

*Ken*  
**ARK**

**No. 1**



# BETWEEN US....

Well, here is ARK number one, a fanzine with a lot of future, we hope. Ronl decided (I don't make any important decisions around here - not even when he proposed; because he didn't - just told me: "I love you... tomorrow we're going to Sydney to pick out a ring." Mind you he did propose a week or so afterwards, but he had already made up our minds)). Anyway, Ronl has decided that it is more economical and better for us (no inter family competition) to have a family zine. The name ARK came rather naturally and I'm sure anyone who's read Penultimate Blimp would realise how. Anyone who missed Pb can write to me and I'll personally write back with the story (I love spinning a yarn).

We've been really lucky with columns by A Bertram Chandler, Max Taylor, John Alderson(next issue) and Del & Dennis Stocks, plus the Australian Fan History (1935-1963) by Vol Molesworth in the entirety (for a shorter, edited version see Shayne McCormack's Something Else) which has been reprinted with the permission of Laura Molesworth. Future installments will include photos,

Meanwhile, Christmas is in two days and we may very well have to wait that long for me to write, type and duplicate the last three pages. (In case anyone is wondering, this editorial is typed in the opposite of the Royal/editorial plural. Both of us are using the same 'I' in this).

I sometimes wonder how people get through Christmas - the shopping in the more-than-just-packed stores, the last minute things to do, the Christmas parties, decorating the living room, the Christmas cards, the cooking, wrapping presents. Wow.

This year there's no Christmas Tree for us, since there is no room in this flat for one of the size we could fit on top of the TV that Sue's parents gave us for a Christmas present (the rest of the space is taken up with the typer-desk, the settee and two arm chairs, the six-foot bookcase, the TV, the two 1.5 cubic foot speakers, the buffet cabinet on which is perched the Sony 1010 amplifier, the Dual 1218 turntable and the Sony 366 Tape Deck. The birdcage takes up the rest of the space along the wall, and the kitchen table, four chairs and the coffee table in the

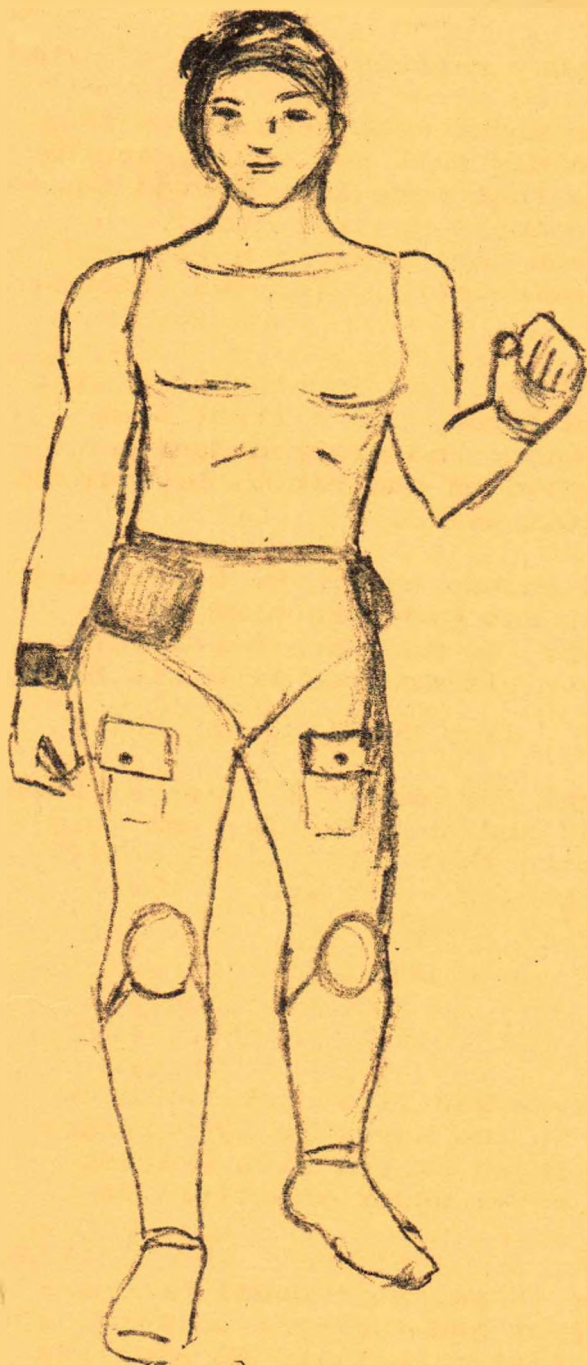
in the middle of the room. This doesn't mean there's no visible signs of Christmas - there's "Merry Christmas" in gold and red on the walls, our Santa Claus table cloth and then all our Christmas cards. This year we couldn't put up a string along the walls (against the tenant's lease - but then, so are our pets; and we've got two budgies now, Chippy and Jimmy as well as our two goldfish) so there's one across the french windows and a long one tied to the hooks of the curtains at the french windows and across the room diagonally and onto the wall near the door. They are both full and we've started putting them on the TV and cupboards.

Ah yes, the television. Whilst I was at work a couple of days ago Ronl and his dad went off to Blacktown to collect it (apparently to keep Ronl occupied between zines whilst I am studying at Uni) second-hand and put in a few new doodads (actually, I'm not really a helpless female but it's fun pretending - it has a new picture tube, and a new valve and now it's as good as new. I let Ronl pick what he wants (ha! ha! - ronl) to see as I don't intend to foster any arguments as fruitless and destructive as personal taste in TV programmes. Erk. Besides I'm trying to learn how to read faster and am trying to get through our rather large and diverse library and when I finish ours (I'm still wading through the "A"'s - Aldiss, Asimov, etc) I might just move in on the Hydes at Canberra and start on their large library and then there is always Warren Sommerville of Orange and his wall-to-ceiling (and that's a tall amount since he has a very old colonial house with tall ceilings - not like houses these days where you have to have close ceiling-hugging light fixtures so that tall people won't hit their heads) and wall-to-wall first edition hard back sf - and then there is always John Alderson's wall-stacked pb's. Hm.. that should keep me busy for quite a while to come.

I'll have to get on and finish this soon since I'm going to have to make a start on the Christmas cooking. Isn't that one of the nicest things about Christmas - sharing Christmas pud. and/or Christmas cake with everyone, and feeding all your visitors and being fed in turn. Yum: there's chicken and ham and pork (usually cold) and salads with everything in them, fresh-baked bread (that's my job), triffls, lollies, cakes, peanuts and crisps. I can almost feel full just thinking of it all. A music teacher of mine from Hong Kong once said I'd love it there because of the wealth of variety of food alone.

I love making it as well as eating it. That's one thing I share with Helen Hyde.

Down the coast (at Erawal Bay, remember) no-one works too hard at Christmas. Each female member of the family brings a little and when we put it together there's always a lot left



SHAI

DORSAI

By

DEA & DENNIS

STOCKS

"For the first time then I saw a man of the Dorsai in action.

So swift was Kensie's reaction that it was eerily as if he had read Jamethon's mind in the instant before the Friendlies began to reach for their weapons. As their hands touched their sidearms, he was already in movement forward over the table and his spring-pistol was in his hand. He seemed to fly directly into the force-leader and the two of them went down together, but Kensie kept travelling. He rolled on off the force-leader, who now lay still in the grass. He came

to his knees, fired, and dived forward, rolling again.

The Groupman on Jamethon's right went down. Jamethon and the remaining two were turned nearly full about now, trying to keep Kensie before them. The two that were left shoved themselves in front of Jamethon, their weapons not yet aimed. Kensie stopped moving as if he had run into a stone wall, came to his feet in a crouch, and fired twice more. The two Friendlies fell apart, one to each side.

Jamethon was facing Kensie now, and Jamethon's pistol was in his hand and aimed. Jamethon fired, and a light blue streak leapt through the air, but Kensie had dropped again. Lying on his side on the grass, propped on one elbow, he pressed the firing button on his spring-pistol twice.

Jamethon's sidearm sagged in his hand. He was backed up against the table now, and he put out his free hand to steady himself against the table top. He made another effort to lift his sidearm but he could not. It dropped from his hand."

From SOLDIER, ASK NOT.

"Wars invariably get fought for abstract reasons. Wars may be instigated by the middle-aged and the elderly; but they're fought by youth. And youth needs more than a practical motive for tempting the tragedy of all tragedies - the end of the universe - which is dying, when you're young"

From DORSAI!

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DORSAI! by Gordon R. Dickson was first published as a three-part serial in Astounding in the May-July 1959 issues (August, Nov., and Dec. issues for those of you with British Editions) and later appeared as a novel under the title of THE GENETIC GENERAL.

DORSAI! concerns the rise to power of Donal Graeme - a Dorsai of some considerable foresight and tactical ability. 1963 saw the publication of NECROMANCER (later entitled NO ROOM FOR MAN). This short novel can be seen as fitting into the Dorsai sequence with the early formation of the Chantry Guild of Walter Blunt and the Exotic Culture when Paul Formain took over the Guild.

Dickson was awarded the Hugo in 1965 when SOLDIER, ASK NOT (published by Galaxy) won the "Short Fiction" category and in 1967 this appeared as a longer novel using the original story padded out with an extra two-thirds of background detail. SOLDIER, ASK NOT blends and intermeshes with DORSAI! as it follows

the attempted revenge of Tam Olyn on the Friendlies.

In 1970 another serial appeared in Analog, TACTICS OF MISTAKE - as a 4 part effort and later as a novel in 1971. (Our edition is Double Day which we think is the first.) TACTICS OF MISTAKE is set very early in the history of the worlds familiar to Donal Graeme and Tam Olyn. The Dorsai are only a small band of mercenaries who can't find employment for anything larger than a short regiment and the Exotic culture is confined to a small section of the planet Kultis. Cletus Graham, head of the Tactics Dept. at the Western Alliance Military Academy soon changes this.

So, if you want to follow the development of the Dorsai and related cultures the sequence is NECROMANCER, TACTICS OF MISTAKE, SOLDIER, ASK NOT and DORSAI!

But this missive is on the Dorsai, so let's look at the plot of the first story:

#### DORSAI!/THE GENETIC GENERAL.

##### Background:

The year is 2403; Man had spread out to inhabit seven other star systems beside the Solar. Nearly all the occupied planets are terra-formed to a certain degree. These are:- In the Solar System - Earth and her Moon, Mars and Venus. In Alpha Centauri - Newton and Cassia. In the system of Sirius - New Earth and Freiland together with the largely useless small world of Oriente. In the system of Tau Ceti, the large, low gravity world of Ceta. In the Procyon System, the so-called Exotic Worlds of Mara and Kultis, the Catholic planet of St. Maria and the mining world called Coby. In E. Eridani is the unique twin planets of Association and Harmony --- ironically referred to as the Friendly Worlds or the Friendlies. In Altair's system is the small fisher planet Dunnin's World which is ruled by the co-operative called the Corbel and, under the star Fomalhaut is Dorsai.

With the discovery of Interstellar flight mankind broke up into these Splinter Cultures and live to different standards than Earthmen. The 'loose' worlds are in automatic opposition to "tight" worlds (Ceta, Venus, Newton etc) who barter skilled personnel without concern for individual rights. The Friendlies are religious fanatics who supply unquestioning cannon-fodder for the many and various conflicts that erupt, and Dorsai are the professional soldiers, the elite mercenaries.

"These people can be killed - all who are born of women are mortal - but staining them through, like a dye, is the undeniable fact that, together, or as individuals, they cannot be conquered. By anything. Conquest of the Dorsai character is

not merely unthinkable, it is somehow not - possible."

The three groups that are most prominent are the DORSAI, the FRIENDLIES and the EXOTICS. Perhaps the most important are the latter....

"The exotics were two planets full of strange people, judged by the standards of the rest of the human race - some of whom want so far as to wonder if the inhabitants of Mara and Kultis had developed wholly and uniquely out of the human race, after all. This, however, was speculation half in humour and half in superstition. In truth they were human enough.

They had, however, developed their own form of wizardry. Particularly in the fields of psychology and the related branches, and in that other field which you could call gene selection or planned breeding depending on whether you approved or disapproved of it. Along with this went a certain sort of general mysticism. The Exotics worshipped no god, and laid claim to no religion. On the other hand they were nearly all they claimed, by individual choice - vegetarians and adherents of nonviolence on the Hindu order. In addition, however, they held to another cardinal nonprinciple; and this one was the principle of non-interference. The ultimate violence they believed, was for one person to urge a point of view on another - in any fashion of urging. Yet, all these traits had not destroyed their ability to take care of themselves. If it was their creed to do violence to no man, it was another readily admitted part of their same creed that no one should therefore be wantonly permitted to do violence to them. In war and business, through mercenaries and middle men, they ore than held their own."

The life blood of all these worlds is the skill of their trained specialists - and the medium of trade between the worlds is the exchange of work contracts where a specialist in one field may be hired out in order that another specialist of a type the home world needs may be imported and employed. In the past 200 years the inhabited planets have developed their own particular characters and special schools. Earth exports social scientists and educationists, Mars, weather and agricultural experts, Venus and her daughter technocratic worlds of Newton and Cassida are specialists in the hard sciences and corresponding technologies. New Earth and Freiland, under their monarchical republics, export construction and legal experts and some professional soldiers. The Friendlies, as explained above, provide the bulk of soldiers in warfare plus Theologians and machine-design specialists in small numbers. St. Marie, Dunnin's World and Coby export little except indentured students, whose contract rights have to be split with the world that contracts them - these worlds being too poor and young to have developed

any home schools worth mentioning. Ceta exports mercantile and business exports of the highest skill, and Dorsai exports professional soldiers - but of such fine quality that there is always a hungry market for their contractual services.

Phew! what a background... well...

Donal Graeme enters this conglomeration on his 18th birthday with his graduation from the Dorsai military academy. He has become increasingly aware of his difference to his people. He is militarily brilliant yet troubled by deep desires and insights he can't explain to anyone, let alone himself. He is the product of the best of Dorsai breeding and training although his mother and grandmother were from Mara. He has considerable difficulty explaining to

asons he does things. Three weeks after his "graduation dinner" with his family (at which he became rather drunk) he is on his way to the Friendlies to put up his contract for sale when he meets Anea Marlivana, a young girl of his own age who is a special product of Exotic breeding known as the SELECT of Kultis. Anea foolishly hires Donal to destroy the contract binding her to the service of William, prince and chairman of the Board of Ceta, not knowing that such destruction is a physical near-impossibility, the contract being impressed into a single huge molecule. Shocked at the involvement in such a situation of a person who represents the finest gene selections and psychological upbringing the Exotic medical science can achieve, Donal ignores her demand and starts to investigate the situation.



He falsely claims acquaintance between his father and another Dorsai on the ship, Hendrick Galt, Marshal of Freiland. Galt, naturally sees through the deception but is intrigued enough to say nothing with the result Donal is invited to dine not only with Galt but with Anea, William and Ar Dell Mentor, a Newtonian with a genius for social dynamics but sunk in alcoholism in an attempt to spite William, and Galt's aid, Hugh Killien, a large and somewhat flashy Frieland career officer.

During the following dinner, Donal actively invites attention of William, yet in a private session later with Galt, Donal informs the Marshal that he considers the Prince of Ceta an absolute devil and intends doing something about the William-Anea situation. Astonished and alarmed, Galt warns Donal off,

since William is one of the dozen or so most powerful men between the stars. Donal's arrogance shows through here when he persists.

Later in an interview with William, Donal returns Anea's contract. After an initial reaction of semi-anger, William installs Donal as a Force-Leader in Killien's command as part of a demonstration field army of Freilander troops William has under his contract, and is leasing to The First Dissident Church on Harmony with their conflict with the United Orthodox Church. As he leaves William's cabin, Donal is confronted by Anea who calls him a cheat and a liar when he reveals he's returned her contract and runs from him.

Some weeks later, on Harmony, Donal takes part in an action under Hugh Killien with what Donal considers insufficient forces. Again he questions the tactical position of the forthcoming troop movements with some large degree of arrogance. He is ignored. Donal, however, has his men march under maximum security and full equipment to the village of Faith Will Succour. When nothing happens his name is mud as far as his men are concerned. Donal takes two of his men (one of whom has a fair sense of smell) on a night reconnaissance. From a hill top they detect a "sour odour", the source of which Donal keeps to himself. The same evening, Donal discovers Hugh has slipped away to meet Anea in the deserted village. He listens for a while then returns to his own men barely in time to get them into the trees when he detects the same sour odour. Moments later the elite enemy troops attack the unsuspecting Freilander troops. Donal's men, firing down through the branches turn the attack but at a heavy cost. Hugh emerges from the village too late to take part in the action; and Donal as senior field officer surviving, orders him arrested and tried by the mercenaries for misleading and abandoning his troops - under article 4 of the Mercenaries Code. Hugh is found guilty and Donal orders him shot on the spot.

Later, discharged from the demonstration forces, Donal faces William's wrath over the execution of Killien, a man who was in William's forthcoming plans. William, banking on the publicity Donal has created for himself intends to use Donal until Donal says he's signed on with Galt for Freiland. As he leaves he feels William's cold enmity and suddenly aroused suspicions following him. He pauses in leaving the hotel where William's entourage is staying, only long enough to try to speak to Anea. It is here you learn the significance of that sour odour - the Orthodox troops eat nothing but native herbs cooked in the native fashion. The odour is distinctive and permeates their clothing.

Donal tries to make Anea understand that Killien was

William's tool; and that the only way to protect Anea from the disaster she was courting in her attempts to work against William was to remove Killien. Anea believes only that Donal had Killienlegally murdered to satisfy his own self-seeking purposes. Donal leaves to take up his position with Galt in the forces of Freiland unable to understand Anea nor able to understand William's motives and his own successes at frustrating them.

Some months later on Freiland, Donal becomes involved with Elvine Rhy, a ward of Galt's as well as his neice by marriage. Although he enjoys her company, Donal wants nothing more from her and things have reached crisis point when Elvine tries to have Galt hold Donal out of the forces arming to defend Oriente -- which intelligence reports Newton is planning an expeditionary landing upon. Donal asks for command position from Galt and is appointed Staff-Liaison Officer to a sub-class ship.

In the battle that follows above Oriente, the ship is hit, its senior officers casualites and Donal takes over as acting captain. Russ Llundrow, Galt's Blue Patrol Chief, is encouraged by this to take Donal into his confidence. The Newtonians are using their force on Oriente to bombard Sirius with radiation that is causing dangerous sunspot activity and threatening New Earth and Freiland weather. Their price for withdrawal is a reciprocal trading agreement and an open market on contracts - developments which would create something like a slave market of talent where individuals could be bought and sold without any say in the place or manner of their own employment. This type of trading has always been a favourite of such worlds as Newton, Cassida, Venus, Ceta, the Friendlies and such others as have a system of government that allows rather less of individual rights. These have become known as the "Tight" worlds and have been opposed by such worlds as Earth, Mars, New Earth, Freiland, the Exotics... up to and including the Dorsai, where individual rights are almost a religious matter. Llundrow admits this to Donal because Donal has earlier suggested a possible counter threat to the Newtonian forces by a scare-bombing attempt on Newton itself. In this he is again at odds with his superiors but is given five ships of the line to do just this.

Donal is approached by Tage Lee who was on the damaged ship with him during the fight above Oriente. Lee is a psychopath but loyal to Donal who accepts him as an aide. Donal simulates a bombardment of the Newtonian atmosphere with these five ships by nerve wracking sub-space jumps back and forth through Newton's atmosphere. The supposed bombardment puts enough pressure on the Newtonian population to force the removal of the expeditionary force on Oriente. The psychic shocks resulting from the high number of phase shifts required

in this action loses Donal three of his ships and puts him and the other survivors in hospital. This is later seen as a trigger for his untapped abilities.

Recovered from this and about to be lionized by a party at Galt's residence back on Freiland, Donal discovers from his orderly, Tage, that William, Anea and the rest are to be present. Also present is a member of the Newsman's Guild, TAM OLYN, who's story is recounted in SOLDIER, ASK NOT. The results of his talks with William, Anea and ArDell forces Donal to warn Galt against leasing any troops to William and announces he'd like Galt to free him of his contract, as his fame is such that he has decided to accept the position of War Chief with the Friendly Forces. Galt accuses him of being too ambitious, to which Donal admits but also mentions it'll be easier for him to oppose William as a free agent, unconnected with Galt. Galt is astonished that Donal should continue to think of opposing William - but Donal answers that it is inevitable that he and William should eventually come into conflict.

Shortly after becoming War Chief of the Friendlies, Donal receives a tape signal from his father Eachan Khan Graeme saying that Donal's uncle Kensie is dead. This has resulted in Kensie's twin, Ian, being in a rather serious psychological state. Two points of interest here is that Kensie's death was indirectly caused by Tam Olyn's manoeuvrings and Eachan Khan was one of the major Dorsai characters in TACTICS OF MISTAKE... a distant relative of Donal's??? At his father's request, Donal finds a place for Ian on his staff. Donal's father also asked Donal to keep in touch with Donal's older brother, Mor, who - failing to match Donal's meteoric rise in the military firmament - has taken service as far removed from Donal as possible. Mor is, in fact, currently under contract on Ceta, Willism's home planet - which would put he and Donal on opposite sides in the case of open conflict.

Ian arrives and Donal disguises his sub-class ships by sheathing the phase grids and leaves to the attack on the moon of Zombri earlier than expected. Geneva Coleman, the Exotic Commander is astounded to hear that Donal has apparently landed on the moon, which was something unheard of in space warfare, and zooms to the defence of his beleaguered troops, only to find Donal in orbit above him with his first class ships. Coleman's position is somewhat untenable and he negotiates a peace with the Friendlies that allows the Friendlies an observation post on that moon in the Exotic System. Returning in triumph to Harmony, Donal is accused of selling out to the enemy by Eldest Bright, head of the Council of Churches on Harmony and Association, since Donald didn't destroy Coleman's forces when he had the chance. Bright attempts to arrest Donal for betrayal

of his employer. You'd think he'd know better with a Dorsai!! Donal kills the three guards sent to arrest him and uses this as an excuse to break his contract... and leaves for the Exotic worlds of Kultis and Mara.

On Mara, Donal is treated to a semi-examination by Sayona The Bond in which a little of Donal's philosophy comes out:

"Each man is a tool in his own hands. Mankind is a tool in its own hands. Our greatest satisfaction doesn't come from the rewards of our work, but from the working itself; and our greatest responsibility is to sharpen and improve the tool that is ourselves so as to make it capable of tackling bigger jobs."

Sayona asks Donal to consider retraining to become one of the Exotics since his genes are interesting.

"Put every new commander through all that testing and trouble?" he said.

"No, no. The word would get around and we'd never be able to hire the men we wanted."

"I rather enjoy taking tests," said Donal, idly.

"I know you do," Sayona nodded. "A test is a form of competition, after all; and you're a competitor by nature. No, normally when we want a military man we look for military proofs like anyone else - and that's as far as we go."

"Why the difference with me then?" Asked Donal, turning to look at him. Sayona returned his gaze with pale brown eyes holding just a hint of humour in the wrinkles at their corners.

"Well, we weren't just interested in you as a commander," answered Sayona. "There's the matter of your ancestors, you know. You're actually part-Maran; and those genes, even when outmatched, are of interest to us. Then there's the matter of you, yourself. You have astonishing potentials."

"Potentials for what?"

"A number of rather large things," said Sayona soberly. "We only glimpse them, of course, in the results of our tests."

"Can I ask what those large things are?" asked Donal, curiously.

"I'm sorry, no. I can't answer that for you," said Sayona....

Donal refuses Sayona's offer even after Sayona



Tam

demonstrates the mental powers when he causes Donal to walk in mid air as he leaves. Back in his room, Donal tries it also with some degree of success, 12 feet of it, to be exact.

Six years pass and Donal is Protector of Procyon, defending the Exotics. Ian Graeme, looking for the right way in which to die after Kensie's death delivers a message from Glat concerning a coup'd'etat on New Earth engineered with Cetan Troops... William is becoming a very powerful man.

There is to be a general planetary discussion on Venus to discuss recognition of the new government on New Earth. Donal goes to Holmstead, the capital of Venus, five days later as an observer and meets Galt. Donal predicts that New Earth will soon be back under its former central government rather than in it's current new position in the "Venus Group" of Venus, Newton and Cassia, and that William will want something in exchange for New Earth. Another powerful man, perhaps more powerful than William, is introduced to Donal, Project Blaine. At the conference William discusses Donal's training methods of the armed forces under his control with attention to ground troops.

In the second week of the conference, Donal lunches with William who appologises for his earlier attitude to Donal over the execution of Hugh Killien five years previous and proposes peace by letting all the worlds have open markets, but with a separate individual supraplanetary authority to police the markets with sufficient force to let it stand against individual governments if necessary and offers Donal control of such a group. To do this Donal would have to surrender his current contract with the Exotics and could be left in the cold if it didn't pan out. He extracts from William an unsigned agreement that, if things don't work out, William will confirm him as supreme authority on New Earth.

As he leaves, Donal runs into an angry Anea who's been spying on them with a snoopers mike, but Donal invites her to the conference next day. At it, William introduces his idea of a supraplanetary force but surprises everyone by suggesting Donal and not Galt as was expected. Donal agrees publically for the idea of William's watchdog force but declines saying he can't accept such a post except with clean hands and without strings and offers the unsigned agreement as evidence of the kind of thing that's going on - and leaves. Naturally he is voted in as Commander-in-Chief anyway. Two years, nine months and three days pass, Donal is showing signs of wear and tear when a rather cryptic message arrives concerning trouble on Coby. El Man, another Dorsai and survivor from the mock-attack on Newton leads a ten-man assault. In orbit above Coby,

Donal learns from a newscast that charges have been brought against Donal as Commander in Chief. Fighting has broken out on several worlds and Prince William of Ceta has offered troops as a police force to end the disturbances.

Donal attacks Coby and during the fight, the three Dorsai, Donal, El Man and Ian save the others of the assault team in an ambush when they successfully overcome eight ambushers... one of whom is another Dorsai, Hord van Tarnel. Donal hires Tarnel on a prisoner's basis and Tarnel leads them to ArDel Mentor who they've been guarding. Donal announces it is Ar Del who has planned the upsurge on the civilized worlds at the present time as William's social technician. Donal joins with Fleet Commander Llundrow.

Donal's "disappearance" had caused the existing governments, already shaky and torn by the open market dissention, to crumble on all worlds but those of the Exotics, the Dorsai, Old Earth, and the two small planets of Coby and Dunnin's World. Into the perfect power vacuum that remained, William and the armed guards of Ceta had moved swiftly and surely. Protem governments in the name of the general populace, but operating directly under William's orders, had taken over New Earth, Freiland, Newton, Cassida, Venus, Mars, Harmony and Association and held them under martial law. As William had cornered less sentient materials in the past, he had just prior to this cornered the field troops of the civilized worlds. Under the guise of training, reassignment, leave, stand-by and a dozen other paper manoeuvres, William had had under Cetan contract actual armies on each of the worlds that had fallen into disorder. All that had been necessary for him was the landing of small contingents, plus officers for the units already present, with the proper orders.

Llundrow suggests withdrawing to a safe planet where they'll be accepted. Ian suggests fighting, but Donal reveals that he has been planning and training his men to conquering a civilized planet - something that had been considered impossible and plans to take William's home world of Ceta.

This attack is successful and Donal invades William's residence only to find William with the tattered body of his brother, Mor, whom William tortured to death. This is the second massive psychic shock to Donal and he uses it to his full ability when he tells William to suffer, with a capital "S".

Again there is a scene jump to a Maran Hospital where Donal is recovering his mental stability. William is there also:-

"A man lay there rigid on a bed like the one Donal had occupied - and it was hard to recognise that man as William. For

all the asepsis of the hospital, a faint animal smell pervades the room; and the face of the man was stretched into a shape of inhumanity by all known pain. The skin of the face was tautened over the flesh and the bones like cloth of thinnest transparency over a mask of clay; and the eyes recognised no one."

Donal releases William then goes to Cassia with his "difference" now apparent to those who meet him.

Eight months later he's permanent Secretary of Defence and he and Anea are happy together.

Sayona and Anea fold the story up with a discussion on Donal's gene structure and why he's the way he is. Apparently the Exotics recognised William for what he would become when he was a lot younger so they plotted Anea's genes to be anti-William and to react to the strongest male in the Galaxy. Donal was the accidental "superman" in the works. Even Sayona is unsure if Donal has some true ability over and above a normal human or it is simply more of the same thing other men have had. Donal himself admits it is merely that he is an intuitional superman with a conscious intuitive process... besides he doesn't want to be a superman....

"I believe you have said that a name is without meaning in itself. What do you mean by "Superman"? Can your question be answered, if that tag has no meaning, no definition?

And who would want to be a superman?" asked Donal in a tone half-way between irony and sadness, his eyes going to the depth beyond depth of star-space. "What man would want sixty billion children to raise? What man could cope with so many? How would he like to make the necessitous choices between them, when he loved them all equally? Think of the responsibility involved in refusing them candy when they shouldn't - but could - have it, and seeing that they went to the dentist against their wills! And if "superman" means a unique individual - think of having sixty billion children to raise, and no friend to relax with complain to, or blow off steam to, so that the next day's chores would be more bearable.

And if your "superman" were so super, who would force him to spend his energies wiping sixty billion noses and cleaning up the messes sixty billion petulant bratlings made? Surely s Superman could find some more satisfying use for his great talents?"

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When I first read DORSAI! (Dennis here) back in my younger SF reading days, it certainly made an impact... almost as much as the Asimov Foundation trilogy. This has been the

first time since then... now I'm afraid to re-read Foundation & Empire etc in case I lose as much there as I did here. Perhaps I'm spoilt by later authors such as Dick, Spinrad, etc. Ah well... Donal Graeme was of the same ilk as Vance's Kerth Gerson or Harrison's James Bolivar de Griz. Take his attitude to booze:-

"The drinking the night he attained his majority had acquainted him with the manner in which alcohol affected him; and he had made a private determination never to find himself drunk again. It is a typical matter of record with him, that he never did." Admirable sentiments in an 18-year old.

Dickson's one and only space battle is well written and, after giving that talk at Q-Con II on space warfare, I cannot but agree with this description:

"There was no warning, there was no full moment of battle. At the last second before contact, the gun crews of the C4J had opened fire. Then -

It was all over.

Donal blinked and opened his eyes, trying to remember what had happened. He was never to remember. The room in which he lay, fastened to his chair, had been split as if by a giant hatchet. Through the badly-lit gap, he could see a portion of an officer's stateroom. A red, self-contained flare was burning somewhere luridly overhead, a signal that the control room was without air...."

An interesting similarity between DORSAI! and SOLDIER, ASK NOT (remember, published six years apart) is that both major characters in each story describe Eldest Bright as having eyes like Terquemada -

".... and the eyes of a Torquemada that light of the Inquisition in ancient Spain." - Dorsai!

".... the eyes of a Torquemada, that prime mover of the Inquisition in ancient Spain." - Soldier, Ask Not.

Dickson is a little van Vogtish in that he builds to a climax.. then CHOP! -- the resolution of which you find out about two chapters on. Oh, I know others do this but van Vogt takes the cake in my world. (As an aside here, note that Paul Formain the major character in NECROMANCER, is one-armed)

The level of weaponry is interesting... spring-pistols are silent and very deadly :

"Each man carried a hand gun and knife in addition to his regular armament, but they were infantry, spring-pistol men. weapon for weapon, any thug in the back alley of a large city had more, and more modern fire power; but the trick with modern

warfare was not to outgun the enemy, but to carry weapons he would not gimmick. Chemical and Radiation armament was too easily put out of action from a distance. Therefore, the spring-rifle with its 5000-sliver magazine and its tiny, compact non-metallic mechanism which could put a sliver in a man-sized target at a thousand metres, time after time, with unvarying accuracy." ... or the Dally Gun which is literally "dial-a-gun" able to deliver anything from a .29 calibre pellet slug to an 8 ounce, seeker-type cannister shell (TACTICS OF MISTAKE)

I found the best battle sequence was the battle of Two Rivers when Cletus Graham with a minimum of help (four other mystified soldiers) fought and captured at least half a team of Neulanders infiltrating (or trying to) across the Blue River. The first part of TACTICS OF MISTAKE in Analog, October, 1970 carries a rough map of the scene of the action which makes things a bit easier to follow. Cletus is somewhat hampered by a prosthesis in place of his left knee - another cripple ... but more of this story further on.

In New Maps Of Hell, Kingsley Amis said, "... science fiction is a literature in which specific sexual interest of the kind familiar to us from other literatures, manifested in terms of interplay between individual characters, is rare, conventional, and thin." Well, that was in 1963... looking around us now, that statement is laughable, but it applies to Dickson's stories... even up to TACTICS OF MISTAKE.

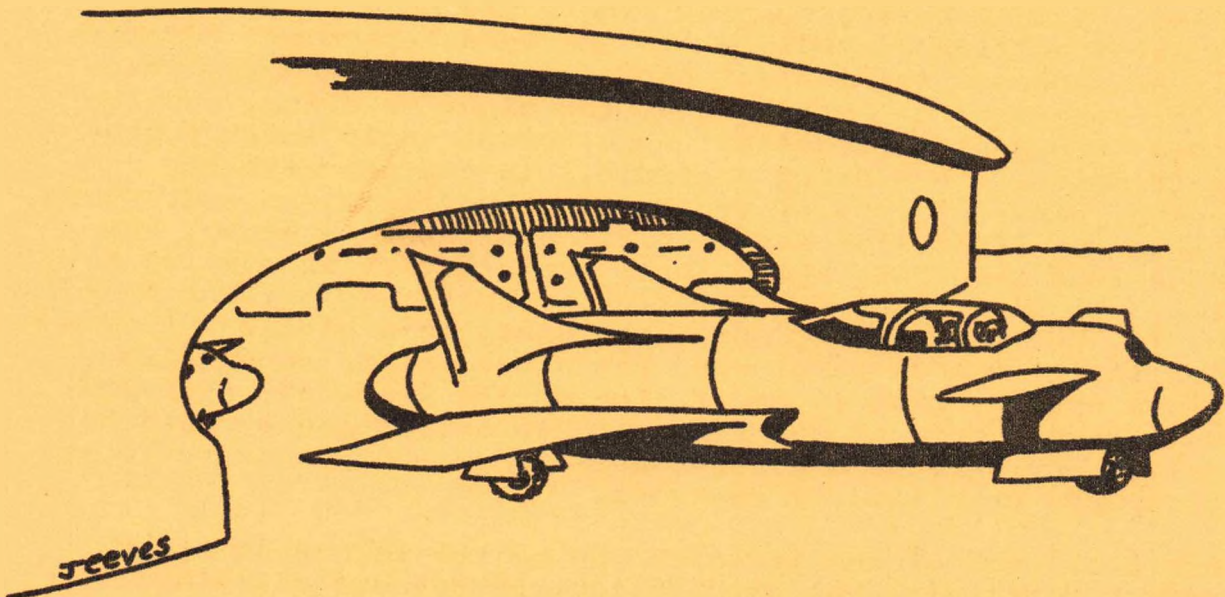
Cletus' wedding to Melissa Khan immediately after his political coup in "tricking" the Newtonians to finance a core tap on Mara for the Exotics was hardly over when he announces to his brand-new wife that their marriage will be in name only and in a couple of years she'll be able to get an annulment... fair enough... but the next thing you know Melissa has given birth to their son... so much for his noble ambitions.

Consider Donal Graeme - "But even slicing through the water in pursuit of the twisting fish at 60 fathoms depth, Donal's mind was not on the sport. He let the small jet unit on his shoulders push him whither the chase let him; and, in the privacy of his helmet, condemned himself darkly for his own ignorance. For it was this crime of ignorance which he abhorred above all else - in this case his ignorance of the ways of women - that had led him to believe he could allow himself the luxury of a casual and friendly acquaintanceship with a woman who wanted him badly, but whom he, himself, did not want at all."

Del here: In DORSAI! (which I've just read for the first time, and can see where it would make a deep first impression) I feel that Dickson's concept of the Splinter Cultures is such an interesting theme that it was not exploited to

its fullest extent - and the whole thing would've been improved by expanding the story somewhat. This is not to say that it doesn't stand well now; but sometimes I felt a little cheated when he built up a fascinating idea only to drop it for the sake of keeping the action flowing. And action you get. Donal rolls from one conflict to another with the reader left breathless trying to catch up. For example, I found the Exotic culture needed a definite expansion in consideration, since, after all, they seem to be the moving force behind whatever goes on in Dickson's universe. The character of William was never really enlarged upon to give you a greater idea of William as the villain of the piece. William, perhaps, could have been more blatantly "evil". In saying this, I suppose one should keep in mind that DORSAI! was a book of its time. I was somewhat spoilt in reading Dune by Frank Herbert first. I feel that the Exotics were the forerunners of the Bene Gesserit. I agree with Dennis concerning the romantic content of DORSAI! In the closing stages of the book, when Sayona The Bond is revealing all to Anea, the reader is left with an unsatisfying resolution to Donal's romantic life. I've just remembered Lee Tago - self-confessed psychopath. Here is a character who goes into a long explanation of how he is a borderline psycho who will do anything Donal tells him to, including cutting the throat of all the children under five he meets, or cutting off his left hand... You think, "Ah, ha... this character is due for great things." But you hear next to nothing about him in the remainder of the story. Ah well - on to SOLDIER, ASK NOT.

- Continued Next Issue.



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# THE MAKING OF A LIMERICK

BY JACK WODHAMS

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The limerick is a verse form that is so simple that many people are deluded into thinking a limerick to be easy to compose. And mediocre limericks are easy to compose. The challenge of simplicity always is exploitation. As carving makes a plain block of wood more interesting, so the introduction of intricacy can make five humble lines shine.

The limerick has come a long way from its gently naive beginnings, when a familiar opening might be - 'There was a young lady of Pimlico -', and to end with virtually the same line - 'That was the young lady of Pimlico.' Nowadays the limerick affords an exercise in compacting as much information as possible into its strictly limited area, and as such may be regarded as a most worthy and gainful literary pastime.

There can afford to be no wasted words in a limerick - thus the old-fashioned, the traditional beginning, has to be rejected. 'There was a young woman from - ', actually says very little, and as a starter tells us scant that is actively relevant to anything. A much better opening line would be - 'A pregnant parachutist wearing a girdle - '. The word 'pregnant' automatically presupposes the subject character to be a female, the word 'parachutist' to signify what she might be doing, and the combined 'pregnant parachutist' together strongly infer youthful attributes. ' - wearing a girdle,' in context with the preceding, hints at once of prospective complications and, overall, this one first line says a great deal, sets a scene, and tells us that something about these factors that is sure to be crucial. To have begun the limerick - 'There was a young lady of Purdlo, Who parachuted, while pregnant, in a girdle - ' adds nothing to the sum of pertinence contained in its second line, therefore wasting a whole major line of the limerick, over 20% of the entire fabric of the verse. Such extravagance would be typical of novices, is a carelessness for economy that reflects an expedience practised by amateurs.

Another challenge of the limerick can be the injection of an odd and/or difficult, but stimulating, rhyme-word matching.

'Girdle', for example, narrows the field of usably compatible phonetics considerable, down to 'curdle', 'hurdle', 'bird'll', perhaps, or 'word'll', or even 'absurd'll' - '... wearing a girdle, cried out, "I'm sure something absurd'll - " Something after that fashion. Or maybe not. Perhaps the composer might become inflamed to create another combination altogether, much more highly ingenious even.

Again, a limerick can engage the eye by drawing attention to peculiarities, as in the latent susceptibility of abbreviations, so to rhyme 'etc' with 'jetc, ie 'jetc' = jetset-are a/era/error. Or we can use the short term for 'pound', say, that is 'lb', incorporated as to require the reader to apprehend and translate, as in a layout rythm -

A tum-te-tum less than a lb,  
Was a doo-hah de-hoo to imlb,  
Had dum diddy ho,  
With wumbly bo,  
And a dochickey poo to prolb.

The limerick writer imposes his own restrictions, and can undertake to assault just as hard a convoluted juxtaposition of terms as he thinks to be most entertaining. A determined conjurer might juggle for days trying to meaningfully, brilliantly, engage 'hypotenuse' with 'dryrot ensues', and/or 'gavotte imbues', 'flypot and sues', 'my bottom use', 'pie, hot, and stews', 'try not to fuze', 'wipe off and choose/chews', 'Canada goose', 'hard-boiled shoes', and so on, and so on. Weeks, even. This way madness lies. But through its self-sufficiency, and negligible requirement for cash outlay, some prefer the torment of limerick construction to doing mere crossword puzzles.

Take my latest effort, for instance. It began, out of nowhere, with a whore in Cairo. Here the use of a place-name is valid, for not much rhymes with 'Cairo', which, at the outset, makes for a teaser. The whore is a teaser, too. Or, being in Egypt, she could be a belly-dancer. Already possibilities can be seen to be bulging, pupils.

With 'Cairo' we can associate 'Biro', 'tyro', or 'Spiro'. Political limericks may be cleverly topical, but a major air of limerickists is timelessness, and while linking 'Spiro' with an Arab contortionist might prove both agile and droll, it would not, inherently, be a fiction of durability. Besides, he has enough troubles.

So, investigating alternatives, we come up with -

Inspired by an autogyro,  
 A whore used a fan in Cairo,  
     Tied and spread,  
     Revolving bed,  
 Screwed the balls clean off of a tyro.

Now, this is a basic, a crude formulation as might be found on certain walls. The verse in this raw state does not scan well, lacks subtlety, is a diamond in the rough badly needing polish. And polish is what separates the swag from the slag. Some persons (who shall be nameless) are circumscribed by a predilection for the simpler rhyming couplets that might be bluntly derived from words such as 'stick', 'hunt', 'luck', and so forth. Persons of greater erudition, however, individuals with more taste, make some endeavor to present a more elegant, a more sophisticated work of art.

Not liking 'Biro', a brand-name not to be universally comprehended, 'autogyro' remains the most intriguing proposition to cogently integrate into a brief text. The work on the initial framework, 'Inspired by an autogyro', is not quite satisfactory. Perhaps - 'Tied to a fan, making like an autogyro...'? Revolving in Cairo.. descended... hung... lowered from overhead... spinning... initiating a tyro...

Limericks are so often rude, probably because only the balancing of maximum vulgarity to acceptability through ingenuity can possibly sustain the prolonged interest of a composer. 'The gentle fragrance of a rose,/That so sweetly beguiles a nose,' is not as conducive to persistent shuffling and interpolation as might be the fascinating tribulations of a plumber in Dorset, who got stuck up a faucet, and ever after had it on tap.



'Autogyro' is four syllables. In our latest contriving its usage seems unavoidable, but shorter words are to be preferred, where possible, for a limerick needs all the space that singular definitives can provide. Here 'autogyro' must be our only permitted four-unit luxury. 'Inspired' might be replaced by 'Spurred', 'revolving' by 'spinning' by 'whirled', and so on. Every little can help, as

the actress said to the bishop. And we must always be prepared to throw our scads of jotted concepts aside, so to try a new

angle, adopt a fresh approach. For a good limerick must attempt to portray some novel action which, if not entirely practical, shall nevertheless be delightfully expressed in its cockeyed supposition. Though the limerick may draw an incongruous picture, it must be sharp and clear, and stirring to the imagination.

Where were we? 'Lowered from a ceiling in Cairo, 'To whirl like an autogyro...'? No. 'Tied, whirling like an autogyro,/To a fan on a ceiling in Cairo,/A whore was descended,/Onto her intended...'  
Uh. Uh-uh. No, it doesn't come out right, somehow.



It can be seen that the hobby is not as easy as it looks. Certainly a limerick may be dashed off on occasion, and a good one, too, when a happy coincidence of thought and circumstance might occur to propose an obvious marriage - as when mountaineers might come to a four gone conclusion. More often, though, the germ of the idea has to be given strength by the author, to be like a reluctant virgin, needing to be fooled around with a great deal if the best is to be got out of it.

'Flying like an autogyro...' Limericks can be hard work. But wait! Try this -

A cartwheeling harlot in Cairo,  
Loved most to play 'autogyro',  
To go for a spin,  
On a nicely stiff pin,  
Which was rarely supplied by a tyro.

Better, Not perfect, mind, but better. Notice how a tangent can throw all aforesaid rules into the bog? 'Cartwheeling', three syllables, against 'reeling', two, 'harlot', two, against 'whore', one. Ho-hum. If it says all that needs to be said, let it ride - as Mrs Destry urged her hubby. 'Hubby' - now there's a good, rotund, inviting word -

There once was an overweight hubby,  
all roly and poly and chubby.  
In the bathroom one day,  
He heard his wife say -  
" ....."

There will be a one-dollar prize, or a free subscription (which-

ever is the lesser) for the best line line submitted. Or for the best complete reconstruction of this whole damn fatly overstressed mess.

Good luck, limerickissers.

- Jack Wodhams.

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Journey:

- Mithrandir.

The weariness creeps through my bones  
My feet are as of lead.  
My back is bent below shield and sword,  
My eyes are sore and tired.  
In my mouth there is no moisture,  
My tongue is swollen red.  
My nails are torn from gripping,  
And my palms are skinned from climbing.  
But it is mind and heart that burn the most.  
The heart from loss and loneliness.  
The mind from hate and anger  
And the journey has just begun.

\* \* \*

The elements are at war with me,  
Rain and sleet attack from above,  
Mud and slush from below.  
Ahead there is a light,  
A warm and friendly glow.  
A man rests beside, warm, dry, and safe;  
He welcomes me as company.

My mind burns with anger and hate.  
I raise my sword above my head  
Die for your crime - I cry.  
I strike and strike again.

The body lay behind me, broken, torn and bleeding.

\* \* \*

I do not look back upon the camp,  
There is no need.  
For he who killed her was a coward,  
With no courage to settle honourably, a warrior's score;  
He slunk behind to strike a maid.  
But now the crime has been avenged.  
The one who died for love of me,  
Rests easy in the grave.  
I begin the long journey back,  
To pick up the shreds of existence;  
For though anger and hate have been relieved  
The loss and loneliness will stay.

# Australian S. F. Fans -



## JOHN J. ALDERSON

The dubious object of this memoir was born in Werrimul, in the Victorian Mallee. His father who was a farmer there, was, at the time, taking off a crop of oats, and didn't have any definite knowledge thereon, for three days thereafter, though later rumour has it, he came into town and "wet the baby's head".

John J. as he was named, departed in a few more days for the farm which lay half-way between Werrimul and Lake Culleraine and spent the next seven years there without unduly worrying the world. In that year he was taken to the Lake Culleraine State School to "have his mind murdered" as John himself

would put it with that cynicism that has become part of his ill-grained nature. The first day, too, he was mortally offended by being referred to by one of the older boys as a "son of a gun" and puzzled by others calling him "Snow" when his name was John.

A year or so later the family came south to Havelock where John's grandfather had arrived as a pioneer in the 1850s.... there is a "tradition" in the family of marrying late in life. Here he attended the Newtown State School. Newtown, John insists, is a suburb of Havelock. For the first year or so he and his sisters, of whom there is a tribe, caught the bus and usually walked home, being only three miles. For his tenth birthday he received a bicycle and henceforth rode to school, except for the first year at the Maryborough Technical School, during which he

went by bus. Thereafter he rode the bike, being in need of the exercise. However, after five years of school there, he had a nervous breakdown (probably brought on by studying subjects not in the curriculum such as archaeology, organic chemistry, mythology and anthropology). He had to leave school, and went wood cutting.

He claims, and perhaps with some truth, that his first science fiction book was "Sinbad the Sailor", given to him when he was eight. His father's library included some of the works of Jules Verne, and John learned of Rip van Winkle from his father who frequently referred to him. He was a widely read man. John's school studies included several works of H.G. Wells, but John's real love at the time was poetry. Even at school he began collecting books of verse, and worse than that, writing it, with some little success because he had stuff published even in those days.

John always claimed to like school. It was the thing to do, and John is very much a conformist. Actually he hated it. He only found two friends during all those years, and one of those in the last year, and today he scarcely knows any of the several hundred boys he went to school with. Lonely and introverted, he never learned to mix with others, hated sport and never got out of the small circle of boys who shared his place in the form. Immersed in a world of his own, the boys called him "Daydreams" and were surprised when he did not go to the bottom of the class at the exams. Instead he was second from the top, and Dux of the school the year before he left. Perhaps the one thing he got from school that he appreciates was the encouragement one English teacher gave him to write, and who introduced him to The Bulletin for which John wrote for years.

John began working at a factory in Maryborough, and worked there for ten months, about as long as he has ever worked at any one thing. He was sacked because it was discovered that he was reporting for a Ballarat paper and the firm had been doing some underhand business and were afraid. He then worked at a joinery works until there was an accident due to the negligence of a foreman, which John was misguided enough to mention when the manager asked how the accident happened. He was out of work before the factory inspector came around. This virtually exhausted the local employment opportunities.

As he had not had opportunity to go on any school excursions, he determined to make up for this lack of travel, and see the world. He had already made a 3000 mile cycle journey around Southeastern Australia and had written a book thereon. He left again, ostentatiously to look for work, in reality to see the world. Actually he was writing to a girl in Scotland and was going to bring her back. That he was also writing to

an English girl made him certain of bringing one girl back. He didn't.

New Zealand was the first foreign country he visited, making a cycle tour of it before settling down in Auckland to earn the fare to Scotland. Here he met a group of young people at the Ponsonby Road Church of Christ who befriended him, thorny, argumentive fellow that he was and even gave him a presentation when he left. Perhaps the happiest days he had spent since his earliest childhood. Here too he continued writing and studying, mainly at this time writing a still unpublished book on New Zealand and Polynesian subjects.

In Scotland John got his first taste of feminine company, for although he could not persuade the girl to leave Scotland, they did go out together and he began his lifelong enthusiasm for the theatre. Here too he began studying Celtic mythology in a half-hearted sort of way. It was in Ireland that he really fell in love with this subject, and in love with Ireland. He cycled around Ireland in the depths of winter, and later around the rest of Britain. When he finally went to the Continent he hitch-hiked or took the train.

Finally, with a ton or so of books, he embarked for home. For several years he was the only bearded bloke in the district.

At last he bought some land and began farming, firstly roosters, then pigs, and finally sheep, beginning the long job of building up a farm with no capital but his hands.

He had some success as a journalist but journalism is something to be dashed off, and this was never his way. He has written a novel, several books on his travels, scores of short stories (he actually sold one), hundreds of articles with which he had fair success, of course poetry with varying success, a couple of plays that no-body wants to produce, and a lot of historical work. He began editing a little newsletter TAILINGS for the Goldfields Historical Society, then started SENNACHIE which is still being published (it has been going some ten years). The latter is a historical journal mainly of book reviews. The books have built up John's library a lot. Its success has surprised him, and it takes a lot to surprise John. In addition he has edited a few little books on historical subjects and usually gets one out per year. He publishes them himself.

CHAO was begun, incredible as it may sound, with virtually no knowledge of fanzines, or that fanzines existed. Hence its differentness. He modelled it on some of the older distinctly Australian "little magazines" and this is evident with its layout and arrangement of art and articles and letters. If John was the

sort that puzzled about things he would be puzzled about the popularity of CHAO, whilst his own popularity in fandom he attributes to fans being "quite mad". However, John is emphatic that he is not a fan. How silly can you get, eh?

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Reviews - cont. from p.33.

Wenner asked some pretty good questions, like: "Would you take it all back?" To which he replied he would, yes, if he could be a fisherman. It was no fun being an artist, was his theme. Lennon went on to talk about the great group, their effect on the public, his own fairly dramatic personal problems.

I'm trying to be as wide in title selection as possible... so to conclude - a very swift glance at a few interesting releases. For relaxation, Games With Pencil and Paper by Eric Solomon (Nelson \$2.40) is just that, games. And good ones, with words, mostly, and all you need is pencil and paper. To Understand People by A E Mander (Tartan Press \$1.25). Psychology in simple, matter-of-fact terms. Recommended. Heredity by Ronald Withers (Hamlyn, around \$1.00), great stuff for students, and all those interested in genetics. Children in Jeopardy by Joan Lawson (Career \$1.10) - a searing look at the work of the child-care worker; a career study. Sadhana by R. Tagore (Omen Press \$2.75), subtitled the "realisation of life" - a philosophical ramble through evil, soul, love and so on.

Finally (and I mean it) The Talking Trees - a collection of delightful short stories by that master, that fine Irish writer, Sean O'Faolain, priced at \$1.00 and worth every cent. Here's an author with a fantastic understanding of human nature, a great gift for words. These O'Faolain people are real, many-sided folk. They might be Irish - they could be Samoans for all that matters. They're livin', breathin', human beings... like us!

That's it for this issue. I've probably carried on too long, and the editors will be wishing me to hades. Watch out for more book news in the next ((words of praise here, but cut out by our blushing editors)) issue of ARK.

- Max Taylor.

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- SUE CLARKE FOR DUFF -

# GRIMESISH

# GRUMBLINGS

A COLUMN ▢

A. BERTRAM CHANDLER

## LOST IN SPACE AND TIME WITHOUT (ALAS!) FERDINAND FEGHOOT

I am a creature of habit. (According to my everloving wife, I am getting old and set in my ways.) I love routine. I enjoy myself, now and again, when in command of a ship on a ship on a regular timetable, by claiming, not without justification, that it would be possible for you to set your watch by my arrivals and departures. When I am at home the idiot box is switched on at precisely 1855 hours, giving it time to warm up and for any necessary adjustments to be made before the ABC News at 1900 hours. How long it stays on after the News and This Day Tonight depends upon what is offering on the various channels.

My last ship - I am writing this while on leave - was employed on the trade between Hobart, Sydney, Port Kembla and Newcastle, carrying mainly newsprint and zinc north, and steel products south. In Newcastle, in summer, my routine is like clockwork. Shortly after breakfast I leave the ship, carrying towel and bathing trunks in my briefcase as well as any necessary documents. I enjoy my stroll along Hunter Street - "The Golden Mile" - and, as well as purchasing the morning paper, do a little browsing in bookshops. Finally arriving at the branch office I discuss ship's business, have a cup of coffee with the Assistant Manager, and then carry on to the Merewether Beach. I swim and sunbathe until about 12<sup>45</sup> hrs., then get dressed and stroll to Tattersall's Club for a light lunch, finally returning to the vessel to discover what crimes have been committed during my absence.

But industrial strife plays hell with the best organised timetables. I was caught in Newcastle by the recent (at the time of writing that is, there may well have been another one by the time this appears in print) marine engineers' strike.

This meant that I had a dead ship on my hands - no power for my cranes, no lights, no air conditioning, no mod. cons. at all, in fact. With no means of cooking meals and with no services it was necessary for all hands to live ashore until the strike was over. My employers booked me into the Travelodge motel, quite luxurious and with an ocean view from every room - and very handy to the Merewether Beach. Even though my cherished routine had crashed in ruins about my ears I saw no reason why I should not enjoy myself, and swam and sunbathed in the afternoon as well as in the morning. One such afternoon the sky clouded over and a chilly breeze began to set in from seaward. So, returning to the motel, I looked at the TV programmes to see what was offering in the way of entertainment at an hour at which I would never, normally, be a televiewer.

LOST IN SPACE, I read, at 1700 hours. Why not? I asked myself. Since a certain publisher has been after me to write a series of s/f juveniles, this would be good market research. So I switched on, filled and lit my pipe, and watched in horrified fascination.

No doubt some of you reading this follow the adventures of the Space Family Robinson, never missing an episode. This was my first experience of the series - and it will be my last. Even in a juvenile there is no excuse for having ships bumbling about in intergalactic space at sub-light speeds, as well as many other absurdities. For the benefit of those of you who have never watched LOST IN SPACE herewith is a brief summary of what I saw.

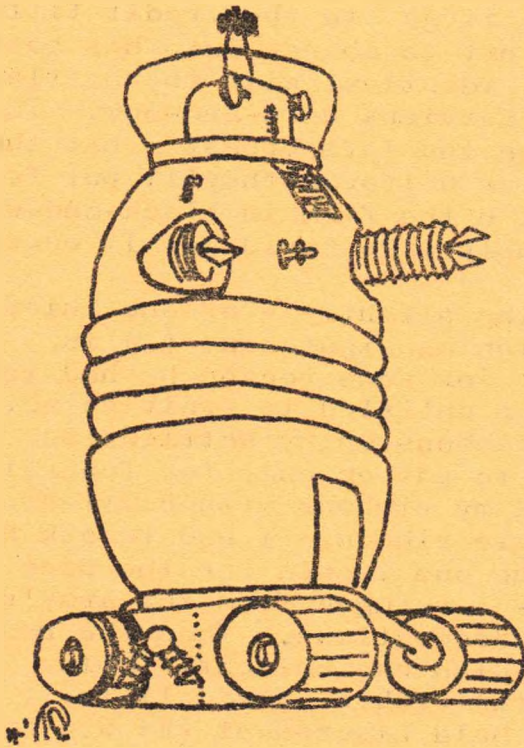
The title of this particular episode was THE HAUNTED LIGHTHOUSE. It started off with the most junior Robinson girl, Penny, stumbling upon a boy, an obvious cast way, clad in rags, upon what seemed to be a desert planet. A large lion - a dinkum Terran lion - appeared from nowhere and began to make menacing noises. Then one of the male Robinsons - I never did get them sorted out - came to the rescue, opening fire with his blaster, apparently completely disintegrating the lion. After this the Robinsons took the boy, whose name was J9 (or Jay Nine?) aboard their flying saucer. Before leaving the cave in which he had been living Jay Nine scooped something invisible but audible (meow! meow!) up from the sand and stuffed it inside his shirt.

Now, the Robinson spaceship... It seemed to be equipped with apparatus purchased from a here-and-now disposals store specialising in obsolete electronic gadgetry. There was a robot, however, which could have been the illegitimate result of an affair between the famous Robby and a female Dalek.

And now, the Robinsons... Commanding the ship was

Professor Robinson, with a younger man (son? brother? cousin?) as his First Mate. Both these gentlemen wore silver paper uniforms. The matronly Mrs. Robinson, bulging in a definitely here-and-now trouser suit, looked almost old enough to be the Professor's mother. There was a quite attractive, miniskirted Robinson girl, and the rather juvenile Penny, already mentioned, the inevitable and too American little boy. There was the ship's medical officer, a Dr. Smith, wearing what seemed to be a blue uniform with some meaningless braid on one sleeve. Talking of what everybody was wearing, nobody aboard the Robinson

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ship thought of offering Jay Nine clothing to replace the rags in which he was clad when picked up. As for Jay Nine himself, although obviously some sort of alien, he spoke with as vile an American accent as Garner Ted Armstrong. He didn't know where he had come from, but he wanted to go home. It should have been obvious to the Robinsons what his world of origin was. Who but a compatriot of Mr. Spok would have those pointed ears? And Jay Nine's pet, the imaginary kitten, kept on appearing as a menagery lion at the slightest provocation.

So the Robinsons went blundering on their merry way,

with frequent breakdowns of their U.S. Army surplus electronic equipment being fixed by the mysterious Jay Nine, who seemed to be the only person aboard who knew what he was doing. And, then, quite by chance, they found a huge space station drifting in the interstellar emptiness. If they'd been proceeding at a speed in excess of ten knots they'd have hit it.

Professor Robinson, putting on a goldfish bowl helmet over his silver-paper uniform - but no gloves - boarded the seeming derelict. He found it to be a space lighthouse or light-ship or weather station - the script writer was very vague - manned by an untidily dressed, grey-haired and walrus-moustached elderly gentleman. This character, overjoyed at having company after years of loneliness, introduced himself as Colonel Bogey (or possibly Fogey - but by the time it got to the credit titles I was in rather a daze) and hurried off to change into his best uniform, which was, in every detail, identical with the battle-dress type uniforms worn by various Services here-and-now. There was a great splurge of fruit salad on the left breast - but that was excusable. As long as people wear uniforms they'll put fruit salad on them. Nonetheless, even with the film in black-and-white, some of the ribbons looked suspiciously like World War II ones...

This reminds me - digressing slightly - of one Chief Engineer I had, who holds a commission as Lieutenant (E) in the Royal Australian Naval Reserve. For some reason he had the idea that merchant officers are never entitled to fruit salad. Until then I never used to wear my ribbons on my battledress blouse, and my dress uniform I seem to put on only for funerals. Anyhow, just out of spite, I sported my ribbons with battledress. Then the Chief Officer put up a single ribbon. I had to ask him what it was; it turned out to be the one issued for the Suez Campaign. Then the Second Officer - a refugee from the Army's Navy - put up a chestful of Vietnam decorations. Then the radio Officer - an ex-Canadian - appeared with one unidentifiable splash of colour - the U.N. Gaza Strip ribbon. And all the engineers - up to and including the bold Lieutenant (E) R.A.N.R. - were still running around half naked...

Anyhow, the much-decorated Colonel Bogey (or Fogey) decided to throw a Thanksgiving party, complete with turkey and champagne, aboard his space station. By this time it was becoming obvious that Jay Nine was hoping that he'd be able to seize the Robinson's ship, leaving them to keep the Colonel company, and, with star charts borrowed from the station's control room, make his way back to his home world. In the middle of the excellent meal put on by the Colonel - cooked with his own fair hands - there was a great clanging of alarm bells, and everybody, with the exception of Dr. Smith, rushed away from the table to find out what was the matter. The worthy medico stayed

in his seat - wise man! - chomping on a drumstick and slurping champagne. But this was Jay Nine's intention. The invisible pet made another appearance - not as a lion this time, but as lush sex kitten, tempting the quack not only with the body beautiful but with the mountains of diamond, emerald and ruby alleged to be part of the scenery of Jay Nine's planet. When Dr. Smith was in a suitably receptive mood, befuddled with champagne, lust and avarice, Jay Nine returned to the dining room and revealed that he was not only a master electronicist but a master hypnotist, in at least the same class as Mandrake the Magician. The idea was that Smith should accompany Jay Nine back to the Robinson ship and there instruct the robot to take orders from its new, alien master.

And then, when it came to the crunch, Jay Nien found that he couldn't do the dirty on dear little Penny, and confessed that his invisible (most of the time) pet was only a dear little kitten that he had imagined to comfort him in his loneliness on the desert planet, and then the Colonel broke down and confessed that he didn't have a clue as to how the equipment in his space station worked, or even why, and that he wasn't a real Colonel anyhow, but only the cook-cum-handyman... (The real Colonel, apparently, had gone off somewhere and never come back. Governments are notoriously feeble-minded - but can you imagine any government, present or future, building such an enormous and enormously expensive contraption and knowing that its crew would be there for years before being relieved, and having only one qualified technician on board?)

So it all finished with the Robinsons shoving off for further mis-adventures in the Great Unknown, with Jay Nine - his invisible pet having flown the coop once there was no longer any need for it - staying behind quite happily to hold the pseudo-Colonel's hand, looking forward to having a huge space station full of electronic equipment to play with.

Personally I'd have preferred the invisible pet it its sex kitten manifestation.

But my (and Grimes') opinions on electronic gadgetry are quite notorious.

A. Bertram Chandler

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# REVIEWS.

By MAX TAYLOR

Welcome! Each issue of ARK I'll be here with news of new, and in my opinion, worthwhile new books. Sue and Ronald Clarke suggest this column might be useful - I hope you find it so. Let me know! If I can help with your book problems, drop me a line (PO Box 158, Strathfield 2135) and I'll provide whatever information you need - no charge!

Let's look at some of the new paperbacks - they proliferate - new titles literally flood from the world's presses.

The Cosmic Clocks will appeal to many ARK readers. Michel Gauquelin presents an impressive case about terrestrial life being controlled by astral phenomena. He writes clearly about biological clocks, inherent in all living creatures, affected by cosmic movements. It's information many ancient civilisations took for granted. The author, a graduate of the Sorbonne in psychology, has devoted 20 years to researching the relations between cosmic and biological phenomena. Here he takes a wide focus - from astrology to modern science. He writes about man's unknown senses, astral psychoanalysis, planets and heredity, the importance of when one is born, what month, etc. What effect does the cosmos have on your life? "People of centuries past felt they were but playthings among the cosmic forces surrounding them" he writes, observing that to reduce this problem they came to terms with the forces, in an effort to give meaning to their existence. "Today the cosmos is fashionable - people are sent into space - yet we barely know the laws governing the influences of space on man." He traces the work being done in this important region. It's a fascinating study - a Paladin book \$1.85.

For readers interested in modern mythology, Roland Barthes Mythologies will interest (Paladin \$1.95), a series of essays on such, at first glance, mundane subjects as steak and chips, soap powders and detergents, margarine, etc. Not so mundane is a piece on Greta Garbo - whose calm, almost withdrawn beauty startled moviegoers decades ago.. Barthes devotes a chapter to her face - one that "plunged audiences into the

deepest ecstasy." The myths surrounding her appearance are highlighted as is the entire meaning and myth of the film star. So it is with his other subjects - most revealing. To what extent we are all enmeshed in myths of varying kinds becomes apparent.

I wonder if there are ARK readers interested in yoga? Wings of Power (Hill of Content \$3.95) by Margit Segesman is about what she calls 'progressive yoga relaxation' and, for Yoga addicts, a useful book, I'd imagine. "Thorough absorption of all problems by the subconscious leaves the mind free to attend fully to the art of dynamic creative living." This is an age in which Yoga has been increasingly used by Westerners. Ms Segesman puts the case for moderns concisely, believing there is within us all a power "to contact universal forces". The key to such power is progressive yoga. She runs a Yoga school in Melbourne, and offers a great deal of helpful advice, plus exercises for beginners and for those already familiar with the Yoga art. I understand this is the first occasion her teachings have been released to other than her students.

Two fiction novels, well above average - The Gadfly by E. Voynich (Mayflower \$1.25) and Hand Reared Boy by Brian Aldiss (Corgi \$1.10) are both worth reading. The former concerns youth verses age, religion, love, despair. The fact it's sold around five million copies speaks for itself, first appearing in 1897 - and not very successfully. Basically it's a plea for revolution against tyranny. A gripping piece, with splendidly created characters, strong on action, an adventure novel par excellence.

Aldiss's book is about Horace Stubbs and his sexuality. Horris is totally obsessed with it. A very funny novel, not for the prurient, perhaps. Horri's lusts are enormous - and how he works it out is quite a yarn.

America's underground press has long printed an advice column by Dr. Hippocrates. Dear Dr. Hippocrates (Penguin 85¢) is a selection of questions the doc has been asked, the answers he gave. A witty item, and at the same time, helpful. Eugene Schoenfeld is Dr. H in real life. He writes on subjects concerning youth.... sex, drugs, and life styles generally. It's indexed, which is useful. 'Outspoken' is the word best describing Dear Dr. H-. How anyone would wish to pursue a drugged existence after reading some of the facts here is hard to understand.

Lennon - in print. A few years back ex-Beatle John Lennon gave an interview in Rolling Stone magazine, which, you'll recall, was a hair-raiser. He told a few truths that hadn't been generally known. Lennon Remembers (Penguin \$1.35) is the transcript of that chat, with plenty of nostalgic pics. Jann

**VOL MOLESWORTH'S**



**AUSTRALIAN**  
**FAN HISTORY**

## P A R T   O N E

In the year 1935, three readers of science fiction met in Sydney to discuss the prospect of forming a club. They were Wallace J.J. Osland, William E. Hewitt and Thomas M. Mallett. All were members of the Science Fiction League, the international organisation fostered by Hugo Gernsback, editor of Wonder Stories, "in the interest of science fiction and its promotion". The League had enrolled well over a thousand fans, and had chartered Chapters throughout the United States and the British Isles. Its Constitution provided that any three members could form a local Chapter, — why not one in Sydney?

The matter was discussed at three unofficial meetings, the third attended by a gentleman named Jury, — and finally, on August 15, 1935, the club was officially formed, with Osland as Director, and Hewitt Secretary. In December it was given its Charter as Chapter No.27 of the Science Fiction League. Charles La Coste, who had written to Wonder, was contacted by Hewitt, and joined the group. Meetings were held fortnightly at members' homes, and by February, 1936, membership had increased to six.

One of the group owned a printing press, and the Sydney Chapter began circulating science fiction and League propaganda in conspicuous places and in science fiction magazines. Director Osland urged fans to attend meetings, if they had never before, "to learn for themselves what meetings of science fiction fans really mean to each other". Discussions were held on such subjects as "Science v. Religion".

In Brisbane, a fan named Varow Rasche announced his wish to form a Chapter; and in the April, 1936 issue of Wonder, a proposed Chapter was listed in Toowoomba (Queensland); but neither of these clubs apparently came to fruition. There are also rumours of a club organised in South Australia by John Devern, but these are not confirmed.

The Sydney Science Fiction League continued to meet until late in 1936, when general economic conditions turned members' attention to more urgent matters. La Coste and Hewitt continued to correspond, but no more meetings were held. Later, Wonder Stories ceased publication.

In the year 1937, four students at Randwick Intermediate High School discovered they had a common interest in science fiction. They were William D. Veney, Bert F. Castellari, Ron Brennan and Ron Lane. They produced a hand-written publication Spacehounds, which featured fan fiction, and ran for 10 weekly issues. Although no formal club was established, the group met regularly to discuss stories. A fifth student — Bob Meleski — joined them.

In 1938, Veney contacted Eric F. and Edward H. Russell. Eric thought it would be a good idea to form an official club, and the Junior Australian Science Fiction Correspondence Club was created, with Veney as General Secretary, Eric Russell as Secretary, and Castellari as Assistant Secretary, and Meleski and Ted Russel as members. The club held no meetings because the five were busy with study.

Early in 1939, however, an active programme was decided upon. Three objectives were listed, -

- (1) to contact every other fan in Australia they could find;
- (2) to form a club in Sydney and hold meetings; and
- (3) to issue a fan magazine.

The secretariat worked hard on the first objective, and contacted fans in four States outside New South Wales, - Marshall.. 1. MacLennan in Victoria; John Devern, and three others, in South Australia; Donald H. Tuck in Tasmania; and J. Keith Moxon and Chas. S. Mustchin in Queensland.

To John Devern goes the honour of bringing out the first Australian fan magazine. Entitled Science Fiction Review, it appeared in February, 1939, in a small 12pp, hektographed format. It contained material mostly reprinted without permission from other sources. About 16 or 18 copies were printed, and although the full distribution was never traced, some did go to England and U.S.A. There was no second issue, and, "with the passing of Science Fiction Review came the finish of all connection with Devern for he just didn't bother to write any more."<sup>1</sup> According to one report, he joined the Army.

At the first formal meeting of the JASFCC, held on 26th February, 1939, attended by Director Veney, Secretary Eric Russell, Castellari and Ted Russell, a proposal was put forward that a fan magazine should be published. Approval was unanimous, the name chosen being Australian Fan News. The editors were to be Veney, Eric Russell and Castellari. The next three meetings (March 26, April 16 and April 30) were largely devoted to the detailed planning of this publication, relieved by discussion of stories and quiz competitions. Two new members, Frank Flaherty and Bob Meleski, joined the club. At the fifth meeting (May 14) it was decided to form a club library of magazines, and at the sixth (May 28) to have a club art gallery. Neither of these schemes came to fruition. No business of importance was transacted at the seventh and eighth meetings (June 11 and 25). After this, the club ceased to meet.

1: Futurian Observer No.31, 9 Mar 41.

Only one issue of Australian Fan News was published. Dated May, 1939, it appeared in a duplicated 12pp foolscap format. Some 200 copies were widely distributed. When future publication became impossible, decay set into the J.A.S.F.C.C. Brennan, Flaherty, Lane and Meleski, dropped out, and the executive committee, who had banked so much on the success of the venture, lost heart.

During the early part of 1939, a Junior Science Club had been formed in Sydney by Vol Molesworth and Ken Jefferys. Through newspaper publicity, it enrolled thirteen members, and published three quarto-sized J.S.C. Bulletins, two carbon-copied, the third duplicated. This was regarded as opposition to the J.A.S.F.C.C., especially as Molesworth and Castellari were personal enemies at the time. For more than three months the two organisations had battled silently for members, then suddenly, -- for no reason apparent to its President or its foes, -- the J.S.C. disintegrated. "Inside two weeks, what had been a powerful and efficient club, became a mere shell with only two or three members. After this setback, Molesworth realised that science fans could not be introduced to science fiction, and plunged deeper into the realm of fantasy-science-fiction."<sup>2</sup>

Though by July, 1939, both the organisations in Sydney were defunct, much experimental work had been carried out, and the way was now open for an amalgamation of the executive in a new fan club. For this reason, as Veney write, "1939 can truly be tabulated as the year of Australian fan awakening. 1939 ushered in the first era of true Australian fandom".<sup>3</sup>

In October, 1939, Eric Russell brought out the first issue of his fan magazine, Ultra. This was to be one of the stalwarts of prewar fan publishing. The first two issues (October and December, 1939) were in a carbon-copied, 12pp. folded foolscap format; thereafter Ultra was duplicated, and contained from 14 to 50 quarto pages, featuring articles, fiction and verse. Between October, 1939, and December, 1941, fourteen issues appeared, roughly on a bimonthly basis.

In October a meeting took place between Veney, Castellari and Eric Russell. The trio decided the time was ripe for a full-scale club. They issued invitations to Molesworth, Meleski, Ted Russell, and a newcomer, Ronald E. Levy, to attend the inaugural meeting at Veney's home on November 5, 1939. Thus was born the Futurian Society of Sydney.

Throughout the year, Veney had been corresponding with two prominent American fans, Donald A Wollheim and Frederick Pohl. To Wollheim, Veney wrote that he was forming a new Sydney club,

2: "The Awakening", by W.Veney, Luna No.3, Feb.'40, p.5.

3: Ibid.

and that the name under consideration (recalling the events of 1935-6) was the "Sydney Science Fiction League". Wollheim replied immediately by air mail, protesting against any such name. Since Gernsback had left Wonder Stories, and the magazine had been reissued by a new company with the prefix Thrilling, fans were no longer interested in the Science Fiction League. Most of the old Chapters had changed their name. Why not, Wollheim suggested, embody the term "Futurian" in the name of the new Sydney club?

The term "Futurian" had been coined early in 1938 by a fan in Yorkshire (England), who had published a magazine named The Futurian. At the time, the fan organisation in New York City had been split by fan feuds, and the faction to which Wollheim belonged was trying to find a place and an organization for itself. After several abortive attempts, a stable organisation began to coalesce late that summer, and the records show the first organizational meeting was held in August. It was decided to break with previous fan-club tradition and find a name for the new organisation that would not carry the hack term "science fiction", a new and more dignified name which nevertheless retained the science-fictional flavour. A committee comprising Wollheim and John B. Michel was instructed to discover such a title. They decided to use the English innovation, and the club was named The Futurian Science-Literary Society, which almost immediately was amended to the Futurian Society of New York. At that stage, the term "Futurian" was defined no more specifically than the obvious meaning of "persons interested in the future".

Later more precise definitions were framed, but at this stage it is sufficient to note that among the New York Futurians "there was always one point upon which all were agreed, and that was that a Futurian was something more than just a fan. A Futurian always had an interest in the changing world, did not busy himself in a pile of musty magazines, but looked forward to seeing something of those magazine-dreams come true. In that sense, to be a Futurian is to be the possessor of an honoured distinction".<sup>4</sup>

When the inaugural meeting of the new Sydney club was held on November 5, 1939, Veney put Wollheim's suggestion to the four other foundation members, - Castellari, Molesworth, and the Russells, - and it was unanimously adopted. After reviewing past events, Veney spoke of the many fans who, if they had the chance, would join the Society, and mentioned also the possibility of evolving into an Australia-wide organisation.

His optimism was justified, for fandom now embarked upon a period of steady growth, marked by a great increase in activity. In the next ten months, eighteen Futurian Society

4: Wollheim in a letter to Molesworth, June 17, 1948.

meetings were held at approximately fortnightly intervals, and no less than twelve new members joined the club. The maximum membership, however, was never more than thirteen, as four members resigned during this period. Nevertheless, with a total membership of thirteen, most of whom turned up to meetings, the Society was the largest organisation Australian fandom had yet known.

The primary function of the Society throughout this early period was to provide a forum for discussion. Meetings were largely occupied with discussion of magazines, quiz competitions, round robin stories, and ESP experiments. Later, with the appearance of several fan magazines, factions began to gather around each fan editor.

In December, 1939, Molesworth brought out the first issue of Luna in a duplicated 12pp. foolscap format. The second and third issues (January and February, 1940) were 8pp. quarto. Molesworth then abandoned Luna and produced instead an all-letter magazine, Cosmos, which continued for thirteen issues, at first every three weeks, then monthly, until January, 1941. Quarto-sized, the number of pages varied from two to twelve. Two new fans, Neville Friedlander and David R. Evans, joined the Molesworth faction.

Late in January, 1940, Veney and Castellari produced the first issue of Futurian Observer, a foolscap sheet, duplicated both sides. From the start it was a force to be reckoned with. Although primarily a "newspaper" it soon became known for its frank criticism and biting satire, "Obs", as it became familiarly termed, appeared regularly every fortnight throughout 1940. Ronald B. Levy joined the Veney-Castellari faction, and the trio styled themselves "the Triumvirate". Four new fans, - Keith C Hooper, Ken Williams, Ralph A. Smith and K. Noel Dwyer, aligned themselves with the Triumvirate; and later, in August, 1940, a new general magazine, Zeus, appeared with six of these fans as its editorial committee. The faction led by the Triumvirate was the strongest and best organized, and had the upper hand during the greater part of 1940.

Meanwhile, the Russell brothers were still publishing Ultra, and another newcomer, Bruce M. Sawyer, joined this faction.

The other new fans - Colin Roden and Len C. Stubbs, - belonged at this stage to no particular faction.

For the first six months of the Society's life Veney held the Chair as Director with Eric Russell as Secretary. The growing factionalism is evidenced in the elections at Meeting no.7

(March 17, 1940), when Veney was re-elected Director, but Castellari replaced Eric Russell as Secretary. Later in the same meeting, when a proposal to establish a club library was carried by a 5 - 3 majority, Levy, the third member of the Triumvirate was elected Librarian.

The Triumvirate's success at the polls drove Molesworth and the Russells into an alliance, the basis of which was mutual non-aggression and a combined front against the Triumvirate, and Cosmos and Ultra became associated in "Triangle Publications". It should be remembered, however, that throughout all their science-fictional skirmishes, Veney and Eric Russell remained firm personal friends. Following a personal clash, Molesworth resigned from the Futurian Society on April 11, 1940. At the ninth meeting (April 28) the resignation was read out. Levy said he thought Molesworth "had resigned through a mistake, due to certain statements made by different people".<sup>5</sup> It was decided to invite Molesworth to attend the next meeting as a guest, and stand his chance of re-election.

Two other matters occupying the attention of this meeting were the proposed Government ban on the import of U.S. magazines, and affiliation with the Science Fictioneers.

The ban, imposed as a wartime measure, cut off Australian fans from the ready supply of science-fiction. To many fans, it meant the death of interest. To others, it meant that active steps had to be taken to obtain the magazines, primarily by correspondence and "exchange deals" with American fans. The position was to some extent alleviated by the arrival in Australia of British reprint editions of Astounding, Unknown and one or two other titles, but these were regarded as poor substitutes for the originals, particularly as the reprints soon began to omit serials. It was suggested that the reprints would be collectors' items in U.S.A., and so could be exchanged for the originals. That British fans would undoubtedly exploit this avenue was apparently overlooked by the meeting. Magazines for the club library were to be obtained through the British Science Fiction Service, Forest J. Ackerman (leading Los Angeles fan) and any other available channels. The club library, however, did not last. An executive conference decided to dissolve the library, due mainly to the poor support members had offered it.

The Science Fictioneers was a fan organisation sponsored by the U.S. magazine, Super Science Stories, edited by ex-Futurian Frederick Pohl. The meeting decided to affiliate with this body, and the addresses of those present were taken to be sent to Pohl for his records. The Society was in due course

5: quoted from the minutes

chartered as Chapter 9.

Molesworth did attend the tenth meeting (May 15) as a guest, accompanied by David R. Evans, and both were elected to membership. At this meeting the question was raised of sending a congratulatory cable to the World Science Fiction Convention being held in Chicago, and Evans suggested the money could be put to better use in publicising the Futurian Society locally. No decision was reached, but the ensuing discussion on club funds introduced the topic of an official club organ. Evans proposed that members should fold up all existing fan magazines and pool efforts in one official club publication. Fired by the idea, Molesworth immediately dissolved "Triangle Publications" despite a protest from the Russells. All present agreed to fold up their fan magazines except Eric Russell, who said he could continue Ultra independently without clashing with the club magazine. From six suggestions, the name Futurian Fantasy was chosen for the club organ, and Evans was elected to the editorship. For nearly an hour after this meeting, Evans was the centre of a group of members offering advice and help. It seemed that a common objective had been found which would remove factionalism.

During the next few days, however, several members underwent a change of heart. The fan editors realised that they were to lose their positions of prominence in the fan world, and they were dubious of Evans' willingness to share the editorial control of the club magazine. Several members approached Director Veney privately and voiced their objections. Accordingly, when the question arose at Meeting 11 (May 26) Veney said that since the tenth meeting members had been thinking over the club magazine and some now had different ideas on the subject. Evans suggested that they objected to his editorship, but "this was denied by all".<sup>6</sup> Eric Russell now took a firm stand on Ultra: he said he would definitely carry on the magazine, denied that it would clash with Futurian Fantasy, and rejected Evans' Counter-proposal that Ultra be made the club organ. A secret ballot resulted four in favour of a club magazine, six against, and one informal.

Upon hearing of this reversal, Friedlander resigned from the Society, "on the grounds of lack of unanimity and... general disagreement with the policy of the organisation".<sup>7</sup> This precipitated a general review of club policy at Meeting No.12 (June 12). Smith claimed there should be more interest taken in scientific research, e.g. rocketry, to which Evans retorted: "Are we scientists or science-fictionists?" Evans criticised members for their inconsistency in connection with

6: Minutes

7: Quoted from a letter in the club files

Futurian Fantasy. He said that the independent fan magazines had caused this inconsistency; if there was one club magazine there would be no rivalry among fans for the best material. This was countered with the statement that jealousy would still exist with a club magazine mainly as to who did the most work for it. Levy said he had joined the Society to discuss science fiction, not write it. After lengthy debate, the meeting decided that the Society's policy in future would be the discussion of science fiction and kindred topics. Fan magazines were to remain independent and discussion on them was to be barred at meetings.

The impracticability of this was quickly realised, and at Meeting No.13 (June 30) Director Veney himself moved that fan magazines should be discussed at meetings, but discussion limited to one hour. This was carried. The internal friction in the Society which had begun with the fanzine factionalism and intensified during the lobbying for and against the club magazine, now came to a head. Disorderliness was apparent at the thirteenth meeting, argument taking the place of discussion. At one stage Levy jumped to his feet, shouted "I resign", and walked out.

Later he returned and apologised for his hastiness. Evans, defeated on the question of Futurian Fantasy, took opportunity of the general feeling of discontent, and offered to "referee" discussions. Innocuous as the suggestion seemed at the time, - little more than the appointment of a Chairman of Debates or a Speaker in the House, - this marks the beginning of Evans' rise to power. "Director Veney gave Evans authority to maintain order in the club. No objections to his appointment were made, and Evans said if he could not manage the job, he would nominate someone else for it"<sup>8</sup> Evans then gave the meeting an outlet for its discontentment. He began asking questions about Molesworth, who was absent. Various members offered criticism of the absentee, "one even stating that all the trouble in the F.S.S. revolved around Molesworth".<sup>9</sup>



Whatever the tactics employed, Evens' intervention did quieten and stabilize the next few Society meetings.

The main business before Meeting No.14 (July 21) was the proposal to extend organised activity beyond Sydney by setting up a registry of all Australian fans, "so that all will combine and be more closely linked".<sup>10</sup> Since the collapse of the JASFCC

8: Minutes

9: Ibid

10: Ibid

there had been no organisation aiming at Commonwealth-wide membership, the main reason being apathy among fans in other states. In Melbourne now however, Warwick Heckley had just published the first issue of Austra-Fantasy in a carbon-copied 16 pp. 8vo format; in Brisbane, J. Keith Moxon was planning a semi-professional magazine, Imaginative Stories; and in Hobart, Donald H Tuck was writing regularly to the Sydney group.

Though the Futurian Society approved the idea of a new national organization, it took no official part in its establishment. This was done at a meeting between Randwick and Bondi Junction fans during the last week in July, 1940. The organisation was tentatively named the Futurian Association of Australia; and a provisional committee comprising Veney as President and Eric Russell as Secretary was appointed. The committee immediately went to work and contacted many interstate and local fans regarding the matter. In Futurian Observer No.16 (August 11, 1940) they announced the definite establishment of the F.A.A. with its main aim being "to compile a complete register of all active Australian fans". It was specifically stated that the Association did not intend to charter chapters. A Board of Honorary Members was announced, comprising Bert.F. Castellari, Chas. La Coste, Marshall L. MacLennan, Chas. S. Mustchin and H. Pinnock.

The fifteenth and sixteenth meetings of the Futurian Society (August 4 and 18) proceeded without great event, some discussion being devoted to representation at the Chicago Convention, and the possibility of persuading an Australian publisher to try a science fiction magazine. Though Evans' control was effective, it began to be resented.

On August 14, Dwyer resigned from the Futurian Society, not because of any grievance, as was later suggested, but because of "another reason which has no connection whatever with the Society".<sup>11</sup> Dwyer emphasised that "something had risen at home" which forced him to resign. Nevertheless, he considered himself still a fan and wished to remain on the staff of Zeus. Levy and Castellari, however, refused to allow Dwyer to remain on the staff, and a Gilbertian situation developed, Levy and Castellari publishing "official" issues of Zeus, Dwyer publishing a rival or "pseudo-" Zeus. A year later, Dwyer contributed several abusive articles to Futurian Observer, claiming that science fiction was a disease, but it is wrong to read back into his resignation in August, 1940, his attitude of mind a year afterwards.

At Meeting No.17 of the Futurian Society (September 1) elections fell due. Veney said he could not carry on as Director, and nominated Evans in his stead.

11: Quoted from a letter in the club files.

He also suggested that Molesworth should replace Castellari as Secretary. The Triumvirate were dissatisfied with the state into which the club had fallen, and were willing to relinquish their control if a new executive committee could restore order.

Evans made his position clear from the start. he wanted a free hand to run the club as he saw fit. Levy asked whether the members were to do whatever Evans told them, or vote on everything in a democratic fashion. Smith replied that before it had been pseudo-democracy, and "the methods of mild dictatorial power explained by Evans was just what was needed". Evans said he was not a Dictator, nor out to glorify himself at all, but merely run the club in a more adult fashion. "We were too democratic in the past," he declared. Smith asked whether the vote would be for Evans, or both Evans and Molesworth. Veney said both, but Evans interrupted: "Only vote for the Directorship. I'll choose my own Secretary". He explained that his policy would enable the Director to choose at will his own Secretary, and dismiss him if he so desired at a moment's notice. The vote was taken by secret ballot, and the decision was unanimous. Evans was elected Director, whereupon he appointed Molesworth Secretary.

Not surprisingly, Evans' first act was to revive the idea of publishing a club organ. After Eric Russell, Molesworth and Castellari had each in turn refused to have his magazine taken over for this purpose, Evans said: "All right, we won't interfere with present fanmags, - I'll start a new one. I'll think of a name and a suitable format when enough material is at hand." The discussion was then closed. Clearly, it was to be a one-man show.

Later in the meeting, Williams objected that the new regime was no better than the old. "We are not Futurians, but just fans," he declared. "We don't care about science fiction, but mostly fans. Fanmags are interesting, but I think it would be easier to resign and just read the fanmags." Veney and Levy ironically agreed. The question then arose, - what is a Futurian? Molesworth said he thought it meant any person who takes an interest in the actual construction of the future, with a view to making the world a better place".<sup>12</sup> Evans said the club organ would create something the Society could plan for, - it would attract new fans. "We might progress to two hundred members, and have junior and senior sections." He went on to say, "And I must start it off, - if I can't do it with the F.S.S. I'll start a new club myself."

end of part one.

Between Us... cont. from p.2

over. No-one can finish up the table. We always hold the Christmas meals in the garage (it's a big double one) since it's the only place that can take all of us in one sitting.

Christmas morning, the tables are set, the chairs and stools raided from my mother's and my grandmother's houses. I usually have the job of carrying out the Christmas tree and supervising the laying of presents around the tree, the smallest parcels being tied on the tree. The centre piece and decorations go on the table, although nan's critical eye must pass judgement and my work is usually amended. Karen, my sister is usually left with the task of keeping little hands from the table's lollies and nuts and in Jason's case, the fruit is well. That's a hard task since the two babies - Jason and Peter - are never in the same place at once; and then there's the dogs. She has to shoo them as well.

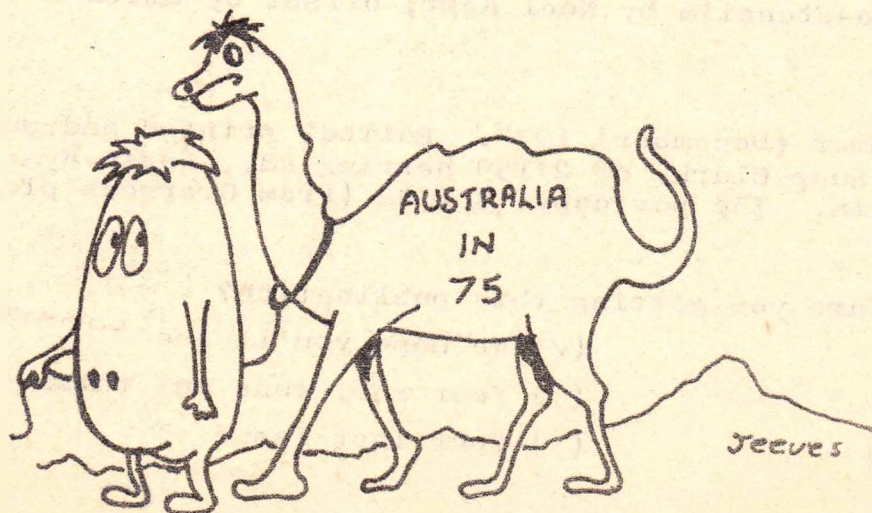
The main thing at Christmas is the goodwill to everyone, and everyone is welcome at our place - and everyone has a good time, which is the main thing, as well as meeting members of the family one sees only once a year, sometimes.

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Enclosed with this issue you will find a voting form for DUFF. Anyone can donate money, but you must be an active fan to vote. So if you consider yourself active (you write locs, contribute to fanzines, do artwork, go to club meetings, etc) then you can vote. You have to send at least A\$1 to vote though. I'm voting for Sue as I think that she is the most deserving of the fund of the ones nominated. It's up to you - for a deserving person - vote :

SUE CLARKEFORD.U.F.F.

# ARK

#1.

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