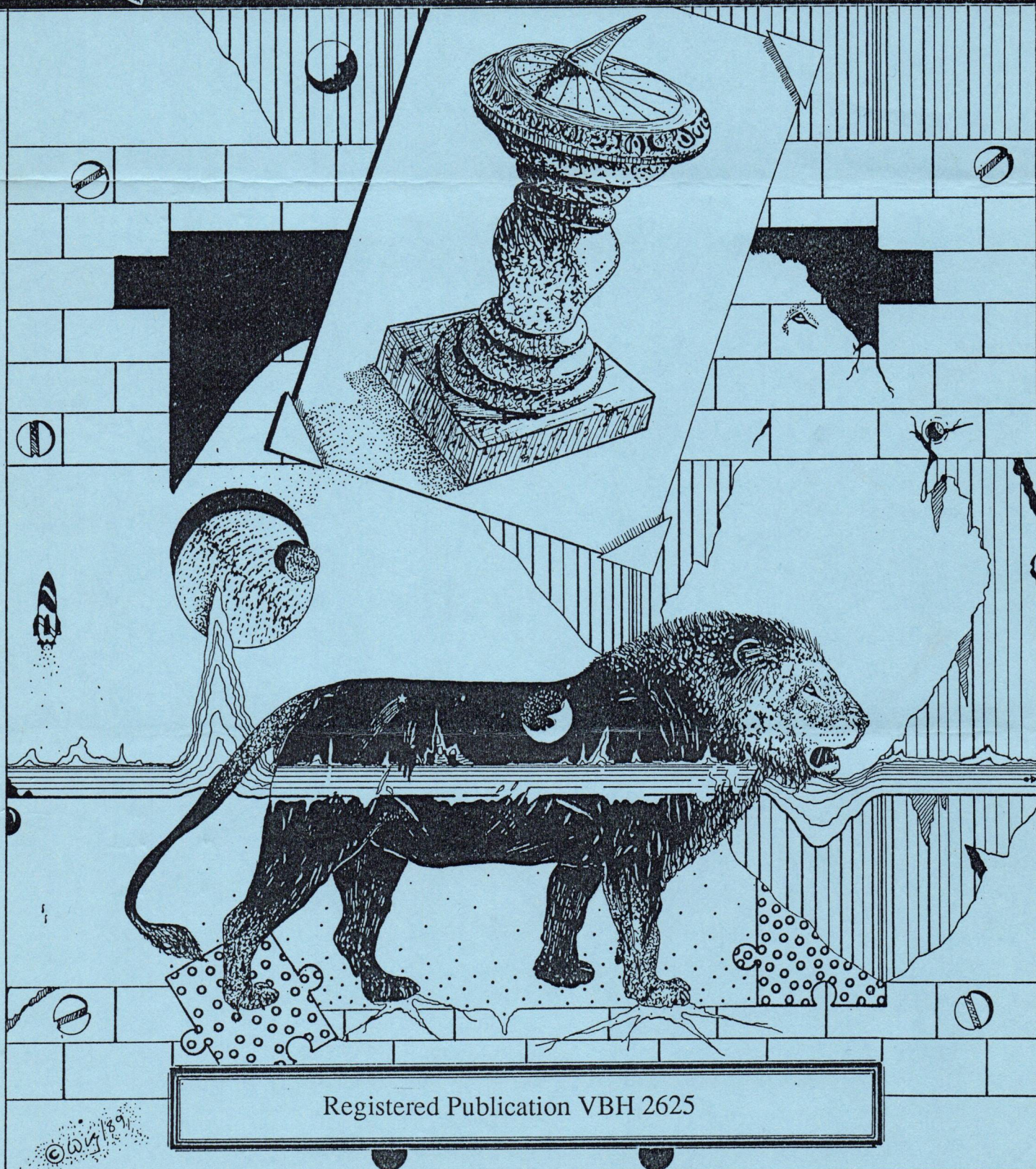


# THYME #77

*The Australasian SF News Magazine*  
October 1989



Registered Publication VBH 2625

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Theme is brought to you ~bimonthly (Family Commitments permitting) by LynC, from the ADDRESS:  
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Telephone: [61 3] 615 0328 Oz EST Business Hours, or 386 8058 (Clive Newall or Lyn, before 10:00 pm GMT+11).

Theme is available for news, reviews, artwork, informative phone calls or letters, trade, or even subscription, at the following rates: 8 issues for A\$10 (NZ\$13, or UK£5 - to the agents). ELSEWHERE: \$2.00 Australian per issue. All overseas copies are sent SAL, or Airmail if SAL not available.

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Our agents are: EUROPE: Joseph Nicholas, 5A Frinton Rd, Stamford Hill, London, N15 6NH, U. K. NEW ZEALAND: Lyn McConchie, c/- Farside Farm, R.D., Norsewood (Near Dannevirke), Aotearoa/NZ. ELSEWHERE: write to me (LynC) 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.

I apologize for the lateness of this issue, but between work, caring for Clive's family, and my own health, there just hasn't been time till now. Remember FIAGH!

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## FAN FUNDS:

### DUFF:

DUFF (the Down Under Fan Fund) is now accepting nominations for an Australasian to go to America for the 1990 Natcon, in San Diego, 1-3 September. The nominees must supply a \$10 bond; the names, addresses and signatures of 3 Australian nominators AND two American nominators; and supply a written platform. Nominations must reach an administrator no later than 15 January, 1990. Voting will close at Danse Macabre (Easter 1990). The administrators are: Terry Dowling, 11 Everard St, Hunters Hill, NSW, 2110; or John D. Berry, 525 Nineteenth Ave East, Seattle, Washington, 98112.

The Voting for the 1989 race was as follows:

Person	Votes	Australia		Sub-total	Votes	U.S.A.	Sub-total	Total
John Berry	17	3	4	24	46	8	54	78 Winner
Baral Wayne	10	1		11	42	9	51	62
Greg Ketter	4			4	18		18	22
Write-in	4			4	1		1	5
Hold Over	-			-	1		1	1
	35				108			143 voters

The Four Australian Write-ins were for Cy Chauvin, Tim Jones, Bill Bowers, and Wilson da Silva.

The Australian Voters were:

Justin Ackroyd, Christine & Derek Ashby, Don Ashby, Sally Beasley, Valma Brown, Cindy Clarkson, Garry Dalrymple, P. Darling, Leigh Edmonds, Roy Ferguson, John Foyster, Bruce Gillespie, Carey & Jo Handfield, Kerrie Hanlon, Craig Hilton, Wendy & Irwin Hirsh, Rod Kearins, Eric Lindsay, Mark Loney, Lewis Morley, Michelle Muijsert, Chris Nelson, Roman Orszanski, Robin M. Pen (?), Marilyn Pride, Yvonne Rousseau, Gerald Smith, Nick Stathopoulos, Alan Stewart, Grant Stone, Jean Weber, Roger Weddall. (35)

[Terry Dowling]

## GUFF:

Voting in GUFF (The fan Fund between Australasia and Europe) is now open. The candidates are: Larry Dunning, Mark Loney & Michelle Muijsert, and Roman Orszanski. Voting closes after Danse Macabre. The winner of this fund travels to Confiction, the 1990 Worldcon. Voting form is enclosed.

## FFANZ:

FFANZ (Fan Fund between Australia & New Zealand) seems to have gone into hibernation in Australia. This may have something to do with Terry Frost's marital hassles recently. As the winner is expected to travel to New Zealand for their 1990 Natcon in early June, may we suggest that Terry is leaving it a little late to hunt up nominations. If you'd like to nominate contact Terry, at the address mentioned in the Yarn Basket. The New Zealand people however, continue to be actively collecting funds.

## TAFF:

### Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund

*North American Administrator*

**Robert Lichtman**

P.O. Box 30

Glen Ellen, CA 95442 USA

### PRESS RELEASE

*(for immediate publication)*

August 10, 1989

The Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund was founded in 1953 by prominent fans on both sides of the Big Pond with two basic purposes: to promote increased contact between the fandoms on each side of the Atlantic, and to honor those whom voters feel have worked towards this goal. Each side of the Pond alternates in nominating candidates to make the trip to a large convention on the other side. Usually and traditionally, the European winners have attended the American Worldcon, while North American winners travel to the British Eastercon. My 1989 trip to Contrivance, on Jersey in the Channel Islands, was the 30th such trip to be fulfilled.

In the normal course of events, the next TAFF trip to be awarded would be from Europe to North America. However, in 1990 there is no Worldcon being held in North America. For the first time, the Netherlands will host the World Convention. The presence of a Worldcon in Europe has led to a lack of prospective candidates for a 1990 trip. A random sampling of fans queried while I was in the U.K. indicated a general preference for attending a Worldcon in Europe over a Nasfic in North America as their "big convention" of the year.

European TAFF administrators Lilian Edwards and Christina Lake, and I, have agreed that under these circumstances, there will be no 1990 TAFF race. Instead, nominations will open during the summer of 1990 (exact date to be announced) for a candidate to travel from Europe to the World Convention to be held in Chicago over Labor Day weekend in 1991.

In the meantime, a listing of a large number of choice fanzines and other sf and fandom related items for sale or auction is being compiled and will be issued this fall. If you would like to receive a copy of this listing, please send a long SASE with 45 cents in postage (non-U.S. send two IRCs instead). (Note: Contributions of items for sale or auction are also solicited with thanks.)

Please send all inquiries concerning fanzines for sale or auction to the North American administrator. General inquiries about TAFF may be addressed to any administrator at one of the addresses below:

**Robert Lichtman**  
P.O. Box 30  
Glen Ellen, CA 95442  
USA

**Lilian Edwards**  
1 Braehead Road  
Thorntonhall  
Glasgow G74 5AQ  
UNITED KINGDOM

**Christina Lake**  
47 Wessex Avenue  
Horfield  
Bristol BS7 0DE  
UNITED KINGDOM



## 1989 HUGO AWARDS:

### Best Novel:

1	<u>CYTEEN</u>	C.J.Cherryh	(Warner; Pop Lib/Questar)
2	<u>Red Prophet</u>	Orson Scott Card	(Tor)
3	<u>Falling Free</u>	Lois McMaster Bujold	(Analog 12/87-2/88; Baen)
4	<u>Islands in the Net</u>	Bruce Sterling	(Morrow; Ace)
5	<u>Mona Lisa Overdrive</u>	William Gibson	(Gollancz; Bantam Spectra)
6	No Award		

### Best Novella:

"THE LAST OF THE WINNEBAGOS"      Connie Willis      (Asimov's 7/88)

### Best Novelette:

"SCHRÖDINGER'S KITTEN"      George Alec Effinger (Omni 9/88)

### Best Short Story:

"KIRINYAGA"      Mike Resnick      (F&SF 11/88)

### Best NonFiction:

THE MOTION OF LIGHT IN WATER      Samuel R. Delaney      (Morrow)

### Best Dramatic Presentation:

WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBIT

### Best Professional Editor:

GARDNER DOZOIS (Editor of The Year's Best Science Fiction An annual collection of Short Stories; St Martin's Press. The sixth collection was published earlier this year.)

### Best Professional Artist:

MICHAEL WHELAN

### Best Semiprozine:

LOCUS, Charles N. Brown, P.O. Box 13305, Oakland, CA 94661, U.S.A. Australian Subs are US\$32 per annum (\$55 airmail)

### Best Fanzine:

FILE 770, Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401. The usual, or US\$5 for 5 issues, within the states. Apply for overseas rates.

### Best Fanwriter:

DAVE LANGFORD, (Address is on Thyme's file, if you wish to trade with him)

(Dave is also author of several humour/Science Fiction books including:

The Leaky Establishment ("One of our warheads is missing..."); Sphere Books, 1984

The Dragonhiker's Guide to Battlefield Covenant at Dune's Edge: Odyssey Two (Science Fiction Parodies); Drunken Dragon Press, 1988)

### Best Fan Artist:

BRAD W. FOSTER, P.O. Box 165246, Irving, TX 75016, U.S.A.

DIANA GALLAGHER WU, (Address not on Thyme's file)



**John W Campbell Award** for best new writer in the past two years (not a HUGO):  
**MICHAELA ROESSNER** (Author of Walkabout Woman; Bantam Spectra, 1988)

[Ken Moylan]

[After the shenanigans of voting, Australians were given a reprieve and allowed late votes. We were given till July 25 to post them. Pity the first notification of this came AFTER the July 15 closing date, and we, like many others had done the best we could, and rushed our votes in already.-Ed]

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## OTHER 1989 AWARDS:

### Brain Stoker Awards:

(These are awarded by the Horror Writers of America)

**Best Novel:** The Silence of the Lambs Thomas Harris (St Martin's Press)  
**Best First Novel:** The Suiting Kelley Wilde (Tor)  
**Best Novelette:** "Orange is for Anguish, Blue for Insanity" David Morrell  
**Best Short Story:** "Night they missed the Horror Show" Joe R. Lansdale  
**Best Collection:** Charles Beaumont: Selected Tales ed. Roger Anker (Dark Harvest)  
**Life Achievement:** Ray Bradbury & Ronald Chetwynd-Hayes.

[Science Fiction Chronicle & SlowGlass Books]

### World Fantasy Award Nominations:

(These are to be voted on this weekend at the World Fantasy Convention, in Seattle, October 27th-29th.)

<b>Best Novel:</b>		
<u>The Last Coin</u>	James P. Blaylock	(Ziesing/Ace)
<u>Sleeping in Flame</u>	Jonathan Carroll	(Legend/Doubleday)
<u>Fade</u>	Robert Connier	(Gollancz/Delacorte)
<u>The Silence of the Lambs</u>	Thomas Harris	(St Martin's Press)
<u>The Drive-In</u>	Joe R. Lansdale	(Bantam/Spectra)
<u>Koko</u>	Peter Straub	(Dutton/Viking UK)

### **Best Novella:**

"The Skin Trade"	George R.R. Martin	( <u>Night Visions 5</u> )
<u>The Scale Hunter's Beautiful Daughter</u>		
	Lucius Shepard	(Ziesing/Asimov's 9/88)
"The Gardener"	Sheri S. Tepper	( <u>Night Visions 6</u> )
<u>The Devil's Arithmetic</u>	Jane Yolen	(Viking Kestrel)

[Science Fiction Chronicle]

### Writers of the Future:

First place with its US\$4000 prize and agent contact, went to Gary Shockley. The other quarter finalists were Virginia Baker, Jamil Nasir, and Daniel Danehy Oakes with Alan Wexelblat.

[Science Fiction Chronicle]



Canberra Science Fiction Society Short Story Competition:

Winner and third place getter was David Tansey for "Landing Rights"/"Landing Lights", and "Terra Firma". Second place getter was Vern Weitzel for "Bio Planet". All stories have appeared in issues of the club's 'zine, but are also available in a collection called Singularities, from the club, for A\$6 in Australia. Write to CSFS, P.O. Box 47, Civic Square, ACT, 2608, Aus.

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To Whom It May Concern,

Dear Whom,

We regret to announce that Perth is withdrawing its bid for the 1994 Worldcon. Why? Chiefly because the expense of the bid was proving prohibitive: a successful Worldcon bid requires a presence at every Worldcon, and too few of our supporters could afford to travel to overseas Cons (besides, who'd want to leave Australia?). Our financial problems were exacerbated by an incident at Conspiracy, when, through no fault of any fan's, approximately \$A2 000 worth of promotional merchandise failed to arrive - and there went the profit, as they say in the Pentagon.

Our apologies to our supporting members - all 400 (?) of you - and we hope to see you in Perth some time. Perth will be continuing to hold the annual Swancon and the occasional Australian Natcon, and may mount another bid for the Worldcon some time next century. All mail for the Perth in '94 Bid should now be sent to:

Unit 2/9 Culworth Place, BASSENDEAN WA 6054.  
AUSTRALIA.

*Ann Griffiths*

ANN GRIFFITHS (Secretary)

ON BEHALF OF THE (2nd) RETIRING COMMITTEE.



## ADVERTISEMENTS FOR OURSELVES

In this damned avocation of writing you not only need your brains all the time but also a loud voice crying Me! me! me! me! me! if anyone is going to take notice. But it's one thing for individuals to egotize about themselves in fandom. It's another to lobby the wider community about Australian science fiction, and, so far, we have not been very good at it.

Back in 1985, David King and I wrote in a tone of mixed aggression and lament that:

"Unless the writer produces works in a social realist mode, the works are unlikely to find favour with Australian literary journals. The same tendency can be seen in the major short story competitions, wherein, each year, the successful works display an unremitting concern for verisimilitude and narrowly conceived social relevance as their only values. This country's literary elites have shown little respect for the tradition of using a range of images and possibilities wider than those found in 'real' life. ... The only way, clearly, of opposing the general mix of apathy and derision towards speculative writing is to assemble and to champion collections of it oneself."

That is from the introduction to our Urban Fantasies anthology.

At the time, Urban Fantasies actually received a pretty lukewarm reception from the SF community, mainly because it contained a number of stories of the kind with which David King is particularly associated as a writer and editor. My own "Crystal Soldier" from David's first anthology is a paradigm example. The stories I mean seem to have been virtually crystallised (yes!) rather than written in the normal way, depending upon an extreme economy of incident and description, evocative images, and refusal to provide rounded characters and an unambiguous plot. Such stuff does not go down well with a lot of traditional SF readers. Personally, I'll continue to champion the Urban Fantasies anthology: I think David and I, over innumerable arguments which probably strained our friendship in the end (hi! David), got the balance about right. We mixed these lyrical, lapidary pieces with some much more robust boots-and-all skiffy stories. And some pieces in the book go a long way to providing the best of both worlds; read John Baxter's "Down from Demolition" - do yourself a favour. The book is still awaiting vindication.

Unfortunately, Urban Fantasies did not reach the wider mainstream audience in this country at all. Distribution problems killed it, and it ended up being the one financial disaster that Ebony Books was associated with. (Of our other two special projects, Damien Broderick's novel "about" SF fandom, Transmitters, nicely broke even in the end, and probably even turned a marginal profit after all tax effects were ironed out; the Aussiecon II collection of literary papers, Contrary Modes, sold like hot-cakes early on, and we came out far enough in front to buy a cheap breakfast for all four listed co-editors).

As a result of the fate of Urban Fantasies, I no longer have any interest in assembling collections of speculative writing unless there is interest at an early stage from a big publisher capable of taking the risk, providing the advertising, and giving top-notch distribution. When that happens, I'll be in there like a shot, with or without David King (who is still keeping the faith, I hope). But even with a big publisher, success cannot be guaranteed, as Damien Broderick will tell anyone who cares to listen about his disasters with Angus & Robertson when Matilda at the Speed of Light was published.

Amidst this gloom and doom, it was nice to read David's and my words, as set out above, quoted by Ken Gelder and Paul Salzman in a handsome McPhee Gribble publication called The New



Diversity: Australian Fiction 1970-88. But then again more people will read our words there than ever did so in Urban Fantasies itself.

I find myself echoing the same message in an article on Damien Broderick in the September Age Monthly Review, opening up, perhaps even more aggressively than in 1985, saying that "There is still a sense in this country that science fiction and fantasy are considered to be literary junk food", and complaining, re Broderick in particular:

"... several of his novels ... have not appeared in local editions. His work is normally reviewed in overseas magazines and local amateur mags devoted to SF; it does not attract any special interest in the Australian literary quarterlies or the literature pages of our quality newspapers. Why is this?"

You should look up the article to go on with the argument.

In essence, though, the diagnosis has not changed much in 1989 from that in 1985, or even 1975 when the Australian SF renaissance was just starting. What about the prognosis?

I always tell would-be SF authors who approach me because of the Ebony Books projects to give up on Australia for SF markets, and seek out the markets overseas. People like Keith Taylor and Wynne Whiteford have learned this lesson well, and even some writers of our second or third echelon have had modest success with it. But I do wish someone was rattling around with a big cheque book and the capacity to deliver Australian SF via Australian publication to an Australian audience!

The one bit of good news for me lately can be put like this, in rhetorical questions: "What was that about Gelder and Salzman quoting at some length from the introduction to Urban Fantasies in what appears to be a scholarly book that every Oz Lit academic will have to buy and read? And did you say the Age Monthly Review, God blow me down!, agreed to print that stuff renewing the attack on people who regard skiffy as literary junk food?"

Which means that, whatever our personal differences of taste and emphasis, people like David King, Damien Broderick and (sadly enough, because I've got other things to do) me, are going to have to go on finding ways to concoct advertisements for ourselves - for all of us with an interest in creating and protecting an Australian Science Fiction. The juxtaposition of my article finally appearing in the Monthly Review (after a saga of problems and delays which constitute another story) and then seeing the Gelder/Salzman book, both in the same week, has given me not only an ego buzz, but also a wee smidgeon of hope. Gelder and Salzman give a surprisingly knowledgeable account of the Australian SF scene, and comment sympathetically on the sense of marginalisation felt by people like King, Broderick, Blackford - and doubtless plenty of others in this sorry process.

There's a literary environment outside of fandom to be influenced, and I'm asking people to think of themselves as lobbyists or advertisers, not for themselves as individuals but for the cause. Let's get cracking on this thing. It's not impossible.

Russell Blackford

[The Art of the Story, An anthology of ABC/ABA short stories, bears out what Russell has just said. Of the twenty stories selected from the 'Open' category of the literary awards, only two (on preliminary reading) appear to SF/F related.-Ed]



## Melbourne Science Fiction Club Trivia Night:

Friday night, 21st July, was the first of hopefully many Trivia nights held at the Melbourne Science Fiction Club. Thirty people were present to play and all seemed to have a good time. I don't feel I did too badly at my first attempt as a compere! The food was plentiful with lots left over. James Allen provided the coffee and tea.

There were seven teams with "Rum, Sodomy and Lash" being the eventual winners. Other teams were the "Rebel Alliance", "Honest as the Day is Long" [I bet they all reckoned they were virgins too-Ed], "Dorks from Beyond", "The Psychotic Lamingtons", "Ralph's", and "All the President's Men". "Ralph's" were awarded a special prize for coming last, as they had missed a round, so "All the President's Men" had the official lowest score. As you might guess, we let the teams choose their own names! Both first and last teams received a bin full of sweets each as the prize. Lowest and highest scorers each round also won some very strange prizes in paper bags.

The door prize was won by David McDonnell. The S-words (a picture drawn by Ian Gunn which challenged you to find as many things as you could beginning with the letter 'S') was won by Andrew Pam.

Thank you to all the people who helped and to all the people who came. We raised \$120 which will be shared between CONJUNCTION and HUTTCON. Thanks also for the publicity, I'm sure it helped to swell numbers. Hope to see you all at the next fund-raiser.

Karen Pender

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## Book Review:

### Four from the Witch World

Created by Andre Norton, TOR.

(Review is of the Uncorrected Proof)

This is a mixed bag of stories from four well-known authors: Elizabeth H. Boyer, C.J. Cherryh, Meredith Ann Pierce, and Judith Tarr. These authors had been invited to write a short story. The only requirement appears to have been that the story was set somewhere and somewhen in Andre Norton's Witch World.

Most of the writers wrote stories, and had central characters consistent with the Witch World series, and Andre Norton's under-dog-comes-good predilection. Judith Tarr had chosen the Falconers with their gender dichotomy as her subject matter, Meredith Anne Pierce had chosen the vulnerability of the ordinary Dales girl at the hands of her relations, while Elizabeth Boyer had taken the prejudice against the Old Ones as her subject matter.

These three stories have interesting twists, and are well written, making them worth the read. Unfortunately C.J. Cherryh, who cast her story during the Kolder/High Dales wars, forecast her ending too soon, and even after several re-reads I am still confused as to the exact mechanics of how Gerik managed to fulfil the forecast. C.J.'s contribution is probably the worst story I have read of hers, which, since the calibre of her writing is normally very high, is not to say that it is bad, simply that I found it disappointing.



During the battle I found myself very confused as to who was where, when, and how the central character, Gerik, ended up at the boat, since Gerik should have been heading south already at the time he considers turning Southwards. Since this aspect of C.J.'s work is normally faultless, this has never been a problem for me before. However, this confusion may have been clarified with the actual publication.

Also, while the other three writers' central characters behave in a manner consistent with Andre Norton characters, C.J.'s character is far more suspicious. Where a Norton character would reward kindness with kindness even from/to an enemy, Gerik tries to reward it with violence and theft. Given the situation his behaviour is quite consistent with our world (or any of Cherryh's worlds), but NOT WITH THE WITCH WORLD! Hers is the only story this can be said of though.

On the whole, while the stories tackle different subjects, are set in different times and places within the Witch World, this is a good collection of short stories of the Shared Universe Genre. Recommended for all lovers of fantasy, especially readers of Andre Norton's Witch World. Three of the stories are indeed "From the Witch World".

LynC

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## LETTERS:

Joseph Nicholas and Judith Hanna actually sent this as a notification of Change of Address, but we enjoyed it so much, we thought you'd like it too:

### ALAS AND ALACK!

The 22 Denbigh Street People's  
Revolutionary Collective  
is soon to be no more!

### ASTOUNDING NEWS!

The Judith and the Joseph  
are doing the tasty moving!

### HOW CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

Due to circumstances entirely beyond their control -- like their landlord not actually being their landlord at all, but a tenant himself with no right to sub-let, and his landlords coming down heavy, with the formal eviction notice now being only a matter of time, etc. etc. -- Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas are shortly to move from their cherished (sob sob) central London address of the past seven years.

From the end of October 1989, their new address will be:

5A FRINTON ROAD  
STAMFORD HILL  
LONDON N15 6NH  
(telephone: 01-800-~~1000~~  
6559

(A quiet suburban backwater with no buses thundering past all day and half the night....Judith will have a room of her own and Joseph can be ultra-tidy everywhere else....there's even a patch of garden to play in come next summer, provided we get the weeds cleared....blah drone, cosy domesticity....)

P.S. The expense involved in moving means that it will not now be possible for us to attend Novacon 19, as originally planned. (Not, mind you, that we'd actually got around to registering for it anyway....) So there.



After the last issue, Leanne felt moved to respond to my remarks re her non attendance at cons after Aussiecon:

Dear LynC,

I thought I ought to pen a few lines (metaphorically speaking) to correct the implication in THYME 76 that I haven't attended any cons since Aussiecon II because I was so disappointed at what transpired there.

Six months after the con, my husband's business suffered a major embezzlement which necessitated my returning to work full-time, and what with the busyness of it and the lack of money, fandom became for me something I used to do in better times. I had neither time nor money (particularly the latter) to attend cons; as you can appreciate, it is expensive to come from up here.

However, the piece in THYME has led me to ponder if I wasn't glad that I had very valid and pragmatic reasons for not attending, and whether, if I had been able to continue in my merry active fan life, I would have continued to come to cons. Pondering, I have come to the conclusion that I really don't know.

It's hard to set my mind back four years, and wonder how long I would have continued to brood over the very real sense of utter frustration and disillusionment I carried away from Aussiecon II, had I not had other things to distract me.

But all that is hypothetical anyway, as politicians are fond of saying. I don't think I would attend a con now, even though I have the time, and could scratch up the money if I wanted to enough. Four years is a long time in fandom, and even longer at my age. I don't know many of you any more, not even you, LynC! And my most noted trait is my extreme shyness--no way I could pluck up courage to start again.

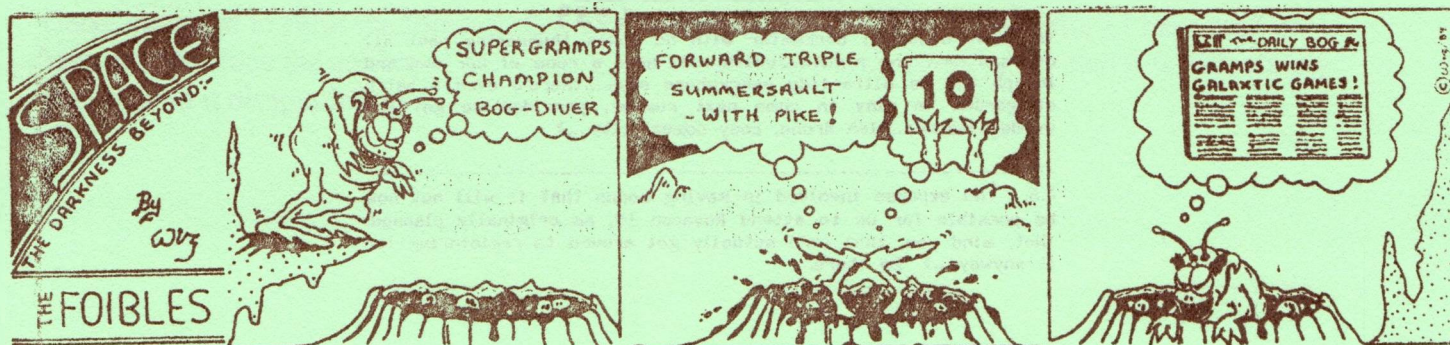
So all in all, it is probably, or possibly, or perhaps, a little harsh to entirely blame the Aussiecon II Committee for the fact that I haven't attended a con since. I'm really not certain.

Regards,

*Leanne*

Leanne Frahm

In a subsequent letter, Leanne also declined my invitation to see her at Suncon. Would I be alone in hoping she'll change her mind?--LynC





## The Yarn Basket:

### That Bug:

Well almost....**Linda Lounsbury and Philip Martin** took delivery of a bouncing 18 month old boy on June 21st, 1989. Jonathan Lounsbury Martin was born on December the twentieth, 1987 in Columbia. [Marc Ortlieb]

### Engagements:

British fans, **Pam Wells** (editor of NUTZ) and **Martin Tudor** (Co-editor of CRITICAL WAVE) have announced their engagement (at long last). Apparently the proposal was left on Pam's answering machine. [PULP]

### The Weber and Lindsay Column:

Yep, you guessed it, **Jean and Eric** have a new Address. This one is also only temporary. Their new Phone number for week night's is (02) 357 3871. Continue sending mail to 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW, 2776, Australia.

**Terry Frost** is also on the move again, this time away from **Karen**, to 2/3 Coppin Pl, Weetangera, ACT, 2614, Aus. No phone number supplied.

**Judith Hanna and Joseph Nicholas** have been evicted from their bed-sit, and taken up residence in the wilds of Suburbia, see notice elsewhere this issue. Their new address will be 5A Frinton Rd, Stamford Hill, London, N15 6NH, phone number 01 800 6559.

**Caz Woolmer and John Packer** have moved into a place of their own, at 97 Alice St, Sefton Park, S.A. 5083, Aus. Caz and John both have rooms of their own in this place. Phone number should remain (08) 269 6664.

### Oz Publishing:

This issue sees the first (overdue) edition of Thyme Fiction. Due to the exorbitant mail prices, this is only being sent to Australian and New Zealand subscribers. The four short stories this issue are by: **Geoffrey Maloney**, **Wendy Frew**, **Donald Hendricks**, and **Chris Simmons**. If you are an overseas subscriber to/ receiver of Thyme and wish to receive this supplement, please send OZ\$1:50 per copy to me at Thyme's address to cover airmail/SAL postage. Copies are limited.

**Terry Dowling** has a Short Story "The Quiet Redemption of Andy the House" in Australian Short Stories, No 26, (2nd Quarter, 1989)

**Lucy Sussex's** The Fortunes of Mary Fortune was launched on the 30th of September, at a party at her place in Kensington (which we unfortunately were not able to attend due to family commitments). This is a collection of the detective stories of Mary Fortune, edited by Lucy. It got an excellent review in the Age (Melbourne's premier daily newspaper for the literati), and Lucy also featured in the Age's "Accent" a few weeks ago.

**Gillian Rubenstein**, author of Beyond the Labyrinth (Hyland House), which did so poorly in our Ditmars, has taken out the Book of the Year (older Readers) award! She has also made the honours list for two other completely different works, Answers to Brut (Omnibus/Puffin), and Melanie and the Night Animal (Omnibus Puffin). **Graeme Base** tied for Picture Book of the Year, with his The Eleventh Hour (Viking Kestrel). These awards were given out by the Australian Book Council on the 21st of July, and carry a \$6000 prize for winners in each category, and \$2000 for honour books. [The Age]

In the same week, **Marilyn Pride** received the Chrichton Award (Victorian Book Council) for her Australian Dinosaurs (Collins). [The Age]

**Graeme Base's** 1990 Calendar Dragons, Draaks, and Beasties is now available. Published by Viking, RRP \$16.99.



**Leanne Frahm's** agent in America is pushing her to produce a novel for us readers. [The best of wishes, and go to it, Leanne!-Ed] [Leanne Frahm]

The **Canberra Science Fiction Society** have put together a collection of entries to their 1989 Short Story Competition. Called Singularities, it is available for \$6 from the club at P.O. Box 47, Civic Square, ACT, 2608, Aus.

#### **NZ Fandom:**

Cry Havoc (the Newsletter of New Zealand's National Association of SF, Wellington Branch) is offering a copy of Catfantastic (ed Andre Norton and Martin Greenberg) to the best Cat related entry. Can be art, short story, article, whatever. Closes 30/Nov/1989. This 'zine is also available for the usual, or \$10 per annum from P.O. Box 6655, Wellington, New Zealand.

[Cry Havoc September 1989]

One of the two Editor's, **Linnette Horne**, also featured well in the recent Herdman Memorial Competition, run by the British Amateur Press Association (BAPA). Linnette would also be interested in hearing from anyone requiring/publishing factual style articles, as she wishes to broaden her experience in this matter. Write to her at P.O. Box 2836, CPO, Wellington, NEW Zealand.

[ANZAPA #128]

#### **Glasnost:**

To SF FANS EVERYWHERE, from: **THE SCIENCE FICTION CLUB OF GDANSK, POLAND...** They are interested in communicating with other SF organisations. They desire to exchange fanzines, books, articles, artwork, etc with fans all around the world. If interested/curious write to them: Gdanski Klub Fantastyki, ul. Chylonska 191, 81-007 Gdynia, Poland. The Polish National Conventional will be held from November 30th - December 3rd, in Gdansk. Details are available, if interested.

"**Inozem'ye**" (The Otherland) is a russian 'zine which is interested in articles from/about Australia, especially our small press industry. They cannot pay, as they have trouble with IRCs, etc, but will try to supply a commensurate number of issues to contributors. They seem to be into SF/Horror, and welcome Art, comics (1-5 pg), reviews, interviews, Fiction, etc. More details available, if interested.

Yugoslavian fan, **Bruno Ogorelec** may be in Melbourne for the 1990 Natcon, Danse Macabre.

#### **Fanzine Sale:**

**TAFF** have heaps of fanzines and other items for sale. If interested send a long SASE with 2 IRCs for a list. Send to Robert Lichtman, P.O. Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442, U.S.A.

#### **Directories:**

**The New Moon Directory**, a directory of Amateur Press Associations is now available from Eric L. Watts at 346 Carpenter Dr. 51, Atlanta, Georgia 30328-5030, U.S.A. In America it is US\$3 plus 65c postage. Overseas postage rates weren't listed.

**FANDATA** are seeking listings for next year's fan directory. If you edit a 'zine, run a club, or plan to hold a convention let them know. Entries must be in by January 5, 1990. Standard entries are free, large entries and advertising costs. Artists are also required. Write: FANDATA Computer Services, 7761 Asterella Crt, Springfield, VA 22152-3133, U.S.A. (Warning: They SELL a mailing list made from entries to this directory to any interested parties.)



### Science Fiction Book Shops:

A new book shop for the Gold Coast?? Lisa Thomson wrote to us saying that she will be opening a Science Fiction/Fantasy and Comic bookshop at Carrara, on the coast. No dates were given. We wish her the best of luck.

### 1993 WORLDCON Bids:

From Yugoslavia comes the news that there are two bids for the 1993 world Science Fiction convention, to be voted on at Confiction in 1990. The two contenders are: HAWAII, and YUGOSLAVIA. The voting fee will be US\$22. The Yugoslavian bid also have some white cotton T-Shirts for sale. Contact Greg Hills (The Australian Agent) at G.P.O. Box 972G, Melbourne, Vic, Aus, 3001; or if this generates no response try Yugoslavia directly; Sfera, Ivanicgradska 41a, 41000 Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

[Bruno Ogorelec]

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## TRADES RECEIVED (since Thyme #76):

### NEWSZINES

**SWEETNESS & LIGHT:** (#2,&#3) Edited by Jack Herman, Box 272, Wentworth Building, University of Sydney, NSW, 2006, Aus.

At the time of writing this, this new MONTHLY newszine has seen three issues in almost six months. The fourth issue, due in September, is as late as this issue of Thyme (we were also due two months ago). Current affairs, and some news. Mainly Sydney oriented, but a good complement to Thyme. Recommended. Available for the fannish usual, or \$1 per issue.

[By the way, Jack, as of the last issue of Thyme, we'd only received ONE of your issues. Bit early to comment on a monthly.-Ed]

**SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE:** (#119,#120,#121) Edited by Andy Porter, P.O. Box 2730, Brooklyn, NY 11202-0056, U.S.A.

A monthly semi-pro/newszine. This is a great source of overseas news and gossip, book reviews, film updates, etc., both in the professional/publishing sphere and fandom. Available (in Australia) from Hexagon Press, Box 337, Blacktown, NSW, 2148 for \$45 for 1 year, \$86 for two years. (Because this is a newszine, Andy actually trades with Thyme)

**FILE 770:** (#78 twice, #79, #80 twice, #81 twice) Edited by Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA 91401, U.S.A.

Over the past year this has been a very erratically published newszine. Half the contents are out of date by the time we receive it, and the other half seem to have been about the Hugo awards debacle concerning P.J. Beese and Todd Hamilton's nomination from bloc voting. This used to be an excellent little newszine, and still wins Hugo's on, I think, the strength of its past strengths. One day it may get good again. Available for the usual, or subscription, \$5 for 5 issues in the U.S. Write for overseas rates.

**CRITICAL WAVE:** (#12,#13) Edited by Martin Tudor & Steve Green, 33 Scott Rd, Olton, Solihull, B92 7LQ, U.K.

A Bimonthly Newszine. British news, reviews, con listings & reports, and gossip. Interesting reading. Available in Australia from Perry Middlemiss, G.P.O. Box 2708X, Vic, 3001, Aus for \$15 for 6 issues. (Again Thyme trades, and the editors may agree to a similar arrangement for other newszines.)

**THE MAD 3 PARTY:** (#35,#36) Edited by Leslie Turek, for Noreascon 3, from Box 46, MIT Branch PO, Cambridge, MA 02139, U.S.A.

A monthly newszine dedicated to good con running, and the issues that surround such matters, with obvious bias towards Noreascon. There may be two more issues after these, but it is no longer accepting new subscriptions. Very interesting while it lasted. Hope other cons take note, and if not do similar, at least learn from the studies Noreascon undertook.



## CLUBZINES

**CRY HAVOC!:** (July/August & September 1989) The Official Newsletter of the National Association of SF, Wellington Branch. Edited Lyn McConchie & Linneue Horne, P.O. Box 6655, Wellington, New Zealand.

A monthly clubzine. This is the major source of Thyme's New Zealand news. A small clubzine, it nevertheless supplies news on all New Zealand cons, IFANZ, book reviews, and other clubs in New Zealand. Available for trade or membership of the club.

**ETHEL THE AARDVARK:** (#26,#27) The Melbourne Science Fiction Club's 'zine. Edited by Alan Stewart, for the club from P.O. Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Vic, 3005, Aus.

A bi-monthly clubzine, it contains artwork (heaps of it, most good, some great, and most are also funny), articles, including a Starburst index(?), reviews, and more reviews (books, covers, films and cons) all by club members, and letters, club news, and Hugo news. Available to club members, trade, or \$8/6 issues in Oz, \$12 overseas.

**ROBOTS AND ROADRUNNERS:** (V4#3) Edited by Lynn Garcia and Alex Slate, for Ursa Major, the Science Fiction and Literary Society of Bexar County (whew!), P.O. Box 691448, San Antonio, TX 78269-1448, U.S.A.

This issue actually contains a Debate between the two editors on the subject of flag burning! It also has 'zine reviews, a parody, artwork, and a profile of Wayne Musgrave. A previous issue profiled Brad Foster, and other issues have had an editorial on the basic tenets of the American Constitution. Available for the usual, or for US\$2 overseas.

**THE CANBERRA SCIENCE FICTION SOCIETY NEWSLETTER:** (September 1989) Edited for the club by a new editor, Garry Wyatt, from P.O. Box 47, Civic Square, ACT, 2608, Aus.

Irregular. All issues publish a list of the club's coming events, and some fiction. This issue also has the results of their short story competition, and the annual general meeting business, including a submission for a grant to upgrade their clubzine to a professional magazine. Covers feature scientific style photography, this one from Voyager. Available through membership, and they trade with Thyme. Under the old editorship it was available for \$12 per annum payable in August. Used to be bi-monthly, but for a while an attempt seemed to be made to publish it monthly, then this issue arrived 27/Oct, dated September. Last issue was dated June.

## GENZINES

**THE MENTOR:** (#64, and the Review Supplement) Edited by Ron Clarke, 6 Bellevue Rd, Faulconbridge, NSW, 2776.

Irregular publication (this is the second this year), it has fiction, articles, poetry, artwork, and HEAPS of book reviews. Well presented, offset production. It even uses colour! Available for the usual, or \$2 per issue (\$6 airmailed)

**PULP:** (#12,#13twice,#14) edited by three different households, the last of which wishes to resign.

[12] Avedon Carol & Rob Hansen, 144 Plashet Gr, East Ham, London, E6 1A8, U.K.

[13] John Harvey, 8 The Orchard, Tonwell, Herts, SG12 0HR, U.K.

[14] A. Vincent Clarke, 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent, DA16 2BN, U.K.

-Bi-monthly genzine, contains artwork by Atom, articles by such greats as Dave Langford, Chuch Harris (even from Hospital), Taral, Skel, and others. The editors' aren't half bad either. The letter column is also often interesting and informative, although of late it has concentrated a little too much on the topic of one person's writing. A very enjoyable, often light 'zine, from whence I actually get a lot of my British gossip, and which I tend to read through the moment Clive lets go of it long enough (he collects the mail). Available for the usual, locs go to Avedon Carol. [I'll take over your editorship, Vince, if only to be sure of getting the 'zine!]

**WEBERWOMAN'S WREVENGE:** (#36) Jean Weber, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW, 2776, Aus.

Irregular (this is the third for this year), really a perzine, it contains, Jean's trip report, articles by Jean, book reviews by Jean, locs, and artwork by various people. Sometime D&M, sometimes esoteric, other times quite light, but always a good read. I have to admit to only skimming through the book reviews, but I always find the rest worth the read. Available for the usual, or (if you absolutely must) AS2, airmail extra.

**WOOLF QOTHA 5, 6 ?okel QOTHA 5, RAGSTONE QOTHA 5:** Written by Geogre Bondar, 33 Ragstone Rd, Slough, SL1 2PP, U.K.

The continuing story of Geogre's trip around the world. He hated Cairo, and Egypt Airlines. It's easy to read why. Ghod knows what these are available for, or why I'm getting them, but I enjoy 'em.

**TERRY BROOME'S UNDERWEAR 4:** Edited by Geogre Bondar, 33 Ragstone Rd, Slough, SL1 2PP, U.K.

A bit of a departure compared to Geogre's more normal offerings. For one thing it's a number 4! For another, it's made using a "jelly duplicator"(?), looks spirit duplicated to me. Has articles with titles such as "Sweaty Bum", and



"Inversion of the Mutant Y-fronts", but occasionally Geogre does get serious, and mentions that a lot of us Oz people received his previous 'zine Marital Rats of Shaolin 5 and did NOTHING. He thrives on feedback. This 'zine also gives away the fact that Marc Orlicb is responsible for the Oz mailings of Geogre's stuff. Marc can be contacted at P.O. Box 215, Forest Hill, Vic, 3131, Aus.

**GRAND CANYON MEMORIES:** Harry Andruschak, P.O. Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309

The latest of Harry's Spirit Duplicated efforts, this contains snippets about his visit to the Grand Canyon on his last holidays, day by day descriptions and reviews of the fanzines he had received. If you think Thyme's is a large list, you ain't seen nothing! If you are interested in the addresses of fanzines, or some idea of what a 'zine is about, this is a good starting point. Harry's spirit duplicated stuff is only available through trade though, as the spirit duplicator has trouble producing more than 100 copies.

**FUCK THE TORIES: (#7)** Edited by Joseph Nicholas & Judith Hanna, who have moved since then to 5A Frinton Rd, Stamford Hill, London, N15 6NH, U.K.

This issue (sob!) contains NO JUDITH! However it does contain articles by Joseph, Leigh Edmonds, and Gwyneth Jones (Author of Divine Endurance(?)), and a poem by Peter Darby. And Judith's presence is supposed to be in the lettercol but amongst the tales ex-vietnam vets. and assaults, I can't say I particularly detected it. A very grim lettercol this issue. Available for the usual.

**LIP: (#5)** Edited by Hazel Ashworth, 16 Rockville Dr, Embsay, Skipton, North Yorkshire, BD23 6NX, U.K.

Irregular. Contains articles by Judith Hanna, Simon Ounsley, Hazel Ashworth (a good piece about the vikings), and Linda Pickersgill (about the bars of her youth) amongst others. Artwork includes stuff by D. West (including the humorous cover), and Brad Foster. The lettercol has some interesting and weird discussions. What size was your first bra? Were you regularly beaten up at school, or only some of the time? I gather these relate to a previous issue of Lip, which I haven't seen. Available for the usual.

**PINK: (#8)** brought to you by Karen Pender, P.O. Box 65, Ashburton, Vic, 3147, Aus.

A special SEX issue, the last issue was on CUTE Teddy Bears, and the next issue is supposed to be on Updated Fairy Tales. Since the originals of most of those would shock even the most liberal modernist, I'm worried about what's getting cut out this time! Are all issues on that ghastly pink paper, Karen? This issue includes a seksquiz, a chocolate mousse recipe, some interesting(!) artwork and various articles and poems about sex. Available for the usual.

**SGLODION: (#1)** Dave Langford, 94 London Rd, Reading, Berkshire, RG1 5AU, U.K.

What can I say? It's Dave Langford plus locs edited by Dave. As near as I can work out it isn't available for anything, as he's not sure there will be more.

**PREFERRED LIES: GRIM TRUTHS:** Kim Huett, P.O. Box 649, Woden, ACT, 2606, Aus.

A little perzine, with lots of quotes from Rock Groups scattered throughout. Available on editorial whim, and may never reach issue two.

**THE CO-OPERATIVE CAULIFLOWER:** edited by Harry Bond, now of 64 Paramount Crt, University St, Euston, London, WC1E 6JP, U.K.

For some reason, Harry seems to be the butt of other people's comments, not all nice, but his 'zines have improved out of sight since Conspiracy, when we first started getting them. He now produces quite a respectable genzine. Available for the usual.

**SUDS: (#3?)** Edited by Caz & ACB, CAP Productions, P.O. Box 213, Prospect, SA, 5082, Aus.

A small 'zine, seemingly dedicated to taking the mickey out of stuffed-shirts. Both Caz and ACB have a good sense of the ridiculous. Some good artwork, but only one item credited. I know John Packer did at least one of the others, but have no idea about the rest. Available for the usual.

**MATALAN RAVE: (#17)** By Michael Hailstone, G.P.O. Box 5144AA, Melbourne, Vic, 3001, Aus.

Irregular. For some time Michael has been publishing bits of his very unusual and interesting overseas trip. Unfortunately a lot of his editorial may as well be double dutch (as per its sub-title) due to problems with his typewriter; e.g. 'n' has become '2' sometimes. The other articles, and locs are not so badly affected. Available for the usual.

**CONCATENATION: (#3)** Edited by Tony Chester and Jonathan Cowie, 44 Brook St, Erith, Kent, DA8 1JQ.

An annual semi-prozine. This issue is guest edited by Graham Connor, and concentrates heavily of the Science from which Science Fiction is supposed to come. Available for the usual. Paid ads are welcome.



## SPECIALIST 'ZINES

**THE METAPHYSICAL REVIEW:** (#14) Edited by Bruce Gillespie, G.P.O. Box 5195AA, Melbourne, Vic, 3001.

This is an irregular review 'zine, normally dedicated to in-depth book reviews, but this particular edition is dedicated to Music. Articles are by Bruce (the late great Roy Orbison), Marc Ortlieb (A Fairport Convention Concert review), Leigh Edmonds, and others. The music/and or concerts reviewed range from heavy metal band Dio, to Shostakovich. A very mixed bag, all well written. Available for trade, contributions, or subscription A\$25 in Oz, \$A30 Overseas.

**OTHER REALMS:** (#24) Edited by Chuq Von Rospach, 35111-F Newark Blvd. Suite 255, Newark, CA 94560, or by electronic mail from Usenet: chuq@apple.com

A quarterly review 'zine. The only difference between the paper version and the electronic version is the presence of layout and artwork in the former. In this issue Mike Resnick writes about Paradise. There are heaps of reviews, and even a short lettercol. Reviewers include Charles de Lint (an author in his own right), Chuq (of course), Laurie Sefton, and others. Artwork includes pieces by Brad Foster, Steven Fox, Teddy Harvia, and Tad Williams, among others. Available for US\$11 per annum in the states, or the usual. For Australian subscriptions, write.

**Micro-Peripheral:** (#9,#10) A Newsletter for Applix 1616 Micro Enthusiasts, Edited by Eric Lindsay, 6 Hillcrest Ave, Faulconbridge, NSW, 2776, Aus.

As stated above, this is really meant for people who own Applix's, or people like us who read all computer magazines, and like Eric's writing. These issues contains hints, news of the meetings, tutorials, a book review, news of a new operating system MINIX, and other bits and pieces. Available to Applix owners, and contributors, or for \$1 per issue, or \$10 for 12 issues.

## 'ZINES BOUGHT, NOT TRADED FOR:

**LOCUS:** (Edited by Charles N. Brown) P.O. Box 13305, Oakland, CA94661, U.S.A.

Another monthly newszine similar in content and format to Science Fiction Chronicle. It is usually more up-to-date, but has lost its sense-o'-wonder. Also despite the fact that ours is an AIRMAIL subscription, it has lately been arriving up a month late, which destroys any advantage it once had over SEC. Available in Australia for US\$55 per annum airmail, US\$32 otherwise.

**AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW:** (Second Series V4#4) Edited by the Science Fiction Collective (5 people), for Ebony Books, G.P.O. Box 1294L, Melbourne, Vic, 3001, Aus.

A quarterly review 'zine, very much into serious literary criticism. Some locs. Available in Australia for \$15 per six issues. Overseas rates, write.

"The usual" translates as artwork, articles, letters of comment (locs), trade, or sometimes just letters of interest. Newszines are usually also available for publishable snippets of information.

The ordering within categories, apart from Sweetness & Light, is purely coincidental. It happens to be the order I pulled them off the pile.

[Now, I think, all those people who keep asking for this column can begin to understand why we seldom do it! The pile of 'zines received between Thyme #75 & #76 was just as large.]

*Thanks for this issue go to the many people who, knowing the problems we've been having lately, have only gently teased us about the non-existence of this issue, and to all the people who have supported us (both lots know who they are); and also of course to our contributors without whom this issue could not have happened anyway; in no particular order they are: People who trade with us (you're highlighted above), Russell, Irwin, Terry, Robert, Ken, Justin, Andy, Karen, Marc, Jean, Eric, Vince, Terry, Joseph, Mandy, Peter M (who has patiently waited for this issue), Leanne, Lyn, Bruno, Lisa (we'll write Real-soon-now), Judith, Cathy, and Anne.*

Artwork this issue: P18- ©1988 CD

Front Cover - "Triptych for Thomas III" ©1989 The Wiz

Strip - "Space the Darkness Beyond" ©1989 The Wiz

Back Cover- ©1988 Dennis Callegari





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## The THYME Convention Update

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**NOYACON 19:**

**Dates:** 17th-19th November, 1989  
**Venue:** Excelsior Hotel, Birmingham  
**Rates:** £12, £15 at door.  
**GOH:** Geoff Ryman  
**Mail:** Bernie Evans, 7 Grove Ave, Acocks Green, Birmingham, B27 7UY, U.K.

**NOWRACON: (A Relaxacon)**

**Dates:** 24th-26th November 1989  
**Venue:** Leprechaun Motel, Princess Hwy, Nowra  
**Rates:** Attending \$35. Day Membership \$16. (Includes Morning Tea) Meals extra. Hucksters' tables are \$9 (~90cm square).  
**Room Rates:** \$44 Single, \$52 twin/Double, \$60 Triple, \$67 Family.  
**Mail:** Edwina Harvey, 12 Flinders St Matraville, NSW, 2036

**CONJUNCTION: (A Relaxacon for all streams of SF/F)**

**Dates:** 1st - 3rd December, 1989  
**Venue:** The Diplomat Motor Inn, Acland St, St Kilda.  
**Rates:** \$30 (\$40 at door). \$5 Sup.  
**Theme:** The Meeting of Two Worlds (& Sex in SF)  
**GOH:** Wendy Patter, Michelle Muijsert.  
**Room Rates:** \$52 Single, \$57 Double.  
**Mail:** CONJUNCTION, P.O. Box 41, West Brunswick, Vic, 3055

**WHOvention:**

**Dates:** Friday 12th - Sunday 14th January, 1990  
**Venue:** Somewhere around Sydney University.  
**Rates:** Attending \$20.  
**Meals:** Friday night BBQ \$5, Saturday Night - Theatre Restaurant \$25  
**Theme:** Celebrating 25 years of Dr Who in Australia.  
**Mail:** P.O. Box 223, Wentworth Bldg. Sydney University, NSW, Aus, 2006.

**SWANCON XV:**

**Dates:** January 26 - 29, 1990  
**Venue:** Miss Maud European Hotel, cnr Murray & Pier Streets.  
**Rates:** \$40 attending til 1st/Dec/89, then \$50. Supporting \$20.  
**GOH:** Terry Dowling  
**Fan GOH:** Grant Stone  
**Room Rates:** Twin/Double \$69, Single \$59. Include one night's deposit, made out to "Miss Maud European Hotel" when booking.  
**Mail:** Swancon XV, P.O. Box 318, Nedlands, WA, Aus, 6009. (Room bookings are to be marked "Attn: Mike Davis".)

**DANSE MACABRE:** The 29th Australian National Science Fiction Convention

**Dates:** Friday 13th - Monday 16th April, 1990 (Easter)  
**Venue:** The Diplomat Motor Inn, Acland St, St Kilda.  
**Rates:** Currently \$60, \$15 Supporting, \$30 Accompanied Child, \$5 Voting Only  
**GOH:** George R.R. Martin  
**Fan GOH:** Eric Lindsay  
**Room Rates:** \$54 single, \$59 Twin/Double, & \$80 Triple/Suite.  
**Mail:** DANSE MACABRE, PO Box 273, Fitzroy, Vic., 3065

**KIWICON:**

**Dates:** 13th - 16th April, 1990  
**Venue:** The Gateway Lodge, Kirkbride Rd, Mangere, Auckland, NZ.  
**Rates:** \$40 Auending, \$20 Supporting, \$45 at the door.  
**GoH:** Harry Harrison  
**Fan Goh:** Mary MacIachlan  
**Room Rates:** \$45 + GST per person per night. An extra \$10 gets you breakfast as well.  
**Banquet:** \$28.50 includes GST  
**Mail:** P.O. Box 711, Pukekohe, New Zealand.

**EASTCON 1990: (The British National Convention)**

**Dates:** [Guess! It's another Easter convention isn't it?]  
**Venue:** Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool  
**Rates:** £20 attending to 1/Dec/1989, £9 attending  
**GOH:** Iain Banks, Anne Page, Nigel Kneale, and Ken Campbell  
**Mail:** 15 Maldon Cl, Camberwell, London, SE5 8DD, U.K.

**CONVERGE II: (The 11th National NZ SF Convention)**

**Dates:** 1st - 4th June, 1990 (NZ Queens Birthday)  
**Venue:** Airport Hotel, Kilbirnie, Wellington  
**Rates:** NZ\$35 till 1/Mar/90, then NZ\$40. NZ\$20 Supporting Banquet - \$26  
**Theme:** "Return of the Intergalactic Tourist."  
**GOHs:** Richard Arnold (The StarTrek Archivist at Paramount), Brent Spiner (from ST:TNG) - commitments permitting  
**Fan GOH:** James Benson  
**Room Rates:** \$79 single, \$99 double/twin, \$109 triple, \$119 quad.  
**Mail:** conVERGE II, P.O. Box 30-905, Lower Hutt, New Zealand.



**CONFICTION:** the 48th World Science Fiction Convention

**Dates:** 23rd - 27th August, 1990  
**Rates:** \$90 till 31/Dec/89. \$35 Supporting. \$20 Child (U14).  
**GOH:** Joe Haldeman, Wolfgang Jeschke, Harry Harrison, Andy Porter, & Chelsea Quinn Yarbro(TM).  
**Venue:** The Netherlands Congress Centre, The Hague, Holland.  
**Mail:** Worldcon 1990, P.O. Box 95370 - 2509 CJ The Hague, Holland  
**Agents:** Australia: Justin Ackroyd, GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, VIC, 3001

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**HUTTCON '90:** (The 1990 Media NatCon)

**Dates:** 23-25 November 1990  
**Venue:** The Diplomat Hotel, 12 Acland St, ST KILDA.  
**Rates:** \$50 to 31/Dec/89, \$55 to 30/June/90. Supporting \$25  
**GOH:** Simon Jones (aka Arthur Dent).  
**FAN GOH:** It could be you! Buy raffle tickets from either Edwina or James Allen. Cost \$2.  
**Room Rates:** Double/Twin \$61, Triple \$72, Executive Suite \$78. Include one night's accommodation when booking, cheques made out to "The Diplomat Motor Inn".  
**Travel:** Contact Edwina, if interested in a group bus from Canberra and Sydney.  
**Mail:** Edwina Harvey, 12 Flinders St, Matraville, NSW. 2036  
[HUTTCON will be taking bids for BOTH the 1991 Media Natcon AND the 1992 Media Natcon. If you are planning to run either please contact Edwina.]

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**SUNCON '91:** (The 30th Australian Natcon)

**Dates:** 29th March - 1st April, 1991  
**Venue:** Brisbane Sheraton Hotel and Towers  
**Rates:** \$50 til 16/Apr/90, Supporting \$15  
**GOH:** Harlan Ellison.  
**Fan GOH:** Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown  
**Room Rates:** Still under negotiation  
**Mail:** Suncon '91, P.O. Box 437 Camberwell, Vic, 3124  
[PR#1 is now available.]

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**CHICON V:** (The 1991 Worldcon)

**Dates:** August 29 - September 2, 1991  
**Venue:** The Hyatt Regency, Chicago, USA  
**Rates:** US\$75 to 31/Dec/89, US\$85 to June 31st, 1990. Supporting US\$20(?)  
**GOH:** Hal Clement, Richard Powers (Art), Martin Greenberg, Jon & Joni Stopa, Marta Randall.  
**Room Rates:** US\$70 single/double, + US\$20 per person triple/quadruple  
**Mail:** Larry Smith, Chicon V, P.O. Box 218121, Upper Arlington, Ohio 43221-8121

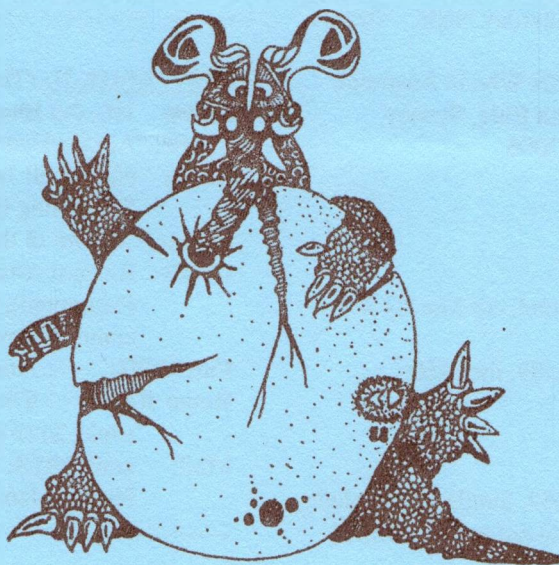
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**MAGICON:** (The 1992 Worldcon)

**Venue:** Orange County Civic & Convention Center, Orlando, Florida  
**Rates:** US\$50 attending till 31/Jan/1990, US\$20 Supporting/Conversion from Presupporting. US\$30 Children to Jan 31st, 1990  
**GOH:** Jack Vance, Vincent DiFate, Walter A. Willis, Spider Robinson (TM)  
**Mail:** Magicon, Box 621992, Orlando, FL 32862, U.S.A.

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(all details are correct to the best of our knowledge at the time of going to print.)





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# THYME FICTION

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## preview

Here we go:

Four stories this time (this Thyme?), two that I intended to run in Aphelion SF Mag #6, one that came out of a writers workshop I attended in Adelaide last year (led by the old master, George Turner), and one that lobbed on my doorstep (literally) just as I needed it - a lesson to be learnt there which I'll come back to later.

These stories form a rather black collection. I hadn't intended it that way; I had lined up three of the grim variety, then cleverly (well, I thought so anyway) balanced them with an outrageous comic piece by a local (read: Adelaide) writer. That piece was withdrawn at the last moment (again, I'll come back to that) leaving a 2,500 word gap in my once-clever strategy. Within hours (I swear this is true!) and absolutely coincidentally, Don Hendricks appeared on my doorstep with a 2,500 word story. I was staggered. Was it too much to hope it would be funny? Yes, it was too much to hope; synchronicity only stretches so far. Don's story was built on sex and violence and was as black as they come ("I wrote it on a day when I was feeling particularly depressed" he explained - I could believe that), but it was 2,500 words and, far more importantly, it was a very neat piece of writing.

So, here they are: four grim but, to my mind, very tidy pieces. I hope you enjoy them.

## HOTEL TERMINUS

### Geoffrey Maloney

18.2

It is early morning and I have just crossed the border from the Union Territories into Free State. I did not intend to come to Free State. From what I have heard - and that is next to nothing - there is not much of interest here.

My original plan on arriving on St. Catherine was to explore the archaeological remains of the Karagan peninsula in the Union Territories then to depart to the sister planet, St. Xavier. But I met another traveller - he was heading north, I south - who raved about the extraordinary beauty of the vanishing falls at Hell's End, and next morning found me on the train heading in that direction.

My journey took me a thousand kilometres further down the peninsula than I had originally intended. There turned out to be plenty to see: the ruins of

great cities destroyed in the wars of independence, the hulks of a fleet of interstellar transports and, of course, the vanishing falls, which were truly magnificent. But after the trip was over I found it a daunting prospect to retrace the thousand kilometres to the Union Territories' capital and its spaceport. I studied my map and found that it was only two hundred kilometres further down the peninsula to the tiny independent country of Free State, and from there three hundred and fifty kilometres to its capital, Liberty, where, so the red star on my map tells me, I will find a spaceport.

I hope I have done the right thing and am not about to duffle myself at some broken-down spaceport that hasn't been used in years. Still, I am optimistic: my map is the latest edition.



19.2

Duffled, well and truly duffled. I have just been to the spaceport - the most decrepit building I have ever seen - where I was confronted by a young man who gave new meaning to the tedious art of bureaucracy. I have discovered that the next ship to St. Xavier is not for another two weeks.

And Liberty is a hole of a place! The buildings are badly painted concrete blocks and the people are ill-mannered and unfriendly; they speak Unicom fluently but never reply when I ask questions.

The desk clerk in my hotel is one of the most ignorant people I have met. When I arrived he stared at me for a long time then embarked on some strange game to prevent me gaining a room in his empty hotel.

First, he called me an alien, an insult in anybody's language and the crudest of vulgarities in many. I explained that there was no such thing as an alien, that we are all descended from the one parent stock, but he was unimpressed by my argument. "Alien enough," he replied matter-of-factly.

When I asked for a room he looked at the board behind him. It was full to bursting with keys, each with a red tag to indicate the room number. It was obvious that every room was empty, but still I thought he would refuse me. Finally he announced that there was one room left. He named an exorbitant price and when I complained he said, "It's the best hotel in town." I got a laugh out of that. It is the only hotel in town.

My problems with the locals did not end at the hotel. When I ventured into town to find a meal - the hotel doesn't do meals - I was insulted again. A waiter at the Official Itinerants Dining Room (there are no restaurants in Liberty) accused me of being a rich tourist from the Union Territories. When he realised his mistake he called me an alien. I did not bother to argue. I replied that, yes, I was an alien and in the middle of the night I grew fangs, howled at the moon and roamed the land in search of the souls of the dead. That shut him up.

And I am forced to wait two weeks in this place. I do not like waiting and I do not like Liberty.

One of the good things about travelling is the sense of purpose. If you are continually on the move, always going somewhere, then you are constantly achieving something. I grow restless if I spend more than a few days in any one spot. Two weeks in a place like this will kill me.

It is late and I am very tired. I do not think I can wait two weeks. Tomorrow morning I will take the train to the border, retrace my steps, and gain my freedom from Liberty.

A strange thing has just happened. It is early in the morning; the sun has not yet risen. I was woken from a deep sleep by a commotion in the hallway. There was a tremendous banging of doors, splashing of water, and bellowing voices raised in anger or command. I lay for some time trying to get back to sleep but the noise did not abate. Finally, in desperation, I rose from the bed, dressed and marched down to the front desk to voice my complaint.

"A family," the desk clerk explained, with no tone of apology in his voice, "has just arrived on the late bus. The room must be cleaned. You are not the only guest."

"No," I replied, "and tomorrow I will not be a guest at all."

I stormed up the stairs. The hall was silent. As I opened my door I heard a soft click. I turned to look in the direction of the sound.

The door across the hall was half-open and a woman stood at the threshold of the room, half in, half out. She must have frozen when she caught sight of me. She was dressed in a long white robe, and black hair cascaded about her shoulders. Her skin had a deathly pallor, so white, so clear, as if she had been cut from a piece of marble. But these features I only glanced at for as she stared at me and I at her it was her eyes that transfixed me. They were brilliant. I have seen all colours of eyes, from the deepest jet that hides the pupil to the golden yellow of daisy blooms, but the eyes of this woman were the most wondrous. They were turquoise, a brilliant, lustrous turquoise. Some would say they were blue, others would insist they were green, but all of them would be wrong. In that half-light, at that time of night, gazing into those eyes I could think only of emeralds lying on white sands beneath the waters of a coral sea.

I said nothing. I don't think I even smiled. Seconds passed, stretching away, and I began to feel foolish. Then her mouth quivered as though some living creature was restless in its lair. She did not smile but that strange peculiar movement hinted at something, something that she seemed to expect I would understand. Then she closed the door and I found myself standing in my own doorway, shaking.

I cannot get back to sleep. I have read over my journal and feel silly, foolish. 'emeralds lying on white sands beneath the waters of a coral sea.' 'some living creature restless in its lair.' What am I talking about? I'm tired. I need some sleep. I mustn't miss the train.

20.2

I have decided to stay in Liberty another few days.



21.2

I saw her again today. She was standing on the balcony off the end of our corridor. She wore a dress of turquoise silk, and the colour matched her eyes. The line had been cut to accentuate the slim features of her body. It fell to just above the knee and below it her long, long legs, covered in fine black cobwebby hose, tapered into small black suede shoes. Her hair was pinned up, revealing the delicate curve of the nape of her neck. She was quite simply stunning and so captivated me that it was several minutes before I noticed the man that stood with her. He was older, fattish, but the way he combed his hair, the smoothness of his chin, his clothes, all indicated a certain style. While not worthy of her, he was unmistakably of her world.

He made me feel like the grotty traveller that I was. I felt a pang of envy. His arm moved to encircle her turquoise waist and I stood there, lost in a dream, imagining that it was I who was beside her, holding her close.

I confess that I watched them for some time. Finally she turned and gazed in my direction but nothing flickered in those pupils and no beast stirred in its lair. It was as if I didn't exist. Perhaps that is the way it should be. Her beauty anchors her spirit, gives her substance. And me, I am nothing. People never give me a second look. I am there one minute and gone the next.

Then she turned and spoke to her husband (the obvious assumption). He left the balcony and walked towards me. I feared he was about to chastise me for staring so rudely, but I was mistaken. He passed without a word. She followed, passing so close that her elbow brushed gently against my own. I heard the rustle of the silk and the padding of her feet upon the tiled floor.

This must stop! My intention was to leave Liberty and return to the Union Territories, but now I can think of nothing but her. I have fallen in love many times, and felt a strong physical attraction for hundreds of women, but never have I been as infatuated as this. I write this almost gleefully: She possesses me.

22.2

I have been haunting the hotel, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, wishing and fearing that I would find her alone, that I could approach her and speak to her, to coax once more that strange half-smile that dwells at the corners of her mouth. But she is always with her husband and I must content myself with looking. She has turned me into a voyeur.

23.2

I have thought about that last entry and decided that it is not true. I have always been a voyeur. I travel from place to place, taking pleasure in watching what others do.

Do I have a life myself? It seems a simple question, but it is difficult to answer. I fear I do not. I am an itinerant, a transient, always moving through life, never moving in it. I have no sense of community, no sense of belonging. If I stay somewhere too long I become restless, irritable. It is like a hot prickly rash beneath the skin and it grows until I am forced to move on, to throw myself back into the role of traveller. I fear I am seeking immortality. I chase the unattainable.

25.2

The hotel is filling up. The board behind the desk is losing more and more of its keys as the days pass.

I fancy I have become friendly with the manager - after all I was his first guest. On one of my trips past his desk I queried the sudden upturn in business.

"There is a hospital in Liberty," he replied. "People from all over the country go there. Their friends and relatives need to stay in a hotel."

"Then people must be getting awfully sick all of a sudden," I joked.

He shrugged. He does not care. Business is good. He is happy.

"The woman in room 12," I ventured, not knowing or caring if I had broken some local taboo.

The manager smiled and nodded his head. "Yes," he said, "she is very beautiful is she not. Her husband is very sick. Everyday they are visiting the hospital. I don't think he has long to live."

I am disgusted with myself. The manager's words thrilled me. I gave no thought to her husband, no thought to the grief she would feel when he was gone. No, I thought only that she would be alone; she would be accessible and I would console her in her bereavement.

1.3

It is late at night. I have been woken from a troubled sleep by a disturbance in the corridor. I have taken to sleeping with my door slightly ajar, hoping that she will take this as a sign and slip away from her husband, pad silently across the corridor and creep into bed beside me. I have slept with the door ajar for five nights in a row but she has not appeared. Perhaps she thinks I am merely careless, or that if she were to brave that treacherous



strait she would be rejected and flung back to her distant shore.

She did not come again tonight. Instead I was disturbed by harsh whispers, the squeaking of uncoiled wheels and the muffled sounds of distress. I jumped from the bed in an agitated state and crept towards the door. I opened it enough to allow me to peer out and caught a glimpse of two men, bizarrely dressed in silver spacesuits and domed glass helmets with breathing apparatus. They guided a trolley door the corridor.

I knew who their passenger was. Her husband had succumbed, his long crippling disease cascading into the terminal stage. They would take him to hospital and there his admission slip - filled out in triplicate - would be stamped with the initials D.O.A. She would be free at last. I will take her to the Union Territories and from there we will journey across the galaxy.

I let the door close and stood by the window, easing the curtains apart so that I could view the streets below. A large van bearing a white cross at its side stood at the front of the hotel. The two spacesuited figures appeared with his body. They struggled with the weight as they slid him into the van. Their manner was careless and there was no urgency about their movements. It was obvious that the patient was already dead.

And already I am anxious. I want to go to her now, to offer my commiserations, to tell her that all is not lost, that she is not alone. Here is my shoulder, I will tell her. Shed your tears upon my skin, cry your heart into mine. I will help you, I will take care of you, I will do everything that has to be done in this your time of need.

I stood outside her door, hovering like a bee at a flower, wanting to knock but being torn by fear and anxiety. I did not knock. I tried the handle but the door did not open. I could not knock. She scares me.

2.3

He is still alive!

I waited through the early hours of the morning, waited until I heard the click of her door. When it came, the soft, harsh, metallic sound in the silence, I was like a spring uncoiling. I leapt from the edge of my bed and opened the door, and there she stood, framed in the doorway of her room. I fell into those turquoise eyes. I smiled at her and something in those eyes came to life. Her lips pulled back revealing milky-white teeth. My heart fluttered and a pang of desire swept through me, and in that moment, when my emotions were at a peak, her husband appeared behind her. My heart sank into my

stomach. I collapsed back into my room and closed the door behind me.

Later I questioned the manager about the incident during the night. At first he ignored me but when I persisted he forced a smile and said, "An old man. His wife was very sick. She had been in hospital for a long time. He comes to Liberty every four weeks to visit her. Two days ago she died. It was too much for his heart. He succumbed to his sorrow and now he has joined her."

I nodded my head slowly. I understood the separation he must have felt.

6.3

The ship has come and gone. In my infatuation I had forgotten my true purpose here. The next ship is not for three weeks. It does not matter. I feel I have plenty of time. My relationship with her has improved. Husband or no husband, I feel I have cause for optimism.

I was returning from the spaceport - after realising I had missed my ship. I was in one of my brooding moods, cursing my stupidity for lingering in Liberty longer than necessary, for allowing my emotions to conspire with my imagination and thwart my plans. I was feeling decidedly down-to-Mother-Earth, but as I climbed the stairs to my room something happened to change all that.

My head was down and I leaned heavily on the rail. When I looked up she was there. It was a hot day and she was wearing a strapless red dress that displayed the smooth white skin of her shoulders and tightly hugged the firm curve of her breasts. I was dumbfounded by her presence. She could have stepped around me and descended nearer the wall, but instead she smiled and gently pushed past. Her back was against the rail and her breasts brushed my arm. I believe it was a deliberate act and that in the moment of electric contact she felt as much desire as myself.

9.3

Strange things are happening. Last night I was woken again, and again the hospital van was parked outside the hotel. As I watched from the window the spacesuited orderlies appeared. They loaded a body in the back then retraced their steps into the hotel. They made several such trips and each time returned with a body. I counted five bodies placed in the back of the van. It left me with a sick feeling in my stomach. What is going on?

The manager informed me that some of the more elderly guests had expired in the extraordinary heat. It has certainly been hot, the temperature increasing day by day, but five guests in one night?



I do not believe it. Besides, I witnessed the loading of the bodies and two were so small that they could only have been children.

12.3

A gloom has descended on the hotel. A thick melancholia that I never noticed before hangs in the air. It lingers on the face of each and every guest. I have been told that Liberty has the only hospital in the country, and that it is nearly always full, but it seems extraordinary that the city's only hotel would function as an overflow ward. Something is wrong, incredibly wrong.

13.3

The night is hot but a cold sweat creeps across my skin. It rises from the chill in my bones and seeps through the tissues of my body to evaporate at the surface. I have just returned from town, from my nightly sojourn to the food hall, and I am in a distressed state of mind.

Rumour has it that a plague has broken out. No government authority will confirm it, but regulars at the hall tell tales similar to my own, of the dead being spirited away during the night. I am filled with terror at the prospect of death in this hot, forsaken land. I must forget her. I must!

Perhaps I am over-reacting. Afterall, I have had all the standard inoculations.

No, I cannot take the chance. Tomorrow I will leave. I will go to the border and cross over into the safety of the Union Territories. I must flee before the situation worsens. There is no choice; my life is more important. My survival is at stake.

17.3

The border is closed!

It is the consummate duffle: I have placed myself in a position of no escape. There is no next train, no next ship, nothing to get me out of this mess.

I have only myself to blame. I have failed as a traveller; my line of progression has withered to a point of no return. I should not have let this happen. It should never have happened. At the very least, a traveller should always be able to turn around and retrace his steps.

But why should I blame myself? Afterall, I was a victim, caught in a web of...

It is all lies. I have no-one to blame but myself. I never went to the border; I could not leave her. I could not.

24.3

Days have passed, absolute and terrifying days. The

hotel is deserted. I have seen body after body carried down the corridors. This is the last hotel I will ever stay in. After this....

There is no after this. There is only the here and now.

25.3

I have just been down the stairs. The manager cum desk clerk has disappeared. The little board behind his desk is full of keys again. Their little red tags winked at me. They knew it would come to this. They knew that when I arrived, knew that one day they would all be back on the board. There are only two keys missing now, hers and mine. And they are waiting for the board to be full. Only then will it be complete.

Coming back to my room I saw that her door was ajar. She is waiting for me to go to her.

But I linger over this desk, scribbling away, attempting to fulfill myself as a traveller. I think about the home I will never return to, and know I am no longer a traveller. The essence of travel is return. If you never return you lose your slice of immortality, you become an ordinary person, living life, no longer watching it.

Lots of people from my world travel. They are afflicted with affluence and wanderlust. It is because we are so far away from everybody, stuck out on the edge of the lens. We look into the centre of the galaxy and are drawn by the myriad suns sparkling like jewels across the black velvet of space.

I remain cool, calm, collected. I think about sending a few postcards to people I hate:

Dear Friend,

We are experiencing a plague at the moment and everybody is dying. Wish you were here.

Yours etc.

That is it. I can write no more. I had hoped to say something for posterity in these final paragraphs, but I have said nothing.

I cannot think clearly. I know she is in the other room. There are only the two of us left. I have no more excuses. I know that I must go to her. I can say no more. I must go. I can hear her calling me.



# THE RED CARDIGAN

## Wendy Frew

The breeze from the air-conditioning duct swept the big toe on her left foot off the table, sending it twisting and turning in splendid aerobatic patterns. Caught in a current, it spiralled towards the floor and made the kind of landing pilots dream about.

That was the third toe she had lost that morning. Her body lay stacked neatly on the conveyor belt, vulnerable to every cough, sneeze or sigh that the air-conditioner uttered. Her shivering sent a ripple down her body making a soft, almost soothing, rustling noise.

The air-conditioner had been turned up too high for as long as she could remember and she could remember back to her first day on the job, seven years ago. She had noticed when they sent her to the slicing room that the air was particularly cool in there. Every day, no matter what the season or temperature outside, she wore a cardigan to work. On very cold days she wore another on top of the first and two pairs of woollen tights to keep her legs warm. It was dark by the time she returned home and the dark brought a serrate wind with it. In the warmth of her room she could peel off the layers of clothing and place them in a neat, ordered pile ready for the morning. She had a system - the cardigan went on the bottom of the pile, then the skirt, blouse, woollen tights, and her underwear on top.

She had worn a red cardigan on her first day. Black buttons with a V-neck, forty percent angora and sixty percent synthetic. She could even remember that. She was wearing it now. What a shame it had to be ruined.

She had liked her first day. New people to work with, her own desk and a tea-lady who came pushing her trolley promptly at 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. every day. The tea-lady always brought the same shortbread biscuits stacked high on the plate (the ones with sickly sweet strawberry jam and swirls of mock cream), always brought the tea in that brown china pot with the small chip on the lip of its lid, always wearing that apron with the red and blue checks and ripped hemline.

A collection went round one year and they bought her a new apron - a gift for her 20th anniversary working for the company. It was a bright yellow

apron with a bold floral pattern, but they had never seen her wearing it. "Too good for this place", she had said. The tea-lady had complained about the air-conditioning, too.

Funny, the details she remembered. She could remember people's names and phone numbers, and it had been a great advantage at school. (Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, wife of Louis XVI, guillotined on 16th October 1793, after a trial in which her dignity and courage had impressed even her judges.) But she had not wanted to stay on at school and had got a job as soon as she left. This job.

The night before the interview, her mother had warned her not to mention how good her memory was. They were sitting in the kitchen, she remembered, drinking tea from "La Ronde Bleu", the Fitz and Floyd tea set an aunt had left them, when her mother had said it. She thought it strange advice at the time. She had thought that, then.

The pleats in her skirt fluttered, each strip folding over the next, then slipping back into its original position as the breeze passed.

The job had been monotonous, constantly slicing up old paper, old files and books, but occasionally something interesting came along. It was hard not to glance down at the paper and she could not help remembering the information. It stuck in her mind like everything else she had ever read or heard or seen. Layers of information filed away inside her head.

When the new machines had been introduced whole bundles of paper could be shredded at once rather than slicing each sheet individually. A metal chute, two metres long, ran into a large metal box which shredded the material into hundreds of pieces. The machine was so complex that it spat the shreds of paper onto the belt in the original order of the text - as if the paper hadn't been cut at all. It took four minutes for the machine to chew up 3000 sheets of A4 paper and 25 seconds for it to travel along the belt to a slit in the wall where it disappeared, presumably to the basement furnace. On windless days the air outside was clogged with smoke and particles of ash that settled on her hair and clothes and dissolved into black smudges when she



tried to wipe them off.

The machine in the slicing room filled the air with an authoritative silence and the girls always whispered when they were in there. But it was an effective system - quick, clean and silent.

The chance of cutting fingers was eliminated by the new technology. She had cut herself on the old slicer only a few months before. The blood from her left thumb had spilt over the the file, its deep red colour surprising her. She had been staring down at it when the supervisor came in. Later, they questioned her about it, but she did not tell them that she had read the file; did not tell them that she could remember every word.

Many of the girls had lost their jobs because of the new machines. She saw some of them occasionally - a chance meeting in the street, or at their special coffee house, The Continental - layers of cake and cream, smothered with cherries, sliced almonds and shredded chocolate.

They felt The Continental was the one place they could talk freely amongst themselves. But now the company was watching.

Lying on the belt she felt light-headed, like she felt after two glasses of wine. Wine made her feel

like talking, but she didn't feel like talking now. No one to talk to. In fact, she did not (could not) feel much at all, just very, very light-headed and flimsy as the millions of thin sheets of paper she had sliced over those seven years. Worthless paper dumped in the furnace. Bark stripped from trees, processed in mills, written on, compiled into files to be cut and burnt and then flutter out of the factory chimney, black specs on an azure background.

She watched the strands of her hair glide up towards the ceiling. Only half of her was left now. Part of her skirt had curled around the leg of a chair in the corner of the room, the loose end flapping in the breeze. Her hands flapped too, like the fins of circus seals, and she could not control them. They shouldn't have done it. Her black shoes (leather uppers, rubber soles, she remembered) lay scattered in shreds across the floor. She listened to the hum of the air-conditioner. It gasped, then coughed out a gust of air that sent the shreds of her red cardigan off into the four corners of the room.

And then the conveyor belt began to move.

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## A SEA CHANGE

### Donald Hendricks

You wake in the morning feeling monstrous - like death warmed up with a triple hangover. You look in the mirror and something hideous looks back. You slowly and painfully refocus your eyes. You are looking something reptilian covered with bright green seaweed-like fronds which move independently like the cilia in your stomach lining. The skull has a domed cranium of solid bone. The feet and hands are webbed; a quick flex of the fingers and toes, and long razor-sharp talons emerge. There is a double row of dorsal fins either side of a protruding ridged spinal column. The eyes are round and lidless, like a shark's.

Your brain throbs like an exploding Schonberg concerto. Ideas crawl out of the red hot slime and

simply die. Trying to make sense of this is hard work. You only exist. There are no memories. You feel caught in a vortex of brain-busting pain.

You walk back into the bedroom and notice a tall blonde woman sprawled on the other side of the bed. She is more than half way out of her lingerie. This sight, especially that of her beautiful blonde pubis with its pit of the passions and the black silk panties around her ankles, stirs an awareness. A strong awareness of pure lust. And memories of that lust being sated. In fact, stirs more than memories. You discover that whatever you have become has a two foot long penis when fully erect. This is a pressure that can only be relieved in one way. You lift her right leg slightly to one side and slide your ramp-



ant masculinity into a soft wet cavity. Her eyes open sleepily, awareness flashes suddenly into alertness as she realizes what is happening. She smiles as you pump back and forth.

"Why, Mr. Ambassador," she says, wrapping herself around your transmogrified physique. "Aren't you the energetic one. And so early in the morning. Give a girl a chance to wake up and enjoy herself."

A series of convulsive jerks explode in your abdomen as the release of orgasm jets your alien seminal fluids deep into her tender recess. Wasted, of course, since alien species cannot interbreed. You let go of her generous, well-formed body and she slides back onto the bed again, her highly developed breasts heaving. This is something your now non-mammalian mind finds quaint. It is a chilling realization. Whatever transformed your body is now taking its toll on your mind. You are fast becoming something that is no longer human. Within five minutes of discovering your transformation you are thinking of another human being as a mammal, something very different from yourself. How far can this change go?, you are asking yourself. You think of your jaws - they are adaptations for a ferociously predatory carnivore. Somewhere in the mind of your mind you contemplate what her flesh might taste like. There is a dim semiconscious thought of enjoyment in ripping her apart and tearing at her meat. Whatever sort of creature you now are, it is one that could happily make a gourmet meal of a beautiful girl. You are salivating at the thought.

But you feel very weak. Standing there, you are swaying, becoming dizzy. You feel incredibly tired. No, it isn't due to the rigours of that quick bout of lovemaking. Something is wrong.

The girl looks up. She is wiping her thighs clean of your semen.

"You naughty beast," she jokes, wagging her finger. "You'll have to learn to control your biological urges if you're going to keep the company of Earth girls. Is something the matter? You look as if you've been overdoing it." She smiles, knowingly.

"I feel faint," you croak in a dry weak voice. A voice you barely recognise as your own.

The girl bounces up. Her face is concerned. She grasps your arms and starts to lead you to the bathroom.

"I'm sorry," she says. "I should have realized. You're dehydrating. Your tendrils are drooping. Let's get you under the shower. We'll get your water balance back to normal, then we can make sure your mineral levels are okay."

You nearly collapse under the shower. She turns on the water and its refreshing spray runs over your body. Almost immediately you begin to feel better.

You lean back and let the re-invigorating liquid run down your throat. Since the shower is in the bathtub, the water level gradually rises. There is a device that dispenses a balanced selection of salts and minerals to bring them up to the correct ionic concentration. You lie there with water covering your body, beginning to float once it is deep enough to do so. Your strength is returning.

You start thinking about the cause of this transformation. Certainly this is difficult, as everytime you try to remember your head hurts savagely. You can only clearly remember that you had been human. What is it that you have become? She called you Mr. Ambassador. Perhaps if you knew why she thinks you are an Ambassador? Are you an Ambassador or is this a case of mistaken identity? Or is there something else?

For the moment you decide to relax and enjoy the pleasures of soaking in a saline solution. This you soon discover is a mistake. The blonde returns to the bathroom. She is wearing black formfitting pants, sandals and a loose blouse open in the middle allowing her bare breasts to stand out. She leans over the bath and your penis responds. She smiles. It is a gently carnivorous smile. Her left hand caresses your engorged member while her right hand, unnoticed, empties a small vial of liquid into the bath water. You had been concentrating on her handiwork with the left hand. A mistake. Yours.

"That was a mild neurotoxin in solution," she says, standing up and adjusting her blouse. "It is absorbed through the skin. The effect is almost immediate. Don't try to move because you can't." She starts to leave, then turns back again. "Don't think of trying to escape. The atmosphere of Earth is far too dry for your species. You'd quickly dehydrate and die. Your body is presently at its minimum hydration and ion balance levels. You would have to undergo full rehydration before you contemplate a stroll outside. Enjoy yourself. You haven't much longer to live."

"Why me?" you say. "Why have you done this to me? Changed a human into this ...thing! Tell me why."

"Questions. Krishna, what a bizarre creature you are. So weird." The blonde departs. Your questions were ignored.

You are lying there trapped. Left floating in a drugged bath. You think how you would lovingly render her flesh into pieces and swallow them with relish. Savour every bite. Happily shred the meat from her bones. A truly satisfying revenge.

You realize these thoughts are the product of the biology of this body. A body you are trapped in. A body that is trapped. But why? Yes, of course, you don't know why. Your thoughts crash against that



barrier of intense pain. Your mind is blocked and you are helpless. Why have you been left here like this? If she had wanted to kill you she could have simply let you dehydrate. Or used a lethal dose of the neurotoxin. So why arrange this elaborate trap?

You wisely allow yourself to relax. This is sensible. You know that the transformation process has a temporary effect of blocking memory. You remember details of metabolic adjustment, the topological manipulation of anatomical restructuring, and the neurological side-effects. Of course! Once the transformation settles down the post-operative effects are short-term. When they wear off memory and normal thinking will return.

You look up at the mirror on the ceiling. You see yourself as an aquatic sophant. Aquatic and an air-breather. Probably from an Oceanic planet. Of course! An Oroan from the planet Grachide. Intelligent creatures evolved from deep-sea predators. A high gravity planet. A lot of water has been squeezed out of the planetary core, hence the big oceans. The only land is active volcanic islands. And an atmosphere like superheated steam. The Oroans have a reasonable interplanetary technology but only sublight interstellar travel. Unpleasant, but not a real threat to any proper civilization. You now know what you are, but still not why. You are progressing. So why did someone put you through bioplasty to change you into an Oroan?

Suddenly you remember the most important part. You did it. You are a developmental bioplasty programmer. You had been working on changing Oroans into human form. The reason is simple: Oroans couldn't readily survive on Earth and they are dangerous and unpleasant in their native form, especially on Earth. It was decided to bioplast Oroans into human form so their embassy staff wouldn't be so troublesome. That blonde was, in fact, the female ambassador from Grachide. You had put her through the metamorphosis from Oroan to human. She had suggested to you how she would like to experiment with the sexuality of her new found human form. More interesting with a real human, much better than clumsy fumbling with humanized Oroans. Protocol and discipline had to be observed - after all, she outranked the other embassy staff. You were quite willing to be helpful. A willing and unwitting tool, in fact.

Unfortunately she had other plans for you. Ones she didn't want to confide in you. Firstly, you went through the bioplasty unit and had the changes rung on your biomorph. Once Oroan to human transformation had been worked out, the obverse was a doddle. Secondly, as a human female she had enjoyed a night of lovemaking with one of her own kind (even if it

had originally been human) while she was in human form. She has a perverse sexual streak, even for her species. Thirdly, unfortunately, her last plan is interspecies cannibalism. Yes, she has eaten others of her kind. It is quite common for the Oroans to eat one another. What she hasn't done is to eat an Oroan while possessing human tastes. Besides, members of her staff at the embassy would have been missed. She had no choice but to manufacture a few Oroans to fulfill her appetites. You are the first. She has gone out to collect the necessary equipment to prepare you for her feast. You are the main course on the menu. This is a dubious honour.

\* \* \* \*

Of course, you must survive. This is imperative, but how much more so for an Oroan. Your human/Oroan bloodlust rises in a terrible anger. A massive primal scream would tear itself from your throat except for your drugged condition. Your body bobs up and down feebly in the bath. You have to wait an hour in your wet prison. Full of fear and anger. Raging in your helpless brain.

But now I have returned. It is so delightful. How wonderful your flesh will taste. So alive with passion. You have only had a tiny taste of what it feels like to be an Oroan. To feel our mighty passions. You have responded feebly to the power of our insatiable urges. Even in this human form I have not lost the hungers and desires of an Oroan. How I want to savour the delight of eating the flesh of one of my own kind.

I have enjoyed listening to your thoughts on the neurolinguistic monitor. Of course, such surveillance devices are banned upon this planet of inhibited creatures. There, as I grip your jaws open and drop this capsule down your throat. It won't harm you. On the contrary. It contains an enzyme to neutralize the neurotoxin. You will soon recover. Let me explain what is about to happen. I will eat you. You won't be killed first and then cooked. No, this planet's barbaric ways are not for me. See this thermal pistol I'm armed with? I use its infrared laser beam to cut your flesh into pieces and eat them. Fresh meat is what I crave.

This shall be an interesting contest. I am removing my clothes. This will stimulate your sexual response. I took the liberty of conditioning your erection to the sight of my body. The anger and fear I have cultivated will soon produce the typical response of an Oroan male - berserk rage. Once the neurotoxin wears, you will attack my naked body in a combined mating and killing frenzy. I will only have this heat-gun to defend myself. Ah, your first



attempt to get up. How clumsily you fall back into the bath. Splashing water everywhere. Let me warm the water with my heat-beam. See how it steams. Perhaps it might be interesting to try cooked flesh after all. That's better. You're moving faster now. Try dodging this heat-beam. Look how it blisters the wall. It will burn away your flesh so easily.

\* \* \* \*

The Oroan ducked from side to side, avoiding the heat-beam. The naked woman kept out of reach of his deadly claws. She wielded the thermal pistol savagely, keeping its beam between her and her prey. The beam struck the shower curtain and it exploded in flame. For a split second it distracted her attention. The Oroan lunged, a beserk frenzy controlling his brain. His claws slashed open her left forearm

and the thermal pistol dropped from her hand. It fell to the bathroom floor, spinning, its laser beam still activated, blasting their feet away. The weapon stopped spinning, its deadly beam blazing into the bath. Ceramic tiles flared and burst into flame as they reached their ignition temperature. The water seethed and boiled. The beam burnt through the side of the bath and a deluge of boiling water swept out. The woman had her arms and stomach torn open and her blood flowed into a spreading pool. Both she and the Oroan writhed in agony as the boiling water spilled across the floor. And they choked as fumes and thick acrid smoke filled the air. Flames were crackling now, the sound of conflagration rising to a roar. The heat-beam burnt through the wall into the next room. The fire began to engulf the building.

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# ILLEGAL ALIEN

## Chris Simmons

It is 20:32. I am entering the DarwinImm bar at Springs Spaceport. I will continue to transmit while inside, but I wonder if you are bothering to record. This is just routine, isn't it. It's my fortieth case.

The crowd is large and noisy. It is a warm night at the end of the holidays and there will be many ships away tonight, which is why my Illegal has fled here. Affluent outworlders bide their time here with their various poisons and communal noise to bring them closer together. The bar has been recently modernised, redecorated with the organic look and fitted out with facilities for Shivans. There are no Shivans here now, but the place has attracted a fair spread of the other races. Ionians may be skulking in the dim corners with their shades on to avoid intoxication by the shifting green lighting; it would be difficult and strictly rude to find out if the sealed Amphrum cubicle is occupied. The rest are compatible enough to share an atmosphere. I am

glad I cannot smell the air.

The Illegal Emigrant is here somewhere. The patrons show no awareness of it, but here I am just as invisible.

I cross to the bar to order a drink. The staff, mainly Terrestrial, do their best to pretend I am not there, but the manager comes over to pour my fluid and demand some identification. I look him in his carapaced face and tell him to go away. My steel features should be all the i.d. he needs.

I wait for one of the Junker's many addictions to bring the Illegal to the surface. The modifications which let him get blasted on a thousand different sights, sounds, tastes and odours are strictly illegal, but I don't expect to see the Bureau hunting his kind down.

While I wait I should be questioning patrons; one of the passengers on the flights tonight must be fostering the Illegal. There is no way it could manage its own illegal emigration aboard an Outworld

spacecraft. The Bureau has deliberately shrunk my budget too far for me to build a case against such an accomplice, to avoid cross-world incidents; it expects the Ill.E problem to literally die out. But a little harassment might discourage them somewhat.

I carry my drink to a side table where a sullen young Terrestrial sits.

"Where're you headed?" (Small talk is a waste of time when somebody hates your guts.)

She extrudes spines from her scalp, and smiles. "T'ward perfection."

"I'm sure you are. Answer the question."

"Luna. Skeletal Extension Labs." She shows me a ticket.

I look her up and down and check the ticket. She probably wants wings. Small stuff. Not much money.

"I ate him," she says, taking back the ticket. "Your Illegal." She shows her pointed teeth. "Me and my friends, we go into the Reserve on a Sunday night and we have ourselves a roast."

"Case Report," I mutter, apparently to myself, but just loudly enough for her to overhear. "Suspect confirmation. Confession provided." As she pales I snap at her. "Identification please. You are now being Recorded."

She cannot read my face. Panicking, she fumbles in her pouch.

I get up. I think this youngster has learnt her lesson.

But what use is her respect? We of the old hard technology are fast disappearing. One day, when the Bureau no longer cares about the Ill.E problem, I will be as redundant as they, my creators, and will be left for scrap.

I approach a gold pressure-suited neo-Saturnian who is very likely here just to show that he can afford to be.

A glass smashes on the far side of the bar. The Junker has come out of hiding and is skulking his way to the stairs. I tell the bar manager to leave him alone.

The Junker has sniffed out something he gets high on. I hope it is the Illegal's body odour. If it is, I must let the Junker have his fix before I close in. He may be useful to me another time.

I turn back to the rich alien. He has a gun aimed at me. This is typical of neo-Saturnians, who are an aggressive lot. But the gun is concealed, which is not typical.

"Excessive rudeness is not necessary," I advise him. He holds some identification in one thick tentacle. I nod at it, impatiently, without checking it. The gun disappears.

I could have drawn my concealed weapon and disarmed him. A neo-Saturnian knows that. The gun is

drawn just for show, not to discreetly threaten. This is strange behaviour.

I pass on.

A group nearby laughs at me with a sound like water boiling. Their oily blue hides look familiar.

"Ah yes, the Jones Family," I laugh. "I remember you all. That is, I think I do."

After a pause they bubble laughter at my unexpected compliment. They are proud of their mutability. Having now been recognised they are bound to change their appearance again.

Behind me I detect a pressure-suited creature rising to leave.

"Acquired many new sex organs lately?" I ask the Joneses, while monitoring the movement of the pressure-suit to the door. Much more eagerly, they laugh again, and invite me to drink with them.

They have overplayed their hand.

It is a common mistake made by these aliens who forget just how human they still are; easily human enough for me to know the way they think. The conveniently placed Junker would have been enough to mislead me, but the caution that lies beneath their brave-new-worldness caused them to try to hard to distract me. They should have spent more time schooling their foster-Illegal in how to behave like a neo-Saturnian.

As I turn back to follow the neo-Saturnian their faces fall, and one of them is uncoiling herself to leap at me.

I don't bother to look at her. Before she has left her seat, I have rendered her unconscious.

A few other aliens have it all worked out now and they are running and slithering out of the door, after the Illegal. Damn, they will have the Illegal ripped out of its suit and in pieces if I don't get to it first.

I am too slow out the door, only because I resist the impulse to throw them all out of my way.

The Illegal lies on the pavement, bleeding in the punctured pressure-suit. The aliens are returning inside, satisfied.

I pick up the Illegal and prop it against a wall. A strange Emotion makes itself felt in me: sympathy. The Illegal does look pitiful. But I wonder if I see my own future here.

It looks up at me and I see it is a male. It is unshaven and dirty. Its wound is mortal, although for an alien with access to proper medical facilities it wouldn't be. I take out a weapon to finish it off.

"What harm have I done you?" it asks.

"None. This is my job. It is they who hate you."

"Not all of them. They were going to put me in a quiet little place on Pluto, out of everyone's way.



Would it have hurt so much for you to let them?"

I shake my head and my sympathy vanishes. These humans really are mentally and physically inferior. "You could never live outside the Earth, you know that. There is no place for you out there. You would be a burden. Besides, the Joneses never intended to help you. They would have done whatever they liked with you once they got you on Pluto. They detest you human leftovers most of all, and they love to Modify things."

It coughs. I raise my gun.

"We made you. Don't you have any sympathy?"

I kill it. Is it too stupid even to realise that I am the alien here? The weird and wonderfully

Modified creatures in the DarwinInn Bar were all human once; I have never been.

I find myself agreeing with the Bureau attitude. What point is there in allowing feeble creatures to kill themselves on other planets?

I walk back into the bar. The Joneses have gone now, but they of course need not have feared me. My budget, and hence my batteries, are running out. I have enough energy to return to headquarters. The bar attendant is calling Sanitation to remove the body. I pay him and leave.

On my way out I wonder again if I see my future; the body of a creature who refused to change.

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## review

Well, I liked them all. And fairly equally; I didn't have a favourite. I'll try to wrangle further stories from each of them.

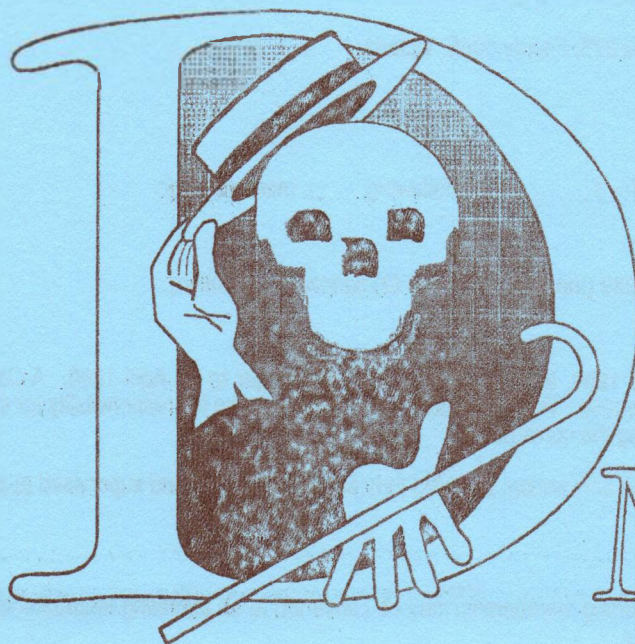
It's perhaps unnecessary to state the obvious, but I will anyway: I'm interested in readers' opinions (an editor would be stupid not to be) and welcome feedback - this little review section doesn't have to be filled by me. Obvious enough?

Things to get back to: 1. The withdrawal of the comic piece: The story came to my attention at the earlier-mentioned workshop and though I liked it, I thought it was far too long-winded (the humour was lost in the excess wordage). To cut a long story short, I did just that, trimming 5,000 or so words back to 2,500. Then, well pleased with myself, I hastened to present the writer with the edited text. Alas, he was not impressed. "This isn't what I wrote!" he protested. "Ah, but it is!" I countered. "Less of it, I grant you, and slightly rearranged in places, but it is what you wrote." He shook his head despondently. "It needed some tightening up," I said in my most conciliatory tone. "Don't you agree?" He didn't. To my utter (and continuing) disbelief, he said: "It was word-perfect. Not one word more, not one word less."

So, lessons: First, for the editor: Ultimately, the state of the published text is the writer's decision. Don't assume that writers are so desperate to see their work in print that they'll accept anything the editor dishes up. The writer has to be satisfied that the finished piece is their work, not the editor's. Lesson learnt. Second, for any writer that thinks their work is word perfect: There is no such work. Those writers are galahs. Unless they already have the goods, they won't improve.

Things to get back to: 2. Know your markets and be prepared to pursue them. Don Hendicks had his ear to the ground (makes it difficult to write, I know). He heard the whisper about THYME FICTION and chased it to ground. He rummaged through his stock of manuscripts until he found something that seemed to fit the bill, then chased me to ground and placed said manuscript well and truly under my nose. I'm not advocating that everyone go to such lengths (for one thing, it would get very crowded under my nose), but writers have to work at marketing their stories just as hard as they work at writing them. It's a ridiculously competitive marketplace, and that means you have to be a competitor.

Okay, this is threatening to become boring. Until next time then....



From: Friday the 13th , April 1990  
To: Monday, April 16th  
The Event ....

# Danse Macabre

*The 29th Australian Science Fiction Convention*

## Guests of Honour:

**George R.R. Martin**

Author of *The Armageddon Rag*, *Fevre Dream*  
Editor of the *Wild Cards* anthologies  
Script Consultant to TV series *Beauty and the Beast*

**Eric Lindsay**

Noted NSW Fan and Fanzine Editor

*Danse Macabre* will be held over Easter 1990. For the attending membership fee of \$60.00 (this is the current rate -- see the reverse side of this sheet for full details) you will see and hear about:

- The life and times of a successful sf writer.
- Fanzine publishing in the 21st Century.
- Panel discussions on topics literary ("The vampire in modern SF"), technological ("Science and sport, an uneasy alliance?"), speculative ("What's *that* glowing in the fridge?"), and more.
- The future of science fiction.
- Films

not to mention .....

- The Team Scrabble Competition
- The Inexpressibly Strange DUFF Race
- The Masquerade, with theme: *"Mardi Gras in New Orleans: The Creatures of the Night"*
- The Bureaucracy Contest
- The Convention Banquet

Interested in attending? Fill out the details on the other side of this leaflet and send it to *Danse Macabre* at the address below. Want more information? Contact *Danse Macabre* with your queries. We'll do our best to answer them.

All monies and correspondence should be sent to:

**Danse Macabre, PO Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, Victoria**



# Danse Macabre General Application Form

Remember that completed forms should be sent to Danse Macabre, PO Box 273, Fitzroy 3065, Victoria.

## Memberships

Please find enclosed a cheque/money order (made out to Danse Macabre) for \$ ..... for the following ..... memberships:

- ☐ **Attending - Adult:** \$60.00 per membership until 3 December 1989 (the final day of the *Conjunction* convention).
- ☐ **Attending - Child:** \$30.00 per membership until 3 December 1989, for children 15 years or younger at 13 April 1990. A *Children's Membership* can only be issued with a supervising *Adult* membership. The supervising adult will undertake full responsibility for the child at the convention, and will accompany the child at all times during the convention.
- Children less than 5 years old will be allowed free entrance to the convention, provided they are accompanied and supervised at all times by an adult member of *Danse Macabre*.
- ☐ **Supporting (non-attending):** \$15.00 per membership. A supporting membership may be converted to an attending membership at any time on paying the difference between the two membership rates.
- ☐ **Voting Only.** \$5 per membership.

Name(s) and address(es):

.....

.....

## Accommodation

Accommodation at *Danse Macabre* has been arranged both at the **Diplomat** and at the nearby **Spaceline** hotel.

Please find enclosed a minimum of one night's deposit for:

- ☐ Double / Suite (= two-room *triple*) room(s) (\$59/\$80 per night) at the **Spaceline** for the nights of 12/13/14/15/16\* April 1990.
- ☐ Single / Double / Triple room(s) (\$54/\$59/\$80 per night) at the **Diplomat** for the nights of 12/13/14/15/16\* April 1990.

\* Strike out the dates which are not required.

We intend to share our room with:

.....

## Other Details

I intend to book ..... seats at the banquet (estimated cost is \$20 to \$25).

I intend to contribute to the art show:    Yes    No    (Please Tick One)

## Other Comments:

Suggestions for the Convention, Volunteers to Help, Additional Programming Ideas, etc. ....

.....

.....



## GUFF 1990

**WHAT IS GUFF?** The Get Up-and-over Fan Fund (known in alternate years as the Going Under Fan Fund) was established in 1979 to further contacts between European and Australian fandoms by bringing a well-known and popular fan from one hemisphere to attend a convention in the other. GUFF exists solely through the support of fandom. The candidates are voted for by interested fans all over the world and each vote is accompanied by a fee of not less than £1.50 or A\$4.00. These votes and the continued interest and generosity of fandom are what makes GUFF possible.

**WHO MAY VOTE?** Voting is open to anyone who has been active in fandom (fanzines, conventions, clubs, etc) prior to January 1983 and who contributes at least £1.50 or A\$4.00 to the fund. Contributions in excess of this minimum are gratefully accepted. Voting is by secret ballot, only one vote per person is allowed, proxy votes are forbidden and you must sign your ballot. "Write-in" candidates are permitted. Cheques, postal orders and money orders should be made payable to 'GUFF' if in A\$ and to 'Eve Harvey' if in £ (if you cannot provide these any other currency should be in notes, but we'd prefer not to incur the additional transaction costs.)

**DEADLINE** Votes must reach the administrators by 21 April, 1990.

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

**HOLD OVER FUNDS** This choice, similar to the No Award in the BSFA and Hugo Award balloting, gives the voter the chance to vote for no GUFF trip, should the candidates not appeal to them or if they feel that GUFF should slow down the frequency of its trips. Should Hold Over Funds receive a majority of votes on the final ballot no GUFF trip will be awarded.

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

**THE CANDIDATES** Each candidate has promised, barring acts of god, to travel to the 1990 Worldcon (ConFiction) in The Hague, The Netherlands, if elected, posted a non-refundable bond, and provided 5 nominations and a platform. The platform and nominators are detailed overleaf.

**VOTES AND CONTRIBUTIONS SHOULD BE SENT TO:**

**EUROPE:** Roelof Goudriaan  
Caan Van Necklaan 63  
2218 BB Rijswijk (ZH)  
**THE NETHERLANDS**

**AUSTRALIA:** Irwin Hirsh  
26 Jessamine Avenue  
East Prahran  
Victoria 3181  
**AUSTRALIA**



## GUFF 1990 CANDIDATES' PLATFORMS

**LARRY DUNNING** Born 14 days after Sputnik and raised in various points of the Galaxy but mostly in Perth, Larry works for the Bureau of Statistics producing Government fiction. His interests in mainstream SF, Comics, Games, Art, Films, Folk and Walk are famed if not infamous, and he has been involved in organised fandom since 1975. Larry has also produced several fanzines including APOCRYPHA (a gonzine), THE PHANTOM ZINE (an APA) and TAU CETI (a games zine). Known as a masseur and bug therapist, winning GUFF would enable Larry to write the best trip report since the Odyssey. Remember, Dunning is running!

**Nominators:** Terry Frost, Carey Handfield, Shirley Page, Grant Stone, and Pascal Thomas.

**MARK LONEY & MICHELLE MUIJSERT** As Michelle has yet to return from the trackless wastes of northern Ontario (become a computer programmer and see the world!), the task of drafting 100 words of deathless vote-winning prose has fallen to me alone. The obvious fanac to mention is THE SPACE WASTREL but, I must admit guiltily, we haven't pubbed ourish since 1988. But we have both been fans since the seventies, both involved in running clubs and conventions as well as pubbing fanzines, and would love to meet as many of you as possible in Holland and the UK in 1990. Till then hopefully....

**Nominators:** Eve Harvey, Perry Middlemiss, Julian Warner, Roger Weddall, and Pam Wells.

**ROMAN ORSZANSKI** Bearded, baroque and bilingual bicyclist and broadcaster Roman has been producing small and curious fanzines since '75, inspired by Aussiecon. He's hovered around conventions since, organising his own when necessary. Fond of talking, he's sometimes press-ganged onto panels - but prefers parties, eating, and drinking. He produced THE STREAM-DRIVEN FLUGELHORN, Australia's first audio-fanzine, and has launched several radio programmes (including ones on Film, SF and Media). His interests include jazz (modern), films (old, black & white), community radio and protecting rain-forests. An ardent greenie, he's campaigned on many environmental issues. His ambition: dance until dawn in the capitals of Europe.

**Nominators:** John Foyster, Judith Hanna, Joseph Nicholas, Marc Ortlieb, and Jean Haber.

I VOTE FOR: (rank 1, 2, 3, etc)

- ☐ Larry Dunning
- ☐ Mark Loney & Michelle Muijsert
- ☐ Roman Orszanski
- ☐ Hold Over Funds
- ☐ \_\_\_\_\_ (Write-in)

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

NAME & ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

I enclose \_\_\_\_\_ as a donation to GUFF. (Make 2 cheques payable to 'Eve Harvey' and A\$ cheques payable to 'GUFF'.)

If you think your name may not be known to the administrators and that your vote might be disqualified, please give the name & address of a fan (not a fan group, a candidate or their nominators) to whom you are known: \_\_\_\_\_

Reproduction of this sheet is encouraged provided that the text is reprinted verbatim. Anyone doing so should substitute their name here:

*Thyme*



# World Fantasy Awards 1989

STOF PRESS!!

Winners of the World Fantasy Awards for 1989, awarded at the World Fantasy Convention in Seattle, October 27th - 29th, 1989, were:

## Best Novel

KOKO

Peter Straub

(Dutton/Viking UK)

## Best Novella

"The Skin Trade"

George R.R. Martin (Night Visions 5)

## Best Short Story

"Winter Solstice, Camelot Station" John M. Ford (Invitation to Camelot)

## Best Anthology

The Year's Best Fantasy, First Annual Collection ed. Ellen Datlow and Terri Windling (St Martin's Press)

## Best Collection

Angry Candy

Harlan Ellison

(Houghton Mifflin)

Storeys from the Old Hotel

Gene Wolfe

(Kerosina Press)

## Best Artist

Edward Gorey

## Special Award - Professional

Robert Weinberg (Biographical Dictionary of SF and Fantasy Artists, Greenwood)  
Terri Windling

## Special Award - Non Professional

Kristine Katherine Rusch and Dean Wesley Smith (Pulphouse)

## Life Achievement

Evangeline Walton

The next three year's World Fantasy Conventions will be held at:

Chicago

in 1990

Tucson

in 1991 and

Minneapolis

in 1992.

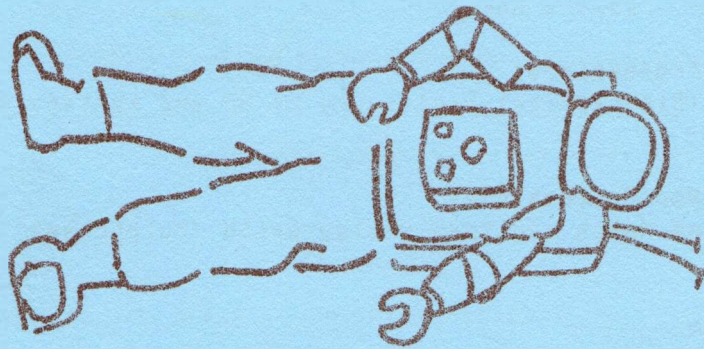
[Janice Murray]



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