

THE MENTOR

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EDITORIAL COMMITTEE:

Ron Clarke, Ken Hobson,
Richard Moir and Chris Guy.

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EDITORIAL : -

In considering a name for this magazine the selection of "MENTOR" was nonpareil. The actual adoption of this title was made on the assumption that, in this magazine we, the editors, will try to convey our appraisal of "Science Fiction" and its authors. It is also assumed that contributions from interested readers will help complete the magazine.

The derivative of mentor comes from the name of the adviser of Telemachus, son of Ulysses. Mentor means, in fact, an experienced and trusted adviser. We, the editors, hope to advise YOU, the reader, on new and interesting advancements in the science fiction world.

The views expressed throughout these publications will not necessarily be those of this magazine but will be those of the individual contributors. The editorial notes will be the magazine's criterion.

Here, then, is the exordium and exposition of "THE MENTOR"

- R.M.

We would like to express our thanks to Mr. T.A. Pearson and Mr. W. Macdonald for their support of the club and this magazine. Our thanks are also extended to Mr. I.G. Dicker for patronising the club.

This magazine, "Mentor", will probably come out fortnightly. It will be about one or two pages at first, which in addition to printing news about books, magazines and science fiction in general, it is hoped to feature original stories (Mr. W. Macdonald ?), articles ("fact" from the Science Club ?), poems and illustrations, as in this issue by boys and the staff; principally from the boys. An author's profile will, we hope, be featured in each issue.

It is hoped that we will be

able to sell enough copies to balance some of our publishing costs. For this reason a nominal charge of threepence will be charged for each copy.

We won't be able to pay for contributions, but the contributor will receive a free issue. We welcome any suggestions and will consider any criticism concerning features.

R.C.-C.G.

AN AUTHOR'S PROFILE :-

GEORGE ORWELL

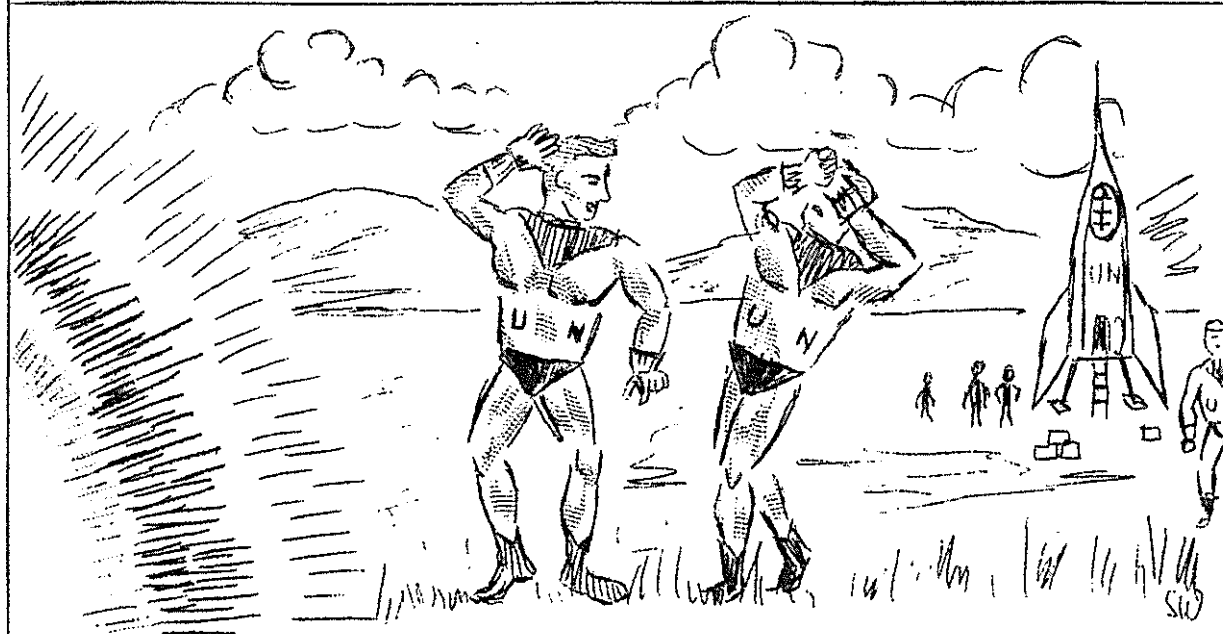
Eric Blair, using the pen-name of George Orwell, was a well-known novelist even before his very successful science fiction novel "NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR". Orwell was not really a science fiction writer but turned to this medium to explain his political views. "Nineteen Eighty-Four" was his first science fiction, and last novel, before he died in 1950.

Satire was used by Orwell in almost all his books and essays, but never as harshly or as cuttingly, as in "Nineteen Eighty-Four". This science fiction novel was based on three states having complete control of the world, with each state wielding rigid control over their people; and the attempt of one man to rebel against his loss of individualism.

The book was written when the author was ill and in a depressed frame of mind, shortly before his death, which could explain his bitterness and refusal to let the 'hero' win. As the only science fiction novel of a very competent author, "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is well worth reading.

-K.H.

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Illustrated by
Steven Walker

HOME COMING :

On the first of June, 1980, our ship, the first Starship, after replenishing its solar batteries, moved out of orbit from around the sun and accelerated to three quarters of the speed of light towards Alpha Centauri. Some of us on board were already wondering what kind of world we would return to. We would find out.

A little over seven years later, ship time, the ship had decelerated and we had entered the Centauri System. We landed on the third planet and carried out tests and observations. After two weeks some of the men were grumbling. The blood-red sky was getting on everyone's nerves. The captain assured us that whatever changes the earth went through we should still recognise it. We left on the home voyage after nine months exploring the planet.

Tension mounted as we approached the Solar System. What would we find? Would the Russians and Americans have settled their differences with the Chinese and would any other nations have set up separate bases on the moon? Since ours was an U.N. space ship there were many nationalities aboard and we all wondered if the U.N. would still be governing earth. What would the buildings be like? Would we still

have skyscrapers and other examples of modern science? The most important thing would be, of course, whether or not the people would accept us. We all knew that because we had gone at $\frac{3}{4}$ of the speed of light, time would have passed more slowly on earth than in the ship.

As we came into the Solar System we had all our radio and TV scanners going but we didn't pick up any radio or TV programmes, and when we orbited earth we couldn't see any lights of cities. The Starship was left in orbit around earth and we all landed in the scoutships, leaving an automatic guard on the ship. We stared in amazement at the landscape. To all sides the countryside stretched away with rolling green hills and clumps of trees cut by swathes of golden flowers. Nowhere could be seen signs of human habitation—no roads, smoke or even signs of the ruins of previous habitation. Someone exclaimed "Have they all gone underground?"

We spent several weeks in exploration. We found no sign of anyone, although there were numerous animals. Suddenly one day, an object was sighted on one of the scoutship's radar screens. It appeared at first sight to be a cloud of dust, which when it approached closer was found to have no apparent cause. There was not a breath of wind and there was nothing in the cloud except dust.

All at once, into everyone's mind came a voice, which said, "Welcome home!" Everyone looked at each other with startled eyes. "Don't be afraid", came the thought, "I won't hurt you. We have progressed beyond the bonds of the flesh."

Suddenly a golden light dazzled us

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SEVEN MINUTES TO THREE

Think about it .. it is worth thinking about because never again will it be seven minutes to three. For that matter it will never again be five to three, six past two, or any other time that the two hands of the clock care to conjour up .. that is if we can say that there was any such thing as a clock !

At this point I think an explanation may help you to understand. We all realise that somewhere there is someone or something that created us, the earth, the galaxies and the entire universe. Who or what is this? We may well ask, as have generations before us, and the generations before them. Explanation after explanation has been presented; we have everything from Christianity to Darwin.

But there are, as we know, some people who will not accept anything that they cannot understand. Darwin did not understand and consequently tried to explain and from his time many others have attempted to in a scientific light.

Up to this point you will probably accept all this but what follows will be harder to comprehend !

In the year 1974 (can we say such a year ever existed? For the moment then we shall say it did), anyway, in 1974 in the outskirts of Coventry, a group of astronomers, through the most uncanny circumstances (which could be explained in miles of scientific calculation but will not be shown here, for obvious reasons), saw the end of the universe! But what they saw at the end of the universe is of more importance here. They photographed it, mapped it, and proved it existed algebraically and only they know how else. Within days the news spread throughout the lands .. and people believed ... man had seen. Man knew everything. He had eventually seen his destiny. But it was soon after this news had spread that the earth, the galaxies and the universe disappeared !

For those who don't understand - a short explanation.

We are an illusion in the mind of our Creator ... a figment of his or it's, for it had no sex, imagination. Life is a mystery and when there is no mystery there is no longer life...

Kim Humphreys

BOP ! BOP ! COP THIS !

The inaugural meeting of our Science Fiction Club was a huge success, in fact I could go further and say unbelievably so, 15 boys, out of a school of 1,100 or more, turned up.

The fact remains, however, that coinciding with this inaugural meeting was an excellent tennis exhibition. So thus we had competition, tennis that is.

Don't despair, we missed you, in fact. All of you, every atom of all of you. Whether this science fiction is an affliction or not "I am yet to learn". Thus for those who did not turn up for this meeting, the inaugural meeting, I have a profound statement, you weren't there ("Dash it all").

Concerning science fiction (what's there to be concerned about?) we recommend it to anyone even the most intelligent people. We recommend it as a cure for sanity, if you are sane.

Sorry to disappoint you but I have not been affected by science fiction, or at least I don't think so, I hope not, by George I think I have, I haven't, I couldn't, I must be I'm behind bars !

Never mind, don't miss me, but read science fiction while I'm away, I shan't be long, at least I hope not.

- Dicky (that was)

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and incredulously we watched as our bodies dissolved into dust. We, the whole crew, were transformed into one gestalt group.

"We sensed another presence.
"Welcome", it said.

- Ron Clarke

The number turning up at the S.F. Club has been disappointing. We hope to cultivate the junior forms so that they can take over both the club and magazine when the present Fifth year leaves. The Club meets every Tuesday at 12.50 in Room 3.

Hope to see you there.

- Editors

- AN N.B.H.S. PRODUCTION -