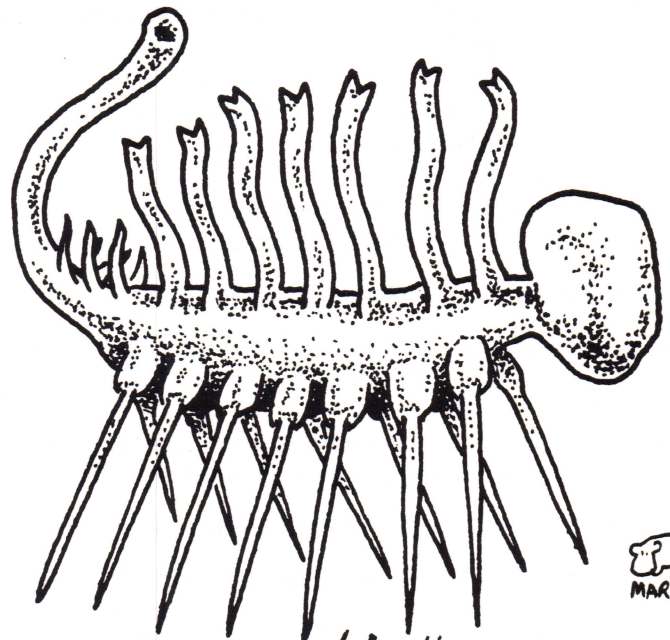


Opabinia



Hallucigenia

"....sketches of Cambrian fauna of previously unknown phyla from the British Columbia 'Burgess Shale' fossil digs."

THYME

The Australasian SF News Magazine

#93

September 1993

Contributors

Merv Binns, Terry Frost, Alan Stewart, Wynne Whiteford.

Damien Broderick	23 Hutchinson Street, Brunswick East, Victoria, 3057
Paul Ewins	4 Coval Court, Vermont South, Victoria, 3133
Lindsay Jamieson	6/17 Stillman Street, Richmond, Victoria, 3121
LynC	PO Box 4024, University of Melbourne, Parkville, Victoria, 3052
Karen Pender-Gunn	PO Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria, 3130
Jools Thatcher	31 Loch Street, Geelong, Victoria, 3219
Julian Warner	430 Dryburgh Street, North Melbourne, Victoria, 3051

Art Credits

Cover	Thyme	Phil Wlodarczyk	PO Box 41, West Brunswick, Victoria, 3005.
2	Thyme	Ian Gunn	PO Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria, 3130
3	Thyme	Dennis Callegari	159 Kilby Road, Kew East, Victoria, 3102
4	Thyme	Ian Gunn	
5	Thyme	Bill Rotsler	17909 Lull Street, Reseda, CA 91335 USA
2	ASFN	David L Russell	196 Russell Street, Dennington, Victoria, 3280
11	ASFN	Sheryl Birkhead	23629 Woodfield Rd, Gaithersburg, MD, 20882, USA
11	ASFN	Phil Tortorici	PO Box 057487, West Palm Beach, FL, 33405, USA
1, 2	Artychoke	Tonia Walden	PO Box 328, Carina, QLD, 4152
3, 4, 5, 6	Artychoke	Ian Gunn	

Changes of Address: Justin & Jenny Ackroyd (Mail) GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001
'Bento', David Levine & Kate Yule 1905 SE 43rd Avenue, Portland OR 97215 USA

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Editorial Address: Thyme, PO Box 222, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005, AUSTRALIA

Email: Alan=Stewart@Chem_Eng2%UNIMELB@muwaye.unimelb.EDU.AU

Phone: Home (03) 429 8354 Business (03) 344 4035

Fanimals

ALL TOGETHER NOW

By Ian Gunn 8/93



News

Another **Holodiction** is planned for sometime later this year. **Michael Dorn** (Worf on *ST:TNG*) is confirmed as GoH, but no details available.

People

At the 1993 SF Ball, on the theme of 'Cat's Night Out', the following popular vote awards were presented.

Best Dressed Male: Paul Ewins
 Best Dressed Female: Christine Young
 Best Male Costume: Andrew McGee
 Best Female Costume: Debra Cunningham

Catherine Kerrigan was back on *Jeopardy* on 11th August in heat three of the 'Superchallenge'. Unfortunately a miss on the last \$1000 question of Double Jeopardy saw her settle for second place and a weekend for two at the Sheraton Noosa Resort including a return flight.

Another fan who competed on *Jeopardy* was **Claire Andrews** on 15th July. She finished second on the night and won a selection from the 'Simona winter '93 clothing collection'.

A new Club has started up in Melbourne, to cater for those interested in Gothic or mainstream horror, under the name **The Vampire Legion**. Membership is \$A 13 per year and members will receive newsletters and a quarterly journal. Inquiries, as well as cheques/money orders, can be sent to PO Box 4202, Melbourne University Post Office, Victoria, 3052.

Fan Funds

Voting forms for the 1993 FFANZ Race to Australia are now available. Candidates are **Murray Maclachlan** and **Tim Jones** and votes are due in by 30 November. The winner will be attending Constantinople '94 next year.

Each vote must be accompanied by a minimum donation of \$2 and can be sent to Ian Gunn and Karen Pender Gunn PO Box 567, Blackburn, 3130, Australia or Rex Thompson, PO Box 333, Dunedin New Zealand.

(Advertisement)

An almost complete set of *Blakes 7* BBC commercially released videotapes [1-6, 8-end (29?)], plus 4 special editions from near the start of the series, are for sale. Prefer to sell as one lot for around \$500, price negotiable. Contact Mark White.
 Phone: (bh) 03.641 1157 (ah) 03 720 8938

Awards

The **1993 Hugo Awards** (for 1992 work), presented at Confrancisco, were won by:

Non-fiction: *A Wealth of Fable* Harry Warner Jr.
 (SCIFI)

Fanzine: *Mimosa* edited by Dick and Nicki Lynch

Fan Writer: Dave Langford

Fan Artist: Peggy Ranson

Novel (tie): *A Fire Upon the Deep* Vernor Vinge
 (Tor)

Doomsday Book by Connie Willis (Bantam)

Novella: *Barnacle Bill the Spacer* Lucius Shepard
 (Asimov's 7/92)

Novellette: *The Nutcracker Coup* Janet Kagan
 (Asimov's 12/92)

Short Story: *Even the Queen* Connie Willis
 (Asimov's 4/92)

Dramatic Presentation: *The Inner Light* (Star Trek:
 The Next Generation) (Paramount Television)

Professional Editor: Gardner Dozois

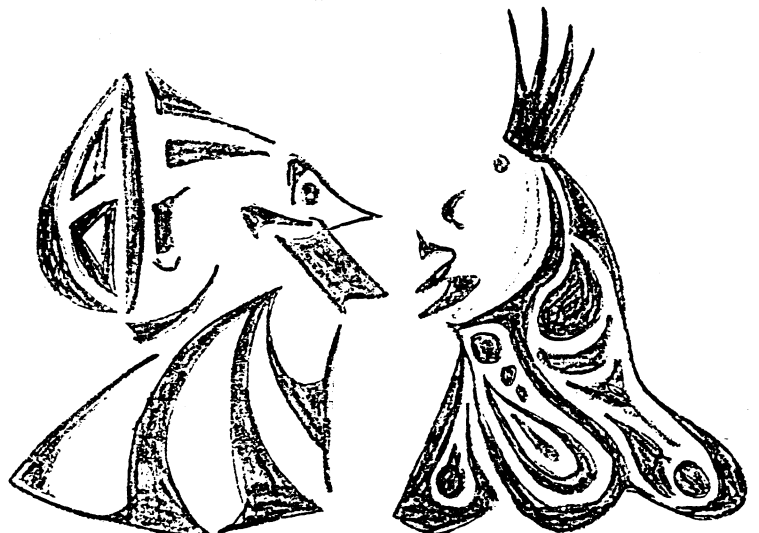
Original Artwork: *Dinotopia* James Gurney (Turner)

Professional Artist: Don Maitz

Semi-Prozine: *Science Fiction Chronicle*
 edited by Andrew Porter

Campbell Award (New Writer): Laura Resnick

(Thanks to John Sloan, Clive Newall and email)



Writing and Publishers

Rosaleen Love has sold a story to a new magazine, Crank!, Broken Mirror Press, PO Box 380473, Cambridge, MA 02238 USA. Subscriptions are \$US 12 for four issues, \$US 20 for eight issues, or \$US18 for four issues outside the US, and they pay pretty well for stories.

Twenty-nine winners in the ninth annual **Writers and Illustrators of the Future** contest will attend the Awards ceremony in California on September 25. Prize-winning stories illustrated by the artists will appear in Writers of the Future: Volume IX.

The 1993 Melbourne Writers' Festival for readers, September 7-14, will feature **James Gleick**, author of Chaos and Genius. Also appearing will be **Colin Wilson**, author of over eighty books on subjects as diverse as philosophy, the occult and crime. For prices and information phone (03) 686 1063.

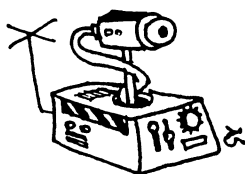
The author of the play *M. Butterfly*, David Henry Hwang, is apparently working on a screenplay for a movie version of Asimov's Foundation.

Leigh Blackmore conducted a launch of the anthology Terror Australis at Minatour Books on Saturday 17th July. The book has been reviewed in both the Weekend Australian and The Age.

Harper Collins are currently running a 'Heirs of Tolkien' fantasy promotion with dump bins of 36 various titles displayed in book stores.

Aurealis - the Collector's Edition a hard bound book which features the stories from the first four issues and a special introduction by George Turner, is available from Chimaera Publications, PO Box 538, Mount Waverley, Victoria, 3149 for \$A 13.95.

Forest (Freedom Organisation for the Right to Enjoy Smoking Tobacco) has announced a short story competition for 'mind-opening, sceptical science fiction, fantasy and horror of any kind' on the theme of "Health and Freedom". Entry is limited to people over the age of 18 years, maximum length 2500 words in English. Send entries to FOREST Story Competition, 2 Grosvenor Gardens, London, SW1W 0DH, UK by 16 January 1994. Entries will be returned only if a SAE is enclosed. Prizes £100, £75, £50 and 2 x £25. Judges include: Mat Coward, George Hay, Marjorie Nicholson.



Article

Bloopers in SF

by Wynne Whiteford

(Originally presented as a talk to the Nova Mob, 7 April 1993)

Our attitude to "bloopers" in SF or in any other field of activity changes as we grow older. Looking back, we find that interest in them blossomed vividly in our early teens. It gave us the chance to prove that we were brighter or more alert than the perpetrator of the howler, so that we could erode, however slightly, the theory that adults knew better than we did simply because of their accumulation of experience. With most of us this period was fairly short lived, because display of such minor triumphs brought us face-to-face with an unshakeable axiom: **nobody** likes a smart-alec kid.

I ran into this fact in one stiff jolt when our class - in what used to be Intermediate - was set the homework task of writing a criticism of Masefield's poem *Cargoes*. You remember it, the one that begins

*Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine...*

Wanting to do something original and strikingly unexpected, I did a lot of checking on Masefield's facts. I found that quinquiremes, or five-level galleys, had only been used once in history, by the Carthaginians against Rome in the Second Punic War before 200 BC. Unwieldy, they were crushingly defeated and never again used by anyone. I thought Nineveh, upstream on the Tigris-Euphrates river system, would hardly have traded directly with Ophir in inland Africa, and as to rowing home from East Africa to sunny Palestine, without the Suez Canal the trip around the Cape of Good Hope would have been a real killer ...

I was pleased by my analysis or hatchet job, but no one else was. It was suggested that I was a Philistine, something else I had to look up, and it was subtly implied that my level of poetic appreciation should have depressed a chimpanzee. In hindsight, I think maybe they had something there. I actually **like** Masefield's *Cargoes*. The visual imagery, the music of it, are so evocative that it wouldn't matter a damn to me now if he rowed his quinquireme to New Orleans. The overall philosophy of the poem is timeless.

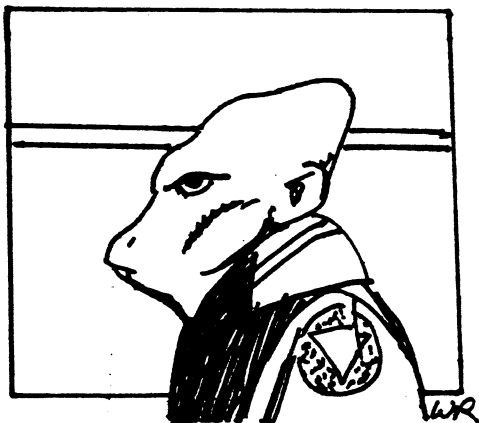
My first encounter with SF magazines came in the early 1930s when I discovered a 1929 Amazing Stories containing the opening half of Jack Williamson's *Stone from the Green Star*. Around the same time my school friend Shan Benson, who later became a writer of radio serials, had acquired an

Astounding (1928, I think) with Edward Elmer Smith's *Skylark of Space*. Shan and I both read this, picking holes here and there with teenage enthusiasm, and formed an ambition to write this kind of thing ourselves. Eventually, we reached an approximation of our goals after a long and complex series of detours.

Recently I found a remaindered copy of Skylark. It had been reprinted many times since its initial appearance in Astounding, so the things we found wrong with it were obviously not vital. I had forgotten most of the details of the story, and actually found that it held my interest as I read it again, something that applies very seldom to any book I first encountered over half a century ago. I was surprised to find that it had been skilfully updated in many small details. In the original version the hero Dick Seaton and his associates were always whipping out their slide rules to make lightning calculations, while in their later incarnation they used computers. Fair enough. Some of the book's new readers wouldn't know what a slide rule was.

Although Shan and I had found a number of 'howlers' in the 1930s, they didn't bother me in my recent fast re-reading. I had to look back through the book to find them. One jumped out at me on page 81, where Seaton says, "DuQuesne, we're almost five thousand light-years from Earth, and getting further away at one light-year per **minute**." A couple of pages on, someone says, "What's that? The Skylark lurched slightly." The casual reply is, "Just a swing around a star, probably". We had a lot of fun with those, as I now recall. How could Doc Smith blithely ignore acceleration that would have spread the occupants of the ship like jam over the rear wall?

In those days there used to be a radio program that gave amateurs a chance to sing or otherwise entertain at the microphone. One error and their act was terminated by the sonorous boom of a gong that sounded like the introduction of a J Arthur Rank movie. As we read through the creations of E E Smith, Donald Wandrei, Edgar Rice Burroughs and others, we discovered that most of them earned gongs along the way.



Shan and I lost touch for many years, each of us marrying and leading separate lives, he in Sydney, me in Melbourne. We only resumed an intermittent friendship after seeing each other's names in a byline or among the credits of an occasional movie. Any time I went to Sydney, I'd look him up, and we found it interesting to recall our early efforts at writing, the gradual shift from a zealous ecstasy of creation to a maturing study of **technique**, with the rescue of what was commercially **useable** in a nebulous haze of mostly unworkable ideas. We made bloopers ourselves, like one of mine in the novella *Distant Drum* (S.F.A., 1958) where I completely forgot I'd left a minor character on guard by a spaceship on the ultra-arctic wastes of Pluto. The guy is still there! In the matter of bloopers never ask for whom the gong booms. Next time, it may boom for thee!

Of course howlers come in different classes, some excusable, some not. There is an occupational risk in writing futuristic fiction. It is represented by the disturbingly swift evolution of scientific development. You think of a new, possible breakthrough that promises intricate drama, then open the latest copy of Scientific American or New Scientist and find that some team has already achieved it. Or you discover that Isaac Asimov or Dean Koontz has done the extrapolation much better than you had planned it. Probably every writer of SF who lets his stories grow from notes or outlines has a collection of aborted plots that have been overtaken by the frenetic onward march of real life.

This brings us to the **excusable** class of blooper, which featured a valid theory when it was published, but was shot down in fragments by the relentless progress of science. As an instance of this, Ray Bradbury had an excellent story called, I think, *The Long Rain* set on a Venus that we all believed in forty years ago, with perpetual rain pouring down on sweltering jungles. His human characters spent most of their time in the shelter of sealed buildings, threatened by an indigenous, intelligent life-form that lived in the planet's seas, fighting the human invaders by hurling capsules of explosives onto the dry land. Of course we realise now that Venus has no jungles, no rain, unless it is sulphuric acid, and no seas - but we can allow for the errors and still enjoy the story. In the same way Bradbury's *Martian Chronicles* suffered from the march of data, but it doesn't really matter. The stories are gripping, well characterised, internally consistent, so that if you make the initial suspension of disbelief you are not worried by lakes and canals on a planet where there is now no liquid surface water.

The other class of bloopers comes about through sheer carelessness on the part of the writer, and this, I think, is inexcusable, because the writer owes the publisher and the readers of his stories a certain

honesty in their construction. Think back over the times you have read a story where the author has extricated himself from an awkward dead-end in the plot by using an unbelievable coincidence. Immediately you feel 'Once is enough!' and you go elsewhere.

Perhaps the most glaring practitioner of the blooper through carelessness is Immanuel Velikovsky. I know he is not usually thought of as a writer of science fiction, but what else could you call his Worlds in Collision or Ages in Chaos ? In the first of these he probably lost any thinking reader quite early when he suggests a near-collision with Earth by Venus (recently emerged from the Great Red Spot of Jupiter), with Venus later going on to stagger into its present orbit which happens to be the most regular and perfectly circular of any planet in the Solar System. Velikovsky didn't have to be a mathematician to see what was wrong with his scenario. If he'd only played a few games of billiards or snooker he'd have learned enough intuitively about conservation of momentum to spot his booboo. Incidentally, he had a stroke of luck in saying Venus was red hot, in spite of the moist jungles envisioned by Bradbury, by Charles Cloukey in *The Swordsman of Sarvon*, and by many others. It **was** nearly red hot, as it turned out. But then he blew it. He thought Mars was also red hot, having emerged after Venus from the Great Red Spot. He had **everything** wrong on that one.

Invisibility is a theme which has been around so long that it has become almost respectable, without any scientific basis whatsoever to support the possibility of an invisible man. The trouble here is that general knowledge of the human body and of the nature of light have improved since this type of story began. We realise that an invisible person's internal organs would be subjected to light radiation from which they would normally be shielded, leading to sunburn of the lungs, the pancreas, you name it. Also, the person would be unable to see. If his eyes focused the light, you'd see them. The idea probably started in the Stone Age. It certainly pre-dated the biblical story of creation, featuring in the earlier version where the first man and woman were Adam and Lilith, who were told by their Creator never to speak the unutterable word. Lilith spoke it, and was converted into an invisible demoness, whereupon Adam was given the substitute Eve, cloned from one of his ribs. An improvement ? Frankly, I liked the Lilith version better.

The first modern-style story of an invisible man was FitzJames O'Brien's *What Was It ?* published in 1859, back before even Jules Verne's time. H G Wells' version came nearly forty years later, handling the same idea better, even to similar details such as the invisible man becoming visible on death. The fact that invisible eyes would be unable to see apparently didn't occur to O'Brien. Perhaps it did to Wells, because he

tried to wriggle out of the difficulty by making his hero an albino. (Still wouldn't have worked, but a good try). Later in this sequence came the radio series *The Shadow* - remember "Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men ? Hoh! Hoh! Hoh! The Shadow knows!". A ho-hum lot of stories, but at least they came closer to credibility as the invisible hero, Lamont Cranston, achieved his effect by hypnosis, so that the other characters only **thought** they couldn't see him. Well, maybe.

Then there is the whole sub-genre of stories based on a journey into the sub-microscopic world. The earliest of these, going back to 1858, was again the work of FitzJames O'Brien, who was decades ahead of his niche in literary history, and it was a tragedy that his early promise ended with his death in the American Civil War. In *The Diamond Lens* a microscopist makes an incredibly powerful microscope from a huge diamond, sees life in a drop of water, and falls in love with a fascinating animalcule-sized blonde. No happy ending is possible, of course. Eventually the drop of water dries up and the microscopist goes mad. But what is wrong with the overall picture ?

Look at its next incarnation, *Girl In the Golden Atom* by Ray Cummings (1919). Here the scientist reduces himself in size, entering the world of the atom, and having complex adventures with the girl. How did he find the right atom ? That's a minor detail. There have been other variants like Asimov's *Fantastic Voyage* into the veins and arteries of a human being. Then there was *The Incredible Shrinking Man* who grows smaller and smaller after exposure to atomic radiation, then little understood, on the way down narrowly escaping his own cat, and later winning a fight with a spider that towers over him. Then the basic idea ran ragged, as in *Honey, I Shrank the Kids*.

The error in all these is the same: you can't shrink a human being to microscopic size and expect him to survive. Strength of muscles varies in proportion to their cross-sectional area, while weight varies with the cube of like dimensions. Hence the old howler that a flea the size of a man could jump over a cathedral. Actually, it probably couldn't even stand up. Then, if a man were reduced to the size of a flea his muscles would tear him to pieces. He would also become unbelievably fast moving, generating enough heat to kill himself by heat stroke. Perhaps the smallest man-style body possible is that of the agile gibbon, and the largest the gorilla or the extinct gigantopithecus. As to real giants, the biggest biped was probably the Tyrannosaurus rex, but its skeleton shows enormous modifications to deal with its size - the immense anchorages for what must have been unbelievable leg-muscles and a differently designed spine which, if we'd copied it, would have put all osteopaths out of business.

Then we have the dynasty of stories based on a hollow Earth, with an opening near one or both of the poles giving access to an internal world in the inner surface of the globe. In 1818 an Ohio man, Captain John Cleves Symmes, sent a letter to universities all over Europe and America describing this theory and five years later he petitioned Congress to send an exploring party to find the way inside. Understandably his project was voted out but the idea proved the spark to ignite a curious side-trail of fiction that went on for nearly a hundred years. Edgar Allan Poe's story *MS Found in a Bottle* and his later unfinished *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* deal with an attempt to reach the interior world. Had Poe lived longer we might have had an interesting sequel. It has been suggested that he planned to locate the Lost Tribes of Israel in his inner world, but perhaps he foresaw a mounting struggle with bloopers rising like a colossus in his path. The obvious problem, of course, is gravity. What would keep the inhabitants on the inside of a globe on its surface ?

Over thirty years after Poe's story, Jules Verne produced his *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* (1864) but this is **not** a story of a Symmesian hollow globe. Verne's characters descend through the crater of an Icelandic volcano into a vast system of caverns, with a subterranean sea roofed over by a ceiling of granite several miles above. At least he doesn't violate scientific possibilities, gravity in his caverns is still downward acting and he never pretends the true centre of the Earth is actually reached. The idea of a hollow globe with an inside surface and no explanation of the gravity anomalies persisted, represented as late as 1908 by Willis Emerson's *The Smoky God*, the last of such stories for a long time. Why the last ? Probably because Peary actually reached the North Pole in 1909, and took sightings

over a wide area to determine the true pole as accurately as possible. No hole there, nor was there any at the South Pole when Amundsen reached it a couple of years later. For the creators of fictional hollow worlds, back to the drawing board.

But this setback meant nothing to the ever-fertile Edgar Rice Burroughs. About twenty years after Peary's demolition of the Symmes inner Earth, Burroughs' *Pellucidar* was reached by David Innes, who bored in a sealed machine vertically downward from the Sahara for a couple of thousand miles to find his interior world. Inevitably Burroughs followed this up with *Tarzan at the Earth's Core* (1929). One thing you must admire about E R B, he never gave up! In *Pellucidar* Innes falls in love with a heroine, tries to take her back to the surface but his enemies the Mahars, reptilian feminists, put one of their number aboard the machine in place of the girl. In one of the most staggering bloopers in fiction, Innes doesn't notice the switch throughout the 2 000 mile trip to the surface, but at least he's left with a motive for a sequel. (I don't know what happened in the sequel. I passed.)

You could go on exploring the sub-genres indefinitely, looking at literary conventions that are themselves obvious howlers. Faster-than-light travel is one of these, widely enough accepted to enable us to have stories set all over the universe. Remember those novellas about the insect invaders called the Hymenops, I forget the author and titles for the moment. In **two** stories he talks about sending the hymenoptera "back the 70 000 light years to 70 Ophiuchi." This is a relatively close star, only fourteen light-years away. He didn't check. But let's pass this one. FTL has given us Asimov's *Foundation* and a galaxy of other fictional worlds.

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Similarly, you have the proliferation of dragon fantasies. My own theory of the origin of the dragon myth is someone long ago stumbling on a fairly intact pterodactyl skeleton. That reconstruction of the Quetzlcoatlus wired to the ceiling of the pterosaur room in the Smithsonian in Washington is unforgettable, a thing like a flying crocodile with the wingspan of a six-seater Cessna, sweeping above you in a diving turn. Okay, so there **were** dragons. But the last of them disappeared over sixty million years before any ancestor of a human being could have ridden one. Anne McCaffrey got around this difficulty by setting her dragons-plus-people civilisation on an alien planet. At least this gets rid of the suspension-of-disbelief problem at the outset, like the disclaimer in the beginning of *Star Wars*: "All this happened in another galaxy, long ago and far away."

Still, when you look back over the whole panorama of fiction, where is it heading? What are we really doing in writing fiction? The goals and the motives keep gradually changing with the onward flow of life. A century or more ago some expert of the time said "Literature should hold the mirror up to nature." Back then, he was probably right. Most people stayed within their appointed niche in their culture, knowing little about people outside their immediate group. They needed someone like Dickens or Thackeray to portray, or caricature, characters they would not normally meet or speak to in their everyday routine. Or they needed Rider Haggard or Zane Gray to take them to a mysterious Africa or a gun-slinging American west that were actually never quite like their romantic image. Now television has introduced us intimately to a much richer world, and air travel has brought strange environments within relatively easy reach.

Today's fiction, whether in a printed paperback, on TV, on video or in a wide-screen movie, aims at stretching our view of our world, at stimulating us to explore its complexity. We have gained something, lost something. We have gained close-up views of things we never expected to see a few decades ago. By courtesy of race-cams we have ridden with Ayrton Senna in a world championship, and we have flown on spacecraft that have shown us pictures of the satellites of Saturn even far Neptune. We have prowled the ocean bottom in Nautilus-like craft. We have seen micro-views inside the human body. And what have we lost? Perhaps an illusion of permanence, of a kind of immortality felt by people in earlier societies, which looked as though they would persist forever. But did that kind of permanence really exist? A walk through some of the ruins of lost civilisations, as in parts of Mexico, dispels that shadow.

In a story called *Shadow of the Sword* (Fantastic Universe, 1957) I portrayed a colony on Jupiter's Red

Spot, on the theory that it was a planet-sized raft of solid hydrogen. Now close-up pictures have shown it to be a vortex. Sometimes the gong booms for thee! But so what? Our universe always shifts under our feet, because it is **alive**.

**Have call,
Will travel!**
a column by
Terry Frost

GROKIN' THE NET AND OTHER THINGS THAT ABSORB INORDINATE AMOUNTS OF LIFESPAN

I've got a modem. I picked it up from Andrew Pam partly barter for a Hoover washing machine, the rest in cash. It's a nice little unit, about the size of a hardcover novel. Half a dozen years ago it would've looked high-tech but these days you can buy credit card-sized modems that can download the entire works of Issac Asimov quicker than you can fart, so my humble 2400 baud unit is the cybernetic equivalent of a valve radio.

Nonetheless, this little machine and the wire reaching into the telephone socket have put me into the Networks. Since I got it early in August, I've been running up the phone bill by calling up bulletin boards and downloading textfiles, graphics, games and actually useful software until well after Tilbrook the Cat wants to get let out the bedroom window. (That's 1.30 a.m. in civilian talk.) In doing so I've discovered a whole new layer of communication woven into the texture of our world.

Think about it. You have sound, light, smell, touch, taste, constant medleys of radio signals from t.v., radio, chuckie-phones, satellites and walkie-talkies. All of that's a hell of a thing to contemplate. Now there are computer networks. Not just spooks and Medicare and CES' Jobsystem but ordinary unbureaucratic punters like you and I are creating webs of sometimes dubious information spanning the planet. Why write on a brick wall when with a black box, a pc and a phone you can saturation bomb cyberspace with your facile opinions?

Yeah, I know you all know this stuff about BBSes - on a certain level. But it isn't until you get the hands on feel for the existence and possibility of this stuff that it really and wonderfully fucks your mind. But down to basics.

RULE NUMBER ONE: Modems strain relationships: especially if your partner has a limited interest in the puiissance and wonder of the technology.

There's a shitload of information on the Boards. "Peter Pan" by J.M. Barrie, The Rubiyat of Omar Khayyam, The Egyptian Book of the Dead, Bibles, Korans, and Sub-Genius sermons, there's even the Terrorist's Handbook which tells you how to make explosives out of such mundane substances as bath-salts and hand-cream. William Gibson's prose poem "Agrippa" that was supposedly only available on a read-once floppy disk is a simple textfile on one board. Want to know how an ATM machine works or how the data is encoded on the magnetic strip on the back of your bank-card or where the red-light cameras are in Melbourne or why the hell the Cave Clan spends its quality time Harry Lime-style in the sewers of our suburbs, it's all there. There are even recipes for spicy meatballs and one or two of my recent fanzines.

But the main emphasis of most boards is communication. Rabbiting on to other modem-junkies, saying anything you like and being anyone you like under a cloak of (usually temporary) anonymity. Which brings us to

RULE NUMBER TWO: The signal to noise ratio in message areas of bulletin boards favours the latter.

There's a lot of banality there, people. This is partly a function of the fact that a large percentage of the users are still in their Clearasil years. The texts read like the kind of fanzines most of us wrote before we'd ever seen many fanzines. They're out to impress others with their cleverness and have a playful if clumsy approach to the medium. That isn't a bad thing. You have to shit in the nest before you can soar.

This isn't to say that all is trivial when you delve into the hard-disks of sundry sysops. Issues like Aboriginal Land Rights, Gender Roles, Sexuality, Homosexuality, HIV/AIDS, and Australia in 2020 are all discussed freely. Misconceptions and media-hype are dealt with patiently and compassionately by wiser heads. (One board has a Mabo Q&A file where backyard land-claim bullshit is dealt with in words of few syllables.)

Like anywhere else, there are surface feeders, bottom feeders and hip fish who range them both. The spectra of interests and data available is vast. Want to know whether choline supplements lead to increased aggression? You can find out. Piety and pornography exist side by side on the boards. Terrorism and taoism co-exist. Braindeath and brilliance write messages to each other and go to the same barbecues. It isn't utopian but it does seem like the networks are a commonwealth of minds. Some create, some talk, some pay the dough and take the toys. (Like it said, it isn't utopian.)

RULE THREE: Having fun is half the fun.

Since I linked to the world through the telephone, I've been encouraging friends to cough up the debit and buy modems. But only if a) they don't have a meaningful relationship b) have a computer-junkie partner or c) have more self control than I do. It's fun. Want to play a game? There are gigabytes of them out there. Need a picture of Sophie Lee? Download a GIF. Want to inflict your fanzine on unsuspecting computer wallies? Guess what, it is considered legal tender by a lot of boards! Uploading interesting textfiles is something that gets most sysops wriggling with joy in their ergonomic chairs. I've had my system access doubled just by digging out old zines on disks, converting them to ASCII and uploading them.

I even have an e-mail address now:
FIDONET: Terry Frost 3:632/358
INTERNET: terry.frost@f358.n632.z3.fidonet.org

So rather than hassling Alan Stewart if I piss you off with one of these columns, you can bleed from the eyes directly at me. Just don't ask me how you make explosives out of bath salts and hand cream, because I won't tell you. Find out the way I did. Gotta go now and print out a file on how to hypnotise people. It's all part of my new Ditmar-winning strategy.

NO CARRIER.

Thyme LoCs

Sheryl Birkhead

23629 Woodfield Rd
Gaithersburg MD 20882 USA

Just finished up watching *Koalas In Our Backyard*, at least I think that was the title. Got all excited about visiting down under again, then, sigh, had to come back to reality. Went down to the mall with Dick and Nicki Lynch and met Mark and Vanessa Loney there to listen to the 1812 overture (along with the rest of the program of course). The dogs brought along for the concert did **not** like the cannons at the end. The announcer made sure to let us know that the National Airport was not particularly notified of the concert and one wonders what the feelings might be on flying over the capital and have the cannons go off.

Thanks for Thyme and the attending zines. I can't wait to read the Smiths' Trip Report. I'm sure you'll keep me posted as to the DUFF ranks and entrants. I was down at the Lynches' collating Mimosa party last weekend, as were the Loneys, so I assume it will be winging it's way to you. [Arrived last week. AS] The various participants discussed going to Confrancisco. Mark and Vanessa have opted not to go (Vanessa will have to wait longer for her indoctrination) and Dick and Nicki will be gone for a few days.

What is Constantinople '94, is that Turkey? Is it a con or a place, or both, you must excuse my ignorance. [Constantinople was the former name for Istanbul, a place in Turkey, but it was also the name of the three-legged cat cartoon character we're using as the emblem of the convention Constantinople we are running at Easter '94. So Constantinople was a place, it is a character and will be a con! AS]

Laumer had a "different" view on life. He seemed to feel that the terms waiter/waitress equated with slaves. He could be very nice and charming, but could also be otherwise. As Brian mentions he had been used to being physically fit and the stroke that took that away made him more and more bitter. I hadn't seen or spoken with him in quite a few years, but I was sorry to hear of his death.

One of the clubzines (Portland, Oregon, I think) mentioned the Dr Who special and I think went on to say that the BBC was back-peddling and retracting comments made. I see that the *Jurassic Park* review is by the aforementioned Mark Loney. The next time I see him I must remind him to invest a little bit of cash and go see *Super Mario Brothers* solely to see Mishe (I think that's the name) and I won't say more to give it away. Suffice it to say that this "character" is not one I had seen in any of the TV clips.

Buck Coulson 2677W-500N
Hartford City IN 47348 USA

I'm interrupting my reviewing to comment on Thyme, but I've already read my magazine for the day. This time it was Amazing which not only had quite good stories but a marvellous cover by Mike Hinge, former - or maybe still - Australian. He was Australian when he did some art for Yandro anyway, but that was years ago.

Terry Frost doesn't believe that a GoH can piss and talk at the same time? He probably doesn't realise that for a lot of fans and pros as well it's the same process, only the orifice is different. I believe most guests assume that they ought to be polite to people who paid them to come to the con, even if it is in Australia. Common courtesy to the hosts...well, Terry wasn't likely to ever be a guest of mine even before his column. Juanita and I never used the 'vote for me for the award' approach, but it seems acceptable in fanzines where half the voters probably never heard of you. I do dislike seeing professionals scramble for - and squabble over - awards, but then it means money for them, the higher the reputation, the more books you'll sell.

The title of the book, Lloyd, is whatever the publisher wants to call it. The author has **no** control over the title. One book Gene DeWeese and I did had five different titles from manuscript to final product.

(Admittedly, one title was changed hastily when a comic book came out with the same title). Now, the big name authors presumably do have some control because the publisher doesn't want them to get huffy and go to another publisher. Other authors don't. Some of Juanita's books have been titled by the publisher. **Mostly**, I suppose, the author's title is used, but there's no requirement for it. One of Frank Herbert's two good novels was titled Under Pressure as an Astounding serial, The Dragon in the Sea as a Doubleday book, and 21st. Century Sub as an Avon paperback, which was the first pb publication. I suspect that the serial title came from Campbell, the hardcover title might have been Herbert's, and the Avon title came from some idiot in the office who thought it was grabby. I rather like Campbell's title, the best of the lot.

I agree that The Grail of Hearts had a slow start in some respects, but when you're working from French and German sources it's hard to avoid. Juanita was amused when one of her fantasy novels was reprinted in Germany and the German edition was 100 pages longer than the American one. Nothing was added, it just takes a long time to say anything in German, and I think she wanted to keep the spirit of the original.

We went to Inconjunction in July in Indianapolis, and Rivercon in August in Louisville. Incon was pleasant largely because we had a chance to talk for several hours with David Drake, who seems to be "our sort". He stayed Sunday night after the con with the Miesels and we stayed later than we should with them, solving all the problems of science fiction and the universe among us. I'd also talked with him for an hour or so in the consulate about pulp magazines. Drake was five years old when I started reading the old pulps but I think he's read more than I have and certainly remembers them better.

Rivercon featured Joe Haldeman as GoH and Bob Tucker as toastmaster, so we had another good time. Tucker stayed up late and held court in the patio (though he had to take an afternoon nap in order to do it) and I was part of the group around him for part of the time. Joe and Gay Haldeman stopped by our huckster table on Sunday afternoon as we were packing up and got in a fair amount of conversation between our boxing up books and tapes. One of the filkers was thrilled to talk to Joe, not because of his books, but because he's written quite a few classic filksongs. Gay said he now has almost enough for a tape, so I assume he'll be recorded one of these days.

We made a profit on both cons which is always nice, and if it didn't happen we couldn't afford to keep going to them every year. Plus, at Rivercon, we ended up Saturday night from 2 to 4 am talking fan history with Bruce Pelz; he and Dick Lynch are going ahead with a book about fandom in the 1960s, supported by

those LACon profits that some fans bitched about so loudly a few years ago. The drawback to the conversation with Pelz was that we were sharing a room with son Bruce and his family, and Granddaughter Miranda woke up bright and early and loud at 7.30 Sunday morning.

Teddy Harvia
701 Regency Drive
Hurst TX 76054 USA

(Postcard #1) Does the Sleazosaur wearing a raincoat on the cover mean the weather was wetter in the past ? But what about the sunglasses! Great SMOFs with propeller beanie dunce caps by Ian Gunn. How can anyone take an Aussie bid seriously when the address includes whiteout in a printed fanzine ? Hmmm! [*Just trying to observe the correct protocols of bidding. AS*]

Is Mail Art by JEM for real ? It seems in the same league with spontaneous photocopy art of randomly placed objects. Not the anatomy stuff either. Ian's Ditmar controversy cartoons are catty.

(Postcard #2) Karen Pender-Gunn's review of The Grail of Hearts was amusingly painful to read because of her temporal digressions. Just for her to review someone needs to write a time-travel story of Jesus going back to save the dinosaurs.

Terry Frost's self-indulgent Guest of Honor lament was worth every penny you paid for it. His humorous asides were as irrelevant as some guests I've seen. The problem is with the fan audience, with its individualism and diversity. I agree that the best guests are those such as Harlan Ellison, who'll look at tits, but will intelligently discuss a multitude of other things.

Beast wishes.

Irwin Hirsh
26 Jessamine Avenue
East Prahran, Victoria 3181

Thanks for Thyme #92, which arrived in the first week of August. If I have a criticism about your Thyme, it's that you seem to be getting the issues out a touch late. I mean, it was a bit too late for me to be reading about Moggycon as if it were a forthcoming event.

I really admire the research Mark Loney put towards his film review. "The New Zealand guy from *Dead Calm*." Obviously Mark was in a rush to get to the car after seeing the film, when a slight detour past one of the advertising posters would've been in order.

Gerald Smith's letter struck me as a bit muddle-headed. He is happy enough having the Ditmar SubCom deciding what categories should be awarded, but doesn't want them getting into deciding eligibility. If it is good enough for the Ditmar Subcom to decide what categories we should be voting on, surely it is

good enough for the Subcom to also impose its opinion as to whether specific items are eligible to be nominated ? Once upon a time if you wanted to institute a change in the Ditmar categories you had to convince a majority of those at the Business Meeting that your proposal has merit. These days all you have to do to effect that change is offer to be the Ditmar Subcom. You don't have to argue for your proposal or explain it, just go ahead to type up the nomination form the way you want. Gerald's interpretation of why we had the Best Periodical Ditmar is all very well, but why should the popular category of Best Fanzine be dumped just because a small number of pro- or semiprozines are being published ? At the same time it should be recognised that there are ways, other than with awards, in which we can formally acknowledge the achievement those zines and their publishers have made.

Terry Frost's column is interesting, especially when read with the first paragraph of Paul Ewins' report on Swancon 18. In principle I object to the **Australian NatCon** having non-Aussie SF professionals as GoHs, while seeing fit to not honor our own SF professionals in the same way. And I think that Paul's point about the major reason for attending conventions is "to see old friends and make new ones, not gawp at the big names" holds true for a large majority of fans, and explains why people attend conventions on a continual basis. Subsequently I have difficulty watching a large part of my con membership going towards bringing out non-Aussie GoHs. You may remember that Syncon '92 lost a large amount of money. At the Natcon bidding session in 1990 they beat a bid which promised a convention which would be cheaper to run and cheaper to attend, as they were to have no overseas GoH. I'm sure that with a similar attendance figure as Syncon '92 that rival bid would've finished with a surplus. It seems a pity that convention committees look overseas for their professional GoHs. The con membership is indifferent to the presence of those GoHs and gets to pay an increased membership fee. At the same time the concom has an increased chance of not meeting costs, a factor which can easily cause extra stress within the committee and it turn raising the possibility that other parts of the convention will not be run as well as it could've been. That isn't meant to wish anything bad on Constantinople. I hope it is a good and successful con. I don't wish anything bad on any concom; I just think today's concoms take the wrong approach in selecting their GoHs. But to the degree that I used to receive LoCs from him, meeting Bill Gibson will be like seeing an old friend.

I realise that you are publishing a fanzine within the sf/fantasy/horror field, but I barely noticed the Terror Australis feature in "Good Weekend". My attention was taken by the article about Brett Whiteley and Lloyd Rees.

Van Ikin Dept of English
University of WA, Nedlands WA 6009

I like the idea of circulating Ditmar/ASFMA nomination forms in mid-year, for it will minimise the chances of deserving works being overlooked because they were published early in the calendar year. (Of course I'm assuming that there is planned to be a second distribution of nomination forms early in 1994 to catch up with items not yet published). *[Distribution of the nomination forms will continue as fanzines are issued through the remainder of this year, and also in 1994 while the nomination period is open. AS]*

Craig Macbride PO Box 274, World Trade Centre
Melbourne, Victoria 3005
s900387@minyos.xx.rmit.OZ.AU

Terry Frost's column in Thyme #92 was on an important subject. Guests of Honour (surely we don't have to spell this the American way, Alan ?) can really make a con, if they are chosen carefully and allowed and encouraged to join in. Mr Squiggle and his "family" made one of the best GoH choices of the cons I have been to, largely because they were not pretentious people and the con committee didn't see a need to try to hide them away every time they were not scheduled to do something, as I have seen happen with GoHs before.

Obviously, Terry has been around fandom more than I, since he mentions folks at room parties who "look unerringly at your tits". I hadn't noticed that many such glands in fandom that were worth looking at unerringly, so this would seem to imply that Terry has been watching some particularly desperate individuals or that he has found some new blood in fandom. I'd better bring my dark glasses to Constantinople.

Bruce Pelz

(Postcon Pocketsard 14 Cincinnati 27-6) Midwestcon must have picked Bob Tucker to be their Permanent Banquet Speaker because he would help make everything .. as well as everyone.. go Smoooooth..A choice that's On The Beam ..

(Postcon Pocketsard 15 Seattle 4-7) Nice to know there is still a Fandom in Seattle .. it showed up at Westercon as Fan Guest(s) of Honor and as Unofficial (Self-Appointed-By-Necessity) FanRoom Staff. And here I thought there was now only NorWesCon...

(Tripe Report Card 7 Mexico 18-7) Last March's Ensenada card, mailed from the dock where Viking Serenade passengers huddled against the rain, disappeared...none of the 45 copies were delivered. Perhaps cards mailed off the Southward will have better luck.

(Postcon Pocketsard 16 -Louisville 8/8) It is quite a relief that "Rivercon" is still only the **name** of the convention, and not a **description** of it, as it might have been had the convention been held in Iowa (on the Mississippi) instead of in Kentucky (on the Ohio).

Lloyd Penney 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton
ON Canada L6T 4B6

Thanks for the info on Australia in '99. After Eric and Jean's mysterious flyers it looks like someone took them up on their offers of advice. I should write for flyers and such ... Canadian fans are finally finding out about the importance of knowing all operating Worldcon bids. Also, just for your information, Boston has moved their bid from 1998 to 2001.

Awards and more awards. I came in second for the Aurora Award for Fan Achievement (Organisational), and that's the second year in a row. My wife and I worked on the SF² show that Louise Hypher ran...she won the Aurora for Fan Achievement (Other).

To go with Michelle Hallet's letter about fannish politics...I've always believed that there are two kinds of fannish politics, good and bad. The bad politics is what we complain about usually, and the good politics is what puts together all the projects we enjoy, such as cons, clubs and other gatherings, and also gathers together all the people who help run these projects. Because we are social animals, we all play politics, and I admit I'm heavily involved in fannish politics. I try my best to make those politics the good and constructive kind.

As the local fan-run Trekcon approaches, Yvonne and I are working the green room. We've been notified what we can and can't wear inside and outside the green room, and where we can or can't stay during the con, such as green room staff not being allowed in the green room when they're off duty. They are mistaking us for the majority of the committee who would gladly drop all their commitments and responsibilities and suck up to the actors. I'm tempted to offer a flat-hand salute and shout "Sieg Hail".

It sounds like the phenomenon of people gathering in halls to sell collectibles and various other kinds of merchandise is much like what happened here with flea markets. Certain flea markets in my area have ballooned up to fill hockey arenas and large halls, until I could go to upwards of seven or eight flea markets within a half-hour's drive, each the size of a Worldcon dealers' room, or even larger. Most of them advertise upwards of 300 dealers, and they sell everything up to major furniture.

Now that trilogies and other lengths of series are the norm for SF&F these days (grrrr!), a book of lists of series would be very useful. It would not only list the

books of the series, but also the order in which they should be read because not every series is labelled in the "Part IV of the Whoozit Saga" fashion. Anyone want to take a stab at this ?

Garth Spencer Box 15225 V.M.P.O.
Vancouver BC V6B 5B1 Canada

I was going through my fanzine library recently, preparatory to moving, and thought how much Thyme has changed as it's gone through different hands. Seems to be doing the news function pretty well now. Saw there's a bid from Australia to hold the '99 Worldcon. I have an unwelcome question. Are you sure you want to do this ?

Caught sight of the note about Zed Shift in New Zealand. I remember on one occasion marking up a map of New Zealand with all the zine titles coming out of different cities. Wonder what the map would look like today ? (Wherever is Tom Cardy now ?)

I read Damien Broderick's and Terry Frost's articles with a sort of uninformed wonderment. Not amazement, I'm experiencing the same wrongheadedness and cackhandedness on a regular basis, but wonderment. Don't fans operate any differently anywhere ? You may be mildly interested (in this connection) to read the history of the Canadian SF and Fantasy Award, to compare to the Ditmars. Mildly. This is being serialised in Dale Speirs' zine Opuntia.

Roger Weddall certainly left an impression on fandom, to judge by all the eulogies in different fanzines. I had just one contact with him, but his warm-heartedness was immediately clear.

Like Craig Macbride I particularly liked the "Kerri Valkova by Kerri Valkova" feature in Artychoke (*Sigh*).

Postcards to Artychoke

Lloyd Penney 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton
ON Canada L6T 4B6

If the Mail Art network shut down the post office would wonder if they're losing bags of mail somewhere. One award-winning Canadian fanzine, Under The Ozone Hole, sometimes combines fanzines and mail art...whenever I get my copy I also get stickers, clipped cartoons, magnets, pennies and the latest prize, a cereal coupon pasted onto a sheet magnet. It hangs on my fridge today. I've seen some fanzine covers consist entirely of rubber stamp collages, and one fan seems to make some cash on the sales of her rubber stamp art. A fanzine convention put the promise of one of her rubber stamp covers up for auction, with surprising results.

Feedback McBaird's artificial arm is talking now...how long is *Space Time Buccaneers* anyway ? Explanations are likely to take up two or three episodes as it is. Still, lots of fun.

[Yes, Mail Art gets around and permeates other fandoms. The only SF zine I've seen with a rubber stamp cover was Stet, but it was a good one. I think this may be the auctioned cover you mentioned. I've had contact with several people who make rubber stamps for a living and designed a few of them.

Feedback's arm doesn't say much. It's the strong silent type. Space Time Buccaneers will run for six episodes. There may be another series, or maybe not, depending on whether space and time allow. IG]

WAHF Harry Andruschak, Frank Bryning, S L Bonner, Dennis Caswell, Van Ikin, Neil Murray, Bruce Pelz, David L Russell, Cheryl and John Straede, Jane Tisell, Lin Wolfe.

Trading Thyme

A list of magazines that have arrived in the Thyme PO Box since the last major listing in #89 (January 1993). Thanks to all who sent them and if I've cribbed some news without supplying due credit I apologise. Thyme is available for 'The Usual' which includes air mail trade, contribution (letter, article, artwork) and editorial whim.

Astromancer Quarterly February 93

Clubzine/genzine - Edited by Joe Maraglino NFSFA PO
Box 500, Bridge Station, Niagara Falls, NY 14305 USA. Quarterly.
Available for 'The Usual' or \$US 8 subscription for 4 issues.

A Very Occasional Paper #3-19 (April-July 93)

Perzine - Edited by Sue Peukert. 42 Harris Road, Vale Park SA 5081. Available for 'The Usual' or recipes deemed interesting by the editor. It's all Marc Ortlieb's fault.

Bandersnatch #1 (Autumn 93)

Perzine - Edited by Adam Jenkins, Sundance Bilson-Thompson.
82 Highland Drive, Bellevue Hts., Adelaide, SA, 5050.
Available for 'The Usual' or sending sufficient postage.

Black Light #2-5 (February-August 93)

Clubzine - edited by Sean-Paul Smith, for Gallifrey.
GPO Box 910G, Melbourne, Victoria, 3000. Subscription: \$12 (\$10 concession).

Busswarble #3-8 (January-July 93)

Perzine - Michael Hailstone, 14 Bolden St, Heidelberg, Vic, 3084.
Write for availability.

The Captain's Log #186-193 (January-August 93)

Clubzine - Austrek. GPO Box 5206AA, Melbourne, Vic, 3001.
Available to members and arranged Trade.

Concatenation #7 (May 1993)

Annual newszine - edited by Jonathan Cowie. 44 Brook St, Erith, Kent, DA8 1JQ UK. Sponsored publication, available free.

Cry Havoc December 92-May/June 93

Newszine - PO Box 2836, Wellington, New Zealand
Subscription: 1 year \$NZ14, 2 years \$NZ 25; or 'The Usual'

Critical Wave #28-31 (November 92-June 93)

Review zine - Steve Green, Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Rd, Ward End, Birmingham, B8 2AG, UK. UK Subscriptions: £8.50 payable to 'Critical Wave Publications'. Lifetime subscription: £75. US \$US 29 (air), \$US 20 (surface) to Mary Burns, 23 Kensington Crt, Hempstead, NY, 11550, USA. Australia \$A 43 (air), \$A 27 (surface) payable to Justin Ackroyd, GPO Box 2708X, Victoria, Melbourne, 3001, Australia. Other areas: contact UK address.

Cyberspace Vanguard #1 (Dec 92), #2 (Feb 93)

Newszine/netzine - T J Goldstein, PO Box 25704, Garfield Heights, OH 44125 USA. Available in trade and for contributions. cn577@cleveland.freenet.edu

Czerwony #4

Clubzine - SF Club of Gdansk, PO Box 76, 80-325 Gdansk 37, Poland. Probably available for 'The Usual'.

Data Extract #98-101 (January/February-July 93)

Clubzine - Australian Dr Who Fan Club, PO Box 148, Gladsville, NSW, 2111, Australia. Subscription: \$A 7/year (8 issues)

Doxa! Sept 92, Oct 92, Feb 93, July 93

Perzine - Roman Orszanski, PO Box 131, Marden, South Australia, 5070. LoCs welcome, available for 'The Usual'.

Doxy Dec 92

Perzine - John Foyster, PO Box 3086, Grenfell St, Adelaide, SA 5000. Maybe available for 'The Usual'

Empties #11 (March 93)

Perzine - Edited by Martin Tudor, 845 Alum Rock Road, Ward End, Birmingham, B8 2AG, UK. Available for 'The Usual', whim or £5.

EOD #8 (December 92)

Horror fiction zine - Chris A Masters, PO Box 7545, St Kilda Rd, Melbourne, Vic, 3004, Australia. Subscription: \$A 18/4 issues, single issue \$A 5. Overseas: single issue \$A 7 (surface), \$A 9 (air), 4 issues \$A 24 (surface), \$A 30 (air). Cheques/money orders payable to Chris Anagnostopoulos.

Ethel the Aardvark #47-50 (February-August 93)

Clubzine - Melbourne SF Club Inc. Edited by Paul Ewins, PO Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Vic, 3005. Available to members, for 'The Usual' and annual subscription (6 issues): \$A 10 Australia, \$A 20 overseas.

Eyeballs in the Sky #7 (March 93)

Perzine - Tony Berry, 55 Seymour Rd, Oldbury, West Midlands, B69 4EP, UK. Available for 'The Usual'.

File 770 #95 (November 92), #95-98 (November 92-June 93)

Newszine - Mike Glyer, 5828 Woodman Ave. #2, Van Nuys, CA, 91401, USA. Available for contributions, arranged Trades or subscription: \$US 8 for 5 issues first class in North America or surface overseas. Air printed matter \$US 2.50 per issue.

Fosfax #163-165 (January-July 93)

Club/Genzine - Falls of Ohio SF & F Association, PO Box 37281, Louisville, KY, 40233-7281, USA. Subscription: \$US 12/year, foreign \$US 18/year. Membership: \$US 18. Available for 'The Usual'

The Frozen Frog #5-6 (January-March 93)

Perzine - Benoit Girard, 1016 Guillaume-Boisset, Cap-Rouge, Quebec, G1Y 1Y9, Canada. Available for 'The Usual', or \$C 1 per issue (\$C 1.50 outside North America).

Intermediate Vector Bosons #37 (April 93)

Perzine - Harry Andruschak, PO Box 5309, Torrance, CA 90510-5309, USA. Available for 'The Usual'.

Ita #10 (March 93)

APAZine (AAPA) - Mark Manning, 1709 South Holgate, Seattle WA 98144 USA. Available to APA members and editorial whim.

Jupiter Jump #12, 14 (July 93)

APAZine (SAPS) - Mark Manning, 1709 South Holgate, Seattle WA 98144 USA. Available to APA members and editorial whim.

Kiarrians' Luncheon #118 (June 93)

LASFAPA zine - edited by Bruce Pelz, 15931 Kalisher St, Granada Hills, CA, 91344, USA. Available at editorial whim, which probably means you're in LASFAPA or receive his postcards.

The Mentor #78-80 (April-October 93)

Genzine - Ron Clarke, PO Box K940, Haymarket, NSW 2000. Available for contribution or \$A 5 per single issue.

Merv Binns Books SF Trading Post #49-50 (June-July 93)

Catalog - Merv Binns, PO Box 491, Elsternwick, Vic, 3185.

Mimosa #13-14 (January-August 93)

Genzine - Dick & Nicki Lynch, PO Box 1350, Germantown, MD, 20875, USA. Available for \$US 2 per issue or 'The Usual'.

Mumblings from Munchkinland #9 (May 93)

Perzine - edited by Chris Nelson, 10/82 Patterson Street, Middle Park, Vic, 3206. Available for LoCs, and probably 'The Usual'.

The Onseck April 1993

Irregular commentzine - Marc Ortlieb, PO Pox 215, Forest Hill, Victoria, 3131. The official organ of the Australian Science Fiction Association. Available for editorial whim.

Opuntia #11.1-#14 (late Jan 93 - July 93)

Perzine - Dale Speirs, Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, T2P 2E7. Available for trade, LoC or \$1 cash.

Phlogiston #32-33 (December 92-March 93)

Genzine - Alex Heatley, PO Box 11-708, Manners St, Wellington, New Zealand. Subscriptions: \$NZ 5/4 issues, \$NZ 10/10 issues. Overseas by arrangement and double in local currency (10 issues US = 2x10 = \$US 20).

Phoenixzine #36 (July 92), #42-46 (Jan-May 93), #49 (August 93)

Clubzine - The Phoenix SF Society Newsletter, PO Box 11-559, Manners St, Wellington, New Zealand. To Members, some Trades.

Pink #13 (Nov 92)

Perzine - Karen Pender-Gunn, PO Box 567, Blackburn, Vic, 3131. Available for 'The Usual' and editorial whim.

Robots & Roadrunners Vol. 8 No. 1 (March 93)

Clubzine - Ursa Major, PO Box 691448, San Antonio, TX, 78269-1448, USA. \$US 1.50 single issue or 'The Usual'.

Science Fiction #33-34 (1992 - February 93)

Review zine - Van Ikin, Department of English, The University of Western Australia, Nedlands, WA 6009. Subscriptions: Australia \$A 16/4 issues, Overseas: \$A 24/4 4 issues (\$A 36 airmail).

Science Fiction Chronicle Jan-August 93

Newszine - Andrew I Porter, PO Box 2730, Brooklyn, NY, 11202-0056, USA. Subscriptions: USA: 1 year \$US 30, \$US 36 First Class; 2 years \$US 57, \$US 69 (FC); Lifetime \$US 300, \$US 360 (FC). Australia: 1 year \$A 54, 2 years \$A 99, Hexagon Press, Box 337, Blacktown, NSW, 2148. Canada: 1 year \$C 42, 2 years \$C 79, Andrew Porter. Germany: 1 year DM 69, 2 years DM 133, Waldemar Kummig, Engadiner Str. 24, D-8000 Muenchen 71, postgiroamt Munich 1478 14-802. UK: 1 year £25, 2 years £47, Algol Press, C/- Ethel Lindsay, 69 Barry Rd, Carnoustie Angus, DD7 7QQ. Other: 1 year \$US 41, 2 years \$US 79, Lifetime \$US 410, airmail, Andrew Porter.

Shards of Babel December 92, #40 (March 93)

Newszine - Roelof Goudriaan, Caan van Necklaan 63, 2281 BB Rijswijk ZH, the Netherlands. Subscription: \$US 20, £10, DM 30, NLG 32 for 8 issues.

Shoggoth #2 (April 93)

Lovecraftian fiction zine - Chris A Masters. PO Box 7545, St Kilda Rd, Melbourne, Vic, 3004, Australia. Single copy: \$A 5, overseas \$A 10 (air), \$A 8 (surface). Cheques/money orders payable to Chris Anagnostopoulos.

Space-Time Continuum vol. 2 #2-3 (March-June 93)

Newszine - Edited by Bjo Trimble, bimonthly. 2059 Fir Springs Drive, Kingwood, TX, 77339-1701, USA. Subscriptions: \$US 8/6 issues USA Bulk Rate, \$US 10/6 issues USA First Class, \$US 12.50/6 issues Canada Air Printed matter, \$US 18/6 issues UK/Europe Air Printed Matter, \$US20/6 issues Pacific rim (NZ, Australia, Japan, Orient).

Stet #7 (Dec 92)

Genzine - Leah & Dick Smith, 410 West Willow Rd, Prospect heights, IL 60070-1250 USA. Available: \$US 2 per issue or 'The Usual'.

Steve & Martin's Excellent Fanzine #4 (March 93)

Perszine/Artzine - Steve Scholz and Martin Reilly
21 Stanlake Ave, St Mary's, South Australia, 5042.
Possibly available for trade or editorial whim.

Sticky Quarters #21 (December 92)

Perzine - Edited by Brian Earl Brown. 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224 USA. Available for \$US 1 or editorial whim.

Synoptic Autumn-Winter 1993 (Included with Phoenixzine)
Catalog - Quiksilver Books Ltd, PO Box 24-088, Manners Street, Wellington, New Zealand. Book catalog and order form.

THREADS Newsletter #22-25 (January-July/August 1993)

Clubzine - The Handcraft and Design Society. PO Box 257, West Brunswick, Vic, 3055. Available to Members and arranged Trade.

Timbre #7 (July 93)

Perzine - Edited by Tim Jones. 20 Gillespie Street, Dunedin, New Zealand. Available for trade, LoC, artwork, polite request or \$2.

Trapdoor #12 (March 93)

Genzine - edited by Robert Lichtman. PO Box 30, Glen Ellen, CA 95442 USA. Available for 'The Usual', whim or \$US 4 per issue.

Vapourware #1 (June 93)

Perzine - Edited by Greg Hills, irregular. PO Box 428, Richmond, Victoria, 3121. Write and ask for availability.

Warp #88-90 (Dec 92/Jan 93-April/May 93)

Clubzine - National Association for SF. PO Box 5516, Dunedin, New Zealand. Available to NASF Members and for arranged Trade.

Weber Woman's Wrevenge #44 (May 93)

Perzine - Edited by Jean Weber. 7 Nicoll Avenue, Ryde, NSW, 2112 Available for LoCs, contributions, arranged trades, interesting clippings. Personal response preferred.

The Whole Fanzine Catalog #30 (January 93)

Reviewzine - Edited by Brian Earl Brown. 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit, MI 48224 USA. Available for \$US 1 or trade.

Zugzwang #1 (June 93)

Perzine - Edited by Kim Huett, PO Box 679, Woden, ACT, 2606. Available through SAPS, editorial whim or for 'The Usual'

Also received: **Dudcon II PR#1** (August 93)

Social Calendar

10 September 1993	MSFC	Stone soup: bring a vegetable. 7.30 pm, 74 Melville Rd, West Brunswick.
17 September	MSFC	Film night.
24 September	MSFC	Baby photo night.
8 October	MSFC	AGM and elections
24 October	Austrek	Car Rally
12 February 1994	Threads	St Valentine's Day Ball, 'Romance at the Final Frontier', \$35 Mail: PO Box 257, Brunswick West, 3055.

The **Melbourne Horror Society** now meets monthly at 7.30 pm on the first Friday of every month at the Pancake Parlour, Market Lane, Melbourne. For more information contact Chris Masters (03) 509 5366.

The **Phoenix SF Society** meets in Wellington, New Zealand, at 7.30 pm on the second wednesday of every month in the Hotel St George, cnr Willis and Boulcott Street. Their current program for 1993 is:

8 September	Board Games	10 November	Literary Panel
13 October	Tag Wrestling	8 December	Quiz / Christmas Party

Critical Mass usually meet to discuss SF and debate first Wednesday of each month, from 8 pm at SA Writers' Centre, 242 Pirie Street, Adelaide, with dinner beforehand at East End Coffee House.

The **SF Modellers Club** meets in Auckland at 869 New North Road, Mt Albert.

Enquiries to Felicity Scoones (President) Ph: 630 4757. Meetings at 7.30 pm, usually on a Wednesday.

8	September	Comics	6	November	Guy Fawkes party
25	September	Paintball	10	November	Animation and computers
13	October	Panel on literary SF	8	December	AGM
23-25	October	RPG on the bridge set	11-12	December	Christmas party and camp

The **Nova Mob** meets the first Wednesday of each month at 6 pm for a meal at Erawan Restaurant, 205 Swan Street, Richmond (Victoria) and further discussion later. So far proposed meetings for 1993 are:

6 October	Paul Kidd (?)	
3 November	Lucy Sussex	Making Things Difficult for Yourself
1 December	Saturday 1pm	End of year break-up. Smorgasbord yum-cha. Lotus Inn, 26 Market Lane, BYO phone (03) 662 3059

The **Dandenong Valley SF & Futurist Society** meet at 7.30 pm, Dandenong Library Conference Room.

September 21	Games Night (to be confirmed)	November 16	Does SF contribute to violence in our society ?
October 19	SF Short Story Anthologies	December 21	Christmas portrayed in SF (Party)

1993 CONVENTIONS

CONFRANCISCO (1993 WorldCon) 2—6 September

Moscone Convention Centre **GoHs** Larry Niven, Tom Digby, Alicia Austin, Wombat (jan howard finder) **Toastmaster** Guy Gavriel Kay **Dead GoH** Mark Twain **Rates** \$US 125. \$US 25 Sup, Age 0-8 free with guardian, Unattended Child 7—12 at 1-9-93 \$US 30. At the door: \$US 145 **Mail** 712 Bancroft Rd, Suite 1993, Walnut Creek, CA 94598, USA. Internet: confrancisco@tgv.com. Australian agent: Stephen Boucher, GPO Box 580D, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001. Phone (03) 280 0111

SYNCON 93 17-19 September

Relaxacon, minimal programming. Ivy Tudor Motor Inn, Bowral, NSW. **Rates** Adult - \$20, Children 4-12 accompanied by adult - \$5, Children under 4 - free. **Room rates** Older rooms \$70 Friday, \$75 Saturday. Newer rooms \$85/night. Twin share only. Extra person \$10. Buffet breakfast \$12/person. **Mail** GPO Box 429, Sydney, NSW, 2001 Phone (02) 798 8001

Trexpo '93 26 September

Mount Waverley Community Centre, 47 Miller Crescent, Mount Waverley, Victoria. **Rates** Adults \$10 (to 4-9), \$12 (after); Concession \$8 (to 4-9), \$10 (after); children under 8 (with adults) free. **Starts** 10 am. Seminars - Make up, costuming, sound trax. New Starfleet exam. Hucksters room. Cheap eats (free tea and coffee). **Mail** PO Box 250, Gembrook, Vic, 3783 Phone 018 170 999

ANZAPACON II 2-3 October

Relaxacon, Prahran, Melbourne. Celebration and collation of ANZAPA's 25th Anniversary Mailing. Open to present and past members of ANZAPA. **Rates** \$15 **Mail** GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, 3001

CUPCON 29-31 October

Elizabethan Lodge Motor Inn, Blackburn North, Melbourne **GoHs** David Gerrold, Lewis Morely, Marilyn Pride, Nick Stathopoulos, Dr Michael Georgeff **Features** Costume Parade, Auction, Pool Party **Charities** Wildlife Care Network, EPIC Association **Rates** Rates increase in September, and at the door: Adult \$A 120, Student \$A 90, Unemployed \$A 90, 5-15yr \$A 60, pre-school child free **Room rates** 1,2 or 3 people: \$125 per night. 4 people: \$150 per night. Limited room numbers **Hucksters** Per day: fan \$A 25, pro \$A 35; For Sat/Sun: fan \$A 40, pro \$A 55; Sat/Sun plus membership: fan \$A 100, pro \$A 115 **Mail** GPO Box 476D, Melbourne, Victoria, 3001 **Phone** (03) 314 8721 or (03) 689 7619.

CIRCULATION 6 December. Canberra SF Society relaxacon.

Capricon '93 10-12 December

Gaming Con. Monash University. **Features** AD&D, Aliens, Ars Magica, Call of Cthulhu, Cyberpunk, Elric, Runequest, Space 1889, Trauma, Traveller New Era, Warhammer. **Fees** Registration \$5, all sessions \$2 each. **Mail** C/- Monash University Role Players, Union Building, Monash University, Clayton, Vic. 3168. **Phone** Information from Dave on (03) 509 9516 or (03) 543 1741

1994 CONVENTIONS

CONSTANTINOPLE (1994 Australian Natcon/Australasian Media Natcon) 1-4 April

Southern Cross Hotel, Melbourne **GoHs** William Gibson, Colin Baker (to be confirmed), Bruce Gillespie, Bean & Medge, Narrelle Harris (non-attending) **Features** Art Show, Masquerade, Film Preview, National Awards, Panels, Dessert Banquet. **Membership** \$A 90, sup. \$A 20, voting \$A 5. At 1-4-94 Child aged 5-12 \$A 40, under 5 free **Charities** Cat Protection Society of Victoria, Royal Melbourne Zoo **Mail** PO Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005

INTERACT (SF Media Convention) 23-25 April

National Convention Centre. Contact: GPO Box 2080, Canberra, ACT, 2601

SILICON (1994 New Zealand National) 3-6 June

Bentley's Hotel (ex Alglen), Dunedin. **GoHs** Barbara Hambly, Tom Cardy **Membership** \$NZ 40, \$NZ 10 sup. **T-Shirt** \$NZ 30 **Mail** PO Box 333, Dunedin, New Zealand

SWANCON 19 June (No details available)

CONFUSION 15-17 July

Perth Media Con. **Mail** PO Box 190, Mt Lawley, WA, 6050

CONADIAN (1994 Worldcon) 1-5 September

Winnipeg Convention Centre **GoHs** Anne McCaffrey, George Barr, Barry B Longyear, Robert Runte **Mail** PO Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB, Canada R3C 4A7 **Fax** 204-942-3427



Edited by

Merv Binns
PO Box 491, Elsternwick,
Victoria 3185

Alan Stewart
PO Box 222, World Trade Centre
Melbourne, Victoria 3005

For only the second time in about eight years I caught up with my old friend **Paul Stevens**, Space Age employee, fanzine editor, convention organiser and general lay about among other things, who is now employed in the book department in Myers, Perth. He stayed with me for a few days, we had a few old friends over and we called on **George Turner**, who is recovering from a stroke which he suffered a few months back. George is okay, apart from losing the use of his right arm but is leaving Melbourne and is going to stay near friends in Ballarat in country Victoria. His next book, The Genetic General, has not been scheduled by Morrow yet, but following the great reception of The Destiny Makers I am sure they are expecting big things and they are talking about reprinting all of George's earlier SF books. He was disappointed about not being able to make his planned trip to the US to attend Readercon.

My interest in SF has been paralleled as long as I can remember by the movies. My first taste of SF was the *Buck Rogers* comic strip in New Idea and I can remember seeing such Disney classics as *Pinocchio* and *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* with my mother when they were first screened. Saturday afternoons at the Circle Theatre Preston, amongst a throng of yelling and cheering kids, especially when the serials were on, is a happy memory. But I never got to see *Flash Gordon* till many years later, and that's another story. One of the most annoying aspects of SF fandom has been the parochialism of many SF "readers" who considered the cinema as something for the birds.

To my greatest pleasure I have seen a marriage of literary and cinema SF fandom over the years, which was always a part of the Melbourne SF Club. The earliest memories I have of the MSFC's connection with the movies was a preview about a dozen members went to of *Forbidden Planet* at the Metro Malvern theatre. *2001: A Space Odyssey* was a night to remember also. I came out of the theatre walking on air and went back with many of the same MSFC members a week later and still came out trying to figure out what the end was all about. Tonight we are off to see *Jurassic Park*, the ultimate in movie magic they tell me, but I will tell you what I think later. The

SF cinema of the 1950s, apart from *Forbidden Planet*, was pretty terrible, I must agree. Some of the new blockbusters leave a lot to be desired but the special effects, as always, tend to make up for the poor stories a little. Even when they have a good story to start with the movie makers manage to screw it up. One of the great 50s movies was *The Day the Earth Stood Still*. It would have to be on TV tonight when I am going to see the dinosaurs.

One of the dozen members who attended *Forbidden Planet* I believe was **Damien Broderick**. He has since become an SF writer and critic of merit. His most recent effort being The Sea's Farthest End from Aphelion publishers. Damien will be one of the speakers at the Melbourne Writer's Festival from September 7th to 16th. He will be on a panel with **Colin Wilson** and others at 10 am on September 12th in the Merlyn Theatre. For more information you can contact the festival on (03) 686 1063. Aphelion's next publication will be Twilight Beach, another Rynosseros offering from Terry Dowling

SF fandom is alive and well in Tasmania. That's the little bit down at the bottom of the Australian continent, for overseas readers' information. Well known fan and convention organiser **Robin Johnson** was born and now lives there and he and friends are organising the National Australian SF Convention to be held in Hobart in 1995. Robin and his wife Alicia have been travelling around the world attending World Conventions and such and I just had a postcard from them in Russia. Tassie has been the home of some very active fans over the years, though there have not been very many of them. One of the most active has been **Mike O'Brien** as his correspondents and fanzine recipients will agree. We must mention **Don Tuck**, whose work on the Encyclopedia of SF&F won him a Hugo, lived in Tasmania for years but is now residing at country Lilydale, close to Melbourne.

With the bid for the Olympic Games coming up later this month and Sydney a good chance to win the bid, I wonder if Sydney fans will hold another Olympicon. That was the first Melbourne SF convention in 1956. Our Guest of Honor was Queenslander **Frank Bryning** who had numerous stories published in the

1950s in the American pulps and limited local market. Non-sf publications as well as SF. Frank is still going strong up in the northern state, but doesn't do much writing these days. The GoH of the second Melbourne SF Con in 1958 was **Eric North** (B C Cronin) whose best known work was The Ant Men. There was a big break in Australia before we had any more conventions and I am scratching my head as to who were the GoHs of the early cons in Melbourne. **Lee Harding** of course was one. Lee seems to have given up his writing, after winning the Children's Book Award with Displaced Person and having a number of other novels published and editing such items as Beyond Tomorrow the collection celebrating Aussiecon I, the World SF Con held in Melbourne in 1975. **Ron Smith** was another GoH of a Melbourne Con. Ron was an expatriate American writer and publisher who endeavoured to publish SF in Australia among other things. Ron won the Hugo for his fanzine Insides in the US in 1956. We lost Ron to cancer in the mid 80s. From then on most of our GoHs at major cons have been overseas residents. Many fans considered that we should have been honoring our own talent and we did with **George Turner**, **Wynne Whiteford** and **A Bertram Chandler** who migrated from England in the early 1960s, but it was the overseas authors who drew the crowds to the cons and I will tell you who we met in the 70s and 80s in future columns.

Millenium Books will publish the British editions of the novels from the new TV series *Seaquest*. The first one is by Diane Duane and her husband Peter Morwood. Mathew Costello and David Bischoff will write further books in the series. Duane has also sold a new ST:TNG novel to Pocket, Dark Mirror. Constantinople '94 GoH **William Gibson** was scheduled to read from his new novel Virtual Light as an opening act for a concert in New York's Central Park given by musician John Cale early in July. He was then scheduled to go on a long book signing tour for the new book through August and early September. Viking Penguin will publish the book in the UK in September. The local release date is September 13. The story is set in the states of North and South California during the next century when an ever widening gap in society between the haves and the have-nots is matched by widening gaps in the Earth's crust.

Marion Zimmer Bradley recently celebrated the fifth anniversary of the publication of her magazine Marion Zimmer Bradley's Fantasy Magazine, also her 63rd birthday, at Baycon, held in San Jose California. She has completed a sort of prequel to The Mists of Avalon titled The Forest House to be published by Viking in 1994.

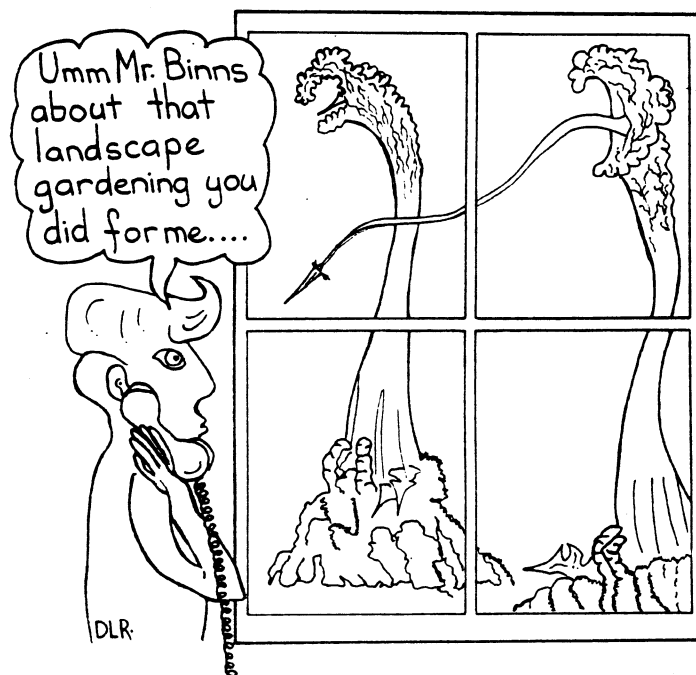
A blurb for **George Turner's** novel The Destiny Makers from Avonova sums up what American reviewers have been saying about his writing, "With

Brainchild. Turner joins a handful of writers - names like Stanislaw Lem and J G Ballard spring to mind - whose works transcend national and genre boundaries." - Gerald Jonas, The New York Times Book Review. We have a genuine national treasure in our midst.

At my age I guess I am entitled to start feeling a bit nostalgic about the time I have lived in and grown up in as a science fiction fan, especially when I read the memoriums in Locus of people like Lester del Rey and Avram Davidson. And see a photo taken in 1950 at Hydracon, two years before I found SF fandom, with Del Rey, Evelyn Harrison (Del Rey), Harry Harrison, Isaac Asimov, Judith Merrill, Federik Pohl, Poul Anderson, L Sprague de Camp and Schuyler Miller. Those who I had the pleasure of meeting or seeing at conventions, looking a lot younger than when I saw them.

Next morning thoughts on *Jurassic Park*: Visually the film is great, and the feelings we share with the palaeontologists when they see the things they've been digging up for years actually alive is worth the price of admission alone. The special effects, the dinosaurs, are beyond description, and any term such as fantastic or fabulous does not do them justice. The story, or the script I guess, left a lot unclear, but who cares! It was great.

Merv B



Local Releases

hc = hard cover

tpb = trade paperback (C format)

pb = paperback (mass market, B format)

August 1993

<i>The Galaxy Game</i>	Phil James	Millenium	hc (tpb)	\$32.95 (\$17.95)
<i>Bizarre Moments in Science</i>	Karl Kruszelnicki	Allen & Unwin	pb	\$16.95
<i>Red Dwarf: Primordial Soup</i>	Grant Naylor	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Secret Sharer</i>	Robert Silverberg	Grafton	tpb	\$14.95
<i>Shadowrun: Striper Assassin</i>	Nyx Smith	Roc	pb	\$10.95
<i>The Curse of the Mistwraith</i>	Janny Wurts	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00

September 1993

<i>Lucky Starr Book 2</i>	Isaac Asimov	Bantam	pb	\$10.95
<i>Straight on Till Morning</i>	Robin Bailey	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>A Million Open Doors</i>	John Barnes	Millenium	tpb	\$19.95
<i>The Winged Man</i>	M Caldecott	Headline	hc (pb)	\$39.95 (\$14.95)
<i>The Count of Eleven</i>	Ramsey Campbell	McPhee	pb	\$12.95
<i>Midnight Sun</i>	Ramsey Campbell	Orbit	pb	\$12.95
<i>Walking Nightmares</i>	Ramsey Campbell	McPhee	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Lotus and the Rose</i>	Scott Ciencin	Warner	pb	\$10.95
<i>The Deceiver</i>	Louise Cooper	Grafton	pb	\$11.95
<i>The Man In the High Castle</i>	Phillip K Dick	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Dr Who 37: Keeper of Traken</i>	Terrance Dicks	Target	pb	\$ 6.95
<i>Dr Who 65: Time Warrior</i>	Terrance Dicks	Target	pb	\$ 6.95
<i>Red Orc's Rage</i>	Philip Jose Farmer	Grafton	pb	\$11.95
<i>New Worlds 3</i>	David Garnett (ed)	Gollancz	pb	\$12.95
<i>Genius: Feynman and Physics</i>	James Gleick	Abacus	tpb	\$16.95
<i>Virtual Light</i>	William Gibson	Viking	tpb	\$19.95
<i>Asterix the Adventurer</i>	Gosciny & Uderzo	Hodder	hc (tpb)	\$14.95 (\$9.95)
<i>Shadow of the Skin</i>	K Guilfoyle	Headline	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Puppet Masters</i>	Robert Heinlein	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>Space Cadet</i>	Robert Heinlein	NEL	pb	\$11.95
<i>Starship Troopers</i>	Robert Heinlein	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>A Time For War</i>	Katherine Kerr	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00
<i>Nightmares & Dreamscapes</i>	Stephen King	Hodder	hc (Deluxe)	\$34.95 (\$100)
<i>Dr Who New: Lucifer Rising</i>	Lane & Mortimer	Hodder	pb	\$10.95
<i>Alarums</i>	Richard Laymon	Headline	hc	\$24.95
<i>The Earthsea Quartet</i>	Ursula LeGuin	Penguin	tpb	\$17.95
<i>Mortal Engines</i>	Stanislaw Lem	Gollancz	hc	\$38.95
<i>Crisis on Doona</i>	McCaffrey & Nye	Orbit	pb	\$13.95
<i>Dirty Work</i>	Dan McGirt	Pan	pb	\$10.95
<i>Dr Who New: White Darkness</i>	D McIntee	Hodder	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>A Canticle for Liebowitz</i>	Walter M Miller Jr	Orbit	pb	\$13.95
<i>The Winds of Limbo</i>	Michael Moorcock	Roc	pb	\$13.95
<i>9: New Nature of the Catastrophe</i>	Moorcock & Others	Millenium	tpb	\$24.95
<i>The Immaculate</i>	Mark Morris	Corgi	pb	\$12.95
<i>A Gift from Earth</i>	Larry Niven	Orbit	pb	\$11.95
<i>The Suburban Book of the Dead</i>	Robert Rankin	Corgi	pb	\$11.95
<i>The Book of Ultimate Truths</i>	Robert Rankin	Doubleday	hc	\$32.95
<i>The Positronic Man</i>	Silverberg & Asimov	Pan	pb	\$10.95
<i>Superman: Doomsday & Beyond</i>	Louise Simonson	Bantam UK	tpb	\$ 5.95
<i>Death & Life of Superman</i>	Roger Stern	Bantam UK	hc	\$26.95
<i>Nine Gods of Saffadne</i>	Anthony Swithin	Fontana	pb	\$10.95
<i>The Last Action Hero</i>	Robert Tine	McPhee	pb	\$11.95

<i>A Taste of Blood Wine</i>	Freda Warrington	Pan	pb	\$11.95
<i>Sorrow's Light</i>	Freda Warrington	Pan	tpb	\$19.95
<i>The Stones of Muncaster Cathedral</i>	Robert Westall	Penguin	pb	\$ 8.95
<i>The Broken God</i>	Paul Zindell	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00

October 1993

<i>A Tupelov Too Far</i>	Brian Aldiss	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00
<i>Isaac Asimov's Caliban</i>	Roger MacBride Allen	Millenium	tpb	\$19.95
<i>Battletech 11: Blood of Heroes</i>	Keith Andrew	Roc	pb	\$11.95
<i>Lucky Starr 3</i>	Isaac Asimov	Bantam	pb	\$10.95
<i>Catwoman</i>	Asprin & Abbey	Millenium	pb	\$10.95
<i>Complicity</i>	Iain Banks	Little Brown	hc	\$29.95
<i>Anti-Ice</i>	Stephen Baxter	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00
<i>Dr Who New: Shadowmind</i>	C Buls	Hodder	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>Sign for the Sacred</i>	Storm Constantine	Headline	pb	\$14.95
<i>Driftglass/Star Shards</i>	Samuel Delany	Harper Collins	pb	\$11.95
<i>Chronicles of Thomas Covenant</i>	Stephen Donaldson	Harper Collins	tpb	\$24.95
<i>Strange Dreams</i>	Stephen Donaldson (ed)	Harper Collins	tpb	\$19.95
<i>A Wizard Abroad</i>	Diane Duane	Corgi	pb	\$ 6.95
<i>New Stories From the Twilight Zone</i>	M Greenberg (ed)	McPhee	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Wizard of Camelot</i>	Simon Hawke	Warner	pb	\$10.95
<i>The Lightless Dome</i>	Douglas Hill	Pan	tpb	\$19.95
<i>Happy To Be Here</i>	Garrison Keilor	Faber	pb	\$12.95
<i>Out Are the Lights</i>	Richard Laymon	Headline	pb	\$14.95
<i>Vampire World 2: The Last Aerie</i>	Brian Lumley	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Powers That Be</i>	McCaffrey & Scarborough	Bantam Press	hc	\$29.95
<i>Red Dust</i>	Paul J McAuley	Gollancz	hc	\$32.95
<i>The Brothel in Rosenstrasse</i>	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb	\$15.95
<i>10: Prince With the Silver Hand</i>	Michael Moorcock	Millenium	hc (tpb)	\$39.95 (\$24.95)
<i>Dr Who 154: Power of the Daleks</i>	J Peel	Hodder	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>The Stress of Her Regard</i>	Tim Powers	Harper Collins	pb	\$11.95
<i>Future Earths</i>	Resnick & Dozois (eds)	Daw	pb	\$11.95
<i>Guardian</i>	John Saul	Bantam Press	hc	\$34.95
<i>The Ends of the Earth</i>	Lucius Shepard	Millenium	tpb	\$19.95
<i>The Golden</i>	Lucius Shepard	Millenium	hc	\$34.95
<i>Dragonlords</i>	Tony Shillitoe	Pan	pb	\$12.95
<i>Beauty</i>	Sheri S Tepper	Harper Collins	pb	\$12.95
<i>Poems (mini x 3, slip case)</i>	J R R Tolkien	Harper Collins	pb	\$17.95
<i>Steel Beach</i>	John Varley	Harper Collins	tpb	\$22.95
<i>Catspaw</i>	Joan D Vinge	Pan	pb	\$11.95
<i>A Fire Upon the Deep</i>	Vernor Vinge	Millenium	pb	\$14.95
<i>Across Realtime</i>	Vernor Vinge	Millenium	tpb	\$19.95
<i>Star Guardians 4: Ghost Legion</i>	Margaret Weis	Bantam	pb	\$11.95
<i>Chung Kuo 4: The Stone Within</i>	David Wingrove	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>Nightside: The Long Sun</i>	Gene Wolfe	NEL	hc	\$39.95

Reviews

LynC

Wheel of Stars by Andre Norton

Tor (Pan) pb June 1993 318 pages \$A 9.95
ISBN 0-812-51678-8

Very typical of everything Andre Norton has produced over the past twenty years. Nothing original or unusual occurs, and most events are thoroughly telegraphed to any avid Norton fan. Not recommended for older Norton readers.

Damien Broderick

The Hammer of God by Arthur C Clarke

Gollancz hc July 1993 205 pages \$A 34.95
ISBN 0-575-05616-9

Isaac Asimov's Caliban by Roger MacBride Allen

Millenium tpb 1993 312 pages \$A 19.95
ISBN 1-85798-136-7

In the revised Clute/Nicholls Encyclopedia of Science Fiction, elaborate distinctions define a fairly new practice in SF: writers parasitising other writer's ecological niches. Terms needed to anatomise this activity include Sharecropping (where the new works are done on a for-hire basis, forfeiting copyright), Shared Worlds (like *Star Trek*, where an initiator invites other writers to play in an original and circumscribed fictional setting), Ties (in which new works spin off from old, sometimes in different media, as in movie 'novelisations'), Open and Closed Universes.

In a way, this has always been a disguised tendency in magazine or commodity SF, perhaps because there are only so many Large Themes and someone had to get there first. 'Doc' Smith devised the hierarchical galactic history, Asimov bureaucratized it on a Roman model, Poul Anderson did the Kipling version, Pournelle ran a sort of conservative American pie variety, while Heinlein came back in his dotage and turned it into anarchists' heaven. None of these texts was strictly a shared world or tie, but they compromise a background of canonical assumptions, a kind of common grammar, that we all tend to play in these days. The same sort of genealogy might be discerned for time travel tales, and robot stories (very much restricted by Asimov's Three Laws, and then burst open by Clarke's HAL).

In this sense, the usual pejorative flavor of 'sharecropping' (or, let's say, 'schlockcrapping') is unwarranted. I'd argue that the slow emergence of a sheaf of common assumptions and tactics - what I call a **megatext** - is crucial to the success of SF as a mode or genre. And once we grant this truth, acknowledging that not every new book or movie needs to be utterly different from its predecessors (or even could be), it's possible to see the attraction of visiting the landscapes first sketched by the masters, carrying their vision outward beyond the frame - even if that means, on occasion, deconstructing both the frame and the portrait. The impulse, in short, need not be low or mercenary. In some ways it stems from the very core of art (and indeed science) as a historical practice.

If you detect a bee in my bonnet, it's because I have tried three times to Tie myself in to another writer's World. Each time I was knocked back, and I'm sort of glad, because sharecropping is now undoubtedly on the nose, a synonym for lazy and careless hackwork. Even the most promising examples based on Arthur Clarke's ideas make your hair stand on end - Gentry Lee's clumsy blockbuster Rama efforts, Benford's amazingly botched patch-on to Against the Fall of Night (where the moon, destroyed by Clarke in a crucial plot turn, pops back up in Benford as if he'd never noticed its absence), Paul Preuss's rather labored Venus Prime sequence. I haven't dared look at the Asimov Robot City spin-offs, but his own desperately flabby additions to his kludged-together corpus proved that even when the Worlds you're Sharing are your own you can still bugger it up.

Oh yes, if anyone's interested: the Worlds I tried to muscle in on were (1) the Foundation universe (in the late 1970s Asimov told me, in effect, that no one would **ever** get into his worlds...and now there's hardly anyone who hasn't been there, except, of course, me), (2) Clarke's The City and the Stars (but Benford beat me to it, and then screwed the pooch), and (3) another Clarke venue, *Rescue Party* (no answer, so I finally gave up).

One shining exception to the schlock rule was Orson Scott Card's 1989 novella *The Originist*, perhaps the best Foundation story ever written. Card loved his work, and he tells us he poured as much effort into it as he'd expend on a whole book. Another happily, is Allen's Caliban - or, as the title page makes clear, Allen's Isaac Asimov's Caliban, which is how it's copyrighted by Byron Priess Visual Publications, Inc. This is usually the stigmata of crass work-for-hire but plainly Allen has soaked himself, as it were, in the Master's ebbing lifeblood. There are grounds for saying that Caliban is the most searching Robot story ever written.

Allen manages to capture Asimov's voice with some fidelity. Sheriff Alvar Kresh is a plausible Elijah Baley substitute, and if his robot sidekick Donald-111 sounds more like Lt. Commander Data than R. Daneel, this just shows us how thoroughly Asimov's calm voice has permeated our stereotype of the rational, rule-bound robot. The storyline has a crime and plenty of suspects, though I knew who must have Done It within the first 20 pages. The book is impressive, however, for what the jacket copy calls its 'searing examination of Asimov's Three laws of Robotics, a challenge welcomed and sanctioned by Isaac Asimov'. Philosophers and cognitive scientists have mused for the past half century about whether the Three Laws were self-evident or completely unworkable. Recent work in AI suggests we make judgements on the basis of many thousands of small, often inconsistent rules

that compete for air-time, their relative importance or 'weighting' affected in turn by the semiotically coded frames or schematics we use to 'read' the situations we happen to be in. This is so utterly unlike any Three Law model that it's long been hard to take Asimov's robots seriously. Allen's splendid achievement is to make the creaking old things stand on their clumping great feet even as his up-to-date analysis cuts them off at the knees.

The tragedy, from my point of view as a crusty pedant, is that he stuffs up a crucial datum that gives the game away. Avert your eyes, innocent reader, if you wish to discover the perp at your own speed. Caliban is a robot who, we learn very early, has highly unorthodox laws, if any at all. 'He' (but most robots have no sex, and hence presumably no gender) has been designed by the victim, robopsychologist Fredda Leving, as have other classy robots soon introduced: Donald 'himself', and Ariel. All the names, it's explained, derive from Shakespeare. So it's deeply shocking to find that Ariel is referred throughout as 'she'. Like robots, the primeval spirit of Prospero's island has no sex, but he sure as shit has a gender. I wonder if this was just pig ignorance on Allen's part, which seemed unlikely in such a canny fella, but the predicted payoff for this verbal sleight comes on p. 302. It was as infuriating as learning that Marilyn Monroe shot JFK because she was his disowned brother.

Of course, you can be too much of a smart-arse. It struck me right away, totally irrelevantly, that 'Alvar Kresh' is a sort of anagram of 'Isaac Asimov', if you shift some letters forward using the well-known HAL = IBM algorithm, plus a cognate tweak for one vowel. This probably confirms Peter Nicholls' belief that I am a hopeless paranoid, and anyway Clarke tells us that the HAL thing had a different source entirely.

The source of Clarke's The Hammer of God seems obvious enough, a version of sharecropping the Zeitgeist. Lucifer's Hammer, right, and all those other hammeroids - Shiva Descending (or is that a testeoid?), Meteor, John Baxter's The Hermes Fall, all those malign incomers. Well, yes and no. Actually it's about the SPACEGUARD Project, which Watches the Sky and tries to avert dinosaur-killers using moth-balled nukes or in this case a slurry of frozen hydrogen. Now the striking thing is that Spaceguard actually exists, at least as a NASA Survey, and it's named after the Project from Clarke's own first Rama novel back in 1973, before they knew about big rocks and the iridium-rich K-T boundary and soot-sneezing dinos. What an old smarty-pants.

Like all Clarke's fiction since, say, The Fountains of Paradise (which introduced the spacehook), this is not so much a novel as a sketch for one. In his customary

annotated afterword, Clarke tells us that it started as an invited short story for Time about 'life on earth in the next millenium'. This is ground oft trod by Clarke's sandals; in some ways it's his life's work, preparing us for the good news and the bad. A while later, though, he 'accepted the fact that Hammer was really a compressed novel - and that I had no alternative but to decompress it'.

Well, sadly, as it stands it is insufficiently oxygenated to breathe freely with the life of a true novel. Nor is it a film script, like The Songs of Distant Earth. It's a... diorama, I guess, a sort of tableaux, illustrating a handful of useful themes: every 20 or 30 million years something awful falls on us, so there's not a moment to spare; religious fundamentalists do vile things in the name of doctrine; virtual reality will be both fun and poignant; even Sikhs will shave their heads in the future; space crews fuck a lot when they're about to perish, but not as much as they eat a lot; pets break your heart when they die (I can attest to that one). All of these things are true, and Clarke's special facility is to render them in scenes that will not offend readers of Time magazine or Reader's Digest.

I'm not being swinish here. I think it is as much a deliberate choice on his part, a strategy of penetration, a way to convey SF vistas without losing his huge target audience by demeaning their adult sensibilities with the standard half-wit adolescent tropes of, hey, excellent adventures in space&time. But he does lose something crucial along with the dross: his old Stapeldonian wonder, maybe, and any rich sense of a different, a disjunct future. Still, who knows - instead of the delicate and sensitive allographic novel anyone else might have written, maybe with this one he's just saved the world for our children.

Alan Stewart

A Wizard in Absentia by Christopher Stasheff

Ace pb March 1993 263 pages \$US 4.99
ISBN 0-441-51569-X

This latest book in the 'Warlock' series, number 13 or 14 depending on how you count rewrites, breaks away from Gramarye and follows Magnus Gallowglass as he visits relatives in the home solar system. Initially in a ship piloted by Fess, his father's robo-horse brain, Magnus hopes for adventure and intrigue. The family robot business, inheritance problems and the very SCENT organisation which has already influenced his family provide the excitement he craves.

This novel moves away from the magic referents of earlier volumes, but retains their psychic powers. Still not regaining the initial freshness and novelty of the initial Warlock In Spite of Himself, this excursion to

other planets attempts to rejuvenate a tired series and may be a sign of improvement. Recommended for Stasheff fans, but probably a bit bewildering if you've missed the preceding background establishment.

Alan Stewart

Guardian by John Saul

Bantam Press hc October 1993 390 pages
\$A 34.95 ISBN 0-593-03558-5

Death comes to a couple in Idaho, leaving their son alone. Protagonist MaryAnne flies from New Jersey to assist her godson, and administer his substantial inheritance. Together with her two children, she falls in love with the farm and wilderness area her friends owned. The onset of winter and snow leads to tense situations, a killer on the loose and more deaths. It's all tidied up at the end with plenty of room for a sequel.

Guardian is a routine horror novel, with a lurking monster, blood and death. The characters are mainly names to hang archetypes on - "resourceful neighbor", "child in danger", "local law officer" - but it's the action the book is all about and there's enough to enthrall Saul fans. Regular horror fare sums up this novel. Pretty much what you'd expect if you're familiar with the genre. Nothing dazzling to intrigue or fascinate. Recommended as a travelling read, or for members of The John Saul Fan Club.

Alan Stewart

Sign for the Sacred by Storm Constantine.

Headline tpb July 1993 373 pages \$A 24.95
ISBN 0-7472-7908-X

With its religious concerns and the character groupings, Sign for the Sacred contains echoes of The Canterbury Tales. In this case the stories are told concurrently and concern adventures before the group congregates, but they are all 'pilgrims' seeking the enigmatic heretic Resenence Jeopardy. For some a further encounter, others a first meeting, and their names are as evocative as his and his enemies - Wilfish Implexion, Perpetius Sleeve, Lucian, Cleo, Delilah and Trajan. Storm Constantine, apart from intricate meaning-heavy character names, has created a layered society and world which is an anarchic mix of science and superstition.

The main story, that of Lucian, is of an individual's awakening from accepted slavery to a questioning of society. Mostly told to a precocious youngster his adventures become increasingly relevant in the context of the other ongoing tales. Eventually

everything comes to a head, but the resolution is somewhat unsatisfactory. Are some characters really split aspects of each other? Can personality projections really assume such reality and effects? Change is definitely going on, but almost *deux-ex-machina* events overwhelm conjectured possibilities of the reader.

There are interesting societal possibilities here, but perhaps the intricate stitching of the narrative tapestry captures the attention, not the overall picture. After reading I remember incidents, names, scenes but not a sense of denouement or accomplishment. Still, based on this book I will read more of Constantine's work in the future.

Jools Thatcher

Sideshow by Sheri S Tepper

Harper Collins tpb July 1993 467 pages \$A 35.00
ISBN 0-00-224184-6

What is the ultimate destiny of man? (Please include woman in this question.) 1000 years ago humankind retreated to the planet Elsewhere, the last refuge of those untouched by the Hobbs Lands Gods - a threat of unimaginable ferocity. The Hobbs Land Gods is reviled as enslaving humanity and the founders of Elsewhere have divided the planet into provinces each with their own customs, culture and law to ensure the preservation of human diversity. Ironically Elsewhere is strictly policed by a Council of Enforcers sworn to preserve this cultural diversity and the unchanging rules of the Council Supervisory. Meanwhile the founders have deposited their personalities and memories into a vast computer which informs, manages and monitors the inhabitants.

Having set the stage we meet the characters whose role it is to define the ultimate destiny of humanity: Nela and Bertram, siamese twins and sideshow performers in Mathew Mulhollan's Marvellous Circus, transported through space and time from 20th century Earth; Zasper Ertigon an ex-Council Enforcer; Danivon Luze and Fringe Owdark, both Enforcers and proteges to Zasper - Fringe a local disinherited Professional, and Danizon a foundling whom Zasper secretly rescued as a child from death, against all Enforcer rules; Jory and Asner, ghosts made flesh and their companion and friend Great Dragon.

This is a very well written and marvellous story that stands on its own. It reels you in and is totally satisfying from start to finish. The characters are bewildering and believable. Nothing is preordained and must be painfully or joyfully sought and accepted or rejected. This is a quest where the journey's end is only the beginning.

Julian Warner

Terry Frost

Casablanca by Michael Moorcock

Gollancz pb March 1993 267 pages \$A 11.95
ISBN 0-575-05445-X

Casablanca has been published by Victor Gollancz Limited under its new(ish) "VGSF" paperback imprint, I assume as a "sampler" of Moorcock's work. Four years have elapsed since the book was first brought out in hardcover but the material, being nearly all reprints, has not dated in this time. The collection is of both Moorcock's multifarious fiction and his non-fiction. Almost the full scope of his writing is covered in these pages: the Elric and Eternal Champion stories; his various Time Travellers and pers(s)ons at the End of Time; the wayward Jerry Cornelius; the more recent, more mainstream fictions; some almost-straight science fiction; and his critical writings which have appeared in many places.

This is not a "best of" and hence will not spur the unfamiliarised reader into buying all of his fifty or so novels. Instead we are presented with a broad spectrum of works which are at least representative of his skills. The fictions are all "stand-alones" which despite often using characters from his novels are all complete in themselves - the Elric and Jerry Cornelius stories for example are apocryphal to Moorcock's novels; not essential but illustrative.

However, in saying "complete", I should explain that most of the stories contain some sort of enigma which gives some of them a slightly unfinished feel. That in itself is perhaps a "feature" of Moorcock's writing. If you think you've understood everything that's going on, then you are most likely wrong. Another feature is his sense of humour - where you're not always sure whether your leg is being pulled. There is plenty here to intrigue, although some of the stories may be rather opaque to the first-time reader. In particular, "Gold-diggers of 1977" - a Jerry Cornelius (almost) meets the Sex Pistols story, will not mean much to people who didn't avidly follow the story of "Punk Rock" in the media from 1976-1978.

I like the book, but then I'm not an impartial judge. I've been reading Moorcock for some fifteen years or so and I've got very comfortable with him. There's a lot to love and hate and criticise in his work but he's always interesting. If you already know Moorcock - then you'll want this book for the otherwise hard-to-find reprints. If you haven't read him before, read this by all means but read some of his longer works as well.

The Golden by Lucius Shepard

Millenium hc October 1993 216 pages \$A 34.95
ISBN 1-85798-1103

Vampire novels are a glut on the market at the moment. From the gothic chic of Anne Rice's Lestat to the generic vampire series that fight for the jugular vein of our disposable income, we are arse deep in red-eyed bloodsuckers. It has even got to the stage that computer bulletin boards in Melbourne sometimes have special chat areas to discuss vampirism.

Vampires are like socially acceptable serial killers. People who fantasise about vampires never see themselves as the pale exsanguinated corpse in the alley. They're the winners of the Lugosi Lotto who get reborn and never have to worry about Buffy skewering them with a picket fence paling. But leaving aside the psycho-sexual aspect of leeches in dinner suits, it's pretty obvious that in some areas of publishing AB Negative is the flavor of the month.

Shepard's The Golden takes humanity out of the narrow realm of being either cattle or recruitment fodder. The titular noun refers to the Moët & Chandon of human blood - a haemoglobin hermitage toward which the vampires who have gathered in Castle Banat have been breeding human beings for three hundred years. Now we have people as premier cru. Wine for the nightstalkers.

Inside the Castle, which is large enough to generate its own weather system, every vampire is gathered for the decanting of The Golden. A recently raised vampire, Beheim is among them and it is he who, for byzantine political reasons, is sent to investigate the crime when The Golden is found slain and drained of blood.

This book calls out to be made into a film (hopefully not with Tom Cruise in it). The scope for special effects is enormous and each is carefully visualised in cinematic detail. This is the sort of book that would have the magicians at Industrial Light and Magic salivating.

Shepard doesn't take us in any obvious directions with the story of Beheim's investigation and discoveries. In Castle Banat, nothing is certain. The resolution to the murder mystery is apt and satisfying and to please the modern reader's expectations, there's scope for a sequel there. Whether Shepard gives in to that neo-shibboleth of "market forces" and writes the next part of Beheim's story or not is another matter.

Obernewtyn by Isobelle Carmody

LynC

Penguin pb May 1993 248 pages \$A 11.95
ISBN 0-14-017854-6

The Farseekers by Isobelle Carmody

Penguin pb March 1993 326 pages \$A 9.95
ISBN 0-14-034770-4

Another post holocaust novel with a strong teenage female lead by Isobelle Carmody (cf. The Scatterlings). One could almost be forgiven for believing that they were reading about the origins of the scatterlings, except that the "historical" setup differs too much.

After the holocaust small pockets of civilisation are left. These pockets, while free of major physical mutations, are absolutely paranoid about the thought of mutants of any form. Regular and rigorous witch-hunts occur looking for minor mutations, both physical and mental. In their desire for a "pure race", the society generates a large number of "misfits" and orphans. Far more orphans than can actually be looked after, so, the orphans are sent to workhouses where they are (as in Victorian days) expected to work for a living doing the most dangerous and menial tasks. The orphans are kept under control through the fear that what has happened to their supposedly mutant parents and comrades will also befall them if they cannot be certified as "pure" when they come of age.

The heroine of the story, Elspeth, learns early that she is one such mutant, in that she has predictive dreams. But she learns even earlier that this brands her a misfit, and keeps it to herself. She confides only in her brother, who is torn between his love for her, and his desire to be free of the workhouse and be certified pure. The real story begins when her brother's girlfriend becomes suspicious of Elspeth and in an effort to save herself from the taint of association confides her suspicions to the authorities. Elspeth is then sent to Obernewtyn for a "cure". Not surprisingly the cure turns out to be a hoax, and Elspeth suffers much before winning free for herself and other misfits.

In The Farseekers, Elspeth and her friends leave the safety of Obernewtyn and seek others of their kind. It is obvious from these two books that more are to follow. In book one, a major mission to protect the Earth from further contamination is hinted at. More details are presented in book two, but at its close Elspeth has yet to even set out on the mission.

The Heroine is likeable, believable, and fallibly human, as are her friends, human and non-human. The

baddies though are a little simplistic. Isobelle Carmody is quite a good writer because despite the triteness of the storyline (a problem with The Scatterlings also). I remained enthralled enough to re-read both these reprints and to look forward to the next instalment.

Lindsay Jamieson

A Sword for A Dragon by Christopher Rowley

Roc pb April 1993 480 pages \$US 5.99
ISBN 0-451-45235-6

In a necromantic ceremony a demon 'god', Sephis, is reborn. Thus begins the further adventures of the characters of Bazil Broketail. Directing the evil forces this time is a mesomaster who is on a level of power second only to that of the Dark Masters themselves. Several interesting new characters are met, such as Ton Akalon, a Cunfshon monk and soil surveyor, and Commander Porteous Glaves, a fat, arrogant officer who buys a commission as regimental commander of the 8th regiment to which the heroes are assigned. This leads to an amusing touch on page 140 where a regiment's morale is **boosted** by the fall of their commander.

The sword of the book's title is *Ecator*, named after a tomcat character in the first book. Roman tactics and weapons are the model for the Argonath infantry in this world. And just what is this world? On page 84 Sephis is referred to as a "dark **satanic** god" but this would be as a general term, not specific to Satan. On page 193 a character speaks of "this Earth", so this planet is probably called Earth in the fictitious language of the characters as rendered into English. In this Earth dragons are a normal accepted part of society, though there are only a small number of them compared to humans, and magic is rarely used and has few practitioners. Some additional proof reading is required as on pages 21, 22, 35 and 59 Bazil is spelled Brazil.

It is interesting that the spine classifies this book as Roc **science fiction**, as Bazil Broketail was labelled **fantasy** on its spine. I referred to the previous book as being semi-dark fantasy (not semi-stark as printed), as to me fully dark fantasy is Paul Edwin Zimmer's The Dark Border series. However, things could be getting darker in this series, and there are touches of it with the methods used to create many of the servants of the dark forces, and in the third volume the Dark Masters themselves will be taking an active role, foreshadowed at the end of this novel.

Overall an interesting read. A second fantasy novel by the author of several SF novels, it has a number of deft touches and probably even more assured writing than the previous fantasy novel.

Paul Ewins

8: Elric of Melniboné by Michael Moorcock

Millenium hc August 1993 548 pages \$A 39.95
ISBN 1-85798-037-9

This is the first of two volumes published by Millenium that will collect (almost) all of the Elric stories into one set. The stories contained in this volume are: Elric of Melniboné, The Fortress of the Pearl, The Sailor on the Seas of Fate, The Dreaming City, While the Gods Laugh and The Singing Citadel. The first three are novels while the others are of roughly novella length. Like much of Moorcock's work, the Elric stories also link into his "Eternal Champion" saga, a far-reaching look at various aspects of the same character. In fact, this book is number eight in a series of fourteen which will eventually collect all of the "Eternal Champion" stories. The sheer scale of the project makes the usual fantasy trilogies look just a little pale!

In this volume are contained the two pivotal stories of the Elric Saga: *Elric of Melniboné* which explains why he gave up the throne of Melniboné to wander the young kingdoms, and how he came to possess the rune-blade Stormbringer; and *The Dreaming City*, the first Elric story to be written, which covers Elric's return to Immryr with an invasion fleet, the subsequent destruction of the city, and Elric's killing of his traitorous cousin Yyrkoon and Elric's love, Cymoril. Between them these two stories give us the most insight into the tortured soul of the albino emperor of Melniboné.

Compared to some of Moorcock's other works, Jerry Cornelius for instance, the Elric stories are easy to read with a good balance of action and imagination to ensure your interest doesn't wane. Much of the strength of Moorcock's fantasy comes from the fantastic imagery conjured up by the descriptions of the places his heroes visit and the situations they find themselves in. In comparison with another giant of the Heroic Fantasy field, Robert E Howard, it could be said that Howard had multicolored heroes striding through grey landscapes while Moorcock has black and white heroes battling through a technicolor universe. This may seem a little unfair as Moorcock's characters are much more complex than this would suggest, but for me, at least, the most enjoyment comes from the chance to travel places that you couldn't even dream about.

Of all the glowing quotes that have decorated the dust jackets of books there is one on this book that I must agree with "If you are at all interested in fantastic fiction, you must read Moorcock." (Tad Williams) and if you are going to read Michael Moorcock then I can't think of a better place to start than with Elric of Melniboné.

PS. For those of you who are interested in other aspects of Michael Moorcock's career, some of the albums he collaborated on with the British band Hawkwind are now available on CD locally. *Warriors at the Edge of Time*, *Zones* and *Sonic Attack* have all been seen recently. Try Gaslight, Metal for Melbourne or Collector's Corner (in that order). I haven't seen *The Chronicle of the Black Sword* or the live version *Live Chronicles* yet but they are available on import if you want them. For vinyl versions of any of the albums you will probably have to haunt Dixon's recycled records.

Karen Pender-Gunn

Finders-Seekers by Gayle Greeno

Daw pb May 1993 506 pages \$US 5.50
ISBN 0-88677-550-7

Judging a book by its cover can sometimes be a bit of a mistake. This book had an almost unreadable title in gold lettering using a very fussy style. The front cover has a stylised picture of a lady, a large cat and a horse. The other thing that causes a shudder to run through me are the words "Book 1...". I have to say I was pleasantly surprised. I thoroughly enjoyed this book and had trouble at times putting it down until I read past the exciting bit I was reading. The book is self contained which was a blessing, now if I never get to read the sequels, it won't be too great a loss.

The blurb on the back quite accurately explains the story: An expedition is stranded on Methuen over two hundred years before. Their continued survival is largely due to the organisation of healers known as Eumedicos and to the Seekers Veritas, a group composed of Bondmates of human and ghatti - a telepathic catlike being native to the planet who bond with specific humans. These Bondmates travel from town to town settling disputes. While most people respect these seekers, someone has started killing them off and Doyce (a human woman late to being a Bondmate) and her ghatti Khar'pern set out with a selection of other characters to find out what is happening. Doyce is a sad but likeable character. In places I would have liked to grab her and give her a good shake as the character was being silly, but I suppose I had the advantage of knowing what was happening around her that she didn't know. The characters are strong and likeable. The ghatti don't seem that alien as they behave just as you would expect a cat to.

I liked this book. It was long and got a little complicated in parts, after all this is supposed to be an alien culture. It is a self contained story with the ending a little rushed to provide the basis of the sequel, but that could be ignored. Give it a read if you are a cat person.

Alan Stewart

Virtual Light by William Gibson

Viking tpb September 1993 325 pages \$A 19.95
ISBN 0-670-840815

Gibson's latest techno-thriller contains his familiar hallmarks - snappy names, main characters moving on the fringes of illicitness and Asian dominance of important societal matters. Cyberspace comes in only directly via a hacker cell's involvement with the life of one protagonist, and the virtual light of the title is reflected in a contentious set of 'sunglasses'. There's life and death, action and reaction, but the background details provide as much fascination as the foreground antics.

Things happen fast. Locations, transportation are changed rapidly and repeatedly, the effect enhanced by 39 chapters, the longest only 28 pages and liberally sprinkled with text breaks. Characters don't time out to think things through and the reader is likewise carried along. At the end it feels like only a couple of compressed days have been described, and that's fairly accurate, longer time past happenings having been initially given in a real now flashback.

Gibson has fun with current icons - taking a backhander at Portland, referencing how Madonna and Schwarzeneger will be seen in the next decade, and extrapolates current worldwide political breakdowns to the US and Canada, giving the NoCal and South Cal republic settings of the novel. Virtual Light is recommended for the fun and stylistic playfulness of its background. The good guy/bad guy pursuit routine is nothing extraordinary, but the well realised near-future precinct it's played out against is worth examining. This novel comes across as more accessible and immediate, not as "never-never land" vague as, say, Count Zero.

Protagonists Berry and Chevette don't seem as well realised as Skooter or Sublett with whom they interact - another aspect of the background tapestry fascinating this reader more than the surface action. Buy it and read for the suspense and chase sequences, but pay attention to authorial details and extrapolations for an intriguing voyage.



Merv Binns

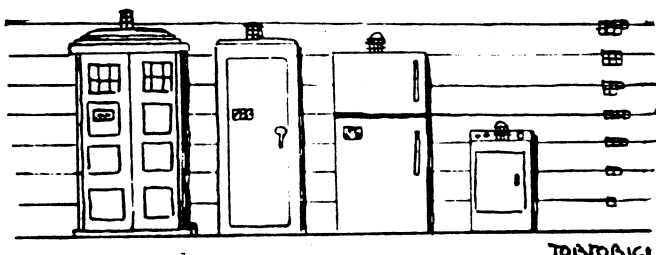
The Destiny Makers by George Turner

Anonova/Morrow hc February 1993 321 pages
\$US 20.00 ISBN 0-688-12187-X

George Turner's novel Brainchild was set in a near-future Melbourne and environs, as most of his novels have been, and although not directly connected the new book, The Destiny Makers, like The Sea and Summer, deals with problems our future world may face. It is fitting that an SF novel set in this city deals with medical science because of the recent breakthroughs that have been made here, but rather than saving or extending life the main premise is the extinction of human life in a very big way.

The main players are politicians, doctors and scientists and a policeman who in following orders becomes embroiled in events of world shaking proportions. The interaction of the characters and the plot style reminded me much of a Raymond Chandler novel and the story is as much a mystery thriller as a science fiction tale. The major political character in the story is presented with a situation by the scientific fraternity who have constructed a highly advanced establishment in the centre of Melbourne city, and the fate of the ever growing, out of control population of the world is in his hands. He is not really mentally strong enough to handle the situation and even has his aging Alzheimers disease affected father, who was a powerful political figure in his day, illegally rejuvenated to help him make the decision. Finally, our political protagonist confronted by circumstances that his enemies can exploit, is forced into making the decision that confronts him in a quite spectacular way. The right decision? Well, that is up to the readers to decide.

Science fiction in its marriage with fantasy has become largely a purely escapist, adventure fiction of late, but there is still room for this Wellsian style, thought provoking story, which will make us look at the world around us now and wonder how **will** the people of the future handle the problems now looming.



Alan Stewart

The Positronic Man

by Robert Silverberg and Isaac Asimov

Gollancz hc December 1992 223 pages \$A 34.95
ISBN 0-575-04700-3

Pan pb September 1993 \$A 10.95

This latest collaboration takes a 38 page novelette (*The Bicentennial Man*) and expands it to a 223 page novel. What can it offer that the original Hugo and Nebula winning shorter piece cannot ?

On reading, things like Andrew carrying the girls down to the beach, and the subsequent challenge to swim out to a rock might be new. There's more details about the things Andrew constructs, but that's about it. Not great events, and perhaps not as much Silverberg in this one as the starting material was longer than for his previous expansions.

The main driving force of Andrew becoming 'human' remains via legal and political channels. He seems a more pitiful case this time, but perhaps that's because we have more text time to spend with him. I'd only recommend it if you haven't read the earlier work.

Books Received

<i>Isaac Asimov's Caliban</i>	Roger MacBride Allen	Millenium	tpb
<i>Catwoman</i>	Asprin & Abbey	Millenium	pb
<i>Lucky Starr Book 2</i>	Isaac Asimov	Bantam	pb
<i>A Million Open Doors</i>	John Barnes	Millenium	tpb
<i>2001: A Space Odyssey</i>	Arthur C Clarke	Roc	tpb
<i>The Deceiver</i>	Louise Cooper	Grafton	pb
<i>The Sword and The Lion</i>	Roberta Cray	Daw	pb
<i>The Dragon on the Border</i>	Gordon R Dickson	Ace	pb
<i>His Conquering Sword</i>	Kate Elliot	Daw	pb
<i>Legend of the Duellist</i>	Rutledge Etheridge	Ace	pb
<i>Aztec Century</i>	Christopher Evans	Gollancz	tpb
<i>Red Orc's Rage</i>	Philip Jose Farmer	Grafton	pb
<i>White Horse, Dark Dragon</i>	Robert C Fleet	Ace	pb
<i>Virtual Light</i>	William Gibson	Viking	tpb
<i>Blood and Honour</i>	Simon Green	Gollancz	pb
<i>Bill...Hippies from Hell</i>	Harrison & Bischoff	Gollancz	pb
<i>Bored of the Rings</i>	Harvard Lampoon	Roc	tpb
<i>Bedlam</i>	Harry Adam Knight	Gollancz	pb
<i>Exile</i>	Michael P Kube-McDowell	Ace	pb
<i>Adept 3: The Templar Treasure</i>	Kurtz & MacMillan	Ace	pb
<i>Knights of the Blood</i>	Kurtz & MacMillan	Roc	pb
<i>Greendaughter</i>	Anne Logston	Ace	pb
<i>Red Dust</i>	Paul J McAuley	Gollancz	hc
<i>Dirty Work</i>	Dan McGirt	Pan	pb
<i>Deerskin</i>	Robin McKinley	Ace	hc
<i>The Brothel in Rosenstrasse</i>	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb
<i>The Winds of Limbo</i>	Michael Moorcock	Roc	pb
<i>5: Sailing to Utopia</i>	Michael Moorcock	Millenium	tpb
<i>9: The New Nature of the Catastrophe</i>	Moorcock & Others	Millenium	tpb
<i>The Book of Ultimate Truths</i>	Robert Rankin	Doubleday	hc
<i>The Suburban Book of the Dead</i>	Robert Rankin	Corgi	pb
<i>Prophet</i>	Mike Resnick	Ace	pb
<i>Guardian</i>	John Saul	Bantam Press	hc
<i>The Golden</i>	Lucius Shepard	Millenium	hc
<i>The Positronic Man</i>	Silverberg & Asimov	Pan	pb
<i>Shadowrun: Striper Assassin</i>	Nyx Smith	Roc	pb
<i>Valentine</i>	S P Somtow	Gollancz	pb
<i>Forests of the Night</i>	S Andrew Swann	Daw	pb
<i>The Nine Gods of Safaddne</i>	Antony Swithin	Fontana	pb
<i>A Fire Upon the Deep</i>	Vernor Vinge	Millenium	pb
<i>Across Realtime</i>	Vernor Vinge	Millenium	tpb
<i>Night of the Cooters</i>	Howard Waldrop	Ace	pb
<i>A Taste of Blood Wine</i>	Freda Warrington	Pan	pb
<i>Chung Kuo 4: The Stone Within</i>	David Wingrove	NEL	pb
<i>Goodlow's Ghosts</i>	T M Wright	Gollancz	hc
<i>Strange Seed</i>	T M Wright	Gollancz	pb
<i>The Curse of the Mistwraith</i>	Janny Wurts	Harper Collins	hc
<i>Dark Fire</i>	Jonathan Wylie	Corgi	pb

ARTYCHOKE

Number 4

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Edited by Ian Gunn PO Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria, 3130

Yeah, yeah. I know. There wasn't an Artychoke with the last Thyme. It was all due to extended travelling in New Zealand and a confusion over deadlines. Fear not. ARTYCHOKE continues unabated.

Speaking of New Zealand, the Fan Fund for Australia and New Zealand (of which yours truly is half the Australian administrator) is proud to announce an artistic venture which may well be something of a publishing first. The other half of the administrator, Karen Pender-Gunn has recently edited *The Ever So Slightly Unusual Dinosaur Colouring In Book* which, with impeccable timing, cashes in on the global saurian craze with 23 very strange dinosaurs indeed, all suitable for colouring in by child or adult alike. Artists include such names as Gerard Ashworth, Sheryl Birkhead, Brad Foster, Teddy Harvia, Craig Hilton, Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride, Darren Reid, Helen Reilly, Martin Reilly, David L. Russell, Jay Shell, Steve Scholz, Kerri Valkova, Bill Ware, Phil Włodarczyk and yours truly. Many of these artists have, or will be, featured on the pages of this august fanzine. The books are available from the ARTYCHOKE editorial address (above) for the sum of \$7 in your country's currency (includes postage). Make cheques payable to Karen Pender-Gunn. All profits go to a worthy cause - FFANZ - and possession of a copy guarantees an increase in your fan credibility quotient.

Well, so much for the shameless plug.

FEATURE ARTIST - TONIA WALDEN

Perhaps not widely known in Science Fiction fandom, Queensland's Tonia Walden has made quite a name for herself in the field of small press comics. Some even call her 'The Princess of independent mini-comic publishing in Brisbane' She both edits and draws. Her artwork covers the whole range from the cartoony to the realistic. Among her regular characters is Maxwell the yuppie demon, the occasional angel and Barney the surfer vampire, as well as the short, short-tempered Harpic and her stupid fox terrier Jess.

In collaboration with Scott Beattie, Harpic appears in *The Adventures Of Harpic: The VW Caper*, an ongoing series of comics in which the diminutive heroine steals Maxwell's demonic Volkswagen, a vehicle capable of transcending the time/taste barrier. On her travels she narrowly avoids running over a young Jesus, succeeds in running over Jim Morrison ("The path of my life is strewn with hippies with no road sense"), hides the body in the Jurassic and goes on to start the fire of London.

Totally Wicked is a showcase of various cartoonists artwork from around Australia, slickly edited by Tonia. She also edited *Up Your Nose*, a hard-hitting mini comic drumming up support and funds for Amnesty International. This featured work by several artists on the subject of repression, torture and speaking up against man's inhumanity to man. For me, one of the most moving and disturbing pieces was Tonia's *Milgram's 37*, a hair-raisingly true account of psychological experiments conducted at Yale in 1960. Volunteers were told they were to give electric shocks to a person in the next room, whenever he got the answer to a question wrong. The results were incredibly frightening and dark.

To obtain any of the above publications from Tonia, send a few dollars and a SASE to her at PO Box 328, Carina, Queensland, 4152. Some titles may be out of print, but she'll send you something.

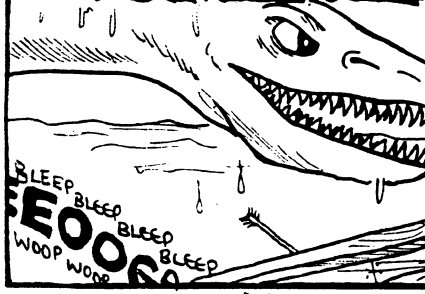


Tonia Walden and Friend, by Tonia Walden.



SPACE TIME Buccaneer's

EPISODE FOUR
BY *Jan Gunn*



FUTZING VIRUSBUGS!
I HAVEN'T GOT TIME
TO FEND OFF A HUNGRY
PLESIOSAUR - I'VE GOTTA
GET THE TIME-SHIP
OUT OF HERE!

HITACHI MK-7
BIONIC ARM ON-
LINE... DEFENCE
MODE ENGAGED...
READY WHEN YOUSE
ARE BOSS...

NOW FORMAT
OFF!!

WAAK WAAK

YEAH... COP
DAT, FANGFACE
HAR HAR HAR

THANKS, HANDY. NOW
TO THE ENGINE
ROOM!

REWIND
REWIND

I DONE GOOD, DIN'T
I. BOSS? MUM BOSS?
SHOWED 'EM, DIN'T I?

AVAST YE TIN-EYED
WENCH! WHAT THE
BLAZES DO YE THINK
YE'RE DOIN'? I NEVER
SAID YE COULD START
YE'R ENGINES!!

GN-DN

SEARCH ME I'M
ONLY A
SHOE

WHAT IS GOING
ON HERE?

DANGER
VERY HIGH
VOLTAGE

DEBUG YOU, CAPTAIN
I'VE JUST GOT
ORDERS TO MOVE!
FROM A HIGHER
AUTHORITY THAN YOU!

WHAT?!
WHO??

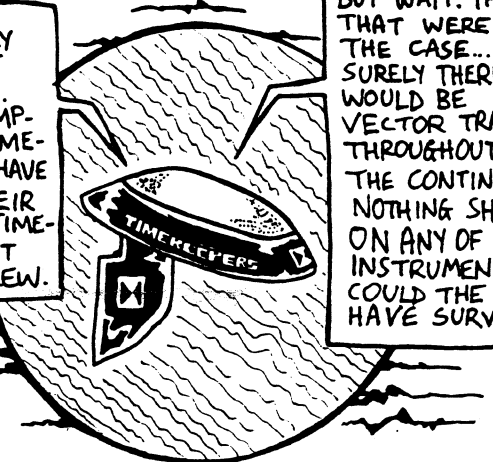
ME.

WROO

DAMN YE! THIS
IS MUTINY, MISS
McB-

MEANWHILE, IN
ANOTHER REALITY...

ALL THREE ANOMALY
BOMBS WENT OFF AT
THE APPOINTED TIME.
THE INDIVIDUAL COMP-
ONENTS OF THE TIME-
SHIP SHOULD NOW HAVE
RETURNED TO THEIR
OWN APPROPRIATE TIME-
PERIODS... AND THAT
INCLUDES THE CREW.



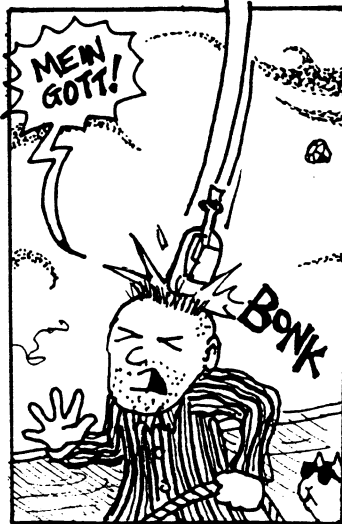
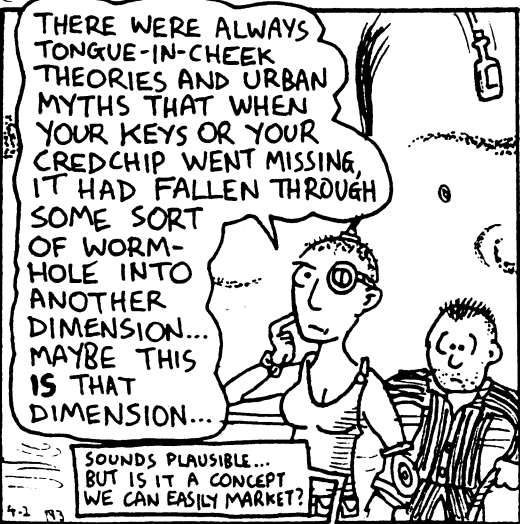
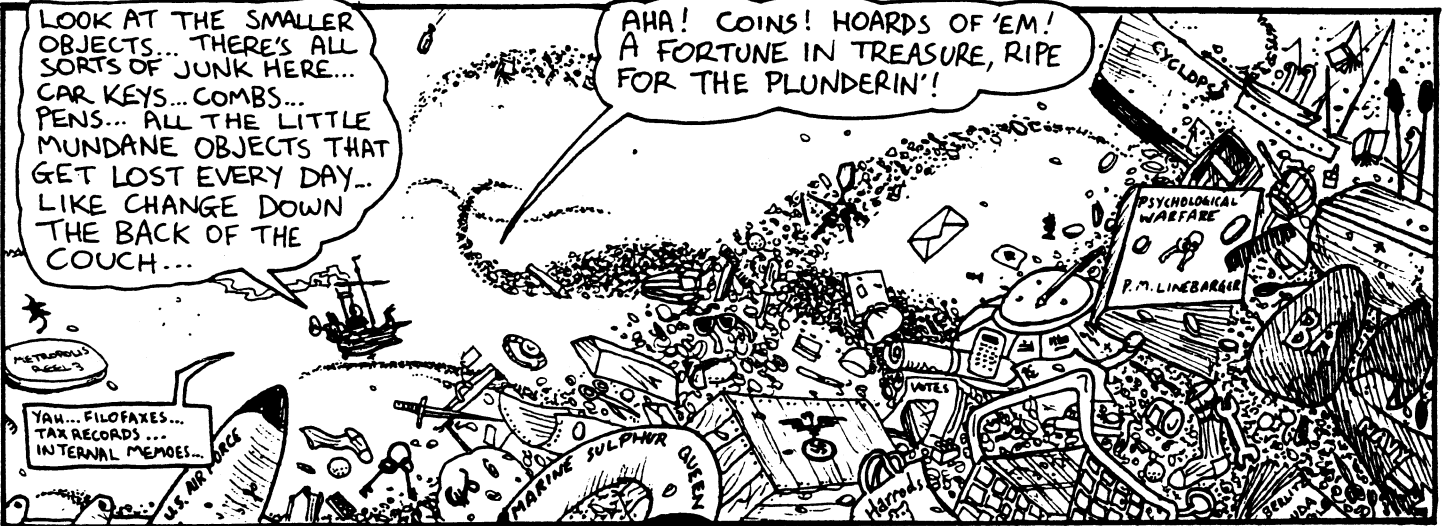
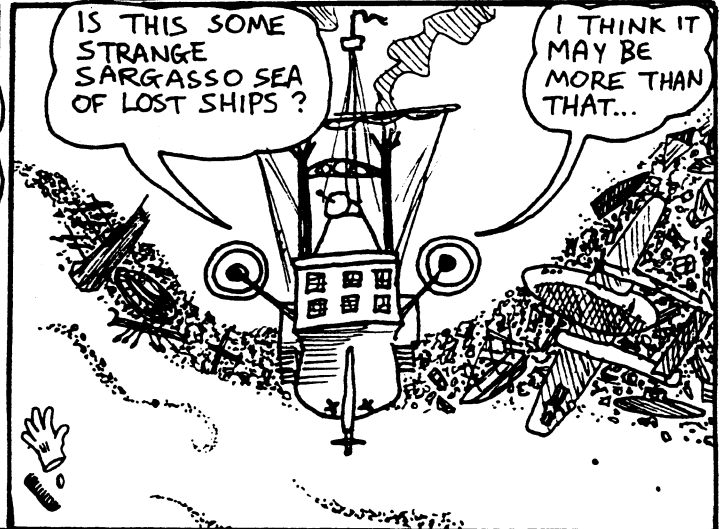
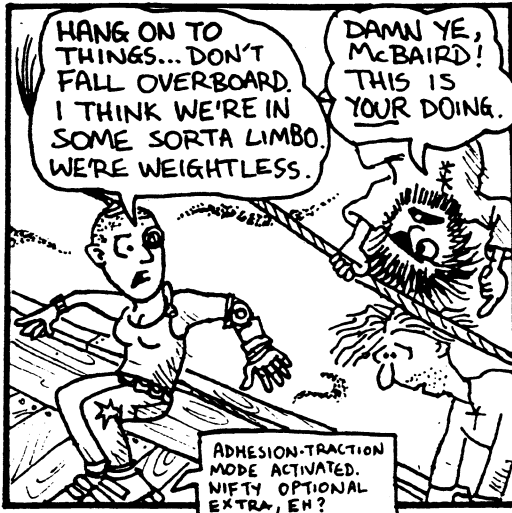
BUT WAIT. IF
THAT WERE
THE CASE...
SURELY THERE
WOULD BE
VECTOR TRAILS
THROUGHOUT
THE CONTINUUM.
NOTHING SHOWS
ON ANY OF THE
INSTRUMENTS...
COULD THE SHIP
HAVE SURVIVED?

NEGATIVE. THERE IS
NO EVIDENCE OF ITS
CONTINUED EXISTENCE.
NOT EVEN WRECKAGE.
YET THERE IS NO SIGN
OF THE SHIP DEPARTING
THIS TIME-ZONE...
BUT THE CHRONOMOTORS
WERE POWERED-UP AT
THE TIME THE ANOMALY
BOMBS ACTIVATED.

THIS IS
APPALLING.
WE DON'T
KNOW WHERE
OR WHEN
THEY'VE
GONE!

DAMN YER ONE REMAINING
EYE, McBAIRD! WHERE ARE
WE !?!

WE'RE LOST.



Yo, Feedback!
 Me again - U, that is. Again,
 sorry about the head, Fritz.
 OK, so wots happnin is this;
 (Far as i guess it) - them
 TIMEKEEPER creeps let off some
 sorta anti-anomaly device at zact
 momento U'r/my Warp Gate opened.
 It actually created the Bermuda
 Triangle. Weird, eh?? Now U'r in
 some sorta pocket universe limbo
 type place where all the lost things
 go. But don't worry, U'll get out - i
 know i did. No time to rest tho; U've
 got 72 hours to lay in supplies & do
 refit. Big blue hovercruiser will be
 mega user-friendly; chekout cabin
 23B for handy gizmo. Nex time
 brain-in-bottle problem. Nex time
 timeship downloads will be mega
 interesting! Stand U'r ground, girl!
Hang in there!
 I'd luv to interface some mo' but
 Endercott wansta rescue the crew of
 the Marie Celeste from the aliens.
 Yourself, again.

Feedback

PS: I mean it! Don't eat that Tuna!
 PPS: The cat is not what it seems.
 Ask it!

HITACHI

"THE CAT IS NOT
 WHAT IT SEEMS?"

OH-OH...

OH, NO YOU DON'T!

DAMN!

GOT 'EM!

I DUNNO WHAT'S
 GOING ON, BUT
 I THINK YOU'VE
 GOT SOME
 EXPLAINING
 TO DO,
 SURFACE!

SHE'S SUSSED ME... BETTER MUTATE
 INTO SOMETHING WITH DECENT VOCAL CHORDS

ALRIGHT :ARK!: YOU FOUND
 ME OUT - I'M NOT A CAT,
 I'M A FERRET... OR TO BE
 MORE SPECIFIC, I'M A
 GENETICALLY ENGINEERED
 BIOMORPHIC SYNTHOBEAST
 FROM THE 48th CENTURY.

... BUT
 MAINLY
 FERRET.

I CAN CHANGE
 SHAPE AT WILL,
 AND, YES, I'M
 SENTIENT. I'D
 HAVE TO BE SMART
 TO FOOL YOU
 ALL THIS TIME.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
 THE SUNGLASSES
 WERE DOUBIOUS

YOU'VE BEEN
 MASQUERADING
 AS A CAT?
 WHY?

ARE YOU
 KIDDING?
 SLEEP ALL
 DAY, ALL THE
 FISH YOU
 CAN EAT, LOTS
 OF ATTENTION
 AND NO
 HEAVY LIFTING.
 IT'S A GREAT LIFE!

THAT'LL CHANGE NOW
 YE FOUL DEMON!

EVERY MAN, WOMAN
 AND GERIACTICALLY
 ITCHY-EARED WOSS-
 NAME ON MY SHIP
 DOES HIS FAIR
 SHARE O'
 TOIL!

HEY! I DO
 MY BIT...
 I'VE BEEN
 GETTING
 YOU OUT
 OF SCRAPES
 FOR YEARS,
 YOU GUYS
 JUST NEVER
 NOTICED!

TERAMOTO... I WANT YOU
 TO TAKE THIS NOTE, PUT IT
 IN A BOTTLE, AND KEEP
 IT SOMEWHERE SAFE. VERY
 SAFE. I'M GOING TO NEED
 IT ONE DAY... AND WHEN I
 DO, I DON'T WANT TO BE
 ABLE TO FIND IT.

SVEN, GLADYS - LOOK AFTER
 FRITZ'S HEAD...

I-I THINK
 I UNDERSTAND...

A POX ON YE, WENCH!
 YE'R FERGETTIN' AGEN!
 'TIS ME WHAT GIVES
 THE ORDERS 'ROUND
 HERE!

YEAH, CAP. THAT'S RIGHT.
 AND I THINK YOU SHOULD
 ORDER ME AND ENDERCOTT
 BACK TO THE BRIDGE FOR
 AN URGENT OFFICERS
 CONFERENCE - SO'S WE
 CAN WORK OUT OUR
 PLAN OF ATTACK

AH. A COMMITTEE
 MEETING AT LAST.
 I'LL DRAW UP THE
 AGENDA...

DAMN
 YE!
 I'LL-

BETTER
 INCLUDE
 ME IN THIS.
 I'VE MET
 THESE
 TIME-
 KEEPERS
 BEFORE.

Endercott's Log: Work has begun at a frantic pace. Miss McBaird is leading scavenging parties to gather the parts necessary to make repair to her mechanisms. None of us mere mortals understand the nature of the items we gather - but we all pitch in under her guidance...

Other forms of gathering are also afoot. Our cook, Mr. Takeuchi, has availed himself of the victuals aboard several vessels, and, for once, our galley - and our hold! - is well provisioned... It is a welcome change to see the cook so happy with his lot - he has made nary a mention of suicide since we arrived at this strange place.

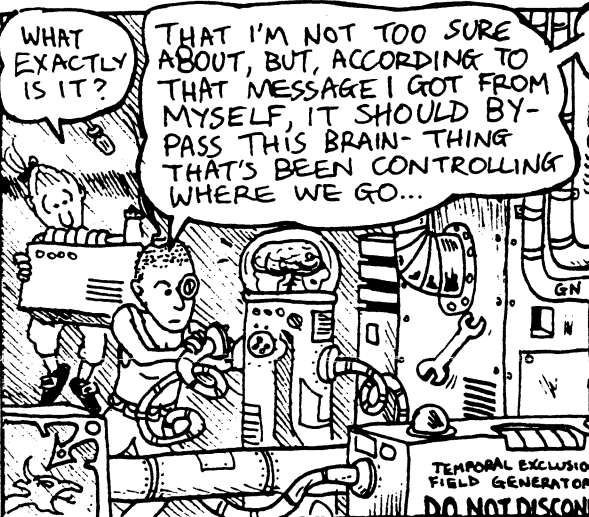
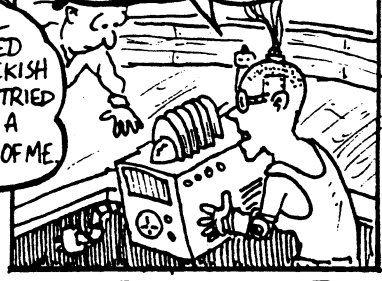
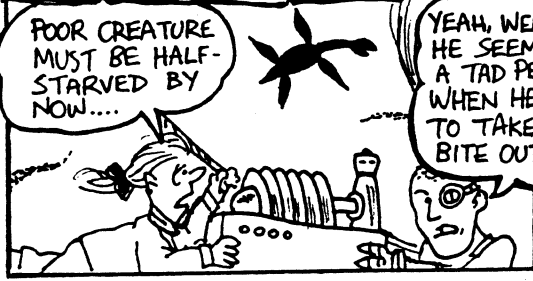
Our Captain, also, has taken the opportunity to collect what booty takes his fancy from the many treasures that surround us...



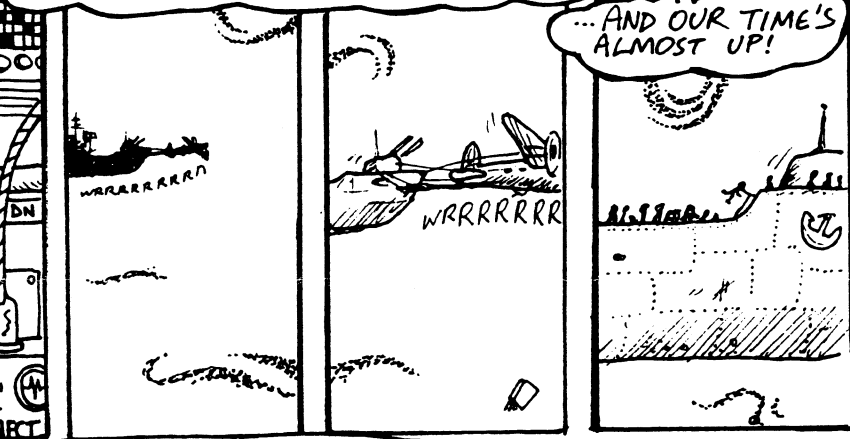
We toil all hours, yet, still, sleep comes but fitfully in this strange astral plane. There is no gravity here and neither day nor night - merely endless grey void. The weird sounds of flotsam colliding causes scrapes and bumps that make us yearn for the more familiar slap of wave against wood. At least, for once, we are not in the midst of some great battle. No signs of life here. A few dusty corpses within the drifting vessels, yet not as many as one would expect...

We have had several sightings of the great sea-monster that somehow followed us here from its antediluvian home. As best I can glean from my reference books, it appears to be some breed of Plesiosaur, possibly an Elasmosaurus...

BUT IF I CAN GET THIS GIZMO HOOKED UP, WE MAY NOT NEED TO WORRY ABOUT DINOSAUR ATTACKS - OR ANY OTHER DANGER FOR THAT MATTER....



THAT I'M NOT TOO SURE ABOUT, BUT, ACCORDING TO THAT MESSAGE I GOT FROM MYSELF, IT SHOULD BY-PASS THIS BRAIN-THING THAT'S BEEN CONTROLLING WHERE WE GO...



TO YOUR BATTLESTATIONS, MEN, IT'S TIME FOR SOME FUN! HEH. HEH. HEH.

CAN OUR HEROES RESIST A SNEAK ATTACK FROM SUPERIOR FORCES? WILL THE TIME-SHIP BE ON-LINE? DON'T MISS EPISODE FIVE.