

# THE MENTOR 47

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT



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# THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

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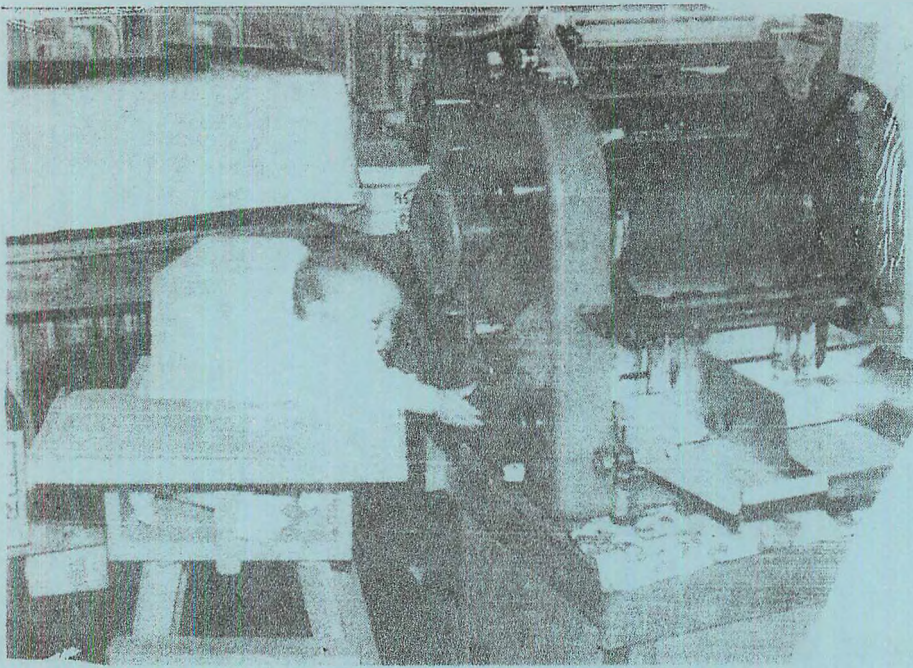
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RON'S

ROOST

## BEST SF OF THE YEAR.

Here it is December. I have gone through the Reviews I have done for the last twelve months to see what I noted as \*Recommended\* and to see if there is any pattern in them. The books thus marked are as follows; I will set them out as reprints and new titles.

Firstly the new titles: EYAS by Crawford Kilian; WHEN THE TIME WINDS BLOW by Robert Holdstock; BOUND IN TIME by D.F. Jones; DYING OF PARADISE by Stephen Couper; AFTER MAN - A ZOOLOGY OF THE FUTURE by Dougal Dixon; TIME OF THE FOURTH HORSEMAN by Chelsea QuimYarbro; GOD OF TAROT/FAITH OF TAROT/VISION OF TAROT by Piers Anthony; THE NONBORN KING by Julien May; RADIX by A.A.Attanasia; CAUTIONARY TALES by Yarbro; THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS - A MEMOIR - Fred Pohl; FOUNDATION'S EDGE by Isaac Asimov; DANCE OF THE HAG by Stephen Leigh; THE DANCERS AT THE END OF TIME by Michael Moorcock; THE FIRST CHRONICLES OF THOMAS COVENANT by Stephen Donaldson; A SECRET HISTORY OF TIME TO COME by Robie MacCauley; PAWN OF PROPHECY & QUEEN OF SORCERY by David Eddings; GOLDEN WITCHBREED by Mary Gentle; ON THE GOOD SHIP ENTERPRISE by Bjo Trimble; DOWNBELOW STATION by C.J. Cherryh; THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION by Marc Scott Zicree; KELLY COUNTRY by A. Bertram Chandler, and THE PROMETHEUS MAN by Ray Nelson.

The old reprints are as follows (yes, I know some of the above may be reprints of US titles, but this is the first time they have been - mostly - published here); CONDITIONALLY HUMAN & OTHER STORIES by Walter Miller; DARK UNIVERSE by Daniel Galouye; RESTOREE by Anne McCaffrey; A TREASURY OF MODERN FANTASY ed Carr & Greenberg; CAPTIVE UNIVERSE by Harry Harrison; THE CITY & THE STARS by Arthur C. Clarke; A TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL, HURRAH! by Harry Harrison.

Another new title is THE CURSED OF THE WITCH--WORLD by Paula Volsky.

OK, that is 34 titles for the year; not bad, that is much less than one per week. Notice the exclusion of fantasy. Much of the new fantasy is just not that well written, to stand up against the good sf that is still being written. I also noticed that the older reprints are the classics of that period, such as the Miller and the Galouye. I don't feel up to counting how many novels (cont. p.36)



# A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

## GRIMESISH GRUMBLINGS:

### KELLY COUNTRY FOREWORD

At long, long last this novel is to appear in print. It took me five years to sell the idea to the Literature Board of the Australia Council, who awarded me a Senior Fellowship to enable me to write it. (By the time I got that Grant I'd sold the idea to myself and had played around with it in a few short stories.) Then there was a year devoted to research - in and around Glenrowan, in Melbourne, in Vancouver and in Washington D.C. where I dug up much useful material in the Smithsonian Institution, in the National Air and Space Museum and in the National Archives. There was a year's writing, with another, brief, interlude for research in Wellington, New Zealand.

Finding a publisher was more of a problem than I had anticipated. First of all I tried to peddle the book to those major publishing houses with offices in Sydney. Every attempt brought the same reaction, "We like it, but..." At last I did what I should have done in the first instance and sent the manuscript to Penguin Books Australia, whose editorial offices are in Ringwood, Victoria. Penguin Books were immediately enthusiastic; nonetheless it had taken me about six months to find a buyer for the novel.

Then followed another six months arguing about it. Penguin Books' editor is one of those editors, rare in these days, who takes her job seriously, believing that any book should be the bastard offspring of the mating of the minds of editor and author. Any changes required by her were discussed at length by correspondence or telephone. One change she wanted - and got - did improve the novel. In my original story the conversion of Red Kitty - the feministic, socialistic German baroness who becomes Ned Kelly's wife and pushes him to a position of great authority - to the Gospel According To St. Marx was far too Patty Hearstish with a strong flavour of Mills & Boone. The Red Kitty who emerged from the rewrite was a much stronger and more plausible character.

The Battle of Batoche sequence was shifted within the framework of the novel. Kay Ronai - the editor - wanted it shifted right out but I stuck to my guns, saying that I had promised the late Susan Wood that I would use the actual-history Riel Rebellion in Canada as part of my plot and that, in any case it was essential to the plot. I fought hard to keep the City of Bathurst incident - the sinking of an Australian passenger liner in the Bay of Biscay, early in World War I (Australia still being neutral) by fighter bombers launched from a German Zeppelin, pointing out that this was necessary to show how the early introduction

of the Andrews Airship into warfare, during the Australian War of Independence, had influenced the history of military aviation.

In quite a few places I had used concepts familiar to science fiction readers so, for the benefit of the general public, I had to do what appeared to me unnecessary dotting of "i"s and crossing of "t"s.

And I think, now, that I gave in too easily over the Foreword. Kay wanted it considerably shortened. I shortened it. And then Susan who, until then had sided with Ms Ronai, screamed, saying that the Foreword was "the best part of the book" and that it must, repeat must, make an appearance somewhere if not in the front of the novel itself.

So here it is:

## K E L L Y   C O U N T R Y   -   F O R E W O R D   -   U N C U T   V E R S I O N

This is an If Of History novel.

There have been many such. One popular "If" in recent years has been If Germany had won World War II. It could have happened, you know. If Hitler had launched a damn-the-expense invasion of England immediately after Dunkirk... If the German scientists had been first with the atom bomb... After all, Germany already had the means of delivery, the V2 rocket - and another rocket, capable of striking the eastern seaboard of the U.S.A. when fired from European launching pads, was on the drawing boards.

A battle used as a deviation point by more than one novelist has been the Battle of Tours in 732 A.D. It was at Tours that Charles Martel turned back the Arab advance into Europe. But what if the Franks had lost? It can be said with certainty that the course of world history would have been entirely different. More unpleasant - possibly. Less unpleasant - possibly. Different - most certainly.

Another crucial battle was Gettysburg, regarded by most historians as the turning point in the War Between The States. There, for three sday, July 1, 2 and 3 in 1863, the Union and Confederate armies slugged it out. If Pickett's charge had achieved its objective the Confederacy might well have won the battle and gone on to win the war. And then, probably, the U.S.A. would have become two separate nations, neither of which would have been able to exercise the influence on world affairs that the United States have done and still do.

Insofar as history is concerned I try to steer a middle course between Carlyle and Marx. Carlyle said, more or less in these words, "History is the biographies of great men." Marx regarded the great men of history as symptoms rather than causes. But great men do influence the course of events - and there have been men who were potentially great and who, had the cards fallen a little differently, would have achieved greatness or, possibly, had greatness thrust upon them.

Such a man was Edward Kelly.

He was charismatic. He had a sound grasp of guerrilla warfare tactics. He was something of an innovator in military matters, as is evidenced by his famous armour. He lived during a period when Australia was on the brink of rebellion. In 1854 there was Eureka Stockade, where the armed miners fought for their rights against the government's military forces. In 1891 there was the Great Shearers' Strike, during which the strikers organised themselves on military lines and drilled, with wooden rifles, while they were threatened by the artillery



deployed against them. And, talking of artillery, more than one propertyless man maintained his own private cannon to defend his property against possible - or probable - uprising of the propertyless masses.

Kelly was more, much more, than a mere bushranger. He was regarded by many as a freedom fighter, as an Australian Robin Hood. He was, in fact, referred to by the poor farmers on their selections as The Captain of the North East.

Whether or not there was an actual revolutionary organisation of which the Kelly Gang was the nucleus is still something of a mystery. There was that firing of a rocket, a signal rocket, during the siege of Glenrowan. Who was supposed to be watching for that signal and taking appropriate action? But there was that brief glare of pyrotechnic stars in the night sky over Glenrowan...

Anyhow, about six years ago I got bitten by the Ned Kelly bug. I wanted to write an Australian If Of History Novel, featuring an Australian War of Independence. I wanted a good deviation point, some well known event, some historic occasion when things just might have gone the other way. The Siege of Glenrowan was - to me - the obvious choice. The key character was Thomas Curnow, the man who flagged down the special train. If the train had not been stopped... If the train had been derailed, with a subsequent massacre of the police party... If the authorities had over-reacted to such an extent as to antagonise the entire countryside...

If... If... If...

And suppose there had been an uprising - could it have succeeded without outside help? I don't think so. After all, the American War of Independence could not have done so. The decisive action in that conflict was the Battle of the Chesapeake Capes, between the British and the French navies.

As the French helped the rebellious Americans so, I think, would the Americans have helped the rebellious Australians. After all there was then, as now, a large Irish population in the U.S.A. Aid would have been given unofficially or, even, semi-officially. And what if certain officers of the American armed forces wanted to try out new-fangled weaponry - weaponry that would have been available in the early 1880s to anybody with the imagination to make use of it - in somebody else's war, in somebody else's country?

The Andrews airship was flown successfully over New York in 1864. President Abraham Lincoln was interested in Dr. Andrews' invention. If - another If! - Lincoln had not been assassinated that airship might well have been adopted by the armed forces of the U.S.A. Meanwhile Dr. Gatling, who was doing a nice trade in hand-operated machine guns, just could not interest anybody in a steam-operated model. (As a matter of fact the electrically-operated Vulcan cannon, with its fantastic rate of fire, used by American helicopter gunships during the war in Vietnam, is a direct descendant of the Gatling gun.)

In this novel I have made use of armed and armoured steam traction engines. As a matter of historical fact the first employment of steam traction engines in warfare was in the Crimea, from 1854 to 1856. They were used for towing heavy artillery. Surely somebody must have toyed with the idea of giving the brutes arms and armour...

(After this foreword was written I saw in a book on military vehicles a drawing of an armoured steamroller. It was about the right period, too. Unluckily there was no further information about this fearsome juggernaut.)

I must confess to having been guilty of a little cheating. To ensure the eventual success of the Australian Revolution I had to withdraw the ships of the Royal Navy from Australian ports. I did this by having the government of the U.S.A. backing the Riel Rebellion in Canada. (It seems rather amazing that this did not

happen in actual fact.) But - yet another IF! - Riel opposed the incursion of a small army of New York Fenians into Canada. If he had accepted and made use of such outside support.. American Gatling guns, under an American officer with a temporary captaincy in the Canadian army, did play a decisive part at the Battle of Batoche - but they were deployed against the rebels.

Another small piece of cheating -- but essential to the plot -- was to have the mysterious marksman at Dallas miss John Kennedy and killing Jackie. The second Mrs. Kennedy persuades her husband to withdraw from Vietnam, leaving Australia to go it alone.

Nonetheless, despite Australian independence, the mainstream of history is little affected. World War I happens on time. Thanks, however, to the early employment of the airship in warfare the airship aircraft carriers are in use in 1914. In actual history this idea was played around with in the 1920s. (As a small boy I watched fighter biplanes being flown off from one of the British Zeppelin-type dirigibles, either R33 or R34.) World War II happens on time. In both conflicts, however, Australia is dragged in some time after the outbreak, just as America was.

I have implied that the early development of aeronautical techniques resulted in an earlier development of the arts and sciences of astronautics, with the U.S.A. blowing money on manned Mars landings which, on this Time Track, was poured down the drain in Vietnam.

But could my fictitious history have happened without a charismatic, innovative leader such as Ned Kelly?

Despite my preference for the Marxian view of history against that of Carlyle I somehow don't think so.

- A. Bertram Chandler.

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# SOLID ZEN

BY

JULIE VAUX

How do you take a word from an alien language and re-shape or describe it so that the word may be perceived and understood by a dozen different life-forms? That is the essence of the translator's art according to our tutor - to expand understanding. Personally, I think what our tutor understands best is how to choose difficult assignments for first year students.

Look at our latest assignments -

Pha Lirring, the Star Manta, was given a set of Terran Asian ideographs to write a commentary on. Star Mantas don't write! They use electromagnetic pulses for communication. Terran East Asian ideographs are tricky, they can read phoenetically several different ways and they commonly have multi-levels of meaning. What's more, the librarian had them filed under calligraphy, due to a bug in the program review.

Tarqui the Altamirran was given the concept ideograph Mathematics. Tarqui's a musician whose major study focus is music transliteration and she can barely count past 20. I pity the person she asks to explain multi-dimensional geometry to her, when she can't even keep her credit flow harmonious. I got a headache the other day trying to explain binary maths to her - her people use base three.

As for myself, the sole Emyrri in the class? Every other Comorri is a feliniod and he gives me a nasty, sneaky English word. English! Of all the speeches and sounds that move on the wind throughout the known worlds, English is one of the worst.. It is top heavy with vocabulary borrowed from a dozen speeches, it's not spelt the way it sounds, its grammar and gender formations are unstable as short life isotopes and it's full of rotten synonyms, lying in wait like Gharsan live weed to tangle one up.

And I'm not even a telepath!

The teacher is, though. He sat there grinning at our dismay, and said to us that the purpose of this exercise is to expand understanding. No further discussion he said, watching our reactions - pulsing sonar lobes, fluttering tails, clenched hands. Grrr! I almost wish I had retractable claws like a feliniod, with shiny dark cutting edges.

I still wish that, as I sit here in a library alcove, surrounded by piles of reference material - books, scrolls, printout sheets, access pads, portables and more books.

The word he gave me was "solid" - an adjective, it's called. An adjective? That's something added to a noun to describe it more fully, according to the Oxford dictionary. In Emyrri, description is part of the name of something, and what the dictionary calls an adjective can be a verb, a noun and an adjective. Take the word "blade" in English. In Emyrri it is "cutting edge", a single elegant sign and written phonetically is Kwazaz-owrirl or kwazirl, the sound of a cutting edge moving, swirling and striking. This word "solid" is not even natural in growth but a borrowing from some older speech called Latin.

So here I sit, thinking and thinking. I know the word's synonyms and opposites. I have studied all its kin. There is an equivalent for dense and hard in Emyrri, but not for solid. Dense and density is the kinship of particles, the flow of mist, the change of water from vapor/gas to liquid/rain/steam/river to solid?snow/ice?

I look up "solid" in Roget's Thesaurus. Solid has connotations of not to be passed, of not open. Light moves through many crystals and, according to my notes, crystals are solids? Rocks are solid? Yet particle/wave movement can move through them. The most hard rock can shatter. Why call a person's character solid. Homoids are most un(?) hard, ask any sonar user. I asked a wave singer what he thought "solid" was, and he shared an image of the feeling of sound sendings coming back from an isle reef.

Solid is a state of matter, but matter is not fixed. Particles change to waves through interface points always. Photons are the best example of particle/wave changes. Light made light and clear what an English speaker would call Quantum Energy Theory and that beautiful symbol set  $E=mc^2$ .

Solid is to dense as measure is to... is to what? I shift the words again: Hard, crystal, firm, dense. A state of matter is a state of energy. I think too loud and strong and words move like birds in scattered flight. I can think what the word is like but not what it is. I will go to my tutor and speak of unknowing.

I get up to go and trip over my pile of reference materials. OH! I never thought they would feel so solid! ... feel...so...solid!?

Olala! I laugh and laugh. How silly!<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub> I've been thinking so hard and too long about and around the word. Not feeling. Now as I sit rubbing my foot and laughing I realise oneness with meaning. Solid is a feeling! A rock can feel solid. You can feel its density and mass if you're using sonar or fingers or an energy field. A person can be solid if you're an esper. I'm told that they feel a solid mass of patterned energy, shifting but stable. Solid is a feeling, a knowing. I keep on laughing.

I give my comments to the tutor and he smiles when I speak to him of how I found them. He gives me a new assignment.

A word describing a philosophy/life/way:

ZEN, dhyana, meditation, but some thing more. Ch'an, a state of awareness that lets the person who seeks knowing be one with knowing. He says that I have been practising Solid Zen. I laugh again, remembering solid as a feeling. I know I am going to like exploring that concept/joke. I am even getting to like our tutor!

- Julie Vaux.



# MEMO TO THE DEPARTMENT

BY GAIL NEVILLE

To the Department of Non-Society Persons  
From the Department of Quarantine and Research.

REPORT G6h/99~~00~~1/R7

SUBJECT - Non-society person John Rowe.

The subject has undergone thorough intensive investigation in this department, and was found to be totally free from deficiencies and diseases. In fact, we consider the subject to be unnaturally healthy. The matter is to be referred to the Department of Research Into The Causes and Effects of Good Health in Humans (sub-dept. H/6).

Subject has now been placed in the care of the Department of Rehabilitation of Non-Society Persons, who have undertaken to prepare subject for his introduction to society.

Your objections to the subject's treatment on the grounds that your Department should have been assigned the case before ourselves has been noted and referred to the Department of Inter-departmental Complaints (sub-Dept. E/Dept. of Demarcation Disputes).

Enclosed with this report is the report from the Vessel Fumigator, which retrieved the subject from the Wilderland.

\* \* \*

REPORT RT/6758~~00~~29. From the non-manned Vessel Fumigator.

This vessel led a mission into the Wilderland at the request of the Department of Final Authority. Visually the 'land is badly infested with much live vegetation and other natural infestation such as lower animal life. On the mission we discovered the subject John Rowe. This was the reply he gave us when we asked for his Society Credit Number. He and others of his kind were living in small individual dwellings close to the ground. We noted no department or office block complexes in this area. No city structures of any kind were found. On the

fringes of the city we noted certain unmaintained areas of concrete being subject to further destruction by these non-society persons. We therefore took John Rowe into custody and returned him to the city for further investigation.

\* \* \*

To the Department of Maintenance and Wellbeing of Stairwells  
From the Department of Rehabilitation of Non-Society Persons.

REPORT ML/888iiiGs59  
SUBJECT John Rowe

The subject has been thoroughly investigated by this Department and has been found to be in possession of ideas which could seriously threaten the peace and well-being of apartment dwelling citizens. Therefore we have decided he should not be allowed access to normal social life as this may cause unnecessary disturbance in the dwellings. If he were to be slotted a Social Credit Number and an apartment in one of the complexes he would also be able to communicate with other citizens during Interteev talkback and other social exchange sessions. Therefore we have assigned the subject to your department to replace the malfunctioning cleaning droid responsible for cleaning stairwelll in the supply sector. As the corridors and stairwells of the city see little or no human traffic these days it is considered the safest placement for the subject. He appears to be able to function independently in a number of ways, including the use of a hand-operated cleaning device.

\* \* \*

To The Department of Final Authority  
From the Department of Maintenance and Well-being of Stairwells  
REPORT XC/9666M  
SUBJECT John Rowe

As requested a report on the subject John Rowe, brought to the city by the Vessel Fumigator three months ago, and placed in this department for the purpose of replacing a malfunctioning cleaning droid.

For the first month the subject spent all the time on the stairwells of the supply sector, and appeared to be content. He made no official complaints, and his only request was for a new cleaning tool when he wore the old one out. Then we began to note disturbing developments. Reports came back to us that Rowe was seen cleaning stairwells out of his sector - in particular he was observed to be cleaning stairwells in the Citizens Apartments sector. This behaviour not only disturbed citizens, who are unused to seeing and hearing humans doing menial tasks in the corridors and stairwells, but also the regular droids, who sent complaints to the Department of Inter-Departmental Complaints. As our droids have received no satisfaction in this matter they are now threatening to cease functioning for this department and for the maintenance and well-being of the city.

\* \* \*

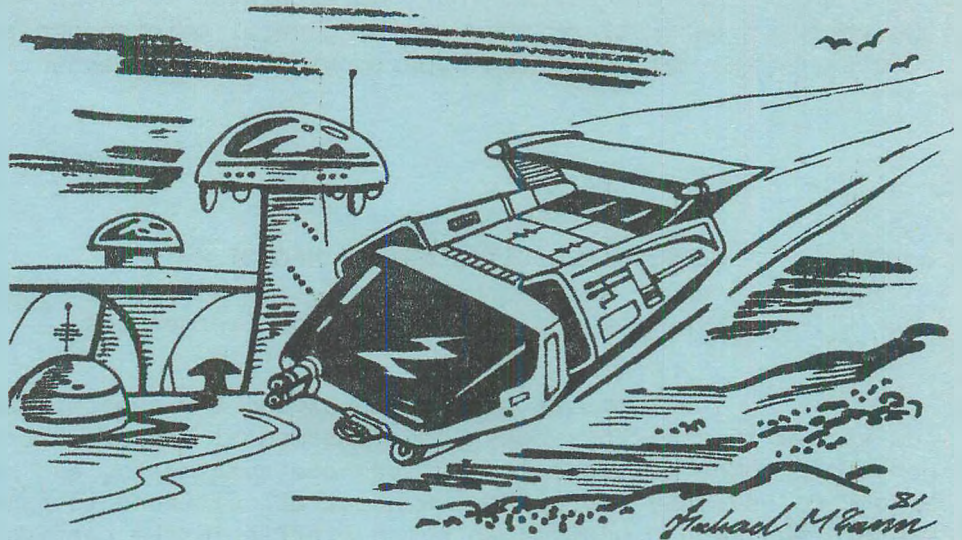


To the Department  
for the Maintenance  
and Well-being of  
Stairwells

From the Department  
of Final Authority

URGENT

John Rowe is  
to be withdrawn  
from service as a  
cleaning droid  
replacement and  
returned to th  
Department of  
Rehabilitation of  
Non-Society Persons  
immediately.



\* \* \*

To the Department of Final Authority  
From the Department of Maintenance and Well-being of Stairwells.

URGENT

SUBJECT John Rowe  
We can't find him.

\* \* \*

MEMO TO ALL DEPARTMENTS \*\* URGENT \*\* PRIORITY ~~0000~~/A1 \*\*  
From the Department of Final Authority.

Detain the non-society subject John Rowe on sight. It has come to our attention that he is causing affront and alarm to citizens by knocking on the doors of their apartments and forcing them to step out into the corridors and communicate vocally with him. As many citizens have not been outside their apartments since allocation of dwelling space, this is causing considerable disturbance in the corridors. Due to the strike by cleaning droids there is a serious risk of a health hazard arising from this unaccustomed human traffic in the corridors, and from the sharing of breathable air by groups of two or more citizens at a time in uncontrolled conditions. The Cleaning Droid dispute has been referred to the Department of Minor Emergencies.

\* \* \*

To the Department of Final Authority  
From the Department of Minor Emergencies  
SUBJECT Cleaning droid dispute

As this dispute has now escalated to include a large portion of the computer terminal network in the general maintenance sector, we are referring this matter to the Department of Major Emergencies.

\* \* \*

MEMO TO ALL CITIZENS \*\* URGENT \*\*

From the Department of Major Emergencies

The terminal dispute involving the general maintenance sector has now spread to citizen supply and departmental sectors. Essential supplies are no longer being delivered to offices and apartments, and social exchange sessions have been severely disrupted. Request all citizens to remain within their apartments. The sudden upsurge in human traffic in the corridors and stairwells is a hazard to personal safety. All departments will soon have the situation under control. Access to offices and department sectors is forbidden to citizens.

Remain in your apartments. Repeat, remain in your apartments.

\* \* \*

MEMO TO ALL DEPARTMENTS \*\* URGENT \*\*

From the Department of Major Emergencies

SUBJECT Terminal Dispute

The situation concerning the liberation of citizens from their apartments is a serious emergency. The corridors and stairwells are not constructed to take the nature of traffic caused by uncontrolled numbers of humans milling freely about. The stress caused by this mobility is undermining the strength of the city. Request other departments assist us to control this situation.

\* \* \*

- Memo undelivered due to terminal dispute. Delivery Service terminated. -

\* \* \*

PERSONAL LOG. Entry No. 156001. Department of Final Authority.

The breakdown in all departments leaves me no choice but to make these reports on handheld recorder. The departments are no longer in communication due to complete termination of delivery service, although memoes are still being prepared by the departments.

The citizens have gained access to the Departmental Sector offices and



are making their way here. I can feel the city shaking under their pounding feet - some must have been practising pedal mobility in their apartments, for they seem quite adept at movement. Before the breakdown, the Department of Health received many reports of injuries to those who could not get the hang of walking.

I can hear the sounds of violence. The city is falling apart - it can't take this stress. I don't know why the citizens left their apartments - it wouldn't have taken us long to get deliveries and talkback under way again. All the terminals needed was a good talking to. They get bored sometimes, and start to malfunction, like any machine. That's why I'm here. I'd have had them all back in line in no time.

+++

They're coming.

The corridor is filled with people.

People.

I've never seen so many, all at once.

+++

There's a light above. Not office light, but something so brilliant it hurts my eyes.

++++

It is dark now and the brilliant light is gone from the biggest roof I have ever seen. I don't want to look at it. It's too far away. Everything is too far away. They've broken down all the walls, burnt all the reports and memos and they're following John Rowe around the rubble, looking for the department personnel.

There is no point in telling them that I am the department personal - all of them. They wouldn't believe one person would sit in an office all those years sending memos and reports to herself.

Best not to try and explain. If they ask who I am, I shall say - what shall I say? Who am I without my reports, memos, files, console? Who am I without the terminals, droids and Department of Final Authority?

I'm just one of them.

Human.

- Gail Neville.

# THE SHIP OF GOLD

Why are you here, my oldtime love,  
I've not seen for seven long year  
since you spat the soil of this world out  
like a mouthful of bad beer?

I've come to get you back, my love,  
as we were once before.  
I've had the shees of a 1000 planets  
but I prefer you much more

Well, you best forget our former love,  
get on your ship and go off again,  
for I've been five years another's wife,  
I belong to a different man

I could've married a star-king's daughter,  
bright spawn of Aldebaran.  
I could've had a star-king's daughter,  
but after you she was also-ran

Then you should've had your star-king's daughter,  
was she green as the emerald?  
you should've married your star-king's daughter,  
and reigned there over her world

I did not want that star-king's daughter,  
I do not want her world,  
I want you back as we once were, my love,  
before the galaxies I unfurled

I've come back a million light years  
dear, only to claim you again,  
though I've chewed the universe like cheese  
to my true taste you remain

I'm married to a spaceport mechanic,  
he keeps me well and fine,  
he's given me two fair children  
to keep him on my mind



if I was't to leave my husband  
and leave my family too,  
then could you keep me well enough  
as you would have to do?

I've seven ships in high orbit now,  
fat-full with twelve world's haul,  
another that brought me down to you,  
and good crews for them all

twenty-four species sail my ships  
possessing every skill  
to keep you alive forever and more  
more beautiful each day still

she's taken her two small children  
and kissed them three times ten  
saying "tell your daddy be kind to you  
because I won't see you again".

she set her foot upon his ship  
where music filled the air  
no crew she saw as she stepped aboard  
but gold was everywhere

oh gold was the fine space helmet  
he set upon her head  
that held her fine hair as a fish is  
swimming round and round for bread

oh gold was the master control deck  
and gold was the gantry stair  
and when they left the atmosphere  
her choice was beyond repair

and when they left the atmosphere  
out into the jaws of night  
ion windsails unfurled like taffeta  
should have pleased her the sight

and first she laughed and then she cried  
to leave her world behind  
it was like being born again  
it tore and hurt her mind

his eye grew dark as starless sky  
his look grew grim with pain  
why do you weep my silly love?  
that I won't see home again

he showed her treasures set at her feet  
and music filled their going  
but still she wept and still she moaned  
like a dead sea overflowing

they had not left her planet's star  
a parsec or barely three  
he showed her the changes space had made  
she wept twice as bitterly

under his spacesuit he'd a ring of claws  
that writhed about his waist  
and on his feet had grown sharp hooves  
and those were the marks of space

oh hold your tongue with weeping  
best let your weeping be  
or I'll show you how spacelilies grow  
in the twin fires of Beya Lyrae

half-blind still with her crying  
for her children lightyears below  
half-blind still with her crying  
that a stranger grasped her now

half-blind still with her crying  
fear made her try to please  
saying what are those fine lights ahead  
are they where we're going to be?

that is the Milky Way my love  
the flow of Heaven's realm  
that is the happy Empire, love  
whose glories overwhelm

that is the place of paradise  
where not you nor I can go  
for I have robbed them blind my love  
they want to melt me like the snow

and what is that fierce place my love  
black that makes night seem light  
that is the Hell made for us my love  
to end our loving flight

that is the Black Hole that I chose  
for us where you'd be true  
where you would never leave me love  
whatever you wish to do.



he's taken her by the milkyway-white hand  
he's locked the control deck tight  
he's stopped her screams with a hive of hands  
he's delivering her to Night

he's thrust the main drive onto full  
noises cut through her mind like knives  
he's driven the ship into overload  
while the Black Hole takes their lives

so the next time your old lover  
comes back from across the stars  
groundlings may stink to a weary wife  
but there are worse ends by far

Steve sneyd



# A SOUL SURVIVING

These engines function almost silent  
Which drive our mighty craft through space.  
I almost hate their lifeless beauty  
Which bear us to no other place.

This is no life, this leaden sameness,  
my heart is aching for an earth.  
I take no pleasure in protected tameness  
Which dare not welcome another birth.

O God, you have so many worlds,  
Please, give your children another one.  
This time to glory in Your handiwork,  
A lovely cloud, a friendly sun.

# CONFUSING

The grass is orange, and the flowers green.  
This is the strangest planet I have seen.  
The daylight's all around me, but the sky is black  
I shall be glad to leave this place, and hurry back.  
Here all the stone is soft, and hard the grease,  
The people thrive in war, and die in peace.  
The idlers walk about in a golden rain,  
While they who toil receive for labour only pain.  
But strange it is, and manifestly sad,  
I know not whether they or I be mad.

- Raymond L. Clancy





# JOHN J. ALDERSON :

## THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

### 3 THE WOMAN DOMINATED SOCIETY

(b) Where the Male is Treated with Honour.

II

#### The Role of the Men's Clubs.

In Melanesian society the total activity of the men centres around the Men's Clubs. In writings on these societies various terms are used for these organisations. Apart from the use of local names various writers refer to the men's clubs as clubs, lodges, secret societies, guilds and priesthoods. In actual fact the dividing line between these various types of organisations in our own society is blurred. The best known institution, the Freemasons, is a lodge, but it is also a secret society, it acts as though it were a club, and it may once have been and certainly purports to have been a guild, and it certainly does have a quasi-religious element. With this confusion in our own language it is not surprising that writers use a variety of terms depending upon their own social conditioning and their knowledge of the native institutions. Nor does the fact that many of these native institutions also cater for totems and a clanship help clear the matter.

(All these organisations also exist for women but such are beyond the scope of this inquiry which is concerned only with men's clubs).

These men's clubs (or houses) do in some respect have aspects of all these institutions, clubs, guilds and so forth. They are pretty-well all secret, but the secrecy is often that of the Freemasons: the only secret being that there is no secret.<sup>45</sup> The idea that women do not know the secrets of these institutions is quite erroneous.<sup>46</sup> Even the secret initiation rituals of the Australian Aborigines are known to at least some women as certain women are detailed off to cater for the sexual needs of the men and any women caught spying on the ceremonies are added to this group. The only real secrecy is for the uninitiated boys and enough knowledge is allowed to be public to make them thoroughly scared. Thus secrecy is not necessarily a part of these clubs, but generally it is.

Before we go any further it might be an idea to define our terms for our own society so we can relate these institutions to our own.

The word CLUB comes from the same root-word as clump and its secondary meaning is a "collection of persons". It comes from Old Norse, klubba, a clump. But the Old Norse name for club-house, hjukolfr in which the second element means club or cudgel has given rise to the theory that clubs were first called together by a "club" bearer and whether this<sup>47</sup> means compulsory attendance, or the head-man was a "war-chief" is a moot point. As will be seen later the former seems an attractive proposition. The more recent meaning of a club is an organisation through which men enjoy the benefits of collective buying (and bargaining) and the collective use of other perks. It is reasonable to assume that this is but an extension of ancient rights, that a club has always been an institution where men shared common benefits in return for common sacrifices.

The word GUILD is derived from the Germanic gild, a payment, that is a guild (actually the "u" is superfluous) is an organisation whose members have paid for certain privileges. More anciently the guild preserved a craft and kept up and insisted on standards, but they were very conservative and desperate enemies of progress.

The LODGE is a more modern term, derived from the French loge and Old High German laubja (lauba), a porch. As used by the Freemasons<sup>48</sup> it is derived from a lodger, that is a shop in which Freemasons worked.

SECRET SOCIETIES are simply defined. They are organisations who for some reason or other hold closed meetings and keep their ideas and activities secret. They are mainly political and religious groups and preserve their secrecy for a variety of reasons - safety, mysticism and so on. Others such as the Leopard Society (which indulges in cannibalism) and the Maffia have their own reasons.

I don't think a priesthood requires any definition.

In Melanesia there are various clubs, lodges and secret societies, and the differences between them are blurred by many writers. To some extent they are all secret though even the acknowledged secret societies welcome foreign visitors,<sup>49</sup> the secrecy only extending to their own society and women.

"There is certainly nothing more characteristic of Melanesian life than the presence of Societies which celebrate Mysteries strictly concealed from the uninitiated and from all females. A dress with a mask or hat disguises the members if they appear in open day; they have strange cries and sounds by which they make their presence known when they are unseen."<sup>50</sup> These societies are the Dukduk of New Britain, the Matambala of Florida, the<sup>51</sup> Tamate of the Banas' Islands, and the Quata of the northern New Hebrides. It is interesting that the club-houses are sometimes called "spirit-houses" and all (of which I have information) are associated with ghosts.<sup>52</sup> In all these societies the ghosts of the dead are supposed to be present." The House Tambaran of the New Guinea highlands is a similar institution, tambaran = ghost, spirit,<sup>53</sup> a word obviously related to tamate, tambu and teberan. It is held by members of these clubs that they converse with ghosts.

The New Guinea House Tambarans are better equipped than the island ones from a religious point of view. To quote Colin Simpson:

"The tall wooden carved and painted images represent the ancestral 'gods' who created the land and brought the food and first fire and devised the rites and dances and were the progenitors of the tribe, and are now the spiritual guardians of the tribe's well-being and the magical source of the strength of its men, particularly - even though some of the figures represent women."<sup>54</sup>

The religious education of the men in New Guinea is apparently far ahead of that of the islands where, according to Codrington, "There was no secret article of belief made known, and no secret form of worship practised. The ordinary form of prayer and sacrifice were performed as elsewhere, though here in connection with these mysteries. There are no forms of worship peculiar to the society, and no objects of worship of a kind unknown to those without."<sup>55</sup>

This need neither surprise or concern us. That we have discovered this difference is important. The ghost-house of the Pacific where there is little in the way of mysteries give place in New Guinea to a "temple" with ancestral "gods" and a mythology and a religion. This is our arrow pointing to the great temples of other lands.

It may be significant that these mysteries usually come via the woman. "There is a story that a woman received from a ghost, whom she saw in a tree,



an image with the hat and cloak of a tamate, and that she kept this hidden behind a partition in her house. It became known that she had something wonderful concealed, and she admitted men on payment to a private view. When those who had partaken of the secret became numerous enough they took it out of the woman's hands, made a lodge for themselves, were taught by the image, which was all the while itself a ghost, how to make the dress, and thus set up the first tamate association, with the strictest exclusion of all women ever afterwards."<sup>56</sup>

Also, the natives of Duke of York (some islands off the Gazelle Peninsula), informed Dr Brown that the Duk-duk was a comparatively new institution and that it originated in Birata (New Britain) where a woman found the mask and dress of the Duk-duk floating on four coco-nuts. There is a "female" Duk-duk mask and these are kept so as to breed the new Duk-duk the following year, the others being destroyed.



The curious sound, believed by the uninitiated to be the voices of ghosts is made by rubbing the butt end of a stalk of a fan of palm on a flat, smooth stone. Two members of the Great Tamate in Vanus Lava heard a strange sound whilst walking along the shore and on investigation found an old woman sitting on the beach rubbing down shells for money on a stone. She was using a palm-leaf umbrella to keep the sun off herself and using the butt end of it to hold the shell. They realised the value of this and killed her and carried away her apparatus. Elsewhere the bull-roarer is used.<sup>58</sup>

It is probably therefore that the men got from the women the management of religious affairs. In Manus there was apparently no secret societies or club-houses. There "The will of the spirits is conveyed to mortals through seances, women with dead male children acting as mediums. The spirit child acts as a messenger boy upon the spirit plane. He speaks through his mother's mouth, in a whistling sound which she translates to the assembled questioners."<sup>59</sup>

It is stressed by many writers, Codrington (p.72) for example, and Simpson (Islands of Men, pps 46-7) that these club-houses are treasuries of art. In New Guinea many of the figures are "fertility images",<sup>60</sup> the continual pay-back killings and the restrictions of families to two by the women making this more important than in the more fertile islands. The artwork consists of carvings, woven work and paintings, and of course the elaborate masks which the men wear when they parade in public or dance.

One of the prime tasks of neophytes is to learn the songs of the club and the dances. "The tamate will prepare and execute most elaborate performances of the dances of their islands..."<sup>62</sup> These are in the main public performances. Indeed groups of men form companies who practise to perfection and then go on repertory tours of the islands, to return loaded down with money. With their highly developed economic system the men seem to need a lot of money. With the dances go songs and, of course, music, all seemingly fostered by these clubs. It should



be stated that apparently not all this artistic expression comes directly from the secret clubs, but they do apparently provide the initial education. In New Guinea the sing-sings are very well developed and include both singing and dancing.

The secret societies discipline themselves and enforce their wishes on the villages.<sup>62</sup> Indeed they go further and actually terrorise the community and extort blackmail.<sup>63</sup> The activities of the Duk-duk was curtailed by the Government to the month of May<sup>64</sup> and the Inlet society of New Britain was suppressed. Its members after initiation never ate pork or touched the vessels in which it had been cooked. The members were reputed to possess extraordinary powers of witchcraft and those who wished the use of a sorcerer to rid themselves of an enemy generally applied to them. The society generally indulged in murder and blackmail and finally the Imperial German Government prohibited its existence.<sup>65</sup>

Nor is the destruction of the houses and gardens of those who refuse to join unknown amongst the other societies.<sup>66</sup>

On the other hand these secret societies are actual courts of law and when an offence has been committed they see that justice is done. Codrington relates how one morning he heard the cry of the tamate: the members of the Great Tamate were out in force and all ordinary life was brought to a standstill. "In accordance with the teaching of Bishop Patteson, and with the authority of the great man of the island, the society of the Great Tamate had forbidden the use of the bow and arrow in private quarrels under the penalty of a fine to them." The previous night in a fit of anger a man had taken up his bow. With the Great Tamate evident, the man speedily paid the fine of a pig and all was quiet.<sup>67</sup>

It might be remarked that there was no obscenity in the island clubs and Christians were allowed to be members. Indeed Bishop Patteson made it a principle of not interfering with local customs and upon inquiry by his converts asked them if there was anything contrary to Christian teachings and, as there was not, they remained members of the societies.<sup>68</sup> However, I doubt if the New Guinea club-houses are so innocent as they appear to have developed their religious life to a greater degree. But the possibility of such a society being formed (and anyone may form of if they can get the followers) to propagate a new religion is obviously very real.

Not only are these club-houses called "spirit houses", they are also called "meeting houses" and in them the men meet and discuss not only the affairs of the community but affairs with neighbouring communities. They thus represent a democratic principle, essential in communities without kings or chiefs. These communities certainly do produce "chiefs" for the visitors. Traders find "chiefs", missionaries do not.<sup>69</sup>

As mentioned above the various types of clubs as reported by travellers and anthropologists are blurred in distinction, and indeed they may very well be blurred in reality. But for our purposes these distinctions do not matter greatly. As at Lae for example...

"The men's club was concerned with much of the religious and political life of the community. Each club had a meeting house (lum) where the men spent their spare time relaxing or transacting business. Here a man could expect to find his best friends and thus assistants for co-operative activities such as house building, fishing, sailing, and preparation for ceremonies... The club was also an important agent for social control because the most senior members provided the village with its elders."<sup>70</sup>

The Rev. D George Brown settled in the islands before any other white man. He wrote, "There is no government so called in New Britain except that form of jurisdiction or power represented by the secret societies and that exercised by



chiefs, who were supposed to possess exceptional powers of sorcery and witchcraft."<sup>71</sup> He further tells us that "a ruling chief was always supposed to exercise priestly functions, that is, he professed to be in constant communication with the tebarans (spirits), and through their influence he was enabled to bring sunshine, fair winds or foul ones, sickness or health, success or disaster in war, and generally to procure any blessing or curse for which the applicant was willing to pay a sufficient price."<sup>72</sup> Brown goes on to mention that the only revenue collected by these secret societies was from fines gathered for breaches of their regulations. One may consult Frazer on the priestly function of kings, as well as their control of the weather and see how kingship rose from the head-men of such clubs as we are discussing.<sup>73</sup>

A chief, according to Parkinson in his Dreissig Jahre in der Südsee acted as treasurer for the community. He bought wives for the young men who repaid the debt by working for him. He might even use the tambu's money to lay out plantations for the community and although he had no more than his own personal land he could, with the owner's consent, sell their land for them and deduct a percentage which went into community funds. We have thus the makings of a fiscal policy and some control over the economy of the community.

It must be remarked that these so-called chiefs gained their power by rising up through the degrees of the clubs and it was certainly only the richer and more energetic men who had any chance of becoming head man and their power was very shadowy indeed, nor was there any chance of their son succeeding as a right. Indeed as his son was always "unrelated" he would be of a different clan.

In addition to the chief there was the "war-chief" (though he could also be "chief"). But this man was chosen for his skill. However, when matters were not too urgent delegates from the two tribes at loggerheads would meet and they would settle the cause of their differences and compensation would be paid to the injured party. This included bloodshed when payment would be made for the slain.

Some of the meeting houses are very elaborate with different lodges at the rear to accommodate the various totems or clans. These often specialize in particular activities, for example making canoes.

As stated above there was nothing to prevent women from having their own clubs, and indeed they do. They also educate the girls. There were also mixed clubs. None of these clubs have ever amounted to anything. The probability is that they are only imitations and lack the drive and initiative to get off the ground.

To quote Codrington again, "To receive a new member with trials of his endurance, to let him rise into equality only through pain and contumely, has been and still may be the way of Universities and Schools; and there is no reason why the attraction of a mysterious secret which draws civilized men should not work on the savage."<sup>74</sup>

We thus have a society whose women control the social side of the community, that bedrock strata upon which all else has to be built. They control the marriage and inheritance patterns for their children, for they enter their families, and which child shall live and which shall die, as well as the absolute nurture of the children in the formative years. In short, they dominate the society thoroughly. On the other hand we have the men through their clubs and secret societies creating for themselves from the very little they were originally allowed, a basis of power. Though the women normally own the gardens the men have built up a capitalistic system and raised the use of money to a science. Called upon to defend their community the men have created a military machine and the science of diplomacy. From the simple exacting of fines for the infringement of a regulation, they have created the legal and judicial system. From communing with ghosts the

men have created religion and raised temples to their gods, devised ethical systems and laws, and in seeking to depict their gods have created art. Being left to educate their sons they have created schools of learning on the one hand, the arts, crafts and industry on the other. From so little so much has been gained: for from the humblest beginnings these societies can, and unfortunately have gone on to subdue the world.

In such clubs was the origin of the cult of Osiris, the war-machine of Assyria, the library of Alexandria, the Laws of Hammurabi, the irrigation works of both areas, and the rivers of blood their armies shed.

One interesting question arises. Why have women to be excluded from these clubs, often on pain of death? I believe there are two answers. The first is that the men have a psychological necessity to be able to meet "unhindered" by women, preferably for considerable periods, Under such circumstances the inventive genius of men thrives best. The belief of the Melanesians that women saps a man's vitality could well be correct. (Men may also get along better without men about, too. The whole is an extremely complex psychological problem). The second reason is that in these clubs men are virtually rebelling against the women's control of society in setting up a political organisation and the masks worn by the initiates allowed the killing with impunity, of any women who dared to interfere.

NOTES: (The numbering of these notes continue on from the first part of the article published previously)

- 45 Codrington, Ibid. p.71.
- 46 Kiki, A.M. Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime. Melbourne 1968. p.18.
- 47 Weekley, E. An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language. New York 1967,
- 48 Ibid. "lodge". "club".
- 49 Codrington, Ibid. p.77.
- 50 Ibid. p.69.
- 51 Ibid. p.69.
- 52 Ibid. p.70.
- 53 Simpson, C. Adam with Arrows. Sydney 1953. p.224.
- 54 Simpson, C. Islands of Men. Sydney 1955. p.47.
- 55 Codrington, Ibid. p.71.
- 56 Ibid. p.76.
- 57 Official Handbook of the Territory of New Guinea. Canberra 1943. p.407 quoting Dr Brown, Melanesians and Polynesians.
- 58 Codrington, Ibid. p.80
- 59 Mead, Ibid. p.81.
- 60 Simpson, Ibid. (1955) p.46.
- 61 Codrington, Ibid. p.84.
- 62 Ibid. p.82.
- 63 Ibid. p.83.
- 64 Official Handbook of the Territory of New Guinea. p.410.
- 65 Ibid. p.412.
- 66 Codrington, Ibid. p.83.
- 67 Ibid. p.75.
- 68 Ibid. p.74 (Note).
- 69 Ibid. p.54.
- 70 Willis, I. Lae Village and City. Melbourne 1974. p.10.
- 71 Brown, D.D. Rev G. Melanesians and Polynesians. London 1910. p.270.
- 72 Ibid. p.429.
- 73 Frazer, Ibid. p.92.
- 74 Codrington, Ibid. p.92.

- John J. Alderson.



# The R. E. R. Dept.



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Your editorial (in TM 46) suffers from its customary brevity, this being compounded by the fact that you try to cover two reasonably weighty issues in a paragraph each. The DUFF race, for instance, deserves more attention I feel, and you are being simplistic in suggesting that it is a matter of who should go. Run as it is, DUFF will always be a matter of popularity, and the person who is willing to be outgoing will usually have an edge over the quiet person, no matter how deserving the latter may be. Actually, having said that, it doesn't always work that way - Jan Howard Finder, who is very outgoing, was pipped at the post by Jerry Kaufman, who tends to be quieter, but Alexis Gilland, the quietest of the lot, got nowhere. Once more, though, it comes down to definitions, and, as a most worthy candidate by anyone's definitions - John Bangsund - has said, someone who is in reduced financial circumstances cannot afford to take the time away from work that a DUFF trip would necessitate. It seems that there is a minimum wealth required even if one is to get one's fares paid.

The other thing, of course, is that a person has to persuade others to vote for him/her, and this requires contact with the fandoms in both countries. Merely sitting looking needy isn't going to get anyone to the States on DUFF. A person requires certain merits before winning DUFF, merits in communication being high on that list. Even writing to and for lots of U.S. fanzines requires money...

As for your comments on Ted White's piece in SIKANDER 8, well, they're kind of skimpy aren't they? I sent Irwin a page and a half letter, and that was only on Ted's reaction to my zines. However, you've got the wrong end of Ted's argument. He's not talking about professionalism in fanzines, but about maintaining a certain standard of writing which Ted doesn't think is being reached in Australian zines. I disagree with him. I feel that there are aspects of Australian fanwriting that Ted is missing because of his very limited definition of what constitutes good fanwriting, but, be that as it may, the concern that Ted shows is over writing standards and not professionalism.

On a point of order, Ted does trade. GAMBIT is available for the usual, but it is very irregular. I gather PONG was not available for trade. I certainly never saw a copy, but that is another zine. I'd be interested to see who you define a very low trading threshold. Just working within a circle of fairly fannish zines, I'm trading for over a hundred and fifty other zines at the moment. I'd hate to imagine how many copies of Q36 I'd have to run to hit a decent sample of people. (My current print run is 300, and that's stretching my finances. I certainly won't be doing anywhere near that number if Q36 comes out next year, while I am a student.)

Gail Neville's story was competent, and by no means the worst story of its type that I've seen, though it doesn't quite match the horror of Wyndham's SURVIVAL, or another of its type, set in some major city, after the fall, the name of which escapes me. (There's also the beginning of Algis Budrys' SOME WILL NOT DIE, which is more effective.) Still, not a bad effort for all that.

The Captain's column is, again, the bit of the zine I most enjoyed. He may be a pedantic character, but I like the way he writes. I too have been less than impressed by declining standards - I was most disappointed when, in a recent Marvel Comic, I found the word satellite mis-spelled. (It must be catching too, I just spelled it the same way as the bloody comic did.)

I'll leave John Alderson to his speculations, footnotes and all. His material may be quite legitimate in certain anthropological circles, but I can't help but think that his obsession with male/female roles adds a bias to his work that makes it more opinion than science.

D Jason Cooper has made the point I would have made on Hailstone's Perpetual Motion device, had I remembered to write. However, I doubt the statement in his closing paragraph. Unless we discover some new principles of physics, the conservation laws rule out perpetual motion on any lesser scale than the entire universe. If we consider the universe to be a closed system, then it is, in effect, a perpetual motion machine, as it can't lose its energy. However unless Hawkings is right about Black Holes, it could even be that the universe itself isn't a closed system, in which case no P.M. even on a universal scale.

Re Hailstone's comments to Diane Fox, the Judeo-Christian system has no monopoly on deities. As one who believes that any human attempt to define god is pointless, I figure there is as much chance of the creative force in the universe being female as there is of it being male. Sure, with feminists, there is an element of leg-pulling in the assignment of a female gender to god - When God created man She was only practising, but it's interesting to note how many feminists are attracted to neo-paganism, which incorporates the Earth Mother.

I'll agree with Jack's comments about Heinlein. I also am of the opinion that Time Enough For Love is an essential book in the Heinlein opus. Not only does it tie up the entire future history, but it manages to re-capitulate most of his plots, in much the same way as The Tempest does for William Shakespeare. I even enjoyed reading it.

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The covers of TM 46 were attractive as was the internal artwork. Sakura Allison's art just gets better and better, while Kerry Hanlon's was beautiful as always - I loved the winged lady on p.10, but - how did she manage to dress herself without hands? Perhaps they're hidden under the feathers? This is not meant as a criticism - I barely passed HSC art, myself! These days, my only artistic endeavours are elaborate doodles in the margins of my stories.

Top marks to Mr Chandler for his article on punctuation. As a former English teacher, I've had more experience of misplaced commas and apostrophes than most. The trouble is that for several years, the teaching of grammar, spelling and punctuation at primary school level went out the window. We're seeing the results now. I had a very bright pupil who had never been taught the basics. Result: I got marvellous essays filled with appalling spelling errors. He'll never learn to spell now. Heaven help him when he comes to write job applications.

In addition, I, too, have known the indignity of having my work "corrected" by well-meaning editors. It is frustrating indeed to go over one's story with a



a fine toothcomb before submission, only to find it filled with "corrections".

The article on matriarchies was intriguing and seems to have had a lot of research put into it. Must look up some of those sources...

R. Mapson had missed altogether the point I was making in my story. It was not that fictional characters are (wow) real, but that many fans prefer fiction to reality and wouldn't recognise a genuine alien if they tripped over one. The fact that the character was from a TV series was not really important. I suppose I could rewrite it, but then I rather like the idea of everything being real somewhere.... Sure, the story was predictable, but it was never meant to be anything else, which is why I continued past the punchline; only the heroine was meant to be deceived, certainly not the readers.

I doubt if anything original has been written for a very long time. There are only a few basic storylines anyway; it's what one does with them that counts.

Richard J. Faulder: hooray! At last someone has spoken up about the absurdity of dividing mainstream and media fandom. Film and TV is often our first introduction to SF and, in my opinion, is a legitimate way of expressing SF concepts. It is a PART of SF, not a dividing factor. Okay, some people don't read at all, just watch - but they wouldn't read anyway and at least, through good media SF, they're introduced to top-class writers. I've been a reader for years anyway, longer that I've been a media fan, but Star Trek introduced me to some authors I hadn't read. I then went off and read them. Perhaps some non-readers might do the same? I know of a few. But feuding and sneering at each other won't help. Syncon was very good, for this reason: it had a good mixture of things and encouraged mainstream and media fan to enjoy them together.

For those who are interested, "chairman" is not a sexist term; it means "holder of the chair" from "manus" or "hand".

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I have come to the Conclusion that the very Existence of Natural Philofophy is imperious. For through it, Man arrogates unto Himself what should be the sole Prerogative of God. Natural Philofophy affumes that immutable laws exist throughout the Cofmos, whereas the truly Pious believe that all Things occur only by the continual Will Of God, and that His Will is generally confitent (thus making the Illufion of Science poffible), but that sometimes He may caufe Prodigies to occur, for His myfterious Reafons. A Science or Natural Philofophy in Accord with the Laws of God would be a 'Science' with no laws . pe see. Nothing can be finally known.

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Kerrie would also be right in her statement that original art is not very saleable and echoes a similar view by Frank Kelly Freas, though her point that art didn't develop in a commercial way is arguable and I'll refer here to Great Balls of Fire in which we find a history of "sexually exotic" illos. The mainstay of this type of illo always has a scantily-clad woman being rescued by a macho man. Some of the sexual insights into these are fascinating, such as, the macho men are really queens, ie Batman and Robin. And, the macho's macho Conan only gay but has an Oedipus complex! James Styles would find this book right up his alley.

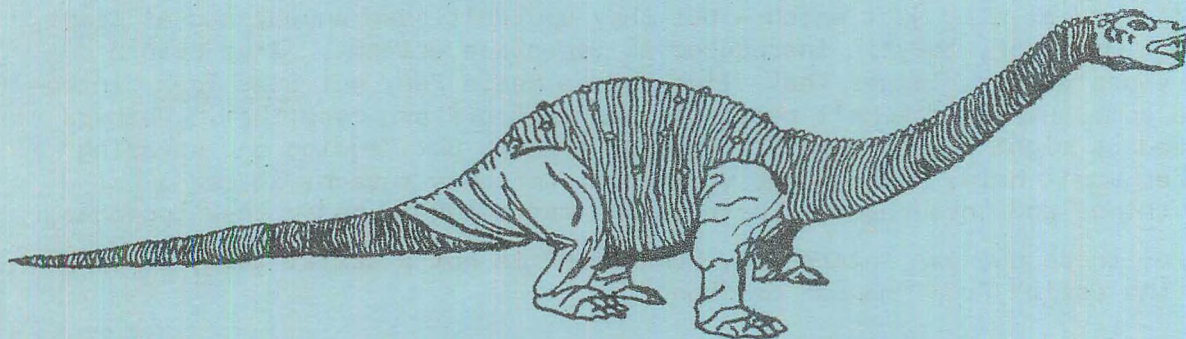
When you call Kerrie a media artist, "bait all for all", does this mean the work she does for The Mentor is inferior? I wouldn't think so myself as I would assume Kerrie would get much more

satisfaction from doing totally original works rather than interpretation from photos.

Ice Cold In Paddo by Gail Neville - I like the idea of Sydney freezing over. Nance being killed was predictable, though the method and by who I could not fortell. I wonder, though, once Nance runs out, is baby next on the list? I've also been reading up on rites and rituals, cannibalism is pretty prevalent in most primitive tribes of the Pacific (or was). I believe the cheeks and hands are particularly tasty - puts a whole new slant on the phrase "It's finger licking good!"

Adrienne Losin  
Mildura Tech,  
Mildura,  
Vic 3500

The science-fiction scene in most of Australia, with half-a-dozen exceptions, is zero, zitch  $\emptyset$  and non existant. Fandom is an urban phenomenon, thriving in large cities. So for me to find SF fans in an extremely remote desert town like Mildura was quite a surprise. Sandwiched on the banks of the Murray River, between the Big Desert and the Ninety Mile Desert, half-way



to Alice Springs, this little town is the nearest thing to a metropolis for hundreds of kilometres. Of course the SF appreciators are the intellectual upper crust. Naturally they're concentrated in the secondary schools and fortunately, the one I'm teaching in.

To discover, at the first meeting I went to early 1983, that Hitchhikers' Guide to the Galaxy was on the middle school curriculum and that SF writing was encouraged, well, it is quite like Nirvana!

Further meetings have been spiced with comments like "He's not as good looking as Blake," (this of a senior government guest speaker).

"We need Dr. Who to help us!"

"We can't have an evening meeting at 6.30 pm! I'll miss Dr Who!"

"Return of the Jedi's OK, but I prefer Star Trek."

"Can I borrow your copy of Ill-Earth War? Just nudge me when I have to vote."

I've been really pleased with some of the fantasy and sf stories coming out of my story-writing workshops. We also have an intensive pupil-laborer publishing effort planned. Some of the best stories I'll put into a zine, plus overseas contributorns I have. There is also a Dungeons and Dragons group.

The school and local libraries have only meagre SF collections, so books are bought then lent. No one had heard of Melbourne's specialist sf bookshop, Space Age, so I've bought several catalogues and newsletters, which have greatly



broadened their acquisitive horizons. The concept of film marathons and SF conventions was new to folk here and awakened ambitions to get along to some.

---

Roger Waddington  
4 Commercial St.,  
Norton, Malton,  
Nth Yorkshire,  
YQ17 9ES UK.

Many thanks for the convention issue of The Mentor. In my innocence, I used to think that Conventions were the dispensable parts of fandom, that the book came first, and then the writing (media fen were unheard of when I started my career), and that everything else was just a luxury. Which is probably one of the reasons I've attended only one major con (and that was back in 1970), and haven't been back since. Though now I'm beginning to realise they're one of the advantages of fandom, that deeper friendships can be made face-to-face, and trusting your missives to the gentle hands of the GPO pales by comparison! Mind you, it's fate that now I've realised this, I can't afford to go. Still, thanks to Conreps such as these, I can at least attend by proxy.

The linked piece of fiction, Encounter, impressed me, partly for this feeling of being at a Con. Partly also for being so well-written; I now take stories apart to see how they work, how they achieve their effect, to fuel my own efforts in this direction - well, it helps to pass the time - and it's put together most skilfully. Though my sights aren't set quite as high as the writing level that Wave seems to be aiming for; but then, I don't think Michale Black quite made it, either.

Due to a transposition error with page 54, The Number of the Beast now looks as if it's in the children's book review section; is this unconscious criticism? It's my opinion that Heinlein has stopped trying, that seeing he can sell by name alone he now takes less care with his writing (they all read like first drafts); and if the publishers accept everything he sets before them, why should he bother? Though it's not only the publisher's fault for not sending them back, it's also ours, that we eagerly pick up anything new by our favourite writers, taking no account of any unfavourable reviews - we're born optimists, the lot of us.

One thing strikes me, gazing down these reviews; where has Australian SF gone? And does all the sf really have to be imported? The prospect of a Worldcon might lead to a certain resurgence, but with so many British and American titles, it gives the impression that Australian sf has been smothered. Why not run an occasional review of what Australian sf is available? On the same principle of cake and little acorns, it might lead to a rekindled interest.

Must admit, thanks to your artist's efforts that ET on the back looks more human and likeable than Ellison on the front; though that a writer can do it to order, either at a crowded Con or in a shop window, makes him inhuman anyway! Has this man no faults?

---

Michael Hailstone  
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Woden, Act 2606

I've been following the sf serial broadcast on ABC FM, EARTHSEARCH II, which stars an android known as General-Surgeon Kraken. Although the human characters don't yet know, it's obvious that it was Kraken who abducted one of their children to his/her (can't remember the sex) death on Paradise, seeing that the story is filled with names and concepts out of our mythology, such as angels, a worldwide great flood, as well as the names Paradise and Kraken, and I've been having a running argument with Richard Faulder about whether the planet called Paradise is in fact our Earth. But it was thinking about Kraken that reminded me that I can trace my First Contact With Adult Written SF about five years earlier

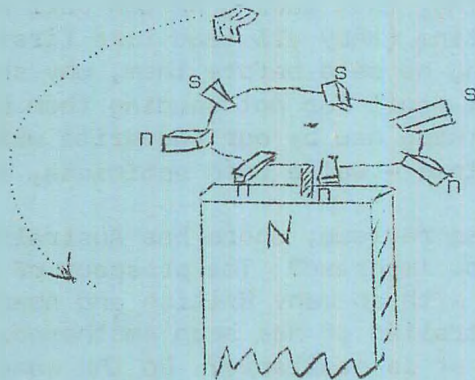


than I thought. It was probably around 1953, when the book was first published, when one of the local newspapers ran it as a serial. Unhappily I got to read only the first episode, and so I was left mystified what those strange meteorlike craft and their "ghastly cargoes" were for more than ten years, until sometime in the mid-sixties, having long since forgotten the title and the name of the author of the serial, I "discovered" John Wyndham, (though I'd already read The Day of the Triffids in 1963) and I was delighted on reading the opening pages of The Kraken Wakes to recognise it as the beginning of that long-remembered serial. But I can't really say that that first episode in the newspaper made the stunning impact of a first experience on me; it's rather all I can clearly remember and point to, ie it was already quite familiar to me by then.

I quite fail to see the point of stories such as Gail Neville's Ice Cold in Paddo. I know nowadays it's deemed thoroughly unreasonable to expect writers to (shudder) explain things, or even give hints as to reasons how the world became frozen, so I'll make no criticism there at all, but just stick to the one fault that really gets me, that is, this trendy arty mania for showing human beings up as despicable brutes and potential cannibals in desperate situations. In short, there is nothing enobling in such a story, its message brings nothing to make us feel any better, nor even a warning to change our ways. We're bogged down in the mire - okay, maybe it's true. What I don't understand is why folk like to wallow in it.

Isn't the Epic of Gilgamesh a Sumerian rather than Babylonian legend? Also, I thoroughly it wasn't the Sumerian version of the great flood story, but rather the tale of some flight somewhere, beloved of von Däniken and his followers as the tale of an ancient spaceflight.

More confusion about magnetic perpetual motion. Like all the other critics so far, Brian Earl Brown fails to refute the concept to my satisfaction. His sketch shows that he has misunderstood my description, so now I've attempted to draw my own sketch. The small magnets must be mounted obliquely; there's no way the disk will turn if they're either vertical or horizontal. Also the big magnet must be about as wide as the disk. If the disk is mounted over the big magnet's north pole and the smaller magnets have their north poles pointing downwards, there will be an upward push, but because the small magnets are not pointing straight up and down, but on a slant, there is also a horizontal component, which pushes the disk around on its axle. That at least is the principle used in Swift's Laputa.



I also sympathise with Bert's feeling that metrics takes the poetry out of life. What he says reminds me of the very things I said in a booklet I put out a few years ago, but the less said about that the better. What really gets me about metrication is the totalitarian mentality behind it. A glaring recent example of this is a map I saw showing the voyage of the First Fleet. The map was done in 18th century style, but what I felt jarred with this was the ship's lengths being given in metres and the rations in kilograms. I mean, hell, this was a few years before the metric system was even invented. This would be fair enough in a serious modern study of the subject, but not in a map supposedly trying to capture the spirit of the times. Maybe the map was meant to be educational, for schools. It presented the facts with a kind of smartarse humour, which seems to be the latest rage in modern education. It makes me want to puke.

My apologies to your American readers for naming the wrong Roosevelt. I should have known, better, since I knew from a film set in Morocco in 1904 that



"Teddy" Roosevelt was then the president with the big stick. But then I don't think I saw that film until after first writing the article in early 1979, though it was before typing up that copy in October 1981. I don't think I can be blamed for not seeing and correcting the mistake then, considering the extreme stress I was under at the time. Therefore I plead insanity.

Spacecraft punching holes in the crystal shell and letting the interplanetary cold in! What next? The mind boggles. Though I guess that theory makes no less sense than some of the supposedly scientific doomsayings. Though how on Earth can the interplanetary cold getting in bring about record heat? Anyway, I don't think we need fear that She'll let any greenhouses run away and destroy all life, though that's pretty cold (??) comfort to us humans, so there's no particular reason why the climate should stay comfortable for us. She could very well decide that She's had enough of us and wipe us out, and I certainly wouldn't blame Her. Who was that philosopher with the theory that She evolved us to look after things and keep the climate stable? He couldn't be serious.

So the energy of the Earth's magnetic field comes from the solar wind? Okay, but what about that of a small permanent magnet? If my machine works, does that mean that the magnets would all become demagnetized after a while? That would at least explain how the machine can work without violating the laws of energy conservation and thermodynamics. But, taking a magnet as a lump of metal wherein most of the electron spins (or whatever) are mainly lined up one way, how does the spinning of the disk knock them back into random?

Ha! John Alderson's tripped himself up. In his etymological zeal for the word christian he says: "The Anglo-Saxon form was cristen..." This is quite correct; I just checked in my book on Old English (Anglo-Saxon), but John has thereby unwittingly admitted the existence of a language, which, he has told me, "did not exist outside the minds of English racists."

Bullshit, it isn't luck that's kept Bjelke-Peterson in power for fifteen years; it's gerrymander and deadly political cunning, together with a personality and image that enough Queenslanders identify with. I think the last election up there could quash any illusions about Queensland being a democracy in any way but in name.

I don't mean to sound unkind, but may I suggest that Glen Crawford has been working too hard lately? I said in TM 45 (not 46, in which his comment appears) that I was an unbeliever in machine intelligence, not marine. And yes, the book Alternative 3 was adapted from the television program of the same name, actually an Anglia Television film. I'm not surprised his brother in law can't find it; it's hardly the kind of film they'd want to keep.

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John Alderson asked me for the reference on my Corpse  
Dominated Society proposal. There are three:

The first was a hardbound book, the title of which I cannot remember, but it was one of those 'Great White Missionary Amongst the Ignorant Savages' type tales, written about the turn of the century. This gave a very accurate accounting of the actual burial procedure, and the ritual and meanings derived from it.

The second was one of Ion L. Idriess' books, and I'm fairly certain it was Man Tracks or another of his series on the Kimberlys. This book gives a most detailed account of the ritual, and actually has photos of the paper-bark "coffins" suspended above the stones on platforms of tree branches. It also adds a rather more sinister meaning to the rite, as Idriess claims that when the

corpse is that of a chief or influential person, or foul play is suspected, then some of the stones are painted, and become indicators of the guilt of those suspected of the crime, or those who should be singled out for revenge.

These were the two references on which I based my comments, although they were meant to be a little more light-hearted than John took them. The third reference I mentioned at the beginning was actually on the TV a few weeks ago, in a program about the Kimberley Aborigines, and it also mentioned the ritual "Tree Burials" of the natives, although it was only in passing, and the significance of the rite raised no comment, as the people who practised it are long since dead.

While on the subject of Australian Aborigines, and seeing John seems rather better read on the subject of different races than I can claim, perhaps he might like to comment on a theory that I've heard mention of a couple of times recently. That is: That the Australian Aboriginal is not racially related to any other "geographical" line of Homo Sapiens, and may in fact be a direct descendent of Neandertal Man.

John J Alderson  
Havelock,  
Vic 3463

Buck Coulson is so eager to take a slice off me that he confuses the gatherer of protein with the protein. Does he think the tribe concerned are cannibals? This has nothing to do with my theory. I merely quoted facts and if Buck had read my background material he would have known I was quoting from Harris.

It seems that Richard Faulder misjudged Bjelke-Peterson. His winning of the late Queensland election was a brilliant piece of politics. There was no luck in it and I doubt if the man believes in luck. He saw that the political trends since at least 1975 were away from the Liberals and towards the National and Labor parties and acted accordingly, and manoeuvred the Liberals to ditch themselves and so disassociated himself from their smell, yet knowing they are so power-hungry that they would have come back into coalition if he hadn't won the election. He is, and remains the smartest politician in the country, so give him that due. You don't have to like him or his politics, but that's beside the point.

## DUFF DOESN'T MAKE IT

Alex Buzo's new play Duff at the All Nations Club at Kings Cr

Jean Weber  
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ACT 2602

Your brief remarks on fan funds reminded me of some heavy thinking I did before deciding to stand as a candidate for GUFF (the Get-Up-and-Over Fan Fund to send someone from Australia to the UK (or vice versa)). There seems to me to be two reasons, which may be somewhat in conflict, for choosing a candidate and then a winner. My reasons are probably the same two you cite, though I'd phrase them differently. First, there is the "reward for services rendered to fandom" reason. This usually includes the assumption that the person to be rewarded needs the money. Second, there's the desire to have someone "represent" one fandom to



another; a variation on this one is that one fandom would very much like to meet a particular person from the other fandom (again, usually a person who cannot afford to travel on his or her own funds). Both of these reasons, I believe, are equally valid, though a person who would "qualify" so to speak under one set of criteria might not under the other.

It's my impression that fan funds began some years ago as rewards for services rendered, and have been evolving towards the "who do we want to represent us/who do we want to meet" variety. The two, are, obviously, not exclusive, but a relative newcomer might not be seen as quite so deserving of "reward". Still, it seems to me that the preference of the recipient fandom might well be an overriding consideration, whatever the other merits of the potential candidate. And so, I came to the conclusion that relative poverty should not be a criterion - though other things being equal, I would agree that financially assisting someone who otherwise could not make the trip, would sway my vote. If the voters don't mind assisting someone who could afford to travel on his or her own, then any philosophical aversion to spending the money on him or her should not matter. It's also unfortunate that many of the most "deserving" candidates will not stand (John Bangsund and Bruce Gillespie spring to mind, though I'm sure there are others).

Since the funds are funded entirely voluntarily, no one should object if those who vote choose someone that others may consider unsuitable. It's not quite the same as charging a high membership fee for a convention, to bring out a GoH who proves to be unsuitable (e.g. Vance). Of course, no one is required to go to the con, either, but then some people just want to go for the chance to see their friends and don't care whether there's a GoH from overseas or not.

Incidentally, if the criteria of "low finances & has not been overseas before" were to apply, none of the four GUFF candidates this year would qualify - including your nominee, Shayne McCormack /You've noticed... - Ron./ We've all been overseas (though I haven't been to England; Roger & Justin have; I don't know about Shayne). I, of course am not poverty-stricken. Though as Jack Herman pointed out some time ago, If we faneds simply stopped publishing (and participating in overseas apas), we could save enough in a year or two to travel comfortably abroad. Of course fewer people would know who we were...

Ted White at least is reasonably fair about his zine "reviews", and states quite clearly his criteria and preferences (as does Leigh Edmonds). They are different from my criteria and preferences, but that's fair enough. Unlike some zine reviewers (e.g. Joseph Nicholas), Ted does not give the impression that his statements are cosmic pronouncements and the only Possible Way to do Things Right. I look forward to meeting him, though there are many other fans I'd have preferred to see as GoH.

Harry Andruschak  
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La Canada Flintridge,  
Ca 91011 USA

Chandler's letter to the National Times deserves a wider printing, and I hope that if anybody down under gets the idea to assemble an anthology of the best Australian fannish writings, that this item will be included.

Since you have reviewed 2010 - Odyssey Two, I cannot resist the temptation to point out that Arthur C. Clarke made two real bad scientific boners in the book.

First off, he had the Discovery parked at the Jupiter-10 L1 point. Part of the plot complications was that the Discovery was drifting off. Clarke gave it an explanation involving magnetic fields etc. But the plain fact is, Discovery would not last a single year at the L1 point, much

less the 9 or more years postulated in the book, and it is simple celestial mechanics. Yes, the L4 and L5 points are somewhat stable. After all, we have the Trojan Asteroids in the Sun-Jupiter L4 and L5 points. But L1, L2, L3 are not. They are unstable points, easily perturbed. And there is Europa, Ganymede, and Callisto ready to perturb in a single orbit. And once the Discovery drifts off the L1 point, it can never return.

The other point shows why Clarke would have been better advised to keep the sequel in the Saturn system rather than the Jupiter system. All the humans will fry to death in the radiation belts. Period. And if nothing else I have three other "hard-core" SF writers to back me up. The Voyager flybys of Jupiter took place in March and July of 1979. In November 1979 we had the annual LOSCON. And one panel was devoted to commentary on the results of those flybys. It had Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle, and Poul Anderson. All agreed that the strong radiation belts mapped by the Voyager precluded any human stay in the Jupiter system. At least unless some special shielding material on the lines of the Ringworld floor material was around.

However, at that same panel I came up with the idea of Space Station Galileo. We use a mass driver to move an asteroid out from the main belt to the Sun-Jupiter L1 point. Yes, it is unstable, but we do have that mass driver to make corrections with every few weeks. At the Sun-Jupiter L1 point we are out of the Jupiter magnetosphere, yet we are in easy range to send unmanned probes to all parts of the Jupiter system. We have the full disk of Jupiter in front of us for continuous observation. The asteroid provides plenty of living space on the inside.

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.... brings me to the locs commenting on implausibility of an Illuminatus-type org. lasting down the centuries without splitting up into factions. Well, the New York Yacht Club held together for 142 years no danger, for the prime objective of hanging onto the America's Cup which outweighed, presumably, all lesser revalries within. And World Dominion

By Stealth would be a much more exciting objective to cling to! 142 years may seem nothing - but then the Catholic Church has held together despite schisms, etc. for 1700, and if that seems too semi-overt an org. to fit the conspiratorial-type template of the Illuminati, what about the Drusevoff Lebanon Militia fame, whose religion holds together although its inner secrets aren't revealed, apparently, even to the majority of the faithful, only to a handful in each generation, a situation persistent since the 1100s. Freemasonry in all its forms is another example. Admittedly the P2 offshoot in Italy that was trying to run a "state within a state" was supposedly exposed, but how much of the real story have we been given, and how do we know a collection of front nonentities weren't jettisoned while the real core carries on?

The Mafia, which is sometimes believed to stem from the original conspiracy to murder the French Garrison of Sicily in the Sicilian Vespers of the 13th C is another "nice" example of profitable conspiracies having inordinately long half-lives, simply because they provide such successful alternative economies and societies for their members. In the year 2100, we should live so long, there'll doubtless be Mafiosi, IRA men, and gypsies in the space colonies long before Earth Governments remember to try to keep them Earthbound.

One final thought - what "more than a hand" did Harlan Ellison place on Carol Bott? I hate these pseudo-coynesses... a leatheroid pseudo-plastic buggywhip? a giant chocolate jellyfish? an android bellybutton? a volume of his collected short stories printed on nova-proof metal sheets? a punk hair spike? etc. etc.



Second.. the cover. If the guy with the pipe is the Ticktockman, he looks far too middle management sales executiveish to go along with my picture of that fatal functionary. And where is the joke caption for ET on the back? Some opportunity missed here, surely? Now that Elsie Tanner-character is being written out of Coronation Street over here, loads of headlines about the Post-ET Era... "What comes after ET", etc etc. Anyway, my suggested caption-in-hindsight for the back cover of 45 is: "Next time, no more Mr. Nice Guy".

Diane Fox  
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Not happy with the cover this time despite its attractiveness, as it seems to be copied from a Frazetta paperback cover. I may be wrong, and in this case its a very good piece of pastiche and a good drawing.

A few others picked up that also, Diane. The artist owns up to it - he likes Frazetta's style very much.  
- Ron.

Gail Neville's short story was nasty and attention-holding. Russell Grey's drawing was nicely grotesque and evil-looking, but didn't have the sordidly gritty realism of the story - it was more "ghoulish" and even "black comedy" in mood. It is good to see that you are still publishing fiction. I was a bit worried that you'd give this up altogether.

I always thought that societies like Ancient Egypt were matrilinear rather than matriarchal - inheritance is through the female line (hence the customs of royal marriages between brother and sister in order to keep the power "in the family") but the women don't necessarily make the major economic decisions. There are a few places in New Guinea that have matrilinear inheritance but the men seem to be fairly dominant in the society. (Perhaps these cultures used to be more matriachal and changed under the impact of western civilization?).

Human sacrifice is usually considered a matter of "free will". The gods are pleased if someone volunteers, or hands over "property" without being asked to do so (children were at that time considered the parent's property). Even when animals were sacrificed, it was usually considered more auspicious if the victim seemed calm and placid (greek mythology has plenty to say about this). Cultures that went in for mass sacrifice (Aztecs etc) seem to still have the concept of "honourable" death - the sacrifices were warriors captured in battle and were usually drugged to make them calmer. This wasn't just done for the benefit of the priests doing the sacrificing, though it was obviously useful - it was also done so that the victim acted "bravely". Sending the troops around to wipe out a batch of very unwilling "sacrifices" wouldn't be a human sacrifice in the usual sense - I can see it as a holocaust of "heretics", of course. But did the Egyptians have this concept?

I have to correct you about C.J. Cherryh's Fires of Azeroth, Ron. This is the third book in the series. Well of Shiuan is the second. The first is Gate of Ivrel.

Yes, my comment to James Styles was mostly tongue-in-cheek. However, I believe sex may simply be an aspect of our biological nature, ie we have sexual drives in order that we may reproduce; any non-reproductive fun or pleasure or ecstasy we get out of it is a pure bonus. We reproduce because we die, and we die because we reproduce. A scientist on a TV documentary on aging made the rather profound and disturbing remark that we are programmed to die - he could envisage a species that neither reproduced or died. Sex/death makes evolution possible and makes a species more flexible, but is hell on individuals. We would obviously be happier if we had a mass mind. An imortal race (ie unaging) would still be likely to die - accidents,

perhaps violence by other species (including humans). Hence a genuinely unaging race might be able to reproduce in order to replace individuals lost to "natural attrition". Tolkien's elves are a good example of an "immortal" race that is still sexual in a humanlike sense.

But a genuinely immortal, non biological being would probably not be sexual at all - it might have a "personality" that humans would perceive as "masculine" or "feminine" (C.S. Lewis' description of Eldiks in Perelandra is excellent here).

In reply to Roger Waddington, maybe it isn't all opportunism with the publication of trilogies - or lack of a sense of adventure. Maybe many people simply like the longer medium. Some people are happier writing short stories, some prefer novellas. And some like the opportunity to develop complex webs of relationships or interesting societies that simply couldn't fit into a short standard-length novel.

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we also heard from: Raymond L. Clancy, Eric Lindsay, Joe Hanna-Rivero and a few others.

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RON'S ROOST - Contin. from P.2.

I had to read to get these 34, but it was a lot. I am lucky that I have a three hour train journey to and from work (1½ hours each way) to find time to read them. As it is I have to ask Susan to review the children's and juveniles.

On the subject of conventions - I find that I am just not that interested in going to them, unless I am actually involved in running them, as in the March 1984 MEDTREK. I've found that there is a sameness with them (that is, the sf ones I've gone to.) I suppose if you are a neofan then you'll find them brand new, but after a while they seem all the same, with not ~~all~~ that many interesting things to do, and listen to. Not being a guzzler of alcohol as as the more voracious members of fannish fandom, I find the vicinity of the dim lit ~~bar~~ bar not my thing.

It should be interesting to see the level of fanzine activity during the next year or so in Australia, with the Melbourne Worldcon. If it is like 1974 and 1975 it will drop drastically. Myself, I am beginning to think that maybe a quarterly schedule may be a little more less demanding. That is the reason for it (as well as the fact that the Category B postage rates go up in February. Since overseas postage for fanzines is nearly four times the internal postage, overseas fen can see why faneds here are cutting overseas contacts if they get no response. Every issue now I am trimming my mailing list. It is just too dear to continue sending overseas if no response is obtained.).

Reasons against it are that with a bi-monthly schedule LoCs tend to be more in time with the previous issue and the reader still remembers the contents of that issue.

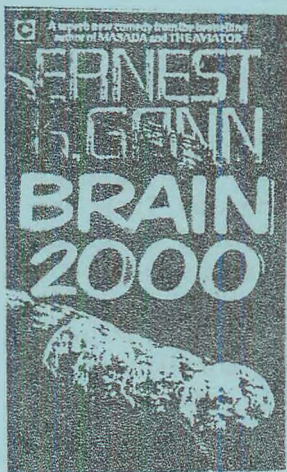
Oh well, a happy festive season to all TMs readers.

That photo next to the caption RON'S ROOST - just our youngest, Eleanor, demonstrating how easy it is to operate the offset press. - Ron.



# ON MY SELECTION -

## CURRENT S.F. BOOK RELEASES.



BRAIN 2000 by Ernest Gann. Coronet Pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. 372pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

Set in the present, this is a mainstream excursion into sf. The book is prefaced with a Reader's Warning: If you stop to think...don't.

The story concerns Brain 2000, the nickname of a US teenage brain, who, being struck by certain events, used his home computer to come up to the frightful conclusion that the earth would veer out of orbit because of the oil being pumped from the wells all over the world. His mission became to convince the US Govt of this.

Not bad for a bit of a laugh.

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GOLDEN WITCHBREED by Mary Gentle. Gollanz H/C, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group (Aust) P/L. 480pp (incl. maps and Appendices). A\$19.95. On sale now.

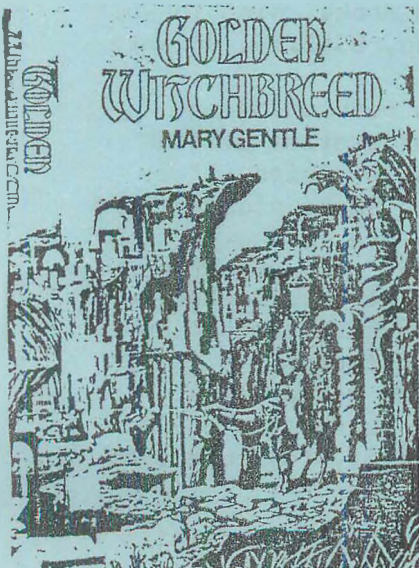
This is Mary Gentle's first novel. For a twenty-seven year old it is excellent. Set on the newly discovered world of Orthe, the diplomatic post falls to a young terran, Lynne de Lisle Christie, who after presenting her credentials as envoy to the crown of the local continent, manages to get permission, which hitherto had not been given, to journey across the Hundred Thousand to see the reaction both to her and by her before the question of opening up the planet for any type of Earth trading was discussed.

The envoy's adventures and her reactions to the aliens - who though looking much like humans, are not, is well thought out. \*Recommended\*.

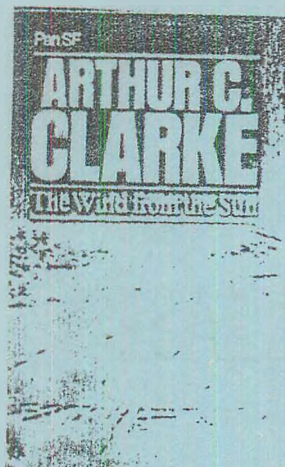
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THE WIND FROM THE SUN by Arthur C Clarke. Pan books, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. 188pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is a collection of Clarke's stories from 1962 to 1972 and consists of THE FOOD OF THE GODS; MAELSTROM II; THE SHINING ONES; THE WIND FROM THE SUN; THE SECRET; THE LAST COMMAND; DIAL F FOR FRANKENSTEIN; REUNION; PLAYBACK; THE LIGHT OF DARKNESS; THE LONGEST SF STORY EVER TOLD; LOVE THAT UNIVERSE; CRUSADE; THE CRUEL SKY; NEUTRON TIDE; TRANSIT OF EARTH and A MEETING WITH MEDUSA. The majority of these I had not read before and I found them still refreshing, although some were written twenty or so years ago.

If you haven't read most of them, then I suggest that you purchase this volume - it is worth it.

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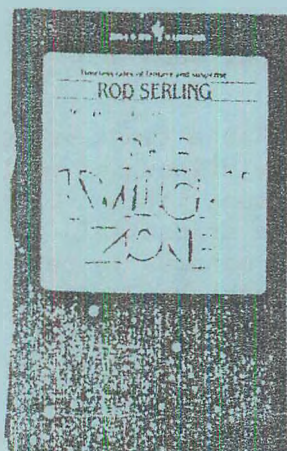
ON THE GOOD SHIP ENTERPRISE by Bjo Trimble. Starblaze: Donning Co, USA Available in good sf bookshops. US\$5.95. On sale now.

286 pages, illus by Scott Hill and jammed pack full of reminiscences and comments, happenings and history. It's not maudlin or sentimentalised, but frank and entertaining. I honestly feel that a non-Trek fan could read this without getting too uptight for a realisation of the way Trek has influenced people, the film industry and created an enduring fandom. I read it, agreed, rejoiced and laughed with many of the thoughts and experiences. An interesting insight into the Tribble household and how Bjo lives and influences those she comes in contact with. She comes through as a remarkably sane lady always. Most definitely \*Recommended\* reading. - Sue Clarke.

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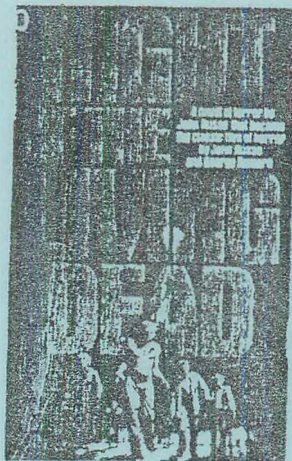


THE TWILIGHT ZONE by Rod Serling. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P.L. 150pp, US\$2.50. On sale now.

This is the 30th reprinting of this book which was first published in 1960 as a collection of stories written by Sterling for the Twilight Zone television series. It is written with cynicism and black humour. These stories were probably more effective visually than they are in the written word as the macabre isn't so obvious. They deal with fantasy and human frailties. For the sf reader, the last story - The Monsters Are Due On Maple Street is a hard comment on the human animal in a group situation when faced with fear. Why fear conquering when our own group/pack personality conquers us first? So an alien invasion, using mass psychology cannot help but succeed. Read this story for sure even if you skim the others.

I found the volume a mixture - only really worthwhile for a Twilight Zone aficionado. - Sue Clarke.





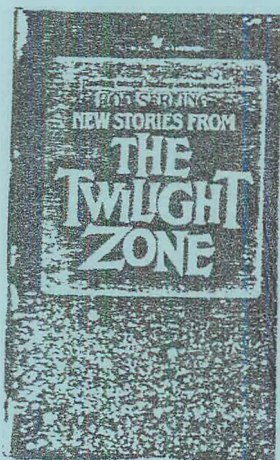
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD by John Russo. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 176pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

If you can read through the preface which seems to be one of the most contradictory ones I've ever had to wade through it seems to come to the conclusion that media is junk, the public is a mindless lump of plasticine in the hands of \$\$\$ and media. I still can't believe that the movie was a hit (it was so good...). Well, I find it hard to believe that the public (viewing and reading) could stomach through the vivid and sickening detailed descriptions of horror which we see at the end, and was a pointless exercise. If you like feeling ill, terrified, and horrified, then this is the book for you. No-one survives. The whole story is that the dead are about (no explanations) and want to destroy and EAT the living and this is specifically one man's struggle against them. It's all futile and a waste of paper describing it. - Sue Clarke.

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NEW STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE by Rod Serling. Bantam, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 122pp. US\$2.50. On sale now.

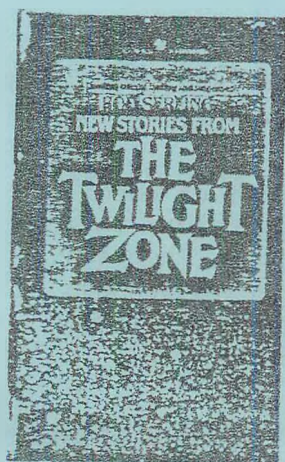
A much better book than the first one of the series. This one contains six stories, ranging from fantasy/weird, to good science fiction. The Shelter is the highlight for me. It looks hard at the friends in one street and how their friendship collapsed as the thin veneer of civilisation disappeared under the threat of nuclear attack - they had one atomic shelter built for three, between them.

Excellent look into human nature, but with his usual cynical view. - Sue Clarke.

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MORE STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE by Rod Serling. Bantam books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 149pp. US\$2.50. On sale now.

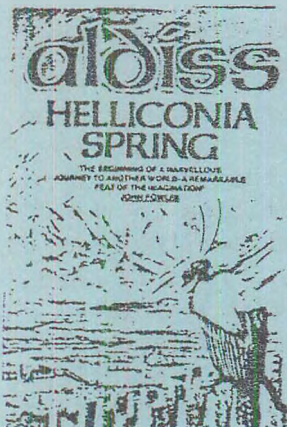
Once again tales from The Twilight Zone. They range from the macabre (A Thing About Machines - one man and his antipathy against machines which is mutual) to really good science fiction (The Lonely - civilised punishment for murder - exile on a desert planet), the lightweight Mr Dingle The Strong - Mr. average is used by aliens for testing the species) is the sour comment on today. A Stop At Willoughby - all told in Serling's verbose and cynical style - yes, he writes the purple prose he speaks in the show.

Overpowering in one book, but entertaining a couple of stories at a time. - Sue Clarke.

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HELLICONIA SPRING by Brian Aldiss. Triad Granada, dist in Aust by Granada/William Collins. 555pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

This is the Hugo winner for best novel 1983. It is the first volume of a trilogy and is paced to suit that length. Set on the planet Helliconia, which traces an orbit around its sun, which in turn orbits a sun fifteen times the size of Sol. It is a strange planet - its mountain ranges extend into the stratosphere and on it humans vie with the indiginous intelligent native life-form. The novel follows several protagonists as civilisation again raises its head in the 600 year long year of the planet, whose winter is so severe that almost no record exists of previous springs.

Well written, with believable characters, this novel reminds this reviewer of Dickens, rather than an sf text.

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DOWNBELOW STATION by C.J. Cherryh. Methuen, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 432pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

I like Cherryh's works and this volume has the added attraction in that it is the winner of the 1982 Hugo for best novel. Like HELLICONIA SPRING this is a thick book, unlike that novel it is fast paced and is not part of a trilogy. I had a little trouble sinking into the story, but once I had it is engrossing.

Set in the later years of the 23rd century, this tells the reader of the events when the last remnants of earth's Companies fleet is driven back toward earth and takes up its station at the world of Pell, which is orbited by a spacestation - called Upabove by the natives of Pell. This is a piece of history, told from fields of action in the Union, Fleet, Stations, Merchents and Company. \*Recommended\*.

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A TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL, HURRAH! by Harry Harrison. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 192pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

I first read this as a serial in New Worlds. It is one of the better What If novels and takes its point of change, as mentioned as a node by A.B.Chandler in his column this issue, in 1212 at the battle of Navas de Tolosa, when the Moors won the battle. One of the most noticeable changes was that America lost their rebellion against the British (Washington was executed) and in the time of the novel (1973) was not as yet independant.

The hero of this story is a descendant of that Washington (Augustus) who is an engineer on the most audacious building feat of the 20th century - a tunnel under the Atlantic, linking North America with the seat of Empire. \*Recommended\*.



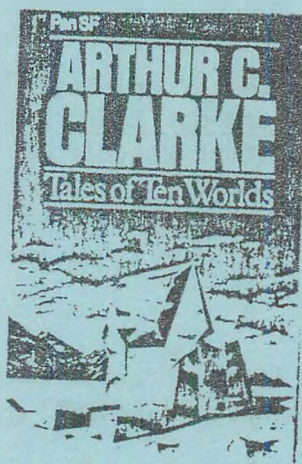


THE BOOK OF PHILIP JOSE FARMER. Granada Pb', dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 318pp. A\$7.50. On sale now.

This as a collection of some of Farmer's best sf short shories, with others written as westerns, gothic and fantasy thrown in to show his breadth of writing. The stories included cover such titles as MY SISTER'S BROTHER; SKINBURN: THE ALLEY MAN; FATHER'S IN THE BASEMENT; THE FRESHMAN; and short articles such as AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH LORD GREYSTOKE; THE OBSCURE LIFE AND HARD TIMES OF KILGORE TROUT; and his aforementioned western UPROAR IN ACHERON.

I find some of Farmer's prose a little awkward, but his ideas tend to carry the story through - which is the prime reason sf is what it is. Modern day sf tends to be more literate, but Farmer has the sense-of-wonder some of these latter writers do not. A good Farmer primer.

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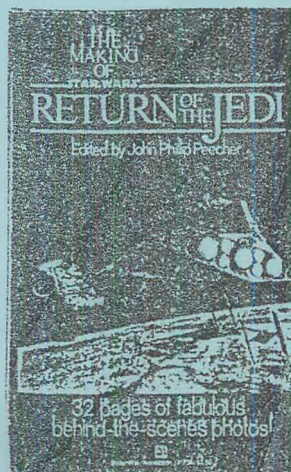


TALES OF TEN WORLDS by Arthur C. Clarke. Pan sf, dist in Aust by Pan (Aust) P/L. 205pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is a collection of some of Clarke's short stories which range from 1950 to 1962. I suppose it is getting harder for the anthologist to dig up these shorts of the famous without reprinting over and over again. The stories included here include I REMEMBER BABYLON; SUMMERTIME ON ICARUS; HATE; INTO THE COMET; AN APE ABOUT THE HOUSE; SATURN RISING; LET THERE BE LIGHT; DEATH AND THE SENATOR; BEFORE EDEN; A SLIGHT CASE OF SUNSTROKE; DOG STAR and THE ROAD TO THE SEA.

I think most of Clarke's readers have read his novels, and not so much of his short stories. If you like Clarke then get this. It will show you his short stories are just as good.

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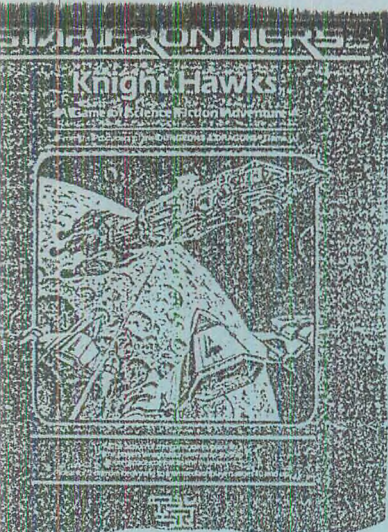
THE MAKING OF RETURN OF THE JEDI by John Phillip Peecher. Ballantine, dist in Aust by Doubleday (Aust) P/L. 292pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

As the title indicates, this is the book of how the movie was made. This is a must for Star Wars fans as it includes much that will not be publishes elsewhere.

The book follows the preparation for, the making of, and ends with the picture completed and ready for release. There are also 32 pages of black-and-white photos showing even more of the backdrops than the TV special on the movie does. Just to make things a little more interesting and to flesh the book out, Peecher goes back over the details of STAR WARS and EMPIRE and gives some of their background also, including information of how the actors who played the parts were chosen and the reason for each choice.

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STAR FRONTIERS - KNIGHT HAWKS. A Game of Science Fiction Adventure from TSR Hobbies, dist in Aust by Doubleday (Aust) P/L. A\$27.95. On sale now.

This is the second sf game I've seen from TSR and judging from the accompanying pamphlets (UPF Tactical Operations Manual, Campaign Book and various maps) it seems a very engrossing game for passing time.

There are many fans around who love these type of games and if they are also into sf then I think this will be of great interest to them.

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FARNHAM'S FREEHOLD by Robert A Heinlein. Corgi SF, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust P/L. 299pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is a re-issue of Heinlein's novel of 1974. It was originally published, as noted in the credits page "A short version of this novel, as cut and revised by Frederick Pohl, appeared in Worlds of If Magazine, 1964." Which is where I first read it. This version is much fuller.

Actually, it shows the altering strains of Heinlein as he steered his writing towards that of Stranger in a Strange Land and his latest novels, which, after reaching a high (or low, depending on how you look at them) <sup>he</sup> started back towards his 'old' style of writing, with Friday.

Politic Heinlein.

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THE TWILIGHT ZONE COMPANION by Marc Scott Zicree. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust P/L. 447pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This thick book is chock full of photos and other information that any fan of The Twilight Zone will must get. It gives details of how the series started and gives a two-page resume of each episode, with a black-and-white photo, a list of credits and the introduction of the episode.

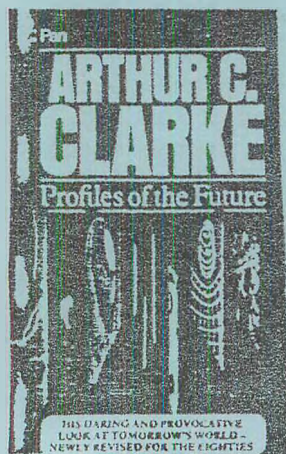
This is one of the best books of this type that I have seen and well worth getting. If the info sheet is to be believed it is selling at the US cover price - so it is well worth your money. \*Recommended\*.

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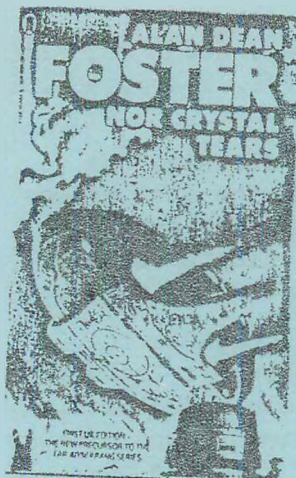
PROFILES OF THE FUTURE by Arthur C. Clarke. Pan books, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. 251pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is an updated version of Clarke's classic extrapolations from 1962. I think every sf reader who first read that edition still remembers that vision. In this edition Clarke has integrated the scientific advances up until 1981, so it includes much of the new discoveries, including the US probes into the outer solar system.

If you haven't read the earlier edition, I recommend this book to you.







NOR CRYSTAL TEARS by Alan Dean Foster. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. 231pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

I didn't think much of Foster's other sf that I've read, but this series is much better. Nor Crystal Tears is a precursor to The Tar-Aiym Krang and details the first contact between the insect Thranx and humans.

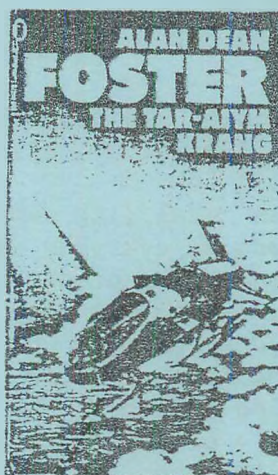
Ryo is the Thranx that is destined to both meet and retain contact with the humans taken from a disabled scoutship which had been attacked by the Aann, the foes of the Thranx, and tells of his further attempts to bridge the gap.

This is good respectable SF Adventure -- of the type that Carnell's magazine S F ADVENTURES specialised in back in the 1960s. I loved it.

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THE TAR-AIYM KRANG by Alan Dean Foster. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust .. 207pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

The second in the series and the first published, I think. This novel tells of the search for the mysterious Krang, which is either a musical instrument or a most powerful weapon, or both, which was built by the ancient extinct race the Tar-Aiym. Their artifacts existed on many planets of the Blight, and the legends of the Krang existed on only some of them.

Flinx, an orphan who was raised in the markets of the city Drallar on an out-of-the-way planet was in a position to obtain, through no fault of his own, a map supposedly showing the location of the Krang. However several obnoxious people were also after it, and they would kill to get it.

At least as good as Nor Crystal Tears.

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ORPHAN STAR by Alan Dean Foster. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. 206pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

The sequel to The Tar-Aiym Krang, this novel follows almost directly on after that book when Flinx has returned with a now erratic esper power, the existence of which is the reason he is kidnapped and forced into bringing that power into play in activating a Jewel.

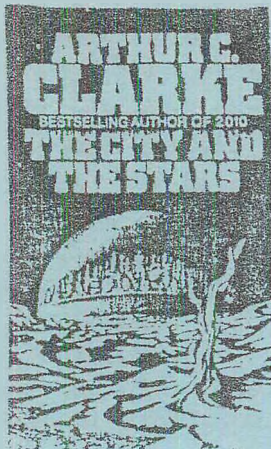
He manages to escape, during which he comes of the opinion that his kidnapper had information about his parents who he has no idea the identity of.

I did not find this novel as good as the first two, maybe because of a surfeit of Foster in one dose. If you know younger readers they'll love this series, which reminds me most strongly of E.C. Tub's sf written in the late 1950s and early 1960s.

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THE CITY AND THE STARS by Arthur C. Clarke. Corgi Pb, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 254pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

This is a re-issue of Clarke's 1956 classic. Set in a city which has been sheltering safely the last groups of humanity on earth for two thousand million years. It is a self contained city with its own intricate society which the eternal machines of Diaspar kept functioning.

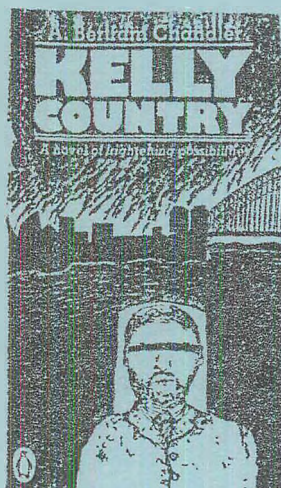
To ensure that that society did not stagnate the designers had ensured that at certain intervals the birth machines brought an element into that society that would ensure would keep it viable. However, Diaspar was now the only such city on earth - the others had died and now were mounds under the drifting sands.

Then Alvin was born... \*Recommended\*.

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KELLY COUNTRY by A. Bertram Chandler. Penguin Original, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. 341pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

Here it is at last. I approached this novel with some intrepidation - what if it wasn't as good as everyone was expecting? After all, Bert Chandler is one of the oldest - in terms of service - of my columnists. I need not have been worried. Even though the scene of Sydney burning on the cover is incorrect in a most important feature - the Bridge - I found the novel itself engrossing and the voyages through time clearly portrayed. For Bert's usual sf readers of his Grimes series there are the added raisins of glimpses of other series sprinkled through it.

This novel will stand with those other classic What If sf novels as The Man In The High Castle, Bring the Jubilee, A Transatlantic Tunnel, Hurrah! and The Grasshopper Lies Heavy. \*Recommended\*.

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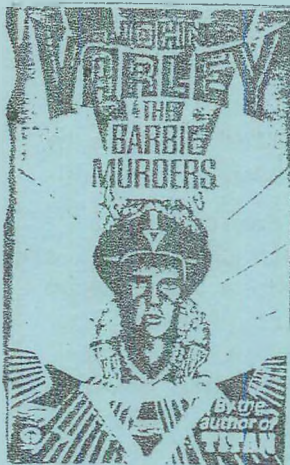


MARTIAN TIME-SLIP by Philip K. Dick. NEL, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. 240pp A\$5.95. On sale now.

With the success of BLADE RUNNER the various publishers are re-issuing Dick's other novels. I read this first when it was run as a serial in, I think it was, Worlds of Tomorrow. It is set on Mars in the 1990s and Arnie Kott is right in the middle of it.

Dick's sf of the later period is something of its own. Until you have read it there is no way of knowing if you will like his way of storytelling (and the personal stamp of the man's writing is unique) or not. Once hooked, the reader falls into Dick's spell and enters the schizoid world of Mars of that era. If you like BLADERUNNER then get this - there is no kipple in this book.



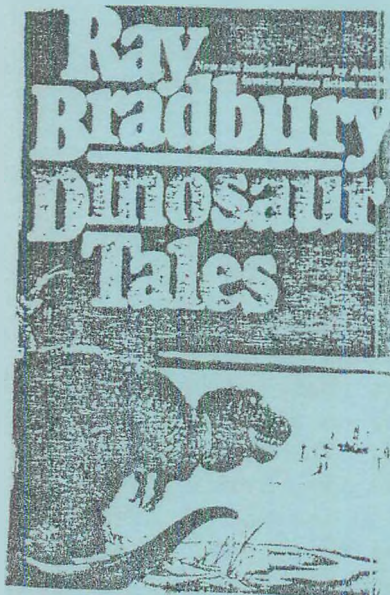


THE BARBIE MURDERS by John Varley. Orbit Pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. 260pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

This is a collection of Varley's short stories from 1974 to 1980. Most are set in the universe that Varley has created where the earth has been invaded by aliens and humanity is living on the moon. The stories are: Bagatelle; The Funhouse Effect; The Barbie Murders; Equinoctial; Manikins; Beatnik Bayou; Goodbye, Robinson Crusoe; Lollipop and the Tar Lady and Picnic on Nearside.

Varley has his own unique imagination and it comes across quite well in these stories. If you like a fresh and imaginative approach to sf you will like these (on the other hand you may find them too imaginative).

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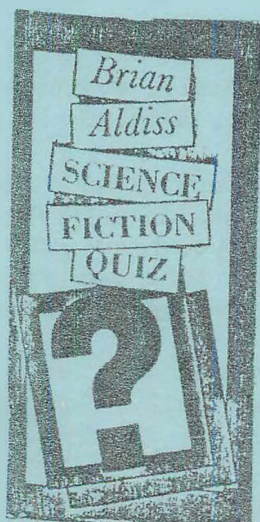


DINOSAUR TALES by Ray Bradbury. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 144pp. A\$7.94. On sale now.

This large paperback (15cmX23½cm) has 56 pages of black and white illustrations by William Stout, Steranko, Moebius, Overton Loyd, Kenneth Smith and David Wiesner. The stories included are: Besides a Dinosaur, Watta Ya Wanna Be When You Grow Up?; A Sound of Thunder; Lo, the Dear, Daft Dinosaurs!; The Fog Horn; What If I Said: The Dinosaur's Not Dead and Tyrannosaurus Rex; and are copyright from 1951 through to 1962. There is also a foreword by Ray Harryhausen.

So what you have here is a collection of Bradbury's Dinosaur stories. If you like Bradbury, or dinosaurs, or good illos of the beasts, then pick this volume up for yourself for Christmas.

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SCIENCE FICTION QUIZ, compiled by Brian Aldiss. Weidenfeld & Nicolson H/C, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. 128pp (incl. answers). A\$8.95. On sale now.

If you like the sf crosswords in TM or like to amuse yourself to see your depth of knowledge of the sf field you would find this volume good for your coffee table. It is slim (10½X 20cm) and so could fit into the pocket if you wish to take it to an sf meeting or con.

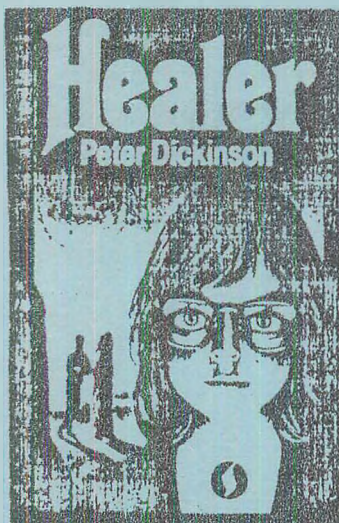
The contents are ranged from easy-to-answer questions (such as "H.G.WELLS wrote the War of the Worlds at the end of last century..... What were the worlds involved?") to such questions as "While hiding next to his 'beloved cottagers', Frankenstein's monster reads three books. Can you name one of them? All?"

I found the book most interesting - it is a welcome addition to any fan's library.

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# CHILDREN'S & JUVENILE'S



**HEALER** by Peter Dickinson. Gollancz H/C, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 184pp. A\$15.95. On sale now.

Although billed as a book for the older child, I found it difficult and unresolved. The main characters are a 16 year-old boy and a 10 year-old girl whose lives seem interwoven up to the last chapter. The girl, Pinkie, is a natural Healer and is being exploited by her new step-father who is almost a religious fanatic about her powers, and being kept under control of drugs. The boy, Barry, tries to infiltrate the mysterious Foundation and rescue her. There's a climax that's violent and then Pinkie ups and goes to America with her mum, with a "I'll send you a postcard", and Barry is left thinking she doesn't need a protector any more. Regret doesn't seem to enter into it. It's well-written but difficult and certainly so unresolved that one is dissatisfied with what could have been a really good book. - Sue Clarke.

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**DOCTOR WHO: MAWDRYN UNDEAD** by Peter Grimwade. W.H.Allen H/C, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 119pp. A\$14.95. On sale now.

A very good piece of sf about Time. Truly well done so that one can clearly picture the happenings as six years are confused back and forth with the result that two Lethbridge-Stewarts (such a good idea!) at once on an alien ship stranded stationary in time and space. The tale is about 8' aliens led by Mawdrynmx, who yearn to be Time Lords and steal a Gallifreya-regenerator, only to find instead of creating endless regenerations it gives endless mutations. Rivetting stuff except for the introduction of another grubby little boy to replace Adrec. Great Who stuff!

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**DOCTOR WHO: THE ARC OF INFINITY** by Terence Dicks. W.H.Allen H/C, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 117pp. A\$14.95. On sale now.

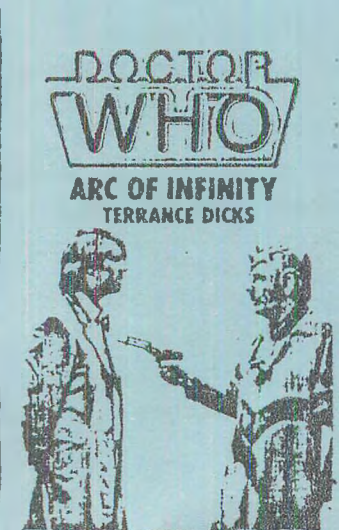
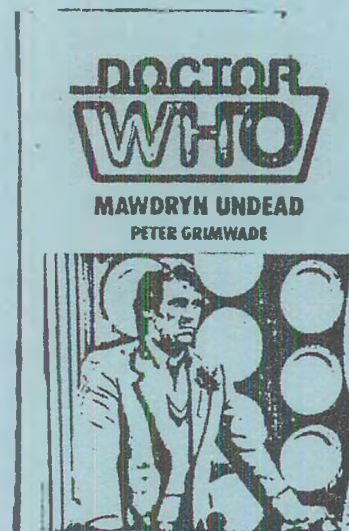
This is a faithful retelling of the story without too much padding, which is unfortunate as you must be a DW fan to appreciate it at all. Mr. Dicks assumes you know and understand all the characters that have been followed through from other stories and only half-heartedly does any explaining.

The story is good, but I think the reader must know his or her Doctor Who background to enjoy it fully. - Sue Clarke

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THE DEVIL'S DOORBELL by Anthony Horowitz. Patrick Hardy books, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 150pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

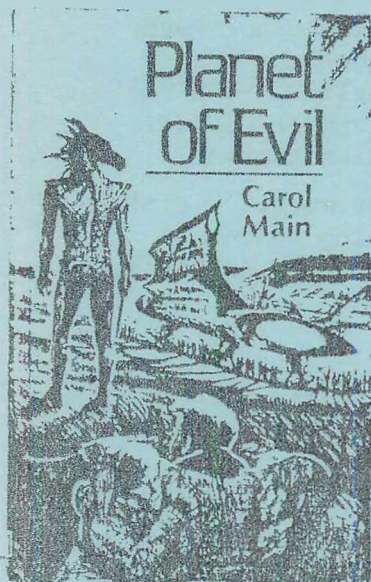
It would be hard to categorise this book. Certainly not a children's book, although the main protagonist is a thirteen year old boy. The second main figure is a reporter very much reminiscent of the Nightstalker's Koljak style. The theme is black magic and the action fast-paced and riveting. It's obviously meant as the first book of a series about those two characters and perhaps more adventures/encounters with the black arts. Well written and plotted. I enjoyed it, but it definitely had a harsh note - the equation of nuclear evil, as the villains attempt to raise the "Bad Ones" by use of atomic infusion. Grr. Prejudice.

- Sue Clarke.

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PLANET OF EVIL by Carol Main. Published & distributed by Hodder & Stoughton. H/C. 111pp. A\$14.95. On sale now.

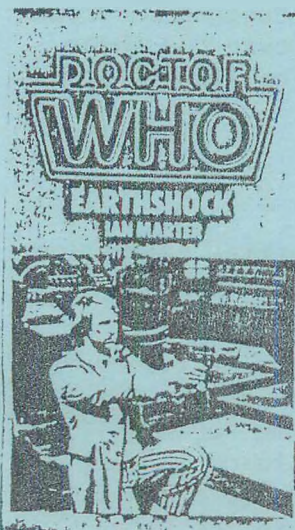
Easy to read type, obviously a children's book. The second in a series about a specific set of characters (that they assume you know all about so introductions are sketchy to say the least) in a style any media fan would recognise as a 'wallow' where most of the major characters revel in blood and gore - usually their own. The plot is simple - the good alien's children are stolen by the bad aliens who have a grudge against him. The rest of the book is devoted to how they get the children back and the grown-up's (both Terran and alien) adventures on the evil planet. Of course, the good earth children in good Enid Blyton fashion come through like little troopers, saving the day. Nauseating for adults, gruesome fun for children, especially grotty little boys.

- Sue Clarke.

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DR WHO - EARTH SHOCK by Ian Marten. W.H.ALLEN, H/C, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 128pp. A\$14.95. On sale now.

This story starts in the 25th century of Earth to the age of the dinosaur and ends up hypothesising that the cybermen and their plot to destroy the galactic heads of state in a conference on earth in fact eventually destroy the dinosaurs. The asteroid theory. A fast-paced story, told with affection and competence by Ian Marten who coloured it so that you could see the story unfolding as it happened.

Once again you have to know your cast of characters - the 5th doctor, Tegan, Nyssa and Adric who dies at the end. It was a glorious, sad ending to one of the doctor's more interesting companions.

- Sue Clarke.

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SUPER ADAM & ROSIE WONDER by Lyndsay Thwaites. Andre Deutsch H/C. Coloured illos. 32pp. A\$8.95. dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. On sale now.

This is for the really younger fans - aged from infant level. It is a delightful book and tells children in large colourful art and print the downfalls (as against pitfalls) of pretending to be a superhero, especially one that flies.

Lots of fun. - Susan Clarke.

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RALPH'S SECRET WEAPON by Steven Kellogg. Illus in colour by the author. Published by Hutchinson, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group. 22x27 cm. 24pp. A\$13.95. On sale now.

This is for primary school children and is illustrated in detailed, fine-lined drawings complimenting beautifully the story of a young schoolboy who has an aunt who would make a Auntie Mame look like Alice in Wonderland. She decides that he should learn the basoon during his school holidays and as a basoon player, he makes a great snake charmer.

And then, well, that would reveal too much. I don't know about children, but I found it refreshing fun.

- Susan Clarke.

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RETURN OF THE JEDI SKETCHBOOK by Joe Johnston and Nilo Rodis-Jamero. Ballantine, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust. 21x28cm. 96pp. A\$11.95. On sale now.

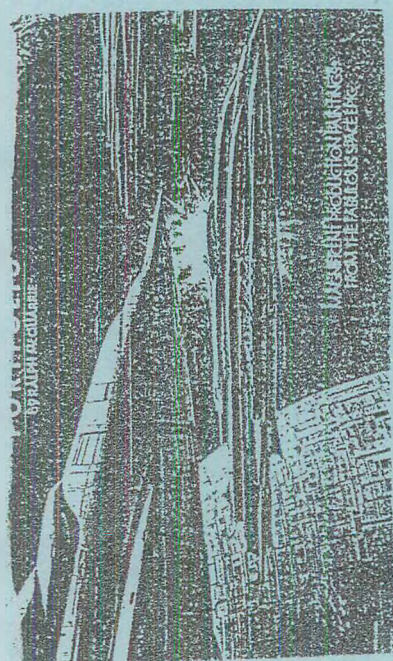
With the release of the movie, the various accompanying printed matter is being released for Christmas. This edition contains the earliest visual representations of the hardware and inhabitants of Return of the Jedi. There is Jabba the Hutt's domain on Tatooine; the Death Star and its Imperial weaponry; Endor with its forest creatures and the Rebel Alliance's newest technology. Some of the designs have been changed to suit the evolving needs of the movie but these are the basic creations for the blueprint for that film.

For Star War and film buffs.

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RETURN OF THE JEDI PORTFOLIO by Ralph McQuarrie. Ballantine, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust. 20 paintings. 28x39cm. A\$19.95. On sale now.

Apparently this portfolio has been almost impossible to get in Australia, with only seven sets existing. Now Doubleday have received this shipment in time for the younger (and older) fans for Christmas. Contains 20 full colour paintings from the paintings created for production, these cover some of the most crucial scenes in the film, and would make a magnificent gift for any youngster who is interested in that film.







CHOOSE YOUR Q&W ADVENTURE - SPACE PATROL by Julius Goodman. Bantam Pb, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust. 118pp. US\$1.95 On sale now.

This edition is illus by Ralph Reese. Children love these maze like publications where the reader gets to the end of the page and has to make a decision as to what he/she will do in the circumstances, and thus that point forms a node.

In this one you are a member of the Space Patrol trying to capture some pirates. Unfortunately for this reader he was killed in the first five pages. Phooey!

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BE AN INTERPLANETARY SPY - ROBOT WORLD by McEyoy and Hemphill. Bantam Pb, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust. 211pp. US\$1.95 On sale now.

This is the same type of book as that above, except that instead of being in the space patrol the reader is an Interplanetary Spy (working for the goodies, of course.)

I tried the same as I did above and in just three pages I was dead - with my suit blown up. What is this?

No doubt some smart kid will live through it - probably from playing video games.

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LIGHT ON QUESTS MOUNTAIN (An Endless Quest Book 12) by Mary Kirchoff & James Ward. TRS Pb, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 157pp. A\$3.00. On sale now.

This is a more juvenile book that the two above - it is set in a post-Holocaust USA and follows the adventures of the reader (known as "You" through-out the novel) and your monkey and lizard friends set out in a quest across the Sand Lands on a quest. All sorts of adventures follow, depending, of course, on the decisions made by the reader him/herself.

These probably came out of video games and being in Pb form, the imagination is much better at landscaping.

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SPELL OF THE WINTER WIZARD (An Endless Quest Book 11) by Linda Lowery. TSR Pb, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 157pp. A\$3.00. On sale now.

This adventure is illus by Jeffrey Busch. Sometimes the art helps the story along - other times it hinders it. Busch's art isn't bad, though Ward's is better.

Set in a land of many seasons, the reader is the step-child of the Wizard of Eternal Spring. The Wizard of Winter is a nasty bloke who commands armies of Orcs, quagbeasts and other nasties, all of which are nosing around after said reader. Ok for passing the odd half hour.

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OTHER CURRENT RELEASES: HODDER:

DRAGON FALL 5 AND THE MASTER MIND -- Earnshaw.  
COSMOS -- Carl Sagan.  
THE SLEEPING SWORD -- Jagger.  
THE DR WHO QUIZ BOOK OF SCIENCE -- Holt.  
THE AFFIRMATION -- Priest.  
STAR TREK STORIES -- Rotsler.  
PRINCE OF THE GODBORN -- Harris.  
THE WAR HOUND AND THE WORLDS PAIN -- Moorcock.  
STARSTORMERS 1 -- Fisk.  
STARSTORMERS 2 : SUNBURST -- Fisk.  
STARSTORMERS 3 : CATFANG -- Fisk.  
STARSTORMERS 4 : Evil Eye -- Fisk.  
STARSTORMERS 5 : VOLCANO O Fisk.  
YEAR OF THE DRAGON -- Daley.  
WORLD EATER -- Swindells  
FLAMERS! -- Fisk.  
THE CITADEL OF THE AUTARCH -- Wolfe.  
THE SHADOW OF THE TORTURER -- Wolfe.  
THE CLAW OF THE CONCILIATOR -- Wolfe.  
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY -- Clarke.  
ACE DRAGON LTD -- Hoban.  
RING-RISE, RING-SET -- Hughes.  
TRON -- Daley.

SPHERE:

THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI -- Dickson.  
LORD OF THE TREES -- Farmer.  
NO ENEMY BUT TIME -- Bishop.  
CHILLER -- Sale.  
THE DR WHO TECHNICAL MANUAL --  
FIND THE CHANGELING -- Bedford & Eklund.

GRANADA:

THE CERES SOLUTION -- Shaw.

PENGUIN:

1984 -- Orwell.  
SF PUZZLE TALES -- Gardner.  
PRISONERS OF POWER -- Strugatsky.  
CONSTELLATIONS -- Edwards.  
TRILLIONS -- Fisk.

DOUBLEDAY:

THE TREASURE OF WONDERWHAT -- Starr.  
THE WAY TO DAWN WORLD -- Starr.  
THE SHADOW OF THE SHIP -- Franson.  
HALF PAST HUMAN -- Bass.  
THE GODWHALE -- Bass.  
THE NAGASAKI VECTOR -- Smith.  
STRANGE TERRITORY -- Penna.  
THE HORSE LORD -- Morwood.  
MY JEDI JOURNAL.  
STAR WARS "PASSPORT".  
TO CONTROL THE STARS -- Hoskins.

HUTCHINSON:

THE GIRL OF THE SEA OF CORTEZ -- Benchley H/C.  
THE EDGE OF THE WORLD -- Gordon -- H/C.  
SPACE 8 -- Davis -- H/C.  
DR WHO : KINDA -- Dicks -- H/C.  
DR WHO : THE FIVE DOCTORS -- Dicks -- H/C.  
THE BEST SF OF THE YEAR 12 -- Carr -- H/C.



HUTCHINSON (Cont): JOAN DE VINCE OMNIBUS -- Vinge.

TRANSWORLD: THE MENACE FROM EARTH -- Heinlein.  
DRAGON EENSMAN -- Kyle.  
DRAGONWORLD -- Preiss, Reaves & Zucker.  
SUNDIVER -- Brin.  
STARTIDE RISING -- Brin.

JANUARY RELEASES: SPHERE: AMTRACK WARS -- CLOUD WARRIOR -- Tilley

TRANSWORLD: THE SEREN CENACLES -- Norwood.  
C.Y.O.A. 25 -- PRISONER OF THE ANT  
PEOPLE --  
THE RIGHT STUFF -- Wolfe.

FEBRUARY RELEASES: TRANSWORLD: PAWN OF PROPHECY -- Edding.  
WE -- Zamyalin.  
INTERPLANETARY SPY 5 & 6.

SPHERE: KEEPERS OF THE SECRET -- Farmer.

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# FILMS:

LIQUID SKY. Directed by Slava Tsukerman. Starring Anne Carlisle and Paula E. Sheppard. R.

Many recent movies begin with a collage of images preceding or coinciding with the opening credits. This is a good, concise form of exposition, though it has become a little hackneyed lately. But the technique is used so well in Liquid Sky that if you see the movie, as I hope you do, don't miss so much as the first 15 seconds or you won't be able to figure out what's going down for about half an hour.

Begin with an eerie shot of a white death mask, hung on a wall, framed by a neon ring of bluish purple.

CUT TO: a flying saucer zooming in on New York, above the garishly lit yellow of the Empire State Building, set against an evening sky which seems serene, but somehow the very serenity makes you uneasy.

CUT TO: a disco scene so frenetic that everybody seems to be trying to gyrate right out of their bodies. There's nothing serene about this. The aura of drugs and kinky sex is so thick it seeps right into the fabric of the punkers' gear. Even the occasional straights in the crowd are caught up in the group hysteria, dancing like mad until doomsday.

CUT TO: a quiet penthouse at the top of an apartment building. An exterior shot tells us that the alien craft, which is about the size of two soupbowls coupled in the centre by a blue band - glowing like neon - has landed on the roof of the penthouse. The blue band is humming ominously.

We cut once more to the interior of the penthouse and we see that it is lit mostly by neon lights all over the walls. In the centre of one wall, in a frame of neon, is the death mask.

As if in pantomime, the sort that used to precede the Miracle plays of the Middle Ages, you have just been told the whole story - but trust me, you won't figure it out until the very end, which reminds you so artfully of what was spelled out in code at the beginning.

Margaret (Anne Carlisle) is a leggy, successful model who describes herself as "sexually androgynous". She lives in the penthouse with Adrian (Paula E. Sheppard), a tough, adder-faced little lesbian dope pusher if ever there was one. Margaret is into cocaine. Adrian is into money, power games, and abusing and humiliating Margaret. As happy a couple as you can imagine if your taste runs to Nouveau Hell.

Into their lives drift many men, women, and the undecided, seeking drugs, sex, Margaret's face and legs for magazine covers, and, it would seem, whatever form of misery chaos has up its sleeve. Margaret is raped twice in one day (some girls have all the luck!) but just at the point of the rapists' orgasms some invisible force jams a crystal spike through their skulls.

Somebody, or something, is protecting her. Can it be the little saucer buddy on the roof? Or are the saucer's intentions not so honourable? Is it feeding on death, using her for bait? And what's the connection between drugs and violent sex?

This film does have outrageously funny moments, but I wouldn't call it a comedy. It's more akin an sf parable. Hard drugs kill. Attempts to destroy the human spirit (like those of the ones who want to exploit Margaret's body, even at the cost of rotting her mind) result in self-destruction. In the end, She. does find the love she has been looking for: it is total non-being. - Richard Deutch.





