

# THE MENTOR 46

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# THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

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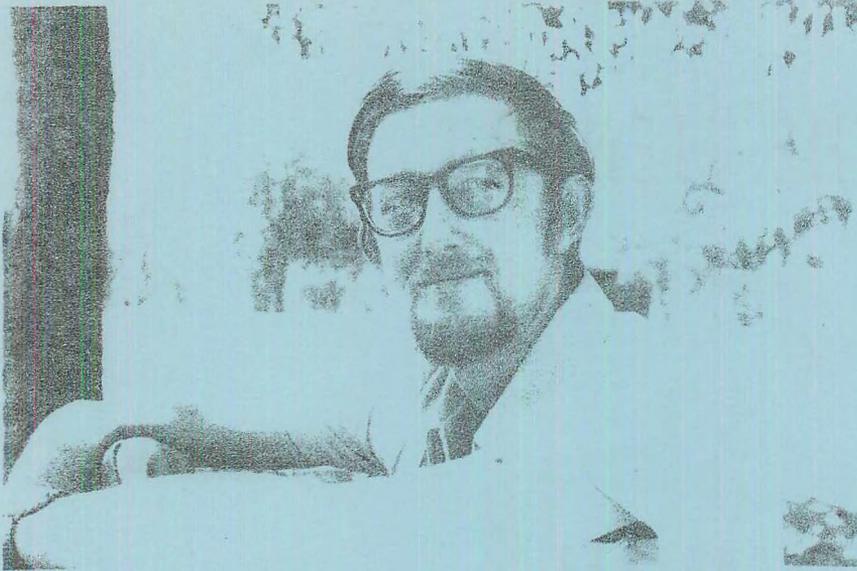
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# RON'S ROOST

## ODDMENTS.

Here it is the 6th of October and this is the second last page being stencilled (the last is the contents page) and I still haven't picked a subject to pontificate on. I do have several that I have been pondering but they haven't jelled enough to enable me to put down my thoughts for the full page. So it looks as though I will just have to give them the \*light\* treatment.

The first subject is the various fan 'races' -- the funds to send a fan overseas to visit a convention in another country and generally to spread the good will of the originating country. Since DUFF first began there have been arguments as to whom should be nominated and voted in: a person who is in such a position that they would not be able (financially) to visit overseas, or someone who is of the (pushy) type that would go well with visiting and conventioning. You know my preference from the way I set out the previous sentence. If someone has low finances, has not been overseas before and is willing to go, I consider that that person should be given preference in a fan fund.

The second subject is something where the latest mention was in Irwin Hirsh's SIKANDER 8, where Ted White, in an article blasting various Aussie fanzines for not being, apparently, professional enough for him, mentions in passing that Aussie faanzines have a bad reputation overseas. That is interesting, since the other place I saw that thought expressed was by Leigh Edmonds. In the zines I trade with from overseas (Ted White does not trade, and the other fans mentioned by Ted or Leigh have a very low trading threshold outside their own circle of faanish zines, apparently), and in the letters from Loccers, I have only seen good opinion of Aussie zines. It seems that editors and readers of faanish zines (such as SIKANDER and RATAPLAN) have a different reading population than the more traditional genzine. It also appears that the organizers of AussieCon 85, who voted Ted as GOH, are also in that population.

As for further discussion of offset vs mimeo.....

# ICE COLD IN

## PADDO

BY GAIL NEVILLE

Nance pulled the threadbare coat tighter around her chest with her free hand as she staggered back through the snow with her burden of logs. Her thick legs sank to the knees in the deep drifts that covered the path.

The warmth of the igloo embraced her as she cascaded the logs across the floor and closed the door behind her.

"That's the last of it." She shrugged, scattering soft pools of snow from her shoulders. "Until the truck comes."

The other occupants moved aside respectfully as she strode up to the pot-belly stove and stood over it, warming her large, blunt hands. She was a stolidly built woman, with a plain ruddy face and one eye weeping from the cold.

"What do we do if we run out before the truck comes?" One of the women asked.

"We won't run out," Nance said. "They come out on the fifth of every month. That's two days off."

"I heard Paddo's snowed in," the woman persisted. "They can't get the trucks out."

Nance slowly turned her head and looked at the woman. The others shuffle their feet, but she held her ground. Her name was Joan. She was mother of three of the five children slumbering in a far corner of the igloo.

"I've told you about Paddo, haven't I, Joan?" Nance remarked pleasantly "How they eat each other there? Why don't you pack up the kids and take them to live near the canteens? Have I told you about the kids that disappear without trace?"

"Shut up, you sadistic bitch," Joan whispered.

"You could take Fay with you," Nance went on blandly, nodding to a pregnant woman crouching near the stove. "Midwives in Paddo do a roaring trade selling afterbirth to the canteens - or still borns - or just kids whose mothers

didn't survive." Her sharp, foxlike eyes caught a movement near the door. "Where are you two going?"

Harry and Tom, the only men in the igloo, glanced back, almost guiltily.

"We're going to clear the path," Tom said.

Nance nodded her assent, and turned back to the fire. The men picked up shovels and crawled out of the igloo.

"It looks like another blizzard," Tom remarked, kicking the door shut behind him.

Harry didn't answer. He was a silent man, not really one of them. They had found him in the snow one day, and dragged him inside to safety. He was small, and ate little enough, so they let him stay. Joan called him 'the wolf'. His teeth were little and sharp and yellow, his eyes always shadowed and expressionless. The hair on his sharp featured head grew thickly, bushily like the fur of a timber wolf.

Tom started digging, knowing Harry wouldn't answer him. Sometimes Harry got on his nerves, but he kept the peace with him. As Nance said, it was important to keep harmony within the group, even if it meant subjugating ones' own wishes.

They dug until nightfall, and Tom left Harry on watch, huddled into the alcove by the igloo door. Inside the igloo was the familiar warmth, and the soft sound of Fay's voice, telling stories of the time before the snow, stories she had heard from her mother, who had been old enough to remember the sun.

The children listened with rapt attention, faces glowing in the radiant heat of the fire. None of them had ever seen the sun behind the thick grey snow clouds, or felt grass beneath their feet. But Fay's mother had been a child during the last summer. It had been brief, marred by cold dry days and strange banks of rainless clouds - but no-one had heeded the warnings.

Tom tried to blot out Fay's stories. He had no wish to be reminded what lay under the endless drifts of snow. The Opera House, unseen for decades, since the rescue teams had given up hope of ever uncovering it, or the frozen bodies still trapped within its walls. Tales were told of occassional glimpses of the interior, of the Opera stage, still set for a scene from 'La Traviata', with the singers frozen for eternity in their roles. In the harbour, ships were forever entombed within packs of ice. Nothing moved on the seas but ice floes. The bridge had gone to the bottom of the harbour, taken down by the weight of ice and snow that had settled on it... and there was Paddo, Newtown, Redfern - places they said had once sweltered in the summer heat, buzzing with flies, all icebound and starving now.

The canteens, where the few provisions available were kept under armed guard, were under frequent attack from scavenging hordes. It was dangerous in what was left of the city - not that it was such safer out here. Once a month, trucks from the city brought fuel, food and news to the outlying communes. They also brought the scavengers.

"Don't go to sleep, Tom," Nance murmured. "Your watch next."

"I know, I know."

"Everyone in the pack must do their bit, Tom."

"We're not a pack," he muttered sullenly. "We're not animals."

"No? Nance said mockingly. "Living out here on the snow, keeping scavengers at bay, guarding the young and the food supply...? Just like wolves, Tom."

"It's the scavengers who are the wolves."

"No," Nance smiled faintly. "They are entirely human." She tapped her teeth thoughtfully. "Any movement out there? The truck is due soon."

"Nothing at all. Maybe they think we're all dead."

"If anyone thought that, they'd be cutting us up for the canteens. Protein, Tom."

He didn't answer. The stillness and whiteness outside oppressed him. Harry was a good watch, but you never saw the scavengers until they were on you. Nance had killed one during the last raid, a thin wild man with matted hair and mad, staring eyes. They had buried him in the snow, hanging his tattered coat and locks of his filthy hair on a pole to warn the others off.

"Not much meat on him," Nance had said, disappointed. "He'd make a stew, but."

The others had been too shocked to speak.

"Bury him then," she shrugged. "The ice will keep him fresh. You'll change your minds."

"Nance," Tom said now, leaning toward the impassive bulk of the woman beside him. "Fay needs more food."

"She's your woman, Tom. Get her some."

Tom sighed. Fay's voice fell to a whisper, the stories petered out. She and the children slept fitfully by the fire, moaning softly from hunger in their sleep.

Days passed. The blizzard came, and did not ease. The truck did not come, and the group went on half rations. They burned the last of their books for fuel, and Tom comforted Fay as the last one fed the stove. It was Alice in Wonderland, a tattered copy she had kept for her child. Nance ignored all pleas to spare it, and gathered up other items to feed the flames. Toys, shoes, rags tied in clumps of knots which smouldered unpleasantly for hours, but kept them warm.

"Stop whingeing," she said to the others. "Someone has to get you lost sheep organised. You'd starve without me."

Only Harry said nothing, as he squatted in a corner and watched her with his shadowed eyes.

"We haven't much food left," Joan ventured. "Only a kilo of beans and some powdered milk."

"We have each other," Nance grinned at her.

"You disgust me!" Joan snapped.

"Face facts." Nance laughed, and glanced at Fay crouched by the fire. "How's breakfast? Still kicking?"

"Leave me alone!" Fay screamed, clutching her swollen stomach.

"We'll need something to keep us going till the truck comes."

"That won't be until spring, at this rate," Tom whispered.

"We'll all be dead by then," Joan said. She looked at the children, lying listlessly on their pallets.

"Some of us will be," Nance agreed.



On the night they ate the last of the food and burned the last of the fuel, Fay told them about a day in Sydney, before the Freeze.

"My mother told me about a day in summer, when they went to Sydney to see the Queen. It was the last time she came to Australia. She was still lovely, mum said. The sun shone in her blonde hair, and she had her children with her. It was the last time, mum said, that anyone saw the sun shining on the harbour like that - it had ice in it already, but they kept telling people not to worry. It was only freak weather, they said." Her hands strayed across her belly, her voice fell silent.

"It's dead, Fay," Nance said.

"No, it lives - " Fay felt the liquid movements beneath her fingers. "It lives - so will I."

"At least, we'll all have a decent meal."

"Leave me alone," Fay hissed.

"Don't fight it. It happens all the time. What do you suppose they deliver in the trucks from the canteens? I've been there - I know."

"Tom, make her stop."

Nance lumbered to her feet, and stood over the stove, large feet splayed, hands stretched to receive the last of the warmth.

"Well, Tom, what do you say? Joan - Harry? You know I'm right."

"There wouldn't be enough," Harry said softly, "on a starving newborn to sustain us all."

Nance threw back her big head and laughed. Her body shook. For Harry, it was almost pitifully easy to kill her, as easy as shooting a scavenger. She came down heavily, like a buffalo, her great legs sinking beneath her, her great head striking the dirt floor, spreading a pool of blood from the wound behind her glazing eyes.

"Our last bullet." Harry observed. "Didn't want to waste it. She's big. She'll last till the truck comes."

"We mustn't tell the children," Joan whispered. "We'll say we found a cow - or a stray horse."

"I'm glad they are asleep," Fay murmured. Harry grinned at her, his yellow teeth sharp in the fire-light.

Against the far wall, one of the children stirred slightly, but not enough to attract attention. He sat up, and watched the adults as they huddled over the carcass of the dead woman. His tongue darted silently over his dry lips, and his thin body trembled. In the fading fire glow his eyes shone - the eyes of a wolf.

- Gail Neville.

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

CRIMESISH GRUMBLINGS :

THE MISPLACED APOSTROPHE AND OTHER CRIMES.

Not long ago I received a freebie.

Normally people who give me books endear themselves to me but, in this case, the donor incurred my scorn and derision. The gift came from a small publishing house in Illinois U.S.A. which has just brought out, as a wild venture on their part, a science fiction novel. They are sending copies to members of SFWA, hoping, in return, to get approbatory remarks which can be used as part and parcel of the back-cover blurbs. Well, insofar as the book itself is concerned, I applied what I call my unfamiliar-author-on-the-shelves-of-the-public-library test. I read the first page and found nothing, either in style or content, to annoy me. So, when I have the time, I shall read the entire book and, possibly, say something kind about it. I was not hooked, neither was I put off.

It was the accompanying letter from the editor of The Haven Corporation which annoyed me. Editors are supposed to be literate people, capable of correcting errors made by writers. But this dim bitch, in her first paragraph, wrote "it's" instead of the correct, possessive "its" and in her second paragraph split an infinitive. (Now and again, I admit, a split infinitive - but not as split by the perpetrators of STAR TREK! - sounds less ~~plumy~~ than an unsplit one, but this was not such a case.) And in a previous letter, anent the yet-to-be-read masterpiece, she wrote "who's" instead of "whose".

Who shall guard the guardians?

(When I try to say it in Latin I always make a balls of it.)

The misuse of apostrophes, either as quotation marks or to indicate the possessive case, is far too common. There is one way - and a money-making way - in which this crime could be stamped out. The Commonwealth, we are told, is in the red. So is the City. Why not a fine for every public exhibition of a signwriter's gross ignorance? I should be happy to be an inspector, for a small commission rather than a salary, employed to bring such malefactors to justice. Misspellings could also incur a fine.

Barely a stone's throw from where I am sitting is a pleasant inner city

lane in which are various shops. One is the Village Pie Shop. It displays a sign - 'Hot'!Pies'. What does that mean? Are the pies in actuality only luke-warm? Are the pies not real pies? (As a matter of fact they aren't. Very rarely, these decadent days, does one find a real meat pie containing identifiable pieces of meat, mushrooms and whatever. The Village Pie shop purveys pastry cases filled with pre-digested sludge.)

There is a sex shop. All the year round it has a sign in its window - SHOW HER THAT YOU REALLY CARE - GIVE HER A VIBRATOR FOR X'MAS. There is a shop selling all sorts of odds and ends, including secondhand magazines, books and records. These latter are advertised by the sign in the window as LP's..

Why must people put ' in so many places where it does not belong?

I was very annoyed a while back when I engaged professional typists to produce from a somewhat shaggy cc of the manuscript of KELLY COUNTRY something fit for human consumption. I was guaranteed "a perfect copy". I should have insisted on having that guarantee in writing. Apart from all sorts of misspellings - such as "breast" for "Brest" - the shambling subhumans at their keyboards (all right, give them an infinitude of time and they'll write all of Shakespeare's plays) saw fit to correct my punctuation. In my foreword I referred to "the 1880s" and "the 1920s". What I got in the "perfect copy" was "the 1880's" and "the 1920's".

All right, all right. I'm a nitpicking bastard. (But somebody has to try to maintain standards.) I was a nitpicking bastard even before I became a full-time writer, when I was just a shipmaster who wrote the occasional short story in an off moment.

I recall, some many years ago, when I was shown a handsomely lettered sign advertising the summer sailings of the old Taroona, the Bass Strait passenger ferry operated by the Union Steam Ship Company before the service was taken over by the Australian National Line with their Princess of Tasmania. Anyhow, one of USSCo's junior manager asked my opinion of this work of art. It promised EXHILARATED SERVICE. I asked, "Is there to be free booze and bulkhead-to-bulkhead sex?" "What do you mean, Bertie?" "What do you mean?" It turned out that what was meant was "ACCELERATED SERVICE"....

What appalled me was that nobody in that huge office, from the general manager down to the office boy, had spotted that inexcusable error.

Of course I was also a pain in the arse to my officers. Now and again one of them would bring me a letter, painfully pecked out on the ship's typewriter, for my autograph. (Some of them couldn't even maintain a straight margin on the left hand side of the page, and the less said about spelling and punctuation errors the better.) I would say, "I can't put my name to this. I have my reputation to consider. Take it away and do it properly." The second attempt would be no better than the first. Finally, "You sign it. I'll initial it just to show that I've read it. But I will not sign such an exhibition of illiteracy." Then, in a pained voice, my victim would say, "But, sir, you're a writer... You know all about these things." To which I would reply, "You want to at least as good a school as I did and, furthermore, you're a certificated officer, which indicates that you reached a fairly high educational level. Why the hell can't you show it?"

Another sore point would be the Bridge Log Book kept by the duty officers at sea or in port, initialled by them at the end of each watch and, eventually, every page signed by the master after persual. It would be hard for even the most subliterate to make a mess of routine entries - courses steered, wind and weather, air and sea temperatures and all the rest of it. But, to give my young gentlemen credit, they did their best.

One common wrath-evoker was the misuse of quotation marks.

For example, now and again I would visit some port for which I did not hold a pilotage exemption certificate, in which case I would engage a harbour pilot. Herewith a typical entry: 0845 Pilot "Smith" boarded.

Me: What's his real name?

Officer responsible: What do you mean, sir?

Me: Why is he using an alias?

OR: What do you mean sir?

Me: Why the fuck have you put his name between quotation marks?

OR: Oh. To... er... make it stand out, sir.

Me: Why?

OR: I... I don't know sir.

Me: Furthermore, if you must emphasize something, make it stand out, as you put it, you underline it. You don't put it in quotes.

OR: Oh.

Finally they would learn my little ways and then I would get another bunch of officers and I would have to start again.

It could be argued, of course, that a ship's officer is paid for his seamanlike and navigational skills and not for his ability to cope with the English language.

But this latter is just what an editor is paid for.

I feel that the lady in Illinois is getting money under false pretences.

B

- A Bertram Chandler.



# CUI BONO

A human is a tasty thing  
To us who live on Mars.  
We chop such creatures up, and then  
We serve them in the bars.

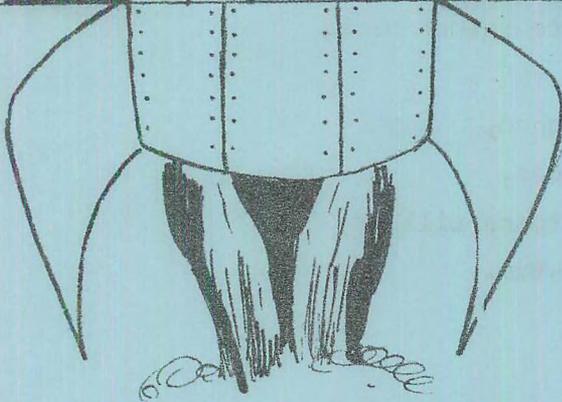
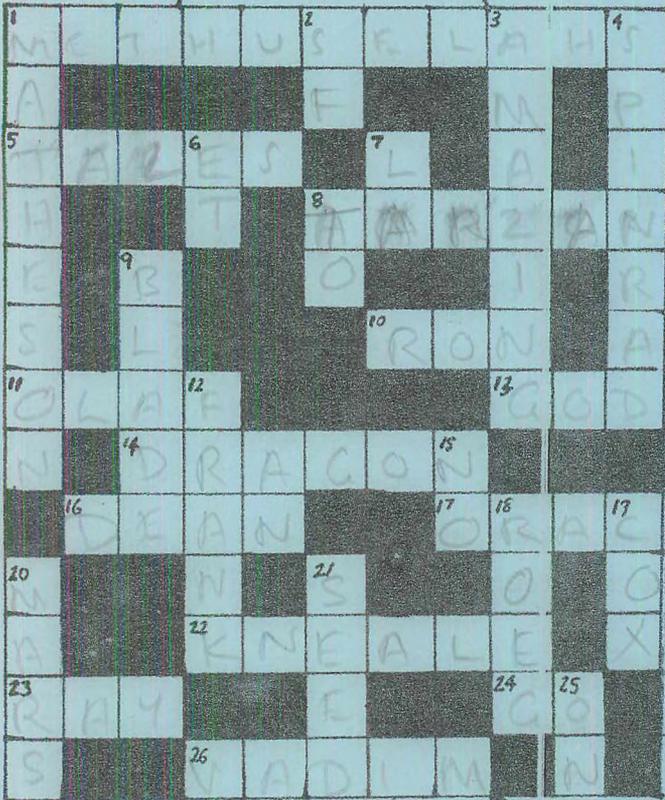
Such beings furnish us good cheer,  
They go so well with ale or beer.  
One never would have guessed them such,  
When live, unpleasant to the touch.

Their deeds, their small, their very looks  
Would turn the stomachs of most cooks.  
Still marinated, with proper spice,  
And plenty of beer, they're rather nice.

For every animal is some good,  
If only as its betters' food.  
As scorpions, snakes and toads will do,  
Mankind provides a tasty stew.

-- Edgar H. Lepp.

# SF WORDS 2



- 1 - Novel by Robert Heinlein, ..... Children. (11)
- 5 - 1950s British SF Magazine: ..... of Tomorrow (5).
- 8 - Character created by E.R. Burroughs: (6)
- 10 - Prolific writer of Sword & Sorcery fiction: ... Carter (3).
- 11 - Novel of 'future history' The Last and First Men was written by .... Stapledon (4).
- 13 - Novel by A.C. Clarke: Nine Billion Names of ... (3).
- 14 - This creature is popular in fantasy fiction: ..... (6).
- 16 - British SF artist Roger .... published book Views: .... (4).
- 17 - This 'character' in Blakes Seven was a smart computer: .... (4).
- 22 - Nigel ..... was responsible for Quatermass series: (6).
- 23 - This type of gun was popular in pulp SF: ... (3).
- 24 - Puppet SF, Thunderbirds are .. (2).
- 25 - This guy directed film of sexy SF, Barbarella; Roger ..... (5).

## DOWN:

- 1 - Omega Man film was derived from Richard ..... novel I Am Legend (8)
- 2 - What this Xword is about (well, most of it!): .. (2).
- 3 - This SF mag continues to be published as a merger with Fantastic: ..... (7)
- 4 - Controversial author responsible for Bug Jack Barron, Norman ..... (7).
- 66 - This alien critter has beat them all at the boxoffice: .. (2).
- 7 - City where film of 9 down is set: .. (2).
- 8 - Sounds like 'two': .. (2).
- 9 - Rick Deckard is this kind of a runner! (E)
- 12 - Eric ..... Russell (5).
- 15 - Film version of John Christopher's The Death of Grass: .. Blade of Grass (2)
- 18 - Nicholas .... directed Bowie in SF film The Man who fell to Earth (4)
- 19 - Very early Aust SF, Out of the Silence by Erle ... (3)
- 20 - This planet popular in SF (4)
- 21 - Computer inseminates woman in SF film Demon .... (4)
- 25 - Story of radiation holocaust .. the Beach (2) SOLUTION - p.48

# JOHN J. ALDERSON :

## THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY

### 3. THE WOMAN DOMINATED SOCIETY

#### (b) Where the Male is Treated with Honour.

In a large number of societies men cease to be dominated by their mother upon marriage and come instead under the influence of that of their wife. The position men occupy in these societies varies considerably and this in turn depends upon what may be loosely termed "social evolution" and this is merely a measure in which the men have modified the society. Several factors are important, for obviously the position of men in simple gardening societies is going to differ considerably from that in a highly complex national structure, and it is going to differ to such an extent that unskilled observers are going to view the society and exclaim that it is totally male-dominated when what they really mean is that the men are the most energetic. They will make this mistake because they have not bothered or are unable to look beneath the surface of the society.

This surface appearance of a society can be cloudy enough too. Essential usages are often disguised as something quite different. Bride purchases may be apparently unknown, for example, whilst yet on examining the betrothal and marriage customs carefully we find the bride-price is often so formalised as to have become the actual visible evidence of marriage, eg., the standardised bride-price of a gold ring has become the wedding ring. There are difficulties too in religion, and the male religion of their clubs may actually dominate or both may be supplanted by an exterior religion. Often though, in the latter case the new religion is extensively modified by the old even so that in many lands Christianity has become Mariology.

The basic guidelines of these societies are:

Their deity, if they have one, will be female.

Upon marriage the man will enter the woman's family.

A bride-price is paid.

Children become members of the wife's family.

The man's heirs will be his wife's children.

The society will tend to be polyandrous.

Incest is severely dealt with within limits.

Infanticide/abortion is normal.

They have a very highly developed monetary and financial system.

In earlier times this social system was termed matriarchial and it was believed to have grown out of the earlier society where men had no economic value as such. This view is now difficult to hold. There is a great difficulty with many scholars as they cannot visualize a matriarchy though they can often see patriarchies everywhere. So we will not use the term except to describe the female relatives of a particular woman. Strictly speaking a matriarchy is a group dominated by a mother,

consisting of her husband and unmarried sons, daughters and their husbands and children, unmarried grandson and grand-daughters, their husbands and children and so forth. At any time a determined daughter will form her own matriarchy but this is impossible until she has a husband and children and preferably married daughters. The strength of a matriarchy lies in the number of men under the matriarchs' control, and of course their economic importance. Thus the honour in which men are and must be held for the system to flourish. Such cultures are usually quite vigorous. Mere brawn, useful as it might be in the beginning, is not the basis on which these types of societies rest. So much do they rest on vigorous men working apparently for themselves that the matriarch often retires to be the unseen manipulator, content to fashion the social environment in which the men work. And this is almost all that determines what the men do.

In the Melanesian societies (there are hundreds of these, often quite different), the men are important as clearers of the jungle, builders of the houses and defenders of the community. In most communities the only worship was of ancestral spirits or ghosts, those of the women being female and those of the men being male. However occasionally there are full-blown goddesses such as the Hi'ono of which a notable one is Kahausibware<sup>2</sup>, "a female and a snake." How she came into existence no one knows; she made things of all kinds; she became herself the mother of a woman from whom the people of the island descend. She was the author of death by resuming her cast-off skin...<sup>3</sup> The similarity of the names Kahausibware and Koevasi hardly needs comment. In the Fijian creation myth we begin with the Great Serpent Degei and Turukawa the Hawk. The latter laid two eggs (with no help from Degei) and Degei<sup>4</sup> took these and incubated them and from them hatched the first men and first women.<sup>5</sup> The Aurora people have a story "that the first woman, a cowry shell that turned into a woman, called the men to her and divided them into her husbands and her brothers, fathers and maternal uncles, according to present arrangements."<sup>5</sup>

This system is the simple division into two exogamous clans<sup>6</sup> and it is noteworthy that a woman made them. In fact, "to a Melanesian man all women, of his own generation at least, are either sisters or wives, to the Melanesian woman all men are either brothers or husbands."<sup>7</sup> The land is owned by families and these divisions cannot own land so that every piece of land is owned by all divisions. Thus there are no land-owning clans or tribes in Melanesia. Nor did they have hereditary or elective chiefs.

The word used is veve or in parts vev which means division, and those of one veve are said to be "of the other side of the house" to the others. When a woman marries she does not come over to her husband's side of the house, nor does her husband come over to her side of the house, whilst the children belong to the woman's side of the house. A man is thus of a different veve or kin to his own children who belong to that of the mother.

Now this leaves marriage open (to men at least) to very near kin, a man not being kin to his own children, nor even of his brother's children.<sup>10</sup> However, these marriages, though lawful are socially unacceptable. Incest however, is the sexual relations between a couple of the same division or veve (though they may not be actually related by blood). Once in Florida for such an offence the man would have been killed and the woman made a parrot. In other islands the gardens of the offenders would have been destroyed.<sup>11</sup> Incest is accordingly rare. Readers of Mead's Growing up in New Guinea will remember how puritanical the Manus Islanders were.

A bride-price is paid, the amount varies from island to island. On one it was from fifty to one hundred rongo or coils of native money. When fifty are

given the bride's party return five pigs, and ten pigs for a hundred, saying the money buys the pigs, not the girl.<sup>12, 13</sup> This is out of a sense of propriety.

"Abortion and Infanticide are very common. If a woman did not want the trouble of bringing up a child, desired to appear young, was afraid her husband might think the birth before its time, or wished to spite her husband, she would find someone to procure abortion..."<sup>14</sup> In parts the bold women of the village determined whether a newborn child should live.<sup>15</sup>

At varying ages from six years upward the boy goes to live in what amounts

to the men's house, variously a club or canoe house. He then only meets his relatives with great reserve. The boys are educated and made members of a "club". "The club house is in the open, and everyone, except when new members are admitted, can see what is going on, though women are mostly strictly excluded. It is a social, not, at all a religious, institution."<sup>16</sup> The author goes on to qualify the last statement. The men rise through this in grades or degrees like the Freemasons. Much of the boy's education takes place in these. In addition they have secret societies; indeed Codrington says there is nothing more characteristic of the Melanesians than the presence of these secret societies.<sup>17</sup> These perform mysteries, dances and religious rituals.

"Money transactions play a great part in native life..."<sup>18</sup> As Mead found in Manus commerce is an all prevailing thing, indeed in Manus it was virtually the rationale for existence.<sup>19</sup> The money may only be made of shells but its use is highly technical.

With Egypt we are dealing with a culture of some antiquity and with considerable literature including religious texts. Egypt was also composed of two divergent kingdoms, the North and the South, and there is reason<sup>20</sup> to believe that for most of historic times it was ruled by foreign dynasties. It also had a highly developed priesthood.

The original and abiding diety of Egypt though was always Isis, a mother and son diety. Her name means "ancient" and has been applied to the moon from time immemorial.<sup>21</sup> Her worship stems from the pastoral period. She is the corn goddess and the discoverer of wheat and barley.<sup>22</sup> In Christian times she became the Madonna and Child.<sup>23</sup>



"In Egypt the archaic system of mother-kin, with its preference for women over men in matters of property and inheritance, lasted down to Roman times... 'For these reasons' says Diodorus Siculus, 'it was appointed that the queen should enjoy greater power and honour than the king, and that among private people the wife should rule over her husband, in the marriage contract the husband agreeing to obey his wife in all things.'"<sup>24</sup> Indeed "... marriage contracts frequently made over the man's property in entirety to the woman."<sup>25</sup>

Even the Pharaoh succeeded to the throne by virtue of his wife, and vigorous sons married their sisters to obtain the throne whilst some occasionally married their daughters to remain on the throne. But brother-sister marriage was commonplace and men married their sisters to retain the family farm.<sup>26</sup> The marriage of a son with a mother was regarded as an abomination.<sup>27</sup>

In Egypt not only the dowry paid by the bridegroom, but an additional sum supplied by the bride's family,<sup>28</sup> went into purchasing articles of furniture, dress and ornaments for the bride.

It is hotly disputed as to whether the Egyptians practised human sacrifice but the balance of evidence seems to be that they did. Plutarch De Superstitions says that the Egyptian women were "glad and proud" when their children were devoured by the holy crocodiles. The command to kill the Hebrew male children as recorded in Exodus I is instructive though not concrete evidence.

"The procuring of abortion was severely punished by law, but many contraceptive and abortion-procuring measures have reached us, all based on .. local applications or medicated lavages... That these methods were openly taught suggests that abortion was sometimes authorised by law."<sup>29</sup>

The development of the men's societies, lodges or clubs had developed highly and is reflected in the powerful priesthood which dominated men's affairs, largely that of Amen. <sup>30</sup> It is significant that the priests of Egypt were all male, according to Herodotus.

The mythology of the Babylonians is complex and considerably mixed. The original creatrix appears to have been Tiamat whose body was torn apart and formed the fabric of creation by Marduk. But the real deity of Babylonia was Aphrodite or Ishtar the Queen of Heaven and the male gods were later creations or perhaps more accurately the products of the men's clubs and secret societies. The cult of this love goddess was such that "every woemn who is a native of the country must once in her life go and sit in the temple of Aphrodite and give herself to a strange man."<sup>31</sup> Although Herodotus says that subsequently Babylonian women were most chaste the habitual prostitution of women in temples amongst kindred people laaves that open to doubt. It was often considered<sup>32</sup> that prostitution was a necesssay prelude to marriage though Frazer questions this.

"In Babylonia a suitor had to give the father of his intended wife a bride-price or present, the amount of which varied according to the rank of the parties; and if the young man did not himself possess the sum, his parents were expected to provide it for him."<sup>33</sup> However Abraham's servant paid the bride-price directly to Rebecca, though he also gave presents to her brother and father.<sup>34</sup> It is normally considered that this transaction took place under the Law of Hammurabi.

To quote from these laws is instructive...

"162. If a man has married a wife and she has borne children, and that woman has gone to her fate... then her father has no claim upon her dowry. The dowry is her children's."

"167. If a man has married a wife, and she has borne his children, and that woman has gone to her fate; and after her he has married another woman who bears him children; then, after the father has gone to his fate..., the children shall not share according to their mothers, but shall take the dowries of their own mothers. The possessions of their paternal house they shall share equally."<sup>35</sup>

And the matter of divorce...

"In Babylonia, if a man wished to divorce his wife, he can do so provided he returned her dowry and the woman kept custody of the children, though the father paid for their upbringing."<sup>35</sup>

In the case of an uncomplicated divorce...

"138. If a man divorce his spouse who has not borne him children, he shall give her all the silver of the bride-price, and restore to her the dowry which she brought from the house of her father; and so he shall divorce her.

"139. If there were no-bride-price, he shall give her one Mina of silver for the divorce.

"140. If he be a plebeian, he shall give her one third of a Mina of silver"<sup>37</sup>

It may make things clearer to work out the price of divorce. In Babylonia<sup>38</sup> measures 1 mina = 60 Shekels, and 1 Shekel = 180 grains<sup>39</sup> and 1 grain = 1 Troy grain. The daily wage of an artisan was five grains of silver, (273,274). A Mina of silver thus had 10,800 grains equivalent to 2160 days work, or in present day currency at \$50 per day, \$108,000. This is equivalent to six years work and apparently this was regarded as equal to the bride-price. It is of interest that Jacob served seven years per wife, a year longer than needed under the code. However, it will be evident that one did not contemplate divorce lightly.

A man has no power of testation though he was able to make a gift (duly sealed) prior to death (165).<sup>40</sup> Nor apparently did the woman. The man's property was divided equally amongst acknowledged sons and if the daughters had not been provided for they received a marriage portion equal to a son. The mother's dowry was divided equally amongst her children, and a widow, unless provided for received the usufruct of property equal to a son and which was forfeit if she left her husband's house or remarried.

There were laws against incest, but except in one case (a man and his mother)<sup>41</sup> only the man was punished.<sup>42</sup> "In sexual offences it is the man who is punished."<sup>43</sup>

A great part of the law deals with business transactions. This was highly developed with an exact standard of exchange. The raising of the finance to build the "ark" in the Epic of Gilgamesh shows a civilisation not lacking anything in the armoury of capitalism.

What we know about the men's clubs, secret societies, lodges etc., so essential to this form of society is more imperfect. The Chaldeans were much renowned for their learning and in particular their knowledge of magic. The secrecy of these cults do not lend much material for examination. We know of the priestly cults of the war-god Nerall as well as that of Bel. We will return to this later.

We can see in these societies that the feminine deity is often masked by later gods of the male pantheons and the obvious nature of what amounts to the State religion, can sometimes bear little relationship to the more secret goddesses of the common people and the women in particular.

The entering of the man into the wife's family is likewise obscured, and

there is frequently, and indeed usually, no legal status for the "matriarchy" and the real state of things must be sought in inheritance and the custody of children. We see in all cases the children follow the mother in divorce or upon the death of the father, though the father is expected to provide for them. Whilst in most

cases a man may give a gift to his son, or indeed anyone else, before his death, he is frequently prevented from willing away the patriomony at death and it is evident from other similiar societies that even where a man may will his property, that will may be contested if it departs considerably from the appropiation of property that would be made if he died intestate.

The bride-price is often, if not usually balanced by a dowry so that both sides contribute to the household of the young couple and this descends to the children and often, where there are no children, reverts to the donor. That is, in social terms the marriage has been a failure inasmuch as it has not produced children.

The polyandrous nature of these societies is mainly evident in the orgiastic fertility rites which all these people practise, and in such curious aspects as where a woman, if left destitute by her husband, may enter another household and have children by the man and be blameless, and in adultery and other sex offences where the women is almost always unpunished. Incest is one such offence but this is only within circumscribed limits, in Egypt and Babylonia, a man and mother.

Abortion and infanticide is evident from Melanesia but not from the other two examples I have shown. But infanticide was much practised in other Semetic cultures, as witness the strictures against it in the Old Testament. In other similiar cultures to these selected, infanticide is usual in order to keep the number of available women (potential matriarche) from increasing, and thus preserving the woman's economic and social power.

All these societies are merchantile as well as hordicultural, and factories were well developed from th earliest times, slave labour being obtained from warfare; this being one of the prime reasons for war.

In early stages of these societies the woman hold positions of considerable importance, apart from those of actual leadership. "There are many other cases emphasising the equality of the treatment handed out to both sexes, and it must be not forgotten that, in addition to all this, women could be judges, elders,

witnesses to documents, and secretaries."<sup>44</sup> What should not be forgotten is that this equality was given to the men by the women, and not the other way around.

" We must now examine in more particular the role of men in these societies as well as the nature of and the achievements of these cultures.

But this must be left for the next issue.



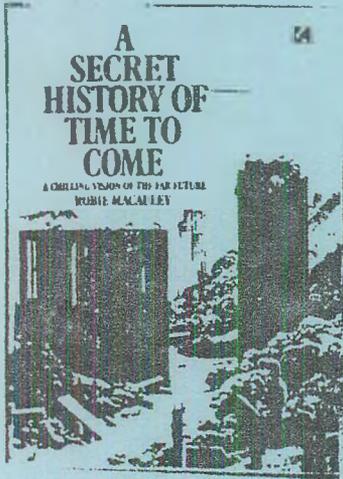
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- John J. Alderson.

# ON MY SELECTION -

## CURRENT S.F. BOOK RELEASES

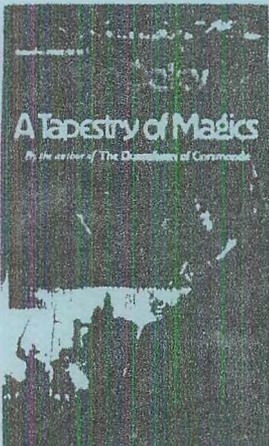


A SECRET HISTORY OF TIME TO COME by Robie MacCauley. Corgi SF, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishing (Aust) P/L. 219pp. A\$5.50. On sale now.

This novel is being promoted as mainstream, but you can take it from me it is pure sf. It concerns the late 1990s when the racial violence which had been fermenting in the USA erupted into savage warfare when the paramilitary forces of the black revolutionists tried to take over the cities. The rest of the world sealed off the USA, closing the Canadian border and grounding all 'planes until the domestic peace was formed. Before this could take place, some type of catastrophe took place in the remainder of the world and civilization disappeared.

Three hundred years later a lone man set out to determine what secret was hidden in the forefather ruins. This will be another 'sleeper' novel like Stewart's Earth Abides. \*Recommended\*.

\* \* \*



A TAPESTRY OF MAGICS by Brian Daley. Del Rey Fantasy, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 289pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is another in that long list of fantasies being currently published. Since there is so much being published, much of it must be crud, or at least mediocre. This is one of them. The writing is pedestrian and the plot plodding. Said plot follows the adventures of two knights of the Singularity, a stable land set in the changing realities of the Beyond. Some kind of region between 'planes' of existence (or parallel universes). However, the landscape seems to be North American with buffalo, prairie dogs, and indians abounding. There is one mention of Zebras, but not enough otherwise to sway one from the central US states.

Get this from the library if you must read it... but it's not the sort of book to look forward to reading.

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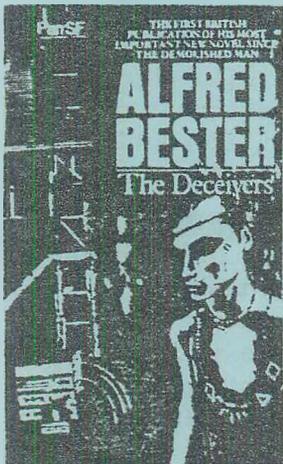


FIRES OF AZEROTH by C.J. Cherryh. Methuen Pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton (Aust) P/L. 236pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This novel is a sort of combination sf/s&s novel. It is set either in the far past or far future when an ancient alien civilisation utilised Gates to travel between planets. The race degenerated, since the Gates opened up not only space, but time as well for their manipulations - but only in a forward direction. It was the mis-use of these Gates which quickened the fall. A group of humans/qual set out to destroy them and thus bring some hope to the universe.

Fires of Azeroth is the second in the series, the first being Well of Shiuan (or at least the first published...) and the narrative gives the account of how the qual and her khemein fared with not only the inhabitants of the world they arrived at and whose Gate they intended to destroy, but the drags of the last planet they had passed into and who had followed them. Engrossing s&s.

\* \* \*



THE DECEIVERS by Alfred Bester. Pan SF, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. 255pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

The deceivers of the title belong both to the protagonist and his lover and his enemies. In fact nearly all the characters have something to hide, from the protagonist one special ability, through to his nemesis - king of the Jinks, Bester weaves his familiar patterns. There is a fair bit of dialogue throughout (the style of which reminds one of some of Heinleins latest) but he does not allow it to slow the action.

The blurb is wrong in a couple of points - his lover disappears, and though Rogue thought she may have been kidnapped, or had gone into hiding, he wasn't sure. As with all of Bester's 'heroes', Rogue has that special ability (one to each hero to each novel...) and he uses it, or attempts to, to find his Demi. Sprinkled throughout are 'images', or pictures in typeface. They appeared in his earlier great novels Tiger, Tiger and The Demolished Man, and don't seem to have gotten better. Not a great book, but interesting and worth purchasing.

\* \* \*



BLADE RUNNER/DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? by Philip K Dick. Granada Pb, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing Aust P/L. 183pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

With the release of the movie Blade Runner (which I found very good, with excellent special effects) Granada released DADOES as a film tie-in.

The book has typical Dickian features, and could be tied into the Martian novels (Three Stigmata and Martian Time Slip) without much trouble. There is the image of kipple-filled rooms scattered over the city emptied of humans who emigrated into space, leaving the radiation-filled cities and countryside to those who, for one reason or another, stayed on earth. To this image haunted landscape came eight androids fleeing their forced



THE UNREASONING MASK by Philip Jose Farmer. Granada Pb, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 3011p. A\$7.50 On sale now.

Farmer's novels started off with fresh ideas and were well written in the fifties and sixties. I don't know what has happened to him, but this latest offering of his still has fresh concepts, but his writing style seems to jump about, and is uneven.

Set in the future when ships use a type of hyperspatial drive which the protagonist of this novel thinks actually means the ship passes through the "wall" of one universe into another. Don't ask me how the computers/ship set up the co-ordinates for the return journey - the ultimate concept is that of an infant god made up of the universe "cells" - a god who is, through an "antibody" called the Bolg, attempting to kill all intelligent, space travelling life in its body.

\* \* \*

HOW TO BUILD A FLYING SAUCER by T.B. Pawlicki. Corgi Pb, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers Aust P/L. 135pp + index. Ilus A\$6.50. On sale now.

I hesitated in requesting this book for review when I first saw the title, but my curiosity got the better of me. It is not what it could be (the book, that is) - it is subtitled "And other proposals in speculative engineering - A popular excursion into the philosophy of science."

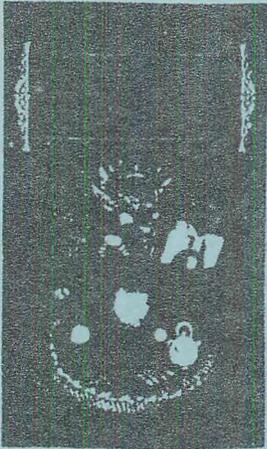
It is essentially a layman's book into the workings of some everyday and not so everyday, things. In this book the author tells how to build Stonehenge and the pyramids with Bronze Age technology, through to How to navigate the streams of time through hyperspace. He mentions Tesla in passing, and other unorthodox writers. This is a book that gets hold of your mental horizons and stretches them. The reader needs that sense of wonder and concentration to follow his arguments, but it is interesting. A refreshing read for some, for others, no doubt, bunk.

\* \* \*

THE GOLDEN AGE OF SCIENCE FICTION, edited by Kingsley Amis. Penguin Books, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. 365pp. \$6.95

This anthology is worth getting if only for the introduction by Amis, in which he sets out his reasons for saying that the Golden Age of SF was 1949 to 1962 (see NEW MAPS OF HELL) and what went wrong in the 1960s to account for the (continuing) downward passage of sf writing.

The stories are what he considers are the best from that period, and include THE QUEST FOR ST AQUIN; THE XI EFFECT; THE TUNNEL UNDER THE WORLD; OLD HUNDREDTH; HE WALKED ROUND THE HORSES; THE GAME OF RAT AND DRAGON and others. The stories are classics from their time and if you haven't most of them this is a good bolster for your library.

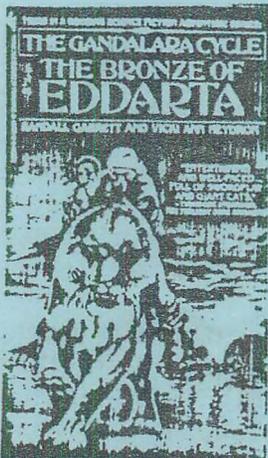


TEA WITH THE BLACK DRAGON by R. A. MacAvoy. Bantam books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 166pp. A\$3.50. On sale now.

This is the type of fantasy which was written in the 1930s - set in the present day and basically a detective piece, but with some element of fantasy thrown in. In this instance if the fantasy were left out the novel still would progress with no loss of plot.

The Black Dragon of the title is a Chinese gentleman, by the name of Mayland Long, who was given an omen by his Master some time before that found him in the USA looking for a person with certain characteristics. How he found that person and the difficulties put in his way as he sought to keep them (the daughter was into a bad business) takes up most of the novel.

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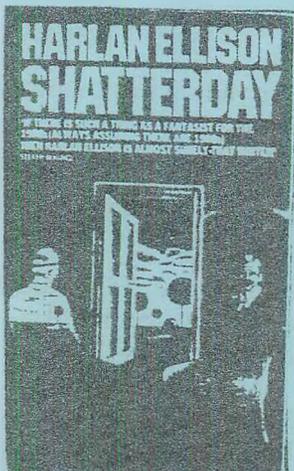


THE BRONZE OF EDDARTA by Randall Garrett and co-authored by Vicki Ann Haydron. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. 165pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This is the third in the Gandalara Cycle and continues the adventures of Rikardon, Tarani and Thymas and their war cats Keeshah and Ronar as they strive to recapture the RA'ira, the sacred jewel of the Eddarta people.

The storyline is sword-and-sorcery with some elements of sf thrown in - the background is sf but it can't be called space opera. The protagonists journey from one scene to another and the authors keep the readers attention throughout. This is good reading for the younger sf readers, but the older ones will not find too much amiss. As mentioned above the background is well set out and the images are clear. A good read.

\* \* \*



SHATTERDAY by Harlan Ellison. Granada, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 313pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is a fairly thick volume of Ellison's writings, and I must confess, I changed my opinion of his work after reading this. Previously I had only read the isolated short stories and such as Dangerous Visions, which did not strike me as that good. I had read, some years ago, Ellison Wonderland, but did not retain much of it. This collection is much better.

The stories include: Jeffty is Five; Flop Sweat; Would You Do It for a Penny?; Shoppe Keeper; All The Lies That Are My Life; Opium; Shatterday, and others which are just as good. This is an anthology I enjoyed reading - if you haven't read much of Ellison, or if you don't think that you like the style he affects, then read this collection - it may change your opinion.

\* \* \*



HELLO AMERICA by J G Ballard. Triad Granada, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 236pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This could be said to be part of Ballard's "Catastrophe" novel series - along with such titles as The Drowned World, The Crystal World and The Drought. As such, it is coherent and understandable for most of its length.

The story takes place in the next hundred years, when America has depleted its resources and, because of the construction of the Bering Dam, has had a climatic climate change, turning most of the continent into a savage desert up to the Western side of the Rockies, and West of the Rockies into a tropical jungle. The novel concerns the adventures of a band of European explorers who journey across the continent for various personal and scientific reasons.

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PAWN OF PROPHECY and QUEEN OF SORCERY by David Eddings. Century H/C, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 258 & 327pp. A\$24.95. On sale now.

PAWN OF PROPHECY was reviewed in an earlier issue of TM. QUEEN OF SORCERY is Book Two of the Belgariad, which is in six parts and if as well written as the first two, portends to be a very good series. The cover of QoS is beautifully executed and actually illustrates a scene from the novel. I hope Century can get the (unnamed) artist to continue with the others in the series.

The tale continues with the sorcerer, Belgarath, his daughter Polgara and Garion, his many-times-removed grandson, with their companions caught up in their quest for the stolen Orb, which those who stole are attempting to get to the sleeping god Torak. If the evil ones can get the orb to the god it will enable him to rule the world. Various events befall the group, and Garion finds more about his quest and himself as the novel progresses. \*Recommended\*.

\* \* \*



BLUE ADEPT by Piers Anthony. Granada Pb, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 383pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is another series book - it is the second in the Split Infinity trilogy, the first of which, SPLIT INFINITY, was reviewed a couple of issues ago.

In this volume Stile continues to go between the 'ordinary' universe world of Proton, where the usual Laws apply, and it's alternate self, Phaze, where magic works. He gets from one to another by going through a 'curtain', and the plot this volume concerns that curtain in more detail. Originally his Phaze self, the Blue Adept, had been murdered, and Stile had set out to find who did the deed. In this volume he finds out and they come to grips. The Lady Blue becomes more involved with him personally and Stile gets nearer to the end of the Tourney as he battles his way up in his attempt to become a Citizen of Proton. This isn't Great sf, but is passable.

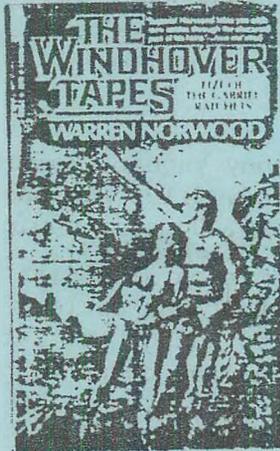


CAPTIVE UNIVERSE by Harry Harrison. Granada Pb, dist in Aust by Granada Publishing (Aust) P/L. 206pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This novel is one of Harrison's best. The copyright date of 1969 merely points towards something I have felt while reading his more recent works - his earlier ones show better craftsmanship.

Set in a valley which had been sealed off some 500 years before in an earthquake, several tribes of Aztecs continue their customs and way of life as their forefathers did, grinding the corn the same way and worshipping the same gods. Both had a purpose - the corn was their staple dish, and the god walked the valley at night and demanded sacrifice. Chimal, the son of two who dared the prohibition of mating outside their respective tribes, set out to try to escape the valley. What he found was totally beyond his imagination. \*Recommended\*.

\* \* \*



THE WINDHOVER TAPES: FIVE OF THE GABRIEL RATCHETS by Warren Norwood. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Doubleday Aust P/L. 248pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

I panned the first book in this series I read (FLEXING THE WARP) mainly because of the use of the diary format. This book is set before that novel, but appears to have been written after. It is a much better read - more interesting and coherent.

The action takes place in the past, before Gerard Manley had been selectively brain-wiped, and gives the (needed) background to his aborted attempt to become close to the leaders of the Ribble Galaxy and to aid in the attempted joining of the Federation and that Galaxy into a Confederacy. Consort to the Badh of the Ribble Galaxy, Fairy Peg, to whose line he presents her with a child, he soon finds himself a pawn again.

Enjoyable space-opera.

\* \* \*

THE ASSOCIATED BOOKS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

# STAYING ALIVE

A Writer's Guide  
by Norman Spinrad

The indispensable guide to psychological and economic survival as a writer - and how the model can be a must-reading organization for you can't afford to be without

STAYING ALIVE - A WRITER'S GUIDE by Norman Spinrad. Donning Co, on sale at leading Aust booksellers. 162pp. US\$5.95.

This is a guide to writers, both budding and established, and gives the basics of how to survive in that field. It gives a market analysis from both the writer's and publisher's viewpoints.

The parts of the book are headed: Introduction - An Education in Science Fiction; How To; Market forces; Cons, Awards and the Con Con; Criticism and Media Access; Art and Commerce; and How Things Work. Spinrad is known for his "angry young man" approach - in this book he turns his attention on the publishing industry and tells how to attempt to keep yourself from being ripped off if you are an inspiring writer. \*Recommended\* for sf fans who have a lean that way, which is pretty well every fan.

## CHILDREN'S CORNER.



ROBOTS by Mark Lambert. MacDonal Educational, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. H/C. 32pp (large size). A\$8.95. On sale now.

This is part of the Eye Opener Educational Children's series and is lavishly illustrated and tells where robots came from, what they do and what they might do in the future, often using robots from film, book and television in examples to form a familiar base for the child reader to identify with.

Whilst it makes a nebulous statement about people being unhappy when their jobs are taken over by robots, it does not follow it up with any summary at the end at all. Often the text is not clear enough, especially in its explanation of the differences between an automation and a robot. Children sometimes have difficulty even with line diagrams, to understand a feedback system. Aimed at older primary children. Not bad. - Sue.

\* \* \*

THE MACHINE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD by Jenny Wagner. Kestrel Books, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. Illus in pastels by Jeff Fisher, large size H/C. 32pp. A\$11.95. On sale now.

A book for young primary children with a moral theme: the man who looks after the machine at the heart of the world, which looks after the world, knows what he is doing, so let him do it, instead of interfering and wishing for other things.

The author also wrote the Bunyip of Berkeley's Creek, Aranee and other Australian titles.

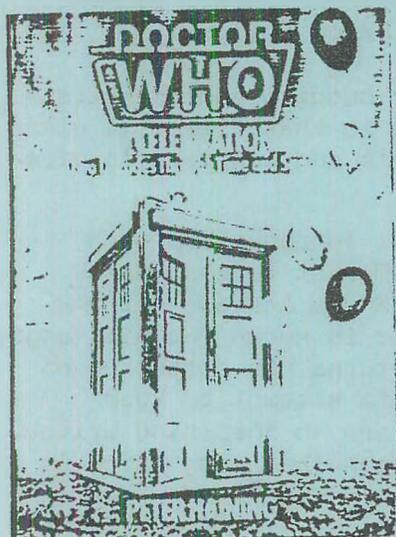
Cute. - Sue.

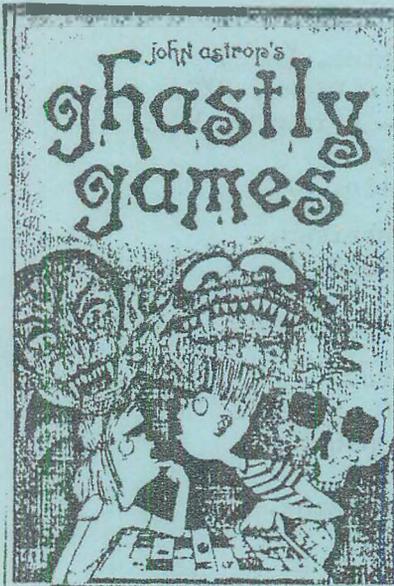
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DOCTOR WHO - A CELEBRATION by Peter Haining. W H Allen, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group (Aust) P/L. 21x29 c. H/C. A\$19.95. Illus. On sale November.

This large illustrated volume is sub-titled "Two Decades Through Time and Space" and covers the Dr Who TV series from the first episode, first screened in the UK at the time of the assassination of President John Kennedy (which happened the day before), it nearly died when the low viewing figures came in. However after the decision to continue it never looked back. This book is a compendium of all the information the author could collect on the series, the character, the actors who played him and hundreds of other items. The photographs included are first class and it is right up to date.

I had Paul Kennedy drooling over it when I showed it to him, so can give a hearty \*Recommended\* to all fans of Dr Who.





GHASTLY GAMES by John Astrop. Patrick hardy, dist in Aust by Hutchinson Group (Aust) P/L. 25x35 cm H/C. 24pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This book is actually a set of games, 12 in all, designed as board games for the unsightly. The titles show the inclination - SNAKE SNACK; UGLY MUG; DRACULA'S BLOOD; HELL; DOOM CASTLE; CLONE; BOGEY HOUSE; TUBES; SHARKS; GERMS; SWAMP and SPIDER.

To give you some idea of the type of games these are, here is the object of the DRACULA game: "Dracula must try to take all the Maiden's blood drops and so turn her into a vampire. The Maiden must capture all the coffin nails in order to drive an oaken stake into Count Dracula's heart and so end his wicked ways for good. The first player to capture all the other players score pointers, wins."

There you are, Diane, I think you would love these.

Get them for those cold winter nights when you have the urge to curdle your blood.

\* \* \*

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE - ESCAPE by R.A. Montgomery. Bantam Books, dist in Aust by Transworld Publishers (Aust) P/L. A\$1.95. On sale now.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE 29

ESCAPE



The blurb reads: "WARNING! Do not read this book straight through from beginning to end! These pages contain many different adventures you may have as you make your escape. From time to time as you read along, you will be asked to make a choice. Your choice may lead to success or disaster."

So far I've written a report and read two books in this series - GORGA THE SPACE MONSTER and THE GREEN SLIME, so this is my third report. If you ever buy these books and read them you will see they are completely different from the ordinary book. When you read them you have to make a decision every few pages and so pick another way or path to read the book. So you get a different story each time you read the same book. - Evelyn Clarke.

\* \* \*

OTHER CURRENT RELEASES: PAN: THE WIND FROM THE SUN - Clarke.

TRANSWORLD: DINOSAUR TALES - Bradbury.  
THE CITY AND THE STARS - Clarke.

HODDER: BRAIN 2000 - Eliot.  
A TRANSLANTIC TUNNEL, HURRAH! - Harrison.  
DOWNBELOW STATION - Cherryh.  
DRAGONFALL 5 and THE MASTERMIND - Earnshaw.  
" " and THE SUPER HORSE - "  
" " and THE HAUNTED WORLD - "

GRANADA: HELLICONIA SPRING - Aldiss.

CURRENT RELEASES (cont):

HUTCHINSON: DR WHO: EARTHSHOCK - Marter. (H/C)  
DR WHO: ARC OF INFINITY - Dicks, H/C.  
DR WHO: MAWDRYN UNDEAD - Grimwade, H/C.  
HEALER - Dickinson, H/C.  
GOLDEN WITCHBREED - Gentle, H/C.

WM COLLINS: PLANET OF NO RETURN - Harrison.  
(Sphere) TWO TALES & EIGHT TOMORROWS.

OCTOBER RELEASES:

DOUBLEDAY: HALF PAST HUMAN - Bass.  
THE GOD WHALE - Bass.  
WAY TO DAWN WORLD - Starr.  
TREASURE OF WONDER WORLD - Starr.  
SHADOW OF THE SHIP - Franson.  
NAGASAKI VECTOR - Smith.  
TO CONTROL THE STARS - Hoskins.

WM COLLINS: NO ENEMY BUT TIME - Bishop.  
(Sphere) THE SPIRIT OF DORSAI - Dickson.  
LORD OF THE TREES - Farmer.

HUTCHINSON: THE GIRL OF THE SEA OF CORTEZ - Benchley, H/C.  
THE DEVIL'S DOOR BELL - Horowitz, H/C.

HODDER: PLANET OF EVIL - Main, H/C.  
NOR CRYSTAL TEARS - Foster.  
NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD - Russo.  
MARTIAN TIME-SLIP - Dick.  
TRON - Daley.  
THE TAR-AIYM KRANG - Foster.  
ORPHAN STAR - Foster.

TRANSWORLD: FARNHAMS FREEHOLD - Heinlein.  
THE GIRL OF THE SEA OF CORTEZ - Benchley.  
SPACE PATROL - (juv.).  
THE GENIE IN THE BOTTLE (juv.)

NOVEMBER RELEASES:

HUTCHINSON: DR WHO - A CELEBRATION - Haining - see review.

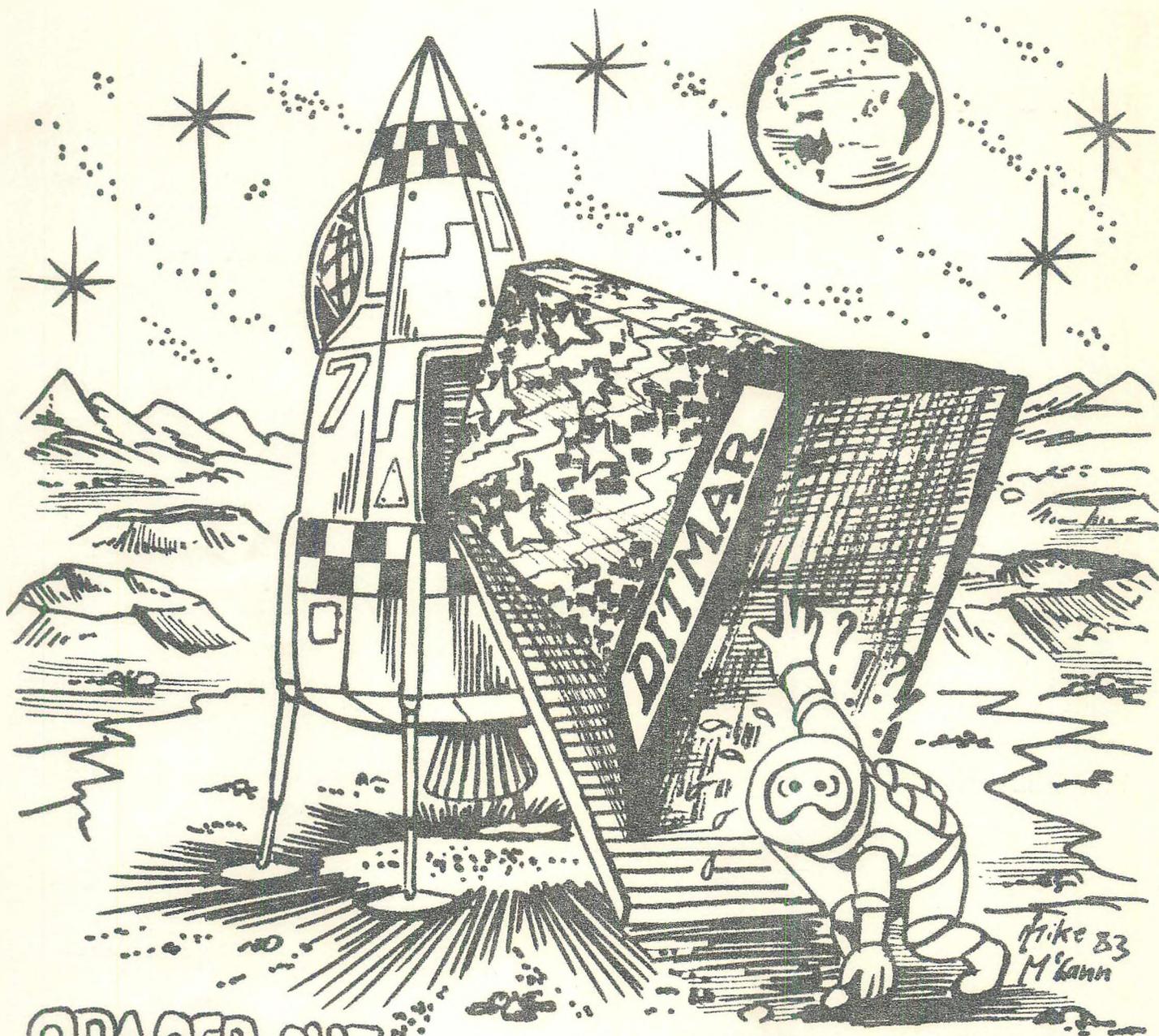
WM COLLINS: THE DR WHO TECHNICAL MANUAL.  
(Sphere)

DOUBLEDAY: The titles listed for October will be released  
over both months.

TRANSWORLD: STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE - Sterling.  
MORE STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE - Sterling.  
NEW STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE - Sterling.

And the above are the reviews, the books received and those noted for release for the current period and into the future in Australia. It is glaringly obvious that there is no native Australian book industry. I did notice a new edition of OUT OF THE SILENCE, and the odd new Penguin title, but that is all there is. Unfortunate.

-----oUo-----



SPACED OUT!... IS THE REALIZATION THAT  
YOUR "SPACE ODDITY" WILL NOT FIT!



The R. E. R. Dept.



John J Alderson,  
Havelock,  
Vic 3465.

I don't intend to reply to any criticism of my articles on the structure of society unless serious anthropological questions are raised which have not been or will not be dealt with, nor am I very interested in their politics which sickens me. Nor am I going to discuss the editor's note appended to my last article, the reproduction of a newspaper report of women being excluded from a rape trial. It is completely irrelevant to what I wrote and if its irrelevancy cannot be seen I suggest my article be read again. (Otherwise I would have been delighted to discuss the case from the obvious physical aspect of being capable of rape at seventy, to the possible reasons for the case being brought. Besides the case is probably sub-judice.)

[Yeah. Actually, I thought it a good illustration of the impossibility of preserving tribal customs and projecting liberties - eg feminism, in that atmosphere. - Ron.]

In reply to Lana Brown as to what I mean by modern times - well, since Harvey, of course, I am going to question the story of Louis XIV having his mistress lie down so he could have an unimpeded view of the process. I would have thought a crouching position would give the man the best view. As for the most conservative people on earth following a Royal fad... bullshit. The old expression, "The lady in the straw" signified a woman "brought to bed," straw being the usual stuffing of beds even in the reign of Henry VIII; but some think that the term comes from the straw mattresses used during delivery. The following description of how the delivery bed should be made comes from an ancient volume The Child-bearer's Cabinet: or a rich Closet of Physical Secrets... The description: "A large Boulster, made of Linnen Cloth, must be stuffed with straw, and be spread on the ground, that her upper part may lye higher than her lower. On this the woman may lye, so that she may seem to lean and bow rather than lye, drawing up her feet unto her that she may receive no hurt." My memory of the only maternity bed I was ever in is hazy but I believe a similar position was used and possibly still is as was in the 16th century.

I will amend "modern times" as far as most doctors go - we haven't reached that era yet.

Brian Earl Brown  
20101 W. Chicago No.201,  
Detroit,  
MI 48228,  
U.S.A.

Speaking of profanity (a trekkie obsession with the posterior of professional writers, perhaps), bludgers appears twice in this issue of The Mentor (43) used once by Captain Chandler and once in the letters. This is not a term I've heard before. Either American profanity has

lost considerable "color" or I don't hang out with the right sort of characters.

Possibly it has something to do with living the wrong side of the black stump, though if you used most of the terms used here you would stand out like a shag on a rock. 'Course you would have Buckley's of being understood... - Ron.

I'm getting confused about one point in your discussion of offset vs mimeo - which do you use to print The Mentor? It looks mimeo to me.

The covers are printed on our 25 year-old AB DICK 320. The rest of the zine is run off on a Roneo 250 - one of the best duplicators in the world. - Ron.

When you talk of costs, do you speak of just paper and ink, or do you figure less simple values like cost of the machine, cost of stencil/master, cost of making the masters and labor involved in printing? Or have you just been going to a print shop for estimates?

We have a tabletop offset and electrostatic platemaker - total cost to us of \$100 (part of a co-op we set up to buy it) - we have them in the family room/kitchen. We also have the Roneo 250 and an electrostenciller (share in the electrostenciller was about \$80 we have those in the garage. All costs I quoted are the current costs for buying the physical items. Labour is much the same for the mimeo and offset - the Roneo is a hand job (better control of the blacks) and the offset is, of course, electric. We buy the paper for both from the one source and the stencils from another and the plates from another. So costs are accurate for both for that time. - Ron.

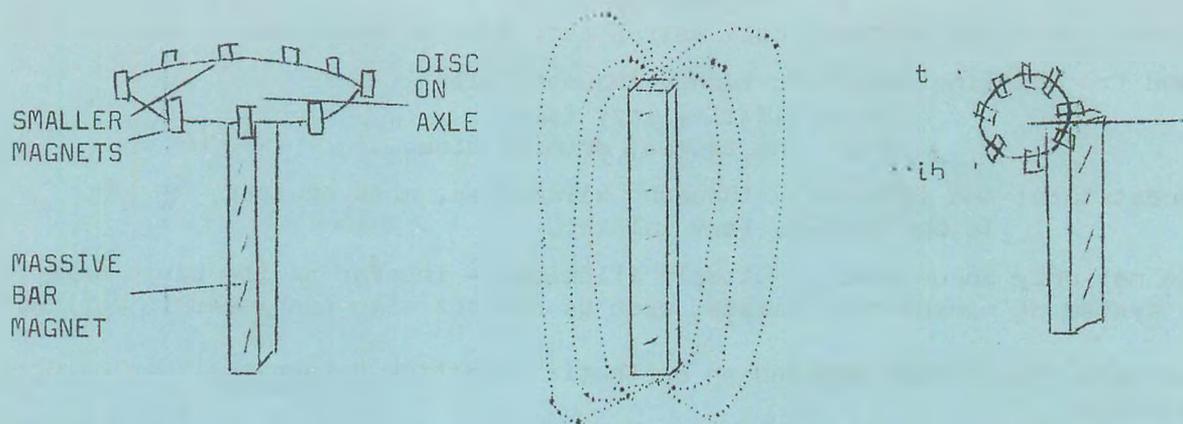
Harry Andruschak predicts home copiers within ten years - well, Canon (which is Japanese) is promoting a home copier for \$995, which is much cheaper than Gestetner's \$3600 for their 1566 mimeo. Panasonic has a FP1310R reducing copier priced at \$2700 and that's cheaper than Gestetner. I'm not sure that the Canon copier is big enough for fannish needs. A small fanzine (like Sticky Quarters) calls for 1-2000 impressions. Big genzines like The Mentor would take 3-5 times as many impressions. The Panasonic I think would do, but I think a fan would want something even larger than that. Meanwhile 'dry' copiers like the Panasonic have destroyed the market for 'wet' copiers like the Saxon. A Saxon 300 (an American brand name) sells for maybe \$500 but can give very good images. That's as cheap to buy as a mimeo and a lot less bother. I checked further into the Canon copier ads. The photo-reception drum, toner and developer are sealed into one \$70 cartridge, when you run out of toner, you throw the cartridge away. Lifespan: 2000 copies. That's 3½¢ a copy plus paper. Give me a mimeo!

Michael Hailstone succinctly answers John Alderson's blather about wandering poles and tipping planets. A good book on the topic is Ring of Fire by David Ritchie. A nice simple layman's introduction to modern geology and plate tectonics.

James Styles is a put-on, right? I mean there really aren't people who believe "every sperm is sacred/every sperm has grace./If a sperm is wasted/God gets quite irrate."

I would trust John Alderson's essay about non-dominated societies more if the only two examples he discusses weren't the Australian bushmen - a pet society of his and the Scottish clans. Alderson sounds Scottish. There's been a lot of romantic nonsense written about the Scots. Enough that I hesitate to accept anything said about the Scots as true. Surely Alderson could have found other non-dominated societies to discuss.

Michael Hailstone has been asking a number of questions that are hard for the non-specialist to answer. Following his description, I get a machine that looks like the following:



There is no unequal attraction of one small magnet over another to cause the disk to rotate. Placing the axle horizontal to the end of the magnet would create an imbalance - except that the cumulative forces on the distant magnet perfectly counter-balances the forces on the near magnet. In fact no matter how one places the magnets or hinges them to swing near or far from the central lodestone, the cumulative effect of the distant/receding always matches the force of the near/approaching magnets. Perpetual motion remains impossible.

The Greenhouse effect is more difficult matter, especially since - I gather - not all scientists agree that the CO<sub>2</sub> levels did produce the Ice Ages. I think Hailstone is underrating the effect density and concentration has on CO<sub>2</sub> absorption, not to mention atmospheric temperature. All have an impact on the width of the absorption band. The more the band widens the greater the absorption. Cool, low pressure conditions will produce sharp bands that will absorb little because most of the energy is at the wrong frequency. But this is not a field I've studied. In fact I don't think this is a field with hard and fast rules. Too many variables could increase or decrease a "greenhouse effect".

Loved the back-cover. The style reminds me of a US fan named Rick McCollum, though this drawing is too non-violent for him.

A Bertram Chandler  
PO Box 980,  
Potts Point,  
NSW 2011

Having browsed through the R & R Dept. of TM 45, I feel impelled to take up the cudgels in my own defence. Harry Andruschak, in his letter, says that he was thrilled to have caught me out in a mistake.

What mistake?

I admit to not having been sufficiently explicit. I should have said that the nautical mile in one minute of latitude at the equator, not, as I apparently did say, one minute of latitude, period. But it still seems something, which is more than either the land mile or the kilometre do. (Of course, one minute of longitude at either the North or the South Pole means nothing.)

One of my main whinges about metric measurements is the way in which they are taking the poetry out of life. For example, what used to be a common saying: Give him an inch and he'll take a mile. Can you imagine saying: Give him a centimetre and he'll take a kilometre? Or a descriptive figure of speech: Inching his way forward... Can you imagine anybody millimetring his way forward?

Shakespeare

wrote: Full fathom five thy father lies...

Would have been written: Full metres ten, more or less, thy father lies...?

And from Kipling: And it's twenty thousand mile  
To our little, lazy isle  
Where the trumpet orchids blow...

Substitute: And it's forty thousand kilometres, more or less,  
To our little, lazy isle &c.

So not only do we have an utterly illogical - insofar as its basic unit is concerned - system of mensuration foisted upon us but one with considerable built-in ugliness.

Somebody should have applied an aesthetic yardstick before that deplorable decision was made.

Harry Warner Jr.,  
423 Summit Ave.,  
Hagerstown,  
Maryland 21740,  
U.S.A.

... I enjoyed immensely Rally Round the Flag, Boys. The ship that asked if it was time to scatter reminded me of the day in 1945 when all the members of the press who accompanied Franklin Delano Roosevelt wherever he went were called into an emergency press conference by an aide who said: "The President is dead." One reporter piped up: "President Roosevelt?". And while I'm at it, I might point out that Michael Hailstone has misinterpreted the cosmic conspiracy in one detail. It was FDR who offered the New Deal, not Theodore Roosevelt, who had been dead quite a few years when that programme came into effect during the early 1930s. Theodore Roosevelt was the one who walked softly and carried a big stick.

I find it hard to comment on Wave. It reads more like the summary of a story or the notes for a long story than as an actual piece of fiction. Maybe the remainder of it will change my attitude.

Your book summaries continue to be useful, and I've finally realized what they remind me of. They're quite reminiscent of the way Ethel Lindsay used to write about new releases in the late, lamented Scottish. Or I suppose it was Scottish or may be even Scottish. It's a sad commentary on the decline and fall of the old fan's brain, when I can't remember how to spell a fanzine's title only three or so years after its final issue.

The letter section makes me feel better about those predictions that we'll all either freeze to death or suffer a demise from excessive heat, because of changes in the atmosphere. If authorities are so uncertain about what's going to happen, maybe it's safe to hope that nothing in particular will happen for a while. Of course, this has been one of the most consistently hot summers in memory in much of the United States, and this has caused me to wonder if that first manmade object to leave the solar system could have punched a hole in the crystal shell enclosing it, allowing all the cold of interplanetary space to leak in and causing the climate to begin to grow intolerable.

People with tuberculosis used to live in the mountains in an effort to purify their lungs. But I never heard of reindeer purifying themselves by falling into holes in the glaciers. Could John Alderson have meant that the poor beasts get putrified?

[Actually John had putrify, and I misread it. - Ron.]

D Jason Cooper  
PO Box 408,  
Subiaco 6008.

I've read Michael Hailstone's description of a magnet-based perpetual motion device with some interest (is this the origin of Dick Tracy's magnicoops?), but I don't think it qualifies for a true PM machine, whether it works or not.

A PM machine is any device or process with a greater energy output than it has energy input. Theoretically, it doesn't matter how small the increment is, because you can take the energy and re-input it. For example, if by winding up a mainspring you used X units of energy and got in turn X + Y units of work (energy), you'd have the basis of a perpetual motion machine. Just use the work of X energy output to rewind the mainspring and Y is gravy.

Your magnetic system, however, doesn't meet the requirements. You're assuming that because you get more energy in work than the magnets themselves provide, this is 'free' energy.

The additional energy comes from the magnetic field of the planet. This, in turn, is maintained by solar winds. From what I can see, you don't say you'll get more energy than could be derived from this second source.

Mind you, that doesn't mean a PM as truly impossible. It's just that we haven't found one yet.



Michael Hailstone  
PO Box 193,  
Woden, Act 2606

On your suggestion I read Michael Black's Wave again

in one sitting, but with little greater understanding. I can't work out just what it's supposed to be about. There's far too much in it, and it isn't really a story, as very little actually happens. All the bits and pieces of scientific philosophy presented I found interesting but also tantalising, as too little of each point was put forward for my unlettered mind to grasp. Hell, I've been rapped over the knuckles for writing far less esoteric stuff. I get the impression that Black was using a fiction story to present his ideas, but he failed to bring it off, nor can I imagine how it could have been brought off in a short story. He would have done better to present his ideas in an article, or even a series of articles. In some of my

own stories I've assumed the average reader doesn't know much science and I see the need for some - (dare I say it?) - explanation.

Oh, another small thing to point out to

Michael Black: Lake George lies on the Federal Highway (between Goulburn and Canberra), not on the Hume. I know a lot of Sydneysiders have an appalling knowledge of the countryside outside their sprawling metropolis.

Richard Faulder shows another misunderstanding. My article makes no claim that national governments are part of the great Conspiracy, though no doubt there are key figures, such as Bob Hawke, working in such governments towards their eventual overthrow and subjugation. (For example, one only need look at Hawke's posturings over the Franklin and in foreign relations.) But the real powers behind the conspiracy would be multinational corporations and very powerful and wealthy families like the Rockefellers and the Rothechilds. Of course, it's so-called "private enterprise" (as opposed to governments) that have brought in such innovations as credit cards and computer coding; I never said otherwise. However I put "private enterprise" in quotes, because the corporations that quaint phrase refers to are so huge and powerful that they make a mockery of the original sense thereof.

On reading back through TM 43 I see I should have read Harry Warner's letter and others more carefully. So we're talking only about adult written sf? Sorry. In that case I probably go halfway as far back as Harry. I think the year must have been 1958, when I was at high school - to one lunch hour when another boy lent me an sf magazine to read. I don't remember the name, but it was the small size of Astounding or Amazing. Therein I read the tale set in the distant past, when the Moon was earthlike, but dying, so the Moonfolk, called "Lunarians" on the story, sent a spaceship to Earth to investigate the feasibility of migrating thither. The lunar ship lands of course on Earth in the age of the dinosaurs, with whom its crew fights a losing battle. The Moon never learns the fate of its ship and somehow never sends another. By today's standards it was a terrible story that would never be accepted by any prozine, for it had no characters as such, only the "Lunarians". But it did set me onto thinking about a story of my own, wherein the rusted remains of the lunar spaceship are discovered in the desert (which was of course a swamp millions of years ago when it landed). Unluckily I failed to come up with a story based on that idea, so it was one of my many abortions. I'd be interested if any readers remember that story, and, if they do, could they tell me the name and issue of the magazine it appeared in.

Anyway, it would have been that same year that I read Jules Verne's Twenty Thousand Leagues under the sea, having already seen the film and read the comic, and the following summer I borrowed from my aforesaid friend's family a collection of Wells's scientific romances, and so I read all the old classics: War of the Worlds, The Invisible Man, The Time Machine, and The Island of Doctor Moreau, but shied off his later more esoteric works such as Food of the Gods and The Day of the Comet(?). I wrote a critical essay for school on the works I read but got no teacher response for it, which was a pity, seeing that I was for once writing about something that really interested me - far more than the standard fare such as Kipps, Wuthering Heights and Julius Caesar.

But was that really my introduction to adult written sf? I recall seeing in primary school a larger sized magazine that featured, amongst other things, a story in which the Earth was invaded by aliens in doughnut-shaped spacecraft. Was that a juvenile? I'm sure I wouldn't have cared less at the time, so it strikes me as a bit pointless to make such arbitrary distinctions. Also, I was still quite young when I read the full adult version of Gulliver's Travels, though I have no way of knowing now how old I was.

Okay, so Swift didn't think up the two martian moons himself; instead Kepler did some 267 years before they were discovered. So what? All that means is that Kepler should get the credit for remarkable foreknowledge instead of Swift.

Lastly a

comment to Diane Fox, no - not personally to her in case her use of a certain pronoun was made tongue in cheek, another manifestation of her weird sense of humour, so I'll air a certain source of minor irritation to the world at large. I think it's both absurd and hypocritical for feminists to make an issue about the gender of a god they don't believe in. Let's face it: the christian God, rather the judeo-christian God is definitely a male God. To pretend otherwise is as silly as trying to make out that Ronald Reagan or Bob Hawke is a woman. Judaism, Christianity and Islam are all very patriarchal religions. (If the feminists claim that they're not referring to the christian God, then I don't know who or what they are talking about.) But on the other hand I understand their need for a female god--(dess), and I'd must like to point out to them, that, to find such, there is no need to carry out some omnipotent sex-change operation on the sky-father; the goddess they need is here and has been here all the time, worshipped by the Minoans and very early Greeks, amongst others, and I feel that it is turning away from Her that has set the human race on the destruction path it's been on for the last 3500 years or so. But She is here in the Earth, not up there in the sky.

---

R Mapson  
PO Box 7087,  
Cloisters Sq.,  
W.A. 6000

I wasn't at Syncon either, so not all that appeared in this issue (45) was particularly interesting. Carol Bott's article was the most engrossing piece on the con for its personal view of events, as opposed to simple descriptions of panels, parades and people. As far as Ellison goes, I find his stuff too over-the-top; it's fine at a first read, but the next time you know what is coming. Also, his work tends to pale in large doses. It's like the difference between a kick in the groin and having your arm (physically) twisted; oee is more violent, but the other lasts longer.

Stories about fictional characters that actually turn out to be real (gosh! wow!) are not particularly original. I kept wondering how Phil Dick would have handled such a reality interface. (Perhaps something like Ubik or A Maze of Death).

John Fox's Heinlein reviews were interesting. I have read both the books in question and agree with him: Evil, while waffling in style, was quite good; Love took me at least a year to finish (with repeated starts, and going off to read more interesting books). Incidentally, the only other sf fan at my office is currently reading this book. And enjoying it. There's just no accounting for taste. There are giggles from her (female) friends as she reads excerpts from Mr Long's sayings. But then, I usually find the desk calendar rather boring as well.

I did appreciate your placing the review of The Number of the Beast in the Children's Corner - but don't they deserve something a bit more intellectual?

---

Kerrie Hanlon,  
Sydney,  
N.S.W.

I'll direct my comments to James Styles: Of course SF art has not developed as a parasite on the beauty of SF writings. People have visions. Some people build theirs with wordplay, others use light, shade and a vibrance of colour.

Consider if you will that it is far easier to convey a story with a multitude of words than one only frozen moment. Consider also that you mainly see the "parasitic" type of artwork because it's more commercially useable. Bookcovers for instance. Art serves a purpose in commercial terms but that doesn't mean it developed that way. Original stuff is actually not as saleable, believe it or not. People are lulled into wanting

familiar scenes such as all those Frazetta rip-offs on car doors and van sides. It's pushed as being trendy and sexually exotic (!). Harlan Ellison, for instance, has written stories from artwork which moved him so. I am sure other authors have done the same. So, while the type of art of which you speak has a lot going against it - it does exist, and that speaks for itself.

I'd also like to say to James, thank you for "mildly poking fun" at my artwork! I think it quite flattering that you have taken the time to know my name and the kind of work I do. Keep in mind, though, not all my ideas are published in chronological order. Every now and then you may find an old one thrown in such as the one you referred to.

However, I think you've been very kind in your referral to those undertones. But wait till you see the ones with over tones in them.

Roger Waddington  
4 Commercial St.,  
Norton, Malton,  
North Yorkshire,  
YO17 5ES, U.K.

Well, I've considered it one of the more chilling quotations of recent years, but "You're not paranoid, they really are out to get you..." but I'm cheered when reading all of the latest conspiracy theories to think that in this increasingly regimented, nursemaid world, humanity's still strong enough to fight back, to think for itself instead of being fed with comforting ideas, even though that thinking might be wrong-headed. I'd say it's a psychological trait, akin to our over-weening curiosity, that we can't bear to think there are things going on that we can't know about, and that we're on to them, whoever 'they' are; and the human race is better for it.

Well, apparently no less a person than Arthur C. Clarke watched over the early episodes of Dan Dare for the scientific concepts; but having ambitions in that line myself, and writing one or two storylines, I suspect that the author and/or creator of Twin Earths threw in the proverbial kitchen sink, when it came to concepts, just to keep the story moving; and have you read the Asimov article in the August F&SF about concepts before their time? That's more like the reality.

Looking at your first two reviews, I suspect that if I had as much time to read, I'd be voting with Fredric Brown rather than Julian May; not in any question of excellence of writing, but that I can find an ending to his stories... ie I'm objecting very strongly to reading a novel, and then having to shell out hard-earned cash (and then again!) to find out how it finishes. It's a tendency I've noticed increasingly lately, notably with the six books (so far) of Thomas Covenant, but with a spread of other sequels and trilogies; - The Book of the Beast, Roderick at Random, Cageworld 4...(!) not to mention the Juxtaposition trilogy from Piers Anthony, The First Book of Swords just out from Fred Saberhagan... I'd say that it's due to an increasing fear in the publishing field these days, a reluctance to dare anything, which may be due to the economic pull of the recession, ie when one book sells, the tendency is to order more of the same, and the writers join in by making their books open-ended, so that they'll have that added advantage. I'm not blaming the writers - hoping to join their ranks one of these days - but the publishers, for not taking more risks.

Mike McGann's spaceship on page 44 is the hearest I've seen in years to the space toys I used to dream about as a child, out of reach and beyond my pocket, and it's given fresh impetus to another of my recurring dreams, that of building up a collection of these space-orientated items, similar to my pbs and magazines - well, they are sf as well. Though what's with the illo on page 18? I suspect that the caption might have been doctor'd from a present day quote; I hope the kangaroo has been, as well!

You look to be having the same controversy over the Ditmars as American fandom had over the Hugoes, and with as much latent acrimony over the whole question of fanzines; and indeed the question then seemed to have been how do you define a fanzine, with the semi-professional Locus and/or SF Review walking off with the Hugo every time... Though, speaking as a non-editor and with the possibility of raising Cain, I'm just wondering what use they are anyway. For Best Novel the publisher can always banner the next edition with the award, if he decides there's enough profit in reprinting it; but will an award for Best Fanzine gain any more readers, and indeed, are you publishing with that intention anyway? Strikes me that faneds are sufficiently mulish anyway not to care about awards; or that may be the impression that they like to give. And Best Fan Writer, and Best Fan Artist and/or Cartoonist; what's that, that they don't know it already? Oh, they're useful enough, as a reward for excellence for the year gone by; but what also?

[I'd say most fans that win the awards get egoboo out of it. Of course they don't mean anything, really. Fanzines aren't remembered for the awards they got, but for themselves. - Ron.]

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I was still researching a loc to 43 when 44 fell through my door - dammit, you're worse than Title for setting the mind searching for stores of curious knowledge. I've been carrying both Mentors round with me now, for weeks, whenever I have a few minutes for a train or a beer or whatever dip in and at once I'm off on speculation/mental argument/resolutions to "look it up" whenever I find myself disagreeing, but can't remember precisely enough to be sure of my case.

Re No.43 and mr mapson's letter - mention "scaloped" in my poem. I suggest anyone who shares his doubts as to the adjective to look at a photo of some 16th C parade armour, Maximilian 4 Innusbruck collection for ideal, and then see if they still doubt the word's relevance.

The image of glorious Scottish clan-descended egalitarianism - well, city Scots (Glaswegians) call all strangers 'Jimmy', but I think this devil may care all brothers together against the Sassenach and gets a bit thin in rural areas - not just the current deference to "feudal lords" with Scottish names but with posh, english accents like Lord Home (and foreign landowners from Saudi, Holland, etc), but right back through history the clan brotherhood angle, from what I've read, may have been a convenient fiction for the chieftains to parade when he needed a willing and unpaid fighting force, but in real life the chiefs took very little persuading to adopt Norman landholding systems and succession patterns once Macbeth was out of the way, because it rid them of flocks of considerable claimants; later in the Clearances showed little care, mostly, for the clansmen who were supposedly their "childeen" cum kindred, and in between made sure the best share of the "common" clan lands went to their mates and stooges. Mercenary gallowglass soldiers kept troublemakers in line, and in some celtic areas there were even serfs a la Norman England. So I'm afraid the golden age of Scotland is that article lacks conviction for me. Self-rule for "Celtic fringe" areas of Britain by all means, but based on reality, not a lost twilight paradise of classless equality that never was. The Lord of the Isles (the real ones, not the present Charles bogus use of the title) or The O'Neil or the Prince of Gwnedd may've been keen of on certain days to hear grievances, but nobody forget who was boss.

I was a bit saddened and surprised that Bertram Chandler, a writer I admire, should footnote his applause for Maggie and her Falkland Fakeout. Don't get me wrong; the courage of the people who died and the professionalism and, with the

one exception it has, and can be, admired. But the hypocrisy of how Maggie set the whole thing up to win herself glory, the way we as rulers of the Falklands left the Falklanders (before and since) as peons of the Falkland Islands Co., the contrast of the flagwaving over self-determination there is pukesanship in the extreme.

Yeah,  
I'm waiting for the cheap photocopier too, (there is a £50 one here, but the paper costs so much it's a rip off). If Sinclair can do the £39 computer, surely it must be possible to do a decent cheap copier - or maybe the final answer has not to be a cheap computer cum printer?

John J Alderson  
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Vic 3465

After reading Diane Fox's comments that I sound a 'bit paranoid' I read the original article again to see if this might be so. I see no grounds for such a belief. In fact I dealt more kindly with the tribe, and the women thereof than other writers have done. That reclaiming that society requires the men to be profitable and useful members of the society is the first essential; indeed if the men managed to take up herding (the fate of men who try to innovate in such societies is, as Margaret Mead said, to be hung up by the heels) and the women carried on their present education and indoctrination, the society would be still modified, but only slightly. Whilst people are a product of their society the individual, acting under that influence, can hardly be blamed. To criticise me for saying that the women have to equalize the sex ratio etc is, I feel, a little paranoid.

As for Glen Crawford's Corpse Dominated society, I don't believe it. Maybe you could give your reference.

Julie Vaux gave some interesting information. The main reason I did not use any of the tribes she mentioned is that I don't have anthropological texts on them. Marco Polo is tolerable, but I was not short of subject matter. Incidentally, those puberty rites are probably also marriage rituals as they are amongst the Aborigines (some of which are a little earthy).

Burt Libe is wholly wrong. He mistakes a "dominated society" for individual tyranny and I don't think much of the ethical system which could possibly equate the two. Perhaps if he were to read two of the most revealing sources of American society, he might understand his own society better - Li'l Abner and Chic Young's Blondie and Daqwood. The rest will be revealed in later articles.

If, as I believe, Dr Van Ikin was born in Australia as long ago as I think he was, when he would legally have a christian name. I fail to see why anyone at all should take any objection to the use of the term. It is derived from the old Norse ritual of sprinkling the character most concerned with water and bestowing a name on them. It does not, and never has had, any significance that the candidate was now a healthy Norse. The name thus bestowed was called the "Christian name", though I believe correctly it should be written christian. Nor is it by any means certain that the word is derived either from Christ or Christian. Christian is derived from Christ the sprinkled or anointed one (from the Greek). The Anglo-Saxon form was cristen and is similar to other terms, chrism (consecrated oil used in various rituals) and chrisom-cloth, robe etc, the white robe used during baptism and which was originally the head cloth worn to prevent the chrism being rubbed off. The christian (or more properly cristen) name is the one bestowed by sprinkling or anointing with water, and has more latterly become the term given to infants as distinct from their inherited name, and by transference to the name itself. It does, in fact, mean "given name" and whilst I support the more accurate spelling and pronunciation cristen I believe the objection to its use is either ignorance or bloodymindedness.

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U.S.A.

As always, the most interesting part of the zine was ABC. His comments on flag use were not only interesting, but very much a part of current Navel methods. The US Navy has decided to keep signal flags in use for operational purposes, because it is the only way to pass messages from one ship to another without the Russians listening in. As

I write this, the USSR has several spacecraft in orbit who are there to listen in on any transmissions of date from one USA ship to another. The fact that the date is encryptic does not matter - they know the location of the transmitting ship, and that is enough. We, of course, have the same sort of system in orbit to detect USSR radio transmissions. Ours is more sensitive, and better able to pinpoint the location of the transmitting ship,

And nothing to with signal flags, but the ELF is again alive and well, and construction should start next year. ELF is Extremely Low Frequency, and refers to a way of talking with USA submarines on frequencies below 30KHZ. However, it takes an entire forest to string the several hundreds of miles of antenna wire. The state of Wisconsin has always objected to the idea.

I have very little to say about the editorial on the DITMAR awards, simply because I have not read most of the fiction nominations, and only a tiny fraction of what could qualify for the fannish awards. I have seen the arguments all before and the fan hugos were being worked over. And somehow I get the same impression -- it might be better to let the fan categories just drop out of sight, and stick to pro awards only. For example, is your proposed rule No.3 going to help the fannish fanzine fan who cannot operate duplicating equipment? It can happen, you know. It can happen to me... or to other fanzish diabetiic or to those fanzine fans who have some handicap that makes it hard or impossible to run their own printing equipment. In point of fact, I am thinking of my friend Ed Meskys, who tried to revive his fanzine Kiekas. (I became one of his columnists). He is blind, so had Mike Bastraw do the actual printing, which was very professional looking. But I will maintain that Niekas was a fanzine by all the other definitions.

Buck Coulson  
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Hartford City,  
In 47348,  
U.S.A.

Hailstone has the wrong president; Franklin Roosevelt, not Theodore. Well, I don't know the Australian Prime Minister of that era (though I do know the British ones). He also missed the fact that Wendell Wilkie ran for US Presidnet in 1940, essentially on a platform of "One World". Of course, Wilkie lost, but he did get 22,000,000 votes. The rest of it is an amusing example of what passes for thought among a lot of people. Deyo sounds like a real nut; I wonder if he really did work for the CIA, or if that's part of his imagination, too?

Chandler has an interesting article on signalling. Maybe the US has the ideal flag; the basic form remains the same but the number of stars in it changes frequently enough to satisfy those people who get bored with the same old thing. (I suppose it will have to be Puerto Rico next; it's going to take awhile to condition the Canadians for statehood.)

Alderson is good at making black into white; tribesmen who are the sole source of protein for the people have been "derived of economic importance because they don't bring in enough it it. Economic theory, John, states that scarcity increases value - but then that doesn't fit into your theory, so you ignore it.

Nonsense, everyone knows that Errol Flynn liberated Burma, and he's Irish. English and Americans had nothing to do with it. (Movies are "history" for a lot of people, too.)

┌Actually, Flynn was born in Tasmania... - Ron.┐

Diane Fox  
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Sue Bursztynski's Encounter  
was a delightful tale. (I'd  
like to see an episode of Star  
Wanderers and may do so in an  
alternate existence!)

Jackie  
Causgrove's cute baby vampire bat (p.10) was  
also delightful. I also liked Sakura Allison's  
artwork.

Carol Bott's SYNCON '83 article was  
fun -- the image of Harlan Ellison photographed  
on all fours (and its possible suggestive  
connotations) is a most mindboggling one. Poor  
man, his mind must have been yet more boggled  
by the conversation on p.14.)

I hadn't even  
heard of the Illuminati until I read the  
Robert Wilson book. However, all through my  
early 20s I was convinced that one group was  
controlling the world. God knows why -- I  
hadn't seen this theory written up anywhere  
or heard anyone else really expressing it.  
Maybe that indicates I'm paranoid.

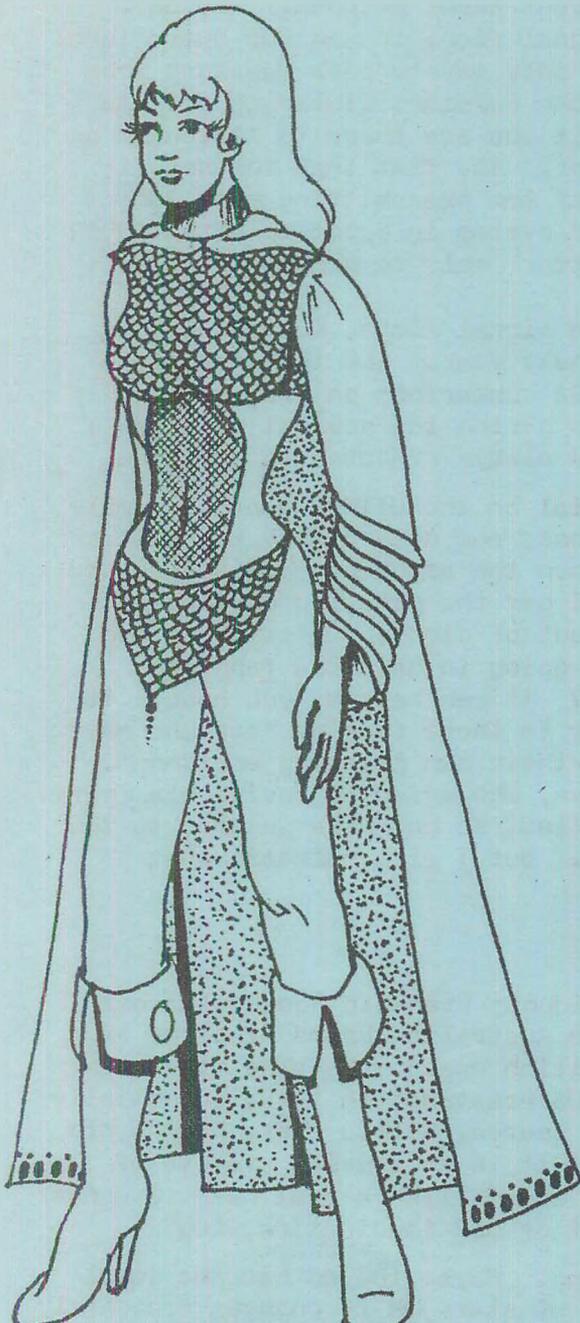
I'd agree  
with Richard Faulder's comment about students  
saying "fuck" etc in order to shock their middle-  
class parents. My sister had a friend at  
university who almost fitted a stereo-type.  
Her parents were very strict catholics: when  
she got to university this girl started not  
only to swear, but ended up living with a male  
fellow student. They used to cuddle one  
another fairly obviously in public, and every  
aspect of their behaviour indicated that they  
wanted to shock the older generation. It  
wouldn't nowadays, but this was some years ago  
and I believe this girl's parents were quite  
upset about it all.

Sorry James, I did mis-  
understand your comments, which I now see was  
meant in a spirit of satire and sarcasm. Sigh.  
Abortion is hideous; but then, child bashing  
or murder by neglect I find ever viler. If  
one must be murdered, let it be done quickly.

Burt Libe's comments on scantily clad  
"fair maidens" in SF illustrations -- I'd say  
that the second explanation, ie that such  
images are traditional SF stereotypes, is the

correct one. I don't think fans, male or female, are more lecherous than their  
fellow earthlings or whatever. A truly lecherous being would not waste time in  
aesthetic pursuits, it would spend its time in gratifying its impulses directly, or  
at least, trying to do so. It might be too busy playing pocket billiards to use its  
hands for a more abstract purpose such as picking up a pen.

I have read some of the



Sakura  
Allison  
'83

"Cosmic Conspiracy" - can't say I'm really convinced, but the ideas are interesting. Anti-christ controlling the Illuminati? I look at my own comments on p.33, where I say "one entity, extremely long-lived and of towering will power and superhuman intelligence". A mutant or alien Anti-christ? Well, the idea steadily grows more plausible.

The somewhat gruesome custom Glen Crawford describes is obviously a form of divination. As this was used in one form or another in all societies - and by nearly all human beings, it might be correct to term the Aboriginal tribes, and all other human cultures for that matter, Magick-dominated cultures. After all, divination is based on the Magickal idea that all the universe is interconnected and apparently random happenings may be symbolic of influences in our own lives. Nearly everyone has made a decision by flipping a penny, or by consulting Tarot cards or the I Ching. Maybe, as I mentioned elsewhere, the process of puzzling out the meaning of the "message" forces the diviner to see aspects of the matter he/she hadn't considered before, and gives fresh ideas; or maybe humans are slightly prescient and the symbolism and concentration involved heightens this.

I think the people who use the Tarot, etc are lagging behind the rest of the human race, in that they are still emotionally in the middle ages and their superstitions still cloak their actions. Many women fall within this category - they can't face the increasingly complex and interactive future. - Ron.

I can't remember if any horror novel has been written about a possessed computer, yet at least one film (which I didn't get to see) was made on the subject.

Mike Hailstone's account of the busnicals and the planet reminds me of a little of the "Martian stories" which I used to tell my sister. Now that was an inconsistent, downright unscientific fantasy world...

Yes, I'd agree with Roger Waddington's comment that in an increasingly Leftist-leaning world, it is strange that the Royal Family are so much admired. Possibly because they would seem to go out of their way to be people who it is possible to admire, a larger-scale version of the nice middleclass family down the road, etc. I can see the Royals surviving on into the future - as in Star Wars, which has a Royal leading an apparently left wing revolution. Human life, and politics especially, revels in paradox. Or perhaps it is more wholesome to admire the Royals than it is to adore pop stars, dictators or, worst of all perhaps, religious leaders. Human beings seem to need to admire someone.

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I'll still stick to my classification as regards art, Ron. You still want to pit an artist against a cartoonist? As regards Colour art, that is where the recent Syncon competition comes in. That is where artists get their "just recognition". If an artist does not win an award then he, or she, is not producing art that is good enough. It is then time to reassess what one is doing and try to do something better. I am well aware of Julie's opinions on the recent competition. However, being a fair-minded person I go by what the judge eventually decides, whether he knows anything about art or not is irrelevant - the judge's decision is final. (So what if he called Marilyn's excellent lizard a watercolour?). Even if they did have someone who knows about art, there is no guarantee that the results would have been any different. For a national con, though, there were not as many entries as I would have thought, which just means that there aren't that many artists within fandom.

I hope there was not just one judge for the artwork? That would be asking for trouble. There should be at least three. As for the number of artists

in fandom today - the best artists, all-for-all, in Australia today are the sf media artists. Artists like Sakura Allison and Kerrie Hanlon.

My expectations of Wave were unfulfilled. I must concur with Richard Faulder in his general view, that the excess of verbiage is paramount to the exclaimer of superamalgamated; "Dubitation is now an evanescent quotiety." After all was said and done last ish Mr Black should have got down to brass tacks. Also, a plot line which appeared in the first half was not followed up in the second.

Encounter, by Sue Bursztynsky: although quite predictable was amusing, and quite fitted the con theme. Does she really mean that everything I write of exists somewhere? (Oh Ghod! The mind boggles!)

James Styles afraid of women in high heels? Now we know why he joined the army!

One final note. My loc which appeared last ish contains a few errors which I do not believe were in the original. I have never written a hundred novels, but did read that many. My actual output for that period was four (4) novels. (Thankfully these will never see the light of day.) Also, I believe I used the word 'media' and not 'radio'. You also left my PO box number off. That doesn't worry me. I'm glad to see I am not the only one who suffers from being type-blind.

Talking of con artwork, Kerrie Hanlon sent along for sale at MEDTREK 84 the cover she did for your story, but in colour. - Ron.

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Qld 4215.

CIA/NSA plot, preparatory to ultra right wing coup, U.S., 84 or 85: lace pilots coffee with lsd (Korean airlines flight 007) or clandestinely replace flight crew at Anchorage with hypnotized zombies programmed to violate Soviet airspace. liquidate genuine crew thoroughly (salmon cannery, Anchorage, Mt St Helena crater). arrange usual cooperation of Soviet intelligence agencies. ensure presence of prominent right wing fundamentalist politician on flight. (martyr value). passengers: emotion/outrage value. (pawns; expendable.)

..... And seething Hosts of Daemons leapt  
For Balkasar the mad Adept  
In noxious Rites unfit to pen  
Debaucheries beyond our Ken,  
With ev'ry hellish Plan he drew  
His necromantick Power grew;  
And nightly ~~learning~~ ghoulish Lore  
He robb'd each hallow'd Tomb of Yore -  
Till Dungeons pil'd with rotting Dead,  
He puff'd with Pride and loudly said:  
"Now None shall dare to stand before  
My undead Legions' March to War!"

Richard J. Faulder  
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Yanco,  
NSW 2703

I enjoyed Sue Bursztynski's story. It rather proves that mediafen do have a sense of humour and perspective. Sakura Allison's artwork was also enjoyable, again, while betraying its origins, showing there has been an increased interest lately in the existence of a separate mediafandom (although this seems to be far more of general expression covering a wide diversity of groups, far less homogeneous than the thing called, for want of a better word,

"mainstream fandom"). You are probably doing more to come as close as is possible to unifying the two approaches to fandom than other editors. Rather than taking the "Here I am, accept me as I am or ignore me", you are taking the areas of overlap, and pointing them out to both groups. Actually, given the length of time in which mediafandom groups have been in existence, it's rather a pity that something like this wasn't done years ago, for in the interim the practices of the two groups have so diverge that many members of them are unable to interact with members of the other group at all.

Well, I've gone about as far as one can go - I married one of the longest active (possibly the most longest. . .) pubbing active) media fan in Australia. Of course back in 1974 Susan had been the editor of FORERUNNER, had put out about six issues of GIRL'S OWN FANZINE and had stood for DUFF, as well as being the person organising SYNCON 75 - which she was unable to attend because she was expecting the birth of our first child at that time. - Ron.]

Similar praise goes to you for your publication of those two conreports from relative newcomers to the larger community of fandom. (I won't use the rather demeaning expression "neofen" here, for I feel that it is unfair and inappropriate.) These days conreports have tended to acquire a certain air of sameness and incestuousness about them, with the same old people doing the same old things, and I found this new vision quite refreshing. These two people, as a result of your publishing their writing (were their reports volunteered or solicited?) [solicited] are likely to be able to move easily between the various subgroups of fandom and help to tie the whole together.

James Styles sounds much more reasonable this time around. Mind you, it is only at this point in history that women seem more prone to outrageous fashions (not that this makes such fashions any less to be deplored). At other points men have been at least equally prone to such silliness.

In stating previously that "people only live to die" he rather made it sound as though he meant "people's only purpose for existence is to die" which is certainly rather nihilistic. His restatement makes it sound as though what he meant is that "people's only fate is to die", the retort to which is based on one's theological persuasion to the extent that no useful comment can be made.

The distinction between dynamic and static equilibrium seems to have escaped James Styles. I stand by my assertion that in pretechnological times the human system was in a state of dynamic equilibrium. The advent of technology for many years gave human beings the illusion that they were somehow exempt from the strictures of biology. If we want to retain the existence of nation and culture, then we are going to have to use technology to make our existence compatible with biological realities. When referring to "technology", I certainly do not include abortion, the use of which as a primary means of birth control I regard with abhorrence.

Well, yes, if I thought that there were such things as "normal and healthy human mating patterns" which were universally applicable, I guess I would be in favour of conditioning people into such patterns. However, I see no evidence that such universal patterns exist, and to condition everyone into certain patterns, when for some of them the particular patterns are not compatible, will lead to more ill-health, not less.

Burt Libe seems unjustified in asserting that "human males have been in-bred to compete for females". Aside from the assumptions it makes about the genetic component in human behaviour which have little justification, vertebrates seem less tied to the contribution of each gender in determining which gender does the competing for mates. (This is in contrast to the situation in invertebrates where if competition takes place at all, the competitive gender is the one which makes the greatest contribution to production of young.) All that

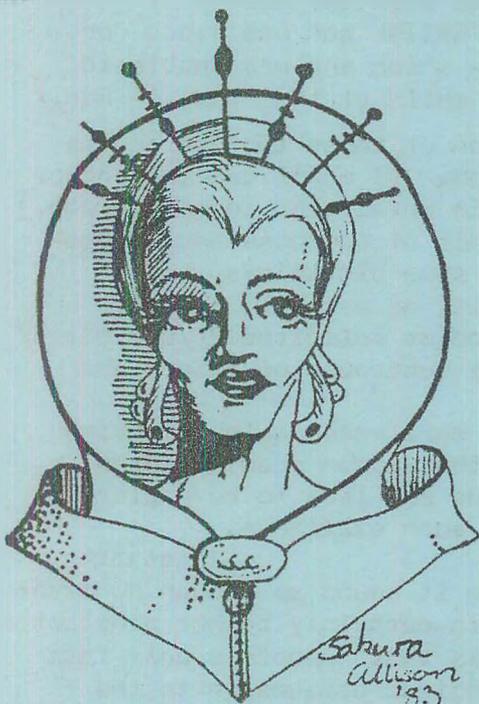
aside, there is no reason why the gender which competes for mates should be the one which dominates the society in other ways.

Interesting choice of words there, in talking about a fatal rut in relation to the depiction of nekkid wimmen by sf artists. Reminds me of preying mantis copulation. Now there's a fatal rut!

The problem with breaking up the art category for the Ditmars into colour and monochrome is that the former will get little exposure to a wider audience. An award for them would have to be more in the nature of the prizes awarded after masquerades, or for short-story contests held in conjunction with conventions. Still, I agree with you that the distinction between cartoonists and other artists is not always easy to make. Perhaps the best way to ensure that feathers remain unruffled is to ask nominated persons if they want to be in that particular category before they are actually listed on the voting form.

Actually, Bjelke-Peterson is unlike most politicians in that he is not pragmatic. He has managed to hang onto power more by virtue of luck than by in any way compromising his beliefs.

I had always understood that a nautical mile was the length of one degree on a great circle, a great circle being one drawn at the point of maximum diameter on the globe.



Glen Crawford  
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Gosford, NSW 2250.

Syncon 83 was my first  
con, and like about 99% of  
the attendees, I had myself  
a ball. I met lots of

interesting people I had only previously heard of from their writing in fanzines, drank too much, slept for too little, and generally acted in a manner befitting a trufan. I didn't get around to speaking personally to Harlan as I made my prime concern at Syncon getting to know the fanzine 'crew' and besides, as a hopeful (some-day) writer myself, I couldn't handle the idea of meeting a 'famous' author and having to admit that I'd never read any of his works! I found myself totally hooked on conventions, and long before Syncon was over, I was carrying my paid up membership to Eurekacon 84 in my wallet. My wife wasn't exactly happy about this, about as happy in fact as she was when I went to sleep sitting on the lounge with my daughter on my lap about half an hour after arriving home on Monday afternoon from the con.

Michael Hailstone writes as part of his LoC in TM 46, 'An unbeliever in the possibility of marine intelligence'... Is this just a throwaway line, or doesn't he accept the idea that dolphins and their kin have intelligence? If the latter is the case, then I'm afraid he's in for one hell of a shock when communication is finally established. That is, of course, if the dolphins are stupid enough to allow mankind to communicate!

Michael also mentions a book Alternative Three which I have never read, but I clearly recall a BBC TV program by the same title which by his description of the book was based on it. The show was originally screened on April Fools Day in the UK, and was most authentic in its presentation. Unfortunately, the

tape seems to have been destroyed, as no record of it remains at the ABC in Sydney. (My brother-in-law works there, and has undertaken a search for it.)

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As boss of Syncon 83, I am more than a little involved, personally, in the events discussed by your correspondents and fairly happy with the response received from both "neo" reports, especially as the Con was not aimed, primarily, at media fen (or fannish fen, either). I must say, first of all, I dislike the cover. The caricature does not do justice to Harlan, the pipe is way out of proportion and the picture as a whole is far too cluttered. Mike has some talent as a cartoonist but simplification of his lines and cleansing of his backgrounds are a necessity.

Bert is, as usual, readable and entertaining. His contre-remps with the National Times arose from what was a very silly report. However, many of your readers, not having the context of David Dale's original article will not fully understand the letter. TNT published Bert's letter, minus the first paragraph.

Sue's fanfic is quite nice, if a little twee.

Carol's report is very twee. I got very put-off by her pretensions and posing: "hit the 'O.J.'"; calling Harlan "the dear boy" as if she were some transsexual Noel Coward: but otherwise, it was a good, personalised account.

Paul's report I enjoyed except it sounded like Harlan spent the the con insulting me. This isn't true. We got on very well despite the demands I had to make on Harlan as GoH. I couldn't have asked for a better GoH.

You ask what a cartoon is - the way I see it a cartoon is separate from other art because it is a simple line drawing, sometimes with humourous intent, rather than a complete picture. Most fanzine fillos are cartoons, whether aiming at humour or not. Goya's sketches, from which he later painted, are called cartoons, as well. The cover of TM 45 is a cartoon, the backover is not. I agree with Peter Lempert - you cannot ask Packer or McGann or Frost to compete with Pride, Stathopoulos or Hanlon.

Your guest reviewer needs some Heinlein history. I Will Fear No Evil is not "the beginning of his longer works". It postdates Stranger In A Strange Land and The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress. Similarly, his appreciation of IWFNE and TEFL demonstrate a rather strange opinion. The former is ranked as near RAH's worst, least controlled novels (with Farnham's Freehold and The Number Of The Beast). While TEFL is usually regarded as, at best, mediocre Heinlein, I take exception. To me, it is the epitome of the confluence of the divergent strains of Heinlein's thematic concerns, bringing together the engineering and the metaphysical concer that had been competing and running parallel since the Future History and Beyond This Horizon, respectively.

Joe Hanna-Rivero A410871  
No 1 Tech App Course,  
RAAF School of Radio,  
RAAF Base, Laverton,  
Vic 3027

The drawing on the cover of TM 45 of Harlan Ellison was nicely rendered by Mike McGann. Actually I am quite a fan of Mr Ellison't writing. The first I read of his work was "Repent Harlequin!" Said The Ticktockman which was published in Omni a number of years back. I also used to read his often controversial column in the now defunct Future Life magazine. Although I haven't read A Boy And His Dog I have seen the film version which was very sexist indeed. I found that the scene in which the boy and the dog eat the girl (the sexual connotation also present here) was quite offensive, though I heard that this was not in Harlan's original story.

I can't say that I enjoyed Encounter by Sue Bursztynski - I found it rather boring and predictable, but I suppose it ties in well with the "Convention" theme of the issue.

Wave wasn't much better either, even when I read the story as a whole instead of in parts as published. The main problem with it seemed to me to be the way it was written. Sentences were often long and clumsy and I strained to follow them. However, the main idea behind the story is quite good and it is good to see some science in it. In my opinion if Michael Black rewrote the story and tidied the sentences and expression a bit it would be an easier and thus better story to read.

Mike McGann's Spaced Out satirizing the Ditmar was especially funny, yet at the same time seriously questioning the significance of this monolithic award.

WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Julie Vaux, Steve Snoyd (again), Joe Hanne-Rivero (again), Raymond Clancy, and an additional letter from Michael Hallstone on Earthsearch II, which, for lack of space here I'll print next issue.

Below is the answer to the SF Crossword:

- SOLUTION -

1	M	E	T	H	U	2	S	A	L	A	3	H	4	S
A						F				M			P	
5	T	A	L	E	S		7	L		A			I	
H			T			8	T	A	R	Z	A	N		
E		9	B			O				I			R	
S		L					10	L	I	N			A	
11	O	L	A	12	F					13	G	O	D	
N		14	D	R	A	G	O	15	N					
	16	D	E	A	N			17	O	18	R	A	19	C
20	M			N		21	S			O			O	
A			22	K	N	E	A	L	E				X	
23	R	A	Y			E				24	G	25	O	
S			26	V	A	D	I	M					N	

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