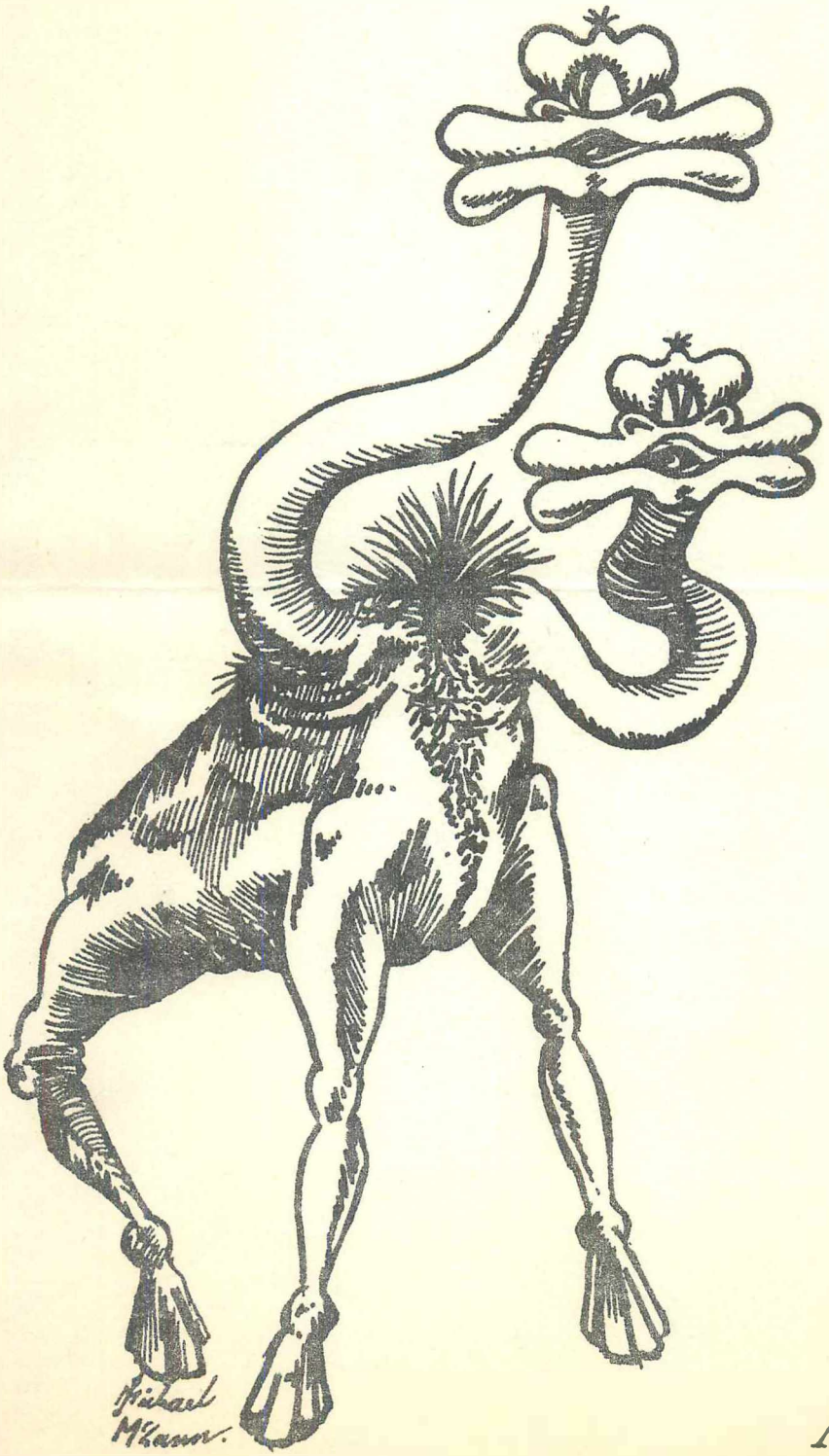
THE MENTOR 30



APRIL 1981

THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

April 1981 Number 30

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RON'S ROOST.

The 'editorial' thish is ultra short. New postal regulations state that one cannot use the back of an issue for mailing wrapper - which cuts down another 1½ pages for print. And the cost of overseas postage means that 26 pp is the limit. Out Of the Greenhouse had to go in one issue, uncut, so Bert Chandlers column (titled The Road To Gor), plus Bob Smith's piece (titled Reflections of a Fringe Fan), plus the last part of the History, plus an article by John Alderson (titled What Energy Crisis?) and a couple of Diane Southgate's reviews had to be left over for TM 31.

As per usual, electro-stencils were cut by Allan Bray. This is the last stencil to be typed, and is being done so on 24/2/81 - another Strike Day for me. Hope you enjoy thish, and remember - AUSTRALIA IN '83!

OUT OF THE GREENHOUSE

BY MICHAEL HAILSTONE.

It has been a good day in the greenhouse today. It gets really quite hot in here, and my greatest pleasure nowadays is to take off my clothes and bask in here all day. Actually the weather has been so fine lately, the days so still, the air so clear and the sun so hot, that one could quite comfortably go naked outside, so long as one could keep one's feet off the ice and snow; but one would quickly end up with a nasty dose of sunburn and snowblindness.

The days have been keeping quite hot, with the shade temperature coming very close to melting-point (funny how we used to call it "freezing"). Yesterday's maximum was -2.8°C., though this is not quite as warm as we were getting a couple of weeks ago. I fear that the warmest weather is now behind us, it being now February 8th, and as the snow holds very little heat, temperatures will probably drop very quickly as the sun moves northwards; the long winter seems already just round the corner.

The tomatoes are coming on very nicely - I should be able to take half a dozen home this evening. I don't really know why I'm bothering to write this, as it is extremely unlikely that there will be anyone else around interested in reading it. The only intelligent beings likely to be interested would have to come from another planet, and then I rather doubt that they'd be able to read English.

The pyramid was very well designed. The glass, consisting of panels of solar grey toughened glass, was calculated to withstand battering by hailstones and vandals, and so has stood up remarkably well to the rigours of this new ice-age. Because of the steep slope of the sides, snow will slide off before a great thickness can build up, and even when thick ice has accumulated on the glass, the glass and aluminium frame has proven strong enough to bear the weight. Not that it snows much these days - the air is too cold and dry. Although the shade temperature approaches melting-point by day, it drops like a stone once the sun goes down.

As I said, the air is crystal-clear. It is always crystal-clear, except during a blizzard, when blowing snow obscures the sky. There is no pollution, no smog, and the weather is sunnier than it ever used to be. There are no cars — or rather, I should say, no moving cars, because, even if there was any petrol, which there isn't, there would be no people to drive them. And somehow, because of this, this is just not Sydney any more. It seems a rather damning indicament of the state of our affluent technological

civilization at the time of the coming of the Cloud, that Sydney to me seemed synonymous with motor cars, jampacked roads and photochemical smog. I am not quite old enough to remember the old Sydney, the more romantic Sydney of the harbour, the ferries and the trams, before the cars took over. Oh yes, the harbour was still there, and so were most of the ferries too, but they had ceased to mean anything any more; the rise of the consumer society has seen to that. The harbour is still there now of course, and so are the ferries, only they don't run any more. Even if there were fuel to run them, and people to use them, they would be quite useless, locked as they are in the ice, which has rendered the harbour little more useful than a skating rink. In fact, if the motor-mad populace were still around with petrol to run their infernal cars, they would have a field day, being able to drive to Manly along the same seven-mile route that the ferry used to take, instead of the hopelessly congested bridges and roads around the harbour.

However, of course, it is the people who make a city. I miss the open-air concerts in Martin Plaza and the chess games in Hyde Park and at Circular Quay, even the Sunday afternoons in the Domain. The city is as dead as the proverbial doornail. All the buildings are still there -- the tall buildings that many complained about, but they are already showing serious signs of decay, as a result of the onslaught of ice and blizzard. The feeling of death pervades the city, so I avoid it as much as possible, venturing therein only for the odd foraging expedition. I usually confine myself to the Cahill Expressway for my daily trek between the glasshouse in the Botanical Gardens and the underground shelter underneath Observatory Hill, which I now call home though sometimes for a change I go for a walk out on the harbour.

The afternoon is waning, and it will soon be time, before it gets too cold, to trek back to Observatory Hill, and make the evening weather observation. I don't know why I keep doing that, but I guess it is at least partly because deep down I haven't altogether given up hope, despite what Clyde says. He might well be an expert astronomer, adept at calculating planetary temperatures and the like, but he's been wrong before, and I would love to prove him wrong about this, if only I could find enough evidence for a good old ding-dong argument to fill an otherwise dreary evening. You see, Clyde is the only other human being that I ever speak to -- face to face, that is. Thank God that there are other humans still alive on the planet that I can speak to, albeit not face to face.

The only reason why I am still alive, instead of having joined the vast majority of the human race, is that both Clyde Jacobs and I are radio hams. I took the hobby up about ten years ago, when I was living a reasonably happy but rather mundane suburban married life with a satisfactory but rather monotonous job, working in the field that I'm naturally good at -- electronics. It opened up a much bigger world for me, when I made contacts in such exciting faraway places as Darwin, Singapore, Tokyo. Irkutsk, Fairbanks, and a little place callled Crawfordsville in the American state of Indian , to name just a few. Not that we exactly went in for deep philosophical discusssions on the air; conversations were nearly always limited to esoteric technical details about serials, dipoles and the like, though we did at times stoop to such trivial topics as the weather, so that I could go around with my nose in the air giving people around me such useless information as that it was not raining in Tokyo.

I don't need any contact to tell me that it's not raining there now.

But then I contacted Clyde, and from then on things were different. He was working at the Siding Springs Observatory, high in the Warrumbungles,

and so he lived in the sleepy little town of Coonabarabran. He was a sad, lonely man at this stage. His wife had left him; I'm not sure whether she just got sick of him, or whether it was Coonabarabran, or his spending nights up on the mountain. Perhaps it was a combination of all three. He was no longer at all young, so his one great consolation came through his hobby, which gave him contact with the outside world. I was that consolation, for I had always been intensely interested in astronomy, and so our conversations rose above the normal banal technicalities of radio-ham talk, roving onto such abstruse matters ranging from the atmosphere of Venus and the climate of Mars to black and white holes, quasars, and the birth and death of galaxies and of the whole universe, much to the irritation of our fellow-hams. It was thus that I first learnt of the existence of the approaching Cloud.

I first heard the news from Clyde one hot summer's evening — it is almost impossible now to believe that evenings were ever hot — when he announced:

"Guess what, we seem to have discovered a strange new object in Sagittarius." Typical of scientists, he expressed himself cautiously, using the word "seem" wherever he could.

"Oh yes, what is it?" I asked.

"Hard to say really at this stage."

"Well, what does it look like?"

"It doesn't seem to look like anything much, except that a few stars seem to have faded from view. Could perhaps be some sort of nebula."

"A nebula? What do you think it's doing?"

"Can't really say at this stage. Seems to be growing in some way. Expanding, or exploding perhaps."

"I see," I said, suitably impressed, but taking little further interest. A nebula to me was a rather acadamic object, many light-years away, merely a collection of gas and dust in interstellar space, nothing strange to inspire the imagination.

And that, apart from a brief snippet in the newspaper, was all I heard about the Cloud for the next seven years. When I tried to raise the matter with Clyde later on the radio, he seemed surprisingly unwilling to talk about it further, dismissing it as of little interest. It was not at all like him to clam up about anything of astronomical interest, but I got the message and thought better than to press the matter. In fact I completely forgot about it for the next seven years, at the end of which Clyde told me that he was quitting his job at the observatory. This in itself surprised me, because he was getting on in years, yet still a few years away from retirement age. Then I received a letter from him:

"Dear John,

As you know, I'll be finishing up at the Observatory in October. I've put the house in Coonabarabran up for sale and will be coming to Sydney. I was wondering whether you and Jacqueline would be interested in a little proposition of mine. It's something better not discussed on the air, but maybe we could set a date for me to call on you, as soon as I've wound up my affairs here.

Yours, Clyde.

Little did I imagine how absolutely worldshaking Clyde's "little proposition" was. Jackie was unkindly cynical when I told her about it.

"I know you two have had great dissertations on the mysteries of the universe," she said, "but really, what could a broken-down old astronomer have to offer us?"

"Jackie, that's a very unkind way to talk about Clyde," I said. "He is not 'broken-down', and furthermore --"

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry. But why is he so damn mysterious about it? I find that most annoying, people who have to be so cryptic..."

"Beats me -- I have no idea. But please, at least be nice to him when he comes."

Jackie was very nice to Clyde, when he called on us several months later. She offered him a cup of tea and made him feel quite at home with a little small talk, showing great sympathy for his loneliness. At length I chose a discreet moment to change the subject to his purpose for visiting us:

"Clyde, I remember you said something about a little proposition you wanted to make. Is that still going?"

"Yes." Clyde suddenly became very grave. "Yes, it certainly is. I'm sorry that I couldn't elaborate on it, but there was no way I could discuss it on the air, and I was really afraid even to say too much in the letter."

"Oh come on, Clyde," I said. "It's not like you to be paranoid. Is it really something so secret?"

"It is. John, do you remember me telling you about the Cloud?"

"Cloud? What cloud? No, I remember nothing of the sort."

"Seven years ago we discovered that several stars in the region of the sky we were studying, around Sagittarius, were behaving oddly. Well, when I told you about it, it was the result of several months of comparing photographic plates taken the previous winter with others taken in earlier years. A lot of stars seemed to be dimming all at once -- even disappearing."

"Oh yes, it comes back now. Stars disappearing, and you thought it was a nebula."

"It's a nebula all right, but quite unlike anything we'd ever observed before. Far denser, with an overall density of ten to the minus ten grams per cubic centimetre --"

"Ten to the minus ten?" queried Jackie.

"Mathematical shorthand that we astronomers use. About a ten-thousand-millionth of the density of water --"

"A ten-thousand-millionth? Why, that's prectically nothing at all!"

"In the vacuum of space that's extremely solid for a cloud, actually. It is about one astronomical unit -- that is, about a hundred and fifty million kilometres in diameter, and at that density packs about the mass of Jupiter, and at that size is quite opaque. It completely blocks out the light from stars behind it."

"Okay," I said. "All this is very interesting, but how can it

have anything to do with any proposition you want to make with us?"

"Don't you see?" said Clyde, suddenly betraying tense exasperation, then he softened. "No, of course you don't. I'll come straight to the point. This cloud is heading straight for the solar system in the plane of the ecliptic."

"The plane of the ecliptic," repeated Jackie. "Could you please use plain simple words that we plain simple folks understand?"

"He means the plane of the Earth's orbit around the Sun," I explained. "Coming straight for us, you say, Clyde? Isn't that all rather improbable?"

"There's just as much chance of it coming our way as any other. More so, perhaps, than many others. Look at it this way. It's in Sagittarius; that means it's coming out of the galactic centre. Now we can't optically see the galactic centre, but we know from observations in other parts of the electromagnetic spectrum — radio waves, x-rays add gamma rays, that there are some very strange violent events going on there. There could be an immense black hole there gobbling up stars; evidence suggests something even weirder than that. It could be that the Cloud was expelled from the galactic nucleus by some violent event millions of years ago. It is on a direct collision course with the solar system."

"But surely," asked Jackie, "if it's just a tenuous puff of gas or dust or whatever, it won't hit us hard. I mean, we'd go straight through it, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, but that's not the point. It's heading towards the Sun at a bit over escape velocity on such a track that will take it in a hyperbolic orbit around it. It will pass within the Earth's orbit. It is is the ecliptic. It is opaque, as I said; it will shut the Sun's light out entirely."

There were several seconds of stunned silence, before I managed to croak: "When?"

"Next August. There's been a D-notice on this for the last seven years, which is why I wasn't allowed to tell anybody about it. You see, it's like being aboard the Titanic after hitting the iceberg. It's going to get bloody cold in the shadow of that cloud, far worsethan any ice-age we know of. A lot of people are going to die."

"How long will the cold and darkness last?" I asked.

"Not altogether sure. Depends on how compact the Cloud is when it come close to the Sun. Tidal forces will probably stretch it out, how much I can't really say. But expect the cold to last a month or two."

"A month! moaned Jackie, horrified. "And we'll have to go through the winter first!" Jackie hated the cold.

"Actually, I don't think we'll have much winter before the Cloud reaches us. Reflected heat is expected to warm the Earth up a lot before it shuts out the Sun."

"Cold comfort," said Jackie. "All extremely depressing, to put it mildly. When can we do about it? Can you get us into a lifeboat, or do we drown like the rest? Or rather freeze?"

"That's just what I came to see you about. You can be sure that all the so-called important people who are running the world will do their

utmost to save their miserable skins, while the rest of humanity perishes. Underground shelters and vast food stocks -- in fact, preparations for this have been going on all over the world since before we learnt about the Cloud. Threat of nuclear war or other types of climatic disaster and all that. There's nothing we can do to stop the coming disaster now, to save the majority of the world's population, but we can save ourselves."

"How?"

"In my undergraduate days I did a lot of training at Sydney Observatory, and I learnt of the existence of an underground shelter there that very few people know about. It was built originally an an air-raid shelter during the second world war, then later enlarged as a nuclear fallout shelter. I've carefully worked out that three of us with adequate provisions can survive the period of intense cold [illegible]. Underground it will stay warm, as the temperatures down there stays constant throughout the year --"

"Three of us!" exclaimed Jackie. "We sneak down there while everybody else freezes to death!"

"My dear, either we survive, or nobody does. I mean, remember the Titanic; there weren't enough lifeboats. You can't fit all of Sydney's three millions down there. And remember this too. Our beloved prime minister and his Cabinet ministers, along with the newspaper barons and the big executives of the multinationals that have been flat out ripping us off, will see to it that they survive, ready to rule and exploit what's left of the population when it's over. In the meantime, the poor, the unemployed, whom they malign as 'dole bludgers', those who now can hardly afford the present roof over their heads, will all die. We'd be doing a disservice to humanity in not saving ourselves and letting the likes of them survive."

Jackie snorted. She didn't care for Clyde's political views.

. . .

That last summer before the Cloud was very long, hot and trying. It may not have been quite the hottest summer on record, but it was surely the longest, for the heat and humidity lasted well into what should have been autumn, while winter just did not eventuate at all -- until August. That summer in th northern hemisphere was the hottest on record, and we had news reports of millions of people dying of the heat in lands such as India and the United States. The coming cold and darkness came to be regarded almost as a blessed relief.

During that last winter -- and I use the word in a purely nominal sense here -- we began surreptitiously and piecemeal stocking provisions and a few other home comforts in the underground shelter. The latter included books, tapes, records and sound equipment, which we saw as vitally necessary to keep up our morale. It also included my radio ham transceiver, and since electricity would be needed to run such equipment, Clyde and I invested our life savings in a ten-kilowatt wind generator. It seemed ridiculous to be doing this, when we were basking -- indeed almost sweating -- in beach weather in July, but Clyde reminded us that the unseasonable warmth was due to the cloud reflecting the Sun's heat and that things would be very different within a month.

On August the 12th the Earth passed through the Cloud, and late that afternoon the Sun went out. How could one ever forget it? At noon it was shining

brightly; within three hours it dimmed to a dull red and finally total darkness, unrelieved even by starlight. And the light stayed out not for one, but six months.

The shock on the population was total. They had not been told the whole truth. Of course, nobody who looked at the night sky outside a city during that last southern summer could fail to notice the oncoming Cloud, a monstrous "black hole" in the sky. They had been told that it would block out the sun for "a few days", and governments the world over had assumed special powers to freeze fuel and food supplies for the emergency. But once the Sun went out, the bastards ducked their heads underground, leaving all the unimportant millions on the surface to their wretched fate.

I guess at least there's some grim satisfaction that to this day there's been no sign that any of them have re-emerged.

The first week of the Darkness was not too bad. A lot of heat and humidity had built up in the atmosphere from the reflected heat off the Cloud, and the temperature fell only slowly. But then the rain began, then the most vicious storms ever known must have saved millions of people from the slower and more miserable death from the cold and/or starvation. It must have been a fortnight after the onset of the Darkness when Sydney was struck by a cyclone of such fury as to make Tracy look like a gentle zephyr. The three of us of course cowered inside our new underground home and so missed the worst of the action. Surprisingly most of the city buildings withstood the blast, as did also, by some miracle, the pyramid in the Botanical Gardens.

This was followed by another week of driving rain and storms, during which the temperature fell more swiftly and the rain turned to sleet, then snow. For the first time for surely thousands of years Sydney was swept by a full-scale blizzard which smothered the city in about a metre of snow.

Then the weather cleared, revealing an awesome sight in the heavens: in what should have been the daytime sky the stars glittered more clearly than they had been seen in the city for decades. The Milky Way could be seen along with the Coalsack Nebula next to the Southern Cross high in the southern sky; but in the northern sky stretched a fer vaster version of the Coalsack edged by a gentle yellowish glow from the hidden Sun.

From then on the weather pattern was dominated by a stable anti-cyclone over the now frozen continent, and the wind blew fiercely and continually from the southwest; and temperatures went down and down and down. Before long the harbour froze over, but it did not undergo this transformation easily, but rather became an angry jumbled mass of icefloes, grinding with the ebb and flow of the tide. The clear weather was at times punctuated by further snowstorms and blizzards, and it was during one of the last of these that I lost Jackie.

Jackie, as I said, hated the cold. We were comfortable enough in the shelter, as the temperature there stayed a pleasant 17 degrees Celsius, providing we kept all the doors closed and avoided going out too often, but she hated even more the dreary confinement of that dingy shelter far underground. We had made it as homely as possible, comfortably furnished, and had erected screens to make rooms to grant a minimum of privacy. When Clyde had decided that the most violent weather was over, we had erected the wind generator, which took over pressure off our dwindling oil supplies and greatly brightened life up by giving us electric light and power for cooking, washing and music. Nevertheless, one dreary blizzardly day? night? — the terms were meaningless of course — after the three of us had been getting on each other's nerves more

than usual, she decided that she'd taken all she could and, like Captain Oates, walked out into the blizard, with the famous angry last words on her lips: "See you later!"

Mercifully, I remember very little of the dreary months that followed. It's a miracle that I didn't follow Jackie's example; perhaps that was because cold weather evokes a very strong survival instinct in me. A miserable death in the cold does not appeal to me in the least, not even when in the depths of depression and grief, as long as I have a cosy warm hole to huddle in.

Even more miraculous perhaps is that I didn't kill Clyde in all that time. I certainly felt like it, felt the most righteous assurance that he deserved it for being such a lousy doom prophet. He had told us to expect the darkness to last "a month or two", whereas it in fact lasted six months. How could he be so wrong? I don't know; it is a tabu subject now.

Perhaps I let Clyde live because I felt that killing him was too kind. I guess I wanted to see the bastard live and suffer. Maybe I was terrified of being left alone. I don't know, and I certainly couldn't care less now.

Oh, I looked for Jackie of course. Often I went outside,usually hoping that I would mercifully find death, but always the self-preservation instinct got the better of me and I would find my way back to hhe now hated shelter. The worst of the blizzards stopped shortly after her final exit, and the weather settled down to mainly calm and clear. That would be the time the ocean must have started freezing over.

It was not until the end of January that the Cloud passed on and the Sun once more shone on the frozen Earth. One should have jumped for joy, I suppose, but I didn't. There was nothing else to be joyous about. Not only was Jackie dead; so was the Earth. The few trees that remained after the cyclone now stuck up through the snow, dead gaunt sticks. My first action on the return of the light wss to look for Jackie. I never found her, but then I guess I didn't really want to. The snow is her grave; so be it.

With the Sun now lighting up the solar system once more, Clyde eagerly turned the observatory's telescope to Mars and Venus. The latter planet looked the same featureless cloud-shrouded crescent as ever, but Mars was no longer a red planet; but white instead. Clyde explained that Venus had been deprived of the Sun's heat enough to drop temperatures there perhaps about two hundred degrees, which was not enough to make on appreciable difference to the atmpsphere. The martian atmosphere, on the other hand, had apparently frozen right out, but the returning warmth soon brought that planet back to its normal red hue. Eagerly I awaited the same to happen on Earth, knowing that it would take longer, owing to the much denser atmosphere a nd to the oceans, which would need time to thaw.

And it didn't happen.

Months went by, but still the harbour stayed frozen, so did the ocean, which stretched monotonously white as far as the eye could see. Often I would spend a day to walk down the harbour to South Head, from where I would hopefully scan the sea for any telltale evidence of the ice breaking up. There was none, and from the first expedition I returned with a severe dose of sunburn and snowblindness.

Then came the winter, which brought fierce antarctic blizzards of blinding snow and killed any hope of a thaw until at least the spring. And it

was that spring that Clyde broke the bad news to me. At least that's his term; I still prefer to call it "his theory".

His theory is, you see, that the Earth has lost its greenhouse effect. It's hard to believe that a lot of experts once thought that the rising level of carbon dioxide from our industrial activities threatened to raise temperatures to disastrous levels. "You see," Clyde told me, "we always had a strong greenhouse effect, which kept the Earth some forty degrees warmer than it would have otherwise been, due mainly to the water vapour in the atmosphere, rather than the carbon dioxide." Now, it seems, the atmosphere is, as on Mars, too cold to hold much water vapour, while the surface is almost completely covered by ice and snow, which has a "reverse greenhouse effect", that is, it radiated back into space strongly at terrestrial wavelengths, while it reflects away most of the incoming sunlight, thus making the days so unbearably blindingly bright, even in winter. Clyde's prognosis is that this ice-age to end all ice-ages is here to stay, that the Earth will never thaw, at least not for a very long time.

I could have killed him then, when he told me that.

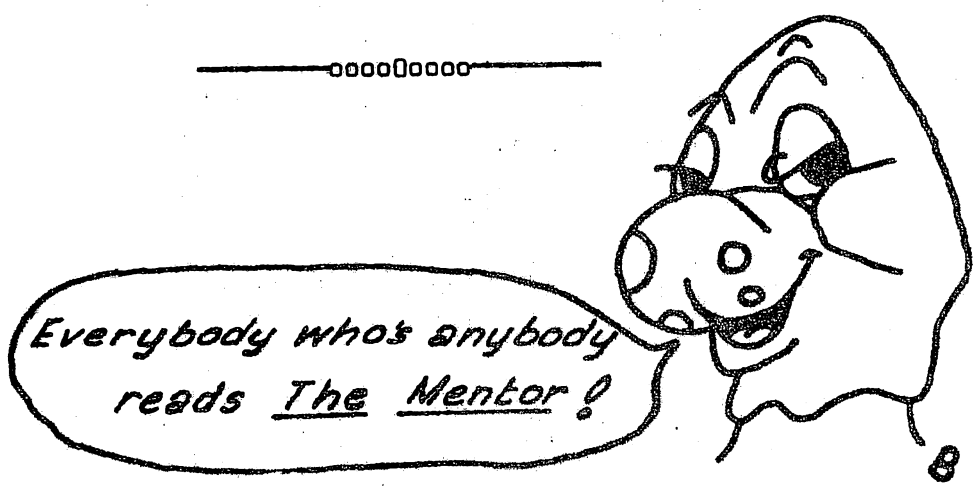
But I can't just give up hope like that. I spend my days basking in the greenhouse in the Botanical Gardens, tending the vegetables we grow to keep ourselves alive, and in the evenings I get on the radio to talk to the only other human beings I know to be still alive on the planet. (I wonder what happened to Clyde's politicians.) It is ironical, but hardly surprising, that three of those four people live in places which always were cold: Siberia, Alaska and Antarctica, while the fourth survives in a nuclear fallout shelter in the Midwest of the United States. I have no contact in the tropics to tell me whether the ocean there shows any sign of thawing. Clyde of course just shakes his head and keeps saying how hopeless the situation is.

Out of sheer desperation, or perhaps bloodymindedness, or maybe just to get away from Clyde, I often seriously think about seeting off to trek northwards, all two thousand miles to the equator if need be, to seek any sign of open water, any sign that the Earth can recover. I know that my chances of making it beyond Newcastle are virtually nil, but what the hell...

How I'd love to prove the bastard wrong.

– MIKE HAILSTONE.

———oooOoooo———




SPACED OUT
IS WHEN YOU
PRESS THE WRONG
FIRING BUTTONG
5.
4.
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1.
Michael McGovern 80

THE R & R DEPT.

Harry Warner, Jr.,
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USA

The portrait on the cover of the October The Mentor is very well done. Shayne doesn't look changed in any appreciable manner, at least in the section of her visible here, since I saw her at a worldcon nearly a decade ago; it was either in Boston or Washington, but those two events are blurring in memory. Normally I read everything in a fanzine, but in view of my advanced age and decaying physical condition, I thought it would be safer not to look at the double-page spread. You must forgive my failure to comment on that, therefore.

/No, Shayne hasn't changed all that much since that photo (and the double-page spread) was taken - about 12 years ago. - Ron./

Your editorial makes me feel a trifle guilty. There you are, commenting on the lack of science fiction on television in Australia, and here am I, writing this loc while one of the commercial networks in the United States is offering a two-hour episode of Buck Rogers to launch its new season. I could watch it and don't, while you can't watch it and undoubtedly would like to. Maybe it will be exported to Australia as a gesture of retaliation for the episodes of Prisoner: Cell Block H which Australian television provided for North American viewing.

/Actually, Harry, Buck Rogers started here two weeks ago (10th February) with the full length picture, followed by the two hour episode. And I know what you mean about Prisoner.../

Contact was very well done. I probably would get more out of it if I were more familiar with Australian geography and maybe with peculiarities of the areas mentioned in the story. But the general atmosphere and the unusual stage setting are excellently conveyed in comparatively few words. Maybe a more experienced writer would have juiced up the encounter of Tara with Dan to a stronger emotional pitch. But it's still professional in quality, I believe.

Escape has some good qualities, too, But this little story shares one failing of most fiction that appears in fanzines, the failing that Susan's story is relatively free from: it reads like a condensation of the real story with lots of important things left out, and as a result it seems to exist solely for the sake of the surprise in the final paragraph. If the author had told us about some of Deacon Smiggins' most repulsive crimes, if we'd learned of his greatest feats in escaping from previous jail sentences, if there had been several suspenseful and near-successful attempts to get out of his space-capsule, the denouement would seem a more logical and satisfying event, not just a surprise. And, naturally, the story would have grown to dimensions too bloated for publication in The Mentor.

Once again I enjoyed the instalment of the Aust. fan history, even though this section is somewhat more uneven than what has gone before. A few sections suffer from the sort of literary overkill that every fan historian indulges in on occasion, treating some even in such overly detailed manner that the reader begins fighting the urge to skip a few lines or even the next paragraph.

But the description of the 1952 Australian convention is very good, and left me wondering if this could be a new record for me: greatest lapse of time between the occurrance of a con and my reading a detailed description of what happened at it. The dispute over female membership in one fan group has a macabre interest and it if comes to the attention of the more militant fans in the United States of the feminine sex, it will be devoutly treasured even more as one proof of a male chauvinism in fandom long ago which is in general more legendary than historical.

You might also like to know that The Mentor arrives in mint condition in its envelopeless transit, while some Australian publications in envelopes reach me tattered and torn.

/Strange, that last. The few TMs that have been returned from overseas (moved address) have also been in mint condition, while, as you say, zines in envelopes seem to have a rough time of it. - R/

Robert Mapson
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Kelmscott,
W.A. 6111

I really liked Life Row by Mr Playford (in TM 29), even if it is highly derivative of Mr Ellison's I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream. I only wish the author would write something a trifle less derivative (his recent story in ANKH thingy is also Ellison tainted). Too many of the ideas were too similar (a computer designed to fight WWIII, now gone insane/torturing and altering the few surviving humans, now in its possession/the main character being sent on a hopeless mission/the main character finally being trapped in a metaphorical pit of pain) though I liked the little twist at the end. I still give him 8/10 for it though: it really had me interested - powerful stuff this.

Vignette: I must comment on this: ie what does it mean? Does it have any sort of logical sequence/construction? I didn't like all the in-jokes either (ones fen could reasonably be expected to understand, yes, but not things like "Smithy... was CERRed... not a trace of a.. Hayden Shell..") I read it only through a sense of duty - would it began to make sense? I kept asking myself, right up until the end. I still don't have an answer.

As to your Australian Fan History; I wasn't around then, and I didn't know anything about Fandom-past until now, but I still found it interesting though (which must mean its good, well-written).

Overall I liked TM, even if it did have fiction but wasn't a wazine..

John J Alderson
Havelock,
Vic 3465.

You know, I sometimes wonder whether I should be flattered or insulted when readers refer to my ideas in my anthropological/or whatever articles. I wonder, if I were to write an article on chemistry (in which I was trained) they would refer to my ideas about this and that chemical reaction. The fact is that anthropology is a science very well supplied with facts. The bulk of the article on the man's and woman's side of the house came from ULSTER FOLKLIFE, (I had just read the first 19 volumes when I wrote the article), and it is certainly no speculation on my part. My extension to the Australian house is a legitimate piece of social observation. Surprisingly, though I regard it as nothing more than a harmless piece of anthropological fact, the article was actually rejected

by other editors as chauvenistic. He ought to be cut in case his madness is hereditory.

Harry Warner's whimsical worry about the left-handed is an interesting point. Left or right-handedness is a matter of chance, and a child trained to use the right hand will become right-handed, with no ill-effects. The handicaps confronting a left-handed man are amazing. I am right handed, but due to an injury I carry and use a rifle left-handed. It's hellish awkward. Not only is the bolt on the wrong side so that I have to change hands to eject the bullet, but walking along, the bolt catches my leg and ejects live bullets continually. However, in the primitive society the man or woman whold be already conditioned to use their side of the house. Regardless of what hand the man was, I can imagine him dumping his weapons on the right hand end of the house, and coming down to the fire, burying his toes in the warm ashes and being sat on by half a dozen kids, then being told all the latest scandal. As for our forbear's mating habits, well now, there's a subject for an article I can write sometime.

I don't share your optimism about wiping out sexism by getting rid of the word "woman". The word "man" is derived from "ma" to make, though I am more inclined to a slightly different theory that "ma" is derived from the baby's first noises, answered in kind by the mother of"Ma ma ma," so she becomes Ma, and as the maker or producer of babies gives rise to "ma" the verb to make. Ma, by the way, is a very ancient mother-goddess. Descendents of Ma become man, the "n" being a diminitive, and probably was first extended only to the females but eventually all the tribe became known as "Man". Women, then insisting then on being more distinctive called themselves "woman", that is, "man with the womb". Most of the reasoning of the latter is by analogy of which the modern feminist movement will supply scores. But the word man does mean both sexes, as mentioned in the A.V. of the Bible, "In the beginning God created man, male and female created he they." Most, if not all the modern translations preserve the usage which is of course, correct.

We belong to the race of man, - men, women and children. If one reflects on the matter it will be noted that it is we males who have no term for ourselves other than the genitive. The idea that we males are of no real importance in society is wide-spread in folklore and modern law. There is, however, no substitute for the word "woman". A female man could be a baby, a child, or only a girl, and a female person could also be a Vegan.. I hope you get that pun.

I would have liked to have had more to say about Australian publishing. With three fiction titles in one year Paul Collins is one of our biggest publishers of original fiction. Rigby published one novel last year. The bulk of books being published in Australia now are reprints. Never before in our history has our publishing industry been so sick.

Bob Smith
GPO Box 1019,
Sydney 2001.

If you don't mind I would prefer to just answer those parts of the lettercol in a brief loc...

Roger Waddington: Are you aware that 'Martin Loran' was joint efforts of John Baxter and Ron Smith back there in those Sixties Analogs?

John Playford: I would have been surprised if hardly anybody had agreed wtth me, but if I may use the words of Benny Hill's Chinese character: "Why you no risten??" All of us should have "something special" - regardless of when we hit this planet - and I can get a

SoW over a zillion things. The title of my article is exactly what it says, with accent on the highly personal, and you will note I didn't stray too far from things science fictional. It would be stupidity to state that Star Wars, etc., is bad; the technology, etc., that went into it is - ahem - out of this world and about what we should expect in the second half of the 20th Century. Just as the "cashing in" has become more sophisticated. I love criticism! You are almost a trufan, yer know. Curiosity prompts me to ask just where (other than Smith's wafflings) you have experienced the we-were-there-when-it-all-was-new writings? Of course 2001 had scads of SoW!! It was a tremendous break-through but I also suspect that it, at least, was sincere, which is more than one can say for what followed.

Don Boyd: I don't think that the great percentage of what we see on the shelves these days is "rubbish" and has been mentioned elsewhere an enormous amount of it is reprint material. It's also a mistake to use the sceince-in-science-fiction philosophy as a guide, I feel, and certainly this is overshadowed by the fantastic SoW that is felt when one looks at flyby photographs.

To all those who expressed some opinion, either subtly or otherwise, to my personal reflections of a sense of wonder and my disenchantment with the current state of things sfnal, I think that I had to write what I did as a form of defiance against the thorought, blanketing kind of commercialism that ruthlessly dominates "sci-fi", to use that irritating term.

We seem to be developing more "alien" humans in this second half of this Century than "alien" aliens, in the books and movies. My son blew a reasonable portion of his Christmas money on a model that stands about a foot-and-a-half high, apparently of the "alien" from the movie of the same name. I haven't seen the movie so I guess it was unfair of me to laugh at the model. Oh, sure, I've read the reviews of the movie, comparisons with The Thing, etc., but to me the still of Jack Nicholson from The Shining had more "alien" feel about it than the biological monstrosity that now sits between our sound system speakers and is supposed to be an example of modern alien attitudes. (It sits between the speakers because my son asked as to how we could "civilize" the alien, and I suggested we blast its peculiar brainbox with lashiong of Bach and Mozart).

It was most pleasant to see John Gregor in the lettercol, and he might be surprised to know that there is probably a lot more evidence around regarding the early Aussie fanzines than might be imagined.

Roger Waddington
4 Commercial St.,
Norton, Malton,
North Yorkshire,
YO17 9ES U.K.

/Travel by airship/ seems to be A. Bertram Chandler's current crusade, much as the L-5 colonies seem to be for Jerry Pournelle and others; there's this issue of TM, I've read a fictionalised account in Grimes and the Great Race in a recent issue of IASFM, and having just flicked through the recently- bought Star Loot (or, as Locus had it, Star Coot...) there's more of the same in there; or it it the same? I have to admit that it's a feeling I often get on reading the Grimes novels (as I have every one so far), and I, for one, would be very grateful if you could persuade this favourite author, in between his Kelly meanderings, to come up with a chronology of all the novels so far written, ie what's happened to Grimes when, where and who with; and then maybe I can sort them out into some

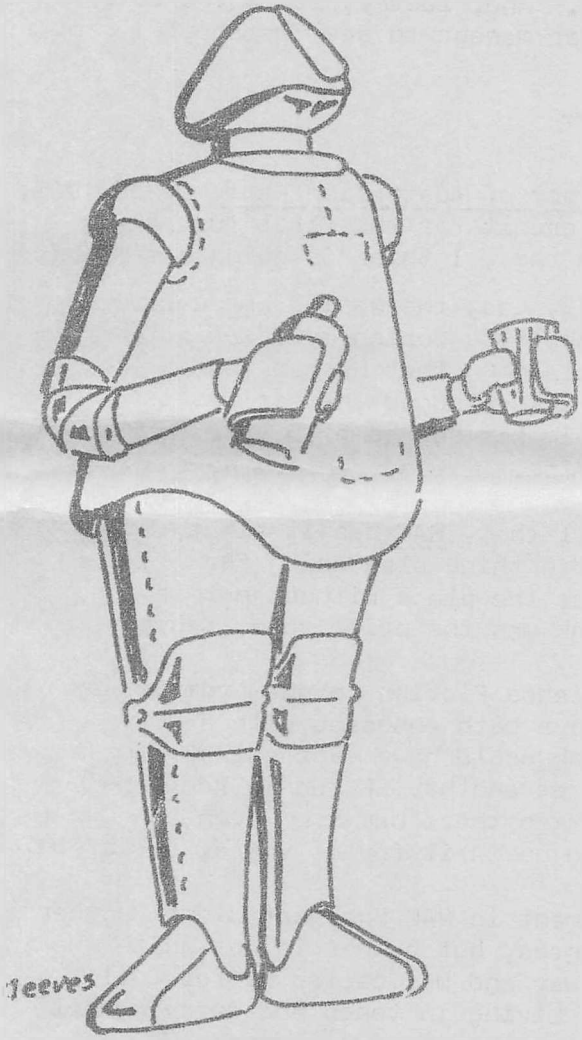
order on my shelves. Or did the Commodore, like Topsy, just grow?

And I seem to remember an earlier piece he did on the What if/Ned Kelly theme, Grimes at Glenrowan in an earlier issue of IASFM; you can't keep a good theme down!

I can see that I've much in common with Bob Smith, and would entirely agree with the comments expressed in his letter, though I have different memories of my introduction to sf. Certainly my Sense of Wonder came not so much from the stories, but from the fact that there were these magazines that printed nothing but science fiction stories, every month... and it still does! And then, with that monthly schedula, they do have more memories in that they can be tied down more easily to the time when you bought them, and thus what else happened then.

Paperbacks by comparison can stay on the shelves for years, peculiarly anonymous and timeless, until the buyer comes along to add them to his store of memories; though I must admit I've been hard put to it, looking along my shelves to link many of the books that I've read with the time that I bought them. Though it is, of course, a much better deal for the publisher if he can have that increased shelf-life, that longer opportunity for his book to sell; no wonder so many magazine publishers have gone out of business!

Well, Balrog was much appreciated by this Tolkien lover, but not the review of The Sword & the Satchel; I bought it on the recommendation of my dealer, and was saving it for a special treat, or such as Break In Case of Fire on being overwhelmed by mediocre sf; but now you've given away the story!



John Playford
16 Ellerslie St
Kensington Gardens
S.A. 5068

The Mentor, as usual, was one of my more enjoyable readings. For once Ron's Roost was slightly longer than the blurb on the back of an ACE paperback. Some interesting points about the Aust SF publishing scene. Oh, the cover was very nice (here speaks a Blakes 7 nut). Mike McGann seems to be doing a lot of stuff lately, and his style is very nice - the only fault being a certain heavyness and awkwardness at times - but this is offset by his overall grasp of what he wants.

Pity there wasn't any poems thissue, as I was almost getting to like them. Bob Smith ~~is~~ ~~~~ seems to have time-

warped from circa 1957. I still enjoy his stuff though (who doesn't appreciate a bonfire?). Vignette... hmmm. A little confusing? The little drawing on pg. 30 was quite nice, but that on pg 17 was a naughty naughty - from the cover of Terror at a guess.

/Actually Sue's illos date from about 1973 - see the one on p.30 thatish. - Ron./

Although white paper sometimes makes a zine seem slightly amateurish it's better than blue. Not only does blue make it slightly harder to read the print, but blue seems to have a tinge of sadness to me (and let the psychologists ponder that one.)

/White paper gives too much show-through, even if it is cheaper. And as Bob Smith said in his loc.... "I like that blue paper you are using: kinda remends me of Warhoon...". And, lastly, it is the colour which is associated with this zine - if you ever manage to see TMs about 12 on../

John Gregor,
Kindara St.,
Amity Point,
Qld. 4183.

Received my copy of A History of Australian Fandom 1935-1963, and to my surprise did receive credit for the first Australian fanzine, HAF' says "honor" but that, I think is going overboard.

The way I see it , who is, was, the genius who uncovered all this? I suspect Bill Veney who I met in the '50s during my association with the Brisbane SF Society. He abused my, claiming that he had sent a sub to SFR and received SFA (an army term), and acknowledged that it was issued before his Australian Fan News . I offered him his sub some 15 years after the event and finally settled for a cup of coffee. I wonder where he is these days, and if my guess is correct.

Apart from all that, HAF has it right, Science Fiction Review (it was a good title if it had nothing else going for it) was small, hectographed and reprinted from all over the place without permission, and it did to to the UK and the USA, 25 I think was the print run. A hectograph has a very limited capacity.

I did join the Science Fiction League promoted by Wonder Stories, received stickers add note paper both embossed with a very cumbrous looking spaceship, which I don't think could have ever got off the ground, but in 1936 it looked good. I never met another SF fan in Adelaide before the war, that is The War; to my generation there has only been one war and it made quite an impression as I was mixed up in it for 6½ years, all of which turned out to be wasted effort.

As for the comment in HAF "He just didn't bother to write any more", that is also true to a degree, but bother is not quite the right word. I was in the militia before the war and was called up for full time duty in August '39, and got out in '46. Living in tents and carrying all you owned around in a kitbag isn't condusive to carrying out correspondence with anyone. I never saw a SF magazine in all that time. Palestine, Egypt, Libya, Greece, Syria, Ceylon, New Quinea. The bookshops, if any, just didn't carry them.

A last work on Science Fiction Reviews: As I remember it dealt only with SF. As it says above, "I didn't bother to write any more". But I still read SF and subscribed to Australian fan magazines since about 1950, and I can still remember receiving a magazine which devoted four pages to kindergartens. I decided right there and then that SF as I knew it had gone down the drain. I just might be allergic to kindergartens. I have just returned from Hong Kong

and while there, considered a day trip into China. Cheap enough, $35, but on making enquiries, discovered that what you got for your money was a bus trip to inspect a reservoir, lunch and a visit to a kindergarten. I decided that it wasn't worth the effort. Kindergartens turned me off Aust. fan magazines for a few years, and they turned me off trips to Chine. Kindergartens may have something to do with China, but I don't see what they have to do with SF. Future readers, maybe?

The History was very well done and I don't think that there can be very many blanks left in that period. I wonder who put out the first fanziens in the UK and in the USA? Anyone know?

Richard Faulder,
Yanco Agric Res. Centre
Yanco NSW 2703.

Ta for The Mentor 29. John Playford's story was not original in concept, with more than just overtones of I Have No Mouth and I Must Scream. Nevertheless, it was quite forceful and satisfying reading. Umm, I'm afraid Bob Smith was just rambling. Very wittily and fannishly so, but rambling nevertheless.

Vignette is certainly an appropriate title for the Michael Black story. Unfortunately I tend to be less than impressed with this kind of material. Within each segment the material is quite coherent. The whole work has insufficient unifying commonality. It gives the appearance of being a number of the author's random ideas thrown together in the hope of presenting a more substantial whole. Actually, it reminds me very much of the Westralian taste in fanfic, especially that of the editors of the like of The Space Wastrel and Forbidden Worlds.

The Australian Fan History continues to fascinate, especially since we are now entering the period of the Great Futurian Society Breakup, of which I have heard hints over the years, but never in this much detail.

Alas, one would almost like to agree with Roger Waddingonn. The view that the voyage to the moon (and, by robotic proxy, beyond) is a product of the pulps' dreeam is certainly a tempting one. Unfortunately, it isn't one that seems to be supported by the facts. People went to the moon simply because they wanted to beat the Russian's achievement in launching the Sputniks. Perhaps it is more apposite to ask how it is that the Russians had sufficient vision to decide that space was a worthwhile place to go. We should also note that it is the Russian space programme which is reasonably active, while that of the American's wallows in the doldrums of trying, and not very hard at that, to carry out a single major project.

I have a feeling that Don Boyd is going to be disappointed. Somehow a science fiction movie (in his strict definitional terms) seems unlikely to be produced. Sf movies are cinema, and cinema is primarily a medium of action. Even the most cerebral movie, if it is to be successful at the box office, must keep things moving along. Nuts'n'bolts science fiction, which I prasume is what Don is talking about, being a written artform, allows the reader time to reflect, not only on the motivations and development of the characters, but on the scientific logic behind the story. This is certainly not to excuse some of the gross scientific errors perpetrated in sf cinema. However, it is worth remembering that, for better or worse, in the years since the New Wave, science fiction has considered more and more the 'soft' sciences, and has lost many of its rivets.

Thank you to Bert Chandler for his epitath for Susan Wood.

The other thing to mention thish is the high quality of the artwork. Mike McGann's work seems to have picked up lately, to judge from the material you are presenting. [Too right! - Ron.]

Buck Coulson,
Hartford City,
IN 47348
USA

I'll start with MENTOR 28 and work back. The Chandler article looked interesting, though since page 12 was blank, I'm not sure. Certainly I'm looking forward to his Ned Kelly book with far more interest than I am to further Grimes adventures. (I stuck with Grimes far longer than I do most series, but there are limits.) Bannerman, incidently, kept operating until very recently. I think it was in the early 1970s that 'Bannerman's Island' in the Hudson River (where the company kept its arsenal) was closed down. I got a Bannerman catalog in 1941 - I think; I can't seem to locate it now - and they were still selling Civil War items then. DBI Books recently reissued the 1927 Bannerman catalog as a historical item, and it's a fascinating assortment - Civil War equipment, firearms of both earlier and later vintage, Malay and Zulu knives and spears, medieval armor, "rare old pattern pistols, captured from Italian brigands and sold by the Italian government in 1903", Spanish uniforms, military medals, flags, band instruments, etc.

Hmm. Jan Finder feels that magic might be treated "more rationally" in the absence of Christianity. I wonder if it could be treated at all? Oh, you can have magic associated with any religion, obviously, and Christianity isn't precisely necessary. But some religion is; magic is, basically, an attempt to compel the Powers That Be to perform a service. Any Powers will do; they don't have to be Christian. But they do have to be Powers, and, in that case, they will probably have a religion associated with them (since religion is basically working for the same results that magic is.) It depends on which Powers the magician believes in - and in our society, that generally means Christian Powers, (or perhaps Jewish Powers, which amount to much the same thing when it comes to magic.)

The Australian history is interesting, though so far it's all been well before my time in fandom. (Next installment might look a bit more familiar.)

I was a bit surprised to see Bob Smith writing that he didn't like Star Wars, presumably because it was too modern. Since I enjoyed it mostly because it was PLANET STORIES circa 1955 brought to the big screen, having it decried as modern fluff seems a bit strange.

A bit on Trekdom; quite a few Trek fans in this country do branch out into other forms of fandom. Turnover isn't as rapid as in stf fandom, but it happens; total numbers keep going up because the series in syndication has brought in more new fans than the series did when first shown. Some Trek fans come into science fiction fandom and drop Trekdom entirely; I suppose Jackie Causgrove is currently the best-known example. However, a lot of Trek fans are branching out into other media fandoms. There is a small but flourishing fandom devoted to the tv show Starsky & Hutch, another one for Man From U.N.C.L.E. and so on. (And by "flourishing", I mean to the point of publishing fanzines and, in the case of S&H, holding annual conventions, which sound like the early days of stf cons). The one common theme in media fandom seems to be shows with two men who are close friends, who engage in various dangerous adventures, and these have to be shows in which the friendship is believable - not where two heroes are supposed to be buddies but never show it by their on-screen actions. Someone else can speculate about what that says about friendship in our current society.

Michael Black,
145 Oxford St
Cambridge Park
NSW 2750.

Thanks very much for publishing my quickly-scribbled satire of John Alderson's article, before the last atonic fibrillations of the latter had left the ether. I'm sure that the readers of your fine magazine, being as they are, the most astute of the Australian perusers of science fiction, did not fail to note that the story was a metaphorical form of the following quotation from The Water and The Fire by Gerald Vann:

"Mankind's first sin was pride of intellect; and today it seems as though that sin had at last all but completed the circle of evil, and brought humanity from the first act of self-creation in counterfeit grandeur to a final act of self-destruction. Intellect, in the pride of its scientific achievements, docketed reality, denying the validity of anything which refused to be subject to this treatment, and so robbed humanity not only of religion but even of poetry, even of earthly vision; it subjugated everything to the successful search for power, till man himself became the threatened victim of the power: it killed the instinctive and intuitive life which could give man happiness and richness in spite of such material misery; it led mim away from the nothingness which is the womb out of which mysticism creates life to the nothingness in which nihilism seeks death."

(N.B. I refer even agnostics like myself to this fine book, which includes quotations such as:

"In the words of M. Picard already quoted, the modern world is concerned 'only with the profitability, the exploitability, and the revolutionary possibilities in things'. Just as men are treated as mere 'hands', 'units', numbers on a form, so things are treated as mere utilities: we see God's creatures and make use of them, we do not stop to look at them to learn them and love them for themselves. What an abyss separates us from the Russian Staretz who would not have his disciples idly, wantonly, pluck even a leaf from a tree or destroy a blade of grass.'",,, "We have verified in ourselves the old Hebrew proverb: In the mother's womb man knows the universe: at birth he forgets it." (I also refer the reader to Professor Tolkien's writings, especially about the characters he called ENTS, ROSEBERRY and TOM BOMBADIL, where he was following in the tradition, of course, of William Wordsworth)).

Your astute readers, being leaders in Australian literati so far as science fiction history is concerned, will also have noticed that, in the "references" section of my story, I had omitted, by oversight, to list the most relevant, to the story, of the references to "Alderson". This I now propose to put right:

"Alderson" is a nonexistent South Australian hamlet near Woomera; created, then obliterated, in the story Return to Tomorrow by Lee Harding. As the blurb on the back cover reads: "When the alien spaceship crashed it wiped out the town of Alderson - leaving only a strange, smooth crater for scientists to puzzle over. A crater that most people thought would remain unchanged for the rest of time..." Return to Tomorrow was published by Cassell Australia Ltd, of Stanmore, NSW, in their Cassell's Encounter Series, in 1976, and I don't refer anyone to it especially, as the idea was used much more professionally in an early Astounding Science Fiction serial in which a future private detective has to apprehend thieves who are able to jump from one time to another at will, but not simultaneously from one place to another. Such is the essence of Return to Tomorrow, but it takes 112 pages to tell the reader so, as it was apparently written specifically for the school pupil market. Anyway, my apologies to all your readers who noted the absence from my satire of the above reference to Lee Harding's work. The omission was certainly not deliberate, merely due to a wish to have the satire published whilst it still had any point. My thanks again for its publication, even without the intended apolotia.

A letter was received from Les Bursill, who works on the Sun newspaper. He has been trying to get SF reviews published in it:

Les Bursill,
10 Porter Rd.,
Engadine,
NSW 2233.

.... Unfortunately I seem to be running into some problems convincing the Editor to publish any reviews. I am going to ask some of our group to write to the Sun-Herald and ask them why we get such a poor coverage. If you and some of your people did the same we might get some action. I would appreciate any material that you have spare in the future.

Jack Herman,
1/67 Fletcher St.,
Bondi 2026.

Of all the material in TM, recently, it is the history that has fascinated me the most. Mentions, even back then, of people with whom I've come in contact in my short fan life, like the Dillon, Harding, Binns and Doug Nicholson, established the tradition of Australian fandom that is often neglected by we new-comers. Also, the way in which those earlier fans treated matters so differently to the way things are done now - a product of different times, different personalities or both?

As the current editor of FORERUNNER, now the title of the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation's newszine/clubzine, I was fascinated to read of Doug's attempts to start a (semi) pro zine with that title. I'd met Doug and corresponded with him (re Australia in 83) without realising that the zine I edited had its roots back in his attempt to start a fiction-based zine.

/Closer than you think - when I started off the SSFFs clubzine way-back-when and was mulling over what to call it, I read through some 1940s Futurian Observers and came across the reference to that earlier Forerunner. I thought it quite apt to name the new Sydney zine that. - Ron/

And that is that for this issue. To continue my short editorial; zines received:

AUSTRALIAN:

Q36E - Marc Ortlieb, Feb '81; Forerunner V3 n8, Jan '81 - Jack Herman; Boyant Strudel 2 , Jan '81 - Michael Schaper; Forbidden Worlds 2 & 3, Jan & Feb '81 - Robert Mapson; Ankh 11, Jan '81 - Seth Lockwood; Science Fiction; 7, Jan '81 - Van Ikin; S F Commentary 60/61, Oct. '80 - Bruce Gillespie; The Echo Beach Quarterly 16, Jan '81 - Marc Ortlieb; The Ravin' V2 N1 Dec. '80 - Stephen Dedman; Ultimus 9 & 10, Sept, Oct '80 - Mike O'Brien; Noumenon 39/40, Nov '80 - Brian Thurogood; Fantasy Film Fan 1, Dec '80 - Merv Binns Aussiecon 5th Anniv. Memorial Zine 2 , Jan '81 - Jean Weber; Rhubarb '81/1, Feb '81 - John & Diane Fox; The Phantom Zine 8 (Apa) edited by Larry Dunning,

OVERSEAS: DNQ 32, Nov '80 - Taral Wayne; Nabu 10 - Ian & Janice Maule; Science fiction Review 37, Winter '80 - Dick Geis.

Um, I think I'll leave the booksread till the next issue. The cover electro wasn't done by Allan Bray (in case you thought your memory had gone, Allan). And people, don't forget Mike McGann's tee-shirts.

The History of Australian Fandom 1935 - 1963 in bound 98 pp edition is still available from me - comments from fans of that era are sought.