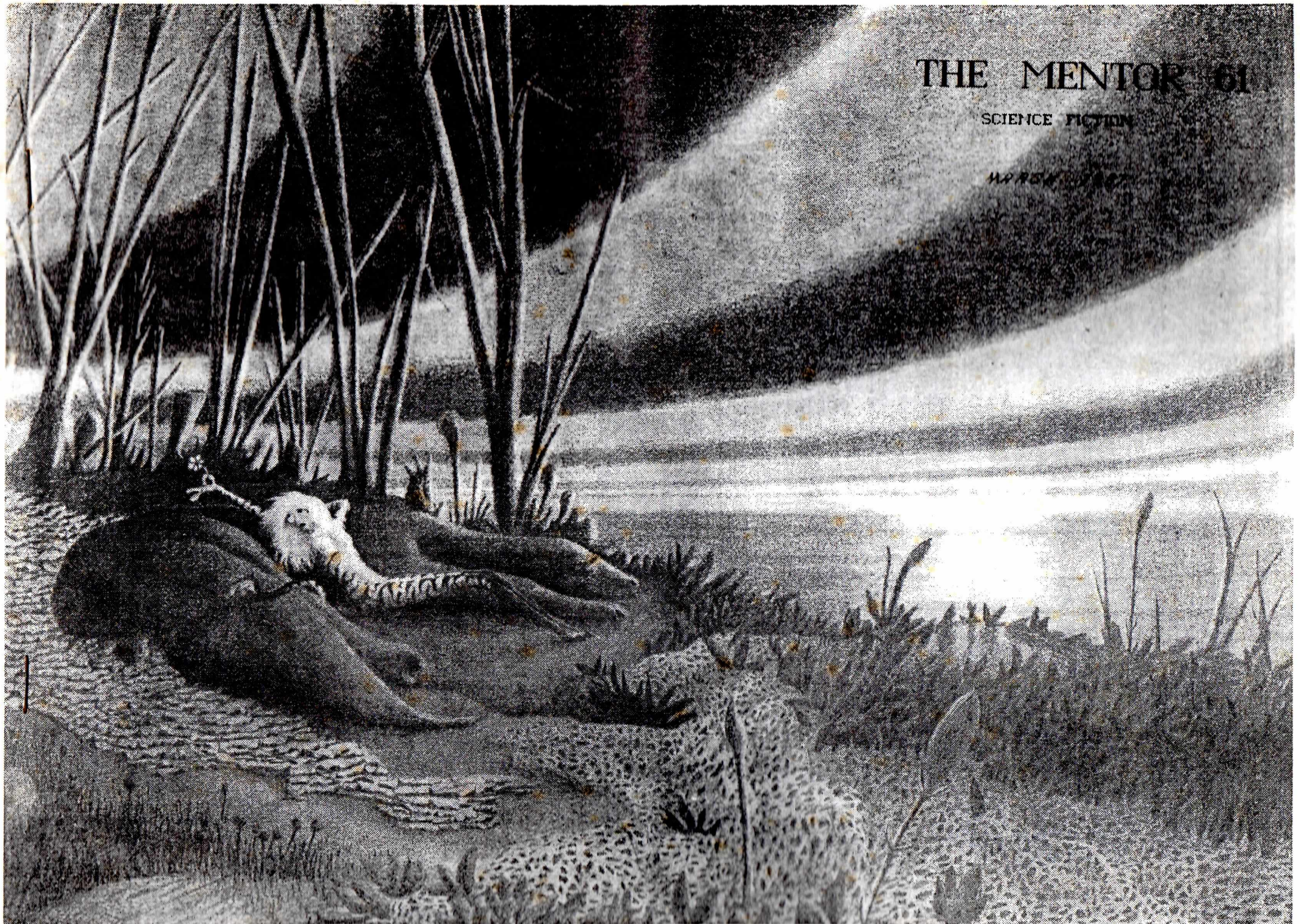


THE MENTOR 61

SCIENCE FICTION

MARCH 1967



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CLARKIE'S COMMENTS

Here I am again, typing with four fingers. At about 9 am on the Sunday before last (March 8th) I was setting up the offset press to run off one of Sue's (numerous) fanzines when the fountain concentrate tube came loose, spraying ferrous cyanide over the machine. I grabbed for it (without switching the machine off) and I am now minus a fingernail on my right ring finger. Naturally it happened on the weekend before my two week's leave - the leave I was taking to go with Sue to TREKCON in Melbourne.

After visiting the local medical centre at Blaxland and screaming a little when the first Local didn't take and the doctor started to peel the nail off, I returned home at 11 am and started to help Sue run the zine off. We finished at 11 pm.

The following Thursday night at 6.30 Sue, her brother-in-law 'Ace' Auhl and I left in our eight seater Nissan Vanette for Melbourne (the rear seat folded forward for our luggage and boxes of zines). We stopped for the night when we reached Gundagai at 11pm. The motel was a find: a triple for \$42 plus cooked breakfast. The room actually had a set of bunks and a double bed, plus room for a cot at the foot of the double bed. We left again at 8.30am and reached Melbourne at 3.30pm. I helped with the unpacking of the van as such as I could and set up the huckster's table where we hoped to sell enough media fanzines to help with our hotel expenses.

TREKCON was a very laid back relaxacon, with almost no programming. It nearly ran on time, but the committee did have some worrying moments with the costume event (as all cons nearly always have). I enjoyed myself, as did Sue - she met many of her Melbourne media sf friends and managed to rope enough people in to bring the membership of ECCENTRICON up to 150. And only three months to go!

I had hoped to make this a longer editorial, but the finger has put a stop to that. Oh well, at least I have got a doctor's certificate so I can reclaim a weeks Rec leave. Most of this issue was typed before the accident; Sue has been helping me with the Reviews and this editorial is the second-last item to be typed. This ish is a little different, both in the trial layout and the last article (John Alderson's) from the 'old' Mentor. Hopefully by the time the next issue is due I will be touch typing again with both hands.



FLIGHT OF THE RAINBOW

BY GAIL NEVILLE

DEDICATED TO STEVE FOX.

THE DRAWINGS CAME FIRST.



Thraak dug the pik into the banks of fungus and put all his weight against it. The only concentrated source of protein in the area, it was a stubborn plant with a strong root system that belied the puffy, aery appearance of the fruit. As the globes loosened and rolled down the bank, the little Hrools shot forward with surprising speed for their shape and bulk, and began sorting them. Bitter, unripe fruit was pushed aside, and wholesome fruit was worried into a tidy pile. Thraak paused in his work to watch them.

The long rays of the morning sunlight warmed the hard, dry plains. Now was the best time to harvest the fungus, also the most dangerous time to be out of the cree. But the rosy rainbow hues in the silky fur that covered the small round bodies of the Hrools were beautiful. He extended one lean pincer and stroked the fur of the nearest Hrool. It shivered with pleasure.

Thraak turned his attention back to the harvest. It was no time to be indulging in sensory distractions. He slung the pik across his carapace and gathered up the pile of ripe fruit. Followed by his charges, crowding and rolling over each other in their haste to be safely in the cree, he led the way back to the last habitable dwelling.

Caution was always wise. But the fungus grew a good distance from the crees, and because of his regular harvesting, the journey took longer each morning. Darkness was over the sun as he sealed the entrance to the cree, but it was not caused by the gathering clouds. Faint shrieks heralded the arrival of the Ichtoaru, and the clapping sound of their wings filled the air. Thraak ushered his flock deep into the cree, down to the warm cells where they fed on the fungus, and slept in safety while the shrieking Ichtoaru plundered the unwary still abroad in the sunlight. Many of them swooped on the cree and beat at it with their leathery wings, raked at the thick clay walls with their long talons, but it had withstood many generations of their kind. Thraak had seen the Ichtoaru at their prey, tearing carapace from flesh and breaking pincers into short lengths to probe within and suck out the life juices, but within the cree, he did not fear them. For another day, his duty was done.

By midday, the Ichtoaru had finished their hunting, and turned for home. Great wings, fully the width of two crees in their span, carried them the short distance to the coast, and across the oily sea to their offshore fastness. The harvest they brought back to their island was lean, as it had been now for many seasons. Watching the young picking at the remains of small fauna, the huntsmen grumbled among themselves. The hunting was poor. The great herds of lumbering Hrool that had once blackened the land with their shining carapaces were gone. The crees lay abandoned, empty, crumbling to dust, except for one, where the last Hrool guarded a small herd of larvae.

Though not an introspective race, the Ichtoaru understood their situation. Centuries of good hunting on the coasts close to their island had dulled their migratory senses, weakened their ability to travel long distances, and fly at night. Far beyond the

plains, where the sun set, were high mountains, rich with game. But the Ichtoaru could not reach them, and neither could they survive at the high altitudes where other creatures had long sought a haven. The last adult Hrool must be killed, the larvae captured, and be allowed to breed, or the Ichtoaru would also become extinct.

Thraak believed his long wait might soon be over. As he sat at the entrance to the hall of cells, sucking at a ball of fungus, and watching the larvae asleep, he thought he detected the changes, minute as they were, that heralded the metamorphosis of his species. The last stage came very quickly, and at such a time, the larvae would be helpless and very vulnerable. Their need for protein would be even greater. Tomorrow he must harvest alone, far from the crees where the fungus grew in abundance, while the larvae struggled for their new existence. It would be a great moment when they emerged, unlike any other in the history of the Hrools. He would harvest now, but with the fall of night, the fungus would die back.

Leaving the cells, Thraak lumbered up the tunnel to the cree entrance. It was safe now to open the door and step outside. He felt at peace beneath the eerie light of the moons, squatting on his haunches outside the cree. In his time, Thraak had seen many changes on the plains his kind had called home for millennium. He was now the last, the only one to hold all the memories of the herding days. Long ago the herds had been the dominant life on the plains, before the coming of the Ichtoaru. Their crees had been magnificent, decorated with shells and stones from their shore, and the fungus had grown in rich abundance. There had never been a poor harvest.

Then the Ichtoaru came, and the Hrool had become little more than fodder, a kind of walking fungus for the invaders.

Myrr, the last leader of the herds, had called the race together when extinction became inevitable. He explained to them that the Hrools, in their present form, were suited only for life on the plains. But within them all were the seeds of change. A new race would be born from the last living larvae, a race that could leave the plains and survive in the high mountains beyond, where the Ichtoaru could not live. To the last living adult Hrool, they must protect the larvae, and bring them to metamorphosis.

Now Thraak was the last living adult, and he did not know if he survived by luck or by destiny. He had doubted the ability of the Hrools to transform into a new race, but Myrr had seen it in a dream. He had seen the Hrools soaring into the sun, with wings like rainbows spread about them. Thraak had always been a little sceptical of Myrr's dreams, but on this one hinged the survival of his race.

With dawn, Thraak was sure the time of metamorphosis was near. The cells were quiet, the larvae unmoving. Each had grown to almost its full length again and now lay as bulky, quivering pupae, all their rainbow fur gone.

As the sun rose between the ever-present clouds, he closed up the entrance to the cree, and slung the pik over his carapace. He found the fungus and attacked it vigorously, taking

only the largest, most nourishing fruit. His journey back was slow, and he saw with dismay the familiar darkening of the sun. He tried to hurry but his heavily armoured body was too clumsy for speed. The cree, when it came into view, was black with the bodies of the Ichtoaru, crawling over it, trying to find a way in. Thraak flung down the fungus and raised his pik. A couple of Ichtoaru raking at the walls of the cree spotted him and swooped. He turned his back to them to deflect their raking claws, and tore holes in their thick leathery wings with the pik. The Ichtoaru fell to the ground, and he plunged the pik into their chests.

Straightening up, he saw that the Ichtoaru clustered about the entrance to the cree had clawed some of the dried mud away until they could slide their long claws through and open the door. Thraak rushed at them, the pik raised above his head, turning at the last moment to catch their claws on his back, and lead them away from the entrance. They flapped angrily about his head, claws tearing at his carapace, and reaching for his eyes. He struck out at them with the pik, ripping a wing, breaching a neck. But as more fell, more came.

Suddenly a guttural shriek went up from the Ichtoaru attacking him. Thraak, crouched on the ground, peered out from under his carapace. The Ichtoaru were frozen, watching the entrance of the cree.

The dust on the hard ground was stirred into eddies, as if fanned by the beating of many wings. One by one, the Hrool flew out, and the full rays of the morning sun struck their golden rainbow wings. The colours shimmered like oil on water.

The Ichtoaru fell back, guttural voices raised in alarm. Through the blood streaming between his eyes, Thraak watched the Hrool rise into the sky, watched how the furious beating of their wings dazzled the Ichtoaru and how their agility and speed outclassed the clumsy predators. Myrr had been right. It was within them to find a new form, and rise above the danger. He raised a broken pincer, to wave them on their way.

Most of the Hrool did fly off, madly pursued by the Ichtoaru. Thraak keeled over, ready to die alone, but without sorrow. His task was complete. He understood if they must leave him there.

But then he felt pincers of great strength grasping him by the carapace, and raising him off the ground. He was not to die in peace after all - some Ichtoaru remained. But the pincers that held him were gentle, the sounds that his auricles heard were not the harsh cries of the Ichtoaru, but the musical trilling of his own kind. Opening a central eye, he saw a rainbow curtain enfolded around him.

Higher the Hrool lifted him until his breathing became laboured, then they dropped again to a height that he could stand. Then they turned for the mountains, and left the land of the cree, and the labouring Ichtoaru, far behind.

- Gail Neville.

CHECKOUT

BY VAN ELK

When I saw that Ron wanted something fannish for THE MENTOR I thought it time that I tried my hand in getting something published. Something fannish. I've read most of the recent Australian fanzines and thought that I should be able to handle something similar to the fannish pieces they publish.

Most of the time I lead a pretty quiet life, if I do say so myself. I left high-school over a decade ago and have worked in a variety of jobs, some of which involved getting my hands dirty, but most of them were clerical. I've worked in Private Enterprise and in all three tiers of government white collar - Local Government, State and Federal public services. I suppose that the different jobs have left me with some advantages - the ability to talk myself into (and out of) getting things done my way is one of them.

At the time of which I want to write of, I had been out of work for four months and the girl I was living with was getting a little peeved that I was not contributing anything to the partnership (other than the obvious). The job that she held down was a clerical assistant in a federal department which had only a small office in Sydney and she found herself being a sort of 'girl-friday'. One good thing about it - as far as the money was concerned - was there was plenty of overtime, about three nights a week, which was making her irritable and me bored as they was a limit to how many movies I could see without running out of titles. It annoyed her that while she felt as if she 'never left the office', there I was loafing around the flat doing nothing.

I had been looking at the 'work available' ads in the Telegraph and Sydney Morning Herald, but although I did go for the interviews it was all the 'don't call us, we'll call you' routine. It got so that I was going through the local freebie newspapers looking for the ads. In the last it wasn't the paid advertisements that got me the job, but a girl I had been friendly with at the

local CES. When I greeted her on the way to pick up my unemployment cheque, she signalled me to come to the end of the counter across from the enquiry answerer. I smiled and asked how she was. She replied that she was still tired from the previous night when she got home at 3 in the morning. She then handed me a photocopied page and said that the job offered on it - she pointed to a numbered paragraph - seemed to suit my talents. I picked up the sheet and saw that it was a photocopy of a page of the Commonwealth Gazette of a week previously. "We only got it yesterday," she commented when she saw me look at the date.

The vacancy was with the Attorney General's Department and looked to be quite easy. 'Ability to work under pressure; Good report writing ability; Able to deal with members of the public; Shift work with overtime available. Reply D....' "Looks good," I said, "When are you going to lunch?"

I managed to rough out a application over lunch and Lucy typed it when she went back. I called in in the afternoon, signed it and Lucy sent it off in the internal mail. Two weeks later I received a letter asking me to come for an interview in Elizabeth Street. I dressed up in my (only) suit and fronted. The interview seemed to go ok and the three shook my hand when I was ushered out. I had given Lucy's number as my contact; it was three days later that they called and told me I had got the job (provided I passed my medical). It was a cold rainy day when I arrived at the Chifley Square, but the building was air-conditioned so I didn't get too many goosebumps.

My flatmate was pleased that I received the confirmation, as was I, that I now had a well-paying (secure) job and we celebrated accordingly.

I was supposed to start work the following Monday so I shopped around Woolworths and bought a long-sleeved shirt and clip tie (which I never wore after the first day) and polished up my shoes. It felt unusual getting up at seven thirty in the morning instead if my usual nine-thirty, but a hot breakfast with coffee felt good.

The address was an office in a new Government building in Newtown. I arrived at 8.30 and had to wait around ten minutes before someone arrived to unlock the front door. I was told to wait and took a seat facing the counter. A little after 9 I was called by the girl manning the counter and ushered into an office. The occupant stood and shook my hand when I entered. His door had 'Inspector' lettered in gold on the glass door. He was about six foot two tall, thin in a cadaverous way, with straight black hair combed straight back. His thick black plastic spectacles surmounting his thin nose gave him the look of a rapacious bird, albeit a dead one. He then introduced me to the staff in the office - of the fifteen people there, twelve were women under twenty five - and informed me that I would be commencing at the 'Works', and that the car should be arriving in ten minutes. He guided me to the tea alcove and poured me a coffee from the violently perking percolator. Shortly afterwards the keys to the car arrived. The Inspector (I won't name names for reasons that will become obvious) chatted inconsequently

while we drank our coffees and then I followed him around the back to the parked Z-car.

By the time we started, the morning peak-hour traffic had almost subsided. It was only a short trip - down to Chalmers Street, Redfern. The building, whose parking lot we turned into, was quite large for the area and appeared to be about five storeys high. It looked a little dilapidated; the sign announcing it to be a Commonwealth parking area had peeling paint.

I followed the Inspector through the manually operated glass doors and into a large foyer. There was an Australian Federal Police Officer at a desk near the bottom of the escalators. The Inspector nodded to him and asked me for my identification. I handed him my wallet with the new ID photograph and he showed it to the AFP officer who glanced at it, recorded some details in a register and handed the wallet back to me. The Inspector beckoned me towards the lift and stepped in, saying, "We'll begin at the fifth floor."

The fifth floor had an almost deserted feeling; the lino was dust-filled and cracked. There was a large area which had obviously been a canteen in the past. The tables had disappeared but the serving counter was still there. In one corner there had been set up a small indoor cafe with shrubs making a boundary against the encroaching silence.

"This is the lunch area," the Inspector commented, indicating the area with a sweep of his right arm. After a slight pause, we stepped onto the escalator. On the way down he commented that floors two to four were laboratories.

When we stepped off onto the first floor, it was obvious that this was the centre of operations. The decor was obviously newly done, in lemon and brown. As we pushed through the glass entrance doors, the three occupants of the office glanced up at us. The Inspector led me across towards a blonde woman in her late twenties who was sitting at a paper-strew desk.

"Alison, this is Richard Van Elk, who I told you about on Friday. I have to get back, so I'll leave him in your capable hands. I know you're short staffed and I am sure you can use someone with his abilities." He turned to me and shook hands again. "I hope you'll like it here," he said, "and remember, you can see me if you have any problems." He then left.

After he had gone Alison introduced me to the two others in the office and then said, "I think you'll find the 'Works' interesting. It is behind closed doors." She smiled, pointing to a set of pale green swing doors " - those ones." She pushed through the doors, and I followed. The door I found myself in was well-lit with fluorescent tubes and was about fifteen metres long and ten wide. Around the walls were bins on wheels and in the centre were four flat-topped benches. On three of the benches were stacked large envelopes and on the other were air letters. At one side of the room was a conveyor belt on which was stacked full blue airmail bags and on the opposite side was a conveyor belt with full light brown bags. There were approximately fifteen people in the room sitting at the

benches and emptying the bags.

"This is where you'll be working," Alison said. "As you know, one of the jobs of the Department is to keep tabs on possible subversive elements. It's well-known that one of the most dangerous avenues for dispersing seditious literature or literature that is dangerous to the public is through the post. Your job here is to go through this incoming overseas mail, looking for this type of literature. Up there," she gestured at a noticed board covered with rows of typing. "are lists of known people who print and publish material that this Department is interested in."

She reached down to a manilla folder which she handed to me. It contained photocopies of the covers of about thirty magazines. They ranged from crudely drawn cover illustrations to well-executed professional magazine covers. Nearly all of them had been registered by Australia Post and it was obvious that at least fifty percent had to do with science fiction. It was with difficulty that I kept a straight face.

This job looked to be going to be a real eye opener.

That was two weeks ago. The more that I talk to my workmates., the more I'm convinced that Australia has a secret level of surveillance that no-one in the outside world dreams exists.

- Van Elk



"CORFLU SNIFFING"

DREAMS

BY PETER BRODIE

Ambruster took another huge puff on his foul pipe as we strolled through the shaded grounds of Centauri Space Science Academy.

"And you say that because of this cyclical thing, the Shann lost their war?"

"That's right, 'bruster. They had been into the thirtieth generation of the whole shebang, warriors specifically bred, whole planets and moons roving through space as battle-wagons, and so on. I must admit, when it came to down and out ferocity, the Shann were a pretty tough bunch. Which makes their loss even more, well, tragic. That's why I've made a study of their technics my speciality. Better to pick up the pieces than let it all go to dust."

He nodded. "Agreed. But what happened to their enemy, the Fitt?"

"Who knows? They're not in this galaxy to the best of our knowledge. Maybe they evolved and moved on, maybe they never came from this sector of the universe in the first place. It's been millions of years, after all. It's a wonder that we could scrape together info to deduce the fate of the Shann."

"Okay, okay." He stopped puffing and scratched an earlobe. "Enough of the lecture. Continue on this cycle biz."

"Well, apparently, every ten thousand years the Shann went into a racial coma, sort of a rest period in which weak and unproductive elements died and the survivors revived after some days with a much increased physical and mental capacity.

"Anyway, the Shann had been into the war with the Fitt for so long that the best of the race had died, leaving mostly Secondary Shann to run things.

"And, what with being busy killing off another species, trying to breed new and more efficient fighters, etc., these inferior Shan totally forgot about their cycle. When it came around, they had no automatic defenses, robotic warriors and so forth to keep the ship from sinking while they revived."

"Bruster gripped my arm. "And that's when..."

"Correct. The Fitt hit the Shann."

THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY- SUMMING UP

∞ JOHN J ALDERSON ∞

In bringing this series on THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY to a close it might be as well to give a short resume of what has been discussed, and what has not, but for which the bulk of the research has been done. The whole then forms an anthropological basis on which to type any society and give an idea of what may or may not be done in the interests of reform.

SOCIETY is a grouping of intermarrying people, and social law and custom refers to the relations between men and women and their children. An Aboriginal moiety cannot be a society because (apart from being usually all the one sex) they cannot intermarry. On the other hand there can be no such thing as Indian society because each caste, whilst itself an intermarrying group (and thus a society) do not intermarry. Nor could we have a society of men alone or women alone.

We examined four different types of societies comprising eleven different peoples with a wide range of cultural and economic standards. The Maoris were also researched but not published. On reflection there can only be three different types of societies...

NON-DOMINATED where neither party enters the other's family on marriage and where the children are either of a different moiety or are fostered out.

WOMEN-DOMINATED societies where the man enters the woman's family and the children belong to the woman's clan or family. We discussed two variants of this, (a) Where the man is treated with honour, and (b) where the man is treated with despoise.

MALE-DOMINATED societies, where the woman enters the man's family and the children belong to the man's family or clan. In theory there could be a group of societies where the women are "treated with despoise" but I have not found them.

EDUCATION has not been treated. In Non-dominated societies each sex educates its own and these societies have strict sex taboos which are part of the education, however University

education has been free and freely available for both sexes in Scotland for many years. In Woman-dominated societies the boys are placed in almost exclusively male company from a very early age (they are thrust out at six by the woman in Melanesia), whilst the woman educate their girls. When this system breaks down the woman force their girls into the male system. In Male-dominated societies the boys usually remain in the women's quarters until puberty and are thus largely educated by the women. Later education is by the men and in some instances this applies to the girls too.

SOCIAL CONTROL has not been treated. In every society the children are under the women's control for the first three or four years, though this is moderated in non-dominated societies by the men also being present in family groups. In woman-dominated societies the first six years are almost totally under the influence of the women, and in these societies the antagonism of the sexes reaches its height. In male-dominated societies the children are wholly under the women's control until puberty. The results of all this seen in the language spoken by the children and which is always the mother's tongue, and the father's tongue has to be acquired (eg the Jews). So little control has the male over his society that he cannot even prevent it dying out as in the case of the Aborigines where the women are marrying in order of preference, white men, three-quarter caste whites, half-caste white and full blood natives, and as the percentage marrying white men is one quarter it appears that in every generation one quarter of the pure blooded Aborigines do not propagate their kind.

POLITICS AND WAR have not been treated. Politics is the male counterpoise to the woman's complete control of society. It is a matter of ego-boosting by creating a pecking-order, largely set and absolute but with enough freedom to allow a movement up the scale by meritorious deeds. The easiest way to gain merit is to succeed in war, and thus war, on the pretext of protecting the community, is undertaken to gain prestige. Various forms of combat, eg. football, are degenerate forms of war. Women are great barrackers for both war and football.

RELIGION: in general terms women make magic and men create religion. The greatest religions of the world are all from Male-dominated societies. Religious missionaries have fought in vain against social practices of converted peoples; the Church against Scottish marriage practices. The Moslems and the Koran have been unable to alter the marriage practices or the inheritance laws of the Minangkabaus, or Hinduism alter the polyandry of the mountain tribes.

CLUBS have been discussed. They are both learned and social and political havens for the men where they are largely beyond the tyranny of their women. They are a psychological necessity, they stimulate intellectual development (become universities) and develop a form of democracy. They are a feature of Woman- and Non-dominated societies and their suppression leads to social nihilist, rape, drug abuse, thugism and other crimes of

violence, ie. anti-social acts.

PRIVATE PROPERTY has not been published. Non-dominated societies have little or no conception of private property, even the woman's primal my baby, my child, my husband is muted. In the Male-dominated society the men regard the earth as "the Lord's" and restrict property to livestock. In the highest of these societies, the Vedic has the conception of the man and woman as "one" so the idea of ownership of children would be "ours". In Woman-dominated societies the idea of property is very acute. The women own gardens, they own their children. Often they own the men who work their fields. In these societies they have a highly developed capitalist system, even where they don't have a coinage, eg. the Manus Islanders.

INHERITANCE... with Non-dominated societies a child will perhaps inherit a name, a moiety, and trinkets, and inheritance may be through the male or female lines. There is a surprising range of inheritance allowed, eg as appointing a tanist heir as in Scotland. In a Woman-dominated society a man's heirs are either his wife's children or his sister's children, and in some cases a man's wealth passes immediately in legal ownership to the woman on marriage. A woman's possessions usually go directly to her daughters. In a Male-dominated society a man's heirs are his own children or his wife's, males and females usually sharing in a stated proportion with little right of testature. The woman's possessions usually go only to her daughters.

REDISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH. This is virtually inapplicable to Non-dominated societies where wealth becomes the property of the tribe or clan and in the most advanced society studied, the Scots, all wealth though vested in the chief was in reality that of the clan, and accumulation of estates (that is rental properties with a following of tenants on them) was prevented as much as possible. In Woman-dominated societies the woman is provided for on marriage with a garden/house and various bric-a-brac and frequently the marriage present. The dowry which usually equals this comes from the bride's family and the marriage present which usually equals this from the bridegroom's family. Always part goes into the bridal feast. In primitive societies the garden reverts to the clan (of the woman). On the death of the man in a more advanced society the estate of the man is split between the wife and her children, all of whom normally get a share (except where the man is treated with despite when he has no property at all), and on the death of the woman her possessions usually go to her daughters. It is obvious that wealth accumulates with the women and only the creation of new wealth by the men allows the system to continue. Taxation by the State is the only means whereby some equality is preserved. With the Male-dominated societies the marriage presents go either to the wife or her family and this is balanced by a dowry which goes to the wife and is returnable on divorce.

All a woman possesses on marriage, all presents she receives and all she personally earns (everybody is expected to have

a trade, even kings) during her life (and her property is sacrosanct even if she is a slave) and on her death usually goes to her daughters though she has the right to give to a son. The husband is expected to provide the household essentials. On the death of the husband part of the estate goes to his wife unless she is otherwise provided for, and the rest split between the children in a fixed proportion. The girls get a minimum of a quarter (Hindu) and up to one third (Moslem) so that in reality the women own close to as much of the national estate as the men.

PRE-NUPTIAL CHASTITY, MARRIAGE, INCEST, ADULTERY & DIVORCE. Incest and adultery have been dealt with. In Non-dominated societies there is little scope for pre-nuptial intercourse as the parties are married immediately upon puberty, often with the woman being deflowered by her closest relations. Otherwise living together is all that is necessary and virginity not required. Incest has little to do with biological relationship. Divorce is possible but the reaction of offended male relatives makes it a risky business. Adultery and incest are virtually the same with the Aborigines, with the Maoris it became a matter of war. The Scots may have been broad-minded but economy and the fear of retaliation by the woman's relatives prevented many a divorce, the man simply taking a second wife. Little ceremony is needed for marriage in a Male-dominated society but it is usually attended with considerable ceremony with dowry and marriage present exchanges. Pre-marital chastity is expected though a "fatherless" child is regarded as part of the woman's father's family, its father having no rights to it. Chastity is expected within marriage and marriage held in the highest regard, yet surrogate mothers/fathers are allowed. Divorce varies from very easy amongst the Moslems (save for offended clansmen and the repayment of the dowry) to non-existent amongst the Hindu and adultery regarded as the most heinous of sins. The sanctity of marriage is certainly the ideal. In Woman dominated societies pre-nuptial chastity varies from none at all to the loss of virginity being a capital offence. Marriage ceremonies vary just as much and their lack or otherwise seems to vary with the incidence of pre-nuptial chastity, as where there is no ceremony it is hard to say a marriage has taken place or is in existence. In these marriages the tossing of a man's clothing out the door constitutes divorce. In such societies adultery is a weapon in the sex-war as of course is divorce and it is hardly necessary to remark that sex-war causes a degraded and degrading society. There are higher types of Woman-dominated societies where marriages are chaste and permanent. Incest in these societies consist mainly in a man having to do with his relations and usually only the man is punished. This seems the norm for adultery and incest in all societies except the Non-dominated where both parties are given the same punishment.

SOCIETY IN THE FUTURE. In the past the only change recorded seems to be the creation of the Male-dominated societies and this was only possible because the entire economic fabric of the society was so changed that women could not in any way dominate. Consequently in these Male-dominated societies the women have the most effective influence, as contrast to the Woman-dominated

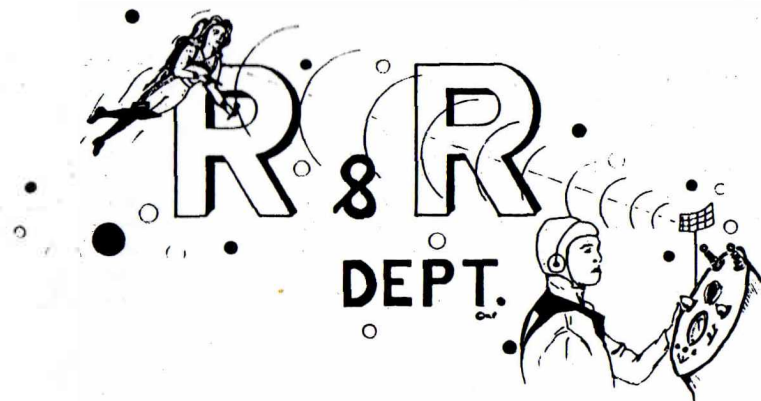
societies where they lose economically and culturally because of the sex-war they perpetuate. Woman-dominated societies can oscillate between one where the male is held in despite and where he is held in honour. But the more the male ego is attacked the more he responds in what is nicely called "anti-social behavior". The settlement of a new country like Australia brought with it the social laws and mores of England and minorities such as the Greeks still try to maintain their societies but they are doomed to failure. The whole weight of the law and the customs of the land is against them. Society is the basis of culture and our aim to establish a multicultural nation is thus doomed from the very offset, not that we collectively are going to shed any tears over this, but we could be less hypercritical about it.

Thus, the peculiar type of society into which we find ourselves born cannot be changed. It is impossible to change a Male-dominated society into a Non-dominated one, or a Woman-dominated society into either. But they can all be made very much worse and possibly even better. Trying to do the impossible can only make them worse. It is important to know which type of society in which one lives before trying to alter it and the medicine needed for a sick society will differ from that needed by another just as a sick bulldozer will not be cured with the same means used on a sick bull. Those of you who have read this series should be able to type our society exactly. It is very easy to be superficial about this. But, if you are married, when did you and your spouse last sit down to Christmas dinner (or Thanksgiving in the U.S.) with your married brother and his family?

Most anti-social acts which infringe the law are done by men and they are reactions against repression. As we have seen, even when a society starts committing suicide as is the case with the Aborigines with the marrying whites, the males of the society are utterly powerless to prevent it. Women have almost absolute say in society, they make it what it is, our society is wholly their creation.

Unfortunately we men cannot opt out except by joining a monastery, and even then "shades of the prison-house" remain to close upon us.

- John J. Alderson.



TERRY BROOM, 23 Claremont St., Lincoln LN2 5BN, Lincs, England.

I like the style of HARD METAL in TM 59, though I think Alan Stewart relied too much on the punk language (debased english?) when he should have flashed out the characterisation. I can imagine scenes where Rick meets Norris, before Rick meets Norris, after Norris's death where Rick knowing too much, is hunted and so tracks the baddies down - perhaps to eventually side with them? And because of the curious lack of emotion or feeling, I thought Rick was an android until the very end. An android would make an ironic point - cheaper to make androids than replace organic bits and pieces of humans - and androids treated cheaply, when they too, have emotion? The successor to homo. sap? Certainly a lot of stuff in here to make a novelette, novella or novel out of - the final action scene was very well handled. Alan Stewart is a bloody good writer.

AUSTRASHIMA/APATHY - very emotive stuff, the threat of nuclear war, but I think the poem overdoes it slightly. Describing the effects of such a war on the survivors leaves little room for true invention, so style must be the strong point in any poem about the war-to-end-all-wars, and unfortunately Neil resorts to some familiar images and phrases. I think the thing is that it is too familiar and because it is, it debases what Niel is trying to say and feel strongly about. It isn't what is shown necessarily, but the way it is shown: 'I scratch and now/skin and hair decorate/my fingernails' should be powerful, but the language is too simple. 'Then we see Anthea Harris/from the peace movement/wailing over her dying friend' wields the message brutally - I winced. I felt I was being force-fed. The phrase is also strained. The 'wailing over her friend' tells us what Anthea is doing, but not what she is feeling. The phrase is too pat and glib. The final phrase 'I should have cared' suggests narrator intrusion, as if s/he was instrumental in causing the situation, but there is nothing explicit to suggest this. As it is implicit, it raises objections in me, as the possibility that s/he was not instrumental to the situation must be considered, but in that case caring would not have helped as the war

did occur. I care, but I will not accept the guilt as I'm strongly opposed to it. The title is a wincer, too. I felt it a bit untactful as it casts a slur over Hiroshima by association, even if it is an unreasoned reaction. There is a danger of trivialising the topic, doing it to death, by over-saturation and lessening of quality, too. Writing on controversial themes such as this should be chosen with more care.

To reply to John Alderson's letter: Of course I recognised that I may have got hold of the wrong end of the stick as regards his article (in TM about a year ago), but not having 'the vaguest idea' should tell John something in itself: that John's article was largely inaccessible due partly to his style (university thesis convoluted) and partly due to the lack of context in which it was placed (I didn't have access to previous sections of the thesis, how many other people didn't? It's also good practice to restate aims, and give summaries of past selections before launching into a new one, because people's memories need to be refreshed. This is commonly understood, and is as much a fault of the editor as the writer (the editor for his/her oversight). The fact that John does examine remote societies (either in time or space) is biased in itself, as it excludes equally relevant sources. This exclusion influences the result, the results can therefore not be relied on as being accurate (I know you can't include everything in an article like this, but the selections still strikes me as unfairly selective). Prejudice by means of exclusion is a major problem in social situations (social as in society), women banned from doing certain things for example (like playing league football) - it's strange that an article looking at societies and purporting to be objective should overlook this. His results, conclusions, should have been qualified by a statement as to what exactly they apply to and, perhaps, at what point they become meaningless.

Textbooks - perhaps 'sourcebooks' would have been a more accurate description? (but this is nit-picking). I apologise for the inaccuracy. What is so illogical about objecting to works of fiction? I agree with John that fictional works do provide a great deal of information about the society and times anyone lived or lived in, but precisely because they are works of fiction, they are subject to exaggerations, myths, untruths, and distortions on a much more grand scale than factual texts, and that makes them much less reliable as unimpeachable and appropriate information sources (picture a historian of the far future reading a science fictional or fantastical book and saying, "My, they could do wonders in those days" - and the book is the Bible, and that historian lives now, but the book may have been any number of fantasy books published in the last hundred years). The anthropological value of a book of fact is far greater than that of a book of fiction for these reasons. It can be quite hard to separate the nuggets of truth presented in a fiction from the lies, even though the lies themselves, by their nature, provide indirect information for anthropologists (for example, take BRAVE NEW WORLD. Several things in it came true, but weren't so at the time of writing. A future historian may not know this and assume they were around at the time Huxley wrote about them. Could the same be true of elements in the Bible?). The difference is the difference between direct and indirect information. Between irrefutable fact and interpretation or highly

imaginative speculation. This needed to be stated in the article, and because it was not, the information was met by me with much doubt.

Joy Hibbert is not the spokesperson for the entire feminist movement or any other individual. She speaks for herself. One of writer does not speak for all other writers, why should she then be taken to represent all feminists (ignoring her obviously false statements that she is, if she every has done)? While many other feminists may agree with her views, many do not and many only partly agree. It is wrong, therefore, to attack the entire feminist movement and its individuals on the basis of what just one person said (attack her for what she has said, if you disagree with it, but don't attack anyone else for what she has said). I would not presume to attack the entire male population of the world for being anti-feminist just by going on what views John alone expresses. The other major point about this is - why he then chose to bring a personal comment (aimed at Joy and against feminists in general) into this thesis when the proper place for it would be in the loccol? Reading Joy's letter wouldn't have made the least difference to my reaction on his thesis for all of these reasons - why should it do so? That attitude strikes me as amazingly illogical. Perhaps John is confusing issues, here. I'm against him attacking Joy in an article which has nothing to do with the matter, not against him attacking Joy in the proper context, the proper place (though it would help him if he did so with more consideration). John states his thesis was supposed to be free of as much bias as he could muster, but he ended it with an anti-feminist tract that displayed the most appalling bias, and furthermore, a tract that has nothing at all to do with the rest of the thesis by his own admission ("I suggest Terry read Joy Hibbert's letter to understand why I made that attack on feminists" he says in TM 59) - the admission, by the way, is worded in such a way as to make it seem the reason I didn't understand the attack on feminists was my fault. But there was no indication at all in the thesis that this attack was sparked by any letter of Joy's and if it was, then that, in itself, is a source reference and should have been listed.

Linking what I said on his thesis with the new attack on Joy is extremely unfair - the connection so tenuous as to be non-existent. I am no longer a friend of Joy's for various reasons, but if John is going to attack her for being a 'pathological chauvinist' then he must be careful not to make the same or similar mistakes himself, as it undermines the worth of his case.

I enjoyed SHIPWRECK (both the poem and the illustration), Marianne Plumbidge is very talented. The Steve Sneyd poem - one of his better ones (that's A QUESTION OF SEASONING. I found SONG CRYER less accessible, the style obscuring the meaning). Andrew Darlington's poem is lovely, too.

The Soviet Art is fantastic! The paintings must be stunning in colour. I hope you continue to do features like this.

I didn't like TAKEAWAY - ever such a cliché's story, and after all those people got eaten, the dog was a bit of an anti-climax! It lacked any real conflict and had little character

development. A story should be more than simply a twist ending. If Lana Brown is interested in writing traditional space-opera she isn't going far wrong, if she is more ambitious, she has a long way to go yet. I hope she makes it.

ADVENTURE GAME suffers similar problems. Where it shows more promise is in the prologue which I found the most exciting (being the most humorous) - the style, very light-hearted, was better.

I couldn't follow the reasoning and direction of THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY despite the title, so gave up on it after the first page (what was off-putting was it had already jumped about so much by then). I still think the style makes it inaccessible, but anyone who can follow that and the reasoning may have something kinder to say.

That only leaves the art. The covers (both front and back) are wunnerful, as is the Steve Fox monster on page 29. I also liked the two pieces by Malcolm Edwards, the other Fox stuff, the uncredited art SYDNEY MORNING HERALD, but particularly the SPACED OUT illo. The Russian stuff wasn't as interesting, but was competent and I've already mentioned the Soviet art and MariAnne's piece on p.16.

Lastly, Rob Gregg, fellow fan and friend of mine, died in September, and his sister requests no more fanzines be sent.

JULIE VADK, 14 Zara Rd., Willoughby, NSW 2068.

You will find this Loc much more positive in tone. Since the last letter I wrote things have changed slowly for the better. The optometrist tells me my eyes are improving, the tinted glasses are working, and I actually passed my classical greek course with a credit (now if only dingaling would change his mind...).

By the end of February I'll know what can't be fixed even with therapy. With the excess visual stress gone, hopefully the dyslexia will act up a lot less often and hence less typos and dropped words, etc. For example I should have written "the basic UNDER garment is a kind of leather apron".

Hopefully lots of things will improve. I am finally getting a word processor but still need to purchase a dot matrix printer. Anyone want to buy a whole lot of old drawings, paintings, magazines, etc at a discount price? - I still haven't paid off the word processor and can't buy the printer until then. Even slightly unreasonable offers will be accepted...

What delightfully odd creatures the Watchers are! Thank you, Richard, for a lovely piece of "faction" (?) and Steve Fox for the beautifully textured illo.

Greg Dales bunyip story combined European and Native folklore aptly often so that the ending was a pleasant surprise. Do get him to write some more for you.



"The Maoris, like the Scots, were all noble" - you should have emphasized the irony. The Highlanders and Islanders, like the Maoris, had an aristocratic clan based culture. I label this type of culture tribal feudalism - it seems to be a precursor to that type of feudal culture found in Europe's middle ages and elsewhere, where the central figure is the warrior on horseback - "the knight". Tribal feudalism - well, in Europe the best examples are Celtic and Hellenic Bronze Age cultures. The Gaelic attitude seemed to be NOT "no commoners in Scotland", but more that if you're not a clansman you're a commoner. Also remember a Scotsman is a LOWLANDER who speaks the Scots dialect that give us the poems of Dunbar and Burns. Despite my surname I am half Celtic and definitely a quarter of Scottish descent, altho that should be obvious to anyone who has seen my snub nose and freckles.

See what you've done, Alderson! You've offended all the people who think they're Celtic by confusing Highlanders with Lowlanders!!

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

Actually, when you mentioned changes to THE MENTOR, must admit I was expecting something more radical, something going off in a whole new direction. When they announce such changes in the outside world, it's usually as a result of falling sales, or the take-over by a company with new-broom tactics; but when it comes to fandom, and THE MENTOR in particular, such reasons rarely apply. So I suppose we shouldn't expect fannish changes to be anything more than cosmetic, and gradual.

(I think the changes fanzines go through because of their editors are more like changes in the Public Service, which are ordered by politicians - they naturally take longer because of inertia. - Ron.)

And living in the Eighties, can we do anything else but take full advantage of '80 technology? I see from the latest issue of ERG that Terry Jeeves even, the champion of the duplicator, is planning his next issue by printer; and for all his conservative image, is welcoming it wholeheartedly. Of course, he has other reasons; but I think this is the way fandom is going anyway, that corflu and duplicator elbow (a malady similar to housemaid's knee)

have had their day. Certainly, it's only lack of funds that stops me joining in the revolution, that ties me down to this typewriter. Come a win on the pools or the greater miracle of finding a full-time job, I'll have a word processor on order, or even straight ff the shelf, and my waste basket full of screwed-up pieces of paper will be a thing of the past. Though I can see some disadvantages in relying on high technology in what is still very much a low-tech world, which is why my typewriter will be carefully oiled and preserved; though I think the art of paper-and-print books will outlast my lifetime. In the local paper recently, there was an item on a typewriter service and repair firm who were changing direction, to only deal with word processors, which seemed just a bit extreme; but then I always was a belt and braces man.

If the new MENTOR means more treats like the portfolio of Soviet sf art, I can certainly approve. It may be a truism to say that a picture is worth a thousand words, but these show what I've been trying to tie down in argument, perfectly typifying that other approach of Soviet sf I've come to expect; if I can half-inch the title of a Sturgeon collection, that touch of strange. Well, except 'Voyage 2014' whose flight deck calls back memories of all the comic and newspaper strips I ever saw; I don't think there's any space hero, be he Dan Dare, Captain Condor or Jeff Hawke, who wouldn't be totally familiar with a scene like that.

The list of Soviet SF translations that Boris provides, tends to intrigue. Not in the choice of titles and authors; but the question is, no longer in solitude, what will they do to Soviet sf itself? Like that universal commodity of blue jeans, I can foresee sf readers demanding more and more American sf, and where that isn't available, American-style sf; and where are the authors who can resist such a demand? In short, I suspect that they may have taken a Trojan Horse into their midst; and rather than keep the uniqueness of Soviet sf, it'll be forced into an international mold.

Had thought by choosing Incest, John had finally come up with something that even I knew about and had an opinion on; but as usual, he's into realms and practices far outside my butterfly-type knowledge, flitting from subject to subject... I was under the impression that the laws against incest were biologically rather than socially necessary, so that the particular race wouldn't be weakened by too much inbreeding; but being chosen by rulers to perpetuate their dynasties adds a whole new dimension. Though surely after a while, it becomes just as self-defeating as any other effort to hang on to power, that if inbreeding does bring weakness, it'll be recognisable as such and lead to either rebellion by their subjects, or invasion from outside the frontier. But certainly it does help to show just how determined the human race is to survive!

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK, PO Box 1422, Arcadia, Ca 91006, USA.

Thanks for sending THE MENTOR 60A. It is specially interesting to see which titles are printed in Australia, and also to get information on some items being published there that might never make it to the USA.

(Sorry Harry, but there are very few titles being

actually published (and printed) in Australia. Most of the publishers you aren't familiar with are British and the editions are printed in the UK. - Ron.)

Hope all is well with you. I have spent the 25th December at the home of Lee and Barry Gold, SF Fans who hold a Sir Isaac Newton's Birthday Party every 25 December. WE had a good gathering of fans. I especially enjoyed myself since the parties are no-smoking and no-drinking.

JACK HERMAN, Box 272, Wentworth Building, Sydney University 2006.

A few comments on TM 60:

Buck's conreport leaves a number of interesting questions to be asked: if, as he says in the first paragraph, this year's worldcon was in Atlanta and last year's was in Los Angeles, whatever happened to the Worldcon I attended in Melbourne. Perhaps, Buck is living in an alternate universe where the worldcon never leaves the USofA. Or, perhaps, the fannish MiniTru has rewritten all the fannish history to obliterate 'Aussiecon II from the Fannish Memory. In that case, I am definitely guilty of thoughtcrime because I really do recall LACON II as being in 1984 and Aussiecon II in 1985. I even remember being at them both. I am obviously in need of re-education.

I suspect part of the problem that Sue Bursztynski had with adjusting to KINKON was that her con education had been largely at media cons. I have organised quite a few cons and everyone was programmed to include meal-breaks. I would have thought these were de rigueur but, maybe, there are some cons when you can get all your sustenance from bathing in the reflected glory of the GoH or the Committee. Similarly, we have always placed a fair deal of emphasis on getting events to start on time. This bureaucratic hang-up has often caused problems because people involved in a panel are frequently unhappy to see them end so the next one can be punctual and in place.

In spite of Sue's culture shock in coming to grips with a con that does exactly what I would expect every con to do, her report does mesh with others I have read that suggest that KINKON 2 was a 'gash lash'. It was a pity that it had to be held on the same weekend as SYNCON 86 which also garnered good reviews as an enjoyable and well-run con.

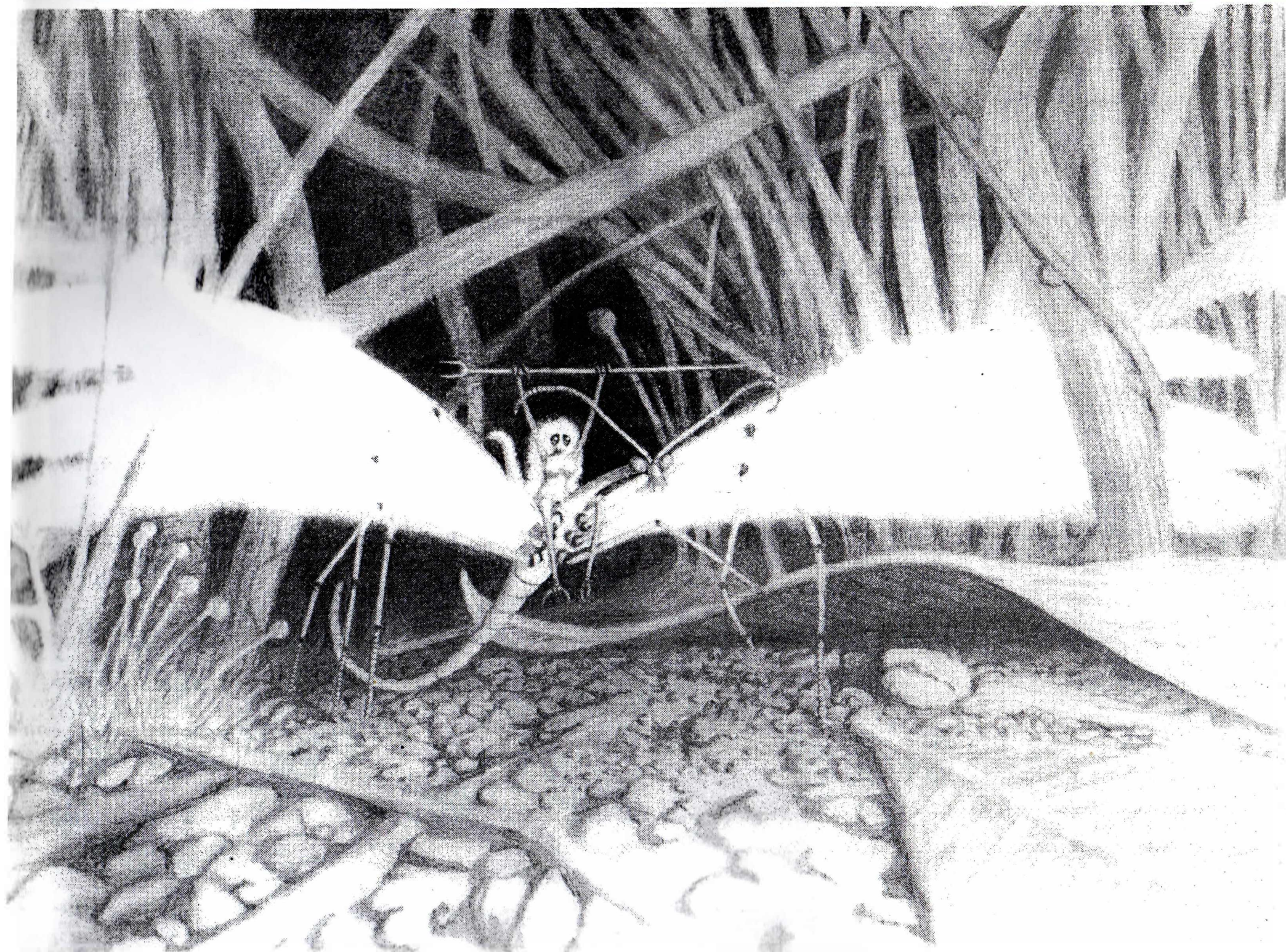
I think the idea of the leaner TM is probably a good one. I have been having similar thought about WF for similar time and financial reasons. But I would still like to see a stronger editorial presence in TM. With no Ron's Roost, even in its usual abbreviated form, and little input into the lettercol, the zine comes across almost anonymously. Good looking, certainly, but lacking the impact that a more active editorial presence might give it.

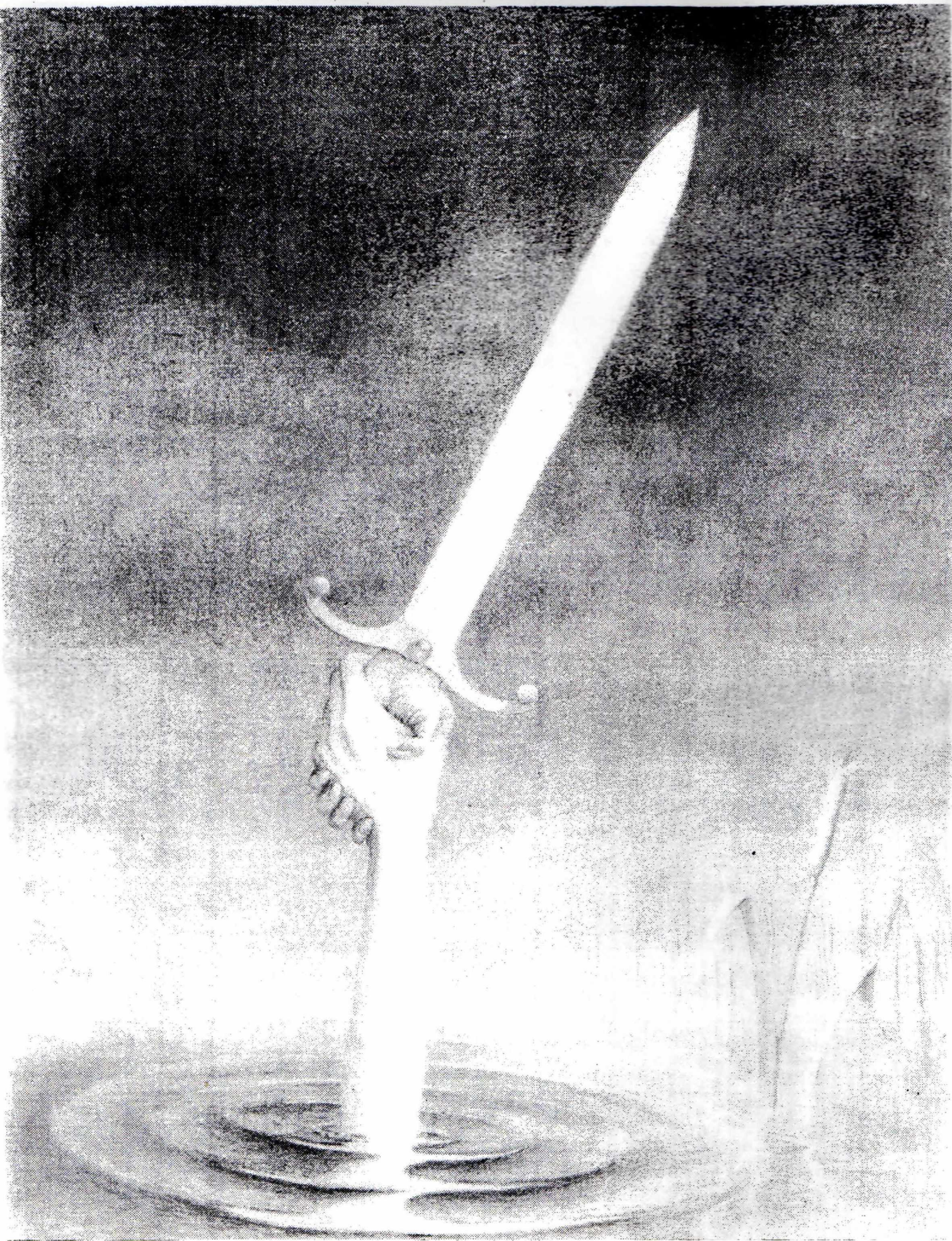
WE ALSO HEARD FROM: Andrew Darlington, Buck Coulson, and Dennis Stocks.

PORTFOLIO

BY MALCOLM ENGLISH









TRILLION YEAR SPREE - THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION by Brian Aldiss & David Wingrove. Gollancz trade pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1973, 1986. 512pp incl. index. A\$26.95. On sale now.

TRILLION YEAR SPREE is a rewritten and updated BILLION YEAR SPREE (which is why the 1973 Copyright date). As far as I can ascertain from my reading of it, most of the 1973 material is there, but there has been considerable updating for the preceding ten years.

The book gives background to those stories that most people consider to be the first sf stories and then Aldiss, early on in the piece, gives his reasons for considering FRANKENSTEIN to be the first true sf novel. Indeed the background the authors give is quite extensive and covers much of the 'literary' figures that wrote proto-sf novels in the 17th, 18th and 19th Centuries. Also included are two sets of photo pages on glossy paper. I think the main reason Gollancz published this volume in paperback was that the cost of publishing it in hardcover would be prohibitive for the ordinary sf reader. I applaud them.

TRILLION YEAR SPREE is a must book for any serious sf library, and recommended reading for any student of sf (as indeed this is one of the reasons for publishing the volume, as is mentioned in the early pages).

DAD'S NUKE by Marc Laidlaw. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1985. 255pp. A\$29.95. On sale now.

This is a first novel and it is aimed quite high, being humorous sf. There is a very thin dividing line with sf written to be humorous and which is, and material that does not amuse at all. DAD'S NUKE is set in an America of the not-so-distant future when

the only stable communities are isolated from the remainder of the country by physical barriers. Unfortunately these followers of the American Dream do not escape from the aberrations that affect the rest of the community and thus houses that are armed and armoured and citizens that plan how to upstage their neighbours by having the best defensive (and offensive) systems are only some of the outward signs of ferment.

One such family are the Johnsons. 'Dad' Johnson rules his house as the patriarch; his wife minds the kids at home - most of whom have been genetically altered to fit the community's Plan. Baby Erica eats nuclear waste, which is one of the reasons Dad buys a nuclear reactor to power the house, one son, PJ, finds out that he has been engineered to be gay and his two more normal brother and sister both end up having their bodies aging processes speeded up to help them mature.

DAD'S NUKE can join the ranks of those authors who succeeded in writing good sf comedy.

LIMITS by Larry Niven. Orbit pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1985. 240pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

LIMITS is a collection of Larry Niven's stories. Some are short, some are longer, some are sf, some are fantasy and some are collaborations. They are: THE LION IN HIS ATTIC; SPIRALS; A TEARDROP FALLS; TALISMAN; FLARE TIME; THE LOCUSTS; YET ANOTHER MODEST PROPOSAL; TABLE MANNERS; THE GREEN MARAUDER; WAR MOVIE; THE REAL THING and LIMITS. THE LION IN HIS ATTIC is set shortly after Atlantis sank beneath the waves and is a well-written fantasy. SPIRALS is a hard sf story about the first space colony and its early problems setting itself up as self-sufficient. A TEARDROP FALLS is a berserker story written for a projected collection. TALISMAN is another fantasy and FLARE TIME is a hard sf story which concerns itself with humans abandoning a planet to its alien inhabitants. THE LOCUSTS is another hard-core sf novelette, and is one of the more memorable in the book, as is TABLE MANNERS. The remainder are short short stories and articles.

Science fiction was known for the short stories that have been published in the genre - these are some of the better ones.

TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA by Jules Verne. Puffin classic pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust. (C) 1986 in an abridged edition. 272pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This novel was first published in 1870 and this edition is the first I have read. It is interesting that the Walt Disney movie of the same name follows the plot of the novel fairly closely, though the movie does try to say what circumstances shaped Captain Nemo's hate for his foes.

There is really isn't much I can say about the story-line - most people would know it from both comics and the movie; however it is refreshing to read such a novel and find that it is not boring and still retains interest for the modern reader. I suppose all I can say is that this edition is quite readable and seems a well written translation. If you don't have this novel in your library, at \$4.95 it is a bargain.

THE COPPER CROWN by Patricia Kennealy. Grafton pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1984. 511pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

It was like the other contacts with alien races - the Terran scout ship with its small crew drew along side the alien ship and communications were opened. Both sides got the surprise of their lives - the Terrans because the 'aliens' were Celts that had fled Ireland when Christianity first arrived on starships they built with plans left by the departed Atlantians. The Kelts had waited some three thousand years for the Terrans to discover them. And now they had. To this complication were the politics of the situation - there were three alien races which the Kelts had been playing against each other and at the time of the contact it looked as though two of those races would combine their might against the Kelts.

There are several of these Celtic background novels around that are usually fantasy. Though **THE COPPER CROWN** has the trappings of sf it is not - there is a distinct fantasy background (how the Irish built starships without an industrial base would make interesting background...) and this detracts from what could have been a better novel.

CORPSE by Mick Farren. NEL pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1986. 304pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

The Corpse the title of the novel refers to is a CORPORate Security Exec - a Hit man for the large multi-national corporations that had grown so as to dwarf national governments. Vickers was a Corpse - one of the best. He was called in just after his latest killing on a space station to investigate the taking over of a Survival Bunker by some corporate executives - two of the men who nearly ran the world. His job was to spy out what they were doing.

Shortly after Vickers joined the bunker crew the long feared Cold War erupted and the bunker was sealed. With a five women to one man sex ratio (to populate the world after the bomb) all looked rosy. That is until one of the executives took over as dictator and morale took a sharp downturn. That was when the Corpses became more active and a showdown with the masses became inevitable.

CORPSE is an sf adventure novel for the 80s. There is plenty of action, but not much for cerebral activity. Get it for a teenager or prototeen.

ONE MILLION TOMORROWS by Bob Shaw. Grafton pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1970 by Bob Shaw. 176pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

Another sf novel I haven't read till now. (By-the-by, all the book reviewed here are either first releases in Australia or are reprints on current release - they aren't remainders, unless I say so.) Shaw has had some recent releases in hardcover, and now some older paperbacks.

With the discovery of a serum for conferring near physical immortality, the human population had become more selective in their activities - accidents could still kill. One of the big problems with the serum was that, although females remained

functional, males did not, so their reproductive activity had to take place before they 'tied off'. The males became known as 'Cools' after they took their shot. Will Carewe worked for one of the big chemical manufacturers, and when he was offered the opportunity to be a guinea pig for a new serum that did not have this side-effect he jumped at it. His marriage was firm, but both he and his wife were getting on. From the time he had the shot, both his personal and business lives took a turn for the worst.

One of the few novels I could hardly put down - I read it in two sittings. *Recommended*

WINTER IN EDEN by Harry Harrison. Grafton h/c, dist in Aust by William Collins. 486pp incl indices. A\$24.95. On sale now.

With the rising prices on paperbacks, its almost worth it buying hardcovers now. This is second volume of Harrison's latest trilogy. The more I read it, the more I like it. I think the **EDEN** trilogy will be an example of the case where the extra length is needed to flesh out the story and background, which Harrison is doing admirably.

The basic premise is that in this Eden's world the giant meteor which struck the earth, flung up dust and killed off the dinosaurs did not happen. The dinosaurs evolved into an intelligent species which ultimately, when voyaging west, came to another continent where humans dwelled. There, in their mutual hatred, they commenced to slaughter each other. In this second novel the human are again forced out of the temperate regions and are contained into their home valley, and a final assault is made to exterminate them.

I didn't think all that highly of **WEST OF EDEN**, the first volume - but with this backing it up, it is creating a Sense of Wonder all its own. *Recommended*,

AMBULANCE SHIP by James White. Futura pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1974, 1979, 1980. 184pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

Back in the sixties when I was reading the Carnell **NEW WORLDS**, I came across the originals of the Hospital Station series in that magazine. What struck me at the time was the cover illustrating one of the stories. I thought that the stories at the time were first class and different to anything being published.

This book is actually three stories linked together to form a chronological order. Part One is **CONTAGION**, which introduces the idea of an Ambulance ship to be able to travel fast to interstellar disasters. Because of the large number of aliens in the galaxy, the operating theatre on board the ship is able to hold most known intelligent species and the doctors, both human and alien, have appropriate training. In all three stories one major problem comes up that needs to be solved by the crew before they can rescue the crew, if any are alive, of the damaged alien ship (or the damaged aliens). Part two is **QUARANTINE** and Part three is **RECOVERY** (published for the book).

James White was well known back in the sixties for his magazine fiction, and deservedly so. **AMBULANCE SHIP** is one of the collections that were taken from the magazines. Definitely worth reading.

ANCIENT, MY ENEMY by Gordon R. Dickson. Sphere pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1974. 253pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

Up till I read this volume I hadn't read many of Dickson's short stories and then sometimes years apart. **ANCIENT, MY ENEMY** is a collection of nine of his stories, dated from 1951 to 1969, with the majority from the early fifties. In the last few years of course he has been concentrating on novels.

The stories included herein are some of his better ones, and are: **ANCIENT, MY ENEMY**; **THE ODD ONES**; **THE MONKEY WRENCH**; **TIGER GREEN**; **THE FRIENDLY MAN**; **LOVE ME TRUE**; **OUR FIRST DEATH**; **IN THE BONE** and **THE BLEAK AND BARREN LAND**. Many of them are from Campbell's **ASTOUNDING**, and show it. They are nearly all action stories, and some are action adventures (Science Fiction Adventures...), such as **THE BLEAK AND BARREN LAND**, in which story prospectors pit themselves against a hostile world and its natives, which they try to kill if they have the chance. A girl comes along to do some research, but the back-to-the-basics is too much for her in the end and the protagonist ends up leaving her to her civilized worlds.

Most of the stories tell of the struggle by Man against environment and aliens and the superiority of the former. Even thirty years later they still are able to hold the reader's attention.

FOUNDATION AND EARTH by Isaac Asimov. Grafton h/c, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1986. 462pp. A\$24.95. On sale now.

The Foundation series is alive and well and there is another volume, at least, still to come. **FOUNDATION AND EARTH** is the sequel to **FOUNDATION'S EDGE**, which was published in 1982. It created quite a stir and **FOUNDATION AND EARTH** probably will too. Several of the old generation US SF authors are attempting to tied their more well known novels together, some whether they fit or not. One such author is Robert Heinlein. Another is Isaac Asimov.

FOUNDATION AND EARTH continues with Golan Trevize and Janov Pelorat's search on the ship **FAR STAR** for Earth, so that they can solve some puzzles - for Trevize the subconscious reasoning behind his acceptance of the future existence of Galaxia, and Pelorat so he can find some basis for his life's work. They pick up a native of Gaia, Bliss, who ends up a companion of Pelorat, and in their visiting Spacer worlds, an outcast child, Fallon. After many adventures they reach earth and discover that some of the legends are correct in what they predicted.

I found this a more satisfying book than **FOUNDATION'S EDGE** - with that earlier book I think Asimov was still settling into the universe of the Foundation. In **FOUNDATION AND EARTH** he has picked up the correct threads. A fitting end to the Foundation and the Empire.

STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE by Rod Serling. Bantam pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1960, 1961, 1962. 418pp. A\$14.95. On sale now.

The stories in this volume were first published in three volumes as: **STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE**; **MORE STORIES FROM THE**

TWILIGHT ZONE and **NEW STORIES FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE**. The stories are still split up herein. They are, as far as I can make out from the Introduction by T.E.D. Klein, rewritten from the scripts. Most everyone can remember the TV series **THE TWILIGHT ZONE** (in fact they were repeated in Sydney last year). They are written here as short stories, but in several they have the last scene spoken by Serling to wind up that episode.

They include some of the more memorable of the episodes: **THE MIGHTY CASEY**; **ESCAPE CLAUSE**; **WALKING DISTANCE**; **THE FEVER**; **WHERE IS EVERYBODY**; **THE MONSTERS ARE DUE ON MAPLE STREET**; **THE LONELY**; **MR DINGLE**; **THE STRONG**; **A THING ABOUT MACHINES**; **THE BIG**; **TALL WISH**; **A STOP AT WILLOUGHBY**; **THE ODYSSEY OF FLIGHT 33**; **DUST**; **THE WHOLE TRUTH**; **THE SHELTER**; **SHOWDOWN WITH RANCE MCGREW**; **THE NIGHT OF THE MEEK**; **THE MIDNIGHT SUN** and **THE RIP VAN WINKLE CAPER**.

If you liked the series and wish a memento of it, this is a good chance - or if you missed all or some of the previous volumes.

THE CHILDREN OF ASHGAROTH by Richard Ford. Grafton h/c, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1986. 444pp. A\$24.95. On sale now.

The Faradawn Trilogy consists of the two previously published volumes, **QUEST FOR THE FARADAWN** and **MELVAIG'S VISION**. The concluding volume is **THE CHILDREN OF ASHGAROTH**.

At the end of **MELVAIG'S VISION** all was peaceful. Asharoth was separated from the world of the creatures that used logic rather than magic, Man, and things looked to be quiet. However the evil Dreagg saw this peace and it did not go with its plans, so one of his follows, Barll managed to persuade the people of the land that it was necessary to kill for food. This was against the philosophy of Asharoth and thus the seeds for its destruction were sown.

Morven son, Bracca, was the one it befell to lead the attempt to try to stop Dreagg. On the quest, the animals who helped his father were picked up and the group moved on to their destiny. That destiny was not quite what they all wanted, even Dreagg, but at the conclusion Bracca did find his love and they journeyed back to Asharoth..

There is an overwhelming avalanche of fantasy stories at the moment and most are not worth searching out. **THE CHILDREN OF ASHGAROTH** is, however, an enjoyable, quiet afternoon's read. *

WINDMASTER'S BANE by Tom Djeitz. Avon pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam Books. (C) 1986. 279pp. A\$7.95. On sale now.

Another quest novel. This time it is set in Georgia's Blue Ridge Mountains, where David Sullivan had learned that a belief in strange lights and tracks that led between worlds was just for the locals. The time would come, however, when he and his brother, Billy, would find out that these myths are real.

WINDMASTER'S BANE contains the three elements of a fantasy novel, a Riddle, a Ring and a Quest. It is from this everyday setting that David journey's into a world where the Sidhe exist takes place. One of the Celts, the Windmaster, has evil intentions on both David and his world. This novel would make an entertaining read for a teenager, though the depth is deep enough

for anyone.

I am, though, getting fed up with all the Celts turning up in fantasy novels these days. Can't authors think up some other background characters or locals than Ireland and its heroes? Other than for that winge, WINDMASTER'S BANE is good for an hour or so's entertainment.

DRAGON GRAFTON BOOKS SERIES: Edited by Isaac Asimov, Martin Greenberg and Charles Waugh. Dragon Grafton pb, dist in Aust by William Collins.

ASIMOV'S EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS (C) 1984. 204pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The stories in this volume are about young extra-terrestrials, and going along with this, the book, along with its companion volumes following, are meant for young readers. There are quite a few stories in the 204 pages, and they are: DOORSTOP by Keith Laumer; IN THE DOORS OF DANGER by Piers Anthony; THE WITNESS by Eric Frank Russell; THE MISSISSIPPI SAUCER by Frank B Long; PRIMARY EDUCATION OF THE CAMIROI by R.A. Lafferty; TWEEN by J.F. Bone; ZOO by Edward D. Hoch; SUBCOMMITTEE by Zena Henderson; KEYHOLE by Murrey Leinster and KINDERGARTEN by James Gunn. Their publishing dates range from 1951 to 1978 and the majority were published in the sf prozines. This is a good volume to give to a pre-teenager or someone in their early teens to introduce them to sf. Or, indeed, if you missed the stories in their first printing. I don't think they have been published elsewhere in book form.

ASIMOV'S MUTANTS: (C) 1984. 201pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

A companion volume to the above, with stories about young mutants. The stories range from the nearly-ordinary to those that make the reader make use of his or her sense of wonder and stretch the imagination.

The collected stories make interesting reading for both the new and older reader: HAIL AND FAREWELL by Ray Bradbury; KEEP OUT by Frederick Brown; WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR by John Brunner; THE WONDER HORSE by George Byram; HE THAT HATH WINGS by Edmond Hamilton; I CAN'T HELP SAYING GOODBYE by Ann Mackenzie; SECOND SIGHT by Alan E. Nourse; THE LISTENING CHILD by Iris Seabright; THE LOST LANGUAGE by David H. Keller; PRONE by Mack Reynolds and COME ON, WAGON! by Zena Henderson.

Typing through the above, I noticed two of the stories are from the 1930s (1934 and 1938), which goes to show that some sf doesn't age.

ASIMOV'S MONSTERS: (C) 1985. 203pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

The "recommended reading" dragon on the cover of this book is for those "eight years upwards". Again, these are stories about young children and are part of the publisher's foray into their reading shores.

The stories included are: HOMECOMING by Ray Bradbury; GOOD-BYE, MISS PATTERSON by Phillis MacLennan; THE WHEEL BARROW BOY

by Richard Parker; THE CABBAGE PATCH by Theodore Cogswell; THE THING WAITING OUTSIDE by Barbara Williamson; RED AS BLOOD by Tanith Lee; FRITZCHEN by Charles Beaumont; THE YOUNG ONE by Jerone Bixby; OPTICAL ILLUSION by Mack Reynolds; IDIOT'S CRUSADE by Clifford D. Simak; ONE FOR THE ROAD by Stephen King and ANGELICA by Jane Yolen.

As can be seen by the listing of author's names, most of them are well known in the sf field for their works.

ASIMOV'S GHOSTS: (C) 1985. 202pp. A\$5.95. On sale now.

Together with the above volumes, this one is about young... ghosts. The cover illustration is interesting - it shows a multi-towered sand castle, with a small shovel and bucket outside, and a light (maybe the sun) shining through the uppermost window.

Half the stories have copyright dates, the others do not - which points to which are in public domain. The ones that are dated are: POOR LITTLE SATURDAY by Madeleine L'Engle; THE LAKE by Ray Bradbury; THE TWILIGHT ROAD by Hesta Brimsmead; THE VOICES OF EL DORADO by Howard Goldsmith and THE CHANGING OF THE GUARD by Anne Serling-Sutton (the latter being a Twilight Zone episode of Rod Serling's adapted by the author). The stories with no copyright date are: LOST HEARTS by M.R. James; ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD by Richard Middleton; A PAIR OF HANDS by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch; AN UNCOMMON SORT OF SPECTRE by Edward Page Mitchell; THE HOUSE OF THE NIGHTMARE by Edward Lucas White and THE SHADOWY THIRD by Ellen Glasgow.

All the above volumes have a short Introduction by Asimov. All would make excellent gifts.

THE DRAGONLANCE CHRONICLES:

DRAGONS OF AUTUMN TWILIGHT; DRAGONS OF WINTER NIGHT; DRAGONS OF SPRING DAWNING by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman. Penguin pb, dist in Aust. by Penguin Books Ltd. (C) 1984, 1985. 445, 399 and 382pp. A\$7.95ea. On sale now.

The first volume of THE DRAGONLANCE CHRONICLES/TRILOGY (DRAGONS OF AUTUMN TWILIGHT) was reviewed in TM 60. They were released over the period November 1986 to February 1987 by Penguin. There is an illustration at the heading of each chapter and, the print being 15 pitch, there is quite an amount of material in those three-or-four hundred pages in each.

Eight heroes must win through on their quest - their world of Krynn must be saved and only with the aid of the Dragon Orb or the Dragonlance can they possibly end their quest successfully. In DRAGONS OF WINTER NIGHT the eight separate to expand their chances of coming across one of the two objects. The third volume, DRAGONS OF SPRING DAWNING, they enter the fortress of the enemy, Pax Tharkas, with one of the magic weapons, but before they can defeat Queen Takhisis, they must beat their own inner selves.

The company that spawned these novels first put out roleplaying games. I wonder if they are just diversifying, or do novels sell more?

TIME OF THE TWINS by Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books Aust. (C) 1986. 398pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This is a new fantasy trilogy and follows in time after

THE DRAGONLANCE CHRONICLES. The world is still at peace, but a powerful wizard liked the extend of power that evil brings and he was determined that darkness again would rule. There are two people determined to stop him - his twin brother Caramon, and Crysania (why, oh why do main characters have to have names that at first glance look similar?). Together with Tasslehoff, they set out. Because of events, they must journey back through time to try to stay the trouble at its source in the city of Istar.

With both male and female main characters to bind both reader sexes, and plenty of adventure and scallywags to keep up that interest, I have no doubt that this trilogy will do well. Unfortunately the books are getting close to the \$10 barrier so they might get out of reach for those readers they are aimed at - the teenagers.

THE INVADER'S PLAN MISSION EARTH VOL. 1, BLACK GENESIS, FORTRESS OF EVIL (MISSION EARTH VOL. 2) by L. Ron Hubbard. Published & distrib. in Aust. by New Era Publications, h/c. (C) 1985, 1986. 555 & 426pp. A\$

Following the success of **BATTLEFIELD EARTH**, Hubbard started on a ten book series called Mission Earth which is set in the present day. **THE INVADER'S PLAN** is actually an introduction to the series. Even though each book is set out into chapters, each volume is really a chapter in a gigantic novel. The narrator is Soltan Gris who at the time is placing his memoirs into a form to be read by the Voltarian government. His job was in an organ of the government called The Apparatus which was generally known to be run by criminals and other such low lives.

The Voltarians had been proceeding for millenia with their Plan to rule all of known space. Their work had been going without too many hitches until it was noticed that a certain planet had not been surveyed for some time. Gris was ordered to spy out the planet using, as his aide, a member of the Royal Space Force called Heller. Unfortunately for Gris, Heller was not of a criminal mentality and Gris found he had his hands full keeping him on their crooked path.

In **BLACK GENESIS**, the first of the volumes to be set on Earth, Heller finds himself in a continuous series of adventures which hardly leaves him time to think. One of the more noticable things about Hubbard's writing is his use of exclamation marks which becomes more and more noticable as one reads on.

The third volume is being released in April.

MOONCAKE by Frank Asch. Picture Corgi. Distrib. in Aust. by Corgi and Bantam books. (C) 1983. 28pp. A\$4.95. On sale now.

This is a science fiction book for six year olds. It has full-page colour illustrations. The plot is about a bear who decides to get to the moon to see what it tastes like. First he fires an arrow to which is attached a spoon; however, this doesn't make it. He then decides to build a rocketship on which he works all summer and when it is finished, prepares to take off.

The book's illustrations are simplistic and in bold, primary colours to appeal to younger readers; with an easy-to-read

big print and vocabulary suitable for the age group. The story is charming. Recommended for the right age group (and for mums to read out aloud - to kids if necessary....)

GOLEM IN THE GEARS by Piers Anthony. Orbit pb, dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1986. 283pp incl. a 41pp Lexicon of Xanth. A\$8.95. On sale now.

This is the ninth published novel of the Xanth series. It is about the quest by Grundy Golem to ride the Monster Under The Bed and to find the dragon Stanley Steamer. The titles of the chapters almost spell out the plot: QUEST; SNORE TIMER; COM-PEWTER; MYSTERY OF THE VOLES; STELLA STEAMER; MONSTER TALES; IVORY TOWER; THE SEA HAG; ESCAPE...

Anthony had let himself go in the latest books in this series. They are a lot of fun to read, and don't require much concentration in order keep track of them. They are very much in the vein of **ALICE IN WONDERLAND** in that though they can be read by children, they have a depth that can be plumbed by the sophisticated adult.

TAILCHASER'S SONG by Tad Williams. Orbit pb dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1985. 324pp. A\$10.95. On sale now.

The blurb on the back cover says "What Adams did for rabbits in **WATERSHIP DOWN** Mr. Williams more than accomplishes for cats... An outstanding example of finding a new trail through a well-travelled country." - Andre Norton.

This is a book for cat-loverspeople, of which I am not one. The plot is about the adventures of Fritti Tailchaser who, would you know it, is a young ginger tom, who goes on a quest. During that quest, he meets all sorts of different cats (by the name of Rumblepurrr, Howlsong, Bandyleg, Fencewalker, Dewtreater and the like).

There is an author's note following the novel plus a three page list of characters and a two page glossary of cat terms. I can't say I became engrossed but no doubt there are readers who would be.

THE SEED BEARERS by Peter Valentine Timlett. Orbit pb dist in Aust by Hodder & Stoughton. (C) 1974. 282pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

The front cover and title page inform us that this is the first of the epic tale of Occult Fantasy. It is a tale of Atlantis and is a slightly different type of occult novel that one visualises when hearing the word 'occult'. The first few lines read: "Five thousand strong of Vardek's men lay waiting for the sun. Five score ships, their single mainsails furled, lay beached and idle. The beaches of the bay were strewn with campfires. The smoke rose straight and true into a windless sky, and the air was thick with the smell of blood."

THE SEED BEARERS is a novel of blood and fire. It tells of the last days of Atlantis and the antagonism of the priests and the army as they both manouvred to gain supreme power. However the

clash of these two forces which was to echo down through the ages, destroyed that which they were both attempting to rule.

Atlantean novels tend to be either well written or not worth reading. **THE SEED BEARERS** falls into the former category.

THE DAWNING SHADOW: THE THRONE OF MADNESS by Somtow Sucharitkul. Bantam Spectra pb, dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam. (C) 1986. 255pp. A\$6.95. On sale now.

Sucharitkul's tales of the High Inquest are creating a legend much a did Cordwainer Smith and the 'Underpeople'. **THE THRONE OF MADNESS** is a revised and expanded edition and thus becomes part two of the Chronicles of The High Inquest. In a way, it is a quest story: it tells of how Kolver tries to reach one of the four thrones that rule the High Inquest. He starts out as part of a triangle with his friends, Siriss & Arryk.

The worlds of the Inquest are strange, beautiful and often deadly. There is a legend that the Inquest would fall. Many thought it would take place in a thousand years or so; the actuality was the fall was already on the way and that the compassion that supposedly ruled it would be that which would bring it down. Kolver's old teacher Davaryush was the instigator, and Kolver's old flame, Darktouch, the ignition for his quest.

The more I read the Inquestor series, the more I am intrigued.

THE WIZARDS AND THE WARRIORS by Hugh Cook. Corgi pb dist in Aust by Corgi & Bantam. (C) 1986. 544pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

There was a television series of the same name which has nothing whatsoever to do with this book. This is the first volume of yet another fantasy epic - Chronicles of an Age of Darkness, and is about the uneasy alliance of a wizard and warrior as they face a challenge, the Swarms, that may destroy their world as they know it. It is full of conflict - internally and externally.

The chapters begin at first with itemized lists of characteristics of the protagonists, and vocabulary used, but this device is soon dropped as the book takes on the appearance of the normal action novel; and what action! It's a non-stop pace with horrific nightmare-type challenges that leaves one quite breathless.

A HIDDEN PLACE by Robert Charles Wilson. Bantam Spectra pb, dist in Aust by Bantam & Corgi. (C) 1986. A\$6.95. On sale now.

It is hard, at first, to pick exactly what kind of novel this is: sf or horror - even by the end of it, you were still a little confused. The protagonists around the main characters are well drawn although the focus on them is constantly shifting also. Just exactly who the book is about is not clear. Perhaps one should say it is about all of them: Travis, the farm boy, orphaned and out of place in the small town of the relatives; Nancy, who also did not fit in with the Baptists Women's League and small town views and restrictions; Deacon & Archie, the hobos with their own secrets and

desires; and finally Bone, the emaciated but powerful giant with no memory of a past, and Anna, the shadowy beauty who suffers base treatment under his uncle's roof.

The book tells how the six of them, seemingly unrelated, are in fact bound together to achieve a transition to another state. To say more than that would give away the plot and even though I wondered at why each character was being so finely drawn without seeming, at the time, to be related to the other sets of characters being treated with equal sensitivity, I appreciated the craft involved and the slow weaving together of the parts until the pace quickened to come to a stunning climax.

It is also a book of social comment on small towns and closed minds and peoples hidden fears. Good reading. - Sue Clarke.

HOYMAN'S PETS by Kate Wilhelm. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (c) 1986. 247pp. A\$26.95. On sale now.

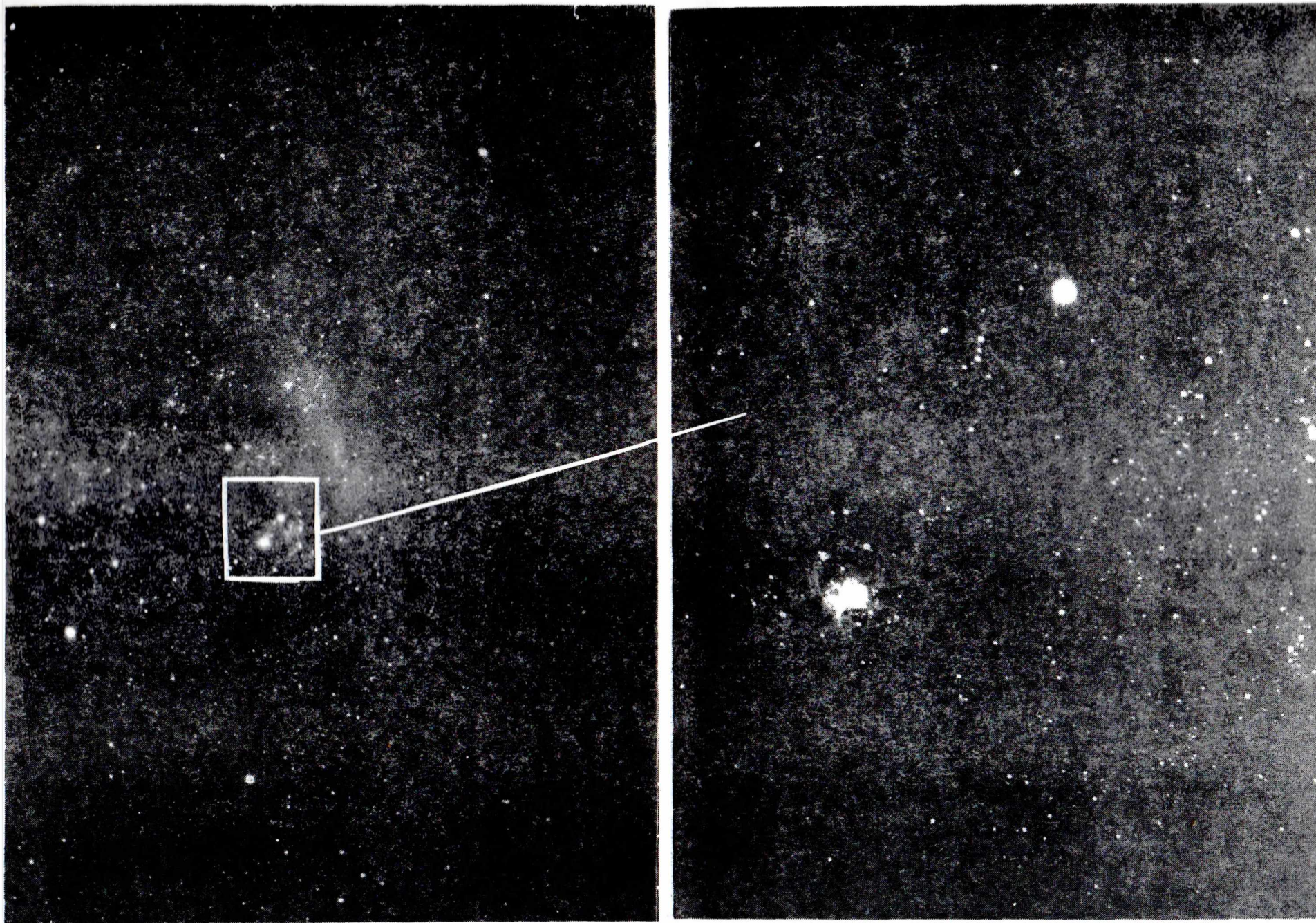
When I first received this copy I thought that it would be her usual type science fiction book. It is very nearly a mainstream novel something like those of John Saul.

HOYMAN'S PETS has what is becoming a standard sf plot. Drew Lancaster is asked by the wife of a dead biologist to write his memoirs subject to her approval when the book is finished as to what specific items she wished not to be published. There are several sub-plots, one of which includes the marital problems of Drew and his ex-wife, Pat. The scientist, Huysman, had done original research in the fifties, which had been disclaimed by other scientists. He had claimed to have produced in chimps a form of limited telepathy or heightened empathy between related blood lines. Drew finds that he had done illegal research into human protoplasm and that the results of these experiments were being held in a home.

This is not one of Wilhelm's best novels, though it is entertaining.

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SUPERNOVA IN THE LARGE MAGELLANIC CLOUD NEAR THE TARANTULA NEBULA
PHOTOGRAPHED BY KEITH LAY AT HAZELBROOK IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS ON 27/2/87