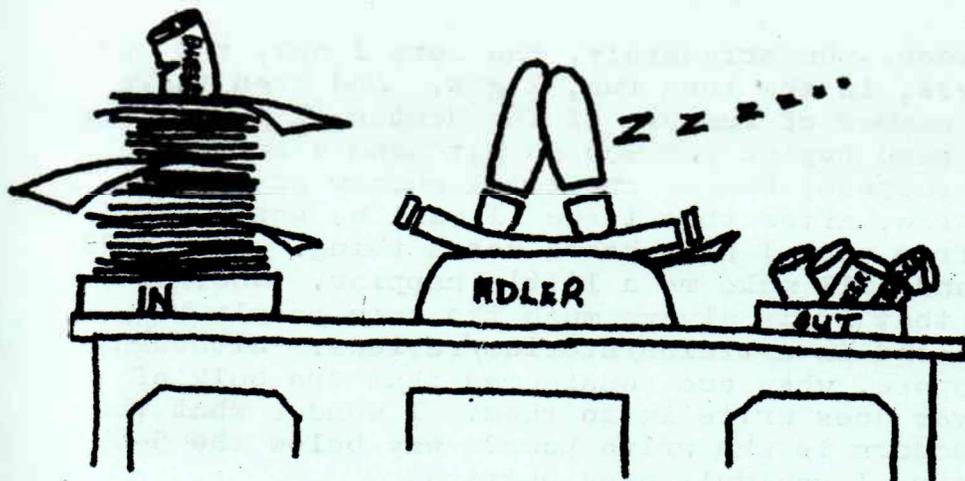




" THE EARL DEMONIC,
DERLIC OF THE BURNING GAZE "



ROMS
ROBST

There are times when, as now when I am out of idea for the subject for an editorial, my nose about one and a half feet from a pale blue-painted fibro wall, I wonder just what the hell I am doing putting out a fanzine called The Mentor. Well, just look at it from the point of time-wise. An average issue takes two weeks of work to bring out. This is usually taken up with stenciling and duplicating. At the moment I am doing shift work; one week starting 8.30 to 4.51 pm, the next week 1pm to 9pm. Which means my social life in the week of the one to nine is virtually nil. Added to which I work a seven day shift - so I get about one weekend in seven off, which sort of wipes yet another period when I can enjoy the company of the opposite sex.

Add to this the time it takes to put out a bi-monthly fanzine.... and you have a faned wondering seriously just is he getting out of editing all that justifies what he is putting in to it. An issue also swallows up from \$35-40, which, at the moment, I can just afford, but will be a little easier as I intend to bring TM out on a more quarterly schedule if the bi-monthly proves a little too hectic (which it, at the moment, is). The first LoC I received for TM 17 was posted on the eleventh of February, which isn't too bad, considering I posted the first copies out on the third. Luckily I am putting out TM at bi-monthly spots now, otherwise I would have had only two letters in 18.

Let's leave these materialistic reasons and take on those emotional ones. First we have 'egoboo'. Which I suppose is why every editor must use a bit off unless he is a bit of a real fanatic. I do not think there are too many editors around who would continue to put out issues and not getting any feedback in the way of Letters of Comment, or abuse. Or even trade in other zines. Fan does not put out zines for Bread Alone.

Then there is the steadily worsening reputation of (me) the faned who wants good material all through his mag. This is only done one way : asking people for it. And keep on asking. Admittedly there are fans who send material without being asked to, but I am afraid if I waited for these fans the issues would

be few and far between. Unfortunately, the more I ask, the more I annoy, and the less, in the long run, I get. And then there are the incredible number of readers of The Mentor (I think they read it) to whom I send copies and who do not send a thing. They amount for, I suppose, 40% of the total number of copies I mail out. Of course, after this issue I will be weeding out a fair few people from whom I have heard not a thing. This will cut down on costs and will make me a little happier. Another funny statistic is that it is always much the same people who write LoCs and who send in articles/stories/reviews. Although, not so funny, I suppose, when one considers that the bulk of prozine readers never does write in to them. I wonder what the percentage is of readers is who write LoCs? way below the 5-8% I have for The Mentor, I wouldn't mind betting.

Several times at work, while flipping through mail in Australia's 'first line of defence' against drugs, I have wondered, between comments as to the naïvety of these nongs who think they can send drugs through the post, if after all, the reason I put out The Mentor, and continue to do so, is part of the reason who fans continue to collect prozines after the fiery interest in sf has cooled to mild disgust at the standard of the writing and the shallowness of the stories and the raked over ideas in the plots. In other words, it has become a habit.

I hope the above isn't true. I like to think that the reason I publish TM is because I like to. It is a hobby, pure and simple. It enables me to contact and keep in contact with other people of like interests, and usually from the same generation as myself and the same basic ideas. Strange enough, they are usually from the same social background, usually. It enables me to put across my ideas and to keep me interested in something away from the humdrum life of the city.

It has helped my writing style a lot too, why, I can almost follow my own writing. It may not be all that long before other people will be able to, too. If I get any good ideas I will finish Phoenix; after all, I have written (and published) the beginning and end, now I may be able to write the middle of the story!

The Mentor is a clearing ground for any talent that a young writer may use if he wishes in seeing just what others think of his work and can give any constructive criticism.

Entertainment is the foremost aim in putting out The Mentor. Of course I like a little friendly stirring as well as the next man. You may be seeing a little of that surfacing in issues of The Mentor. There will probably be things which look a little out of place in a science fiction fanzine. Like the writings in Reality F. This may or may not be the direction in which The Mentor is going. If it is. Actually there is only one real reason I put out The Mentor :

For fun.

When it ceases to be fun and becomes a chore - good bye the Mentor. - Ron L Clarke. 15/3/71.

SS Watching...

By Cy Chauvin.

Wide Angle Shot - - Pan Slowly Across Scene :

Sea, restless, nervous, wandering like a new born calf, in and out, washing against, and away, from the high cliffs of cracked, layered sandstone. A tiny, lonesome figure stands near their top.

CLOSE-UP :

Young man, twenty, twenty-one. Wide-eyed and opened faced. Appearing restful, within his peace is hidden, gnawing pain and fear.

SOUND: Breakers tumbling against cliff face. Sea-gull's cry. Whisper of wind rustling tree leaves...

A girl walks silently up beside him, her stark plain hair tied up in a bun.

She says "Danny," softly.

Startled, the young man turns quickly around.

"Danny" she calls again, this time in more a determined voice, "Let's talk."

Sullenly, Danny spits two words from his lips: "About what?"

It doesn't faze the girl.

"About what you're thinking of right now," she replies, knowingly.

"I was thinking about jumping," he says, jokingly. (Or was he perhaps serious? The girl couldn't tell.)

"I meant about tomorrow," she continued, "Your twenty-first. I want to come along. I don't feel like being left at home and forgotten," she blurted out, "Like all those other women."

Danny stared back at her, obviously surprised. "I won't forget you--whatever made you think that? But if you come along, there'll be just that more chance of getting caught. And

4.

we don't want that, do we?"

She nodded her head, agreeing and yet not agreeing, understanding the obvious but not willing to accept it. She wanted to be with him.

LONG SHOT, TELEPHOTO LENS :

Two figures are seen walking together, away from the cliff and sea, inland. They stop under a lone tree, kiss, then part; the girl disappearing into the forest beyond, and the man turning toward a lonely house, its plasti-textured green roof glistening in the shifting sunlight...

Interior View of House:

Mother, sitting on the sof', half-watching the feature being broadcast, phone plugged in ear (vision off), mumbling a few words into the receiver every now and then. Father, laying in wide, enveloping chair, absorbing an old "sf" by Richard Geis. Obviously fond of the simpler pursuits. Son, entering door, wiping feet on already dirty throwrug. No words exchanged between them : for they already knew what the other was thinking...

FADE-OUT

SON'S BEDROOM :

Low bed, faded brown fuzz rug, several poster/paintings on wall, mixed with musty, yellowing 3-D's, and old news 'clips.

Man flops on bed, stares at ceiling. Ceiling's slick plasticine surface is reflected in his eyes, but his mind is far away, a stream-of-consciousness mulling over things to come...

Tomorrow: my twenty-first, and I have to go--run--leave home, or be taken in as a "freedom fighter", to fight freedom, oh freedom, fight, hate, sickness and

disease...utter despair.

So I run, hide, for a year and a day--like the peasants of the Middle Ages escaping from their Lords and Masters, and taking refuge in the towns.

Then my running will be done unless I get caught but I won't get caught I can't get caught it couldn't happen to me I pray dear God it won't happen to me it won't to me it can't I won't let

When the senseless panic/tension finished pouring from his brain, he rehearsed in his mind the things he planned to do. Malton, the small town to which he would flee, its narrow streets and last-century walkways, the towers of glass... Silver in the sunlight, like bergs of ice at night... The townsfolk: native ladies in colourful, knitted slacks and shirts, their plastic bonnets, the throngs of people he hoped to hide among, befriend, and live off while he waited for his year and a day to end, to end, one day clutching the tail of another, pulling, screaming, stamping, dragging its heels through unwanted misery...

NEXT MORNING : focus :

Front of house, aluminium siding glare-gleaming in sun, overgrown with crawling, yellow-bloomed weeds. Three figures stand on house front porch : young man and two sorrow struck elders.

dialog.....

"Take care," father says; "Watch for SS recruiters posing as helpful townsfolk."

The same as ever, the young man thought: always reminding... His mother said nothing, afraid to speak for what might come out. Instead, she

touched his hand, in a symbolic gesture : she wanted to hold him close, cuddle and protect him from the outside world, as she did when he was a babe. But her protection was no longer enough... She felt failed as a mother.

He had to go.

"Goodbye Mom, Dad," It seemed hollow, empty, fake, even to his own ears. He didn't know what to say. Tears filled his eyes, but they seemed pseudo; nothing is real... He lifted knapsack to back, walked down steps, and out... Away.

STILL SHOT :

girl frozen in motion, black hair trailing behind her head, on slope leading down to the plasti-roofed house...

dialog.....

"They're here, they're coming," his girl, Ellena, last night, she shouts, in whoezing excitement/terror.

There was only one "they" she could mean.

He ran towards opposite end of house, around corner, down slope, over hill, through woodland. Ellena caught up, ran alongside him.

"You'll be hemmed in between the road and the sea," she said, "with no place to hide. They'll catch you for sure."

"No they won't. Besides-- where else can I go?"

"The ditch."

STILL SHOT : close-up :

Shallow ditch, overgrown with weeds, brackish water flows down its length. Man, woman, laying on its bottom, hidden from all sight but that of the eagle.

Long shot-- Hovercraft skimming smooth over rough landscape, rapidly approaching forest and ditch which lies just beyond. Bright, shining propeller blades flicker in shine of sun, quiet humming of its diesels can be heard across valley. Two miserable figures shiver in ditch beyond,

CLOSE-UP :

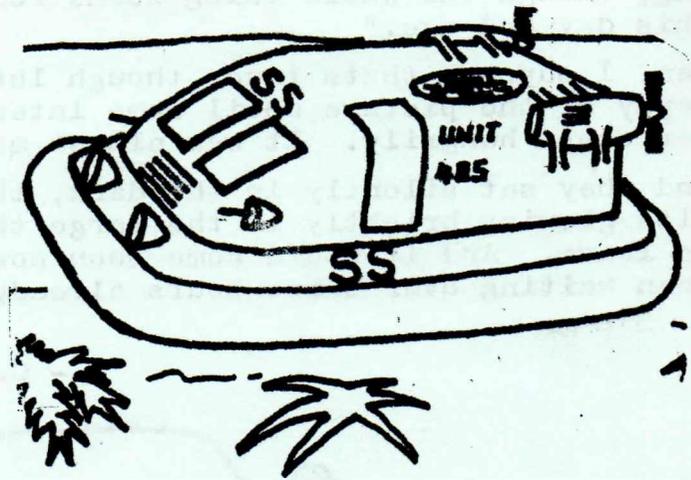
Two worried faces, side-by-side, anxious, sweaty.

Sound: "If they have infra-red detectors on board," she whispers, "they will

still be able to detect us from the air. We can't conceal our own body heat."

"Maybe if we lower our bodies further beneath the water," he replies, reassuringly. "Maybe they aren't even searching for me." His face breaks into a false grin. "The search actually isn't supposed to begin until after my twenty-first, you know..."

"You can't really believe that, and don't tell me you do —"



AUDIO FADES OUT

Hovercraft slows, stops, reaches ditch. The wet, shivering bodies huddle closer together, groping out. Oh no, they've found us, the girl thinks, panic-stricken. Without thought, she frantically attempts to free herself from him, climb from the ditch, RUN, RUN, RUN. Dan knocks her flat.

"We got to run while we can, run, we still have the chance," she blubbers, eyes wide but her mind blacked out with fear.

"You kon't know what you're saying." He slaps her face.

Reality returns...

LONG SHOT : The hovercraft lifts up, away; the search continues but in another direction...

Return Focus to Ditch :

Hovercraft safely out of sight, they jump & dance & sing, exuberant, excited .. Joined together, off as one: Dan forgetting what he said before, what he resolved not to do... And the sun beds beneath the sea, but for them the approaching dawn seems nearer...

POSTSCRIPT : News Report Daily[@]

Three days later : they are discovered, in a small town along the Yseh River, their bodies stuffed in too-small garbage cans. Blood.

Remember : SS is always watching...

* * * * *

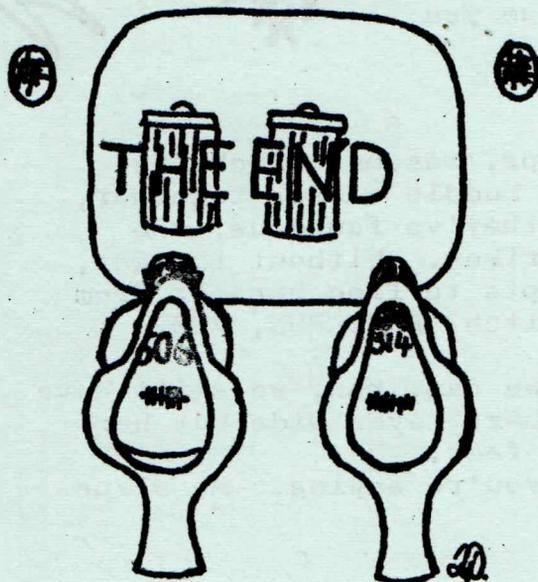
THE END flashes in blazing letters across the screen.

"A very moving picture, says one wife to her husband, "Quite terrifying, though the whole thing seems remote from present reality, in this day and age."

"Yea, I suppose that's true, though let's delay discussing the philosophy of the picture until some later date," he replies, caressing her chest hungrily. It was almost mealtime.

And they sat silently in the dark, the neon numbering on their coveralls glowing brightly in the large theatre, waiting for permission to leave. And it would come soon now. It would... It had to; they'd been waiting over three hours already....

- Cy Chauvin.



CY ON HIMSELF :

'A little bit about myself for THE MENTOR? Funny, you're the second person who's asked me for something like that, and I always wonder what to tell them... Oh, well : let's see, I've just turned 19, am a freshman at MACOMB COUNTY COMMUNITY COLLEGE, plan to take up journalism, have a brother and sister (both younger than myself), a cat... started to really like SF when in the sixth grade I read something called "Marooned on Mercury," though I didn't discover any magazines until about three years ago. Fan wise, I belong to the FTL (Future Terran League), the ISFA (INDIANA Science Fantasy Assn.), and CLA (A Spanish sf organization). I can't really say that I've contributed to any "top flight" fanzines as yet /.../ though I've had a review accepted by SFR (not as yet printed, however ((Jan '70))). What other goodies can I boast about? Oh, that crazy 3-page newsletter called TACHYON.. what a horror./.../ That was produced for the FTL and is defunct now. So is a one-page newsletter called HOLOGRAPH that I did. Utter rubbish.....! - CY CHAUVIN.

SOLITUDE.

by Michael Black.

Vast, erupting from the vent of sleep to flow over creased, rolling consciousness, his unconscious mind was about to overflow its immature conscience when a single jarring tone broke the silence of his cell.

It was an omen, preceding by the longest of instants an unbearable agony, before which his every nerve and shrunk his physical being into that single reflex which would prevent his anabolism. Into that instant he poured, morn after morn, energy enough to light a town, to pull the ploughs and herd the sheep of all his former neighbours, to milk the silently pleading cows whose milk was poison even for their own just-delivered calves, to weld once more complete the life which once was his.

Sleepily he turned off the alarm.

Rising on one withered arm, a mass of pain extending its tentacles to clutch and draw in more; he opened a swollen eye to force the blurred world once more into focus, only to reject its horror; this ironic result of his own indecision, and to sink tearfully into the childishly pleasurable world of sheets and blankets. It was his only refuge; here he was safe; here he could live in worlds where there was life - creatures he could bend to his own plans.

Mindless, soulless creatures - for in his heart he had no soul and in his brain there was only the horrific fear of the unknown outside, they were alive and in this they were to him the essence of beauty; but beauty in anything else he could not see.

He was alone.

Here in the cell there was no sun. The alarm rang and it was time to rise and eat. He would not rise, he could not eat. The alarm rang and it was time to exercise. A sound body means a sound mind, so the motto ran. He went to bed. Even a mangy cur thinks; better perhaps than a redundant though purebred greyhound. The alarm rang and it was time to eat. No-one could stand pre-everything concentrate for more than one meal per century! He remained in bed. The alarm rang. He threw the infernal device at the concrete floor. Unbreakables, they met for an instant of noise, then parted unharmed. He kicked viciously and hopelessly, only to increase the pain in his emaciated legs and prolong the agony of sound. He was dying and this he knew.

But he had not the strength to die painfully, either this way or by his own hand. There were no supplies for suicide here. His airlock had jammed. Broken by the explosions, he supposed. At least, this way whatever was out there couldn't get to him. But starvation

was his only way of leaving here. And he didn't think he would arrive anywhere at all.

There was a bookcase in the corner. On it now were little scraps of paper, piles of them. He had read all those stupid novels which out of sentiment of childhood fancy he had decided to safeguard; read them 'til he had locked them solidly into his memory, read them until the drivel had inflamed him to the point of dismembering each and every character in them, limb from limb, with gay, insane abandon. These he had left in alphabetical order along the shelves of the bookcase, in that strange orderliness that marked his paranoia. He was so crowded by those people crushing him into this tight little corner of the cell, so terribly crowded

Intense physical fatigue fell on his weakly resisting mind. He sank into the darkness of an unending well of despair, reality rapidly receding as he faded into the gloom.

Now that the mock attack had ended, flights to Smithtown were cleared to land. The latest arrival had just begun to offload its passengers and cargo. One of the first passengers into the terminal, a greying woman of fifty, was concernedly surveying the empty room as though she had expected someone to be there to meet her. She approached one of the uniformed girls at the counter and spoke quietly to her for a few moments then strode quickly to the glass doors, to peer anxiously at the deserted parking lot beyond. Resignedly she followed the other passengers to the city coach.

In her taxi to the suburbs she was calm, having regained her composure on the coach. There were many things her husband would probably have to be doing now that the mock attack was over; He had been unable to meet her, and for this she was sad but she realised that he was not to blame and her regret was mixed with thoughts of censure.

The car stopped at her destination. Joy to be home and desire to be with her husband again excited her. She paid the fare and it seemed was in the house without noticing that she had even climbed the steps.

Her husband was nowhere to be found. He must be in the shelter down the yard. She hurried down the path, calling his name several times. He had not replied but the lock was closed and she thought he could not have heard.

The lever was caught by the handle of one of the tools which had been stacked nearby but blown over by the wind. She hurt herself pushing the spade out of the way but this went unnoticed as she opened the lock.

He was still in bed, asleep! She crossed the cell and tried to wake him.

There was no point : he was dead.

REVIEWS.

The Seeds of Gonyl

Reviewed by Paul Anderson.

by Keith Laumer

If (October - December) 1970

98 pages

The normal Laumer offering in this magazine is the occasional Reteif novellette of future political intrigue. However mixed in with these are, from time to time, fast paced action novels. Like most of the serials printed by If the Laumer serials are mainly notable for the speed at which the story is unfolded. In this respect he fits in very well since he has typecast himself as being an excellent producer of well-polished escape novels, and when read on this basis they can be most entertaining for a few hours.

"The Seeds of Gonyl" is typical of this sub genre of science fiction and has most of the usual faults and virtues that are normally associated with an imbalance of the elements of the story. Indeed, if the emphasis on the fast paced action is to be carried out correctly the author must use a suitable style of writing and one that is conducive to fast reading with few sub plots to confuse the potential buyer of future books by him. However he may wish to introduce a multitude of these sub plots in order to cover up the shallowness of his actual writing. If the latter course is taken the changes should be rung so fast that if the book has any inconsistencies in it the reader will not notice them whilst he is rapidly turning the pages. Above all do not let the action flag or slow down at any stage or the buyer may start thinking about what he is reading.

Unfortunately, Laumer has allowed a number of these to enter his story, like the double action Colt .44 noted by Buck Coulson in a recent Yandro! Also the ending of his novel leaves a number of unexplained loose ends, but for all that he still manages to give the reader a pleasant, entertaining story which is good for a couple of hours of escape from the world of Nixon & Agnew.

His writing is the familiar style of a mixture of an amazing flatness and some fairly good description, which is used to set the mood of the gradual unfolding of Laumer's plot. It starts off plainly enough but it is not long before the reader is hit with the barrage of seemingly conflicting but logical developments of the main plot. Most of the conflicts are explained by the end of his novel, as in all of these action stories. The characterisation is about par for the course and none of the cardboard really comes to life at any stage of the inevitable conflict. All are less than believable but, then again, in this type of science fiction a truly well developed character who comes to life and dominates the book is likely to be more of a hindrance than a blessing because of the wide gulf between him and

his lesser companions. This can also happen where a character is too easily identified with - I was irritated with this in Doc Smith's 'Skylark of Space' series where the villain was more alive than the wooden-headed Seaton & Crane.

It has many faults but for pure unpretentious entertainment one could do a lot worse indeed.

WARRIOR OF LLARN

Reviewed by Paul Anderson.

THIEF OF LLARN

by Gardner F. Fox

Ace : F307, F399 1964, 1966.

156 pages & 152 pages :: \$A0.50 each.

No, John Carter is not dead, he lives on in the caricatures of many of the latterday imitators of Edgar Rice Burroughs. All too often a new would be author decides to take the easy way and tries to use his old "capture and escape" formula instead of thinking up a new plot for himself. Occasionally this results in a good book, but, such is not the case here! Unfortunately, in his enthusiasm, the author has adopted most of the faults of ERB as well as his characters and fast-paced swordplay.

This may only indicate that the author has not, as yet, developed his own style of writing. These books are written in a series of short, crisp sentences that help to make them extremely readable. This is again a technique that was used by his mentor to keep the reader engrossed in his trite plots while the action raced to its inevitable conclusion. Very little effort is needed on the part of the reader to follow the familiar twists and turns of the plot from the teleportation of the hero, Alan Morgan, to the world of Llarn circling the star Canopus with its ten sister planets to the inevitable happy ending where our hero is free to live happy ever after (until the next book) with the heroine, the daughter of the ruler of the 'Good Guys'. Morgan is rarely in any real trouble because he is, naturally, the world's greatest swordsman and Alan can take on the inferior natives two and three at a time without taxing his fantastic skills.

Like Burroughs, Gardner Fox has little success in lifting his characters far beyond the stage of two-dimensional cardboard cut-outs. Although, of course, ERB came close at times which is why John Carter is such a well-known figure in science fiction circles. However in these books, not even the brave hero rises from the status of a 'puppet on a string'. To save him from the task of thinking for himself, Morgan is placed under the mental control of many of Llarn's more 'intelligent' beings. This acts as a convenient excuse for some of the less intelligent actions of our 'intrepid' hero, most of which land him in some well-deserved trouble.

All in all these novels are reasonable light entertainment but I prefer to reread the original series from the old master. If you do not like ERB you will not like these books and on the other hand if you happen to be a fan of his you will only be irritated by what Fox has done to the old master's great works! - Paul Anderson.

TOURNEY QUESTOR.

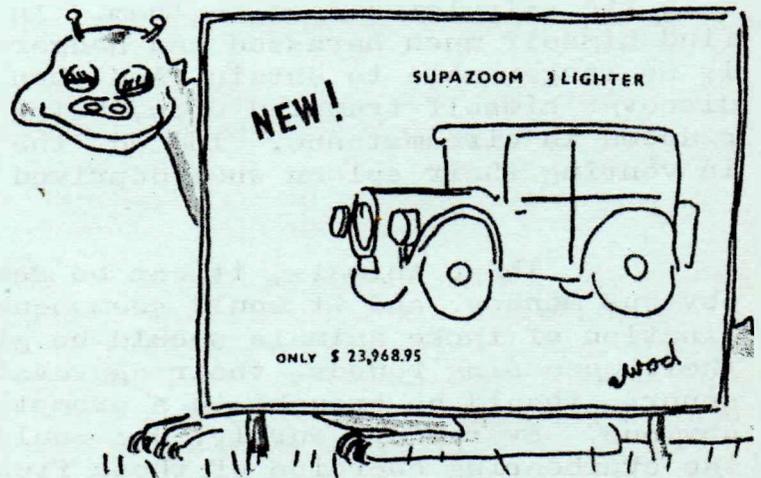
by Jack Wodhams.

The loothide oldmoney-eating monster, as everybody knows, has an insatiable appetite for cash, and because most people do not have much cash, they can find the proliferation of these dragons most alarming. So numerous are these great beasts, that a man can hardly put his foot outside the door sometimes without being called upon to placate them with whatever he just then might have in his wallet.

Should the unfortunate person trapped have an empty purse and so be unable to blunt the keen edge of the creature's appetite, then the animal might well throw a tantrum and in temper deliberately gobble up a television-set or, in spite, prevent an offender using his vehicle by dragging it away. In some extreme cases, where the monster has been particularly ravenous, it has been known to drive a man out of his home, to in a most disagreeable way express its disappointment by selfishly denying a man usage of his property until a large measure of its greed for green has been appeased.

How these great creatures lick their chops at the sight of spare dollar bills! Even loose change is not safe, because these oldmoney-eating monsters come in all sizes, and they have an amazing sensitivity to the weaknesses of their victims.

Oldmoney-eating monsters lurk everywhere, and are ever eager to be given pretext to pounce. Some of their favourite hiding-places are behind advertisements, and in many cases they make short work of the pocketbooks of those incautious enough to be so curious as to make further enquiry. Other regular haunts are places where gamblings are conducted, and always they may be found where a slot-machine is working, and where a totalisator is in operation, and where cards are being stacked.



But these dragons are not always to be easily spotted, and many make themselves extremely deceptive by disguising their

presence behind charge-accounts and credit-cards. These voracious beasts often, too, pretend to be smaller than they are by concealing their bulk in small print and the glossed-over percentages of their real intake, so to beguile a modest money-earner into thinking that he might here be able to retain some cash for himself if he would but choose to subsidise a particular one for a concession

Why expend to help keep one on the register, you ask? Well, in a way for insurance. Because, you see, someone feeding certain of the creatures regularly may put off others of the beasts who might be looking for more food than is likely to be available from such a committed provider.

Undertaking the upkeep of an oldmoney-eating monster, or two, or three, is a very tricky business that needs to be handled with some care. If the creatures are not properly fed their rations at correct intervals they can turn very nasty. They are not creatures to know sentimentality, and they know no affection for any other thing whatsoever but the substance of their diet. The only softness to be achieved in them is that which might be occasioned by access to abundant funds.

Generally speaking, oldmoney-eating dragons respect a pecking order amongst themselves - in most cases, but not always, relative to their size and needs. However, strange oldmoney-eating monsters passing by are allowed, laughingly, to try and get anything that might be left after the established crew have partaken of the apportionment agreed with by their providers. Thus it might seem that these gulpers of currency would have a mutuality of interest and a reasonable tolerance of one another, but such truce is uneasy and valid only up to a point.

The monsters are touchy, and woe betide a provider who makes the error of inviting too many monsters to regularly call, or who, through personal incapacity or bad fortune, fails to maintain the stipulated feed to them. In such case might a provider find himself much harassed and hangered to produce the edibles he is no longer able to obtain. And then to subsequently, as a result, discover himself trampled upon, being abused, and become very sadly reduced in circumstance. Indeed, the beasts can be unremitting in venting their spleen when deprived of their promised sustenance.

These animals, it can be seen, are in so many ways an obvious menace, and it would seem equally obvious that the extermination of these animals should be given some priority, and that their unceasing rounds, their aggravating importuning of their donors, should be brought to a prompt conclusion. It would seem obvious. Everybody, surely, one would think, would be happier if the overbearing coercion of these freely-ranging creatures were to be curtailed. Plainly, if the loothide oldmoney-eating dragons were to be reduced in numbers, severely, or even perhaps to be wiped out altogether, everyone would be made consequently a lot richer, would be able to keep a lot more cash for themselves.

However, there are some anomalies peculiar to the monster

existence. One pertinent feature is the productive nature of these beasts. And another point is the legal fact that each one of these creatures has an owner who possesses title to the produce of his pet.

The produce of these oldmoney-eaters is, quite simply, new money. The monsters, you see, can be persuaded to slough their skins from time to time. These skins vary in thickness from monster to monster, and are shed with equally varying frequency. But however thick or thin, or however habitually doffed, this gleaned epidermis always consists of brand-new bills which, of course, are claimed and harvested by their owner.

Do you get the picture? The owners of these dragons, quite naturally, are most unwilling to see their animals starved or mistreated, and the owners certainly most vociferously express their objection to any suggestion that their animals should be destroyed. "Who," they argue, "would eat the old money if we did not have oldmoney-eaters?"

They have a point. If we didn't have the oldmoney-eaters we'd soon be snowed under with old money, be buried under the stuff. Of course, if we didn't have the oldmoney-eaters, they wouldn't produce the new money, which we can make old, so that we can feed it back to them again, so that they can produce new money, which we can put through the process of aging, so that we can feed it...

All very well to say wipe out the monsters and burn all the notes and bills but, if we did that, then we would have nothing to spend, would we? It is a paradox and a vicious circle.

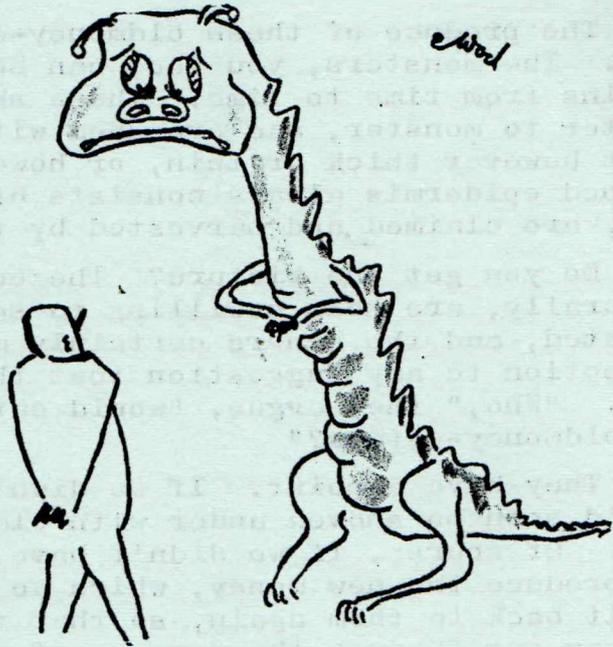
The owners of oldmoney-eaters, as beforesaid, are jealous for their animals, understandable, because the beasts are so valuable. The owners, naturally, care very much for the health of their charges, and attempts to evade feeding, or to underfeed and so annoy their monsters, are things that owners regard with great disfavour.

'Irritate my monster, and you irritate me,' is the owners' outlook, and they do not in any way encourage restraint or tardiness in regard to a monster's mealtime. And owners have not much sympathy for anyone who cannot gather up enough old money to fulfil the obligations assumed for safeguard.

It is a funny business because, in a way, the people, 99% of the population, which is engaged in assuaging the gluttony of the loothide dragons, do not really completely begrudge the duty they find themselves performing, despite the labour that this task so often entails. It could be that some take a perverse pride over their fellows in the number of monsters that they can feed at a time, to display their nerve in accepting major vulnerability against their resource to obtain a suitable sufficiency of fodder. And, of course, quite a large proportion of people nurture the remote but fond hope that they one day might get to actually own an oldmoney-eater themselves, even be it only a small one.

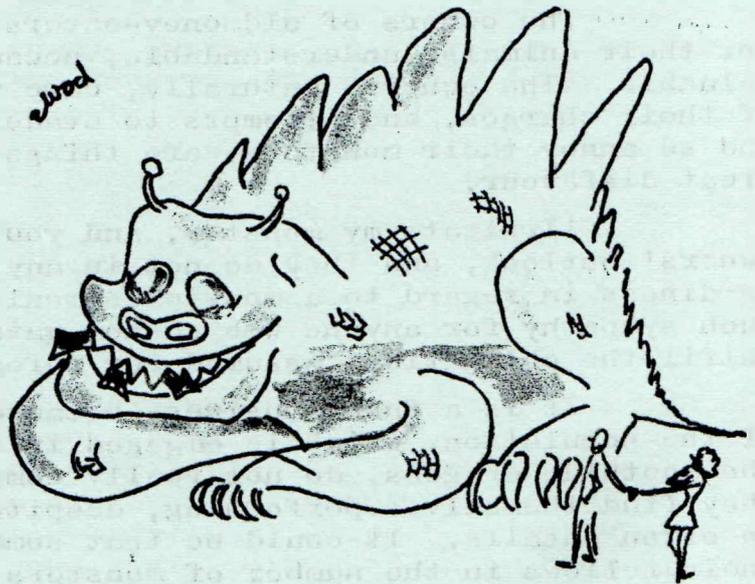
Choosing which oldmoney-eaters to feed, and which to

drive away, calls for some judicious calculation and the exertion of some will-power. These beasts, you see, even though they are so well known for their avariciousness, can still wring a human heart when keening most pathetically in actual, or simulated, malnutrition. Most piteous, perhaps, are those owned by, and proclaimed devoted to, charity. Such agonized sobbing from an animal undernourished by too few providers can melt all but the stoniest of hearts. And always we have the knowledge that old money has to be got rid of anyway, otherwise we would never get any new money, see?



The owner of an oldmoney-eating monster keeps a sharp eye upon his pet usually, you may be sure, and most commonly does his best to see that his animal gets more than enough to chew upon. A dragon, fattening steadily and nicely, warms an owner's eye to gaze upon, for thus might it more rapidly discard its dried crisp outer casings in swelling to make even more new bills.

A pleasant thing it might be to be an owner, and it is every non-owner's dream. But ownership, as may be imagined, has its responsibilities and is not without its hazards and worries. Apart from having a monster fall sick (a most dreadful and fearfully agitating thing), an owner has to be constantly on guard against illicit peelers, monster cheaters, monster swindlers, monster souvenir gougers, etcetera and etc. Some owners have had their monster grievously mauled, savagely attacked, at times even wholly stolen or killed.



People do envy an owner so much, you see, and some have not the patience to wait, to painstakingly gather the surplus of money that might enable them to start off and maintain a baby monster of their own. So always there are some people willing to break the law, to rob a monster owner of his entitlement if they can, and so to gain a monster owner's concern and unending trepidation the easy way.

A dragon owner is ever aware of the precariousness of the supply of provender to his pet, and how acute the fierce competition makes the situation. For safety a proprietor makes every endeavor to ensure that his monster lacks not for vitamins, and that it should cram and grow, solidly and reliably, so to ever more assure its owner's security. Yet, funnily enough, the bigger the monster gets, the more of it is there to watch. Which can increase an owner's anxiety somewhat, but such is the penalty of freedom from want.

Some oldmoney-eating monsters grow to quite an enormous size. Such giants can have long-established lists of providers sworn to subscribe them a fixed, regular allowance of food. Most of the huger beasts have more than one owner, and quite a few recompense their providers with some small share of the new money produced.

To assure his position, an owner of a dragon might mate it with another, or otherwise by artificial insemination, to breed another monster or two. Happy day. The more monsters, the more people required to feed them and look after them. And so the greater becomes the demand for old money in order that new money might be made, that so might be converted to old money by people, to cycle back through the monsters, to...

Undeniably the element of cannibalism is so strong as to be fundamental. The before-mentioned uneasy truce that exists between monsters knows transgression on occasion, and one monster more savage and impatient than the rest might assault another of its kind, to ferociously bite great juicy chunks of newmint out of its fellow, to sometimes become so frenzied in its lust as to consume its rival entirely. It is another risk an owner runs.

Little monsters eye big, fat monsters, and big fat monsters keep a wary eye upon their flanks. And big lean monsters eye tender little monsters, and know great temptation of palate. They think old money is delicious, and even not-so-old is pretty good - and as for fresh, well, it is easy for them to develop a taste for it.

These monsters loom everywhere, affect every facet of life, are involved in every aspect of living.

"Feed my dragon a more half-buck, and I'll give you this hamburger all for yourself," an owner coaxes.

"Feed my monster as little as five dollars a week, and

I'll give you this refrigerator," another owner begs us.

A charming young lady, owner of a seemingly inconsequentially diminutive monster can soon make us gray and devotedly fattening the beast to the grossest of proportions.

Oldmoney-eating dragons, they crowd us, and we can hardly move without throwing out palliatives of various denominations in order to clear the way and be given a few moments surcease.

With ever-hungry dragons pursuing victuals to the very limits that a beleaguered provider might be driven, and with dragon owners unavoidably attesting with their lined faces to the strains and pressures concomitant with their exalted positions, we might well wonder if everybody might not know supreme relief if the entire system could be scrapped. Even the dragons could perhaps appreciate merciful release from their neuroses.

But what might replace them? True, it has been said that the only good dragon is a dead dragon, but - and here's the rub - what is the good of a dead dragon if there are no live dragons to feed it to?

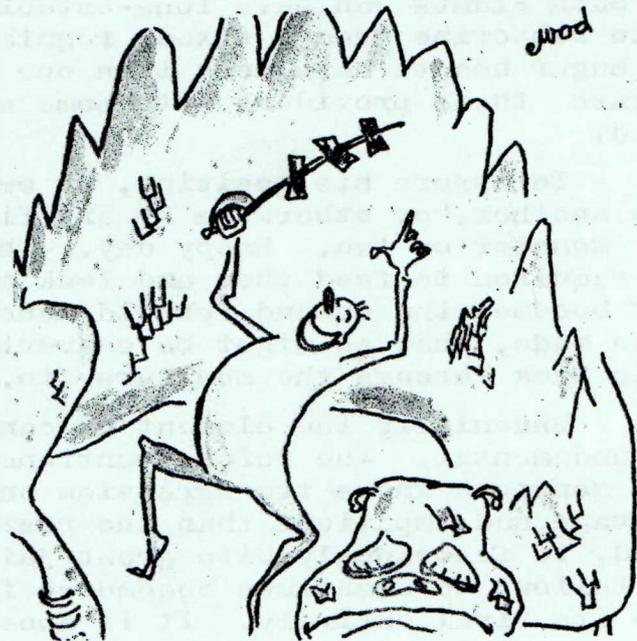
This, we may conjecture, is what, after all, lies closest to the heart of the matter, for to kill a dragon, to have a dead dragon for oneself, is a fantastic dream that even the humblest might enjoy.

An owner of a live dragon, of course, may kill it at any time he might wish. But, by the peculiar compensation that offsets good fortune, an owner often becomes too self-denyingly engrossed in promoting the growth of his pet to realise, until too late, the potential of its decease.

To really enjoy a dead dragon it must be a freelanced killing, obtained virtually for nothing, as by chance finding a new lode of base dragon-food material, or by being the one chosen to receive the dead dragon publicly subscribed to in a popular periodic campaign aimed at keeping their numbers under control.

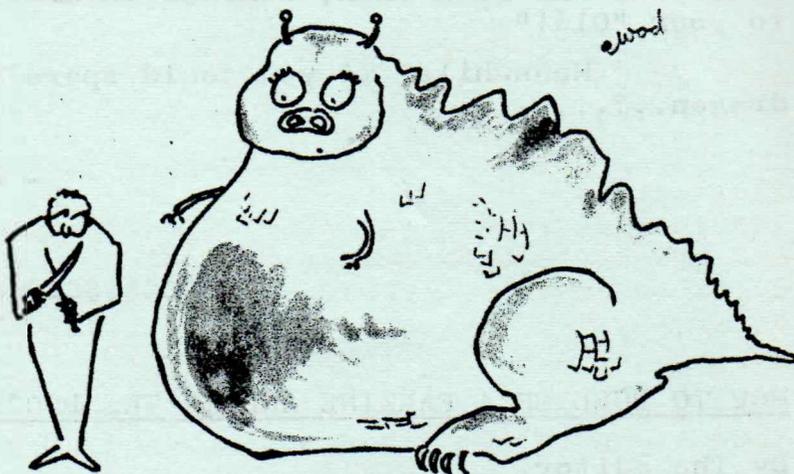
Sweeter still is it to acquire a comfortably large live dragon that has been selflessly and lovingly nurtured to obesity by a frugal, recently departed, per a heart-attack and ulcers, uncle.

The knives can be sharpened, and the tedium of tending



the overbloated monster brought to a close.

A dragon, a loothide oldmoney-eating monster, a well-stuffed one, once butchered, can be flayed seemingly indefinitely, its multi-layered greenback being strippable and retrievable with a sticker for over a quite satisfactory duration. And it can be fed piece-meal to any number of other dragons, even the hungriest, while it lasts, and thus may be employed to cause even the greediest of luxury, high-denomination dragons to purr. And this purr is a sound astonishingly



.... and the action of feeding the overbloated monster brought to a close...

soothing for one unaccustomed to hear, a sound that combines the pop of corks, the rustle of silk, the discreet murmur of violins, the creak of a servant's back, and the soft whisper of acquiescence in the magic of a mink-lined "Yes."

To have a dead dragon to dispose of, a big one, flakingly ripe, this might be everybody's dream. Curse the dragons we might, for their rapacity, for their whining solicitings to be counted among those to receive our dispensations, for the sharpness of their teeth and claws when we renege on a contract. Curse us the owners might, for our attempted niggardliness, for our tardiness and choosiness, for our withholding from generosity to their pets. Curse the whole ratty business of leverage and counter-leverage, and the struggle to survive, and the biting of the nails to wonder if all appointed dragons can be fed this week. Or conversely to fret that our delicate dragon is looking a little off-colour lately - a bad sign that could lead to productive devaluation in its hide.

Curse the nerve-wracking business! Ah - but to receive a dead dragon now, what bliss. All sorts of live-dragon owners, and non-owners, then to come by and make themselves available and offer all osrts of goodies and to beseech most politely for just a handful or two of feed.

It is a great feeling. And the feeling is the thing, and the chance to feel the feeling, even if only through the swift diminishment of a very small dead dragon.

Where would we be without the system, eh? So it is somewhat crazy - is sanity any better? In a sane society there would be no dragons, alive or dead, but would this have advantage for living? What the incentive, eh? It cannot be had both ways unless both ways are there to be had, isn't that right?

So despair you not, my friends. There can be no St. George without first there be a dragon for him to wrinkle with his pin, is this not so? Therefore gird the loins, spit upon the hands, and return to the fray with dogged good heart. Let not the monsters beat you, and good luck, comrade-in-arms, and may the world resound to your "Olé!"

Meanwhile, if you could spare a buck for my emancipated dragon...?...

- Jack Wodhams.

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HOW TO PUBLISH A FANZINE AND IN THE PROCESS RUIN YOURSELF.

By The Editor.

In case there are any readers Out There who are seriously thinking of putting out a fanzine, the following statistics may help to sway you. They are based on previous publication figures and costs of THE MENTOR. Dates are supplied. As you will see, I have quite a few back copies of some issues. Feel free to ask for back issues. They are only 25¢ each. Copies on THE MENTOR no 5 are also available.

COSTS BREAKDOWN :

Printing: 150 copies of 15 sheets (32 pages) = 2,400 shts @ \$4 thou.
 = \$10-00 (colour paper)
 cover (electro stencil) = \$2-00 (from Noel Kerr)
 30 stencils @ 10¢ ea (Neotype) = \$3-00
 dupe ink = \$2-30
 correcting fluid = \$0-35
 staples = \$0-05

Mailing: envelopes = \$3-00
 stamps: 1 copy airmail to Amazing = \$1-50
 surface, UK, (10 @ 12¢) = \$1-20
 surface, USA, (20 @ 12¢) = \$2 40
 Australia (90 @ 12¢) = \$10-80
 total posted: 121
Total Costs: \$36-60

Printed : 150. Posted : 121. File copies : 8. Handed out : (say) 15
 Of course the above is not the total cost. You may have about \$3-4 in subs. And there other little items, such as sticky tape.

WHAT YOU GET OUT OF IT ALL : Letters of Comment Breakdown.

TM 10..dist - 52; LoCs 17 - 33%	TM 14..dist - 83; LoCs 4 - 5%
TM 11 " 95 " 5 - 5%	TM 15 " 84 " 7 - 8%
TM 12 " 78 " 12 - 15½%	TM 16 " 126 " 6 - 5%
TM 13 " 57 " 10 - 17½%	TM 17 " 98 " 8 - 8%

Reality F.

The following article could be the first in a series on "Reality F."

written by Sheila Suttie.

Girls! Have you had 'carnal' knowledge of a man? 'carnal', being, according to my dictionary - 'bodily; fleshly, sensual; sexual' and, if you don't mind 'opposite to spiritual.' If your answer is "NO", then you belong to a rare group of female: Nay! almost an extinct species - you are then what is termed a Virgin.

Throughout history Virgins were revered, respected and highly treasured creatures and usually fetched a high price when sold or bartered off! More recent history tells us that a woman who remained chaste until her wedding night, brought a great gift to her husband and was, therefore, a better wife and mother and infinitely superior to her sister who was 'un-chaste' - or so we are led to believe! Pity the poor girl who fell from grace in those, not too distant days!

In our own time - like now - the term "sexual freedom" is freely bandied around, "sexual freedom", "womens' liberation", "ban the bra" and so on. These terms would seem to imply that no longer are women classed "good" or "bad" and that sexual freedom really does exist. Well does it?

How many teenagers are still warned by mothers that, quote - "a boy doesn't respect a girl he can go all the way with". This must surely be one of the most damaging statements an already confused and curious mind can hear.

This thing called "virginity" then must be worth holding on to, if one wishes to attain wedded bliss. OH YEAH? Well guys, do you agree with mother's statement? Do you class girls "good" and bad?

Do you want a virgin wife?

However, despite the obvious fifth column, girls today shed their virginity, some with relish, some out of curiosity, and some just for the heck of it! Few do so with reluctance, guilt or regret, or at least I hope not.

The psychologists could reel off "ad infinitum" the effects of sexual repressions, etc., but we all know them anyway and no-one, not even the psychologist, can tell a girl when she

should give up her virginity, or to whom! It has to be a personal thing, first, last and I hope, always. When a girl reaches a certain stage of maturity she should be able to make the decision free from pressure of any kind, be it parental, social or religious. This may not be as easy as it should be for the emphasis has changed in our time and pressures now seem to hurry the virgin into premature relationships with the opposite sex and very often the girl who admits her virginity to her friends, finds out that she is something of an oddity and has been left behind in the sexual race. This may precipitate hasty and perhaps unfortunate action in order to catch up again.

I feel that one gets no prizes for retaining one's virginity until marriage and few men truly expect it anyway. However, the "dodos" who are still of this opinion should be stayed well away from, for they would be the most likely of all men to have a low moral standard regarding their own sexual activities, having themselves associated with "bad" girls, but their wife must be a virgin, only a virgin is good enough for this egotist! I say down with this guy, leave him where he would be at home - in a museum!

Of course, the male opinion reflects greatly the female's attitude on this subject, but don't worry girls if the idol turns out to have "clay feet", whatever you do, do not regret it; in the final analysis, it is he who must suffer.

It would appear that there is a price on virginity, and there is - you'll pay it if you hold onto it for too long! Virginity does not, like wine, improve on keeping. I say the girl who insists on being a virgin bride is a fool and doing her husband no honour, rather the opposite, for as sex is a part only, of marriage (important none the less) the girl who has had previous sexual relationships (be it only with her future husband) is more certain in her own mind of the basis of her relationship with her husband. Eliminating the old bug-bear sex, she can have a more rounded relationship before marriage and get things on an even plane before committing herself for life!

The writer is remaining intentionally silent on male virginity (oh yes, it applies to them too!). I shall leave that to an expert!

So sisters - it is 1971 - let us shed the few remaining inhibitions and restrictions on this subject, cast them and your virginity aside, don't look back - for there is nothing to see!

Tear off the wraps - you may have a lot to gain and nothing to lose - nothing that is except your virginity!

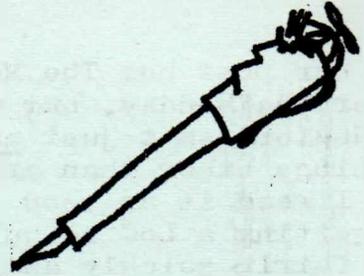
P.S. To the guys - don't worry about not being the "first", concentrate rather on being the "last".

- Sheila Suttie.

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Editors note: The "21st Century" morals of Heinlein's I WILL FEAR NO EVIL are closer than the majority think. - Ron.

the R & R dept.



Stuart Leslie
59 Mary St., Longueville, 2066. - 11/2/71

Ron,

you male chauvinist pig. Have sent copies of your editorial to local chapters of WITCH and SCUM - expect knocks on the door and the flaming brand at anytime. Womens Lib shall overcome (maybe even will). Also expect fandom to be invaded, and having seen the weakness of fans demonstrated in Melbourne, to wit : the horde which surrounded and obliterated Donna Runic (like a hive of bees round a cartoon characters head), that part of humanity should not meet with much opposition.

Jack's story fair. John Brosnan's article all true and interesting, ie : it tallies with my own thoughts, but pretty unoriginal.

Robert Bowden's "Voyage". Damn good idea but he has a lot to learn about writing. Excellent punch line. Who am I to criticise who have not even tried? I will leave it to those more able and experienced than I to point up the stories faults and excellences. I enjoyed it.

Loved the cover, beautiful conception and goddamn it, I cannot think of much else to say about the ish except thank you and I liked it. (** Which is what I wish most of the non replying readers of this zine would at least do! - Ron.**). I am never much one for LoCs. The only person I write to regularly is Bruce Gillespie and then it is seldom about SF or SFC. These are mentioned in passing just to qualify as LoCs but generally I rave on about anything but.

Never mind, I appreciate your mag and look forward to more.

Oh yes. Why did I get it LoC or Sub, I don't know. I seem to remember you made some nasty comments or something because I did not respond to the last issue of TM, and I know I guiltily wrote when I received M31, but I may have sent a sub. I dunno, ong time ago. (** Your sub ran out with No 15, but you Lopped M31 - which counted as a LoC for TM. As I mentioned elsewhere, after this issue lots of people will be dropped from the mailing lists. If they don't respond, that is. - Ron **)).

Peace and good things

Stuart.

Paul Anderson
21 Mulga Rd., Hawthorndone, S.A. 5051. - 21/2/71

Dear Ron,

I was pleasantly surprised early Saturday morning to collect

from our post box The Mentor 17. Usually fmz arrive on either the Fri or the Monday, but never never on a Saturday! (** Naturally! The Mentor isn't just another fmz, and it likes to set a precedence in things other than articles that are different! - Ron. **)). Naturally I read it as soon as I could, and that is one reason why you are getting a LoC so quickly from me. Normally I read the fmz that come fairly quickly and then put them on top of my correspondence pile until I can find the time to send a LoC, although the time lag does vary according to the time I have available for fanac and the merits of the fmz that arrive in the meantime.

Now for a belated comment on nos 14, 15 & 16. The story 'The Phone Rang' was quite effective for a story of its length. The letter from David Gray also made its point but it is a message that could be applied to the older voters as well. He likens the student demonstrators: to sheep but the students are being set a fine example of being led by the nose by their parents who vote for the same old party regardless of what they do. The 'adults' rarely question the things that the students are objecting to. The adaptation of Hiawatha was very funny in parts and now I suggest that you persuade the creator of it to write a sequel to cover the more recent events. Apparently you had a lot of trouble with no 15 in view of the high proportion of fan fiction in it. Although your fan fiction is normally worth reading in contrast to the vast majority of it. Apart from The Mentor the only fanfic worth reading that I have found to date has been is Granfalloon. Re Woodman's letter I was forced into buying a cheap stapler to reattach the back covers to a high %age of the fmz that I received. However I have had no cause to complain on that account with TM at this stage. By far the worst offender in this regard has been Yandro but I would not like to miss it just the same.

The fanfic in no 16 kept up its unusually high standard with Brosnan's little bit of humour. The comments on the Nebula awards reminded me of the last Ditmars etc at the New Year Con. Oh well, at least Calvino did not win again. No 17 was quite good and I hope that you will be able to keep it up to the standard of the previous issues. Your editorial was interesting but what is wrong with a little competition? (** Little!!! Ha, ha ha.... - Ron.**)) The Wodhams' story was, as expected, very good but I have read better stories from him, although he was paid for those efforts. (** Sshh, he might hear you.... - Ron. **)).

Have you seen Count Yorga Vampire yet? I hear that Peter House was recommending it as a good horror movie. I saw it some weeks ago and I can endorse his opinions of it even if the plot does demand that the heroes act like absolute idiots! They almost deserved to be caught by Count Yorga. In this respect The Dunwich Horror was a much better film even if it was more subdued and less melodramatic. The Brosnan article was intriguing for its inconsistencies. Pain serves an indispensable purpose in this world as an opposite to pleasure, although occasionally the two are mixed, as in childbirth.

I trust that The Mentor 18 will be only a short time in coming as it would be unfortunate if you went under from the competition from Terran Times.

Yours Fannishly

Paul

E. B. Lindsay
6 Hillcrest Ave., Faulconbridge 2776. - 22/2/71.

Dear Ron,

Thank you for The Mentor no 17. I think that I did have a sub when you left for Europe but it is really too long ago to remember. ((** Yep, you did, Eric. It gave out with no 13. However, you LoCoed. - Ron.**)).

The editorial is marvellous, but I never thought that you of all people would be the agent of the spread of TT. The fiction in The Mentor is better than that of any other fanzine. (Faint praise, it is also the only one I have seen with fiction in it.). I notice that several of the items had been published before in M31 no 2; however as Jack Wodhams' story was not finished in M31 I do not think anyone will object to them being republished.

Robert Bowden's story "Voyage" is an excellent example of fan fiction, especially in view of the short time he has been writing. I would be interested in knowing whether it is an old story of his, or a special for "The Mentor". I think it is an old story, done before his sales to "Vision", or perhaps around the time of his first sale. The characters seemed somewhat flat and lifeless, and perhaps overmuch attention given to external conditions so as to produce an effect of a travelogue, rather than a human interest in the story... ((** Robert?... - Ron.**))

Congratulations on the cover and headings, indeed on the general layout and printing of the magazine. It is much better than most fanzines. Indeed I think in general yours is the best duplicated magazine out at the moment. ((** That should get you a few letters, Eric...- Ron.**))

Keep up the series on SF Fans in Australia. I think most people are interested in who's who in fandom.

Regards,

Eric Lindsay.

John Gazzard
89 Bondi Rd., Bondi 2026. - 25/2/71.

Dear Ron,

When I first discussed your mag with you I did not realize that you would ask me for a comment, but here goes (I will quality "ask" to "hound".)

Never having been an SF reader I was quite surprised when you produced your home printed "The Mentor" to me, as I found it a very well turned out publication; as one that is inspired and produced by a deep regard for the subject matter. ((** I am not sure if it's John or the way I am translating his handwriting. - Ron.**)).

My acquaintance with sf had been limited to one novel and half of some obscure type of Buck Rogers mag some years ago. My literary taste runs from Chaucer to Fleming and I am afraid my early

bad dose of sf poisoning has led me to neglect this side of my reading. This shall be adjusted in the future.

The main thing that surprised me with this mag is that it is more a collection of fans together under Ron's editorship, working together in the same like for sf expression and enjoyment. This principle is in direct opposition to the Commercial Fanzine which is run at a profit to give vitamin-less food for the addled brains of our sheepish community.

But enough of my personal opinions and down to a article review. This book being a non-commercial work is a very good piece publication, a tribute to the makers efforts. The articles in TM 17, numbering 10 are also well placed. The editorial I found to be quite informed with a good touch of "tongue-in-cheek" humour which set the reader at his ease in the first few minutes.

"Ire, Ump and Vamp" by Jack Wodhams was a superb short story with an Alfred Hitchcock ending, which made me sleep well the night I read it, knowing that some-body in this world is still out fighting the Vampires. "Anus" was again a good article, stabbing at censorship and our governments outmoded sense of propriety and the whole capitilistic system of "make war not love." I suppose after the first 16 pages I expected too much, but I am afraid "Voyage" left me cold. It reminded me of a tall male homosexual in women's clothing. In other words, a "long drag!" The story, unlike the Juno, never got off the ground. The three pieces of poetry were well metered and produced a nice variation to the prose.

As The Mentor is a fan mag the fact that the last 13 pages are for fans comments and opinions is a great thing as this book becomes a meeting place for ideas and criticisms which can only improve your code of writing.

As I have catholic taste in literature I am afraid I cannot even call myself a fan of any particular style of writing, but as long as The Mentor produces such editions as interesting and absorbing as no 17, it will be consumed with thirst among my printed diet.

Yours,

John Gazzard.

Zian

Gallivanting around NSW somewhere. - 25/2/71.

Dear Ron,

It was a pleasure to see The Mentor in print again and with such good material. (** Aww, shucks...- Ron.**). Cy Chauvin shows a lot of promise and I hope to hear more from him. The stories were very interesting. I am glad to see even you had to admit femmefans can write and put out a good fanzine - why should sf be strictly a mans field anyway? If you remember I was the first female President (of the SSFF) and sf fandom didn't collapse in Sydney because of that. (**Oh, what did it collapse of? - Ron.**). Of course I'll admit I may have left something to be desired, but I say "Come on, femme fans show the men that we too understand and enjoy sf. Also Ron, I'd like

to see more of your stuff in print, also a bit about your travels, and the Heicon. (** I may reprint a rewritten Clarke Chronicles from EOS. - Ron.**))

Meantime keep on putting The Mentor out and good luck with it overseas.

Yours, Zian.

Don Herbison-Evans
69 Wood St., Manly 2095. 24/2/71.

Dear Ron,

Thank you for yet another Mentor (17; Feb '71). /.../ The continued arrival of The Mentor is one of the few things it seems that I can look forward to. John Brosnan's writing is gorgeous. Can he really not get into prozines? (** As far as I know he has not as yet made a sale. - Ron.**)) The beginning of 'Voyage' is a continuous astronomer's nightmare (speaking for myself). Lets hope UFO's are real. /.../ Do you want a subscription? (** Not if you can manage to keep sending LoCs, Don. - Ron.**))

Sincerely

Don Herbison-Evans.

Noel Kerr
85 Morgan St., Carnegie, Vic. 3163. 4/3/71.

Dear Ron,

How dare you use an offset cover! But since you did on THE MENTOR 17, congratulations, it's simple but very effective. An offset cover, if one has the cash, should almost be a must for the cover of a fanzine, especially if one has a lot of "solid" material or photographs to use. I may be sticking my neck out, but... who is Jan Somerville??????? (** Oh, a friend, a friend.... - Ron.**)) Funny, I remember seeing a series of covers, starting with the same idea as yours, but with each issue the girl had one less article of clothing on until..... Is this your idea too, I hope? (** Wait and see, Noel, wait and see.... - Ron.**)).

A contents page on the back? Just as well I read from the back.

IRE, UMP AND VAMP is my type of material... are you going to put Jack on the rack (?) to get more of these stories from him? I hope so. Remember Jack, we don't have censorship in fanzines, unless you belong to ANZAPA. (** And zines probably are about the only published things which aren't. At least some zines. - Ron.**))

I'm afraid that poetry usually leaves me cold. It has always seemed to me to be a restrictive way of telling a story. Of course I may not be a very good judge as the only poetry I can remember is... "I must go down to the sea again, to the lonely sea and the sky. And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by..." Hardly the stuff one would publish in a fanzine. (**Oh? -Ron.

28.

John Brosnan, as usual, makes good reading, or should I say good easy reading, and "THOU ANUS ART A MANY SPLENDID THING" is no exception. One thing though, what does he mean "... They are the real obscenities in this world, not the harmless fuck." Harmless fuck. I'm sure there are many girls who would argue this point (sorry about that).

VOYAGE, I will be reading tonight as I seem to have missed this short story.

"Science Fiction Fans In Australia", is a great idea. I had an idea along these lines for Sweet Nothings, but you have beaten me to it. Good luck to you. You never learn much about Peter Darling by talking to him, so it was nice to get to know him by reading his article. (I did warn you about using that poor quality photograph of Peter. Readers may think he smokes Pot).

In all, a nice interesting issue with simple but nice layouts. Keep it up.

Cheers (or to be corny, Peace)

Noel.

Steven Phillips
45 Day St., Marrickville 2204. 8/3/71.

Dear Ron,

Thanks for The Mentor No 17. It is the first I have seen of your magazine and I must say that I was favourably impressed. The Mentor is easily one of the better produced Australian fanzines I have seen and deserves to do as well as the number of the last issue suggests.

It does suffer from an obvious lack of art-work, but when we are concerned with reading, pictures are not of primary importance. However, absolutely no pictures at all would have been better than that badly reproduced ghost of Peter Darling. Only those of us who have seen him in the flesh could make any recognition. (**It wasn't the repro, Steven, it was the photo.-R)

Peter's autopotography was fairly interesting, at least giving illustration to the fact that intelligent people read SF (though most people reading The Mentor will of course already know this, even if they believe only themselves to be intelligent).

I had seen the Bowden story before, at a meeting of a literary society to which we both belong (the copy you received, by the way, was one of that society's duplications) and Rob has my opinion of it. I remember quite clearly him and I thrashing it out for a complete meeting to the response of snores from the crowd. (Rob and I have a way of penetrating deeply into an argument, yet sticking rigidly to our own views).

Of the verse of Cy Chauvin I am rather uncertain. Some strong words are used with seemingly little thought for compatability, e.g. "sadness of suffering". Sadness? Perhaps it is more like agony - I know that when I suffer I feel a little more than "sad". And just the statement of the word is rather "unpoetic" - it deserves the use of some imagery (I am refering to "suffering") to actually promote the feeling. Who will read "suffering" and think of what suffering is? It should be stated with an image to illustrate its force. Reptition of images - "black baby", "purple shadows" - is like overdropping a hint.

Anyway, your magazine is a good one. When the next issue comes around, I hope to have time for a deeper crticisim.

Regards,
Steve.

Leith Morton
110 O'Connor St., Haberfield 2045. 15-3-71.

Dear Mr Clarke,

thank you for your sample copy of The Mentor, in return I enclose a copy of our annual magazine - Enigma. Thank you also for your offer of publicity, publicity would be greatly appreciated. I hope you are able to publish some of this information....

This is the third year that the Science Fiction Association has been in business. Our activities (see the introduction to Enigma ((reprinted in "TM's Info Page"))) centre around a fortnightly get-together, usually held in the S.U. Union Cellar. The main function of the Association is to provide discussion on S.F./Fantasy topics. We also have a small library and we spend much time book-swapping. We had tentative plans for a film in 1970; however, this (like most of our tentative plans) came to nothing. Although we did publish a magazine which, unfortunately, due to a scarcity of material was of not as high a quality as we had hoped. But we intend to continue publication of Enigma, this year in a somewhat expanded form, or at least, we hope a magazine of a higher standard than last year. There are also plans to begin publication of a monthly newsletter. This, we would anticipate, will incorporate some of the more interesting papers/talks that are delivered at our meetings as well as some "fact" articles on matters on general interest.

We would welcome greater contact with other Sydney SF organisations, especially in regard to providing guest speakers at our meetings; though there are many S.F./Fantasy fans on Sydney Campus there is a paucity of 'interested' people i.e. people willing to come along and talk or deliver a short paper on some matter vaguely related to sf.

Thank you again for your magazine, it was most inter-

30.

esting, I hope you enjoy ours!

Yours Sincerely

Leith Morton

President of the S.U.S.F.A.

1969-70

Kevin Dillon

P.O. Box 105, St James, 2000. 16/3/71.

Dear Ron,

The Mentor came to Box & I eventually got it (lost key, usual troubles). If typer holds up I may even l o c. That's a very fine cover. Yes. Your writing on femme fans etc reminds me I've tried to rebut Bruce G on women sf writers in a letter to Dave Grigg lately. Sore subject. I don't think I'm too subjective, tho I know what I like, yes, also, I tend to want to see more women writers, not just in sf either. We do tend to be too simple in our generalisations re women etc in or out of sf. Me, too. But I'd much rather have em. They've usually had to do a fairly competent job in writing, eg, to succeed well enough. At hand near me are "Roads" by Madge Jenison, a beautifully poetic study of man and history, "Houses and History" by Rosemary Sutcliff &, for the fiction side, Andre Norton's "Starman's Son" or any earlier (or later, for comparison) & "Such" by Christine Brook-Rose. Recommended. Without heavy arguing surely we're better off with these books and writers that without.

I tend to want to go on about this, comparing it to preconceptions I could easily have about anyone, from Colin Wilson to Tolkein to Louis Charbonneau to Howard to underground comics to advertising, well ---

Comment. Liked the editorial. Love your photo work headings especially for a Jack Wodhams I enjoyed again, as a light beginning. Poetry? Still a good (& good-looking layout) addition. Brosnan, well, it's still fun. Fiction. Quite fair enough choice, but perhaps I enjoyed poetry more. A lot of response you see but no discriminating detail of comment, no? Letters? It was you to blame for that Bruce start on Norton, etc. Well, I still cannot go along with his assumptions but only want to say that Norton does her thing better perhaps than a lot of other "hacks" in & out of sf. She also improves. The mark of a good writer & professional - what more can I say? Defence rests. Bruce's letter was a good start I guess to rest. Surely Alyson Blake leaves open all the untested tried & true suppositions re timetravel, & extrapolations on it? "Livable", our world? Remind me to reread a good sf old or new tt story again - if I ever get time. Like Cy Chauvin I might appreciate a lil more of UUUU in The Mentor. Who knows? I'd love to finish or be doing some zines for CC.

To finish with the Peter Darling was very pleasing.

Quite helpful. Peter comes across very well indeed. A good style & not too short. Fun. A great pity the photo wasn't much better, of course. Since you finally mention the CC fanzine, a little more of reviews & adverts, like so, do not go amiss. Tho I may never get to renew real activity again, sadly, unless a lot changes. I appreciate all the info otherwise missed. MORE!

How about a little more info on costs, methods, etc? (** Hows about this issue for you, Kevin? - Ron.**) I'm still at mercy of that publisher/bookseller outfit who are dragging on buying my machinery, which is necessary to get me moved, very unfortunately. Bad! This only leads to mentioning that I'd be happy to sell the 3 machines, now with mechanical check-up & repair, if anyone's interested. HELP??

Enjoyed it all, hope to stay on list. Behind with lots of subs, renewals, etc. May see you at Easter, or sooner, perhaps? Best,

Kevin.

Alex Robb

120 Herring Rd., Eastwood, NSW 2122. 17-3-71.

Dear Ronald,

Gaffia is fun.

I never knew it could be such fun.

Here I am, slowly completing the reading of my copy of "Australia, Where It's All Happening", ANZAPA mailing no.14 for December 1970, noting with interest that Peter Darling had a mailing comment on me, and generally retaining some feeling at least of being an Australian fan, up on what's on. The last mailing I wrote out for it, NEW ZEALAND NOTES, will never be seen, as P.Darling, receiving it (from Mt. Cook, New Zealand after the current postal strike of the time) and noting that the February mailing deadline was now over... posted it back for me for running off - which means it's still floating around New Zealand looking for me, or in other words - lost. *sob!* It was a beautiful mailing. Lavish. Full of the most beautiful mailing comments. Beautiful. Well you know what I mean...

If it ever does return, I will gladly give the central section of it to TM, the part in which I go out of my respective mind (or minds) contemplating the mountains of New Zealand, the glaciers of New Zealand, the rivers of New Zealand.. All that consigned to the dead letter office! The PMG be damned, and may Monsieur Darling be confined to a river of slowly sinking quicksand.

So I left ANZAPA. My beautiful production gone, there seemed no point in continuing, and fortunately I realised at that point of deciding things that I didn't have the time (hours in the day) to continue anyway, so that was o.k. That poem in The Mentor 17 was mine by the way - its alright, I'll note the

fact here in this Letter of Comment as long as you don't tell anyone.(!) It was originally a story about a little amphibious extra-terrestrial named "Melanteron" which I never got 'round to writing, which I finally made into a poem. I sent it first to you for possible inclusion in TM, later to Michael O'Brien for Carandaith, who promptly lost it (along with drawings and a carefully worded explanation which I was at much pains over). Now that it has seen print I will see fit to bury the axe, and not in M. O'Brien's head! I'm glad that it saw print where it did, incidently - I'm kind of quietly proud that the only two poems I ever wrote with any hint of talent went in The Mentor. There are unlikely to ever be any more of their type.

"I grow old,
I grow old,
I shall wear my trousers rolled."

That's not quite how the original went. I have outstanding letters to write for a few people and must flog myself to write them this week. At least characters like Bruce Gillespie will now wonder a great deal less about what I do with my time. Apart from being the model train fan that D Grigg notes, I have currently two major productions to turn out; one a booklet for Scripture Union for which they will be paying me at the current rates, the other a paper on Paul Simon of Simon & Garfunkel: "The Songwriter as Artist: Christian perspective on the words of Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel." The latter is taking up much of my time, and will run to 20-24 pp. foolsc'p, and is an expansion of the paper of different name given to the Macquarie University Literary Society last year. The next time I get to speak to Littsoc it will be on the works of a certain Brian Aldiss. God willing. At this very moment I am busy turning out the Evangelical Union's magazine, Ruach.

And it's nice to have your name mentioned. Turn to page four of SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 41 by Richard E. Geiss and you find this little snippet of information:

"I see we have a letter of comment here from Alex Robb of Australia."

"Yes, he commented on the fact that I have been inadvertently sending him two copies of each issue."

"ORGANIZED, GEIS, GET ORGANIZED!"

"He very nicely sold the extra copies and sent the money to John Foyster, our agent."

"A Good Man, a Truefan all the way."

Well, that wasn't all that painful, was it? And note for Kevin Dillon: he cannot expect to continue getting copies of the world's best sf prozine for nothing! (Therein lies a story. The extra copies were snarled up by John Bangsund, who misunderstood a very scrawled letter sent to him, Geis did not catch up on the duplication, I did not make money but gave the extras to Kevin Dillon and paid for them myself. End of sordid

little story.)

The only other thing I might want to go into here is an airmail letter from Alpajpuri, sent some time ago, very topical just now because as you will know the new series CARANDAITH, Volume 2:1, has come. (It's beautiful by the way. Orange cover, articles on rock, on language invention, on proposals for setting up movable art-happenings and related activities by Barry Kahn, fanzine dept. - never seen these ones! - good book reviews, a fair long story, Lettercol, and a sort of raving insanity by John Ingham called "foma".) In his letter to me Paj is good enough to describe C'DAITH 2:2 :-

"Cdth 6 is now all typed, and will be printed later this month (Nov '70 that is). Cdth 6 will be about 90 or 92 pages mimeod with colour illustrations. Artists are George Barr, Tim Kirk, Dan Osterman, Doug Lovenstein, yrs. truly, and lots of others. Material will be various articles covering: The Greatful Dead & the metaphysical university in San Francisco; on the effects of cannabis indica; on translating LotR into other languages; a philosophical/political/ column (4 pages) by Dan Osterman; a fantasy story by me; on certain weaknesses in LotR caused (says author Cory Panshin) by Tolkien's Christian beliefs; books and fmz reviews; a Heicon report by Robin Johnson; and some 27 pp of letters.

"Plus some miscellaneous odds and ends I'm throwing in at the last minute..."

I also asked him to comment on 1-PALANTIR. Here is his reply: "I-Palantir is okay if you're a Tolkien fan. I'm not going to even begin reprinting them until I get Cdth 6 out of the way. But I do recommend them - articles written earlier in Tolkien fandom are too easily forgotten & overlooked & repeated (painstakingly) by later fans - all the old material should be kept in circulation, & this is what I'm trying to do by reprinting the Palantirs."

I have more material from the Pajpuri, but I'll tell you about it next time. From now, its cheers. all

& PS. In spite of anything you may read elsewhere, the Paj's present address is: c/o Lab DuQuesene, 330 S Berendo St., Los Angeles, CA. 90005, USA.

- Alex.

Cy Chauvin
17829 Peters, Roseville, Michigan, 48066, USA. 15/3/71.

Dear Ron,

Thanks for your letter and THE MENTOR 17, one of which arrived today. /.../ I liked the "features" in TM best; like I may have mentioned in my previous loc, they help give the zine more 'personality'. Too often a poorly-produced zine comes off a collection of articles, stories, etc. rather than as a unified

whole. I think a little personality injected into a fanzine binds it together.

I think Jack Wodhams' story builds up to a nice level of suspense/horror, but then he goes and spoils it all by throwing a jelly cream pie in your face -- i.e., ~~Wanda~~ the White Witch?? That isn't very convincing, I'm afraid; I wish Jack could have thought up something that would leave a real feeling of horror with the reader after he'd finished the story. (See Michael Bishop's "Darktree, Darktide" in the April F&SF for a good example of what I mean.)

Robert Bowden's "Voyage" is a bit unbelievable at times; you would think that this "fatalistic" idea that man can never voyage to the stars would be dead in science fiction, but apparently it's not. "Hundreds of years of research and experimentation had proven this beyond any doubt" he says; I would hate to predict what just a hundred years hence might bring. Think back a hundred years -- could anyone in 1871 have predicted what life would be like now? Yes, I know this is all arguing with the basic premises of a story, which is, after all, only "fiction". It's just that I find a lot of Bowden's story unconvincing. I don't think he's all that consistent -- after "Hundreds of years of research and experimentation" have passed, I wouldn't expect Kennedy or Houston to still be the centers of space control... From all that I've said, I imagine you think I didn't like the story; but, paradoxically, I did in some ways... Robert Bowden seems a little like Roger Zelazny, since they both have a wild, flaring hand for imagery in their sf (although I think Bowden got carried away with it in this story; he depends too completely on it, when it would have been wise to make the plot a little stronger or something.). And the end still hit me and made a lasting impression (unlike the Wodhams story); it's easy to see that Bowden is a professional.

Both the S.F.A. Dept. and Science Fiction Fan Dept. are good ideas, and I hope you receive some response concerning them. Perhaps you could get someone to do some reviews of the local Australian fmz; I, at least, would be interested in reading such a column. Of course, this all goes along with my idea of making a fanzine's "personality"... (Or maybe I'm one of those "throwbacks" -- a faaannish faan)?

People (faneds in particular) tell me that it is difficult to get contribs, at least unsolicited ones -- it doesn't matter whether you are in Australia, the U.S.A., or England. Though perhaps it just seems that difficult because you are doing the soliciting/editing. Locs aren't usually that hard to get, though, and I'm surprised that your lettercol is so thin; perhaps it's just the long time between issues that has caused it. Artwork is also rather easy to get in the U.S., at least if you electro-stencil your artwork (I assume that you do). Surely there must be someone down there who can produce and whose arm you can twist...? (** Would you believe my brother-in-law? - Ron.** And remember that a lot can be done with layout, too; I recall

one zine (appropriately named CHANTS OF MADNESS) which had rather poor artwork, but the lettering/layout/white space all was very effectively used, and the result was much better than you would imagine. But that's enough on that..

Thanks for mentioning my fmz review column; Australia's own SF COMMENTARY is reviewed in the second of my columns, and I hope to get with THE MENTOR and the other Aussie zines later on... Perhaps I can devote an entire column to reviewing them, if enough faneds respond.

Bruce Gillespie, regarding female writers, has undoubtedly changed his mind by now. In that year-and-a-half lapse, Ursula K. LeGuin, Joanna Russ, Kate Wilhelm and other female writers have emerged as undeniable "first class" science fiction-eers (or whatever you want to call them). And some of the older ones have produced occasional good stories (I'm thinking specially of Zenna Henderson's "J-Line to Nowhere", Judy Merrill's "Homecoming" (see Ted Paul's review of it in SFR 34), and Suzette Hagen's "For the Sake of Grace.") But that is enough of that...

Did you recall meeting Mary Reed/and/or Legg while in England? She mentioned you, and now I'm wondering what was the connection... (** Yes, I met Mary at a meeting of the Hertsfordshire SF Club whilst I was over there. I wrote of it in an issue of EOS, of which I apparently did not send you a copy, Cy. Wonderful girl - her husband is a lucky fellow. And she is one of the leading lights in UK fandom (or was before she married. How is she going now? - Ron.**)

Have you seen the new prozine out? It's not "sf" really, and in a sense isn't "new" but... It's called FORGOTTEN FANTASY, and is a revival of FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES, the pulp fantasy magazine of the 40's and 50's. It specialises in the fantasy and horror reprints from the past, but is like no reprint magazine I've seen, it is simply BEAUTIFUL... better produced than even ANALOG, I think. Has a lettercol, features, too, and the editor is a fan, I suspect... The serial they are running is Ghodwaful; Short Stories aren't bad, though -- maybe the novel will get better as time goes on. It has "class" though, and its worth picking up if only to thumb through it and lay on your coffee-table... I don't know whether you can pick it up in Australia, however. Then there's another magazine, which in the tradition of VISION and NEW WORLDS is published "slick magazine" size. I haven't seen it yet. Wonder if it will do any better than those other two in that format? Maybe there's a better market for a magazine like that in the U.S.... Ah, well, I'd better close this off now as there's no space left...

Yours,
Cy.

* The above stencil was typed on the 20/3/7. Sorry if any late comers have lost out, though you'll be in next issue.

tm's INFO PAGE.

The poem To Break A Star, in The Mentor 17, was by Alex Robb, who has since told me he has gafiated from the active fan scene. Pressure of work, among ather things.

* * * * *

Noel Kerr has an electro-stencil service which is cheap and good and though, because it uses the post, one has to plan accordingly, it is about a week for interstate fans to receive the copy back, at two dollars (\$2) it is a lot cheaper than the one given by Roneo Vickers (about \$3-85). All the headings and interior illos in The Mentor have been done with Noel's stencil service. If you are thinking of putting out a fanzine, contact Noel Kerr at : 85 Morgan St., Carnegie, Vic 3163. Postage back of the stencil is in a mailing tube and is free.

* * * * *

ACTIVE[@] AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION CLUBS

- NSW - Down Under Space Kooks : President (Shayne McCormack)
49 Orchard Rd.,
Bass Hill,
NSW 2197
- Sydney Science Fiction Foundation : President SSFF,
Box A215
P.O. Sydney South,
Sydney 2000.
- Sydney University "Science Fiction Association":
Pres: Leith Morton
110 O'Connor St.,
Haberfield 2045.
- QLD - Brisbane Science Fiction/Fact Club : Box 2268
GPO Brisbane,
Queensland 4001.
- VIC - Melbourne Science Fiction Club : Box 1267L,
GPO,
Melbourne
Vic. 3000

I think there are also clubs at both Melbourne and Monash Unis, but haven't up-to-date info on these.

[@] By "active" I mean that these clubs actually hold meetings, though they might not all discuss sf at all meetings.

There are several fanzines I've seen and heard about but haven't gotton. One is "Norstralian News" - a news fanzine.

FANZINES RECEIVED:

TERRAN TIMES 3. December 1970. Edited by Shayne McCormack & Nomad
49 Orchard Rd., 20 Tryon Ave
Bass Hill, Wollstonecraf
NSW 2197. NSW 2065

Is a DUSK publication and has fiction (partly Star Trek based), articles, reviews and lots of other goodies. My editorial in TM 17 dealt with this publication. A must.

THE FANARCHIST 3. February 1971. Edited by David R Grigg, at 1556 Main Rd., Research, Victoria 3095. Has an account by David of his Odyssey to the wilds of Wicked Sydney and the sordid things he found. Though he never did say what went on in that drive-in with Shayne. It also has a short skit on fannish words (very cliquish), various poems, a column by John Anderson which looks like it could be a good feature if kept, and a letter column. A one-editor Aussie/Pom zine.

THE SOMERSET GAZETTE 5. January 1971. Edited by Noel Kerr, at Box 1267 L, GPO., Melbourne, 3110 Vic. A professionally done club zine with offset wrapperaround cover and super duper. Club (MSFC) reports, articles on Erle Cox, Heicon, the Bus, and fantastic artwork. Especially the back cover. I'm jealous.

PEACE PLANS 13. July 1970. Edited by John Zube, at Wilshire St., Berrima, NSW 2577. Libertarian Press Assn. For those who follow politics, here is a 90 pp ($\frac{1}{2}$ f'scap) booklet of Plans for, I presume, political reform. Not Communistic or fascist or nazi. Plan 226: Liberation at the place of work. Plan 227: Capitalist vs state socialist prisons. Plan 228: Tax-strike.

BOY'S OWN FANZINE 1. March 1971. Edited by Leigh Edmonds and John Foyster at 2/28 Ardmillan Rd., Moonee Ponds, Vic 2039. This is a fanzine. Nil sf in the first issue. Good all the same as it includes John Bangsunds speech at the MelCon on Ektrochiasology. Not to be missed. Long story (for a zine) by Don Simons on adventures running gold in a flying boat in 1948 and a short vignette by Apollo Papayannou on a excursion by him and Lee Harding into the Victorian Wilds (yeah, they've got them there, too). Rather empty page-size illos scattered throughout.

NO-EYED MONSTER 18. Summer 1970. Edited by Norman Masters, at 720 Bald Eagle Lake Rd., Ortnville, Michigan 48462, USA. This is a poesy zine. It has 60 pp ($\frac{1}{2}$ quarto, I suppose) of which 36 p are poetry. And some if it is good. It also has several articles, one on Cthulhuthian Eschatology (part VI), a couple of stories (the best one is about a whore who gets mind raped), and is probably the most un-normal zine I have seen for some time.

+ + + + +

The above zines can be got by various methods, but I think the editors wouldn't mind sending a sample on request. - Ron.

+ + + + +

ENIGMA. Pretty much of a. No date, issue no, though is apparently the first issue. Edited by Leith Morton. 'Comments and copy for future issues of Enigma may be sent to S.U.S.F.A., Union Box 126; Sydney Uni. Is published by the Sydney University S F Assn, and is foolscap in size, printed mineo one side of paper, Australian quarto sized print blocks. 15 pages including two (different) cover illo pages; though one may be the back page. It has nine poems and some not bad prose. SF orientated (see R & R Dept. this issue). The following is lifted directly form the info page: "The SU Science Fiction Assn. has meetings every second Thursday during term at 5.15 pm at the location printed in the Daily Bull that day (usually the Cellar). At these meetings the members discuss S.F. (**!!!! - Ron.***) plan future activities and have free book swapping (a boon for poor uni. students)."

"To join the Association, come to the meetings or send your name address, phone no. faculty and a list of the books you are willing to lend out, with authors in alphabetical order, together with your membership fee (a miserable 60¢) to S.U.S.F.A., Union Box 126 (intermal mail is free)."

+ + + + +

Brisbane will be holding a SF Convention over Easter. Contact Denis Stocks at the address given for the BSF/F Club.

+ + + + +

There are some back copies of The Mentor available for those interested. Number 5 @ 6¢ ea, and nos 14, 15, 16, 17 at 25¢ ea. or all 5 for \$1 (cash please). Disregard any different prices anywhere else in this issue for back copies.

+ + + + +

Thanks, David, for Mosaic. I like it and it's in 19. Thanks, Noel for prompt service for headings for TM 17. Thanks, Jack, for autob.

+ + + + +

SFA.

Last issue in SFA I asked readers : a) Can Australia hold a World SF Convention in 1975 and, b) Should Aust. hold a WorldCon (in 1975 or otherwise). Two people answered:

Paul Anderson: I think that Australia should at least try to hold the WorldCon in 1975 as it can't do any harm and it will locate a large no. of new fans in Aust during the publicity stages. However, we may not be able to have a good auction then as with our auctions fetching such comparatively low prices we can anticipate that all of the better items donated for the cause will be bought by the few American attendees. It could become a fantastic bargain basement for them, as we will be broke

Australian S. F. Fans -

The most active femmefan in Australia, co-editor of TERRAN TIMES, President of DUSK, and who will make a name for herself in world fan circles as well as in Australia :



SHAYNE McCORMACK

I don't really see why there should be any interest in an article on me, but the editor spoke in a desperate tone of voice, and I suppose the mother instinct in me is partly to blame.

I was born, after a brief struggle, in the Sydney suburb of Paddington on the 23rd of January, 1951. I had a normal childhood, and a somewhat lonely school life. I got on rather badly with most of my teachers through an inability to keep my mouth closed. I still have the same inability.

I had originally intended to go all the way through High School and get my Leaving (as it was then), but I reached 4th year, all my friends were leaving, and I had the added torture of two more years of compulsory mathematics (at which I am almost laughingly bad.). I decided to do my School Certificate and leave. I regret doing so, now, though I didn't then.

There are very few occupations for a girl of 16 with a School Certificate. I tried working in a shop (lasted two weeks before my feet gave out) and folding things for the Taxation Department.

I had always sworn that I would never work in an office. I knew I would be bored silly and probably be a terrible stenographer, but it ended up that this was what I had to do. I went to Business College and "graduated" with a typing speed of 60 wpm and a Summerhayes shorthand speed of 120 wpm. I still do that speed (It's amazing what money can do to the penhand : my present employer pays a bonus of \$8 a fortnight for 120, so I officially do 120).

I worked at a variety of places, and it was while giving the Water Board the pleasure of my services that I came into contact for the first time with fandom. That would have been... let me see... November, 1968. Good Lord, how time flies.

Anyhow, I won't bore you with that again. Gary Mason is to blame for it all, he sold me a Star Trek Concordance, took Sabina (the other co-editor of Terran Times) to SynCon. I didn't understand most of what those strange people were raving on about. But I knew it was what I wanted to be in on. That was the end of one lifetime and the beginning of another. Everything before that day had been tame and ordinary. Why, when I told somebody a thing would be done real soon, I meant it!

As for my likes and interests, I like : reading science fiction, Georgette Heyer, good fanzines, Star Trek stories (also good ones), and well constructed historical novels, especially on the Stuart and Regency periods. I like attending Conventions, Astronomy, collecting books, painting in all forms, horse riding, writing (someday I will get something published), and occasionally getting away from civilization (do you know the dinosaurs existed for 150 million years... kind of makes civilization look like a fad, doesn't it...). My, how my mind goes off onto odd tangents.

I love Australia and Sydney (a Patriot, and not ashamed to say it), classical music, especially vibrant, strong music, the colours red, purple and black, Volkswagens (one of which I possess, going by the name of Montgomery), and an incredible list of other equally ridiculous items.

Well, I think that about all of interest. I really hate writing about myself, I'm so boring.

- Shayne McCormack.

-----ooooo000oooo-----

The above is the second in a series of fan autobiographies by the fans themselves. They will be of fans resident in Australia, and usually thought of as Australians by overseas fans and sf devotees.

Next issue will feature a biog with a slightly different slant, in that it is written by a well known science fiction writer in Sydney and who is considered by most of the Aussie fans as a fan as well as author. This is where Aust writers are closer to their UK counterparts than to their US. A And this writer was, like the other sf writer normally resident in Sydney (Capt A.B. Chandler), born in Britain.

It is, of course, Jack Wodhams.

THE MENTOR

APRIL 1971

NUMBER EIGHTEEN

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This issue is dedicated to Jack Wodhams : for putting up with me.

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Why you have this publication :

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> We trade zines (?) | <input type="checkbox"/> This is a sample issue. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> You sent a Letter of Comment | <input type="checkbox"/> You sent a contribution. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Care to comment? | <input type="checkbox"/> You sent a subscription. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I must like you or something | <input type="checkbox"/> Your subscription has run out. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> I am waiting for your zine. | <input type="checkbox"/> Yes, well... |
| <input type="checkbox"/> This is your last issue unless you respond in some way. | |