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# THE MENTOR

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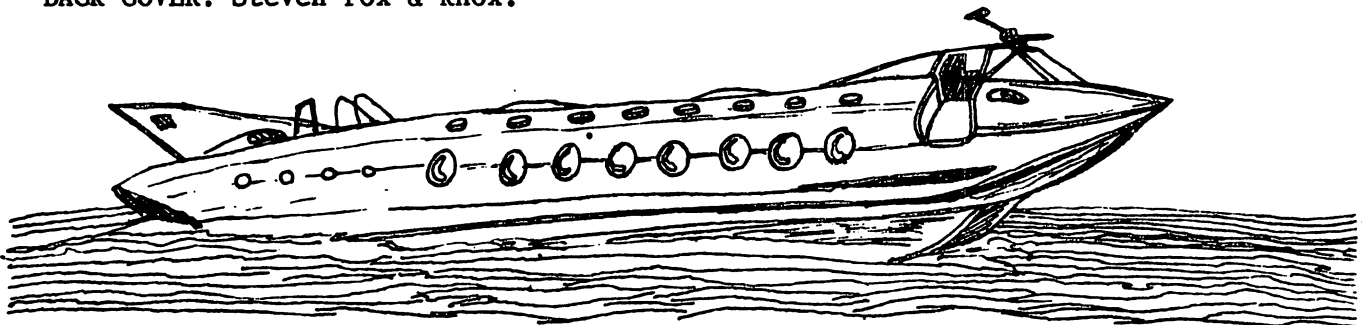
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# *RON'S ROOST*

Well, it seems that in this issue the material about Soviet Sf and fan happenings is taking it over. Actually, I did have another article, by Dennis Stocks, which I had to leave over till TM 58; if I had included it the issue would have run over 50 pages. Look for it next issue.

The number of Australians submitting material has steadily dropped - about the only material I have been receiving has been fiction. This is also the case with the artwork - as usual I am short of filler pieces. It is interesting to wonder what a typical Australian fanzine consists of. The first Australian fanzines were based on clubs and were done by members of those clubs. Fanzines such as SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW and FUTURIAN OBSERVER were fannish in their own right in that they had articles and news stories about the doings of local fans of that era (late 1930's). Through the fifties there were two newszines - Grahame Stone's AUSTRALIAN SF NEWS and the Melbourne SF Club's ETHERLINE, both newszines with some fiction but mainly sf reviews.

In the sixties there were some apazines which branched out into genzines, and some general sf fanzines in their own right, with some 'imported' US-type fannishness - ie coverage of fan doings that were of the social-type doings, rather than sf based.

These fanzines grew in the seventies and eighties in number, though with the exception of Marc Ortlieb's Q36, these did not catch on well in Australia; even Q36 did not gain the stature of John Bangsund's AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW or Bruce Gillespie's SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, both of which were published during this period.

It is obvious from the foregoing that Australian fans prefer their fanzines to be more pure sf orientated, rather than the social activities that other, primarily US, fanzines prefer. It is also noteworthy that these fannish fanzines do not have the distance in them to last much more than thirty issues. Australia is probably the last bastion of the original sf genzine, and will probably continue to draw in the young fans.

There are many young fans publishing now, but because they were attracted through SF Media fandom, the 'straight' fanzine community does not see their output, and probably won't unless they broaden their distributing pattern.

- Ron.

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## AELITA 1985 - A MEETING OF FANS

BY BORIS ZAVGORODNY

April the 26th, 1985 had been a red letter day for the fans in Sverdlovsk, because on that day the AELITA 1985 Award - the SF Award of the Writers Union and THE URAL STALKER magazine - was presented. As was the case in 1984, the editorial board of the URAL STALKER was in no position to invite fans from the other cities, but despite that the most active among them began to arrive in Sverdlovsk as early as the 23rd of April. The day of the event had been made known to me well beforehand and I had it in mind to attend. The time was gliding by but I did not get around to making any arrangements for the trip. It was only a few days before the memorable event that I, having received a number of letters from some of my fellow fans and having made a few phone calls to others, realized that I was going to miss this meeting where most of my old friends and acquaintances would be present. Two years had elapsed since the time we had said goodbye to each other and went home full of hope and plans (most of which were destined never to come to fruition), leaving Sverdlovsk in late April of 1983.

This time SF fans representing 20 USSR fan clubs were participating. Six of the fan clubs were from Sverdlovsk and the Sverdlovsk Region. These included RADIANT, CENTAUR, MYTH and others. Perm sent representatives of RIFEY, MOON NOONDAY and ARIEL SF fan clubs. There were also fans from GONGURI (Abakan), ALTAIR (Nefteyugansk), CHRONOS (Tyumen), ALKOR (Omsk), THE FLYING FEATHER (Kuibyshev), PLEIADES (Ufa), GRAVITY (Rostov-Don), THE STAR WAY (Minsk), ALTAIR (Tiraspol) and others.

On the 25th of April all the fans that had arrived and found accommodation as best they could - in hotels, hostels or at the homes of the hospitable Sverdlovsk fans - assembled at the editorial office of THE URAL STALKER magazine. The usual introductions were followed by distribution of club materials and reports on club activities (quite frankly only the CHRONOS SF fan club from Tyumen had anything to show for itself in this respect, having prepared and published the annual schedule of the club's activities in the form of a booklet with



coloured illustrations). The well known Sverdlovsk author Vladislav Krapivin dropped in on the editorial staff. In his creative work this writer is increasingly devoting more attention to SF. Soviet fans enjoy his SF works, such as *THE CHILDREN OF THE BLUE FLAMINGO* that received the Aelita Award and Great Circle Fan Award in 1983. Recently in Sverdlovsk there appeared as a separate book his last trilogy *THE DOVECOTE ON THE YELLOW MEADOW*. V. Krapivin's SF is a thing apart in our modern SF scene. There is hardly any other author who with such consistency puts emphasis in his creative work on fantasy, and that with obvious success. It is also hard to find anything resembling his work written in this genre in SF anywhere in the world. This is not the usual heroic fantasy because there is no estrangement from every day life in the themes he treats. There is a lot of imagery and poetry, with adolescents acting as main characters, and who strive to get to know the world they live in and to find their place in it. But it is probably because of this that the issues dealt with in his books are so unexpectedly engrossing: the young people are unable to lie and pretend to draw a sharp dividing line between good and evil. Using the term "heroic fantasy" as a base, I would call the genre he writes in "humanistic fantasy".



*Sergei Pavlov (standing), Stanislav Meshavkin  
and Iuri Medvedev.*

Vladislav Krapivin invited all the fans present to the juvenile club *CARAVELLA*, run by him for nearly 20 years. Though this club has nothing to do with SF proper, I am tempted to say a few words about it. The club occupies the ground floor in a small building located in one of the quiet streets of Sverdlovsk. After looking around the place and making acquaintances with boys and girls dressed in beautiful clothes the colour of the sea, and engaging in various activities, we went down to his room, which was designed as a deck cabin. One of us asked him if

his involvement with the juvenile club does in any way interfere with his work as a writer (he has written a hundred novels) and his membership of the editorial board of *THE URAL STALKER* magazine, to which the author replied to the effect that, in so much as he teaches his children love, friendship and truth, so the kids also help to bring out the best in him. Many a conflicting scene enacted in the real life of the children had been transferred onto the pages of his novels. When asked what he is working on right now, the writer said that he is writing an autobiographical story about the time when he was young and living in Sevastopol. And I quote: "Quite unexpectedly to me the texture of the tale became interwoven with some threads of fantasy. I attempted to fight the trend and to eradicate the fantastical element but to no avail because the story began to disintegrate. For that reason this story is going to be a bit unusual both for me and my readers."

Following a long and most rewarding talk that was not wholly restricted to SF, we then enjoyed seeing an amateur SF movie, *THE DRUMMERS OF DESTINY*, that had been shot by Krapivin and his children and based on his tale *THE NIGHT OF THE HIGH TIDE*. Though frequent failure of the projecting equipment was not conducive to the best perception of the movie, I won't be mistaken if I say that everyone who watched

the movie was in raptures, and the controversy about it went on long after we had taken leave of the hospitable captain of CARAVELLA.

The meeting with the laureate of the AELITA 85 Award, Sergei Pavlov, the Siberian Sf author living in Moscow, took place in the Palace of Culture of the Automobile Workers. His dilogy THE MOON RAINBOW that has won the AELITA 85 Award had been published in the Library Of Soviet SF series. Its first part appeared in 1978. The second part, entitled THE SOFT MIRRORS, was published in 1983, first in THE SEARCHER magazine and then as a separate book. One of the SF writers that rallied around the Young Guard Publishing House, Sergei Pavlov is one of the most representative and interesting of them. However, his style of writing is uneven; along with such brilliant and enchanting pieces as THE ATTIC OF THE UNIVERSE and THE ELUSIVE PRIDE, he authored the rather mediocre AQUANAUTS. The same applied in the case of THE MOON RAINBOW dilogy. The first part, where very important issues are raised, causes the reader to think, but the second part is written in quite a different style. THE SOFT MIRRORS offer a banal solution to all the mysteries of the first half, blaming it all on reasoning bugs. Whew!

Sergei Pavlov brought with him his friend the SF writer Yuri Medvedev, the author of CHARIOT OF TIME that saw the light last year. The writers told the eager audience about themselves, and their creative projects and then answered numerous questions.

During the long intermission between that meeting and the official presenting of the AELITA Award, the SF fans visited the exhibition of the Sverdlovsk Sf artists. My attention was particularly drawn to the works of Anatoly Paseka, who did a number of black-and-white illustrations for A. Tolstoi's novel AELITA. The newsstand around the corner was selling the April issue of THE URAL STALKER where a portion of Paseka's pictures were printed. The author was busy writing his autographs on these copies. Unfortunately other works by Paseka were not exhibited as it was done on previous occasions, including his magnificent and weird SF collages. The absence of works by E. Sterligova was quite distressing. I can well remember the crowds that gathered around her illustrations for Clifford Simak's novel GOBLIN PRESERVATION, and for V. Krapivin's SF tales.

After the interval the official presentation of the AELITA Award and a literary session took place. The AELITA 85 Award was presented to Sergei Pavlov by the deputy chairman of the committee on Sf and adventure of the Writer's Union of the RSFSR, G. Sviridov.

Following the official part and the literary session the movie THE MOON RAINBOW, made by the graduate of the of the All-Union State Institute of Cinematography A. Ermash, was shown. Since the majority of fans had already seen the movie and were of the opinion that it was not an exactly successful one, they decided to spend the remaining time in a more productive way. Some of them, invited by Raisa Abelskaya, an excellent performer of her own songs based on works by the Strugatskys and Mikhail Bulgakov, went to her home while others made their way to the hospitable URAL STALKER hearth.

On the 27th of April the meeting with Sergei Drugal, the professor of chemistry, SF writer and the author of THE TIGER WILL WALK YOU DOWN TO THE GARAGE recently published in Sverdlovsk, was held. It took place in the library where the MYTH SF fan club, headed by Tatyana Patrakova, has its sessions. The event was so interesting that it lasted well into the night instead of the two hours it was scheduled. S. Drugal told us about how he found his way into the SF scene. His first story was actually snapped up by the yearly book THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE, much to his surprise. Then came a long interruption...

Drugal devotes much attention to ecological problems but does it so unobtrusively and with such humour that reading his books is quite a treat. His

works can be divided into two cycles. The first cycle is set in that future when nature is controlled everywhere except in some nature reserves. The Institute of Nature Restoration operates in that future and the stories of that cycle are devoted to the activities of its collaborators. The other cycle of his stories tell of courageous space explorers. In one of the stories, *WE, WHO GIVE*, the heroes arrive at a devastated planet where, according to the account of its emperor, half the woods have been destroyed to make newspapers agruing that nature is unexhaustible and the other half for papers appealing for the forest to be protected. When asked why he has only short stories published so far, the writer answered that he is now working on a major SF piece. What it will be all about will be known to readers of *THE URAL STALKER* probably in the new year.



*Boris Zavgorodny and Igor Khalymbadja.*

That night the fans had been invited to an evening party that had become quite traditional, given by Igor Halymbadza, the SF collector and bibliographer. That wonderful evening was soon over as well, and the guests, bidding each other goodbye reluctantly left for their separate homes. Though no decisions were made on such important but still open questions as the co-ordination of the activities of all the SF fan clubs, or the destiny of the Great Circle Award, the meeting proved very productive. We were convinced that SF fan clubs work in spite of all difficulties and that, despite the slump on the SF scene, the fans firmly believe in the future of the SF fan club movement and will spare no time or effort for the advancement and prosperity of USSR Fandom.

- Boris Zavgorodny  
Volgograd, June 1985.

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# - AELITA LAUREATS

BY IGOR TOLOCONNICOV

1981 The first laureats were the brothers Strugatsky and A. Kasantzev. The Strugatskys you already know of. They themselves prefer the stories *A SNAIL ON A SLOPE*, *THE SECOND MARTIAN INVASION* and *A BILLION YEARS BEFORE DOOMSDAY*; readers prefer *HARD TO BE A GOD* and *ROADSIDE PICNIC*. However, the award was presented for their work in the field in general, and for *THE BEETLE IN THE ANTHILL* in particular. This is a sequel to *PRISONERS OF POWER*. The last novella *WAVES STOP WIND* has been published in the magazine *ZNANIA-SILA*. *THE BEETLE IN THE ANTHILL* is a corollary to their other works. The plot is dramatized around the relationship of an individual with his society. The thing is that elusive Cosmic Wanderers surprisingly showed their hand when they were closely watching Earth - a group of people is discovered who have been manufactured by them and the questions asked were how? why? and what for?. Suddenly everything happens at once: the total alienation of Golovan's race (the dogs-mutants, you may remember from *PRISONER...*), the death toll and disturbances on the planet Hope, and the idea that something lurked in the solar system itself...

One can see that A. Kasantzev almost always portrays a near future which always is technically feasible. He is on the board of the USSR Union of Inventors. He says in the introduction to his *THE DOME OF HOPE* (a dream novel): "Then only the dream calls forward, when it pushes out of reality. The author tries to show what science had already found, the material achievements to which mankind is aspiring". His manner is didactic and egocentric, that is, everything is coloured by his personal self-expression. He thinks more about things to say than about the literary side of the work and consequently his characters are mere figureheads. Thus the novel in question does not have distinctive traits. The plot: Josue de Castro from Brasilia finds that 200 million people are hungry and there are in other areas 800 million others hungry. Hence the theme - A City of Hope in Antarctica, an experiment under the auspices of the UNO. "Not aliens but earth peoples themselves began to solve the problems of hunger and built a city under a Dome of Hope. After creating such centres for producing synthetic food etc one can see that a whole earth sky became for mankind the Dome of Hope, under which can be reached general prosperity and justice for all the globe."

1982 Z. Yuriev gives a very critical and vivid description of some negative sides of Western life (Narcomania, for instance, in *THE POISONOUS WHITE REMEDY*). *FINANCEER ON ALL FOURS* and *CLOCKS WITHOUT SPRINGS* are some of the titles. *THE FAST DREAMS* - a double experience on earth and in dreams on a different planet - is more true SF.

1983 V. Krapivin's *THE CHILDREN OF THE BLUE FLAMINGO* represents a chain of stories. The situations are founded on nostalgia for childhood and unfold with a chief hero - an adult into child - in some time gone by. A great master from a medieval-like town steals a magic crystal from the future which has a detailed record of the town's history into the future. Everything becomes so... static and petrified because all is known beforehand. Young boy-drummers prepare an uprising to overcome the hateful stagnation. In another story of this town everybody is afraid of a giant bird which is living nearby and they tolerate a cruel dictatorship. The

sad thing is that the bird does not harm them at all - everything is by the contrivance of a traitorous criminal band. And another one...

I could not but mention V. Shefner, a poet and prosaic. Over the years he progressed from straight Sf (THE GIRL ON THE CLIFF) to irony (the last collection of his novellas was titled TALES FOR CLEVER ONES). It was thus that his DEBTOR'S HOVEL stood out among others published that year. The novel is made in the image of supposed future novels: to the egg theory - the shell of scheme, uniting two different narratives as the yolk and white is. The white is a narrative by STEPAN KORTIKOV, who was born in 2117, about himself and his participation on a strange planet with personified illnesses. A history is given of Pavel BELOBRISOV, who was sharing a cabin with Stepan, and relates how he was promised a million years existence - that is a yolk of a novel. The irony is better seen in a newspaper's headline: "Regular crops in Sahara are not the cause for selfassurance", "The historical novel THE LAST CONTRABANDIT by Peresvetov will be translated into extraterrestrial languages", "The food pension for animals who leave their hosts by free will will be extended to cats...", "And a note: Her popular science book TOAD'S LIFE was reissued many times on earth and elsewhere."

1984 I have mentioned S. Snegov and his space opera trilogy MEN LIKE GODS, PERSEUS INVASION, THE OPPOSITE TIME RING previously.

1985 THE MOON RAINBOW (a dilogy 1978, 1983) by S. Pavlov. He possesses a manyworded but quick dialogue. The vivid description and dynamic action are his chief attractions for youthful readers. The central idea is seen from a conversation about ill people.

"Do you see, Martin, these are all, so to speak, only illustrations. Bluers, rubber paralythics, air compensators... Everything is complex. And simple at the same time. Our enterprising civilization burst into the solar system not imagining what it would encounter. We mastered a small part of the outer reaches, which was in practice only to Jupiter, but it is all we can handle. The conditions change before our eyes. Two years ago did you hear something about "zones of total alienation"? And now they are. Our old motto "Caution harms no-one" turned into the desperate "Caution multiplied is better caution". We then took this super motto as an absolute principle in our mutual dealings with the outer reaches."

"We did right," answered Martin.

"Yes, but this is a sure sign of our confusion. This is a defense. We turned to defensive measures..."

In the second book we find that these dangers in the outer reaches were caused in part by incursions of inorganic life from another Universe.

**A Few Concluding Notes.** I would like to point out an obvious parallel between the Strugutsky's novel and Pavlov's. Here and there are groups of people, different or supposedly different from others. Here and there are unforeseen troubles in conquering space. Their works appeared practically at the same time. This must mean something. However, I think Pavlov's work is more SFish - the Strygutskys are busy wrapping their previous creations with interfering Cosmic Wanderers which is creating, in a sense, an elite fannish reading.

The accent has transferred from an active work in the field and social life, to evaluating literary merits, and is only obvious in the latter awards.

The current discussion in the LITERATURNAYA GAZETA gives the connection of the tendency of the worsening in Soviet Sf with a certain shortage of SF periodicals and consequently a decline in quality.

- Igor Toloconnicou.

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## S O V I E T   S . F .   C H R O N I C L E

P R E P A R E D   B Y   B O R I S   Z A V G O R O D N Y

The well known Soviet SF writer Arcady Natanovitch Strugatsky was sixty on 28th August 1985. He was contratulated by friends and fans. Jubilee letters from the RSFSR and the USSR Writers Union were published in the magazines LITERATURNAYA GAZETTE and LITERATURNAYA ROSSIA.

In the beginning of 1985 the publishing house SOVETSKY PISATEL issued a collection by the brothers Strugatsky, A BILLION YEARS BEFORE DOOMSDAY, which contained three novellas - the titled story, A ROADSIDE PICNIC and HARD TO BE A GOD. The book was released in 100,000 copies and almost immediately the edition was reprinted.

The publishing house DETSKAYA LITERATURA this year plans to print a collection of four novellas - KID, A LAD FROM THE INFERNO, MONDAY BEGINS ON SATURDAY and THE ROAD TO AMALTEA. This edition will be in the Library series, ie it is intended for libraries only.

The magazine IZOBRETATEL & RAZIONALIZATOR (#7 and 8) 1985 published a new scenario FIVE SPOONFULS OF ELIXIR, also by the Strugatskys.

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Evgeny Pavlovitch Brandis, a top Soviet writer and Sf critic, died in Leningrad on the 3rd August, 1985, aged 65 years. His books are well known to Soviet fans: J. VERNE AND PROBLEMS OF DEVELOPMENT OF THE SF NOVEL (1955), LOOKING FORWARD (1976), BESIDE J. VERNE (1981), etc. Books co-authored with V. Dmitrievsky are: OVER THE HILLS OF TIME (an essay about I. Yefremov) (1963), THE MIRROR OF ALARMS AND DOUBTS (a modern state and the ways of developement of American-english Sf) (1967), etc. Brandis always was well-disposed in his attitude to young Sf writers. He helped them and took an active part in the Leningrad seminars of young writers. Many writers from Moscow and Leningrad arrived to farwell him on his last journey.

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Georgy Gurevitch is one of the oldest of USSR's Sf writers, being born in 1917. He continued to work in this genre. The year 1985 is especially good for him: three of his books were published - the collection ONLY A PASSING, published by H. Detskaya Literature, the collection TEXTBOOKS FOR MAGICIANS, published by H. Znanie and the novel AT ZENITH, published by H. Molodaya Guardia. In spite of his literary works he finds time to transfer his experience to young wilters as one of the tutors of the Moscow seminar.

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The discussion, opened in the LITERATURNAYA GAZETTE, is continuing. Discussion material has already been printed in five issues. The participation of such authors as Boris Strugatsky, Kir Belichev as well as philosophers, sociologists, philologists and readerss, with exerpts from their most interesting

letters being published. The aim of the discussion, according to the editors, is to determine the merits and demerits of modern Sf and future ways of its development.

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In Krasnoyarsk an anthology, THE COUNTRY GONGURY, was published which included known authors such as V. Kolupaev, M. Miheev, Vl Nasarov and N. Shagurin, and new authors such as A. Burshkov, O. Horabelnikov. The title of the anthology is from a novel by V. Itin. (It was reissued twice after the sixty years since its first publication.) The quality of the work is not bad, but regrettably almost all the stories were published previously. One is amazed about the inclusion of WHERE DO YOU HURRY TO, ANT by Yu. Medvedex, who has a remote relationship to Siberia. Can it be because he was born at Krasnoyarsky Airport?

Also the Krasnoyarsky printing house has prepared a collection by V. Nasarov (1935-1977). The collection, BURDEN OF EQUALS, has been issued in connection with his 50th Anniversary. The stories are: THE BLUE SMOKE, SILAYSKOE APPLE and BURDEN OF EQUALS. Moscow publ. h. Molodaya Guardia also celebrated this date, reissuing his novel THE GREEN DOORS OF EARTH in the series THE LIBRARY OF SOCIETY SCIENCE FICTION.

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A trilogy has been issued in Sverdlovsk by Vladislav Krapivin titled THE DOVE-COTE ON A YELLOW GLADE which includes DOVE-COTE IN OREHOV, A SUMMER FESTIVAL IN STAROGORSK and THE BOY AND THE LIZARD which was previously published in the magazine URALSKY SLEDOPIT and has already acquired a good opinion amongst fans. Illustrations in this book are by Elena Sterligova - an interesting Sverdlovskian artist.

In Riga publ. h. Liesma released an anthology of local Sf writers, called CRYSTAL JELLY-FISH. The title is taken from a story by L Alferova. (The first such anthology was issued in 1982, called THE PLATINUM HOOP). The current anthology included stories by 19 authors, and also chapters from a new novella, EVERYTHING BEGINS FROM SILENCE by Vladimir Mihailov. The first edition was 75,000 copies.

Publ. h. Moskovsky Rabochy released a collection, RESTLESS PERSON, by Kir Belichev. The collection concerns Alisa, who are liked by readers already. The stories are: THE TALES' RESERVATION, KID(goat) IVAN IVANOVITCH (new) and THE PURPLE BALL (previously published in PEIOERSKAYA GAZETTE). Several years ago producer Kachanov did an animated film THE SECRET OF THE THIRD PLANET based on a story in this series, which received the State's Award in 1981. This year in March the 5th serial was shown of television about the character in THE GUESTS FROM THE FUTURE, shooting on the story A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER.

In Leningrad the magazine AVRORA (#7 & 8) published WATCHES WITH VARIANTS by A. Gitinsky, in which the characters wittingly solve time travel. A. Gitinsky is known by STAIRCASE, SNIUS (I dream to smb) (filmed by Umicum), HEOPS AND NEFERTITIT, A BROOMS EFFECT, etc.

- Boris Zavgorodny, October 1985.

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# THE LAWLESS EFFECT

BY GAIL NEVILLE

*July 17th 1986:* Mum reckons keeping a diary is a good idea. She says time is going so fast lately that I'll be forty before I know it and wondering where the years went and what I did with them. Besides, she says if I become famous and write my autobiography, it'll be easier to read my diaries than try to remember what I did. Mum says things like that all the time.

*September 20th 1986:* Where did the time go? I kept meaning to write something and never did.

ABOUT ME: My name is Jessica Nolan. I'm fifteen, and I like Bruce Springsteen even if my best friend Alanna says he's past it. I'm going to become a journalist when I leave school so I have to practice in my diary. It's just that I keep forgetting to do it, and time goes so fast I never seem to get a chance. Mum says time goes much faster than it did when she was a kid, but Mr Briggs, my science master, says this is all superstitious tribble droppings. I asked him what a tribble is, and he rolled his eyes and said kids today don't know anything worthwhile.

*January 23rd 1987:* Well, no matter what Mr Briggs says, time really does fly! I'll be sixteen in June, and well on my way to becoming part of the great rich tapestry of life - it hardly seems any time at all since I was just finishing Primary school. At this rate I'll be an old woman of thirty before I've had any fun! I had a talk with mum today about becoming a journalist. She said it was all right as long as I didn't get boozy and cynical.

*September 29th 1987:* Where did THAT year go to? It'll be Christman before we know it. I'm helping Mr Briggs organise an end of term disco, and we've roped mum in - they seem to be getting on all right. Mum asked him if time wasn't moving much faster these days and he said that was just superstitious tribble droppings. She gave a sort of shriek and made a funny gesture with her hand and so did he and they've been practically inseperable ever since.

*June 14th 1989:* Well, yes this is turning out to be the gappiest diary in history, but time goes so FAST! It seems like only yesterday mum and Mr Briggs were making weird hand signals at each other in the school gym and now I have to call him dad! Still, it was a nice wedding, even if there were all these strange people there wearing pointed ears and antennae things poking out of their heads. The house has been full of them ever since - strange people, I mean, not antennae things.

You wouldn't know it to read this, but I am actually on my way to becoming a reporter. I've been working for a provincial newspaper for two years now, and next week I have an interview with the editor of the DAILY GLOBE. Wish me luck.

*August 19th, 1993:* I just got back from the Middle East this morning, what's left of it, and came straight to mum's place. My old room is the same, even this book in its old place in my desk. The world is falling apart around us but I can come home and still find mum and Briggs making Vulcan salutes at each other and acting as if they are the only lovers in the universe. I tried to tell them about Beirut - about seeing nothing but rubble as far as the horizon, but the words choke in my throat. I said it all for Channel 8 anyway.

Briggs has ~~some new~~ job with the Government. He says he can't talk about it, with that sort of smirk on his face that says he knows its a red rag to a bull



saying things like that to me. Never thought I'd find a story in my own house.

*January 2nd, 1997:* Hard to believe it's four years since Briggs and mum moved to Canberra so he could join Think Tank. They are a group of scientists, sociologists et cetera brought together under Professor Hans Lawless, the american 'infant terrible' of physics, to give us all the benefit of their views on long-term trends in the political and social structure of the world in the year 2000. Or so they tell us. The news can't be good because I've seen Briggs age twenty years in that time. He feeds me the same line I get from Think Tank's press office, but I know there is more to it than he admits. I bet they've discovered that World War III is due to start any minute now... but that's an event that's overdue, as far as I'm concerned. I fly out to the U.S. next week to cover the funeral of their President. Vice-President Raquel Welch was sworn in this morning. She's holding her age remarkably well.

*1st January 2000:* So it's here, and oddly enough the world looks about the same as it did a few minutes ago, in 1985 - oh, except that the Middle East is just about non-existent, there's not a white face to be seen anywhere on the South African Continent, and the Prime Minister of Australia is pregnant.

My hand is shaking so much I can hardly read this myself. I've just come home from seeing the New Year in with Briggs and Mum. Mum went to bed early - she's not been well lately. She looks so old - and I know she's pining for the grandchildren I haven't given her. But there just hasn't been time for anything like that - the years have gone by so quickly, and now I know why.

Briggs told me. It's official. Time has speeded up. That's what Think Tank has been doing all these years under the guise of studying future trends or whatever. They've been studying time itself - what it is, how it works, and why it seems to be going so damn fast lately. Briggs wants to give me the story. He says it doesn't matter who breaks it, or how, anymore. At this rate there's not much time left anyway.

We are at a point of time that actually moves at an accelerated rate - they don't know how much it will continue to accelerate, or whether it has actually begun to slow down. Hopefully, it has, because if it continues to accelerate, they cannot guarantee what will happen. When I asked Briggs what it meant, he shrugged and said that they could only surmise the distance of the orbit - but it was possible that this distorted movement of time - which they are calling the Lawless Effect after Briggs' boss at Think Tank - had something to do with the sudden demise of the dinosaurs.

*October 25th 2012:* We buried Briggs today. It's hardly been moments, or so it seems, that he told me about the Lawless Effect, as they are calling it now. It shows no sign of slowing. Ironically, now that the world seems to be galloping madly toward its end, the bloody place is at peace. There's simply no time for war, or acts of terrorism - or news. No sooner has a story broken than it's all over and no one is interested. At least Briggs is out of it - he'll be happy to be with mum again. Live long and prosper - what a laugh!

*February 3rd, 2013:* My hair is grey all over. Even the kids are looking old these days. No one celebrates birthdays any more. What's the point? The Pope has declared perpetual Christmas.

My Lord, it's 2014 already...! Before an object moving at speed begins to slow down there is a point of highest acceleration. We are waiting for that point now, and wondering what will happen. Last time it killed the dinosaurs. We're on the biggest roller coaster ride of all time, waiting for the drop to level out...

Fasten your safety belts.

FROM A JOURNAL

BY JON DAUNT

Serve me the lips of summer on  
your Birth-of-Venus half-shell

and the ocean, your mother,  
laps the roots of trees that grow  
from our loins up through us,  
we'll cut the trees to make the beds  
to play under the covers

and we'll hire a maid, just think  
of the time for love! She'll be  
one of those extroverted robots  
who overfeeds fish, places bets,  
kicks beggars, scratches records and  
reads newspapers forward and back  
at high speed, high pitch.  
As the day slips from our embrace,  
we'll wonder as we hear crashes in  
other rooms: Have we missed something?

Instead of a maid, I asked  
my mother to stay a while.  
Here is the note left by the hitch-hiker  
you brought home to sleep on the couch  
because of your anger over my mother's visit:

"This morning I was alarmed to hear  
what I thought was your mother  
having a seizure. It was only  
the two of you, making love..."  
so I took Mother to the train station.

Alone now, from  
behind a tree littered with clothes  
you call to me and my defenses,  
"Come taste the lips of summer on  
my Birth-of-Venus half-shell."

Not really. I am fantasizing. We  
hired a maid, that's all. She didn't  
do any of those crazy things.  
She just cleaned the house and left.

EUROSHIMA MON  
AMOUR/RADICAL KISSES

inside this jacket,  
the solar system.  
you want ? - I show you;  
under my lapels  
silver rings run round Jupiter  
and pillars of Martian dust  
roil frozen violet skies,  
in my pocket  
moons of methane ice  
tumble equatorial Saturn,  
lakes of lead simmer  
in retinal shadow=fire and  
coronal flames shock over  
Mercury's compass-drawn horizon.  
you want ? - I show you;  
side-vents made ragged  
by void-silent asteroid collision,  
seams fogged in cosmic dust  
grimed with comet-tails and  
fly-blown by solar winds,  
while here  
cities of salt dissolve  
in the tideless oceans of Venus,  
limp in contrails of steam  
that no other eyes have seen.  
You disbelieve ?  
they all do.  
they call it madness  
they avoid me  
on the street, in the bars,  
always have.  
it don't bother me.  
in moments of doubt  
I see unpaced alien skies riddled  
with undiscovered constellations,  
and one day,  
through someone like you,  
they'll all see...

- Andrew Darlington.

-----xxXxx-----

The R. E. R. Dept.



IGOR TOLOCONNICOU, c/- Poste Restante, Central PO, Volograd-66, USSR 400066.

I've got TM 55. My compliments to Diane in connection with her unravelling of my confused thoughts. S. Delany is not known here at all, and I haven't heard of W. Morris myself. (I'm trying to operate here by what an ordinary fan knows, and not a "trufan" in Warner's terminology). Le Guin has a score of stories translated as well as ROCANNON'S WORLD, PLANET OF EXILE and THE WORLD FOR WORLD IS FOREST. I like the Earthsea trilogy myself and there may be a possibility of its being translated like Tolkien's THE HOBBIT and LORD OF THE RINGS are now. Norton is known by her SARGASSO OF SPACE (just your point, Diane).

For Michael Hailstone there can be another facet to the problem of stress. In one sense, city inhabitants are an unhappy lot. They can not express their feelings in full, cry out their sorrow, unlike villagers. A city dweller carries his pain inside and is all smiles outside. This is not hypocrisy. This is a higher social requirement. As F. Schiller wrote, man must keep his feelings to himself otherwise he may offend people around him. And do you not know that in life the ability to hide one's feelings is considered a merit. What the stress of alienation and isolation, Michael, speaks about is another thing. Partly this is a result of more individual freedom. Partly this comes as the oblivion of ancestral roots. How many know what their grandparents did? More broadly, it can show as ignorance about one's national history.

Well, Michael, I certainly do not know much about England, but I think your objections are not valid. Let us see. Cromwell, for example, came to power in a way very much as Hitler did (he was supported, he was proclaimed by parliament, he did lean on armed force), and he was not too far from the Middle Ages. Further, the despots you mention are the rule rather than the exception. The feudal society has a pyramidal structure: from the top down - King (court), vassals (lords, earls, barons), vassal's vassals (peasants, artisans). Peasants usually have no power. When an uprising of vassal's vassals under the leadership of Wolt Teylor was put down those who defeated Teylor had more power than peasants, right? These winners warred among themselves to decide who was the stronger (Wars of the Red and White roses). And here too the problems were solved by force. Your Earl of Warwick, for example, was in a power struggle between factions and may have this explanation - usually you prefer to read books by well known authors, don't you? Because they have already established their reputation. The "Might is Right" principle you can see in Robin Good ballads. Or look into semi-Sf - YANKEE IN KING ARTHUR'S COURT by Mark Twain. A bit of other history. What was behind the rituals of Nazi Germany? Twelfth and thirteenth Century crusades into Palistine, Visantium, Pribaltika, Nobgorod land -

German orders built castles, slayed natives, engaged in mysticism. The Spanish inquisition. The cruel and senseless Thirty Years War of obedience in Germany itself, and many more. This one-sided adoption of the past is what I meant in the article.

The diary of Aussie Con II is good, and now what developments will there be? Can there be some feature articles on Aussie Con themes; some individuals, etc? And let them live up to challenging McGann's illos.

Steve, Boris may answer you. I will make a remark, though. SF films by Tarkovsky (Solaris, Stalker) are for intellectuals and fans. Tarkovsky picks out an essential part and amplifies it. This makes the film strangely divorced from the book. The Strugatskys rewrote the script for ROADSIDE PICNIC (STALKER) seven times! I say that the Strugatskys' works need a good SF producer (their other film, ENCHANTERS (about an institute of magic), is a Big Banality). Re the Indian riddle. I believe it's because of universal culture and the multitude of equal statelets, if I'm right. When somebody conquers a neighbour and aims at another, others unite to bring back the status quo. All energy is spent on it.

**BRIAN EARL BROWN**, 20101 W. Chicago #201, Detroit, MI 48228, USA.

John Alderson's essay is, as ever, a fascinating walk through other cultures. It remains to be seen whether those are cultures that exist on earth or only in the pages of books. What I found interesting about this article is that while the lawmakers were convinced that women "must be controlled", they favoured treating women kindly so that they wouldn't want to wander. This confirms my belief that the interpersonal relationships between husbands and wives are more alike between cultures than the "official" modes of behaviour would have us believe. Some women boss, some don't. Some invite domination, some resist. And most cultures place a lot of the day-to-day decision making in women's hands, no matter whether a culture is matriarchial or patriarchial; power is ultimately shared.

The McGann fillo on page 26 outclassed all the art in your "portfolio". While I would applaud the idea of running a regular art section in each issue, I can't help but wonder if this is the best you can get.

There is an interesting book on cannibalism, called FLESH AND BLOOD by Raey Tannahill. It explores the religious significance of cannibalism and historical/sociological occurrences. At times I think Tannahill's research is a little uncritical (rather like Alderson) but there's a lot in FLESH AND BLOOD worth considering.

Richard Faulder's comment that Western society has been drug oriented for centuries seems true when one considers the extent and nature of the temperance movement. Gin was often portrayed as the reason the poor of London were poor, which today we would, over our gin and tonics, conclude that the heavy drinking of those days reflected the despair in their lives. Tobacco and caffeine laced beverages both can be looked upon as drugs. But the extent to which drugs are used today is a little frightening. It feels a lot like during Prohibition when everybody felt they had to drink because it was socially disapproved of. Since many of the drugs taken affect judgement and since making judgement is an increasing part of our society, I do feel reason to be alarmed by the increasing drug use. It's bad enough when people drive their cars while drunk, now they take drugs, too.

**BUCK COULSON**, 2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348-9575, USA.

You know my reputation for being heartless? Well, now, by George, I have firm medical evidence that I now have 2/3 of a genuine heart. The good news; I don't



need a bypass operation. The bad news; in addition to sugar, my forbidden foods list includes salt, fat, and caffeine. Try and have a fine, cheery meal on that. Of course, I can't have a fine, cheery meal anyway, since I'm on a 1500 calorie diet, but it's the principle of the thing...

MENTOR 53 in hand. Though of course not in hand while I type, since I'm a more or less trained typist. Still, I do have to read it in order to comment. I'd put it in my teeth, except they're in the bathroom and I can't see things that far away. It's a problem... maybe you won't mind a short letter.

I haven't read Vedic mythology, and I doubt Alderson's interpretation on general principles, so I didn't read the article. I might dip into Hindu mythology some day, but I'm not very interested, so probably I won't.

Note to Hibbert: men can sometimes be improved in the individual; rarely in the mass. If women are elevated, some other group will be put down, because humans - not just men - seem to demand that someone be on the bottom. True communism never lasted long anywhere, and at least in the U.S., the early communal groups broke up rather quickly, in great acrimony.

Harry Warner must not remember those old Piers Anthony letters. Piers never had time for fandom; all those old letters, almost without exceptions, were two or three page explanations of why he didn't have time for fandom. It was very nice and all, but he was too busy turning out classic literature to bother with it.

Well, I said it would be a short letter.

DENNIS STOCKS, PO Box 235, Albion, Qld 4010.

I'd like to comment on Richard Faulder's comments.

Firstly, I don't know the reason the organisers of Con Amore asked me to be Literary GOH but it might be because of the complaints I made some years ago when the media group ran their first convention in Brisbane. Their flyers and advertising claimed it was the first science fiction convention to be held in Brisbane. I wrote and pointed out that there had been Q-CONS 1-3 prior to theirs.

Re "tensions": I've mentioned contact with the Con Amore organisers and have found any tensions between Media and Literary fandom pale in comparison to the bitchiness and sheer bastardry between the media groups themselves. I don't know how much of what they told me is confidential so I won't give specifics, but could you see the "literary opposition" phoning the motel where the con was held and telling the management that the organisers were bankrupt and couldn't pay their bill? In the event, when approached by a concerned manager, the organisers simply paid in cash, then and there!

Re APAs. I don't know of any editor of a "genzine" who retired to an apa. In my time as OBE of ANZAPA and my own submissions to same, there were a number of fanzine editors who were publishing fanzines separately to their apa contributions, some who submitted their "genzines" as contributions. I'm thinking here of John Bangsund, John Ryan, Bruce Gillespie, Leigh Edmonds, yourself, etc. Mostly ANZAPA contributors only produced apazines and nothing else. Some, like myself, Jan Finder and those South Africans went on to produce "genzines". After all, OSIRIS won the Ditmar in 1974. I still maintain that an apa is a good way of "getting into" fanzine publication. You don't have to scrounge mailing lists, you send one parcel off to a central address (postage always the bane of fanzine editors), it doesn't have to be pages and pages long, you do get back constructive comments, your confidence grows etc etc.

I've been out of it for some years as I point out, but my experience was that it was not "rare" for an apazine editor to move up to Genzine editorship. Off hand, I can't recall anyone who moved the other way in the time I was talking about.

I'm not sure what Richard's point was regarding Shayne. My point was, whether or not mediafandom existed, whether or not Shayne was linked to any formalised mediafandom, she came in for a lot of flack simply because of her STAR TREK interests.

LARRY DUNNING, PO Box 111, Midland, WA 6056.

I found Diane Fox's comments on THE BEAST OF HEAVEN interesting. I bought this book mostly to see what the University of Queensland would publish and was pleasantly surprised by it. I feel however that I must dispute the nature of the computer debate. Instead of being a straight Good vs Evil, it is more authority vs victim. The second advocates the use of the weapon out of spite, revenge, logic and mercy. The second computer was a victim of the first computer and the programming installed in it.

It would seem that art shows at major conventions are just not the correct places to show one's artwork. The reason is not one of presentation or preparation; these were excellent at the WorldCon. What I mean is, when the artshow becomes just one event in 50 or 100, how can you spend the time to attend and do it justice? I don't think that people go to cons to see art, regardless of how good it might be.

The other problem with such shows is one of money. People are more likely to spend money in the hucksters rooms, on travel or accomodation. The result is that few paintings are sold and most at revere price. There were some rediculous prices at the show, especially for the Whelan's. Now Whelan is a good artist, agreed, but thousands for those originals was just too much. That I happen to know just who purchased them in no way alters this opinion. Most prices on paintings and the like do not match the amount of sweat and effort the artist puts into it.

So, as an artist just where do you show your work if not at the artshow at a WorldCon? Perhaps the best place is still at an artshow, but either at a smaller convention or one that stands alone. In such a situation people are more likely to spend the required time to appreciate the work.

It seems that Julie Vaux has been "burnt" by the apparent indifference of most fans to serious artistic effort of other fans. There seems to be an assumption on the part of most fen that if you can't copy the styles of Boris, Whelan, Frazetta et cetera, you can't paint or illustrate. Well, it's just not true. While these artists are good, they are not the whole story. More important than developing a "realistic" style is developing a consistent one - consistent with your own inner visions. Artistic integrity is sticking to what you know is true for you. If some of those inner visions match outer ones (eg Startrek, Blakes 7 or Elfquest, which are all someone else's creations) then it is because you are inspired by those visions. Such external visions therefore break out of their limitations to influence other minds and you are sharing it with the creator's mind.

And it doesn't matter what it is, how good or how trivial or silly it might seem, whether an Anne McCaffrey book, a TV series or some music. If it inspires one to create and share, then it is good. The worst thing for a creator (regardless of what it is created) is to have their work ignored. In the end however you will find that people create fo their own reasons and not for other peoples. If other people ignore the creation or can't understand it, then it's their loss, not the creator's.

It was interesting to see the high contingent of WA fans at WorldCon. I noticed many familiar faces helping out on the security and other staff. This will doubtless be useful when the Natcon is held next year in Perth. Will it match Swancon 5? Will we get the WorldCon in '93 or '94 (and do we really want it?) as slogged late at the con? Only time will tell.

**HARRY WARNER, Jr.** 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland 21740, USA.

I've theorized elsewhere that Ted White's long blast at Australian fanzines may have had an effect on the production of them, even if the gafiating publishers don't think he caused them to cut back. It seems like a significant coincidence that this fanzine famine in Australia should come so soon after all that strong criticism about Australian fanzines. The cost of producing fanzines is rising elsewhere in the world, fans all over the planet are turning more and more to cons and local clubs for their fanac thrills, but I don't think there has been a dramatic dropoff in the number of generally circulated fanzines in North America or the United Kingdom.

TRAVELMOTHER is an excellent story. Peter Brodie did a most skillful job in telling us about the Mothers without stopping for several paragraphs of explanation, and in creating a dramatic situation and resolving it in only three pages of story.

But I spoiled my enjoyment of THE NIGHT SKY by sensing the nature of the ending less than halfway through the little story. When a story depends so much on a surprise ending for its effectiveness, such guessing takes too much away from its impact. Every story about insanity which is short and narrated in the first person seems to depend on the same gimmick that C. John Fidge used to create his intended surprise.

THROUGH FRIENDSHIP TO THE STARS provided more evidence that fans have the same characteristics everywhere, in Russia or in English-speaking nations. The failure to meet deadlines, the mixups in categories, and difficulties in getting lots of participation are universal fannish traits, whether it's a United States apogee poll or a set of awards in the U.S.S.R. In any event, I enjoyed all the material about science fiction and fandom in Russian despite the way it proved anew how many phases of those fields I'm almost completely ignorant of.

Gail Neville's TRIAL BY TELEVISION is another fine piece of fiction. It is more believable than many stories about regimentation and nastiness in the immediate future. The author obviously took the trouble to think out the consequences of such a future, as evidenced by such things as the reference to a black box that could cheat the roll call of jurors. Whoops, I see it's called a blue box; I was thinking of the black ones that some people in the United States buy to cheat cable companies and unscramble the picture on pay channels.

I think Peter Lempert's contribution to the portfolio best this time. It has something of the energy and complexity that Derek Carter used to put into his big illustrations, although the styles of the two artists are radically different.

In the letter section I was glad to see Lan putting in a good word for Amadeus. Remarkably, that movie has been doing very well in both sales and rentals in its videocassette form. It was second in both categories in one recent listing of best sellers and best renters I saw, although the videocassette field depends to a great extent on youthful customers.

Richard Faulder is right about the strong efforts the advertising industry has been making to persuade parents to buy expensive computers for their children. Just before last Christmas, there was a barrage of television commercials

on this theme, most of them using kids who appeared to be not more than seven or eight years of age. However, I sense a weakening of the home computer market in the United States. Fewer advertisements for them are appearing in the local media and one large store in the biggest shopping mall has closed down.

The arguments Diane Fox uses for the legalizing of marijuana are the same as those advanced in the United States to restore alcoholic beverages to legal status after the Prohibition era. During the half-century since the Prohibition act was repealed, crime has increased to a magnitude never imagined during the Prohibition era, much of it involves alcoholic beverages in the form of armed robberies of liquor stores or bootlegging, half of all motor vehicle accidents involve drunk drivers or drunk pedestrians and are responsible for some 25,000 deaths annually on highways and streets, and a substantial part of the United States population has turned into drunks who are ruining their own lives and the lives of the people around them. Legalize marijuana and the same thing would happen in different details: stupendous increase in its use, vastly more blighted lives, even more crime to finance the purchase of it, and so on.

ROBERT MAPSON, PO Box 7087, Cloisters, WA 6001.

I liked Gail Neville's GOOD MORNING, ROGET in THE MENTOR 56. The moral of the story is that all modern sf/fantasy writing is purely mechanical, I think. As *android* is from the Late Greek for manlike, and *droid* is presumably a corruption of this word promulgated by certain popular films, then presumably all these machines running about the writer's household are manlike - sort of like having numerous servants. The household must then be reasonably large to house both living quarters and all the hardware. I do not believe that a writer could afford such a house or such a staff; I do like the Kosinskian atmosphere of not being able to do anything without being watched though, and having your life worked out for you. It's a paranoid voyeur's dream... Personally, I would have dealt with Roget the same way Edgar Allan Poe dealt with his Roget.

Regarding Julie Vaux's little example of unwomanly emotion (this is the new equalopportunity nondiscriminatory society: no one will show emotion, everyone will work 50% at housework, sex will be illegal except with an application filled in a week before hand and witnessed by at least three public notaries): there are a very few creative people who are famous/admired/hounded for work and most of those do hackwork anyway (like commercial art and tv miniserials and fifteen minute novels). Change the field you want to work in, sure, but don't expect to get recognition any more easily there either (I should know, I've been there, still am).

The problem is that this is a society with a singular lack of regard for the essential role of the artist (in every ramification of the word). We have no official position of bards or smiths, and very few rich patrons left. This is merely indicative of a deeper psychological crisis within society. All people are creators. This is an important fact that needs to be recognised, whether they are artists or musicians or novelists, or merely anonymous creators who build a wall around their house, bring up a family, or plant trees. We have learned to be indifferent to creativeness, we have been taught that there is nothing left to marvel at. What is left? An existence supporting a society that is a classic psychotic case: it refuses to acknowledge the spiritual, the eternal, and dwells instead upon its Jungian Shadow which, repressed, waits in scattered silos gathering strength.

The best advice is to persevere, to work in the voltairean garden, and to remember Kafka's words: "No people sing with such pure voices as those who live in deepest Hell; what we take for the song of angels is their song."

HARRY WARNER, Jr, address as above.

Dennis Stocks' reminiscences in THE MENTOR 54 made very fine reading. This sort of material is probably better when encountered in published than in spoken form, because it needs to be preserved on paper, which lasts longer than the memories of the audience and can't be erased for other purposes like tape recordings of con talks. Has anyone tried to contact those very early Australian fans who became evident a half-century ago through the Science Fiction League? Wallace Osland, at least, had a name distinctive enough not to have many duplications, if a search were made in telephone directories. Even if they never saw a fanzine or heard about cons, giving them a place of honor at some future Australian convention would create a special sort of look into fandom's remote past. One very minor correction that isn't involved with fandom: the Spirit of Christmas Past didn't have chains to rattle. That was Marley.

*(As a matter of fact, I am currently putting on to disc the second edition of Molesworth's HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN FANDOM 1935-1963. Several of the older fans have turned up, including a Sydney fan of the 1950s - Dave Cohen. - Ron.)*

As usual the material about Russian science fiction and fandom was very interesting, both for the insights into a similar but different prodom and fandom and for the information contained. Igor Toloconnicou is right about the inferiority of modern space opera with its juvenile plots and reliance on violence and the importance of hard science in science fiction. But I wonder how much access modern Russians have to the enormous mass of science fiction which was published in the past with a satisfactory mingling of both extremes. Many superb stories about adventures in space and on other planets didn't rely on war and cliched characters. Weinbaum's short stories are good examples, so are the novelettes that Campbell wrote under the Don A. Stuart byline, lots of the innovative stories that were classified in early Astoundings as "thought-variants" and hundreds of others. This combination has almost disappeared from modern science fiction which seems to try to appeal to either the intellectual or the retarded.

I enjoyed MUMMY, I WANT A BUNNY! but I had the nagging feeling that I had read this story or another along similar lines a few months ago in some other fanzine. Maybe it was just an extra-long deja vu sensation. But I seem to remember having commented on this theoretical earlier story with the same reaction that came to me when I read Evgeny Titaev's fiction, amazement that a native of Russia could create such genuine-sounding English dialog.

About Michelle Hallett's failure to get a letter in Israel; I think the best procedure is to write addresses on envelopes in clear typing using the English alphabet, instead of attempting to copy Hebrew or Cyrillic or whatever other type of script. Make a few blunders in a script you know nothing about and nobody over there will be able to read it; write with English characters and someone in the post office will have enough knowledge of English to put it in the right pigeonhole for delivery.

It's good news if John Christopher is actually writing novels again. Of course, it would be better news if he began to write fiction aimed at a more mature audience than NEW FOUND LAND. He must be approaching or arrived at his golden anniversary as a pro. I'm pretty sure it was late in World War Two or just about after it that he dropped suddenly all his fannish activities upon discovering he could sell what he was writing.

The cover is quite effective. It gives me a slight fear-of-heights queasiness, resulting from my long battle with acrophobia, but I still like the sense of alienness and differentness that the artist achieved through half-visible objects, the unexplained circular object at the left, and the general gloom of the atmosphere.



As usual I found the photograph on page 3 to be one of the best things about this issue; the longer I stay away from cons and travel, the more I need to see photos in fanzines to help my mental images of fans and pros. Dennis Stocks looks uncommonly like you when the two of you are viewed on facing pages. If you didn't shave a larger area of your face, I would think you somehow ran two portraits of the same individual accidentally on pages two and three.

Meanwhile, I hope the baby arrived safely. Being in fandom is something like living in the 18th century when newspapers depended on sea mail for their dispatches and sometimes months elapsed before you heard about events on another continent.

*(Yes, Graeme is doing well - he is nearly too long for his (large) basinet now. With four children Susan and I find it hard to work on our fanzines. THE MENTOR comes out bi-monthly and her fanzines CHRONICLES also comes out bi-monthly. She also puts out her fantasy magazine EYE OF NEWT (EON) and her twice-a-year zine BEYOND ANTARES. The computer is fast, but we need two of them so we can work at the same time, rather than taking turns! - Ron.)*

ROGER WADDINGTON, 4 Commercial St., Norton, Malton, Nth Yorkshire YO17 9ES, UK.

Well, the walls have been breached to a certain extent, in that I can now borrow Strugatsky as easily as Silverberg, from my local library, where Lem sits next to Lafferty. But as Igor says, these are the giants of Soviet sf, with their appearance over here gaining much prestige, and foreign currency; indeed, Lem seems to be the toast of the literati, judging from his appearances in the NEW YORKER; but can we judge the genre on these alone? Would be like judging Western sf on the output of the aforementioned Silverberg, and Brian Aldiss. What I would really like to read are the other labourers in the vineyard, the workaday writers who fill up the rest of the magazines, the anthologies, without really hoping for the acclaim given to the Strugatskys, who write their 5,000 words or so with little expectation of more than the monetary reward. Something like the writers who used to fill our pulp magazines, the Russian equivalent of Murray Leinster or Robert Moore Williams; with these as well, we could have a better idea of the scope and range of Russian sf, more than can be given by the Strugatskys alone.

The answer might be in the other authors that Igor mentions, but there's the snag; where's the publisher willing to take a chance on these? Though from my own Golden Age, I remember finding a Russian anthology, DESTINATION AMALTHEIA, from the Foreign Languages Publishing House; perhaps Igor could let us know if such volumes are still being published? Until then, this article (with apologies) will be not so much a key, as a catalogue to Russian sf; furthermore, in a library that's firmly locked.

Incidentally, with your mention of A HISTORY OF THE SOVIET UNION, and the official figures therein, including 'Landowners (extinct)'; strikes me that it would make a good sf story, about a scientific expedition to discover the last landowner, and one that maybe only the Russians could write; I offer it to Igor, if he has any yearning in the direction of writing!

Must admit, have tended to be dismissive of the spread of media fandom as opposed to the traditional, the reliance upon moving pictures rather than the printed word; but the latest events in our library have me worried. Their non-fiction books are in different sections according to the subject, but they're now putting a pictorial symbol on every book, in every section. Religion and Philosophy has a outline of a head, presumably reflecting thought. War and Military History that of a tank, Gardening represented by a flower and so on. Once I've calmed down, the virtues of such a system might come to me; but at the moment, I can only marvel at the depths to which literacy must have sunk, to need it.

For Michael Hailstone; yes, there was an Earl of Warwick, who flourished, if that's the right word, towards the end of the Middle Ages. It's a bloody and complicated story, but the Earl I have in mind is the one who put Edward IV on the throne, and then changed his allegiance to the old king, Henry VI, when the new one didn't prove so amenable to his command, taking an army against him. If there's nothing on the era in Australian libraries, I can recommend THE YEAR OF THREE KINGS by Hiles St. Aubyn, the year in question being 1485 (appropriate, with Sue's mention of the Wake for Richard III); it's a very readable account of the whole sorry story. In fact, having read it, I'm inclined to agree with Igor, rather than Michael, that this era was when might was right. Oh, the majority of the people believed in the divine right of kings, but it was really the barons and earls that carried the right, and the private armies to back this right; the common people didn't have much say in the matter. As with Warwick; the people might have welcomed Edward IV as being everything his predecessor wasn't, but once Warwick moved against him, his kingdom was in danger; and it was only by having a superior army that Edward kept his throne. Maybe just as well, we've got Parliaments and elections now and the monarchy put out of reach on a pedestal; hate to think what it might be like if Princess Anne decided to challenge Prince Charles' right to the throne. Fleets of warships assembled off the coast; in the middle of the night, the streets shaking to the roar of vehicles as one private army moves to cut off another, under cover of darkness; the chinese curse of "may you live in interesting times" was well thought out!

Even though no longer able to keep up with every magazine published in the field, as I used to, has that new Aussie prozine mentioned in TM 54 come out with a second issue yet? Reminds me of a mag called INTERNATIONAL STORYTELLER and its special sf issue, which was entirely filled with authors I'd never heard of; my first indication that there were writers out there who were existing without the inspiration of fandom, the contact with other writers; in fact, almost starting off from scratch... Wonder if they know what they're missing? Must say, they have my admiration!

*(I have heard that the second issue has come out, but I haven't sighted it. - Ron.)*

DON R. FIDGE, 184 Jasper Rd., Bentleigh, Vic 3204.

It seems to me that the balance of the 'zine has never really recovered from the unfortunate demise of GRIMESISH GRUMBLINGS which seemed to be so totally alien to the rest of THE MENTOR it was an essential part of the overall make-up of a quite unique publication. The couple of Soviet stories appearing lately have been, I feel, sufficiently "abnormal" for THE MENTOR that they have assisted the balance but still are no real replacement for ABC. I found MUMMY I WANT A BUNNY just so cute and lovable with its nauseatingly charming artwork, that, although I was furious with myself for doing so, I found it terribly enjoyable even though the ending was a little predictable.

Quite a lot of the fiction in TM over the past few months seems to have suffered from this predictability - perhaps because the stories are basically "short shorts" by authors from similar environments - usually about halfway through you can see the ending quite plainly. This was particularly true of THE NIGHT SKY but since this was the first story written by my younger brother I guess this is understandable. Gail Neville is an interesting writer as she manages to find a totally different style for each story.

July Vaux's loc in TM 56 caused me to hunt back through previous issues in search of her artwork and some of it really is excellent, particularly the Kitten-Lady in TM 50, so it is regrettable that she is cutting down on artwork. Still an increase in writing output may be a good thing in the long term. Julie's impassioned plea for recognition as an artist - although it was merely a Letter of Comment to a fanzine - was sufficient to show that she is capable of writing elegant flowing prose, a gift of which I am extremely envious.

IGOR TOLOCONNICOU, address as above.

I would like to reply to some letters in THE MENTOR 53. Roger Waddington: Certainly there are little boys in Russia reading SF surreptitiously with a torch (as it happens I myself did it once reading Melentieu). The statement "a means in itself for creative work" etc was intended to show which way Soviet SF developed - hard SF - and that its methods were used in inventor's courses (ie they had a practical return).

Harry Warner: On my part I should think that somebody sneaked into Russia in the twenties and then used the way of nicknaming institutions in fandom over there. Starting from October there appeared new institutions and government bodies and, naturally they have long-long names: Soviet Narodnik Komissarov - Sovnarkam for short. However, abbreviations are wholly yours; we use them infrequently.

STEVE SNEYD, 4 Norwell Pl, Almondbury, Huddersfield, W Yorkshire, HD58PB UK.

The Steve Fox cover and internal illo for WIZARD'S CHILD are magic (excuse pun). Liked the story, too - very much chapter one of the novel, but nicely laid back, & caught me out completely - I was convinced the "two eye" man in the black sedan was about to try to con Wizard Dad into letting him take Huldra off planet as an 'entertainer', not the other way about. Nice one!

Very intrigued by the news of the Richard III Wake at Worldcon. White Yorkshire roses to be worn even! As the only English king in a millenium with any real interest in the North (of England, he actually lived up her most of his life) R III is seen as much maligned here, and it can be readily argued that the Tudors were a historic disaster. But Oz would surely never have come about if Elizabeth I hadn't locked England into the imperialist mode (the disastrous/risk "settlement" etc), so a bit strange that the rival non-colonialist leader should be honoured by you?

I must mention I was very interested in Igor Toloconnicou's comments - his explanation of how the Strugatsky's books are seen in the USSR is genuinely enlightening. In reply to him, if I may, I wasn't slagging Priest (though I must admit, I find his work shallower with time) simply puzzled at how Igor saw him. Nor did I think Marxism generally a 'happy-eyed' world view - if anything the reverse, if fully applied. But Marxist societies don't normally apply Marxist analysis to themselves. Therein, however, lie many books!

BRIAN EARL BROWN, address as above.

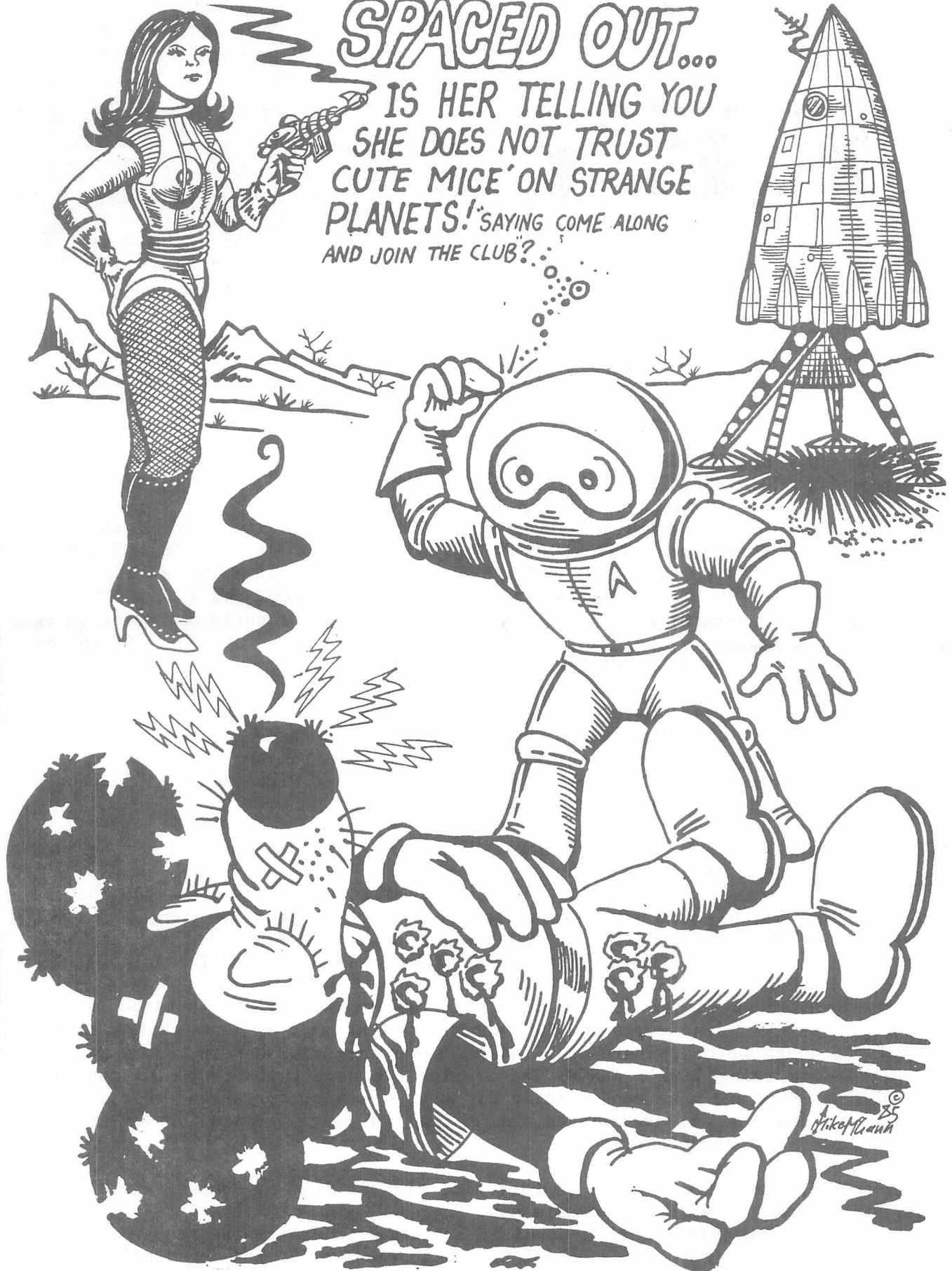
TM 54 is to hand and a few comments on it are deserved. The cover is exceptional. It's truly amazing what Steve Fox can do when he sets his mind to it. The offset printing really sets it off too. (*Actually, photo-copied. - Ron.*) Igor Toloconnicou's section on Soviet Sf was interesting. Curiously I find only two of the Strugusky Bros. books very readable - THE ROADSIDE PICNIC and MONDAY BEGINS ON SATURDAY. The rest, plus most of Lem seem stultifying.

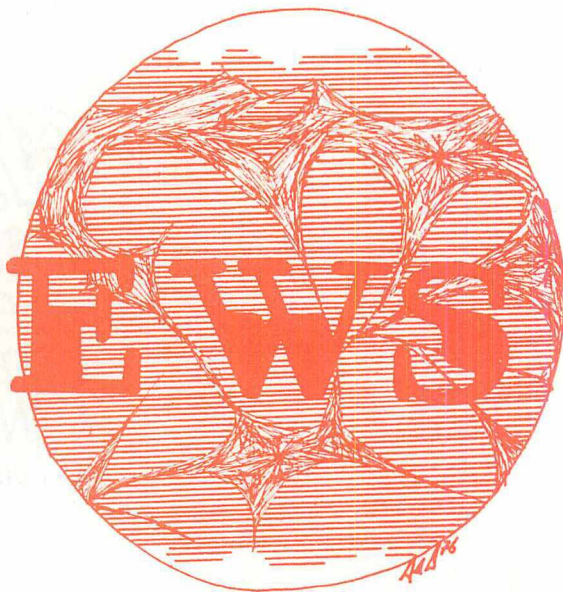
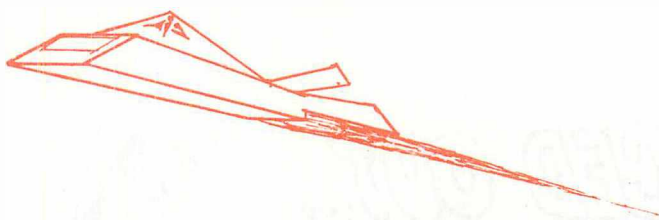
Very good letter from Michelle Hallett. She's one of the few people who actually cite examples and sources when refuting John Alderson, rather than relying on a vague sense that he's wrong.

I tend to think that a lot of potential fan-eds have gone into apas (or stayed in apas) rather than publishing their ish so that there is a replacement for gafiating older fans. But maybe the truth is that most people feel no need or desire to write fanzines. Their urge to fanac can be satisfied in other ways.

# SPACED OUT...

IS HER TELLING YOU  
SHE DOES NOT TRUST  
CUTE MICE' ON STRANGE  
PLANETS! SAYING COME ALONG  
AND JOIN THE CLUB?





# REVIEWS

**SLOW BIRDS AND OTHER STORIES** by Ian Watson. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1981-1985. 190pp. A\$21.95. On sale now.

This is a collection of Ian Watson's short stories, and includes the title story, *SLOW BIRDS*, which the author later expanded into the novel of the same name. The other stories are: *THE WIDTH OF THE WORLD*, *WHITE SOCKS*, *GHOST LECTURER*, *MISTRESS OF COLD*, *IN THE MIRROR OF THE EARTH*, *CRUISING*, *UNIVERSE ON THE TURN*, *THE FLESH OF HER HAIR*, *THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE OF SALOME* and *THE BLOOMSDAY REVOLUTION*. The stories show the breadth of Watson's subject matter - from the world of the cruising missiles of *SLOW BIRDS* and *CRUISING*, to the fantasy of *THE FLESH OF HER HAIR*, and on to the strange-yet-compelling *UNIVERSE ON THE TURN*.

The latter is an interesting story in that the situation given - that in the far future women would have 'evolved' until they were a mountain of flesh while men had (apparently) stayed much the same size, would have been handled differently by a feminist writer. Another thing that had changed was the sex act; the male penetrated the female with his whole body. If you are jaded with the 'usual' science fiction stories, this collection may lighten your way.

**REACH FOR TOMORROW** by Arthur C. Clarke. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1956. 166pp. A\$21.95. On sale now.

In contrast to *SLOW BIRDS*, this is a collection of stories from the old school, by one of the more famous practitioners of the same. The stories are all solid sf and are: *RESCUE PARTY*, *A WALK IN THE DARK*, *FORGOTTEN ENEMY*, *TECHNICAL ERROR*, *THE PARASITE*, *THE FIRES WITHIN*, *THE AWAKENING*, *TROUBLE WITH THE NATIVES*, *THE CURSE*, *TIME'S ARROW*, *JUPITER FIVE* and *THE POSSESSED*.

Some of the above stories have been reprinted before - it is becomingly increasingly hard to find works by the better known of sf's writers that have not been done to death before. There are, indeed, several stories herein that I had not read before, one being *TIME'S ARROW*. The stories are usually based solidly on some aspect of a science and make good reading for anyone looking for a read that is pure entertainment and has, if one wishes, an element of detective work if the reader wishes to puzzle the out clues. \*

**ENDER'S GAME** by Orson Scott Card. Century h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1977, 1985. 357pp. A\$27.95. On sale now.

The protagonist of this novel is a six year old boy. The story commences as he is having a 'monitor' taken out of his head. The idea of the 'monitor' is that the government could keep an eye on their merchandise. In a world where families are limited to two offspring, it is only on government orders that a third child is



allowed. In Ender's case, it was an order. His brother was too ruthless for the job he was born for, and his sister too caring.

The novel itself follows in detail the career of Elder from the monitor episode to when he fought the alien buggers. The details of the plot are carefully thought out - I don't think there is much dead wood, though there are several things that are not clear till the end of the novel which should have been made clearer earlier - whether the human starships in the Third Invasion were manned, for instance. I enjoyed reading this - it was engrossing and portrayed young children very well. \*Recommended\*.

**OMNIBUS 1 - AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS** by H.P. Lovecraft. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. 1939, 1943, 1951. 301pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

When I read Volume 3 (reviewed above) I asked if the first two volume s were available. They still are. Volume 1 consists of two novels - AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS and THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD.

I first read AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS in Astounding Stories when I happened across a copy in the Futurian Society Library back in 1965. According to the introduction to this volume that serial was abridged; however it still had the brooding atmosphere which I find Lovecraft readily evokes. AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS is about an expedition to Antarctica which hoped to do some archaeological digging. What they found was a horror of such antiquity that their brains froze to contemplate.

THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD is also a well written novel; not as brilliant at MOUNTAINS perhaps, but excellent nevertheless. Again, if you want a complete library this volume is not to be missed. \*

**REFUGEE - Biog of a Space Tyrant 1** by Piers Anthony. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1983. 333pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

I don't know what Anthony is doing or trying to do with this series - this is the first volume of 'Biog of a Space Tyrant' (the second was reviewed last issue). The story starts out with the hero and his family intact. All the main figures that would feature in the coming volumes seem to be introduced here: Hope Hubris's sisters, his father and mother.

The story itself commences in a bubble full of refugees as it flees through space. Unfortunately it meets up with the roughest and most violent men (and women) in the solar system - Space Pirates. The story carries on from there. Anthony is churning out sf these days in a neverending stream - and this series shows how it has been cobbled together. Some of his other fiction (the Tarot books for example) are interesting but these seem as though they were written to publisher's specifications for adventure, sex and violence. \*

**DAGON And Other Macabre Tales Omnibus 2** by H.P. Lovecraft. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1939, 1943 & 1965. 512pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

Very soon most of Lovecrafts fiction will be in print - these omnibus's appear to cover most of his works - presumably the others will be published later.

The stories in this volume are: DAGON, THE TOMB, POLARIS, BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, THE DOOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH, THE WHITE SHIP, ARTHUR JERMYN, THE CATS OF ULTHAR, CELEPHAI, FROM BEYOND, THE TEMPLE, THE TREE, THE MOON-BOG, THE NAMELESS CITY, THE OTHER GODS, THE QUEST OF IRANON, HERBERT WEST - REANIMATOR, THE HOUND, HYPNOS, THE FESTIVAL, THE UNNAMABLE, IMPRISONED WITH THE PHARAOHS, HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, THE STRANGE HIGH HOUSE IN THE MIST, IN THE WALLS OF ERYX, THE EVIL CLERGYMAN, THE BEAST IN THE CAVE, THE ALCHEMIST, POETRY AND THE GODS, THE STREET, THE TRANSITION OF JUAN KOMERO, AZATHOTH, THE DESCENDANT, THE BOOK, THE THING IN THE MOONLIGHT and SUPERNATURAL HORROR IN LITERATURE.

As can be seen the list covers Lovecraft's well known works, his lesser known ones and some very early writings. The last nine are his early works - the last one is the article he wrote in 1926-26 and which has not received a very large audience since then. \*

**THE DOOR INTO SUMMER** by Robert A. Heinlein. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1956/7. 190pp. A\$27.95. On sale now.

You know, it is good sometimes to go back to the roots of sf and read the old stories. This is why I am reviewing these re-issued hard-covers. If you wish a permanent addition to your library - they are available.

**THE DOOR INTO SUMMER** is one of Heinlein's more well known time travel novels. The protagonist, fed up with the world of 1970, enters into a cold sleep capsule and ends up thirty years in his future when he awakens. Prior to the actual freezing he found out that his fiancée had swindled him and married his partner, but not before obtaining his stock in the company and telling him of her relationship. In fact, he managed to escape being beaten or even killed by having made the arrangements to freeze himself before he went to tell the couple what he thought of them. When he arrived in the year 2000 he found that some peculiar things had eventuated and thought that he would never have the opportunity to discover what really happened to his fiancée. Until he found out about the time machine...

**DIMENSION OF MIRACLES** by Robert Sheckley. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1968. 190pp. A\$26.95. On sale now.

Robert Sheckley is well known for his humorous sf. Several issues ago I reviewed **THE JOURNEY OF JOENES**. **DIMENSION OF MIRACLES** is a kind of early **HITCHHIKERS GUIDE TO THE GALAXY**. Tom Carmody was a native of New York, earth in the present. One ordinary day when he was resting at home after an ordinary day at work, a cosmic Messenger materialized to tell him that he had won the Intergalactic Sweepstakes. Naturally he was overwhelmed. It took him no little time to accept that it was really happening and set off with the Messenger to Galactic Centre. It was here that his luck changed, if indeed it ever had, when the prize turned out to have been awarded to him by error. However he managed to talk the organisers into leaving it with him. And then he found that the organisation was only geared to get him to the prize, not return him to earth, whose present coordinates no-one seemed to know. That was when his adventures really began.

Humorous sf is notoriously difficult to write, and keep it up for 190 pages. Sheckley succeeded in this novel.

**TIME FOR THE STARS** by Robert A. Heinlein. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1956. 244pp. A\$27.95. On sale now.

Heinlein is one of those writers who can write for any age group in the same book. **TIME FOR THE STARS**'s basic story line is that of a group of starships whose crews are exploring the cosmos and who use telepaths as communicators. The story follows the career of one young man as he and his identical twin brother are interviewed by the Long Range Foundation and recruited. His brother is picked to go on the ship (twins are used because more natural telepaths occur with the two-from-one-egg birth) and the other brother stays on earth as the groundpin, but at nearly the last moment he has a fall and ends up paralysed.

There is a small amount of 'lecturing' by way of giving out information, but by-and-large the book concentrates on the adventure. Eventually Tom Bartlett returns to earth, nearly a century after he left it and wonders how he can settle down. This is one of the sf novels that sells year after year.

**JOURNEY BEYOND TOMORROW** by Robert Sheckley. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1962. 189pp. A\$26.95. On sale now.

I read most of these reprinted hardcovers in about two hours each. They are more easily digested than the more 'modern' novels written in the last fifteen years - I suppose because these are the novels that have stood the test of time and have been reprinted and gone through numerous editions.

This is an expanded version of **THE JOURNEY OF JOENES**, which was originally published in **F&SF** so long ago that I had forgotten the plot. The novel is made up of a number of separate stories told verbally by Island storytellers, but all are from the viewpoint of Joenes. The man was an American living on a Pacific Island who, when his job was closed, went to America to see what it was like. While there he came in contact with many facets of life in the USA, from the military, to

the politicians, the law courts, the transport industry, the mental hygiene people, the educators and the utopia hunters. All these facets are looked at with a satirical bent, and dissected with a sharp scalpel.

**THE GODS THEMSELVES** by Isaac Asimov. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1972, 288pp. A\$21.95. On sale now.

Another novel that was a serial in the prozines back when they were printing some of the best novels. The prozine version was shorter than this version, as I remember and I didn't think much of it.

Set in the 21st Century when earth is in search of new sources of energy, the story follows the discovery of what is apparently a change of one element to another. It is later found that some beings in another universe have sent the element from their universe and they also sent plans to create an 'energy pump' which is used to bring more of the element over. The element gives off radioactivity and is thus a source of energy. The man credited for the discovery is lionised, and the man who really brought about the use of the decay is ostracized. Eventually the facts are brought out and everything is hunky dory. On rereading the novel I found I enjoyed it. It is an interesting addition to Asimov's writings.

**GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND** by Brian Aldiss. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1960. 188pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is one of Aldiss's early collections of short stories. In his earlier days he wrote some brilliant and some excellent short stories that still stand up against the best from any age.

The stories in this volume are: OUT OF REACH, ALL THE WORLD'S TEARS; WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN?; BLIGHTEN PEOPLE; O ISHRAIL!; INCENTIVE; GENE-HIVE; SECRET OF A MIGHTY CITY and VISITING AMOEBA. They are individually copyrighted in the years 1957 and 1958. Some have been anthologised many times before - such stories as WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN? appears in many of the best anthologies that represent the best in Sf.

Aldiss has many books in print at the present time and I have reviewed many of these in the past few issues. If you are commencing your library then buy this book for it. \*

**THE CHRISTENING QUEST** by Elizabeth Scarborough. Bantam pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1985. 231pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is a sequel to BRONWYN'S BANE, in which at once stage Bronwyn promised to some traders they could have her first born. At the beginning of the current book they take the baby, only some minutes after she is born, from under the nose of Bronwyn's brother, Prince Rupert. Because of Bronwyn's condition after the birth, Rupert promises to get the baby back and set out on the quest. On the way he meets up with a cousin, Carole, who is a witch, and with a travelling merchant.

Scarborough has a delightfully humorous style and her fantasy novels are among those I look forward to seeing more of. In this present release there are some mixups and some dark deeds being commissioned, but the hero and heroine come through relatively unscathed. Whether they rescue the baby and bring it back to Bronwyn is something you will have to read the novel to find out.

Delightful fantasy.

**ALIEN ANIMALS** by Janet & Colin Bord. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1980. 253pp incl indexes. Illus. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This book is an update on the Fortean collections, but concentrating on those creatures that have not been substantiated by science. The headings of the chapters show the basic areas studied (and there are Notes throughout which enables the reader, should he or she wish, to look further into the aspect that intrigues them): ELUSIVE LAKE MONSTERS; CATS THAT CAN'T BE CAUGHT; MYSTERIOUS BLACK DOGS; GIANT BIRDS AND BIRDMEN; MAN OR MANIMAL; ANIMALS THAT AREN'T: FOLLOWING WHERE THE EVIDENCE LEADS. The appendixes are labeled: A FEW HINTS FOR MONSTER WATCHERS and A LISTING OF 300 MAKE MONSTERS AROUND THE WORLD. There is a short listing of places in Australia some of which bear I haven't heard of.

The illustrations are those of the more well-known creatures - Nessie, the BHM in the USA (Big Hairy Monster) and various cats, dogs and birds, all with big feet. All the monsters shown on the cover have red eyes - because of flash bounce?

**MASTER OF THE SIDHE** by Kenneth C. Flint. Bantam pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1985. 248pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The concluding novel in the trilogy whose previous published parts are **RIDERS OF THE SIDHE** and **CHAMPIONS OF THE SIDHE**. There is much action and adventure in these stories, especially if the reader is of Celtic origin - as with all ethnic groups, they stick well together.

The tale continues as the various peoples of Erin come forward for a last encounter with Fomor and his creations which have laid waste to so much. Before they can deal with him he captures the sea-god Manannan MacLir. The champions of the Erin, Lugh and Aine, Taillta, Morrigan, Shaglan Dagda and Angus all travel together in an attempt to rid the land once and for all of the vile usurper.

Authors are running short of original ideas and re-working old legends and myths. Sometimes it sticks in the mind, sometimes it were better left to fade. Make your own mind up about this one. \*

**THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION** by J.G. Ballard. Triad Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1969. 110pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

There are two definite types of stories that Ballard has created - those which follow a linear story line and those that tend to branch off. His early stories are the conventional type, with beginnings, throughput and endings. This collection are from his later phase, and the reader if he or she has not read him before, may find it hard going.

Most of the stories have been denoted as 'speculative fiction' and are usually short. The titles are: **THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION**; **THE UNIVERSITY OF DEATH**; **THE ASSASSINATION WEAPON**; **YOU:COMMA: MARILYN MUNROE**; **NOTES TOWARDS A MENTAL BREAKDOWN**; **THE GREAT AMERICAN NUDE**; **THE SUMMER CANNIBALS**; **TOLERANCES OF THE HUMAN FACE**; **YOU AND ME AND THE CONTINUUM**; **PLAN FOR THE ASSASSINATION OF JACQUELINE KENNEDY**; **LOVE AND NAPALM: EXPORT USA**; **CRASH!1 THE GENERATIONS OF AMERICA**; **WHY I WANT TO FUCK RONALD REAGAN** and **THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY CONSIDERED AS A DOWNHILL MOTOR RACE**. \*

**A POCKET GUIDE TO MICROCOMPUTER BASIC** by Del Morgan. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust. (C) 1985. 79pp. A\$3.95. On sale now.

This is exactly what the title says - a pocket guide to microcomputer Basic. It is about 8 cm square so it can readily fit "into the handbag or pocket" (or on the top of your PC). The book gives a quick, simple rundown on the basic functions and definitions of microcomputers and then goes into definitions of the programmes, statements, commands, etc.

The language is clear and concise. The writer goes through each step in Basic slowly and simply. He says in the Introduction that you need the instruction manual that comes with the computer to get anywhere. I think that if you read through this volume carefully then it will give you the basic (pun) elements that you will need to begin programming. It at least will show you if you have any of the talent to do any programming yourself - if you can't understand this simple book, then I would not bother to read any other 'expert' introductions to Basic. \*

**THE DISASTER AREA** by J.G. Ballard. Triad Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1967. 191pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

Maybe I should have reviewed this collection and the previous one in strict sequence, since these stories appear to have been written before those in **THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION**. They are linear in construction but you can still pick they were written by Ballard - take almost any page and the style of writing and use of words leaps out at you.

The stories are longer and include some of his more well known 'straight' sf stories as against the convoluted sf of later days. The ones included herein are:

STORM-BIRD, STORM-DREAMER; THE CONCENTRATION CITY; THE SUBLIMINAL MAN; NOW WAKES THE SEA; MINUS ONE; MR F. IS MR F.; ZONE OF TERROR; MANHOLE 69 and THE IMPOSSIBLE MAN.

You have to have the taste for Ballard; if you like William Burroughs you are fairly sure to like Ballard. If you come in cold to the stories written in, say, the last fifteen years you may end up slinging him out. Try this volume before THE ATROCITY EXHIBITION. \*

**THE TRUE GAME** by Sheri S Tepper. Corgi pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1983/5. 543pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

This volume is made up of three books: KING'S BLOOD FOUR; NECROMANCER NINE and WIZARD'S ELEVEN which were first published as separate books. THE TRUE GAME is set in a world where Talents are spread through the population. There are eleven basic talents - teleportation; telepathy, clairvoyance, healing, raising of the dead, shape shifting, firestarting, power storing, telekinesis, beguilement and flying. There are also people whose presence cuts out these powers (called immutables) and those people who have no power at all (called pawns).

The story opens in a schooltown where the young who are the descendents of people who have talents are sent in order to protect them so they can live to use their talents (which show up after puberty). All the talented adults spend some time playing The True Game, which is basically warfare using the rules of a game instead of the Geneva Convention. The protagonist of the novel is a young man who finds a set of games figures that have been lost for generations. They have a strange power with him and this accompanies him on many adventures.

Superior science fantasy. \*Recommended\*.

**CIRCUMPOLAR** by Richard A. Lupoff. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1984. 352pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

The cover of this paperback shows a single-engined monoplane of 1920s vintage flying over a red tinted landscape with block-like buildings in the background with 21st Century flying platforms behind it. The name visible on the engine cowling is Spirit of San Diego. The story is set on an alternate Earth - one of the things different on this earth is that the First World War started in 1912 and only lasted one year. In this world Lindeberg flies the Spirit of San Diego.

The events that have changed is not the really different thing - what is different is the shape of that alternate Earth - it is doughnut shaped, with one pole at the coin-like rim and the other at the hole in the centre. The outer rim is surrounded by towering ice mountains and the hole disappears into a maelstrom of ice and water. CIRCUMPOLAR is written as a real 1920s sf novel - it retails the atmosphere of that era.

**OCTAGON** by Fred Saberhagen. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust. (C) 1981. 272pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

It did not take Alex Barrow long from the time he was discharged from the army and went to visit his uncle that he was involved in a murder. The murder involved a machine in a wheelchair strangling the girl he had just been making love to. Other people had also been meeting violence - and the one thing that linked them was that they were players in a computer simulated game called Starnet. His uncle, whom he had visited, had been a player since the game first started, as had his father's old buddy who still worked in Los Almos.

His uncle had sent Alex out to look into the company running the game to see what he could pick up by pretending to be interested in buying some shares. It was here that Alex met the girl who was later murdered in his motel room. The plot thickened at it became more and more certain that someone was using the nationwide computer link to sow confusion in the gamers ranks.

A very interesting novel in the same line as PRESS ENTER #.

**BEARING AN HOURGLASS** by Piers Anthony. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1984. 369pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

This is the second book in a series that seems to have caught on. Shayne McCormack was telling me the other day that readers are coming in to Galaxy Bookshop

in Sydney asking for others in the Incarnations of Immortality series.

The world this is set in allows both science and magic to exercise both their attributes on the population. In most novels it is one or the other, or magic/science is waning and the other is gaining power. The Figures in this world are those who images are with us still - Death, Time, Fate, etc. In this novel it is Time who comes into conflict with Death (whence comes the title). The battle is a little one sided as the protagonist starts off as a novice and loses his most precious assets - his child and his wife later by suicide.

Anthony fans will find this lives up to ON A PALE HORSE, the first volume. Also included is a chatty note telling the reader some personal details of how the author writes and shows the depth of his modesty. \*

**NIFFT THE LEAN** by Michael Shea. Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1982. 363pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

The lower exchange rates seem to have caught up on us... This novel is noted on the cover as having won the World Fantasy Award for Best Novel.

The book is set out as if the central character was dead and the volume had been put together as an eulogy to him. That central character was Nifft the Lean, a notorious thief and adventurer who journeys carried him over a landscape that was haunted with Kings, Demons and sundry other elementals, including a Giant eighty stories high. One thing that stands out is the use of capitals with such words as King and Demon. It would have seemed less pretentious to have used the lower case, even if the man who put the book together was Shag Margold, who is well know, I am sure to the vast majority of his readers as a man of straightforward if not true talent.

For the fantasy library. \*

**THE FINAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA** by Gordon R. Dickson. Sphere pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1984. 692pp. A\$10.95. On sale now.

The saga of the Dorsai has many followers - myself included. The series of books of which THE FINAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA forms a part is the Childe Cycle, which actually starts in the 14th Century.

The opening scene in TFE is set on earth, with three old men who are the personal tutors of a youth who was found adrift in a spaceship when he was barely walking. The three tutors are murdered, but kill all but two of their assailants - one of the tutors was a Dorsai, one an Exotic and the other a Friendly. The boy they were tutoring managed to escape and hid for three years while he matured. For he planned to kill the men who killed the only friends he had.

This novel is the culmination the evolution of the Splinter cultures - there is even a scholarly dissertation at the end which deals with the background of the Childe Cycle. \*Recommended\*.

**RAGING ROBOTS & UNRULY UNCLES** by Margaret Mahy. Puffin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. (C) 1981. 94pp. illus. A\$2.95. On sale now.

Two families feature in this children's book - both the fathers are brothers, and the mother is dead or run off. One brother has a little girl who likes mucking around with computers and things, while he wants her to be sweetness-and-light and the other brother has seven boys, whom he wants to grow up like himself - a crook. The boys have other ideas though. What finally broke everything up was the witches course the boys were doing to make them more evil - one of the boys put too much goodness in a doll he was making and ended up with a do-goody android. This android was sent to the other brother to create mischief - it did. The girl decided to get her own back and built a robot with bits and pieces and sent it to the boys.

One thing led to another and the children left home, met up and made some plans... An excellent children's book for ages about 4-8.

**A PLIOCENE COMPANION** by Julien May. Pan pb, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. (C) 1984. 221pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

I suppose if an author can sell their notes and maps and ideas behind a

best-selling series of novels all the better to them. This is what Julian May has done with her Saga Of The Exiles (THE MANY COLOURED LAND; THE GOLDEN TORC; THE NON BORN KING and THE ADVERSARY). No doubt there are many of her readers that wish to know more about the world of the Pliocene - well, here it is.

Included are: a glossary, name index, chronology, family trees, original maps, music, poems, various interviews with the author, a bit of history about the 1952 World Convention (with photos) and bibliography. There are many other things in the 221 pages that I am sure make an interesting background for earnest readers; if you are one you will find this book of interest as background and also how to assemble such for a novel.

**MINDKILLER** by Spider Robinson. Sphere pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1982. 246pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

MINDKILLER plumbs the background society and personalities of a society that has wireheads in it - people who have their brains wired for total ecstasy. Because when the wire is fitted the patient must co-operate to enable the wire to be placed in the correct position, the fitting of the wire is up to the person it is fitted into. When a burglar breaks into a certain apartment to make off with some of its furnishings, he finds a woman wired into the circuit - she has decided to suicide by means of total pleasure. He disconnects her and, with considerable trouble, takes her to his place in an attempt to straighten her out.

The book runs jumps from one time period to another in alternate chapters - one set in 1994 with the main character a university professor of english whose life is beginning to disintegrate, and the other in 1999 when the events of the wire tap take place. When I was reading Robinson column in AMAZING I did not think much of him or his short stories. But he writes very good novels. \*Recommended\*.

**MACHINES THAT THINK** ed. by Isaac Asimov, Patricia S. Warrick and Martin H. Greenberg. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. (C) 1983. 623pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This is one of the definitive anthologies of robot stories - it has picked up those stories from everywhere. There is an introduction by Asimov and each short story is introduced by Patricia Warrick. This would be a good volume for a school textbook on robots in sf.

The stories included are: MOXON'S MASTER; THE LOST ROBOT; REX; ROBBIE; FAREWELL TO THE MASTER; ROBOT'S RETURN; THOUGH DREAMERS DIE; FULFILMENT; RUNAROUND; I HAVE NO MOUTH AND I MUST SCREAM; THE INEVITABLE CONFLICT; A LOGIC NAMED JOE; SAM HALL; I MADE YOU; TRIGGERMAN; WAR WITH THE ROBOTS; EVIDENCE; 2066: ELECTION DAY; IF THERE WAS NO BENNY CEMOLI; THE MONKEY WRENCH; DIAL F FOR FRANKSTEIN; THE MACAULEY CIRCUIT; JUDAS; ANSWER; THE ELECTRIC ANT; THE BICENTENNIAL MAN; LONG SHOT; ALIEN STONES and STARCROSSED. Two authors who should have been included are not: Brian Aldiss and Eric Frank Russell. I think a couple of Asimov's stories (he had five) could have been left out for these two.

**THE ATLAS OF PERN** by Karen Wynn Fonstad. Corgi pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1984. 169pp. 21x27.5 cm. A\$12.95. On sale now.

The author of this volume has had a previous volume published - AN ATLAS OF MIDDLE EARTH. For those readers who are fans of Pern this latest book will be a welcome addition to their library. It is laced throughout with maps and illustrations in black and brown and has the blessing of Anne McCaffrey.

The contents have regional maps of the east, central plains and west of the North Continent and of the South Continent. There are maps and illustrations of the Weyrs from MORETA; DRAGONLADY OF PERN; DRAGONFLIGHT; DRAGONQUEST; THE HAPPER HALL NOVELS and THE WHITE DRAGON. There are maps of the planet orbits, climates and ocean currents, land use and occupations and population and sketches of various objects from the novels.

In fact everything that would serve as background information for the series.



**A STAINLESS STEEL RAT IS BORN** by Harry Harrison. Sphere pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1985. 185pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The exploits of the Stainless Steel Rat has a large following among sf readers. Harrison took up the mantle from Eric Frank Russell to show bureaucracy at its worst by creating the Rat.

**A STAINLESS STEEL RAT IS BORN** introduces the Rat from his childhood and schooldays on the planet Bit O'Heaven where he grew up. His criminal activities were the usual childish shoplifting and even then he found himself putting down those who needed the putting down - in particularly Smelly, the school bully. Jim had to do various courses (black belt being one of them) in order to keep ahead of those trying to do him in even at that tender age. He endeavoured to be put into jail so he could learn the tools of his trade - the criminal life. However those in the prisons were all pretty dull (and dumb) and he decided to look up the one criminal the whole planet knew of, and who had retired, in an effort to enlist his help in training Jim for the good life. He found him but the mastermind did not want to train him. Jim set about trying to convert the Bishop. A somewhat sardonic sf novel.

**THE HAMMER OF DARKNESS** by L.E. Modesitt, Jr. Avon pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1985. 343pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

There have been several sf TV shows, such as Star Trek, where the anient gods of earth turn up to enhance the plot. In **THE HAMMER OF DARKNESS** the main character, one Martin Martel, is an Esper. He is originally a student who befriends a Duke's daughter who eventually throws him out. Martel joins up with the Brotherhood who sends him to a planet named Aurore, which has a population of ordinary humans who put up with the machinations of a score of demi-gods and a clutch of gods.

As the story progresses it appears that Martel could have some god-like powers himself. He likes to dress in black and he then finds that there is a "Nameless God" who also likes black. After this the plot becomes more interesting as Martel's girlfriends keep getting killed. For a light read.

**ENEMIES OF THE SYSTEM** by Brian Aldiss. Triad Granada pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1978. 124pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

This is a somewhat strange tale - the story is set some one million years in the future. Shortly after the present day, when most of the world is under Communism, a medical breakthrough makes it possible to integrate the three systems in the human body that, when working in unison, allow the person to function more efficiently.

The plot follows a tourist group that is the first to go to a planet that has been opened up to the general public. What makes the planet unique is that one million years before, which was just before the experiments that made the integration possible, a shipload of colonists from capitalistic America had crashlanded and, because of the harsh environment, had devolved into various specias to fill the ecological niches. While the tourists were travelling on one of their transports to the first night's hotel, the bus was wrecked and they found themselves adrift in an environment that was to show just how good their status-set civilization was.

**STAR CHALLENGE - THE EXPLODING SUNS** by Christopher Black. Knight pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1984. 117pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

**STAR CHALLENGE** is a series of "Choose your own adventures" that has really caught on with young readers. The idea is that as the reader gets to the end of a page he/she is given a choice, and depending on how that choice is taken, depends on how the adventure proceeds.

In **THE EXPLODING SUNS** the reader is an agent of the Network of Worlds who has sent that person to find out what is causing suns to disappear in a certain region of space. For a companion the agent has a personal robot called 2-Tor, who has various abilities such as matter transmission and can talk mind to mind (that is, if a robot can be said to have a mind...). I have found that young readers of

about seven to twelve can really become engrossed in these books. They make good presents.

**CHILDREN OF THE DOG STAR** by Marie Stuttard. Knight pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1984. 121pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

The author of this television-tie-in is a New Zealander who has written two previous children's sf books. The ideas behind the novel have been made into a six-part tv series and may already have been released in Australia.

Some three million years ago a space-probe from Sirius had arrived on earth expecting to find some intelligence to enable it to return. Unfortunately that helping intelligence had to have the right kind of mind to put the device together and it was not until the present day that a child with that capability, one Gretchen, was discovered by the probe. The book is set out much like the script of the tv series and the sense of excitement has been captured by the author. A good book to introduce children to sf.

**THE GINGER STAR; THE HOUNDS OF SKAITH** by Leigh Brackett. New English Library pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1974. 186 & 182pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

For those who like the good old sf adventures from the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, Leigh Brackett is well known for her swashbuckling novels. She wrote through the forties, fifties and up to the seventies, where the last thing she is well noted for was the original screenplay for **THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK**.

These two novels are part of the Planet Skaith series. When Simon Ashton disappeared on the remote planet of Skaith, Eric John Stark set out to either revenge him or rescue him if he still lived. Stark's parents had been killed on bleak Mercury and Ashton had taken Stark from that living hell and brought him up as his son. Stark was tough and worldly, so when he arrived on Skaith he already had background information on that world. He knew that the drifters sometimes operated under the orders of the Wandsmen, and some four months before the Galactic Union consulate was closed by orders of the Wandsmen and an official from Pax, the Galactic Centre, had come and had disappeared. Stark knew this would have been Ashton, and he knew where he would commence his search... Lively sf adventure. \*

**WORLD'S END** by Joan D. Vinge. Orbit pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1984. 230pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

Some years back now, Joan D. Vinge had written **THE SNOW QUEEN**, which when published in 1980, won the Hugo. **WORLD'S END** is the sequel to that novel. The blurb says that it is Volume 2 in the Snow Queen Cycle, so maybe there will be others.

The novel commences where BZ Gundhalinu has departed the planet Tiamat when his lover, Moon Dawntreader Summer became Summer Queen. With the closing down of the Stargate he effectively seals himself off from her. In his travels he journeys to Four, a violent planet which is rich in minerals. The area outside the built-up area is called World's End and it is here that there are more things than appear on such a backwater planet. **THE SNOW QUEEN** was a success - the sequel follows in its steps: if you enjoyed **TSQ**, **WORLD'S END** is surely tempting. \*

**V** by A.C. Crispin; **EAST COAST CRISIS** by Howard Weinstein & A.C. Crispin; **THE PURSUIT OF DIANA** by Allen Wold; **THE CHICAGO CONVERSION** by George W. Proctor. New English Library pbs, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1984, 1985. 402pp, 305pp, 186pp, 184pp. 2xA\$6.95, 2xA\$5.95. On sale now.

When a science fiction series is released on television, there is a good chance that if it is well received by the public there will soon be fan groups setting themselves up and thus a market being created for more background material. This has happened with the TV series **V**. I am sure than most readers will have either seen the first series at least, and others will have heard of the basic plot - aliens arriving on earth, with their story of fleeing a dying world and coming to earth to use some of its resources to restore their ship's supplies.

The first two books cover the two TV minny series and the latter two follow into the serial itself. **V** follows the script writer fairly closely and so

does the second novel. One can't say too much about the newness of the plot - after all, the reader would already know it from the series, however I can say that the authors have captured the action and spirit of the series and I think that the "v" fans will find these novels add something substantial to their collection. \*

**STAR CHALLENGE - THE COSMIC FUNHOUSE** by Christopher Black. Knight pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1984. 117pp. A\$4.50. On sale now.

Again this is an adventure book for youngsters; one of the tests of successfully completing this book is that you can find out if you are a Space Ace. Young readers usually have to read the book several times before they are good enough in giving the right answer to the various decisions before they can earn their wings.

The starting point is again the space station Nebula. The commander of the station again has a problem and he has summoned the cadet (the reader) to help him solve the mystery of the disappearing crews. The planet they are disappearing from is an Amusement planet and the place they are entering but not coming out of is called The Cosmic Funhouse. As I mentioned above - just the thing for giving to keep those thundering little feet quiet for an hour or two.

**MAIA** by Richard Adams. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust Ltd. (C) 1984. 1130pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

This is one hell of a novel, both in depth and length. It is the sequel to SHARDIK, though there are a few minor discrepancies. Both books are set in the Beklan Empire. MAIA introduces Maia, a fifteen year old peasant girl who is abducted and taken to be sold in the markets of Bekla as a woman for one of the nobles. She is befriended by a more experienced girl and finds herself spying for the rulers of Bekla. She meets and fell in love with the enemy of those who sent her.

One of the things a writer can do with a novel of this scope is to build up both background and characters to an extent that a shorter novel makes impossible. It gives room to move around and create a depth that is what gives reading something like MAIA a different 'feel' and makes it worth the time spent reading it. A very well done fantasy. \*

**THE LAST LEGIONARY QUARTET** by Douglas Hill. Pan pb, dist in Aust by Pan Books (Aust) P/L. (C) 1980/2. 460pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

Douglas Hill has written in these four novels (GALACTIC WARLORD; DEATHWING OVER VEYNAA; DAY OF THE STARWIND and PLANET OF THE WARLORD) the type of sf adventure that Doc Smith and John W. Campbell wrote back in the thirties.

The scene is set in the far future when the human race has split into cultures on various planets. One such was a planet of fighters who sold their services to the underlings. Suddenly the whole planet was sterilised by an unknown force. Keill Randor was one of a strike-force that returned to Moros, the planet which had been hit. Because of a crippled ship he was the only one left alive when his companions entered the far-reaching radiation surrounding Moros and died. Randor determined to revenge his people. The evil ones had a criminal system much like that the Galactic Patrol fought against.

Love it.

BOOKS THAT HAVE NOW BEEN RELEASED IN PAPERBACK AND WHICH HAVE PREVIOUSLY BEEN REVIEWED IN THEIR HARDCOVER EDITIONS:

**DRAMOCLES** by Robert Sheckley. NEL, dist by Hodder & Stoughton. A\$7.95.

**THE BOOK OF THE RIVER** by Ian Watson. Granada, dist in Aust by William Collins. A\$5.95.

**FUTURE BANTAM RELEASES**, when released in Aust will be dist. through Corgi & Bantam:

**STARS IN MY POCKET LIKE GRAINS OF SAND** by Samuel R. Delany. (C) 1984. 375pp. US\$3.95. It has been some time since Delany had a new series out. This is the first volume, the other will be released in 1986 and are **THE SPLENDOR AND DISERY OF BODIES, OF CITIES**.

**STAR TREK: THE NEW VOYAGES 2** ed by Sondra Marshak & Myrna Culbreath. (C) 1977. 252pp. US\$2.95. A collection of original stories - **SURPRISE!** by Nichelle Nichols; **SNAKE PIT!** by Connie Faddis; **THE PATIENT PARASITES** by Russell Bates; **IN THE MAZE** by Jennifer Guttridge; **CAVE-IN** by Jane Peyton; **MARGINAL EXISTENCE** by Connie Faddis; **THE PROCRUSTEAN PETARD** by S.Marshak & M. Culbreath; **THE SLEEPING GOD** by Jesco von Puttkamer; **ELEGY FOR CHARLIE** by Antonia Vallario and **SOLILOQUY** by M. Thompson.

**INFINITY'S WEB** by Sheila Finch. (C) 1985. 230pp. US\$2.95. A complex story about the same woman from an infinity of universes, each with different backgrounds and circumstances, who come together to find themselves.

**RAM SONG** by Sharon Webb. (C) 1984. 220pp. US\$2.95. A novel about the effects of immortality. When immortality had been achieved, one world cuts itself off to keep its artistic integrity. Ages later contact is renewed and disaster strikes.

**RADIX** by A.A. Attanasio. (C) 1981. 466pp. US\$3.95. The tale of a young man's quest of discovery. This book has already been reviewed in a previous issue.

**THE PROTEUS OPERATION** by James P. Hogan. h/c. (C) 1985. US\$16.95. A novel detailing events when a team is sent back to the Second World War in an attempt to change the course of history. The team had been sent back from 1975, from a world when the Western democracies consisted of North America, New Zealand and Australia.

#### **OTHER CURRENT RELEASES:**

##### **SPHERE:**

**FRONTERA** by Lewis Shiner.

##### **HODDER & STOUGHTON:**

**THE REAVERS OF SKAITH** by Leigh Brackett.  
**THE END OF THE MATTER** by Alan Dean Foster.  
**ENCHANTED PILGRIMAGE** by Clifford Simak.  
**WHERE THE EVIL DWELLS** by Clifford Simak.  
**A WOMAN OF THE HORSECLANS** by Robert Adams.  
**VOYAGER IN NIGHT** by C.J. Cherryh.  
**THE MAN WHO JAPED** by P.K. Dick.  
**SPACE FAMILY STONE** by Robert Heinlein.  
**DRAGON'S EGG** by Robert Forward  
**THE FLIGHT OF THE DRAGONFLY** by Robert Forward

##### **DOUBLEDAY:**

**THE DROGONLANCE CHRONICLES TRILOGY.**

##### **GRANADA:**

**DAYWORLD** by Philip Jose Farmer (h/c).  
**SILVERTHORN** by Raymond Feist (h/c).  
**SKYFALL** by Harry Harrison.  
**RHIALTO THE MARVELLOUS** by Jack Vance.

#### **JANUARY RELEASES:**

##### **PENGUIN:**

**THE BLUE MISTY MONSTERS** by Catherine Sefton.  
**THE CHANGES TRILOGY** by Peter Dickinson.  
**EXILES OF COLSEC** by Douglas Hill.  
**THE FACE OF CHAOS** ed by R. Asprin & L. Abbey.  
**DEMON IN THE SKULL** by Fred Pohl.  
**BERSERKER** by Fred Saberhagan.

HODDER & STOUGHTON:

DESTINATION: VOID by Frank Herbert.  
JOB: A COMEDY OF JUSTICE by Robert Heinlein.  
FRIDAY by Robert Heinlein.  
THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST by Robert Heinlein.  
STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND by Robert Heinlein.  
HALLEY'S COMET by Peter Wragg.  
ATLAN 4: THE CITY by Jane Gaskett.

**FEBRUARY RELEASES:**

HODDER & STOUGHTON:

CREWEL LYE by Piers Anthony.  
ELEPHANT SONG by Barry Longyear.  
RIVER OF THE DANCING GODS by Jack Chalker.  
STARMAN JONES by Robert Heinlein.

**MARCH RELEASES:**

PENGUIN:

THE IRON MAN by Ted Hughes.

HODDER & STOUGHTON:

ATLAN 5: SOME SUMMER LANDS by Jane Gaskell  
THE WEREWOLF PRINCIPLE by C. Simak.  
WHY CALL THEM BACK FROM HEAVEN? by C. Simak.  
ALL FLESH IS GRASS by C. Simak.  
TIME AND AGAIN by C. Simak.  
FORTY THOUSAND IN GEHENNA by C.J. Cherryh.  
COMPUTER WORLD by A.E. Van Vogt.  
THE TAR-ALYM KRANG by Alan Dean Foster.  
GALACTIC RAIDERS by Christopher Black.  
THE WEIRD ZONE by Christopher Black.

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