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JUNE 1981

J Vank



# THE MENTOR

SCIENCE FICTION

June 1981

Number 31

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This is the June, 1981 issue of The Mentor. It is edited, printed and published by Ron L Clarke of 6 Bellevue Rd., Faulconbridge, NSW 2776, Australia. Available for the usual or \$1 per single copy. Fiction, art, articles and poetry in short supply.

Interior artwork is by Mike McQuinn. Cover is by whoever signed it.

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## RON'S ROOST.

Susan came across the last 'cheapie' for running off/cutting stencils the other day - tracing paper. Here is how it works: First you get your stencil, then you put a piece of the opaque tracing paper beneath the carbon and the backing cardboard sheet. Then you buy a box of "Lunch'n Wrap", which is in a role of about 15 metres long. You place a stencil under a length and cut the wrap to fit (it usually means cutting a piece 7 cm wide down the right-hand side) so you have a facing sheet to go between the wax side of the stencil

and the typewriter roller - this saves the keys becoming clogged with wax (a thing which is very useful with an electric typer, and still useful with a manual). The facing sheet should last between 5 and 8 stencils (as it is formed of high-impact poly-whatever) and the backing sheet between 10 and 15. The use of the above saves you about 90-99% of the cost of buying these things from the duplicating people. Now if only someone could come up with a cheap formulae for corflu!!

Another thing - we found the bought backing sheet, because it is so rigid, formed a curve, and when later on in its life one returned the carriage of the typer, the stencil rode up a fraction more than it should have, and when going back to correct mistakes, the line did not line up dead-on. The tracing paper, being thinner, does not have this disadvantage. Oh, and another thing - do not use ordinary plastic film for the facing sheet - it is useless. One way of telling which is high impact stuff and which is ordinary film is that the high impact material is slightly whitish-opaque (like freezer bags).

On the mailing wrapper this issue near your name is a code mark: please note it.

- (T) Means we trade
- (L) Means you Lopped last issue.
- (A) Means you had something in last issue - art, artw, etc.
- (S) Means sample issue - one only.
- (X) Means last issue unless you respond.

There will be, because of the postage costs, some 20 (X)'s this issue. I have been carrying some people since June last year with no response. So check your table! Weight is the reason no R & R Dept this ish. It'll be in next issue. The History finishing means more space.

Back to the Lists: Books read in the last three months - THE INNER LANDSCAPE - Peake, Ballard and Aldiss; THE LAND OF THE HIDDEN MEN - Edgar Rice Burroughs; SPACE VISITOR - Mack Reynolds; CHANGE THE SKY AND OTHER STORIES - Margaret St. Clair; GALLAGHER'S GLACIER - Walt & Leigh Richmond; THE FEMALE MAN - Joanna Russ; THE RIVALS OF FRANKSTEIN - ed. Michel Parby; THE STRICKLAND DEMON; TANITH; and THE EVE OF MIDSUMMER - Jack Shackleford; NEXT STOP, THE STARS - Robert Silverberg; THEY WALKED LIKE MEN; and THE TROUBBE WITH TICHU - Clifford Simak; THE SLAVES OF REGLATHIUM - Mike Sirota; THE FLORIANS - Brian Stableford; 10,000 LIGHT-YEARS FROM HOME - J. Tiptra, Jr; LADY OF THE BEES: DAY OF THE MINOTAUR; and WILL-OF-THE-WISP - Thomas Burnett Swan; NOAH II - Roger Dixon; THE FACELESS MAN - Jack Vance; THE MIND SPIDER & OTHER STORIES - Fritz Leiber; THE WITLING and GRIMM'S WORLD - Vernor Vinge; THE DEVIL IN A FOREST - Gene Wolfe; MASTER OF THE FIVE MAGICS - Lyndon Hardy; THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION - Nicholas Meyer; MONSTERS AND MEDICS - James White; TO THE DEVIL - A DAUGHTER - Dennis Wheatley. And if I can squeeze in the 'zines received' up till 22/3/81:

Aust: The Space Westral v1, no 4 - Dec '80: Mr Loney & Warner; Forbidden Worlds 4 - March '81: R Mapson; WeberWoman's Wrevenge, v1 No 1, Feb '81 - Jean Webber; Ornithopter 7, 3/81 - Leigh Edmonds; Space Age Newsletter 45, 3/'81 - Merv Binns; Forerunner, V3 No 10, 3/'81 - Jack Herman; Sikander 4, 3/'81 - Irwin Hirsh;

O'Seas: The House At Puh- Puh Platter Corner 1, 11/'80 - Ron Salomon; Erg 74, 4/'81 - Terry Jeeves; Napalm In The Morning 3, 2/'81 - Joseph Nicholas; and, lastly, Yandro 252, 2/'81 - Robert & Juanita Coulson. An addition for the Fan History, in Part V, last page: for the months June, Aug, Nov, Dec, the attendance figures are: 102, 108, 121, and 130. It will be cleared up in any 2nd edition.



though poultry of some form is an alternative. It could be used as food by other animals, but most of them do not command sufficient price to make a reasonable return. Before we get the pork and bacon and pig's trotters though, we have a second by-product, pig manure. This goes into a methane digester and produces gas for cooking and lighting and the running of internal combustion engines, the production of electricity, and if there is no cheaper (eg wood), used to produce the steam that runs the operation. The sludge and the effluent from the digester can be returned directly to the paddocks or go to make compost to grow such things as mushrooms and earth-worms, or perhaps mushrooms and the spent compost used to grow earth-worms which can be used as food for fish, - on the large scale, not just on a hook, for feeding animal protein to poultry and pigs. The worm-casts now are returned to the land as the highest grade fertilizer.

It is an almost complete ecocycle, and only for selling the pigmeat etc off the farm, could be complete. Selling off the land is a "leak" meaning that some additions must be made to the soil, but the loss is a mere fraction of that lost with current wheat farming where the entire wheat crop is sold off the land and none is returned. If the meat went to feed a small community and all their night-soil went into a similar methane digester and eventually returned to the soil, the cycle would be near enough to complete and the land would not only last for ever but become more and more fertile.

Haphazard as primitive villages may be in these matters, they do make a reasonably complete eco-cycle and the gardens tend to get more and more fertile. With our present farming methods we continually dispoil our soils and leave them as deserts. So-called civilization, that is the living in cities as do the vast majority of the population do, are all doomed because they turn their fertile lands (and often that of other people) into deserts.

Those who love bacon and eggs should be pleased that there should be plenty of both in a solar-powered economy. There will also be enough power-alcohol to run the mobile machinery of the farm and with the economical use of a car, there should be some power alcohol to sell. Now what would it mean in the way of plant? Obviously for convenience a grain crusher or hammer-mill, preferably the latter if one has livestock. However many farms already have them. Secondly, a reasonably large boiler to produce steam. The ones used in dairies would not, I think, be large enough, and although these may be used without a steam-ticket, I don't know how large a until one may have before the ticket is required by law. It may be a difficulty. Seven or eight largish vessels would be needed for the grain, preferably of stainless steel, though at a pinch plastic ones may work. As for the still, well it's simple enough. And the process is somewhat more simple than cooking a cake. As for the methane digester, well, its complicated, something like reading a book on the diseases of sheep... but the dairy farmers of Indonesia are putting them in and using them, and so I understand, are the natives of New Guinea. Actually there is nothing so terribly complicated about any of this.

Well, we mentioned one snag, what are the others?

Quite candidly, our whole system of producing food and getting it to the consumer is so dammably inefficient that it wouldn't work. For every hundred calories, ergs or horse-power one may grow in the way of wheat, it takes 95 calories, ergs or horse-power to grow it and get it to the consumer. In plain terms to grow one tonne of wheat (which one can do on an acre) mean 50 kilo getting to the consumer, the other 950 kilos being used up in the production and distribution of the wheat. Cooking it will more than use up the rest.

In other words, we have reached an all-time low in energy efficiency, and this, not the pending shortage of energy, is the real crisis.

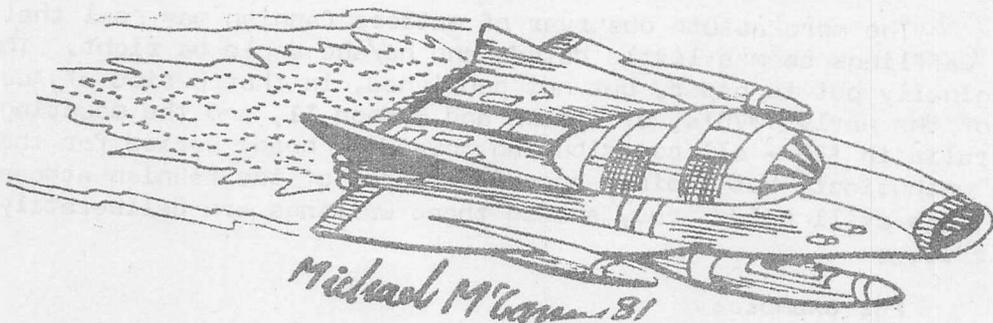
Over the past couple of decades the Australian farmer has been forced to get bigger and bigger, with larger and larger items of machinery. A few of us deplored this trend, which was largely forced on us by the Government (by the way, we don't get subsidised, we get slugged). Actually it was not, and cannot be more economical, but in terms of energy use, the change has been disastrous. Now, don't think we can just plant more wheat to make up the short-fall... if the fantastic acreages were available to do so we still couldn't. So it means that we break up our large holdings and use less energy to grow our wheat. That's feasible - it may even happen, but the actual production of the wheat only uses a fraction of the energy. The bulk is used in getting it to the consumer. The solution is simple. The consumer just has to pack his bags and go and live next door to where the wheat is grown.

Unfortunately the stupid bastard is going to starve to death first. I don't mean the people of Russia or China, I mean the people of Melbourne and Sydney.

To adequately live using solar energy means a dispersed population in small settlements grouped on the food growing area, preferably with a stake of their own in the business. Ninety percent of our industry and commerce is unneeded and its loss would be a benefit to the community. Without all the wasteful industries of our present day life styles to occupy us we may have the time, energy and money to create something valuable. The social change will be major; some of us will make it.

In concluding, I am reminded of a story of a man who recently went to China and visited a commune of thirty thousand acres where 40,000 people prospered, and returned to his brother in Tasmania who owned a similar acreage, and was going broke on it.

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# THE REFLECTIONS OF A FRINGE FAN

BY BOB SMITH.

The writer fondly hopes that the title will have a loyal phalanx of fans, beanies twirling madly, hotly denying that Smudger Smith is anything but a true blue trufan. He would of course answer them in his usual modest but laconic fashion with: "What a load of Codswallop...."

It all depends on what the user means by "fringe fan", and my own interpretation is one who could have contributed much more to our little ol' microcosm than he-she actually did. Fits me like a tailoured beanie.

It seems to me that fannish terms have faded out of popularity in the recent years, and those few still tossed around are used in a, to me, vague and misconstrued manner. The individual today may call himself a "science fiction fan", but I tend to wonder about his/her ideas of just what a "trufan" is.

To my way of thinking ("And isn't it incredibly ancient thinking" I can almost hear most of the younger readers muttering) the trufan has to be a bit of a comedian, in order to counter balance the vast amounts of unadulterated serious constructive science fiction and related wisdom that appears to load the pages of fanzines in Australia these days. We need to hang on to grimly in all aspects of our lives these days, not just science fiction, not only that Sense of Wonder, but also that Sense of Humour!

That is why you are being bombarded, bewildered and generally baffled by the thoughts of Smudger Smith in the pages of The Mentor. Do not, however, confuse a light hearted style of writing with the possibility that the fist behind the pen is that of an idiot. That is a confusion that has fooled many a mundane observer intent on dissecting the apparent foolishness of fandom.

The more astute observer of matters fannish may feel that Smudger Smith's wafflings seem a little dated, and he/she would be right. The thoughts were originally put to paper, but not published, in that period of Australian Fandom of the early 1970's, of Syncon and Sydnon II, and the mounting fever of Australia in '75 - all contributing towards a heady period for the science fiction enthusiast, but rapidly becoming scarce of the fannish atmosphere. I believe this still holds true, and so these writings are deliberately meant to "stir"...

For example:

Where are the true "fannish" cartoonists of Fandom's yesteryear? Amongst a group of self-proclaimed "fans" one evening overheard was: "The best fannish cartoonist/illustrator is Bill Rotsler..." Shielded as I was behind a charming young neo femmefan who's vibrating sense of wonder would afford adequate protection from nasty Aussiefan brickbats I suggested that possibly

the only true fannish cartoonist was Arthur Thompson...

Our American Visitor - who admits that Fandom Is A Way Of Life for her - seemed to me to nod her head approvingly. From the Aussiefan present - blank looks and "who's that?" Secure behind the femmefan's skin form I rolled my eyes in desperation and snarled: "Atom!!". But it appeared that even that great name didn't register with them. It was, to say the least, mind-croggling. (What? You don't understand me...! Fie upon thee, Foo-Foo Bird...) After a mild reference to Adkins and DEA, ignored by these Aussiefana, I decided to relax and bask in the admiration of the charming neo femmefan for an old and tired Graybeard.

We are, in my 'umble opinion, long overdue for a third edition of FANCYCLOPEDIA....

Whatever happened, for example, to the fannish poetry that livened up the fanzines of the Forties and Fifties in America? Permit me to mangle something from Charles Burbee:

"If Fandom is a Way of Life.  
Where every Fan is like a Wife:  
Why does everybody snarl at me,  
Because I practise Sodomy?"

What happened to the interlineation:

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"It seems vaguely obscene to me..."

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And whilst this part of the above was still tormenting the fan, he would flip the page of the fanzine, and there:

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... and if there's anything I hate, its vagueness.

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All cute and childish, you reckon? I disagree.

What happened to the "Quote Card"...?

What did it mean when the fannish cartoonist placed a beanie on the head of his characters? How much significance did the Beanie Brigade have compared with Fandom?. All these questions and much much more may be answered entertainingly within the pages of dear old Mentor if the old-time fans become sufficiently annoyed to put Smudger Smith in his place.

And for those young science fiction fans who are no doubt rapidly gaining the impression that Smith is so far back in the Past that he probably doesn't know what's happening post-Sputnik., I hasten to let 'em know that I read Omni (when I can afford it), can view the phenomena of Kiss with a calm detachment gained through years of science fictional extrapolating, and am watching the research into Artificial Intelligence with abnormal interest.

- Bob Smith, 1981.

# GRIMESISH GRUMBERLINGS,

A COLUMN BY A. BERTRAM CHANDLER.

## THE ROAD TO GOR -

I am not one of John Norman's Faithful Readers. Probably he is not one of mine. (As the French so neatly put it, One man's meat is another man's poisson....) We do, however, share two things - a New York publisher (Daw Books) and a liking for naked ladies. It has long been a sore point with me that Daw Books will put naked ladies on the covers of John Norman's books but never on mine. (A possible exception could be To Keep The Ship, which had an overdressed John Grimes - his idea of shipboard uniform is shirt and shorts - beating off an attack by hords of little, pink plastic dolls.) Another sore point, a year or so ago, was when Daw Books rejected, with contumely, Matilda's Stepchildren on the grounds that it was too pornographic. ("Tell Grimes to keep his trousers on!" said Don Wollheim crossly.) To date Matilda's Stepchildren has sold to Robert Hale in England, to Mondadori in Italy and to Hayakawa Shobo in Japan. The Mondadori edition has not yet been published. Mr. Khato, the artist who does my Hayakawa covers, knows what I like - and likes it too. The Japanese Matilda has a cover to my taste. (Mr. Khato's best effort was with Star Courier - he gave me a naked lady, brandishing a samurai sword. As a bonus he put a Zeppelin type airship in the background.)

When I was last in the USA I had a whinge to various friends about Daw Books' rejection of Matilda's Stepchildren, saying that I found it hard to understand how anybody who could publish the Gor novels could condemn my own masterpiece as pornographic. I was told, "But your women aren't like John Norman's women, Bert. His are sexual doormats. Yours fight back."

The follow-up to Matilda was Star Loot. Mindful of Don Wollheim's admonition I tried to keep the party clean. By the time that I was half-way through the book the strain was too great, both for Grimes and myself - and for the Princess Marlene von Stolzberg, and for the Baroness Michelle d'Estang, and for Police Commissioner Una Freeman. There was a sudden collapse of moral standards.

The follow-up to Star Loot - To Rule The Refugees - was finished when I

spent three weeks at Noosa Heads, in Queensland. For some reason my jet lag seemed to persist after my return from the USA early last May and Susan urged me to take a holiday. I decided on Noosa Heads because I had heard of Granite Bay, one of the beaches in the Noosa Heads National Park. Granite Bay is an official/unofficial free beach. Unofficial, because the theocratic dictatorship of Johland does not approve of such immoral practices as nudism; official, because the shopkeepers and holiday accommodation owner on the Noosa Shire Council know that many people come to Noosa to get an all-over tan at Granite Bay and the other beach, Alexandra Bay. So the local police force has been ordered to ignore the wicked goings on.

It was a very pleasant three weeks. In the evenings I'd sweat and slave over a hot typewriter in my rented flat. (Fortunately the TV reception was very poor, so there were no distractions.) In the mornings, after breakfast, I'd read over the previous night's work and count the wordage. Then I'd pack a sandwich lunch, reading matter, towel (but no swimming trunks) and stroll out to Granite Bay. There were people there from all over - Americans, Dutch, En-Zedders as well as from every Australian state. The Sydneysiders tended to get into a huddle; we called "our" part of the beach Sydney Cove. I was the only Woodlander; the others were all refugees from Reef Beach. We would swim and sunbake and earbash until the sun was getting low, then return to our various lodgings.

To one such as myself, used to the privacy of a nudist club, it seemed strange, at first, to strip in full view of the passers by on the cliff-top path. Most of these, however, were sufficiently mannerly not to stop and stare. Most - but not all.

The Noosa National Park has something for everybody - including bird watchers. (I mean birds with wings.) One of the Reef Beach girls was also a bird watcher. One day she spent the morning bird watching in the rain forest and then joined the rest of us in Granite Bay. We were all of us nattering away as usual when one of the men looked up to the cliff path and remarked, "There's a bastard there watching us through binoculars..." So our own bird watcher took her own binoculars out of their case and stared back at the Peeping Tom. He hastily departed.

I returned to Sydney with my batteries fully recharged. (Talking of recharged batteries, before departing for the USA at the end of last March, I did my duty free shopping and treated myself to a Seiko solar powered watch. All the time that I was in the States the weather was chilly and I was wearing long-sleeved shirts and jackets. Nonetheless the watch functioned as advertised. The weather was chilly in Australia when I returned early in May, so I was still wearing long-sleeved shirts and jackets. When I decided to fly the coop for sunny Queensland I decided, too, to pick up my portable portable typewriter from my caravan at Woodlands. I went out and, even though it was late June, it was quite warm inside the club grounds. So I decided to stay for the day and make a start on building up my tan. It did me the world of good - but the solar-powered watch succumbed to an overdose of photons. Luckily it was under guarantee. It is functioning well again, although, now that I have resumed the nudist way of life for most of the week, its Daily Rate (gaining) has jumped from 0.3 to 0.4 seconds. ((Many years spent as a professional navigator make one rather Time-conscious.)))

Many years spent as a professional navigator add up to an accumulation of friends in the shipping industry, office as well as sea staff and the wives and other relatives of shipmates. One of my troubles is that I have friends in so many different compartments with very little overlap. Union Steam Ship

Company people, Australian Society of Authors and P.E.N. people, science fiction people, nudists.

After I returned from Noosa Heads I was in the city on some business or other and, between appointments, was wandering along George Street, window shopping. I was looking at a model train display when I heard, from behind me, a female voice squeal, "Bert!"

I turned around to face a small, very attractive blonde. I recognised her but couldn't remember her name. And from which compartment had she emerged? Union Steam Ship Company? No. Had I met her at some SF convention? No. Or at an ASA or P.E.N. get-together? No. Was she a Woodlander? No.

Who the hell was she?

After a few minutes of (on my part) floundering conversation she took pity on me and put me in the picture. I'd been seeing her every day over a period of three weeks but this was the first time that I had seen her clothed. (She could have said the same regarding me - but no matter how else I am dressed I am always wearing a pipe.) She was the young lady who had outstared the bird watcher on the cliff path at Granite Bay...

Talking of being clothed, recently I had the misfortune to be fully clothed on the premises of Woodlands, on a bright, sunny day with a temperature of about 35°C and with everybody else running around naked. It was on Sunday, December 21, the last Sunday before Christmas, a Day of Infamy if ever there was one. One of the Woodlands traditions is the Children's Christmas Party, with foot races run by the little ~~bastards~~ darlings and the prizes handed out by Santa Klaus in person, who also lugs around a sack of lollies to distribute to one and all. The usual Santa was not on hand and I was talked into taking the job. I did think of saying that I was Jewish and therefore could not contribute to the promulgation of Christian mythology - but, Woodlands being a nudist club, realised that my claim to membership of the Chosen People would be an obviously spurious one. So I had to put on the scarlet suit, with a cushion belted above my belly under the tunic, the white, cottonwool beard, the boots and all. I had to go, "Ho, ho, ho!"

At last the ordeal was over and I retired gratefully to the club office to divest myself of my sweaty finery. The borrowed boots were tight and I had to call for assistance to get them off.

Having my footwear tugged from my feet by a pretty, naked, eighteen year old blonde was compensation for all that had gone before, I felt like a John Norman hero. (Grimes never has that sort of thing happen to him.) All I needed was a whip.

Gor save us all.

- A Bertram Chandler.

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# TM'S REVIEWS:

TWO HEAVY METAL COMIC BOOKS - REVIEWED BY DIANE SOUTHGATE

"Barbarella: The Moon Child" by Jean-Claude Forest. Edited by Sean Kelly, translated by Valerie Marchant. Heavy Metal, trade paperback, c 1977 (French edition), c 1978 English Edition. \$6.95 (reduced).

"Lone Sloane: Delirius" by Philippe Druillet. Text by Lob, lettered by Dominique Amat. Dragon's Dream, c 1972 & 1973, French editions, this is the first English Edition (no date given).

Each country seems to have a "personality" which shows in the fiction and artwork of that country. These two French comics, though very different in mood and style, share a certain dry wit, much inventiveness and a sardonic eroticism. In Barbarella, wit and sexuality set the predominant mood; in Lone Sloane, a very simple space-opera plot is undercut with Lovecraftian cosmic horror almost at odds with the simplistic plot-line.

An earlier Barbarella comic has been published (1964 French edition, 1966 English edition); part of this was used as the basis of the Jane Fonda film, which did not closely follow the plotline of the comic. The film's Barbarella was much more innocent, dumber, sweeter-natured, and rather more clumsy! The plot was simplified and strengthened — it is the virtue of a comic to be episodic, whereas a film must be unified and swift-moving. Still, we see plenty of our favourite movie characters, the Angel, the Terrible Twins, the Black Queen, and the character with the Pleasure Machine.

The Barbarella comics have many virtues — smooth sensuous drawing, dry witty dialogue, stunning inventiveness, discrete and deft eroticism. "Moonchild" is the third in the series — the second, apparently, has not yet been translated. A few extracts are given in the introduction to "Moonchild", and we are given a resume of events. There are also a few colour stills from the film.

As befits the changes between the Sixties and the Seventies, the Heavy Metal Barbarella is even raunchier and more forthright than her predecessor. There is less titillation and more downright nudity (she seems to wander around in nothing but red thigh-length boots for much of the time) and she not only has sexual encounters but they are depicted — though the light touch and the discretion are still there. Barbarella looks somewhat older and is more aggressive, and the slight feminist element is somewhat boosted — there is a long witty send-up of the nature of creativity and the basic reasons why men resent women, done with irony and finesse.

The biggest change, though, is that in this story Barbarella not only produces a baby, but ends up in a permanent relationship with the father — a handsome, sensuous-looking fellow, an astronaut/scientist/mage known as Browingwell the Crafty Fox. The scenes where Barbarella visits the symbolically named "fertility planet" of Gyn Gyn to produce her Masterpiece are wonderfully

idyllic — scenes of a slowly thickening Barbarella riding down a river full of floating flowers, plunging down a waterfall, finally to reach a sea above which flutters strange four-winged birds, where she will give birth on a beach under a scattering of blazing moons. There is more seriousness in this tale than in the first Barbarella comic — a conflict between nature and arrogant technology, when a giant robot figure of the heroine (her lover's Masterpiece) is being brought to life with her stolen life-force, and is used in an attempted murder of mother and child. Good prevails, and the ending, after many devious plot twists, is an upbeat version of "What is reality?"

Druillet's comic is far darker and grimmer in mood, though it too has the wit and inventiveness of most of the Heavy Metal productions. The story line does not really blend with the art, as it does in "Barbarella", but seems to merely provide a slender excuse for it. The story is very ordinary, the artwork superb — far more detailed than in any other comic I've seen; in fact more detailed than many posters. Druillet enjoys working full-page, and will probably later become a full-time artist in paintings and posters as Frazetta and others have done.

He delights in drawing hideous, spider-like, grotesque idols, with yowling creatures cavorting around them; gargoyle-encrusted palaces floating in space; demi-godlike figures on thrones; abstract representations of awesome armies; colossal explosions destroying cities where foul and nameless perversions are conducted in broad daylight; grey melting-fleshed monsters screaming in horror at the abominations taking place in the black citadels they guard; slimy mutated jungles of octopus-like plants; hideous orgies of decaying degenerates; evil masked clerics of some fanatical cult that dotes on human sacrifice. It is a world almost as nightmarish as Giger's.

Yet there are touches of wit, especially in the second part, "Delirius". This involves a pleasure planet given over to corruption and greed. There are all sorts of advertisements in the background of the city scenes, and they include posters advertising Coca-Cola and Isher weaponry. The degenerate Delirians call the basic banknote a Credo — instead of the usual SF term "Credit"; we have a most sardonic comment on the inhabitant's basic religion, i.e. greed.

Lone Sloane, the central character of the stories, is a space pirate with an iron will and hints of supernatural powers (after an encounter with a deep-space Lovecraftian entity and its worshippers his eyes turn a bright menacing red); he is out, of course, to destroy a certain corrupt tyrannical Empire that is ripping off the Universe. In the process he meets some strange characters, including the pirate chief Shonga in hypermacho phallic armour; the sadistic governor of Delirius, who looks like a cross between a slug and a putrid pile of swamp muck, and the masked priests of the Red Redemption, who seem to be terrorists but turn out to merely be protection-racket thugs. The ending of the tale is bizarrely apocalyptic and wry, as Sloane and his Martian friend take off for more adventures and blows against the Empire.

Anyone who enjoys offbeat SF/fantasy art or who is at all interested in good SF comics should have a look at these two books.

- Diane Southgate.

SPACED OUT IS REALISING  
YOU'VE TOUCHED DOWN ON A  
SPACE MIRAGE...





VIII,

Shortly after the Third Australian Convention, FSS members P. Glick and Lorelei Giles had married and gone to live in Melbourne, Glick seeking six months 'leave of absence' from the Society, his wife allowing herself to become unfinancial. The couple returned to Sydney to live, and attended the first meeting of the FSS held in 1955, No.211 on February 6. Glick reported that the whole attitude was deplored in Melbourne, and urged the Society to support the Fourth Australian Convention, which the North Shore Futurian Society was planning for the Easter Weekend, March 18-19-20. As the FSS WAS in an unenviable financial position, it might pay to 'turn the cheek' and seek reconciliation with the breakaway group.

Molesworth said Glick had been absent too long to be "au fait" with current events in Sydney. The breakaway group had rented the Society's earlier meeting place, had unlawfully used the word "Futurian", and had vilified the Society in its publications. He denied that there was a feud between the two organisations, and claimed that the whole affair had been carried forward by the animosity of the people at the Bridge Club.

Glick said people had 'heard' they would not be acceptable to the Society if they were seen with regular attendees at the Bridge Club. It was moved Glick, seconded Brunen, that "this Society does not oppose any Convention being held in 1955 by the N.S.F.S. and will take no action against any member supporting the above Convention." This was carried by seven votes to three (two abstaining). A motion by Molesworth, seconded Mason-Cox, that 'the executive publish a list of persons banned from the clubroom or FSS membership' was carried by a similar majority.

In the week between this and Meeting No.212 (13 February '55) Glick approached a number of former FSS members and urged them to re-offer their support. The result was that 21 fans turned up to Meeting No.212. The influx alarmed some of the executive council, who thought Glick was trying to 'stack' the meeting.

The Chairman (A. South) declared that the meeting was to be held in camera, and that only financial members could remain. Glick moved suspension of standing orders to permit nominations for membership to be received. Martin attempted to second the motion, but was not permitted to do so because his membership status was in doubt. The motion was then seconded by Leggett, and carried by eight votes to two (one abstention).

Applications for membership were then submitted by F. Chaplin, N. Hemming, B. Gore, B. Finch, and Mrs. Gore.

The first application, (Chaplin) was refused by one vote. The next (Mrs. Gore) was accepted by one vote. On the next two applications (Gore and Finch) seven votes were recorded for and against, and the Chairman cast his vote in the negative, refusing the applications.

Three more applications for membership were then submitted (Mrs. L. Molesworth, Miss N. Hemming, and K. Martin), each of which was successful.

Miss Smith's resignation from the position of Treasurer was then accepted, and Mason-Cox elected in her place.

Molesworth said the meeting had been called to consider the club's financial position. The clubroom for the past three months had shown a decided loss, the average attendance being ten. "The problem now arises whether a move out of these premises is called for", he said.

Glick said many of the old members had ceased to support the club because of the feud it was contributing to against the Bridge Club group. "Many neutral members who have not specifically allied themselves with either group have been supporting the Bridge Club under the impression that, despite the odd publication Scansion, it has taken little action against this Society, while this Society, via a banned list and threats of banning, has insulted many of these neutral members' friends. The only way we can get their support is to stop issuing a banned list," he said.

When the Chairman pointed out that there was no banned list, Glick replied that people had been banned in fact, whether or not any list was published. Mrs. Gore claimed that she had been shown a list by Stone on which were the names of Burke, Haddon, Veney, Nicholson, Bos, Hubble, two others, and her own name.

Glick said the Futurian Society, in his opinion, had been responsible for the split in Sydney fandom, and partly responsible for keeping the feud going. He believed that if the Society took the first step, the split could be ended, which would solve the Society's financial problems.

Molesworth moved, as a test motion, that the Society abandon its clubroom premises. This was seconded by Mason-Cox, and defeated by 10 votes to 2. Those present were urged to recruit new members and endeavour to bring old members back to support the clubroom.

Twenty people attended the next meeting, No.213, on February 28, 1955. Applications for membership by Gore, Finch, E. Butt, Miss N. Williams and Mrs. Mason-Cox were all accepted unanimously. Glick moved that the Society elect a number of delegates to the Fourth Australian Convention to attempt to arrive at an amicable settlement of the differences with the Bridge Club group in open debate under the chairmanship of an impartial debate. This was seconded by Mrs.Glick.

Molesworth then informed the Meeting that on the previous Thursday night he had made a personal visit to the Bridge Club to apologise to the breakaway group and to invite them back. At a table near the doorway were seated Glick, David Cohen, and Finch. When asked who was in charge, Cohen had replied: "I am. I pay the rent and take full responsibility." Cohen then refused Molesworth permission to speak to the people at the Bridge Club, and three times ordered him off the premises.

Martin said the fact that Cohen was "something of a paranoiac and had an intense personal dislike of Molesworth" was not an attack on the Futurian Society itself. Martin said Molesworth had contributed quite a stroke towards the healing of the feud by getting thrown out of the Bridge Club. "We now have reached the position where the Bridge Club is disgusted with the actions of their landlord, and we can now go on with a fair chance of healing this feud," he added.

It was pointed out that at the Third Australian Convention a motion had been passed at the request of Nicholson that a conference be held between the two segments to settle their differences. At the Futurian

Society meeting immediately following the Convention, the secretary had been directed to write to the Bridge Club group asking where and when they would like the conference to be held. No reply had been received.

The motion to send delegates to the Fourth Australian Convention was carried with 14 votes in favour, none against, and seven abstentions. At the following meeting (13 February) it was decided to send five delegates - Glick, Martin, Mason-Cox, Molesworth and Traeger.

Meanwhile, organisation of the Convention itself was being done principally by Arthur Haddon. The North Shore Futurian Society leaders - Hubble and Bos - had been criticised in Scansion for failing to keep up a satisfactory library service at the Bridge Club, and had done little to arrange the Convention which their club had offered to organise.

The Convention was held at Dunbar House, Watson's Bay, over the weekend, March 18-19-20. It began with a fancy dress ball on the Friday night, attended by 42 people. On Saturday morning, about 30 attended a get-together at which original artwork from the British magazines Nebula and New Worlds was displayed.

The Saturday afternoon session was attended by 61 people. Dr. John Blatt spoke on "Science and Science Fiction" and Mr. John Spence on "Transportation in the Future". Guest of honour, British author A. Bertram Chandler and Dr. Blatt then answered questions from the floor. On Saturday night two full-length science fiction films were screened to an audience of 51.

Only about 20 fans turned up for the auction on Sunday morning. On the Sunday night Mrs. Gore's theatrical group, now styling themselves "The Arcturian Players", staged Norma Hemming's play, "Miss Denton's Dilemma", to an audience of 45.

The business session on Sunday afternoon was attended by 43 delegates, with Pat Burke in the Chair. Reports were presented on Melbourne Activities (J. Keating), Adelaide (Miss Finch), Brisbane (Veney) and Canberra (Molesworth). Butt reported that an organisation had been formed in the Newcastle-Cessnock area known as the Hunter Valley Futurian Society, but that it had ceased activity when he left Newcastle and John Vile later left Cessnock. Miss Simmons, reporting on the Vertical Horizons group, said it was no longer in existence and publication of Vertical Horizons had ceased.

David Cohen then delivered a report on which he said he was "solely responsible" for the Thursday Night Bridge Club Group, which used premises provided by him. Asked by Glick if he would hand over control of these rooms to a committee of members, Cohen said he had no intention of doing so because he had borne the financial burden for over 12 months. He intended to run the clubroom as it suited him, and if people did not like it they need not attend. He added that certain people (whom he did not name) would never be welcome.

Ian Crozier, of Melbourne, was asked to take the chair, being a 'neutral'. Burke then moved, seconded Nicholson, that all organisations in Sydney disband within three to four weeks and that all their resources be put into a common pool. After considerable discussion, the motion was withdrawn. Molesworth moved, seconded Traeger, that the Convention agree that there shall be one club in Sydney. Veney then moved, seconded Nicholson, that the word 'room' be inserted after 'club' in the motion. The amendment was carried by 29 votes to 3, and as the motion by 29 votes to one. It was then resolved by 33 votes to one that a conference should be held in

the FSS Clubroom on Monday, April 4.

The attendance book of the Taylor Square clubroom shows that the conference was held, with Baldwin, Butt, Brunen, Mrs. Gore, Haddon, Norma Hemming, Hubble, Leggest, Mason-Cox and wife, Molesworth and wife, Nicholson, South, Thurston, Turnbull, Veney, and Norma Williams present. Unfortunately there are no written records of proceedings. The 31st issue of Scansion (11 August '55), edited by Burke, reported that the meeting was "a dismal failure, marred by all the usual intolerance and clashes of personality that have wrecked Sydney fandom."

With the schism unhealed, the rival Thursday Night meetings continued in Sydney, with the inevitable result that on June 2, the Futurian Society was forced by lack of funds to leave the Taylor Square clubroom. The Library was moved to the home of Alan South.

The Bridge Club group was, however, also suffering from the schism. While Cohen continued to pay the rent, many of his supporters (including Nicholson, Burke, Veney and Haddon) no longer turned up, and by the end of 1955 attendance had fallen to six. Cohen took over the library of the North Shore Futurian Society, to run it as a business, and nothing more was heard of the Society. (Scansion, No.33 (20 October '55))

Twenty issues of Scansion were published during the year, the editors being M. Baldwin, Burke, Earls, Fisher, Glick, Haddon, Hubble, Nicholson, R. Sebel, and Norma Williams.

The failure of the rival groups to reach agreement on April 4 prompted seven of the leading Sydney fans to form a new organisation, the Albion Futurian Society. At the inaugural meeting (10 April '55), Arthur Haddon was elected Director, Vol Molesworth Secretary, and Neville Cohen Treasurer. The group continued to meet in members' homes throughout the year. It decided from the outset not to endeavour to recruit members, hire public premises, or publish a fanzine.

At the end of 1955, only nine members remained in the Futurian Society of Sydney. South was operating the library at his own home, but borrowing was slight. During the year Graham Stone published four issues of Science Fiction News, in May, July, September and December.

Outside Sydney activities continued to flourish. In Melbourne, weekly meetings were held, averaging ten, and in October the group finally moved into its own premises at 168 Lennox St., Richmond. The library now had a permanent home. Throughout the year Etherline continued its record-breaking run, appearing fortnightly under the editorship of Ian Crozier, and containing up to 44 pages an issue. Etherline was now established as the news magazine of Australian fandom, featuring news from overseas and all centres of Australia as well as Victoria.

The Adelaide Science Fiction Group also continued to meet throughout the year. At the annual general meeting held on July 3, Norm Kemp was elected President, Dennis Walsh Vice-President, Mrs. Joyce Secretary, R. Kemp Treasurer, Hal Nicholson and Dennis Walsh Librarians, Margaret Finch secretary. The library had grown to 1620 items.

The Brisbane Science Fiction Group also continued to meet throughout the year at the home of the Taves, meetings enlivened (and swollen) by visits by British author, Arthur C. Clarke.

The Futurian Society of Canberra held several meetings during 1955, these becoming more social gatherings than formal business sessions.

For 20 years Sydney had been the "hub" of Australian fandom, but after the internal disruption of 1954 and the failure to heal the breach in 1955, the initiative passed to the other capital cities and to Melbourne in particular.

For the next four years (1956-1959) the Futurian Society of Sydney was kept alive largely by the efforts of one person - Graham Stone. When South found he could no longer keep the library at his home, Stone moved it first to his own home, and then at his own expense rented an office in the city, where he installed the library and a duplicator. Stone spent the next few years slowly building up a group of library borrowers, doing cataloguing and research, and issuing irregular newsletters and booklets. Issues of the quality Science Fiction News appeared in May, September, and November, 1956; April, July, and October, 1957; January, March, May, and October, 1958.

Meeting No. 217 of the Society was held in a coffee inn in Sydney on November 5, 1959 - the 20th anniversary of its establishment. There were only three members still financial - Stone, South, and Molesworth. Stone said that at the last meeting, held on December 14, 1955, the constitution had been amended to make three a quorum. He said that during the past four years he had made it his business to safeguard the property of the Society and to see that its name did not die out. He added that he had enrolled 66 associate members who used the library but had no right to vote. The meeting carried a resolution endorsing Stone's action. Molesworth was then elected Director, South Treasurer, and Stone Secretary-Librarian.

Under the constitution, a person who had completed 10 years' continuous membership automatically became a Life Member. Molesworth and Stone were qualified, and South became so in 1963.

The Albion Futurian Society stopped holding formal meetings by the end of 1955, and turned into a group of friends visiting each other's homes.

Throughout the whole of this period, fans continued to meet at the Bridge Club on Thursday nights under the patronage of David Cohen. Only two issues of Scansion appeared in 1956, one in January (edited by Royce Williams), the other in December (Michael J. Baldwin). Baldwin, assisted by Hubble, put out three issues of Extant, a poorly produced roneod foolscap magazine; and two new fans, Pete Jefferson and Roger Sebel, produced MC in a folded foolscap format.

Melbourne had been given authority by the Third Australian Convention to organise the Fifth Convention in 1956. The date selected for the 'Olympicon' was December 8 and 9, 1956. To raise funds, the organising committee decided to sell 'registrations' for 10/- Aust, 7/6 stg., or \$1 USA, which entitled the subscriber to receive a badge, the Convention Booklet and the Convention Report.

At Easter, a gathering of fans was held at Canbarra to discuss plans for the Convention. Those attending were Burke, Dillon, Molesworth and wife, Frederickson, Baldwin, Nicholson, Hubble and Fisher (from Sydney),

Crozier, Latimer, Lyell, McCubbin and wife, McLelland, Mortimer, Salgram, Binns and Keating (Melbourne), and Bennett, Jones and Porter (Canberra).

Meetings of the Melbourne group continued throughout the year, but pressure of planning for the Convention made Etherline fewer in pages and irregular in appearance, without departing from its high standard of layout and presentation. No Sydney news is found in these issues, and only occasional reports from Brisbane and Adelaide.

During 1956, the first overt sign of dissension in the Melbourne group. Leo J. Harding published a oneed 4to fanzine, Antipodes, outside the FAPA group, and drew some criticism in Etherline for some of his remarks.

The Adelaide Science Fiction Group continued to meet during 1956, although with reduced numbers. The library, which had started with 183 items, had now climbed to 2113 items. Annual elections resulted in Lyall Mason becoming President, Norm Kent Vice-President, Robin Kemp Treasurer, Mrs Joyce Secretary and Librarian, and Bob Simons Assistant Librarian.

The Fifth Australian Convention was held at Richmond Town Hall. No fewer than 147 had registered, the breakdown being 87 in Victoria, 24 in U.S.A., 19 in N.S.W., five from Queensland, four from Tasmania, two from South Australia, and five from elsewhere. Attendance ranged from 31 on Saturday morning to 112 on Sunday evening.

On Saturday morning there was an inspection of displays put together by Mervyn Binns and Keith McLelland. In the afternoon, Chairman McCubbin introduced the Guest of Honour, Brisbane writer Frank Bryning, who spoke on "Some Things We Should Expect From Science Fiction". This was followed by Melbourne writer Wynne Whiteford on "Science Fiction", and Melbourne radio scriptwriter Harvey Blanks on "S.F. from a Radio View". On Saturday night Barry Salgram produced a play by Norma Hemming, "Balance of Power".

Following the auction on Sunday morning, the Business Session was held in the afternoon. Reports were given on the Brisbane group (Bryning), Tasmania (Frank Hasler), South Australia (Mrs. Joyce), Melbourne (McCubbin) and AFPA. No reports were received from the Futurian Society of Sydney, the Bridge Club Group, the Futurian Society of Canberra, or West Australia.

Salgram moved, seconded Santos, that the next Convention be held in Melbourne in 1958. The motion was carried unanimously. Baldwin (Sydney) said that in his opinion there was no responsible organisation in Sydney able to carry out the organising of the event.

On Sunday evening two feature films were screened.

In the issue of Etherline reporting the Convention (No.80) Crozier announced that there could be a break in publication until April, 1957, to give the editorial staff a holiday. When no.81 did appear he announced that publication would in future be every three weeks instead of fortnightly.

Shortly after this, the Melbourne Science Fiction Club opened its doors at St. James Building, in Little Collins Street. The club was to open on Tuesday and Thursday nights. The group had renovated the room, erected bookshelves, and moved its property from Lennox St., Richmond. Sydney's history was repeating itself in Melbourne.

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The South Australian Convention was held at Richmond Town Hall, Melbourne, on April 5 - 6, 1958. This time 98 people registered, the actual attendance ranging from 30 on Saturday afternoon to 45 on Sunday night.

On Saturday morning an auction was held, and in the afternoon, Mr. Barry Clarke, of the Victorian Astronomical Society, spoke on "The Canals of Mars". Following his address, reports were received on Melbourne and Brisbane activities. McCubbin reported that about a dozen people were turning up regularly at the club, and there were about 30 others who appeared at irregular intervals. The core would be quite prepared to meet in each other's homes, if and when required, and thus evade the continual financial drain and worry of the clubroom, which was being kept open as a service to fans. Bryning reported that about five or six fans were meeting once a month in Brisbane, but nobody had the time to do any recruiting or organising.

No reports were received from other fan groups in Australia.

On Sunday, a barbecue was held.

XI,

Between 1959 and 1963 Graham Stone operated the Futurian Society of Sydney almost as a one-man band, although occasional help was contributed by Alan South and Kevin Dillon. In addition to opening the city office every Saturday afternoon for library borrowing, Stone carried out postal lending, published Notes and Comment, library catalogues, and newsletters.

In August, 1963, Stone was offered a job in Canberra. Meeting No. 218 of the Society was held in a coffee inn on August 14, to confer Life Membership on South, and to elect Kevin Dillon to membership. Dillon agreed to look after the office and library when Stone departed for Canberra.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

It was in the September, 1963 issue of New Worlds that the following advertisement appeared -

Australian Readers!  
Postal science fiction  
service for all states.  
Details from Futurian  
Society, Box 440, Sydney,  
NSW.

When I saw it I immediately wrote and received a note from Graham Stone detailing the service and with a reference to the Saturday meeting place of the FSS.

Some short time later I ventured into Sydney to 96 Philip Street, up the dark and musty stairs to the room on the 2nd floor, where dwelt the FSS library. There I met Graham Stone, Kevin Dillon and Alan South, as well as coffee whose taste and odour I can still taste and smell.

When struck me at the time were three things - the incredible amount of ancient prozines the library possessed, from complete runs of Amazing and Astounding, to hardcovers; the detailed knowledge of sf of Grahame Stone; and the swift passing of time of those afternoons of youth.

Sometime during my visits there, Stone mentioned they were going to visit a 'Vol Molesworth' in hospital, but not knowing him, I didn't go. Somewhere later he mentioned Molesworth had died - thus I never got to meet Vol. However the three members of the FSS had only good things to say of him, and after stencilling and publishing this History, I think it is a fitting tribute to him.

After Grahame Stone went to Canberra things went into hibernation for the FSS. It was only recently that Bob Smith mentioned that Stone was back in Sydney and the FSS was still meeting. (It had been meeting in Sydney while Stone was in Canberra, but I never went to a meeting). Thus the first and longest running sf club in Australia is still meeting in Sydney.

- Ron L Clarke  
October, 1980.