

JUNE 1968

NUMBER EIGHT

EDITORIAL:-

QUANTUM JUMPS.

Well, here we are with the eighth issue and still going. I think I can promise readers one thing - each issue will be different. As regards the issue numbered seven: I have received the grand total of one letter of comment on it. And that letter was from Tasmania. What has happened to the fans on the Mainland? Eversince the Melb. Conference nary a letter has come from south of the border. I hear that there have been several people moving house but I have not seen any fanzines out of Victoria, either. And what has happened to Alan G. France?

Below is the Letter of Comment received from Michael O'Brien in Hobart.

Dear Ron Clarke,

I notice your cover says "printed by PGD". Is this a person or a process? I got a bonus! Two page 3's. So there have been six others? Phew. I was beginning to despair of Tandom north of the Murray River.

Come to think of it, add south of the Murray, too. Have just finished A.E. Van Vogt's THE WEAPON SHOPS OF ISHER. I went to bed, reached out for something to read for a minute.... Pow! I finished it about 12.30. It's supercalifragilisticexpialidocious in fact.

Oh no, I'd better finish this letter. It's rather a chore to write, since my fingers are all half frozen. The temperature here last night was 290!

Yours,
Michael O'Brien.

PS. I liked the Round Robin. Why doesn't someone do a Round Robin in Australia? The N3F have them in America.

xxX

- "PGD" is a person (Peter G. Darling) who retyped and duplicated that issue of THE MENTOR. It appears my typer is no good for cutting duplicating stencils, which is one of the reasons I have decided to use a spirit duplicator, for the time being, anyway. Mike's last suggestion sounds interesting. Are there any interstate fans owning or having access to a tape recorder who are interested in this type of thing? If so, could you contact me (or Mike) and we'll see if we can arrange something. Judging by the reception Round Robins are getting at S.S.F.F. meetings, this idea could be successful.

The main reason why these later issues of THE MENTOR have no contents page is very simple. When I type the stencils out I usually

do not know just what is going into the issue. The main reason for this is that I have no material to speak of at hand. In case it still hasn't gotten through to you, this is A HINT. Of course, it all depends what you want to see in THE MENTOR. I have been told to keep it my mag and not follow in the footprints of other Aust. fanzines. This is all well and good, but I know from experience that if people who read this mag keep on reading only yours truly in it, very soon I would be sending out copies and getting no letter of comment back.

There follows a, g, whuns, bit of gossip. The Foundation and Friends got together a Theatre Party and went to see 2001, A Space Odyssey. All walked out feeling slightly stunned. In fact, everyone in the Plaza looked slightly stunned. It is only the second time I have seen people sitting through the Credits at the end of a picture. The first time was with THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN.. Most people thought, it appeared, that the picture hadn't ended. At least it looked as though they hoped so. Also it looked, from conversation with people afterwards, that they thought there might be a message, but that it eluded them. It's funny, but when the last scene was shown on the screen it dawned on me what the "message" was. 2001 is a disjointed picture as far as plot is concerned and there are some "effects" that, if were left out, would have made concentrating on the film a lot easier. That choir, for one. I liked 2001 and I could, and may, go and see it again. It is an experience.

The Annual Elections of the S.S.P.F. are now over and we have, among other things, two women on the Committee and a Constitution. Out of a total of seven Committee Members, two are women. This is not exactly ordinary for an Aust. S.F. club, we understand. However, the Foundation has found that women can be as ardent fans as men as far as S.F. is concerned, anyway. The Foundation is going all out on a recruiting drive and if anyone who sees this issue and wishes to join (there are Student Rates and a special provision for Postal Members in the Constitution) would they write to me. There are also special rates for postal members and apprentices rates are presently being discussed.

News from our British correspondent, Julia Stone, follows.

"This year's con. was one of the best I've seen; I've not yet seen any con. reps. so I'm not sure that the opinion of some of the other fan will be. The hotel was not too good - it was too small and we had to have several people in two other nearby hotels; but despite this, things worked out O.K. Guest of honour was Ken Bulmer, he's great fun and his speech was wonderful. He held everyone's attention all the time he was talking. Steve Stiles was this year's T.A.R.T. rep., quite a nice person. The only thing that was a disaster were the hotel meals which took hours to be served and so made the con. programme late most of the time. Several well known people were there - John Brunner, Ted Tubb, Tom Dish, John Ramsey-Cambell and Dave Kyle. We had 202 members there most of the weekend, which is two more than last year at Bristol."

I said something somewhere in this issue that "every issue will be different." With any luck, more than the words in the issues will change. It all depends whether certain people come up with the goods. Also, with any luck, THE MENTOR may be a little more regular than

Below is continued that epic story of the imagination conceived by the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation. If you want to know how this story started I'm afraid that if you did not receive the issue of THE VENTURER numbered seven, then you'll have to borrow a copy as I seem to have run out of back issues - the demand was so great. Though it could have been, I suppose, because I only printed six copies....

DUMBSTARITE Part 2.

After Agent Snouha had disappeared in the quicksand while investigating an uprising on an alien planet, other Foundation Agents were purchasing some vitally needed items. Now read on.

1st.... They reached downwards. Unfortunately, they found that, owing to have been precipitated from the shin in such a fashion, they didn't have any clothes with them. Now a flash from our News Room from Operator Number (one, two, three...) Ten.

10th... The aliens are still rising and from latest count five aliens rose to a record height of three thousand five hundred feet (the unit of alien measurement). This beats last weeks record by three thousand six hundred feet. The measurement, of course, changes in the duration of the period, yes.

10a...Operator Ten here. xxI don't know how that happened - Ed.xx If you are naked, Man About Town have just opened a new branch on this planet where you can get all your formal wear at reasonable prices, and you can also get a Special Discount if you mention this station. Don't forget, it's Zotto! the Wonder Station.

1st.... The Three, still standing out in the scalding rain- they didn't know where it came from, but it was there - turned around, and presto! the little green alien had taken off. He was still rising! In fact, he must have been eating self-raising flour. There was a flash of white, the only white the Three had seen on the planet, coming towards them. It took the appearance of a shapely nurse, who yelled out, "I'm coming! Guess who I am?"

Well, they took a second look, their eyesight wasn't so good either, because of the scalding rain. It was melting all the mud lillies and as the mud lillies sank into the mud, a rotten stench came up, and the mud lillies gave off this noxious gas which hung around about three feet from the surface of the mud, but particularly nauseating was the fact that as each mud-lilly sank into the mud, three more rose to greet it.

Ad..... Now a word from your sponsor - Are you having troubles with odours, nasty smells? Then use Pinokleen, washes those nasty, nasty smells away. Keep them at bay. Remember, Pinokleen, De-odourant.

1st.... At this point the rain broke up the green path. Sinking to their ankles in the squelshing mud, they saw with amazement the path was really only a thin foil covering the ground; snatching this easily they wrapped it around themselves, and at last they found they had some clothes, though it looked like peculiar tin suits of armour. At this point they saw something else white in the distance. It was a horse, galloping towards them, and it had something like great snowshoes on its feet, and a strange white figure seated on

it, waving a great glittering long pole at the end of which....
(interjection - was a barber) ..this was a striped pole! As the
great thing thundered towards them, throwing up waves of stinking
mud, it stopped, pulling to a halt, and the stinking stuff flew
all over them.

Ad.... Ladies, having trouble with dirty clothes? I know the feeling,
it's shocking. Get out. Buy yourself some nice, bright, green
Omofu. It's wonderful for cleaning off mud. Remember, Omofu. Back
to the story.

2nd... Meanwhile, back at the quicksand, Operator Three was still
waving his arms around his head. Operators One to Nine inclusive
were standing around holding hands forming a circle and wondering
what to do. Suddenly they saw this knight come charging down the
path with this barber's types pole. Using their head they grabbed
the pole and they flung it out to Operator Number Three who
grabbed it.

1st.... He found himself suddenly up a pole as the thing sank into the
ground. "Hold me up!" he cried, "I'm sinking! The pole is going
into the ground."

Ad 2... Do you get that sinking feeling? If you do, take Enos every
morning after breakfast. Enos has that lovely, sparkling feeling
that gets you on top of the world. And now, back to the story.

1st.... At this point, a few bubbles appeared under the pole. A little
green sprout grew out of them. A little red thing grew under the
sprout. It looked like an eye. It couldn't be an eye, there was
two of them now. There were three bubbles! At this point a
gigantic Tooth began to grow out of the earth. At this point the
Tooth cracked down the centre. He looked down to a great cavern -
or was it a cavity? He turned around and saw on the other side
of his pole another Tooth. With a great squelching sound they
reared up, and turning around, came together just under his feet,
snapping the pole off as if it were a matchstick. He yelled out to
the ship, "Have you got any of that toothpaste left? That horrible
green stuff? It ought to suit this planet."

They sent out a little anti-gravity sled. Grabbing it, he
unpended the toothpaste and poured the slimy green stuff down into
the Tooth's cavity. There was a great belch, and his pole and
himself shot up into the air, bypassing several rising aliens who
eyed him peculiarly.

"Hey! You are ahead of us!" They cried, "We're on our way to
Heaven first!"

2nd.... The Operators One through Ten stood around looking at the cavity
"This cavity will have to be filled." Stated One. They radioed back
to the ship to send out a post-hole digger. They wrote a message on
the anti-gravity type sled. Some hours later the post-hole digger
arrived at the spot. Surveyed the area, with two beady eyes, and
located the cavity in the Tooth. Where-upon which and so-forth...

1st.... They had to feed the elephant. Unable to find a post-hole
digger the ship had sent a real, live elephant.

1st..cont...The two beady eyes were, of course, its eyes and the big post-hole was its trunk...

2nd....We have missed something somewhere. And now back to our Sponsors while we sort ourselves out...

Ad₃... Have you tried the new Ivory cigarettes? Instead of the usual cigarette lighter, which you push in the middle and up come three cigarettes, you get a little toy elephant, which you push in the tale (tail?) and out pops two tusks. As everyone knows, a tusk looks like an eyetooth, and as everyone knows, the eyes have it. With the new curving cigarettes, the old cigarettes, as everyone knows, used to get stuck in doors. With the new curving cigarettes curving upwards, the smoke doesn't get in your eyes because it goes straight up like a chimney. However,, However..however.. however..

1st... At this point they heard in the distance.. "Woo Waar Wooo..." And guess what was coming over the top of the hill? It looked like.. .. it couldn't have been him.. he was up the pole. No. It was a great line of what looked like Brussle Sprouts stuck on the what were they stuck on? No, they weren't camels: they couldn't have been riding camels... because camels in this weather would fall apart .. as the tobacco in them wasn't too good.

Ad₂... Do you smoke camels? Then try a Kent. Kent give you the smoother flavour of Alpine, the New Wonder cigarette. First on the American Market.

1st... One of the troubles with camels was that you had to press them in the tail the same as elephants. However the elephants were dearer than camels.

At this point the Nine looked up. Screaming green aliens poured down on them. The aliens weren't rising any more, they were coming straight at them, with the red beady eyes staring over the green beady eyes of the horses, their great mud shoes flapping over the ground.

2nd..

2nd.... They were holding a sign which read, "To open, twist penny in groove."

1st.... Operator Number Ten, holding on to his hat, jumped off the pole which was still rising. His hat, a great floppy thing, acted like a parachute and he swung down, down, down (aaaaarrrr...). Squeish.

On this exciting note we leave you. Did the Operator survive the fall. Find out in the Third and Last episode/.

~~~~~bbbbb~~~~~

Report from the Sydney Science Fiction Foundation.

Once upon a time there were a few SF rats and they decided to band

together and form a nice little rat pack and out we go... first we must have a committee, who will stand. Dead silence, who will volunteer? More silence, finally a rat squeaked I nominate rat Warren to be our illustrious leader and if he is not illustrious to begin with he sure will be after we finish with him.

Well that takes care of the leader, now for the rest of the team. The head rat turned and pointed to a skinny bespectacled rat and said you are the secretary, "Who me?" he squealed. Yep, and so he was. He in turn looked at the fat female rat and said you can be treasurer, "Oh no, I can't." But she was. So then as the other rats came around they were selected by careful consideration such as you and you and you are it congratulations you are on the committee and you had better like it, savvy? They savvied. So began the Rat's S.F. Club.

Then began the recruitment of more rats for the club, the members told their friend's and brother rats, and asked them to join for a small fee, the treasurer rat was always around with her paw out.

The rats had a grandfather rat who tried to steer them in the right direction, but as all young things they occasionally put their paws in it. Somehow or other they managed to form a constitution for the club. Then they had to hold an election to grab a new committee to run the club for the next year. So once again the battle began about who was going to be what on the committee for the next year. When and if the elections are settled we shall let you know, what happens. Until then this is the reporter rat saying squeak, squeak. SQUARWARRRRK.

- And so ends RR's report. If you have seen issues 1-6 of THE MENTOR you may be wondering if the Bird has Returned. I wonder?....

ooooOoooo

If this issue goes according to plan, it will be Duplicated by Peter Darling. If not, you may not even see it at all. I would like to thank everyone who helped with it, and the author/ess who wrote various things which I will not devulge at this point.

On the bookish side of things it looks bright. I called into a few bookshops around Martin Place today and there seems to be a flock of new paperback titles out. Panther and Sphere books in particular seem to have a good list of S.F. titles. One I picked up was THE WORLDS OF ROBERT F. YOUNG. Anyone who saw 2001 would recognise what the cover idea represents.

Some information I received from a phone call to Gordon & Gotch is a result of the fact that I noticed that I had apparently missed the W April issue of AMAZING. The march was February issue I had, and the June issue. Gordon & Gotch informed me, however, that the contents of the issue marked June are really for April.

That looks like it for this issue! I hope you enjoy reading it. I hope to get Letters of Comment for this issue, too. How about it?

Ron L. Clarke