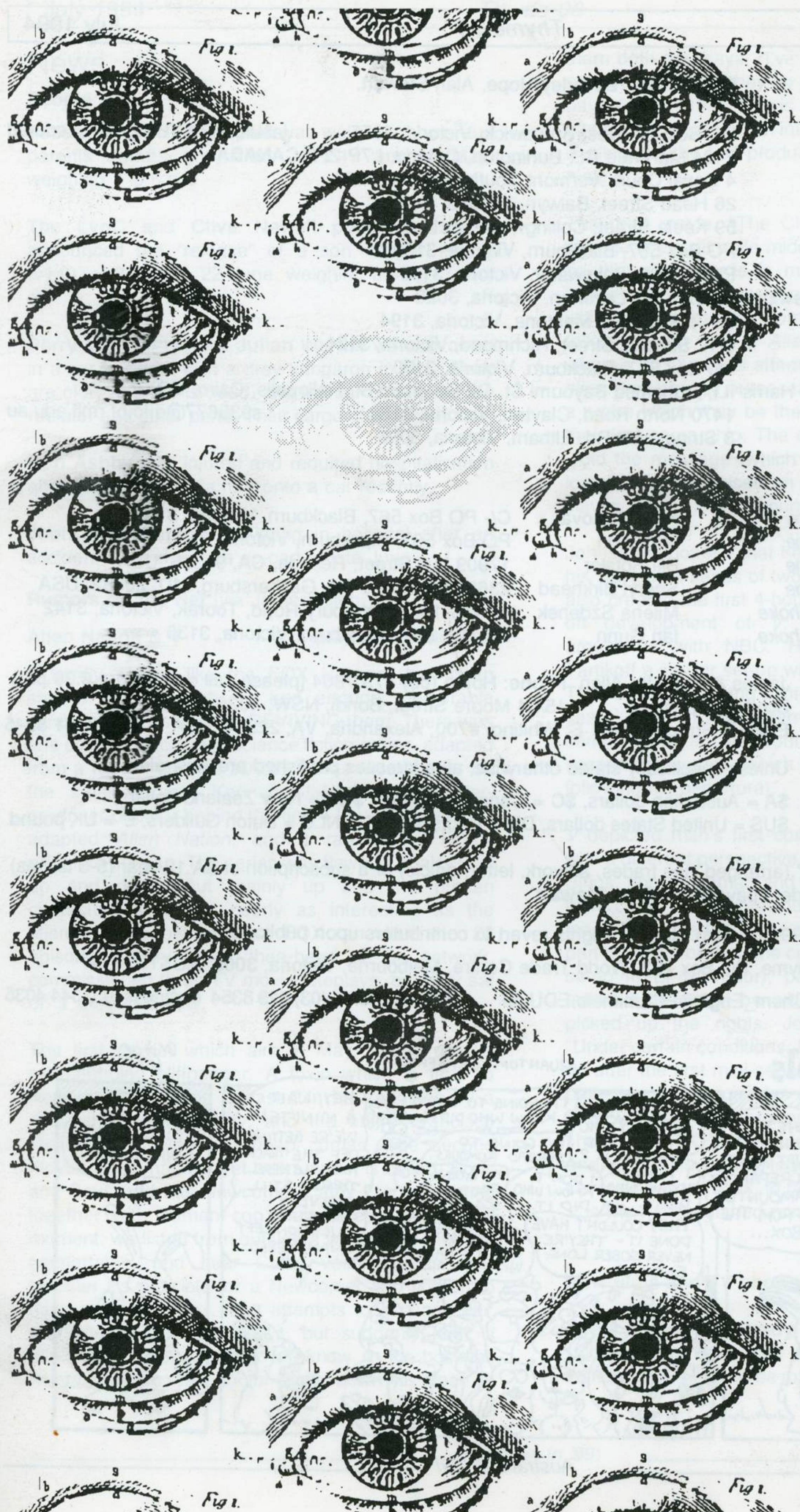


FICTION

Ceri Valkov

JULY 1994 #98 THE AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION NEWS MAGAZINE



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Fanimals

QUANTUM LEAPFROG

By Ian Gunn 694



News

People

Tess Eleanor Sissa Styles was welcomed by proud parents **James** and **Aline** at 2.17 am 20 May, weighing 7 lb 6 oz.

The **LynC** and **Clive Newall** production house announced the "release" of a son, **Roger Henry** (v1.0), at 2.33 am, 22 June, weighing 3.3 kg (7 lb 4 oz).

Perry Middlemiss and **Julian Warner** were involved in a car accident with a grey kangaroo in May. They are okay, the roo is dead, and the car needed a new radiator and other parts. Their cargo of wine was fine.

Don Ashby was injured and required hospitalisation after falling through a roof onto a car recently.

Jools Thatcher is recovering in hospital after an accident while driving a go-cart in late June.

Rumors on the Net (via James Allen)

Alien Nation & V 22 April (Scott J Gorcey)

It hardly seems like the FOX Network has been around long enough, or had enough memorable cancelled shows, to start REVIVING them. There was one critically acclaimed science fiction series, adapted from a movie, but like *MASH*, it was much better on the small screen. Kenneth Johnson, the writer-producer-director behind the first 4-hour *V* miniseries, adapted *Alien Nation*, and it ran during FOX's premiere season. The series was flawed - quality was up and down, but mainly up and the human characters were not nearly as interesting as the aliens. It was low-rated, so FOX cancelled after 22 episodes. Barry Diller, then-head of the network, commissioned three TV movie teleplays, but they sat on a shelf until now.

The first movie, which airs in May, wraps up the series-ending cliffhanger. A toxin which is fatal to Newcomers is being released in Los Angeles by a right-wing political party, and the entire Francisco family have fallen into deep comas. The second movie, which has not yet been made, is called "Body and Soul" and has Newcomer Cathy Frankel getting together with human cop Matt Sikes. The pivotal moment: we listen from outside a window as they get comfortable, and hear Cathy voice doubts over whether it's possible for a Newcomer and human to have successful sex. Matt attempts to assuage her, and she tries to get into it, but suddenly Matt is screaming, and next thing you know, in the hospital, where a Newcomer doctor looks down his nose at

them both and says, "I've seen this before, don't be embarrassed." So they go to classes (heh) to learn to have sex together. This is all against the backdrop of a homicide investigation into the murder of a baby that is allegedly the first product of a human-Tenctonese mating.

The third movie, "The Change", has to do with a change of life all male middle-aged Newcomers must go through: George is menopausal. This movie is intended to be a segue from the first two, which deal with open plot threads from the series. The first movie follows up on one of *Alien Nation's* best episodes, wherein an Overseer attempts to get a message to an alien probe in the outer reaches of our solar system, a probe which may be the slave masters looking for their lost cargo ship. The episode ends ambiguously - did the message (which revealed the Newcomers' location and promised an additional four billion new slaves, i.e., us), get through? We find out that it did.

Johnson is hopeful that he will get to continue to tell his story as a series of two hour TV movies. Johnson also created the first 4-hour *V* miniseries, but walked off development of *V: The Final Battle*, amid arguments with NBC. He proposed to Brandon Tartikoff a similar set-up wherein he would produce 4 TV movies a year and continue the saga for five or six years. Tartikoff was determined to do it as a weekly series, however, and Johnson quit while writing the second mini-series (which he says was "bastardised" following his departure).

V depicted man's first contact with aliens, although with a different perspective. The Visitors, from the star Sirius, appear human and friendly, but in reality they have come for two precious commodities: water and food. We're the food. The story is part science fiction, part classic rebellion (the opening scene is in a Contra camp in El Salvador), part Nazi Germany. When asked if he would be willing to return to *V* if FOX picked up the rights, Johnson hedges his bets. "Under certain conditions, I would do it. I would pick it up after the first mini-series. *The Final Battle* and the pathetic weekly episodes never happened. Do I feel FOX would be willing to meet those conditions?" He shrugs. The FOX Network bought the rights to air *V* and *V: The Final Battle* together (ten hours) four times several seasons back, to ratings success. The original *V* is the most-watched mini-series of all time.

New films and TV shows

In the forthcoming **Brady Bunch** film, Shelley Long (*Cheers*) has been cast as Carol Brady. Florence Henderson (Alice) will be making a cameo appearance.

19 May (allegretto)@delphi.com

Just to let you know, the FOX network is making a 1990's version of *UFO*. MICROPROSE software is also making a very similar pc game called X-COM.

3 Jun (Richard N Kitchen)

From the 2/6 LA Times: "The popular science-fiction anthology and 1960s TV series *The Outer Limits* will be resurrected on cable's Showtime, with a new two-hour movie scheduled to air next February, followed by 20 one-hour episodes by science-fiction writers who work 'in the spirit' of masters Robert Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury and H.G. Wells. Produced by the MGM Worldwide Television Group, the project is being billed as 'the first major step in the rebuilding of MGM Television' since it's the first major production deal under new president John Symes. Writers, directors and cast for the project were not announced." I wonder what "in the spirit" means?

8 Jun (robert.w.neumann)

The latest issue of *FAB*, the magazine published by the Gerry Anderson fan club Fanderson in England, has information on the new Gerry Anderson TV series currently in production. Due to legal reasons, the show previously known as "Space Police" has now been changed to the working title "Space Precinct". The show has been pre-sold to 52 different countries/markets and will first be seen on an as yet unnamed network in the United States this fall with a simultaneous video release in the UK. The show will start its official UK broadcast in January 1995.

The main lead character will be played by Ted Shackleford (spelling??) who is best known as J R Ewing's estranged brother Gary from *Dallas* and *Knots Landing*. The budget for the TV show is approx \$800,000 per episode, almost as much as *Star Trek: The Next Generation*. The live-action TV show will also include aliens using advanced puppet technology overseen by Christine Glanville who has worked with Gerry on most of his previous shows including *Thunderbirds*, *Supercar*, etc.

One of the directors of the show will be John Glen who worked on many of the recent James Bond movies and the recent Christopher Columbus movie. One of the special effects people have previously worked on Gerry Anderson's *Terrahawks* and they are planning some new effects never before seen on TV. The broadcast "Space Precinct" will bear little resemblance to the original "SPACE POLICE" pilot. The show has developed into more of a feel of *Blade Runner* and *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine*. Other

articles in *FAB* 15 include an article about Barry Gray, one of Gerry Anderson's lead composers, and continuation of a *Terrahawks* episode list.

Forever Knight

3 Jun (CueCutter)

Forever Knight is returning in September. It will be in First-Run Syndication with most of the cast returning (Except the guy who plays the Lt.) it picks up right when it left off. Promises to be good. I think they're doing either 22 or 24 episodes

3 Jun (Janet A. Dornhoff)

As you say, all except Gary Farmer, who played Captain Stonetree, are returning. Nigel Bennett, who plays LaCroix, says that the filming is going very well, and that this season's scripts are even better than the first one's. The second episode will include a flashback to when Janette was brought across.

Tekwar

28 April (Nicholas Fitzpatrick)

Central Television Network Ltd has reached a deal with Atlantis Films Ltd, WIC Western International Communications Ltd and William Shatner for 24 episodes of *Tekwar*, a \$36-million hour-long action-adventure series based on Shatner's futuristic thrillers. *Tekwar: The Series* will be broadcast on Toronto-based CTV in the 1994-1995 season and will be produced in Toronto beginning in July. The four original *Tekwar* TV movies serve as the pilot for the series. *Tekwar* is produced by Toronto-based Atlantis Films, in association with CTV, Mr Shatner's Lemli Productions Inc, and Vancouver-based WIC Western for CTV and first-run syndication in the United States.

Highlander 3

15 May (A Adams)

According to all the rumors they're ignoring *Highlander II: The Sickening* completely (Hurrah). The best line we have on the plot is two immortals held in stasis by a rockfall somewhere (possibly Australia) coming out after Connor wins The Prize and being somewhat pissed off. Sean Connery is reported to be in it as Ramirez in flashbacks as in the original.

Heinlein movie

16 May (Kuo-yu Liang)

The movie is *The Puppet Masters* based on Heinlein's book. The studio is Hollywood Pictures, which is a division of Disney. It will star Donald Sutherland, Julie Warner and Eric Thal. It is scheduled for a November release at this point.

Babylon 5

7 June (Straczynski)

It's my *understanding* that Australia will be getting the series come about the fall...but my understanding is often flawed and imperfect, so perhaps what I was really told was that the moon was asking around about the foxes again. Would be very much like me to confuse the two. Anyway, that's about all I know. Sad, isn't it ?

20 May (brett jaffee)

Joe posted this on GENie: I have some news that must be imparted. I think that the best way to convey that news is to start at the end of the story, make my way to the middle, and end at the beginning. So: the end of the story. Everything is okay. Nothing major really changes. All is well.

Now the middle of the story. I've been asked, several times, what happens if something *happens* to me, or one of the cast members, during the five year arc, since this is a fully-worked-out novel. Generally, I blow off the question with humor. But the truth is, obviously, I've taken every possible step to make sure that no one is disappointed. In my case, I've made sure the story is available somewhere. The trouble, of course, is that unlike writing a novel, where the characters exist only on a sheet of paper, actors and writers cause some discussion on the best of days. They can get sick, they can get into contract disputes, they can be hit by meteors, they can decide to buy a house in Cambridge and raise hedgehogs under an assumed name. There are, in short, *always* unpredictables in any such endeavor. Consequently, in drafting the story for *Babylon 5*, I made sure to compensate for any possible changes. For lack of a better term, there is a "trap door" built into the storyline for every character. Obviously, you don't want to lose anyone, but in *every* case any such change momentarily shifts the story about ten degrees to one side for a little bit, and then you're back on track again.

Case in point: Dr. Benjamin Kyle and Lyta Alexander. Here are the only two humans who have seen or scanned a Vorlon. This is Very Important to the storyline. Alas, as later events unfolded, things did not work out, and the characters were dropped...but their story remained important, in that it was established that they were soon afterward recalled to Earth under mysterious circumstances (as noted in "War Prayer"), which actually *helps* the storyline in many ways. This is not meant to sound callous. As a writer, and as a producer, it's my job to tell the story, to be responsible, and to make sure every possible contingency is covered. To do anything less would be simply irresponsible.

Now to the beginning of the story. Over the last few weeks, we've been re-activating our cast, making the deals for the coming season. One aspect of this has been a series of conversations with Michael O'Hare. Having produced one full season, and having learned a lot, and having fine-tuned the "saga" along the way, it was our goal to expand the show, bring in some new characters, and take the show in some new directions, which will prove quite interesting, I think.

There is also the question, from an actor's point of view, about other opportunities, any possible concern about typecasting, the limitations of a continuing role. Now is the point where one needs to take a breath and assess one's future, because the deeper we get into the story, the more problematic it is to change things (though, again, it's do-able, as noted above). As a result of these discussions, it has been agreed that we will have a separation, in the role of the commander. Let me emphasise this very clearly, so there is no chance of miscommunication: this is a mutual, amicable, and friendly separation. This isn't a Tasha Yar situation. Moreover, we will be handling this in such a way that, down the road, Sinclair could potentially return to the story. The character of Sinclair will achieve an important destiny, and the mystery of the Battle of the Line will be explained, both in the first episode of the new season. His story will still track. And the series will still track precisely as planned. I take pains to mention this because both Michael and I want it clear that we both believe in the show, and want this in no way to interfere with the series. He has asked me to convey for him his encouragement, his best wishes, and to emphasise that this is, again, an amicable and friendly separation.

If I can speak personally for a moment...those of you reading this on-line know that I've always talked straight with you. If I thought this in *any* way would interfere with the story, you'd hear about it from me loud and clear. When problems have arisen in the past, I've always spoken about them quite bluntly here (much to the chagrin of some people). This is okay. We're all still very much friends. This was a hard decision, but we both knew that it was the right decision, for very different reasons. We both kind of came to the same place at the same time from different directions. We've got to do what's right for the show, and for each other, and in many ways, this does just that. Once again, let me emphasise that the story continues on the path that has been set for it, everything you learn this season still obtains, the show remains solid, with all of the other cast members coming back for a new season, and that the saga of *Babylon 5* will continue to reveal itself exactly as planned. And I hope you will continue to stay with us for that journey.

Awards

20 April (Bernard Peek)

The **Arthur C Clarke** award for the best new SF novel published in the UK in 1993 was announced today.

The shortlisted books were:

A Million Open Doors John Barnes (Millennium)
Ammonite Nicola Griffith (Grafton - HarperCollins)
Snow Crash Neal Stephenson (Ringpull)
The Iron Dragon's Daughter
 Michael Swanwick (Roc - Penguin)
The Broken God David Zindell (HarperCollins)

The award, 1000 pounds and an engraved bookend, was presented tonight by Helen Sharman OBE at the Irish Centre, Camden Town in north London. The MC was Geoff Ryman, a past winner of the award. Also taking part were Fred Clarke and Angie Edwards, Arthur C Clarke's brother and niece.

The judges for the award were Mark Plummer and Maureen Speller for the SF Foundation, Catie Cary and Chris Amies for the British SF Association and John Gribbin and Jeff Kipling of the Science Policy Foundation.

The winner this year is Vurt by Jeff Noon, published by Ringpull.

For further information contact the administrator:
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1994 Tiptree Award

20 May (Lucy Sussex)

Winner: Nicola Griffith, Ammonite, Del Rey, 1993

Tiptree judges: Steve Brown, Susan Casper, Jeanne Gomoll, Ursula K Le Guin, Maureen F McHugh.

1994 Tiptree Award Short List

Eleanor Arnason, Ring of Swords, Tor, 1993
 Margaret Atwood, The Robber Bride, Bantam Books, 1993
 Sybil Claiborne, In the Garden of Dead Cars, Cleis Press, 1993
 L Timmel Duchamp, Motherhood, Full Spectrum 4, Bantam, 1993
 R Garcia y Robertson, The Other Magpie, Asimov's SF, April 1993
 James Patrick Kelly, Chemistry, Asimov's SF, June 1993
 Laurie J Marks, Dancing Jack, DAW, 1993

Ian McDonald, Some Strange Desire, The Best of Omni III

Paul Park, Coelestis, Harper Collins, 1993

Alice Nunn, Illicit Passage, Women's Redress Press, 1992

One of my favorite novels of recent years, Illicit Passage concerns the actual mechanics of a feminist revolution, a revolution from within. As the individuals in the asteroid mining town in Nunn's novel learn self-confidence, their lives change. And as the people organize, the social order changes. The establishment panics and looks for "the usual suspects"-the revolutionary agitators, the bomb-throwers, and entirely misses the secretaries, mothers, factory workers, and servants plotting radical change right under their noses. Illicit Passage is a novel of mistaken assumptions, misdirected expectations. In fact, we never actually hear the main character (Gillie) speak. We only learn about her from characters who dislike or are intensely jealous of her. That we end up liking her very much anyway, in spite of the strongly biased points of view of the other characters, only strengthens our admiration for her. [Jeanne Gomoll]

AUSTRALIAN CONTENT HERE - Alice Nunn lives in Tasmania and is the first Australian woman to be shortlisted for an international SF award. In fact I think the only other Oz person who has is George Turner.

Constantinople masquerade winners:

Encouragement: 'Girl Through the Hoop' Paula Lind
 Presentation: 'Lilith' Chris Ballis
 Group: 'The Borg' Mark Hassam, Steve & Catherine Scholz
 Original: 'Sun and Moon' Wendy Purcell, Gail Adams
 Reproduction: 'The Borg'
 Judges' Choice: 'The Borg'

Costumiers' Guild Hall Costume Awards:

(Given at Constantinople)

Karen Ogden	'Deep Space Nine uniform'
Andrew McGee	'Vampire'
Paula Ruzek	'TNG Admiral'
Sharon Mosely	'Classic Star Trek Dress'
Darren Maxwell	'Imperial Officer'
Shane Morrissey	'Imperial Officer'
Robert Jan	'Federal Marine Sgt Major'
Gail Adams	'Pre-Raphaelite Gown'
Wendy Purcell	'Princess Bride'
Sue Burtzynski	'Space, the Final Frontier'
Shane Morrissey	'Republic Officer'
Kathryn Anderson	'Avon inspired costume'
Catherine Scholz	'Robin Hood: Men In Tights'

Fan Funds

DUFF Deadlines (June 1994)

Alan Stewart is the new Australasian DUFF Delegate.

First place votes:

	Aust.	N.A.	Total
Alan Stewart	20	38	58
Sussex/Warner	26	18	44
Ron Clarke	14	24	38
Donna Heenan	7	8	15
No Preference		6	6
Hold Over Funds	1	1	2
Write-ins: Ortlieb	2		2
Wild Colonial Boy		1	1
	70	96	166

Distribution by round:

	1st	2nd	Final
Alan Stewart	58	64	90
Sussex/Warner	44	52	60
Ron Clarke	38	39	
Donna Heenan	15		
Write-Ins	3		
Hold Over Funds	2		

Write-ins in other than first rankings were: Merv Binns, Blake Edgerton, Terry Frost, Ian Gunn and Karen Pender-Gunn, David L Russell, Totoro and W-E-B.

Next year a North American fan will go to Thylacon, 1995 Australian SF Natcon, June 10-12, Hobart, Tasmania. Nominees need three North American and two Australian nominators.

Nominations open	1 June 94
Nominations close	14 September 94
Ballots postmarked	25 January 95
Received by Administrators	1 February 95

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DUFF are currently running a 'Mail Auction' and welcome donations and inquiries.

Copies of Fanthology '90, edited by Mark Loney for Corflu Nova, May 1994, are available from Alan Stewart for \$A 10 (includes postage). All proceeds from sales to DUFF. Thanks to Dick Lynch for donating the copies, and Mark Loney for packaging.

Writing and Publishing

Steve Paulsen

Monday evening, February 14 saw the launch of Australia's only professional horror magazine Bloodsongs, edited by Chris Masters and Steve Proposch. Ceremonies were to begin at 8.30, but didn't get underway until after nine.

Stephen Dedman sold a new story, *Schrodinger's Catalyst*, to F&SF just before Christmas.

Shane Dix reports the sale of a story, *The Neck of the Hourglass* (originally published in Eidolon #13), to the new US science fiction magazine Expanse.

Shane Dix and Sean Williams have three "books of the Cogal" scheduled for future publication by Aphelion (in association with S.L.S the "Ascendancy" gaming series): 1: The Unknown Soldier, 2: Galine Four and 3: Everlife Rising, all tpb and \$A 12.95.

Issue #7 of the US magazine Tomorrow included the first of a four-part serial, *Dance to the Sun*, by William Esrac.

Sherri-Anne Jacobs writing as Shannah Jay, has sold a new book, The Lands of Now (Part Two of The Chronicals of Tenebrak) to Pan Macmillan Australia. Book One, Quest, was published in pb in February.

Omnibus books recently published The Future Trap (TPB \$9.95) by Catherine Jinks, a science fiction novel for young adults.

Aphelion's long awaited anthology of Australian science fiction, Alien Shores, edited by Peter McNamara and Margaret Winch, will not be published in April as expected but will follow later in the year. It will appear in trade paperback format (\$19.95) with an introduction by Damien Broderick. It will be launched jointly with the Paul Collins edited collection Metaworlds (Penguin) at 8 pm, 2 July, at Tragically Hip, Smith Street, Collingwood, by Race Matthews

The Oxford Book of Australian Ghost Stories edited by Dr Ken Gelder will be published in hardback in October 1994 (rrp \$39.95) by Oxford University Press.

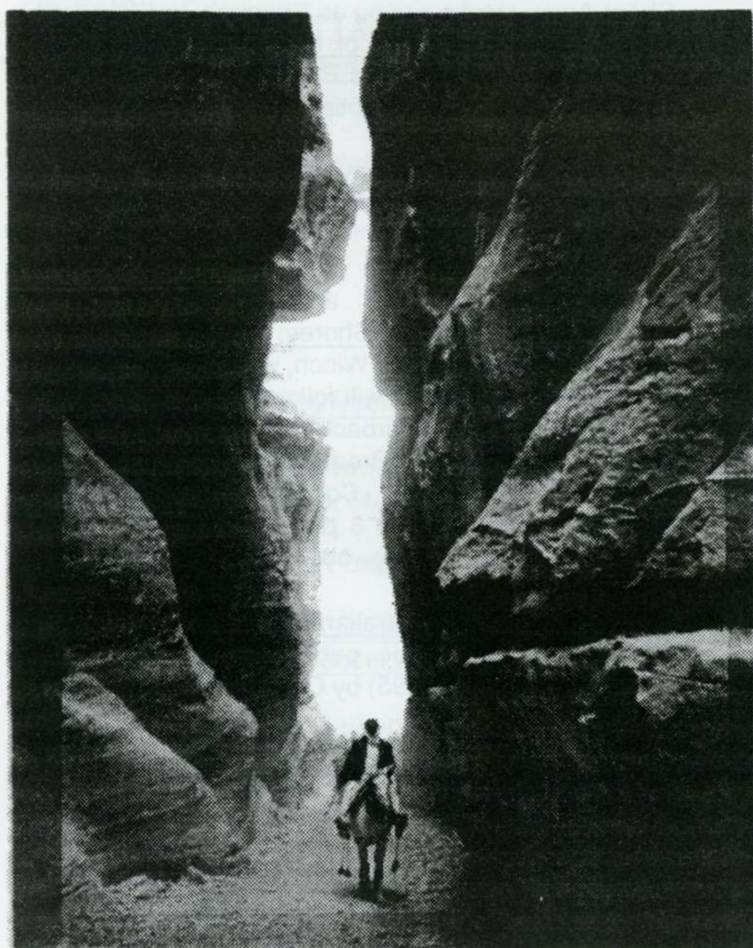
Isabelle Carmody's novel The Gathering (Penguin Books) has been shortlisted for Children's Book of the Year Awards for older readers.

Kate Humphrey's story *Love, Pain and Self-will* from Bloodsongs #1 has been selected by Ellen Datlow for the Recommended Reading List in the Year's Best Horror and Fantasy.

Sherri-Anne Jacobs has now written the first draft of her new Shannah Jay novel *The Serpent*, Part Three of *The Chronicals of Tenebrak*. Sherri-Anne's Writing SF workshop reportedly went very well and was fully booked. The WA Fellowship of Australia started a list for a repeat workshop, contact them if you are interested. Sherri-Anne has also gained the Writer in Residence spot at the Katharine Susan Writers' Centre in the hills near Perth.

Chris Masters (co-editor of *Bloodsongs*) and Big Bad Ralph (who may be familiar from the film *Bloodlust*) are currently working on a film script for an over-the-top film called *SPLATTER HOUSE*. It is set in Melbourne and filming is currently scheduled for October-November this year.

Genetic Soldier, the new SF novel by George Turner, has now been published by William Morrow in hardback in the USA. The Avonova edition is expected in July. Imported copies should be available in bookshops soon. George was also the recipient of the 1994 A Bertram Chandler Memorial Award for Outstanding Contribution to Australian Science Fiction, presented by the Australian SF Foundation at Constantinople '94.



First glimpse of Khazneh through the Siq

Article

Tim & Narelle & The Last Crusade

A visit to Petra, Jordan, by Tim Richards and Narelle Harris.

For our annual holiday this year we decided to see some more of the Arab world. We flew to Aleppo, Syria, in mid-March and from there made our way gradually south through Homs, Palmyra and Damascus, and from there to Jordan. The capital, Amman, is a surprisingly modern city and therefore not one of the most interesting places in the Middle East. History, though, was waiting just a few hours south in Petra, best known to movie goers for its appearance in the final scenes of *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*.

Choosing the cheapest means of transport, we made our way to Amman's Wahadat bus station and waited for a minibus to Wadi Musa to fill up. Minibuses in Arab countries rarely operate to timetables, but rather wait at the station until full before departing. It's not as inconvenient as it sounds, as it means you can wander down to the bus station at any time and there's usually a bus there for your destination. It's also cheap, about \$A 3 for the three hour haul from Amman to Wadi Musa. Not much luggage space though, as usual, we were thankful that we'd packed light, one cabin luggage size bag each.

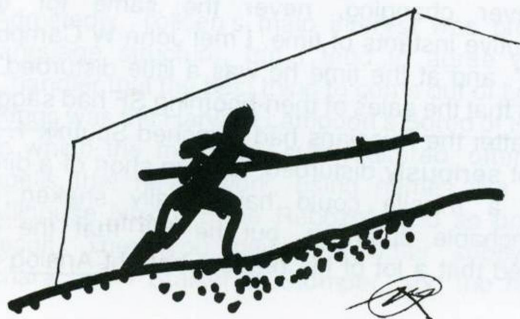
The first thing you see upon entering Wadi Musa is Ain Musa, a simple little building with three white domes. Within a spring bubbles out of the rocks and small birds flutter about their nests in the rafters. The spring is allegedly the place where Moses (Musa) struck his staff upon the ground and water gushed forth. It is really in the most pleasant setting; this part of Jordan is rugged and hilly, and the spring flows away downhill as it leaves the small building. We were staying at the small hotel next door, and it was not unusual to see herds of goats and sheep being driven along the road and stopping for a drink from the spring.

We had arrived too late that day to visit Petra, a few kilometres further on, so we settled for enjoying the scenery. After dinner in the evening the hotel staff unlocked the VCR and TV in the small reception area and produced no less than a video copy of *The Last Crusade*! It was great fun watching this in the company of the other travellers, most of whom had been down to Petra that day. When the mysterious map of the treasure trove appeared, someone commented, "Is that from the Lonely Planet Guide?" The climactic scenes in Petra itself were of course the source of much delight.

At 8 am the following day we passed through the entry gates and began the long but interesting walk through the Siq, the long narrow canyon which winds some three kilometres to Petra. In places it is only a few metres wide and up to 200 metres high, so there is an overwhelming impression of being dwarfed by nature. Arabs on horseback clattered up and down the Siq offering rides to tourists, seeming not at all out of place in their traditional red-and-white kufiyyas (headscarves). As the Siq reached its end, we rounded a corner to be stunned by the first glimpse of the Khazneh (Treasury), the building featured so prominently in the film. Like almost all structures in Petra, the Khazneh was hewn entirely out of the rockface behind it. As the rock in this area is a rugged reddish-brown, this imparts some magnificent colors to the carved buildings. The Khazneh has a distinct reddish tint, quite impressive in the early morning and late afternoon light. The facade is topped by an elegantly carved urn which was once rumored to hold a hidden treasure hoard. Evidently some of the local Bedouin population believed the story for the urn is pock-marked with rifle shot! They were bound to be disappointed, however, for the urn is solid rock all the way through.

The rest of Petra is a mixture of houses, tombs and temples spread out over a wide area. The Nabateans, the Roman-era Arabs who built Petra, were obviously people of some endurance as several buildings are located at great heights. We chose an hour long slog up the steps to the Monastery, built in the same style as the Khazneh but much bigger. We were exhausted, but it was worth it, as the Monastery was impressive and the mountain views spectacular. On a mountain top in the distance we could see the shrine of Haroun (Aaron), brother of Moses. It was on his way to this shrine in 1821 that a Swiss explorer rediscovered the ruins of Petra, lost to the outside world for centuries.

We spent the whole day in Petra and were feeling quite withered as we trudged back up the Siq, refusing the numerous offers of horses in an attempt to salvage our budget. It had been a fascinating day and we felt that it would be fair to regard Petra as one of the top attractions in the Middle East, even equal, dare we say, to the treasures of the Pharaohs.



Article

Science Fiction in Open Learning

George Ivanoff

Science fiction and fantasy can often be found in the most unlikely of places. All one has to do is look. Well, I've discovered some in an unusual place and so I thought I'd share it with Thyme's readership.

Recently I started working with the Open Learning Agency of Australia, which provides tertiary level studies from various universities through correspondence, television (ABC) and radio (Radio National). Imagine my surprise when one of my colleagues, who knew that I was interested in SF, pointed out that two of the subjects contained SFnal elements. A unit offered through Monash and Charles Sturt Universities called "Cultural Studies: Texts and meanings", has on its reading list Mary Shelley's Frankenstein and Ursula Le Guin's The Word for World is Forest.

There is also a philosophy unit offered through Monash University called "Time, Self and Freedom", which mentions SF in its course outline:

"...various topics in metaphysics will be discussed, among them the nature of time and causation, determinism and human freedom, the nature of personal identity and the question whether thought could be a function performed by a computer. A distinctive feature of the course will be that the major topics will all be introduced through science fiction stories in which these issues arise."

This unit is coordinated by Dr Aubrey Townsend. Hearing him explain how his unit gives students the option of communicating via computer using the Australian Academic Research Network, I noticed how partial he was to the term 'cyber-space', which he seemed to take every opportunity to use. I suppose what all this goes to show is that SF is actually relevant to the 'real world', or at least to the world of academia.

In case anyone is interested in knowing more about Open Learning they can write to: Open Learning, 30 Collins Street, Melbourne, Victoria, 3000.

Australian publishers who would like to sell to the US Library of Congress (which is trying to build up its Australasian SF collection), should send promotional material to: Library of Congress, Recommending Officer for SF, Washington, DC, 20540, USA.

Article

The Swing to fantasy - Why ? Wynne Whiteford

(Originally presented to the Nova Mob, June 1994)

A glance through the recent title lists of the major publishers of science fiction shows a definite swing in popularity from what we used to call "hard SF" to fantasy. In the words immortalised by Julius Sumner Miller - **Why is it so ?** Let's begin by defining a few terms.

The way I see it, realistic fiction aims at creating the illusion that it is reporting events carried out by real people in the known world. Hard SF aims at presenting the same kind of image **except** that one vital factor in the story is altered from reality. It presents a view of the world **as if** someone had invented a device or a technique that does not yet exist, and explores the effect of this change on people. It's an exercise in pushing the suspension of disbelief as far as the writer feels he can get away with it. Personally I like to extrapolate from trends that are already being worked on, assuming that a breakthrough is made, and following up its impact on society.

Fantasy is where "anything goes" - vampires, dragons, mermaids, fairies of the old style, wizards, magic wands, you name it. This type of writing does not begin with the known world and alter just one factor. It moves the "as if" clause to the very beginning of the story, so that disbelief is put aside at the outset. Enjoyment of either type depends on individual taste, or maybe temporary mood. Why the reader chooses as he does is something we'll look at later, because I think it's a symptom of a widespread trend that goes far beyond taste in fiction.

No genre stays in the limelight forever. When I was a kid, back in the days before TV, the suburbs of all major Australian cities were dotted with little circulating libraries. In our local one, typical of most, the books were divided into four sections: MYSTERY, WESTERN, ROMANCE and OTHER. I borrowed mostly from the OTHER section - I remember finding John Taine's The Iron Star and a few other miscellaneous books of interest. The mystery novel was dominant then, and people used to read them from beginning to end, regarding it as cheating to peep at the last page to see "who done it". This type of novel was basically a puzzle, absorbing the reader a bit longer than a crossword, and vast numbers of them were printed, all but a few by writers you never heard of.

The mystery was probably the most popular genre in the 1930s, but by the 1950s, well... in 1957 or 1958 I attended an advance showing of the Japanese movie *Rodan* in New York. The audience had been invited to fill in little individual reports stating what they thought of the film, how it might be modified to suit American audiences, etc., and was drawn from two groups, the Science Fiction Writers of America and the Mystery Writers of America. There wasn't much contact between the groups, except in the elevators on the way up or down, but one thing was clear. The mystery writers seemed to hold the SF writers in a certain awe, because they were paid 2¢ a word at the time for magazine stories, whereas the mystery people, in an overcrowded market, got ½¢ a word. In other words there had been a definite swing. From our point of view, this was fine for twenty or thirty years, but now is the pendulum swinging somewhere else ?

This has happened in other fields, archetypically in jokes. When I was young, limericks were in. Everyone knew the one about the Young Lady from Riga who smiled as she rode on a tiger, or the less printable fate that befell the Young Man of Calcutta, or the one about that wise old bird, the pelican. But by the time I'd gone through school the sheen had worn off the limerick, and in another twenty or thirty years it often simply evoked a Bronx stare. Earlier still, the same fate had overtaken the pun. Puns were used in the days of Shakespeare, and had a wave that crested about the end of last century. Were they common throughout the three hundred years in between or did they fall out of favor and return, maybe more than once ? Before I'd reached my teens I'd heard many puns, some of them spontaneous, some traditional. However, the thing that impressed me and my associates was that puns were mostly perpetrated by the oldest generation around. For any type of joke its monopoly by a senior generation is the kiss of death. In the minds of the young it becomes a trademark of those who are no longer with it.

Are these changes in taste cyclical, progressive, or simply chaotic ? Perhaps the succession of fashions is utterly random. I don't think it follows a straight-line series of evolutionary trends. I think it fits more neatly into the Hindu idea of continuous creation symbolised by the cosmic dance of Siva, so that the human scene is forever changing, never the same for two consecutive instants of time. I met John W Campbell in 1957, and at the time he was a little disturbed by the fact that the sales of then-booming SF had sagged a little after the Russians had launched Sputnik 1. He was not **seriously** disturbed, nothing short of a direct hit by a missile could have really shaken his unquenchable optimism, but he felt that the dip indicated that a lot of his readers bought Analog not

for a window to possible futures, but as sheer escapism. I argued with him, a useless enterprise, that he was overlooking the factor of patriotism. From the American viewpoint, the fact that Sputnik was launched by "them" rather than by "us" somehow devalued interest in the whole field. I think subsequent enthusiasm for the Saturn, Apollo and moonwalking projects proved me right in this, but unfortunately these things came a little late for John.

Many of the earlier writers of science fiction had a scientific or engineering background, and so did the bulk of the readers of that time - in the late 1950s Ted Carnell put the figure at 50% of his readership, based on letters received. These people, by training and perhaps by innate tendency, habitually think in terms of cause and effect. You push the gear-lever **that** way, the layshaft moves like **this**, and the drive goes through **that** train of gears. Anything that can't be explained logically demands examination, either **now** or "when you have time". Magic, the stuff of fantasy, does not impose such demands. Perhaps that makes it easier to read for some, irritating for others. It brings us back to that willing suspension of disbelief.

I find it hard to retain prolonged interest in fantasy, although I enjoy it in short doses, as in Dunsany's stories or those of Manley Wade Wellman. But in long fantasy ? I've never succeeded in getting far into Tolkien's Lord of the Rings, because right at the beginning I boggled at his hobbits. Half-scale people ? I could accept achondroplastic dwarfs or pituitary midgits or genetically stunted pygmies, but not his hobbits. You had the feeling he hadn't thought them through, like the original designer of a centaur who had combined a man and a horse without working out what to do with its heart, lungs or digestive system. Even the endpaper maps of Tolkien's landscapes looked as if he'd paid no attention to normal patterns of geography. Ursula Le Guin did a much better with her alien world maps, and long ago Robert Louis Stevenson gave us quite a believable map of Treasure Island. Anthony Armstrong once invented an island by pinching an existing part of the map of Australia and turning it upside down. In contrast, Tolkien's maps leave you with the feeling that he hadn't bothered to try.

Admittedly, Tolkien's main interest was probably in language structure, but I tend to agree with Jack Chandler that the best thing to come out of Lord of the Rings was the Harvard Lampoon's Bored of the Rings, in which the magician, subtly altered, often intones spells that never work, using names like "Richard Milhouse Nixon, Bebe Rebozo", and so on with no result. Then you have the other subtly altered characters - Stalker to Stomper, and the hippy pair

Tom Bombadil and Goldberry to Tim Benzedrene and Hashberry, who somehow become more believable. However, a large body of enthusiasts disagree with Chandler and me on this, as we found out once at a convention in Sydney, and Tolkien's worldwide following speaks for itself.

What generated the persistence of the dragon in literature ? My explanation usually evokes a hostile reaction from the true believers. I think someone, somewhere, dug up the skeleton of a long-extinct pterosaur. Try to reconstruct the thing from its bones and you have the whole picture - vast, batlike wings, claws, jaws in some cases with fangs, the long tail, the scaly hide - it's all there. And it wouldn't necessarily have taken an experienced palaeobiologist to have run across it. Remember that the first ichthyosaurus was unearthed from a sand dune on the beach at Lyme Regis, England, by twelve-year-old Mary Anning playing with an ordinary child's bucket and spade. She called he dad, and began a mythos that led all the way to *Jurassic Park*. Regardless of where the dragon prototype was unearthed, China, Japan or Europe, it ignited a mythology that extended onward through St George to Anne McCaffrey. To me, this scenario seems quite believable, but dragon enthusiasts reject it emphatically, pointing out that there are myths of dragons in many cultures throughout the world. Sure there are, but long before mankind came along there were assorted pterosaurs everywhere - pterodactyls, pteranodons - and some of them must have fallen into swamps, sand dunes or tar seeps. The evidence of their remains showed that dragons **did** haunt the ancient skies. The only trouble is that they disappeared from the scene something like a hundred million years before there were any people for them to eat, or maidens to be rescued from them.

There is some evidence that the suspension of disbelief has become easier in recent years. But why ? Why is it so ? Is it something to do with the rise of an aggressive advertising industry ? Have we been bombarded so long with Toyota owners who can make a vertical standing jump that looks like it smashes a world record ? Or a green St George dragon that passes unchallenged among ordinary citizens, dispensing smoke and financial advice with a smile like Crocodile Dundee's buddy ? Or the man who turns into a giant frog because he runs out of Butter Menthol ? We accept these images, perhaps scoffing in disbelief the first time we see them, but eventually they wear our resistance down. They erode our faculty for disbelief and immediate rejection. Perhaps they soften our critical faculty. It becomes easier to simply sit there and let it all flow in.

Admittedly, looking at fiction from a mechanistic, cause-and-effect viewpoint can lead to unsound classification into the categories of hard SF and fantasy. Time, and the inexorable march of progress, keeps shifting the boundaries. Remember all the SF we once enjoyed that was set in the damp, sometimes steamy jungles of Venus, from Charles Cloukey's *Swordsmen of Sarvon* to Ray Bradbury's *The Long Rain*? They were written when Venus was considered the most Earthlike planet, with a denser atmosphere, lots of rain, and pole-to-pole rain forest. Now we know that no-one could live there for five minutes as its surface is hot enough to melt lead, and the only fluid that rains there is sulfuric acid. Then there are the fascinating Martian stories about the Mars of the canals, from H G Wells' *Crystal Egg* to his *War of the Worlds*. Whatever Percival Lowell read into what Schiaparelli said, we now know there are no canals on Mars, and no tentacled monsters with "intelligence vast and cool and unsympathetic". Nothing but arid, cratered wilderness and towering volcanoes that no-one predicted.

Do these updated facts shift the old Venus and Mars stories from SF to fantasy? Does it really matter if they do? After all, they remain the same stories. We tend to think of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* series as SF, or are they fantasy until someone invents FTL drive? The answer to that one probably depends on whether you think anyone will **ever** invent FTL drive. But perhaps the main reason for the swing toward fantasy is staring us in the face wherever we look. Throughout this whole century, there has been a relentless drive to increasing complexity in our environment and lifestyle. Fifty years ago or less, most people knew how most things worked, from a washing machine or a vacuum cleaner to a lathe or a drill press, a bicycle or an automobile. They were all things that the average person, if forced into it, could have fixed if they broke down.

But as we move into an increasingly electronic age, more and more of our equipment has moved out of our technological reach. If our TV or computer breaks down, we either throw it out or call a specialist. Anyone who used an old-style manual typewriter for years became a reasonably good typewriter mechanic or repairman. But today? Who knows how to fix his word processor or computer? Most of the equipment we own we do not understand in every detail. After all, we don't need to. As life has grown more complex, with more of its elements out of our immediate reach, many of its features have slid over into the realm of magic, in the sense that they are governed by forces beyond our knowledge. So that's why the swing from SF to fantasy is so. We are moving from a known, scientifically ordered universe into a fantasy universe. Happy landing!...

Article: Ditmar Discussion

Alan Stewart

From memory the 1987 Ditmar category was "Outstanding Service to SF Fandom" which led to a waitress appearing on the final ballot.

Some National Dr Who Awards have managed to combine the nominating and voting processes, where the most nominations received were declared the winners.

Voting memberships, available for a nominal \$5 to cover costs, were available at the 1990, 1991 and 1994 conventions. For the others you had to be at least a supporting member. Syncon '92 mentioned a Voting membership on their form, but never quoted a price. Voting closed on the Saturday of the convention in 1989 and 1994, and about a week earlier than the convention in other years.

There were rumors that Ethel the Aardvark received enough nominations to make the final ballot one year, but was rejected because the Subcom hadn't heard of it and didn't check with any nominators.

The 1992 Best SF/Fantasy Artist category saw "apples pitted against pears" with people making their living from artwork up against "hobby" illustrators and cartoonists. The varying budgets available to the publishers listed in the 1993 Best Periodical category also made such a comparison ludicrous.

Names behind anonymous "Ditmar Subcoms" that I am aware of are:

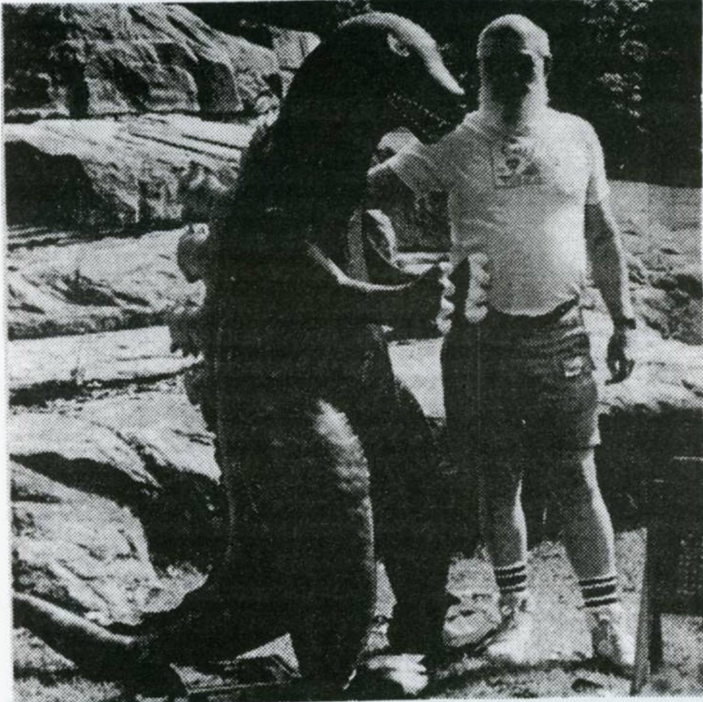
1990 Roger Weddall
1991 Mark Loney (Roger Weddall)
1992 Gerald Smith
1993 Dave Lockett
1994 Katrine Papworth

Perhaps the people concerned in other years would be prepared to forward Thyme a list of the appropriate names.

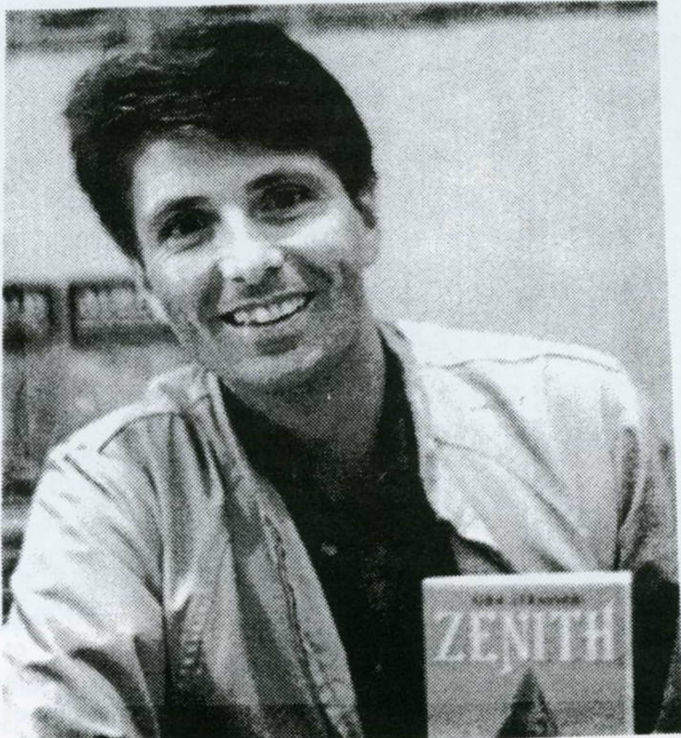


Faces of Fandom

Hopefully an ongoing feature of Thyme which will attempt to put faces to the names of fans in Australia and overseas. If you have photos you'd like to send in, go ahead. Fairly recent, say taken since 1990 would be best, and all originals will be returned.



Art Widner & Friend, fannish picnic, Peacock Point, Sydney, April 1991 Photo by Marilyn Pride



Dirk Strasser, April 1994

Photo by Ken Moylan

**Have Gail,
Will Travel!**

a column by
Terry Frost

Okay. Confession time, mes ami. I don't know who wrote Frog On A Cash Box. I was bluffing in the hope that I could scare the thin, watery shit out of the perpetrators. Wucka wucka. What's the point of having your own column in a fanzine if you can't slice a "Z" on the arse of someone now and then ?

DILEMMA IN CYBERSPACE

There's a place where there are no laws, few restrictions and you can say and do anything you like any time. A utopia for anarchists where all bets are off. It isn't in a novel by F Paul Wilson, L Neil Smith or any of the other libertarian SF writers, it's all around you. It's called the Internet and there's no way to control or police it.

The long line from a technological innovation to the social changes it engenders can't really be called a cause and effect link any more than a one line equation can be called a mandelbrot set. Consider this. One group of people thirty years ago invent the integrated circuit, two guys in a garage in Cupertino, California invent the Apple computer, IBM gets in on the deal, modems become common, ARPAnet becomes the Internet and a 22 year old guy called Ken Udot invents alt.sex.intergen(eration) a message and discussion area for paedophiles. (Expect alt.kill.serial any day now complete with gif graphics of Jeffrey Dahmer, eulogies for John Wayne Gacey and postings from Charlie Manson.) No SF writer could ever have the extrapolatory puissance to make the leap from the invention of IC chips to a cyberspace drop-in centre for rock spiders. (There is also an area on the net called alt.sex.paedophilia but I'll discuss that a little later.)

Alt.sex.intergen creates an interesting freedom of speech issue. Do we have the right to discuss anything they want to in a semi-private forum even if acting on what they discuss is seriously illegal ? And, more importantly, if they do it on the Internet, how do you stop them ? Where are the crimes committed ? If a group of rock spiders are discussing their hobby in say, Melbourne and Moorea, under whose laws do you prosecute and what if the laws of one country don't forbid such discourse ? Is the conversation taking place in either nation's jurisdiction ?

Consider this, I've had a number of conversations on the subject of some well-deserved political assassinations with a number of people. (Which is really conspiracy to if not commit murder then discuss the shit out of it.) What are the boundaries of freedom of speech in a more or less private venue and can we say "this is acceptable" and "this isn't" without setting dangerous precedents ?

The whole US government clipper chip debate is on this very subject. The same tacit rights that enable me to safely savour the possibility of Jeff Kennett's head being blown apart like the Death Star also protects the rights of paedophiles to stroke one another's sick egos on the Internet. I'm not by any means siding with the cold, mad monsters who prey on children (you know who I mean - paedophiles, tobacco company advertisers and Malaysian princes) but I believe that curtailing their right to speak is also wrong. If you believe in freedom of speech then it has to be for everyone.

I do differentiate between Freedom of Speech and incitement to commit a crime. Racial vilification laws seem a positive thing. Racist groups find some of their best recruiting grounds among those of us who are below average intelligence (which by definition is nearly half the population), as indeed do groups like the Festival of Light. Mouthing off about the aesthetic aspects of a certain crime is one thing. Acting it out and planning it are another.

Alt.sex.paedophilia is another matter entirely. From the info I have gathered, it seems to be a swap shop for child pornography and a source of lists of Internet loci and European BBSes that supply this material. I'd no more condone this than I would giving babies inoculations with syringes shared with street junkies.

But we come to another point here. How do you stop something like alt.sex.paedophilia ? Nobody owns or controls the Internet any more than they do the wind that's rattling your windows right now. Nobody should. The concept of Internet is a shared planetary data web from which the citizens of the planet - in theory at least - can add to, use, modify and enrich for the all. You take from it what you need to improve, enlighten, investigate your environment (both physical and mental) for the yourself and community. You then give back to it what you learn from doing so. In some ways the Internet is the most powerful human tool since fire.

And like fire, the Internet can be used for destructive purposes with little real effort. It can also burn its users.

What's the answer ? Government encoder chips that enable spooks and cops to tap into your data when they think it's necessary ? Stringent control over local access ? (What to stop you ringing an overseas BBS and going around the law that way ?) Marijuana laws in Australia cost \$200 million a year to enforce. Internet Laws could end up being five times that expensive if any government were dumb enough to try inflicting them on us. To effectively do so would mean tapping every phone in the country: fixed and mobile.

If you're in your twenties and are now raging impotently against the hard, ugly fact that we can't stop paedophiles on the Net; well welcome to Future Shock, Generation X! The future isn't all upgrades of Super Mario Brothers and Street Fighter, new Wynona Rider movies and Pearl Jam CDs. It throws ugly shit at us sometimes and, because we're the most adaptable animals on the planet, we come to terms with the changes.

So what's the answer to alt.sex.paedophilia ? It's this: we learn to accept that there's a place (even if it is a conceptual space of the cyber variety) where anyone can say anything they like. For some people this is a big, frightening, threatening ask. As with the rest of the future, there's no way of knowing where it will lead and what will happen because of it. You can't stop the Internet with anything less than a planetary blanket of electro-magnetic pulses from orbital nukes. The EMPs will fry all the chips and vale Internet. But this is a costly enterprise and will get Greenpeace seriously on your arse if you try it. So anarchy exists all around us, which brings me back to a stunning and fascinating aspect of reality in the late 20th Century that absolutely floored me when I first grokked it in fullness.

Science fictional things are happening all the time. We're taking polaroids of asteroids on a regular basis, radar mapping Venus, making a street directory of the Moon on a budget only very slightly larger than that of an Arnold Schwarzenegger movie and we're about to see cometary fragments stitch tommy-gun patterns across the surface of Jupiter. We send letters of comment from here to Minneapolis with a potential time-lag of mere seconds and almost everyone owns a movie library. (Cast your mind back twenty years if you can to see how amazing that mundane fact is in an historical context.) We can watch, edit and make movies on a desktop, work from home even if our jobs are complex and be a part of planetary talk-radio (again through Internet). The future's also absurd: look at our city streets and behold the armies of zombie-dorks who stand in doorways with their little phones alongside their heads like 1990s versions of Don Adams.

We have seen the future and he is us. Like each of us, the future is both good and bad. But in spite of Somalia, Rwanda, Bosnia, acid rain, AIDS, street kids, global warming, ozone depletion, computer virii, Jeff Kennett and alt.sex.paedophilia, I still look forward to what's going to happen next. The wonders, victories, discoveries and successes of our times often aren't as visually graphic and viscerally wrenching as our failures, disasters and tragedies. It takes a lot less people to discover a gene therapy for cancer than it does to dig bodies out of earthquake ruins or fill a refugee camp in Tanzania. Scientific discoveries aren't picture based news so often, it's impossible to get that progressive step on a newscast at 6.00 PM. That's why we have ABC and SBS documentaries: to explain these uplifting endeavours to us at a more comfortable length.

Let the rock spiders have alt.sex.paedophilia. Elsewhere, small African villages are tapping into agricultural data bases in the West to learn how to heal their land and feed their children better. Schools in small, isolated communities can access immense educational libraries a thousand kilometres away. Bulletin boards in Melbourne have job vacancy areas to help their users find work when macroeconomic reforms fuck them over. Internet is both good and bad. Tap into it and see if you can incrementally tilt the balance on the side of the angels.

Thyme LoCs

Harry Andruschak

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Received Thyme #97 today, and as always I am impressed by the mix of news, reviews, articles and letters, as well as the nifty artwork by fans like Ian Gunn. Some enjoyable con reports and commentary this time around. Terry Frost's six suggestions to improve the con would certainly improve a lot of USA cons as well. Especially the so-called "joke" awards. And, yes, Monty Python should really be retired for several years. But I was impressed by the artwork on the back cover. For some reason you didn't list Kerri Valkova's address. I wouldn't mind a cover from her for one of my zines. *[If I don't have express permission to print a contributor's address, I don't publish it. However Kerri has supplied a contact address this issue, see page 2. AS]*

At least the Hubble Space Telescope is starting to work correctly. I hope the news of the confirmation of the Black Hole made it to the Australian Press.

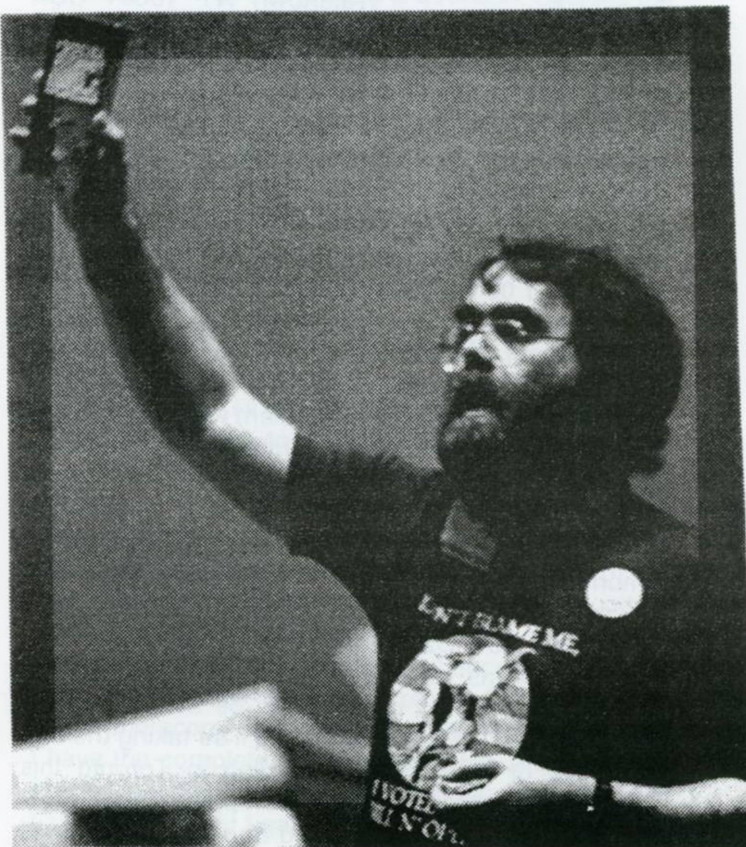
Bruce Barnes

PO Box 1136
St Kilda South Victoria 3182

Regarding Gerald Smith's questions in Thyme #97, Ramen is noodles in broth. It was a major part of the Japanese diet prior to WW2, but these days tends to rank on the dietary scale along with McDonalds and Kentucky Fried and the like, only not necessarily so high. Maybe it's a bit strong to say the Japanese think of it as a junk food, but thanks to the modern variety and choice in food, it is now in that company.

"Ohayō gozaimus" is a greeting, usually translated as "good morning", used from dawn to around 10 am-ish, when "konnichi wa" takes over - until sunset. However, despite its usage, "ohayō gozaimus" does not actually mean "good morning". It more literally translates as "It is honorably early". Japanese works on about four levels of politeness - rude, informal, formal and excruciatingly polite. The average Japanese speaks mainly in the informal level, and the formal level is what is normally taught in schools here. (Which is a pity, because you just about have to learn the language over again if you want to understand the speech the Japanese use in day to day life. By learning informal Japanese you can follow a few simple rules to work out what most of the polite level is, memorising the few exceptions.

My first Japanese teacher was an Australian who learned the language in an extremely concentrated military crash course at the end of WW2, the thing



Marc Ortlieb in Auction, April 1994

Photo Ken Moylan

being so intense a few of the students committed suicide before it was over. He took one look at the textbook we were supposed to be using, chucked it out, and conducted lessons from typewritten sheets of his own. The next teacher I had **was** Japanese, and seemed caught between teaching us from the textbook issued, and teaching the language as it was really spoken. She opted for the book, but kept saying things like "Boy is this fellow ever polite!" when doing sample conversations. But I digress).

The "gozaimus" part of the greeting is an extremely polite way of saying "it is" ("it is" in formal speech is "desu", in informal speech "da"). Despite its literal meaning, the whole phrase is used as a morning greeting. You had better use all of it when greeting strangers. Short cuts, such as dropping the "gozaimus" or contracting the phrase to its first and last sounds ("ossu") is something that happens in informal conversations between peers. My dropping of the "it is" to a stranger could be interpreted as assuming an unwarranted familiarity. However, it was more likely taken as what it was - another damn foreigner mangling the language. Now, aren't you sorry you asked ?

Sheryl Birkhead
23629 Woodfield Rd,
Gaithersburg MD 20882 USA

After seeing short clips on TV from *The Nightmare Before Christmas* I decided I didn't want to see it. Maybe I'll upgrade it to 'when it comes out on video'.

I don't know if the quiet fan scene is world wide, but around **my** part of here things seem very low key. Just when I think things are really quiet, I see the lists of zines other fan have received and figure I'm just a bit out of the mainstream..that fans, especially fanzine fans, are alive and well out there. I wonder how real fans did this year on getting their Hugo nominations in ? I always feel guilty that I only nominate in categories I know a bit about like the fan categories, semi-prozine, dramatic presentation and artist/original artwork. The nominating ballots, at least here, were not received too far in advance of the deadline. I tend to think either the deadline had to change or the administrators will have to settle for a poor return. Time'll tell.

I thought I had the Ditmars and the ASFMA's figured out category wise, but now I'm not so sure. I hadn't realised there was so much overlap and wonder if they are considered redundant (solely in the meaning that they duplicate groupings) or are the groups that offer nominations different or is one considered fan based as opposed to professional not by definition, but by fan perception. I am trying to figure out the

analogy. since I am only familiar with the Hugos, is one like the FAAN awards when they used to exist ?

I really feel stupid after going to the movies last night to see *Mrs Doubtfire* at the closest real cheap theatre. I was writing a card to you at the time, took it and Thyme #96 in with me and sat in semi-darkness writing on it. When the movie started I had just about finished so I tucked the card inside the zine and pushed things under my seat. When it was over, I picked up the stack and came home. Today I went to get out the card and affix postage...no card. I wonder if the ushers (or whatever you call them now that they don't really usher at all) read the stuff they find as they sweep up. It is all addressed, but since it is going a fur piece, I doubt they will put postage on it or call me, I doubt they are that conscientious. Oh well, I'll try again. You'll have to take my word for it that this card contained a wonderful and unforgettable LoC (hah!). This may actually get into the mail, despite the original biting the chewing gum or whatever junk is shoved under those seats. I **did** enjoy the movie. Robin Williams generally puts out a terrific performance (I did not think too much of *Toys*) but I felt the make-up in *Tootsie* was a bit better, but that isn't fair since *Mrs Doubtfire* was a jump in age of several decades and *Tootsie* was not. Either way, worth seeing.

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Finally have a moment to pound the typer in ref to Thyme #96. As usual I enjoyed catching up on what is happening. I thoroughly enjoyed Bruce Barnes' con report. He goes into much detail about his adventures. Hmm, I would think that the rate of 100 Yen = \$A 1.00 is pretty good. The last time I looked the \$A 1.45 = \$US 1.00 = 105 Yen give or take a little bit. So I might expect \$A 1.00 to get you about 70 Yen. From time to time I have heard rumblings about a Japanese bid for the Worldcon. The discussion then moves to either the lack of English speakers, Bruce's report seems to imply that they had a major problem with language, or the price. Bruce doesn't comment on just how expensive it was to attend.

Of course the big thing to winning a Worldcon bid by a non-North American bid is to get the American vote which is generally between 75 to 90 % of the total vote. Right now Oz seems to be in a good position. The Las Vegas bid seems to be more sound than substance. I hope it continues to be so. I just got a batch of flyers from Eric Lindsay. I'll be taking them to a couple of cons I'll be attending in Toronto this summer. I'm looking forward to dropping by the party at WesterCon. Jean Weber and Eric will be there and hosting a party or two. By the way, do you know

anything about Peter Hassall's Wellington, New Zealand, bid or Heinrich Sporck's Dusseldorf bid? I haven't seen anything at the cons I've attended. As I noted, without the American vote they are doomed from the start.

I get the feeling from Damien's article on the criticism of his latest novel that few of the reviewers really took the time to read it or pay attention. I enjoyed Terry Frost's comments. I find myself in a similar position. Now I enjoy the Star Trek I've seen and read. However, I don't have a TV set and haven't had direct access to one for some 26 years. So I am anything but a Trekker. I enjoy Star Trek, but I enjoy other F&SF more. A few years ago I was convinced to drive up to Toronto for a Toronto Trek. I enjoyed myself, which is not hard to do at almost any sort of con. I've been back a couple of times. I even got to do a panel or two. My backrub panels are quite welcome. So I was rendered almost (important adjective) speechless when the chair for the '94 Toronto Trek asked me to be their Toastmaster. I, of course, accepted. I'll do fine. However, my mind croggles a little bit at the thought of a non-Trekker being a guest at one of the biggest fan run Star Trek cons. I love fandom.

I find the comments in the mail bag interesting. The book reviews in ASFN typifies a problem for me. I rarely read fantasy. I read Tolkien and, unfortunately, too much of what I have read is a rehash. Besides the Middle Ages aren't my cup of tea. Most of the books reviewed were fantasy. Oh well, some people like to read the same thing over and over again. For me it is rockets and space ships and not someone forever going out to vanquish the "Dark Lord" of Qipglurp aided by his trusty whatever. Artychoke was, as usual, fascinating. Tonia Walden's parable was delightful. Needle, needle. Ansible was trenchant as usual. I once sent Harlan a rejection letter.

On the personal side my involvement with Upfield is paying off in an interesting way. In a month I get to play academic. I'll be presenting a short paper on Arthur W Upfield to the American Association of Australian Literary Studies. They'll be holding their conference at Vassar College. I'll be giving a brief biographical sketch of Upfield to the assembled throng and then detail my researches on the mix-up of his birth year. My boss promised me some time off to attend. I'm excited about this and a little bit nervous. However, I have faced tougher audiences: fans! Since I last wrote I have obtained a copy of Follow My Dust and a photocopy of The Beach of Atonement. So now I have the complete Upfield canon. His articles in the Melbourne Herald and in Walkabout magazine will have to wait until I get there.

Another couple of months until the summer cons kick in. I'll drive up to Toronto for a couple. I'll be flying out to LA for Westercon. Looking forward to meeting and Aussies coming Up Over. Wind it up with ConAdian. It looks as if it will be a rather small Worldcon, especially after Confrancisco which had over 7 000 attendees. I'll have fun. I hope a good number of Aussies make it up for the con.

I recommend History of Warfare by John Keegan. Fascinating! Lots of material for SF writers who want to mix cultures. I was even exposed to more Aussie culture recently: My Gorgeous Life by Dame Edna Everage.

Ian Gunn

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I liked David L Russell's cover. His style's improving: still a bit two-dimensional, but, hey, it's **his** style (And when did Rotsler ever have perspective?). It's good to see a unicorn picture that's funny. The best piece of artwork in the zine, though, is Nick Stathopoulos's caricature of William Gibson. A few deft strokes and the result is an amazingly accurate and instantly recognisable portrait. Envy. Envy. It's a pity we don't see more of Nick's artwork in fanzines these days, but I guess that's what happens when you're a full-time professional.

And speaking of egoboo, all those comments on *Fanimals* could go to a bloke's head. Gerald Smith has a point when he says that the strip tends to be Melbourne-centric. Trouble is, Melbourne's the place I'm standing in, and the view from here doesn't include much visible activity beyond Victoria. I'm sure there's fans out there somewhere, and I'm sure they're doing things - maybe even things scandalous enough to warrant a fanimals mention. If only people still published fanzines. Even so, I think I've thrown the net fairly wide in recent editions of *Fanimals*. As to who's been in the strip, well, I enjoy being mysterious and cryptic but my policy has always been that while I won't announce that such-and-such an animal represents such-and-such a person, I am willing to confirm or deny any theories. So guess away and I'll tell you if you're right. I should point out that there are now over a hundred beasts in the *Fanimals* canon (they haven't all appeared in print yet). Also, some people may be represented by more than one beast, and some beasts represent more than one person. Some represent organisations (for example the tribbles) or committees (the platypus, etc), generic nationalities (the kiwis, the prairie dogs...) or even attitudes (the rumor parrots, the dinosaurs...). I'm currently working on a "bestiary", out Real Soon Now.

And for those interested in *Space*Time Buccaneers* this issue of *Artychoke* will include the first prequel episode. I'm only drawing these on an irregular basis. I wanted to develop the characters more with details of how they came to be on the Timeship. However, with eight crew members (counting the cat), plus the brain-in-a-bottle and the timekeepers, the prequels will span almost twice as far as the original series. Sheesh.

Narrelle Harris

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In *Thyme* #95, Terry Frost's column this issue was disappointing. I often enjoy *Have Gall...* and his wit, but I don't think calculated offence is especially witty. Controversy, and even confrontation, are to be encouraged and admired, but again, these should not be confused with deliberate insult against a group of people whom the writer clearly despises with unthinking prejudice. The stereotype presented of media fans is not unlike that of lit fans (or any other fans) held by the general public, and we all know how false that is. Of course there are people who fit this stereotype very well, in both media and lit fandom, and in the Real World. It also seems irrelevant to attack people because of body shape. For a start, fat people are everywhere, and secondly, what has that got to do with a person's intelligence or lack thereof?

Terry's clarification of 'media' as a plural is a bit misplaced for two reasons. One is that the word is accurately used as generally media fans are involved with television, films, art and craft, books (I mean regular books, not TV tie-ins alone) and magazines. The second is that as a legitimate subculture mediafandom can appropriate, invent and relabel language to fulfil its own needs.

Terry clearly doesn't understand media fandom and it's sad that this has resulted in mere aggression and rudeness. If anyone would like to better understand this group of fellow fans, I can highly recommend *Textual Poachers - Television Fans and Participatory Culture* by Henry Jenkins, a clear and indepth academic account of the motives and subculture of this fandom. Jenkins is an Assistant Professor of Literature. The book is published by Routledge and could probably be purchased from either their New York or London address as follows:

29 West 35th Street, New York, NY 10001 USA;
11 New Fetter Lane, London EC4P 4EE UK.

The recent discussions of critics' opinions versus the reality were interesting, and confirm my suspicion that newspapers in general aren't to be trusted, because

a story is so much more interesting than the truth. This suspicion has been steadily growing since I caught sight of a foreign headline "Foreigners Living In City Of Hate", re Egypt's ongoing problems with terrorism, and I've been looking carefully but can't find the city in question. But I suppose a headline reading 'Foreigners A Little Nervous But Basically Okay In City Of Friendly Generous People and A Few Religious Fanatics, Who Live In Assiut Anyway' wouldn't fit so neatly, or so excitingly, across the page.

I enjoyed the variety in *Artychoke* this time, and was moved by Gunny's "Crash Wednesday".

Teddy Harvia

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I've spoofed the ads featuring bullies kicking sand in the faces of weaklings myself, but not with the punch Neale Blanden displays. I didn't realise my cartooning made me macho. Martin Reilly's fish stick cartoon makes me want to regurgitate every piscine morsel I've ever consumed. Great humor has bite. Unfortunately too many movie-goers can't think for themselves. What they think of a movie depends on what others think. Classics like *Fantasia* are unappreciated until intelligent critics praise them.

Beast wishes.

Lyn McConchie

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It is unfortunate that over recent years some publishers have been using an inferior variant of this method to continue selling books 'as by' when the author is deceased. V C Andrews springs to mind here, as do the Barry Sadler books. In fact a year or two back several enthusiastic readers of one author took the Publishers to court. Back in the 70s, Alistair MacLean wrote several outlines for what was intended to be a series of films. He did this on contract so that the finished 'treatments' became the property of the contractors. Before MacLean's death he was approached and asked to expand the first couple of these into books. As he was heavily involved in writing other work at the time he agreed to another very experienced writer doing this instead but MacLean was able to check the finished product to ensure it was well up to standard and conformed to his outline and style.

MacLean subsequently died and further outlines were done as books, not by the experienced and approved John Denis, but by an inexperienced newcomer to writing. Further more the book covers were now laid out in such a way as to imply that these new books were actually written by MacLean, if the reader did not

already know of that author's death previously. It all ended in a British court where it was ruled that there had been a deliberate attempt to deceive readers and that it was not to continue. The unfortunate thing was that MacLean ever lost control of these outlines. As someone who has all of his books and read the first four outlines I can add as a footnote that the first two by John Denis are excellent. Not completely MacLean style but true to his sort of writing being fast-paced, with convincing plots and backgrounds, and characters you'd like to hear more about. The next books to come from the outlines were - to put it frankly - a load of old rubbish. I read the first couple and almost watched the writing deteriorate before my eyes as I read. By the time I'd finished the second I dumped both and cursed the publisher's name.

The problem with this sort of thing is in part inheritance. If you write wonderful books and then die, the rights and royalties go to your estate. In other words whoever inherits has the right to allow the publishers to choose a writer to continue with your work. Since the publishers will mostly be interested in money, and your inheritor may know nothing of good writing or your style, it is very possible subsequent books, apparently authored by you will not conform to your style or quality. I feel writers who have produced several books in a series which is of merit and gathering a loyal audience should add clauses to their will which may protect the work and prevent this from being done to it.

Regarding Lindsay Jamieson's review of Mistworld by Simon Green, he states that..."I haven't read any Simon Green before and he isn't in the recent second edition (1993) of the Encyclopedia of SF, edited by Clute and Nicholls. Although this is apparently his third novel he must have missed the cut..." For the benefit of the reviewer and others who may not know I should point out two things. One - the encyclopedia lists SF and says so. Green's first seven books prior to Mistworld were definitely fantasy, so is an eighth which may just have appeared before Mistworld.

These were the six 'Hawk and Fisher' books, (better than the usual S&S) and Blue Moon Rising, the agonisingly funny fantasy which is said to be a prequel of sorts to the six H&F. Blood and Honour, (a sort of sequel to Blue Moon), may or may not have been published just prior to Mistworld. It certainly appeared around that time. The other point is that in every edition of Mistworld I have seen the H&F books at least are front inside listed. To sum up, you can't blame a book which exists to list SF for not listing fantasy. And while the author did not 'miss their cut', the reviewer **has** missed previous listings in order to say that Mistworld is apparently 'his third novel'. But to

those who haven't read any of the others I do recommend them. The Swords & Sorcery six are good quality, not outstanding, but good. Blue Moon Rising and the (sort of) sequels, Blood and Honour and Down Among the Dead Men, are clever as well as amusing and well-written. I recommend Blue Moon Rising a lot!

I also loved Kerri's back cover a lot!

Mike McInerney

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Thanks for sending me Thyme #96. Please keep me on your mailing list as I enjoyed reading it very much. I was surprised to receive an Australian fanzine postmarked from Maryland USA! Do you bulk ship it to a representative here who remails it? [Yes. Former Thyme editor Mark Loney handles the remailing. AS] I was also impressed by the professional look and variety of content. **It's three, three, three zines in one!** Does that mean I owe 3 LoCs?

On Saturday May 14, 1994, Harlan Ellison sat in the window of The Booksmith on Haight St, SF, CA from 10 am to 7 pm writing a story based on an idea submitted in a sealed envelope (at 10 am) from Robin Williams. Both Harlan and Robin signed autographs and were very nice and friendly. I was only there at the beginning and don't know what the story was about, but I'm sure we'll see it in some future Ellison book.

At Disneyland (California) and Disneyworld (Florida), 'Critter County' is called 'Splash Mountain'. I don't recall a pause just before making the plunge but there may have been a momentary hesitation just long enough for the Disney folks to take your picture as you plunge. As you leave the ride there is a screen displaying the photos numbered and available for purchase as key chains, on the side of mugs, etc. Since I videotaped the whole ride I did a close-up of my slide and didn't need to buy one. At Disneyland when they first started Splash Mountain my wife and I were lucky to be on it when it broke down and stopped moving. I say lucky because we got to walk through the scenes of Brer Fox and see the backstage parts that usually zip by too fast when you are in the boat. I love Disneyland and Disneyworld. All Disney parks have individual differences. Each has a different castle, different riverboats, even different rides. Some duplication exists for continuity. Splash Mountain, Thunder Mountain are in California and Florida, but there's only one Nautilus (in CA) and Matterhorn (CA). Eurodisney is even more changed and I'd love to see it one day.

Yes, keep publishing photos of Australian fans. I like matching faces with writing. Try to get pictures with less shadow as some of the faces are partially obscured - had to see Julian Warner, Lucy Sussex and Ron Clarke. Alan Stewart's face glows as he looks out of the page into some future vision of faanish glory. Just kidding. Thyme LoCs was my favorite section of Thyme. The earthquake in LA was terrible, and I'm glad no fans were killed. One thing about it that gets me mad is that San Francisco had an earthquake in 1989 (5 years ago) and some of our highways and roads are still closed or torn down and not replaced, while within 2 to 3 months Los Angeles reopened or rebuilt their roads. Caltrans (a State agency) is in charge of both areas, SF and LA.

The February 1959 Astounding SF was the first prozine I ever bought on the newstands. I was 15 at the time and of course I have bought lots of back issues since. Still, it was a surprise to see it again. Good to see Buck Coulson is still fanning after all these years. I wonder if Yandro has reached #1000 yet? To win your bid for Australia in '99 you have to reach the voters, the members of LACon '96. So you should probably make sure that Californian fans (such as me) continue to receive Australian fanzines. Actually I'm trying to joke and make a point at the same time. You need to send reps to local cons like BayCon, SilverCon etc with literature and put on some killer parties. I'm tending towards supporting your bid as I've been to Australia and would love to go back again. Of course I don't even know who you are bidding against, so I can't choose yet.

FFANZ voting seems like a very close race. If only 6 people switched from Jones to Maclachlan the result would have been reversed. I didn't know either but wish them both the best of luck. Mainly I'm commenting on how few votes were cast. I'm a movie fanatic (I see more than 120 films in theatres each year) but your movie rumors are news to me. More movie info please. Most of the 120+ movie screenings I attend each year are attended by movie critics as well as radio station ticket winners (me). They rope off 2 or 3 rows of prime seats in the centre of the theatres and the critics get press kits (cast lists, stills, promotional goodies) and sit talking mostly to each other while clutching their little note pads. Some write in the dark, some use little flashlights and some look bored out of their minds. I go because I love movies. They go to some of these films only because it's their job and they want to get paid. If they had a good meal in a restaurant or got laid by their date after the screening I'm sure it improves their reviews. Maybe *Bedknobs and Broomsticks* was the third or fourth movie that critic had seen that day.

I have sat at many movie screenings 2 or 3 rows away from professional newspaper reviewers and their dates watching their lack of reaction while the audience around them scream and howl with delight and laughter. Later when I read the review no mention is made of the fact that the audience loved the movie. Maybe at film school they teach them to only comment on the movie and not care how it is received by its intended audience. That's like judging a plate of food by how it looks, what ingredients are in it, how it is cooked, but not caring what it tastes like.

Movies I've seen in May 1994 were: Dreamgirls, Inkwell, Surviving the Game, Out of Sight, When A Man Loves A Woman, Little Buddha, Secret Adventures of Tom Thumb, A Million to Juan, Crooklyn, The Crow, Maverick, Dream Lover, Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Beverley Hills Cop 3 and Widows Peak. Recommended movies of the last few months: Maverick, The Crow, Inkwell, Secret Adventures of Tom Thumb, Back Beat, Schindler's List, Body Snatchers, Romeo is Bleeding, In the Name of the Father and Germinal. I usually find something to enjoy in any movie, no matter how bad. I do have one nominee for **worst movie** of the year - *Ace Ventura: Pet Detective* which was just plain irritating, stupid and hard to find any redeeming virtue. I hated that one. It didn't seem funny to me. Somehow the rest of the audience loved it. Go figure.

I enjoyed my visit to Sydney a couple of years ago although I was only there 3 or 4 days. I stayed at the Bronte Beach Inn and bought a transportation pass so I could jump on any bus, ferry or subway. I ate lots of meat pies and wish we had something like those here in California. Sydney had a big city feel to me, more like Los Angeles than San Francisco. I took the overnight train to Brisbane and stayed there 4-5 days. It was Easter weekend so everything was closed up tight for 5 days! Here in the US I'd never heard of Easter Monday. You Aussies seem to get more vacation time and paid holidays than me. After 16 years on my job, I finally get 3 weeks vacation. Two things I liked near Brisbane were Jupiter's Casino on the Gold Coast, and the rain forest at Binabura. The only problem at the casino is that it is the only one for many miles and thus very crowded. The minimum bets were \$5 and every seat was full. I was there two hours and never got a seat.

Thanks for the fanzine listing. Of the 50+ zines you list, I've only received one, so it looks to me that fanzine fandom is probably healthier than some fans have been saying. I'll write and ask for some of the ones you mention. I plan to respond to every fanzine I get, but I'm a month behind. I enjoyed ASFN and Artychoke but really can't comment on either this time.

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The rumor mill has produced both the idea of *ST:TNG* having its seventh season as its final and having an eighth season after all. We've all learned not to believe anything you hear until you see it on the screen. *Thyme* #96 prompts the comment that preparations have started on the seventh *Trek* movie, which will be entitled *Star Trek: Generations*. It will combine the two crews, and will mean one last kick for the original crew, who are all in their sixties or more. The Aurora Awards are being awarded at ConAdian, parallel with the Hugos this year, so lists like those reproduced for the Ditmar have been distributed all over Canfandom. March 26 is the deadline for nominations for the Auroras, and info about who's won what will be readily distributed after the con.

Eric Lindsay sent me two packages of Australia in '99 flyers, so I will be sending these little messages all over the country. I'll get the good word out. Alan Sandercock should make it back to Ontario and sample the wines now...many are award-winners. I'm sure any Australian Monty Python fans could relate the skit about the Chateau Woggawogga with the peppermint aftertaste and defend Australian wines now, too.

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This LoC on the January *Thyme* and *ASFN* is being written on the same date as your Club's Silly Olympics. Just guessing, I would imagine that you folks would need special ingenuity to create sillier olympics than the event in Norway. Or maybe the real olympics seem that way because of the eccentricities of the US television coverage. My favorite moment was an interviewer hurrying after a coach who was leaving the arena where his protege had just suffered a fall while skating. "Do you think the ice was slippery at that spot?" "Ice is always slippery." At least the coverage is entertaining even if it isn't educational.

Lyn McConchie's article about those collaborations left me sort of dazed, because I can't adjust to the way fantasy and science fiction books are often created by committee these days. Have all the obvious plots and characters been used up, requiring a group mind to produce slight variations? It used to be so simple: an author sat down at a typewriter, pounded out a science fiction story with new concepts or settings or plot twists and sent it to a prozine. Readers used to grumble over the occasional writer like Ray Cummings who wrote more or less similar stories over and over

again. Now such authors are praised for ingenious new looks at old ideas.

I hope Merv does carry out his thought and provide *Ethel the Aardvark* with more of his reminiscences. I envy him his ability to keep up with the changes among publishers of fantasy and science fiction. Long ago, I gave up trying to remember the new names of merged old firms and the identity of newcomers to the field and the sad cases of publishers that were out of the field, both in the United States and the United Kingdom. Not too many years ago, both Doubleday and Harpers had plants in the vicinity of Hagerstown, so this city got its name onto title pages of some of their books. That's no longer true.

On the March *Thyme*, at first glance I thought Mike Hinge had reemerged. Your cover this time is vaguely reminiscent of the many complicated cover illustrations he did for fanzines while in New Zealand and for a time after moving to the US. I've often wondered where he is and how he's getting on after all these years of inactivity in fandom.

Bruce Barnes is again intensely interesting in his description of Japan and its convention. But the photo on page 5 startled me. Written descriptions of overcrowding in overpopulated Japan and television shots of its densely crowded streets have given that nation a mental image in my mind that causes me to think a photograph like this is a fake, showing as it does only one nearby and a couple of distant individuals in an area that appears to be perhaps 60 feet in length and 20 feet in width. I would have expected densely packed crowds to have kept such a walkway jammed with people.

Caps with long visors worn backward have become the in thing with adolescents in this part of the US. There may be some deep psychological reason for this trend or it might be a symbol of some nasty secret attitude. But tentatively I've decided it's done that way because those kids are too stupid to understand why the visor is on the cap.

On the other hand I never see in offices something that was common a half-century ago: clerical employees wearing visors to shield their eyes from overhead light sources. I hunted these visors attached to narrow cloth straps to fit over the head while I was having a particularly bad time with headaches, thinking one might ease eyestrain. I couldn't find anything except the type worn by some tennis players. Of course, indirect lighting is used in so many offices nowadays and it isn't as much a problem as incandescent bulbs in ceiling fixtures. Maybe that's why they went out of popularity. On another page you

gave me my first look at the only other Warner known to me as an active fan nowadays. I'm pleased to know that this one looks human.

If Australia wins the 199 Worldcon, I suspect the fans from other nations will encounter a travel problem that doesn't exist yet. In another five years, I suspect that the major nations of the world will include testing for the AIDS virus among requirements for visitors from other nations. By then, AIDS will have grown so much in the number of individuals affected that governments will be forced to try and slow down in such ways its spread from one part of the world to another.

I share Lyn McConchie's unhappiness over this trend to demand single-spaced manuscripts by certain publishers. It's not only an imposition on writers who don't use computers to prepare their manuscripts. It's also evidence that the publisher won't be making the kind of changes in submitted manuscripts that are needed for all but the finest writers. There just isn't room to make markings on manuscripts without double-spacing. That's why it has been a rule to double-space submitted stuff since the typewriter came into general use.

Merv Binns' enjoyment of the Lois McMaster Bujold novels resembles mine. I haven't been reading much SF in recent years but I make an exception when I encounter one of the Vorkosigan books. They're genuine science fiction, not contemporary stories that have a date several years in the future inserted somewhere in the manuscript as the only indication they aren't mundane fiction. Most of the book reviews had the same effect on me: certainty that I would never enjoy those books. I don't mean that the reviewers failed to make them sound interesting. Instead, the reviewers told me enough about the books to make me feel sure that they have all the faults that have caused me to cut far back on my science fiction intake.

Artychoke is amusing and informative. It also serves to symbolise how far fandom has expanded during the last part of this century. Not too many years ago, nobody would have expected to find in so few pages so many styles of artwork and humor from so many parts of the world.

Either I'm shrinking or Thyme-ASFN-Artychoke is or are expanding. Your May issue surprised me by the length of time required to read everything, despite the excellent typography which makes it so easy to read. The first thing that caught my attention was less than halfway down the first page of news. It was the reference to the fund raiser for the Constantinople theft. I'm not sure what a "whip around" may be in

Australian but I'm free to speculate and my imagination has been racing uncontrollably. *[In this case a "whip around" meant passing the hat around to collect donations. The expression probably came about because such an action is usually done fast. AS]*

The three narratives about your big convention from as many writers were a good way of presenting a high fidelity, stereographic account of what happened. It isn't often that a pro GoH is singled out in conreports for as much praise as William Gibson attained here. Maybe his fannish beginnings had something to do with his willingness and ability to mix so well during the event. I learned just recently that he was briefly a member of one of my APAs, SFPA. I was also happy to find more of Bruce Barnes' travelog in this issue. I wonder if he is the first non-Japanese fan to visit the city where the future happened in such awful fashion, Hiroshima.

Irwin Hirsh's comparison of how the Ditmar regulations have changed is symbolic of the travails that afflict any sort of awards program in fandom. I don't believe the Hugo procedures have altered quite as much over a similar period of time, less than a decade, but the Hugo rules have undergone a lot of changes during the entire lifespan of that award and I doubt if the current rules are destined to remain unchanged very long. Some of the problems seem insoluble, such as the one Irwin cites in his contribution, whether an award should go for just one outstanding thing in a year or should be set aside for those who repeat their accomplishments within twelve months.

The only consolation that occurs to me involving the fantasy field's farming out of themes and not-quite-real collaborations is that it has happened in other genres. Ellery Queen was once a very highly regarded byline for mystery fiction, but it eventually began to be applied to much inferior fiction by writers other than the original pair (sometime's identified on the cover as "Ellery Queen's" rather than "by Ellery Queen"). Further back, Dumas is supposed to have had a number of other writers grinding out fiction that was published under his name.

I became inventive a couple of weeks ago. For months I had been reading of complaints about Barney in fanzines and in other places and I had never actually seen the creature or heard his songs. So I looked in TV Guide to find when his programs were scheduled by Maryland's public television network (apparently three or four times every day) and watched a few minutes of one episode. I didn't react violently. This causes me to suspect that those who complain about Barney have been watching him too

much on television and deserve the disgust they profess because they could have avoided it. [*Barney and Friends* started here on local TV Channel 9 at 8 am Saturday, but has now moved to 3 pm Monday to Friday. I haven't seen obvious merchandise from the show yet, but then I haven't been actively seeking it out. AS]

All those reviews in the ASFN part of your combozine are enlightening since if I live another three or four years I'll probably be acquire copies of some of these books secondhand and remember which titles are most suitable for immediate reading because of the essays by the reviewers. One thing that bothers me is the increasing tendency for writers to use a title based on a pun. A pun can be a fine thing when first encountered but I find it more and more annoying if I see it over and over in references to a title or see copies of the book in a paperback rack. I believe Henry Kuttner, a fine author in other respects, was the villain who introduced puns in stories' titles when he wrote a series of humorous shorts for Thrilling Wonder Stories back in the late 1930s or early 1940s.

Elmer Perdue, one of the more fabulous fanzine fans of the past, spent many hours working on a chronology of the future compiled from the contents of prozines, along the lines suggested by Ian Gunn. He occasionally distributed extracts from it through FAPA a long while ago. I don't know what happened to his research after his death. The fans who went through his fannish stuff never mentioned finding it, so Elmer may have destroyed it later in life.

Postcards to Artychoke

David L Russell
196 Russell Street
Dennington Victoria 3280

On the Artychoke artist being ripped off by somebody else in the Artshow controversy. As soon as I looked at the leatherwork I recognised the original artist behind the work as being Kerri Valkova. I made the assumption that the person who has done the copying had asked Kerri's permission to transfer her work onto vinyl/leather whatever the substance was. Your writing, Ian, in Artychoke, was the first indication I had that Kerri had been ripped off. I only glanced at the reproduction pieces long enough to identify them as Kerri's before moving on - I mean, hey, I've seen the originals in Kerri's art portfolio at Hongcon, why spend time looking at duplicates? Memory may be playing me false here (after all I only looked for a few seconds plus it's been two and a half months since Constantinople) but I seem to recall a piece of torn white paper about 3 cm in length next to the leather work. This I assumed was the leatherworker giving

credit to Kerri as the originator of the design being copied.

Your *Fanimals* strip in Thyme #97 prompted the memory that I've **never** subscribed to Artychoke but that you kindly send me it with every issue (almost) of Thyme. I'm grateful for it though and I read every issue you send. So here's some stamps to make up for my previous monetary stinginess.

[No, the "leatherwork" you saw was actually by Kerri's mother, and yes, she did ask permission to use her daughter's design. The item I was referring to was an entirely different piece in the painting category. According to the original artist, permission to use that design was neither asked for nor given.]

Artychoke comes free with every edition of Thyme (I help defray Alan's expenses by occasional supplies of paper). Thanks for the stamps, anyway. I promise to use them for worthy fannish endeavours and not for Evil Purposes. IG]

Alex Heatley

PO Box 11-708, Manners St
Wellington NEW ZEALAND

I just got your May issue of Artychoke and the comments on Masquerades struck a chord. It has been my experience that conventions do not learn from past convention mistakes. At Aussiecon II the masquerade was held on a stage about six inches high, making it difficult for the entries to be seen. Two years later at Conspiracy '87 in Britain the masquerade director deliberately did not use a stage as "entries have trouble negotiating ramps and steps", this was despite selling special tickets that let people see the masquerade from the floor (the lack of a stage meant that these people had paid extra to get a worse view). Needless to say the masquerade director had been at Aussiecon II and should have learnt from that but didn't.

Tonia Walden

PO Box 328
Carina Qld 4152

I've been getting copies of Thyme and I really enjoyed the *Space*Time Buccaneers* strip and your Artychoke column. I actually recognise a lot of the artist's names from work they have done outside SF fandom. It's interesting to learn more about them and their art. As you say, art and comics are creeping in everywhere.

WAHF Brian Earl Brown, Ron Clarke, John Foyster, Craig Hilton, Barry R Levin, Perry Middlemiss, Janice Murray & Alan Rosenthal, Doug Nicholson, Nick Price, Bill Rotsler, Yvonne Rousseau, Steve Roylance, David L Russell and Art Widner.

Trading Thyme

A list of magazines that have arrived in the Thyme PO Box since last issue. Thanks to all who sent them and if I've cribbed some news without supplying due credit I apologise. Thyme is available for 'The Usual' which includes arranged air mail trade, contribution (letter, article, artwork) and editorial whim.

Busswarble #16 (May 94)

The Captain's Log #202 (May 94), #203 (July 94)

The Communicator #5 (June 94)

Critical Wave #35 (May 94)

The Dan Wanketh #5 (13-5-94), #6 (20-5-94)

Perzine - Danny Heap

Available for editorial whim.

Data Extract #107 (June 94)

DUFFacto Spring 94

DUFFactOz June 94

Eyeballs in the Sky #8

Fosfax #167 (February 94)

The Frozen Frog #9 (May 94)

Habakkuk #3-3 (Spring 94)

Genzine - Bill Donaho

626 58th St, Oakland CA 94609 USA

Available for Trade, LoC, whim or \$US 3.

Iceworld #3 (May 94)

Interesting #1 (June 94)

Perzine - Richard J Sagall

PO Box 1069, Bangor ME 04402-1069 USA

Available for trade, or subscription \$US 3 per issue, as many as you pay for.

Social Calendar

July

1	MSFC	7.30 pm, Video Night, 74 Melville Rd, West Brunswick.
2	MSFC	Winter Fete, 10 am-4 pm. (Bookings: space \$10, table \$12 Phone 460 9846)
2	Austrek	Instant Costuming Day.
6	Nova Mob	8 pm. Steven Paulsen, 'Australian Horror'.
8	MSFC	7.30 pm, Swap Card Night.
9	Phyne Fisher	Meeting
9	DWCV	12 noon, Cyber day, 2nd floor, Union House, Melbourne University, \$4 or \$5.
9	Austrek	2 pm, "Video Day", 313 Punt Rd, Prahran, \$5.
9	Valhalla	Films, 24 Hour and a bit SF day, 6.30 am start.
12	DVSF&FS	8 pm, "My worst monster", Dandenong Library Conference Room.
15	MSFC	7.30 pm, Talisman board game night.
16	Enterprise	Writers Workshop
22	MSFC	7.30 pm, Moon Day (1st moonlanding anniversary), BYO Moon Food.
23	Gallifrey	Trivia night
29	MSFC	7.30 pm, Art Show Night

It Goes to Eleven

Instantzine - edited by James Allen

MSFC, PO Box 212, World Trade Centre, Melbourne, Victoria, 3005

Matrix #111 (April/May 94)

The Mentor #84 (October 94)

Mimosa #15 (March 94)

Mumblings From Munchkinland #10 (May 94)

Opuntia #18.5 (April 94), #19 (May 94)

Phlogiston #36 (Nov 93), #37 (Feb 94), #38 (April)

Phoenixine #57 (May 94), #58 (June 94)

Rascals #2 (June 94)

Science Fiction Chronicle May 94, June 94

Severed Head #3 (April 94)

SFWA Bulletin #122/123 Winter/Spring 94

Newszine - edited by Daniel Hatch

Subscriptions: SFWA Inc., 120 Meidl Avenue, Watsonville, CA, 95076 USA. Single issue \$US 3.95, full year (4 issues) \$US 15.00, overseas \$US 18.

Southern Exposure #24 (June 94)

Space*Time Continuum vol 3 2-3 (March-June 94)

Sticky Quarters #23 (May 94)

Sydney Futurian #1 (6-5-94), #2 (2-6), #3 (22-6)

The Texas SF Inquirer #51 (March 94)

Thingumy Bob #11

Perzine - Chuck Connor

Sildan House, Chediston Rd, Wissett, Near Halesworth, Suffolk, IP19 0NF UK

Available for 'The Usual' but activity is the name of the game.

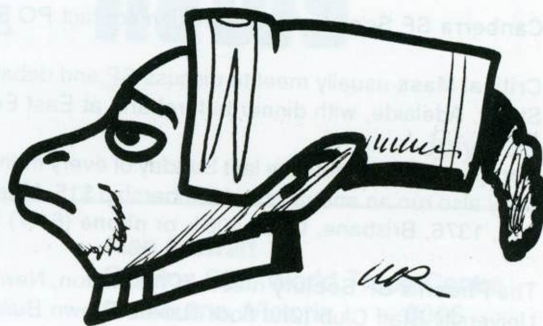
The Total Animal Soup of Time #9 (May 94)

Totally Reprints Summer 94

Warp (New Zealand) #94 (January 94) #95 (March)

August

3	Nova Mob	8 pm. Sean McMullen. 'Greg Egan'.
5	MSFC	7.30 pm
6	Austrek	Star Fleet Academy Exam.
10	DVSF&FS	8 pm. "Global Catastrophe" meeting.
12	MSFC	7.30 pm
13	DWCV	12 noon. Whodunit ?
13	Valhalla	Star Trek I-VI Marathon. 6.30 am start.
19	MSFC	7.30 pm
20	Enterprise	Filming of club video: <i>To Kill A Crusher</i> .
26	MSFC	7.30 pm



The **Nova Mob** meets the first Wednesday of each month at 6 pm for a meal at Erawan Restaurant, 205 Swan Street, Richmond (Victoria) and discussion later. Further proposed meetings for 1994 are:

7 September	Race Matthews	'History of MSFC, Part 1'
5 October	Bruce Gillespie	'Keith Roberts'
2 November	Donna Heenan	'Alien biology'
3 December	Saturday 1pm	End of year break-up. Smorgasbord yum-cha. Lotus Inn, 26 Market Lane, BYO phone (03) 662 3059

The **Melbourne Horror Society** (MHS) now meets monthly at 7.30 pm on the first Thursday of every month at The Maori Chief Hotel, 117 Moray Street, South Melbourne. For more information contact Chris Masters (03) 509 5366.

The **Dandenong Valley SF & Futurist Society** (DVSF&FS) meet at 8 pm, Dandenong Library Conference Room, Stuart St, Dandenong (Melways 90 E7). Further dates this year are September 20 ('Use and misuse of magic in fantasy'), October 11 (Star Wars), November 15, December 20 (Christmas Party).

Eastern Suburbs rolePlayers meet every Monday from 7 pm, at Nunawading Primary School. Springvale Road, Nunawading. Just show up and join in or contact David Hogeboom (03 877 5192) or Lee Bajzek (03 878 3393).

Skyforce, a Star Wars universe social club, meets 1-5 pm at St Marks Church Hall, corner Burke Rd and Canterbury Rd, Camberwell. Cost \$1 Star Walking members, \$2 non-members (Children under 15 free if accompanied by an adult). Discussions, auctions, slide shows, dealers room. Meeting dates for 1994: 10 September, 10 December.

Time-Trekkers meet on the first Friday of every month in Community House, 21 Carpenter Street, Bendigo. More information, including details of their newsletter Ultrawarp, PO Box 934, Bendigo, Vic, 3550.

Victrex meets bi-monthly in the Seymour Scout Hall, Howe Street, Seymour. Next meeting in July. Contact Larry Kostopoulos, 2a Grattan Street, Seymour, Vic, 3660. Phone (057) 92 1996

Futurian Society of Sydney, next meeting 7 pm, 15 July "Political Systems in SF", Saint Steven's Hall, 189 Church Street, Newtown. Dinner beforehand 5.30 pm, Lantern Restaurant, 515 Kent Street. For information phone Ron Clarke (02) 213 2918 (bus), (02) 489 5826 (after 6 pm).

Lugarno (St George area), next meeting, 2 pm, July 16, "Soup and video" afternoon. Phone (02) 534 3595 after hours for more information.

Penrith group: for more information ring (047) 301 073.

Australian SF Association meets monthly. Next meeting 2 pm, July 6. Write to Graham Stone, GPO Box 4440, Sydney, NSW, 2001 for more information.

Trek Australis meets monthly in Sydney. Send SSAE to PO Box H201, Australia Square, NSW, 2000 for more information. Bi-monthly magazine and discounts available for card carrying members.

Sydney Doctor Who SF Fan Club meets on the fourth Sunday of the month at Sefton District Girl Guides Hall, 52A Waldron Rd, Sefton. Monthly newsletter (Time Brains 2013) and discounts are available at Sydney bookshops for card carrying members. For information send a SSAE to PO Box 381 Chester Hill, NSW, 2162 or call Neil Hogan (02) 727 4272 after 8 pm.

Newcastle Star Trek Society for information contact Terry Shadwell (Phone 049 489 992)

Canberra SF Society for information contact PO Box 47, Civic Square, ACT, 2608. Phone (06) 288 6391

Critical Mass usually meet to discuss SF and debate first Wednesday of each month, from 8 pm at SA Writers' Centre, 242 Pirie Street, Adelaide, with dinner beforehand at East End Coffee House. Information Damien Warman (08) 382 7128.

Conquest Club meets the last Sunday of every month, Room 303, Information Technology Building, QUT's Garden Point Campus. They also run an annual con. Membership \$15. Meetings cost: \$3 members, \$5 non-members. For more information contact GPO Box, 1376, Brisbane, QLD, 4001, or phone (61-7) 367 1947.

The **Phoenix SF Society** meets in Wellington, New Zealand, at 7.30 pm on the second Wednesday of every month at the Victoria University Staff Club (2nd floor Rankin Brown Building).

The **SF Modellers Club** meets in Auckland at 869 New North Road, Mt Albert. Enquiries to Felicity Scoones (President) Ph: 630 4757. Meetings at 7.30 pm, usually on a Wednesday.

1994 CONVENTIONS

CONFUSION '94 July 15-17

Perth Media Con. Perth International Hotel. **GoHs** Sylvia Anderson, Lewis Morley, Marilyn Pride, Danny Heap **Features** Auction, Gaming tournament, masquerade, fan films. **Membership** \$A 50 until 31/1/93 child \$A 25, supporting \$A 25. **Rooms** Twin/double/single \$A 95 **Dealers** pro \$A 50, fan \$A 30; with membership pro \$A 110, fan \$A 90. **State Reps** Paul Ewins (Vic), Dallas Jones (NSW), Kely Lannan (SA), Kevin Sheen (QLD) **Mail** PO Box 190, Mt Lawley, WA 6050

CONDUCTOR August 13-14

Level 5, Union Building, Adelaide University **GoH** Tony Shillitoe **Phone** (08) 272 1974

CONTINUUM August 27-28

Newtown Community Centre, Wellington, New Zealand **Features** Videos, games, debates, exclamation marks. **Rates** \$NZ 9 one day, \$NZ 15 two days **Banquet** Supplied by 'Death by Chocolate' **Mail** PO Box 10104, Wellington, New Zealand.

CONADIAN (1994 Worldcon) September 1-5

Winnipeg Convention Centre **GoHs** Anne McCaffrey, George Barr, Barry B Longyear, Robert Runte **Mail** PO Box 2430, Winnipeg, MB, Canada R3C 4A7 **Fax** 204-942-3427

COMEDYCON September 16-18

Tradewinds Hotel, Maroubra, NSW. **GoH** Robert Llewellyn **Rates** \$A 75 **Mail** PO Box 627, Ryde, NSW, 2112.

CONQUEST '94 (Star Trek) September 23-25

Lennon's Hotel, Brisbane. **GoH** Jonathan del Arco, Richard Arnold **Rates** Attending \$A 80 till 30-4-94 **Mail** GPO Box 1376, Brisbane, QLD, 4001.

SURVIVAL '94 (Dr Who) November 25-27

Novatel on Collins, Melbourne **GoHs** Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred, Kate Orman **Rates** \$A 85 **Banquet** \$A 25 **Mail** PO Box 804, Croydon, Vic, 3136.

VOYAGER (Star Trek) December 30-January 1

Hilton on Park, Melbourne. **GoH** Dwight Schultz **Rates** \$A 85 **Banquet** \$A 45 **Mail** PO Box 474, Rosebud, Victoria, 3939

1995 Conventions

NOVACON '95 (Doctor Who) January 13-15

Radisson Hotel, Newcastle. **GoHs** John Levine, Nicholas Courtney **Charities** NBN Telethon '95 & Variety Club of Australia. **Rates** \$A 85 until 7-10-94 **Banquet** \$A 35 **Room Rates** \$A 85 single, \$A 45 double/twin **Dealers** Fan: \$A 15 (1 day), \$A 25 (2 days); Pro: \$A 30 (1 day), \$A 50 (2 days) **Mail** PO Box 140, Kotara Fair, NSW, 2289. **Phone** Aaron (049) 575 109, Matt (049) 432 666

CONCINNITY January 25-27

Hilton, Melbourne. **GoHs** Robert O'Reilly, Ian Gunn **Features** Writers Seminar, Masquerade, panels, Banquet, Book launch, Hall Costumes awards, Competitions: writing, art, costume design **Banquet** \$A 85 **Cost** Supporting \$A 5; until 7-4-94 Full \$A 50, Day \$A 35; until 1-7-94 Full \$A 60, Day \$A 40. **Dealers** Pro \$A 100, Fan \$A 40 **Room Rates** \$A 130 double/twin **Charity** UNICEF **Mail** Ali Kayn, GPO Box 972G, Melbourne, Vic 3001 **Phone** Ali (& Fax) (03) 419 2644; Jo Toohey (Work) (06) 265 2721, fax (06) 265 1340

EVENT HORIZON (Blakes 7) January 27-29

Queensland. **Rates** \$A 50 to 30-6-94 **Mail** PO Box 492, Corinda, QLD, 4075 **Phone** (07) 349 2229

CONDIMENT (Australasian Media Natcon)

Melbourne Town Hall National Awards.

CONQUEST (New Zealand Natcon) April 14-17

Mount Richmond Manor Inn, Auckland **GoHs** Vonda N McIntyre, Roger Zelazny, Richard Taylor **Mail** PO Box 26-311, Auckland, New Zealand.



Edited by

Merv Binns
PO Box 491, Elsternwick
Victoria 3185

Alan Stewart
PO Box 222, World Trade Centre
Melbourne, Victoria 3005

What news in the Australian scene ? Well, not very much further than reported last issue. Alien Shores is due in July from Aphelion. Metaworlds edited by Paul Collins came out in May from Penguin, and he has sold another anthology Strange Fruit to Penguin to be published next year. Getting advance information from Australian publishers and distributors in the main is like trying to extract teeth, so I will have to rely on overseas lists for advance information on British publications that should be distributed in Australia. It is obvious that some books or certain editions do not make it out here but if you know they are out you can at least try to get hold of them. First up an update on the Gollancz releases covered last issue. A later catalog received has The Discworld Companion by Terry Pratchett and Stephen Briggs hc and Soul Music by Pratchett also in hc, which was released by Jacaranda Wiley in June. Pasquale's Angel by Paul J McAuley was released recently in hc. Also out or due is A Land Fit for Heroes 2: Stand Alone Stan by Philip Mann, author of Master of Paxwax, a Yorkshire man who now lives in New Zealand. Volume one A Land Fit for Heroes: Escape to the Wild Wood is now due in pb. Paul J McAuley's Red Dust should also be out now in pb, along with Bill the Galactic Hero: The Final Incoherent Adventure by Harry Harrison, and Australian Paul Voerman's The Weird Colonial Boy was released in pb in May. Other upcoming books include Merlin and the Last Trump a humorous Arthurian fantasy, Warren Peace: Dimensions by Bob Shaw, A Different Kingdom by Paul Kearney, whose Riding the Unicorn, another fantasy volume, is due out in August in hc in the UK. Nomansland by D G Compton has been released in pb, and Nursery Tale by T M Wright in the horror category is also out. North Wind by Gwyneth Jones, award winning fantasy author, is also out or due in hc along with Ian Watson's The Coming of Terminus. Aztec Century by Christopher Evans is another pb release, dealing with an alternate world with an Aztec empire which has conquered Britain, The Fall of the Families by Philip Mann is due for UK pb release in August, Angel by Garry D Kilworth is a July UK pb release and a new printing of Arthur C Clarke's Deep Range is on the June list and a new printing of City and the Stars is to hand.

Highlights of other books out or announced include The Stainless Steel Rat Sings the Blues from Bantam UK (hc), The Chronicles of Pern: First Fall by Anne McCaffrey Bantam UK (tpb) and Powers That Be by McCaffrey and Elizabeth Anne Scarborough, Corgi (pb). The upmarket Harper Collins imprint Flamingo has published new editions of books by J G Ballard, the Sirian Experiments and other titles in that series by Doris Lessing, and Ursula K Le Guin's The Dispossessed is due out in the UK in June. With the Bantam edition of the last "Foundation" book by Isaac Asimov due out in pb from Transworld here soon, Harper Collins have been reprinting the series and the earliest, original trilogy came out in the UK in May. Fantasy readers are well catered for by Harper Collins with new books by Louise Cooper, Barbara Hambly, Janny Wurts and Raymond Feist has a new hc, Shadows of a Dark Queen due here in July. Recent Legend releases include Caliban's Hour by Tad Williams in tpb and hc, his Siege (To Green Angel Tower: Part 1) in pb, and The Tangle Box by Terry Brooks in hc. A Million Open Doors by John Barnes was a pb release from Millennium/Orion in June, and this author has a new hc, Mother of Storms, due in the UK in July. Demons Don't Dream is the latest Piers Anthony Xanth pb from NEL in July, along with The Trikon Deception by Ben Bova and Bill Pogue. Gene Wolfe's Calde of the Long Sun in hc and Lake of the Long Sun in pb are due in August. Hammer of God by Arthur C Clarke in Orbit is due from Penguin here in July, along with Glory Season by David Brin. Titles by Clarke, McCaffrey and Robert Jordan are amongst an interesting line-up. Pan McMillan are releasing Barrayar by Lois McMaster Bujold in July and titles coming up include More Than Fire by Philip Jose Farmer, The Cygnet and the Firebird by Patricia McKillip, and Sorrow's Light by Freda Warrington. Penguin are also releasing an autobio by "Kryten" from the Red Dwarf series in pb in July, The Man in the Rubber Mask by Robert Llewellyn. And in case you missed it Hodder Headline released an episode guide to the Red Dwarf series from Virgin Books/Dr Who recently in pb. Coming up from Roc UK, Penguin distributors here, is Buffalo Gals and Other Animal Presences, a collection by Ursula Le Guin. And I will have to leave it there for now.

Merv Binns

Local Releases

hc = hard cover

tpb = trade paperback

pb = mass market paperback

June 1994

<i>Chaos Mode</i>	Piers Anthony	Harper Collins	hc	\$35.00
<i>Moon's Wife</i>	A A Attanasio	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>Myths of the Near Future</i> (reprint)	J G Ballard	Flamingo	pb	\$13.95
<i>The Piano</i>	Campion & Pullinger	Bloomsbury	pb	\$14.95
<i>Nomansland</i>	D G Compton	Gollancz	pb	\$12.95
<i>Strange Dreams</i>	Donaldson (ed)	Harper Collins	pb	\$14.95
<i>Permutation City</i>	Greg Egan	Millennium	hc (tpb)	\$34.95 (\$19.95)
<i>Walt Disney: Hollywood's Dark Prince</i>	Marc Eliot	Andre Deutsch	hc	\$45.00
<i>Shadows Fall</i>	Simon R Green	Gollancz	pb	\$14.95
<i>A Quantum Murder</i>	Peter F Hamilton	Pan	pb	\$12.95
<i>Streamskelter</i>	Simon Harding	Pan	tpb	\$11.95
<i>Soul Music</i>	Terry Pratchett	Gollancz	hc	\$29.95
<i>Tek Vengeance</i>	William Shatner	Pan	pb	\$12.95
<i>Warren Peace</i>	Bob Shaw	Gollancz	hc	\$34.95
<i>Terminal Velocity</i>	Bob Shaw	Gollancz	hc	\$32.95
<i>Thebes of the Hundred Gates</i>	Robert Silverberg	Harper Collins	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>Deersnake</i>	Lucy Sussex	Hodder Headline	pb	\$ 8.95
<i>The Lottery</i>	Lucy Sussex (ed)	Omnibus	pb	\$ 9.95

July 1994

<i>Isaac Asimov's Caliban</i>	Roger McBride Allen	Orion	pb	\$12.95
<i>Jedi Academy 2: Dark Apprentice</i>	Kevin J Anderson	Bantam	pb	\$10.95
<i>Jedi Academy 1: Jedi Search</i>	Kevin J Anderson	Bantam	audio	\$16.95
<i>Forward the Foundation</i>	Isaac Asimov	Bantam	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Human Brain</i> (NF)	Isaac Asimov	Penguin	pb	\$11.95
<i>Feersum Endjinni</i>	Iain M Banks	Orbit	hc	\$32.95
<i>The Stephen King Story</i>	George Beahm	McPhee Gribble	pb	\$12.95
<i>seaQuest DSV 3: The Ancient</i>	David Bischoff	Millennium	hc	\$29.95
<i>Writers of the Future Volume VIII</i>	Algis Budrys (editor)	New Era	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Hammer of God</i>	Arthur C Clarke	Orbit	pb	\$12.95
<i>Ascendent</i>	Louise Cooper	Harper Collins	pb	\$11.95
<i>Imperial Light</i>	Mary Corran	Millennium	hc	\$34.95
<i>The Edge of Infinity</i>	Paul Davies	Penguin	tpb	\$16.95
<i>Jaran</i>	Kate Elliott	Pan	pb	\$12.95
<i>The Pure Cold Light</i>	Gregory Frost	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Sorcerer's Ward</i>	Barbara Hambly	Harper Collins	pb	\$11.95
<i>Deadhead</i>	Shaun Hutson	Sphere	pb	\$12.95
<i>Brave New World</i> (reprint)	Aldous Huxley	Flamingo	tpb	\$14.95
<i>Envoy</i>	Shannay Jay	Pan	pb	\$11.95
<i>The Fires of Heaven</i>	Robert Jordan	Orbit	pb	\$12.95
<i>Dr Who Missing: Paradise of Death</i>	Barry Letts	Dr Who	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>Judge Dread: Dread Dominion</i> (comic)	Steven Marley	Virgin	tpb	\$11.95
<i>Byzantium Endures</i> (reprint)	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb	\$16.95
<i>The Laughter of Carthage</i> (reprint)	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb	\$16.95
<i>The Dark Side of the Sun</i> (reprint)	Terry Pratchett	Doubleday	hc	\$29.95
<i>Strata</i> (reprint)	Terry Pratchett	Doubleday	hc	\$29.95
<i>Lasher</i>	Anne Rice	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Dr Who NA: Theatre of War</i>	Justin Richards	Dr Who	pb	\$ 9.95
<i>The Devil's Maze</i>	Gerald Suster	Penguin	pb	\$12.95
<i>Flacco and the Sandman</i>	Triple J	ABC	audio	\$16.95
<i>The Ophiuchi Hotline</i> (reprint)	John Varley	Harper Collins	pb	\$10.95
<i>Bridge of Years</i>	Robert Charles Wilson	NEL	pb	\$12.95
<i>Island & Empire 3: The Last Augury</i>	Jonathon Wylie	Corgi	pb	\$11.95

August 1994

Barrayar	Lois McMaster Bujold	Pan	pb	\$12.95
Glory Season	David Brin	Orbit	pb	\$12.95
Monsters and Creatures of the Night	Sue Bursztynski	Little Ark	pb	\$ 9.95
seaQuest DSV 2: Fire Down Below	Matthew Costello	Orion	pb	\$12.95
Tolkien's Ring (illustrated)	David Day & Alan Lee	Harper Collins	hc	\$39.95
The Planets (NF)	Nigel Herbert	Penguin	tpb	\$24.95
Graillblazers	Tom Holt	Orbit	pb	\$12.95
The Galaxy Game	Phil Janes	Orion	pb	\$12.95
Dr Who NA: All Consuming Fire	Andy Lane	Dr Who	pb	\$ 9.95
The World in 2020	Hamish McCrae	Harper Collins	hc	\$45.00
The Making of Red Dwarf	Nazzaro & Clark	Penguin	tpb	\$16.95
History of Astronomy & Cosmology (NF)	Robert Olby	Fontana	tpb	\$19.95
Coelestis	Paul Park	Harper Collins	pb	\$11.95
Colin the Librarian	Parsons & Kearney	Pan	pb	\$11.95
Wolf and Raven	Diana L Paxon	Avon	pb	\$10.95
The Book of Ultimate Truths	Robert Rankin	Corgi	pb	\$11.95
Raiders of the Lost Carpark	Robert Rankin	Bantam	hc	\$29.95
Dr Who NA: Legacy	Gary Russell	Dr Who	pb	\$ 9.95
The Death and Life of Superman	Roger Stern	Bantam	pb	\$11.95
We Are Not Alone	Walter Sullivan	NEL	tpb	\$16.95
Dr Who: Decalog (stories)	Walker & Stammer (eds)	Dr Who	pb	\$ 9.95
That Way Lies Camelot	Janny Wurts	Harper Collins	hc (tpb)	\$35.00 (\$19.95)
The Broken God	David Zindell	Harper Collins	pb	\$12.95

Reviews

Paul Ewins

The Courtship of Princess Leia by Dave Wolverton

Bantam hc June 1994 327 pages \$29.95
ISBN 0-553-08928-5

Dave Wolverton has done an excellent job adding another chapter to the *Star Wars* saga. Even though I'm not a die-hard *Star Wars* fan I was enthralled by this story and happily read well into the small hours of the morning. Everything about it felt right, just as if it was actually a novelisation of a fourth film, and there were no noticeable plot-holes or developments that went against previously established facts of the *Star Wars* universe. At first the characterisation of Han Solo seemed wrong, with him appearing to be a bumbling fool, but as the story progressed this was put into context, both within the story and the film trilogy, and seemed a lot more accurate. Leia is given less study while Luke is seen only through the mysticism of the Jedi philosophy.

The Courtship of Princess Leia occurs sometime after *Return of the Jedi*, with Han still battling the remains of the Empire forces, Luke searching for the Jedi heritage, and Leia trying to cement alliances with other systems to help in the struggle. The leader of the powerful Hapan system, Queen Ta'achume unexpectedly offers just such an alliance - the catch

being that Leia must marry her son, Prince Isolder. To add to Leia's dilemma is the fact that Isolder is charming, attractive and very much in love with her. A contest erupts between Han and Isolder for Leia's love which ends up with Han kidnapping Leia and running off to a planet that he won in a card game.

Isolder follows them with Luke, who is interested in the planet for different reasons. Once there they find it's airspace to be controlled by Empire troops loyal to the warlord Zsinj, while the ground is the domain of tribes of force using witches, with the dark-side oriented Gethzerion dominant. A three way conflict occurs as Gethzerion tries to get off the planet to carve her own domain in the stars, while Zsinj tries to use her to capture Han, and the others try to survive.

With subject matter as well known as the *Star Wars* trilogy coupled to vivid descriptions from the author, it was easy to visualise most scenes, and by the end of the book I was starting to remember it as if it was a movie rather than a novel. I thoroughly enjoyed *The Courtship of Princess Leia* and suspect that anyone who saw *Star Wars* more than twice would enjoy it just as much.

Globalhead by Bruce Sterling

Terry Frost

Millennium pb June 1994 301 pages \$A 12.95
ISBN 1-85798-153-7

All of the original cyberpunk writers, with the possible exception of William Gibson, have moved on from the subgenre they collectively created, each in their own direction. Of them, Sterling is arguably the most interesting. As Norman Spinrad pointed out in his cyberpunk essay "The New Romantics", Sterling was one of the writers lumped into this category who never really had that punk edge. He was always one of the more mature of that cadre and among the most interesting.

More than any of the other erstwhile cyberpunk authors, Sterling had a multinational perspective on the future. This has finally come to an epiphany in Globalhead. Sterling's near futures aren't all American ones - and when they are, they're never mainstream. They're motel and trailer park futures with net-linked Winnebagos and pickup trucks equipped with cellular phones and data bases. The imagery links better to Sam Shepard's prose poetry than the white-collar white-bread Silicon Valley engineer ambience you find too often in Stan Schmidt's Analog.

Of the works in Globalhead, this shows up best in *Jim and Irene* - a road movie of a story that brings the disaffected drifters of the two Cold War giants together on the highways of an American that has won the ideological war but lost the plot. *Are You For 86?* where the titular abortion pill becomes the new contraband for pagan feminists and the Religious Right is Wired into the Net but no smarter than it is now, also has this on the road feel. It is also the funniest story in the collection. One day, Hollywood will discover the stories in this book and when they do, I hope they get someone like Dennis Hopper or Gus Van Sant to direct *Are You For 86?*

Storming The Cosmos, which Sterling wrote with Rudy Rucker is a tale of how 1960s Russian space scientists investigated the 1908 Tunguska impact, discovered an unknowable alien artefact and created the US victory in the Space Race. The Russian background is strong and singularly weird. Setting the story at the point where American memes were infiltrating the Iron Curtain is a fine touch. Russians have always had a greater curiosity about the USA than Americans have of the ex-USSR. Sterling and Rucker are, of course, exceptions.

The other Russian story: *Hollywood Kremlin* is a story of black market capitalism set during the Afghanistan war. It isn't science fiction but doesn't need to be. Some situations are fantastic enough without alien

technologies or Proginine type leaps to new levels of complexity. Though perhaps the alien invasion here is an idea: the belief that everyone is bribable and that everything is for sale when events are beyond human control. Globalhead's other stories are equally engaging, with the possible exception of *The Sword of Damocles* which I found to be a wanky deconstruction of that myth. *Dori Bangs*, *Our Neural Chernobyl* and *We See Things Differently* have a particularly strong sense of Sterling reaching beyond the hip images of cyberpunk and into more mature workings of complex real-world issues.

So if you're tired of the merchandising of big name authors like Asimov, McCaffrey and Norton as generic product and you're developing a hunger for books that nourish your mind instead of merely sating fast food hunger pangs, Globalhead's a good place to start.

Lindsay Jamieson

Spindoc by Steve Perry

Ace pb February 1994 262 pages \$US 4.99
ISBN 0-441-00008-8

Not long ago there was a documentary on ABC TV called *The War Room* which dealt with the spindoctors behind the Presidential campaign of 1992. Spindoc is of course short for spin doctor, a media manipulator, also known in this novel as a spider. In Steve Perry's future Earth spindocs are sources for main media news, putting a spin on a news item, interpreting it in a manner desired by an employer, therefore a professional liar. This spindoc, Venture Silk, must find the truth about his lover's murder, and teams up with Zia Relanj, an off world spy, with their main antagonist being a former Government spy, Depard King, who is now a free agent working for his own benefit. King has a number of amusing misfortunes whilst the two protagonists have a lot of hot sex. There are a number of interesting techno-innovations, a hi-tech crossbow being particularly neat, and also inventiveness in linguistic slang construction.

This is a good action adventure in a well realised world, with good plot development and characterisation. It must be said that the hero's spindoc status is almost irrelevant to the story and this is a straight adventure, not the dystopic environ that had the potential to be developed and which the initial chapter might lead one to expect. This Earth is conservative, well-ordered, controlled, with a passive media, yet there is still a large amount of freedom with a universal high standard of living. The author has invented quite a bit of background detail, not fully explicated or utilised in this story, naturally, which provides the ecology for further novels to be set in this universe, and it is certainly an interesting world with good scope for cultivation.

Richard Hryckiewicz

Bruce Gillespie

Metaworlds edited by Paul CollinsPenguin tpb June 1994 220 pages \$A 14.95
ISBN 0-14-023766-6

This collection of twelve stories by Australian authors was an interesting read. Some of them were a little slow for my taste, but I was overall impressed in the change in style of Australian authors. My previous experiences have been that Australian authors tend to be very dark and pessimistic. The writing style was very similar to that used in the late nineteenth century, slow and very wordy.

This collection, on the other hand, saw a very different style exhibited. While some of the stories were a little slow, they were still interesting to read and held my attention for most of the time. Using a personal rating system, I rated 3 stories as excellent, good storyline, interesting ending and kept me turning the pages quickly. I must confess that I like my stories to move quickly, have an interesting premise and if there is a twist at the end, all the better. Five stories I rated as very good, these also had interesting endings, but did not grab and keep my interest as well as the excellent ones. Still interesting reading, but not to the same level as the excellent rated ones. Three stories I rated as good. These kept me going, but not as well as the previous ones and did not leave me as satisfied. As a result, while I did enjoy reading them, the enjoyment was not to the same depth as some of the others in the collection. Only one story rated below good, and that was simply because it appeared to rely very much on introspection on the part of the main character. I found it very slow and hard to come to grips with and felt somewhat disappointed when I finished. Overall, I found the collection to be a pretty good read, as I have mentioned previously, some of the stories were not totally to my taste, but still worth the time. I must have enjoyed the collection overall due to the fact that the book was read in about two sittings.

The stories rated as follows, just remember that this is simply a rating according to my **own** tastes:

Learning to be me	Very Good
Re-deem the time	Good
Waiting for the rain	Fair
Reichelman's Relics	Good
The last elephant	Very Good
The Token Pole	Very Good
But Smile No More	Excellent
A Tooth For Every Child	Good
The Total Devotion Machine	Very Good
The Wired Kid	Excellent
An Empty Wheelhouse	Excellent
I Still Call Australia Home	Very Good
The overall collection I give 8½/10.	

Aztec Century Christopher EvansVGSF tpb August 1993 352 pages \$A 17.95
ISBN 0-575-05540-5

What's the most common plot in science fiction? Hero (male or female, but usually a male) battles against immense odds to do something or prevent something dreadful happening, and succeeds, despite being stupid, silly or morally loathsome (usually all three). Why does he succeed? Because some benevolent person or force has set up the situation from the beginning so that Our hero cannot possibly lose. Inevitable boring triumph. End of plot. Why do I like Christopher Evans' Aztec Century? Because it's plot is the opposite of that described above. The hero is princess Catherine of Britain. Though she is intelligent and resourceful, she cannot beat the Aztec forces who, after slowly taking over the world since the fifteenth century, are in the late twentieth century finally gobbling up Britain. Her family dead or captured, she survives by pretending to collaborate with the Aztecs. Extapan, the Aztec governor of the newly conquered country, protects Catherine and falls in love with her. Meanwhile she does her best to help the well-hidden rebels, who believe they can rid Britain of the Aztecs. In all those **other** SF novels, Catherine would of course find a way to perform the impossible and take back the country. She thinks she is succeeding, but is shocked to find the actual nature of the behind-the-scenes forces when they reveal themselves. She has been set up. Without realising it, she has become a dupe of the man who wants Extapan's job. By the end of the novel, she seems to have lost her entire world, not merely her own domain.

Not that Aztec Century has a morbid ending. Annoyingly, it has no real ending. This is one of the new breed of SF novels - those that could have ended satisfactorily, but have not been allowed to do so. By the end of Aztec Century, we still don't know what the rebels are up to, or who is really manipulating larger events. (We still assume that the Aztecs won't be allowed to get away with their mayhem, despite the fact that they now own everything in their own world except the South Pole.) We have not even been offered the necessary ends to some basic threads from the plot. Wait till next time, folks. Every novel must have a sequel these days, whether or not the author or characters want it. Despite the unsatisfactory nature of its ending, Aztec Century is a first-class read, a page-turner, a bonzer book you give to annoy-ing teenage nephews to shut them up for an hour or two. Evans is not a fancy stylist, but his story remains intriguing throughout, and he doesn't put any stylistic barriers in the way of the reader. Aztec Century is the nearest thing to Golden Age science fiction I've read for a long time.

Dennis Caswell

Son of Spellsinger

by Alan Dean Foster

Questar pb

April 1993

376 pages

\$US 5.50

ISBN 0-446-36257-3



This is number seven in the Spellsinger series, but unlike the other novels it is not necessary to have read the other ones before reading this one. The novel is about Buncan, the son of the Spellsinger of the previous novels, and the adventures he has with Nocter and Squill, the offspring of Mudge. He hears a rumor of a great treasure called the "Great Veritable" and goes on a quest to find it. He finally recovers the Great Veritable, and returns with it, only to find that the treasure is more trouble than it is worth. On the way, he encounters an enchanted river, a town that is so clean it is sickening, and other impediments.

The strength of this novel is not in the adventure per se, but in the amusing references that Alan Dean Foster puts in. To take a short quotation:

"Wot sort o' sorcerel potion is that ?" Neena murmured.

"I've heard them speak of it...From what I've been able to observe, they're all addicted to it. They call it 'coffee' and ...

In reading this novel it is apparent that Foster is poking fun at some of the features of today's society, like coffee in the previous example. Despite the humorous references in *Son of Spellsinger*, the novel does have a serious story and is not intended as fantasy humor. Quite enjoyable.

Karen Pender-Gunn

Strange Dreams edited by Stephen Donaldson

Harper Collins pb June 1994 704 pages \$A 14.95
ISBN 0-00-648005-5

After a shaky start of two very strange stories with no endings, this chunky paperback developed into a very good read. It was hard to put it down at some points, but it was also very hard to hold as it's so big!

I dislike Stephen Donaldson as a writer, but I congratulate him on his ability to choose a good story. From Rudyard Kipling to Harlan Ellison, the stories were very strange to excellent. I found some of the stories a little disturbing, such as *Hogfoot Right and Bird-hands* by Garry Kilworth. Some were sad, such

as *With the original cast* by Nancy Kress, and *Jefty is five* by Harlan Ellison. Some of the stories were thought provoking, such as *The house of compassionate sharers* by Michael Bishop.

This book is a good introduction to the types of fantasy stories that are around at the moment. If, like me, you thought fantasy was unicorns and princesses and quests, this collection will set the record straight. It's nice to see such a varied collection of material fitting into one book so neatly. I suppose that's the sign of a good editor.

Mind you, the one gripe I do have and this is just a personal thing, is with stories that don't have endings, they just drift off or stop suddenly. I'm usually not clever enough to work out what the author wanted me to think, or I can think of several endings and it's unsatisfying. A very enjoyable book and I would recommend it to anyone who would like to read a bit of fantasy.

Beverley Hope

Streamskelter by Simon Harding

Pan tpb June 1994 248 pages \$A 11.95
ISBN 0-330-33210-4

Starting to read this novel, one could be excused from thinking that it was all just too weird and too confusing, thereafter deciding to put it down for good. However, *Streamskelter* does keep you reading if you can get past the first forty or so pages, past the confusing parts to the building of the mystery of Glaistig, the "Dream Bitch". Just who is she, and why has she sent three young children over the edge, leaving one in a mental asylum, ultimately to kill himself to escape from her? The other boy, David Roberts, is the story's main protagonist and it is told through his eyes, right down to the weird dreams, or rather nightmares, that she sends him.

Some hundred or so pages into the novel, the strange old man Solomon (who is the uncle of Rupert, the one who killed himself), begins to unravel her mystery to David. And the story just gets stranger, the feeling of some primeval darkness lurking just out of reach. It certainly keeps you reading.

Now if you are expecting some kind of regular sword and sorcery fantasy, don't bother with this novel, because you will be disappointed. However, if you would like to read a fantasy that weaves regular post-war British country life with a tale that is distinctly murky and out of this world, then I recommend this book to you. Just be prepared to have to wade through a fair amount of confusing detail at the start of the novel though.

Susan Hryckiewicz

Grails: Quests of the Dawn edited by Richard Gilliam, Martin H Greenberg, Edward E Kramer

Roc tpb March 1994 387 pages \$US 9.95
ISBN 0-451-45303-4

This is a collection of short articles from a variety of modern day, recognised, fantasy writers with a theme common to the title which, in full, is "Grails: Quests of the Dawn, Visitations and Other Occurrences". First printed in hard cover in 1992, it is now reprinted in 1994 in a paperback with the addition of four further items. In all there are 25 fantasy articles which are brought into relation with the real world with an afterword by Fritz Leiber. The items differ to each other in format, style and content. They range in length from 1 page to 71. A play and several poems are interspersed amongst the short stories. There is Drama, action, humor and something to think about after many of the articles.

For along time I have appreciated short story collections. This is mostly due to my appalling slow reading speed combined with my total immersion into a story as there is a chance to join the real world between stories. Anthologies are also a good way to "taste" a writer's style and possibly determine whether I might enjoy a book length tale. I recognised the names of two of the editors and I have always enjoyed compilations involving Martin Greenberg. I also recognised a large number of the contributors.

Overall the book was entertaining and thought provoking. I left a reasonable time between reading each item so that the concepts and emotive content of one story did not impinge on the next. The general theme of a grail or life altering quest binds them firmly as a cohesive collection. Some articles involve the grail of Arthurian legend and some an object of similar virtue and power while many involve a journey or quest that changes the questers life style. The occasional item is set in the Arthurian time period, others involve some of the Arthurian heroes in a different setting, while some more take the grail into a different time and place or even a different world. I was pleasantly surprised by the variety presented. Unlike many fantasy collections, there were no repetitious storylines like many of the sword and sorcery anthologies nor were the authors predominantly female (a current trend in fantasy works).

Jane Yolen presents a thought provoking poem on the concept of "Christ's Vessel"; Mercedes Lackey compares the Christian and Pagan values of the grail; Andre Norton shows the recognition and reverence of things of power; Marion Zimmer Bradley brings us a

tale of Lythande; Diana Paxon describes the testing of Perceval; Brad Strickland emphasises the destructive power of human lusts; Ilona Ouspenskaya demonstrates the strength of love; James Dorr retells some of the legend associated with the grail; Gene Wolfe gives us a strange story of a quest for a better life; Lee Hoffman finds the grail in a different place with help from its guardians; Alan Dean Foster amuses us with a story of man's greed; Richard Gilliam sends us on a quest to find a man's soul.

Jeremiah Phipps sends his questers across a country and out of hopelessness; Orson Scott Card searches through time to discover if a single life can make a difference; Dean Wesley Smith laughingly points out that a point of view changes our appreciation; Janny Wurts sees the impossible; Kristine Rusch proves that we cannot run away from the pain inside us; Lionel Fenn advances a different theory about the grail; Brian Thomsen reviews a hero's life; Margo Skinner regrets the passing of the grail from the collective conscience of today's world; Neil Gaiman entertains us with a modern day quest for the grail; Bruce Arthurs foretells a strange future and Rick Wilber tells a story of innocence.

Some of the stories are stronger than others, as can be expected; some intriguing for the duration of the tale and others provoking thought or a new perspective for a time. Overall, this book was a good read with something worthwhile and different to offer most readers of fantasy.

Dennis Caswell

The Chaos Gate by Josepha Sherman

Baen pb April 1994 311 pages \$US 5.99
ISBN 0-671-87597-3

This is the third novel in the series inspired by the Electronic Arts computer game *The Bard's Tale*, but it is no way necessary to have played the computer game to enjoy the book. This novel is a direct sequel to *Castle of Deception*, and continues the story of Kevin, the bard, and Naitachal, the dark Elf bard.

In this novel Kevin tries to woo the daughter of a neighboring count and winds up insulting her by mistake. Subsequent events have these two together alone in the wilderness and forced to get along. In the meanwhile Naitachal has been captured by his former kin, and is being made to suffer for becoming a bard. It is up to Kevin, along with his unwilling companion, to rescue the dark Elf. This book is very formulaistic in that you know that Kevin will win the hand of the count's daughter, and Naitachal will be rescued in the end. Despite these failings, I found *The Chaos Gate* quite enjoyable, and would recommend it as a pleasant read.

James Allen

A Quantum Murder by Peter F Hamilton

Pan pb June 1994 376 pages \$A 12.95
ISBN 0-330-33045-4

This is a pretty good whodunit/SF/thriller set in a post-greenhouse warming England. The basis of it all is the investigation of the murder and the book is a stylist update of a "locked room" detective story. At first the SF elements seemed to be merely there to give style and to complicate the mystery, but as the book goes on you come to accept such things as the psychic enhancements and the computer technology as plausible. I am less sure about some of the background. This England is post-revolution. The People's Socialist Party government has been overthrown and former party apparatchniks are still hated and hunted down. That I can cope with, but the passing asides about the supra-legal Inquisitors confuse me. They seem to have been able to question and torture anyone, but now they have vanished.

Whenever the main character mentioned them I found myself wanting to know what had happened to such a powerful group. Perhaps that is the New Conservative governments' dark secret. Maybe they rounded them up and executed them, like Hitler did to his brown-shirt movement in pre-war Germany.

It is a dark and stormy night. The housekeeper of the isolated abbey has the night off. The professor and his six students, 3 male, 3 female, are inside away from the storm, with all the security and surveillance systems up and operating. Next morning someone has ritually murdered the professor and opened up his chest and arranged his lungs as wings. Greg Mandel, ex-soldier and psychically enhanced farmer is asked to help the police investigating the murder. The double Nobel Laureate Professor was working on many projects including one which may lead to interstellar travel. The company he was working for want to know who killed him and why.

The science fiction elements of this book are woven into the detective story and it is a classic detective story. The hero is coming back from retirement and brought in as an outsider to use his special skills on the mystery. He is a sort of augmented superman, even his trooper background is useful. He can fight, shoot and has been trained to kill. Set as it is in a near-future the technology is derived from what we know today. I especially liked the Virtual Reality night-goggle set. A simple small piece of gear that helps someone find their way about using maps and satellite positioning, when they cannot see the real buildings due to darkness and fog. The book builds up nicely, the clues are there if you can understand them

and it doesn't cheat to resolve something. Items are introduced and many are used later; in this way it is like a movie, although it avoids the "we know too much about this character, he must be the murderer" syndrome of some one hour TV shows.

I liked the book, it is an enjoyable read. Pity about the horrible, unrelated cover Pan have put on it. I found myself putting it face down usually. Other people have said "Oh yuck, what is that ?" to me upon seeing it. Apart from that this book is good. Just don't let the cover put you off.

Paul Ewins

Deadly Quicksilver Lies by Glen Cook

Roc pb March 1994 347 pages \$US 4.99
ISBN 0-451-45305-0

This is one of those books that comes along from time to time written "in the style of Raymond Chandler". Now, I've never read any of Chandler's work, but so numerous are his imitators that the style is readily recognisable. In this case, Glen Cook has elected to cross the detective genre with fantasy and has done so fairly successfully. The book is more detective than fantasy and will probably hold little appeal to those whose interest lie with fantasy alone.

The action opens in the slightly seedy city of TunFaire, with our intrepid gumshoe, Garrett, taking on a job finding the missing daughter of a gorgeous redhead. The redhead turns out to be the one-time mistress of the former king (since deceased). Something smells fishy and things start to go wrong, which lands Garrett in more and more trouble. There are lots of beautiful women, plenty of punch-ups along with enough red herrings and plot twists to keep the whole lot interesting right to the last page.

Despite the fact that Garrett's closest associate (friend isn't quite the word to describe the relationship) is a dark elf, and magic crops up now and again the fantasy element is lost amongst the pacy detective bits. Every so often there will be something to remind you that this is supposed to be fantasy too, but for the most part I tended to visualise all the characters as human. This didn't really harm the story, but made it feel like the author had written a detective story, couldn't sell it, then rewrote it with a fantasy setting to make it more saleable.

This was a fun book, with very little against it other than a slight but noticeable homophobic feel, which may simply be a recreation of the feel of the original Chandler novels. If you enjoy both genres even a little, then Deadly Quicksilver Lies is well worth reading.

Bruce Gillespie

Nomansland by D G ComptonGollancz hc May 1994 286 pages \$36.95
ISBN 0-575-05422-0

I had put off reading Nomansland for more than a year because its premise seemed both unoriginal and likely to produce the worst in any writer. No boy babies have been born for 40 years. Women take over the world. Oh hell! Now we'll get a high dose of that elegant but ill-disguised woman-hating that appears in much science fiction. I can imagine any dozen other SF writers treating this subject as badly as it can be treated. But D G Compton is not just any dozen SF writers. I had forgotten how good a writer he can be.

Nomansland is the story of a world that is subtly different from our own. We see it through the eyes of Dr Harriet Kahn-Ryder, who in *The Attrition*, Year 40, believes she has found a cure for MERS (Male Embryo Rejection Syndrome). Her male boss warns her against publishing the results of her research. Why? She rejects this suggestion that she suppress her results, a police officer named Sergeant Milhaus breaks into her house, kills her cat, and threatens to kidnap her daughter Anna if she doesn't do as she's told. Harriet and her husband Mark plan to take Anna to a safe haven and publish the research anyway.

If that little bit of melodrama were all that you could find in Nomansland, it would have no interest. However, large sections of the book are flashbacks that show how Harriet and her brother Daniel came to be the persons they are, and how the world came to be the way it is. The writing is not too dense, but Compton's details of human living and coping are so deftly written that they make Nomansland an unexpected pleasure to read. Melodrama must have its way, of course, but even the main narrative is twisted into an unexpected shape by the presence of Harriet's very peculiar brother Daniel. Daniel does hate women. He is trained to be a soldier, a dangerous man of the most old-fashioned kind. His destiny and his sister's collide with each other at the end of the book.

Compton's own allegiances are much more subtle. He leads you to support Harriet in her desire to return the world to a balance between the sexes. And then he writes a wonderful scene in which one of the main characters tells Harriet that for the first time in umpteen thousand years, war has disappeared from the Earth. There are not enough men left to fight wars, and women are not interested.

So do we welcome the eventual triumph of Harriet's efforts? I'm not sure that we do. I doubt if the author does. But he has created a future world that is so interesting - an odd combination of melancholy and day-to-day getting on with life - that the reader can never quite come down on one side or the other. Nomansland is a major SF novel. It will prompt you to seek out Compton's other recent, unjustly neglected novels.

Alan Stewart

The Patternmaker compiled by Lucy SussexOmnibus pb May 1994 164 pages \$A 9.95 ISBN
1-86291-208-4**The Lottery** compiled by Lucy SussexOmnibus pb June 1994 162 pages \$A 9.95
ISBN 1-86291-209-2

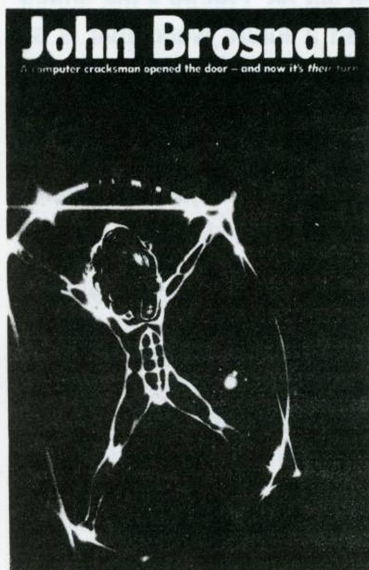
These two collections of SF for young adults, collect together 18 tales by current writers. Some are window dressed Australian in setting, but there's none which couldn't be moved elsewhere. No inappropriate aboriginal motifs and not much near-future reflection of today's society. The authors stick pretty much to the SF theme and there's no magic.

A personal favorite is Dave Lockett's *The Patternmaker* which goes one of two possible ways, and then caps it with a final twist. Two tales are somewhat similar in that they feature a small crewed spaceship, but another takes space travel and makes in intergalactic in scope. Gillian Rubinstein takes an opening sentence and shows a glimpse of a strange 'what if' future. The Burgess Shale gets a guernsey in Lucy Sussex's story which manages to throw in time travel, aliens and real scientific names almost exotic as her locations.

Some of the tales specifically feature young adult narrators, and cover some of the problems of growing up. Others could just have easily been adult stories toned down a little. I'm not sure exactly what criteria the authors were given, but they certainly gave glimpses of a lot of intriguing possibilities. The variety and breadth of style shown in these collections argues well for future works in a similar vein.

Facts and figures show that four of the tales are reprints, length varies from 10 to 26 pages, and there's an author's afterword to each piece. Only six female authors, but there's a closer gender mix of protagonists. Attractive packaging with covers based on the title stories should add to their deserved success. Recommended.

Karen Pender-Gunn

**The Opoponax Invasion**

by John Brosnan

VGSF tpb

March 1994

223 pages

\$A 21.95

ISBN 0-575-05199-X

Nice cover, title in silver. Add for the British Science Fiction Association in the back. Okay, onto the story. The protagonist is being changed into a woman from his usual male body. Michael/Mary finds a reluctant companion and sets off to hid with a valuable piece of merchandise tucked away in her eye. But things don't go the way she had planned. Do they ever? Toss in an alien invasion, a bit of love, lust and insanity and the book starts to roll along. Maybe just a little too fast though. The changes are coming thick and fast. Aliens capture a space base, start the conversion, some people are immune, try to revolt. Michael/Mary makes another change, has to help humankind or be destroyed. All the big corporations are now involved....

Confused? So was I. In a rollercoaster of 223 pages the story shifts and changes, throwing characters at you in each chapter. Including an AI who tempts an tax inspector with visions. No, stop, its too much, I need a lie down. That's better. Well, its an interesting book. Investigates a bit of the differences between males and females, not that I'm sure there is that much difference myself. Might be worth a look at.

Justin Semmel

Galatea In 2-D by Aaron Allston

Baen pb August 1993 257 pages \$US 4.99
ISBN 0-671-72182-8

Nice book. Lousy cover.

The hero of this book is an artist who comes home one day to find a couple of unexpected visitors who try to kill him by throwing him into one of his pictures which opens up to become a volcano scene. He learns that his pictures can come to life and that he

can create life. And with that comes responsibility, which he only just learns to accept. He soon learns that he is not the only artist in danger and rushes to the aid of an old friend - his ex-wife. In the first scenes of his story he brings a woman to life who is his every fantasy, vulnerable, tender and innocent. This fantasy now fleshed out is just as unreachable because of that as when it just existed on a piece of paper. He has to pull away and leaves the role of teacher to his ex, who not only teaches the innocent child he has created, but also teaches the hero about maturity and freedom and love.

The conclusion wraps up many loose ends leaving people with lives of their own. It's not a very real ending, a bit too happy, but the process by which it gets there is reasonably natural. Rating: It'll be in the library. Pick it up then.

Donna Heenan

Born to Run by Mercedes Lackey and Larry Dixon

Baen pb March 1992 (2nd printing February 1993)
317 pages \$US 4.99 ISBN 0-671-72110-0

If elves came to town would they drive racing cars? Sure they would, but only if the motors were lacking in "Cold Iron", for even a modern day elf cannot survive the touch of steel. In a new fantasy series by Lackey, co written with different authors, the elves have hit the modern world.

Fast cars and bright lights provide a cure for the ennui felt by the immortal elves, save them from dying of boredom! The good elves take up clean living, paying their bills by designing and selling superior racing engines, built with a hefty dose of magic. The bad elves have joined the crime wave, running child pornography rackets and snuff movies. Humans, too, have their place in this new order. Students of magic, dealing with the cold iron, humans are comrades to the good elves. The nasty elves treat humans as victims and prey.

Born to Run is the first in the Serrated Edge series. It deals with three human children, run away from abusive or neglectful parents, living by prostitution, surviving with the help of drugs. They are easy victims to the snuff movie racket and only a chance meeting with Tannim, a mage and friend of the good guys, gives the children any chance at all.

Well written with engaging characters and suitably evil bad guys, this book is eminently readable. The child abuse is well handled, giving an insight as to why some children run away from seemingly good homes, and the fall into the "easy" way of prostitution is also well handled. Pronouncement? A decent fantasy read.

Alan Stewart

Donna Heenan

Chaos Mode by Piers Anthony

Harper Collins hc June 1994 300 pages \$A 35.00
ISBN 0-246-13862-9

Chaos Mode continues Piers Anthony's "adult series" with the things you'd expect. A new anchor being appears at the beginning, and one of the original company releases their anchor at the end. In between there's lot's of mode hopping, dangers and problems as a teenage girl, a telepathic horse, a man and a woman join up with their new friend, Burgess. Yes, Piers Anthony has also hopped on the Burgess Shale band wagon and based an alternate world on creatures descended from what remain as only fossils here.

The Authors Note details some troubles caused in real life by reading Piers Anthony books, and the rigidity of some of our social systems. The textual adventure tries to promote tolerance and empathy, but his characters aren't that believable, though it's interesting to see what variant worlds the author comes up with. Recommended for Anthony fans, who know what they're getting in one of his series.

Terry Frost

The Disinherited by Steve White

Baen pb November 1993 266 pages \$US 4.99
ISBN 0-671-72194-1

The story goes like this: Some aliens arrive in the solar system and they're human and they're running from bad ugly aliens who aren't human and the first aliens have a faster than light drive and their home planet's under siege and a bunch of libertarians who don't like stuff like multiculturalism, equal opportunity laws and other stuff that hampers white middle class engineering types go off into other solar systems with the good aliens and the main hero guy gets married to a beautiful alien woman and they find a way to beat the bad aliens and they do.

Sounds like a lot of Baen books don't it ? This one has the credibility of Alexander Downer and the vision of Bronwyn Bishop. I can already see the spot where the hole punch is going to perforate the top right hand corner of the cover when they remainder it real soon. Don't bother buying it, unless you're one of those indiscriminate types who can't tell one SF book from another any more than the rumen of a cow can tell one mouthful of grass from the next, or if you're the type who gets crotch sweaty from space war pornography. And even if you do, it'll be in a rack in Safeway before Christmas.

Ravenloft: Mordenheim by Chet Williamson

TSR pb April 1994 315 pages \$A 9.95
ISBN 1-56076-852-5

Mordenheim is one in a series of books, written around a role playing game, Ravenloft. It is best described as Gothic Horror, with vampires and zombies and things that go bump in the night as main players in the books. As such it is mainly of interest to players who already know the universe. Mordenheim does not explain the rational behind the Ravenloft books well enough to be of use to the new reader.

It is a retelling of the Frankenstein legend. Mordenheim is the mad doctor who creates life in the form of Adam, a patchwork man made from scraps of dead bodies. Adam thanks Mordenheim for the gift of life by killing Mordenheim's adopted daughter and crippling his wife. Now Mordenheim must restore his loved ones to life and health.

Mordenheim starts well but runs out of energy half way through, the story is too well known to sustain interest the entire book.

Alan Stewart

Homecoming 2: Call of Earth by Orson Scott Card

Legend pb March 1994 304 pages \$A 11.95
ISBN 0-09-919941-6

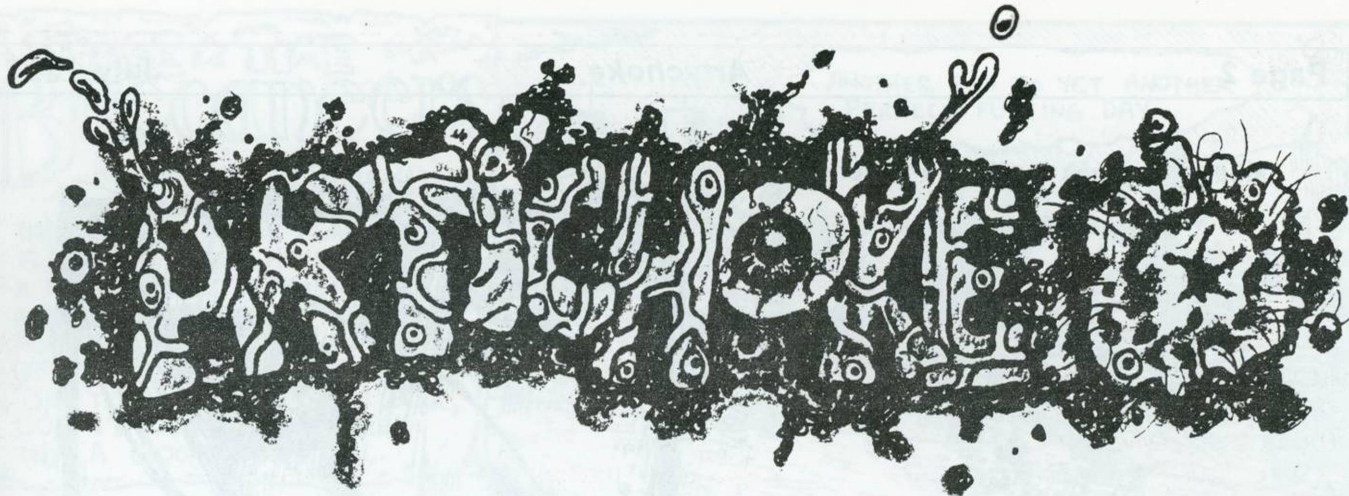
Following on from the earlier Memory of Earth wherein a family basically left a city on a distant planet, this second volume looks at a small foreign army coming to the city. The leader of this invasion happens to interact with the family members who stayed and returned after the first book, and all characters are sort of directed by a 30 million year old computer who thinks it might be senile. It's mission is to travel back to Earth and get help, aided by the protagonists.

The long time frame of this novel and it's genetic communication control of the populace sounds pretty unbelievable to this reader. Free will isn't questioned, but you're never sure if the characters do anything on their own or it's all predestined. Some of the computer's millennia old dictates appear to have broken down, but inexplicably others haven't.

Card only gives the reader what he wants to, and you're sure things are hidden. Such things will probably pop up in deus ex machina occurrences in later volumes. A fast read, not a lot happens, and there's not much room for wondering what might. A small step forward in the series.

Books Received

<i>Authorised Biography of Gene Roddenberry</i>	David Alexander	Roc	hc
<i>Chaos Mode</i>	Piers Anthony	Harper Collins	hc
<i>Dead Morn</i>	Anthony & Fuentes	Ace	pb
<i>Flames of the Dragon</i>	Robin Wayne Bailey	Roc	pb
<i>Night Relics</i>	James P Blaylock	Ace	hc
<i>Death Dream</i>	Ben Bova	NEL	pb
<i>Rediscovery</i>	Bradley & Lackey	Daw	pb
<i>The Tangle Box</i>	Terry Brooks	Legend	hc
<i>The Opoponax Invasion</i>	John Brosnan	VGSF	tpb
<i>Writers of the Future Volume VII</i>	Algis Budrys (editor)	New Era	pb
<i>Writers of the Future Volume VIII</i>	Algis Budrys (editor)	New Era	pb
<i>Homecoming 2: The Call of Earth</i>	Orson Scott Card	Legend	pb
<i>The City and The Stars</i>	Arthur C Clarke	VGSF	pb
<i>Nomansland</i>	D G Compton	VGSF	pb
<i>Deadly Quicksilver Lies</i>	Glen Cook	Roc	pb
<i>Imperial Light</i>	Mary Corran	Millennium	hc
<i>Strange Dreams</i>	Stephen Donaldson (editor)	Harper Collins	pb
<i>Permutation City</i>	Greg Egan	Millennium	tpb
<i>Majyk By Hook or Crook</i>	Esther Friesner	Ace	pb
<i>Alien Pregnant by Elvis</i>	Friesner & Greenberg (editors)	Daw	pb
<i>Grails: Quests of the Dawn</i>	Gilliam & Others (editors)	Roc	tpb
<i>Jaran</i>	Kate Elliott	Pan	pb
<i>Dragon Sleeping</i>	Craig Shaw Gardner	Ace	hc
<i>Shadows Fall</i>	Simon Green	VGSF	pb
<i>The Dean Koontz Companion</i>	Greenberg & Others (editors)	Berkley	tpb
<i>The Ghatti's Tale 2: Mindspeakers Call</i>	Gayle Greeno	Daw	pb
<i>Sorcerer's Ward</i>	Barbara Hambly	Harper Collins	pb
<i>A Quantum Murder</i>	Peter F Hamilton	Pan	pb
<i>Streamskelter</i>	Simon Harding	Pan	tpb
<i>Envoy</i>	Shannay Jay	Pan	pb
<i>The Oak Above the Kings</i>	Patricia Kennealy-Morrison	Roc	hc
<i>A Time of War</i>	Katherine Kerr	Harper Collins	pb
<i>The Black Gryphon</i>	Mercedes Lackey & Larry Dixon	Millennium	tpb
<i>The Norton Book of Science Fiction</i>	Le Guin & Attebery	Norton	hc
<i>Byzantium Endures</i>	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb
<i>Eternal Champion 12: Stormbringer</i>	Michael Moorcock	Millennium	tpb
<i>The Laughter of Carthage</i>	Michael Moorcock	Phoenix	tpb
<i>The Magic and the Healing</i>	Nick O'Donohoe	Ace	pb
<i>Johnny and the Dead</i>	Terry Pratchett	Corgi	pb
<i>Soul Music</i>	Terry Pratchett	Gollancz	hc
<i>The Book of Ultimate Truths</i>	Robert Rankin	Corgi	pb
<i>Skybowl</i>	Melanie Rawn	Daw	pb
<i>The Unknown Soldier</i>	Mickey Zucker Reichert	Daw	pb
<i>Green Mars</i>	Kim Stanley Robinson	Harper Collins	pb
<i>Facade</i>	Kristine Kathryn Rusch	Millennium	pb
<i>Heart Readers</i>	Kristine Kathryn Rusch	Millennium	pb
<i>Tek Vengeance</i>	William Shatner	Pan	pb
<i>Metal Angel</i>	Nancy Springer	Roc	pb
<i>Globalhead</i>	Bruce Sterling	Millennium	pb
<i>The Lottery</i>	Lucy Sussex (compiler)	Omnibus	pb
<i>The Patternmaker</i>	Lucy Sussex (compiler)	Omnibus	pb
<i>A Plague of Angels</i>	Sheri S Tepper	Harper Collins	hc
<i>Sideshow</i>	Sheri S Tepper	Harper Collins	pb
<i>To Green Angel Tower</i>	Tad Williams	Daw	hc
<i>Ravenloft: Mordenheim</i>	Chet Williamson	TSR	pb
<i>The Courtship of Princess Leia</i>	Dave Wolverton	Bantam	hc
<i>Captains Outrageous</i>	Roy V Young	TSR	pb



Number 9

July 1994

Edited by

Ian Gunn

PO Box 567, Blackburn, Victoria, 3130

Two big artistic events occurred recently to wake Melbourne from its autumnal slumbers. The first was the biennial *Next Wave Festival*, a varied array of *avant garde* artworks bringing the shock of the new to the streets of the city. Swanston Walk tram stops featured illuminated dot matrix signs discussing Virtual Reality, the National Gallery of Victoria ran the latest in computer animation by day and an interactive stained glass window by night, the forecourt of the Concert Hall was filled with out-of-its-environment street furniture - sign poles, traffic lights, phone boxes - which played recorded city sounds at the touch of a crosswalk button (Modern art for pedestrian minds?) Meanwhile a video camera in a Flinders Street shopfront captured images of passers-by, which were later manipulated into complex video collages by computer artists. At Gallery 101 in Collins Street, there was an extensive display of computer art, comprising mostly of bold, abstract images put out on bubblejet printers, but also including a couple of interactive touch-screen installations involving computer animation and weird puzzles.

Not everyone can cope with experimental art. Many people are far more comfortable with the status quo, and they often fear The New. This in itself is something of a tradition - the whole history of art is one of bold innovation supplanting what went before, much to the annoyance of entrenched traditionalists.

Hmm. It just occurred to me that you could quite easily substitute the words "Science Fiction" for the word "Art" in the previous paragraph and it would still, I think, hold true. A similar exercise could be conducted with the use of the word "Fandom".

Personally, I enjoy this kind of modern art. Yes, looking at the beauty of an Old Master is fine, but rolling up your sleeves and participating in an interactive work is more relevant to the hi-tech age of the videogame and the information highway.

The other event, which for many reasons I found far more moving and poignant, was the annual display of the AIDS memorial quilt. This enormous

work, displayed in sections around the globe, features embroidery, painting, applique, knitting and weaving in its construction. It mourns the deaths, and celebrates the lives of those who have left this mortal coil through AIDS and HIV related illnesses. Collectively, it is believed to be the largest piece of folk-art in the world. Sadly, it's still growing. Roger Weddall's section, made by Geoff Roderick, Jane Tisell and Karen Pender-Gunn, was presented last year and is now part of the main quilt. It includes items from Roger's life and is one of the more interactive pieces as it partly takes the form of a "fanzine" of which you can turn the pages (It includes, I'm very honoured to say, *that* 'Fanimals' cartoon.) While I knelt to turn the pages, a woman standing next to me asked if I knew the story behind Roger's quilt. I said yes and explained what each item represented. Here is a picture of his cat, Typo, here are the badges of the cons he attended... A small number of total strangers stopped to listen. The woman thanked me for sharing the memories. I found the whole experience very moving.

FEATURE ARTIST - MILENA SZDENEK

Little known in fandom circles, but a fairly familiar name among the cognicenti of Australian small press poetry, Milena was born in Prague in 1961. Her artistic talent was evident from a very early age, and she was enrolled at the Zalovdek polytechnic as their youngest ever fine arts student. However, her training was cut short when she and her family fled in 1968 when the Russians invaded Czechoslovakia.

Alienated by her lack of English and isolated in a country town, she spent all of her free time on her art. She discovered fandom in 1985, but feels only now confident to publicly display her work. She claims her ingrained shyness has only been overcome by the encouragement of fan artists like Nick Stathopoulos.

Milena believes that SF and Fantasy artwork still has a long way to go. Her preference is in fantasy and surreal art, and she hopes to continue in those areas. She usually uses paint, ink or charcoal.

Milena Szdenek by Milena Szdenek

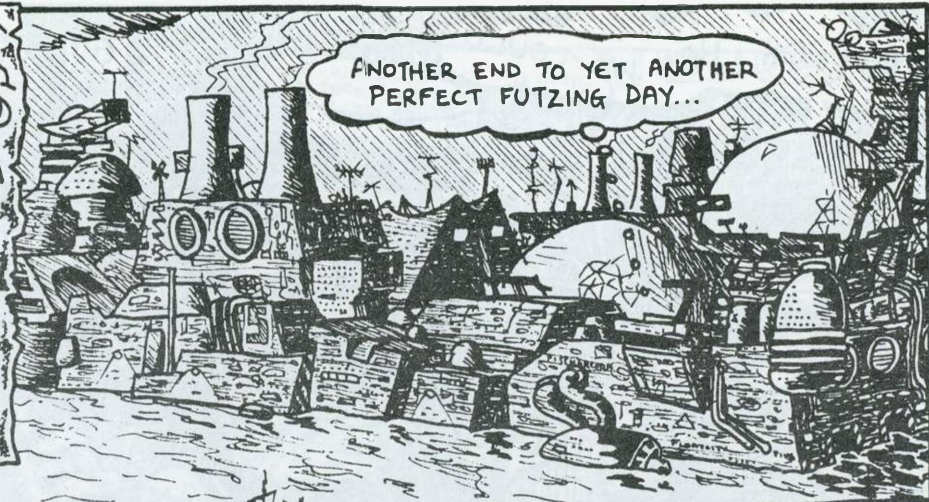


SPACE TIME BY JAM GUN

Buccaneers

ORIGINS (1) FEEDBACK DATA

INPUT BEGINS: THE PLACE IS FLOATCITY FIVE. HOME TO A MILLION OR TWO MEN, FEM, AND CONSTRUCTS, ME INCLUDED. SOMEWHERE OFF THE COAST OF FRISCO AND DRIFTING WEST. THE YEAR MUST'VE BEEN 2132, COZ I'D JUST TWENTYFIED. NOT A GOOD BIRTHDAY...

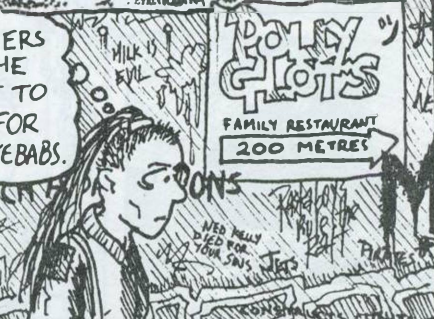


THREE WEEKS PREVE, I WAS A TEENER WITH A FUTURE. MINIMAL DEBTS. THIRD SHARE IN A HABIDORM. ALL IMPLANTS PAID OFF. LEAD ZEETARIST IN THE UPINCOMINIST RAGGAMALAY TEKBAK BAND IN THE WHOLE RAFT... UNTIL THAT FUTZING LOSER OF A TONEDECK JOCKEY GOT HIMSELF TRAWLED FOR ILLEGAL BRAINWIPE POSSESSION. HE GOT STASIS-REHABBED. I GOT JOBLESS... EVICTED... HAD TO SELL THE ZEETAR...



NO HOME. NO CRED. NONGRATA WITH EMPLOYDEPT. SELF WORTH ZERO. FUTURE ZERO. HEALTH ON DOWNSLIDE. ASSETS: THE CLOTHES AND ORGANS I STAND IN, AN OBSOLETE HITACHI ARM, LAST SEASON'S EYE SYSTEM AND A CHEAP PIRATED MUSICAL SKILL BIOCHIP...

THE EVENING DINERS SHOULD BE AT THE FOODMALL. TIME TO DUMPSTERDIVE FOR LEFTOVER KRILLKEBABS.



SUDDENLY, I SERENDIPPED ONE OF OUR OLD POSTERS. I HAD TO SOUVENIR IT.



THE DELAY WAS FORTUNATE. IT MADE ME MISS CROSSING PATHS WITH A NIGHT GANG...

OH, FUTZ. I DON'T NEED THIS...



TIME TO GET SCARCE...



A QUARTET OF BARBERS. NOT THE MOST DANGEROUS OF FAD GROUPS ON THE RAFT, BUT UP THERE WITH THE LOONIEST. THEY USUALLY PICKED ON YUPS, TRENDODS AND UPPERMIDS, BUT I WASN'T CHANCING.



THEY'D ALREADY FOUND A VICTIM...

...ON THE CORNER OF THE STREET...

WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? MONEY? TAKE IT!



WE WERE ROUGH AND READY GUYS...

NO! NO! NOT THE HAIR! ANYTHING BUT THE HAIR!





I WORKED LIKE A CONSTRUCT ON FULLVELOSS. THE CREW DIDN'T STOP ME - THEY JUST STOOD BACK AND SCANNED, DEYENQUEUEING IN THAT WEIRD LINGO OF THEIRS.

I CAN RIG UP A BYPASS WITH THIS POPOVIC STABILIZER

RÖNJLÆVYL ÖKY! ULYK VZ!

ISÆ NÖZ ÖU TU FYKZ ÖÆ MUFXNRÆ!

THEN I'LL RECONFIGURE ALL THE R.T.I. TATTLER UNITS.

AT FIRST I THOUGHT THEY WERE SOME NEW FAD GROUP - ALL TALL, DARK AND SUITED UP REAL WEIRD. NONE OF THEM WERE HEALTHY - THEIR SKINS WERE BURNT AND THEY KEPT UPCHUCKING. FUTZ, I KNEW RAD-STRESS WHEN I SCANNED IT: WE'D VEEARED HIROSHIMA, CHERNOBYL AND LOUISVILLE BACK AT THE EDPOD - BUT WHERE WOULD YOU GET RAD-STRESS THESE DAYS?

THAT SHOULD DO FOR NOW - THOUGH YOUR GALINKIN PHASE HEADS LOOK PRETTY DODGEY...

IKÖF! IKÖF!

IRÆA!!

IT TOOK A LOT OF CONVINCING AND SIGN LANGUAGE, BUT EVENTUALLY THEY GOT IT ACROSS TO ME THAT THIS WAS SOME SORT OF TIME-MACHINE

WELL, YEAH, I GUESS THAT'S THE MOST PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION FOR ALL THE FX WITH THAT ISLAND AND STUFF - UNLESS I'M DEAD OR DREAMING ...OR THIS IS A STARVATION-INDUCED HALLUCINATION

IZÆ? ÖTYM FRÖGÖP!

TIME TRAVEL? WHAT A CONCEPT. THE MARKETING POSSIBILITIES ARE ENDLESS

SPEAKING OF WHICH - HOW ABOUT A BITE TO EAT? SAVVY?

FOOD?

GRUB?

CUISINE?

ATATAKAI SHOKUJI?

UZ SÆ HÖNGRÆ?

FYNK ZÖ! GÆÐUR ZÖM BRÆKY!

THE FOOD WAS AN ODD ASSORTMENT. THEY ASSURED ME IT WASN'T CONTAMINATED!

USE BY JUNE '86?

APPARENTLY THEIR ENGINEER WAS DEAD. WITH MY NEWLY-ACQUIRED SKILLS I WAS THE ONLY PERSON ON BOARD WHO HAD ANY IDEA HOW TO KEEP THE SHIP RUNNING

OKAY - I'LL TAKE THE JOB...

...NOW WHERE CAN A GIRL HAVE A SHOWER AND SHAVE HER HEAD?

AND THAT'S HOW I CAME TO BE ON THE TIME-SHIP.

IT'S DANGEROUS BEING PART OF THE CREW, BUT I WOULDN'T CHANGE A THING...

MEMO STORE

'COURSE, I HAD NO IDEA THAT MY EVERY MOVE WAS BEING WATCHED FROM A NEARBY DIMENSION.

THE NEW TRAVELLER IS ONE FEEDBACK McBAIRD. RECORDS SHOW SHE WOULD HAVE SOON DIED IN OBSCURITY. HER DEPARTURE FROM THE TWENTY-SECOND CENTURY WILL NOT AFFECT OUR OWN TIME-LINE...

SHE HAS NO KNOWN TECHNICAL SKILLS. WITH THE REST OF THE CREW DYING FROM RADIATION EXPOSURE, THE SHIP WILL EVENTUALLY BECOME INOPERATIVE.

...AND THEY WEREN'T THE ONLY ONES...

EVERYTHING IS GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN...

... ONLY SIX MORE TO FIND...

INPUT ENDS.