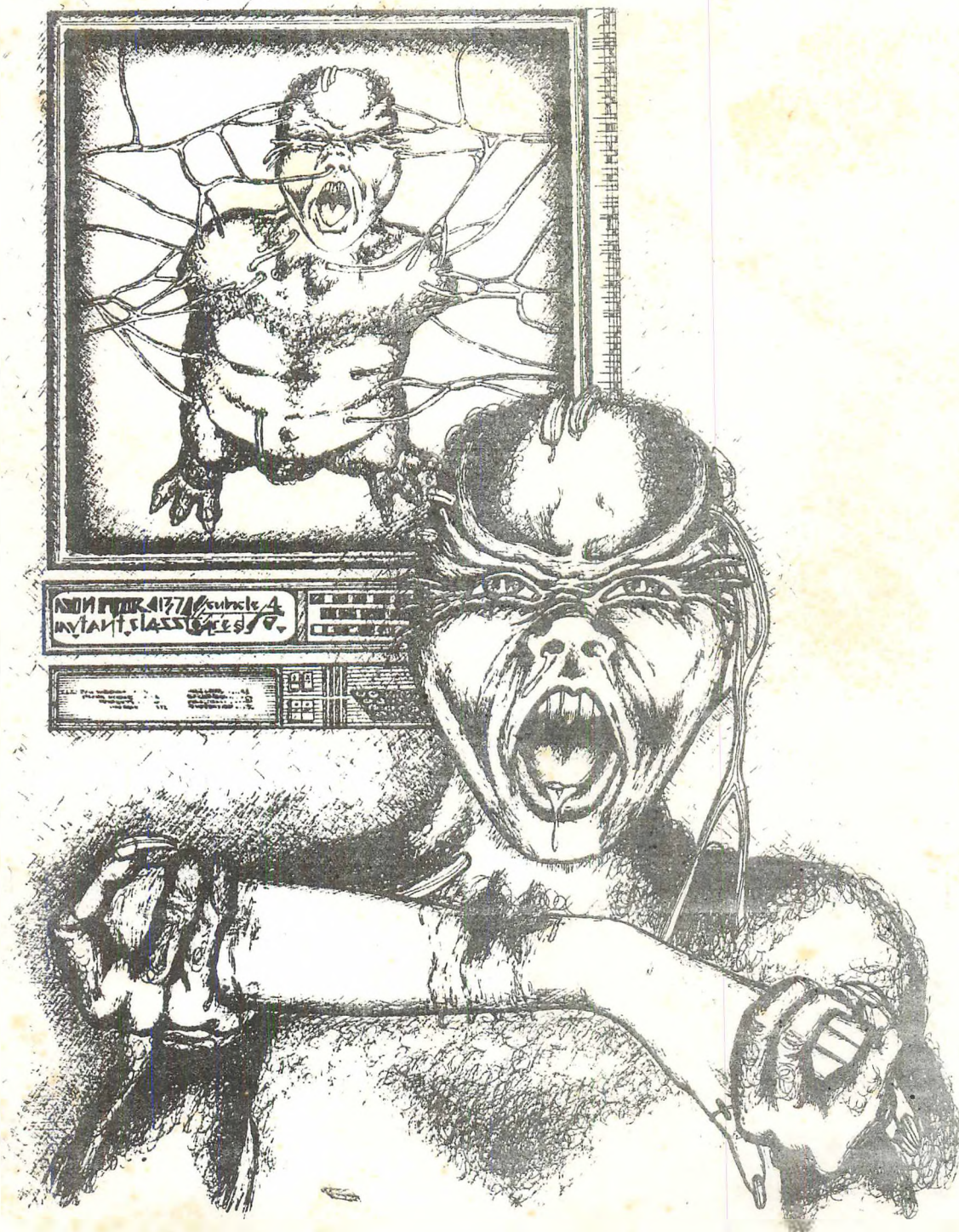


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THE MENTOR

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RON'S ROOST

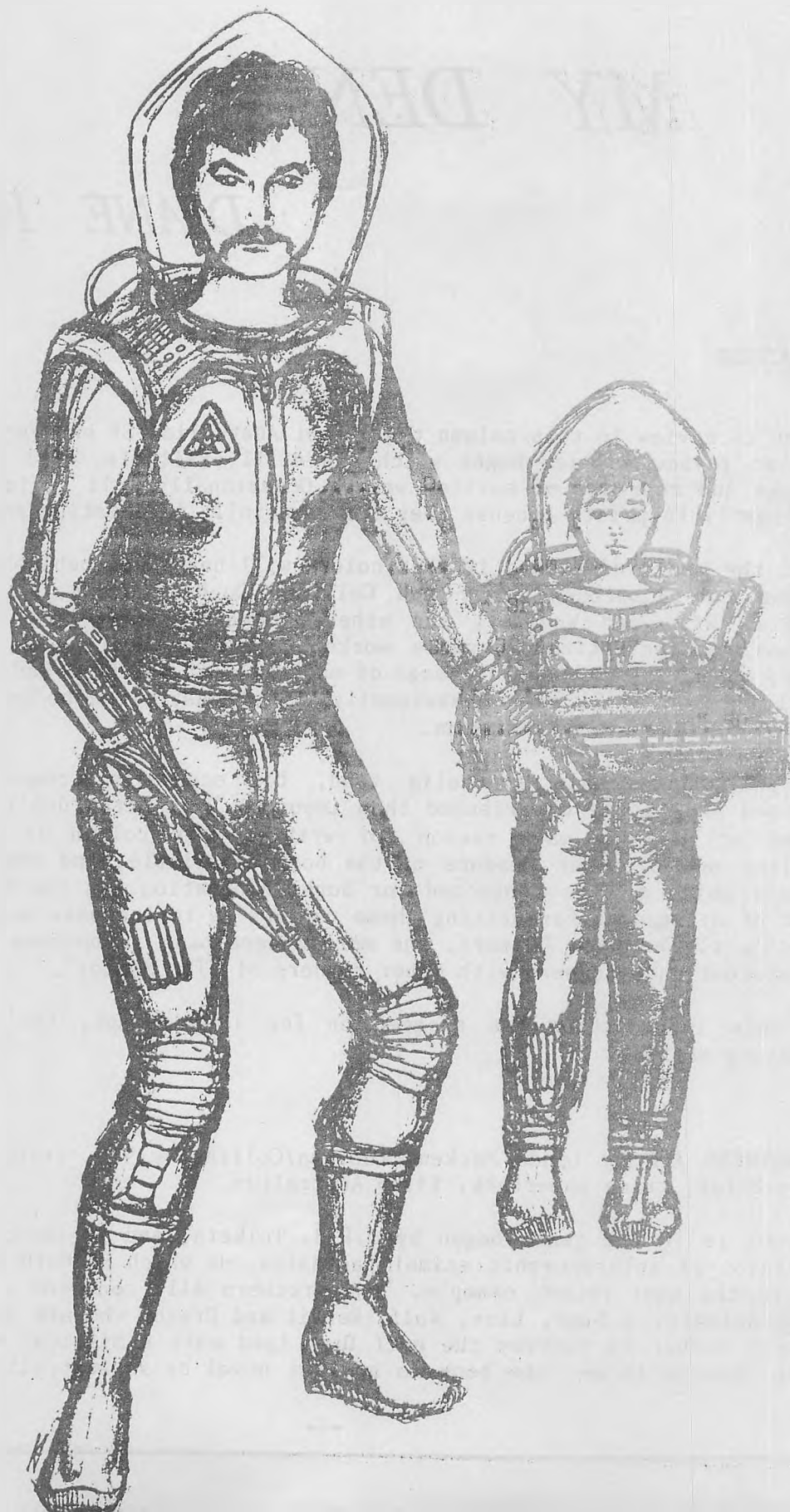
THE FIRST TWENTY YEARS ARE THE HARDEST.

It has been a long time since this zine first started in May, 1964. At times it seemed that the last issue had come. There were several gaps of three to five years that no issues came out at all. Then the bug bit again and another issue appeared (out of the blue it must have seemed to some people.)

With this issue I am going offset. The reason is a simple one - the electro-stencilling machine Ken Ozanne, Eric Lindsay and I bought some years ago now broke down and we have not yet found a way to fix it. It is a valve job but it appears that the valves are ok. Since I wanted illos then the only alternative is offset. Since we have the new press, hopefully the illlos will come out as good as I hope they do.

With this issue we have the bad news that A. Bertram Chandler is dead. He died of the effects of a bad stroke in early June. Australian fandom is still shocked at the news. In this issue we have a short autobiography and story list. There is also the second last column Bert wrote for THE MENTOR. The last column is also about one of his visits to Japan.

More on the thrills of computer formatting next issue. - Ron.



MY DEN

• DIANE FOX

INTRODUCTION

I intend to review in this column the latest Australian SF and Fantasy novels, and will also review earlier books which are still available. I'll be covering both new books and reprints of earlier works. Occasionally I'll review books that are not currently in print, because they are especially interesting and noteworthy.

Most of the books discussed in this column will have been published in Australia, by Angus and Robertson, Cory and Collins, Outback Press, Nostrilia, Penguin Australia, Wild and Woolley, and others. Some of these are very small-scale publishers, concentrating on genre works or experimental works that border on fantasy; others publish a wide range of material, of which SF and Fantasy are only a small portion. I'll also occasionally review Australian books which have been published or republished overseas.

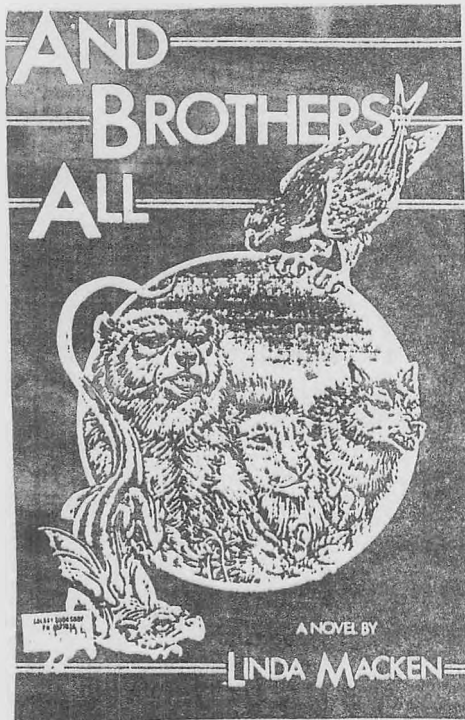
Books published within Australia tend, for economical reasons, to be less publicised and widely distributed than imports. They often don't get distributed overseas at all. My main reason for writing this column is to notify both Australian and overseas readers of the books available, and when possible, give addresses which may be contacted for both information and the books themselves. Another of my reasons for writing these reviews is to increase my own knowledge of this subject. The more I learn, the more interesting it becomes. I want to share this interest and pleasure with other readers of "The Mentor".

Well, this introduction has dragged on for long enough. Let's go on to more interesting matters:

AND BROTHERS ALL by Linda Macken, Fontana/Collins, c1984, cover illustration by Marilyn Pride, trade paperback, \$5.95 Australian.

This book is in the genre begun by J.R.R. Tolkien, and is heavily influenced by the tradition of anthromorphic animal fantasies, on which Richard Adam's "Watership Down" is the best recent example. "And Brothers All" concerns a group of heroic talking animals, a Bear, Lion, Wolf, Rabbit and Dragon who are sent on a quest by the Earth Mother to destroy the evil Dark Lord with a mystical weapon. This sort of tale appeals to me, the book is a first novel by an Australian writer, and it

has been handsomely presented, with a beautiful cover illustration — delicately detailed portraits of the six heroes. Don't judge a book by its cover, says the proverb.



Tolkein is said to have disliked allegory. I hadn't gone very far with this book, when I found that the Bear had the Russian-sounding name of Borshov, and was indeed intended to represent that country. He has a surly disposition and a tendency to Opress anyone who annoys him. The Eagle, a sanctimonious and supercilious bird called Ariad, would seem symbolic of Uncle Sam. The Lion Anglos was once the mightiest of them all, but now is old and has lost his Empire -- the others see him as a has-been, but he keeps a stiff upper lip despite it all. Nub the Rabbit seems to symbolize no particular country, but instead stands for the oppressed workers and poor people of the world -- he is depressingly long-suffering and meek, and is frequently squelched. Khan the Dragon (what an unsuitable name for a sympathetic character -- it is reminiscent of Mongol Hordes or Villains in Star Trek!) doesn't symbolize China, despite being depicted on the front cover as a red dragon -- instead he represents The Future. Ogren the Wolf may be West Germany, but he's rather blurred and I wouldn't bet on it. Every so often one character or another will break out into long impassioned speech about the political sins of one or all of

the group, ending with a heartfelt plea for compassion and co-operation. After this happened for the umpteenth time, I felt that the concepts of Peace and Brotherhood had been well and truly hammered through my thick skull.

The heroes battle through forests, swamps and imitation-Mordorian wasteland, encountering monsters, undead, and the Dark Lord's nasty followers. They are guided by the Earth Mother's daughter, the radiant and vaguely-described Lady Bryeema, Spirit of Peace. Meanwhile, a heroic army of Demigods, quasi-Ents, water spirits and flower fairies (the later are described as golden haired, with laughing blue eyes, and merry chatter) battle the Dark Lord's mindless zombie hordes. At last the Dark Lord gets zapped to death by the Power of Love, and there is a ceremony at which the equivalent of medals are handed out to the victorious heroes.

The whole book is written in long-winded, highfalutingly archaic and quasi-poetic prose. Admittedly I'd rather read this than something at the same level done in imitation New Wave. Why does fantasy need to be written in this kind of style, though?

To make matters worse, there is a poem every few pages. Here's a random sample, describing a magic rock which can be held against a person's forehead to act as a kind of lie detector:

This little piece of Sacred Rock
lies and falsehoods does it mock;
the wisdom of truth shall you speak,
enchanted now, in honesty meek.

All the poetry in the book is like this, and all is in the same style, no matter what character is speaking.

I'd say that this book was published because the publisher or editor dislikes fantasy or is unfamiliar with it -- its faults are seen as typical, in fact expected, qualities of quest fantasy.

A good editor would have encouraged the author to get rid of the allegory and poetry, for the book isn't all that bad --- the animals are well-depicted as characters, underneath the moralizing and at times the story is quite dramatic. However, I have a horrible suspicion that the author may actually have been encouraged to pile on the waffle, to make the book closer to some image of what might be a sure-fire seller to those airy-fairy fantasy buffs, who must be nut cases to like this sort of thing in the first place.

It is a damned pity, as young authors like this should be given a fair go.

SAVAGE TOMORROW by Trevor Donohue; Cory and Collins c1983, cover by Steph Campbell and Rowena Cory, illustrations by Steph Campbell, price \$3.95 Australian.



At first this book didn't look as if it would appeal to me, but I found it fast-paced and quite readable. It's a typical post-holocaust bikie novel, and the incidents and characters resembled those of the two "Mad Max" films - even the ending was similiar, with the hero left alone and despairing before the wreckage of his car. He even looks a lot like Mel Gibson (in Steph Campbell's drawings, which are good, but not as pleasing as those for David Lake's "Man Who Loved Morelocs".)

There's the obligatory gang of sadistic quasi-Hell's Angels, who rape, torture, mutilate and murder at random and seem for this reason, the most successful survivors in this world of radioactive death. There is also a group-mind, a horde of telepathic, rather evil children cloned by a deranged scientist, who want the main character, Morgan and a woman warrior, Ice, as breeding stock for a super race. There's also the traditional skulking pack of subhumans, called Mutrons in this case.

Early in the tale, Morgan rescues Ice from the Doomsday Riders - the

above-mentioned sadistic bikies - and later teams up with a small clownish fellow called Slapsie, who was a kind of slave of the Sapphites, a female gang of which Ice is a member. (I thought the leader of the Sapphites, Maula, a huge ugly woman with a shaven head, was overdone - a caricatured bull-bitch. In real life, the leader of a tough lesbian bikie gang would probably be less obviously menacing and would encourage males to underestimate her.)

I tend to consider this kind of novel as mostly fantasy - the post-holocaust world would be a lot more unlivable than it seems here, disease would be rife, and probably the sky would be darkened permanently -- or at least, for long enough for most plants to die and hence for animals and humans to starve, which is from our point of view close enough to 'permanently' to make little difference. Nearly all survivors would be hideously sick -- there would be no medical facilities, and diseases that are harmless now would be crippling or fatal; besides, cancer would be commoner than the common cold. In these violent post-holocaust tales everyone is thrivingly healthy -- even the mutants are merely grotesque. In other words, this kind of novel is rather a tale set on a Venus with tropical swamps and dinosaurs, or a Mars with canals and breathable air. Still, the background provides a good rationale for the action and for a mood of somewhat romanticised despair.

"Savage Tomorrow" does have plenty of interesting plot turns and inventiveness, though. The scrawled graffiti "Satan Lives!" turns out not to be an outcry of evil glee or despairing rage, but an attempt to placate a quite immediate threat. Satan incarnate as a machine seems an apt image for a post-holocaust world, and has appeared in other books; however, the Satan of this book is defeatable, and its defeat makes no ultimate difference. "Nobody wins" as one of the character says.

"THE TEMPTING OF THE WITCH KING" by Russell Blackford ; Cory & Collins, c1983, cover illustration by Steve Dash, cover presentation by G.A.S.P.P., paperback, \$4.95 Australian.

This dark and brooding fantasy, a first novel, has been much praised, but my reaction was ambivalent. The book has a lot going for it. I enjoy Tolkein-style quest fantasies, and this is a good example, although a bit close to the formula. The plain, straightforward prose does not embellish the tale, but does not irritate the reader. The characters are original, and interestingly drawn: they include at least one competent, intelligent woman. There is plenty of action, battles, adventure, suspense, vividly described. The ending, while inevitable, is unexpected. Even the cover is quite striking -- it is in an Art Nouveau-influenced style.

The plot concerns the usual war between Good and Evil. Good is represented by the immortal Logi Witch-King, master of fire magic, follower of the Light Goddess Rey-Janal. He is advising and aiding the "mere mortals" whose lands are slowly being conquered and enslaved by the armies of the Dark Enemy, a renegade God. The struggle seems hopeless -- unless the Mace of the Prophet is found and used to destroy the Enemy. But the Mace is the creation of a God even more evil than the Enemy, and will corrupt any mortal who wields it. Even an immortal like Logi will be constantly tempted to lust for power and destruction -- there is a chance that the Dark Enemy may be replaced by his destroyer. To make matters worse, one of the

Logi's allies, a cunning, brutal and superhumanly strong warrior, Hooud, thinks he should be the rightful wielder of the Mace. At last the dreadful weapon is found, and after much difficulty successfully used -- but the book does not end happily.



In other words, "Tempting of the Witch King" is basically an alternate-history version of "Lord of the Rings". It depicts something very close to what Tolkein said would have happened if Gandalf had decided that the only way to save Middle Earth from Sauron would be to use the One Ring himself. The resemblance in theme and plot is so close that I think Blackford intends "Tempting of the Witch King" as a kind of commentary on Tolkein, and a comparison of his own views with those of the earlier writer.

Tolkein was a devout Catholic, though this is not immediately obvious to readers of "Lord of the Rings." His views are implicit rather than explicit (as similar views are in C.S. Lewis). Blackford in "Tempting of the Witch King" uses Neo-Pagan and Wiccan concepts -- magic is even referred to as "wicca" and magic-users are called "witches" -- although I felt strongly that these concepts are used mainly as a stick to beat Christianity over the head, and that Blackford is not really a Neo Pagan himself. He seems too damn pessimistic.

Now I come to my reason for disliking the book: not that Evil ultimately triumphs, but that it logically couldn't do anything else -- there simply isn't enough substance in this book to its opposition. Blackford's Gods are not personifications of the forces of nature, or abstractions of Good and Evil, but amoral individuals. Blackford, a man of the 20th Century, lacks the innocence of the ancient pagans: he depicts a universe run by beings similar to the omnipotent child in Jerome Bixby's "It's a Good Life", but with even less compassion, and more petty vanity. The Dark Enemy is not really gratifying a will to power, but playing a kind of war game (when playing against mortals, he cheats); Rey-Janal, supposedly more benevolent, is only to be approached with constant flattery of her spoiled-brat ego. The creator of the Mace, regarded as evil even by his fellow-Gods, was slain in battle by Rey-Janal, and since then had existed in limbo, feeding on the souls of human sacrifices to regain the power to reincarnate. The foulest crime of this Lovecraftian entity was monotheism -- he encouraged his followers to persecute the followers of the other "false" Gods. This is pretty close to the more extreme Neo-Pagan view of Christianity and other monotheistic religions, but a Neo-Pagan would probably make the alternative to monotheism look more attractive.

There is no Power Above the Gods (like the Fates of the Ancient Greeks) in this universe, so values in "Tempting of the Witch King" are relative. Hence even the good characters commit various morally sleazy actions out of expediency; unlike

Tolkein's characters, they don't even seem to realise that there are, or could be, alternatives. It could just as easily be a novel of political compromises in the 1980's, and would have been far more enjoyable to read. It is very difficult to invent a fantasy world as richly intricate as even a poor description of our own world can be. If "Tempting of the Witch King" had been written as a realistic contemporary novel, the setting might have mitigated the pervading hopelessness and the book could have risen to tragedy. Fantasy is not meant to be an exact depiction of the moral compromises of our own world, but of possible alternatives to these.

Not everyone, of course, will agree with me, so I recommend that you try this interesting and readable book for yourself.

"FRONTIER WORLDS" edited by Paul Collins, foreword by A. Bertram Chandler; Cory & Collins, c1983; cover by Rowena Cory. Paperback, \$3.95 Australian.



This is the first anthology of the Cory & Collins "Worlds" series. It is pretty much the mixture as before, for this anthology series seems to have acquired its final shape. Most of the stories in "Frontier Worlds" are competent, a few are memorable, one or two are very slight, and I didn't dislike any, or find them hard to read. I liked the attractive cover -- it does not refer to any particular story, but the two-headed blue creature committing what seems to be alien infant sacrifice is certainly outre and barbaric enough to express some of the mood of the collection's title.

Not all the stories are obviously about frontiers, but by its very nature SF deals with frontiers: physical (space travel, exploration of alien planets); scientific (new discoveries, new technologies, their effect on society); mental (powers of the mind, or behaviour of human beings under alien or extreme conditions). SF must explore the strange and previously unthought of. This includes the use of unthoughtof literary techniques -- but the stories of "Frontier Worlds" are all old-fashioned solid traditional stuff -- four are SF, three fantasy, one a near-future spy story, another a shaggy alien tale, yet another a cleverly-done but barely fictionalised bit of theorizing about alternate worlds.

When one thinks of frontiers, one thinks of exploration -- of encountering and dealing with different races and cultures. It is likely that the mistakes of the past will be repeated in the future, if human beings are given the slightest opportunity to do this. Two of the better tales in the book are studies of future

colonialism.

Captain Bertram Chandler's "Grimes and the Odd Gods" updates the old theme of the vengeance of a pagan God, in this case justifiably angered by the vindictive actions of a fanatical missionary. There's a powerful suggestion in this story that some of the more high-handed actions of the Christians towards "heathens" were inspired by the opposite Power to the One they claimed to be serving. If it had been written fifty years ago, "Odd Gods" would have been set on some island or jungle of our own planet, where the sun never set on the Imperial flag and Europeans usually underestimated the natives and their beliefs.

Captain Chandler's Introduction to "Frontier Worlds" is written in the same straightforward prose, and is as informative as the Grimes story is entertaining. The Captain will be missed by us all.

"Sawdust Superman" by Wynne Whiteford also treats the theme of colonists and their come-uppance at the hands of wrathful Gods -- this time, superintelligent aliens. There's a subplot of the relationship of a more sympathetic Earthman with a local woman of a third and more primitive (and reptilian) race -- her misfortunes underline the fairness of the story, showing all races are equally capable of intolerance.

Matching these stories in quality was Cherry Wilder's "Cabin Fever". Three adults and a child are trapped in an isolated mountain cabin by a snowstorm. Boredom and ill-concealed fear enhance tensions that would otherwise have dissipated harmlessly, and the adults start hating each other. The child notices a "bear" lurking outside the cabin. Then the "bear" moved into the cellar. Up to this point it sounds very much like a Stephen King story, but suddenly takes a quite different, sfnal and joyous direction.

The spy story is Jack Wodham's "The Hide", the very clever title of which refers not to the obvious image of someone lying in wait and watching, but to a side effect of a very possible invention of frightening implications. Its grimness was lessened by the light-hearted and fast-paced adventure story style.

One of the fantasies is Trevor Donohue's lightly sketched but grim fable "The Trouble with Gryphons", somewhat in the "Unknown" style. As Donohue also wrote the post-holocaust adventure novel "Savage Tomorrow", he obviously has a wide range of styles and it will be interesting to see what his next work will be.

The second fantasy is Keith Taylow's "The Lost Ship", a version of the Flying Dutchman legend set in post-Roman Britain, one of the series describing the Conanlike adventures of Nasach, a Celtic ex-slave. The gritty realism of the tale increases its resemblance to traditional saga.

"Flesh and Shadow" by Darrel Schweitzer also uses traditional material -- conflict between good and evil wizards (who are brothers) told in an archaic, formal ritual way suggesting (at the beginning) it's part of some ancient scripture. It also had the classic edifying ending. A little reminiscent of Clark Ashton Smith's tales of alien horror and beauty, the story is also one of human loyalty and friendship.

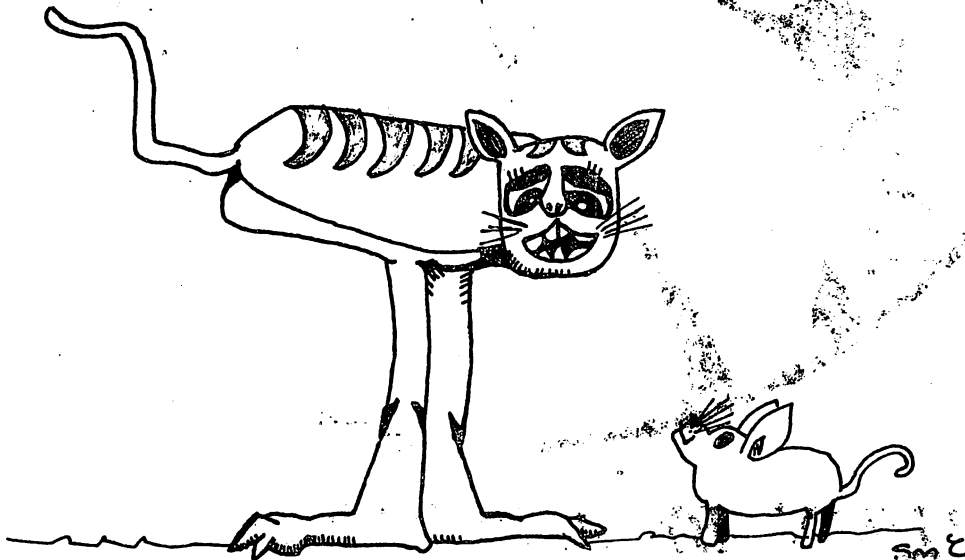
"Omphalos, a Dialogue" by David Lake, is the alternate-worlds story, or rather, essay. It develops from a strange Victorian theory that God created fossils in the rocks for the same reason that He gave Adam a navel -- though these details were not really needed, creation would have been imperfect without them. We know the world not so much through the evidence of our senses, as through the memories of past sensation: if those memories suddenly changed, how could we know they had changed?

The fourth sfnal story is Paul Collins' own "The Getaway Star" which uses the well-known theme of bread-and-circuses -- violent future entertainments -- to depict the debased nature of human relationships in such a society. It ends with a similiar image to Harlan Ellison's "Boy and His Dog", but lacks the black humour of that grim classic.

"Vega Travel Bureau" by Howard Goldsmith is the shaggy-alien story, quite short and obviously not meant to be taken too seriously, as the Vegan narrator encounters muggers, cops, drunks, lunatics and psychiatrists. Of course, the psychiatrists are the least able to cope with the unexpected.

"Frontier Worlds" is well worth getting, not simply because it is an Australian production, but because it is a well-crafted collection of readable and re-readable stories, very cheap at the price, nicely presented, and part of an excellent anthology series.

A note: This review is an expanded and updated version of one that appeared in "Australian SF News" Vol. 5 No. 4 (or #36).



GRIMESISH GRUMBERLINGS,



A COLUMN BY A. BERTRAM CHANDLER.

THE ANJIN-SAMA AND THE ADMIRAL REVISITED

Mr. Noda had asked me before my visit to Japan what I wished to see in or in the vicinity of Tokyo. I told him that I should like to revisit the tomb of the Anjin-sama, Will Adams, the Elizabethan seaman who was the first Englishman in Japan. (Clavell, in his novel SHOGUN, based his character Pilot-Major Blackthorne on the real life Adams.) Also, since it is in the same general area, I said that I should like to see again the battleship, Mikasa, Admiral Togo's flagship during the Russo-Japanese War, 1904-1905.

Members of the University Science Fiction Club had volunteered to take me on this expedition so, on Saturday morning, we set out in two cars for the Miura Peninsular. As on the previous occasion, seven years ago, it was a stinking hot day, with one long traffic jam all the way out to Yokohama and beyond. My guides, however, had come equipped with a large Thermos of iced green tea for my benefit and the car was air-conditioned, so I did not suffer unduly.

About half way to Adams' tomb I saw - and experienced - a rather amusing example of sex descrimination. In some ways the Japanese are a very prudish people but in some ways they are not. For example, in the local edition of PLAYBOY the interesting areas of the photographs of female nudes are blacked out, and in the imported American PLAYBOY the public hair is rather cluimsily scratched out. The signs outside the establishments in the red light districts would not, in our own Kings Cross, be regarded as even soft porn and would not cause a puritanical maiden aunt to blush (What goes on inside such an establishment is altogether another matter...)

Anyhow, we stopped at a roadside comfort station to relieve our feelings. There was a unisex toilet, complete with a bank of urinals. The ladies could, if they so desired, watch the gentlemen pointing Percy at the porcelain whereas they did whatever it was they were doing, behind closed doors...

The visit to the tomb of the Anjin-sama and his lady wife was, in many ways, a repetition of the previous occasion. But, in 1977, after we had parked the cars at the bottom of a hill and completed the journey on foot we found that had we made the approach to the other side of the hill, we could have completed the journey by car. This time we did not make such a discovery. There is no longer an approach road negotiable by automobile. I gained the impression that the gaijin daimyo, the Anjina-sama, is being phased out of Japanese history. I could be wrong

- but recent Japanese attempts to rewrite the official histories of World War II and a few years prior to that to make one uneasy.

Anyhow, I paid my respects to Will Adams and asked his permission to use him in some stories of my own, and then we made our way down the hill, back to the cars and the drive to Mikasa's final, permanent mooring.

On the way, my guides started making hungry noises. Oddly enough, having enjoyed a very good breakfast at the hotel, I wasn't all that hungry so, despite my being asked what my preferences foodwise were, put myself in their hands. Their choice of eatery was interesting. It was an occidental style restaurant called The Royal Host, a place with which I gathered, they were familiar. There was a fine selection of various national cuisines - but nothing East of India. (Indian curries featured prominently on the menu.) We disposed ourselves at two tables. At the one at which I was seated was one of the young men who had a quite genuine-looking pizza and the other one enjoyed spaghetti bolognaise. The two girls and I ordered the Chef's Salad. The establishment was crowded with Japanese families, all enjoying what was, to them, an exotic meal. I was reminded of Dixon Street (China Town) restaurant at lunch time on a fine saturday, with Australians shovelling down yum cha delicacies.

Talking of food, during this occasion in Japan, I could not help but notice how the humble potato is becoming more and more a part of the Nipponese menu. On one train journey, a small boy seated ahead of us was filling his face from a bag of soggy chips. On two occasions, when I was treated to a traditional Japanese meal, one of the side dishes was half a potato roasted in its jacket (but vastly improved by the spices sprinkled on the exposed surface). And twice there were traditional, compartmented lunch trays, with a portion of potato salad in one of the compartments.

But back to Mikasa...

As on the first occasion, I was impressed by her, a beautiful pre-World War I battleship, complete with the admiral's stern gallery. As on the first occasion, I enjoyed playing with one of the 3" guns which was still more or less in working order. We went up to the bridge and I instructed my friends on the use of the Barr and Stroud 9' range finder. And so on, and so on. I worked out, to my own satisfaction, why I am so fascinated by the ship. Put me aboard Nelson's Victory and I should feel a stranger, displaced in time. I should require years of training before I should be able to handle her. But put me on Mikasa's bridge and I know that, given a crew and a full head of steam, I could take her out of port and to sea, and even, fight a single ship action. After all, I was brought up in the Good Old pre-electronic Days when gunnery was an art rather than a science and steamships, naval and mercantile, changed very little in the days between the Russo-Japanese War and World War II.

And yet I was disappointed.

Mikasa, in an effort to popularise her, has been cheapened. An exhibition of World War II aeroplane models... and exhibition of school children's art... She isn't yet in the same sorry state as Queen Mary, at her final moorings at Long Beach in California, but she's heading that way.

My final engagement for the day was dinner at the home of a Faithful Reader, Miss Jun Yamakura, in one of the Tokyo suburbs. My fan entourage ran me back to the hotel so that I could get showered and changed, then took me out to the wilds of Hachioji. By this time, night had fallen and having all the street signs in Japanese didn't help. (A recurring joke) We cruised around and around and around, asking directions. At last, when it was thought that we must be somewhere near the address, one of the fans made a telephone call, and within seconds, Jun and her mother appeared on the scene to guide us thje last few yards.

That evening was a most peculiar mixture of cultures. Jun, in shorts and T shirt, could have been any Australian teenager (dresswise at least). Her mother (who is an Ikebana - the art of flower arranging - instructor) wore a European style dress. Her father (a composer and the manager of a recording company) was at ease in a kimono. There was the usual shoes-off-sandals-on routine, but we sat to dinner on chairs, not on the floor, and the meal was, mainly, roast pork and salad. After dinner we retired to the music room upstairs, furnished in Western-style and with a baby grand piano in evidence.

The conversation - Jun and her parents all have a good command of english - was very pleasant and interesting. I could not help feeling, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Yamakura were rather mystified by their daughter's infatutaion with science fiction and science fiction personalities. That phenomenon, however, can be encountered in just about any part of the world.

Finally a car from Mr. Noda's TV studio called for me and I was taken back to the hotel, where I was soon engaged in another attempt to catch up on lost sleep.

-A Bertram Chandler.

-----xxxXXxxx-----



CAPTAIN A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

A. B. CHANDLER - AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Ron asked for it, so you've got it. Such as it is.

I was born in the Army Hospital at Aldershot, England, on March 28, 1912. The reason for this apparently odd choice of hospitals is that my father was a member of the British Regular Army. So far as I know I'm the first seaman in the family since an ancestor, Roger Chandler, was hanged from his own yardarm of piracy quite some years ago. Like me, he was allergic to hard work. Like me, he was a good agnostic. He was Master of a small sailing vessel on the Mediterranean trade in the days when the Barbary Corsairs were making nuisances of themselves. His ship was captured by the Barbary Corsairs. He was given the usual choice, the Koran or the rowing benches, so embraced Islam. He then became a Barbary corsair himself, rising to command. He was one of the victims of Admiral Blake's grand clean-up of the Mediterranean.

I was exposed to education mainly at the Sir John Leman School - a venerable institution founded in the days of Lizze I in Beccles, Suffolk, England. I was invariably Top in English and Practical Chemistry, Second in Theoretical Chemistry, Physics and Mathematics (because of my bad handwriting and general untidiness) and Bottom in French and Scripture. Today I think that I would have scored much more highly in the last named subject, having learned that an agnostic should know what he's being agnostic about.

Poor grades in French and Scripture prevented me from passing into the Remove at the appointed time and so, rather than have an additional year at school before I could matriculate (I still think that people who say their school days were the happiest days of their lives either possess short and highly selective memories or are bloody liars) went to sea as an Apprentice in the Sun Shipping Company, a tramp steamer concern with all the faults to be expected in those days, 1928. Their ships were engaged mainly on the Indian Coast Trade, with occasional voyages further afield - to Java, as it was then, to China, to Burma, and once to Fremantle to load grain for Karachi, and once to Manila to load tobacco for Spanish ports, and once from Calcutta to New Orleans with jute. But it was the Calcutta coal trade for most of the time.

In 1932 I completed my indentures, returning to England to attend the King Edward VII Nautical School in London before sitting for my Second Mate's Certificate of Competency. Having gained this I rejoined the Sun Shipping Company as Third Officer. During this tour of duty I passed for my First Mates Certificate in Calcutta - what was called in those days a "Curry & Rice Ticket". As there was then no Navigation Schools in India I think that it would have been regarded more

highly than a similiar qualification gained in England...

After this second tour of duty I'd had tramps in a big way and, in 1936, entered the service of the Shaw, Saville & Albion Company as Fourth Officer. Whilst in their ships I came to know Australia (but only the coastal fringe) and New ealand quite well.

I was with Shaw Savill throughout World War II, rising to Second Officer. During this period I gained my Master's Certificate and, shortly thereafter, commenced my writing career. I was lucky inasmuch as Shaw Savill's ships had been shunted off their wellworn tramlines by the War and used to call quite often into New Yoirk, where I made the acquaintance of John W. Campbell, Geroge O. Smith, Murray Leinster (Will F. Jenkins), Theodore Sturgeon, Lester del Rey and 'uite a few more. At the same time, in Sydney, I started selling sf shorts to MAN.

As Chief Officer in Shaw Savill, in 1955, I met my wife when she was travelling out to Sydney in my ship. In 1956 I resigned from Shaw Savill and entered the employ of the Union Stewam Company of New Zealand, rising rapidly from Third to Chiuef Officer and, eventually, to Master.

But this series is supposed to be able fans, not about low seafariung types. As a writer I am, of course, a low seafaring type; that is glaringly obvious.

As fas as I can remember I was first bitten by the science fiction bug at the age of 12 or so, when I discovered H.G.Wells' THE TIME MACHINE in the school library. And it was at about the same time I discovered Burroughs (I needn't specify which one); his Martian novels still stick in the memory. Tarzan? Only tyhe ones that were science fictional. Then there was the Hugo Gernsback SCIENCE & INVENTION, and from that I graduated to AMAZING STORIES.

My first contact with organised fandom was towards the end of the war, when Wally Gillings was lining up writers for a new s.f. magazine that never got off the launching pad. Then, of course, there was the weekly gathering of fans in the White Horse, in Fetter Lane (immortalised by Arthur C. Clarke in his TALES FROM THE WHITE HART) which was later transferred to another pub, the Leather Bottle. It was not long before I was attending fan gatherings in both Melbourn and Sydney during my visits to those ports.

Unfortunately the nature of my employment prevents me from becoming as deeply involved in fandom as I would wish; it is by more luck than judgement that I am ever able to attend a convention.

Still, I count myself lucky that I became a science fiction writer instead of becoming just a writer of, say, sea stories (no unkind comments please) In no other field than science fiction does a writer get to meet so many good and interesting people with whom he has so much in common.

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BUCK

by Peter Brodie

Buck looked up from his grazing with a toss of moss-covered antlers, gave fawn an old look. "Well, for a while this place didn't flow like They wanted, at least that's what I heard, but now..." Buck finished with a knowing glance, returned to clipping at the moist grass. Fawn had more questions but now didn't seem the time for him to ask them. He resumed his own grazing.

Across the bubbling clarity of the wide stream, Lion yawned and flopped onto his side, started purring. He opened his eyes, seemingly noticing Buck and Fawn for the first time, but not so. "How goes it?" he rumbled, just loud enough for them to hear.

"Day in, day out. You know," mumbled Buck, his cheeks bulging with half-chewed grass. He wanted to appear nonchalant and only looked up when he'd swallowed his mouthful. Lion had closed his eyes. Buck trembled slightly. He returned to Fawn. "Come on."

Fawn followed Buck out of the clearing, neither of them looking back as more Lions joined Lion as he slumbered. Most of them relaxed but some of the Cubs resumed the game they had left behind in the forest.

Python was coiled languorously amid the lower branches of the tree. The scent of countless others of his kind that had slithered its branches mingled with the moisty essence of the leaf-covered forest floor, making him shiver with pleasure.

He was alone for the moment, till the Python he shared the tree with returned to regale him with his tiresome experiences, as he always did. Ssssss on him, thought Python.

He knew that Buck and Fawn were coming along before he saw them, picking their way over some small rocks at the base of the rise on which the tree was situated. He'd wait until they saw him, and if not, so what?

Fawn nearly tripped over a sharp rock. "Shit!"

"Language!" said Buck in mock horror. Buck and Fawn were close to Python's tree now. Buck looked up and eyed the tree till he picked Python out from

the like-coloured branches.

"Hey Python, watcha doing? Still meditating?"

"I don't know, maybe I am." Python yawned, revealing yellowed fangs.
"Where you headed?"

"Nowhere in particular. Just eating walking, looking and talking." It hadn't come out straight, which wasn't what Buck had intended. Python always made him nervous for some reason.

Python cast a beaded glance at Fawn. "How's the kid?"

"Ask him yourself."

"Well?"

"Fine sir," replied Fawn nervously. He hadn't known Python as long as Buck. "And yourself?"

"Yeeaaaahhh," drawled Python, cool as always.

"We must be going," said Buck.

"Yeah," replied Python. "Bye."

He watched them move past then down the other side of the rise. He felt a tremor in his branch. He didn't have to look around to know who it was. "Guess what?" said the other, enthusiastically. Fuck, thought Python.

"Let's go talk to talk to Daisy," suggested Fawn, as he and Buck neared a favourite spot. "Please?" Fawn tried to look appealing. He knew Buck wasn't fond of Daisy, thought him kind of spacy and uninteresting, but Daisy was always quiet and peaceful to talk to. In a way different from Python. Buck sighed, "Okay, but not for long."

Near a line of fir trees bordering a clearing, a small group of Daisies huddled, almost seeming to blend in with each other for yellow protection, but Fawn knew which flower to head for. They all looked the same to Buck.

Fawn stepped quietly to the last Daisy on the left; almost but not quite, out on its own. He put his head down till his nose was almost touching the petals, then inhaled slowly. Daisy was as fresh as ever.

"Mmmmmmmmm," sounded inside Fawn's head.

"Sorry, did I wake you?" he sent back.

"Mmm? Oh Fawn. No. I just like to be enjoyed."

"How have you been getting along?"

A soft breeze was twinkling Daisy's petals. "Fine love, fine. Except..."

"Yes?" Daisy sounded somewhat troubled.

"Oh, quite a number of us were almost trampled by a Guardian team that came through last night. They've still got the shakes. Makes you wonder how much longer you can last, eh?"

"Well, we all make do," replied Fawn, not wanting to say something that might disturb Daisy's equilibrium. Flowering could be hard if you let everything get to you. The less said, the better.

"Eating well?" asked Daisy.

"Fine. So's Buck." Fawn looked in Buck's direction. He was a little way off, munching berries off a bush. Fawn wondered if it was a Tranfer or just foliage.

"Buck doesn't like me, does he?"

Fawn turned back to Daisy, though there was no reason to.

"It's just that he's never been any lower than....." Fawn caught what he was saying. "I mean..."

Daisy chuckled. "No, offense, Fawn. We come and go. You might be here one day, and so might Buck. He's hardened."

"I won't be here again," Fawn said defensively.

"I'm sure you won't, love. Nothing meant."

Fawn smiled, even though Daisy couldn't see it. "I know."

"You probably want to get going. I'll listen for you. That is, if you happen to be passing this way again."

Why did Fawn always feel apologetic around Daisy? "Okay Dais. Dig the sun."

"As always. Goodbye."

Fawn walked over to Buck. "Finished?" said Buck.

"Yeah."

They nosed their way into the woods. Fawn was feeling thoughtful. "Adaptive sentence can be a bummer if you luck out."

"No such thing as luck," replied Buck. "It just depends on the factors, as They say, when They sentence you. I'd have liked to have been something more powerful this time, but, sentence to fit."

"I don't intend to get back here, ever. I don't enjoy this idea that I could be eaten at any time."

"Figure you've learned a few things, eh?" Buck snickered.

"Maybe another side of things, at least." He paused for a second. "Maybe.... They have the right idea, after all."

"In that case, make the most of what you got, kid."

They were slowly climbing. "Race you to the top!" yelled Buck.

"You're on!"

Buck was winning. As he topped the rise he was shot through the heart. Fawn, a split second behind, also went down.

"Jesus, Crip. Let's get the trophies and get outa here!"

"Hold back, Tucker. When we shot their Transfers they died at Adaptive. No-one can trace us."

"Yeah, well, we still shouldn't be here."

"Stop whining. You said you wanted to try something different and this is it. Transfer hunting. Where else would you find almost real animals? Till They catch on and can arrange an investigation we're set, and so are the other people I've lined up. So get your arse moving!"

They unsheathed their knives and got to work.

"What now, Director?"

"Send word to the Transfers. Then we watch, We may have a new angle
here."

- Peter Brodie.

JOHN J. ALDERSON:

THE MALE DOMINATED SOCIETY

Following the older anthropologists we should expect to find that male-dominated societies would show certain definite aspects by which we may readily recognise them. Like other societies these peculiarities would be deeply embedded into the very fabric of the people itself.

A male-dominated society should be recognised from the following guidelines:

- Their god will be male.
- Upon marriage the woman will enter the man's family.
- A man's heirs will be his sons.
- A dowry will be paid.
- Incest will be tabooed.
- Marriages will tend to be polygamous.
- Adultery will be severely punished.
- They will have a poorly developed monetary system.

THE JEWS

The story of the origin of the Jewish people is one of the best known stories in the world though the reading of the Bible is no longer practiced as of yore. But the Old Testament which mainly concerns us is readily available to all. Because the story is so well-known, we will proceed with a certain caution for that story is not quite as well-known as people think it is. Nor does the story start where most people think it does, at the beginning of Genesis. Certainly Genesis is the book which gives us the story of the Garden of Eden. Rather it starts with the removal of Abram from Ur of the Chaldeans¹ to Haran, and here family the abode for many years. Indeed, a lot of the family stayed at Haran and Abraham's son and grandson returned to Haran to take a wife of their kinsfolk. Indeed there may have been other reasons in this beyond wanting to keep their blood-line as blue as blue. (Abram married his half-sister Sarai, their son Isaac married Abram's brother's grand-daughter, and their son Jacob married his niece². When Jacob finally fled from Laban, Rachel stole her brother's household gods³, reputed by tradition to be the mummified head of various ancestors including Adam³, and used for occult purposes. Thus whilst Abram may have been the worshipper of

a male god, though this is by no means certain,⁴ there was from the beginning some old leaven amongst the Jews. Many of them worshipped the gods of their mothers. It is possible that Moses, at least at first, worshipped a serpent god. Whatever was the origin of the worship of Yahweh, it eventually became the worship of a male divinity which then allowed for the development of the worship of God in a divine form transcending the anthropomorphic god. The Hebrews took their religion from earlier divinities which were usually female. It must be appreciated that a male-dominated society does not arise overnight, nor does it take or create everything new.

The story of Abraham as we may now call him ⁵ is the story of a man moving out from settled areas with flocks and herds, and these flocks and herds are the patrimony of the nomads. The cow or bullock became a very valuable item, in fact the medium of exchange. This was the economic edge which determined that the society should be male-dominated. We have previously seen the ownership of land give the women the economic edge which made those societies woman-dominated.

Again the nomadic nature of the people made it impossible for the woman to remain part of the mother's family. She moved with her husband and thus entered his family. One may note the pain of the stay-at-home Laban when he said to Jacob who was taking his daughters away, "The daughters are my daughters, the children are my children, the flocks are my flocks, and all that you see is mine. But what can I do this day to these daughters, or to the children they have borne?" ⁶

We see here the clash of ideals between the farmer and the nomad. Laban made an agreement with Jacob which hardly concerns us, except that farmers and city-dwellers have made agreements with nomads since the first, and with good reason. Abraham had 318 men-at-arms, born in his own house ⁷ and Esau met Jacob with 400 armed men ⁸ and most of these little cities could not have raised that number of men. We see then that the moving of Abraham from Haran to Palestine was not the journey of one small family but of several thousand men and women.

It might be noted that the inhabitants of Shechem planned to intermarry with Jacob's family and possess themselves of the herds of the nomads but the latter wiped the town out.

We find repeatedly in the story of Abraham that a son was needed to succeed the father. Yet one must take care. Abram (as he was then) said, "Oh Lord God, what wilt thou give me, for I continue childless and the heir of my house is Eliezar of Damascus... Behold thou has given me no offspring; and a slave borne in my house will be my heir." To which he was told, "This man shall not be your heir; your own son shall be your heir." ¹⁰

It is possible that Eliezer of Damascus was appointed a tanist heir by Abraham. Later, Sarah, despairing of having children herself, said to her husband, "Behold now, the Lord has prevented me from bearing children; go in to my maid; it may be that I shall obtain children by her."¹¹ So Sarah gave Abraham Hagar the Egyptian to wife, and Hagar duly bore Abraham a son, Ishmael. Notwithstanding that Abraham had taken the woman to wife, Sarah was still able to have her will with her former maid. However, when Isaac was born to Sarah, he became Abraham's heir. Now we may well ask how this came to be. A tanish heir and an elder son both give

place to the youngest son. Was there some reason that Abraham's heir had to be by Sarah, if at all possible, so that an heir by a surrogate mother supplants a tanist heir, and an heir of the flesh is superior to an heir by a surrogate. This could well be possible, either by being the first or principle wife or through some marriage agreement of which we are not privy. Secondly, the heir may have been a matter of the father's choice (or perhaps even the choice of the clan). Fianlly, the heir could simply be the youngest son. All these possibilities are commonplace.

Isaac had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Now "Isaac loved Esau... but Rebekah loved Jacob."¹² Esau sold his birthright to Jacob for a bowl of porridge and later with Rebekah's help got Isaac's blessing (intended for Esau), and yet I cannot believe that this would have made Isaac accept Jacob as his heir. Was the mother's wish superior to that of the father, or again, was the younger automatically the heir?

In the following generation Reuban, the firstborn, had an affair with one of his father's wives and thus (according to later scribes) lost his right as firstborn. But the mantle fell on Joseph, Rachel's first son, though Benjamin was actually the youngest. It must be remembered that Jacob's name was changed to Israel (that is, Rachel's man or husband) and that all the children were known as the Israelites, yet Rachel was married after Leah.

We find that Jacob preferred Ephraim the younger to Massasseh.¹³ Here we knew nothing about what the wife had to say, however Joseph had but the one wife.

Passing quickly on we find that Moses was the younger son. Aaron's successor was his third son, Eleazar but the two eldest had died. We find too that David was the younger son of Jesse and David was succeeded by Solomon, his youngest son. Yet this leaves us as much in the dark as ever but I am inclined to think that originally at any rate, a man's heir was his youngest son.

There was definitely some rights through the female line. Thus when a man died without issue it was the duty of his brother to beget a child on the widow, which became the deceased's heir¹⁴ but only when they were living in the one household. The Book of Ruth turns on this aspect of Hebrew law, yet the parties were not living in the one household and not only that- the obligation devolved on a more distant relation and then, there was a nearer kin who could not do the deed. So merely having been married to a man gave the woman the right of bearing his heir even by a surrogate father.

One thing is clear from Deuteronomy 21:15. "If a man has two wives, the one loved and the other disliked, and they have borne him children, both the loved and the disliked, and if the first-born is hers that is disliked, then on the day he assigns his possessions as an inheritance to his son, he may not treat the son of the loved as the first-born in preference to the son of the disliked, who is the first-born, but he shall acknowledge the first-born, the son of the disliked, by giving him a double portion of all that he has for he is the first issue of his strength; the right of the first-born is his."

first claim, then comes the daughter, then the brother, and then the father's brother..."¹⁵. The widow is attended to otherwise.

But I don't think this was originally so for "Abraham gave all that he had to Isaac. But to the sons of his concubines, Abraham gave gifts, and while he was still living he sent them away from his son Isaac, eastward to the east country."¹⁶

The Arabs also claim descent from Abraham and contend that Ismael was properly Abraham's heir. Actually, almost everybody on the Arabian peninsula claims descent from Abraham or his collateral relations, that is, they would all be descended from Terah.

The Hebrew people paid a dowry. Shechem offered to pay whatever dowry that they might ask for Dinah. We also find that "If a man seduces a virgin who is not betrothed, and lies with her, he shall give the marriage present for her, and make her his wife. If her father utterly refuses to give her to him, he shall pay money equivalent to the marriage present for a virgin."¹⁷

On the other hand: "If a man meets a virgin who is not betrothed, and seizes her and lies with her, and they be found, then the man who lay with her shall give the father of the young woman fifty shekels of silver, and she shall be his wife, because he has violated her; he may not put her away all his days."¹⁸

This could be a grim fate if the woman was at all vindictive. If the two texts refer to the same thing then the dowry was fifty shekels of silver. The fine for libelling an honest woman was 100 shekels of silver or twice that of the dowry. The man also got flogged.¹⁹ The extremely high place accorded women is apparent throughout the law and otherwise throughout the entire Bible.

This was even so with foreign women, a matter Moses Maimonides treats at length (Ch. XLI) so that a captive was permitted to mourn for her parents for a month and no interference with her religion was permitted in that time and after that time if she did not accept the Israelite law, she was to go free. "Thou shalt not make merchandise of her, because thou has humbled her."²⁰

There was also marriage or betrothal by kaseph. "In the presence of two witnesses the man gave his chosen bride a piece of money... with the words, 'be thou consecrated to me'.²¹ The betrothal by kaseph may be a survival of the old marriage by purchase..."²¹

Mutual consent of the marrying parties was required by Talmudic law and 'has to be legally manifested by a special formality, which gives validity to the marriage contract.'²²

The dowry provided by the husband for the wife was "to protect the wife in the event of her becoming widowed or divorced." This obligation was kethubhah and to secure the amount, so fixed all the property of the husband, both real and personal was mortgaged.²³ Theoretically a Jew could divorce his wife simply by giving her a bill of divorce, but interpretations of this by their jurists have

been widely divergent, but any such right as that of freely divorcing their wives has long since been taken from Jewish men. Jewish women were in theory, unable to dissolve a marriage but in practice, if the husband did not give the bill of divorce, they could take legal action for such, but the fiction remained that the husband gave this of his own free will. The reasons must be substantial. However, divorce by consent required no other reason than that it is the wish of the two parties.²⁴

Children of Jewish families stayed in the family until marriage, and the boys even after that. A girl became of age at twelve and six months of age.²⁵ Their proximity after puberty made incest a possibility, particularly when there was more than one wife, witness the case of Reuban mentioned above: "For as a rule, the mother of the wife, the grandmother, the daughter, the grand-daughter and the sister-in-law, are mostly with her; the husband meets them always when he goes out and when he comes in, and when he is at his work. The wife stays frequently in the house of her husband's brother, father or son. It is also well-known that we are often in the company of our sisters, our aunts and the wife of our uncle and are frequently brought up together with them. These are all relatives which we must not marry."²⁶ The niece of a man is not prohibited because, at least according to Maimonides, the niece is not to be found in a man's house and so not a close relative. The largest list of prohibited relatives is thus on the female side.

Where there was more than one wife the man had to set up separate households for each. Thus Leah and Rachel each had their own tent,²⁷ Jacob having his own too.) In settled conditions, the households were more substantial and separate half-kin could easily fall in love as happened with Tamar and Amnon. Apparently the law on incest could be waived out of compassion²⁸ and, of course, Abraham and Sarah were themselves in a similar position.

Polygamy was permitted and as is usual in the case in a polygamous society, adultery was severely dealt with. Both parties would be put to death. Homosexuality and bestiality were similarly treated.²⁹ Prostitution was forbidden. So was castration, not only of men but apparently also of animals, as was too the breeding of mules.³⁰

Yet within marriage, the Hebrew was expected to enjoy himself, despite what Maimonides says,³¹ and they included within the religious canon that glorious book The Song of Songs, plainly erotic and a model for many other Hebrew marriage songs. In Proverbs, the writer, after advising the young man against "adventurers" goes on to the pleasures of marriage.

"Drink waters out of their own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well. Let thy fountains be dispersed abroad, and rivers of waters in the streets. Let them be only thine own, and not strangers with thee. Let thy fountain be blessed: and rejoice in the wife of thy youth. Let her be as the loving hind and pleasant roe; let her breasts satisfy thee at all times; and be thou ravished always in her love."³²

And Ecclesiastes, said to be the most sceptical book ever written, and certainly one of the most cynical, the writer sums up with:

"Go eat your bread with enjoyment, and drink your wine with a merry heart... Let your garments be always white; let not oil be lacking on your head. Enjoy life with the wife you love, all the days of your vain life which He has given you under the sun, because that is your portion in life, and in your toil at which you toil under the sun." 33

At the end of the book of Proverbs , there is a picture of the ideal woman, a picture of the freest woman ever depicted but also the most responsible.

"A good wife who can find?

She is far more precious than jewels.
The heart of her husband trusts in her
and he will have no lack of gain.
She does him good and not harm,
all the days of her life.
She seeks out wool and flax,
and works with willing hands.
She is like the ships of the merchant,
she brings her food from afar.
She rises while it is yet night
and provides food for her household
and tasks for her maidens.
She considers a field and buys it;
with the fruit of her hands she plants a vineyard.
She girds her loins with strength
and makes her arm strong,
She perceives that her merchandise is profitable.
Her lamp does not go out at night.
She puts her hand to the distaff,
and her hands hold the spindle.
She opens her hand to the poor,
and reaches out her hands to the needy.
She is not afraid of snow for her household,
for all her household are clothes in scarlet.
She makes herself coverings;
her clothing is fine linen and purple.
Her husband is known in the gates,
when he sits among the elders of the land.
She makes linen garments and sells them;
she delivers girdles to the merchant.
Strength and dignity are her clothing,
and she laughs at the time to come.
She opens her mouth with wisdom,
and the teaching of kindness is on her tongue.
She looks well to the ways of her household,
and does not eat the bread of idleness.
Her children rise up and call her blessed
her husband also, and he praises her.
"Many women have done excellently,
but you surpass them all."

Charm is deceitful, and beauty is vain,
but a woman who fears the Lord is to be praised.
Give her of the fruit of her hands
and let her works praise her in the gates."³⁴

The gentle nature of the Hebrew law is seen also in its regulations regarding the treatment of animals. They were not to muzzle the ox that trod their corn, they were not to yoke different types of beasts together. The young were not to be taken from their mother before eight days old. The laws on slaughter were most careful, not the least being that they had to use a sharp knife.³⁵ They were forbidden to cut a limb from a living animal nor were they allowed to kill the mother and the young on the same day³⁶ and Maimonides goes on to say that if we are to be so careful not to cause suffering to animals then how much more careful must we be not to be cruel to our fellow man. The much quoted 'eye for an eye and tooth for a tooth' had no application whatever to the bulk of the Hebrew law.

Infanticide was forbidden, another species of murder. The Hebrews expressed a great love of children and regarded them as having been given by the Lord and that they were a blessing.

As far as the monetary system goes, there is very little information in the earlier sections of the Old Testament to suggest the Hebrew even had a coinage. When Abraham brought the field of Ephron for a burial place, he weighed out the amount in silver.³⁸

Usury, that is the taking of interest, was forbidden. "If you lend money to any of my people with you who is poor, you shall not be to him as a creditor, and you shall not exact interest from him."³⁹ And "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother; usury of money, usury of victuals, usury of anything that is lent upon usury." To the stranger, they were allowed to lend on interest.⁴⁰

David, as psalmist, equated usury with bribery. When the exiles returned from Babylon, Nehemiah severely rebuked those who exacted interest.⁴¹ Ezekiel counts among the righteous, those who do not take interest.⁴² Of course, this is not the end of the passages, and as time progressed, the Hebrew theologians began to condemn all usury, even with foreigners, but it is certain that just as there were murderers and adulterers to condemn, so too there were usurers. But in early times, there was little and the lack of coinage did not allow too elaborate a system to arise. Certainly, compared with the Melanesians, the Hebrew was a raw amateur in the art of finance.

The Hebrews have given us two of the world's noblest religions. We tend to think of the Israelite religion of the Old Testament as a priest-ridden impost and certainly after the Exile, the priestly factor in the religious life of the people did bulk large, but long before this, Amos was querying that they had even sacrificed to the Lord during the years in the wilderness⁴³. Isaiah said plainly that God was sick of sacrifices. The burden of the psalmist and prophets was that there were better ways of serving God than sacrificing.

Although the priesthood was supposed to have been instituted by Moses,

it is evident that the common people did their own sacrificing for centuries (so that they ate the carcass instead of the priests) and every now and then we find that the king has destroyed the 'high places' for people sacrificed in them, only too often to foreign gods.

Some of the most stirring poetry ever written came from the pen of the prophets. These men, and women, appear to have been opposed in good measure to the priesthood. Kings and others sought their advice, which, when given, was generally uncomfortable. So, when Josiah heard the words of the Book of the Law, he sent five men to inquire of Huldah the prophetess. One of the inquirers was Hilkiyah the priest.⁴⁴

Not only were the prophets of either sex but they were deferred to by king and priest alike. I have no wish to go any further into this except to point out that the prophets were ever the reforming voice of the Hebrew religion and were both men and women. In the temple service, there were priests but both singing men and singing women. The women thus had a considerable part to play in Jewish religious life.

In summing up, we find that the idea of the male god developed with the Hebrews into the all-powerful universal Godhead, apparently not without a great deal of difficulty. We find right enough that on marriage, the woman enters the man's family, that the children belong to the father's family and that his heirs are his sons even though born of surrogate parents. We find they pay a dowry and a token bride-price, the latter going to the wife and the former secured against her widowhood or divorce. Incest is frowned on and the degrees are wider on the female side than on the male but there is room for compassion. Polygamy was allowed but monogamy is usual. Adultery is severely dealt with. Their monetary system was late in developing. We find too that the children stay with the mother until marriage or puberty or later. We also find them a very religious people with a very stable marriage system.

This is the picture of the Hebrew people, beginning as a nomadic tribe and finally settling in Palestine as farmers and artisans and preserving their male-dominated social system despite the trials and blandishments of the woman-dominated neighbours.

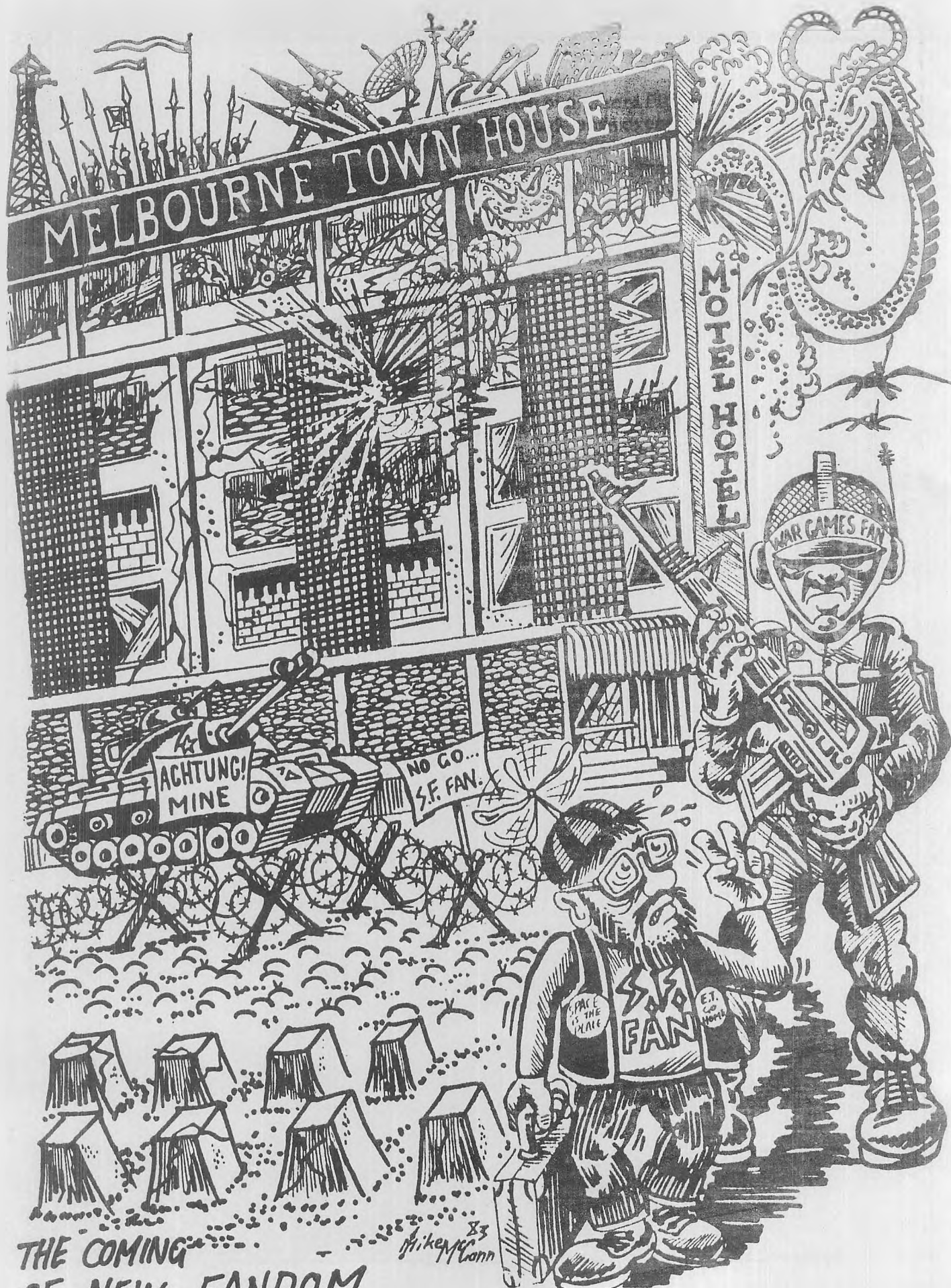
NOTES:

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3. Graves, R. The White Goddess, London. 150
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5. Genesis 17:5
6. Ibid 31:43
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16. Genesis 25:5,6
17. Exodus 22:16,17
18. Deuteronomy 22:28-29
19. Ibid 22:13-21
20. Maimonides, Ibid 350
21. Westermarck, Edward A Short History of Marriage, London 1926, p177
22. Ibid 166
23. Ibid 174
24. Ibid 282-4
25. Maimonides, Ibid. 272
26. Ibid 376
27. Genesis 31:33
28. 2 Samuel 13:13
29. Leviticus 20:10-16
30. Maimonides, Ibid. 379
31. Ibid 377-8
32. Proverbs 15:19
33. Ecclesiastes 9:7-9
34. Proverbs 31:10-31
35. Maimonides, Ibid 311
36. Ibid 371
37. Psalms 127
38. Genesis 23:16
39. Exodus 22:25
40. Deuteronomy 23: 19-20
41. Nehemiah Ch 5
42. Ezekiel 18:8
43. Amos 5:25
44. 2 Kings 14:20

- John J Alderson.

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THE COMING
OF NEW FANDOM

Mike McNamara

The R. & R. Dept.



Roger Waddington, 4 Commercial Street, Norton, Malton, North Yorkshire YO17 9ES, England:

"Was that perfect female form placed against my LoC on purpose; or was it the luck of the draw? Either way, thanks; it's probably a sexist remark, but I do not appreciate a well-drawn female. As on the cover of #48; there's nothing to criticise there.

Re: Australian fans and fanzines, the thoughts on KELLY COUNTRY that I've managed to save from my intended LoC, after numerous tearings-up, might be pertinent. Apart from cheering at the news, my commends were going to be that almost ever 'alternate history' so far has been set in the Northern hemisphere. For example, if the Spanish Armada had succeeded (Roberts); if Hitler had won WWII (Deighton); and more recently, if the Indians had beaten the White Man (Cruz Smith). And in the few cases where it's mentioned, it always seem that the Southern hemisphere will go the same way as the Northern; as its creation, rather than some separate entity with a mind and will of its own.

And that's how I'd like to see Australian fanzines. In a time when 'international' usually means 'American', the danger of seeking that internationality by inviting contributions from overseas is that one zine becomes like every other zine, in content and even design. I'm not against uniformity as such - after all, we're all living on the same planet - but I think we can often learn more from our differences than from our similarities. So, if the price of keeping Wales Welsh, Normandy Breton or Australian fanzines for Australian is that I hold back my typewriter and my enthusiasm, then I'm quite willing to pay it. Hoping in return to see that 'view from a different shore' than sf and its attendant fandom is supposed to provide, from which ever country, the insight that's just as valuable as creativity. And the temptation avoided, to be a slavish imitation of the rest; though, judging from the Mentor, that's very unlikely.

M Personally, I think the Post Office, like us, have a vision of the future. Where there's a computer in every home, and all you need to do is pick a phone up and

transmit your letter or fanzine across the system, for it to appear on your recipients computer and reeled off his printer; when bulkier items are mass-loaded into easily manageable container ships; and the only employee travelling the system, an engineer with an oilcan. Maybe even that future (read recetly, so forgive me for plagiarism) when there's only a man and a dog in sight; the dog to prevent the man touching the machinery, and the man there to feed the dog... But this system of higher and higher postal charges isn't really the right way, to hasten the day.

Steve Sneyd, 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire, HD5 8PB, England:

Anyway, many thanks for using the ballad/poem in January and the groundlings one in February. I was interested in your comment in the editorial that Ozzie poets have all gafiated to your knowledge... if what has put them off has been a sense of isolation in the medium, perhaps you could give another mention sometimes when you've a little space to the Science Fiction Poetry Association... membership is pretty reasonable (\$6US a year, for which you get a bimonthly newsletter... not that I've seen one for a month or two now, must chase them up, but it's first glitch like that in about seven years of membership: the newsletter, Star Line, uses poetry (for which it pays small sums, a rare phenomenon) in the s.f., horror, fantasy fields... very open about form, too... there are reviews, feedback, market reports, which I've found very useful, articles on such topics as the relationship between AI and poetry, which made my brain come out in a cold sweat but was well worth the struggle etc.... members nominate, and vote in, the annual Rhysling poetry awards... all this is probably Granny Suckegg info to you, but perhaps not to those poets you mentioned, so if any are still not totally gafiated, they might find the SFPA a useful contact point... here endeth the plug. Membership address is M. Kaplan, 1722 North Mariposa Avenue, #1, Los Angeles, California 90027, U.S.A. and Star Line's editor is Robert Frazier, Box 491, Nantucket, Massachesetts, MA 02554.

Interesting to see the copier contraversion still lingers... just recently xerox over here started a 'fire sale' approach to their small copiers, selling reconditioned ones (9 copy per minute 225 pounds, and so on up). Whether anyone in his right mind would want a xerox that had in years hammer under its belt is another question, but it shows the way the trend is moving... soon someone is going to realise that minicomputer printer, photocopier, and small printing press are three ways of looking at the same thing, and produce an el cheapo cheerful all purposer if the Discontinuity doesn't get us I'm as sure of that as I am that eggs don't hatch little green apples and then except for the guy who metal sets by hand and prints on an old Albion Eagle for the sheer love of beautiful craft printing, the whole hassle between litho/duplic/copier is going to go the way Antidisestablishmentarianism contraversion went. And, just before toppleover point onto the new gear, there's going to be a hulluva lot of copiets, litho printers etc. going n cheap as makers to try to offload stock. Rejoince... what with that and the hackers getting into everyone else's computers, when I have my optimist moments I can just about believe Big Sister and co. aren't going to win the control of information war after all..

The art portfolio was a worthwhile idea, which more zines would do this with favourite artists. I found the sharp discontinuities in style a bit disconcerting, though, presumably Julie Vaux was out to show her range but I think it would have been easier to relate to series that related to each other, if you see what I mean. Also, being a sucker for captions to help my thoughts in the right directions, I would have liked titles, was left speculating vaguely which/whether they related s.f. novel-wise and so on. Sorry to crib, someone more alert probably spotted them right away, like these guys who can spot a Masconic symbol in a Poussin at half a mile in an illit provincial gallery, but on the other hand, like Beaverbrook was it said "never underestimate the reader's intelligence, never ever overestimate his knowledge"

Gail Neville's LoC painting cannibalism as a racist myth hit my eye, by odd coincidence, just when some anthropologist on the radio was explaining the three kinds of cannibalism: survival (food to eat) he found of little interest: the two kinds he described as relevant to cultural solidarity were (a) hostile & (b) loving inheritance (think I remember the terminology right). Hostile was where you ate the guy who invaded you, both to steal his strength and to stop his spirit pestering you after death. Loving inheritance was where you ate a dead relative, grandfather or whatever to enable him to gift the nourishment of himself to the rest of his family survivors, and to provide a fitting home for his spirit. I see nothing racist in recognising the inherent logic of such beliefs: after all, the Communion/body and blood/wafer/wine element in Christianity is a clear survival of older cannibal beliefs of a very similiar nature, just as the head cults of the Celts clearly derive from a similiar base. It seems curiously inverted definition of racism to say it is racism to describe something as being done in another culture which is regarded as taboo in yours : you might just as well say that it is racist to accuse white os suffering from a taboo against eating human flesh which is more logical/less blinkered branches of the human family have overcome...

Diane Fox, 6 Anderson Avenue, Bullaburra, N.S.W.:

Grimesish Grumblings - somewhat grimmer in tone than the usual. Would definitely agree with the conclusion of the article. And with the suggestion that our barbaric culture punishes offences against the individual (direct and frightening damage to self and property such as burglaries, muggings, bashings, rapes and irresponsible causing of injury by accident) far more lightly than it tends to punish infringements of taboos or rules setup for the convenience of authorities (the latter often not useful, or even detrimental to the public). It is a long-winded way of saying that Big Brother's loyalty is to Big Brother and if a few proles get wiped out or damaged by crims, well, Big Brother can afford the loss. Rather like Sauron's attitude to Orcs as mentioned in "Lord of the Rings" - he can afford to waste a few thousand, there's plenty more where they came from

Enjoyed Julie Vaux's portfolio of strange creatures - including some variations from her usual range of species

Lettercol.: - John became fascinated by Kepler after seeing the "Cosmos" episode.

Later I noticed a historical novel based on Kepler's life by John Bainville I think. I brought this as a present for John who read it and highly recommends it. I haven't read this book yet. Apparently Kepler ran into a good deal of trouble for advocating religious tolerance - Europe at the time was pretty similiar state to Lebanon or Northern Ireland today

Maybe Ted White is being deliberately contraversial in order to appear awesome and to impress us mere proles/low-ranking fannish scum into admiration of his incisive wit. It is an attitude which arouses not only my annoyance but my profound distrust. I hope for his sake, that he believes what he is saying.

John Alderson is becoming infamous for his hostility towards females and while most of his comments do not exceed the bounds of decency, some remarks in an issues of Australian S.F. News were of unparalleled and uncalled-for - for uncouthness and oafishness - I refer to his bigoted remark that suggested that all s.f./fantasies by female authors were sexual fantasies. By the Seven Child Molesters of Gor, this is obviously meant as an insult rather than an expression of belief. He must get a sadistic thrill out of writing this sort of thing - like poking a frog with a pointed stick to see if it will jump.

Richard Faulder, P.O. Box 136, Yanco, N.S.W.:

Gail Neville's story was well enough told, with a certain amount of charm, but I am afraid the biologist in me wouldn't let me suspend my disbelief. John Boyd had the right approach to the use of intelligent plants (and his could satisfy your every desire) in THE POLLINATORS OF EDEN in that he used the situation as a vehicle for satire. I'm afraid that quoting Carl Sagan is not enough to give an idea scientific validity

While one can see Bert Chandler's point about the desirability of a judge (and perhaps the members of a jury as well) having experienced the crime about which they are making a decision, I don't think that we can intrinsically applaud it. As Bert implicitly points out, a person who has been a victim of a crime is probably even less capable of making a reasoned judgement about it than someone who hasn't. Such people concern themselves only with the type of crime, and are blinded to the mitigating circumstances which may determine the severity of the sentence. Now, there probably is an argument for having automatic sentences - being concerned only with the action committed - but this is a decision for the community as a whole to make. Should such a decision be made, judges could be dispensed with altogether, except as referees between opposing cases.

While intellectuals like ourselves seem to be enamoured of the idea that 'most people don't want to think for themselves, are afraid to make decisions for themselves,' possibly because it boosts our own egos by reinforcing ideas about our own courage, it is an idea that, it seems to me by my observations, has little accord with reality. A more accurate summary of the situation would be that 'most people can't be bothered to think for themselves, simply because most of the issues we intellectuals seem to think so important aren't necessarily important out there in the real world. If other people can do something, then why question its worth, especially if most other people do in our part of society do it.

"Sufficient unto the day..." and so on.

I'm not sure why fan funds have proliferated. Certainly it seems to me that few if any of the people nominated are really deserving, which is why the things were originally set up. Fans are increasingly affluent, and if we really wanted to go overseas then we could, although it might mean cutting back on some of our other activities, such as pubbing our ives or renovating our houses. I really don't see why DUFF funds, for instance, should be used to subsidise, in effect, my renovations, or whatever.

Joy Hibbert has some reasonable points to make in decrying John Alderson, and to some extent they reflect my own reasons for ceasing to read him - he increasingly tended to use examples which were ambiguous in supporting his models, or even refuted the models he was proposing. Unfortunately, her own overt sexism often led her to do the same thing. This is best exemplified by her last two sentences on page 29, where she implies that one 'women and male feminists' wish to live in a society which doesn't deny spirituality. Margaret Thatcher is supposed to be encouraging spirituality and discouraging materialism. I'd like to see a more spiritual, less materialist society, but it is because of sexism such as people like Ms. Hibbert exhibit that I will not be described as a 'feminist'. Does this therefore mean that it is not possible for me to want such a society.

Whether one agrees with Frederick Wilhelm IV depends, I think, on how absolute one makes the conspiracies. I can believe in small conspiracies like Watergate, yet would describe myself as a liberal. On the other hand, I cannot believe in vast conspiracies like the Illuminati - on a logistical basis, if nothing else.

On a note disconnected with all the foregoing: I managed to go to Eurekacon over Easter, and there it was very much brought home to me the extent to which fans who were present when I first entered fandom, such as yourself, Eric Lindsay and to some extent Shayne McCormack, have ceased a physical presence at fannish gatherings, so that if my attending such is to have any meaning a new circle of acquaintances must develop for me.

Joy Hibbert, 11 Rutland Street, Hanley, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST1 5JG, England:

In your editorial, you mention that there are a lot of young fanwriters wanting to get published. Well, coming by surface is a copy of the genzine I produce with Dave Rowley, and we don't care what nationality an article (or story, or poem, or piece of art) is as long as it's good. So if any of your young fanwriters want to send their stuff our way, we'd be glad to see it. We don't promise to look at it carefully, print it if it's good and say why we don't think it's good if we don't. If you mention this to these people, remind them to send an IRC if they want it sent back (assuming it's not published: if it is, we'll send it back with the fanzine it'll be in). I prefer a fanzine of mixed nationality, but think you have good reason for trying to give your own people a chance.

As to the second part of the editorial, you know what the problem with saying things like that is? Those of your readership, such as myself, who are not

sufficiently 'in' to know who you're getting at in saying that are racking their brains to try and figure out who it could be.

Gail's story could have been drastically improved by spelling the characters name the same all the time. I started off thinking it was a story about clones or something like that: Laleque, Lalique and Lalizue, before realising all the typos had come to roost in poor Gail's story. A few quibbles: how can he tell at that distance whether the mosses were parasitical or in a mutually advantageous relationship with their host? I found that the constant use of the characters name got a little monotonous after awhile. I know that Lalique couldn't be described as 'he' in these places, but it would have been nice if there was an alternate name (the captain?) to break up the Laliqueness of it. Very much liked the story apart from that though, but can't help wondering how long it will take Jacob to regret leaving. As he says, you can't get that sort of love from a human.

Steve Sneyd gets everywhere doesn't he?

A few thoughts on Chandler's articles: does he really think the police were interested in catching his criminals? Does the way they tried to get him to admit the taller youths were at fault show that all they were really after was getting them for something? And isn't there something wrong with the world if judges cannot sympathise with victims unless they or their property have been attacked? But then, I suppose, a police officer's definition of a good judge would merely be one who locked up anyone on the police's say-so. We've had something like that over here recently. In one case, the police were trying to do someone for possession of pot (why don't they go out and catch some real criminals?) and had no evidence. So they tried to persuade the judge that since the person had some sf books and a wholefood cookbook in his house he should be locked up anyway. The judge threw that one out, so he must be a 'bad' judge. On many occasions over the past few months, the police have tried to extend the Obscene Publications Act which was written to cover pornography to include various books concerning drugs. It is significant that the books impounded have only been taken from alternative book shops - copies of the same book in respectable bookshops have been ignored i.e. the police are trying to put alternative bookshops out of business, largely, I suspect because they act as a central point for various radicals: socialists, feminists, anarchists, etc. Fortunately, the judges have been uncooperative with the police over these matters, so perhaps they'll give up in a bit.

Julie's art seems a bit more varied in this portfolio: I suspect the Weberwoman encourages her to draw things that are very similar to each other. I liked the secondhand fourth one, thought the third one looked distinctly unfinished, and thought the last one looked 'back to normal'. But it is nice to see portfolios of this type in fanzines.

Harry's loC: reading of real disasters, it strikes me as rather innocent that Harry wonders why the people in Gail's previous story didn't get out of there. This is because people never think it'll happen to them, never think it'll stay like that, and never think it'll happen again. You only have to look at the people living in earthquake zones, on the side of volcanoes, etc., to see that. There's also the difficulty in seeing that your life might be at stake if you don't move, accepting that it is worth giving up everything and pulling up roots.



As to the changing pronouns in the OT, I would hope that no feminist is stupid enough to take any of it at face value. The snake should be female, true enough, as should the Devil, who represents the older religion (though Lucifer is a different matter: most old religions have a tale of a young god replacing an old god, thus giving fertility and a general sense of newness to the world. The tale of God and Lucifer is a tale of the young god being defeated by the old god, against all that is natural and thus ensuring decay and repression until further notice). Harry also seems not as well-read as I had thought. He mentions the idea of an s.f. story where something silly is the only thing to survive: Arthur Clarke wrote a story in which the only thing to survive was a Walt Disney film (but he didn't say which one) "Expedition to Earth", I'm told it's called. I'm also told it was a Mickey Mouse cartoon.

I don't quite see your objections to my feelings on birth positions. If a position is the woman's choice and harmless to the foetus, what are your objections? To a certain extent a woman can choose her doctor (But she can't do without) but she's unlikely to find one that will allow her to give birth at home or in a natural position. Many women aren't at their most assertive at this sort of time anyway, and thus many women have to give birth in the dying fly position whether they like it or not.

Interesting theory on the upswing in paganism. Though fairly unlikely because of the disproportionately high number of pagans in fandom, and because many pagans aren't that interested in actually living in the countryside, just of having it there to be walked through etc. I understood from several articles read recently, that the increase in males was worldwide. While adverts in papers from women looking for boyfriends are much more common the other way around, adverts in more direct publications (i.e. contact mags) from men looking for women are also far more common than the other way round. Looks like women still look for romance and men still look for sex.

Harry Warner Jr., 425 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, Maryland, 21740, U.S.A.:

Beloved Alien was another quite good story by Gail Neville. The idea of this attraction between a human male and the female trees on another world might be far-fetched but it is no worse than similiar episodes in professionally published science fiction and I can think of some romances between human males and human females here in Hagerstown that seem just as strangely matched. I was glad to see the story reach its own conclusion without a bloodbath (or sabbath) of violence. My only serious reservation involves the apparent coincidence of the Solar Gypsy setting down at the point where the survivor of the previous expedition could reach it within a few hours. I know Gail tells us that the Gypsy used 'the co-ordinates of the previous survey team' but this was a different kind of spacecraft and it seems unlikely that its landing would occur so close to where the previous ship had come down.

I'm glad Bert Chandler escaped injury in the mugging attempt. Normally I think police advise victims to make no resistance, on the theory that the muggers are probably more skilled at their occupation than the victim is at resistance. And ah, yes, those light sentences that the courts are imposing on convicted criminals!

I've been keeping some newspaper items on this topic involving episodes in the vicinity of Hagerstown. The most recent involves a double killing in nearby West Virginia. A 15-year-old pleaded guilty to killing his mother and a 13 year-old boy. He told psychologists who were called in to examine him that he was not 'through killin', testimony showed. Another witness said that the 15 year-old had threatened violence as far back as a year earlier. The judge sentenced him to concurrent terms of five to eighteen years and a public defender predicted that he will serve not more than three years in prison. Another case: a Hagerstown man who admitted to having drunk about a dozen beers killed a woman when he ran his automobile into the porch of her home when she was sitting there. He was fined \$1,000, wasn't given any kind of jail sentence. Another area resident was driving on the wrong side of the road when he ran into another vehicle, killing its occupant. He was fined \$25 and escaped any jail term. A woman entered a guilty plea to six accounts of welfare fraud. She collected \$8,568 in cash and food stamps and medical expenses after lying to the welfare people about her circumstances. She was given a suspended jail sentence and told to make restitution (which I'd be willing to bet she'll never do). I don't have the clipping on another case, but from memory, this man was paroled after serving a small fraction of a sentence for a sex change. By the time he was picked up again he had terrorized and raped two women, one of whom he tied up and tossed into the river, and had badly injured a two-year-old child during a sex act.

Julie's portfolio is very good. The drawings are more detailed, more three-dimensional in appearance than those I normally associate with her art. This is all to the good.

I like the editorial policy which you explained in this issue of Ron's Roost. It makes it a trifle harder for Up Over readers, since all the prose contributions will contain an occasional allusion to Australian traditions or customs or terminology which we may not know about. But it practically guarantees that fans who don't normally contribute to fanzines will be writing for The Mentor. And I think this is related to one fannish problem which is almost never mentioned, the fact that so few individuals write formal material for fanzines nowadays. Everyone is lamenting the decline in the number of fanzine fans. But I suspect the proportion of fanzine writers has been dropping at an even more alarming rate over the past couple of decades.

Harry Andruschak, P.O. Box 606, La Canada-Flintridge, CA 91011 U.S.A.:

Well, this time around no mistake. I caught A. Bertram Chandler in a mistake fair and square. The line "Play it again, Sam" does not occur in the movie CASABLANCA. Trust all who stay up late for the 1 am and 2 am movies to see this particular movie. The line is... "Play it Sam". The dialogue that follows is far more interesting than the simple line implies, by the way. Perhaps the film CASABLANCA should be shown at SF cons, since fans do have an interest in this kind of classic. Pass the word to the AUSSIECON II folks, will you?

It would be interesting to know why people misremember facts on such a wide-spread basis. I don't just mean CASABLANCA. Here in the USA, many people will remember the VANGUARD rocket project as the one that always blew up on the launch pad. They

will swear on a stack of bibles to this. In fact it had exactly one launch pad explosion. Out of 11 attempts to orbit, three were successful, a very good rate for the 1950s.

And, of course, there is misquotation of Shakespeare. "Guild the lily" is the biggest howler, but any long-time reader of the Bard can come up with many others. And I wonder how many people using the phrase "Get thee to a Nunnery" realise that the term "nunnery" was a slang term for "whorehouse".

Damien Broderick, 10 Marks Street, Brunswick, Vic 3056:

Bruce Gillespie has passed on to me a copy of THE MENTOR #49, containing a supposed "interview" with me, concocted by D. Jason Cooper. This travesty made me realise for the first time just why it is American writers like Harlan Ellison are so quick to threaten legal action when their reputation and privacy are put at risk by the boors and creepers who insist on ambushing them.

Let me place a few simple realities on record:

Firstly. you published this "interview" without my permission.

Second, having perpetrated it, you failed to tell me, let alone send me a copy.

Third, the published text is an offensive fabrication loosely based on a telephone conversation I had with D. Jason while sitting on the floor of a crowded, noisy room in Perth early in 1983. Internal evidence suggests that it contains an amount of material transcribed from a tape recording of that conversation, but there's no indication in the printed "interview" of the conditions under which the material was obtained. (Quite the reverse: certain stylistic intrusions from D. Jason's pen make it look like a face-to-face interview where each point has been carefully considered and each fact checked. I shall return to this in point five.)

Fourth, the fact that this 'interview' is not a faithful record of what I said to D. Jason can be detected easily enough by his omissions (but only by me, not by your luckless readers). For example, I didn't see any of those comments of mine which took the general form: 'Hey, what kind of dumb question is that? Do you really expect me to answer such stupid questions?'

Fifth, the supposed ranking of Australian s.f. writers which D. Jason ascribes to me (p. 7) is sheer bunk. How do I know this? Have I got eidetic recall? Well, no, I haven't. but with all due respect to Bert Chandler I'm here to tell you, space fans, that I do not consider him Australia's greatest living s.f. writer. I do not even consider him Australia's fifth greatest living s.f. writer. What I do consider him to be is Australia's internationally best known professional s.f. writer. The careful reader, peering in astonishment at my embellished text, might be able to work out that this is what I was getting at... but it would be hard work.

Let me make this so clear that even D. Jason can follow my line of thought.

I'm sitting in this noisy room, fending off dumb questions put to me by someone I've never met who says he's preparing a newspaper article on my visit as Guest of Honour at Swancon. (Call this point Six, by the way. There's a big different in what you say to someone writing for the general public and what you say to an informed fan audience.) He wants me to rank Australia's s.f. writers and I refuse on grounds of courtesy. Then he wants me to pin-point my own standing, for Christ's sake. Holding him at arm's length over the phone, I struggle to throw his readers some useful kind of bone. I mention some writers who come to my jet-lagged and hungover mind, writers known widely here and abroad: Bert, Lee, Cherry, myself for that matter. Um, George, of course, maybe even Jack Wodhams. Wynne. I could go on, but he's got the idea now. (If I had gone on I'd have added Frank Brying, Dal Stevens, John Baxter, David Boutland, Stephen Cook, David Lake, Glenda Adams, Pip Maddern, Keith Taylor, and perhaps John Foyster, Bruce Barnes, Greg Egan, Russel Blackford, Lucy Sussex, and a dozen more.)

Seventh, in this clear and limited context of tossing out names which a mass audience might have heard of, D. Jason asks about Bruce Gillespie. "He's a critic, not a creative writer," I point out, dragging D. Jason back to the topic I thought we were discussing. Naturally, when this segment of preamble is presented in doctored form, with my first six names in all their arbitrary order graven into stone and numbered apparently by order of merit, this aside seems like a gross and gratuitous slur on my old cobbler Gillespie, or Mike Murphy as he is sometimes known. I am now beginning to resent what D. Jason has done to my words. Do you see how that might be?

Eighth, along with selectivity cutting out the bits which disparage his own intelligence, and cavalierly altering the meaning of my words, D. Jason now goes on (it seems to me) to a bit of creative textual engineering. Remember, I don't have a copy of the tape to check this by, but it seems a trifle hard to imagine that I would have said of VALENCIES: "It doesn't even have a plot outside the string of battles in it."

Battles? Strings of battles? Which book was that again? Could I have said bottles? Baubles? Daisies? VALENCIES has one (count it: 1) scene of militant confrontation in it, where a bunch of radicals runs this way and that and gets stomped by the cops. This is an important scene, true, but no Star Wars fan is going to blow his bucks for VALENCIES' gripping space heroics. There are critics who think that what's singular about space heroics. There are critics who think that what's singular about VALENCIES is that its presentation of a galactic empire dwells on marital problems and the snoring of lovers at the expense of the usual string of battles. Perhaps I said bubbles. Boobies?

Look, I wouldn't give a shit about this if it were not for the bruises which other people (such as Bruce) have copped as this strange object lurched past them. No, that's not true; I would give a shit. I don't like being conned. If I'm interviewed by a professional journalist on the understanding that a professional story will appear in a professional newspaper, I don't expect a butchered version of my off-the-cuff maunderings to appear a year and a half later in a fanzine which someone else has to lend me.

interview I take it on its merits.- Ron.)

Julie Vaux, 14 Zara Road, Willoughby, N.S.W.:

The Captain's "nutty acquaintance" along with others of his ilk and like have based their "predictions" on the abuse mainly of two particular chapters of the Book of Revelations. What these chapters actually describe is the following: Chapter 6, verses 12 - 14.

An earthquake followed by atmospheric disturbances and meteor showers. "The sun became black the moon became like blood the sky vanished like a scroll rolled up." That sounds like a description of the effects of dust and smoke in the atmosphere in massive quantities to me - nothing like the notions of the person who our annoyed our good captain.

The other chapter: Ch 8, vs 8 actually does describe something like an asteroid or meteor falling in the sea preceded by small fragments: hail and fire... fell on the earth, trees and grass were burnt up. "Something like a great mountain burning like fire, was thrown into the sea" The sea is discoloured, many creatures and much shipping is destroyed and lastly light is dimmed night and day.

I leave our readers to check the verses themselves and make what they will of them. The descriptions do rather remind me of Fred Hoyle's discussion of the effect of meteor and the like in his book "ICE".

John Alderson's articles seem to me, unfortunately, to be becoming more and more incomprehensible, alas that's all I'll say on them. However I feel I must say something on his remarks in his letter on race. How on earth does he cognate the root 'ong or ung or bong' with Indonesian? Indonesian or rather Malay is a relative of the various Polynesian languages and such mainland tongues as Cham. The Malays and Polynesians migrated by canoe and sail probably from somewhere near the Mekong Delta whereas the Aborigines followed the southern land bridge route. The only legend I have read of suggesting a Pacific origin is from the north coast. From what little I have seen or know of them no way are the two language families related.

I also would like to point out that racial phenotypes and genotypes are also defined by skull structure and blood type and eye fold and proportions of limbs to torso and body type. Most archeologists tend to use skull type.

I don't like his denigration of oral tradition either. Since either of us has been around for 40,000 or 5,000 thousand years I for one prefer to judge them - oral traditions as valid - after all if groups all around the world can preserve Flood legends that seem to describe the sudden rise in sea level at the end of the last Ice Age when since our Aborigines have such legends also it seems quite possible to me, they were here 20,000 years ago. i.s. well before the ice age ended.

I'm afraid I must disagree with Eric Lindsay on his description of Tarot being nonsense - astrology in its current form, yes, tends to be mumbo-jumbo but the tarot cards particularly the major Arcana show many signs of having been

deliberately designed. Legend (well, one legend) claims that the Tarot cards were designed or standardized by a meeting of Jewish, Christian and possibly also Muslim scholars in mediaeval Spain and are related to Kabbalistic lore. They might be used as much for meditation as fortune telling, as symbols to unlock the gates to the subconscious they began being used as focus for fortune telling by some precogs.

The Tarot is like the world, NOT simple.

Thank you, Michael Hailstone for being pleased by my story - I hope the next one I write is clearer, etc. Thank you also Harry Warner - I just wish I really did have "amounts of patience".

Marc Ortlieb, GPO Box 2708X, Melbourne, Vic:

Hmm. I wonder if Michael Hailstone and Bert Chandler have ever met. I wonder what Bert would make of Michael, as the latest article that Michael has in your zine strikes me as having more than a little in common with the funny blokes who keep annoying Bert. Michael starts out quite sensibly enough. Lead in the air certainly wouldn't be good for people, and I remember Helen Swift describing some research she was involved in, showing how the organically bonded lead in petrol led to dangerous lead poisoning in petrol sniffers, notably the aboriginal kids on the Yalata Reserve. However, Michael then proceeds to go overboard with his conspiracy theories. Gad! An international conspiracy of dentists even ... if that exists, when hasn't the sugar industry been brought to its knees, or at the recent advertisements extolling the wonders of sucrose symptoms of the sugar magnates fight against the evil tooth-pullers?

Certainly flourides are, in high concentrations, poisons. So are a lot of things that, in small quantities are beneficial to health. However, I don't think that there is much evidence to suggest that the small concentration found in fluoridated water are a real danger to health. Perhaps I'm too optimistic, but I really can't see either the Australian Government or the Australian dental community systematically poisoning us just for the hell of it. They'd want some pretty large reward for doing so, and somehow I doubt that fluoridation is going to make any individual that wealthy that he/she is going to continue in a mad plot to poison the whole Australian population. At least the concept that fluoridation was a communist plot provided a plausible motivation. As for the connection between fluoridation and cancer, from what I've seen, just about anything can be linked to cancer. If we still can't positively say that smoke causes lung cancer, I doubt that the fluoride link is going to be thought of as anything particularly significant. Personally, I'll stick with apathy, and she'll be right attitude to such things. True, the fluoride might get me, but at least I won't suffer from ulcers or high blood-pressure induced heart attack...

A side thought. Has Michael considered the possibility that some of his lethargy, depression, etc. might be caused by that great natural plot - aging?

Oh dear. Poor John Alderson. So they've been letting women into men's clubs, have they? Tut tut. Such things should not be done should they? It's just not cricker.

Besides, if women were allowed into men's clubs, the men might just have to see them as people rather than as the strange alien species that John seems to consider them. Sigh. Are you making THE MENTORA haven for paranoid theories?

John's letter of comment, by the way, seems to attack a theory held by a limited number of people. I thought that the concept of Australia being settled by a number of waves of settlers, all of whom seem now lumped under the title 'aborigines', was fairly widely accepted.

I'd defy John Alderson to justify that Horus's conception was not 'reasonably natural'. For mythical figures, necrophilia is reasonably natural, especially when compared with the genesis of Helen of Troy, Athena, or Adam. Besides, is the physical act that worthy of comment when what they are being considered are myths, which are more to do with explaining natural phenomena or customs than are about strict physical possibilities?

James Styles, 145 Faraday Street, Carlton, Vic.:

An overdose of caffeine encourages me to request Michael Hailstone not to write articles on subjects where the ideas are still "banging around in" his head. Going off in tangents may be fun but I'd prefer a convincing premise for any argument or scenarios he postulates.

His paranoia is again self illustrated in his hypochondria. Some psychosomatic illnesses are better treated physically since emotional and psychiatric treatments tend to cater to the whims of the emotions which will affect all other characteristics of the body if not controlled.

Rather than experimenting with lifestyle changes and esoteric study, Michael could probably improve his health with a dietary change and a secure belief rooted in life or death which seem to be physical constants.

Of course, should Michael care to give us everything with artificial additives (remembering the water contaminated fluoride and the air contaminated lead), not drinking and breathing should encourage a demise of his physical anxieties.

Peter Brodie shows promise as a writer. But is his "I got Influence" fantasy or science fiction!

Don Fidge, 184 Jasper Road, Bentleigh, Vic:

Michael Hailstone's article "The Leaden Age" raised a couple of interesting points other than the possible long term effects of lead and fluoride on our health. In our democratic society, where supposedly the opinion of the masses rules, how can a decision as important as the fluoridation of our water supply be made without referendum? I can only assume that a democracy, where everyone is entitled to an opinion, ceases to function if the vast majority will not form an opinion believing this to be the duty of expert and politicians. Unfortunately, practically anyone who claims some expertise e.g. Milan Brych, can, for a time at

least, be accepted as an expert. As for the voters elected representatives, anyone who can speak well in public or is well-known will do. Locally we have already had an ex-Seeker and a Cop Shop policeman. It seems inevitable that a former Carlton footballer whose i.q. would scarcely exceed his show size will be next.

Hailstone claims that s.f. has lost its former sponaneity and sense of fun and he is probably right. Surely the inspiration for great s.f. is not exhausted, possibly the recognised leaders in the field have started taking their own work a little too seriously. My story BUGS appears in TM41 and the inevitable LoCs turned up in the next couple of issues. As always comments fell into three main groups 1) kindly; 2) criticising constructively (very welcome); 3) criticising unconstructively (waste of effort really). I was quite pleased with Joe Hanna-Rivero's comment that the story reminded him of a 50's s.f. movie. Most of the hundreds of s.f. movies made in the 50's may not have been great artistic achievements but at least they were fun. Some even managed to be good movies those which come readily to mind are: The Blob, The Thing, It Came From Outer Space, Forbidden Planet, Them, This Island Earth and maybe Tarantula.

John Alderson, Havelock, Vic.:

I must say that the interview with Broderick surprises me. To say that Lee Harding is the best known (other candidates Chandler, Wilder, Broderick, Turner and Wodhams) prompts one to ask, Where? I have the highest opinion of Harding's work but he is only a vague name overseas and Chandler certainly is not, whilst Wodhams has sold more overseas than any apart from Chandler. In order of merit, something entirely different I admit, the list should read, Wodhams, Harding, Turner... but this latter is my opinion and subject to the sifting of history.

Alas, has Diane Fox read me so far and not realised that domination in society is not the same as power in society; not that I can allow what she says any rate. As far as my research has gone it has shown that the more woman-dominated the society, the less the mothers see of the boys so that with the Amazons, that woman-dominated society par excellence the women dumped all the boys out in the scrub at birth and they were brought up solely by the men. In Arab societies, they stay in the harem until after puberty. However there is no reason to believe that in New Guinea, the men would give any such orders as to knock the kids on the head because the women, not the men, would know how the garden was going to yield. Buck Coulson laments that I "never learnt to distinguish a fact from a theory," a fault, which if true, I seem to share with most scientists. But, of course, I did not equate the Melanesian cults with Osiris, or anyone else. I merely suggest they are along the same line of sociological development. This is a type of parallel reasoning used by anthropologists, and I believe that any student of the development of religion will accede to the validity of my method. As possible, I have used a primitive as well as a sophisticated society to illustrate the type I have been studying. It isn't always possible.

Michael Hailstone, P.O. Box 193, Woden, A.C.T.:

I was rather depressed by what Damien Broderick had to say. The one bright spot is

that he makes me feel glad that I too am getting out of the s.f. field.

Dare I say it? John Alderson's comments at the end of his article seem to reflect my own misgivings about present trends. Because I am as yet rather confused about it all, I'd rather not express my own thoughts here, but to say that they were brought to the surface some weeks ago by a book I saw, Growing Up Absurd by an American named Goodman, published in 1960. It was mainly about the plight of American youth, well, really the boys and young men about the lack of manly challenges in organised society. No-one would dare write such a book nowadays for fear of enraging the feminists and their fellow travellers, though, as the author makes clear, there is a world of difference between manliness and macho. I recently pointed out to a friend that I thought it was unfair, that, while nobody objects to women forming their own exclusive groups excluding men, the general attitude is that men do not have the right to do so, and the women have every right to belong to hitherto exclusively men's clubs; one of the latest bastions so to fall was the Melbourne Cricket Club (I think). He told me I have a childish concept of fairness and men get aggressive when they get together with no women around. That may be, I but I feel sure that the motive for getting around. That may be, but I feel sure that the motive for getting in everywhere does not arise from any real concern about male aggression.

Hang on a second; does John really look upon the Roman Society as man-dominated but our own as woman-dominated?

Western man has a genius for making things obsolete, including himself. Much has been said in both s.f. and popular science about computers and artificial intelligence replacing the human race, but now we've suddenly realised that, even if it does live on, there is no longer really any need for the male of the species, not even for making babies. This is the logical trend Goodman worried about 25 years ago, and John Wyndham also foresaw it back then in his short story "Consider her ways" about a future where all the men have died out. I was quite impressed when I read it well back before the rise of modern feminism, for Wyndham made the same complaints in the story that were to be made by feminists a few years later. What bothers me is that there seems to be general agreement by both sexes that a world without men would be a good thing.

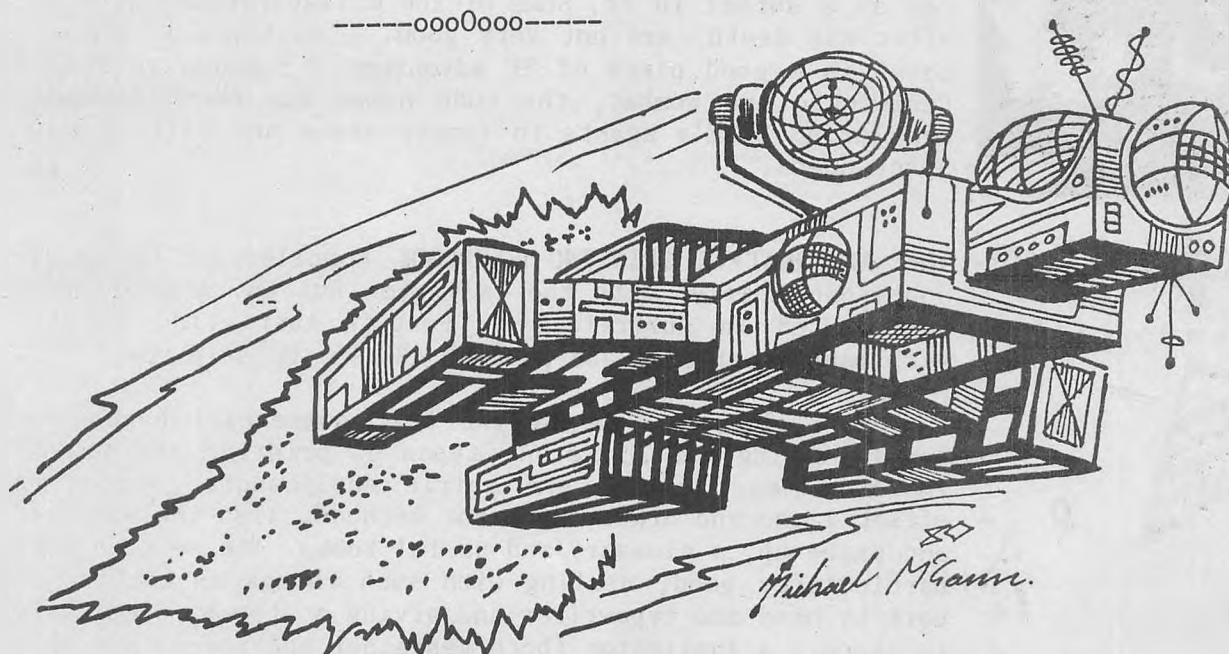
Would Bert Chandler's unwanted acquaintance by any chance happen to be B.L. Cathie, author of Harmonic 695? I have seen the book myself but never brought it, because I couldn't make out what it was supposed to be about and it looked too wierd for me. But Stan Deyo lists it in his suggested reading for the first section of his book, The Cosmic Conspiracy. It is apparently relevant to things like the forgotten genius of Tesla, electrogravitics and weather warfare.

This is going to be a special A.B.Chandler letter, since I recently read Kelly Country, which brought lots of thoughts to mind, so much so, that I took down notes for this letter. I don't mean to criticise the book, which I found a lot of fun, but I did get to think a bit about some of the ideas behind it. For one thing, it seems most unlikely, that, after changing history at Gelnrowan, great grandfather Grimes could have gone on to marry the same woman and have the same children, such his interference so changes his own line (staying with Kelly and taking part in the revolution instead of fleeing Glenrowan after the siege and

taking another ship in Sydney. One could of course get over the extreme unlikelihood by applying the antropic prinicple: great grandson Grimes follows the alternate time path to that of an alternate Graumann with alternate time-gadget, because it's the only path he can take. But I find it intersting to reflect that, had there been an Australian revolution then, my mother (and hence I) could have not have been born. My great grandmother was born about the same year as Ned Kelly, and in the same year that Kelly met his Waterloo at Glenrowan gave birth to my grandmother in England. If Australia had become an Irish republic a few years later, then it seems clear that English immigrants would not have been at all welcome here around 1890.

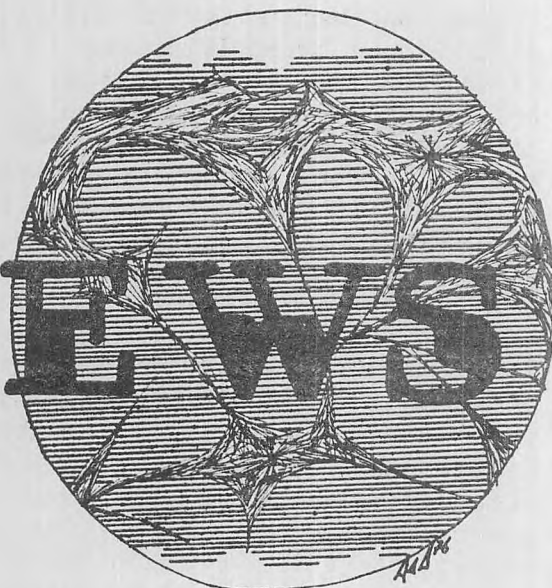
I find it fascinating to speculate on what would have happened, had my father not crcashed near Bermuda in his Catalina on the way to Eurpose. I owe my existence to three factors: firstly his crash, second his rescue and third the attack on Pearl Harbour and the outbreak of the Pacific war, which happened around the same time. Had my father not crashed then , had he gone instead on to Europe and survived bombing raides over Germany, he would most certainly have married the same woman on his return to Australia but his children would have been different people. Had I still been his firstborn (okay, no smart semantic arguments!) I would have been born at least four years later and so would have had a different life. I feel that it would have been a better life though such an alternate timestream would have probably been worse for my father.

Also Heard From: Raymond Clancy (U.S.A.) & Diane Fox (N.S.W.) again.





REVIEWS



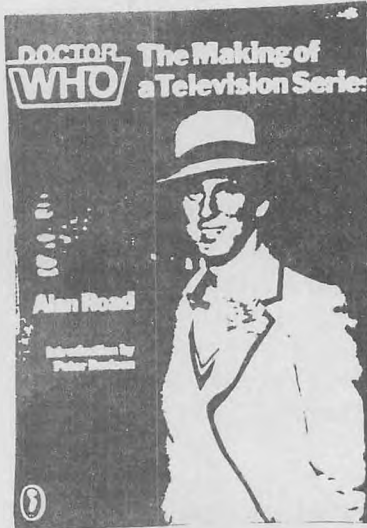
ECLIPSING BINARIES by E.E. 'Doc' Smith & Stephen Goldin. Granada p.b., distributed in Australia by Granada Publishing Aust. P/L. 192pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The eighth in the Family d'Alembert series, the others being **THE IMPERIAL STARS**, **STRANGLERS' MOON**, **THE CLOCKWORK TRAITOR**, **GETAWAY WORLD**, **THE BLOODSTAR CONSPIRACY**, **THE PURITY PLOT** and **PLANET OF TREACHERY**. Previously I had only read the first when it ran as a serial in IF. Some of the collaborations with Doc Smith, after his death, are not very good. I am happy to note that this novel is a good piece of SF adventure. Someone is impersonating Periwinkle and Wombat, the code names for the d'Alemberts. They are luring SOTE's agents to remote areas and killing them. Good space opera.



THE ALTERNATIVE PRINTING HANDBOOK compiled by Chris Treweek & Johnathan Zeitlyn with the Islington Bus Co. A Penguin Handbook, distributed in Australian by Penguin Aust. Ltd. 21x30cm. 109pp with many diagrammes and photos. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This is one of the best commercial handbooks I have seen covering the different types of printing and how to do it. The machines included are spirit duplicators, screen printing, offset-litho and other different methods. Also included are design and paste-up, a glossary and useful books. The section on mimeo is particularly good, dealing with such things as cutting stencils, both by hand and typewriter and giving a step-by-step guide on how to operate a duplicator (both gestetner and roneo) and what can go wrong and how to fix it. Indispensable for the beginner.



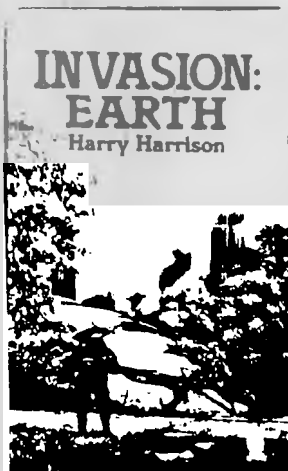
DOCTOR WHO: THE MAKING OF A TELEVISION SERIES by Alan Road. Puffin Trade p.b. distributed in Australia by Penguin Books Australia Ltd. 21x27 cm, with b&w and coloured photos. 59pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

In the introduction Peter Davison describes how the actor's contribution to a tv series is but a small part of what actually goes on. The book covers what does go on to put together four twenty-five minute episodes of DR WHO. The story is The Visitation, which was the fourth story in the DOCTOR WHO series and was screened in the U.K. in the early spring of 1982. This story is followed through the eyes of the Producer, the Director, the Star, the Script writers, the Companions, the Designer and goes on to the Location, the Monsters, Make-up, Special Effects, Rehearsal, Recording, Costume, Production Associate, Production Manager, Production Assistant, and lastly, Fans. Just the right thing for the enthusiastic Dr. Who fan.



AND BROTHERS ALL by Linda Macken. Fontana/Collins p.b., distributed in Australia by William Collins. 289pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The characters in this first novel are animals - a bird, bear, lion, wolf and dragon. They are given a mission and set off on it accompanied by the Daughter of the Earth Mother. The adversary is the evil Dark Lord, Laoc, who is as far as I can see, the Father. On a shallow read the novel is petty. It did take some getting used to following Macken's style (about a third of the book) but once settled in I found it smooth reading. The novel is an old fashioned fantasy, with black-and-white absolute good and evil. The author's predilection for using capitals (The Gardiner, the Dark Lord, His burning eyes) tend to make the work harder to accept, but after noting this aberration, the story itself can be read on more than one level. A good first novel.



INVASION EARTH by Harry Harrison. Sphere p.b., distributed in Australia by William Collins. 150pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

The cover shows a spacecraft crashed in Central Park in New York with a hunch-shouldered alien (like the Sontaran from Dr. Who) standing aggressively cradling a gun in its arms. I thought: looks like Harrison is following up the footsteps of V and this will be a typical Harrison latter work. Well, if you consider space opera "lesser", it is. This novel could very well have fitted into Carnell's SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES of the 1960s. Right from the beginning the action is hot and furious, but the consequences are well thought out.

If you have a long train journey, or a couple of hours to while away and you want something to lift you out of depression, this is the book to do it.



THE GOLDEN MAN by Philip K. Dick. Methuen p.b., distributed by Australia by Hodder and Stoughton Aust. P/L. 331pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is something fairly rare for Dick fans - a collection of his short stories. The individual stories are: THE GOLDEN MAN, RETURN MATCH, THE KING OF THE ELVES, THE MOLD OF YANCY, NOT BY ITS COVER, THE LITTLE BLACK BOX, THE UNRECONSTRUCTED M, THE WAR WITH THE FOOLS, THE LAST OF THE MASTERS, MEDDLER, A GAME OF UNCHANCE, SALES PITCH, PRECIOUS ARTIFACT, SMALL TOWN, THE PRE-PERSONS. The volume had an introduction by Phil Dick and Mark Hurst, and an afterword by Dick as well as story notes. For Dickian fans this is an excellent buy - if you haven't read Dick before it is also. A good anthology for the library.



PSION by Joan D. Vinge. Orbit p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton Aust. P/L. 331pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

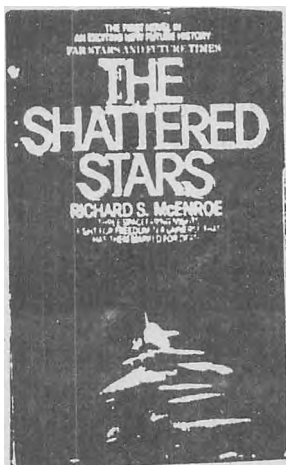
The protagonist of this novel, Cat, is one of the most rounded-out characters I have met in sf. Based in the Oldcity of Quarro, Cat finds a home for himself the only way he can in that violent city. He is in his early teens when he managed to get an opportunity to get out, when a research institute testing espers picks him up and offers to train him. He accepts and finds that the planet outside Quarro is violent in a different way. When he comes in contact with the alien Hydrans, who had been trodden under humanity's foot because they would not fight, he begins to get a glimmer of the depth of his talent. Then he comes in contact with the rogue esper... A good solid novel.



THE PRINCE IN WAITING TRILOGY by John Christopher. Puffin p.b., distributed in Australia by Penguin Aust. Ltd. 459pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

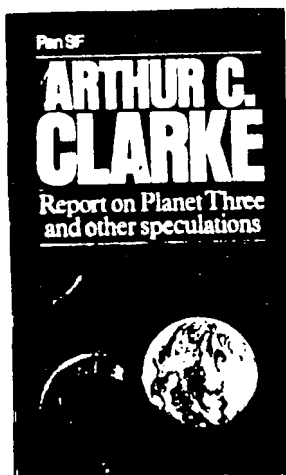
The British do great disaster and post-disaster books - this is one of the best. Though post-holocaust novels are becoming passe these days, there is still the odd one being written which sparkles.

The Prince In Waiting of the title is Luke, a man of action whom the Seers have plans for. After the earthquakes of several hundred years before, England had been split by a belt of volcanoes which had prohibited intercourse with the north. The Seers planned that Luke would reunite the warring city states under his leadership, so as to enable them to bring the forbidden machines of science back to help the people. The novel is made up of three previously published works - THE PRINCE IN WAITING, BEYOND THE BURNING LANDS and THE SWORD OF THE SPIRITS. Christopher is an excellent writer and this is an engrossing volume. *Recommended*



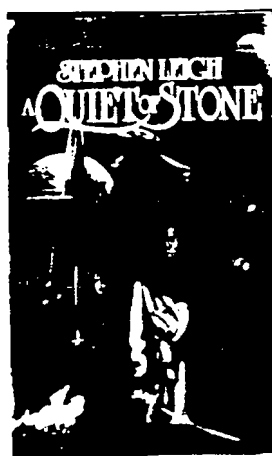
THE SHATTERED STARS by Richard McEnroe. Bantam p.b., distributed in Australia by Transworld Publishers. 182pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This book is pure space opera. If you read the blurb before you buy, and you buy the book because of it - that is mostly what you are getting. The starship's name is Wild Goose. It is a scow. The captain is old andv not quite ready for the scrap heap. (I think somewhere it mentions he is about 40). The engineer is a quiet woman called "Spooky", who is Japanese and a (hidden) telepath. The (new) pilot is Deacon Hallorhan, a retired member of the Special Forces of the star-spanning military. They come together and then various groups, interested in the ship, captain and engineer, come into conflict. The plot is fairly sparce, but the writing is competant and engrossing. This is a straight forward story with some philosophying thrown in, which helps, rather than hinders, the action. I loved it.



REPORT ON PLANET THREE AND OTHER SPECULATIONS by Arthur C. Clarke. Pan s.f., distributed in Australia by Pan Books (Aust.) P/L. 255pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is an updated version (1971) of Clarke's essays, some of which were published in **THE CHALLENGE OF THE SPACESHIP** in 1959. I do wish, though, that the title of the book was in larger print than the author. The contents are split up into five sections -TALKING OF SPACE, OUTWARD FROM EARTH, THE TECHNOLOGICAL FUTURE, FRONTIERS OF SCIENCE and SON OF DR. STRANGELOVE, etc... These in turn are broken up into their individual essays: REPORT ON PLANET THREE, THE MAN ON THE MOON, THE PLANETS ARE NOT ENOUGH, THE MIND OF THE MACHINE, ACROSS THE SEA OF STARS, THINGS IN THE SKY, HALDANE AND SPACE and THE MYTH OF 2001 are but a few of the titles. If you have read **THE CHALLENGE OF THE SPACESHIP**, then you knew what Clarke's scientific writings are like. I would think a reader coming on them in their teens would like them also.



A QUIET OF STONE by Stephen Leigh. Bantam sf, distributed in Australia by Transworld publishers Aust. P/L. A\$3.95. On sale now.

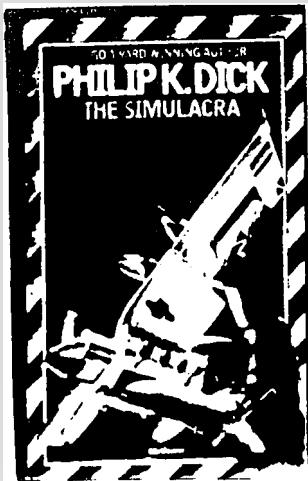
This is the end of the trilogy which is composed of **SLOW FALL TO DAWN** and **DANCE OF THE HAG**. The latter was reviewed some time ago in a previous issue. The series is set on the backworld of Neweden. The guild of Assassins which its creator, Hyll Harmond left to join the Traders, is finding it roughng. One of the heavies of the city, Vingi, was almost the only one giving the Hoorka their hire fee - and the ~~people thought~~ the Hoorka were in his pay. Their society was changing and Gyll determined to take the Hooka off world. Either that or destroy it. His former lover and now the head of the assassins found she did not agree with him and by the end of the novel found themselves mortal enemies.



THE PRIDE OF CHANUR by C.J. Cherryh. Methuen p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 224pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

I was half way through this novel before I woke up to the fact that I had read it before. Cherryh handles her aliens with originality and one believes in them.

The Hani ship The Pride of Chanur is docked at Meetpoint station when a naked alien slips aboard. When they catch it, they decide, since the only ship it could come from is a Kif ship- who are their almost-enemies, to keep the existence of it secret. However, the Kif work out who must have taken it on board and chase them. In the meantime, they find the alien is sentient and calls itself human. Since it must come from outside their explored space, this is a gold mine for traders such as themselves. However, complications set in. *Recommended.*



THE SIMULACRA by Philip K. Dick. Methuen p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 220pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

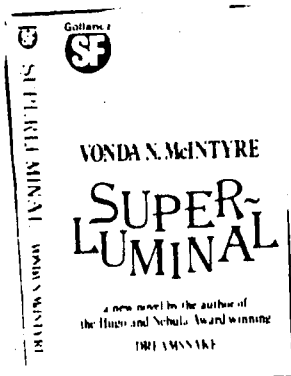
I first read this novel as a serial in IF, and from my reading of this edition it appears that there is much material here that was not in the original serial. The time is the near future (well, early 21st century) USA, when Europe and the USA are united politically and economically, with the Germans in the seat of power. The president of the USEA is, by custom, called der Alte and is usually German. The First Lady, on the other hand, is Nichole, who, although looking twenty odd, has been in that position for the last seventy or so years.

The fall of the government of the time is shown through the eyes of a jalopy salesman, a worker for one of the large Werkes, an employee of small android company, a news team and others. It is typically Dickson in plot and story.



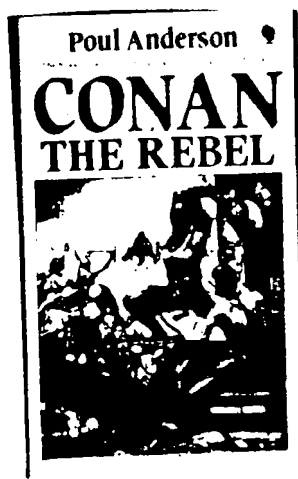
TIME MACHINE 2 - The Search for Dinosaurs by David Bischoff. Bantam p.b., distributed in Australia by Transworld Publishers. Illustrated. 122pp. A\$1.95. On sale now.

This is another of those "Choose Your Own Adventures" which my kids love. Timothy, age six, has a thing about dinosaurs so I thought this book would be just the right thing for him. Both the two who can read tend to read these CYOA books to shreds and since they are illustrated, they tend to keep their attention. In this one volume, the accent is on education as it lists the different species of reptiles and gives their scientific names. The illustrations are line b&w and are very good. I had to make sure I put this book away until I reviewed it and photostated the cover before Tim got his hands on it for keeps. For the kids.



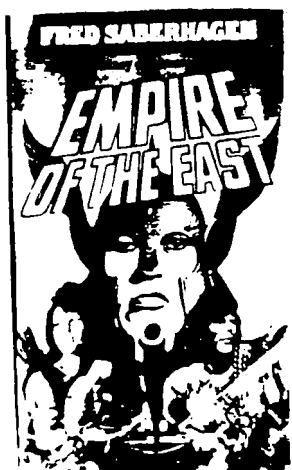
SUPERLUNINAL by Vonda McIntyre. Gollancz H/C, distributed in Australia by Hutchinson Group. 298pp. A\$21.95. On sale now.

Parts of this novel were published as **AZTECS** and **TRANSIT**. However, the novel as a whole is more than these early stories and even if you have read these two (I had read Aztecs previously) you will find the two are enjoyable as a whole. There are three main characters - Laenea Traveyan, a newly created starship pilot who gave her heart quite willingly to fly the space lines, Radu Dracul, a survivor from the colony world of Twilight who had alone survived and Orca, a young woman who was part of the growing population of humans who were being adapted to return to the sea and whose brother was well along the way the dolphins had trod millions of years before. The three are thrown together when Laenea found in Radu a lover who she could not bear to be with but with whom she had forged a friendship. It takes a threat to Laenea's life to bring them together again, with consequences unforeseen by anyone. Not a great novel, but not bad either.



CONAN THE REBEL by Poul Anderson. Sphere p.b., distributed in Australia by William Collins, 184pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

There aren't many people who can carry on the adventures of the giant barbarian that Robert E. Howard created, but Poul Anderson is one. The images of the time and characters come very close to that of the original and the essence of the sorcery and the strength of the hero comes through untainted. Some of the long list of Conan adventures are just hack work - but this adventure, with Conan finding a lover in his younger adventures and throwing his weight behind her quest for revenge, is much better. If you are a fantasy fan or a Conan fan, then get this to add to your collection. Rousing Sword & Sorcery.



EMPIRE OF THE EAST by Fred Saberhagen. Futura p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 558pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

The cover blurb says that this volume is introduced by Larry Niven and Roger Zelazney; however, the only prologue is by Zelazney. The volume is broken up into three books: **THE BROKEN LANDS**, **THE BLACK MOUNTAINS** and **ARDNEH'S WORLD**. I have read **THE BLACK MOUNTAINS** somewhere before and thought it not as good as it could have been - the mixture of technology and magic was a letdown at the end. Rereading it in the complete version gives a more coherent view of what the author was saying and places the end more in context. This is a long novel, but I found it interesting and engrossing - it is a good blend of technology and magic and the reasons as to why the world is as it is depicted in the novel is believable. I think it is worth the cover price.



GARRY KILWORTH

A THEATRE OF TIME- SMITHS

a science fiction novel

A **THEATRE OF TIMESMITHS** by Garry Kilworth. Gollancz H/C, distributed in Australia by Hutchinson Publishing group (Aust.) P/L. 185pp. A\$20.95. On sale now.

This novel is a mixture of the solid and the mystical. Mostly taking place in a dreary prison-like city surrounded by a cone of ice kilometers thick, it details the attempted breakout by two people of an environment that, with the aid of the central computer, had held the inhabitants in thrall for hundreds if not thousands of years.

The woman is of a peculiar mental discipline that enables her to let others into her mind. She literally prostitutes her talent and by the beginning of the novel is already one of the downtrodden. A chance meeting with Ben Blakely, a failed revolutionary, portends a shake-up of her life and those others of the city which ultimately results in a mass attempted breakout.



LARRY NIVEN

RINGWORLD

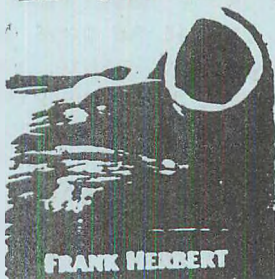
The John Campbell Award-winning novel

RINGWORLD by Larry Niven. Gollancz H/C, distributed by Hutchinson Publishing Group (Aust.) P/L. 288pp. A\$21.95 On sale now.

A reissue of Niven's classic novel of cosmic engineering. If you have not yet met the puppeteers, the three-legged, two headed aliens that had discovered the immense shell surrounding a far-off star and who gathered an exploration crew consisting of two humans, a puppeteer (who had to be slightly deranged) and a kzin to explore, you should. What they found there was an immense artifact with a surface area of almost heroic proportions - 180 million miles across. They crash-landed on the surface and they had to trek across the unexplored wilderness for rescue.

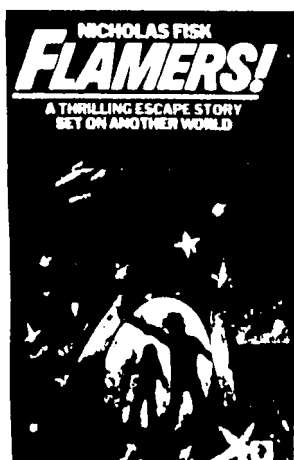
If you want a permanent copy of that novel - here is a good, solid edition with the familiar yellow cover.

HERETICS — OF — DUNE



HERETICS OF DUNE by Frank Herbert. Gollancz H/C, distributed in Australia by Hutchinson Group. 384pp. A\$17.95. On sale now.

This is the sequel to **GOD EMPEROR OF DUNE**. The Bene Gesserit are still weaving their webs of control, and the other old combines - the CHOAM Guild and the Tleilaxu are still vying for power, though the CHOAM are slipping further from it. On Rakis a power struggle is taking place when a girl is discovered who can apparently control the sanworms. The people shaped by the diverse forces of the Scattering are slowly returning - though it is thought by the Bene Gesserit that these are only some of those from the inner reaches. Those returning are characters of those who stayed behind, even the Honoured Matres are a perverted (from the Gesserit's view) form of themselves with the Matres exquisite control of sexual ecstasy. I enjoyed this novel.



FLAMERS! by Nicholas Fisk. Knight p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 96pp. A\$3.50. On sale now.

This is another book for the young person by the prolific Fisk. This volume concerns the adventures of Myki, who was marooned on the hostile planet of Splatterbang after his parents' ship has taken off when under the attack from a vicious pair of flamers. He found himself alone in the deserted settlement module, with only a talking computer for company, while outside the flamers splattered and screamed. He had to escape and rejoin his parents. Then he met Amina - a gipsy girl, who has also been stranded on Splatterbang. Light reading - but a good adventure.



THE DOME IN THE FOREST by Paul O. Williams, Del Rey s.f., distributed in Australia by Doubleday Aust. 214pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

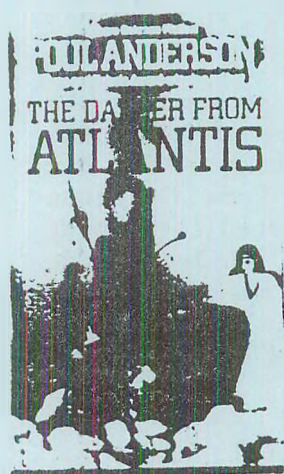
There seems to be a flood of after-the-atomic-war stories lately. This novel is the third set in a culture where women are the decision-makers, though that is slowly changing with the times. The first two novels were **THE BREAKING OF NORTHWALL** and **THE ENDS OF THE CIRCLE**. The culture seems well thought out. Just how well it survives is shown by throwing in an alien culture - in this instance an isolated group which survives some thousand years of isolation in a buried building and managed to be rescued just as the building became unsafe and blew up. The alien group proves some disruption to the culture it found itself in with its higher technology. However, the time spent isolated began to show up in some slight ingrowing and a breakdown in morals. This contrasted to the more 'open' nature of the outside peoples and their worship of Aven. I thought it cute that they greeted each other with the words "Good Aven". Not a bad story, but I do wish I had read the others in the series beforehand.



LEGEND by David Gemmell. Century p.b., distributed in Australia by Doubleday Aust. P/L. 384pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is a Saga novel and is blurbed as such. It concerns the exploits of a living legend - Druss the Axe, who had made his mark years before and now finds himself again called upon to defend the kingdom he helped saved. However now he is an old man, but still with many of his old strengths. The fortress he is to help defend is Dros Delnoch, with its six walls built by a military genius of ancient times. The hordes they had to turn back, or at least hold, were the terror of the world. They numbered some 500,000 strong. There are other characters, but Druss is the most outstanding. The former earl's daughter is a hellion, and the man she married was notable for his disappearing when the going got tough. I found I liked this fantasy - it is well written and well thought out. *Recommended*





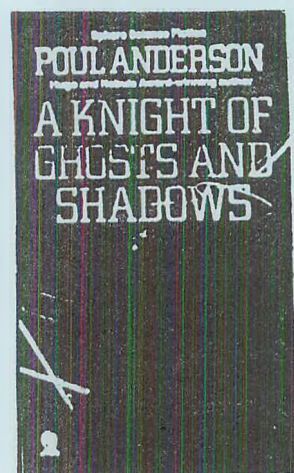
THE DANCER FROM ATLANTIS by Poul Anderson. Sphere s.f., distributed in Australia by William Collins. 171pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

When Duncon Reid was snatched off his holiday cruise he found himself adrift with three other wayfarers in a remote past, a past that only scholars in his own age studied, and the stories that survived were, he found, full of distortions.

Reid's companions were a Hun lifted from the Steppes, an early native of Britain and a bull dancer who insisted that she was from Atlantis. The age they found themselves in was before the Greeks had their golden age and when Minos ruled the Mediterranean. To try and create some interest in their plight they try to create anomalies - by building a galley and a dromon. In the end they were successful but not before losing one of their number and closing a loop created by their being there.

A KNIGHT OF GHOSTS AND SHADOWS by Poul Anderson. Sphere s.f., distributed by William Collins. 221pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

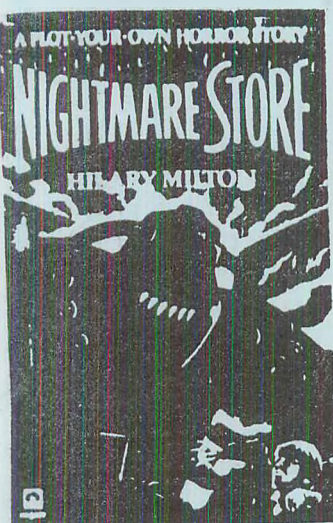
When I saw the title and the cover photo (of a large foreheaded flat-headed fellow) I thought that this was some kind of horror book. When I started reading, I found it concerned Sir Dominic Flandry. It has been some time since I read Flandry, and then I think it was Ensign Flandry. In this novel, he has a roving commission from the Emperor and has a grown son. As usual, he finds himself in a hot spot and proceeds to save a young girl's virtue when she was sold at a slave auction on Terra. After purchasing her himself, before she could be sold to a brothel, he proceeds to the planet where the trouble seems to be brewing. It seems the girl was the instigator of some of the rebellion and had previously been captured and 'probed' before being sold. Was all this straight forward or were there red herrings mixed in with them? SF adventure.



NIGHTMARE STORE by Hilary Milton. Magnet p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 121pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

HORROR HOUSE by Hilary Milton. Magnet p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 116pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

These two books are blurbed as plot your own horror story. They are aimed at the early teen or late primary school child. Actually the reader doesn't seem to make up a plot - mostly you follow the directions, except for a few decisions you make when you have a couple of choices. I think this type of book would make a good gift at a children's party as a gift in some of the games held, and I suppose, in long train journeys. Otherwise, the child can write his or her own stories.





THE DESCENT OF ANANSI by Larry Niven and Steven Barnes. Futura p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder and Stoughton, 278pp, A\$5.95. On sale now.

This novel is set in the not so far future when the moon has been colonised and a group of people have banded together and gathered used shuttle fuel tanks and some old shuttles to start up industry in space. The situation has progressed to a point where the US government still thinks they own the station but the personnel think otherwise. They have manufactured a super thin cable with high strength and they are to deliver it to a Japanese construction company who are building a bridge across to Korea. Another bidder is interested in the cable and they will stop at nothing to get it. Most of the book concerns the crew of the shuttle Anansi trying to land and the attempts of the other bidder to foil them. Hard core sf.



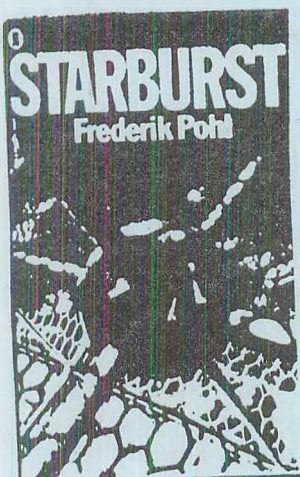
HADON OF ANCIENT OPAR by Philip José Farmer. Methuen p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder and Stoughton, 222pp, includes maps and appendix. A\$6.95. On sale now.

This tale is set some 13,000 years ago when the great basins of Africa were inland seas and the Sahara was a teeming jungle. The great cities of the advanced civilisations that bestrode the seas were in their glory. Thirteen thousand years later, Tarzan would find their crumbling remains, which are detailed in his adventures in that forgotten city of Opar. Hadon is a contestant in the Game, the winner of which, as per ancient decree, is made King. Through many gruelling contests he wins through. However, the present King has no intention in relinquishing his rule and sends Hadon off to bring back a group of people who were found wandering the northern reaches in the company of a grey eyed god.



FLIGHT TO OPAR by Philip José Farmer, Methuen p.b., distributed by Hodder and Stoughton. 223pp, A\$6.95. On sale now.

A sequel to **HADON OF ANCIENT OPAR**, which ended with Hadon guarding a pass against a band of enemy soldiers who are attempting to capture his party. He wins free. Being the man he is, he beds the violet eyed woman their expedition found in the wilderness and she becomes pregnant. A prophecy tells that if the child is born in Opar she will live a life with a great destiny. If she does not she will die after a most unpleasant childhood. Most of the novel tells of their adventures as they attempt to reach Opar. Thus they eventually do. All is not well though - the king and the queen of the city are at each others throats and the city is soon torn with civil war. Hadon throws in his lot with the queen/priestess and is soon hacking his way through the plot.



STARBURST by Frederick Pohl. New English Library p.b., distributed in Australia by Hodder & Stoughton. 217pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The copyright date of this novel is 1982, so it is one of Pohl's latest. A reader could look to this one with either a satirical bent, along with Pohl's other novels, such as Gravy Planet and even Dr. Strangelove or he can look at it as a straight adventure. There are all sorts of caricatures in it - the evil Nazi scientist-emigrated-to-the-USA who joined the space programme though, since it is set some time in the future, he was a Hitler Youth; the beautiful people in the guise of the astronauts as they set out for the newly discovered planet circling Alpha Centauri and the breakdown in their hopes, morals and the strains it put on their emotions and intellect. Most of this is looked at from the view of Dr. Von Knefhausen, whose views are biased...

Pohl writes in a very dry manner, and though he described emotional happenings, they seem to be distanced from the reader, as if behind a sheet of glass.



UNDER DRAGON'S WING and **THE DRAGON'S RANSOM** - the first by John Kendall, the latter by Laura French. Endless Quest books 15 & 16. Dungeons & Dragons, distributed by Doubleday Aust. 157pp. A\$3.00. On sale now.

These are some of those rapidly proliferating books that you give your own plot decisions. In this case the books are fantasy. They are illustrated and the illustrations are good, though with the mark of the comic in the method. They are set more towards the adolescent than the older child, so the plots are slightly more complicated. Again they could be a good present or for long car journeys.

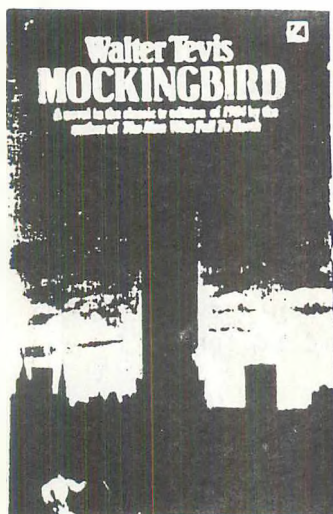


Star Rangers and The Spy



STAR RANGERS AND THE SPY by Jean Blashfield and Beverly Charette; **DUNGEON OF DARKNESS** by John Kendall. Fantasy Forest Books, distributed in Australia by Doubleday Aust. 77pp. A\$3. On sale now.

These two are again reader activity books. These have b&w illustrations nearly every page and the plot and grammar level is obviously set for under twelves. I would say the level is more for eight year olds. I suppose that the event of TV may make these more enjoyable to the reader. It will be interesting to see if the type who reads these is the serious book reader, or if it is the future author, or is it the person who reads the 'paper, magazine and plays a TV game or two before turning to other pursuits? For three dollars I suppose you could do worse.



MOCKINGBIRD by Walter Trevis. Corgi p.b. distributed in Australia by Transworld publishers. 276pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is the paperback version of which the hardcover version was on remainder a year or so ago. It won the Ditmar several years back. Written in the late 70s this book is the forerunner of the current run of post disaster novels now plaguing us.

It is set in a decadent future world where decaying cities are slowly crumbling into senility. There are still some people who are trying to find their own way of death, however and this novel concerns one of them. It is not a novel for those who have faith in the future.



SPACE by James A Michener. Corgi Pb, dist in Australia by Transworld Publishers. 816pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

SPACE is another novel from the prolific pen of the author of HAWAII, CENTENNIAL, THE SOURCE, etc. It is an account of the US space programme, culminating in the landing of men on the moon.

The novel is developed in sequence, from the end of WW II on up to the later Apollo venture. Mitchener skilfully illustrated the capture of the German rocket scientists and their resettlement in the US and follows their progress developing the rockets for moon and space exploration. The selection and training of the astronauts is fascinating, equally so is the machinations of the politicians and the enormous sums of money required. Apart from the accounts of rocket engineering, training, etc the story contains people, interesting and believable characters that entertain. - Norman Archer.

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A SPELL FOR CHAMELEON - Piers Anthony
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STAR WARS: THE RETURN OF THE JEDI - James Kahn
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