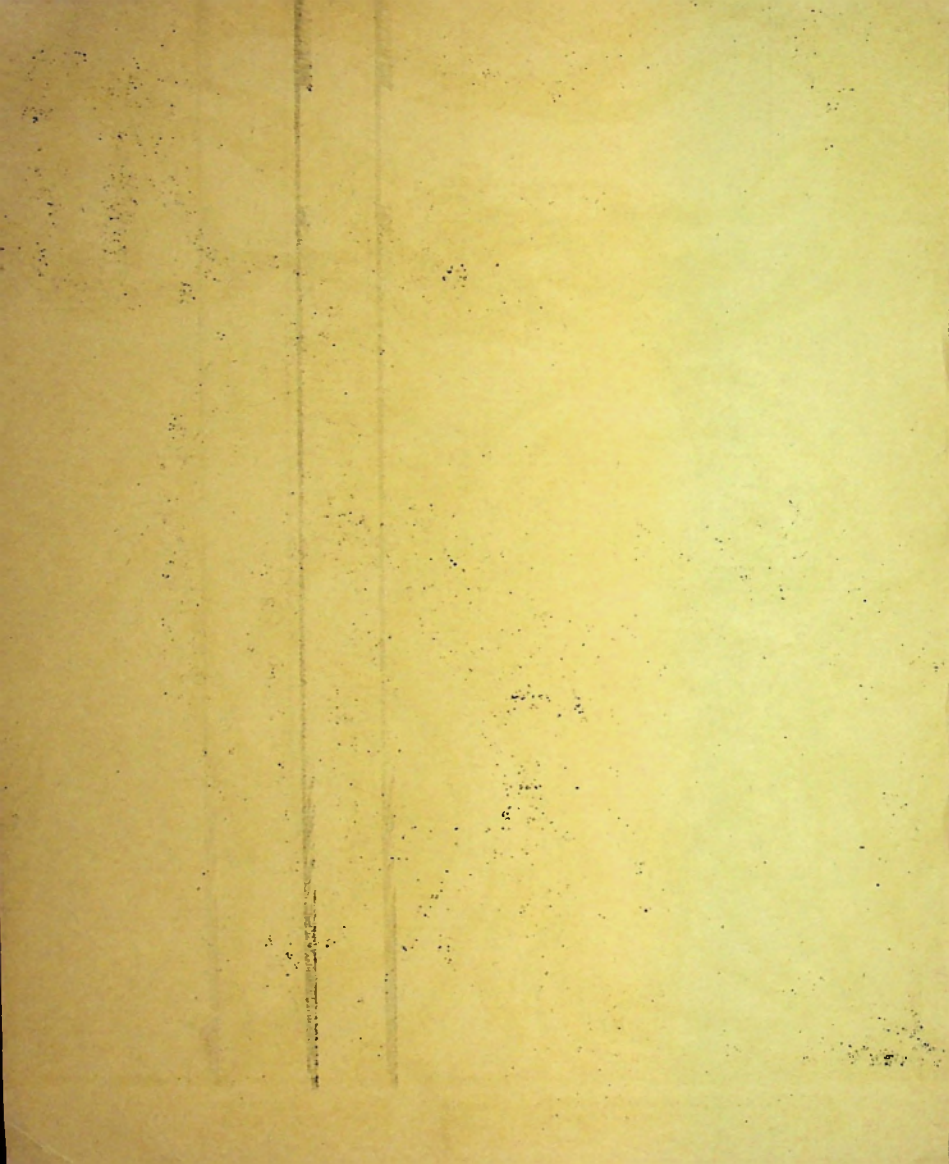




CONFERENCE ISSUE





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ART CREDITS

John Breden :- P.10, P.11, P.20, P.52, P.55,
P.61.

Dimitri Razuvaev :- Cover, P.3, P.17, P.59.

Mike Lawson :- P.19, P.30, P.39, P.51, P.66.

* * * * *

ETHERLINE II is to be had for the small
price 20¢ (this issue only), also for letter of
comment and/or article and trade.

* * * * *

Conferences are good for you.....

Editorial

There are several reasons why this issue is only a month late, the main one being that the editor of this magazine didn't calculate the time it would take to type up sixty odd stencils with much accuracy.

In this issue there are two booklists. This is due to the fact that in the time it took to type the book reviews, Author Story Listing, etc. a whole stack of new titles came in. I hope that this double book list does not inconvenience you too much.

We have very much pleasure in reintroducing Don Tucks' very well known 'Author Story Listing'. This will become a permanent fixture in ETH II as it was in the old Etherline. We thank Don very much for offering his services. This issue contains listings on three of the most recent Australian Authors (and ones that you are most likely to see at the Con), we hope to feature some more Australian authors soon.

CONFERENCES ARE GOOD FOR YOU (but not if you are on the committee)

This Conference is going to be a good one. There has been a lot of hard work put in on it and we are all sure that all those who can attend will not be sorry that they did so.

Being on the committee is not fun, it is a lot of work and it does not leave one with much time for other things. There are many letters left unanswered and article for various faneds un-wrtitten, still, I think that this issue of ETH II and the Conference will make it worthwhile.

In this issue we have tried to express something of what we thing a Conference, or convention, should be like and feel like. We don't know if it has worked, but we hope so. L.E.

WHAT IS S.F.

WHAT DOES IT OFFER THE PROFESSIONAL MAN

Why should a professional graduate read SF? To answer this requires an answer to the perennial question: What is SF?

The written word may be roughly divided into two main categories:

- 1/. that which is read with a conscious desire to gain information.
- 2/. that which is read for diversion.

There is no clear cut boundary between these since people consciously acquiring knowledge will have their attention diverted from their environment, while those seeking diversion will absorb information which may be inserted to provide reality. The extent to which such information is true is extremely variable; the present surge of historical novels is characterised more by mis-information than by studied accuracy.

The literature designed primarily for diversion may also be divided into two types which often merge. The basic purpose of diversion is attained either by stimulation of the senses or emotions by word forms or rhythms as in verse, or in the creation of a fictitious environment into which the reader may escape from his immediate surroundings and cares.

By its name, SF is defined as the creation of a fictitious environment in which scientific concepts are dominant. Here we should define science. The earliest meaning of this word would be synonymous with knowledge, the present meaning may be taken as a pattern of logically ordered knowledge. Basically, SF is the creation of an environment due to some supposedly scientific principle, the insertion of characters

permitting identification by the reader, a plot determined partly by the strength of characterization and partly by the scientific environment, and finally, an ending which is almost invariably dominated by some scientific or pseudo-scientific characteristic of the surroundings.

Fantasy-fiction is also adequately defined in that the environment is non-scientific, that it is fantastic. The use of the name Science-Fantasy to denote a literary form is a misnomer, as it can only denote a mixture or hybrid of the two opposites.

The relative importance of science, characterisation, and reader identification is dependent upon the writers ability, editorial policy, and to some extent, upon the readers ability to comprehend. In SF, as in other fields, there are poor, mediocre and good writers; their quality depending upon their ability to create a scientific environment and to use it to motivate an acceptable number of characters. Many writers can do one, but not the other. Some have the ability and knowledge to create the environment but are unable to write adequate narrative fiction, the others consider themselves as writers but have little or no scientific background and take refuge in pseudo-science which is Science Fantasy.

Some years ago, one well known magazine published, as an advertisement, a comparison between an example of horse opera and an example of space opera, illustrating how a poor grade of so-called SF might be created by the insertion of a few supposedly scientific words. This magazine pledged itself to its readers that it would never produce such stories. It has produced little else since then.

The major determination in the type and quality of SF in periodicals is editorial policy, whether due to market surveys or personal quirk.

One magazine some years ago decided to attract the 15-16 year old group. This was attempted by requiring its principal contributors to feature lead characters in this 15-16 age group in order to permit easy identification, and, to restrict the scientific background to a level suitable for such readers. Over the years distinct variations can be noticed, both in the interests of this editor, and in the type and standard of the published material. Another magazine decided that prosperity depended upon modern writing styles verging upon obscenity, that if they could not sell fantasy, sex was always popular. Again, there have been distinct variations in editorial policy of this publication which result in distinctly different types of content in issues separated by a few years.

What can the professional man gain from this form of fiction? First, what is a professional man? I shall define him as one who has completed a course of tertiary education leading to a degree and/or entry into a professional society, a technologist as distinct from a technician. Basically a mature person with a certified level of attainment. Firstly, he is diverted by SF. He may escape from his present cares into an obviously contrived environment, but one which is so ordered as to satisfy his need for a logical pattern. Whereas, people in monotonous occupations seek escape into dramatic adventure, and others with limited sex lives seek vicarious fulfilment in risqué narratives, the professional man who lives a life loaded with responsibility as well as authority, whose actions are limited by codes and safety limits, by standards and conventional ethics, finds escape in a logical environment where the characterisation may permit authority but can never bring the responsibility to bear fully, in which the environment, while scientific, is open-minded, and most important of all, in

which ideas may be developed without being chopped by the axe of feasibility.

The professional man must look to the future if he is to compete in our society today. He must realise the relationship of his particular discipline, together with the social, economic and technological world of which it is part, and, visualise the interactions of these, five, ten, twenty or fifty years ahead. If he is not prepared to do this, he cannot prepare himself for the later years of his career. SF may not give him any immediate solution to the problem of what the future will bring, but it is an immensely valuable source of ideas. It is even more valuable in promoting much flexibility. Just as E.D.P. and programming techniques are currently developing a new precision of thought and speech in all those engaged in them, so SF promotes an open-mindedness and curiosity which cannot fail to be beneficial in the consideration of future probabilities.

It would be grossly wrong to claim that any reader of SF could learn what the world of tomorrow would be like from his reading, it is the habit of thought that he might acquire which may permit a reasonable prediction. Whereas, in the technique of the new discipline of technological forecasting, the most skilled and deepest thinkers in a particular industry are questioned as to their opinions to the probable developments at various future times and the consensus of opinion may be considered to have all the weight of their skill, and though the futures predicted by SF writers are irrecouncilable, sometimes deliberately false, and certainly not the deeply considered opinions of great thinkers. They are, however, the product of a considerable assembly of imaginative thinkers and it is this breadth of imagination which is both so entertaining and so valuable to the professional man.

He may spend much of his reading time in


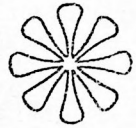

picking holes in the logic proposed by the writer, his broader knowledge of the social and physical relationships may cause him to believe that a given environment, the laws of logic would require a different development, alternatively, he may be suprised by the logic proposed by the writer. In either case, the imaginative thinking will give him greater capacity and inclination to persue his own logical interpretation of present trends, to determine future probability and future needs.

If nothing else, he may have enjoyed a good story and escaped, for a while, from the urgency of the bill-collector.

--Henry Couchman



* * * * *

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A
DAY
Of
LORDS

FOR A SIDESHOW ANIMAL

by Bernie Bernhouse.

The prestant reoccurance of past events had a devastating effect on most of the party. Mentor Avaigh was the exception. During the past ten years he had remained the closest to human sanity.

The space ship, or what was left of it, still carried faint hints to proud new developments in space travel technology, as it hung, swaying wistfully in the humiliation of an alien joy-ride.

Avaigh flinched openly at the seemingly

endless array of leering eyes taunting him with prodding tentacles before the star clustered black sky. It was a pained expression, and gave them an even greater feeling of superiority over the tamed animal.

The others, his insane companions, had given up hope of rescue long ago, but Avaigh could not forget, nor through the torture and the anguish of confinement, could he release his last cling to emotional stability.

His cellmates, there were three in each cage, sat comfortably in the feeble replacement of human luxury and leisure, content to just dream of the next time the lurking black hulk called the Joyman would arrive to administer another hallucinatory treat. Usually lasting only two hours or so, in the distorted unreality, the length of time depended on how large the gathering of tourists was, hence the degenerate forms of human life would prance before their onlookers in humbling exhibitionism.

Avaigh's dark-skinned cellmate, Caiton screamed.

To him, it was a true release from reality. No flash of conscience or guilt did he display in his world of bliss, for Caiton had been blinded four years ago. He screamed in sheer delight, and as he did so, the others screamed also as they watched on in envy. In extacy Caiton wrenched himself free from the grappling holders that clung hungrily to his head. Twisting and turning, he pounced on the crimson sofa until the realisation struck him that he had ripped off the holders that gave him such pleasure. That's when he returned to reality. His face distorted in painful dissappointment, he dived in the direction of his feeder, but too late, the Joyman had returned, and seeing Caitons frantic effoert, he opened the circular box that was always attached to his belt.

and let the fire-glow to it's work.

The tell-tale humm grew louder and, in expectance, the three cellmates ran for cover. Then in a burst of blue nova it sprang to life, a firey ball of glowing energy that circled the cell, singling out the helpless victim. The cell became too bright to bear as the fire-glow summoned energy for it's feast. Caiton could not move, could not scream, his agonised face was drowned in sweat, that's when it moved in. Attracted by the hot flush of perspiration, it spun a web of energy which engulfed the form of Caiton, lapping greedily over him. Sucking viciously at his body, his strength and his life giving blood, until the large blue veins on his face and his neck bubbled with the tension, and burst. Like a pool of warm jelly, his face and body became an oozing mess of ugly blue-brown liquid that quivered as it was soaked up by the frenzy and lust of the fire-glow.

Lifeless.

The Joyman was stunned, he had not intended to kill the human, but in his haste to restrain Caiton he had forgotten to attach the lead which was the only thing that could control the fire-glow, now preparing for another helpless victim.

Immediately he unravelled the coil, secured it to his power belt and pointed the open funnel at the glowing beast. Mentor Avaighn saw his chance. His reflexes had been dulled considerably but he wasn't at the wheel chair stage yet. He lept onto the table snatching up a metal ornament in both hands and from there dived at the Joyman. Ordinarily this would have been a suicide attempt, but with both fists tightly wrapped around the crude metal weapon and impact centered on the featurless forehead, the Joyman's long narrow cranium was crushed beneath the blow and he was sent sprawling towards the entrance door.

The joyman, now writhing in agony, was thrashing the suction lead wildly in the air. Avaigh dodged, then snatched the coil at the neck and twisted it round, thrusting it fiercely into the Joyman's panic-stricken face, to which it clung embracingly.

There was nothing in the hallway as Avaigh's pounding footsteps shattered the silence, then as the other cells became aware of his escape, they pleaded.

"Help Me," they cried, Help us," they begged until the ever-increasing volume of voices built up into a frenzy of excitement. The haunting pleas for freedom made him hesitate for a moment, but they had been in vain for Avaigh knew it was useless, saw the warped minds behind those faces of desperation, heard the whimpering cries of the mentally sick and knew that they could not possibly cope with unfamiliar environment of an alien world. So useless were they infact, that they could not even entertain the flock of tourists that seemed to gather to watch these weird exhibits.

Outside in the rides area it was a complete bafflement to him, gigantic towering structures vaguely resembling roller coasters scattered the pavillion with their rainbow colours. But at the far corner, in the dark, was a familiar structure swaying gently. The smooth flowing lines of a once brilliant piece of creation, a creation that had carried him across infinity to this ugly remote arena. It was now delapidated (as were it's long ago passengers) from the handling of many children.

Avaigh turned slightly and took a last resentfull look at the ominous cage, with it's pulsating horizontal beams that had held him prisoner for so long.

Scraping the Old Barrel

ONE OF THE marked phenomenons of the 1966-67 SF period was the vast proliferance of science fiction magazines based solely on reprints. Ultimate Publications were the main offenders with notably, the wrangle over the payment of authors reprinted in AMAZING and FANTASTIC. But there were also, to the list offhand; MAGAZINE OF HORROR, TERROR TALES (from the early pulps), STARTLING MYSTERY, and the Australian reprints from previous issues, (which were in turn reprinted from 'Planet Stories')- of POPULAR SF and FUTURE SF.

Is this worthwhile? I say a firm "No!" The really good material from the magazines being reprinted has already been milked to excess by over a decade of anthologies. Those stories which do remain, and which are being placed in the reprint magazines are just not up to the standard of present day original work. Actually, they have an adverse effect on present day authors. They restrict markets for original work.

At the moment, there are only four ((FOUR ?? L.E.)) regular SF magazines as markets for prospective, new struggling authors as well as the large numbers of professional authors, both in and out of the science fiction field.

Also, this reprinting business acts like an ingrown toe nail. Instead of pushing the field forward, we are being presented with material decades old. Science fiction is said to be continually expanding and improving each year. What kind of improvement is this if older stories of our earliest days (and stories just as bad, sometimes worse; from 1950-54 era) are being sold

in magazines in direct competition with SF magazines composed of present day original stories?

I say, scrub those reprints and fast! Or atleast find a barel which hasn't been scraped to such an extent that the rust on the bottom shows through.....

* * * * *

"SF YEARBOOK- 'A Treasury of SF'"
Popular Library 1967

THIS SAYS "No. 1" on the cover, but it's in correct. In 1964 the same publishers brought out "Treasury of Great SF Stories No. 1", which reprinted stories from the same source-- THRILLING WONDER STORIES. Then around May 1965, another "Treasury of Great SF Stories" appeared on the newstands, in digest size.

So, I think the "Treasury Of SF" under review should be labelled as "No. 3".

But be that as it may.

"SF Yearbook" is a little down on the previous issues in the supposed series, but still a good step above the average level of the reprint SF magazines perpetrated at the present time. THRILLING WONDER STORIES appears to have had quite a good deal of competent science fiction published in it, in it's day.

Ray Bradbury's story appeared to be the best in the volume, to me. But then, I am something of a Bradbury fan, so you might think it otherwise! THRILLING WONDER STORIES was his stamping ground before he finally burst upon the "slicks". If TWS were only the most mediocre of past SF magazines, it would still be fondly remembered for the fact that Ray Bradbury launched the main part of his SF career there; alone.

"The Irritated People" is the story, and all about a 'soft war' between the USA and a European rival. Wonderful use is made of chewing gum, blaring radios, picnics, confetti, mosquitoes, the creation of baldness yellow skin etc in the preposterous war that is fought with anything but destructive explosives. It is a lesson to today's militarists that even though a war might be conducted without bombs, guns, tanks and anything of that nature, it can still be just as terrifying and more nerve wracking as a "soft war"!



Edmond Hamilton's "The Knowledge Machine" explores a familiar theme, but the climax is startling. How would you like your one year old child being twice as intelligent as yourself?! The ubiquitous Theodore Sturgeon is also present, albeit his tale here is below his usual high standard of proficiency. Other stories by George O. Smith, Gordon R. Dickson etc., capture the spirit and fevour of SF in the late 1940's and early fifties., making up quite an interesting reprint SF magazine.

-- Olsen Marks

* * * * *

FOR LAUMER LOVERS;

GALACTIC DIPLOMAT: an appreciation
by Heronious J. Fluglemeyer

Iff all you lovely peeples will harks pack to issue two of this fine fanzines, you will renempers that I avarted the "Golt-platet Ruppish Pins" to Mr. Keith Laumers for his fine novels of crud entitl't, "The Monitors". Ass I explainet, it was mean' to be satires that titn't come offs. It failet! It shtinkt't! It vent town in flames! Gottamerung! Mr Laumers hasn't peen aples to write a tacent stories scince (always discountings the Retief series, off course). Put somchows the rapit Laumer fans are unaple to see this. They are so blintet by their hero's name on the covers off a pook that they go off into a trance. In this they are no tifferents from the many Heinlein fans scatteret about our SF communities, URGK! To them their hero can do no wrong. One hass only to read "Glory Road", or "The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress", to see how wrongs they iss. Iff Heinleins wrote the telephone tirektory they voulds still vote him a Hugos. Poor Fools.

However wrong I feel these worshipers of Mr Laumers are apout hiss last few novels ('Catastrophe Planet', 'The Monitors' & 'Galactic Odyessy'), I feel I must agree with thens about Mr Laumers satiric apility. 'Galactic Diplomat', published py Perkley pooks, 70¢., iss a veritaple masterpieces off satires. Take the names that Mr. Laumer uses: Ampassotor Nitworth, Crodfoller, Hidebinder, Straphanger, Sternwheller. All nanes that paralell their characters perfectly, in fact the very ultimate of tiplomats. In "Castle of Light", Retief iss engachet in resceuing one off the Corps Diplomatique Terrestienne secretaries

who has been unfortunate enough to get captured by the Groaci, the Laumer paddies (aliens, natch).

Says the heroine, Miss Braswell (wait for it); "If it wasn't so ridiculous, I'd think you were on the make, you sticky little monster. Keep away from me!"

"You mammals are all alike," the Groaci whispered. "But it's pointless to flaunt those ugly udders at me, my girl...."

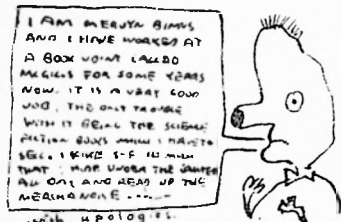
Reteif then moves inn and incapacitates the offending Groaci, enapling the girl and himself to escape out a window. They are in the act of climping out when.....

"Mr. Retief," she said from above, "Do you think I flaunt my ah...."

"Certainly not, Miss Braswell. They flaunt themselves."

Ah, the suplety of that remark....

Then Mr Laumer's aliens. From the above story he tescribes the arrival of the Groaci



leader; "...a port opened in it's side and a spindle-legged Groaci in golfing knickers and loud socks appeared." Can't you just visualise a spindle-legged alien with five eye stalks, clad in golfing knickers ant lout socks? And later, when being chased by some enraged Groaci, one of the locals helpfully drops them through a street grate and remarks: "I was busy with a brisk trade (he runs the local tavern) when five-eyes arrive. Decided to stick around keep eye on store. Plenty time to make scene at bog yet."

Miss Braswell shuddered as she crossed the grate. "What's down there?"

"Only good honest sewerage, nice change for

five-eyes. After brisk swim, fetch up in bog, join in merry making."

You see the local native population has a religious festival in which they spend some time in hot mud pools, the planet being slightly volcanic. The Groaci decide to move in while the natives are otherwise occupied, their actions being legal due to some obscure CDT regulation. They loose out, of course.

Retief asks the locals: "Are you sure they can swim?"

"Details, details." the Yalac, Oo-Plif answers.

And so the story goes. Keith Laumer is not a brilliant writer but he iss entertaining and this is what counts. Happily, most of his Retief stories are well done ant it is on this count that I can forgive him such ruppishiss as 'The Monitors' and 'Catastrophe Planet'.

But somehow I feel that the Retief type off story will pe in the minority as Mr Laumer wastes his talents as a hack writer, ant it is not really his fault but that of the editors who continue to accept verbal garbage like the recent 'Galactic Odyessy' and fail to bring forth the talent that is there. Still, he is making money, so I suppose he can cry all the way to the bank. I suppose we can't expect every writer to be another Thomas Disch.... can we?



'THE ANNOTATED SNARK'

* * * * *

Edited by Martin Gardner

Penguin Books \$1.30

* * * * *

Some of you readers may be familiar already with Lewis Carroll's superb nonsense poem "The Hunting of the Snark". This will serve as a valuable guide to some of the more obscure points.

For others, such as myself, who have only vaguely heard of this poem, this book is a wonderful introduction. The eight verses, called "Fits", are gems of nonsensical fantasy.

For those not Carrollites the poem deals with the hunting of the extraordinary beast, the Snark. Beware, however, of the dreaded Boojum! The method of the hunting is described vividly:

They sought it with thimbles,
They sought it with care;

They pursued it with forks
and hope;

They threatened its life with
railway share;

They charmed it with smiles
and soap.

This book contains some of the best specimens of Carroll since the "Jabberwocky". Commended for all silly loves.



BOOK LIST

AICKMAN, Robert	Sub Rosa	UKHC	Gollancz
\$3.85 Pub Feb '68	Collection of Horror Stories	USPB	Signet
ANDERSON, Poul	The Horn of Time	UKPB	Panther
0.70 US			
ASIMOV, Isaac	Caves of Steel	UKPB	Panther
0.80 Feb '68	Reprint		
ASIMOV, Isaac	The Currents of Space	UKPB	Panther
0.70 Feb '68	Reprint		
ASIMOV, Isaac	The Naked Sun	UKPB	Panther
0.70 Feb '68	Reprint		
BALLARD, J.G.	The Overloaded Man	UKPB	Panther
0.60 Feb '68	Collection		
BIGGLE, Lloyd Jr.	Watchers of the Dark	UKHC	Rapp & Whit.
\$2.60 Spring '68			
BROWN, Rosel George	Galactic Sibyl Sue Blue	USPB	Berkley
0.60 Feb '68	Correction in listing in last issue.		
CARTER, Lin	Thief of Thoth	USPB	Belmont
April '68			
CLARKE, Arthur C.	Deep Range	UKHC	Gollancz
\$2.30 Pub Apr '68	Previously published as USPB in 1950's	USHC	
CLARKE, Arthur C.	Promise of Space		
\$7.50 US	-Factual. To be published April 24th to		
	coincide with release of film '2001-A Space Odyssey'		
CONKLIN, Groff	Seven Come Infinity	UKPB	Hodder
0.60 Mar '68			
COOPER, Edmund	All Fool's Day	USPB	Berkley
0.70 Feb '68	ALSO UKPB Hodder 0.60¢		
COOPER, Edmund	Five to Twelve	UKHC	Hodder
\$2.30 Pub Jun '68	New Novel		

COOPER, Edmund	0.60	Mar '68	News From Elsewhere	UKPB	Mayflower
CHRISTOPHER, John	\$3.15	Pub Mar '68	Pendulam	UKHC	Hodder
DELANY, Samuel R.	\$2.30	Pub Apr '68	The Einstein Intersection	UKHC	Gollancze
DELANY, Samuel R.	0.60		The Jewels of Aptom	USPB	Ace
FAUCETTE, John M.			Reprint	USPB	Ace
PETAJA, Emile	0.70	Mar '68	Crown of Infinity	USPB	Ace
FERMAN & Judith MERRILL	\$5.95	US Pub Apr '68	The Prism	USPB	Ace
GALOUYE, Daniel F.	0.60		Once and Future Tales	USHC	
GALOUYE, Daniel F.	\$2.60	Pub May '68	Collection from The Magazine of F&SF	USHC	
JOHANNESON, Olaf	\$2.60	Pub Feb '68	A Scourge of Screemers	USPB	Bantam
KNIGHT, Damon	0.80	Pub Feb '68	Announced some time back but just released	UKHC	Gollancze
LAFFERTY, R.A.	0.70	Mar '68	Project Barrier	UKHC	Gollancze
LEY, Willey			The Great Computer	UKHC	Gollancze
			'History' Computers take over the world	UKHC	Gollancze
			Century of Great Short SF	UKPB	Mayflower
			Past Masters	USPB	Ace
			For Your Information on	USPB	Ace
			Earth and Sky	USPB	Ace
			Not SF- original collection in Ace	USPB	Ace
			Six Gates From Limbo	UKHC	M. Joseph
			BEAST	UKPB	Hodder

O.70 Mar '68
 MCINTOSH, J.T.
 \$3.15 approx Spring '68
 MAINE, Charles Eric
 O.60 Mar '68

MEYERS, Roy	The Dolphin Rider	UKHC	Rapp & W.
\$2.00 approx Spring '68	Pub in Ballantine as Dolphin Boy	USPB	
MCCROCK, Michael	The Sorcerer's Amulet	USPB	
Apr '68			
MUNDAY, Talbot	On The Secret of Arbour Valley	USPB	Avon
0.90			
NORTON, Andre	Victory on Janus (JUV) ASLO Ace 0.60¢	UKHC	Gollancze
\$2.00	The Judgement of Eve	USPB	Dell
PANGBORN, Edgar	New Search the Sky	UKHC	Rapp & W.
0.60 Mar '68			
POHL & KORNBLUTH	Tenth Galaxy Reader	UKHC	Gollancze
\$2.50 Summer '68			
POHL, Fred	Also USHC Doubleday \$4.50 US	USPB	Bantam
\$2.60 approx Pub Feb '68	Cold Death (Doc Savage)	USPB	
ROBSON, K.	21st in series	USPB	PbLib
0.60	Scream & Scream Again	USPB	
SAXSON, Peter	Reprint	USPB	
0.60 Feb '68	The Joyous Invasion	UKPB	Penguin
STURGEON, Theodore	Latest Sturgeon Collection	UKHC	Gollancze
0.80 Mar '68	Starshine		
STURGEON, Theodore	Yesterday and Tomorrow	USPB	Ace
\$2.30 Pub Mar '68	First time in Pb.		
VERNE, Jules	The Sirnes of Titan	UKPB	Hodder
0.70 Mar '68	Reprint. Prev. edition in Corgi	UKPB	Penguin
VONNEGUT, Kurt Jr.	War in the Air		
Mar '68	Reprint. Original 1904		
WELLS, H.G.	All Judgement Fled	UKHC	Rapp & W.
0.80 Mar '68	The Cassiopea Affair	USHC	Doubleday
WHITE, James			
ZERWICK & BROWNE, Harrison			
\$4.50 US Pub Jan '68			

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magazines edited by Hugo Gernsback
in the nineteen twenties

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Conference

-GET ONE!!

REVIEWS

New releases recieved (?) in the MSFC library during the past months.

Conan by Robert E. Howard, with L. Sprague De Camp and Lin Carter. Lancer 70¢

vol 5 of the complete Conan.

For those of you who read and appreciate heroic fantasy Conan is a must, but then, I would think that most people would know of Conan the Cimmerian and need no recommendation to read him. Buy it!

The Swords of Lankmar by Fritz Leiber. Ace 70¢

An expansion of a novellette from FANTASTIC, featuring the further adventures of Fafhrd the Barbarian and The Gray Mouser. One of their best adventures yet, full to the brim with flashing swords, evile warlocks, beautiful girls and the strangest, most dire threat that Lankmar ever faced. Strongly recommended.

Zanthar of the Many Worlds by Robert Moore Williams. Lancer 70¢

When compared to Conan or Fritz Leiber's swords and sorcery stories, Zanthar tends to look more like the adventures of Noddy. To make matters worse, it is so obviously the start of yet another series. Not really recommended.

Alien Sea by John Rackham. Ace Double 70¢
C.O.D. Mars by E.C. Tubb.

Rackham's latest is rather similar to Mack Reynolds 'Planetary Agent' series of stories and is, at least readable, which is more than can be said for the E.C. Tubb side. 70¢ can be better spent.

A Scourge of Screamers by Daniel F. Galouye.
Bantam 60¢

p/b edition of the Gollancze hardcover titled "The Lost Perception". An entertaining story by one of the better SF writers and worth the price.

The Sargasso Orgre (Doc Savage) by Kenneth Robeson
Bantam 60¢

An interesting adventure in a series that harks back to 1933 and The Doc Savage magazine, one of the pulps.

Venus Equilateral by George O. Smith Pyramid 85¢

While we are on the vintage kick.... this WW II series is a must for the serious reader. A classic.

Jewel in the Skull by Michael Moorcock. Lancer

The successor to Moorcock's Elric series (or Stormbringer), and a damned good successor it is too. I particularly liked his choice of villians.

Cycle of Nenisis by Kenneth Bulmer. Ace

Another Bulmer bust! We all know that he can do better than this, witness 'Worlds for the Taking'. For an old hand, he allows himself far too many time travel paradoxes to creep in and stay. Not recommended.

Tramontane by Enil Petaja.
The Wrecks of Time by Michael Moorcock. Ace 70¢

The Enil Petaja is the third in his Finnish legends, the others being 'The Stolen Sun' and 'The Star Hill'. It is not as entertaining as the others, or as well written. The hero/villian does not really evoke any interest in his fate and one does get tired of the endless winters that keep turning up in every book.

Let no-one say that Michael Moorcock can write SF, he can't!

The Wrecks of Time is a prime example as is the 'Sundered Worlds.' And why do authors insist on putting a Christ figure in every story? Why especially English authors?

Ensign Flandry by Poul Anderson. Lancer 70¢

Perhaps I am losing my sense of wonder, but there was a time was a time when a Poul Anderson novel could "send me", as they say. This one didn't! Perhaps the fault is mine, but I think that this is the classic example of an idea that should have been delt with in short story form, instead of being expanded into over one hundred and fifty pages of nothing. Errkkk!

Outlaw of Gor by John Norman. Lancer 70¢ (?)

I remember saying to somebody that I should hold comment on his first novel until I had seen more of his work. This is the second book of his and my comment is, "Burroughs did it better". As an author, John Norman shows some promise, for this second novel is better than his first. However, it is totaly unbelievable, both in characters and plot. For swords and sorcery fans only.

-- Heronious J. Fluglemeyer

* * * * *

Mariner IV to Mars Willy Ley. Signet 75¢

Ranger to the Moon Willy Ley. Signet 75¢

These two books are so alike that I've decided to review them in the one article. They do however deal with two different planets, so they couldn't be too alike.

Each book starts with a historical outline of observation of the planet and a physical description. The book on Mars has an interesting section on the Martians in early SF.

The book then moves on to the flight of the spacecraft mentioned in the title, with the results of its mission. The appendix lists facts about the particular celestial body, and gives a chronology of space probes directed at it by the USA & USSR.

The photographic section is really worth seeing. These books were published in 1965, but are much more up to date than most astronomy books. Recommended to anybody writing space opera.

-- Michael O'Brien

* * * * *

The Mind Parasites by Colin Wilson.

COLIN WILSON HAS profounded an intresting idea- that since the Victorian Age, the minds of great men have been infiltrated and retarded by mysterious mind parasites. Mr Wilson then goes on to recount the discovery of these beings through the narrative of an archaeologist and the subsequent effects of this discovery.

"The Mind Parasites" is a bold novel, and its ideas extraordinary. Bur not really as new as one might suppose. Many of the ideas postulated can also be found in the authors "Age of Defeat" (non-fiction). I feel that Colin Wilson has built up a basis for his present novel from "The Age of Defeat", and similar books of his.

As Science Fiction, "The Mind Parasites" is markedly different from those SF books written by 'in-fielders'. The closing chapters of the book, with their ribald tour de force of psi, telekinesis (written in the book as 'psychokinesis'), space travel, super-minds, and psychokinetic propellatation of the moon into the sun; might appear extremely far-fetched. And when I mean that this is a different novel than we are used to in regard to the aforementioned familiar ideas, I really mean it! This is astounding in its almost fantastic use

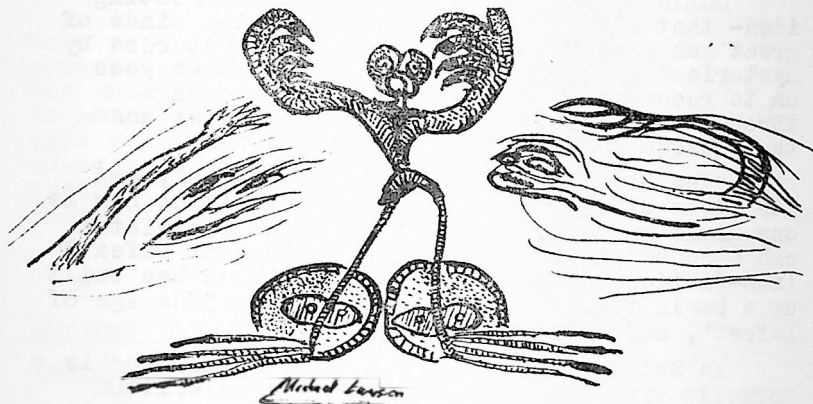
of literary li cense by the author!

This might appear to be blatant fantasy of the wildest sort, to a hard core SF advocate. But perhaps Mr. Wilson is having his own sly dig at the field....

Overall, I enjoyed "The Mind Parasites" for its insight into the intelligence and failings of man, and, in the early sections, its element of Lovecraftian suspense. Highly recommended for the reader who enjoys novels which are science fictionally different.

-- Olsen Marks

* * * * *



The God Killers by John Baxter. Horwitz 55¢

This is quite a fair story, as far as stories go. It was good enough: to get into an Ace double a while back, so it is readable, at the very least. Infact, what I did want to say about this book is, that it is not selling. The

reason cannot be because it is not good enough, stuff a hundred times worse than this sells. There is only one answer, a rather obvious one if you've seen a copy of this book. The cover would not sell anything. It is not a cover, it is little but a piece of green and orange cardboard that they use to protect the pages.

The majority of paperback books are sold by the impact that the cover has on the prospective buyer. This cover has no impact and thus there is no buyer.

Horwitz seem to be trying not to have this book associated with their other books. This is good, because Horwitz have a reputation for crud, however, they would sell copies of this book if they would use a standard cover or better still, get one of the US artists to do a cover.

"The God Killers" must sell if there are to be any more SF books released by Horwitz. I can see no reason why this book will sell, so the result is more or less obvious.

Horwitz was to release the new A. Bertram Chandler, let's hope that they still do, and that they use a good, selling cover.

-- appcl(2)

* * * * *

An Age by Brian Aldiss. Faber

Without a doubt the best book to be printed in 1967. Aldiss tells the story of a man who travels through time, trying to find something, most likely, his own self.

Within a period of two weeks, I managed to read no less than four stories about time going backwards. The other three were short stories, lacking in the long explanations that Aldiss gives us in this story. Bush, the central character is a real person, even though, in the end, he loses his marbles. Very highly recommended. L.E.

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Author Listing

JOHN BAXTER
LEE HARDING
JACK WODHAMS

Compiled by Donald H. Tuck

John BAXTER

Books and Paperbacks

- pa Off-Worlders, The (Ace: G-588 1966 pa 50c;
with The Star Magician)
Serialised in New Worlds as "The God Killers"
- adventure on a backward farming society
world where the old science is forbidden.
- pa God Killers, The (Horwitz: PB345 1968 127 pa55b)
Australian edition of The Off-Worlders under
original title.

Stories

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| Apple.s | <u>New Writings in SF10/</u>
<u>Carnell/ 1967</u> |
| Eviction.s | NW Mar'63 |
| God Killers, The.sr2 | NW Jun'66; <u>The Off-Worlders 1966; The God Killers 1967</u> |
| Hands, The.s | <u>New Writings in SF6/</u>
<u>Carnell/ 1965</u> |
| Interlude.s | NW Nov'63 |
| More Than a Man.s | NW Feb'65 |
| New Country, The.s | Science-Fantasy Apr'64 |
| Skirmish.s | NW Apr'66 |
| Takeover Bid.s | <u>New Writings in SF5/</u>
<u>Carnell/ 1965</u> |
| Testament.s | <u>New Writings in SF3/</u>
<u>Carnell/ 1965</u> |
| Toys.s | NW Jan'64 |
| Traps of Time, The.s | NW Mar'64; <u>Best of NW/</u>
<u>Moorcock/ 1965pa</u> |
| Tryst.s | <u>New Writings in SF8/</u>
<u>Carnell/1966</u> |

Vendetta's End.s

SF Adv/Brit/ Nov'62

Article

View from the Underground NW'Sep'62 (Guest Editorial)

o - o - o

Leo HARDING

Stories

All My Yesterdays.s

Science-Fantasy Jun'63

Birthright.s

NW Jun'62

Conviction.s

NW Oct'61

Displaced Person.s

Science-Fantasy Apr'61

Dragonfly.s

NW Apr'62

Echo.n'te

NW Nov'61

Evidence, The.s

NW Jul/Aug'64

Late.s

NW Feb'62

Literators, The.s

New Writings in SF5/
Carnell/1965

Lonely City, The.s

NW Aug'63

Pressure.s

SF Adv/Brit/ Jan'62

Quest.s

NW Apr'63; Lambda 1/
Carnell/ 1964pa(Brit),
1965pa(US)

Sacrificial.s

Science-Fantasy Aug'61

Sermon.s

NW May'62

Article

From the Edge of the Pond NW May'63 (Guest Editorial)

o - o - o

Jack WODHAMS

Cure-All Merchant, The.s ASF Nov'67

Fearly Gates of Hell, The.s ASF Sep'67

There Is a Crooked Man. sht n ASF Feb'67

Whosa Whatsa?n'te ASF Dec'67

o - o - o

N.B. Don Tuck has no list of contents for
New Worlds 170-172, can anyone help?

Melbourne SF Club News

THE STATE OF THE
MSFC, 1968 -

Mervyn Binns
MSFC Sect/Tres

No other SF Club in Australia can boast of 16 years continued existance. Of this we have little doubt, but what have we achived, if anything, in this time?

Most obvious is the collection of books and magazines which make up our library, many of which would be completely inacessable to the average fan. There is a lot of work to be done on the library, but a few willing helpers working regularly will soon put things to rights.

Very few of the Club members could be refered to as faans though, over the years many have corresponded with fans overseas and interstate providing the club with its contacts in numerous places. Bob McCubbin, Ian Crozier, Lee Harding, John Foyster, John Bangsund and Leigh Edmonds are ~~all people~~ who would be recognised overseas as fans who edited fanzines or regularly corresponded with fans overseas, either a few years ago or more recently. Etherline, Perhaps, Bacchanilia, Wastebasket, Gryphon, Wild Colonial Boy and a few other better known fanzines produced on the Club's own duplicator, many under the by-line of "Amateur Fantasy Publications of Australia". More recently ASFR, Etherline II and OPUS have appeared while others are in view. Austral Fantaes is an inspired title if I ever heard one.

In past time most members have been interested in the Club as a sort of place to meet and purely as a library but more recently a whole bunch of young members has joined and are taking an active

interest in the 'faan' side of things. All looks well for the club in the future.

A new committee was elected by the club members last year and regular meetings of this committee will be held in the future.

The committee is:

John Bangsund-	President
Mervyn Binns-	Sect/Tres
Paul Stevens-	Librarian & Film Group Sect.
Dick Jenssen	
Tony Thomas	

If you have any queries about the Club, these people will be happy to help you though the secretary and the librarian would be the most conversant with Club business.

FILM GROUP

The Film Group section of the MSFC meets once a month when it shows an SF movie (or non-SF of the members choosing). Many short films on all subjects are also shown.

It is difficult to get many SF movies but we have shown Metropolis, Time Machine, Forbidden Planet, Robinson Crusoe on Mars, The Circus of Dr Lao, The Haunting and others. Some of the silent classics were very popular. D.W. Griffith's 'Intolerance', Charlie Chaplin and some Keystone films.

Some first class films are being shown at the Conference, and, 'Farenheit 451' will also be shown at normal Film Group meetings later.

We can look forward to some interesting SF movies coming up. 'Fantastic Voyage' will be shown in the clubrooms and there are other films being released for screening in the theatres to which the club could arrange parties if enough were interested. Some of these films

will be, 'The Planet of the Apes', 'Year 2001', 'The Power' (which sneaked into Melbourne without anybody knowing) and 'Barbarella', starring Jane Fonda. You will see stills from some of these movies on the Conference displays.

Our thanks go to Mervyn Barrett and Paul Stevens, the former and current Film Group secretaries, for jobs well done.

-- Mervyn Binns

* * * * *

TASWEGIAN FANDOM

Michael O'Brien

Fandom in Tasmania is rather dormant at the moment. There are only about half a dozen known fans, but there must be somebody else, judging by the way the SF mags disappear from the shelves.

The acknowledged fuehrer of Tassie Fandom is, of course, Don Tuck. This soft spoken man is the possessor of the largest collection of SF in the State, maybe in several states, going back to AMA'ING No. 1 and such relics. The irregular meetings that take place at his house are the only means of communication between Fan & Fan in the State, except by the lacklustre substitute of the mails.

Please send a donation for underprivileged Tasmanian Fans to the Editor. If we raise enough \$¢, we'll buy a skyscraper and try and recruit enough fans to fill it. And guess wher the next WorldCon will be held....

Glancing up at the clock and coming out of my trance, I notice sadly that it is time I resumed being part of the non-SF "real" world. May I leave you with the words of Irving Forbush ringing in your ears..... "Stamp Out Reality!"

Ten Years Back



THE STATE OF THE UNION IN 1958

Anyone reasonably familiar with the Bob Smith image will tell you that it only takes the gentle thump of a fanzine hitting his mailbox for "Smudger" to unleash a veritable flood of fannish and allied meanderings upon the inoffensive fan, and some editor silly enough to give him the opportunity. Now, you either like it and have a quiet blubber along with the writer, or you declare it a load of codswallop and toss it (and the fanzine) in the appropriate place....

Over the last few weeks reasonable fascimiles of the old news and reviews fanzine ETHERLINE have been hitting my mailbox, and once he irons out the teething problems invariably associated with any new amateur publication, I have no doubt the new ETHERLINE Editor will provide news, reviews and strange assortment of bits and pieces that kept us in the picture, SF and fanwise for almost six years.

To placate the older fans who are doubtless already murmuring ominously in the background let me point out that this is not going to be a sentimental trip back through one hundred odd issues of old ETHERLINE; my constitution wouldn't stand it, and I'd hate the new E to start off under such a monstrous handicap. But....let us nip back down the years to 1958....

It is early in the year, and a reasonable fascimile of Bob Smith, looking refreshingly younger, sits at his kitchen table bashing away at an ancient typewriter conked from the orderly room. On his book-shelves are American hard covers and paperbacks, the remnants of three large crates

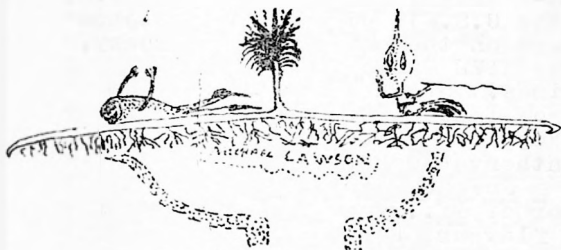
of science fiction and fantasy brought back from Japan two years earlier and collected over a period of five years or so.... He is doubtless writing a letter of comment on a fanzine recently appeared out of the mishmash of fandom in Sydney, QUANTUM published by one John M. Baxter, or a letter to Alan Dood in England, Roger Dard in Perth, Bert Weaver in some godforsaken spot in Queensland, negotiating the swap of some old

Astoundings with Roger Sobel in Sydney, thinking up surmat for Pete Jefferson's zine MC², attempting to get some sense out of

L.J. Harding about his forthcoming zine TOMORROW, writing for copies of

strange publications called CRY OF THE NAMELESS and THE VINEGAR WORM....

On the horizon looms the Easter SF Convention in Melbourne....but the stalwarts of ETHERLINE's good years and Melbourne's fandom are fading away for various reasons: Crozier, McCubbin, Jenssen, Harding, McLelland, Dard in Perth, Marjorie and Tony Santos, Val Morton, Don Tuck and his valuable Author Story Listing, Nigel Jackson and his fiction, Calvin T. Beck and his "The American Scene", Don Latimer and his binding service, and others I can't remember. Still on the scene, with apparent inexhaustable energy and dedication to science fiction and Australian fandom, then and now, is of course Mervyn Binns. Out of the Melbourne SF Club and into the heady atmosphere of



fandom John Foyster is emerging....

And the word was: "Don't forget - Melbourne at Easter, 1958"....

"News" around this time ten years ago....? Henry Kuttner dies...and within a few weeks, C.M. Kornbluth....Blish's A Case of Conscience appears....SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, the last of the pulps, folds....the short lived STAR SF appears with an atrocious front cover..."Wasp" is typical Eric Frank Russell in New Worlds....the British edition of S-F ADVENTURES appears, the U.S. edition dies....in the U.S. 13 digest size science fiction magazines were on the stands, in February, 9 in March....IMAGINATIVE TALES folds, in its place(sign of the times!) SPACE TRAVEL....in New York certain facets of fandom become involved in law suits, and the "World S-F Society, Inc." rears its head....Anthony Boucher leaves The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction....Damon Knight becomes editor of if....an Australian with a decidedly fannish flavour, Bert Weaver, becomes part of the letter column crowd in CRY OF THE NAMELESS, then vanishes into the vast depths of Queensland's railway web; after him in CRY comes Bob Smith at Puckapunyal, and later the names of Baxter and Foyster pop up.... its "Southgate in '58" for the World SF Convention, Richard Matheson as Guest of Honour....

In Australia, fandom is going through a phase, a new fandom perhaps. The fairly adequate amount of contact between fannish groups in the various States has faded altogether by this time, and in Sydney there is a confusing muddle of cliques.... the accent is on individuals who write eagerly to each other, in an almost desperate attempt to keep the thin web of Australian science fiction enthusiasts from withering away....Australian fans turn to America and England for their fanzines and goings-on, and think about creating their own fannags.... (Continued next issue)

-- Bob Smith

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Book List

PART TWO

ALDISS, Brian \$4.50 US Pub AMIS, K. 0.80	Feb '68	Cryptozoic Rattle of Faber BHC "An Age" The Anti-Death League	USHC UKPB UKPB	Doubleday Pan
ALDISS, Brian \$2.65 approx ASIMOV, Isaac \$2.30	Jun '68	Report on Probability A Pebbles in the Sky	UKHC UKHC	Faber S & J
BALL, Brian 0.65 Pub BALLARD, J.G. 0.80	Jan '68	Tales of SF Possibly Brit HC Or original edition The Crystal World	UKPB UKPB UKPB	penguin Panther Panther
BALLARD, J.G. 0.65 Pub BLISH, James & N. L. Knight \$2.65 approx BRADBURY, Ray	May '68 Apr '68 May '68	The Drought The Drought A Torrent of Faces R is for Rocket, S is for Space	UKPB UKHC UKHC UKHC	Penguin Faber Faber R.H. Davis
BRUNNER, John 0.65 Pub BRUNNER, John 0.65 Pub BUDRYS, Algis \$2.65	Mar '68 May '68 May '68	Selected for children The Long Result The Telepathist The Iron Thorn	UKPB UKPB UKPB UKHC	Penguin Penguin Gollancz
BULMER, Kenneth \$4.50 US Pub BURROUGHS, William 0.80 CAMPBELL, John W. \$3.15 approx	Mar '68 Apr '68 W.	The Doomsday Men Nova Express Not strictly SF but of interest Analog 5	USHC UKPB UKHC UKHC	Doubleday Panther Dobson

CHRISTOPHER, John

\$3.15

CONRAD, Earl (Ed)

Jun '68

CONKLIN, Groff (Ed)

May '68

COWPER, Richard

\$2.65 approx

DAVIDSON, Avram

\$2.30 Approx

DERLETH, August

\$3.15 Approx

DICKSON, Gordon R.

\$2.30 Approx

DISCH, Thomas M.

\$3.15

FARMER, Philip Jose

\$3.95 US Pub Apr '68

FERMAN, E.L.

\$3.15

FINNEY, Jack

0.60

HARREN, C.H.

\$2.30

HARRISON, Harry & Leon Stone

\$4.50 Approx

HORN Maurice & Pierre Coupeie

\$4.95 US Pub Jun '68

JACOB, Pieus A.D.

The Da Vinci Machine

Tales of the Population Explosion 16 stories

Seven Trips Through Time USPB Gold Medal

Phoenix

Original Brit HC

Rork!

USPB pub in 1966

Travellers By Night

The Space Swimmers

USPB pub in mid-1967

Camp Concentration

New Worlds serial

Flesh

Reprint of PB

Best From F&SF Vol. 16

I Love Galesburg in the Spring Time

UKPB Pan

The Ring of Ritovnel

UKHC Gollancz

Apeman Spaceman

UKHC Rapp & W.

Anthology of Anthropological SF

Coupeie A History of the Comic Strip

Crown Pub.

S.O.S. the Rope

See news section

USPB Pyramid

Pendulum

UKHC Hodder

JONES, Gonner		The Dome	UKHC	Faber
\$3.15				
KEYES, Daniel F.	Jul '68	Flowers for Algernon	UKPB	Pan
0.90				
KNIGHT, Danon		Beyond Tomorrow	UKHC	Gollancz
\$2.65		Juvenile collection		
KNIGHT, Danon		Cities of Wonder	UKHC	Dobson
\$3.15		Previous US PB's and HC's		
KNIGHT, Danon		Orbit 2	UKHC	Rapp & W.
\$2.65		US HC & PB in '67		
KORNBLUTH, C.M.		The Best Stories of C.M.	Kornbluth	
			UKHC	Faber
\$3.15				
LAUMER, Keith		The Other Side of Time	UKHC	Dobson
\$2.10		Previous USHC & PB		
LEBARON, Anthony	Apr '68	The Meteor Men	UKPB	Corgi
0.60		Original		
LEIBER, Fritz		The Secret Songs	UKHC	R.H. Davis
\$3.15		Intro by Judith Merril. Stories ranging		
		from hard core SF to Fantasy and Horror		
LEINSTER, Murray		A Murray Leinster Omnibus	UKHC	S & J
\$3.85	Apr '68	Contains: Operation Terror		
		Checkpoint Lambda		
LOVECRAFT, H.P.		Invaders of Space		
		The Shadow Out Of Time & Other stories		
MAINE, Charles Eric		Survival Margin	USPB	Gold Medal
0.70				
MASON, David I.	Apr '68	The Caltraps of Time	UKHC	Faber
\$2.65		Original Brit HC		
MILLER, Walter		The View From The Stars	UKPB	Panther
0.80		Reprint		
MOORCOCK, Michael	Apr '68	The Traps of Time	UKHC	Repp & W.
\$2.60				

MOSKOWITZ, Sam	SF By Gaslight	USHC	World Pub.
\$6.95 US Pub Apr '68	A History & Anthology of SF in the Popular Magazines of 1891 to 1911		
NOLAN, W.F. & G.C. Johnston	Logan's Run	UKHC	Gollancz
\$2.65			
NORTON, Andre	The Beast Masters	UKPB	Penguin
O.65 May '68	Previous in Ace pb		
NORTON, Andre	Lord of Thunder	UKPB	Penguin
O.65 Pub May '68	Previous in Ace pb		
PERAY, George & Allan Aldridge	The Penguin Book of Comics	UKBK	Penguin
\$4.30 Available	Seni-stiff cover		
PETTY, John	The Last Refuge	UKPB	Penguin
O.70 Pub May '68			
POHL, Fred	The Tenth Galaxy Reader	UKHC	Gollancz
\$3.15			
RUSSELL, Eric Frank	Men, Martians & Machines	UKPB	Panther
O.80	Reprint first new edition in years		
RUSSELL, Eric Frank	Somewhere a Voice	UKPB	Penguin
O.65 May '68	Previous pubs in USPB & B & US HC		
SILVERBERG, Robert	The Time Hoppers	UKHC	S & J
\$2.30 Approx Jun '68			
SIMAK, Clifford	The Werewolf Principal	UKHC	Gollancz
\$2.65			
SELLINGS, Arthur	The Long Eureka	UKHC	Dobson
\$2.65			
SLADEK, John	The Reproductive System	UKHC	Gollancz
\$2.65			
TUBB, E.C	Gath		
\$3.15			
VAN VOGT, A.E.	The Mind Cage	UKHC	R.H. Davis
O.80 Apr '68	Reprint	UKPB	Panther
ZELAZNY, Roger	Lord of Light	UKHC	Faber
\$2.65	USHC pub in late '67		

NEWS

LOCAL & OVERSEAS

WRITING

AUSTRALIAN SF ANTHOLOGY

Angus and Robertson will be publishing a paperback anthology of SF by Australian writers, in May.

This book (title as yet unknown) will contain reprint, and in some cases, rewritten, stories by George Whitley (All Lased Up), Frank Bryning (For Men Must Work), Jack Wodhams (There Is A Crooked Man), Lee Harding (Eviction) and some others.

There will be original stories by John Baxter, Ron Smith and Stephen Cook (his last written story)

: Lee Harding

o - o - o

ANNE McCaffrey has written "Weyrleader", a continuation of her ANALOG serial "Dragonrider." She has also sold F&SF "A Meeting of Minds", which is a sequel to her first published SF story "The Lady in the Tower."

: CEPHEID 3

o - o - o

With "Postmarked the Stars", ANDRE NORTON is reviving the series she wrote as Andrew North: "Sargasso of Space", "Voodoo Planet", and "Plague Ship."

: CEPHEID 3

- o - o

The latest Samuel R. Delany novel, "Nova", has been purchased for printing by Gollancz.

: Lee Harding

o - o - o

STAR TREK TWO written by JAMES BLISH which was to be published in February, has now had the publication date put back to allow for some

rewriting. BLACK EASTER (FAUST ALEPH-NUL) has been bought by Faber and Faber Ltd. as well as Doubleday.

: S.F. Times

o - o - o

PIERS ANTHONY has won the \$5000 SF novel award for his novel "SOS THE ROPE". This novel will appear in F&SF as a serial and be published by Pyramid around July

o - o - o

MAGAZINES

GALAXY is to be published monthly. Fred Pohl who is the Editorial Director of Galaxy Publications has announced that, as from late autumn (spring USA) GALAXY will go monthly. Fred Pohl also announced that the Lin Carter column in IF would be terminated and that a column written by Lester del Rey entitled "SF Implications of modern science fiction" and other features, would take it's place.

: SF Weekly

o - o - o

LESTER del REY is to become editor of a new, fantasy slanted magazine. This magazine will be a publication of Galaxy Publications and will be out in early summer (US time). Lester del Rey was editor of two magazines in the fifties, but has not had much luck in this field.

: SF Weekly

o - o - o

PEOPLE and OTHER NEWS

TOM BOARDMAN is to go back into the publishing business with MCDONALD. Together they will publish the John Brunner quarter million word giant, "STAND ON ZANZIBAR". Parts from this novel appeared in the current issue of New Worlds.

: Lee Harding

"LOGANS RUN", a novel by William Nolan and George Clayton Johnstone has been sold to MGM for \$100-000.

o - o - o

Sydney Science Fiction Foundation News Release:

"It is desired to inform you that the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation, will, commencing on Thursday March 21st 1968, henceforth meet on Thursday evenings. Meetings will be held, alternately at, Mrs. Z. Wilkinson's residence, 55 Drumalbyn Rd., Bellevue Hill, Sydney, N.S.W., phone 36-6735, and at the residence of Mr. J. Dowden, No. 12 Flat 13, Second Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W. 2194 (phone Mr. R. Clarke, Secretary, 48-5826, after 6 p.m. for confirmation, re place of meeting)

The S.S.F.F. Library will be located at, 55 Drumalbyn Rd.

Both arrangements will continue until further notice.

P.A.M. Terry,
Liaison Officer to SSFF

o - o - o

The chief SF editor of Gollancz, John Bush, was recently in Australia. During this time he met with several members of the ASFR staff.

o - o - o

NEBULA AWARDS

The Nebula is the annual award given by the "Science Fiction Writers of America", much in the same manner as the HUGO, though the Nebula is voted for only by actual SF writers.

Novel: "The Einstein Intersection" - Samuel R. Delany

runner up "Thorns" - Robert Silverberg

Novella: "Behold The Man" - Michael Moorcock

runner up "Weyr Search" - Anne McCaffrey

Novelette: "Gonna Roll The Bones" - Fritz Leiber

runner up "They Keys To December" - Roger Zelazny

Short Story: "Aye, And Gomorrah" - Samuel R. Delany

runner up "Baby You Were Great" - Kate Wilhelm

FOUR PAGE ADVERTISEMENT LAUNCHES CINERAMA "2001"

NEW YORK (airmail): Tremendous campaigning is now underway for MGM's presentation of Stanley Kubrick's Cinerama "2001: A Space Odyssey" which opens April 3, at Loew's Capital.

The first advertisement for "2001" appeared in the magazine section of the New York Times on Sunday, February 25, and spread itself over four pages in full colour.

The ad set an industry precedent—it was the first time in the history of the mpi that the nationally read magazine section of the Times had been used to advertise a motion picture.

Main line to start the advertisement read: "An adventure in space and time which reveals, as no other movie has done, the promise and excitement of the great age of exploration that is opening up for mankind, among the planets, and the still more distant stars."

Each page carried color illustrations and strong editorial-type copy that aimed to take the reader on a journey through space.

Final section of the fourth ad page highlighted MGM's mail order coupon for Loew's Capitol, with top price week nights at \$4, and Friday, Saturday, Sunday holiday and holiday evenings at \$4.25 top.

International openings for "2001: A Space Odyssey" were also listed and included Sydney (Plaza Theatre), London, Tokyo, Johannesburg and Osaka on April 11; Washington, April 2; Boston, Denver, Detroit, Houston and San Francisco, April 10.

: The FILM Weekly

o - o - o

Local fan, Paul Stevens, got himself on the 3DB 'Talk-Back' with Peter Surrey on Wednesday, March 20. They held a reasonably good conversation but Peter Surrey tended to talk about the prophetic value of SF, which is OK if you like it that way.

* * * * *

ON BEING DANGEROUS

Edward R. Smith

Harlan Ellison was out to shock the world with his "Dangerous Visions", to introduce his version of the New Thing, to seek out and explore strange new Worlds, to boldly go where no man has gone before..... He placed the idea of entertainment value after this, as if he feels a story should be significant first- and then, on an offchance, it just might entertain as well.

"Dangerous Visions" reflects this very well, however it is a pretty good anthology even though he did place controversy first. Instead of just saying, "Write filthy stories, boys," Ellison should have said, "Write a good story, there will be no taboos." That way, if Ellison used this as his criterion, there would be stories whose main idea is considered controversial, then there would have been other good stories. Now however, in "Dan Visns", an author with a perfectly uncontroversial idea, has to spice it up with a lot of crap. Like that unrelated sex scene at the end of Phil Dick's story, or that hero who goes around stomping babies in Silverberg's "Flies".

Dwelling for a while on the contents, rather than the content, of the book (get me?) there are some very good stories and there are just as many that stink.

It's hard to pick a favourite out of the entire book. There are several at about the same level, so, the best would probably be: "Riders of The Purple Wage" by Phillip Farmer (a future-satire-comedy, and an unusual one. Admittedly, it could have stood some editing as it is too long for one thing. However it is an interesting story, and that should at least be on the HUGO ballot.), "Faith Of Our Fathers" by Philip K. Dick (a psycedelic sf story of a future dictatorship and one man who sees things, briefly, as they really

are), "Lord Randy, My Son" by Joe L. Hensly (tender story of a retarded boy who turns out to be a messiah), "Sex And/OR Mr. Morrison" (a good example of what Harlan was trying to introduce. I doubt if this would have found a home almost anywhere else, except maybe Playboy or some little literary magazine), "If All Men Were Brothers, Would You Let One Marry Your Sister" by Theodore Sturgeon (story of incest and free love on an alien world. Most readers of this volume didn't care much for this story, saying it came nowhere near coming up to Sturgeon. I dunno, I never cared a whole lot for Sturgeon, but I liked this), "The Recognition" by J.G. Ballard (British New Wave (anti-)hero, Ballard's tale of a strange circus, strangely reminiscent of Bradbury. The ending left a poor taste in my mouth, but the background and plotting up to that point make up for it), "Judas" by John Brunner (a rather minor, but interesting, tale of Ghod, or a Ghod), "Auto-Da-Fe" by Roger Zelazny (another minor, but interesting tale of a ~~ballfighter~~ autolighter), and Samuel R. Delany's "Aye, and Gomorra" (another 'untouchable' idea, "Frelks" love our sexless astronauts).



I think the idea behind this anthology was a good one, and I'm hoping Ellison can do another someday, but without stories like "Flies", "Evensong", "The Man Who Went To The

Moon, Twice", "The Day After The Martians Came", and a few others being controversial is not riddling your work with sex scenes and obscene words, but presenting new and bold ideas, things to make people think, things to make people argue, not something a fourth grader sees and sniggers about, or haggard old men buy to get "Kicks".

"Dangerous Visions" is an excellent idea, handled fairly well.

-- Ed R. Smith

* * * * *



LETTERS

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER
CELL 7
TARA STREET
WOOLLAHRA, 2025
N.S.W.

Thank you for ETHERLINE II.
Enclosed herewith please
find my cheque for \$1.20
for the following 12
issues.

As I seem to be mentioned in one or two places I'de better make a few corrections. When Fred Pohl asked me for the new Rim Worlds series I assumed that these would be for INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FICTION, but I have learned that this is not the case. The stories will be published in either GALAXY or IF. The original request was for four novelettes, but I heard from Fred yesterday to ask me to carry on until further notice. This is all very labour-saving, as the use of CommodoreGrimes as a protagonist throughought means that I don't have to invent any other characters...

FALSE FATHERLAND (SPARTAN PLANET) will be appearing in Fantastic, not AMAZING, in fact my spies inform me that the first installment is already on sale in the U.S.A. but the Horwitz edition should be on sale shortly.

The sea story for Harry Harrison is s/f; it is to appear in a Doubleday anthology to be called The Year 2,000 or some such; it is also being published by Faber & Faber in London and by some firm in Berlin. The project was rather amusing, most of the authors involved were scientists, engineers, technicians and whatever, each of whom was asked to extrapolate in his own field, with the stipulation that the wordage not exceed 5,000. Needless to say, all the learned astronomers, physicists, cyberneticians, M.D.s and whatever (and also a solitary shipmaster) mounted their pet hobby horse and went to town in a big way, turning out atleast 12,000 words. All of them (including the solitary shipmaster) got their

stories back. It broke my heart to have to prune the long detailed accounts of 21st. Century navigational gadgetry, but I think the final version was a better story than the original.

Meanwhile, the indications are that I shall be assuming command of m/v KUMALLA (on the Strahan/Melbourne run) next week, so I should be seeing something of you all at the Club.

SCT. R.F. SMITH
AREA SGTS' MESS
PUCKAPUNYAL
VICT. 3662

It is with un-ashamed nostalgic blubberings that I write and tell you how pleased I am to see something that looks like

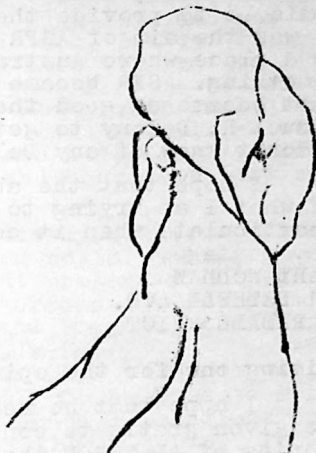
dear old Etherline once again! Unfortunately, when No. 1 arrived I was too busy to comment on anything much, except the state of the weather, but now I feel I must contribute a letter of comment to clear away the musty cobwebs, up-root those vegetables, and generally let the world of fandom know that Australians are Still Around... and not quite so sercon as they think! (Of course, its not really us that are sercon; its all then others ...!)

I approve of Etherline II as the new title... its in the fannish tradition, publication-wise, of course; like Fancylopedia II, f'rinstance.

Content-wise and format, grammatical errors and immature ravings, E II resembles the early ish's of E greatly, and let's hope you manage to rectify this rsn...

I raise my greying eyebrows at your implication that Australian fandom is in a deep rut and that we can go as far as we like (whatever that means ... The Americans, indeed most fandom, are aware of us as individuals, and naturally one or two lone voices will create accurate impression of things fannish of SFional Down Under. The Americans, after all, are a strange

peoples (I refuse to say the same about Brittfandom, because I am intensely loyal to the Old Dart!) and their impression of anything non-American is vague most of the time. I would suggest that you leave the fannish equivalent of "flag-raising" to the firmly entrenched zines like ASFR, and concentrate on the news and information that Australian fans need and the original Etherline did so well on.



LE. Bob, only now is it really beginning to show that I should not have called this fanzine by the name having anything to do with the old and revered Etherline. I hope to perform the same type of service as Ian Crozier, true, but I have no intention of doing it in the same form. It is ten years later and, as far as I can see, the format and type of fanzines have changed. S.F. Times can no longer survive on news alone and is now beginning to print longer articles.

ETH II or whatever I call it if I change the name, will not confine itself to news alone, or book lists and reviews alone. It will provide a place where fans can express their opinions and feelings on more than the latest books. I get no pleasure out of knowing what books are coming out, and little else apart from that and I doubt if there are many fans who want only this.

I think that John Bangsund will be the first to admit that ASFR is no longer a forum for the views of local fen.

In short, what I would like to do with ETH would be to provide the same sort of service as was the aim of ASFR when it started, to be a place where Australian fans could get to say something. ASFR became better and better and at last became so good that you now have to be Samuel R. Delany to get into it. Unfortunately, I don't know of any Delany in Australia.

I hope that the above has explained something of what I am trying to do because I become most inarticulate when it comes to things like this.

GARY WODMAN
31 BETHELL AVE.
PARKDALE VICT

I wish I knew what Foyster meant when he said "...only fanzines worth a damn... those having editors not giving one for the opinions of others."

I hope that he means that fanzines should not be given gratis to contributors. I will sell more copies of APASTRON that way....

I don't quite understand your point in your reply to Foyster's comment about young and not-so young fans. Surely the younger fans are the faans, and they make up fandom? Perhaps we differ on a point of definition. To me Faandom embraces fanzines (excluding ASFR), the people who write to and for fanzines. What does Faandom mean to you? People who read SF? People who write SF? there are of course extremes, as no-one in his right mind would dream of faans reading or writing SF, but you see my dilemma, don't you? Don't you?

LE. I suppose that faandom is really a frame of mind, though what separates fan from faan, is, as you say, a matter of definition. I usually tend to think of faanish as opposed to sercon.... can anybody else add anything?

BILL DONAHO
26th WORLD SCIENCE
FICTION CONVENTION,
"BAYCON"

I don't know whether this
is an argument you can
use or not, but it looks
as if this will be the
last year for the \$1

overseas membership. Evidently membership fees
are going up next year, and it looks now as if
both overseas memberships and non-attending
memberships will be abolished and there will be
one membership fee, a flat \$4 or \$5.

This will of course effectively cut out all
overseas memberships, but rising costs, postage,
etc. are forcing it. Actually at present each con
is losing some money on each overseas membership,
just counting postage on PR's and Program Book
and the cost of publications, but these
memberships have always been considered worthwhile
as a means of tying international fandom closer
together and all that. I'll be sorry to see this
feature go, but this is probably the last year
for it....

LE. We will also be sad to see this feature of
Worldcon's go....just when it seems that there is
a coming generation of fans who are going to be
interested in this sort of thing.

Personally, I
think that one of the first duties of the
proposed Australian SF Society, would be to get
in contact with the fen organising the 27th
WorldCon to register a complaint against this
happening, and possibly arrange a concession
for AAFS members.

Anyhow this must be discussed at
the Conference.

H. EGGLESON
42 STEVENS ST.,
QUEENSCLIFF
3225

My copy of Etherline II
No. 3 did not contain
page 13 or 16 but did
contain 12 and 17 TWICE.
I get the impression

a wrong page got in the duplicator.

LE. You are right about the wrong page getting in the duplicator. By my calculations, this happened to fifteen-twenty people (including Ron Clarke). If this happened to you and you want to know what happened on those pages, just let me know and I'll send you another copy.

BERNIE BERHOUSE
62 MILITARY RD.
AVONDALE HEIGHTS

Well, it sure looks like Pauls original aim is coming through, i.e., to publicise fans

opinions, and to let them be known to other fans, although there are two comments I'd like to make (yes! actual comments)....

(1) That ETH II 3.75 and L.S.D. would have made acceptable fanzines seperately, but as it is, are a popular sucess in conjunction.

(2) That perhaps your idea of trading opinions with overseas fans was not so good. Why not just improve as you are and keep within the boundaries of Austral fandom (excuse the phrascology, but it just sounds great: AUSTRAL FANDOM). If you do decide to broaden your correspondents, a larger fanzine would most definately be in order, as there are enough opinions to be spoken in our fandom as it is. As a matter of fact aren't you planning to expand already? Besides, if you attempt the USA bit wouldn't there be a slight problem with POSTAGE and the regular time lag?

Have you seen "The Prisoner" yet? The plot, for one thing, is always superb, as is the rest of it. This is possibly the best SF on TV.

LE. If you wonder what Bernie is talking about when he mentions ETH II 3.75....this is a fanzine which I publish in a fannish way. I try to make it a place where I can discuss other thing than SF in a less than serious manner. If you are interested to see what this actually is, you



could send me a five cent stamp. Actually the fanzine is a combined effort of Paul Stevens (editor of OPUS) and myself and goes under the collective title of "Black Widow" He edits his half, "Little Supo Delux" and I do the other half under half and quarter numbers of ETH II.

* * * * *

THANKS FOR HELP WITH THIS

ISSUE, GO TO:

Noel Cronk, who supplied the finance for all the electronic stencils.

Mervyn Binns, for his help in production and what not...

Paul Stevens, for noticing some of the typos.

All those people who were kind enough to help in the collating and other menial jobs.

AND, mostly, all those people who refrained from asking when the next issue of ETH would be out.

* * * * *

THE NEXT ISSUE OF ETHERLINE II should be ready by May 10. However I wouldn't count on it, as you might find that I get the impulse to get an issue out right after the con. There is enough material for an issue to hand, so.....

Any readers of this magazine who want to write anything for it may feel welcome to submit material for publication. Infact, the editor would be glad to hear from any readers.

ERIC THE WEAK

THE QUEST FOR THE SACRED BOOL OF STREETS.*

By Paul J Stevens, Science Fiction editor and noted idiot, with apologies to Michael Moorcock (and Elric of Melnebone).

A Political Satire with References to the Labrynth of Politics and Personalities within the Great State of Victoria, Australia, a Country where the Forces of Law and Chaos Still Battle for Supremacy.

* * * * *

The old story teller motioned to the crowd to gather about him before he started on another story of epic adventure.

"Tell us of Eric the last King of Melbourne" cried one of the young childern. "Yes, Eric, Tell us of Eric," cried the crowd.

"Ah yes," said the old storyteller. "Many are the adventures of Eric. He was a great star-crossed hero of the ancient times." The crowd grew silent and waited for the old man to continue.

"In the ancient times when the great land of Terra Australus was divided into many kingdomes of varying sizes, there lived the great hero, Eric the Weak. Eric was the last of a long line of Lord Mayors of the ancient city of Melibourne in the land of Victorious. These Lord Mayors possessed great powers of sorcery, particularly in the science of politics, a great dismal and dangerous occupation. Thank Assinov, we have done away such a shocking profession in these days of enlightenment." The crowd, awed, at the thought of politics, murmured agreement. The old story teller went on.

* Streets = Streets Ice-cream Co. Ltd.



"Now in those days, there dwelt in the land great gods and demons of awesome proportions and powers. Each had its group of worshipers or adherents, their power depending on their size. Chief of all powers was the Terrible God of progress known as Bolte. Below him in precedent, but possessed of almost as much power, was the God of Repression and Justice known as Rylah. And terrible was the power of Rylah. His hand was in the guidance of all things and his eye on all doings of mere

mortals. Woe betide the poor mortal who offended Rylah's sensibilities by possessing books that contained sex, for sex could be used in various spells and incantations and would corrupt many unwary teenage daughters. And although Rylah had no teenage daughters of his own, he had appointed himself protector of all teenage daughters in the land of Victorius.

Now Eric had possessed himself of a new chariot and it was a creation of great power and speed. Ten Dragon power it was and had four on the floor, fog lights, a cocktail cabinet and a howling alley in the back. It had a top speed of over one hundred miles an hour, and Eric, unwisely sped along the great Southeastern freeway and up Swanston Street, where he was booked by a prowling minion of the law giving cult known as bulls, cops, fuzz, and other unsavory names.

Hauled before the court of Justice, Eric was about to be sentenced when a booming noise rang out

in the crowded court room. It was the great Rylah.
 "Release him." The God roared, "and bring him
 into my presence."

Frightened cops ran in all directions and
 the magistrates quaked in their shoes, but
 Eric was not afraid and left the place unhindered.
 He proceeded to the place of power known as
 Parliament and was conveyed to the presence of
 the god. The aspect of Rylah was terrible to
 behold, but Eric faced him bravely.

"What wish you from me?" Eric asked.

"A quest," the god roared. "A quest, and if
 sucessful, a pardon for your crimes King Eric."

"What is this quest?" Eric asked.

"You must seek out the sacred book of Streets,
 held by he cult of Labour in their stronghold in
 the hills of the doomed whatnotte across the
 sobbing waste."

"I will accept the quest," said Eric, and
 bowing, left the gods presence'.

Going to his palace, Eric went directly to
 the weapons room where the great runesword, Voter,
 hung on the wall. As he took it down, the terrible
 blade moaned softly to Eric and he felt his
 strength increase tenfold. The runesword had been
 forged in the very fires of natural gas by the
 dreaded Esso-BHP. It had the power to suck off the
 jocky shorts and socks of any opponent so that
 they froze to death. Eric never wore
 socks or jocky shorts when carrying Voter
 because it might turn on him. Eric might be cold
 and draughty, but he was still alive. Besides,
 his horse's saddle was converted from an electric
 blanket.

And so it was that Eric the Weak rode out
 from Melibourne in quest of the sacred book of
 Streets. He passed over the cities only river,
 the Yarra, that once flowed clear and
 sweet, but because of a curse laid on it by the

jealous wizards in Sydney, Melibourne's deadliest rival, the river now flowed upside down.

After many hours riding, he came to the sobbing waste and there in the far distance were the hills of doomed whatnotte. Before long, a cloud of dissention appeared on the horizon and Eric knew he was to face his first enemy in the quest for the sacred book. As it grew closer, Eric was able to identify the cloud of dissention as belonging to the dreaded DLP. Usually the DLP sold its services to the cult of the Liberals. For it to be serving the forces of Labour, the DLP must have been paid a large price.

His runesword would not be enough in the battle against the DLP. so Eric went into a trance over a copy of the 'Daily Worker' he carried in a hip pocket.

"Moar come and aid me," he chanted. "Aid me now Lenin, Marx, Stalin and Ho-Chee-Min. Aid me and these souls are yours."

Thinking Eric was an easy victim, the DLP roared it's challenged and charged. Suddenly the sky grew dark and red stars glowed in the heavens. Slowly a giant form took shape and the DLP shrieked to a stop as it realised that the spectre was Communism. Eric sighed with relief, the DLP was helpless before Communism.

With a hideous shriek of triumph the spectre swooped down and made off with the helpless DLP. As the victim was borne to its doom, it cursed Eric bitterly. Cries of "Foul Commie Trator," "Pinko Fool" and "Down Caldwell" were wafted back on the wind to Eric's ears.

"Serve them right, or left," Eric mused to himself. Eric was fond of puns.

Before long he had reached the foothills and there he left his horse and began the long climb up a narrow pass to the stronghold of the forces of Labour. After a few miles Eric's sorcerous

told him of danger ahead. And out of a side canyon came an even more terrible monster than the DLP. It was the legendary Quiz Monster and servant of Labour, the Barry Jones. So this was where it had chosen to hide, mused Eric. For months before, the Barry Jones had been free to live in Melibourne and had taken over a radio station to conduct a terrible spell called Talkback. Seven hundred people had been bored to death and two hundred and fifty had gone deaf, before the gods of authority had banished him from the land by blowing up the telephone exchange and cancelling his credit cards. The Barry Jones could bore him to death in a little under twelve seconds if he did not take precautions first. Stuffing cotton wool in his ears, Eric advanced to the attack, swinging his giant runesword. The monster was talking away at it's fastest speed, but ignoring the verbal garbage that was flying in all directions, Eric slashed at the nether regions of the monster. The deadly blade cut deep into the monsters hide and a look of utter horror spread over it's mustache as the runesword sucked off socks and jocky shorts with terrible power.

Deprived of these nessecary garments, the Barry Jones froze to a lifless husk and fell into a reeking heap. Eric wondered who left the heap there.

Sheathing his now silent blade, Eric strode on, for not very far ahead was the entrance to the stronghold. He could expect one more murderous attack before he entered those gloomy portals. Now a flight of wide stairs stretched up to the entrance of gloomy and forbidding pile.

Eric began the ascent. Before he had gone twenty feet a screaming, slogan-chanting crowd came bursting out of the open doorway and, brandishing how-to-vote cards, charged down at Eric.

Drawing his sword once more, Eric met the attack viciously. Swinging his blade two handed, he hacked a path through the mishapen, politically misguided, minions of the forces of Labour. The giant runesword took a terrible toll of socks and shorts, and the defenders fell in writhing heaps as Eric advanced through their rapidly thinning ranks. Before long, the last one lay, de-socked and de-shorted and Eric bent and picked up a discarded how-to-vote- card. As he read it, his blood froze in his veins. The card showed that the Country Party had given its preferences to the cult of Labour, and thereby brought about a Labour-CP coalition.

"Mighty Assinov," thought Eric, "With this they could rule the world."

He knew that he must destroy this abomination before it spread. Dropping the terrible card, he sprang over the husks of the defeated and entered the portals of the castle stronghold. There before him stood the two wizards and between them, on a small table, protected by a dome of clear plastic, lay the sacred book of Streets.

Screaming their defiance, the two wizards launched a sorcerous attack. Hundreds of copies of the Melibourne 'Sun', 'Herald' and worst of all, the 'Truth' hurtled at him. With a chill of fear, Eric realised that if he read just one word he would become a mindless vegetable. Murmuring a counter spell that sent him illiterate, Eric rushed to the attack. First the terrible runesword de-socked and de-shorted the wizard Moss, head of the Country Party cult, and, as he fell dying, the sword claimed the socks and shorts of the wizard Stonehan, and just for good luck, deprived him of his vest.

His enemies destroyed, Eric possessed himself of the sacred book of Streets and departed the now lifeless castle.

Back in the city of Melibourne, Eric presented himself at the temple of Parliament House and gave unto Rylah the sacred book.

"You have completed your quest Eric," the god boomed. "Go in peace, your debt is cancelled."

Eric departed the presence and hid himself to the nearest bar where he drank himself into a stupor and dreamed of the dead days of the six o'clock swill and early closing.

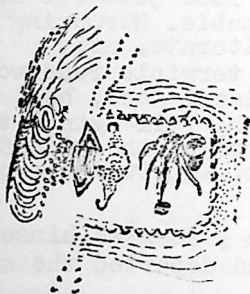
Meanwhile, the god Rylah gloated over the sacred book, thumbing through it's pages, looking for the spell he wanted. Then finding it, he uttered a terrible laugh and chanted the spell contained thereon. A crash of thunder, a cloud of smoke, and there stood a pink Mr Whippy van. The spell was successful.

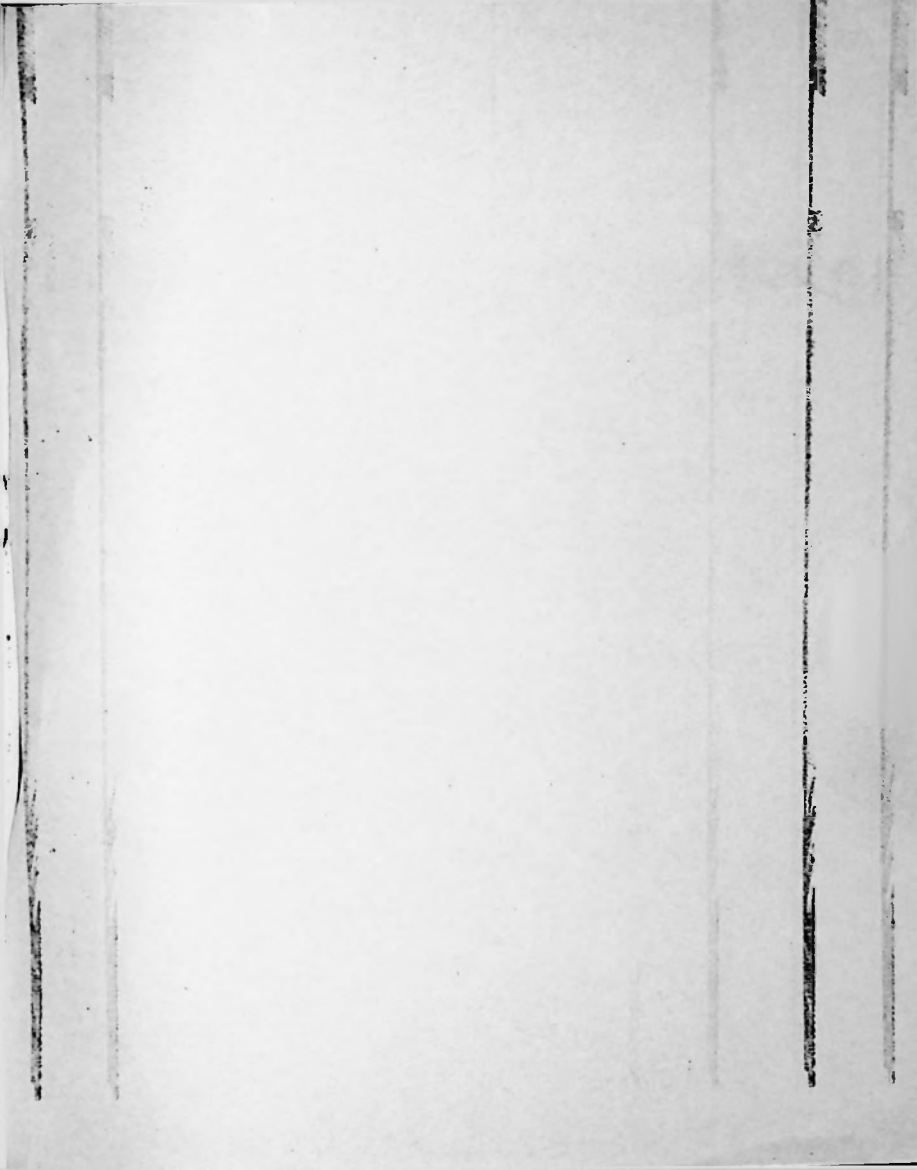
As he ordered a double header from the van attendant, the great Rylah wondered if Eric might be sent on another quest. It was rumoured that a young wizard in Adelaide, named Jones, had the secret of turning all other political wizards into drunks for half their waking hours. Now that could be useful. If possessed of that knowledge he, the great Rylah could befuddle the god of progress, Bolte, and then destroy him. All would be Rylah's from then on. He could be

boss. He could be the greatest fuhrer ever known, greater even than the legendary Menzies.

And savouring his ice-cream, Rylah gazed out over the un-suspecting city of Melibourne.

* * * * *





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EDITED BY LEIGH EDMONDS.