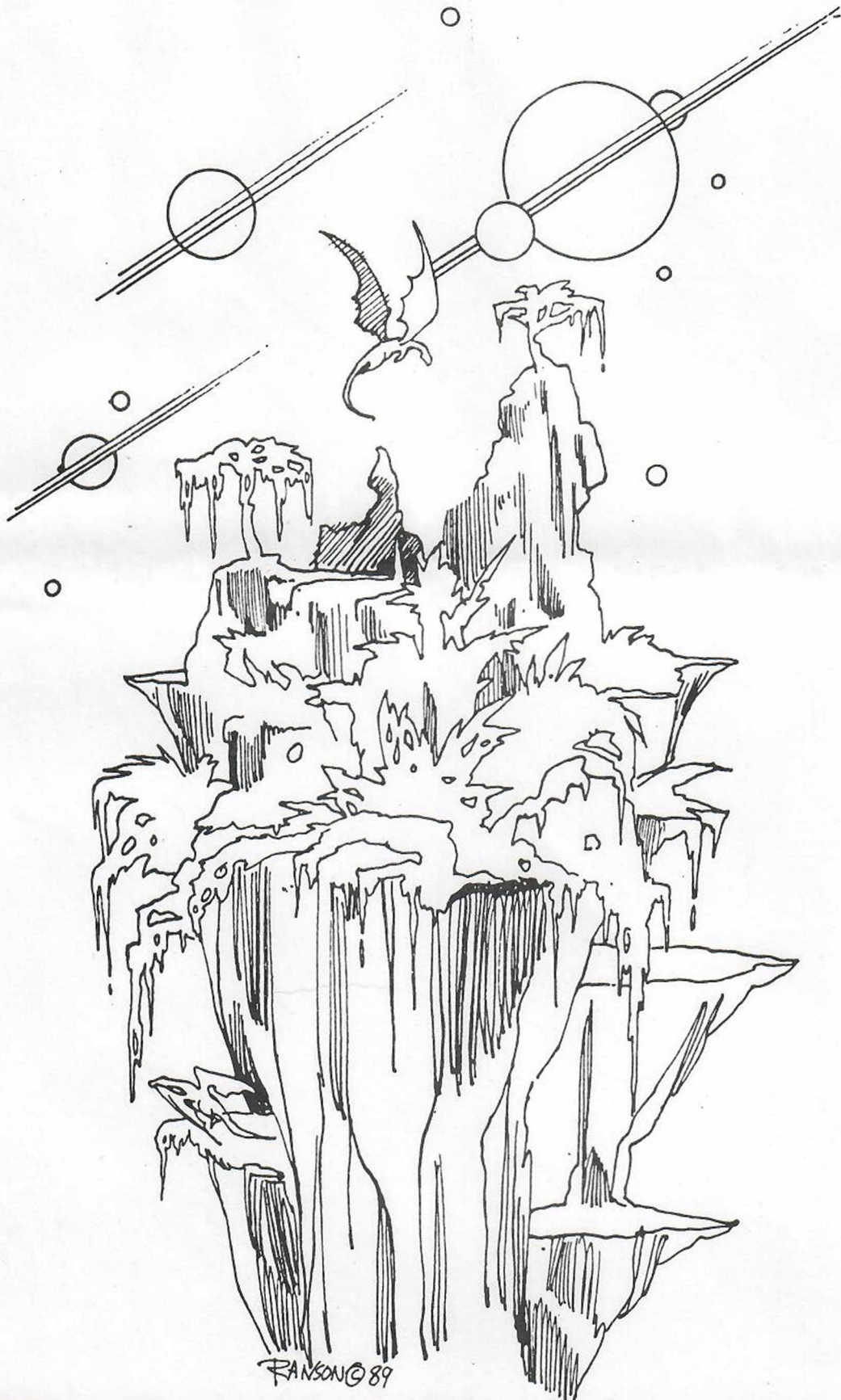


# THE MENTOR 65



20 OCTOBER 2007



# THE MENTOR

## AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION

### CONTENTS

<b>EDITORIAL</b> by Ron Clarke	Page 1
<b>THE SUMMER OF '92</b> by David Tansey	" 3
<b>THE LAST MARTIAN DRAGONFLY/ BLACK HILLS OF SPACE</b> by Andrew Darlington	" 8
<b>THE YANKEE PRIVATEER #6</b> by Buck Coulson	" 9
<b>PLAIN LIKE A HOODED MASK</b> by Andrew Darlington	" 11
<b>THE REVIVAL</b> by Louise Hollingberry	" 12
<b>THE R &amp; R DEPT.</b> - Reader's Letters	" 17
<b>REVIEWS</b> by Ron Clarke	" 21

**COVER ART** by Peggy Ranson

**INTERIOR ILLOS** by Steve Fox p.16  
Peggy Ranson p.20

THE MENTOR 65, ISSN 0727-8462, EDITED BY RON CLARKE. PRINTED, PUBLISHED AND DISTRIBUTED BY R&S CLARKE, 6 BELLEVUE ROAD, FAULCONBRIDGE, NSW 2776, AUSTRALIA. THE MENTOR IS PUBLISHED AT INTERVALS OF ROUGHLY THREE MONTHS. IT IS AVAILABLE FOR CONTRIBUTION (FICTION [science fiction or fantasy], POETRY, ARTICLE, OR LETTER OF COMMENT ON A PREVIOUS ISSUE. IT IS ALSO AVAILABLE FOR \$2 FOR A SAMPLE ISSUE.

CONTRIBUTIONS MUST BE TYPED, SINGLE OR DOUBLE SPACED, PREFERABLY A GOOD PHOTOCOPY (AND IF YOU WANT IT RETURNED, PLEASE ENCLOSE A STAMPED, SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE). AND TYPE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS! CONTRIBUTORS ARE NOT PAID, HOWEVER THEY RECEIVE A FREE COPY OF THE ISSUE THEIR CONTRIBUTION IS IN, AND ANY FUTURE ISSUE CONTAINING COMMENTS ON THEIR CONTRIBUTION.

Contents (C) COPYRIGHT for the Contributors



## Editorial.

I have the feeling that Australian fanzine fandom is moribund. It seems to be months between fanzines. Newszines such as THYME and SWEETNESS & LIGHT come out about every three months and new zines are few and far between. The October issue of THYME arrived yesterday (13th November) with a listing of recent issues of Aussie zines received since their previous issue (which was about 2 - 3 months previous). They list 12 zines, some are only available for dirty \$\$ (AUSTRALIAN SF REVIEW) and some must have a very small mailing list, since this is the first I have heard of them - and some are first issues. And, of course, some are very esoteric.

There are a couple that they haven't mentioned - the ORDER OF DAGON being one, but they cover most of the current crop being published in Oz. Though some are really APA zines of only a few pages, they really show a sorry state. Nearly all are of a few pages and some are clubzines, though even these aren't much more than 20 pages. As usual, the reproduction is pretty dismal, even allowing that much better repro is available now (and many older fen are experts in mimeo duplication). I suppose it shows that fen are very individualistic... and stubborn.

That there are still untapped resources in the general public is shown by the sf readers turned up to recent meetings of the Blue Mountains Science Fiction Group, who, in the wide ranging discussions around the room at the monthly meetings show a wide range of interests. We even found a local artist - Mark McLeod - who, together with two other artists, is mounting an exhibition of science fiction related art at Darling Harbour. A group from the BMSFG will be going down to Sydney this Saturday to visit it.

I don't know whether the two Melbourne Worldcons are a good thing for fanzine fandom - I suspect the opposite is true. They seemed to have burned many fans out either before the full flowering of their talents could be seen, or hurried the departure of some of the older fans. I know the feeling. A fan gets periods of intense interest, but as the years unfold, the interest wanes, but if one holds on long enough, it comes back again. I've found that the reading of science fiction itself helps sustain interest. I think conventions help to hurry the Hell Bound Train of burnout, especially if fans are on the convention committee.

What does help is to type and print your own zine - that is, have the equipment yourself. Some of the latest neofans not only have others print their zines (sometimes professionally), they even have others type them! This isn't in the fannish spirit - after all, in the past Oz fans went as far as to type their zines using carbon paper when their own duplication facilities weren't available. Maybe things are too easy with readily available photocopying apparatus available at most offices. In that case, there isn't much excuse for not publishing. Except for postal charges, which over the last few years have gone through the roof. This is, I think, one of the prime reason for small zines (or a ready excuse). It costs about \$1.10 to post THE MENTOR in Australia, and about \$4 overseas airmail. This means that only regular overseas contributors get their copies airmailed.

Category B is a cheaper rate, but I would rather think that all Oz zines would bomb out on their 'regular' publishing requirement. So the two solutions are publish small (six pages) regularly, or large size (40 - 50 pages) two to three times a year. Unfortunately the small issues are also publishing every three months or so.

I can't really see any way around this. APAs aren't the answer, and I don't think mailing two or more zines in the one envelope is either - I can imagine the problems that would cause with zine editors who have enough trouble with Category B mailing times.

I mentioned that some of the zines listed in THYME are esoteric - there are zines that cater for faaanish interests, but they can hardly be called genzines. I think genzines are the mainstay of zine publishing - they are what bring the newer fans in and they can cater for most tastes. If your tastes are mainly centred around one subject, say, music for instance, then that certain esoteric zine dealing with that subject would suit you. But probably not most others. When there are no genzines published - and I include clubzines in the definition, then Oz fanzine fandom will be clearly on the way out. - Ron.

# THE SUMMER OF '92

By David Tansey

*"Smiley, you're off to the Asian War  
And we won't see you smile no more."*

- Popular song, 1972

He had been watching the concentration camp for several days now, concealed in the thick forest on the hillside.

Through binoculars he had studied the barrack-style buildings behind the bright barbed wire - had the camp once been a school? - the exercise yards, the guard towers, the machine-gun muzzles protruding from sand-bagged foxholes. He paid particular attention to the outer area where the killings took place, where lines of confused people stood briefly at the lips of mass graves, facing firing squads. Others, individuals, were beaten to death in front of the massed parade of prisoners, as an example he supposed.

Late last night he had seen the guards carrying a slumped, broken figure out of one of the administration buildings. When they passed under an arc light he saw automatically, even at this distance, the carried figure to be a naked man covered all over in his own blood. In the still silence the short conversations of the guards in Bahasa drifted up to the watcher's position. One, two, three, swing and the nameless body was in the burial pit with the others.

It was not morning. The gates of the camp opened to allow lines of prisoners - men, women and children - to trudge out between ranks of alert soldiers. All the prisoners wore standard-issue broad-brimmed straw hats to protect them from the summer sun. They were pale, soft, unused to deprivation and strenuous work.

The concealed watcher changed his position to crouch with one knee on the ground. The other knee made a kind of table which the man used to rest a grimy notebook on. He took a ball-point pen out of the breast pocket of his jacket - leather, dirty, sleeves torn off - and commence to write...

On the grass next to the man rested an automatic rifle with grenade launcher attached. It was his in the sense that possession is ninety percent of the law and he had taken it from a sentry in the

city whose throat he had slit.

Away to his right a couple of hundred metres was a narrow ribbon of tarmac road. Beside the road was a white-painted signpost, with black lettering. It read:

## BATEMANS BAY 42

I've got to get something down on paper while I can. God knows who'll read this but it has to be done.

There must be a record of the Invasion for those who follow. I have to write this. Because of my position in Foreign Affairs I was privy to certain information during the pre-Invasion crisis few others were. I have thrashed matters out with various people, tried to put all the pieces together. Some of the details I've gleaned from the now-silenced press, some are guesswork, but it's probably the best job anyone in Australia a.k.a. South Irian could do to tell the full story now.

After I write this I'll seal it inside the old metal cash-box and send it back with Rusty (he was lamed last month and is not expected to fight), to pass on up the line to the resistance HQ rumoured to be somewhere in the (deleted) National Park. It's something I have to get off my chest and onto paper, in case I'm killed tonight.

It all started the wrong way. We were not prepared, not in the slightest. It didn't happen the way people thought it would, if they thought it would happen at all. That great, wide-open stretch of desert coastline from Perth to Darwin was, to the public, the most likely point of entry for any theoretical invasion force from an unnamed neighbour to our north-west. But the experts said that was military nonsense - the desert was too vast, no way to sustain supply lines for thousands of kilometres. And, anyway, if that nameless neighbour did decide to invade we would spot their massive fleet of leaking, derelict transports as soon as they left Timor or Ambon. It seems incredible to me now that no one thought that, instead of sweeping down from the empty north-west, the Indons would simply push east, taking Papua New Guinea, then due south into Cape York.

But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Was it only a year ago that it happened? Hard to believe. Listen, during my green years in the diplomatic Corps, during my official posting to Jakarta and on my leave in Bali, I found the local people to be the most charming, hospitable anywhere. Thinking things through, it was hard to reconcile that view with what I'd read about - the invasion of first West Iran then East Timor. There alone, 100,000 civilians dead, torture and cruelty on a grand scale. It was puzzling: Which was right, what I'd seen or what I'd read in the history books.

Later, after a few more postings, I realised why the people of a country could seem so good natured while at the same time the military seen so vicious, especially in South East Asian countries. The Defense forces of these countries are not representative of the people. Often, joining the army is the only way the youths can escape a life of toil in the rice paddies in some backwater provincial area. The army in these countries is not there to defend against invasion, their purpose is to control the internal population. Often the army does what it wants despite attempts by the government to control it. Therefore, an army of 2 million soldiers, representing just over 1% of the country's population, with a will of its own, decided to embark on a program of 'territorial adjustment'.

It started with an excuse. The handful of forgotten guerrillas calling themselves the OPM had been particularly active in attacking Indonesian patrols in the border region of Irian Jaya. Using the excuse that they were chasing the guerrillas, a division of Indon soldiers crossed over to the PNG side of the border, occupying the large village of Wutung on the north coast. Then President Simorangkir announced his country had annexed the PNG provinces of West Sepik and Western in an attempt to exterminate the OPM nuisance once and for all. I might add that the fifty or so rebels were of no military threat to the Indons, but their hopeless struggle against the invasion of Irian Jaya was scoring propaganda points against Jakarta in the world press. Besides, it was argued, the West sepik leaders had for years threatened to secede from PNG to join Indonesia, which had promised more funding than



the government far away in Port Moresby.

As a military exercise the occupation of the two provinces was ridiculously easy. A lot of Australian aid had been pumped into the remote jungle region to build a network of roads, including a road from the provincial capital of Vanimo to the border, where another road had been built by the Indons from their provincial capital of Jayapura. There was the added bonus that the Western Province contained the rich Ok Tedi mine.

The Australian reaction was immediate - we were obliged to send troops to PNG's defense under a reciprocal agreement. So one of our divisions landed at Jackson's airport in Moresby, confident that their presence would be enough to send the Indons scrambling back over the border. Though by this time the whole country was nervous.

The Indons moved half a million troops across the border in less than a week. They were defending themselves, they cried, from an unjust attack by Australia. It would be necessary, their UN delegate told the General Assembly, to occupy the whole of Papua New Guinea, and possibly Northern Australia, to repel the hostile invaders. While the UN talked, the Australian forces in Moresby were wiped out by a chemical weapons attack. The city was soon occupied by Indon troops.

Once again, we had miscalculated. It had been thought that the mass movement of troops in such a mountainous, jungle country, with few roads, was impossible. When the troops took Moresby, it was not by land or sea but by air. The country had an extensive commercial airline network, with dozens of small jets and light aircraft hopping over the rugged ranges being cheaper than blasting highways through them. Using the planes of all sizes as a ferrying service, thousands of troops per hour were airlifted from the far border region to Port Moresby.

A bridgehead was established on the Torres Strait islands, and from there it was only a short hop to northern Queensland. The Indonesian Commander, General Abdul Murdarani, led his forces into Cairns with no significant losses.

What was the reaction of the rest of the world while all this was happening? The Indonesians had times it well, while the world's attention was focussed on a spate of more sensational disasters: the bloody uprising in South Africa, the hole in the ozone layer over Europe, the Wall Street crash, the assassination of Prince Charles and the Jumbo Jet that dropped in on the Vatican. Despite all these a lot of countries reacted to the Invasion one way or another.

The UN censured Indonesia, although many African and Islamic countries sympathised with them. Was Indonesia doing anything worse than what Britain and other European countries had done to them not so long ago?

The Indonesian delegate to the UN - I forget his name - appeared before the General Assembly. The United Nations was supposed to be protecting human rights, wasn't it? he said. Was it humane or right for 17 million people to occupy a vast, rich continent while their neighbours lived in crowded poverty? The Australians did not even place emphasis that the continent belonged to them; instead, they encouraged cultural diversification, made a treaty with the Aboriginal people, as though they doubted they even owned the country. And the final argument: Australia was geographically a natural extension of Indonesia's great archipelago. If the British hadn't planted their flag at Botany Bay 200 years ago the continent would have been naturally populated by expanding Indonesian tribes. When the British arrived, there had already been in existence for hundreds and possibly thousands of years trade routes between Timor and north-west Australia.

The Australian Government asked Washington for military assistance. The Yanks umed and ahed. After all, it was an election year and nobody was keen on sending off American boys to be killed in some God-knows-where-hell-hole. Besides, Indonesia was important to American policy in South-East Asia, being the only sizeable strongly anti-communist country there. The Phillipines was about to cancel the US leases on Clark and Subic Bay, and the twenty billion dollar cost of relocation of the bases would be lessened if it were only necessary to move them to the Indonesian part of Kalimantan, rather than all the way to Guam or Kwajalein. So Canberra was told the US Administration was not ready at this point in time to commit themselves to an aggravation of regional

disputations and so further destabilise the neo-democratisation of potential allies and trading partners...

New Zealand said they would accept the flood of refugees from big brother next door, providing that said refugees were New Zealand or former NZ citizens or holders of British passports.

The Japanese protested vehemently against the incursion - at first. Then as far as I can establish there were high-level talks. The Indon President promised that all Japanese land acquisitions in Australia would continue to be held as free-hold after the war, and all pre-war contracts for the purchase of minerals and primary produce would be honoured. The resorts would be up and running again as soon as possible after things settled back to normal. The tourists could continue to come here, except the faces of the waiters serving them would no longer be white. When industry returned to normal their businessmen would find more agreeable partners to contract with. So Japan relaxed.

Townsville fell.

Australia is such a large island, how could anybody ever overrun it, we used to ask. Of course we all know now it was never necessary for them to take over the whole country, just the relatively small fertile belt encompassing Sydney-Canberra-Melbourne. The rest of the country could be mopped up at their leisure.

The towns along the eastern seaboard fell one after the other. Supply lines? The Indons used the towns themselves as supply lines, their massive armies utilising every resource in each town and hamlet they passed through, leaving nothing wasted behind. I never really thought before how much food, fuel and ammunition might exist in a single town. Gradually the invaders were approaching Brisbane. That city fortified itself for the inevitable.

But Australia was not completely helpless. Throwing conventional forces against the Indons was proving useless, as had attempts at negotiation. From the war room ten floors under Parliament House, Prime Minister Simon Green initiated Operation Thunderstrike. A coded message was sent to the nuclear reactor at Lucas Heights on the far south-western outskirts of Sydney which went under the guise of a research facility. Shortly after, a lead-lined truck with no-number plates, escorted by a dozen motor cycle outriders toting sub-machine guns, was blasting down the freeway south of Sydney, lights flashing to clear any traffic in front of them.

Two hours later they were at their destination - HMAS 'Harman', the landlocked naval base just outside Canberra. Several heavy boxes were carried into the base under guard into a historic homestead in an open field adjacent to the main complex but still within the perimeter. Once in the shell of the old house, elevators dropped the men and the uranium down to the underground factory which had always been prepared to bring the country to nuclear capacity within 48 hours. The air crews at nearby Fairbairn base were put on alert and planes brought out of special hangers.

The Prime Minister sent a message on a hastily set up hot line to the Indon President. If they did not remove all their personnel from Australian territory within 3 days a device would be detonated over Jakarta. Somehow news of this threat leaked to the public, and the next morning, unbelievably, the anti-nuclear lobby was marching on Parliament House. News of the threat also reached other countries. Pakistan was shocked and offered some of their bombs to their Islamic brothers in Indonesia. Iran and Libya offered whatever assistance they could against the "grafted white snake of Imperialist Australia."

The nuclear situation reached stalemate. Meanwhile, Brisbane was taken and New South Wales looked ready for the plucking. The rest is recent history. The eastern states have all fallen, effectively controlling the whole country. I suppose there might be the odd outback community as yet untouched, or parts of Tasmania, but for them it's just a matter of time.

Partly to justify their presence, the new government has made a treaty with the Aborigines, allegedly liberating them from their oppression under the white man. The Aborigines signed the treaty, uneasily, perhaps wanting the white man back now after so many years of wanting him gone. As I understand, under the new regime of South Irian they no longer get funding or assistance. The Indons cannot see anything wrong with the way the Aborigines live - it is better than what a lot of



them have back home.

The only hope we now have is the guerrilla movement. Those Australians who survived the Invasion, who did not flee the country, (and that only leaves a few million) now have new jobs as "agricultural engineers" and "technicians", meaning they get to choose whether they want to work in a rice paddy or a factory. The trouble-makers are put into the camps. We guerrillas, a new OPM, attack the Indon patrols whenever we can and usually get shot to shit.

The Australian, sorry, South Irian rupiah is now worth ten US cents or two Japanese yen.

Can't write any more now. If this fight is still going when our children are old enough to shoot maybe this will help them to understand how it all started.

Rusty is impatient to get away from the fire zone, to hobble back to safety.

That's all.

The man threaded his way between the forest's trees and bushes, down to the base of the hill. He clutched the automatic rifle with both hands. To either side of him branches stirred as other men moved into position, making little noise.

The sun had set and the first stars began to palely shine overhead. He picked out the Southern Cross as easily as he had done since he was a child. In another place, at another time, men had fought under that flag for the same reason that had brought him to this place. There will always be war, as long as there is man.

The prisoners had been marched back into the camp and locked away for the night. A diesel generator thumped into life. Lights appeared at intervals across the camp, mimicking the stars. Searchlights probed the waste ground lying between the wire and the concealed men's position.

Someone waved a hand. As one the men broke cover, stumbled across the open ground toward the waiting machine guns. Catch them by surprise was the idea, with their bellies contented after dinner, as the guard changed.

Within throwing distance of the wire and the foxholes, he pumped the grenade launcher, didn't wait for the explosion before emptying the magazine...

In the night, guns blazed, while the indifferent Southern Cross watched from above.

- David Tansey.



THE LAST MARTIAN  
DRAGONFLY/BLACK  
HILLS OF SPACE

We move like lizards and  
breathe the yellow time-streams  
of Andromeda's spiral arm

sliding through the  
darkest aphelion  
of dream, it's  
this trip I discover you,  
and on this trip  
that I lose you.

In silicon seas  
sirian sand-stars stir  
beneath the  
galaxy's turquoise rim

and while we quest  
like lizards  
inhaling millions of years  
in spectrums of time

moisture forms  
and evaporates  
in the violet light  
of dead Martian skies

- Andrew Darlington -

## THE YANKEE PRIVATEER #6

by Buck Coulson

After bitching in THE MENTOR #64 about how dry 1988 was, I suppose I should mention that 1989 has been one of the wettest years in history, as far as Indiana is concerned. It's raining right now, in fact, which is why I'm writing a column instead of walking the dog and mowing the lawn.

Walt Willis commented in the last issue that "the faster travel becomes, the duller it gets." This of course has been answered by Kipling in THE KING; the poem which begins "Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said (page 373 in RUDYARD KIPLING'S VERSE: DEFINITIVE EDITION, or the final band on Leslie Fish's tape, COLD IRON.) However, Walt's a fan and Kipling wasn't, so I'll relate a tale which agrees with Walt's stand.

This spring, Juanita and I were invited to be guests at Bayfirk, all expenses paid. This was partly because Teri Lee wanted Juanita out there to do some recording, but we never argue with people who want to give us free trips. However, the last time Juanita made a commercial flight, she almost lost an eardrum due to her peculiar reactions to changes in air pressure, so we took the train. This involved a much longer trip, but a cheaper one, which suited Teri. We started by driving 80 miles southwest to Indianapolis, where we stayed overnight with John and Sandra Miesel. The next morning we go up at an ungodly early hour in order to make the train -- there is only one train per day throughout Indianapolis these decadent years. John drove us to the depot before going to work, which is another idea of the hour; after dropping us off, he had plenty of time to battle city traffic and get to work on time.

The train was "The Cardinal", a relic of days long past. So was the roadbed, as we rattled and swayed towards Chicago's Union Station. There we had a 3-hour layover, time enough to explore everything in the station, get a meal, and still be bored, before getting onto the "California Zephyr" for a two-day ride to Oakland, CA. We had tickets for coach travel, which meant at night we tilted the seats back and tried to sleep. Since I'm used to sleeping on my side, this caused me a few problems; there is no way to turn on one's side in a railroad seat, tilted back or not. However, I did manage, more or less. The passenger cars were two-level - two stories high, you might say. The lower level contained the restrooms and accommodations for the handicapped; the upper level had rows of seats, two seats side by side, then a central aisle and two more seats. All travel between coaches was on the upper level, and the levels were connected by very narrow stairs, so I had no idea of how the handicapped got to the dining car; I suspect that they brought their own food or starved. (Juanita says meals were brought to the handicapped - truth is so much duller than my imagination.)

Seats weren't reserved, though passengers were directed into specific cars. By the time Juanita and I got aboard, we couldn't get connected seats, so we sat across the aisle from each other. My seat mate was a younger man who slept all day and was gone all night; I suspected him of being a vampire until he came back once carrying a guitar and I realized he was a musician who was joining in jam sessions in the lounge car at night. Juanita's partner was a very pretty young black woman, who was also going to Oakland to visit a girlfriend. (I was happy to see that segregation has vanished, at least



on trains and when the girl is pretty enough.) We were in the front of the car; second row of seats, which didn't make any difference until the connecting door quit working during the first night out. The doors work by air pressure; there is a flat plate one pushes to open the door -- and another plate at the bottom, so if one's hands are full, you can kick it to open it. There are no handles or anything to grip for manual opening. The only way to open it manually is to push against the inset window-frame in the door until it opens far enough that one can get one's fingers around the edge and heave. Our car was just in front of the lounge and dining cars, which was convenient when we wanted to eat or get a better view of the scenery, but meant that there was a steady stream of passengers going through the door, and few of them could figure out how to open it. I doubt if the younger children and some of the old ladies had enough strength to open it, anyway. So it was the front-row passengers in our car -- including me -- who get up every few minutes to work the door. We took turns at it, more or less, until the train stopped at Sparks, Nevada, the second night and a repairman came aboard and fixed the door. Took him about two minutes.

The second night was a bit more interesting. Juanita's seat-mate came back to her seat after dark, with a young man trailing her. He was quite drunk, and wanted Juanita to move over to the vacant musician's seat so he could sit with the girl. "I'll behave myself," he kept promising. The girl wanted nothing to do with him, but after a half-hour that seemed longer, she told Juanita to go ahead; "He'll wake up the whole car otherwise."

Juanita had first protested that the other seat was taken, and its passenger might come back and want it, but the drunk said "That's all right; I know him and I'll make it good." So she moved. Of course, he failed to behave himself once he got his seat. Juanita had gone to sleep by this time, but I stayed up to watch the action and try to figure out a way to interfere if it was necessary. It wasn't. The girl made an excuse and left her seat, going forward into another car. The drunk waited awhile, then followed. I stayed awake.

After a fairly short time, the drunk came back, and stopped out between the cars for a smoke. This is a nicely enclosed area on modern trains; I can recall it was pretty well open to the wind. While he was smoking and thinking, the musician came back, noticed Juanita asleep in his seat, and was called out between the cars by the drunk. With the doors closed, I couldn't hear much, but I did hear the musician complain once that "I want to get some sleep tonight!" Awhile later, the girl came back with a different young man, and settled into the seats across the aisle. She told us later that she'd met him earlier in the day, and when she was unable to dislodge the drunk, she'd gone to him for protection. She made a good choice; he was about 6'5" tall and if he'd had a hat it would have brushed the ceiling of the car. The drunk had followed her, and been repulsed by her new protector, and they eventually decided to come back to her seat rather than stay in his area.

Boyfriend #2 turned out to be quite pleasant, and relieved me of my job of opening the door for the rest of the night, so I could get some sleep. The musician and the drunk had gone back to the lounge before the girl reappeared. I never saw the drunk again; the musician reclaimed his seat just before leaving the train at one of the stops. The girl and her friend stayed together until he left the train in mid-morning, when Juanita resumed her regular seat.

When we got to Oakland, nobody was there to meet us; the train had been reported to be later than it really was, and Andrea Mitchell would be along in a while; we discovered this when Juanita called the convention to find out what was going on. The black girl -- we never did find out her name -- also wasn't met, and we laughed about being mutually stranded. She was calling her girl friend while Juanita was calling the convention, and just before Andrea arrived we saw the girl going off to the station parking lot with still a third young man from the train, who evidently had a car in the lot and would take her to her girlfriend's apartment -- or somewhere. Juanita commented that she might not always have good judgment about men, but she certainly know how to take care of herself.

Admittedly this was a rather small adventure, but it's certainly not the sort of thing you run into on a airplane, unless of course it's hijacked. Adventures on airplanes tend to end up suddenly and drastically. Maybe Walt has something, after all.

- Buck Coulson.

## PLAIN LIKE A HOODED MASK

by Andrew Darlington

he said "the 'better' poetry is  
the less it seems to relate to  
'reality'

he said "really precisely expressing  
what you yes you whichever 'you' in you  
really mean the problem unadorned right

at any precise fluxphoton instant  
of in on under time is  
harder than getting

a teradont pregnant  
in the seat of a spacescount" he gave  
an air of impenetrable

meaning to the Taures Expedition  
we would have silenced him  
long ago exploded through the garbage chute

only from the off the scuttlebutt  
all round the ship he was  
the spy of Central Government

his cover so good  
even the aliens thought him  
serious about the poet's art

gave him direct insight into  
technical vehicle they used for their verse work  
he's crazy as a bedbug now

all the way back wondering aloud  
what will become of his child  
the one he made on a teradont

and in the jump seat of his space scout  
worse even than his chat before  
we'd push him through the garbage chute

how could he hard us by his death  
saving the ship from craziness  
only like the captain says

back in one piece a far superior  
revenge a total  
reverse for the government

# THE REVIVAL

by Louise Hollingberry

Jane sat in the sunlit cafeteria watching the news broadcast.

"Reporters, People of the Federation". The tall lean man was saying. "We, the medical Healers of the Sydney Cryogenic Revival Programme, believe that by this time tomorrow," he paused for effect, "The first successful regeneration of a cryogenic subject will be a reality." He looked for the effect his statement was having. (No doubt the reporters were taken completely by surprise. After all, who would have thought that something so astounding... so mind boggling could happen at a plain old medical research centre? Jane thought. Let's hope they're not counting their chickens...) The people around Jane were talking loudly. The professor's statement had caused a sensation. She strained to hear the reporters.

"Professor Healer Baylor!" One reporter started. "Over hear, Professor!" Another jumped in. They were vying for his attention. Jane smiled, he looked... so smug. She watched him stand and raise his hands. "Please, please, let's have some order. Your questions will be answered. Please punch your number into your console." Baylor waited a couple of seconds, then looked into his screen. "Number 314, your question please?" The reporter shouted it out and Baylor pointed to his console and said, "To avoid confusion, use the keyboard provided." 314's question appeared on the screen and a calm computer voice was heard on audio.

"Who is the subject?"

"Ah, the subject is a 34 year old male, who died in an automobile accident in 1996."

Jane gasped, 206 years ago! Surely this was the oldest subject any Revival group had chosen to regenerate. She wondered why they were so confident. Number 106 was asking his question.

"How many failures have there been?"

"We don't call attempts 'failures'. Each time we learn a little more. The records show that the combined attempts have been 345. Our group has attempted the process twenty-two times. This is twenty-three." Baylor smiled. "Next question, uh... er, number 3."

"How long will the process take and when will you be sure of success?"

"Approximately 30 hours. We wouldn't be sure of success until the subject is completely revived. Next, er number 64."

"Then how can you be so sure that this time the process will work?"

"We are confident because each time we take a step closer and now there is only success left." Baylor paused. "We have managed to bring each subject just a little closer to revival. This time we expect to be able to introduce you to him tomorrow. 194"

"What is the procedure?"



"Basically we thaw and replace the freezing agent with the subject's blood type, which we have synthesized. Then, and this is the critical stage, we recommence heart and lungs." He gave them a patronising smile. "Of course, I've somewhat simplified the process, to make it easier for you to understand." Jane bristled. "Next, number 233."

"Have you reached this stage yet?"

"As I said before, we have reached this stage in several of the previous cases. Next, er, number 154."

"What made you select this subject?"

"His state of preservation. In a number of cases, the body has proven to be in what we call a 'high risk category'. Either through age or state of decomposition, or the cause of death is something we are not advanced enough to deal with. If this subject had had his accident today, he would not have died. He is in perfect state of preservation and appears to be a good physical specimen... number 401."

"What has happened to the failures?"

"We have r-frozen them using today's methods. You have to realise that back in the twentieth century, their cryogenic programme was comparatively primitive... number 12."

"Have you taken any other subject to the stage of reanimation?" It was clear to Jane that some reporters would ask their question regardless of how many times it had been asked before.

Bayor smiled. "We have reached this stage in 16 other cases, but the body failed to revive. In the previous two cases, we were able to get the subject's to maintain heart/lung function for a period of two and three hours respectively. Unfortunately, the subject's failed after this time... number 30."

"I want to know why you think you'll be successful?"

"We believe we have discovered the reason for failure." He flashed a smile at the cameras. "But of course, we won't know until tomorrow. Er, number 88."

"What about the subject's soul?"

The Professor Healer Bayor drew in a deep breath, he had been expecting this. Then he closed his green eyes for a second. "There is no scientific evidence to support the existence of a soul." He said tersely. "Number 45, your question, please."

"Sir, what if his soul is in the body of another person living now?"

Jane dropped her coffee.

Bayor groaned audibly. (Religious types always attend these type of meetings, Jane thought, he should be used to them. Funny the types of questions people ask.) Jane ordered more coffee.

"As I stated previously, there is no data to support the existence of the 'soul'. I am a medical Healer Scientist, not a philosopher." There was ice in his voice. "Number 2."

"When will we be able to interview the subject?"

The Professor relaxed. "After the subject has been judged fit. Number 254."

"What legal status will the subject have?"

"He will be a ward of the Federation, with no legal rights to any property owned in his previous

life, as ratified by the Committee formed to investigate the legal rights of cryogenic subjects in 2094... number 74."

"Who is he and will he have his memory intact?"

Bayor laughed. "We have no way of knowing until he is fully recovered... but we certainly hope so." The reporters joined in the general laughing. "It would be a pity if he lost his memory. He could tell us so much about the twentieth century... It is policy here not to reveal the subject's identity until after he, or she, has been fully revived.. Number 12."

"Has the process begun?"

"Yes. The Thawing," Jane could sense the capitals as he said the words, "began 15 hours ago.. number 56."

"How much longer?"

"Approximately three hours, then twelve hours more before we know if we have been successful."

Jane switched off the broadcast and shivered. She was cold. The questions about the subject's soul disturbed her, although she had never been 'religious'. (What an absurd idea, Jane laughed, fancy wasting your time thinking up such silly questions.) She shook her head and went to play a game of 'comsquash' before going back to work.

The Professor walked out of the auditorium thankful that the press conference was over and he could get back to his 'real' work. He hated the idea of leaving his subject, but the department head had been adamant. "We need public sympathy, especially with the pressure some of the religious groups are exerting on the centre to close us down." He had said. And Bayor agreed. Everything was political. He walked confidently through the ice pink corridor. This time it would work. They had ironed out all the bugs. The apprentice Healer looked up as Bayor entered the room. "Any problems?" he asked as he went over to the viewing screen; the subject was as he had left him.

"No, everything is fine and on schedule. She smiled encouragement and pointed to the readouts on the screen. Bayor sighed, he didn't like to think that they could do without him.

Jane felt tired. (Overdid it on the 'comsquash' court, she thought and yawned.)

Professor Healer Bayor went to get something to eat. In less than two hours, the real work would begin.

Jane was cold. (Funny, the heating system has never broken down before.) She went over to the console to check. (Strange, the problem must be elsewhere, I'll have to call maintenance.) Jane yawned as she put on her outdoor coat.

"Commence transfusion...NOW!" Bayor felt exhilarated. He always did when they began to take the anti-freeze out. The subject became a person to him at this point. A patient, not a thing. The machines went about their work silently, replacing the liquids, stagnant in the arteries, veins and capillaries for centuries, with a saline solution. This was gradually replaced by blood - type B positive. It was a slow process, as Bayor insisted on eight complete changes of whole blood, to ensure a proper clean-out had occurred. When it was over he smiled. There had been only a couple of problems; a few capillary walls had collapsed and they had been easily fixed. He was ready to start the artificial heart and lungs.

Jane sat in the Healer's waiting room, not knowing what was wrong. One moment she was fine, the next tired, faint, cold. (Must be one of those twenty-four hour bugs that defied medical science, she thought.) She pulled her coat on tighter and yawned. (Why was it, she mused, that with all the breakthroughs and advances, that had rid the Earth of so many illnesses, you still had to wait forever in the reception area?) She turned off the entertainment console and glanced around. The room was in Healer's pink. (She'd read somewhere that it was a soothing colour and that's why

Healer's used it. Jane couldn't remember ever seeing a Healer's room that wasn't ice pink.) Finally she was ushered into her healer's office. It was pink with dull red furniture and pink tinted windows, for privacy. It didn't take long to explain her condition.

"How long has this been going on?" The Healer asked.

"Since yesterday and it's getting worse... and..." She clutched her chest. "There's the pain."

"Pain?" The Healer sat up. "What pain."

"Well, it only started a little while ago, around my chest... it comes and goes..."

"What does it feel like?"

"To begin with, it was a sharp sudden pain, then stabbing, now it's dull."

"Around your chest area?"

"Yes."

"Umm, could be more specific?"

"I think so." Jane pointed to her heart and lung area. The Healer looked at her then at the computer console and back to her. She ran the scanner over Jane again and scratched her head. "Jane, I don't know what to tell you. The scanners read normal. There is nothing physically wrong with you."

"That's impossible!" Jane cried. "One minute I'm all right and the next I'm cold, dizzy, disorientated, tired, then I'm all right again and there's this pain. I can't be normal!"

"How do you feel now?"

The heart was moving, pumping blood. Air moved in and out of his lungs. Bayor read the scanners - no change. He frowned. The first sign that life was returning to the subject was when the oxygen started to convert to carbon dioxide, other bodily processes would quickly follow, with the help of certain chemicals added to his blood. He couldn't turn off the machines until the subject was breathing. He checked again - nothing, then he checked the body scanners. Certain parts of the extremities: toes, fingers and small sections of his arms and legs were not responding. Bayor had expected this problem and instructed his apprentice Healer to treat them as if they were cases of severe frost-bite. It worked and blood returned to those areas. Bayor carefully checked the scanners for any other parts that might have escaped his notice. There were none. He breathed a sigh of relief; unfortunately there was no way to know if any permanent damage had been done until the subject was revived and could tell them. Bayor couldn't wait. The monitor blipped. The oxygen, carbon dioxide ratio had changed. Richard Thackery was breathing.

Jane fainted.

Several hours later, Richard's heart was beating strongly and his breathing was normal. Bayor went over the systems carefully; they were at optimum. He took a deep breath and turned off the machines.

Jane was floating over her bed in the hospital... then the room seemed to change... It was her on the bed, but no, it couldn't be... the body was a man's... The room changed again and there she was, on the bed... monitor flashing, her Healer rushing to her side, trying to revive her... then the room changed again...

Bayor tested Richard's reflex's. His eyes responded to the light and Bayor smiled. Jane floated above. Was that her? It couldn't be. What was happening? She felt drawn down...



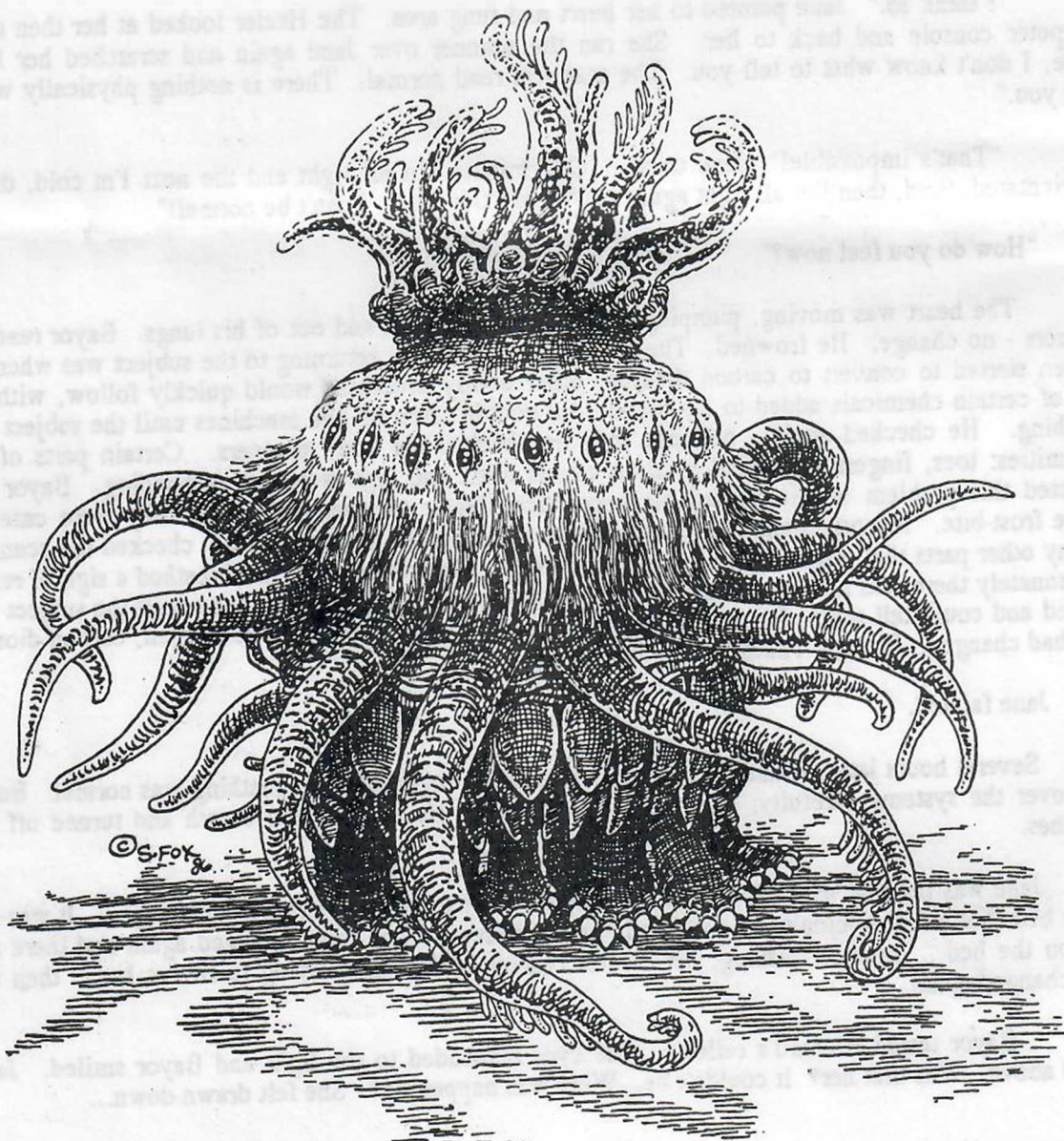
Richard coughed up flem and opened his eyes, everything was a blur...

They worked on Jane until she opened her eyes with a gut wrenching scream.  
"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!"

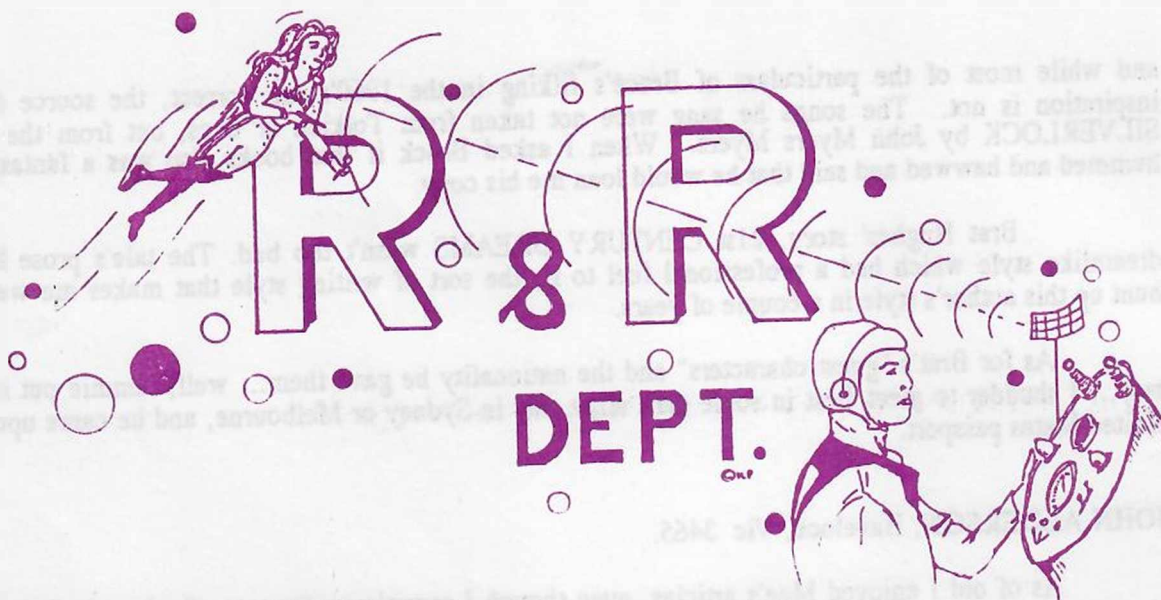
Professor Healer Bayor issued a short, sharp statement to the press.

"The subject regained consciousness for only a couple of minutes before succumbing to death. We have replaced him in the cryogenic programme until the fault can be rectified. He was unable to communicate. The success of this attempt has given the team fresh hope that our next subject will be fully revived."

THE END







NOLA FRAME-GRAY, 933 Maple Ave., Inglewood, CA 90301, USA.

In your comments to Harry Warner Jr. in THE MENTOR #62, while it is true that you two do give free issues for locs and contributions, such is not quite the case here in The States when dealing with mediazines. I've known more than one editor who will only offer you a discount on their mediazine, instead of a 'tribber's' copy when sending them a cartoon or "just" a poem, and at least one editor who required three pages of material before getting a copy of their mediazine in payment and who feels that they are doing you a big favor for offering you, the contributor, a discount should your material be less than three pages. As for locs, I personally know of no mediazine editor who will send you a free copy for your loc, published or not, here in the USA. I once got a letter from the editor of a Star Trek clubzine informing me that he was using my letter for his next issue and if I were to send him money, I could see it for myself (!). As for stories and articles, these things "pay" for a free contributor's copy. Such as is my understanding when I used to hang around with a clutch of STAR WARS fen. However, I cannot speak from personal experience since I am a cartoonist.

Another area that I can't speak from personal experience is the question of the con guest being paid here in the USA. My understanding is this: That while the con guests here don't get paid other than mebbie the cost of a con membership and the hotel room (at a science fiction convention), the guests of a media con do collect speaker's fees, especially if they are appearing at a so-called CREATIONCON, those media cons that are run by professional business men and not fen. Anyone know more out there? Wanna shoot me down? Like I said, I cannot speak from personal experience. This is not to say that all mediazine eds are the way I stated earlier in regards to getting tribber's copies for poems and cartoons and offering only a discount. Happily there are many mediazine eds who will offer a free contributor's copy. The mediazine ed's policy is just not as uniform here as it is in Australia.

As for Buck Coulson's comments about how the main fannish activity here in the States seems to be conventions, this started me on a spree of Wishful Thinking and part Theory. When it comes to what hobbies are popular here in the States, it is us Baby Boomers who are calling the shots. Why? Because there are more of us, that's why. Convention going is very big right now here because most fen (or should that be the majority of fen?) are at the job working age, making money. Plus, you add on the fact that most fen, as far as I can see, have a great desire to remain childless. Put these two factors together and what you have are a lot of fen who love convention going the best, because they have the money and means to be able to attend a lot of conventions. Come retirement age when income is likely to drop, say in about 20 years, plus the fact that the newer fen that will come after us will be fewer in numbers because they're not baby boomers, plus birth control, and the fannish focus of interest will be something else. Letter-writing hopefully? But seeing as I am a committed letter hack, and am only able to attend a limited number of cons, (no can drive) this all could be just wishful thinking. But once the baby boomer fen reach retirement age, who knows? Maybe there will be this great renaissance of zine fandom and letter hacking that Marty Cantor keeps pining away for... that is if the world of computer.networking and electronic mail doesn't get us first.

Re THE YANKEE PRIVATEER by Buck Coulson: talked with Bruce Pelz tonight at LASFS,

and while most of the particulars of Bruce's filking in the 1960's are correct, the source of his inspiration is not. The songs he sang were not taken from Tolkien or Orcs, but from the book SILVERLOCK by John Myers Myers. When I asked Bruck if that book also was a fantasy, he hummed and hawwed and said that he would loan me his copy.

Brat Hughes' story, 21st CENTURY DREAMS wasn't too bad. The tale's prose had a dreamlike style which had a professional feel to it, the sort of writing style that makes me want to hunt up this author's style in a couple of years.

As for Brat's "guest characters" and the nationality he gave them... well, lemmie put it this way... I shudder to meet Brat in some dark alley, say in Sydney or Melbourne, and he came upon the United States passport.

JOHN ALDERSON, Havelock, Vic 3465.

As of old I enjoyed Mae's articles, even though I sometimes disagree. In the past few years I've been doing a little of my own research into language and its writing, and accordingly must repudiate the idea that writing in any way originated in Egypt, except perhaps their own strange version. Their pre-dynastic glyphs give no more than a "totem" representation of the characters name depicted, and virtually all peoples did that. I will not deny that this is written communication but it is little better than drawing an arrow on the ground to show someone following which way you went. But invading northerners scrawled runes on some of these objects, and these have not been deciphered either. But they have certain interesting points.

Traditionally the first Dynasty, founded by Menes, gave Egypt its irrigation system. This was imposed from above (as was the Mildura scheme) as distinct from being a purely local system with the water only getting out to the second landowner, if he was (or if she was lucky... land in Egypt was owned by the women). I believe that this Menes bore the same name as Minos of Crete and Manu of India and it is I believe conceded that they were Indo-European, probably originally from Persia. This makes some of their runes particularly interesting.

Petrie (THE MAKING OF EGYPT) gives 20 different characters in one inscription and another ten in two others. They include a square, a triangle, a tee, an 8 on the side and an x with closed ends, an X, an O, a C, an n, an inverted Y, a square M, a rectangle etc. One interesting sign is a Y with the vertical stroke continued a little higher than the sides or arms of the Y. This peculiar sign occurs four times in the first inscription. However I happened to come across this sign elsewhere, identical. In Viking runes where it represents the M (futhark or Danish Runes). In the Swedish runes the side arms are lost. Other runes common to both sets is the X (a) and the Y with the vertical stroke continued but upside down representing R. However, bearing in mind that the Viking runes being largely carved in wood avoided horizontal strokes, whilst the Swedish runes show a loss of strokes unnecessary for identification, eg. the T which is an arrow point in Swedish loses the right arm. The L, by the way, has only the left arm. So the triangle could easily have become the inverted V (u) and the sign with three drooping arms on the right could have lost one to become the a (with a dot under it). There are at least half a dozen more possible derivations. The correspondences are so obvious, (far more obvious than the usual pedigrees for letters of the alphabet), that one must conclude that the Viking runes are derived ultimately from these very early runes scrawled by an invader of Egypt before the latter could express themselves in writing. This revolutionises our ideas of Teutonic literacy and adds considerably to my firm-held belief that our alphabet was invented by the Indo-Europeans.

The argument has been advanced, as self-evident, that the Greeks did not invent the alphabet because the names of the letters mean nothing in Greek. I put forward the same argument now that the Phoenician names of the letters are meaningless except insofar as our own A stands for Apple, B stands for Ball does. That is, they are merely simple things without much meaning to teach the children their ABC. The reality is that the letters of our alphabet represent either a stylised human body or part thereof. The letters which do not are D, E, G, H, R, X, whilst S, t, T and Z are doubtful. All the rest do. On the other hand the B, b, C, c, d, i, l, j, l, L, M, m, P, Q, r, u, v, w, all represent some aspect of the sexual organs, whilst A is a picture of Y, a man with an erect penis, and F, a



woman in sexual intercourse (dorsal position for those who cannot see it.) It is thus the ancient verb "to be". The G and N represent asexual figures hence the negative and diminutive aspects of N. The g is a fire, and R is the sun trotting across the sky on foot. The moment the chariot was invented the sun was given a chariot so the letter R precedes the chariot. C represents one's bottom as well as the crescent moon, and a represents the eye. The English word eye is actually so old it is a glyph and shows two eyes and nose and eyebrows. It is not the only glyph. D represents the sky and later the sledge of the dead. K is the mouth or a part peculiar to women. O is the mouth. Not even the Phoenician children could be taught what the letters really represented.

The Indo-European roots are so bound up with the intimate meaning of the letters which comprise them that the written word has to be as old as language itself. That is, it has the shape of being written. For example the word "man". M is a picture of a woman in, shall we say, an interesting position. A is the verb "to be", so Ma is the woman who does something, ie makes babies. Ma was the old mother goddess, and ma is the root "to make". Add an N which is a diminutive and you have man, the child of Ma. Man is the child of the mother.

It is time we rethought history.

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

Your publishing seems terribly mechanized to someone who published with a mimeograph (and Juanita ran that, I didn't.) Is your house large enough for all this equipment?

[All the printing equipment (and my computer and printer and our sf book collection and fanzines) are in the garage - we have the Nissen Vanette out in a carport. Actually, the offset duplicator (to give it its ABDick title) is about the same size as a Roneo 750 - the Roneo which is motor driven. The table-top Platemaker is the same size as a small office photocopier and the fuser the same size as a toaster oven, so the latter two only takes up one short bench.

Of course much of today's fan publishers type up their zines (or get others to), and take it to an offset printer or photocopy it. So they don't have as much input in printing the thing as we do. - Ron.]

The Russian article is interesting. I never thought about Russian pros being as excitable and snide as the US ones are, but I suppose it goes with the ego. Anyone who thinks that his writing is good enough to entertain thousands of people has to have a pretty big one.

The US separation between media and book science fiction (of course, books are media too, but those seem to be the terms used) isn't at all complete, but it is large. There are media conventions which have no reference to anything outside their speciality, there are filk conventions, there are conventions which discourage media attendance -- Corflu and Context and Pulpcon are three that I know. Corflu is by and for fanzine fans, Context is orientated specifically toward written science fiction, and Pulpcon is, obviously, for pulp fans -- and not necessarily science fiction pulps. Bob Briney reported that the most sales at the last Pulpcon were of western pulps. However, there are many more cons which try to incorporate a little of everything: panels on writing, 24-hour movies, a room for tv shows, another for ST fans or "Dr. Who" fans or both, scheduled filksongs and concerts, etc. For that matter, The Ohio Valley Filk Fest includes book hucksters and there will be people selling filk tapes at Context, because Juanita and I go to both, and we sell both books and tapes. I don't know how exclusively fannish Corflu is, since I've never been to one, and probably never will be. Probably 75% of all science fiction cons in the U.S. cater to several groups. Most filkers in the US also go to other conventions, though not many of them write for fanzines, and they do talk about other things than filking.

So many books that I've never read... I'd advice caution in reading any biographical material on L. Ron Hubbard published by Bridge. I recently had the chance to read a copy of BARE-FACED MESSIAH, by Russell Miller, which takes pains to specify details of Ron's life as published by Bridge, and the same details as researched by Miller in US Navy records, court documents on property ownership, births, marriages, etc., and various other official records. They don't match very well. Miller wrote me that very few copies of his book were sold before sales were halted by a lawsuit by Scientologists in this country, and also that he'd been sued in every country in which the book was

sold. He also said that he'd won "at every step" and hoped to get the book back into sale eventually; he didn't specify whether he meant just in the US, or everywhere.

I'm afraid THE ANNOTATED HOBBIT is a bit expensive for me. I read the original US edition, not too long after it was published, and eventually bought a copy of the 1956 printing of the British hardcover -- which didn't have all the illustrations I remembered, but did have the text.

LORRAINE CORMACK, 24 West St., Bathurst, NSW 2795.

I loved Patricia Khan's poem VAMPYRE in THE MENTOR 64. I seem to be coming across a lot of vampire-related material lately, and this is definitely one of the best I've seen.

THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS (Sue Cartwright) was enjoyable - but I have a few complaints. I couldn't help but feel that James was too mature for a seven year old. He realized too easily that it was his younger sister's death that had turned his father alcoholic and his mother old. But that's a pretty minor quibble, really.

I enjoyed Louise Hollingberry's THE TRANSMITTER TOO; a lovely touch of humor to a very real relationship and a not impossible (I hope) situation!

#### WE ALSO HEARD FROM:

SHANE DIX of Glengowrie, South Australia and David Tansey of Canberra, ACT.

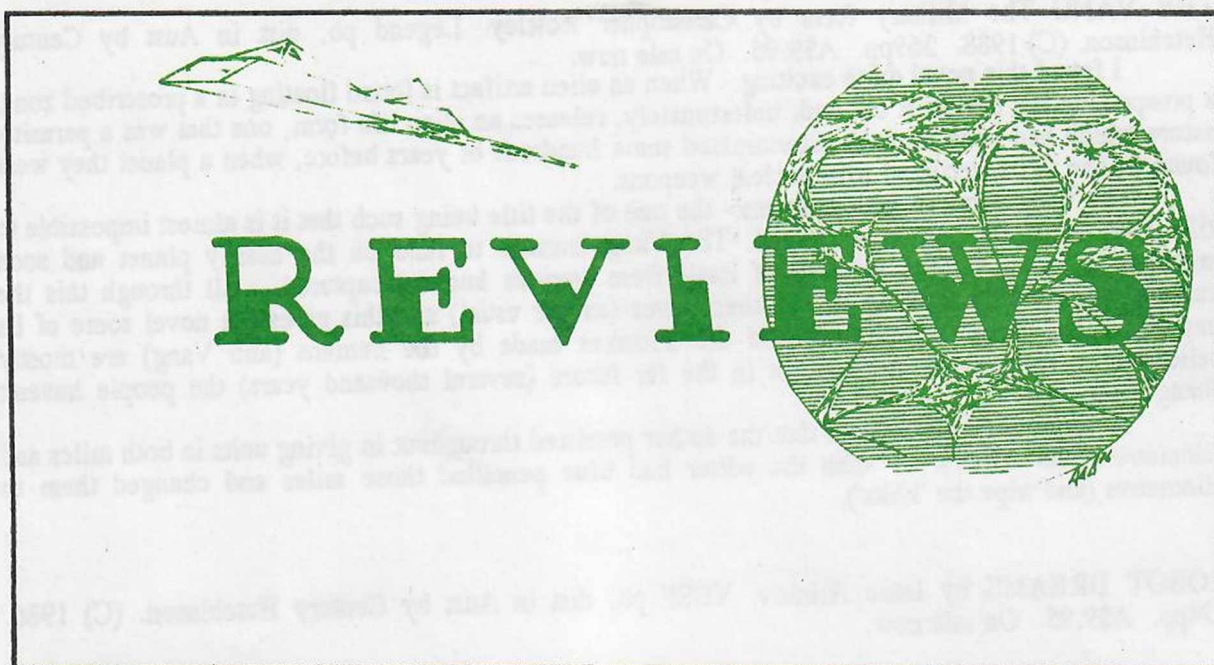
R'YKANDAR KORRA'TI, the editor of LOW ORBIT (252 East Loudon, Lexington, KY 40505-3636, USA) who wrote the following request: "if you know anyone down there who can write good book reviews that the North American market might be interested in (no plot-summary-then-I-liked-it-or-hated-it reviews), and if they might be interested in writing for the US readership, please contact me via the above address. We need book reviewers.

Secondly, and perhaps more interesting: would anyone down there be interested in writing a small Australian Fandom column for LOW ORBIT? I'm trying to get a Canadian Fandom column started as well. Again, write me at the above address if you are interested."

STEVE SNEYD, of 4 Nowell Place, Almondbury, Huddersfield, West Yorkshire HD5 8PB, UK, sent a copy of his offset printed 'Collection of mini-sagas', a 28pp zine of modern poetry (more than prose, I think) that has a cover price of £2.50. It is illustrated on nearly every page. If you are interested in modern poetry this is a good collection to get. The US edition is available from Starsong, Rt.2, Box 260-B, St. Matthews, South Carolina 29135, USA.







**PYRAMIDS** by Terry Pratchett. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1989. 272pp. On sale now.

The discworld was one of the great inventions for humorous science fiction. It is a flat world borne on the back of four elephants, which themselves are carried on the back of a ten thousand mile long turtle which swims through space. There have been other titles in the series: **THE COLOUR OF MAGIC**; **THE LIGHT FANTASTIC**; **EQUAL RITES**; **MORT**; **SOURCERY** and **WYRD SISTERS**. They are all worth reading.

**PYRAMIDS** concerns the Kingdom, a valley separating two warring nations - well, they would be warring if the valley was not there - it acted as a buffer zone. The valley itself was special. It had been founded seven thousand years before by a camel driver who stumbled across it and proceeded to build a civilization. And commenced the custom of creating pyramids as tombs. Not only did the pyramids act as tombs, they had another feature, not discovered for thousands of years - they collected time, venting it every evening.

The novel concerns a young prince who is elevated to the throne of the kingdom when his father dies when he jumps out of a window... One of the better discworld stories.

**BERSERKER'S PLANET** by Fred Saberhagen. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1975. 233pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

This novel was first serialized in IF in 1974, though I don't remember reading it then. **BERSERKER'S PLANET** is set in the universe of the Berserker machines, who have one directive - to exterminate Life.

The great battle of the Stone Place is five hundred years in the past, and Hunter's planet is still held in medieval thrall. One of the highlights of that planet's fifteen year cycle is Thorun's Tournament, when sixty-four of the planet's most skillful fighters meet to battle each other to find the finest fighter, who would set on the God Thorun's right Hand. Also coming to the planet was a human ship, coming to do some hunting and to see some of the excitement of the Tournament. The ship brings hangers-on as well as playgirls and the pilot, a man rich enough to own a spaceship. What they find on the planet, on Godsmountain, nearly kills them all and lets loose on an unsuspecting mankind something that has almost slept for five hundred years. Well written sf adventure.



**THE VANG** The Military form by Christopher Rowley. Legend pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1988. 369pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

I found this novel quite exciting. When an alien artifact is found floating in a proscribed zone, a prospecting tug checks it out and, unfortunately, releases an alien life form, one that was a parasitic nature which had been thought exterminated some hundreds of years before, when a planet they were found on had to be sterilized with nuclear weapons.

The Vang come in various forms - the one of the title being such that it is almost impossible to kill, even when its host is destroyed. The Vang manage to land on the nearby planet and soon manages to hatch various versions of itself from various humans captured. All through this the humans are not only fighting it, but themselves (as per usual) and this gives the novel some of its impetus. The story is well told and the mistakes made by the humans (and Vang) are mostly believable. Though the story is set in the far future (several thousand years) the people haven't changed that much.

A very good read, except that the author persisted throughout in giving units in both miles and kilometres (and 'klicks'). I wish the editor had blue pencilled those miles and changed them to kilometres (and wipe the 'klicks').

**ROBOT DREAMS** by Isaac Asimov. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1986. 474pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

A collection of Asimov stories that have not seen print for some time - some being new to anthologies. This volume was first published in hard cover, when I first reviewed it. The stories are: LITTLE LOST ROBOT; ROBOT DREAMS; BREEDS THERE A MAN...?; HOSTESS; SALLY; STRIKEBREAKER; THE MACHINE THAT WON THE WAR; EYES DO MORE THAN SEE; THE MARTIAN WAY; FRANCHISE; JOKESTER; THE LAST QUESTION; DOES A BEE CARE?; LIGHT VERSE; THE FEELING OF POWER; SPELL MY NAME WITH AN S; THE UGLY LITTLE BOY; THE BILLIARD BALL; TRUE LOVE; THE LAST ANSWER and LEST WE REMEMBER.

As with Asimov's stories, these are well written and many have a 'surprise' ending. They are from all through his writing career and show the range of his writing abilities. If you haven't read most of these, then \$9.95 is a very good price for a 474 page volume of short stories.

A good buy for your library.

**BIG PLANET** by Jack Vance. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1952. 218pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

BIG PLANET is one of Jack Vance's earliest novels, and one that is remembered with fond memories by those who read it back then. Written at the beginning of his career, it still has snatches of the modern Vance, (especially in the costumes and gestures of the characters)

Big Planet was colonised by emigrants from an overcrowded earth - the people who settled there were escaping persecution on their home world and they were mostly individuals who did not get on well with authority. They were almost anarchists. When the latest Earth Commission arrived to try to settle differences that had plagued the talks between the Earth Enclave and the various groups on the planet all seemed to be going ok until the space ship's pilots were killed and the ship crashed, forty thousand miles from the Enclave. The only way out was to trek almost around the planet itself to reach safety. Unfortunately there seemed to be at least one murderer in the group.. Good sf adventure.

**ASTOUNDING DAYS** by Arthur C. Clarke. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1989. 224pp. A\$29.95. On sale now.

The blurb on the dust jacket reads: "The science fictional autobiography". Actually it is a rambling account of both Clarke's early life and the life of ASTOUNDING magazine in the 1930s and 1940s. Clarke starts out with issue one and goes through some characteristics of some of the outstanding authors and of some of their stories. He also has chapters on the editors who influenced the magazine.

Not having a diary at the time, Clarke has fixed on the above method to keep his reminiscences

hanging together and to jog his memory. It works, though it is obvious that that is what he is doing. The volume is a good indication of the atmosphere and the men in the science fiction world of those days. There have now been various autobiographies published about that period - Fred Pohl and Isaac Asimov spring to mind - and this edition brings another's viewpoint.

Clarke also goes a little further into the stories published, and points out errors in the science background of the stories. An interesting volume for those interested in the history of sf.[]

**OF MEN AND MONSTERS** by William Tenn. VGSF classic, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1977. 251pp. On sale now.

Though I had heard of this novel before, this is the first time I had read it. The blurb on the front cover says: 'A classic novel of alien invasion'. Actually I had read the shorter version in **GALAXY: THE MEN IN THE WALLS** when it was published in the magazine in 1963.

Earth is subdued by invading aliens, its population decimated and its science almost forgotten. Men and woman still survive - in the burrows weaving through the walls of the alien's dwellings. The novel takes up the story as a young warrior is on his initiation quest - to steal something from the aliens and thus bring the striking back at them closer. Unfortunately he finds himself in a political situation he has no inkling of how to handle. The tribe he is a member of is one of those closest to the aliens themselves - the warriors steal from the sacks the aliens store their food in.

This is good sf adventure and this novel added to the books already published in the same area, such as **NON STOP**. If you liked that book, then buy this. And the cover actually illustrated the novel!

**THE FATHER TO THE MAN** by John Gribbon. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1989. 221pp. A\$32.95.

This is Gribbon's first solo novel - he has written three collaborations previously. He has a doctorate in astrophysics from Cambridge and has worked on **NATURE** and **NEW SCIENTIST**.

The novel's protagonist switches from person to person, though the main characters are Richard Lee, a Nobel Prizewinning scientist whose works in recombinant DNA was wildly praised and condemned, his young housekeeper, his (now dead) lover, and a woman reporter for a magazine looking for an exclusive story. There is one other character, though he is a youngster throughout. The theory that Lee had proposed that had shook the scientific community was that man and apes had a common ancestor only some three million years ago. He was forcibly retired but he had enough money to continue researching.

A well told, interesting hard sf novel.

**CLOUDROCK** by Garry Kilworth. Unwin pb, dist in Aust by Allen & Unwin. (C) 1988. 160pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

Cloudrock was a world in itself. Some time ago Earth's oceans had dried up or been taken elsewhere, the ocean beds bare and coral islands high and dry. Cloudrock was one such. It was a coral cap on an undersea mountain. When the oceans went it was isolated. Two tribes lived on the relatively small surface - one hunting in the day and living in yurts built of wood and grass. The night hunters lived in caves. There was no breeding between the two tribes - in fact they seldom met. When someone died the women ate them, so as to keep the spirit in the tribe (and the protein).

Oftimes (and lately, more and more) members of the tribe were being born with deficiencies - legs, arms and other organs deformed from the inbreeding. When such a baby was born it was thrown over the edge of the rock to its death. One such baby had not been sent to his death - he became a 'shadow' of his elder brother. If anyone ever spoke to him; acknowledged him, he too would go to his death. The shadow child was highly intelligent, though and lived on.

When his brother saw a girl from the night hunters and became impassioned of her, his 'shadow' helped the dangerous liaison, until they were found out and the 'shadow' was sent to his death over the edge. But he didn't die... Ingenious sf.



**KILLER PLANET** by Bob Shaw. Gollancz h/c, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1989. 105pp. A\$19.95. On sale now.

The first of Bob Shaw's novels for juveniles.

Humankind's colonisation of alien planets had been going on for some time and most planets succumb. Verdia was one which did not. The planet had been passed for colonising and a ship with hundreds of colonists had landed. That was the last heard of them. An Expeditionary ship with crack troops had gone next, and they had been destroyed also. Satellite photos showed excessive storm and lightening activity shortly after they landed, in their immediate vicinity.

The father and younger brother of one of the soldiers decided to investigate the circumstances of the deaths. The father built a rocketship with no metal parts, as the lightning was thought to have been attracted by the metal in the other ships. Even the personal weapons were plastic or wood - bows and swords. The father stayed behind but the younger brother and a female friend landed on the planet. They found the two destroyed ships, and a alien civilisation that had been destroyed in some mysterious manner.

Apart from some repeating and explanation, this novel is as good as many other 'adult' sf adventures now being published.

**THE COMING OF THE QUANTUM CATS** by Frederick Pohl. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1986. 243pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

Fred Pohl has been writing sf for yonks, and his writing hasn't gotten worse - he has kept up with the advancement of science, and this novel, first published in 1986, shows it.

Reality is being probed by various scientific establishments and for Dominic DeSolta this had nothing whatsoever to do with him. He was a mortgage broker and he had a regular girlfriend. Things were going along swimmingly until he met himself in various personages - the senator, the major and the doctor. It was quite a shock to his system - the others were him, but circumstances in their worlds had turned out quite different goods. Dominic the broker was perhaps the most uneducated of the lot and he really did not want to have anything to do with the others. Unfortunately things were never really in his hands and all the earths found themselves in conflict, and Reality started (to coin a cliché) to come apart at the seams.

That was when the DeSolta's found that things, though complicated, could get even more so...

**THE REINDEER PEOPLE** by Megan Lindholm. Unwin trade-sized pb, dist in Aust by Allen & Unwin. (C) 1988. 266pp. A\$19.95. On sale now.

**THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR** continued in a genre that goes back to Conan Doyle and H G Wells - that of the noble savage in the far past fighting for his (and in the latter cases, her) existence and freedom.

The novel follows the career of Tillu, a healer, and her son, who was a dreamer, of sorts. The tribe she lived alongside had their own ideas of how a woman should behave and the old magic man was determined to take her over, body and soul. The old man, Carp, also wanted her son, who, he believed, because he was a dreamer, could enter the spirit world and enhance his own position with both the concrete and magic worlds.

In her fights with the old man, Tillu also had run in with some of the more younger men of the tribe, who had more carnal thoughts concerning their relationship (or their hoped relationship) with her. If you liked the CAVE BEAR novel, then this follows in the same beaten track.

**MAN IN HIS TIME** by Brian Aldiss. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1955 - 1986. 328pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

Brian Aldiss has not had much sf published in the last few years. In the 60's and 70's he had quite a large output of good novels and they are what made his reputation.

During that time he also published quite a number of short stories, many of them unique and many now classics of the genre. This well constructed (both physically and contents wise) volume



contains many of the stories that made his name: OUTSIDE; THE FAILED MEN; ALL THE WORLD'S TEARS; POOR LITTLE WARRIOR!; WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN?; MAN ON BRIDGE; THE GIRL AND THE ROBOT WITH FLOWERS; THE SALIVA TREE; MAN IN HIS TIME; HERESIES OF THE HUGE GOD; CONFLUENCE; WORKING IN THE SPACESHIP YARDS; SUPER-TOYS LAST ALL SUMMER LONG; SOBER NOISES OF MORNING IN A MARGINAL LAND; THE DARK SOUL OF THE NIGHT; AN APPEARANCE OF LIFE; LAST ORDERS; DOOR SLAMS IN FOURTH WORLD; THE GODS IN FLIGHT; MY COUNTRY 'TIS NOT ONLY OF THEE; INFESTATION and THE DIFFICULTIES INVOLVED IN PHOTOGRAPHING NIX OLYMPICA.

It is interesting to see how the author's writing style has progressed from 1955 to 1986. A collection worth getting for your permanent library.

**THE FRAXILLY FRACAS** by Douglas Hill. VGSF trade sized pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1989. 220pp. On sale now.

I took this novel along to the October meeting of the Blue Mountains SF Group as an example of good humorous sf. Even the cover, weird though it is before you read the book, illustrates the light atmosphere of the novel.

Del Curb was a courier. He had a fast ship and a partner who, though relatively good looking, did not give out. He had been a detective before getting enough money to buy the ship - she had been a member of the Galactic Police. Though Del thought of himself of a ladies man, she thought of him as a slob. It takes him most of the novel to figure this out.

As mentioned above, this is a good, humorous sf novel. The characters they meet, both human (as in the descendants of the Family) and the aliens, often turn up in humorous circumstances (to us). Sometimes Hill lays it on a bit thick - as in the supermen/women - but overall I enjoyed it. When he gets more under his belt, Hill will be a torch holder from others before him, such as Sheckley.

**LITTLE HEROES** by Norman Spinrad. Grafton pb, dist in Aust by William Collins. (C) 1987. 733pp. A\$12.95. On sale now.

This is the best novel I have read from Spinrad, with the possibly exception of **THE IRON DREAM**. The reader does not find out till the final few pages what the 'little heroes' of the title refer to, though there are hints throughout.

The time is around the turn of the century (20th) and the spirit of Rock and Roll is thought by some to be nearly gone. The large companies have a strangle hold on many things - music is one. Muzik Inc is the combine in the USA - they have it almost down pat - they even have artificial (computer enhanced) singers, put together with bits and bytes by technicians. There is one old Lady of Rock and Roll who first sang in the 60's - Glorianna O'Toole, and Muzik Inc is having falling sales because of the wireheads - people hung out on electrically created dreams they imbibe with portable EKG machines. The powers that be give Glorianna a blank cheque, and she comes up with Red Jack - a rock singer preaching Red Anarchy. When she leaves the group, another singer is created - Cyborg Sally, who sings:

"I'm Cyborg Sally  
I'm your blood-hot wire  
I'm the blazing bytes  
of your meat's desire!

and so on.

Raw, gutsy sf.

**THE EMPRESS OF EARTH** by Melissa Scott. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1987. 346pp. A\$9.95. On sale Dec.

Melissa Scott has created a future with humanity among the stars and spaceships flying between them, but with no technology as such as we would recognise it. Her spaceships have 'keels' and are moved by spacedrives that use the music of the spheres (as it were). Machines are kept away from the areas using the Art as they (and especially computers) affect badly the utilization of this

arcane work.

THE EMPRESS OF EARTH is the third in what appears to be a trilogy - this novel ends with what seems to be a finale. As I wrote above, the people of the colonised planets use what appears to be a modified tarot to guide their ships between suns, visualising the path between them and guiding the harmonium powered ships partly with their bodies and partly with their minds. This latest novel follows Silence and her crew on their search for a route to lost earth, past the siege engines guarding the known roads. What they find there is not all that surprising when you remember all that has gone before.

A different type of 'hard' sf.

ROOFWORLD by Christopher Fowler. Arrow pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1988. 396pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

When I first received this novel I thought it was one of those 'new wave' novels which would be quite hard to read and set in a decaying present or future world. It isn't. It could be set in present day London (it is set sometime in the late 1980's) and the people in it are present-day people. It begins to read like it could turn into a horror novel - but it doesn't.

The backcover blurb nicely summarises the plot background: "High on the London rooftops, in a dangerous twilight world, lives a secret society of misfits. Very few people on the streets below know that the Roofworld exists but the battle is beginning for the ultimate prize..." Chris Fowler has done his homework (at least seems to from the other side of the world) and it almost seems that such a group of people could exist. There are holes in that idea, of course, but he has done a good job of covering them.

Though in existence for maybe a hundred years, the society is falling apart; it actually exists in two groups - the mirror of each other. One is led by an ex-doctor, the other by a man who appears to be evil incarnate. A unique novel.

THE LUCK OF RELIAN KRU by Paula Volsky. Legend pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1987. 294pp. A\$10.95. On sale Dec.

I enjoyed this fantasy. Volsky's style reminds me very much of Vance's - the description of characters, clothes and landscapes. The novel is written in a sparse, dry humoured style and is excellent reading.

Relian Kru's luck was always bad, and this was reflected on the people around him. Seldom did his family and neighbours have anything to be glad about. Eventually he and his servant, Trince, departed the province and pursued a journey that the young Kru hoped would end in him finding a wizard strong enough to break his bad luck. When he came upon the town of Fluglen and was invited to a party he thought things were getting better. That was until he found that the Court Assassin was bent on killing him. Kru swiftly departed and found himself in the village of Vale Jevaint. Here he found a wizard that was powerful, but unfortunately said wizard wanted to enlist Relian in his service to enable him to destroy a hereditary enemy.

Needless to say, there were quests to go on and object to bring back and a beautiful girl to rescue. A pleasant and enjoyable read.

SONG OF GONDWANA by Craig Robertson. Penguin pb, dist in Aust by Penguin Books. (C) 1989. 261pp. A\$12.99. On sale now.

There is Australian sf being published (or science fantasy). SONG OF GONDWANA is one such. Set in Victoria in the present day, it commences when Lane leaves the city for a holiday and to pursue his hobby of native bird watching. He has the use of a delapidated farmhouse that is in worse shape than he had thought. After a while, though, he settles in and starts walking over the bush looking for the wildlife. He spends quite some time doing this, and comes across a strange cloaked figure riding a horse along the bush trails. Eventually he finds that she is also a bird fancier and meets her. She and he talk over the birds they have seen, and the slaughter of native birds that had shocked them both. Shortly after she disappears, but he is able to figure out what happens and tells some

friends.

Apparently there is an abandoned timber town that she has noticed strange things happening in. He goes to explore hoping to find some trace of her. From then on things become 'otherworldly'. Though this is a mainstream writer, he has caught both the sf mood and the spirit of the Australian bush. Worth reading.

**OTHER EDENS 3** edited by Christopher Evans & Robert Holdstock. Unwin pb, dist in Aust by Allen & Unwin. (C) 1989. 234pp. A\$12.95. On sale now.

This is the third collection in the OTHER EDENS series of British speculative fiction. The stories have been collected by the two editors to represent the best in sf, fantasy and horror.

There are quite a few stories this time, with an overwhelming - to this reviewer - sense of pessimism and The Good Old days. I hope that this isn't the view of most Poms. The stories included are: THE GREY WETHERS by Keith Roberts; THE NEW MAPPER by J.D. Gresham; THE DISCIPLES OF APOLLO by Eric Brown; THE WAY TO HIS HEART by Sherry Goldsmith; RAINMAKER COMETH by Ian McDonald; BLESSED FIELDS by Simon Ings; COUNTRY MATTERS by Gil Alderman; THE DROPLET by S.M. Baxter; CRY by Louise Cooper; THE WAILING WOMAN by Christopher Evans; WHEN THE MUSIC STOPPED by C. Lehmann & Garry Kilworth; WINTERTIME BEAUTY by Christina Lake; PASSION PLAY by Keith Brooke; LOSING CONTROL by Chris Morgan; HEART'S DESIRE by Lisa Tuttle and A TUPOLEV TOO FAR by Brian Aldiss.

I found the stories to be mostly enjoyable, though several were events, rather than stories. All in all a quite good selection of tales.

**THE TOLKIEN CALENDAR 1990**, illustrated by Ted Nasmith. Allen & Unwin, dist in Aust by Allen & Unwin. A\$18.95. On sale now.

Well, this is the calendar to buy for 1990. If you saw the calendar for 1989 you may be querying whether to buy the 1990 Tolkien one. Well, as soon as you see this you'll want it! I can \*recommend\* it and say: make sure you get your order in at your local sf or related bookshop.

I haven't seen the work of Ted Nasmith before, but his style is like that of the Brothers Hindlebrand (?) but with a more detailed pen, where their's is a broad brush. The illustrations (full colour) are: Sam Enters Mordor Alone; At The Foot Of Mount Doom; At The Sign Of The Prancing Pony; Wellinghall; Pursuit In Rohan; Rivendell; Lothien; Nazgul; Green Hill Country; The Oathtaking Of Cirion And Eorl; Riders At The Ford; and Midas Tirth At Dawn. The frontspiece is 'Rivendell'.

Off the twelve, the most beautiful, I think, is 'Lothien', with 'Rivendell' coming a close second. Would I love to have those paintings!

**THE DOOMED PLANET** by L. Ron Hubbard. New Era h/c, dist in Aust by New Era. (C) 1987. 329pp. A\$26.95. On sale now.

At last the tenth volume of Mission Earth is available to those readers who are following the series. There are quite a few of them - some of the people I have mentioned to at work that I put out a science fiction fanzine and that I read sf mention that they are reading the Mission Earth series. Quite a few have read BATTLEFIELD EARTH and have continued on. So this series has penetrated the general readership. Well and good for sf.

In this volume many of the threads are wound up and action still madly goes through. The aliens have returned to their home planet and Lombard Hisst has announced that he is the chief (read dictator) of the confederacy. Jettero Heller, being the hero type, is determined that Evil will not prevail and proceeds to attack those he considers to be the bane of civilization. Of course all comes good in the end, but the fun is following the twists in the plot to get there!!

A suitable wind-up for the series. If you missed some of the hard covers the paperbacks are coming out.



**DERYNI RISING** by Katherine Kurtz. Legend pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1970. 271pp. A\$9.95. On sale now.

**DERYNI RISING** is Volume 1 of *The Chronicles Of The Deryni*. It is quite a famous series now, since it was first published in 1970, being published in Legend pb for the first time here.

Katherine Kurtz has made a name for herself in her other two series - *Histories Of King Kelson* and *Legends of Camber of Cildi*. For those who liked those series, **DERYNI RISING** should prove fruitful for you. Basically it is about how the young King Kelson and his offsider Morgan as they both strive to hold fast the magic abilities of Clarissa, a full-blooded Deryni who is both beautiful and evil.

I have seen several of these series on sale, but this is a good opportunity to get the whole series from the start and in a paperback line that is of good quality paper and that will not fall apart when you have read it a few times. Good fantasy is around, but it takes much reading to find it, so you should buy it when it is available.

**FORESTS OF THE NIGHT** by Tanith Lee. Allen Hyman h/c, dist in Aust by Allen & Unwin. (C) 1989. 299pp. A\$34.95. On sale now.

I don't think I have seen a collection of Tanith Lee's short stories before. They are from such diverse sources as *ISAAC ASIMOV'S SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE*; *WHISPERS 4*; *OTHER EDENS* and *NIGHT VISIONS*. There are eight new unpublished stories also included.

Well, what is included? The stories are: *BLOODMANTLE*; *THE GORGON*; *THE TREE: A WINTER'S TALE*; *I WAS GUILLOTINED HERE*; *CRYING IN THE RAIN*; *ELLE EST TROIS (LA MORT)*; *NICHOLAS*; *THE HUNTING OF DEATH*; *THE UNICORN*; *A MADONNA OF THE MACHINE*; *RED AS BLOOD*; *THE RAKSHASA*; *BITE ME NOT OR FLEUR DE FUR*; *BY CRYSTAL LIGHT BENEATH ONE STAR*; *LA REINE BLANCHE*; *SWEET GRAPES*; *THE TENEBRIS MALGRAPH*; *BLACK AS A ROSE*; *RACHEL*; *DOWN BELOW* and *WHITE AS SIN, NOW*.

Though some of the stories have a science fiction flavour, she is best with her horror stories. This collection is a good representation of her work.

**GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND** by Brian Aldiss. VGSF pb, dist in Aust by Century Hutchinson. (C) 1960. 188pp. A\$8.95. On sale now.

I thought I had read *GALAXIES LIKE GRAINS OF SAND* before, years ago. Reading it now, I am not so sure. In the Foreword Aldiss mentions that some of the bridging material was left out of the original British edition, so that is probably why it seemed new to me. It is one of Aldiss's original ideas - he wrote stories for the magazines, that when linked together, created an entity which was more than the sum of the parts.

The stories included in the sections (labeled *The War Millennia*, *The Sterile Millennia*, *The Dark Millennia*, etc) are quite well known on their own: *OUT OF REACH*; *ALL THE WORLD'S TEARS*; *WHO CAN REPLACE A MAN?*; *BLIGHTED PEOPLE*; *OH ISHRAIL!*; *INCENTIVE*; *GENE-HIVE*; *SECRET OF A MIGHTY CITY* and *VISITING AMOEBA*, but as mentioned above, when they are read with the connecting material they show quite a different side. Get this volume if only for that. It also gives a glimpse of Aldiss's early maturity: the reader can actually see the author growing more sophisticated in his writings.

#### OTHER RELEASES:

##### CENTURY HUTCHINSON:

*THE ABYSS* by Orson Scott Card  
*DOUBLE PLANET* by John Gardener & Marcus Chown  
*ETERNITY* by Greg Bear  
*TRANSFORMATION: THE BREAKTHROUGH* by W. Strieber

##### ALLEN & UNWIN:

*WOLF'S BROTHER* by Megan Lindholm  
*NEW MOON* by Midori Snyder

##### TRANSWORLD:

*KING OF THE MURGOS* by David Eddings  
*WAITING FOR THE GALACTIC BUS* by Parke Goodwin  
*SPACEPORT BAR* ed by G. Scithers & D. Schwitzer  
*DUNGEON* by Philip Jose Farmer

##### PENGUIN:

*CHANTRY GUILD* by Gordon R. Dickson  
*CASTAWAYS IN TIME* by Robert Adams  
*THE MAN WHO NEVER MISSED* by Steve Perry  
*DRAGONLANCE: WEASEL'S LUCK* by Michael Williams  
*THE DRAWING OF THE THREE* by Stephen King

##### PAN:

*THE LONG DARK TEA-TIME OF THE SOUL* by D. Adams

##### WILLIAM COLLINS:

*RADIX* by A.A. Attanasio (previously reviewed)