation:

Katherine Cummings (Entertainer from Fritz Lieber's 'The Big Time')

All of the above are taken directly from the convention's daily news sheet 'The Suspended Sentence', but any typos are all my own work.

NEBULA AWARDS

The results of the Nebula Awards for 1987, announced last May by the SFWA are:

NOVEL:

The Falling Woman Pat Murphy (TOR)

NOVELLA:

"The Blind Geometer" Kim Stanley Robinson (IASFM)

NOVELETTE:

"Rachel In Love" Pat Murphy (IASFM)

SHORT STORY:

"Forever Yours, Anna" Kate Wilhelm (Omni)

Grand Master:

Alfred Bester

Alternate Worlds

A new comic store is now open in Melbourne. Alternate Worlds opened at 40 Chapel Street, Windsor (north of Dandenong Read) on July 22nd. As well as comics, there is a selection of games and media related material available. A 10% discount on normal prices is being offered on all new comics until August 19th as an opening special (this reduces a 'normal' US75c comic to \$A1.30 from the regular price of \$1.45). When THYME stopped in for a look on Saturday the 23rd of July, the staff were still in the process of stocking the shelves of the fairly small store. Also available was a small selection of recent SF paperbacks, an area of the business due to be expanded in the near future. At present there are no credit card facilities, sales are cash only. Alternate Worlds incorporates Images-Images, and is also offering a mail order service. The mailing address is PO Box 45, Mitcham, Vic., 3132.

With regular prices below Minotaur's current prices, Melbourne could be in for a comic price war, which may extend to books in the near future. The BIG question is, can Melbourne support TWO specialty comic/book stores?

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Slow Glass Books

Justin Ackroyd, formerly of Minotaur Books, and before that of Space Age Books, has begun a mail-order book service under the name Slow Glass Books. His first list, consisting of US releases for July, August and September was circulated in early July. A new list, containing US releases for October, has just been released, with orders due by August 19th. Payment is on delivery, no deposit (with some exceptions for small press items), and you can contact Justin at: Slow Glass Books, GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001.

If you can catch him at home on (03) 489-8416 that's ok, but not after 10:00PM local time, please.

The real interest in Justin's list is the prices. Most paperbacks are listed between \$5.95-\$7.95, with hardcovers at \$25.50 or less. Worth a look.

Justin is also pleased to announce that he is engaged to Jenny Chudecki, and has been since April, with a wedding planned for April 1989.

Australian Science Fiction Foundation

The Australian Science Fiction Foundation has been revived. The Foundation has been changed from a Co-Operative to an Incorporated Association, a more suitable structure which wasn't available when the Foundation was originally set up. The new structure requires that people become members rather than own shares. In order to become a member, you must submit a membership application form, available from:

The Secretary, Australian Science Fiction Foundation Incorporated, PO Box 428, Richmond, Victoria, 3121, Australia.

The current committee consists of: Cath Ortlieb (President), Justin Ackroyd (Vice-president), Carey Handfield (Treasurer), and Mark Loney (Secretary). The Foundation hopes to have representatives in other states in the future. (I think some people were organized at Conviction?)

There is \$5 joining fee, and an annual membership fee of \$5.

Conviction

A REPORTED CONVICTION - Alan Stewart

A Queen's Birthday weekend - a date with Conviction (aka Syncon 88) north of the border.

A long drive up the Hume all Friday, uneventful except for a bit of brake/clutch confusion and ending up in the Darling Harbour carpark.

Anyway, the Shore Inn was easy to find and no problems with parking or the room. A double become triple doesn't leave much floor space, but it was comfortable.

A hat donning/doffing opening ceremony seemed to go over well with the audience, and the cocktail party crowded lots of people into the (small) Con Suite/Fan Lounge. The overspill into the corridor seemed to absorb most of the cocktails. Top marks to a wallbanger, but a strawberry daiquiri was a bit strange.

Saturday was heralded by 'The Suspended Sentence 1', courtesy Jack Herman, with program updates and new info. A shopping expedition to nearby Lane Cove garnered essential supplies and encounters with other Con goers - the joys of wearing name tags in public. Coincidence was a front page article in the Sydney Morning Herald headlined 'Was Flipper gay?' after purchasing a Lone Pine novel 'The Gay Dolphin Adventure'. (This book mysteriously ended up in the auction.)

New Era books launched 'Writers Of The Future: Volume 3' with free food and drinks which provided a welcome lunch break. Panels on the day were moderately well attended, although the three panelists in 'Aust. SF Cons + Clubs' faced the three in the audience, whom they knew well anyway, and adjourned.

A later fan panel on 'Phuther Phads' was more popular, held in the Con Suite on 2 chairs, 1 bed, a bench and the floor.

Programming Saturday night saw the launch of a book on Australian Dinosaurs, illustrated by Marilyn Pride, and the Ditmar hand-outs. Individually painted by Nick Stathopoulos, they looked nice and neat - perspex covered and engraved. A particularly nice touch was the portrait of James Blish (aka William Atheling Jr.) replacing the Southern Cross on the Atheling award for SF criticism.

An art prize was deservedly awarded to Lewis Morley for his 'jukebox' entry, an elaborate sculpture with Red Indian motif and working electronics.

Saturday night we discovered Inga's - a German restaurant - aided by Mark Linneman's intimate knowledge of the cuisine. Unfortunately, his favourite soup (liver & dumpling) was off the menu, but he did get the day's specialty of Pig's Knuckles (actually an entire thigh bone and meat). A successful dinner, with Mark, David McDonell, Stephen Boucher and myself finishing off with almond butter cake while Peter Burns went for fattening lemon sorbet, A booking was made for Sunday night.

At that time, the original 'five', plus friends, descended en masse in a group of twelve, and had to fight off a rival table, led by Justin Ackroyd, for the Black Forest cake and almond butter cake desserts.



Spider & Jeanne Robinson



Jack Herman

Otherwise, Sunday was leisurely, with only a few panels in the morning. The business session devolved to merely a site selection procedure. Melbourne in 1990, after a voiced-over tourist video thanks to Roger Weddall, won 34 to 15 over Suncon, the Queensland bid.

Highlight of the afternoon was the Carey Handfield GOH speech(es). With a little help from his friends, Carey explained what's in his cardboard boxes, why Jack Herman would invite him to be Fan GOH, how he has helped people, and ended up saying more about himself than anyone expected.

The Sunday evening Masquerade went well, with Kerrie Hanlon taking out Best Costume for 'Our Lady Of Darkness' in black and feathers. Best Performance went to Sam Stevens as the innovative 'Doppler Demon' - red front/blue rear.

Spider and Jeanne Robinson entertaining pro .GOHs. Spider paid tribute to Robert Heinlein in his speech, and read/sang in a session on Monday. Their book signing included a lot of conversation and turning the allocated one hour into two+ presented no problem, ensuring everyone in the queue was satisfied. Spider seemed to have bad luck at parties - never getting past the entrance into the main room - button-holed by Sean McMullen one night and Tim Reddan the next. But he seemed the centre of an earnest discussion circle on the floor Registration one night.

Monday saw 'Fit For Fandom meets the Fan Olympics' with the legendary(?) Heavyweights defending against two teams. Extremely well run by Dave Luckett and Ron Serdiuk, the audience seemed to have almost as much fun as the contestants. No-one managed to successfully put a tribble; collatio scores were 3, 1, 0; and beards seem to be an asset in Ditmar bobbing.

The auction turned over a lot of material, Bjo Trimble highlighted bits of Star Trek and then Monday ended with Cindy Evans getting the gavel and the ritual (?) hat doffing.

Monday night wound down with a Mongolian meal then discussion back at the hotel, Eventually a five a.m. start to head back to Melbourne on Tuesday, Glen Tilley had a date with an exam.

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A slightly different Con report from Mike McGann.

MEDIA FANDOM AFTER ONLY. 20 YEARS, AND WE SAID TY. WOULD NOT LAST! YOU KNOW WE SCI-FI FANS HAVE BEEN AROUND FOR 40 YEARS AND WE WERE TRST. I DON'T THINK STAR TREK WILL 45T, AFTER ALL WE READ BOOKS... AT WALD CON ... NO NEW FANS! ONLY OLD FANS. WANG THE MAGIC WORD JACK HERMAN THE SETTING MONSTERED BY AN OVER ACTING IRMOUR SAYING PAY TEN DOLLARS OR GET 4510) ONTO00 15 GOING TO

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Another view of Conviction, this time by Clive ...

Queen's Birthday weekend, June '88. Conviction. We begin by struggling against human nature, and winning, to get to David McDonell's flat by five a.m. Cram David's belongings (including a suit for the 'formal' auction!) into the car and head north to the Hume. The weather, dismal but not especially bad, turns BAD as we near the NSW border. The trip is completed in driving rain and fog, visibility at times nearing ZERO. We reach the outskirts of Sydney just in time to meet the peak-hour traffic. Not an auspicious beginning. Miraculously, we found the Shore Motor Inn without getting lost once.

Lyn and I had a double room which didn't feel like a small closet. Luxury! After unloading David's and our belongings. I notice that the boot of the car is still half full. Ackroyd!! We adjourned to the bar to await the official opening of the con, and to find Justin Ackroyd, so as to enable the unloading of my car. Much to our surprise, the presence of an editor of THYME did not induce a violent reaction from Sydney fans.

Friday night was to be typical of the way I saw the con. I caught some, but not all, of the opening ceremony, and managed to acquire some drinks at the cocktail party, neatly avoiding the rest of the program items.

The only thing I can remember about Saturday DAY is going to Lane Cove for supplies (especially a fruitless search for paraphernalia to allow the making of real coffee). Saturday night saw the 'launch' of a book on Australian dinosaurs, illustrated by Marilyn Pride. From the reaction of the audience, and the quality of the work, this will be a hot item when it is actually published (August?).

Then followed Spider Robinson's GOH speech. Wish I could remember what he said. I do remember that there was a segment sending up the Moral Majority, which was quite funny. If I'd known I was going to be writing a con report I would have made notes.

The 'DITMAR' awards presentation was also on Saturday night. The awards themselves were magnificent works of art, and the winners are listed elsewhere in this issue. (I hope.) It was wonderful to see Van Ikin gaining recognition at last, and he was obviously overjoyed. I don't think anyone was more embarrassed than Terry Dowling, when he went up to collect the Ditmar for 'Australian Long Fiction'. Will we ever know why George Turner's 'Sea and Summer' missed out?

To close the formal program items, there was a reading by Terry Dowling. At half-past-midnight. In a darkened room. And yet most of the audience (notably excluding the snorer in the front) stayed awake, helped by the intensity of the story (yet another Tom Rynosseros tale) and Terry's excellent reading thereof.

The business session, reduced to site selection only, and held, as usual, early (10 a.m.) on Sunday morning, was as exciting as these things usually are, and served to ease the mind into consciousness. Melbourne won the right to hold the 1990 natcon over a Queensland bid.

Carey Handfield's fan GOH speeches were amazing. Since Carey is allergic to public speaking, a panel of his 'friends' presented his speech(es) for him. The efforts of Terry Dowling and Jack Herman served to enlighten the audience on what type of person the Fan GOH really is, and Carey was so overcome that he even spoke about himself for several minutes before he regained composure.

From the little I saw of the masquerade, the prizes were well-deserved, and it was a good idea to present trophies rather than the more normal books or whatever. Nick Stathopoulos did an excellent job as MC, seemingly effortlessly

keeping the audience entertained with stories of the DUFF trip while the judges deliberated.

Alas, I missed 'Fit For Fandom meets the Fan Olympics'. By all reports it was a lot of fun, for competitors and audience alike. Somehow I missed ALL the program items on Monday, except the closing ceremony. Does anyone REALLY believe that Jack has hung up his 'convention chair' hat for good?

So. Was it a good convention? I thought so. The highlights were Terry Dowling's reading and Carey's GOH speech(es). Were Spider & Jeanne good GOHs? Lyn certainly thought they were. (I didn't actually see that much of them, but Lyn got a book signed, and then spoke at length with Jeanne about dance after the showing of some of Jeanne's dance videos.) Spider was seen amongst groups of fans in the bar and elsewhere, and he attempted to get to some of the parties. All up, a good weekend, until...

The trip home on Tuesday was uneventful until, about two hours out of Melbourne, THUD!. Uh oh... Pull over to the side of the Hume. Look around the car. The rear wheels seem to be at odd angles. Look under the car. Find the rear axle in two pieces. Visions of bankruptcy fill my head. A rented car got us home (and a speeding ticket). Three weeks and many hundreds of dollars later I got my car back. My bank account still hurts. And that is the LAST time I cart Ackroyd's books around for him! (Probably.)

Writers Of The Future

While we were at Conviction. Lyn got talking with Julie Jones, PR Manager of NE Publications, about the Writers Of The Future contest...



Writers Of The Future is a contest for new and amateur Science Fiction writers. There are three winners each quarter, each receiving a substantial cash prize plus an offer of publication in the annual WOTF volume. Writers Of The Future: Volume 3 was launched in Australia at Conviction, and the quality of the stories published is generally quite high. There is also a grand prize winner at the end of the year, which not only brings a further cash prize, but (at least in the case of the most recent winner) may lead to an introduction to an American agent.

The contest has been running for almost four years, and has recently been expanded with support from local branches of New Era/Bridge being provided. The British 'launch' of WOTF was at Conspiracy (the 1987 Worldcon), however the over-the-top sponsorship by New Era/Bridge at Conspiracy turned a lot of people off.

The launch of WOTF Vol. 3, and the contest, at Conviction was far less intrusive than the British company's efforts.

With a simple, but over abundant, free lunch (including drinks), bums on seats (in the right frame of mind) were guaranteed. A short video of the presentation to the most recent grand prize winners was shown, followed by the reading of a letter to Australian writers from Nancy Farmer, the 1987 Grand Prize winner.

Nancy indirectly attributes her success to one Charles Taylor, a Melbourne fan currently gafiating with wife and family. It seems that Charles ran a writer's workshop while in Zimbabwe, and it was this that encouraged Nancy to continue writing. (He ran a workshop in Melbourne some years ago, and his accurate but unforgiving tongue did a lot to improve my (and others') writing abilities).

Julie Jones. Public Relations Manager of New Era Publications in Australia, remained at Conviction and was available for discussion about the WOTF contest, sometimes long into the night. Julie's ability to mix well with fans contrasts greatly with NE/Bridge's presence at Conspiracy, something Australian fans should be grateful for.

There were five Australian semi-finalists in the first two quarters of the 1988 contest. Entrants are encouraged to keep trying if they are unsuccessful at first, both Nancy Farmer and one of the Australians succeeded on their third entry. Entrants retain ALL rights to their entries, and publication in the WOTF books is on a professional basis, and NOT compulsory.

Australians (and presumably New Zealanders) now have a local address to write to, thus saving the time/expense of writing to the US address. Prospective entrants should write to:

Writers Of The Future Contest, PO Box 466, Paddington, Sydney, NSW, 2010.

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MATILDA at the Speed of Light

Just released (actually it was available at Conviction in June) is a 'new' anthology of Australian SF, Matilda at the Speed of Light (Angus & Roberston, SIRIUS imprint, \$12.95). Selected by Damien Broderick, it is a collection of reprints (the oldest being David Lake's 'Creator' from 1978), with two new stories, 'Things Fall Apart' by Phillipa C. Maddern and 'My Lady Tongue' by Lucy Sussex. Some of the stories you WILL have seen before, but some are from obscure sources, making the collection a worthwhile addition to your library. I felt that the Maddern and Sussex were enough to make the purchase worthwhile.

And what has Mr. Broderick been doing since completing the latest collection of Australian SF? Damien writes from the wilds of suburban Brunswick...

'Since you really want to know how a sweat-browed hard-working sci-fi writer and editor fills his days--

Since none of you will rest until these secret inner crannies are torn open to public scrutiny and assessment--

All right. Don't say I didn't -- Put your ears down, sir. Back, back.

Here I am, then, a Heinleinian Free Man, alone in the house I've renovated and almost paid off (and quite pleased to be that way), suddenly surrounded again by two fine hounds, the one mournful, stout and shedding silvery fur, the other frisky if bleary-eyed and always gnawing at bits of its own person: Dianne my former chum having fled Melbourne winter for Bali, two weeks of sun and expensive drinks, it seemed altogether too heartless to allow consignment of the pogusses to a concrete and wire \$250 a week penthouse so I foolishly took the beats on board, as we nautical types say. Bedding arrived in a preliminary carload, two bead-filled baggies all fuzzy with horse hair and bone fragments. Bowls for food under two species (in

pellet form and slimy from the tin). Bowl for water. Pills for the allergies, nutrachoc gloop to embed the pills in. Collars and chokes and plastic bucket with hole and leather strap for the head (a bizarre contraption liable to have me in a cell for Cruelty to Dumb Beasts, but needful when the self-edible dog takes to assuaging her itchy skin with her teeth; this is a dog, while we're at it, full of several thousand dollars worth of titanium pins and false hips after a crippling contest with a motor vehicle).

Now these dogs are not long on attention span. Did they weep and wail as their owner left the country? Did they stamp their tiny feet (a total of eight stamping feet in all)? Not a bit of it. Snooze snore oh yawn where's the bone? They sleep at night in little coaties (they're thin skinned German short haired critters, or almost), and in the morning they rise with the sun and take the air along the northern side of the estate, throwing off their coats and presing delicately (one surmises) in the single small muddy patch. Do they then and there void their unpooper-scooped bowels? They do not. Trained to a pitch of canine delicacy, these wonderful animals wait to be led by the hand to the local football field, where they frolic for time, bringing their sphincters into optimum gear and pep, awaiting the appearance of the groundkeeper so that they might find the most conspicuous grassy knoll within his jaundiced eyeline and standing there at stool, hunched low behind and before and high in the middle, quivering with the intensity of their principal libidinal outlet, while I shudder slightly, averting gaze and nose, and affect to be accompanying quite a different dog or dogs. then home, lolling all day before the fire, scratching, footsucking, attempts to climb into chairs, barkings at spectral dogs on the telly, more walkies and poops, oh it's a full rich life I tell ya. And only another ten days of it. Mt social life has improved out of sight as a result of course: I have now met Flash, a very handsome and foolish baby beagle with ears vast and luscious as, I dunno, spineless cactus leaves plump with secret water; also his somewhat less aristocratic chum Bock; their lady owners; others. Just around the corner in the otherwise useless parkette. Remarkable the uses of dogs. Soon I shall be free again, and my hot-breathed mind shall turn to galaxies and time-warps, or perhaps to Jacques Derrida.

While I'm here--

Devotees of rational award-giving will have boggled at the results of the Ditmar 'Best Australian Long Fiction' category, won by Terry Dowling's rather short 'For As Long As You Burn' rather than its chief rival, George Turner's The Sea and Summer, which had to scrape by with being internationally celebrated. But I think I see how it happened. Sydney fans got confused as they will, thinking the prize was for 'Australian Fiction With The Word "Long" In The Title'.'

Ta, Damien. I was going to try and avoid insulting anyone this issue, and you bag Sydney fans. I'm sure there is another explanation, and the voting was close (14 to 10, with 4 for Keith Taylor's BARD IV). I gather that some people feel that the publisher failed to push the book, but for the purpose of the Ditmars I would have thought that the hardcover being readily available from Galaxy and Minotaur was enough. How well do hardcovers sell in Oz anyway?

The Sea And Summer by George Turner continues to garner international acclaim. The John W. Campbell Memorial Award, announced in July, was won by Lincoln's Dreams by Connie Willis. The Sea And Summer came second, with Geoff Ryman's The Unconquered Country third. (SFC)

Have you ever read book reviews and thought 'Wow! I wish I could write like that!', or maybe 'Why didn't I see that? What a perceptive critic?'. Don't worry, you won't after reading

From the stacks...

The Forge Of God, Greg Bear, Tor, 473pp, \$9.95
Seventh Son, Orson Scott Card, Tor, 241pp, \$9.95
When Gravity Fails, George Alec Effinger, Bantam/Spectra, 275pp, \$8.95
Tool Of The Trade, Joe Haldeman, Avon, 248pp, \$9.95
Quearagic, Kingmagic, Ian Watson, Grafton, 239pp, \$8.95
The Year Before Yesterday, Brian W. Aldiss, St. Martin's, 227pp, \$7.??

The Forge Of God left me feeling odd. I noticed the feeling growing about half-way through the book. I soon realised what it was that was bothering me: I was reading a 'disaster movie'. You know, the ones where we are shown intimate details of the lives of half a dozen or so characters so we have someone to relate to, then the plane crashes/boat sinks/building burns down and we watch their reactions. The movies where the characters are an afterthought, there to add 'human interest' to the real drama: the disaster. As in these movies, the characters in The Forge Of God serve no real purpose, they are present to observe, and be observed. They do not influence the final outcome at all. Maybe this is precisely what the author intended, to emphasise the magnitude of the disaster he constructed, but the overall effect was to leave me feeling like a detached observer, with no involvement whatsoever.

In Seventh Son, Orson Scott Card has created an alternate history of frontier America, one where folklore is true, and magic works. Alvin is the seventh son of a seventh son, destined to have power, and powerful enemies. We follow Alvin from his birth through his first ten years, during which he survives many threats to his existence, and grows into an awareness of what his powers might mean. It took me several attempts to get over what I felt was a slow beginning to the story, but after the first few chapters I couldn't put it down. This is one trilogy I look forward to reading. (The sequel The Red Prophet is already available in hardcover.)

When Gravity Fails is set in world far removed from Alvin Maker's America. Most of the action (and there is a lot of action) takes place in an Arabic ghetto in the decadence of the late 22nd century. The protagonist, Marid Audran, is one of the few not to have been wired for 'moddies' and 'daddies', electing to survive using only his natural talents and skills. A 'moddy' is a personality module, completely replacing the wearer's own personality. A 'daddy' is a plug-in capability module, the provided skills appearing perfectly natural while the 'daddy' is in place, and disappearing completely upon its removal. That is the technology of the period, the society is considerably less removed from the present day. The 'Budayeen' is that centre of sex, drugs and violence that tourists in exotic places are wisest to avoid. Into this setting, Effinger weaves a complex plot of marder, corruption and fast paced action, with echoes of Raymond Chandier. An excellent novel which I thoroughly recommend.

I don't know why <u>Tool Of The Trade</u> is published as SF. Apart from one gimmick (a device allowing complete mind control), the story is a well written and enjoyable spy thriller set in the very near future. Nicholas Foley is a KGB sleeper in the USA, a university professor who discovers a way to control minds. Unfortunately for Nicholas, the Americans notice his KGB activities. His subsequent flight from both the CIA and the KGB, to prevent either from gaining

access to his device, provides the driving force for the action. A well written, competent spy thriller.

Queenmagic, Kingmagic is a fantasy, set in world where two sides do battle by magic, according to the rules of chess. We follow the life of Pedino, the white queen's squire, as he takes his place on the board and joins the battle. The early part of this novel is well done, intriguing and detailed fantasy. However, I felt let down by the conclusion. What had been an interesting premise is thrown away in a frivolous romp, leading to a most cliched ending. Not one of Watson's better works.

I was going to include The Year Before Yesterday (I believe the British title is Cracken At Critical) in these reviews, but I don't understand it. Sort of meta-fiction with stories within stories, set in an alternate world where the Nazis won WWII, totally confusing. Anyone care to explain it to me?

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The programme for the NOVA MOB for the remainder of 1988 is:

August 3: Cathy Kerrigan on Heroes, September 7: Alan Stewart on Cyberpunk versus Humanist SF, October 5: George Turner on New Directions in SF - are there any?, November 2: Mark Linneman on Clifford D. Simak. Venue: 17/140 Riversdale Rd., Hawthorn. (Except Sept.) Enquiries: Cathy, 819-1982 (AH), 268-3726 (BH).

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Critical Mass (Adelaide's answer to the Nova Mob), meets on the first Wednesday of each month at 8.00 pm at the George Street Meeting Room in the Norwood Town Hall Building, George Street, Norwood. The programme for the coming months is:

August: Zoran Bekric on Everything Old Is New Again - The Devices Used By Pulp Authors, September: John Foyster on In The Heart Of The Heart Of Darkness - The Gothic Novels Of Joyce Carl Oates, and October: Chris Simmons on The Twodimensional World In Science Fiction.

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The 1988 Bram Stoker Awards, the Horror Writers Of America answer to the Nebulas, were presented in June. The recipients were:

Life Achievement Award: Fritz Leiber, Frank Belknap Long, Clifford D. Simak

Best Novel: (Tie) MISERY, Steven King

SWAN SONG, Robert McCammon

Best First Novel: THE MANSE, Lisa Cantrell

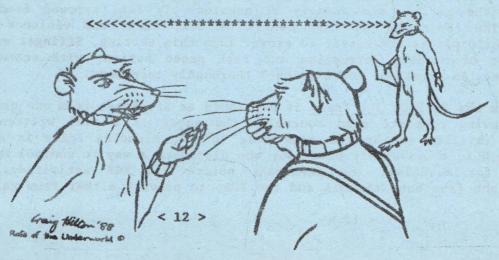
Best Novellette: (Tie) "The Pear-Shaped Man", George R.R. Martin

"The Boy Who Came Back From The Dead", Alan Rodgers

Best Short Story: "The Deep End", Robert McCammon

Best Collection: The Essential Ellison, Harlan Ellison

Best Non-Fiction: Mary Shelley, Muriel Spark.



The Yarn Backet

Thyme continues to receive mail on the two hot topics, but to give everyone a breather, I'm not going to mention either issue. [LynC has published something that may be relevant in the latest ANZAPA. Write if you would like a copy.]

We did get a letter from Roger Wedall, who writes:

'I note with interest that, as of the appearance of the most recent issue of the 'Real Official Thyme', you now all but admit that you print nothing but rot. Or R.O.T, as the case may be - but I've never been one for splitting hairs and I'll call this one as I see

An opinion shared by many I believe, including, recently, myself. Would it be correct to say we gave you the T.R.O.T.S.?

Jaynee Clark (neé Russeil-Clarke) wrote to tell us, and all her friends from Melbourne, that she is now married to one Steve Clark, whom she met Conspiracy.

Speaking of Conspiracy, it appears that Australian fans who were supporting members may NEVER get to see the Program Book they are entitled to. Conspiracy is fighting desparately to avoid being forced into bankruptcy. The major creditor appears to be the Brighton Metropole, site of the con. What I would like to know is - Why is it only now, almost 12 months after the convention, that they are attempting to raise funds to mail out the Program Books? Shouldn't the mailing have been done LAST YEAR? (And I still haven't seen PR#4!)

The Melbourne Science Fiction Club meets every Friday night at 7.00 pm in the upstairs room at Mind Games, 244 Swanston St. Melbourne.[Is this a change of venue?]

The Perth In '94 bid is finding itself a bit short of cash. Apparently the nondelivery of merchandise to sell at Conspiracy is hurting. Supporting members would therefore be MOST welcome.

Melbourne fans are still gathering at K&M's in the Myer Arcade each Friday night. This despite the fact that the food is avoided by most of those present. Blame it on apathy, I suppose.

The October ANZAPA mailing signals the 20th anniversary of this Australian APA. Marc Ortlieb was going to give me something to publish regarding this, but hasn't had the time. I wonder what he wanted to say ...

Changes of Address:

Only two this time ...

UK: Martyn Taylor can now be found at: 14 Natal Rd, Cambridge, CB1 3NS, England OZ: Yvonne Rousseau's new address is: PO Box 483, Norwood, SA, 5067.

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Art credits this issue:

Craig Hilton: p12,p15. All photos by Clive.

NOLACON II: The 46th World Science Fiction Convention.

Dates: 1st -5th of September, 1988

Venue: Rivergate Convention Centre, and miscellaneous hotels, New Orleans,

Donald A. Wollheim (Pro), Roger Sims

(Fan), Mike Resnick (TM)

Rates: US\$30 supporting US\$70 till 10 July 1988

Mail: Nolacon II, 921 Canal St, Suite 831,

New Orleans, LA 70112

CONQUEST 88:

Dates: 13-15 September 1988 Venue: Tower Mill Hotel, Brisbane

GOH: Richard Arnold (from Paramount)

Rates: \$40/\$60 till 16 Sept

Room Rates: \$68 single + \$10 per person

extra.

Mail: G.P.O.Box 1376, Brisbane 4001

ZENCON 2: The 1988 Media Natcon.

Dates: 14-16 October, 1988

Venue: Clunes Ross House, 191 Royal Pde, Parkville, Vic., and the Carlton Football Club[1]

Paul Darrow (Avon), Michael Keating (Vila), Janet Lees Price, Dr Michael Archer

Rates: \$45 till 8 September, \$60 at the door, \$15 supporting, \$35 Day (Layby available)

Rooms: The Royal Parade Motor Inn. Double/Twin \$83. \$10 extra per extra person. All Meals for whole Con: \$122, but individual meals also available.

Mail: Zencon 2, c/- Cathy Kerrigan, P.O. Box 437, Camberwell, 3124.

CONVERGE 1988: 'The Gathering'

Dates: 21-24th October, 1988 (NZ Labour Day Weekend)

Venue: The Avenue Motor Inn, Victoria Ave, Wanganui, Aotearoa

GOH: David Gerrold, Ian McLean (Fan GOH)

Rates: NZ\$35 attending, NZ\$15 supporting. Room Rates: NZ\$88 double, NZ\$77 single,

NZ\$11 per extra adult. Organized by Hospitality Wanganui P.O. Box 637, Wanganui .

Mail: conVERGE, P.O. Box 4188, Wanganui, New Zealand/Aotearoa.

SWANCON 14: the 28th Aust. National SF convention.

23-27th March, 1989 (Easter) Dates: Kings Ambassador, Hay St. Perth. Venue: John Varley, Bob Shaw, Paul J. GOH:

(Antifan) Stevens.

Urban spaceman. Theme:

Rates: \$60 Attending , \$20 supporting Room Rates: \$79 a night for single, twin, or double. (\$89 triple) One night's deposit

in advance ONLY, please.

Swancon 14, RO Box 318, Nedlands WA Mail: 6009.[PR#1 was released in June]

CONTRIVANCE: British SF Con, 1989

24-27th March, 1989 Dates:

Hotel de France, St Helier, Jersey Venue: Island.

Anne McCaffrey, M. John Harrison. GOH: £8 supporting, £15 attending, £6 Rates:

associate

Contrivance, 63 Drake Rd, Mail: Chessington, Surrey, KT9 1LQ, UK U.S. Agent: Bill & Mary Burns, 23 Kensington Crt, Hempstead, NY

11550, USA

CONCAVE 89:

9-12 June 89 Dates:

Frankston International Hotel, Venue:

Frankston

\$10 full, \$8 Studes, \$5 Pens. Rates:

P.O.Box 409, Canterbury, Vic. 3126 Mail:

NOREASCON 3: the 47th World Science Fiction Convention

Dates: 31 August - 4 September 1989

\$US60 till ??. \$US20 supporting, Rates: \$US40 Children.

Andre Norton, Ian & Betty Ballantine

John B. Hynes Veterans Convention Venue: Center, the Sheraton-Boston Hotel, and the Back Bay Hilton.

Noreascon 3, Box 46, MIT Branch Mail: Post Office, Cambridge, MA 02139, USA.

Agents: Australia: Carey Handfield, PO Box 1091, Carlton, Vic. 3053.

DANSE MACABRE: The 29th Australian

National Science Fiction

Convention

Dates: Friday 13th - Monday 16th April,

1990 (Easter)

Rates: \$30 Attending until September 1st,

1988, \$15 Supporting

??? To be announced when they GOH: finally get an answer from ---- or maybe when they give up and contact ----- (Didn't the last Roger Weddail / Alan Wilson convention (UNICON IV) have two? Oh no...) At the moment, the committee

don't like this topic being raised. Yenue: ??? About as organised as the GOH.

Mail: DANSE MACABRE, PO Box 273, Fitzroy,

Vic., 3065

COMFICTION: the 48th World Science

Fiction Convention 23rd - 27th August, 1990

Dates: A\$85 Attending till 31st December Rates:

1988, A\$35 Supporting, Child (under 14 at time of Convention)

A\$21

Due to currency fluctuations,

these prices do change.

Joe Haldeman, Wolfgang Jeschke, GOH: Harry Harrison, Andy Porter, &

Chelsea Quinn Yarbro(TM).

The Netherlands Congress Centre, Venue:

The Hague, Holland.

Worldcon 1990, P.O. Box 95370 -Mail:

2509 CJ The Hague, Holland

Agents: Australia: Justin Ackroyd, GPO Box

2708X, Melbourne, VIC, 3001

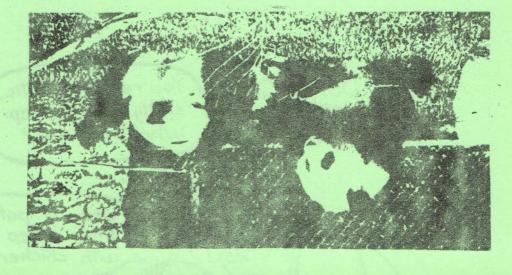


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